

Twenty-first Annual Year Book

Published by the

Students of North Bay Normal School June, 1933

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

Thank You!

The members of the Year Book Staff wish to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere appreciation of the helpful action of those who so kindly placed advertisements in this book. It has enabled them to produce a suitable work at a cost well within the reach of every teacher-in-training. Again, thanks.

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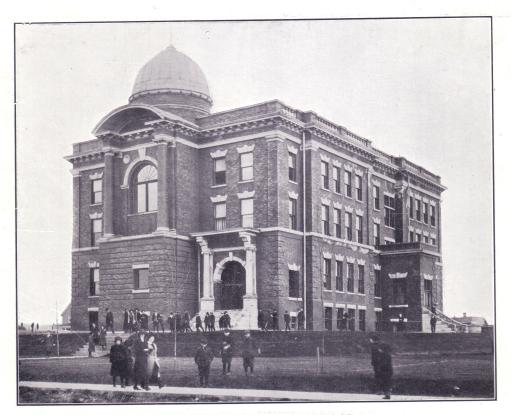
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Keep your eyes on Moosonee this Summer

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W. H. MAUND Sec'y.-Treas GEO. W. LEE Chairman

For further information, apply to any T. & N. O. Agent, or A. J. PARR, General Freight and Passenger Agent, North Bay, Ont.



NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

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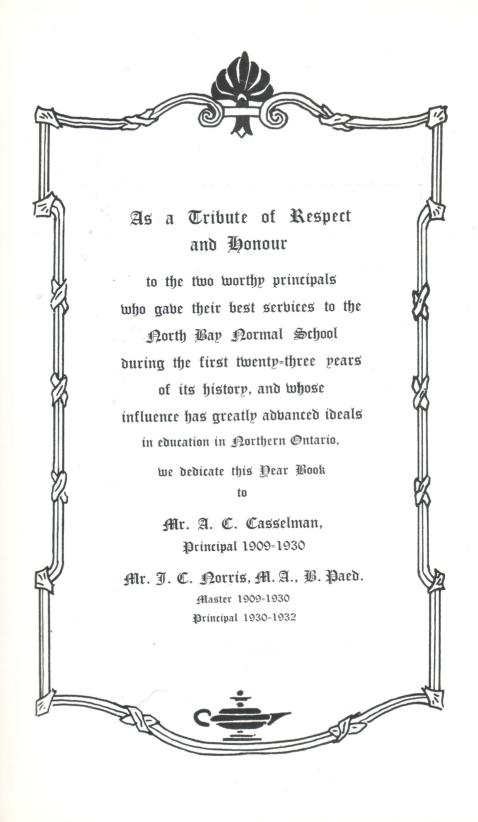
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H. E. Ricker, M.A., B. Paed., Principal



H. E. Ricker

ONCE AGAIN the close of a Normal School session has arrived. A few months ago, you entered the school, strangers to the staff of teachers, and, for the most part, strangers to one another, but during these months which have passed so quickly you have learned to know each other, and many friendships have been formed which we hope may be lasting.

However, you did not come to Normal merely to add to your circle of friends; you had in view the very definite end to secure a certificate qualifying you to be, in your turn, teachers. Thus, the close of this session marks also the end of a distinct period of your lives. During the past you have been going through a time of preparation, getting ready to enter upon the work of your chosen profession. Now, if successful, you are about to join the ranks of teachers; so your status in the world will have changed.

What are some of the qualifications of the successful teacher? Obviously, he must have an adequate knowledge of the subjects to be taught. Without this thorough knowledge no one can teach well. Indeed, if one is to teach well, one must know much more of a subject than the simple facts to be taught. It is equally certain that adequate knowledge can be best implanted by employing the best and most up-to-date methods. To acquire correct methods of teaching has been the real reason for your attendance at Normal School.

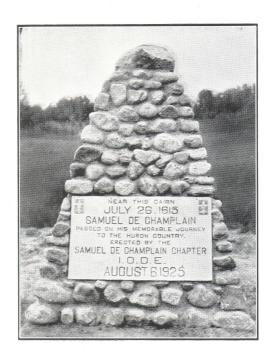
But these two qualifications are not enough. You have known, as I have, teachers who were dismal failures in the classroom, on account of the lack of a third essential, often called personality. It is sometimes assumed that this personality cannot be cultivated, that one either has it or has not and that that is the end of the matter. But I am not so sure that the question can be dismissed in such a summary manner. I think there are some things one can do that will be helpful in acquiring a forceful personality. The teacher can, for example cultivate a genuine interest in the welfare of his pupils, both in school and outside, by giving extra help to those who need it, and by taking part in their games and sports. Again, the teacher can take an interest in the home life of his pupils, and certainly the more he knows about their homes and surroundings, the more intelligently he can go about his task of helping them. Then too, he can take an active part in some of the worthy enterprises of the community, making himself one with the people whom he is serving, and so by his character and conduct

win his way and cultivate a personality, which is, after all, chiefly a courteous, intelligent, helpful interest in the welfare of those with whom he is associated.

The following selection from a translation of a poem written by that famous Japanese author and Christian leader, Toyohiko Kagawa, may very well express the aim of the true teacher,—and his limitation as well.

"As the sculptor devotes himself to wood and stone I would devote myself to the living soul.
But I am solemnized by the thought that the sculptor cannot carve, Either on wood, or on stone, or on the living soul,
Anything better than himself.
All the lines of my carving
Will but reveal my own portrait."

You may be sure that as you go out into the world, you bear with you the best wishes of the whole staff for your increasing usefulness, and with this, satisfying happiness.





NORMAL SCHOOL STAFF

H. E. Ricker, M.A., B. Paed.

Principal: Elementary Science, Nature Study, Agriculture and Horticulture, Physiology.

Miss Grace Morgan, B.A., B. Paed.

Master: Literature, Advanced English, History, Reading, Physical Culture.

W. J. Neale, B.A.

Master: School Management, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Primary Reading, Spelling.

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

Master: Composition, Geography, Science of Education.

Miss Blanche Mitchell, B.A.

Master: Grammar, Hygiene, Library Methods.

J. E. Chambers

Instructor: Manual Training, Writing.

C. Ramsay

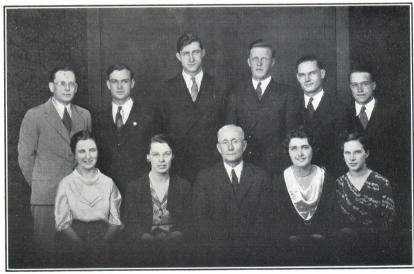
Instructor: Art.

Miss Elsie Preston

Instructor: Household Science.

Miss K. McCubbin Secretary.

H. L. Bamford, A.T.C.M. Instructor: Music.



EDITORIAL STAFF

Back Row---Mr. Rivers, Advisory Editor; G. Bull, W. West, W. Metzler, Editor-in-Chief;
 H. Gudgin, G. Pennock.
 Front Row---H. Campbell, F. Murphy, Mr. Neale, Advisory Business Manager;
 I. Pappin, G. Eastwood.

EDITORIAL

H. Warren Metzler

A NOTHER year of our lives is rapidly drawing to a close—a year packed with industry, incident and education. We have performed tasks of an entirely unfamiliar type, and have built up upon these a store of memories. We have witnessed new occurrences—exciting, interesting and amusing, and we wish to treasure these forever. We have learned innumerable things of which we previously knew nothing, things which we wish to always remember.

With an aim to preserving the nuggets among these treasures, so that we may derive pleasure from them at some time in the future, this volume has been compiled. It is hoped that in the years to come we may turn the pages of this book and live again the happy times among our friends at the North Bay Normal School. If it can perform this duty, then the effort put on it will not have been in vain.

We wish to thank the contributors who have made possible the collection of material which is presented here; and, though there was much excellent material for which it was impossible to find room, the contents are almost entirely the work of our own Normal Students.

The elected representatives to the editorial staff, and the business managers have had the co-operation of the masters in charge, who have given much time and labour, to produce this Year Book. We are also indebted to the photographers and printers for the helpful manner in which they have performed their work.

Our year has been crowned with the greatest success in all important features, and it is with a feeling of deep regret that we bring our brief visit to an end.

EVENING SHADOWS

Oscar A. Kirk

The sun is slowly sinking in the west, Soon but a crest is seen of this great ball; The tops of the dark pines are crimson dress'd And velvet shadows creep along the wall.

Now air is hushed save for the twittering birds And their song ceases as the daylight ends, The solemn stillness seems too deep for words, And all is darkness; for the night descends.

A twinkling star peeps forth from out its bed, Another joins, to add its point of light, And now the myriad stars shine overhead Till we are lost in wonder, at the sight.



J. C. Norris, M.A., B. Paed.

Mr. Norris

WHEN the Normal School at North Bay was opened in September 1909, Mr. J. C. Norris was one of the masters who took up the work of instruction. He continued to hold the position of master until the fall of 1930 and then, following the resignation of the Principal, Mr. A. C. Casselman, he was appointed to succeed him. He held the principalship until the end of August, 1932 when he retired, to enjoy a well-earned rest.

Mr. Norris was particularly well qualified for the position which he occupied, as he holds the degrees of Master in Arts and Bachelor of Pedagogy, and is a Specialist in mathematics. He had taught for years in all grades of schools in Ontario,—Public Schools, Continuation Classes, and High Schools, and his training and experience together with natural ability made him a most skilful teacher not only of mathematics but of all other subjects that fell to his lot in Normal School work.

Mr. Norris also took an active interest in the school affairs outside of the class room. Many former students will remember enjoying games of tennis with him on the Normal School courts, and recall also the part he took in the annual baseball games when the staff were competitors against the student's teams.

Some thousands of students have taken their training in the Normal School during the twenty-three sessions in which Mr. Norris was a member of the staff. These thousands have all had their lives enriched, their visions broadened through their association with him, and we are sure they all would wish to join us in the hope that Mr. Norris may long enjoy the quiet of his home and the happy memories of a task well done.

H. E. R.

"MORNING MIST"

Margaret Jewell

A shimmering veil of changing mist Diffuses dawn's first rosy glow; By warmth of day the fields are kissed— The warm south wind doth gently blow.

The sweet, fresh smell of new-turned sod Is incense rare to Sol's advent; Sweet songsters greet the smiling god, And by the south the mist is rent.

The rising vapours melt away, The thrushes trill in ecstacy; With banners spread comes on the day; All nature is one harmony.



LITERARY EXECUTIVE...SPRING TERM
Back Row—A. Hartman, J. Demeza, J. Stone, F. Lambert, K. Hilts,
Second Row—K. Rayner, G. Whyte, H. White, G. Summers, R. Cooper,
Front Row—M. McVey, R. Coghlan, W. West, (President), L. Robertson,
S. Drajanoff, G. Chalmers.

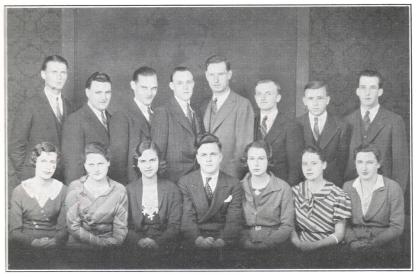
THE LITERARY SOCIETY

James Lees — Presidents — William West

VITH a feeling of regret comes to us the thought that our happy days at the North Bay Normal School soon will have gone forever. The beguiling Time has slipped through our fingers as the sand through the hour glass, and now dawns upon us the realization that only two or three grains of sand remain. During our year we have made many new associations and met with many new experiences which have served to broaden our minds and prepare us to face what life may hold in store. We have been a large family, sharing together our pleasures and troubles; and now, though our family is to be scattered, the invaluable friendships which have grown up will endure through years to come.

Mingled with our regret is a feeling of anticipation and wonder, as the golden portals of the future open before us. Last September we faced a similar situation. Our school life in previous years had given us the key to this new field, the Normal School, which in turn is the key to a far greater field,—Life. One of the teeth of this key has been moulded by the Literary Society.

Due to the efforts of former students, the Literary Society has risen to a place of prominence in the activities of the school. To us has been entrusted the duty of maintaining the high standard of previous years. We have done our best, and we hope, that we have met with success, for it is only in this way that the purpose of the Literary Society can be fulfilled. It has been our earnest endeavour to present



LITERARY EXECUTIVE...FALL TERM
Back Row.—D. Miller, A. Grey, H. Gudgin, J. Demeza, A. Fish, F. Glendinning,
G. Dalzell, S. Johnson.
Front Row.—E. Woodard, E. Asam, R. Brotherston, J. Lees, (President),
J. Burgin, M. Peria, M. Hossie.

a variety of programmes of high quality, each of which was to be of some particular educational value. However, it is not the aim of this organization to provide the student body with entertainment supplied by the privileged few, but to serve as a medium for the general culture of all. Since the greatest value is obtained by those taking part in the work, both executives have striven diligently to encompass as many as possible in the production of the programmes, and have been aided in the attainment of this end by the whole-hearted co-operation of the students.

We also deeply appreciate the sincere co-operation given us by the entire staff, who so willingly came forward to help and advise us in matters with which we, in our inexperience, would have been unable to cope; and especially do we thank Miss Morgan for the help she gave, and the interest displayed in our organization. In all our dealings with the staff we have enjoyed the frank and friendly attitude with which they met us, and we cannot help but appreciate the true worth of such a spirit, and benefit from its influence in days to come.

We are now embarking upon a life in which such a spirit will be invaluable to us. The work of the Literary Society has combined with the influence of the staff to plant in us the seeds of co-operation, industry, service, and friendliness. Now it is our duty not only to foster these ideals in ourselves, but to inculcate them in all those with whom we come in contact.

"To you we throw the torch; Be yours to hold it high!"

MESSAGES FROM OUR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS

GRACE be with you!.... The student receives, he does not give. The teacher gives of the fruits he has gathered by study and training. By the years of preparation for his career, he is enabled to stand, mentally and morally, head and shoulder above those of his environment. Now he must put his hand mightily to his great work. He sees in the child entrusted to his care the making of a true man, perhaps of a great man. Depth of thought and strenuousness of resolve will be brought within the grasp of the young mind that is taught by its faithful master to reflect on the words and works of Christ, our Divine Teacher and Guide. The greatest system of education was eleborated by the greatest Educator, when He said: "Follow Me".

REV. M. J. GORMAN,
Rector of St. Mary's Cathedral.

ONE of the teachers of Martin Luther was that eminent scholar John Trebonius. It is related of him that he was accustomed to lift his hat to his students. When asked the reason for such an unusual procedure he replied, "Some of these will prove to be greater scholars than I am."

May it be urged upon the teachers going out from the North Bay Normal School, that in your classes there may be potentially great scholars. Therefore give every possible opportunity and honour to every scholar, both for the sake of each of them and for the sake of the few potentially great ones.

Our wish for each of you is that you may faithfully measure up to your innate and acquired abilities, and that you become faithful assisters to younger climbers.

Very sincerely, P. C. REED.

It is particularly important for those whose avocation is teaching. Never was life-moulding more important. May I suggest that this is the goal of teaching. Imparting knowledge and disseminating information is necessary as a part of the teaching function, but it is of primary importance that the kind of character be formed, which alone can insure the usefulness of knowledge gained. This, I take it, is of first-rate significance. Jesus was a teacher. He was concerned about expounding the truths and facts of His religion. But this was subservient to the real purpose of His life, namely, to have His pupils become God-like in every faculty of their being.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell".

May real success attend you all, and may Jesus be your norm. May you measure up to the privileges of this present.

F. J. BAINE,

Minister, Trinity United Church.

You have reached another mile-stone in your life's journey as you now leave the class-room to go out into the work of your profession. We trust that your year of intercourse and competition with strong minds of varied character has taught you how to use well your powers of mind and to face the problems that your profession or life's work will present to you for solution; also that your character has been given

a strong set towards the best things.

You now leave the cheery, mimic world where you have played, where you have made friends, where your troubles have been more imaginary than real, where you have sat back and criticized others, to plunge into an unknown and somewhat fearsome world where real trials and temptations will test and temper the character moulded in school days, where you will be among the criticized rather than the critics. To climb upwards you will have to fight, though not unfairly. Chivalry, unselfishness, honesty and sincerity are the weapons which win the big battles of life. Ability to discern anything small or mean in yourself, and the strength to stamp it out, are the characteristics which make great men and women.

So as we say "Farewell" we also add "God bless you" in your life

and work.

G. S. EASTON,

Minister, St. Andrew's United Church.

NE of the greatest things that a teacher can pass on to his pupils is the ability to appreciate the goodness, beauty and truth, that are to be discovered on every side by those who appreciate their eternal value. Far too many people imagine that they are clever and good because they so easily discover unpleasant, and untrue things. Sometimes unpleasant and untrue things are forced upon us, and we must then deal with them as the occasion demands; but real happiness is attained not by our nose for nasty things but by our appreciation of the splendid things. The Master of Life said that he came, "not to condemn but to save", and it does not take the wise man long to discover that we save others, as well as ourselves, not by condemning the nasty, but by appreciating and praising the good. Unfortunately, so many minds have been used to muck-raking that there seems to be a predominant influence against looking for the good, the beautiful and the true; our teachers have a wonderful opportunity given them to turn their pupils • minds in the right direction, and if they take it, will find a great reward in the transformations they will see. In saying this last word to my class of 1933 I wish to thank them for the encouragement given by their interest during the lectures.

H. A. SIMS,

Rector of St. John's Church, North Bay.

HUMANITY faces many important problems, of which the child problem is undoubtedly one of the most urgent and most perplexing. The present and future well-being of the child as well as the welfare of society in general for to-day and to-morrow demands that this problem be thoroughly and effectually dealt with.

Unto you who will be called upon to deal with a very vital phase of this problem may God grant wisdom and understanding from above.

NORMAN C. KRITSCH, Lutheran Church.



Back Row—H. Arnold, M. Hossie, E. Boushear, M. Fulton, U. Harris.
Second Row—M. Holley, M. Hopper, L. Gothard, L. Fulcher, R. Coghlan, M. Anderson.
Third Row—M. Carr, V. Hakkarainen, W. Harvey, L. Fierheller, M. Ableson, I. Donlon, R. Brotherston.
Front Row—M. Carter, G. Eastwood, C. Frankland, S. Johnson, D. Gibson, L. Cikalik, M. Beadman.



Back Row—M. Pim, G. Pope, M. McVey, H. Matson, M. Macdonald, I. Mick.
Third Row—M. McFadden, M. Macleay, F. McLaren, O. Marwood, I. Munroe, A. Marcon.
Second Row—S. Nowasad, L. McCallum, D. Jones, E. Morrison, I. McKay, A. Miocich.
Front Row—M. McClung, H. Macki, E. Langford, I. Loney, M. Moyle, P. Pratt, H. McLeod.

GROUP I.

Leona Fierheller and Likeria Cikalik

SUPPOSE we pause in the bustle of the daily routine to pay a visit to the Normal School. Of course we will accompany Group I. Although this name was applied to them on a purely alphabetic basis, yet we feel sure that they will strive to maintain their position as "Group I."

We first become acquainted with them in the lower hall, when we immediately wonder why they are termed "The great, silent group." A bevy of merry chattering girls await admission into the next class. Let us follow them in to ascertain, if possible, the significance of the strange title. No, they have not been called "The great, silent group' through any sense of facetiousness, as we are soon to learn. They are firm believers in the adage that "Wise men say nothing." But do their accomplishments measure up to their attitude? In reply to this I would refer you to the scholastic records they have made, both in their days as high school students and their careers as teachers-to-be. They are in the true sense of the word "first-class students".

Athletics have many ardent followers from Group I.

Abundance of literary and musical talent as well can be found here.

And last but far from least, comes their teaching ability. One glance at the marks shows us that the Normal School will send out next year many brilliant and talented teachers from Group I. We wish them all luck in the most worthy of professions and we are sure they will carry with them into their school, high ideals obtained through association with their masters and fellow students.

AN ODE TO GEOMETRY

Anon

The secants flutter all about And scarlet tangents sing. The blooming polygons are pink And spheres are on the wing. Fierce propositions roam the woods And theorems fill the air With music, sweet bright hexagons Are growing everywhere. The octagon sets on her nest To keep the quadrant safe And warm, until it hatches out A quadrilateral waif. When summer comes, and days are warm, Matriculations mate. The quadrant to the secant sings And chords rotate.

THE OTTAWA TRIP

H. W. M.

N THE early morning hours of April 1, 1933 a group of over eighty Normal students, under the guidance of Mr. Neale, boarded the train en route to Ottawa. It would take more than rain to dampen the spirits of so gay a gathering, so the trip proved a cheerful, noisy and thoroughly enjoyable event. Very few made any attempt to sleep, singing, talking and cards keeping everyone entertained.

As a group, the students obtained their first view of the city of Ottawa through the mist of a steady downpour which increased in velocity as time passed. After a brief pause in the spacious station, they set out for the Museum and Art Gallery. Volumes could not contain the many interesting articles seen in this building of practically every imaginable kind; and though time permitted only a very brief examination of its contents, each student had derived an education from the visit.

A special car conducted the party to the next point of interest, the Royal Mint. Interest ran high as the students, in small groups, followed the process of making a coin, from the melting pots to the finished product. It was a sad short-coming, to the minds of all, that samples were not distributed among the guests. Before leaving, the students had the pleasure of examining a gold brick weighing over forty pounds, and valued at many thousands of dollars.

The archives, next visited, contained innumerable fascinating relics, outstanding among which was the scale model of the city of Quebec at the time of its capture by the English under Wolfe.

The lunch hour followed, and many availed themselves of this opportunity of examining the beautiful Chateau Laurier.

The visit to the magnificent Parliament Buildings took up a large part of the afternoon, and held the students in awe at the grandeur of it all. They will always carry among their most treasured memories those of that grand historical edifice.

A lengthy car ride brought the party to Rideau Hall, and, though they were unable to gain admittance, they made an interesting tour of the grounds and went through the large plant conservatory.

Hunger again became uppermost in the minds of the group, and they dispersed for supper. Many took advantage of the swimming facilities at the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., and all gathered in the evening at the Ottawa Normal School, where they were entertained by an excellent concert put on by school artists.

The majority of the students took the train for North Bay that evening. The party was not as gay on the homeward trip, but all were very happy and had passed a thoroughly enjoyable day. Some remained in Ottawa, with friends, for an extra day.

Great credit is due Mr. Neale for the success of the excursion, and the assistance of Miss Mitchell and the students who conducted groups helped much to ensure a smooth course of events.

NUMBER 11

Evelyn Langford

NUMBER 11 is not a house number, nor is it the number of one who spends his time regretting his past acts in a place justly suited for such people. Number 11 is merely an inmate of that institution of learned people that is known to the world in general, as the "North Bay Normal School".

Number 11 is a person of great eccentricities, being distinguished from the other inmates, by a love of seclusion and retirement. Group I is honoured to the greatest degree by Number 11's presence within its ranks, if it did but realize this. Even the masters do not appear to feel the presence of this illustrious personage. This is shown by the strict observance by them of the policy of asking no questions. At no time is Number 11 hampered with needless inquiries regarding matters of school management or steps in habit formation.

Even Number 11's closest companions, Number 10 and Number 12, confess to be slightly bewildered by this person's actions. Although apparently attending the school, no interest or application to work is shown. An inquirer would learn of no record of past accomplishments. However, this idiosyncrasy creates no disturbance throughout the school; on the contrary, it makes the masters the more congenial. Number 11's abhorrence of work benefits them greatly as it lessens the cumbersome task of correcting lesson plans, marking examination papers, and other such useless evils.

One may well imagine that it benefits one to be indolent, but we may frankly confess that Number 11 is the only inmate of the school who can be so and escape punishment. We predict that, in the future, which is so near yet seems so far off, Number 11 will be the last of all this year's Normalites to become a school-teacher, which is, after all, the just reward of labour.

N.B.—Apologies to that person whose name appears as Number 11, in the "Students of North Bay Normal School, 1932-1933".

THE WISH

H. Warren Metzler

How many people have we heard remark, With malice counterfeited by false thought, That he who wishes for what he hath not Enacts a manifold of sins as dark As clouded night, wherein we see no spark Or radiant gleam of light erase the blot Caused by the sun's retirement. And what Things man desires, were a grounded barque. Then, our magnificent accomplishments, Resulting from an human wish to lend The fruits of labour for posterity,—
Time-savers that some genius invents, Or the result of literary trend All man's stupendous works—mere vanity!

GROUP II. NOTES

Wm. Lehto

WE CAME—from the east, from the west, from the north, from the south—strangers, for the greater part, to one another.

We leave—to the east, to the west, to the north, to the south—bound by the bonds of happy days spent together and linked into happier friendships which will not easily fade from our minds whilst memories yet linger.

In these few words the glorious story of Group II., 1932-1933, may be expressed in a slight degree of modest expression, but mere words cannot express all the toil, friendship, happiness and even hilarity which bound us together through the past year.

Representing 21 cities, towns and villages of Ontario, not to forget the 21 members from the rival cities of the lakehead, we assembled together in this fair city of the north to work together in perfect harmony, except when arguments arose, and produce perhaps the most famed and distinguished group of the year.

We had a great deal of matter, for example, Bill West—and we were not lacking in method, so we went ahead and handed out presidents, secretaries, treasurers, editors, orators, sportsmen and what not, to every heart's desire and by these little acts we helped others, brought enjoyment and charitable warmth to our own hearts and covered ourselves with greater distinction and glory.

We had quality as well as quantity (more apologies to Mr. West). In fact they were the numerous qualities, both as a class as well as individually, which brought the group into its prominent position in the limelight.

Many as these qualities were, (and we hope, still are) the most outstanding was the sporting element in the group. Executively, both Athletic Presidents as well as the greater part of their staffs came from this group. Actually, there is no need to go any further than to look at the sporting pages of this book for yourself.

The next quality was our Literary and Executive ability which we used to the best advantage by having both Literary Presidents and the Editor came from this group, as well as a great many other office holders. We were, I am proud to write, "always ready".

The amount of allotted space will not permit me to expound upon the academic merits of the group, except to say that they are high and well deserve worthy mention.

I could write profusely upon the qualities, activities and members of the group, but the end draws near; and so it is with heavy heart that we. Group II., bid farewell to the school of which we hope to be worthy, to the masters and instructors to whom we are deeply indebted for our nedagogical abilities and to the other students and groups who have so well co-operated with us in the year's work. We only hope that we leave behind us pleasant memories and contented hearts and that, when we are gone, the people will say:—"They played up—And played the game."



GROUP II.(A)

Back Row—J. Sweet, F. Lambert, J. Lees, G. Leeder, W. West, V. Murray, W. Metzler, R. Rogers, R. Bradford Second Row—G. Bull, W. Mumford, G. Ringler, A. Fish, G. Dalzell, G. Fader, H. Fowler. Front Row—E. Tierney, K. Shields, H. Sisco, L. Thrasher, A. Soltys, V. Timonen, M. Richardson, K. Rayner, M. Procter.



GROUP II.(B)

Back Row—W. Sime, R. Wilson, M. Polonoski, B. Lehto, R. McClure, G. Dickinson, M. MacKenzie.
Second Row—F. Hammell, A. Rhamey, J. Demeza, G. Pennock, E. Sand.
Third Row—D. Husband, F. Glendinning, H. Dewdney, G. Shooman.
Front Row—Z. Srigley, M. Teare, H. White, V. Vincent, L. Somerville, R. Sabbe, G. Ross, G. Whyte, M. Sceviour.

IN MEMORIAL—PARK

G. A. Fader

A drab and sullen sky hangs overhead Whose dreary visage grates upon the eye And sends a shiver throughout all the frame Wherein exists a tired and weary soul That longs to catch a beam of life again. No sun peers down to cheer the sombre scene. No merry cries of schoolboys rend the air. The sombre dome stands bleak against the clouds That droop to clasp with clammy fingers all That dares uplift a peak amid a scene So crushing and repressive to the mind. A door is opened and a form appears, Another, still another follows on Weighed down with manuscripts and thoughts from which He hopes, aspiring soul, to gain the joy Of livelihood, first learned and conned, then earned, By paths of playing tutor to the young Into whose minds he must perforce instil A craving for the knowledge and the thoughts Which were the hopes of Bacon and the rest And star to which old Plato flung his rein. The dome is fading as the light recedes The heavy clouds close down upon the earth. An hour is spent in pondering and thought While daily turmoils ebb and homeward bound The weary world slips listlessly along. But ere Apollo drives through western gates The cloudy arch is lifted from the hills, And through the rent long beams of sunlight stream To warm the misty air and heavy heart Like some great spirit neeping from a star And giving hope and courage to the world. We rise and homeward turn our faltering feet, While wrapped in fading sunshine and the thought However dark the hour, the day, the place, However heavy weighs the doubtful mind A beam shines through sometime, from out the gloom And lights the heart with rays that never fail; And, walking on, thus ends my little tale.

IMMEDIATE ACTION

The following rules for First Aid in a case of near-drowning come from Mr. Trenouth's notes. They might well be noted by all students.

- 1. Remove the patient from the environment.
- 2. Remove any remaining environment from the patient.
- 3. Do this by application with attention to induce respiration until the patient forms the habit.

NE event of this year's history which we record with pleasure was the appointment of Miss Blanche Mitchell, B.A. to the staff of the North Bay Normal School. Miss Mitchell is an honour graduate of the University of Western Ontario and of the University of Toronto Library School. Her success as a High School Teacher of English, her excellent qualifications and her charm of personality fit her for the position of Librarian unusually well. She presides over our excellent library with efficient and pleasant helpfulness. When lesson plans are to be prepared or information to be obtained she proves herself a real friend in need. Her unfailing pleasantness and ready willingness to help in studies or in sports have won her a place in the esteem of staff and students. It is felt that the choice of the Department of Education of Miss Mitchell was a happy one for the school.

MUSKOKA

(The Land of Clear Skies and Many Waters)

Miss Gibson

THERE is a land whose exquisite beauty has never been rivalled. How near to paradise does she ever seem! Those clear, bright waters, shimmering like a thousand diamonds—the quiet, woodland solitudes—the haunts of shy, wild creatures—glimmering rivers, and pure, silver streams—these are the homes of many gods. They made Muskoka their abode long years ago and so loved it that they could not think of leaving. Their palaces are the rugged pines against the western splendour of the sunset's gold.

But, it is in vain that mortal probes the beauteous spectacle. He

but gasps in wonder and delight.

THE TEACHER'S MENTAL MEDICINE CABINET

By Miss Ruby Stewart at the Prince Edward Island Teachers' Convention

These are some of the labels to be found on the various products in the Mental Medicine Cabinet of the Teacher who secures results:

Praise-Tonic drug. Can be safely administered in small doses.

Sympathy—Should always be administered to the patient in private.

Sarcasm—Dangerous drug. Should never be used except by the expert, and then only in smallest quantities.

Faith-Nourishing. Include in the daily diet.

Suspicion—Deadly poison.

Reproof—Used only in severe cases and in small quantities. Must never be mixed with publicity, as an explosion results.

Understanding-May be administered in unlimited quantities.

Humour—Daily doses are beneficial.

THE GARDEN OF CANADA

Orla Marwood

ON A JUNE morning, radiant with sunshine, we are driving leisurely along a well-kept highway. We notice here a field of tender tomato plants, their yellow blossoms like little stars, there a patch of cabbage, bold and brave, and now peas and beans in all their viridity. From a farmhouse, almost hidden by a peach orchard with blossoms pink as the blush on a maiden's cheek, the men saunter out shouldering their hoes, all ready for a busy day in the fields. There is a town ahead, for there are lofty church spires, and smoke pouring out of tall stacks. We notice a sign on the side of the road, which reads, "Welcome to Leamington, the Garden of Canada—population 5000". Beyond this, great leafy maples arch the clean, broad streets. We pass the spacious home of an old resident, he being the only man now living who was a Member of Parliament at the time of Confederation. We are thrilled at the wonderful greenness of the beautiful lawns, and at the well-kept gardens around the homes. We cannot help but feel, as we are passing through this little southern town, that everyone has great civic pride.

Now we turn to the right towards the lake, and approach an industrial plant which is the largest producer of tomato ketchup in the world. Pausing for a moment, we watch the activities on the outside of this wonderful Heinz factory, and our minds drift back to the fields of tomato plants we have admired on the way. We feel assured that the produce from the three thousand acres contracted to this company will be amply taken care of. As we look at this factory, we feel great respect for the founder, Mr. H. J. Heinz, who started this great business merely by peddling grated horse-radish from door to door.

Continuing on our way, we reach the wharf, where the "Fager-strand" is receiving her cargo of 1275 tons of the spicy delicious ketchup and other products to be taken directly to Norway. This is only one of the freighters which call to take shipments to European countries.

From here, we take an eight-mile drive along a winding road by the shore of the placid blue waters of Lake Erie, past acres of fertile soil reclaimed from marsh lands. Here onions are grown, and marketed in great quantities. Also, the lacy green leaves of celery plants appear above the rich black loam. Enchanted with the loveliness of the apple orchards, we take deep breaths to inhale the sweet fragrance of their creamy blossoms.

Now we reach a part of the road where tall umbrageous trees shut us in on either side. Our feathered friends are doing their utmost to welcome us with their grand orchestra which is never out of time and never out of tune. The purple violets which have taken undisputed possession of the woodland seem to raise their heads in way of greeting. Magic is in the air in this natural Government Park at Point Pelee.

Parking our car, we walk out to stand on the very tip of the Point, which is the most southerly one in Canada, and as Ripley says, "Believe it or not", it is as far south as the northern part of the sunny state of California. As we gaze out over the wide expanse of

turquoise water, we think of the boats which have passed this way through the years gone by, and understand their appreciation for this natural harbour in times when the water was not as placid as it is this day. Noticing the ripples on the water directly ahead of us, it is impossible to realize what a tremendous undercurrent is caused by the meeting of the waters of East and West Lakes.

We retrace our steps, and enjoy every minute of the return trip, observing the beauties of nature and the work of man. It is now that we notice the brilliant reflection of the sun from the glass of the greenhouses which occupy about ten acres of land. From these houses, supplies of fresh vegetables are procured throughout the winter and spring. They, too, present a real picture with the lettuce, the spinach, the cucumber vines climbing to the tops of the houses, and tomato plants with their rich red fruit ready to be picked and shipped to the towns and cities in the north.

Finally, slowly wending our way homeward, we all agree that we have had a very enjoyable visit in this appropriately named district, the Garden of Canada.

TO A MOUSTACHE

H. F. Gudgin

O little patch of silken down, upon Yon student's lip so reverently grown, And tended as a gift from Heaven sent, With what long weeks of waiting were you won—What hours before a mirror have been spent In contemplation of your golden grace!

What envious slurs upon you have been cast By those who secretly have tried and failed To match your elegance, your hirsute charm! And yet, from out those lips so gently veiled, Should any person try to do you harm, What protestations rise in your defence!

Alas, O little patch of silken down, When there is no more need for evidence Of masculinity upon his face, How ruthlessly will he, who once arose And argued loud and long in your defence, Seize on his razor and at once erase All trace of you forever from men's sight.

And in the years to come, when he observes Your replica upon some pupil's lip He'll wonder at the vanity of youth—But somewhere in himself he'll feel the nip Of conscience telling him the ancient truth That he who judges should himself be judged.



GROUP III.

Back Row—Miss C. Croome, L. LaBrash, A. Lalonde, L. Kunkel, L. Lang, S. Drajanoff, E. LaPointe, J. Hambly, M. Dwyer.

Second Row—E. Asam, H. Fisher, A. Johns, C. Beaupre, V. Endicott, D. Anderson.

Third Row—M. Burns, I. Hill, M. Johnson, V. Barrer, E. Bray, P. Gerber, J. LaRocque, B. Demers.

Fourth Row—H. Campbell, M. Guimond, N. Lalonde, V. Coe, A. Graff, J. Burgin, R. Cooper, B. Hunt.

Front Row—J. Geddes, M. Jewell, G. Chalmers, E. Cooke, B. Barkley, F. Hearn, R. Landry, G. Finnerty, N. Cryer, M. Kenney.

THE HISTORY OF GROUP III

3 of Group III.

HELLO everybody! Station CFCH wishes to dedicate this evening's programme to Group III of the 1932-1933 Normal School session. As a point in school management, we shall proceed, without further delay, with our programme.

The opening number is a song, by the entire group, entitled, "Why Bless Your Heart". The solo will be taken by Doriel Anderson, with Caroline Croome, our accomplished pianist, at the piano.

Ladies and gentlemen, we next present Nina Cryer, Grace Chalmers, Mary Dwyer, Blanche Barkley, Julia La Rocque and Margaret Kenney who will make "Tommy Tucker" famous. Nina will add her charming voice in a delightful and thrilling solo.—Thank you, girls.

We shall now turn the microphone over to Miss Jean Hambley who will discourse for a few minutes upon the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, a topic for which she became famous during the series of nature study talks—will you give us another soon, Jean?

And now radio friends, the celebrated "Maple Sugar Lady", Miss Audrey Graff, has kindly consented to impart some of her extensive knowledge on that subject to her interested audience. Make way for Audrey!

I take great pleasure in announcing to our listeners that we have with us, in the studio this evening, Miss Ruth Cooper, the Kate Smith of Group III. Miss Cooper will sing her theme song, "Home Sweet Home".

Stand by for station announcements. Miss Geraldine Finnerty wishes to announce that she is opening her studio above the Chainway Stores, where she will conduct lessons in "funny sayings" to any backward Normal Students.

Within the next few days, bills will be placed at your respective boarding houses, announcing the arrival of Miss Mary Burns, world famous contortionist, at the Capitol Theatre. If you're from Missouri come and see for yourself.

And so, friends of the air, we close this evening's entertainment with our theme song, "Long Live Group III". Good-night radio listeners.

SLOW BUT SURE

The boys are acquiring a moustache Beneath a patrician beak;
Getting it on the instalment plan—
Just a little down each week.
N. L. L.

Miss Mitchell (In First Aid Class): "Put the feet up and the head down." The bell rang. Miss M., "Well I'll leave you there and start there to-morrow."

ELEVATORS

K. E. M. Rayner

That man it pleases well if he has stored away in granary, a quantity of that which from Libyan threshing floors is swept.

SO HORACE, the bard of long ago wrote. To-day, beside the banks of the River Kaministiqua, guarding the shore of Lake Superior as if in derision of Nanna-bijou (The Sleeping Giant) stand the wheat-filled phantoms of the civilized world. Were the ancient Indian to return, he would bow his knee in reverence at these gods—symbols of happiness and tokens of peace. Were the ancient settlers to come again, they would smile with pleasure and satisfaction,—their dream fulfilled.

Shakespeare, the Avon bard might have written his praises of the elevators in lines not unlike this:

Pray people young and old and learned bards, Who all do need that succulence to which Is granted to bring life to sick and weak, That food, of which the hungry mother's bread Is made to feed her clamouring infant flock, That food, that corn, that sustenence of bread, Which gaunt and sturdy elevators store, Rising above all mead and fitful wine, A need, which kings cannot and do not lack, Pray heed and look upon this help of man With reverence duly paying rightful awe To granaries, wherein this humble grain is kept.

Milton may have sung his thoughts in a loftier strain:

Oh fiery Muse! oh boisterous gleaming fires! Stir up my soul, as did my ancient sires. Fill me with that immortal flame, that I May soar with thoughts ascending to the sky: Yon sturdy figures, staunch, noble and brave, Do stand and guard Superior's mighty wave, That treacherous, foamy, frothy, liquid flow, Stronger than Neptune, greater than Apollo, Bluer than eyes of gracious Danae, Greater than Juno, Vulcan, greatest mighty, Where Father Zeus reigns god supreme above, With gracious Hera, wife, espoused love. Horn of plenty, bin upon each bin A Bacchus symbol rollicking within, These stately portals, giants once again Upon the earth, the guardians of our grain.

Teacher (marking attendance): "How many of you aren't here?"

AND LIFE GOES ON

R. Cooper

THE NIGHT was warm and still. The hour was late, and a deathly silence prevailed within the bare, dimly lighted room. A lone figure with drooping shoulders and heavily bearded face slouched unromantically in a chair, beside which was a small table, devoid of cloth or pictures. The room was dark and dreary; even in the very atmosphere a damp coldness seemed to cling.

In the room were two objects. Both were on the small, round table. One of these objects was the lamp; the other seemed out of place in such an environment. It glistened. It sparkled. It mocked the dull, dim lamp. It was a long, thin blade, whose edge gleamed and glittered. It seemed to be alive!

The figure with the drooping shoulders and bearded face sat slouchingly gazing at the horrible, shiny thing there beside him within arm's reach on the table. It fascinated him. As he gazed upon it, he began to meditate. For three weeks, he had neglected to carry out the deed. Day by day results grew worse, and the time had come when drastic steps had to be taken. He could no longer face the public; even his closest friends failed to recognize him. There was no other way out of it. To-night he would end it all!

Slowly his hand reached out for the blade. He sat upright in his chair, and, straightening his drooping shoulders, at the same time threw out his chest. He would do the thing bravely. The gleaming blade was brought closer and closer. Suddenly he raised his bearded face—and began to shave.

NO SUN, NO STARS, NO DAWN

H. W. M.

No tropic sun beats down upon the land Scorching the beings toiling underneath. No azure sky smiles on the placid lake Nor misty uplands, nor the rolling heath.

No baking trade wind sweeps the channel's course Nor dries to dust the very earth it fans; At night, no pearly moon dips through the palms To dance and twinkle on the lake's expanse.

No happy lovers drift in light canoes Blending the moonlight with some sweet refrain; Because we go to Normal in North Bay Where morning, noon and night it rains and rains.



Back Row—E. Winslow, M. White, K. Woodall, I. Tanner, C. Morrison, G. Segsworth, M. Wraith. Second Row—K. Smith, E. Woodard, M. Legree, M. MacCarthy, V. Richardson, S. Peterson, J. Simpson, L. Waite.

Third Row—E. McLachlan, M. O'Toole, R. McKinnon, L. Malon, M. Peria, G. Leigh, M. Thoms, M. McDermid. Fourth Row—H. Oliver, I. Pappin, F. Murphy, H. O'Brien, A. Sheldon, E. Lively, L. Robertson, D. Volpini. Front Row—J. Pretty, E. Nelson, G. Summers, H. Mackenzie, M. Mathie, J. Martin, N. MacDonald, S. Richards.

GROUP IV.

Florence Murphy

E ARLY in September, Group IV. was organized. Whether the foresight of the masters or fate arranged us, we don't know, but it was strange that such a variety of tastes and tendencies should have been assembled in a group of only forty students.

Industry is characteristic of all Normal School students but in Group IV, it is outstanding. Then it was no wonder that a Group III. student, entering our class-room a few days ago, remarked in a hushed voice, so as not to disturb us, "Ah! The industrious group!"

And that sums up Group IV. But you would not be satisfied with so brief a description. Our dictionary defines group as "an assemblage of figures or objects forming an artistic whole". Add the IV, and you have our class.

In order to be artistic one must be talented. And talent is certainly not latent in our group. Let us consider the various fields into which students may venture—literary, athletic, academic, pedagogical.

Speakers of ability, singers of merit, actresses without which even Group IV. are helpless are found in this amazing group. In athletics we also rank with the best—why we were even represented on Normal "B"! Our Badminton players are numerous but prefer to remain unsung. In Academic work we rate well. We daren't tell you of our standing in our P. T. finals—unless you ask. And in Pedagogy we almost surpassed Group III. in February, so what can you expect in June?

You've heard our opinion. If you hear us referred to in any terms other than favourable just think of our statement. We should know the truth if any one does.

And if you should hear us called oysters, think of forty shining pearls.

Would you care to know the cause of Group IV's. exceptional ability? There are two reasons, first the group is completely made up of girls and secondly it's the Irish and Scotch group.

WHO! OH WHO!

Is the fair young man Who twice followed Group one into class By mistake,
So his face said,
And why! Oh why!
Did Miss Morgan say
Poor fish!

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN

Kathleen Woodall

I'M JUST a little drinking fountain, a low grey stand and white bowl; very uninteresting to look at, but my life is full of colour and overflowing with excitement.

I wake in the morning to the low rumble of the huge front door as it opens and the janitor enters. He goes around in his usual quiet

way preparing for the next scene.

Then it comes. Like a burst of glorious sunshine from the hidden sun the students stream in, fresh and aglow with the morning air and the expectations of the day. Now I must really wake up and open my ears. Gay, morning words of cheer, float through the air but I strain my ears to catch the low murmurings, woeful tales, scandal and wild hopes. I steal sly glances at my friend the bulletin board and he returns the look. Then we both smile under our sober masks. The students rush hither and thither racing with the hands on the clock. I turn my eyes from them to the steadier movements of the staff. Often I witness scoldings, for my place is as a sentinel before that most dreaded door. Hours pass. Bells ring, and with each comes another burst of traffic past my side. The day comes to an end. The students gather together and pass from lip to lip some funny anecdote of the day. Finally with peals of laughter they pass out of the building.

We are left alone. The bulletin board gives me the printed news and the coming events. Our thoughts turn to the coming function, the At Home, and I wonder what part in it I shall play, as surging around me the crowds will pass and repass. Some shall close in around me

and I shall listen to the secrets of many.

Sometimes, as you come in close contact with me, as your lips touch the surging waters from my soul, think of me as a person knowing all these things and listen for my tinkling words of advice.

THE NORMAL AUTO

Naturally, it was a Ford; and equally naturally, it had stopped running. He alighted and stood before it, hands on hips, and dejection printed clearly on his face. There was no apparent reason for its sudden cessation of activity, so he decided to Neale under the Ricker-ty thing, in an effort to locate the trouble. There were Rivers of oil running from the oil Chambers, which he proceeded to fix. But it would not go.

"Has something Morgan wrong with it?" he cried. It gave a heartening lurch, and he began to re-Joyce, but it came to a full stop. He Preston the starter; but the Bamford refused to go.

A Chinese appeared. "Something mallee Mitchell car?" he asked. He received such a look that he turned and fled. He never Ramsay hard before. In telling the story later he said, "Me runee till Mc-Kim to my housee.

But the Ford refused to go.

DEVIL'S GLEN

Helen MacKenzie

DOWN in God's country, winding in and out among the hills, is Devil's Glen. It is one of Nature's beauty spots, now, in summer, a cradle of green, in autumn, a mass of burning glory.

Looking into the glen, almost unconsciously we ask ourselves, "Why is it Devil's Glen?" As far as eye can see, are the sloping tops of trees, forming a hilly green field for the birds to play in.

This only, can be seen from the top. We could not guess, that, far below, hidden beneath the trees, is the beautiful, calm, mad river, trickling along, singing as it goes.

Suddenly we see a path, worn smooth by the daily tramp of cows' feet as they go down for water. We follow this, and find that it threads among the trees, down to the river. At the side of the path, by a fallen log, we see a mass of green. Tall, willowy ferns are growing; and, nestling at their feet, lifting their brave, pale faces, are violets, on long, pliant stems. We look around. We are on a purple cushion, soft, perfumed with that rare elusive scent common to these petite creations.

It is evening now, and just as a crook in the path hides the river, we notice that Nature, in every way, is preparing for slumber. The birds—which, a moment ago were singing and calling to one another—have ceased, even the river is stilled, and there is a deep hush. Away off in the distance, the bob-white is singing his evening song, and nearby, the whip-poor-will pours out his thanks in his plaintive, "Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"

Suddenly the silence is broken by a splash, and hastening on, we see the river, dwarfed by the large trees and stone walls, but giving a sense of peace and security. We hear another splash, then see a ripple, then another splash, this time almost beside us. The fish are at play, making their evening repast of flies and mosquitoes.

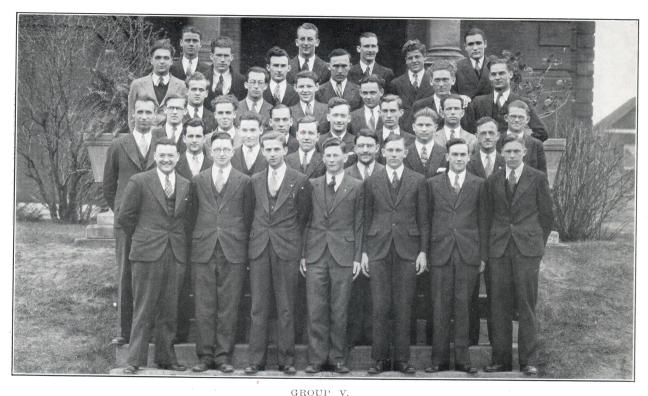
We watch them, wishing for a reel, or perhaps, to be, like them, happy and free, when, looking up, we find the shadows—long, dark creatures—seeming to reach out to grasp us. We turn. It is dark. All is quiet now, except that from away off, farther down the glen, comes the eerie cry of the owl.

Slowly, quietly, almost furtively, we leave this Paradise, follow the path up to the road again, up to light.

Mr. Gudgin: "How are you getting on with your reducing?" Miss Sceviour: "Oh, I'm afraid I'm a poor loser!"

Sweet: "A personal letter came for you this morning."

Leeder: "Oh! What does it say?"



Back Row—R. Herlihey, D. Millar, H. Clark, L. McColl, K. Hilts, A. King, R. Martin, B. Trenouth, C. Hunter. Second Row—J. Stone, S. Johnson, A. Hartman, A. Coulthart, W. Later, F. Gudgin. Third Row—O. Kirk, H. Greenfield, B. Wyman, L. Morphet, A. Young, A. Quirt, P. Verville, T. O'Grady. Fourth Row—L. Johnston, W. Browne, H. Sterling, L. Smith, M. Loucks, G. Finlayson. Front Row—A. Gray, F. Foley, L. Downey, J. Bishop, M. Clarke, L. Martin, G. Bimm.

GROUP V.

Lawrence J. Johnston and H. F. Gudgin

XIX ACROSS the front and back, six down the sides, Group Five

started and ends the year, a perfect square.

Can you visualize us marching into the classroom in an orderly and quiet fashion, taking our seats before a master and commencing our work without the least flurry or whisner? We did it—almost—once!

Is it any wonder that you other groups were thrown into ecstasies by Mr. Rivers' humour, after it had been tried by exacting Group Five,

and had passed the acid test?

Our group is unique in that it is the only wholly male group in the school. This situation has, we believe, been responsible for the fact that the masters have, at times, told us tales of their experiences which the other groups have never heard. The injunction, "Don't tell any of the other groups this or I'd never hear the end of it from the girls!" is a familiar one to our ears.

We have given from our ranks, officers for the Literary Society, Year Book and other organizations. With the aid of Group Five many of our best musical, literary, humorous and festive entertainments have

been carried out.

While we do not claim either the highest scholastic honours or the highest athletic honours, masters have been known to specially ask for

samples of our cooking. Girls, take notice!

We are about to set out upon careers which may take us far from North Bay. We feel sure that, if in our work as teachers we carry out to its fullness the promise we have shown here, we will acquit ourselves both honourably and well.

SLIPPER TIME

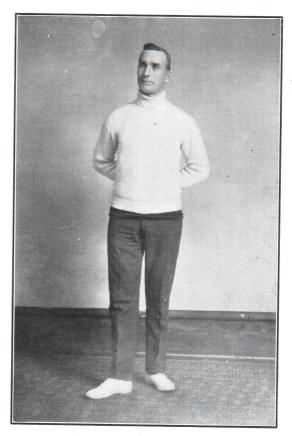
K. E. M. Rayner

There's a slipper time at our house, Just before we go to bed; Mother sits around and tells us Stories, when our prayers are said.

She tells us of the downy snowflakes; Tiny fairy boudoir bowers; Lullabies, and fairy babies Rock'd to sleep in petalled flowers.

She tells us of umbrella toadstools, Of how the baby robins peep, Of little wiggly daddy-long-legs Curling up to go to sleep.

And then she whispers "Sandman's coming" And smiles as Baby's curly head Gently now, is slowly drooping, And we tiptoe up to bed.



SERGEANT-MAJOR JOYCE

DURING the 1932-1933 session of the North Bay Normal School the students were honoured to have with them as their Physical Culture Instructor the well-known and well-liked Sergeant-Major Joyce.

Sergeant-Major Joyce, a man who is most capable in leading the physical training courses, conducted the students through the term with such goodwill and enthusiasm that the desired results were attained. In addition to this, he took an extreme interest in the welfare of each and every student. He was always on hand to be of aid to those who needed help; and was ever willing and anxious to straighten out any difficulties.

Conscientious effort and co-operation both on the part of the instructor and the students resulted in the passing of all. It now remains with the students to carry on this work when they leave the Normal School for places as yet unknown.

M. MacKenzie.



BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—W. Mumford, H. Fowler, Mr. Rivers (Coach), G. Dalzell,
D. Millar.

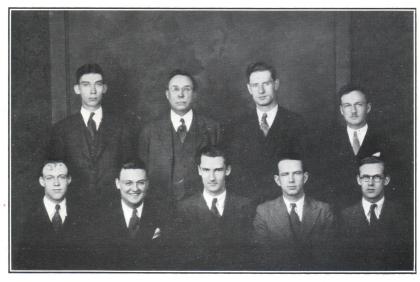
Front Row—M. Mackenzie, G. Dickinson, W. West, (Captain), W. Sime, R. Wilson.



BOYS INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—E. Sand, A. Bradford, Mr. F. S. Rivers (Coach) G. Ringler,
W. Browne.

Front Row—R. Rogers, W. Metzler, G. Bull (Captain), A. Fish, J. Lees.



BOYS' ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Back Row—V. Murray, Mr. H. E. Ricker, A. Fish, G. Finlayson.
Front Row—J. Demeza, A. Gray, W. Sime, P. Verville, H. Greenfield.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Gordon Bull

WHILE there was usually a great deal of work at hand throughout the year, time could always be found for indulging in play which supplied us with much-needed recreation. Consequently, we learned to fully appreciate our sports and found greater enjoyment in them.

The season opened with an election early in October, at which W. Sime was elected president; H. Robinson, vice-president, and H. Greenfield, treasurer. Throughout the year the Athletic Society enjoyed the capable support of Mr. Rivers and Mr. Neale.

Friday, following election day, found about thirty recruits tossing around softballs and batting out flies on the Worthington street school grounds. Great difficulty was experienced in selecting the players, but, once chosen, we were assured of capable representation. Due to the shortness of the season, after a bitterly contested series we were forced to bow to Scollard Hall.

Tennis proved to be a popular sport but the inclemency of the weather forced the play-offs to be carried over until spring before the winners could be declared.

Basketball was the great feature of the year. The Normal entered both a Senior and an Intermediate team in the City League under the coaching of Mr. Rivers. Both teams entered zealously upon the duty of upholding last year's basketball traditions, and their fortunes were eagerly followed by the student body. While neither team was successful in winning a championship, the many thrilling encounters made the season a most enjoyable one.

We were much indebted to Mr. Neale for obtaining the Rotary Rink for our use on Saturday evenings, many of which we enjoyed in skating there. Late in the season, a hockey team was formed, only to suffer defeat once more at the hands of Scollard Hall.

Soon after the spring term began a Badminton Club was formed, the following officers being elected: President, A. Fish; vice-president, L. Fulcher; secretary-treasurer, V. Murray. A court was laid out in the Assembly Hall, and the game immediately sprang into favour. In fact it proved so popular that players might be found on the court at any hour of the day, even before the morning session began. Great difficulty was experienced in running off the tournament so great was the membership, and so keenly contested the sets; as a result it was not until early May that the following winners were declared: Ladies' Singles, Miss M. MacLeay; Ladies' Doubles, Miss M. MacLeay, Miss L. Somerville; Mixed Doubles, Miss L. Fulcher, Mr. S. Rivers; Men's Singles, Mr. W. Metzler; Men's Doubles, Mr. W. Metzler, Mr. G. Ringler.

The Club entered four of our best players in the City League and they immediately proceeded to capture the first round of the tournament. Playing brilliantly, they entered on the second round only to meet defeat after a series of hard-fought sets. The Club proved a brilliant success, and Badminton will undoubtedly take its place as a major sport in school.

Normal was fortunate in having so kindly and capable a physical training instructor as Sergeant-Major Joyce. We learned to look forward to his periods with a great deal of pleasure, and his absence, after Easter, was keenly felt by all.

Throughout the year each student found some branch of sport in which he or she might excel, with the result that the year's athletic programme was a most successful and enjoyable one.

Mr. Rivers: "Miss Burgin, explain how a habit is acquired?" Miss Burgin: "Well—er—, just what part don't you understand?"

Mr. Fowler: "Bring the ladder here."

Mr. West: "What for?"

Mr. Fowler: "I want to whisper something in your ear."

Mr. Grassick had just finished explaining that water could be formed by taking two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen and exploding them. A small boy rose up and asked, "Where did the water in the lakes and seas come from at first? Was there a big explosion?"

Mr. Grassick: "Now we are getting into deep water."

IRISH!!

Mr. Neale (in arithmetic class): "Make the pupils think. I do not believe in putting the zero down, I believe in putting nothing down."



NORMAL "A" GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—A. Soltys, G. Dalzell (Coach), Miss H. B. Mitchell, (Manager). H. Fowler, (Coach), K. Smith.

Side-M. Fulton, M. Holley.

Front Row—K. Sabbe, K. Shields, R. Cooper (Captain), K. Rayner, L. Fulcher. (Left)—Northern Ontario Championship. (Right)—City Championship.



NORMAL "B" GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row---M. Hossie, C. Morrison, F. Murphy, Capt.; L. Pim, L. Waite.

Front Row---G. Whyte, L. Robertson, L. Cikalik, M. Burns, L. McCallum.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Back Row---M. McVey, K. Rayner, I. McKay, R. Cooper. Front Row---M. Pim, M. McCarthy, Miss. H. B. Mitchell, F. Murphy, L. Fulcher.

GIRLS' SPORTS

THE GIRLS' Athletic Society formed early in the fall, got away to a good start when Miss Kay Rayner was elected president. Activities for the coming year were discussed, and the opening chapter of the Society began with the forming of a baseball league. This was done quite successfully, with six teams participating for Championship. Cold weather set in, however, before the league was finished, and baseball had to be abandoned. Up to this time, Fort William section was leading in the league.

VOLLEYBALL

As colder weather approached, a Recreation Club was organized, and a volleyball and basketball league was formed in which six teams participated. The games were played Saturday mornings at the Collegiate and Technical gymnasiums, and much credit is due Mr. Neale for his kindly assistance and effort in forming such a successful club. Many girls took part in the volleyball league, and appreciated the opportunity of learning more about the game.

The captains were as follows: K. Rayner, R. Sabbé, M. Holley, F. Murphy, M. White, R. Cooper.

BASKETBALL

Ruth Cooper

The main topic of girls' sports for the term 1932-1933 centred around basketball. Early in the fall, a school league was formed amongst the Normal girls with six teams in the running for championship. As winter approached, this league was disbanded, and two new teams, composed of select players, were organized and entered into a city league to represent Normal School. The more advanced players combined to form the Normal "A" team. A second team, the Normal "B" was also of good material, but not knowing the finer points of the game, did not advance as well as Normal "A".

The personnel of the "B" team is as follows: Forwards—L. Cikalik, M. Burns, L. Waite, C. Morrison, F. Murphy (capt.); Guards—L. Robertson, L. McCallum, M. Hossie, M. Pim, G. White.

The Senior team was composed of the following players: Forwards—K. Shields, K. Rayner, L. Fulcher, R. Cooper (capt); Guards—R. Sabbe, A. Soltys, M. Holley, M. Fulton, K. Smith.

The final game of the second series was played between the Collegiate girls, and Normal "A" at the Technical gym on Friday, April 7th. The Normal girls were on their shooting, and basket after basket was made in the first half of the game.

The score was 30-6 in favour of Normal at the end of the second period. When the third quarter began, the Collegiate girls cleared again and again from our guards, and found the basket time after time; but the Normal forwards kept sinking the ball whenever they got it, and held the lead. Excitement reached a climax in the last two minutes of play. Both teams fighting for a win, made both forward lines play brilliant combination basketball. When the final whistle blew, the score was 50-40 in favour of Normal.

Having won the city championship, the Normal girls journeyed up to Sudbury, May 6th, to challenge the Collegiate girls for the Lockett Shield, emblematic of Northern Ontario Interscholastic Championship.

The game was a snappy one right from the start. Sudbury made the first six points of the game, but our girls retaliated to make four points, and the score ended 6-4 in favour of Sudbury for the first period. Sudbury maintained the lead and held it for three periods. The Normal team played a bit erratic at times, being a bit unaccustomed to the small floor. Never once, however, did they give up playing. They fought all the way, and at the beginning of the fourth period when Sudbury were leading 16-15, our girls, when one of the forward line made a spectacular, fluky shot, suddenly seemed to become inspired, and played as they never played before. Our guards were as leeches, our forwards set such a pace that the opposing players were unable to follow them; and with brilliant shooting the game was brought to a whirlwind finish by the Normal girls. The game ended 27-22 in favour of Normal, and the school sincerely congratulate them on bringing the shield back to the school where it first saw the light of day.

The ever-ready support of Miss Mitchell and Mr. Neale was a big factor in the success enjoyed by the Girls' Athletic Society this year.

A PEEP INTO THE DRESSING ROOM

William B. Sime

The Place—The above mentioned. The Time—Half time, to be exact. The Actors—The Senior Team.

Scene I (and only).

[The entire cast is mournfully moaning and coyly crooning the "Moon Song"].

West—Say, if you chumps would put half the harmony into the game that you do into that crooning we might have a basket by now.

Dalzell (contemplating)—Basket, basket. Where have I heard that word before?

Doc—Say-y-y!!! Did you see that smooth-looking flame with the blonde eyes and blue hair that cheered when the subs came on? I think she——.

Mumford (indignantly) -- Hey!!! That's my girl!

Doc (flabbergasted)—Er—ah—ahem.

Mac (trying to relieve the pressure)—Well, I guess its Sime's turn to carry the bag home, tonight.

Sime—Trying to pass the buck again, eh? You know full well that West carried it four practices ago, I was supposed to follow West, but I missed that practice, and the next time we rode back from the——.

West—Which is just a long way of trying to make it my turn. But listen fellows, in the next half I want——.

Fowler—Did you hear the one about the——.

[Enter, the coach].

And, as I was saying; if the Japs continue their march on Jehol we'll be able to forget about lesson plans in two weeks' time.

Mr. R.—Listen, fellows, the object of this game is to put the inflated, horsehide sphere through the circular, metal, hoop from above. I mention it merely for information's sake.

Millar (thoughtfully, innocently)—Oh, I see now!

Dalzell (spying Mac., who is stroking his upper lip)—Let's pass the hat and use the proceeds to buy Mac. a razor blade.

Wilson—To be candid with you, Murdo, baseball moustaches are out of style.

Mac.—Baseball moustaches? What d'ya mean?

Wilson-Three out, all out!

(Mac. blushes amidst an outburst of hilaria and the boys begin straightening themselves up for their second appearance, Sime paying particular attention to his socks).

Mr. R.—Boys will be girls!

West—Come on, boys. Let's try that new system of putting the ball through the hole. It may result in some points.

[Exeunt the team, full of the fighting spirit—or somethin'].

ROUGHING IT IN ALGOMA

Julian F. Sweet

ON A GLORIOUS June morning, somewhere up the Algoma Central Railway, I boldly set forth into the wild Northern bush. I was accompanied by—or, rather, I tried to accompany—two of my chums, for they were fairly experienced bushmen, while I filled the place of the proverbial coloured musical instrument.

Of our walk to the chosen fishing ground I remember little, except that we travelled miles and miles and miles, my knapsack and boots were filled with lead, and I dearly wished to lie down and die. However, after a period of several years our journey ended at a small cabin or "camp" situated on the rocky verge of a sheet of sky blue water, set among rolling hills clad in the iridescent green of early summer.

We immediately took possession of the cabin, and shortly afterwards partook ravenously of our mid-day meal. This was mysteriously extracted from tin cans by means of a hatchet and hunting-knife. We had a can-opener, but it was at home.

While I pondered upon what share of the work fell to my lot, "Dig" proceeded to wash the dishes in the lake while "Alf" went to get some moss wherewith to preserve our bait. Suddenly, the air was split by a series of hair-raising yells. I rushed to the window, to see Alf going up a tall pine, like a high-speed elevator, and a moment later "Dig" took a header into the lake as a huge bull moose charged from a nearby clump of bush.

Suddenly, the animal stopped short, as an eerie sound, like the loud rolling of trap drums, fell on the startled ears of all concerned; then, with a snort of terror, he left the premises at approximately eighty miles per hour. My furiously vibrating knee-joints had saved the day.

Nevertheless, the victory was won at some cost, for "Dig" had taken our eating tools into the lake with him. Moreover the moose had taken some pains to obliterate the bait-box which "Alf" had lost along with his head. This loss greatly depressed our spirits, and we moped around for the rest of the afternoon while "Dig" dried out and "Alf" mended several tears in his clothes with some "Itsticks" procured from a friend who had formerly attended the North Bay Normal School.

As supper time came around we temporarily forgot our woes in preparing to satisfy the needs of the inner man. But they quickly revived when the bacon began to burn in the pan and we remembered that the forks were under at least twenty feet of cold water. That deficiency was finally overcome by "Alf", who tore off a foot or so of "Itsticks", moistened it, and gently brought it into contact with a strip of bacon which was then easily removed from the pan. Although very effective, this method was rather wasteful, as the only way the "Itsticks" could be removed was by amputating that part of the meat to which it was attached.

As evening drew on the lake seemed alive with great speckled trout; over its bosom countless numbers of them could be seen leaping high into the air. This marvellous display gave "Alf" still another

inspiration. He disappeared into the woods and presently returned with a few annulate salvaged from the wreck of the bait box. Without a word he set up his pole and baited the hook with one of the worms. Then, launching the canoe belonging to the owners of the cabin, he began his fishing.

Allowing the canoe to drift, he patiently swung the baited hook back and forth across it. The voracious trout at once perceived the worm, and soon the canoe was obscured in the spray resulting from the leaps of several thousand fish to obtain the tempting morsel. They soon began to fall into the canoe, and in about twenty minutes "Alf" paddled back with the craft half-filled with the largest catch of fish I have ever seen. After unloading the cargo, "Dig" must needs try his luck too; but being of an avaricious nature, he fished a little too long, with the result that the canoe was swamped by his "catch", and a second time that day he got a ducking. The loss of our canoe wrote "finish" to the sport, so, completely fatigued after such a strenuous day, we "turned in" soon after nightfall.

Somewhere around midnight we awoke in the midst of a bedlam of diabolical sounds to find the cabin surrounded by wolves! In feverish haste we barricaded the door with all the moveable furniture in the cabin, then proceeded to ransack the place for some means of defence (my knees didn't rattle this time, for I was scared stiff). As a result of our search we found ourselves armed with an ancient muzzle-loading shotgun, half a box of dynamite, and some six-inch spikes. "Dig" had had some experience with muzzle-loaders, and immediately took charge of the defence. Loading the weapon with dynamite and spikes, he thrust it through the back window of the cabin and was immediately greeted with a united charge of all the wolves in Canada. He drew the trigger, and I heard the beginning of a noise.

When I regained consciousness, the sun was shining down upon me through a square hole in the sky where the roof used to be. In one corner of the cabin Alf was unwinding himself from the table and stove; and in the opposite wall was a hole perfectly depicting "Dig's" profile as seen from astern.

When "Alf" and I finally staggered out through the enlarged doorway, a curious sight met our gaze. There was "Dig", with all his hair singed off, drying his clothes over a large fire. It seems that the recoil had thrown him right out into the lake for a third ducking, and the shock of the cold water had "brought him to" at once. But strangest of all, opposite the window where the cataclysm had occurred, no less than eight great wolves were nailed with six-inch spikes to various jagged stumps where large trees had formerly stood!

We held council of war on the spot, and unanimously decided that we had enjoyed the outing so much that it would be repeated at the earliest possible date after two blue moons appeared in the sky. May I also add, that when I tell this story to the folk at home, they generally aver that, when I depart from this world, instead of a harp, I will still play the lyre.

Sime: "Very few men escape baldness." Mackenzie: "Yes—hair to-day and gone to-morrow."



BADMINTON CHAMPIONS

Back Row---F. S. Rivers, W. Metzler, G. Ringler Front Row---L. Fulcher, M. MacLeay, L. Somerville.

TO A NORMAL FRIEND

Helen Campbell

There's a link in my chain of memories, 'Twill never be severed, I know; That link will bind us together, Wherever friends may go.

The world has hidden away, In her bountiful house of time, Fortunes, pleasure, and times to be gay, And friendships like yours and mine.

May your fortune be weighed in golden links Of happy memories, of friends who are true; Of the joys that come to the one who thinks Of Him who sends gifts from the skies of blue.

And so, dear friend, as we bid farewell, Take this parting thought from me: That of all my friends who on earth may dwell, The best are those of "Thirty-Three."

Mr. Bamford (Before the music test.) —"Well Mr. Fish, how are your scales?"

OUR MORNING HYMN

Elsie Nelson

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come Be Thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal home! Amen.

WHO HAS not felt the Divine Power of God, lifting the sordid cares and fretful worries from his heart and giving him new strength and hope with which to face the coming day with its many trials, as he with his fellow students pours forth the strains of this beautiful hymn, this prayer.

Especially on one of those days when every thing seems to go wrong, does he feel its greatest worth. Everything looks hopeless ahead. Then he finds himself singing this prayer from the depths of his heart, and suddenly his troubles disappear and he feels that with God's help he will conquer his difficulties and be much stronger for

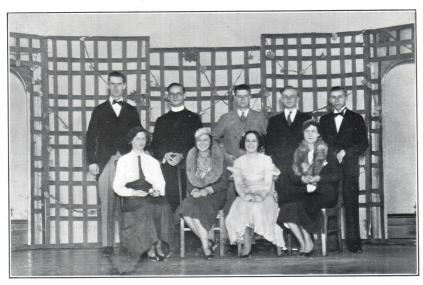
having done so.

My plea to you then, is this: That you may never forget the joy and the help that you have received from this practice. When you are many miles from the Normal School, and the guiding hands of its masters, where you will have no human hand to guide you and to aid in your difficulties, let your mind travel back to this prayer, as you have sung it here. Remember what it has done to help you in your journey to success, and thus pass it on to those who will be seeking your hands for guidance.

FRIENDSHIP

Ruth Cooper

O Friendship, you are regarded As a beautiful gift Given to man. You are more! You are as a strong cord Binding two hearts together; You are as the tiny brooklet That trickles joyfully onward, Carrying with it All the beauty and the loveliness That can be carried In its journey. You are like gold— Precious, glittering, and rich. The praise of men;— We can possess you, Feel the grip of your binding power, But there is one thing we cannot define-The path you take That unites us so closely together.



THE CAST OF "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST,"
Back Row—W. Sime, E. Gudgin, W. Mumford, F. Glendinning, G. Dalzell.
Front Row—K. Rayner, E. Boushear, C. Frankland, C. Croome.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

H. Fowler

ON THE evenings of May 3 and 4 the Normal School Literary Society presented the play, "The Importance of Being Earnest", under the capable direction of Miss Morgan and Mr. Rivers. Large and appreciative audiences of the general public, and Normalites attended both performances.

The scene of Act I is the flat of Algernon Moncrieff, an eligible young bachelor, in London. Both he and his friend John Worthing have created fictitious characters for their convenience. Algernon claims to have an invalid friend, Bunbury, in the country, who contracts serious maladies on suitable occasions. John has an imaginary brother Ernest who lives in the city and is always getting into scrapes. This provides him with an opportunity to go to town and court Miss Gwendolyn Fairfax, under the assumed name of Ernest. Gwendolyn accepts his courting, partly because of her fondness for the name Ernest. Because he is unaware of who his parents were, and was found in a hand bag in a London station, his suit is very much frowned upon by Lady Bracknell, Gwendolyn's mother.

The second act is laid in the garden of John Worthing's country home. His attractive young ward Cecily Cardew is found with her governess, Miss Prism. The latter goes walking with the Rev. Canon Chasuble, and during their absence, Algernon arrives, passing as John's

brother Ernest. Cecily falls in love with him, thinking he is John's brother, and when John unexpectedly returns he is forced to pretend that Algernon is his brother. Matters are complicated even further when Gwendolyn arrives and meets Cecily, because each believes she is in love with Ernest Worthing. John and Algernon are forced to admit to the girls, who they really are.

In the final act Lady Bracknell arrives, having followed Gwendolyn from London. On learning that Cecily is heir to a fortune, she is most anxious for her nephew Algernon to marry her, but John refuses to have his ward marry until Lady Bracknell approves of him. Miss Prism enters and Lady Bracknell recognizes her as an old servant, who disappeared many years ago with her baby nephew. Miss Prism explains that she left the baby by mistake in a handbag in a London station. John produces the handbag, and he is soon proven to be Lady Bracknell's nephew, and Algernon's brother. His name is actually Ernest. He realizes now the vital importance of being "Earnest". The cast was as follows:

John Worthing	Bill Mumford
Algernon Moncrieff	
Gwendolyn Fairfax	Evelyn Boushear
Cecily Cardew	C. Frankland
Lady Bracknell	
Miss Prism	K. Rayner
Rev. Chasuble	
Lane	William Sime
Merriman	Gordon Dalzell

All parts were played excellently and great credit for the success of the play is also due the directors and the other assistants who made the staging of the play possible.

LIFE

Ruth Cooper

Our past rolls by like the clouds,
And dreams will pass with the sun,
But strong, strong hopes will take their place
When those dreams are faded and done.

And thoughts will change with the years, The songs we knew will drift; But a word of help will cheer us on Like sunbeams through a mist.

Our friends we knew will go,
Their visions will drift and fade;
Yet a true, true word will linger on
From a strong, staunch friend that's made.

Our life rolls by like the clouds, We, too, will pass with the sun; But stronger ones will take our place, When our lives are faded and done.

THE MASTERS' "AT HOME"

I. M. Ableson

THE EVENING of the last day of the second week of school had come, and eight o'clock found the halls of the building filled by a milling throng of students. On each one was found a placard, on which was written the name and, of course, the home town of the wearer.

We felt in sympathy with those members of the famous Light Brigade, for to the right of us, to the left of us and in front of us, strange voices "volleyed and thundered." Before us stood our hosts and hostesses in a long line, and as we were still comparative strangers, there was much speculation as to "who was who." The minds of the masters must have been sadly taxed in learning so many new names, and it must have been a source of amusement to them to be called by names which were not their own.

After having been introduced to each one, and having satisfied our curiosity and settled our speculations, we found ourselves in the Assembly Hall, where a most enjoyable programme was given by members of the student body. We then returned to the lower halls, where for some time we engaged in games, beginning with a peanut hunt, during which the very stability of the school was threatened. This was even more imperilled when the students waxed loud in their praises of the seats of learning at their respective homes.

Being summoned to the Hall, we were divided into groups for refreshments according to our given names. After lunch, the singing of the National Anthem brought to a close this happy evening, which boded well for the future relationships of the masters and students.

THE VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR GENERAL

Gerald Bimm

ONE of the outstanding events of our Normal School days was the visit of the Governor General of Canada to the Normal School on September 29th, 1932.

His Excellency, accompanied by Lady Bessborough, enroute to Ottawa from a trip to the west, stopped off at the Gateway City for a few hours. The Mayor tendered them a hearty welcome and escorted the vice-regal party on a tour of the city.

There is but little doubt that the real intention of their Excellencies stopping off at North Bay was to visit the Normal School. Why not? One does not always see such a brilliant body of students.

Their Excellencies, stepping from their automobile, greeted and were greeted by the students, who had assembled at the side of the road. Lord Bessborough spoke a few words to the student body concerning our school. Several of our lucky young lady students had the honour of speaking for a few moments with the Governor General.

The vice-regal party departed from the school, amid the hearty cheers of the students, and accompanied by their best wishes.

THE NORMALITE'S LAMENT

Beulah Hunt

With head a throbbing with pain, With eyelids heavy with sleep A Normalite sat in her attic room Her midnight vigil to keep. Work, work, work, While others go care-free, Work, work, work, There comes no rest for me, For tomorrow, a lesson I teach, In that awful Critic's room And should I fail to get good marks 'Twill surely spell my doom.

Psychology, Science of Ed., Geography, History, Art! Oh! how my poor tired head does ache And I've never made a start, While from across the way Gay voices come floating clear As if to show me how drab my lot How lacking in fun and cheer.

My head drops into my hands,
My eyelids droop and close
Sweet sleep has come at last unsought
It's blessed relief who knows!
Sleep, sleep,!
While lessons forgotten lie,
'Twill be work! work! work!
When I waken by and by.
But my wagon is hitched to a star!
Straight upward I'm taught to steer!
The lessons I learn will direct my path
To rewards that one day will cheer.

RAIN

Isabel Hearn

The distant hills are crowned with misty grey, Merging into heaven's changing blue. The small clouds scattered o'er the celestial way Grow and deepen into threatening hue; The wan sun gleams, and its pale beams Cast eerie shadows o'er the thirsty world. Behind those shadows, waking from their dreams The thunderbolts lie waiting to be hurled. The earth expectant lies with waiting breast To clasp the raindrops in ecstatic pain, And as it waits, at the Unknown's bequest Down—softly, with increasing vigour, falls the rain.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Marjorie Holley

IN DESCRIBING this gala event, the Hallowe'en Masquerade, one is tempted to quote Byron: "There was a sound of revelry by night" for not for many years has this austere old structure resounded with such din of merriment. The function commenced at eight-thirty, pleasure reigning supreme until midnight.

The Assembly Hall, which was the scene of the earlier part of the fête, was transformed into a veritable ball room. Orange and black streamers, intertwined, were strung from the sides of the walls to the central pillars while from the windows hung drapes of the same coloured streamers. Everywhere weird signs of the "season of pranks" in the form of spiders, witches and ghosts, were to be found.

After a snort but very enjoyable program had been given, everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion. The picture produced by the countless array of figures adorned in various costumes, swaying to the "music with its voluptuous swells", as produced by Graham Fader at the piano, for the grand march, might well have been that of a carnival day on the Riviera.

Following the grand march and the awarding of the prizes for costumes, dancing was commenced in the library and lower hall to the strains of a three-piece orchestra, while games were in full swing in the assembly hall. In the boys' locker room a discing tournament was successfully staged with prizes being given to the winning quartette. In the upper hall, from a gaily decorated booth, the future of the revellers was revealed by a fortune teller.

At eleven o'clock a dainty lunch was served "buffet style" by the refreshment committee from the household science room, after which dancing was resumed until closing time.

Much credit is due to the members of the staff and the Literary Society, whose able management and fitting arrangements contributed so much to the success of the evening.

OUR VISITORS

Louise Robertson

OUR NORMAL School visitors this year have left behind a fund of valuable and interesting knowledge of various world problems.

Doctors Phair and Convoy, lecturing on care of the teeth and how to detect communicable diseases, imparted much valuable information along these lines.

Miss Pepper, representing the Dairying Branch of the Department of Agriculture, held everyone's interest while speaking to us on milk and preparing school lunches, Miss Hamilton, from the Junior Red Cross, explained how we might form a club in our schools for the promotion of good health and comfort.

Rev. E. E. Pugsley, with his slides which revealed the other side of the Great War, was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Mr. Dunlop, representative of Toronto University, urged us to set our ideals a little higher and strive to complete a University course.

Dr. Amoss, speaking on Public School Training Classes suggested many ways in which we might help those less fortunate students.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas gave an enlightening series of addresses on the Effects of Alcohol.

Mr. MacClement of Queen's University made us feel that our education had only just begun and suggested that we advance to University standing as soon as possible.

Mr. Wallace, Mrs. Muller and Mr. Runnalls gave us an address on Women's and Men's Teacher's Federation in Ontario.

These visitors, though much enjoyed and appreciated, had only a few hours to spend with us. The only visitor who stayed long enough to become one of our warmest friends was Miss McKim, our Household Science teacher during Miss Preston's absence. It was with deepest regret that we saw her train leave the station, but even the best of friends must part.

A MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY

John R. Stone

The sweetest songs of birds must cease, The rosebud plucked must withered die, The splendours of the dying day Are portrayed in a sunlit sky. But when, upon a winter's eve, We sit before the firelight's glow Again we hear the birds' soft trill, Again the rosebuds seem to blow. The picture painted for us there, The work of Holy hands on high, Again appears, from out the hearth, As glowing embers fade and die. So soon our ways must branch apart But will the memories always last? We press with eager feet ahead; The future soon becomes the past. Experience is a teacher kind And we, the boatmen on the shore, Push off into the raging sea To find what life may have in store. Sometimes the seas are still and calm, Sometimes we feel our barque will sink, But after all, we reach the land Where we can rest, and sleep, and think.



MEMORIES

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Isabel Hearn

THOUGH the wind may howl and the thermometer drop to forty below, still will we enjoy the gaiety of the Yuletide season.

Shimmering bands of light streamed from the windows of the Normal School on the evening of December 20th, 1932. It was the occasion of the celebration of the twenty-fourth annual Christmas Party.

About eight-fifteen, students and guests gathered in the festively-decorated Assembly Hall, there to be entertained by one of the best programmes in the history of the school.

The rendition of "O Canada" by the audience was followed by the chairman's address by Mr. J. Lees. The first division of the programme was then presented. This consisted of a one-act comedy, "Thank You, Doctor," under the direction of Mr. Rivers. The cast was as follows:

Mrs. Lester	Miss K. Shields
Nurse Grey	Miss H. Sisco
Dr. Gurney	Mr. H. Robinson
Denny Cort	Mr. W. Mumford
Patient	Mr. W. Metzler

The stage management, property management and designing were capably carried out by Mr. J. Demeza, Mr. G. Leeder and Mr. G. Pennock.

The setting for the comedy was the waiting room of Dr. Gurney's office. Rather a dull, uninteresting place? Then ask anyone who saw "Thank You, Doctor" how many laughs a minute it produced.

The programme was continued with a group of Old English dances, as follows: 1—"A Mumming Dance" by the girls of Group IV. 2—"A Hunting We Will Go—, under the direction of Mr. W. Lehto. 3—A Solo Dance by Miss V. Vincent. 4—An Old English Contra Dance, Sir Roger de Coverley. 5—An Old French Minuet under the direction of Miss Vincent.

The first part of the evening's entertainment was concluded by the singing of God Save the King.

Mr. Neale then explained the order for the organized games under the leadership of Miss Mitchell, Sergeant Joyce and himself. A goodly portion of the crowd dispersed to enjoy these tests of skill and brain power, while the remainder descended to the Library, there to tread a stately measure or two.

About ten o'clock a delicious lunch was served upstairs, after which dancing was resumed by all who cared to indulge. Later in the evening the winners of the games and contests were announced by Mr. Lees, and presented with their trophies. But all good things must come to an end, and so, about twelve forty-five, tired, but happy the students wended their way homeward.

HIS MAJESTY'S MESSAGE

P. W. Verville

THE outstanding event of this Christmas was His Majesty's message of hope and good will to the peoples of his far flung Empire. A message so replete with wisdom and so gracefully phrased cannot be paid a higher tribute than restatement. His Majesty spoke:—

"Through one of the marvels of modern science I am enabled, this Christmas Day, to speak to all my peoples throughout the Empire.

I take it as a good omen that wireless should have reached its present perfection at a time when the Empire has been linked in closer union, for it offers us immense possibilities to make that union closer still.

It may be that our future will lay upon us more than one stern test. Our past will have taught us how to meet it unshaken.

For the present the work to which we are all equally bound is to arrive at a reasoned tranquillity within our borders; to regain prosperity without self-seeking; and to carry with us those whom the burden of past years has disheartened or overborne.

My life's aim has been to serve as I might toward those ends. Your loyalty, your confidence in me has been my abundant reward.

I speak now from my home and from my heart to you all. To men and women so cut off by the snows, the desert or the sea that only voices out of the air can reach them; to those cut off from the fuller life by blindness, sickness or infirmity; and to those who are celebrating this day with their children and grandchildren.

To all—to each—I wish a Happy Christmas. God bless you!"

These are sober yet courageous words voicing the hope and determination of many hearts—the hope of many hearts that our disturbing problems be overcome—the determination of many hearts to overcome these problems. But there is more than hope for material improvement to be gained from His Majesty's words: "It may be that our future will lay upon us more than one stern test. Our past will have taught us how to meet it unshaken."

These words voice a serene philosophy of life—the philosophy that, despite our many ill-fortunes and sorrows, "life goes on". May we enjoy the wisdom to view these ill-fortunes and sorrows as part of life, while, with faith unshaken we look hopefully to the future.

Miss Morgan: "The younger generation are hard-boiled." Rita Coghlan: "It's only the old people who think so."

There was a tremendous smash of breaking dishes. Mr. Sand—"Uh! What was that?" Miss Preston—Just another war with China."

THE PAPER CHASE

Joe Demeza

WITH last minute orders for school Christmas cards, the holidays were upon us. Amid cheers and general celebrations, trains pulled out of North Bay on December 21st, overflowing with happy Normal students. In the lull after this storm, a score of us were left who just couldn't break our ties with "N. B. N. S." for even the short space of two weeks. In other words North Bay was to be the setting for our Christmas festivities.

Numbered among these was an event known as a paper chase. Picture a dignified Normal master, bedecked in breeches and sweater, dashing through the woods, dodging trees in true rabbit fashion, and dropping a continuous stream of paper squares in his wake. Following him comes a noble group of teachers-to-be running helter-skelter after the coloured and misleading paper scraps. Such were the opening scenes of the event. When the goal, another master, was reached, the roll was called to see that none of the hounds had strayed or barked up the wrong tree. A trio of them barked for a half-mile or so down the railway track. We wonder where they found paper or any other excuse to direct their rambles.

Then the paper chase became a treasure hunt. The same students scattered themselves throughout a pine grove, some crawling on hands and knees around the bases of thick protecting pines, others gazing into tree tops, all in search of an order for a box of chocolates. Miss I. Hill displayed the keenest powers of observation by discovering the coveted sheet of paper after a brief but exciting hunt.

The tired but hungry hare, accompanied by the ravenous hounds, wended his way by a more direct route back to the welcome school, where the remainder of the staff and their wives greeted all with a lunch of steaming soup, hot-dogs, and other delicacies. An informal programme, which included dancing, singing and general merrymaking brought the enjoyable outing to a close.

George—"There were two men carrying each brick and about six guards standing around with two machine guns in each hand—I mean in both hands————(lamely) well, they had all kinds of guns!"

Mr. Ricker told us of the lady who wanted to set some eggs.

"How long will it take before they hatch?"

"Three weeks for hen's eggs; four for ducks," replied the farmer who wasn't sure what kind of eggs they were. Several weeks later he called upon the lady.—"How did you get along with the eggs?"

"Oh! she replied,—"When they didn't hatch in three weeks I sold them as I didn't want ducks."

Miss Mitchell—"Now, I'm afraid we are getting into rather deep water. Mr. Fish!"

THE NORMAL RIOT

William West

ONE and one-half centuries ago the French were gaining freedom from oppression by revolution. The day of the revolution has not passed, and freedom and justice may still be won by riot. Thus argued the leader of the Normalites, and so it was that the famous riot of '33 began.

The causes were many. Two hundred and eighteen students had come from the districts of the North Country to continue the joy of education in the Normal School. At first things went well at Normal, but before long grievances began to develop. The first signs of discontent appeared when the masters proclaimed that under no circumstances would they continue to write "See me", or "Come re preparation", or "Re-write, paying attention to writing", on the plans. This was considered harsh injustice. Had the students of past years not had the privilege of re-writing plans? Why should this privilege be removed now? Dissatisfaction increased when, late in October, a proclamation was issued, stating that henceforth all home work by Normal students was prohibited,—and masters were stationed at the exits sharp at four o'clock to make sure that no concealed books were carried from the building. Indignation was now general, for this meant that the students were gradually losing those privileges which they had enjoyed during High School days. The culmination came late in November, when a second proclamation abolished all tests and examinations, including even the Standardized Test and the "New Examination".

This was the signal for open revolt. The students marched in a body upon the school. Mr. N——, who had been posted as lookout in the dome of the building, saw them approaching. Dashing down the steps, he cried, "Quick Henry, the Itsticks, the Itsticks!"

Mr. R——, who had never heard of Itsticks, felt quite at sea, and whispered to Mr. R——, "For what do they use Itsticks?"

"Why, for everything", replied Mr. R----.

"Then it must have a tremendous market", suggests Mr. R-

"Why of course, confided Mr. R——, "It's sold by the roll, by the thirty-roll bundle, by the carload, and by Mr. N——.

By this time Mr. N—— had rushed to the door with a roll of Itsticks, and was busily licking it and sealing the entrance, while other members of the staff stood about him, swallowing hard and making wry faces in sympathy.

The students rushed the door, just as Mr. N—— fastened the last hinge. Soon they saw the futility of it, however, and a deep gloom permeated their ranks as the news spread that the door had been sealed with Itsticks. But they were determined not to lose hope, and so they surrounded the building in the hope of starving out the defenders.

The masters, on the other hand, realized that although they were safe behind the Itsticks, they were not equipped with weapons by which

they could carry on an offensive. Miss P—— baked some rocks and frozen cookies, which were hurled from the dome, while the masters sang "Farewell to Arms", but soon the supply of baking powder ran out, and they were again without ammunition.

Mr. R—— then called a Council of War to decide upon what course to follow. Mr. N——, after great thought, suggested that bows and arrows could be made of Itsticks.

"But bless my heart", said Mr. R——, "that would be too expensive, and I doubt if the government would allow the requisition to go through".

It was finally agreed that the only possible course to follow was to grant the demands of the students, and so a truce was signed. Thus the privilege of re-writing lesson plans, of doing homework, and of having tests heaped upon them was rewon by the students, and it is the duty of every future Normalite to use and guard these privileges which were so nobly protected.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Robert S. Martin

See you that stately building there, It's dome serene and tall? O that is where the students fare; May God be with them all.

See you that light across the way?
'Tis lit at half-past one.
Well, that is where two students stay,—
Their work must be well done.

See you those girls? Oh, watch that ball.
Again they score, Oh, rot!
They're Normalites and after all,
At that, they're not so hot.

See you that student with the puck, He's handsome, don't you think? I never seem to have the luck Of giving him the wink.

See you those students, passing by, So carefree to the core? Will those same spirits ring so high In nineteen thirty-four?

But see you not those gifts from High Within each Normalite? We pray those embers may not die But living throw out light.

Mr. Fader, apologizing for programme,—"I hope you will overlook our lack of costumes."



CAST OF OPERETTA

Back Row—A. Hartman, R. Cooper, D. Millar, G. Eastwood, E. Sand, A. Young, M. Peria, J. Stone, A. Fish,

L. Fulcher, G. Dickinson, H. Hunter, H. Campbell.

Front Row—W. Browne, G Summers, M. Mathie, K. Hilts, M. Richardson, I. Loney, M. Fulton.

THE STUDENTS' "AT HOME"

G. P. Dalzell

THE annual At Home on St. Patrick's Day proved to be the gala entertainment of the school social year. All those students and friends who expected a thoroughly enjoyable evening were not disappointed—It was!

At eight o'clock the students and guests assembled in the Assembly Room where they were cordially welcomed by Mr. West, president of the Literary Society. Then followed a delightful programme which took the form of an Operetta, "The Tea House of Sing-Lo" under the capable direction of Miss Morgan and Mr. Bamford. The story runs thus:

Bert McKee, a salesman for an American business man, Mortimer Maxwell, falls madly in love with June Maxwell. His only chance of winning June is to sell Sing-Lo, a rich Shanghai business man who owns a tea house, one of the famous Maxwell signs. Sing-Lo hates all salesmen but, mistaking Bert for the American Consul, eventually is persuaded to buy a sign. Now the American Consul appears on the scene to tangle matters considerably but everything ends happily and to the satisfaction of all concerned. The cast:

Sing-Lo	Don Millar
Bert McKee	Jack Stone
Mortimer Maxwell	
Mrs. Maxwell	Mabel Richardson
June Maxwell	Margaret Peria
American Consul	
No-Fan	Alvin Hartman
So-Hi	
Ah Me	Gwen Eastwood

CHORUS:—Muriel Fulton, Genevieve Summers, Lillian Fulcher, Irene Loney, Mary Mathie, Helen Campbell, Cleveland Hunter, Wallace Browne, Allan Young, Eilert Sand, George Dickinson.

The cast and directors are to be highly complimented for so splendid a programme which reflected the musical talent and dramatic ability of the school.

After the programme, dancing was enjoyed in the lower hall where the gay merry-makers danced to the cantivating strains of the orchestra. The attractive decorations added greatly to the pleasing scene.

Many preferred to play games which were under the direction of Miss Mitchell, Mr. Neale, and Sergeant Joyce. These games proved to be interesting, exciting, and closely contested, the competitors being required to display real ability before carrying off the coveted prizes.

At 10.30 refreshments were served.

Dancing was continued after lunch until closing time when all left expressing appreciation of the good time they had had,

THE ST. VALENTINE TEA DANCE

Kay Shields

FEBRUARY the fourteenth has now rolled past again and the students of the North Bay Normal School celebrated this event in a suitable manner.

As it has been the custom for years to put up a small post-box, for the exchange of cards, the pupils were not to be deprived of this pleasure and the box was placed on the main billboard in the form of a large Valentine heart. Many, not suspecting that their actions were being observed slid quickly and quietly over to it and gently deposited their bundle of cards. But alas, the eagle eye of one of the masters was glued to the opening and he saw the contented looks that came over the faces of the senders.

After having attended classes for the first two periods, the student body met in the large Assembly Hall and awaited instructions as to the afternoon activities. Half the students went into the spacious library for tea and were very well entertained by solos, dances, and piano selections. The remainder of the students made their way to the post-office, as it was called, and stood around patiently waiting for their names to be called. A few of the braver ones marched up and asked for their mail. This part of the programme seemed to amuse the majority of the students and their peals of laughter and sighs of disgust were audible on the lower floor. When one of the masters appeared and collected the mail for the others he looked just like a real postman, with a broad grin and all.

The excitement of the post-office being over, another type of recreation was sought. To the strains of the excellent music, supplied by various girls and boys, the students danced in the lower hall, and if happy faces are any indication of pleasure and contentment, I can readily assure you that everyone had a perfect time.

At six o'clock the Tea Dance ended and a vote of thanks was extended to the convenors who had spent so much of their valuable time in making this Valentine Tea Dance such a success.

FEED MY SHEEP

Isabel Hearn

Feed my sheep! the Master said, How have we answered His Command? Are there some sheep strayed from the fold Hungry and weary, in our land?

Two thousand years have passed— The silent nights their watches keep. But still, thro' all the ages The Lord says, "Feed My Sheep."

May we feed thy sheep, O Master, Keeping watch o'er pure young lambs. May we guide them in thy footsteps, Guide them to thy waiting hands.

MODEL SCHOOL STAFF

Mr. D. C. Grassick Mr. T. C. Cummings Mr. C. Weston Miss M. Collins Miss H. Webster	Principal, Principal, Principal, Assistant,	King C King E Dr. Car Queen	George Soldward So rruthers S	chool. chool. School.
Miss C. Lett		66	44	66
Miss A. Hansford		66	66	66
Miss C. MacLean		66	"	66
Miss N. Deneau		"	66	6.6
Miss L. St. Louis	- "	66		"
Miss G. Sims		66		"
Miss M. Sheppard		66	44	66
Miss B. Fov		Dr. Ca	rruthers S	School.
Mrs. E. Elmitt		66	66	"
Miss L. Ison		66	66	66
Miss E. Frayn	- 66	66	66	66
Miss C. Smyth		44	44	66
Mrs. A. Chalmers	Assistant.	King (George So	chool.
Miss A. Bell		66	"	66
Miss H. Sheppard		66	"	66
Miss G. J. Morgan		66		66
Miss H. Forder		rten Dir	ectress.	

AFFILIATED CONTINUATION SCHOOL

Mr. R. W. Warnica Principal, Callander Continuation School.

RURAL AFFILIATED SCHOOLS

Mr. J. D. Lindsey	Principal,	S.	S.	No.	1B,	Ferris.
Miss M. DeLong	Assistant,	S.	S.	No.	1B,	Ferris.
Micc H E B Harris	S S No	5	Wi	ddifi	eld	

NECESSARY DUST

Gerald R. Leeder

When we but ponder if earth's cooling robe, Of dust some day completely were removed Then Heaven's lamp, enormously improved Would scorch all habitation from our globe. The clouds no crimson paint would then absorb At sunset, and each tiny point of light Would shine by day as brightly as by night And rains would cease to fall on man's abode.

Thus dust, the ever present plague of man, Is man's protector from the sun's cruel burn; The common nuisance of the human clan The necessary thing in man's concern, As God, the Maker said in his great plan Of dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return.



CAST OF PAGEANT—EMPIRE DAY Britannia—I. Ableson. Canada—H. Sisco. From Left to Right—D. Gibson, D. Marwood, E. McLachlan, J. Martin, M. McFadden, M. McClung, M. Macdonald, M. Beadman, D. Jones, K. Sabbé, S. Johnson, A. Marcon, A. Soltys, L. Cikalik, V. Hakkarainen, M. Guimond, A. Johns, L. Fierheller, S. Drajanoff, L. Malon.



CAST OF FLAG DRILL—EMPIRE DAY
Back Row—C. Beaupre, L. Gothard, N. Lalonde, I. Mick, V. Coe,
L. LaBrash, E. Bray.
Front Row—A. Lalonde, H. MacKenzie, E. Nelson, M. Beadman.

THE EMPIRE DAY PROGRAMME

William B. Sime

MAY 23rd—and Empire Day, that one day when millions of British subjects pay tribute to the greatness and unexcelled unity of the British Empire. It seemed very appropriate that we, as teachers-intraining, should commemorate this greatness by holding a pageant.

Under the able direction of the masters, a truly excellent programme was arranged; and thanks to the participants, the Normal School presented one of its most striking, and well-organized literary

programmes.

The stage was appropriately decorated with the national colours, a large flag forming the background. A canopy of red, white and blue streamers stretched overhead, and the rest of the stage was set off by bands of coloured paper.

The chairmanship of the programme was most capably handled by Mr. T. O'Grady, who, during his introductory address, pointed out to the audience some of the reasons why we Canadians celebrate Empire Day.

Another very interesting address was given by Mr. Shooman, who revealed most conclusively that the King formed a very important link in the bond of Empire. It was also pointed out that, "The Prince of Wales, sharing the admirable characteristics of his father, has done much to stimulate loyalty to the Crown."

Another interesting feature of the programme was a pageant in which each of Britain's possessions was represented as coming to do homage to her. Canada was shown as a fair woman with her family composed of representatives of the various nationalities. Each child was attired in her native costume which helped to make this one of

the striking features.

The remainder of this fascinating programme was devoted to musical numbers, recitations, a flag drill and an address on the

"Growth of the British Empire."

At the conclusion of the presentation, Mr. Ricker gave a short address; and the meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

PROGRAMME

Chairman, Mr. O'Grady

Opening Change O Canada		
Opening Chorus—O Canada. Address—Empire Day Mr. T. O'Grady		
Address—Empire Day Mr. 1. O Grady		
Flag Drill Under direction of Miss Carter		
Men's Chorus—Rule Britannia		
Recitation—Dominion Day Miss M. Teare		
Address—The Four Imperial Conferences Mr. Later		
Men's Chorus—My Own Canadian Home		
Instrumental Trio—		
Ukrainian and Polish Airs — Mr. Kirk, Mr. Polonowski, Mr. Fader		
Address—The Growth of the British Empire Mr. Quirt		
Chorus by the School—Land of the Maple		
Address—The King as a Bond of Empire Mr. Shooman		
Pageant—		
Pageant—Britannia Welcomes Her Colonies, Direction of Miss Thrasher		
Union Jack Dance—		
Miss Sabbé, Miss Jones, Miss Beadman, Miss MacDonald		
Men's Chorus—Men of the North		
Recitation—Our Empire Miss Munroe		
GOD SAVE THE KING		

FALSE PRETENCES

W. Metzler

THE MEETING of a board of directors of a concern whose business has been steadily on the decline while that of competitive companies makes enviable advances, begins like a funeral service, develops into a fiery political campaign, and concludes as the New Year's resolution meeting of the Social Welfare Club of Progress, Ontario.

The gentlemen who comprised this omnipotent body as applied to the Look-Well Hair Tonic Co., Ltd. had guided the meeting through the preliminary stages, and were now addressing each other in terms which revealed a shocking lack of respect and an obvious contempt for tact. Bearing the brunt of the attack, was none other than the president of the aforementioned company, looking as if he had neglected to apply the Look-Well Hair Tonic and would rather be granted immediate relief from an acute attack of indigestion.

By virtue of his having the loudest voice, his was the oration which was being heard, marked, learned and inwardly digested by the few who were not, at the moment, attempting violent opposition to his line of reasoning. It ran as follows, midst splutters and gasping not unlike an over-taxed steam locomotive.

"Business and society at the present day are being brought to a state of degradation through the medium of this so-called psychological advertising. I absolutely refuse to have any business with which I am connected employ this insane means of hoodwinking the public. Our product is an honest result of diligence and labour, and while I am president, nothing shall induce me to place its name ridiculously before the people".

He arose from his chair and manipulated his two hundred odd pounds towards the windows, which looked out upon the main thoroughfare of the city.

"Look at these idiotic, blinding, electric signs, racing before your eyes, glaring and dancing and lying! Lying in order to fool people who swallow it up. It can't get them anywhere in the end. It's a pack of lies, and nobody in his right mind lets himself be burned a second time!

"Do you see what those lights are screaming at us?"

YOU, TOO, HAVE THE COMPLEXION OF AN ACTRESS USE ACTRESSES' METHOD TO BRING IT OUT BUBBLE SOAP WILL DO IT

"Such rot! Look at that other one:

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ATTACKS OF HEART-BURN?
INSTANT RELIEF BY DR. TURNER'S TABLETS

"That company has a distribution counter on the floor below this. Thousands buy there every day, but it can't last. Even if they sell a box to every sucker in the world, they have to stop then. A genuine company doesn't have to use those means of making their product popular; its own value does that. The reason for the decline in our sales is the turn to these foolishly advertised hair dopes, but they're bound to come back to our real product. They must! Can't vou see that? They must!

"There's another example. Listen to this absurd sign on top of the Regent Building":

HOW'S YOUR EYE?

DOES IT SHINE LIKE A NIGGER'S?

IT WILL IF YOU USE VELVET SHINE SHOE POLISH "Bah!"

He turned from the window to face the assemblage.

"I know I stand alone in this regard; but I tell you, reason demands that the swing of buying must come back to us. I wouldn't buy one of these fake doo-dabs for all the money in——"

His sentence broke off abruptly, and his right hand flew to the part of his body just below his heart. He staggered to the nearest chair, as other members rose to assist him. He was gray with pain, and writhed in the chair while someone poured water between his lips, in a vain effort to relieve the suffering man. The members pressed in around him helplessly, as he was heard muttering:

"—Just like a knife in my heart. Oh!—Awful pain. See if—can you get—try to get some of those Dr. Turner's pill things. I—oh—" A long sigh expressed the intense pain he was under.

Three minutes elapsed in which the poor man endured terrific agony: then, panting and stumbling, one of the directors returned, struggling to open a small tin box. At last it deigned to open, revealing a dozen small yellow tablets. One of these was placed to the lips of the suffering man, and aided in its downward journey by a few sips of water.

There transpired a moment of suspense, in which the seven members stood about the great central figure with facial expressions of mingled concern and hope, and then, as if awakening from a hideous nightmare, the president sat upright in his chair, gazed rather stupidly about him, and announced that the pain was gone.

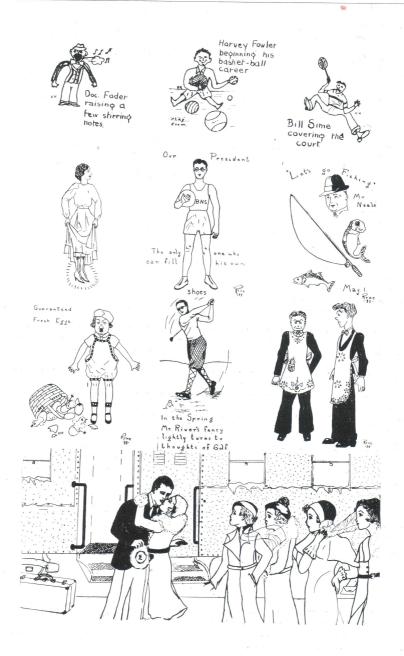
Five minutes later he made, among other remarks, the assumption that perhaps there was a great deal of truth in this modern advertising after all.

George D.: "Do you like simple things?" Gwen W.: "Are you proposing?"

A heated discussion was taking place about Hardy's philosophy, "Man is a victim of circumstance".

Miss Morgan, breaking in:—"Well, for instance, I can't possibly become a Duchess can I?"

(Hoarse whisper from the back)—"You might marry a Duke."



THE LAKE OF THE WOODS

Miss Carter

THE LAKE of the Woods! A very simple name, yet beautiful in its simplicity. And so it is with the lake itself. There is nothing artificial about it; no garish ornaments made by man to attract man; for Nature has showered her best gifts upon the district, and erected to herself a beautiful memorial.

For a long time the lake, having been inaccessible by road, escaped commercialization to any extent. Since the opening of that portion of the Trans-Canada Highway between Kenora and Winnipeg, in the summer of 1932, the tourists have flocked into the district known as the hunter's paradise; but so wild is the regions and so large the lake, that only a small section of it could be ruined by tourist traffic, and the spot still has its appeal to true lovers of Nature.

The lake extends north and south approximately ninety miles. Its width varies greatly. Despite its size, one cannot lose sight of land except in the south-western portion, bordering on the state of Minnesota, for from fourteen to sixteen thousand islands of various sizes, from very large to very small ones, dot the surface of its placid waters.

All the islands are thickly wooded with pines, spruce, balsam, poplar and birch. The trees seem to cling to the bare face of the rock. One island in the lake stands out especially, for among its richly clad neighbours, it alone is bare of vegetation. What can be more pleasant than to swing in a hammock under the lacy pines and idly watch the snowy clouds, through the green branches, as they drift across the azure sky? If you want to see the real glories of the sunset, then you should watch the sun as it sinks behind the islands in the west bathing the clouds in gorgeous colours. The moon, too, spreads its silvery path to fairy land over the water, whose ripply surface shimmers in the pale light.

There are many places of interest to visitors to the lake. The best known is the Devil's Gap. This picturesque channel is about a mile in length, with very narrow openings at either end. At the northern entrance is the portrait, painted on a huge granite boulder, of him after whom the gap is named.

When you come to see our lake, as it lies, clothed in exquisite heauty, remember to help preserve its loveliness, and so keep it as an everlasting memorial of the bountiful goodness of God.

N. M. P. C.

Mr. Ramsay was talking about the colour chart,—"Let me see, 671% degrees, that would be about the size of a piece of boarding house pie."

Miss Mitchell (in first aid class): "What other accident might happen when you are sliding?"

Rita Coghlan: "Friction burn."

ONE SUMMER'S NIGHT

Ruth Cooper

'Twas twilight, and all was still, Save the lapping of the water

As it swayed soothingly and peacefully

Upon the shore.

Sitting by the water's edge,

I watched the picture forming before me,—

The moon, in all her splendour, majestically rose high into the heavens, And its glittering rays,

Swept the cold black water,

Changing it into a field of dazzling silver.

Music drifted to me from across the waters,-So soothing and peaceful.

Awe-inspired by the environment, I gazed spell-bound At Nature's beauty;

Voices, like fairy ghosts, chanted

Through the still night air—then silence.

Gliding slowly, the moon began to sink

Lower and lower—the music died away—

Soon all would be gone,-

But to me would remain the memory of a beautiful night,

With Nature,—a memory that would make me erase From my mind later the daily dull thoughts,

And think only the great things

Intended for those who wished to see them.

Slowly the moon descended, and I was left alone,-

Alone with the blackness of night. The weird cry of the night-owl,

Piercing the still night air,

Aroused me. The voices of coyotes, crying death-like, Rent through the stillness, breaking the spell

That had been cast upon me;

Slowly I sauntered home,-

Hearing only the distant cries

Of the night marauders As mate answered mate:

So passed the night.

Mr. Ricker (discussing the relation of pressure to boiling point): "If you were on the top of a high mountain, and couldn't get the water hot enough to boil an egg, how would you cook it?"

Evelyn Boushear: "Poach it."

Miss Morgan (After the flu epidemic.) - "Are there any absentees here?"

The student, with wrinkled brow, peered from behind the classroom door, humming softly:--"Rivers stay way from my door."

VALEDICTORY

Joe Demeza

TO TRY to express the innermost feelings of each individual of our class as we bid farewell to these happy, fleeting months of fellowship, is my signal honour.

To-night we have reached a look-out tower, a landmark on the highway of our experience. Feelings of sorrow mingled with pleasure rise within us as we view in turn from this vantage point the pleasant road behind and the long uncertain highway ahead. Looking back we take a reminiscent survey of the past ten months and see ourselves as young travellers on this new road. Looking forward we have a view of a broader road whose milestones bear the inspiring inscriptions—Hope, Opportunity, Happiness—hidden in the distance.

Let us tarry a moment to retrace the road so recently left behind and to see in retrospect the milestones we have passed. We recall the farewells and encouragements as we left our homes. We recall the feelings of anticipation and even apprehension in our hearts as the train carried us away perhaps for the first time from the shelter of home. Our next memory is of that long, lonesome month when letters from home were as frequent as welcome. Familiarity soon makes the road easier and its turnings baffle us less. As the autumn turns to winter we view our onward progress with a clearer understanding of what we are studying and why. The joys of Christmas come, joys made fuller and more real because through our practice teaching we are growing to see many things from the viewpoint of childhood. Easter term, with its rocky hill of examinations, is viewed with alarm from the distance, yet is soon passed. All too soon we have found ourselves at the end of the road, looking forward, looking back. It has meant, we hope, much progress to all of us. The labours of many have combined to make this progress possible.

A Critic Staff with its patient endurance of our blunders has been a constant encouragement for our humble efforts. The generous advice so willingly and sympathetically given by those who know the road's many pit-falls has proved invaluable.

To the clergymen for their clear presentation of spiritual truths and ideals and their words of inspiration both within and without the Normal School we owe much.

To all friends who have welcomed us when we came as strangers and helped to make our sojourn here a pleasant one, we wish to express our thanks.

Then there is our own staff in the school. To voice our feelings of sincere gratitude to those masters who have been responsible for moulding our characters and awakening in us new attitudes, is a task impossible of execution. Spoken words are so feeble when we wish to express the innermost feelings of our hearts. To Mr. Ricker and his staff we say simply, yet with the greatest sincerity—thank you.

The sincere friendships established along the highway behind may only live on in memory for, by force of circumstance, parting must come. Slowly we turn about. Before us runs the fascinating road into the future, with its prospects made accessible by this year's experience. Whether our teaching career is to be long or short, may it be undertaken with a full and serious sense of our responsibility. Any success that the future may bring has been made possible only by the apprentice months we spent here. Our desire is to put into practice, as best we can, the instruction received in our Normal School. We feel like uttering the Roman form of greeting: "Ave atque Vale"—Hail and Farewell.

INFINITE SPACE

Gerald Leeder

Far off in space the sun moves on its way, A speck in Heaven's mighty sea sublime, A grain of sand upon the shores of time A nothingness in Nature's galaxy. But yet, to us it is a mighty mass Of boiling liquid, power, and the King, The master of our universal ring, A seething sea of incandescent gas.

Consider then the endlessness of space, Ten thousand suns, a million miles between, Each moving as a warrior in his place, And lighting up the heavens like a dream. And we, poor midget mortals by the grace Of God may live and move, and have our being.

A MOUNTAIN LAKE

H. Warren Metzler

O little lake up in the mountains high,
Lending a charm to all who pass your way,
Placed in seclusion by mistake, one day,
Is there a human who could pass you by,
Nor gaze amazed at you nor heave a sigh?
Oft, in my many years of earthly stay,
I have heard songsters sing of lakes in lay,
But never dreamed I half the reason why
Until I saw you sparkling in the sun,
The dancing ripples borne before a breeze,
The myriads of twinklings, one by one,
Beneath a sea green canopy of trees.
You are a sample of what He hath done
Who, our light fancies with such lakes doth tease.

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