

NORTH
BAY

NORMAL
SCHOOL

1934  1935

YEAR
BOOK



The
Twenty-sixth Annual
Year Book

Prepared by the
Students of the North Bay
Normal School

June, 1935

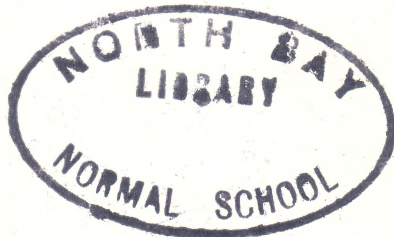


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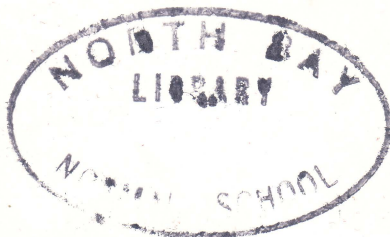
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OUR SCHOOL

To the
Public School Principals
and
Their Respective Staffs,
to
The Students
of the
North Bay Normal School,
also to
Our Principal
and the
Members of His Staff
in testimony of
Our Affection and Esteem
This Book
is
Respectfully Dedicated






OUR PRINCIPAL

Foreword

H. E. Ricker

HE Normal School year is drawing to a close again,—for some of you it will have ended, final examinations and all, before this Year Book reaches you. What has the year meant to you? In the first place, of course, it has been a year of preparation for your vocation, a year of learning to teach, by studying the theories underlying the impartation and reception of knowledge, and then putting them into practice, though the opportunities for this practice have been all too limited.

In addition to this, the year has brought you, no doubt, new friendships formed with the teachers of the Normal and Practice Schools, with your fellow students, and with others not immediately associated with the school life. I hope that many of these friendships may prove to be worth while, that they will endure and enrich the remainder of your years.

Let us note some important changes that have taken place within the year. A new Provincial Government was formed just before the Normal School session opened, and this made necessary the appointment of new heads for the Department of Education. Dr. L. J. Simpson became Minister of Education, and Professor Duncan McArthur, Deputy Minister. I believe it is conceded generally that the Premier, Mr. Hepburn, made wise choices of men to fill these important positions. They are both taking a keen interest in the problems of education in the Province, and they have new ideas and plans that are worth while. An important one, is the tendency to let teachers try out experiments in methods in their schools, the purpose being to find better ways of carrying on educational work.

Another change is the abolition of the second year course at Normal Schools as a means of securing permanent teaching certificates. The details of the new method to be followed, are not yet announced, but it has been stated that the teachers concerned, must show ability in teaching as reported by the Inspectors, and must also make advancement in academic standing, Second Class teachers to obtain Upper School at least, and First Class teachers to cover some University work.

Still another step in advance that is imminent, is the cessation of training teachers for Second Class certificates. Beginning next session, Upper School standing will be required to enter Normal Schools, and it is likely that some means will be sought by which the admission can

be restricted to those who will best profit from the course and become successful teachers. Besides scholarship and good health, it is probable that such qualities of personality as leadership, initiative, industry and sense of responsibility will be taken into consideration.

Another significant step is the extension of the practice of exempting from final examinations those students who make satisfactory standing on sessional tests. Upper School students and those attending Normal Schools are now included in the plan.

Looking further ahead, one can see other ways in which progress is about to be made. Some of the experiments being carried out in education methods, with the welfare of the pupils as the motive, may be noted here. We already have establishment of vocational and technical schools, and of special classes for those who can profit from them. Means are now being sought for carrying on the further education of adults, and education in the use of leisure hours. The titles of some of the newer books are interesting as they show trend of advancement. Here are a few of them:—"The New Teaching"; "Fitting the School to the Child"; "The Child-Centred School"; "Child Life and the Curriculum". I venture to predict that we shall make progress along some of the following lines:—An increase in the study and practice of so-called cultural subjects, as art, music, literature and dramatics, not for the purpose of becoming artists, musicians, or writers, but that pupils may use these accomplishments as means of expression and for personal enjoyment. I look for a continued advancement in objective teaching, in which pictures and illustrative material of all sorts will be used to a greater extent for visual instruction. I believe that teachers will study their pupils singly instead of in classes, and that they will vary their methods of instruction, and especially methods of approach, so as to reach each pupil through his special interests and aptitudes.

In general, these changes will give the teacher more freedom of choice and of action, but at the same time will impose upon him a greater responsibility. Progress will be slow, coming by evolution, rather than by revolution, and the most successful teachers will be those who make best use of the worth-while changes. Competition for positions will weed out those who have least to contribute to the welfare of their schools and communities.

In bidding you farewell, I feel more than a little longing that I too might go out with you to your new schools, and share the adventures, excitement and elation that will come with successful achievement. But since this is impossible, I can only say that my heartiest good wishes go with you.

YEAR BOOK STAFF



F. S. RIVERS, B.A., B.Paed.

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Editor-in-Chief



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Advisory Business Manager



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OUR STAFF

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 Elementary Science, Agriculture
 Nature Study, Physiology.

GRACE MORGAN, B.A., B.Paed. - Master
 Advanced English, Literature
 Advanced Reading, Primary Reading, Spelling.

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 Geography.

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 Household Science.

H. L. BAMFORD, A.T.C.M. - - Instructor
 Music.

Kate McCubbin - - - - Secretary



Message for the North Bay Normal School

I AM glad indeed to accede to your request for a message. While there are many good wishes that might be extended to you, I wish for you particularly, courage and determination to meet fearlessly the difficulties that will inevitably meet you on your way; optimism to see the brighter side of the clouds that will some time come across your sky; and above all, a great and abiding love and sympathy for the young lives placed under your care. I wish for you too, a personality that will win for you the loyalty and the affection of your pupils.

I would recall to your minds also three essential qualities that must be in the possession of every successful teacher—scholarship, understanding, and common sense, these three; and that in the management of your schools, in your dealings with parents, and in your relations with the community generally, the greatest of these qualities is common sense.

L. J. SIMPSON,
Minister of Education.

Critic Staff of Elementary Classes

Mr. D. C. Grassick	-	-	-	Principal, Queen Victoria School
Mr. J. L. Runnalls	-	-	-	Principal, Dr. Carruthers School
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Mr. T. C. Cummings	-	-	-	Principal, King George School
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Miss C. MacLean	-	-	-	" " "
Miss N. Deneau	-	-	-	" " "
Miss M. Sheppard	-	-	-	" " "
Miss R. Wade	-	-	-	" " "
Miss B. Foy	-	-	-	Assistant, Dr. Carruthers School
Mrs. E. Elmitt	-	-	-	" " "
Miss L. Ison	-	-	-	" " "
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Miss C. Smyth	-	-	-	" " "
Miss E. Haugh	-	-	-	Assistant, King Edward School
Miss A. Bell	-	-	-	Assistant, King George School
Miss A. Hansford	-	-	-	" " "
Miss G. Morgan	-	-	-	" " "

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 Miss E. McKinnon, Principal, Powassan Continuation School
 Mr. W. E. Dewar, Assistant, Powassan Continuation School

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Mr. J. D. Lindsey, Principal, S.S. No. 1b, Ferris
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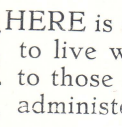
INSTRUCTORS IN RELIGION

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Rev. N. Kritsch, Lutheran; Rev. G. S. Packham, Trinity.

Front Row—Rev. H. J. Scott, Presbyterian; Rev. H. A. Sims, St. John's;
Rev. P. C. Reed, First Baptist.

Appreciation of Ministers

Jeanette McGee


T

 HERE is a saying, "To live long is almost everyone's wish, but to live well is the ambition of a few." Our thoughts revert to those venerable gentlemen, who throughout the year have administered so unstintingly to our spiritual needs.

Their classes have been a source of enlightenment and pleasure to all of us, and it is only fitting that we express our gratitude at this particular time. Yet, it is needless to point out the futility of mere words.

We go out into the world with the firm conviction that however great our scholastic or teaching achievements may be, character alone is of "stellar and undiminished greatness."

May our lives reflect our gratitude.

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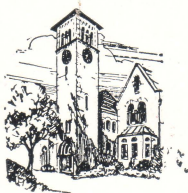
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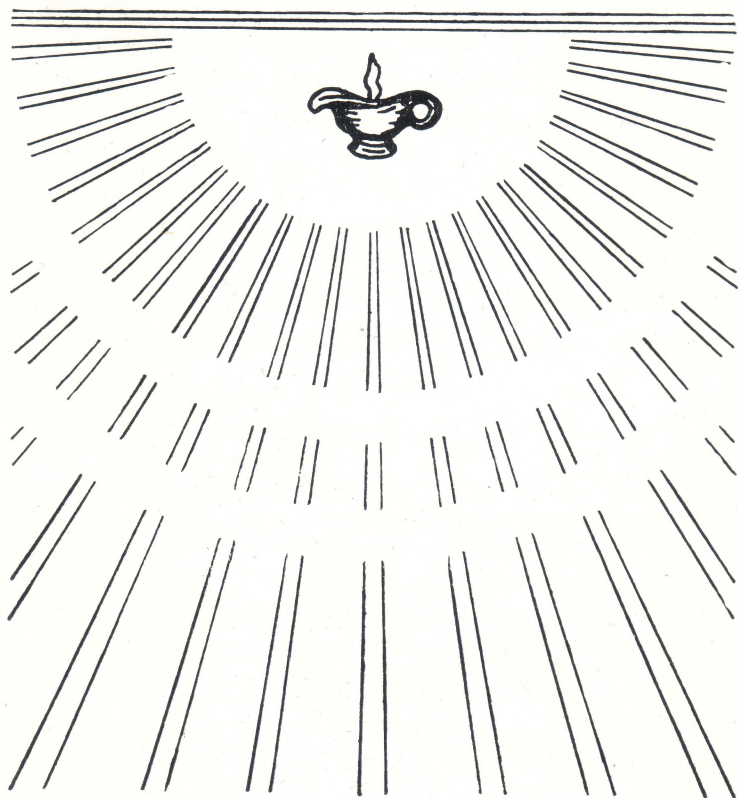
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LITERARY





FALL LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Back row, left to right—K. MacLeod, J. Laycock, Miss G. Morgan, M. Kendrick, H. Creighton (president), J. McCarthy, E. Reed, N. Currie.

Front row, left to right—B. Lonsdale, E. Flatt, G. Harris, I. Asquith, H. Allen, M. Ward, D. McManus, E. Napier.

The Literary Society

IN future years we will look back with pleasure as we ponder over the various activities of our year at Normal School. The outstanding activity which formed the source of this pleasure was without doubt the Literary Society.

We shall pause a moment to point out a few of the highlights of the year's work. The Armistice Day program, cleverly enacted by the girls of Group II, portrayed the patriotism, loyalty, and honour of the British Empire. The typical Saturday night gathering in a rural community, brought forth much hidden talent. In no lesser way did the Spring Literary Executive contribute to the entertainment.

Our programs not only provided humour, but also educational value



SPRING LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Left to Right—A. Angus, D. Fraser, R. McMichael, G. Morgan, G. Gourlay, (President), N. Currie, D. Firth, H. Miller.

Front Row, left to right—D. Riching, J. McGee, A. Baldasaro, V. McKay, D. Roche, B. Brown, S. Brooks, V. Foxton.

which was enhanced by the interesting talks by Mr. Ricker. Miss Morgan and Mr. Rivers on the following topics, A Trip Through British Columbia, Irish Literature, and A Trip Through Scotland. A clever enactment of a Health Play and a Physical Training demonstration were the occasions for displaying laudable talent on the part of the students who conducted and took part in them.

From the time of the Master's reception in the fall until the Empire Day program in the spring, our meetings have attained their success mainly through the kindly advice and assistance of Miss Morgan, and those who willingly placed their time and talent at our disposal. Thus, we are enabled to look back with pleasure at our Normal School year, and to look forward into the future with the brightest hopes of upholding the best and truest ideals of the teaching profession.



YEAR BOOK STAFF

Back row—Mr. Rivers, M. Steele, R. Gibbs, N. Currie, W. Lloyd, A. Angus, Mr. Neale.

Front row—E. Flatt, J. Lourie, E. Cox, E. Caswell, H. Stargratt, J. McGee, L. Paolini, M. O'Grady.

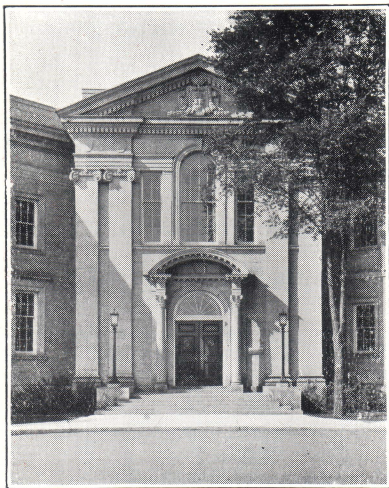
Editorial

R. Gibbs

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that one contemplates departure from the North Bay Normal School. We are looking forward, hopefully, to the coming years of independence, but, not a little regretfully, we prepare to bid farewell to friends and acquaintances, joys and sorrows, high hopes and disappointments, and all that this brief, irrevocable, unforgettable year has held for us.

We members of the editorial staff realize that we have been especially privileged and honoured by the student body. We have made a sincere endeavour to produce a book that will be a store-house of memories for future retrospection. If we have been successful in doing this, we feel that we have accomplished much. May we take this opportunity to thank the students for their invaluable, if somewhat belated, assistance in the realization of this ideal. Too much credit cannot be accorded Mr. Rivers for his untiring efforts and indispensable advice in the preparation of this book.

Let us not forget those who have thought it wise to use the Year Book as a medium of advertising. We hope that the results will completely justify their actions.



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Miss Brooks (boarding the bus at Callander): "Are those people still waiting for that train to move? They have been there ever since this morning."
Fellow Traveller: "That's not a train, that's a station!"

Mrs. Jennie Irwin, B.A.

Jessie Lourie

 MONG the beloved masters in the Normal School, Mrs. Irwin, who is a comparative newcomer, has won a real place in our hearts. Art to the average individual has always been a source of constant despair; but it has taken on new life and interest under Mrs. Irwin's cheerful guidance, even for the hopelessly inartistic.

Mrs. Irwin came to us from Toronto Normal, where she taught from Easter until June of last year. She is a graduate of Queen's University, having specialized in Art. After her course at Queen's, Mrs. Irwin attended Edmonton Normal School, following which she taught in Alberta for five years.

Mrs. Irwin does a great deal towards promoting love of Art in the Public Schools of North Bay. Her aim is to teach the children to appreciate Art rather than to strive for achievement; but the Art work that we have seen in the schools convinces us that both have been accomplished.

In closing let us extend our sincere thanks to Mrs. Irwin for a most enjoyable course during this year, and we hope the coming years will be as successful as this one has been.



Summer Idyll

E. M. Flatt

Oh, it's quiet in the evening 'mid the soft, cool shade,
'Mid the shadows slowly stealing to the shore;
Where the waves are gently lapping, ever breaking, ever lapping,
And we hear a splash of paddle or of oar.

There's a little fairy shallop dancing at the water's edge
Where the lady birches lift their skirts of green;
Dipping slender, snowy feet in the waters of the lake,
(Can it be my grey canoe is just a dream?).

There's a gleaming path of silver and a sound of sighing reeds
As the lazy moon rides o'er the ragged hill;
And a paddle's slowly dipping, silver water softly dripping,
In a silence, ever tranquil, ever still.

There are quiet, phantom figures in the little grey canoe
As it turns down the silver path to home;
There's a fire dully glowing and a fairy tale enthralling—
(Can you tell me why my heart should long to roam?).



FORM I

Back Row—N. Dent, L. Humphries, I. Deacon, H. Kelly, M. Archambault, A. Baldasaro, E. Flatt, M. Knight, A. Abraham.

Fourth Row—L. Dent, R. Gobbo, J. D. Campbell, K. Ivy, I. Asquith, B. Brown, M. Farrer, E. Cox, C. Higgins.


Third Row—J. Gillespie, G. Harris, E. Haglund, B. Guenther, I. Este, M. Clinton, M. Coules, S. Brooks, H. Kinney.

Second Row—C. Greer, M. Furick, H. Gordon, Y. Boissonneault, E. Dulacka, A. Davidson, E. Kelly, O. Davis.

Front Row—E. Anderson, I. Koivula, V. Innes, H. Allen, M. Kinoshameg, E. Horne, E. Backus, M. J. Campbell.

Form 1, History

Angeline Baldasaro, Joan Gillespie, Sister Theresa Eileen and Laura Dent

S we step up on the threshold of our teaching careers, let us, as students of Group I, pause a moment to cast a fleeting glance over the past year.

It was as strangers that we met for the first time on that bright September morning. After ten months of ever-increasing friendship, we are to be turned out as the finished product—not teachers-in-training, but teachers. Can we spare a moment to review in part the history of those few, brief months?

We have endeavoured to assume our share of responsibility in all the activities of the school. Many a Literary meeting has been brightened by the musical talent displayed by members of our group. Dramatic ability, hitherto hidden, has been uncovered. We can call on Mr. Neale to testify to our ever ready co-operation in the field of sports.

You will find kindness among the chief virtues of this modest little group. Witness the fact that three of our students passed a whole morning searching out a tie that would become Mr. Rivers. Little did they think that the result of their charity would be an assignment in description.

We are about to part. Who can say when or where we shall meet again? Before we go, let us pledge ourselves to maintain the highest ideals of the teaching profession. May we always be true to our school, to one another and to ourselves.



The Comic Muse

E. D. Iverson


A lilt of silvery laughter floats
From somewhere in the leafy glade,
A hidden melody of note
That from its hiding-place has stray'd.

The rustling boughs are brushed aside,
And in the emerald foliage framed
A lovely impish face is spied,
Convuls'd with laughter unrestrain'd.

And like twin stars her blue eyes danced
Her golden curls sway'd in the wind
As from the leaves, she gaily pranced—
A Nymph, the loveliest of her kind.

The Masters' Reception

Edith Cox

 **A** S I view, in retrospect, the social functions of the past year, there is one which appeals to me as being, in many ways, the most enjoyable of all—the Master's Reception. In one respect, at least, this occasion was unique—it gave us the eagerly-awaited opportunity of meeting our masters socially, not as a group of somewhat bewildered students endeavouring to solve the mysteries and intricacies of the teaching profession.

Throughout the whole school, an air of excitement pervaded. The atmosphere was tinged with eager anticipation as students retired to the seclusion of the locker rooms or congregated in small groups in the halls to discuss the important event. The last afternoon dragged on interminably, and scant attention was paid to lessons as we stole furtive glances at the clock.

The final bell at last! One hundred and eighty-seven students laid aside all semblance of study and proceeded to the Assembly Hall. As we filed into the Hall we were received by the masters and their wives, whose friendly words of greeting dispelled all our misgivings as completely as if they had never existed.

What a happy occasion it was! The students, with commendable zeal, determined to avail themselves of the opportunity of meeting as many of their fellows as possible. This was accomplished by the simple expedient of reading the labels which, according to instructions, we had endeavoured to display as prominently as possible.

A delightful lunch was served by the wives of the masters, who charmed us by their gracious manner. And, as we endeavoured, with no small degree of success, to do full justice to Miss Preston's culinary skill, our sense of physical well-being was surpassed only by our mental happiness.

Afterwards the merry throng invaded the library, where they danced to the music of the piano and the lilting strains of the violin. Even the deplorable deficiency of boys did not dampen their enthusiasm, as they tripped the light fantastic with a joyous abandon which was, in itself, sufficient evidence of their high spirits. And thus, with music and laughter, ended our first reception.

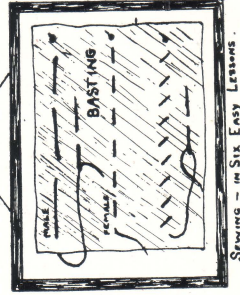
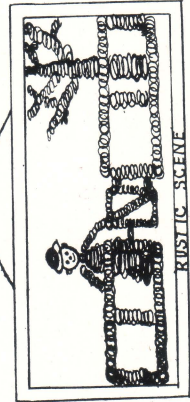
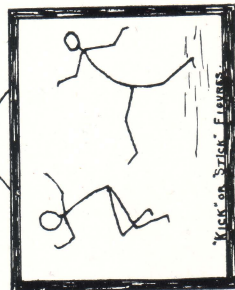
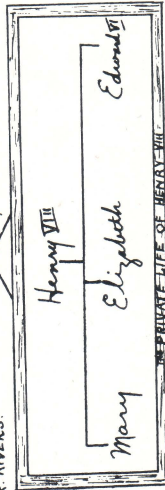
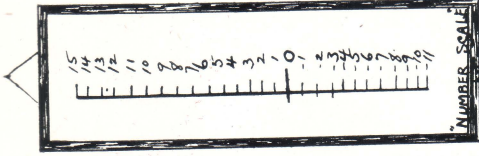
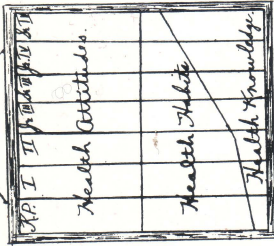
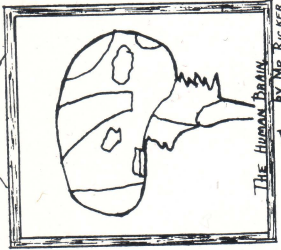
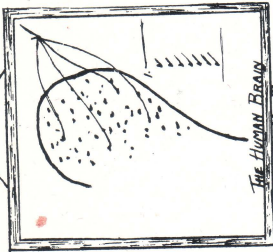
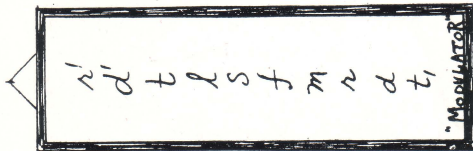


To prove that a sheet of paper is a lazy dog—
 A sheet of paper is an ink-lined sheet.
 An inclined sheet is a slope up.
 A slow pup is a lazy dog—
 Therefore a sheet of paper is a lazy dog.



Mr. Ricker: "Where do all the insects go in the winter time?"
 Ed. Reed: "Search me."

MASTERPIECES OF THE MASTERS.






FORM II

Back Row, left to right—D. Lambert, K. Roberts, C. Buesnel, E. Taylor, M. Ramsay, M. Little, M. Thompson,
D. McManus, I. Shaver, M. McLeod, M. Wabegijig.
Fourth Row—D. Young, J. McGee, B. Sturdy, B. Lonsdale, R. Sheppard, B. McIntyre, J. Watt, G. Mason, C.
Wakegijig, H. Stargratt.
Third Row—S. Moyle, E. Lysen, J. Lourie, J. Howe, H. Nickerson, B. Sedore, E. Winslow.
Second Row—A. Kross, E. MacGoldrick, L. Paolini, A. Snowdon, M. McKellar, F. Richards.
Front Row—E. La Brash, D. Rennie, M. O'Grady, M. Reany, D. Soltys, O. Marostica, L. Roche, D. Roche.

Form II

Beatrice Sturdy and Kay Roberts

 O matter if the clouds are Lowe, or the weather Reany, you will never find Group II Kross or disheartened. Nor does work worry us, (much), for, Young and Little though we be, we are all Sturdy girls. The varied nature of our characteristics makes us an interesting group. (We possess a Sheppard, a Mason, and a Taylor, you know!)

We are always present in any school activity, and love to exhibit our performing Roches. In cooking class we excel, for we always know where the Soltys. We perform favours cheerfully; Mr. Rivers is always asking us to close Sedore for him. We are careful and trustworthy, nature study specimen got Snowdon because of us.

Sometimes in the halls, we McLeod noises, but we are gradually becoming Moyer restrained. Perhaps we are too anxious to discuss the Richard's and Robert's we know.

We are all bound to Winslow, perhaps, but surely. Watt can anyone say against us?

Note our record!

The champion basketball team draws players from our ranks and cheers from our throats.

Badminton honours were won by a girl from Group II.

Our Physical Training class has brought praise from Mr. Neale several times and a number took part in the splendid P.T. demonstration of March 26th.

The Literary Society can always depend, and does depend, on this famous group for dancers, singers, actresses and speakers. The Operetta featured several Group II favourites.

Academic work also has its champions. Three of the students with highest teaching marks at Christmas, confess to this group as their own.

In February, another two individuals were exempted in all subjects. 'Nuff sed!



Mr. Anness: "Shall I put the class through the scales?"

Mr. Bamford: "What kind of operation is that?"



Mr. Neale: "I'd wear half sleeves in my dress before I'd lose my job over it."



Miss Preston: "How do you keep a fish from smelling?"

Hazel Gordon: "Cut its nose off."



Miss Ward (at Ferris): "What did Papineau do?"

Pupil: "He passed 92 revolutions."

The Hallowe'en Party

Sheila Brooks and Anne Davidson

"Spooks are around, cats are about, and the goblins will get you if you don't watch out!"

EVEN this old and weird warning of the undeniable mystery of Hallowe'en failed to check the spirited revelry as the students of N.B.N.S. gathered for their first party of the year on October 31st, 1934.

Contrary to popular supposition, we were not met at the door by a white-robed figure with a molasses handshake, but by the genial Principal, Mr. Ricker, who welcomed us and, at the same time, kept out any evil spirits.

The programme, which was presented in the auditorium, was appropriately Hallowe'en in flavour. It was followed by the Grand March. Many distinguished guests favoured our humble entertainment with the light of their countenances. Those who created the most stir, perhaps, were the Dionne quintuplets, who turned out "en masse". What no one could understand was the absence of Dr. Dafoe. We also had representatives from sunny Spain (or was it Mexico?), when two caballeros strolled in for the festivities, and incidentally, a prize.

For those who wished, games were arranged in the auditorium; while dinking in the basement was a well patronized feature of the evening.

Lunch was announced at intermission. This resulted in the cessation of all other activities while a concerted rush was made to the region where a delicious lunch was being served by Miss Preston and her helpers. We have it on good authority that some of the ghosts lived up to their reputation by haunting the kitchen until it was time to do the dishes, when they vanished miraculously, as ghosts have a habit of doing.

Dancing was again resumed after lunch, and when the evening came to an end everyone felt that he knew his colleagues better and hoped for another such evening.



Mr. Ricker (entering the classroom): "Hygiene (Hi-Jean)."

Jean Campbell: "Good morning, Mr. Ricker."

Howie Creighton: "Would you care to go to the dance on Saturday night?"

Jessie Lourie (thrilled): "Sure thing."

Howie: "Well, will you buy your ticket from me?"

Ellen Winslow (in music class): "The girls sing 'soh' while the boys hold 'me'."

Mr. Rivers: "What is the difference between an animate and an inanimate object?"

Miss Harris: "I don't know exactly, but I think I am inanimate."

Hi Sturgeon!

Jeanetta McGee

O yea! O yea! O yea! O yea!
All Normal students of North Bay
Shall now draw nigh, if they would hear
The best "fish" story of the year.

'Twas Christmas time. Poor students they
Could hardly keep the wolf at bay.
The Christmas party brought good cheer;
Soon they would be with loved ones dear.

A damsel, in an awful plight,
Would board the train that very night.
Up stepped a youth so debonair,
"May I assist you, lady fair?"

* * * * *

O captain, captain, stop the train!
You've carried off our gallant swain.
(O stop the train, I'd sooner walk,
On every side the students talk).

Oh, can't you hear those poignant calls?
At last a voice calls "Sturgeon Falls";
And oh, his home's so far away,
Can he get back for Christmas day?

* * * * *

Five months have passed. How time does fly!
(Oh students, won't you let it die?)
But no, where'er he's in the halls,
You hear the old familiar calls,

Hi Sturgeon! Did you like your trip?
Hi Sturgeon! What an awful grip!
From you did they your "fare" wrench?
And did you sleep upon a bench?

So he to all lads gives this tip:
Be not led by a lady's grip,
And from discussions in the halls,
'Twill be some time e'er "Sturgeon falls".




FORM III

Top Row—M. Steele, G. Gourlay, M. Pearson, H. Creighton, J. Jessop.
 Fifth Row—G. Hamilton, C. Sweet, A. Miller, R. McLeod, F. Watts, J. Hawkins.
 Fourth Row—N. VanHatten, J. Macfarlane, N. Vennes, R. Gibbs.
 Third Row—S. Mills, K. McLeod, J. Laycock, D. Firth, J. Taylor, H. Crowell, N. Currie.
 Second Row—G. Keenan, W. Bell, W. McClure, J. Whiddon, D. Thomas, E. Campbell.
 Front Row—R. McMichael, W. French, D. Arthur, D. Fraser, R. Jackson, J. McCarthy, J. Forbes, A. Caldwell,
 C. Gamouras.

History of Form III

James Macfarlane and Ken McLeod

 I won't be long now!

Soon we, the members of Group III, shall have parted, perhaps never to meet again; but always we will remember those hectic days spent together, enjoying the freshening breeze from the "perfect ventilation system" and serene solitude due to "sound-proof" floors.

Every morning, chronically fatigued, we dragged ourselves up to the Assembly Hall, only to discover Caldwell late; but Bill, our official pianist, duly reported his absence.

The Literary Society owed a great deal to (1), the presidents, Howie Creighton, who has an ideal soup-strainer (J. McCarthy and C. Sweet please note), and Gord. Gourlay, our French habitant; (2) the vice-presidents, K. McLeod and R. McMichael, Ramesis himself; (3) the treasurer, N. Currie, a debater of no mean repute.

Speaking of debating, Messrs. Gibbs, Steele, Laycock and Currie, presented such a strong debating front, that we would pit them against even Laurier and Macdonald.

Our main feature was the hockey team, which even gained support to "almost" win a game. The following would-be players hibernated with us—"Hank" Crosswell, "Jerry" Hawkins, "Ferde" Watts, "Swede" Vennes and "Van" VanHatten. Supervising athletics were: R. Jackson, president, and J. Macfarlane, vice-president.

We must mention now the "F" boys—Firth, Fraser, French and Forbes, the group professors.

Following is the black list of unprotected birds. (shoot on sight!)

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Campbell—comb needed, | 5. Miller—photographer, |
| 2. Pearson—hair needed, | 6. Thomas—book reviewer, |
| 3. Mills—brush needed, | 7. Taylor—artist, |
| 4. McClure—not needed, | 8. Gamouras—pest. |

Open season on: Hamilton—Riding Hood; MacLeod and Keenan, future opera stars; Jessop and Arthur, the long and short of the whole thing.

There are other things we could mention here, but for teachers-in-training, silence is a golden rule, so with a sigh of regret, we cast one lingering glance behind and turn to our task of preparing for the future.



"Everything comes to him who waits," said Doug. Fraser, stroking his upper lip. The remainder of the school doesn't seem to appreciate the moustache but Kay is tickled with it.

The Best Way to Save . . .



SIXTY-FIVE seems a long way off to the young man or woman of twenty-five. According to reliable statistics, at age 65, five out of every hundred have independent incomes, 28 out of every hundred continue to work for a living, 67 out of every hundred are dependent.

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An Outline which any Normalite Can Complete

Mal. Steele

 ET at the station by the landlady—handclasps—friendly grins—criticising looks—reach boarding house—a fine mansion—only fifteen blocks from the Normal—enables you to work up a studious disposition before you reach the school.

 Cute children at the boarding house—all the way from one to twenty-one years old—no bother except that they are in the room nearly as much as you are—have a tendency to notice your letters—not that you don't want them read—just the principle of the thing—

Landlady very diplomatic—“the student we had last year never came in until—stayed up until—broke a chair and nearly killed the cast practising P.T.—the dog has dragged your rubbers into the hall again—you would almost think someone had been smoking in here—we are surely getting our use out of the telephone this year.”

Dinner—knives very hot—butter has gone up three cents per pound—eggs cost more now—hens seem to be laying them smaller—bread pudding again—radio making more noise than the baby—cat persists in jumping up on your knee—that cup of coffee would spill—silence reigns supreme.

Evening—decide you will study in spite of the landlady's hints—a little P. T. first—two rolls on the bed, one on the floor—who placed that lamp so near to the edge of the dresser—landlady calls up, “did you trip on the rug?” Re-read the letter you received to-day—now how did that last line go—oh yes—Yours if you get a certificate—a little Science of Education now—why bother with it—it isn't his turn for an examination this week—only two days left in which to do Miss Morgan's essay—never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow—

Sunday—why does the landlady always have to have breakfast at eight o'clock—toss up to see if you will go to church—you lose and get ready to go—little Jessie decides to go with you—oh well, anything to amuse you and keep you interested during the sermon—come home after church—landlady can't see how anyone can sit around the house on such a nice day—well perhaps a walk would do you good—meet the rest of the school out walking—for their health—

June—say goodbye to the landlady—she hates to see you go—the old hypocrite—you hate to leave also—you old hypocrite—the train pulls up to the station—you take a last look at him (or her)—Normal isn't such a bad place at that—but there is no place like home—



Miss Mitchell: “Read the next sentence Mr. Caldwell.”
Mr. Caldwell: “I lie in bed till noon.”



FORM IV

Back Row, left to right—M. McGirr, J. McAnsh, E. Napier, M. Gilpin, M. Kendrick, M. Hough, E. Kelly, N. Broughton, V. Foxton.


Third Row—M. Henebery, T. Hindle, V. Moore, E. Fortin, M. Holden, J. Stobie, D. McAughey.

Second Row—H. Allen, M. Devine, B. Craig, E. Caswell, J. Banks, D. Carr, R. McMorine, E. Iverson.

Front Row—E. Church, V. McKay, M. Gosselin, M. McMorine, E. Maltby, K. Becks, R. Knight.

Form IV

Nan Broughton

 I T is not my intention to exaggerate, or blow ourselves up, as it were, until you visualize us as inflated balloons; but to just skip a moment of duty to get a peep into an account of the real work of which our Form is proud.

We cannot possibly err in our work, simply because we start the day off perfectly. That is, for the first period we labour—labour in the true sense of the term, in the Principal's Gallery Room.

In one of the rooms, we are addressed as "My Dears", which is, of course, quite proper, as "pets" are usually subject to such a term. This, of course, only compensates for a reverse attitude of our other cloud-masked room.

But you should hear us sing! Mr. Bamford enjoys flinging compliments at us, for he knows that our pride would not run away with us. One day, after we had warbled out a few beautifully sweet notes of the "pitter patter" in "Rain", he kindly remarked that it must have been raining muddy water. However, without Miss Kendrick's voice, some of the Literary meetings would be rather flat—and the whole school is aware of this fact.

We have a number of excellent athletes in our group; Miss Caswell, the president of the Athletic Society of course is one of us. Miss Allen, secretary of the Literary Society for the Fall Term, is also from our little clan.

We must excel in Miss Preston's subjects, for three months had not passed, when one of our group exchanged direct for indirect experience in those respects. Best wishes are extended by this group to Mrs. Bruce McCubbin for her future happiness. No one else, has, as yet, followed the music of the wedding bells, although sparklers are beginning to lighten up the gloom.

All in all, we are the most cheerful, carefree, nonsensical group of thirty-five graduates. Isn't it a tragedy that we are the last "Second Class" students to attend this Normal School, for in years to come the Normal will miss its "babies" we are sure.


Mr. Rivers: "How high do you think that stage is—about twice my height?"
Ken. McLeod: "Yes—about ten feet."

Miss Morgan (reading King Lear): "Some people are ear-minded, some are eye-minded; when I am reading King Lear, I see some students watching me, and some watching their books. Which would you rather do, class?"

A local jeweller has offered real bargains in an auction sale. Ask Ruth or Mal for particulars.

The Story of a Pair of Shoes

Edith Cox

S I lie here, alone and forgotten, in a dusty corner of the cupboard, I have ample time to indulge in reminiscences regarding my brief but eventful life.

The occasion which determined my future was a memorable one. I was purchased, after due deliberation, by a young lady whose powers of discernment I could not but admire. From that time on I was the object of considerable admiration, and this I bore with becoming modesty, befitting one of my superior merit.

Just as I was becoming accustomed to my new life of usefulness a series of events occurred which quite disrupted the even tenor of my ways. First of all I was unceremoniously bundled into a trunk amid a scene of indescribable confusion. Then followed a journey which was a veritable nightmare. Never had I been so mercilessly jostled about, or so rudely treated by the nondescript company with whom I was compelled to associate.

After this trying ordeal I finally reached my destination where, to my unspeakable relief, I was speedily removed from my cramped quarters. The strange surroundings intrigued me not a little, and my curiosity was thoroughly aroused when I heard my owner remark that she was going to wear me to school.

On the following day, fairly glowing with pride at being accorded such an honour, I was conducted to a large building where many young people were assembled. Here I noticed that the joyous and carefree mood which I habitually associated with such a gathering was entirely absent. So thoroughly depressed and forlorn did they seem that my youthful high spirits were quite subdued. Happily, however, this air of universal gloom was speedily dispelled, and I became quite contented in such congenial surroundings.

Life became somewhat prosaic and uneventful for a time until, one day, came the dreaded announcement that teaching began the following week. This news, it seemed, was not regarded with favour by my worthy mistress. Upon hearing it, her heart, whose occasional palpitations no longer caused me any concern, did some unusual gymnastics, and then settled to my uttermost depths with a speed that quite unnerved me. I simply danced with excitement until that eventful day was over, after which I soon regained my accustomed composure.

This tranquillity was too good to last, however, because she soon began to speak in tones of horror and disgust, of a subject called "February exams". Her discourses on this subject quite wore me out, for I was treated most slightly, and with an utter disregard for my comfort, health and safety. From the corner where she had carelessly thrown me, I gazed upon her soulfully, but to no avail. She ignored me completely, and applied herself to her studies with a diligence which was, in itself, quite remarkable, and whose symptoms I had never observed previously.

Then came a day of darkest despair. After these frightful exams., my owner decided to celebrate, as she said, by buying a new pair of shoes. To my utter humiliation I realized that I was being cast aside and my place was being usurped by another. Upon her arrival I was carelessly thrown into this cupboard where I was left to ponder, with mingled pride and sorrow, upon the glories which were mine, and to speculate, with misgiving, upon a future that is shrouded in doubt.



Believe It or Not

Gordon Gourlay

Yass, yass my frien' for sure I do remember
Dat day I do get me de one beeg fright,
When I was meet de beeg bear in de woodland
I say Gordon pêche-toi with all your might.

Dat bear is smack hees lips and sneef my footprints
And I commence me for to run encore
For if dat bear is like my leetle footprint,
I t'ink mebbe dat I will make some more.

I know dat bear was t'ink of de good diner
Dat he was sure do he could make of me;
I say Gordon de bruin hees no foolin',
So I climb me into de alder tree.

Dat bear is wink at me up dere a shiverin'
As much for say depression she is done
I t'ink of all de leetle trick I know of
For make de bear t'ink we are havin' fun.

At last de happy thought is come and help me,
I open bottle of de sleeping pill,
And t'row de whole t'ing right into hees beeg mouth,
You bet dat bear is sure did have his fill.

Dat bear is snore and snore till he is pass on
Into de Happy Hunting Ground for keeps,
I ate some juicy steaks from his beeg carcass,
Ba gosh I t'ink I must have slept for weeks.




FORM V

Back Row—D. Todd, L. Elliott, W. Anness, F. Smith, M. Cheaney.
 Fourth Row—G. Fenney, S. Evans, A. Robertson, R. Reed, E. Reed, J. Tilston, L. Canning.
 Third Row—H. Miller, N. Little, W. Lloyd, A. Angus, E. Brown, W. Roseborough.
 Second Row—J. Pace, B. Scott, E. Shorthand, A. O'Neil, S. Teed, D. Ritching.
 Front Row—H. Rolston, D. Whiting, M. Ward, L. Williams, M. Patry, E. Ralston, R. O'Brien.

History of Form V

Marie Ward

E members of Group V, old enough to be serious most of the time, yet young enough to be pleasantly insane on occasion; with our tragic moments, our dramatic situations, our laughter, our snatches of humor; a mixed group in which Romance runs high (?) with Comedy a close second; but for all, exemplary pictures of budding young school teachers.

Gleanings of the past months, sifted down, reveal that in our group are many of the famous personages of the school. Eliminating high-powered adjectives and reverting to the thumb-nail sketch fashion, we present: four star hockey players, one unrivalled "bagpiper", one young poetess with plenty of temperament, one "combination sax-guitar-uke etc. player", one master mechanic (feminine), two petite French girles, one reddest-haired man, the one and only 'Reed and Reed' comedy team, one sizzling basketball player, three Indian-speaking Manitouliners, and lastly those talented actors and actresses who presented that great dramatic success, "The Days of Romance".

The Masters seem to regard with exasperation, a mixed class, but we are, one and all, proud to have been relegated to Group V. Although these same masters may find it hard to believe, they have inspired us with that essential spirit of progress and intelligence.

We leave Normal with high hopes and we wish our fellow students the best of luck.

October

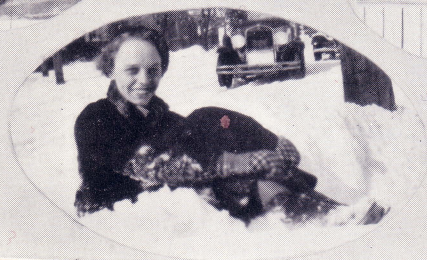
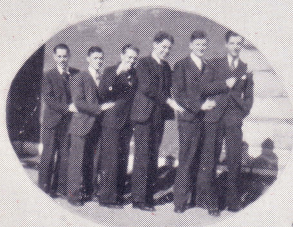
Lanore Radke

October is a maiden dressed in colours gay;
Every hour she calls to me, bids me come away;
She sings about a little farm where maples are aflame,
And oh, that I could follow her to sing her lovely name.

October is a scarlet flame burning where I roam,
Burning all the joys I owned before I left my home;
And in its blaze I seem to see the spot I love so well,
A little farm-house on a hill where all my kindred dwell.

October is a memory that haunts me night and day,
A memory of a little farm that is so far away.
A little cottage nestling 'neath spruce trees dark and high,
The tinkle of far cow-bells, and the whip-poor-will's sad cry.

And so in bright October days when all the world is gay,
My heart is filled with loneliness that will not pass away;
And in the breeze all night I hear a haunting melody,
Still singing of a little farm that is so dear to me.



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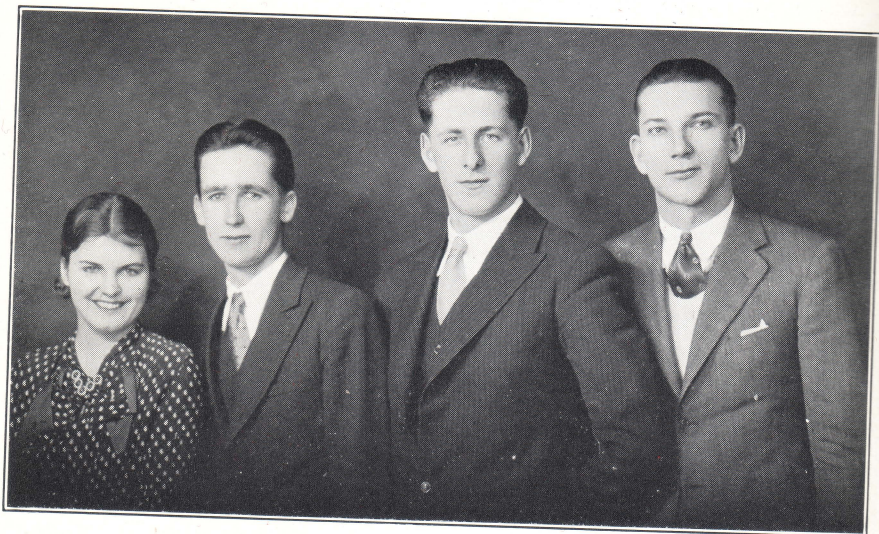
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CAST OF CHRISTMAS PLAY

Left to right—J. Gillespie, R. Gibbs, N. Currie, N. Van Hatten.



The Christmas Entertainment

Hazel Stargratt

EVEN those who had the misfortune to be on Thursday's teaching list came bounding up the steps of our school at a very reasonable hour Thursday evening, December 20th.

The programme contained a very unique feature in the reception of the Dionne Babies' radio debut. One would think even the infant wails were unique from the interest evinced.

A most efficient cast presented "Brothers in Arms" by Merrill Dennison. The setting was a hunting camp in the backwoods just at dusk, on a November evening of 1919. Mr. R. Gibbs dropped the role of teacher-in-training to become a very perturbed and flustered wealthy business man, J. Altrus Browne. His young bride Dorothea (Miss J. Gillespie), ably gushed, and "just loved" everything big and strong, admiring particularly the burly backwoodsman Syd White (Mr. N. Van Hatten). Charlie Henderson (Mr. N. Currie), another backwoodsman, gave such a vivid description of his deer hunting that all waited expectantly to hear the report of a gun.

The singing of Christmas Carols was most interesting. A piano solo "Harlequinade", by Miss M. Ward, was appreciatively received.

An entrancing pantomime portrayed the Indian Mother with the baby wrapped in a rabbit's skin, while the Indian Chiefs presented gifts of furs. The singing was a Huron Christmas Carol, written by Father Jean de Breboeuf in 1641. Miss Flatt ably directed.

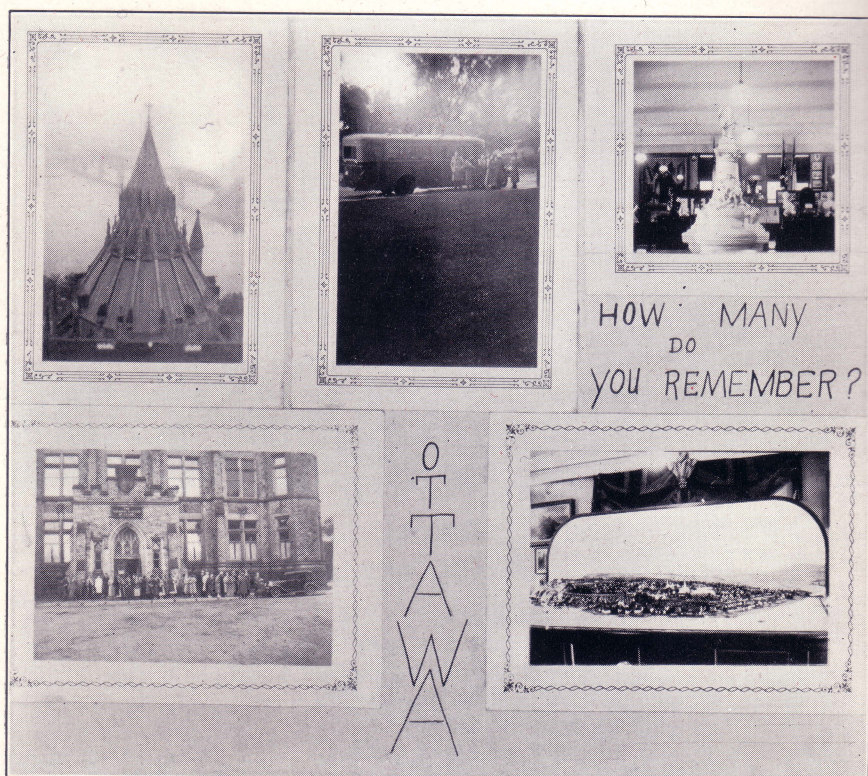
Dancing claimed a large percentage of both guests and students in the tastefully decorated library. It appears that the identity of the person or persons responsible for the hanging of the mistletoe in such an awkward position—a table and fernery directly below it!—is to remain a mystery. Talented students supplied the music.

During the course of the evening, bizarre sounds emanated from the region of the basement hall. Joyous little squeals, feminine bursts of delight, and the whamming and banging declared that something out of the ordinary was in progress. It was! Disking has been instituted this year, and six teams competed this evening. Before the competition was over, all enjoyed a most delicious lunch. (Miss Kendrick, we would suggest more chocolate cake from the same recipe next gathering). Thus strengthened, Mr. Neale's team of Miss O'Grady, Miss Gilpin, and Miss Stargratt carried off the chocolates.

Fairies

Dorothy Whiting

Sitting on a hilltop
Watching fairies play,
In the silvery moonlight—
Moonlight, bright as day.
Little hunting fairies
In fluffy, rainbow gowns,
With tiny mice for horses
And spiders for their hounds.
Through the lovely forests
Of fern and scented grass,
The tiny Elfland hunters
Like jewels go flashing past.
Flashing through the shadows,
Down through vale and glen,
Over tiny hilltops,
Back in sight again.
Then as shadows lighten,
And Dawn treads softly on,
Now with tinkling laughter
Those fairy folk are gone.
Gone again to Elfland,
That land where fairies dwell,
But how to reach that wonderland
We mortals cannot tell.



The Excursion to Ottawa

Elsie Flatt and Jessie Lourie

THE conductor of the passenger train bound for Ottawa. Montreal and further points east on the night of Sept. 28th, stood in the doorway of his coach and passed a hand over a whiskered chin. He rocked contemplatively on his heels as he gazed at the hilarious crowd pouring into the seats, tumbling over each other, arguing, laughing, and behaving in an utterly irresponsible manner. They were laden with suit-cases, umbrellas, parcels of various knobby shapes that might have contained zoological specimens, but were innocent of anything but lunches.

It was none other than the Normal School students of North Bay, bound for a day's outing in the fair Capital city, and in a mood to disturb any conductor's peace of mind. The hilarity lasted the whole night

through. Some would-be musicians on board among the ninety strong led the mob through a crescendo of shrieks from the days of Annie Laurie to those of Bing Crosby.

The day dawned on a still irrepressible crew, in spite of the hectic night and loss of sleep. Ninety stools in the Ottawa lunch counter were pounced upon and hot coffee soon vanished under a terrific onslaught.

Mr. Neale, the Normal master in charge, who endeared himself to everyone with his never-failing good humour, organized the crowd into four groups in order that sight-seeing might be facilitated.

The inimitable Chateau Laurier received the noisy students quite calmly, and soon they surrendered themselves to its beauty and quiet magnificence.

Every room was a modern masterpiece of its type. The main dining-room was an exquisite creation in soft tones of green. The ballroom was a dream of enchantment. The Jasper Tea Room was fascinating with its gay, colorful, fantastic totem poles, Indian symbols and its fountain, a miniature of a roaring cataract falling into a sparkling lake. The swimming pool with its cool, green waters, lit from beneath the surface, glowed invitingly from its marble surroundings like some rich, exotic gem.

In its spacious rotunda the crowd gathered once more and set out in a fine drizzle of rain, which did not dampen their spirits at all, for the City Archives. Here, a delightful time was spent examining the priceless collection of documents and pictures relating to the history of Canada.

The armed guard at the Mint just opposite, reluctantly opened the iron gates to the throng from the Archives. The students, slightly staggering from lack of sleep, filed in to see just where our pennies come from. They saw not only pennies but coins of many values, pouring with magic-like rapidity from the mouths of huge machines. Each student had in his possession for a fraction of a second, a gold brick worth forty thousand dollars, and got the thrill of a lifetime.

At the sight of the Parliament Buildings, with their pure and graceful outlines, their dignity and grandeur of architecture in so perfect a setting, every student was stirred to exclamations of wonder. The entrance hall, with its fluted columns, its carved recesses which are later to be filled with statues of famous Canadians, the wide corridors beautifully finished in marble, impressed the student body as they moved silently through them.

The empty Senate Chamber, with its ceiling of gold, its rich carpets, its murals by Canadian painters depicting scenes from the Great War, was mysteriously redolent of regal ceremonies.

The House of Commons, almost as splendid in its architecture, with its ceiling of hand-painted Irish linen, afforded the students a glimpse into the place where our laws are made.

In the octagonal library, probably the most unique of its kind, the variety of hand carving, the thousands of books lining the walls and galleries, amazed and delighted the students.

All this time, they had been conducted by a competent guide who pointed out the important details of the Buildings. He now led them to the Peace Tower, where hangs the famous carillon of fifty-three bells. Going to the top of the Peace Tower was a thrill in itself, while the panoramic view from there was breath-taking in its beauty. In the Peace Tower was located the Memorial Chamber, the nation's tribute to its heroic dead. Stone for the floor of the Chamber was brought from those parts of France and Belgium where Canadian soldiers fought and died; the marble border was the gift of the Belgian Government, and the beautiful white stone from the Chateau Gaillard was presented by the Government of France. Great Britain supplied the huge block of marble for the Altar of Remembrance, within which is to be preserved a book containing the names of all the men and women who gave their lives for their country during the Great War. Years of rare craftsmanship have gone into the relief work and carving, which tell the story of Canadian valour and sacrifice. The general effect is one of most impressive dignity and simplicity.

Immediately following lunch, chartered buses drove the party on a sight-seeing tour of Ottawa and Hull. In the residential district known as Sandy Hill, the bus-driver pointed out the old home of Sir Wilfred Laurier, and Stadacona Hall, once the home of Sir John A. Macdonald. Not far away is the home of Sir Robert Borden.

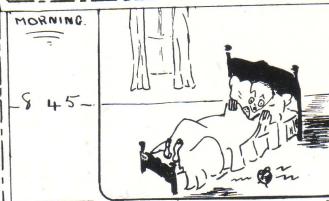
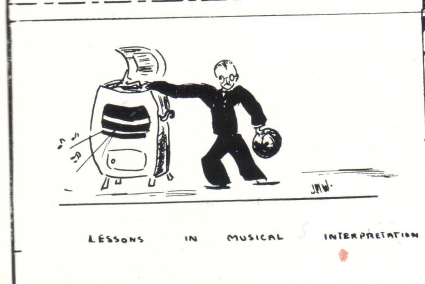
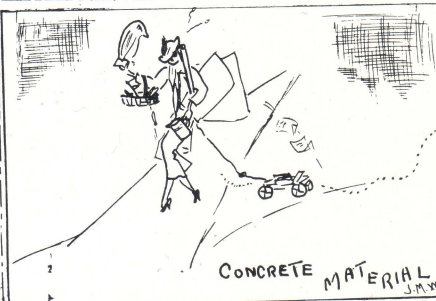
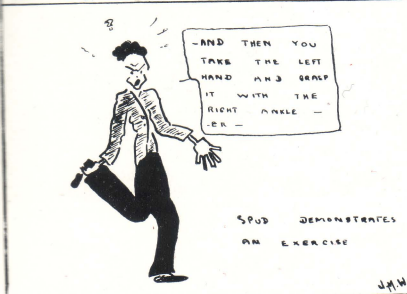
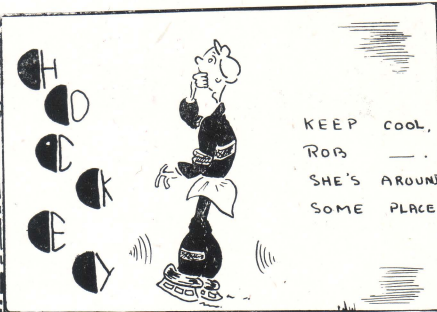
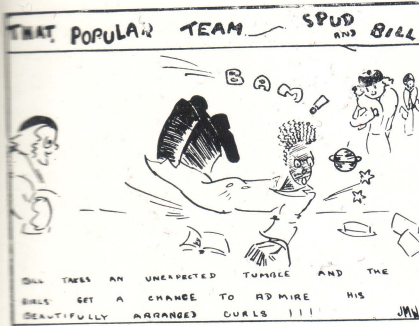
Crossing the Rideau River and driving on for a short distance, they came upon Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governor-General.

Along the Lady Grey Drive were seen many beautiful residences. But the finest view of all was obtained from the bridge crossing the Ottawa River, when the Canadian Houses of Parliament, with their perfect symmetry of architecture, rose out of the grey mist on the opposite shore like some fairy castle, ethereal in its beauty.

At the conclusion of the drive, the National Museum and Art Gallery were visited. The former contains the most complete collection of minerals found in Canada, as well as a very interesting exhibit of material relating to the Indian tribes, and another of prehistoric animals, particularly from the famous Red Deer District in Alberta; and the latter a very fair representation of ancient and modern paintings, and a most attractive collection of Canadian art.

The tired crowd, satiated with pleasure, both of the eye and of the mind, wearily dropped into theatre seats to put the finishing touches to an already perfect day. Many were the heads that nodded during the performance, but a late supper soon revived them for their homeward journey.

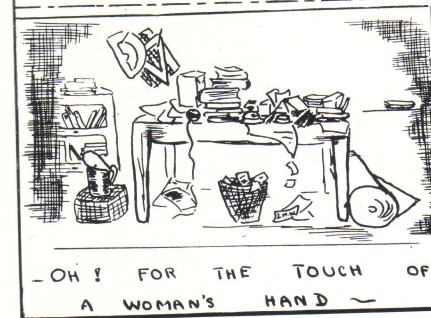
Our thanks are due Mr. Neale for his untiring efforts to make the trip the success it was—an experience which every day is becoming more valuable in the eyes of every student who was one of the lucky members of the Normalite crowd.



WHERE'S
MY
SHIRT?



FEET —
DO YOUR
STUFF —
!!



OH, OH —
SIGHS MR.
CALDWELL
MORAL —
BETTER LATE
THAN NEVER



OPERETTA CHORUS

Left to right—S. Moyle, L. Paolini, R. Knight, M. McKellar, D. Roche, L. Roche, G. Keenan, G. Gourlay, J. Forbes, R. Jackson, R. MacLeod, K. McLeod.

The At Home

IT was with a great deal of delight that the student body greeted the announcement that the date of the annual "At Home" had been set for April 5th. The "At Home" is the one event of the school year to which all students look forward to with great expectancy.

Preparations were long and extensive, with the result that the Assembly Hall and Library were gaily decorated in the school colours of gold and brown.

When the programme time arrived, a large audience, composed of the Masters, members of the Critic Staff, students and their guests, filled the Assembly Hall.

The programme began with the singing of "O Canada". Mr. Gourlay, president of the Literary Society, in a brief address, welcomed the guests. Mr. Bell entertained with a piano solo and Miss Flatt with a violin solo.



OPERETTA CHIEF CHARACTERS

Left to right—R. Knight, G. Keenan, R. McMichael, J. McGee,
E. Church, M. Steele.

The main event, was a one-act operetta entitled, "The Riddle of Isis". It was under the able direction of Miss Morgan and Mr. Bamford. The play contained all the essentials of a lesson. The preparation took the form of a lead to the problem or riddle.

The presentation involved the working out of the solution. The application step—we'll leave that to your imagination.

At the conclusion of the operetta, Miss Morgan was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses in appreciation of her untiring efforts in directing it. At the same time, Mr. Bamford was thanked for his contribution toward the success of the evening. The programme closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

Everyone then retired to the region of the household science room, where lunch was served by a committee, which is to be highly complimented upon the success of its work.

After this, round dancing was enjoyed in the Library to the strains of Lucenti's orchestra. On the second floor square dancing was held, while games were played in the Assembly Hall.

Closing time came all too soon, and it was with some misgiving that friendly "good-nights" were said.

What Can Teachers Do ?

Elsie Flatt

HERE is an expectant hush and a tenseness over all the great hall as the lights go down.

T With the streak of a baton, an arm suddenly flashes defiantly upwards, and a wave of sound, like surf breaking majestically on rocky shores, bursts forth. Sustained, augmented and mighty, it rolls irresistibly on, carrying a thousand human emotions before it. There is a pause; then a French horn, in tones incredibly clear and chaste, speaks in a heartrendingly beautiful melody. The symphony has begun!

Every player is a stop in the great organ being played over by masterful hands. The first violinist, taut as his vibrating strings, his sensitive fingers darting over the instrument, is the leading reed in his manual. A cellist bows a beautifully sculptured head over his beloved work, while the viola player impatiently pushes back an unruly lock of hair. Aside from their music, the artists are a study in motion and beauty.

Such an experience is not within the reach of the average school child, but it is within the power of the actively interested teacher to impart some of its joys. All children love to sing, even if it be in the most doleful of monotonies! Singing children are happy children!

What have we that the children have not? They have charm, gaiety, rhythm and grace, yet we are in the enviable position of holding these precious gifts in our hands. Through music, we can foster these inherent talents, leading the child to a love of melody, an appreciation of beauty, and best of all, to an expression of his individuality.

Let us adopt the motto of William Blake, who spoke for all composers in their attitude to their dearest audience, the children—

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.



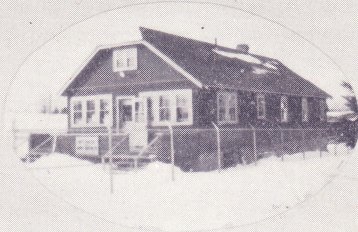
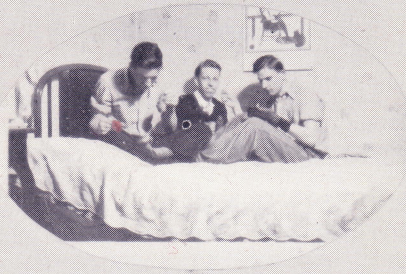
Mr. Ricker (after devoting a whole period to the subject): "How can you determine a product of photosynthesis?"

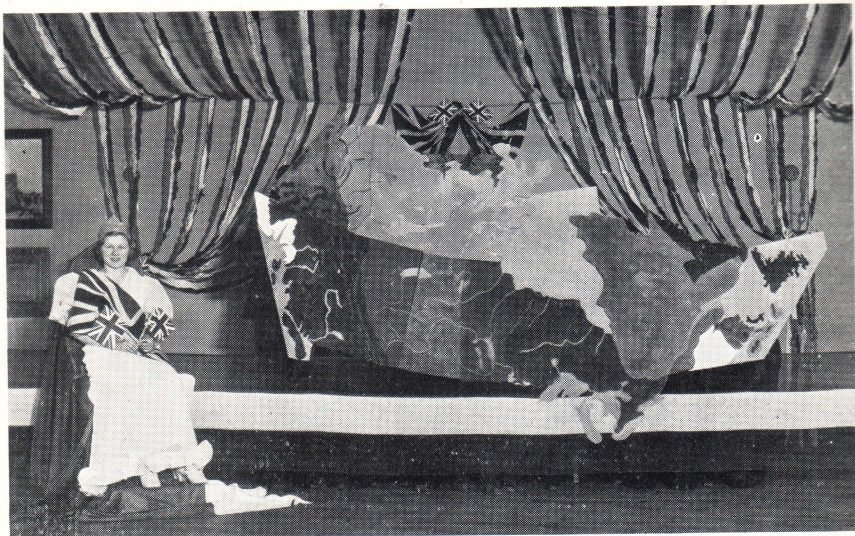
Miss Kinney: "You can put starch on the leaf to see if iodine is produced."



Miss Teed (in music class): "At which end of the piano are the flats?"

Mr. Bamford: "That depends on the condition of the piano."





Empire Day

THIS year, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the throne of His Majesty King George V, it seemed fitting that Empire Day should be observed in a somewhat special manner.

We, as Normal School students, will remember for years to come, Empire Day of 1935. The programme given on that day was one of real worth, and one of which the students may well be proud. On a beautifully decorated stage the students of every Form orated, sang and danced as they never had before—and through it all rang the note of sincere and heartfelt pride of country so characteristic of Canadians—of, indeed, any citizen of the British Empire.

The programme was opened by the singing of "O Canada", and then followed the pageant, "The Growth of Canada". Miss Koivula impersonating the spirit of Canada, sat on a throne while the boys of Group III. portrayed graphically the glorious development of our country. Each boy entered carrying a large salt and flour map of the province he represented, and in a few words gave a resumé of the part each had played in the growth of Canada. Then, while a chorus sang "The Maple Leaf




From left to right—M. Steele, K. McLeod, D. Fraser, W. Roseborough, F. Richards, B. Guenther, H. Gauvreau, B. McIntyre, S. Moyle, C. Higgins, O. Davis, E. Haglund.

Forever" the boys formed a large map of the Dominion, as the student body stood at attention. The rest of the programme was carried on in the same patriotic fashion. Mr. Roseborough danced the Highland Fling, speeches were given by Miss Brooks on "The King", by Miss Cox on "The Royal Navy", by Miss Guenther on "The Queen", and by Miss Gilpin on "Aviation". In between the speeches the orchestra, composed of Miss Flatt and Mr. McMichael, violinists, Miss Ivy, pianist, Mr. Harold Miller, saxophonist and Mr. H. E. Ricker, cellist, was heartily applauded for its beautiful rendition of familiar musical compositions. The singing of the Recessional by Miss D. Roche and Mr. Steele, a violin solo by Miss Flatt, and the vocal solo "The Kerry Dance" by Miss Kendrick were followed by Mr. Roseborough's playing the Prince of Wales' own composition on the bagpipes. "The Sailor's Hornpipe," the "Kerry Dance", and the singing of national songs by a mixed chorus, was followed by the presentation of badminton prizes. The programme closed with the singing of "God Save the King", which completed a both inspiring and enjoyable afternoon. Miss Mitchell and Mrs. Irwin deserve great credit for its success.

Orationem Habeo

Don Thomas

T is high time the men of Form III stepped forth to defend themselves. The age of chivalry is not yet dead, so, for the sake of the "Brave Knights of Old" (may their bones rest in peace), it is our duty to tolerate a great deal of insubordination from the female groups. But the time has come for us to assert our authority. The aforementioned groups are taking advantage of our leniency and even are attempting to overthrow our regal sway.

Ungrateful wretches! After all we have done for their sakes; after all we have suffered in order that they might not feel insignificant in the presence of our superior intellects!

Did we not nobly withdraw one by one from the great spelling contest? We were challenged by the saucy rabble. Would they have challenged us had they not entertained hopes of victory—oh! the audacity and conceit! And out of pity for their vanity, did we not instruct ourselves to purposely misspell each word as it came along? And what is our reward? Did they not flaunt our supposed defeat in our faces and glory in usurped honour?

And now, recall the time when those of us, who are strong physically as well as mentally, were striving for even more physical perfection in the Collegiate gymnasium. Did we not gallantly withdraw in order that the ladies might have more time to play catch with a basketball? Were we rewarded this time? O course not! Think how they spread the libellous statement that we were too lazy to get up on Saturday mornings!


But the following incident, gentlemen, is too much. We cannot live it down—just think of the disgrace! The ladies have usurped our locker room! Our own locker room—the place where we hide our coats, our running shoes, the books that we ought to take home to study; the place where we hold our fights and discuss our multifarious and colossal duties—has fallen into enemy hands. For what purpose? It has been given over to that shameful and atrocious practice designated club-swinging.

When, during one of their fiendish gestures, one of our number boldly entered our own room, he was set upon, by dozens of Amazons wielding enormous clubs. Only the great density of his cerebrum saved him from extermination.

Are we not to be permitted to use that which is our own? Gentlemen, I ask you, "Are Normal men, who are more than normal men to be polite at the expense of honour, chivalrous at the sacrifice of prestige?" Do not permit the quality of our mercy to be strained. Come, rally round our standard, assert our long dormant authority—let us pass this resolution: "Be it resolved that you are very patient to have read all this."

Back to "Carolina"

Brunella Guenther

 THE North was my world. I knew no other until suddenly, as if by magic, I was uprooted and found myself transplanted to the Sunny South. Sunny South indeed! There for the first time in my young life I was thrilled by the combined chorus of the mocking-bird, the oriole, and the whip-poor-will.

In early spring, while the North is still battling with King Winter, we in North Carolina were enveloped in almost continual glorious sunshine and spring blossoms. I recall the flowering dogwood and red-bud trees standing side by side, intermingled with the fresh young green of the forest trees, as one of the prettiest sights I have ever been permitted to see, worthy of any great artist's interpretation. I can still smell the air, fragrant with the aroma of thousands of honeysuckles and roses rambling up into the tops of nearby pear trees. Later in the season, we basked in the beauty of the sweet-scented blossoms of the mimosa tree, which at twilight closes up its leaves and unfolds them again at dawn. I must not neglect to mention the stately, evergreen magnolia trees whose large white blossoms are so delicate that they wither immediately after the touch of human hands.

One of the finest sights to behold is a southern cotton field. Imagine a vast area, all covered with a great blanket of fluffy, snow-white cotton. Here and there can be seen negroes pulling along and filling large burlap bags with cotton, singing the darkey melodies that the whole world loves, as though they had not a care in the world. From these negroes we learned a great truth, that happiness and contentment are the only things that count in life. The blacks, against a background of white, provided a contrast not easily forgotten.

The negroes respected us, not because they were compelled to do so, but because we were northerners and respected them much more than the average southerner. There is one whom I shall never forget. His name was typically negro, Sam, and he was employed by my father. Sam had killed two of his race; one his brother-in-law, who had beaten his wife, and another whom he had fought and killed in a drunken brawl. But, believe it or not, Sam was one of the kindest men I have known. He always had a penny or nickel for some poor little darkey who came to him, and he always had a kind word for everyone.

One day Dad gave Sam an old purse of his. Sam's joy and gratitude knew no bounds. About a week later he proudly presented to us a rare negro delicacy, an opossum which he had caught alive. He also gave us full, detailed instructions how to cook it properly. The animal looked like an overgrown rat to me, and due to my persuasion, the feminine part of our family flatly refused to allow it to be cooked in our house. At least two of us can tell you all about the mysterious disappearance of that opossum. Now we could not hurt Sam's feelings under any circumstances. He was told that opossum stew was a rare treat, which was only too true.

The Radio Broadcasts

James Forbes

ONE of the highlights of this year's Normal School course has been the radio broadcasts sponsored by the Department of Education—an experiment, not only in education, but also in radio. It consists of eight radio lessons, conducted by eminent teachers of the Toronto schools. Originating in Toronto, the programmes are broadcast by the Canadian Radio Commission, and picked up in the public and normal schools, where they are heard by the pupils and student teachers.

There are two lessons in the same subject each week—one for junior pupils, on Tuesday, and another for senior pupils, on Thursday. The series began on April 30th, with music, to be followed, in order, by history, literature and geography. Each lesson begins with a few remarks on the nature of the lesson, aiding the listener to interpret it properly.

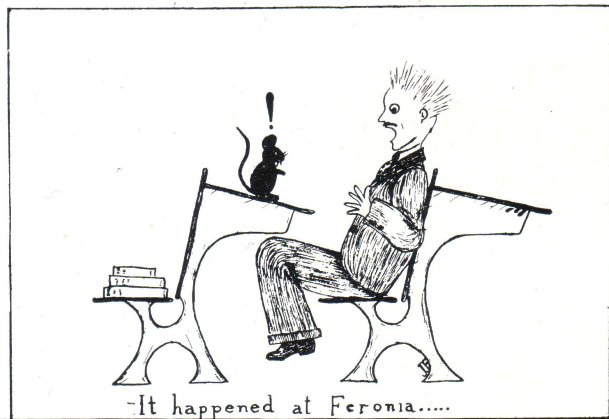
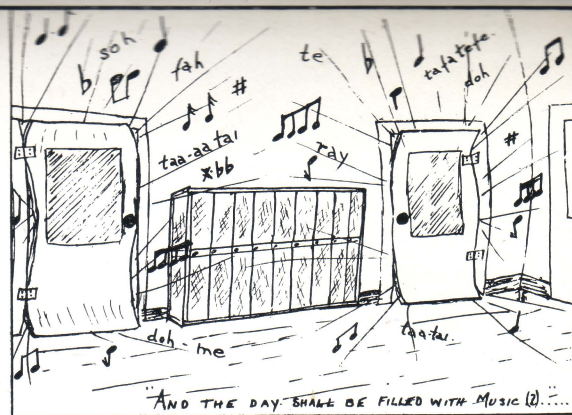
Thus far, three of the broadcasts have been heard, and if the other five are of the same interest and educational value, then the experiment will have been a splendid success. For the lessons are, beyond question, of distinct educational value. They depict the ideal lesson, and thus bring before the teacher the most modern, and the best teaching methods. This is of special value to students about to begin their teaching career. Besides this, valuable information is presented, and considerable interest aroused in the school work, on the part of both teacher and pupil. This is especially true in the case of the music lessons, which showed definitely that music in the schools is practicable and valuable, and set a mark of achievement for other schools to strive for.

Not only were the radio lessons interesting to teachers and pupils, but they also appealed to the general public. To the people of the province was presented an illustration of the work being done in the schools of Ontario, and of the value of the school training to the child. The greater interest in school affairs which these lessons will arouse, will do much to better education in our province.

The broadcasts, thus far, have been very successful from all points of view. They have shown the value of radio as an aid to teaching in the schools, and have demonstrated its possibilities in that respect. Teachers throughout Ontario will look forward with interest to the development and extension of this service, which, it is sincerely hoped, the Department will continue.



David Arthur (while demonstrating artificial respiration to Form III):
"Continue to work on your patient until a doctor pronounces him dead."





Our Caretaker

Louise Paolini

IT is a well-known fact that the efficient manner in which the school is kept clean and in perfect order aids materially in ranking our school among the best in the province.

The credit for this is in no small measure due to our caretaker, Mr. Harry Jackson. Appointed in 1929, Mr. Jackson has at all times maintained the high standard set by our school regarding the cleanliness and general good order of the building.

Quiet, efficient, capable, Mr. Jackson is well-fitted to do his work, which consists in looking after the cleanliness of the building itself, and keeping the grounds and gardens in good condition.

Before coming to Canada from "the Old Country", Mr. Jackson was the owner of a bookshop, and thus was able to indulge in his favorite pastime, reading. Ruskin, Dickens and Shakespeare are among his favorite authors, and he is always ready with quotations from them and other writers. He served overseas from 1915-18, and has since belonged to the Canadian Legion, of which he was at one time President.

In the hustle and bustle of Normal School life we are often apt to take for granted the clean floors, tidy lawns, and everything else which aids in the maintenance of orderly premises. We, however, as prospective teachers, should appreciate the importance of each detail in the carrying on of a school. It is a tremendous task to keep a school such as ours looking continually spick and span, but with Mr. Jackson as caretaker, and our co-operation, our school need never give up its place as one of the best-kept in the province.

The Valentine Box in the Hall

Mary McKellar

Y, what bashful students we have in our dear old N.B.N.S. Here I've been sitting patiently for three whole days, and not a single valentine have I to soothe my poor heart, which is always wide open inviting anyone to take advantage. Those poor boys seemingly haven't yet realized that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady". Why, they actually ignore me, and I do believe, fear to be seen in my presence.

Look there now! I've seen that nice-looking young chap lurking inside the library door for the last two days, and all I get is a furtive, longing glance, as if he would like to pounce on me when all eyes were turned elsewhere. But that snooping young lady always spoils everything. Just when I begin to think that I have conquered his proud spirit, along she comes with that innocent, guileless manner. How young men are changing! If my eyes haven't failed me, he is studying that dictionary upside down. And can I believe my eyes? He is actually blushing.

Ah me! This last minute rush. If they keep this up I will surely choke to death. This unexpected onset is actually making me red in the face. But I must bear up, for after all it is for a noble cause. My heart is nearly bursting, but dear, dear, I'll have a whole year to recover. And I must think of the hundreds of little hearts blushing and hiding within me, dreading, and yet yearning, to reveal their hundreds of little romances.

Now where are they taking me? They might at least handle my aching sides more gently. What lovely music and what beautiful dancers! But I feel in my ribs that my hour is close at hand. Yes, I am now the centre of attention. Not frankly and openly so, however, for it would never do for our fair young northern maids to look too interested. They must appear calm and nonchalant, because after all, there is a chance that they won't receive any valentines.

Alas and alack! I am fast being drained of my life's blood—my dear little valentines. But I must take in this delightful scene so I can bask in the sunshine of its memories until next year. Aha! I see the postmen are quite busy. I also see many more sparkling eyes and dimpled cheeks than when they first brought me in. The Spirit of Saint Valentine is alive at last! I have done my duty—just an empty cardboard heart—a symbol that the age of romance is not past.



"Yes, I am a fatal man,

To inspire hopeless passion is my destiny."—N. Van Hatten.



"If you can't fix it so as to be born here, you can come and live here."
—Fort Williamites.



"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."—William Bell.

The Silver Jubilee

Barbara Lonsdale

ONE event that will make our year at Normal School a never-to-be-forgotten one, was the celebration on May 6 of the Silver Jubilee of Their Majesties the King and Queen.

Twenty-five years ago, His Majesty the King ascended to the throne as ruler of the British Empire, and in this twenty-fifth year a world-wide service of national thanksgiving was celebrated to commemorate the event. During this period, political, social and economic changes occurred more eventful than any other English king has been called upon to endure. Through them all His Majesty has moved with simple dignity and unruffled calm, acting wisely and well, and by the force of his own example, symbolizes the family as the backbone of the nation, and the basis of the social structure of the Empire.

To every nation of the British Commonwealth, the British monarchy is as indispensable and useful an institution as the village post office. King George V has made it more. How much more, the black years safely passed can testify.

Now the British people face an unknown world which lies waiting in years ahead and which is more perilous and unknown than Cabot sailed to find. Whatever the future may be however, a King and all his people may rightfully thank God for the outcome of the past, and under God may thank each other. That the British people have maintained through the worst of bad years no small part of their liberty and humour, tolerance and human kindness, is reason great enough for thankfulness.

As a personal souvenir from his Majesty to persons in government services and others in the United Kingdom, eighty thousand King's Jubilee Medals have been struck. In this manner, King George has thanked no small group of British people for their special effort in building up the British Empire to what it is today. We, at the Normal School, may well be proud of the fact that Mr. A. Casselman, former principal of the Normal, received one of these King's Jubilee Medals as a token of appreciation from His Majesty.

The character and personality of His Majesty are such indeed, that were he to choose to descend from his regal state to the status of a plain citizen, he would still enjoy the love, devotion and respect of his millions of loyal subjects. We join in heartily wishing him and his gracious consort, Queen Mary, long life and happiness.

"God Save the King and Queen."

~ ~

Miss Morgan: "When did the War of 1812 start?"

Mr. McLeod: "1756."

~ ~

N. Little was teaching a lesson on the incubator—

Pupil: "Is that the incubator that they used for the Dionne babies?"

Disconnected Story of a Disconnected First Lesson

J. M. Jessop

THREE would-be teachers—Harvey Street School—1.30 p.m.—teacher giving observation lesson—time passes—getting nervous—nearly time for my lesson—chair seems very hard—try not to notice pupils turning to look at us—teacher announces my lesson—class very quiet—I get up—start to walk up aisle nonchalantly—trip over an overshoe—blush deeply—turn to face class—a sea of grinning faces—all teeth. I grin, sickly. Very warm at front—begin to talk—voice cracks—clear throat—begin again—stutter—finally gasp out whole question—no hands up—ask it again, a little more confidently—pupil stands up, only to correct my English—have sinking sensation in pit of stomach—pupils know more than I do. I keep on asking vague questions—accepting vague answers—turn to blackboard to write summary—drop chalk on floor—pick it up again—go to write—chalk breaks. Go to ask a question—thinking of something else—forget what I was going to ask—suddenly remember—blurt it out—turn and write answer on board—rumpus behind me—turn around—about forty hands waving—fingers snapping—feel deep glow within—class interested in lesson and wanting to ask questions—I pick out likely looking pupil—tells me word is spelt wrongly on board—more blushing. Very, very warm at front of room—wonder how many hours I've been talking—look at clock—then teacher—can't think of anything to say—clear throat—look at teacher—smiles—tells me to sit down—start for seat—on lookout for overshoes, feet, etc.—bump into student coming up aisle—blushes on both sides—sit down—end of first lesson—except for few criticisms—about forty.



June 13th

J. McGee

How brief has seemed this passing year to me;
 Ah, Time, Thou art elusive, fleet, but yet
 What changes Thou hast wrought since first we met.
 As iron to the forge, were we to Thee,
 Unmoulded, unprepared, to fashioned be
 O Master Worker, on perfection set.
 The art of teaching Thou hast helped us get,
 And armed for sterner life infallibly.
 Too soon these halls of learning we must leave,
 Unsheltered, henceforth, from the storms that blow,
 With mingled feelings, first of joy then grief
 At losing comrades dear; but we must go.
 The knell on '35 rings out, O hear!
 Thus falls the curtain on a happy year.

Visitors and Speakers

H. Stargratt

ONE of the most interesting phases of our school life is the arrival from time to time of various visitors and speakers. The speeches, besides being very entertaining, are exceedingly valuable and broadening to our viewpoint.

Rev. Packham in his topic, "The Layman's View of Present International Events," presented world conditions in a most vivid way to us.

The Women's Canadian Club, kindly extended an invitation to the student body to hear Mr. Hazzard, Art Instructor of the Regina Technical School. The audience sat in awed wonderment while, dealing with his theme, "Poetry, Paint and Prairie," superbly magnificent prairie scenes in coloured chalk took form beneath his deft fingers.

Dr. Phair, in his annual visit, gave us much valuable data on health, which will be of inestimable worth in our profession.

Dr. Thompson lectured to us on the care of the teeth, and left us all the desire to teach this phase of Hygiene very thoroughly.

Dr. Meyers, Psychologist, had everyone wondering about Intelligence Tests and a little uncertain about his I. Q.

H. E. Amoss, D. Paed., Inspector of Auxiliary Classes for Ontario, gave a most vivid descriptive outline of the work of the auxiliary classes in Ontario, and explained how the teacher may benefit from their services.

W. J. Dunlop, B.A., B. Paed., visited us in the interest of the University of Toronto Extension Course. Many of our teaching secrets and peculiar mannerisms were humorously brought to light. We were much interested in the analysis of the word "pep"—"P" for poise, "E" for efficiency, and "P" for peace. Mr. Dunlop outlined very clearly the manner in which we may advance our education after the toil of our first year at teaching.

Dr. McClement of Queen's University outlined the summer courses which are very advantageous. The social activities, described in his own inimitable way, are, alone, enough to entice one.

The representative of the Junior Branch of the Red Cross Society of Canada, Miss Hamilton, gave, in brief outline form, the aim of, and the advancement made by that Society. The work of this Junior Branch is most gratifying, and worthy of every support.

Mr. Ricker's classes enjoyed the session in the library, when Mr. Davies, Inspector of Agriculture, spoke to them.

Mr. Moon, B. Sc., Inspector for Vocational Schools, paid his annual visit to the Manual Training classes.

The Household Science classes had the pleasure of having Miss Hamill with them on her inspection tour of the various branches.

Mr. Rivers: "What is reasoning?"

V. Foxton: "Use your judgment."

Mr. Rivers: "Thanks I shall."

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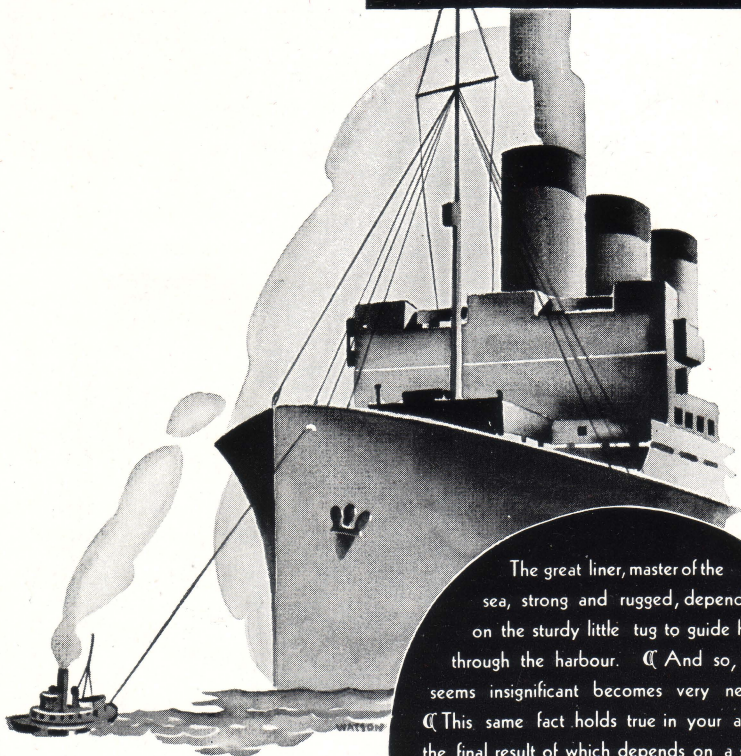


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ATHLETICS





ATHLETIC COMMITTEE

Boys, left to right—M. Steele, J. Macfarlane, R. Jackson, Mr. H. E. Ricker, J. Jessop, N. Vennes, H. Miller (president).

Front row, left to right—B. Lonsdale, J. Lourie, E. Caswell (president), R. Sheppard, G. Harris, D. McManus.

Foreword

M. Steele

IT counts not if you've won or lost, but how you've played the game." That has been our slogan in all sports this year. Perhaps we did not have our names in the paper, perhaps we were not among the "honourable mentions," but we did win the right to be called "good sports." We did not enter sports to win; we entered to gain health and good sportsmanship—and we won. If you are healthy, you are cheerful and optimistic; if you have a toothache, you are ready to shoot the first one who slaps you on the back and shouts in your ear, "Fine day, isn't it, Augustus?"

Our sports did not include much outside competition, but we received greater compensation through the development of character attributes and ideals which we will carry with us always and pass on to our pupils, as we grope our way to light through the darkness of youth.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row, left to right—G. Harris, L. Dent, I. Asquith, Mr. Neale (coach), E. Winslow, M. Little, V. Foxton.

Front row, left to right—J. Lourie, D. Ritching, R. Sheppard, B. Lonsdale (captain), D. McManus, E. Caswell, K. Ivy.

Girls' Athletic Society

Jessie Lourie and Ellen Caswell

THE Girls' Athletic Society was organized early in the Fall term, under the chairmanship of Mr. Neale. The following executive was elected: Honorary President, Mr. Ricker; President, Ellen Caswell; Vice-President, Rita Sheppard; Secretary-Treasurer, Jessie Lourie; Representatives, Grace Harris, Barbara Lonsdale, Doris McManus.

At their first meeting they arranged a sports programme of softball and basketball. Softball teams were picked according to districts to play off schedule games, in which North Bay District far excelled Fort William District.

When the weather became too cold for softball, no time was wasted in organizing the girls into experienced and inexperienced basketball teams. The Spirit of the North was shown in the co-operation of all the girls towards making the Saturday morning games a great success. Out

of these games sprang up two experienced teams which sailed through the season with flying colours. Time did not permit them to compete for the much-coveted Lockett Shield; but they were able to work in a few friendly games with the North Bay Collegiate, and a team from St. John's Young Peoples' Society. The girls upheld the honour of the Normal School by winning every game but one. These games were the talk of the town and an inspiration to the Normal School.

An intra-mural schedule was played off with eight teams taking part. Miss Rita Sheppard's team won in the finals. To close our basketball season two teams were chosen; one was made up of representatives from Fort William and the West, the other from East of Fort William. The game proved very exciting with a final score of 21-20 for the West.

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to Mr. Neale, who, by his untiring efforts helped to make this sports year one of the most outstanding in the history of the Normal School. It will stand out in our memories as a year when lasting friendships were formed through our basketball games.



INTRA-MURAL BASKETBALL WINNERS

*Back Row, left to right—M. Little, P. Sheppard (captain), N. Dent.
Front Row—D. McAughey, M. Knight, H. Kinney, D. Young.*



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row, left to right—J. Macfarlane, F. Watts, E. Brown, N. Currie, N. Van Hatten, N. Vennes, H. Croswell, Mr. Rivers (Coach).

Front Row, left to right—Jack Hamilton (mascot), Frank Allen, Alvin Robertson, Archie Angus, James Tilston, Proctor Neil, G. Hawkins (absent).

Boys' Athletics

Mal. Steele

NO institution is ever very great, no company very successful unless there is an executive acting for the whole. So it was with care that we chose the executive for our Athletic Society. The President turned out to be Reg. Jackson, the treasurer Norman Vennes, the Secretary Jack Jessop; the group representatives did all the work.

We began our year by organizing various softball teams and completed a large schedule before the weather prevented our playing. It must not be forgotten that we did build a tennis court on the lawn, but the rain washed it off the same day—at least it was an endeavour.

After the softball had been stored away for another year, our thoughts turned to basketball. The gymnasium in the Normal School was not exactly ready for us; so we crawled down to the Collegiate every Saturday morning—even at 40° below, to play basketball. Spurred on by the

good old slogan, "Variety Is the Spice of Life," our thoughts soon changed to hockey and our book would not be complete did it not make mention of our maroon and gold puck jugglers. Restrain your smile, there were others who also smiled when it was finally decided that we should have a hockey team. But their smiles changed to looks of surprise when they saw what sturdy pieces of humanity we were able to place on the ice.

Most of you will recall the first game of the season, which was held at Wallace Park. MacFarlane, Hawkins and Croswell made up the forward line which alternated with Robertson, Brown and Tilston. Norman Currie, Proctor Neil, Van Hatten and Fred Watts made a sturdy, effective defense. Archie Angus waited, smothered in a conglomeration of goalie's pads for some action while Swede Vennes, on the bench, waited for Angus to get knocked over so he could take a chance at keeping the puck out of the goal. Nearby could be seen Mr. Rivers and a howling mob—I beg your pardon, a group of Normalites who were cheering no matter which side was winning. At this point let us take the opportunity to thank Mr. Rivers for his helpful and most patient coaching. We want him to know that we certainly appreciate the way he stuck by his team.

We did not win; in fact we did not win one game. But we played the game. Whenever we lost, we lost with a smile and tackled the next game with renewed vigour. Now our games together are over and will never be played again, but may the spirit that we exhibited in our sports remain in all of us.




GAMES COMMITTEES

Disking Committee, back row, left to right—E. Haglund, McLeod, F. Watts, R. Gibbs, L. Elliott, A. Baldasaro (President), V. Foxton.

Badminton Committee, front row, left to right—H. Miller, J. Lourie (president), Mr. H. E. Ricker, B. Lonsdale, G. Keenan.

Badminton

Barbara Lonsdale

HE official badminton season opened this year at the Normal School on November 5, 1934, when a general meeting was held to elect the officers of the Badminton executive for the forthcoming season. Miss Jessie Lourie had the honour of being elected president; Mr. Harold Miller, vice-president; Miss Barbara Lonsdale, secretary, and the keeper of the keys, Mr. Gordon Keenan.

These worthy individuals immediately rolled up their sleeves and got to work, with the result that within two days, those who wished to play badminton were asked to pay a fee of 25 cents to help out the committee in their future programme. This, it must be admitted, was quite a favourable beginning.

Those who had not yet been initiated into the game, were invited to attend an exhibition game on Saturday afternoon, where they received instructions from a group of amateurs and one player—Mr. Rivers—who has always been willing to help the executive in every possible way.

Once birds had been purchased, things really got under way, and the fun started. One feature of the fun was watching Gordon Keenan trying to get rid of birds with one hand and take in quarters with the other. However, he accomplished his task successfully, and, admittedly, shrewdly.

At this point, the Christmas holidays intervened, and those students who remained in North Bay during the vacation, played badminton every morning to work off the over-eating effects of the day before. But they enjoyed themselves, although we did not have any reports of the suffering they underwent.

In the middle of January, a tournament of mixed doubles, ladies' doubles and men's doubles was drawn up. The mixed doubles were run off in due course of events in between teaching days, examinations and literary practices. However, reward comes to those who wait, and in the end Barbara Lonsdale and Jack Jessop romped home with the honours. They are to be congratulated on their success.

This brought us up to the city tournament, and the executive was pleased that of a large entry of fourteen, eight 'brought home the bacon'. Violet Foxton and Barbara Lonsdale were winners of the ladies' doubles "B" class, and Doris McManus and Helen Allen of the consolation in this class. In the men's "B" class, Jack Jessop and Harold Miller won the laurels, and Don Todd and Jack Taylor the consolation.

These players, none of whom have ever belonged to a badminton club before this year, are to be given a hearty pat on the back for their victories. May their success in this line of sport continue.

The remainder of the school tournament, consisting of ladies' and men's doubles, was played off after the city tournament. In the ladies', Ellen Caswell and Joan Gillespie were acclaimed champions, while Reg. Gibbs and Stanley Mills were successful in the men's event. Congratulations to you all.

Now the badminton season is over, racquets (what is left of them), will be put away for another season. Of course there will be no difficulty in caring for birds. They were always conspicuous by their absence. But before we say 'so-long', let us extend our deepest thanks to Mr. Rivers for his helpful suggestions and his untiring assistance, to the members of the executive, and lastly but not least, to the whole student body for their co-operation throughout the entire season.



BADMINTON WINNERS

Back Row, left to right—R. Gibbs, H. Miller, J. Jessop, J. Taylor, D. Todd, S. Mills.

Front Row—E. Caswell, J. Gillespie, D. McManus, H. Allen, B. Lonsdale, V. Foxton.



Disking

Jessie Lourie and Ellen Caswell

ONE can hardly conceive the depth of this subject unless one were fortunate enough to wander aimlessly into the halls, and come face to face with an escaped rolling disc. Now you are introduced to that popular game, disking. One cannot dispute its popularity, since eighty per cent of the school participated.

The game was informally started at our Hallowe'en Party. Later in the fall a committee was organized, composed of:

President—Miss Angeline Baldasaro.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Reginald Gibbs.

Form Representatives—Miss Elsie Haglund, Miss Mabel MacLeod, Mr. Fred Watts, Miss Violet Foxton, Mr. Lloyd Elliott.

Those intending to play were organized into teams, each consisting of three girls and one boy (captain). Before these games were started, an army of boys, laden with paint brushes and paint, attacked the hall floors and the discs. The results of their labour were beautiful red and blue discs, while circles were to be found on each hall floor.

Then the fun began! Every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, noisy groups of students were encountered in all the halls. Champions of these games were treated by Mr. Neale. The lucky winners were: Mr. J. Macfarlane, Miss M. Reany, Miss B. Sedore, Miss F. Richards.

In order to reward the final successful competitors, it was decided that a shield would be a fitting tribute to their prowess. Those fortunate enough to have their names inscribed were: N. Currie, Edna Kelly, Rose Gobbo and W. French.

In closing, let us one and all thank Mr. Neale for introducing this interesting game into our sports programme. It was due to his enthusiastic efforts that it proved such a success in the school. We realize the value it is to us, as we go to a rural school, since it is an inexpensive game and many pupils are able to take part in it.

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How to Write

G. M. Hamilton

 SINCE we have come to Normal School we are continually being asked to write something; write a lesson plan; write an essay; write something for the Year Book; write a letter; write a cheque; write anything. After much enquiring and experience in this matter, it seems that there is not such an eager response as there should be (you should see the faces made when a new assignment is announced). So in view of this fact I have decided to give a few hints on writing. Of course, if you already have that ability you may ignore these suggestions.

To begin with there are several necessities, or utensils, needed, namely: a pen, ink (of good quality), a pencil will do, or if you are fortunate enough to own a typewriter you may use it, providing you do not wake the baby **down** on the second floor. Then you have to have something to write on—paper is generally used (for obvious reasons do not use the wall-paper). It is also a good idea to keep a dictionary near at hand—correct spelling and a few big words sometimes help.

Next you should have some idea of what you are going to write, although this is not essential. If you cannot think of an idea start writing anyway—one will probably come to you when you are about finished.

For the purpose of instruction and to aid those not given to mental aberrations or loquacity (whew!), I have selected an example which illustrates certain points:

Picture to yourself an old, wet, yellow shirt hanging on a clothes-line. It is inanimate, lost in the Puddle of Sorrow (Slough of Despond could have been used, but it is not original)—the perfect picture of "what's the use?" It sways in the breeze; then, as though heaving a sigh, sinks back dejected.

From the above description, note the vividness and clarity with which the object is described; note the intense feeling and emotion that overcome one as it is read; and lastly, note all absence of reason and sense.

I had intended at this point to insert another example which might have been of some help, but upon second thought I decided that it would be too deep for my readers; so I leave it to the imagination (thank goodness!—perhaps it is better this way).

Another hint: after having written an essay, for example, it is a good plan to look it over and insert a few commas, periods, colons, ink blots, etc., as this adds to the general appearance.

From these few general suggestions I believe many students will soon become authors. I have a few more suggestions for anyone desiring to become an authoress, but this will necessitate a personal or private interview.

Music Hath Charms

Norm. Van Hatten

HERE happen in the lives of everyone incidents which, though seemingly unimportant at the time, cling to us throughout life. It may be a peculiar occurrence; perhaps a scene of particular beauty; perhaps an experience of our own, or of another. It is of some such happening I should like to tell.

The place—one hundred miles from anywhere—an isolated spot in the Northern Ontario forests. The time—early evening—about two hours after the supper meal. The company—one hundred and fifteen men—among whom were included eighty-five foreigners who spoke little, if any, English; six bosses who made up for the foreigners; and we, the remaining twenty or so, called (quite humorously) the "white men".

It was early spring; the evenings were still quite short. At eight o'clock darkness had already fallen, and with the darkness began the shrill chorus of the chubby frogs, just lately emerged from their winter homes. In our shack, occupied by the main body of "whites", the five allotted lamps were distributed; two on the rough, wobbly centre table, the other three on the walls between the bunks. It was uncommonly quiet in the shack. I was amusing myself by counting the sizzles as drops of water fell from the wet clothes on to the red-hot stoves. Such clothes! Woollen stockings, a little stiff from wear; multi-hued windbreakers and shirts; leather and woollen mitts showing plainly the ravages of the winter's wear; all united together in happy union on the over-strained wire line. By dint of long suffering I was becoming convinced that I could recognize individual bits of clothing by their own peculiar sizzles, made in angry protest by our outraged stove.

Suddenly, Slim, the king of the camp, called out in his rousing voice for music. Slim was a character. Hard, rugged of feature, clever, supremely egotistical, roaring life in one moment, extremely cynical and downcast the next, he was indeed a leader of men. Only his own superior, impatient, self-confident nature kept him down in this worldly struggle. Here he was, reduced to a level far beneath his education and ability; and all the more embittered because he knew the reason for it.

And suddenly the music came, and with it a hush descended on every man. Even big Slim sat quietly, hand resting on his half-laced boot. It was Art, the new boy, in his bunk above mine. He was playing a soft, sweet tune on a mouth organ. Gently the music came, trembling, throbbing, as though it spoke the anguish of a soul; then pouring forth with new-found confidence in peals and thrills that tingled the blood. Yes, that's what he played—not notes; but thrills, feelings, hopes, yearnings; despairs, loves, deaths.

He played for only two or three minutes; but in that short moment my whole life seemed to pass in review before me; little things which I had forgotten for years. It must have had a somewhat similar effect on the

other boys; for the hush lingered on for minutes after the music stopped. Slim was the first to speak.

"That was mighty fine playing, kid. What's your name?"

Though Art didn't know it, all of his troubles in our camp were finished. For, though I had lived with Slim for four months. I had never known him to speak to a new hand, save as a foil for his cynical jokes.

Probably because I was the youngest, it was not long before Art and I were close friends. One day he told me his story. His Dad had died only a month before his arrival at camp. I could see how he must have loved his father; it was in his eyes, and his voice. His mother was still alive, and very poor. Art was doing his part toward giving her a few comforts of life. But to do this, he was forced to deprive her of her greatest comfort—his own presence.



Queen of the Night

Mal. Steele

When lazy clouds are edged with gold,
And birds fly singing home to sleep,
When lambs are safe within the fold,
And through the vale the curfew creeps,
Come, rest your weary soul again,
Your cares and sorrows shun;
For Beauty, Queen of Night doth reign
Supreme, when gaudy day is done.
See where the fawn her moonlight way
Beside the silvery pond doth make,
While the purple god of day
Her radiant parting bow doth make.
Hush, silent be thy breathing here!
Stir not a single lulling bough,
For drooping in the moonlight near,
The fragrant rose is slumbering now.
Her drowsy mate to Slumber's arms,
Now sings a cooing dove,
While trees, bedewed with evening's charms,
Join in the cradle song of love.
Thus when our drowsy eyes we close
In sleep, the cure that healeth all,
Beauty breathes a budding rose.
Where'er Her footsteps chance to fall.

The Inspectors' Convention

Hazel Stargatt

THE North Bay Normal School has had a varied and interesting year, but students and teachers alike deemed it an honour, that the Public and Separate School Inspectors for Northern Ontario chose our school as their meeting place. Over forty Inspectors assembled from the many sections of the North Country.

Prominent among the number were, V. K. Greer, M.A., Chief Inspector for Public and Separate Schools; J. D. Campbell, B.A., Assistant Chief Inspector for Public and Separate Schools, and J. B. MacDougall, B.A., D.Paed., Provincial School Attendance Officer.

It proved to be an honour occasion, indeed, with the arrival of the Honourable Dr. L. J. Simpson, Minister of Education for the Province, and his deputy, Dr. Duncan McArthur, M.A.

Addressing the students, Dr. Simpson said, "You are to be congratulated on choosing the teaching profession. I wish for you all the greatest success in the year 1935, and I hope that when summer comes, all will be able to obtain positions in schools; that you will keep up the reputation of the North Bay Normal School, and make the finest teachers ever."

Dr. McArthur, his deputy, disclosed that one aim of the Department of Education, was the establishment of a closer association between the teaching staff of Normal Schools and the Inspectors of Public Schools. In his talk he laid stress upon the fact that teaching is an art as well as a science. "As for the establishment of an ideal," he said, "the thought has already been expressed, 'He who would be great among you, let him be the servant.'"

Viz

Eileen Backus and M. Jean Campbell

ONE Reany Knight, I drew up in my Carr in front of a large Flatt-topped building. As I mounted the steps, I heard people McLeod noises inside. I Gibbs my invitation (which Cox me thirty-five cents) to a man Holden the door and Todd'd along to Anness room upstairs.

The room was Farrer up than I had expected, and I was rather glad to sink down into one of the seats. There were Moyer people than I had anticipated, but Greer'ly enough it was as quiet as a Church. I glanced at the stage and a rather unusual view met my eye. The scenery was quite different from any I had ever seen; there being no Brooks or Rivers in the landscape. A Sturdy Little Shaver was making ardent love to a Sweet Young thing and seemed rather Harris'd about it. It was the Fenny'est thing I had ever seen. The play came to a pleasing conclusion and lunch was served immediately.

As I stood in line waiting to be served, I was in a direct draught between two doors—but Watts Sedore more or less.

"Dulacka cup of coffee?" asked a girl in Brown.

"Oh! that would be Devine," I replied with a smile, and she instantly Broughton the lunch.

As I was f-Innis-ing my lunch I heard, from the floor below, strains of music which seemed like a mixture of "Annie Laurie" and "Sweet and Lowe".

Entering the library, I noticed a girl I knew dancing. I went over and Butson in the dance.

"Dent-ya know this isn't a tag dance?" demanded her partner Furick'ly.

Mumbling my apologies, I Winslow-ly over to an open window—the Coules Pace I could find. Being a timid soul, I spent the rest of the evening Watts-ing people dance. Taking it Allen all, I can certainly say I had a good time.

Confusion Worse Confounded

Willard French

N.B.—A Writing Lesson, P.M., April 2.

A.M., April 2, Physical Training, Captain Cummings

RELIMINARIES being finished by the critic teacher, the student, Mr. X, bounded from his chair, quick-marched up the aisle, right-wheeled, and with a terrific thud of his left foot brought himself to attention.

"What's a good progression for the capital letter P?" The class was silent. "Heads up! Shoulders back!" he ordered in dismay, and finally had to introduce the letter P himself.

Again he turned to the class: "What exercises help to build this letter?" This time the answer was given as expected, and so began the right oval. "Informal lunge position—take! Left hand on left knee—place! Arm circling—begin! One, two, etc.; faster, slower. Class—halt! Feet and hands—change!" At this point the teacher interrupted, and with a few threatening gestures, temporarily recalled the lesson to the budding captain's mind.

Thus the act proceeded: "What's another useful exercise for this?" With the answer he commented, "Swing your body well when doing this. Arm punching, right arm—begin! One two, etc." The teacher happened to be called out at this instant so the amusement continued. "As you can see, we do this exercise to keep the back straight," he explained.

"Isn't that the front of the letter?" questioned a pupil.


"Well, keep your stomach in, too," was the reply. "What would help to take the hollow out of this up-stroke?" Only a few muffled snorts broke the silence. The student's emotions were now thoroughly aroused.

Cracking the pointer across a desk, he barked—"Hips—firm! Trunk-bending downward—down!" Forty-five heads lay on the desks. He glanced sideways. The teacher was eyeing him cautiously. Suddenly came the inspiration: "Wake up!" he shouted.

"Retire!" came the counter-command. "Next, please!"

The Contortions of Henry VII (Sr. IV Spelling Test)

R. Gibbs


ENRY VII was an indescribable, four wheeled, non-stream-lined vehicle of questionable beauty of structure and oftentimes possessed of an inexplicable capriciousness. Indeed, the continued existence of the aforementioned conveyance was due entirely to its indefatigable persistence in overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

Like its predecessor the horse, it was difficult to restrain since it performed not only forward and backward motions, but also unrhythmical and spasmodical gymnastics in vertical and oblique planes which far from assisted in the maintenance of the equilibrium of any animate or inanimate body or bodies that might have filled the none too voluminous space within. Not infrequently the former gave vent to their exasperation after fruitless efforts to retain anything like an upright position; though, such protestations could not approach the capabilities of Henry VII as far as sheer intensity of sound was concerned, and, consequently, represented so much wasteful expenditure of energy.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this unique vehicle was its unquenchable thirst for gasoline, which it consumed with amazing rapidity—amazing because whirlwind velocity was certainly not a characteristic of its forward, horizontal motion. In truth, the only thing of which it could boast was the innumerable miles it had traversed in its years of existence, no small number of which were quite superfluous.

To Our Masters

Sister Theresa


IME as it ceaselessly marches onward is slowly but surely stealing from us the few fleeting hours which still remain of our year as teachers-in-training. In the heart of every student joy and sorrow contend for the mastery.

Truly indeed, we have made friends among ourselves, but these ties must take second place in favour of the bonds of gratitude which unite us to the masters who have so ably, and, we hope, successfully striven to inculcate in our minds the ideals of the teaching profession. Young, inexperienced, and completely bewildered, we came to be initiated into the mysteries of our life work. Our staff, by their self-sacrificing devotion, model teaching, and heartening encouragement, have moulded and fashioned us into pure gold, the radiance of which is to guide the many little lives within the sphere of our influence.

We cannot express our appreciation, but we can manifest it by exemplifying in our lives and especially in our class-rooms, the noble lessons so painstakingly taught. May never one of us swerve in the least degree from fidelity to our duty; may our lives be ever a credit and a glory to the masters who have so unselfishly devoted themselves to us.

Valedictory

Norman S. Currie

 As we come to the close of another year in our pursuit of knowledge we find ourselves standing on the threshold of a great portal, of a new world which appears before our eyes. revealed to us by our associations in this school throughout the past year.

Opportunities call to us—opportunities offered by our progressive and ever-changing educational system. We must remember that it is our duty, primarily, to carry out successfully the system laid down by the hands which guide our educational system. The outlook of a teacher upon life is broader probably than that of any other person; therefore you will realize what our attitude must be. We must never look backward, except to recall some experience which we may interpret in a manner which will benefit others. We must not be content to rest when one task has been accomplished; the puff of wind which filled our sails an hour ago nevermore will cause our craft to plough the waves.

Let us pause in our onward march and live again some of those golden moments of 1934-35. Never shall we forget the pleasure and benefits we derived from the social activities of the year, the Literary Society and other meetings, shared by students and Masters together. Our activities in sport have been a joy to us. It is not necessary to always win in order to be a success in life. We have tasted defeat, but I trust we took it as sportsmen and went down fighting side by side, as true comrades. Is there a friend such as he who grasps you by the hand in defeat and says, "We have fought together, together we fall?"

Ever to be remembered are our critic teachers. Theirs was a helpful and kindly criticism, given to us that we might realize our mistakes and better fit ourselves for the noble profession which we have chosen. We cannot estimate the benefits derived from our association with them; we may only hope that there may be reflected from us throughout our teaching days the excellent example set by them.

To our Masters we owe a debt we can never hope to repay. The attitude of a teacher is reflected in his or her pupils. When we entered this school perhaps some of us had the feeling that the teaching profession was one in which to engage only temporarily, that it was not worthy of lifelong effort. Our Masters have, in a quiet way, brought us before the shrine of truth and led us to realize that they are, and we shall be, engaged in the finest profession of all—the art of teaching people to live. We can only hope that the young Canada which we are to help instruct may radiate the patient effort and fine character of our friends—the Masters of North Bay Normal School.

Let us turn from the past and look to the future. A great light shines through a mist—the beacon of success. Can we avoid the pitfalls that

mist enshrouds and reach that illuminated goal? As teachers we must find and tread that rough, narrow path which winds through the mist, and which will bring our feet to the golden base of that shining beacon. Our ideals must be such that our actions will always permit us with steady eyes to meet the searching look of a world, at times, inclined to criticize rather than commend. We must have our register accurately marked, that when we come to the final inspection the Great Inspector may extend his hand to us and utter the comforting words, "Well done thou good and faithful servants."

As we descend the steps of our school for the last time and hear the doors swing behind us we shall be sad at the thought of leaving new, though dear friends. May we have the courage to hold before us as our motto, "Service to Others."

Friends of the class of '35, I do not wish to say farewell. Somewhere our paths shall surely cross again and our hands shall clasp as we recall old times. Good-bye I cannot say. Masters and class-mates, so long! We shall meet again.

Manitoulin Moon

Christine Wakegijig

There, in the great ethereal sky,
Where fleecy clouds go dancing by,
Shines upon us from on high
That lovely Manitoulin Moon!

The breeze breathes softly thro' the trees,
The waters ripple in the breeze,
The humming of the birds doth cease,
For lo! The Manitoulin Moon.

There in the solemn hush of night,
When all the birds have taken flight,
I sit alone in the pale moonlight
Of lovely Manitoulin Moon!

Beneath Thy pale, caressing beams
I come to dream my secret dreams
Of joy, of love, of life it seems,
Oh, lovely Manitoulin Moon!

Oh Moon! Why must you go so soon?
Oh, why can't you remain till noon?
For in my heart there rings a tune
For thee, oh Manitoulin Moon!

Students of the North Bay Normal School

First Class

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129. Carr, Dorothy, Port Carling, Ontario.
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131. Church, Evelyn, Sundridge, Ontario.
132. Craig, Bertha, Fitzroy Harbour, Ontario.
133. Devine, Marion, Demerse Center, Que.
134. Fortin, Eva, Massey, Ontario.
135. Foxton, Violet, 309 S. May St., Fort William, Ontario.
136. Gilpin, Minerva, Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island.
137. Gosselin, Malvina, Rainy River, Ontario.
138. Henebery, Margaret, Charlton, Ontario.

139. Hindle, Thelma, Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island.
140. Holden, Margaret, Sturgeon Falls, Ontario.
141. Hough, Margaret, Charlton, Ontario.
142. Iverson, Elizabeth, South River, Ontario.
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163. Shorthand, Elna, South River, Ontario.
164. Teed, Stella, Kirkland Lake, Ontario.
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172. Canning, Leonard, Severn Bridge, Ontario.
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174. Elliott, Lloyd, South River, Ontario.
175. Evans, Sydney, Sprucedale, Ontario.
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187. Stobie, Jean, Port Lock, Ontario.