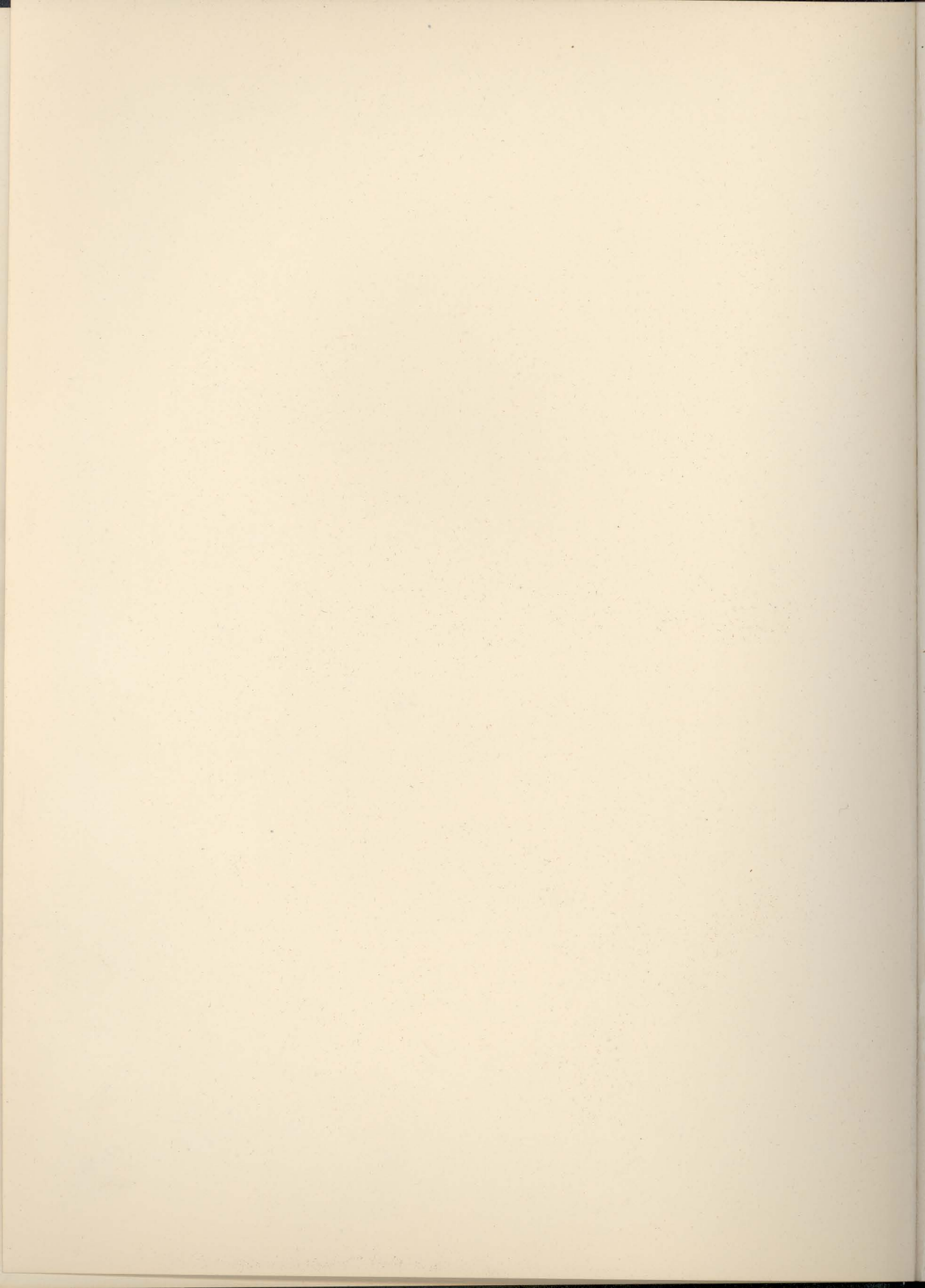


**North Bay
Normal School
YEAR BOOK
1935 - 1936**



The
Twenty-Seventh Annual
Year Book

Prepared by the
Students of the North Bay
Normal School

June, 1936



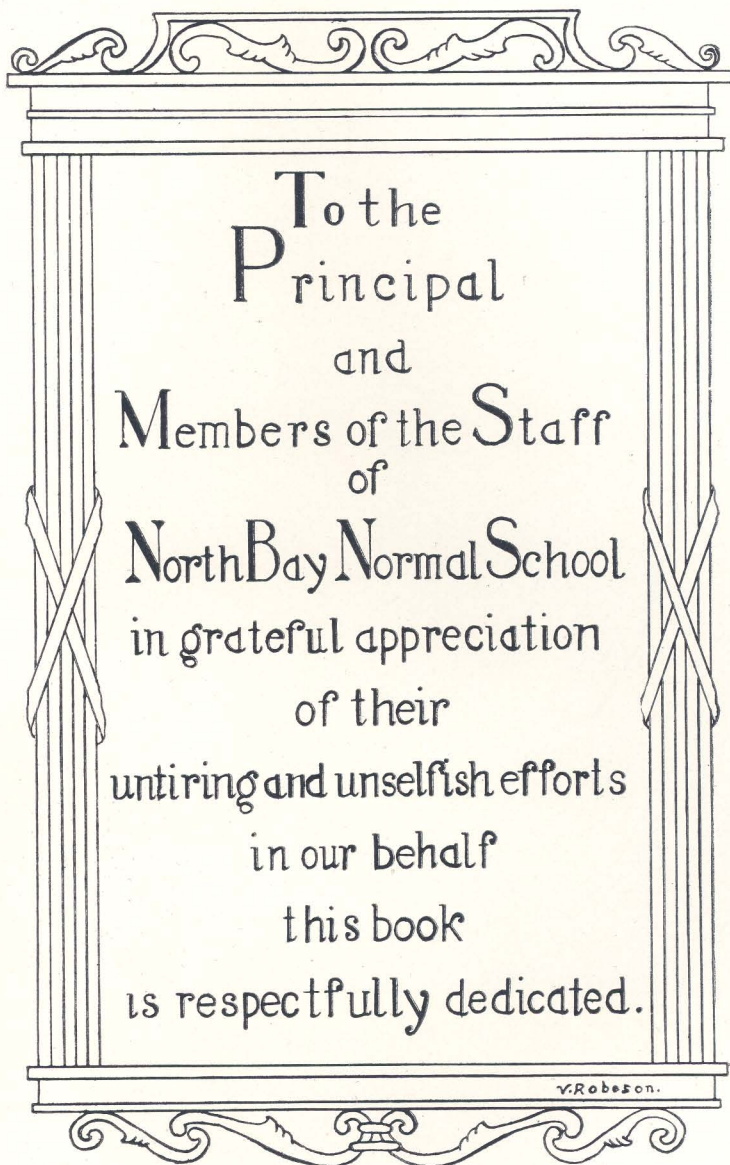
Table of Contents

	Page
The School	4
Dedication	5
The Principal	6
Foreword	7
The Staff	8
Normal School Staff	9
From the Deputy Minister	10
From Dr. Karr	11
Editorial	11
His Late Majesty, King George	12
Our Tribute	12
Appreciation of the Religious Instructors	13
Normal School Critic Staff	13
Year Book Staff	14
Literary Executives	14
The Literary Society	16
Form I.	18
Form I. History	19
Form II.	20
Form II. History	21
Form III.	22
Form III. History	23
Drill	23
Form IV.	24
Form IV. History	25
Dramatic Club	26
Art Club	26
Play Pictures	27
Folk Dancing Clubs	28
Music Club	28
Ukrainian Dance	29
Maypole Dance	29
P. T. Clubs	30
Physical Training Club	31
Camera Club	31

Table of Contents

	Page
Marionettes	33
Snapshots	34
The Week in a Rural School	35
Concrete Projects	35
The Ottawa Trip	36-37
It's an Ill Wind	38-39
Joe's Cow	39
The Masters' Reception	40
Hallowe'en Party	40-41
Teachers-in-Training	41
Christmas Entertainment	42
Sports Party	43
Fantasy	43
At Home	46
Open Night	46-47
In Sherwood Forest	47
School Visitors	48
Elegy	48
The On-to-Ottawa Marchers	49
Sport Executives	50
Boys' Athletics	51
Badminton	51-52
Disking	52
Girls' Athletics	53
A Business Trip	54
Maple Sugar Season as Seen by a Sap-Pail	55
The Initiation	56-57
The Earthquake	57
Ukrainian Canadians	58
A Normalite's Room	58
A Memorable Trip	60-61
Ambition	61
What a Lesson!	63
Valedictory	64-65
Anemone	65
Student List	68-69



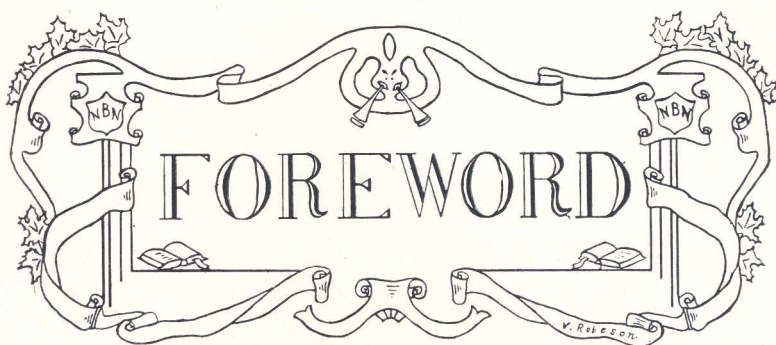


To the
Principal
and
Members of the Staff
of
North Bay Normal School
in grateful appreciation
of their
untiring and unselfish efforts
in our behalf
this book
is respectfully dedicated.

V. Robeson.



H. E. RICKER, B.A., B.PAED.,
Principal.



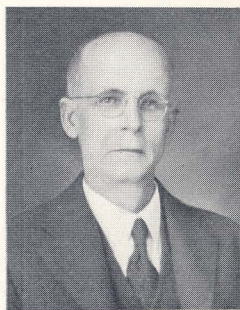
H. E. Ricker

EACH session of the Normal School has interesting features peculiar to itself. It is this that makes the work so varied from year to year that it never becomes monotonous. The session just closing has been no exception, for, as a result of the smaller attendance, there has been a closer personal touch between master and student, and more general and warmer friendships within the whole student body. If there has been lacking something of the inspiration which is aroused by larger classes, it has been more than offset by this feeling of comradeship.

Another feature of this session has been the "Club" method of organizing the Literary Society. This has worked very well, and some of the results are worth noting. For one thing, all the school, teachers and students, has been active every week in this work which is largely outside the regular assigned curriculum of studies. Then, too, there has been a greater variety of activities than usual, and this has made it possible for each student to choose to suit his own preferences. The programmes prepared for evening presentations have been so varied that the tastes of all attending have been satisfied. If some of the Clubs have seemed hardly to fit in under the name of Literary Society, their inclusion in such a school activity is easily justified when one considers the larger view of education which is now being emphasized. A few generations ago school education was confined to the tool subjects, the "three R's." Then came the addition of subjects of more general knowledge and culture, as history, geography and natural science. More recently there has been included the training for making a living, as carried on in our vocational schools, and now thoughtful people everywhere realize that we need to include a training for the proper use of leisure time. And so I recommend to your special attention the work of those Clubs which has seemed to be farthest removed from that of the traditional Literary Society, for perhaps they have been meeting the newest need in the field of Education.

It is with mingled feelings of regret and of envy that I bid you all farewell. I regret that I must part from so many friends. I should like to learn to know you better and continue to be a part of your life. And I envy you the pleasure and satisfaction that will come to you in your teaching. Perhaps you remember some of the thrills that you experienced when you solved a difficult problem, or saw new beauty in a poem, or caught a vision of some other phase of truth. But I assure you that these thrills will be far excelled by the satisfaction of seeing a child under your guidance learn pleasurably to read, to use his hands skilfully, and gradually in other ways to develop his capabilities.

My heartiest good wishes go with you to your new schools.



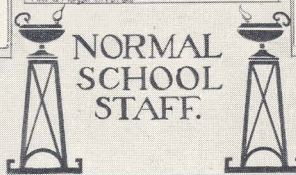
J.E. Chambers



Miss G. Morgan B.A.B.P.S.



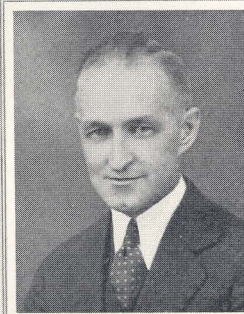
Mrs. J. Irwin B.A.



Miss E. Barker



Miss R.E. Cullen



H. Randall



W. Norris B.A.



Miss H.M. Marshall B.A.



F.S. Rogers B.A.B.P.S.

Staff of North Bay Normal School



H. E. RICKER, M.A., B.Paed. - - - Principal

Elementary Science, Agriculture
Nature Study, Physiology.

MISS G. MORGAN, B.A., B.Paed. - - Master

Advanced English, Literature
Advanced Reading, Primary Reading, Spelling.

W. J. NEALE, B.A. - - - Master

Algebra and Geometry, Arithmetic
School Management, Physical Training.

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

Science of Education, Composition
Geography.

MISS H. B. MITCHELL, B.A. - Master and Librarian

Grammar, Hygiene, Library Methods.

J. E. CHAMBERS - - - Instructor

Manual Training, Writing.

MRS. J. IRWIN, B.A. - - - Instructor

Art.

MISS E. PRESTON - - - Instructor

Household Science.

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

Music.

MISS K. McCUBBIN - - - Secretary

To the Graduating Class of the North Bay Normal School

IN response to the request of the Editorial Committee of your Year Book for a brief message for publication, may I offer a few suggestions as you enter upon a new and important phase of your career.

First, it is most desirable that you should encourage your pupils to form habits of independence in their work. In your anxiety to advance their attainments, it is easy to become a victim to the insidious temptation to do too much for them and to require too little exertion on their part. If you yield to this temptation, you will not only fail to encourage initiative and self-reliance, but you will also deprive the children of the satisfaction of conquest and the joy of discovery. Give them the stimulus and the opportunity to do things for themselves. The true teacher is one who most effectively stimulates his pupils to effort in right directions, not one who gives them most information.

Second, remember that your school is a community which exhibits in miniature all the characteristics of the larger social organization of which the pupils will later form a part. The same characteristics of self-government, obedience to authority, co-operation for a common cause, respect for the rights of others, subordination of selfish tendencies for the common good, prevail in the ideal school as they should in the larger social community outside. The interests, habits, and attitudes developed in the school will largely determine the character of the citizenship of the future. You should, therefore, neglect no opportunity to develop and fix desirable tendencies in the children who are committed to your care for so large a part of their waking hours during the most impressionable period of their lives. Through the force of your personality, they will "catch" your dominant interests. Through your management of the school, they will form habits of industry, obedience, self-control, and self-reliance. Through the associations of the classroom and playground, they will develop attitudes of co-operation, tolerance, generosity, sympathy, and fairness.

Third, do your utmost to improve the language of your pupils. More adequate training in English is perhaps the most urgent need in the schools to-day. The careless, crude, inaccurate forms of expression that one frequently hears from young people suggest at least that the language ideals instilled by the schools are much too low. The basis of improvement must lie in the standards of speech set by the teacher. Let your articulation be distinct, your pronunciation correct, your tone pleasing, your expression simple and graceful—in all respects a model for the pupils to imitate. Constantly strive to secure their admiration for accuracy, grace, and beauty in language; create a public opinion in favour of improved speech in the school; wage constant war against indistinctness in utterance, inaccuracy in form, and crudeness in expression.

If you carry out the advice given on these three points, you will render a signal service to the cause of education in this Province.

D. McARTHUR,

Deputy Minister of Education.

To the 1936 Graduates of the North Bay Normal School

DURING your training course you have been frequently reminded that you have chosen a career involving serious responsibilities. Upon your recognition of this fact, your success in the true sense of the term will depend. To the teachers of this Province is committed in large measure the great task of developing the character of its future citizenship.

For this important work, the staffs of the Normal School and the affiliated practice schools have striven to provide you with the necessary equipment. With their assistance, you have extended your knowledge of that part of the social heritage embodied in the school curriculum, and you have acquired a knowledge of rational methods of teaching and managing a school. With their assistance also, you have developed a certain degree of skill in teaching children, a skill that will be greatly enhanced by study and practice.

These are valuable acquisitions, but still more important are the interests, attitudes, and ideals which you have developed from your associations during your year of training—interests in worthy ideas, objects, and enterprises; attitudes of sympathy, tolerance, and helpfulness; and ideals of industry, achievement, and service. The character of these emotional tendencies and your persistence in translating them into behaviour will determine your usefulness to the community, and eventually to society at large.

W. J. KARR,

Director of Professional Training for Ontario.



Editorial

Isabel Ricker

Here at the bottom of these two valued pages there is just enough space left for a message from the editor. They say an editorial should be brief and humorous, expressing a hope that the readers will enjoy the book. But, contrariwise, we prefer to pen a serious thought, for no other reason than had the dormouse when he preferred to live in a bed of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red).

Besides we know a good quotation to use—from one of the guest speakers of the year: "Teach your children what they have the ability to learn, and give them the pleasure of successful effort."

"His Most Excellent Majesty, King George V"

Nellie Tompkins

TO the memory of a king, revered and loved by his loyal subjects, we, the students of the North Bay Normal School, offer our sincere tribute.

Our Normal School as an infinitesimal part of the far-flung British Empire, is proud even in the solemnity of this sorrowful occasion to be able to participate in this world-wide bereavement.

We offer to our new king, Edward VIII all the loyalty and reverence we held for our late Sovereign.

"No King of all our many has been proved
By times so savage to the thrones of Kings,
Or won more simple triumph over fate:
He was most royal among royal things.
Most thoughtful for the meanest in his state,
The best, the gentlest, and the most beloved."

—John Masefield.

Our Tribute

Hazel Aubert

Britannia mourns! and well she may,
The king she loved has passed away,
In sorrow many tears are shed,
The king—is dead.

For one brief moment people pause,
Emotions blend in common cause,
Rich and poor, stand in the crowd,
The flag half mast—the heads all bowed.

Oh, why this grief for an earthly king?
Why through the world his praises sing?
Why in such grief? Why in dismay?
Others have passed that self-same way.

Ah!—but *this* king we all revered,
Honoured, respected, loved and cheered,
This was a man for sceptre and crown,
Whom *all* deemed worthy of renown.

He steered our state through stormy seas,
He turned to God on humble knees,
He lived on earth his useful years,
He gained a nation's love—and tears.

But don't be sad!—Don't be cast down!
His son, our prince, shall wear the crown.
—From shore to shore the echoes ring—
The king is dead!—long live the king!

Appreciation of Our Religious Instructors

AS we gaze in retrospect over the year which has just passed, a vista of memories stretches across the horizon of happy months. In an especial way we cherish the recollection of the period of each week which brought to us religious instruction. Those who directed our spiritual lives and moulded our thoughts to nobler purposes have done much for our future careers. Their solicitude and genuine greatness of heart and mind will be to us a legacy to cherish forever.

As a result of these all too brief contacts with these servants of God, lofty ideals pervaded the succeeding lectures through the week and raised our school to a high plane of culture.

Gratefully, humbly, earnestly, we thank them for their gracious, untiring interest in us. Our endeavour to instil like ideals into the hearts of those for whom we labour shall be the expression of our gratitude.

Critic Staff of Elementary Classes

Mr. D. C. Grassick	-	-	-	-	Principal, Queen Victoria School
Mr. J. L. Runnalls	-	-	-	-	Principal, Dr. Carruthers School
Mr. C. Weston	-	-	-	-	Principal, King Edward School
Miss H. Webster	-	-	-	-	Assistant, Queen Victoria School
Miss C. Lett	-	-	-	-	" " "
Miss N. Deneau	-	-	-	-	" " "
Miss M. Sheppard	-	-	-	-	" " "
Miss R. Wade	-	-	-	-	" " "
Miss B. Foy	-	-	-	-	Assistant Dr. Carruthers School
Mrs. E. Elmitt	-	-	-	-	" " "
Miss L. Ison	-	-	-	-	" " "
Miss E. Frayn	-	-	-	-	" " "
Miss C. Smyth	-	-	-	-	" " "
Miss E. Haugh	-	-	-	-	Assistant, King Edward School
Miss A. Hansford	-	-	-	-	Assistant, King George School

AFFILIATED CONTINUATION SCHOOLS

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

AFFILIATED RURAL SCHOOLS

Mr. J. D. Lindsey, S.S. No. 1a, Ferris
 Miss H. Stargratt, S.S. No. 5, Widdifield



YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE



FALL AND SPRING LITERARY EXECUTIVES

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

University Extension

This session, 1,085 teachers and others are taking instruction in the Teachers' Course. 608 are studying in Teachers' Classes which are held at the University in the evenings and on Saturdays, and 477 are preparing, by correspondence, for the Summer Session.

For teachers who hold Interim First Class certificates and who lack Latin and French of Pass Matriculation, special provision is made in order that they may complete the First Year.

A teacher who has not completed the correspondence preparation may take instruction in only one subject in the Summer Session.

More than 400 have graduated in the Teachers' Course. Some of these are now taking "specialist" work; others are qualifying as Inspectors of Public Schools; many have completed both types of work.

For detailed information or for answers to your questions write to W. J. Dunlop, Director, University Extension, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

YEAR BOOK STAFF

Back row—J. Madison, Mr. Rivers, Mr. Ricker, A. Ellis, J. McGarrigle.

Front row—R. Kenney, I. Ricker (Editor), Miss Morgan, N. Tompkins, R. Farquhar.

LITERARY EXECUTIVES

Back row, left to right—N. Kleven, I. Ricker, A. Somppi, J. Archer, D. Dalziel.

Centre row—A. Ellis, Miss Morgan, J. Sullivan.

Front row—A. Wallace, J. Brown, R. Kenney, V. Sim, A. Howard, R. Farquhar, I. Freethey.

Absent—M. McDonald.

The Literary Society

ARTHUR SOMPPI,
President (Fall Term)

VIVIAN SIM,
President (Spring Term)

LIFE at the Normal School would be a hum-drum one, indeed, were it not for the Literary Society. It may be called, I should say, an institution of education and amusement and is the basis of all social activities of the school.

October 7, 1935, saw the first meeting of the Literary Society for the Fall term. An arrangement, new to our school, was agreed upon, by which the Literary Society was divided into groups devoted to the study of Art, Photography, Music, Folk-dancing, Dramatics and Physical Training with a master in charge of each group. Each form was represented on the Executive of the Literary Society by a student appointed from that form.

Under the convenorship of the Literary Society, a Hallowe'en Party and Programme and a Christmas Concert were held, each group sharing in the responsibility for the entertainments. With the pleasing co-operation of the masters and students, both entertainments were most enjoyable functions.

Since the group arrangement of the Literary Society functioned so well, it was carried on through the Spring term beginning on January 20, 1936, with a new executive in office.

With January came the new Executive and the students were again given the opportunity to choose that branch of work and amusement which was of most interest to them. So, plans for Spring activities were begun with the zest and determination necessary for success.

They succeeded! Of this we are assured when we look back at the delightful evening spent at the "At Home," an event which must be classed as the one really finished and beautiful programme of the year.

During the Spring Term, many entertaining and instructive programmes were presented by the students, programmes not only valuable for the present but invaluable for the future. Here, by our work in the Literary Society, we have gained knowledge which has trained us in the organization and procedure of a Society and in the preparation of programmes. This experience will serve us in great stead in the future when we will be called upon to assume the responsibility of guiding others in such activities.

We are very grateful for the ready manner in which the students responded to our requests, and also we wish to pay a tribute of gratitude to all members of the Staff. By this little tribute and by our success in putting into practice all that we have learned through the Literary Society we trust that they will feel that their efforts have not been in vain.

* * *

Mr. Rivers—Supposing in a Primary Reading lesson just as you were going to give your application step you found a pupil who had not the slightest idea of what you had been teaching. What would you do?

Mr. Somppi—I'd go back to the splints.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

Kingston, Ontario

Ninety-Sixth Session opens September 22, 1936

Summer Season 1936 opens July 2

Situated in the oldest city in Ontario; annual registration about 3500; 25 modern buildings; health insurance provided during session; placement office gives free service to graduates.

DEGREE COURSES in Arts, Commerce, Applied Science and Medicine

Students preparing for admission are invited to write for a list of scholarships and prizes and to apply at the proper time for Entrance and Matriculation Scholarships in their class.

EXTRAMURAL WORK in Arts and Commerce

Up to 4 courses yearly available to students over 21. This work is of special interest to candidates requiring Ontario First Class Permanent Certificates.

Ask for a copy of *Queen's in Pictures*

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

London : Canada

1. General Courses in Arts.
2. Course in Secretarial Science (B.A.).
3. Course with Theological Option (B.A.).
4. Course in Nursing (B.Sc.).
5. Honour Courses in Arts (including Business Administration, Secretarial Science and Business Administration).
6. Combination course in Arts and Medicine (B.A., M.D.).

Credits for Upper School subjects will be allowed in each of the foregoing courses.

7. Medical Course: six years after Honour Matriculation in English, Mathematics, Physics, and French.
8. Public Health Course (1 year) for graduate nurses and for physicians. *Physical education, athletics, military training, and health insurance are provided.*

The minimum standard of education for the young man who would make his life count in the service of his country is a B.A. degree.

For announcements and information concerning scholarships, matriculation, courses of study, etc., write:

K. P. R. NEVILLE, Ph.D., Registrar.



FORM I

Back Row—S. Gaudry, J. Brown, M. Cooper, R. Baxter, R. Farquhar, H. Aubert, I. Freethy, L. Abraham.
Second Row—E. Biasucci, E. Allen, J. Archer, C. Edwards, M. Allan, A. Gainer, D. Briggs, M. Eves.
Front Row—D. Fowler, K. Harry, B. Forbes, J. Angus, M. Gerbasi, E. Eastwood, F. Donaldson, E. Anderson.
Absent—Sr. M. Gervase, Sr. M. Wilma, Sr. St. Kenneth, A. DuPlessis.

Form I

WE, the members of Form I look back in happy retrospect on the well-nigh flown days of our year at Normal School. Last fall—we—strangers all—faced an almost eternity of days; and now, we—friends—and close friends, too—look back over those happy days, which in the face of farewell look like minutes.

Time was when we did not realize to the fullest extent what it meant to be Form I. Gradually we did learn and now we fully appreciate our position—we are Miss Morgan's own group! (Those are her very words). We like to believe that she gives *us* most from her wealth of experience and her vast store of Poet lore.

We have hazy remembrances that in the past some of our masters seemed rather sceptical about our share of industry and ability. Was it not from this group that six happy hearts went forth, relieved of the burden of February examinations? To-day we proudly boast that the Valedictorian, our sweet and lovely Josephine Brown, comes from our ranks.

Modestly we relate the achievement of our Cosmopolitan group—English, Scotch, Louise—our black-eyed Syrian, Jean Archer and Isabel Freethy from the Emerald Isle, Edith Biasucci with her Italian vivacity and Solange Gaudry with her French charm. Our form ranks high in school sports. The discing and badminton clubs sought presidents from our form in the persons of Dulcie Fowler and Ruth Farquhar. Dulcie, supported by May Allan and Marjorie Eves distinguished our group by figuring on the personnel of the winning team in the discing tournament. Ruth Farquhar captained the winning basketball team from the Centre. Marjorie Eves of Fort William and Louise Abraham from the North also distinguished themselves as Captains. The Sisters have contributed to our form a lovely spirit, which, we believe, no other form enjoys.

We must leave these things!—but ere we close the door of time upon fond memories, let us extend our thanks to our beloved Masters and student friends for the kind interest shown to us. This year has been a landmark in our lives—one which will be a source of direction in our future life work. It has been a true joy to be one of the groups in this school. May nothing we have done ever mar the good name and standing of North Bay Normal School.

* * *

We would advise Louise not to attempt too much. It's rather a strain on the voice to sing both parts of a two-part song at the same time, especially for an examination in music. We would suggest that she practise it sometime before attempting it, at any rate.

* * *

LOST! STRAYED! OR STOLEN!

One family of Eskimoes from Mr. Rivers' room. It was probably too warm for them.



FORM II

Back Row—B. McIntyre, I. McLeod, A. Hyde, M. Hodgkinson, M. Montgomery, O. Koslo, A. Hunter, R. Kenney.
Second Row—E. Kelly, B. Jones, S. McGuinity, M. McEachern, G. Joughimaki, A. Howard, V. Heard, S. Koslo,
 A. Kraft.

Front Row—M. King, K. Knibbs, I. McKay, G. Lydford, F. King, P. Lang, M. McDonell, V. McVey.
Absent—E. Jarvela, D. King, M. McDonald.

Form II

Mary King

HERE'S to a Royal Flush—three Kings and His Knibbs! The masters bid for us every time. We are the Ace as far as they are concerned. We answer all questions in a clear, concise manner, fluently and eagerly. Our thoughts, our words and our actions are bent upon our work.

But there are times when we sadly fear that we are not fully appreciated. Why, Miss Morgan mistakes our moments of deep, silent thought for sleepiness, and Miss Mitchell our slow, studious walk, which makes us perpetually late, for laziness. And what if we do sometimes forget our Grammar manuals—we're sociable and like to sit together.

We have lost two cards from our pack during the year. Edith "Barney" Jarvela and Dorothy King both had to leave because of illness. We miss them, but also thank fortune that their places have been filled by two others who joined us at Christmas.

When the cards were dealt, some very high ones were placed in the hand of Form II. From that hand came the three highest cards in the operetta and two aces in the February recommendation list. And, then, of course, there is the one over whose head is placed a permanent question mark. We are quite proud of her ability to think up questions.

Of our friendly pack, Form II
We've memories fresh and dear,
And tho' fate shall re-shuffle the cards again,
We'll never forget this year.

* * *

Sadie McGunty was teaching the word "boot" in Primary Reading out at Nipissing Junction. For drill she had a diagram of a skating rink on the board, indicating good ice and bad ice. Says Sadie, "Now class, whenever we skate on the good ice we'll say 'boot,' and I have a few other words we can use when skating on the bad ice."

* * *

Mr. Neale to Group II—Now you may take your books and pass out.

* * *

Ruth Kenney had difficulty totalling the correct number of days till the summer holidays, when she discovered two months of May in her calendar.

Arlie, at this point, caused a sensation with—

"Wouldn't that put you in a maze?"

* * *

Mr. Rivers lecturing in geography, has almost given up hope of obtaining the answer to the problem he has asked of a sleepy class, when from the radio across the street, the voice, of the Mystery Woman floats through the open window. "If you have any problem to solve, send them to me."



FORM III

Back Row—V. Sexton, R. Witol, D. Sullivan, M. Sinclair, D. Reavell, A. Wallace, P. O'Shea, E. Webster, C. Pacary-niuk, M. Southern.
Second Row—V. Sim, L. Wilkinson, M. Patry, M. Petch, D. Skene, I. Ricker, I. Selkirk, V. Butson, G. Perrin, H. Perry.
Front Row—E. Tinney, R. Knight, I. Richardson, C. Williston, J. Scarrow, M. Sandes, N. Tompkins, P. Sheehin, S. Soltys.

Form III

Ina Selkirk, Ivy Richardson

“WE may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and sculptures,
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations.”

We shall always look back on this Normal School year as the richest we have ever spent. In our one short year, Group III have made many friends, from whom it will be hard to part.

Group III have had a very happy time as indicated by our merry laughter. All the masters except Mr. Bamford have remarked on our unrestrained voices.

Eighty-five percent of our group were ardent basketball players and faithfully turned out every Saturday morning punctually as all girls do. Discing and badminton also found many enthusiasts in our group.

Many members of Group III took part in the school entertainments and Cecilia Pacaryniuk's dancing, a Ukrainian folk dance, will long be remembered by all.

We leave this school carrying with us (besides our concrete material, charts and projects), pleasant memories of our associates, masters and instructors, and, last but not least, of the critic teachers, who have proved themselves often to be good friends.

Thus, it is with mixed pleasure and regret, and some eagerness as to what lies before us, that we say goodbye to Normal School.

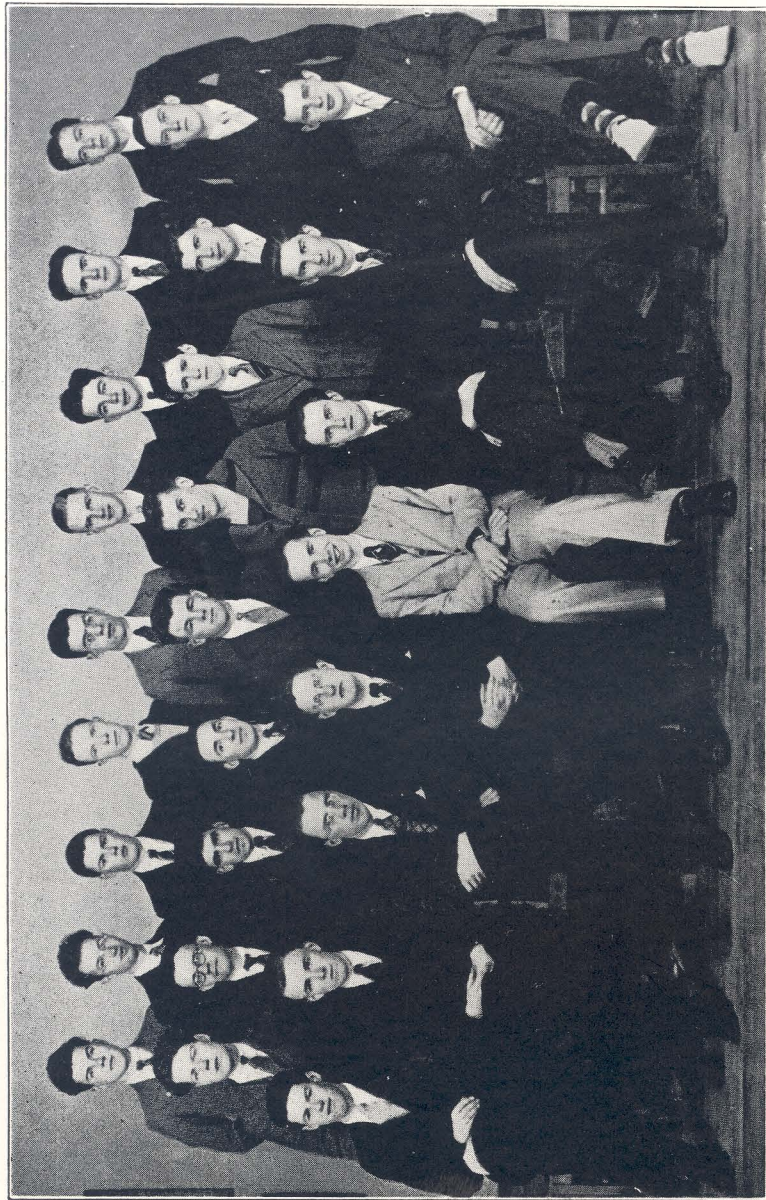
Drill

Goldie Perrin

Drill devices,
Artifices
To help keep knowledge stored;
Drill—the deuce—
Their chief use
The sale of bristol-board.

Heaven inspired
By brain so tired,
Make them by the crate!
Take them home?
'Tis unknown—
We do not travel freight.

If we did
“Sorry, kid
Three hundred pounds excess.”
I've no money
Oh! how funny—
I'll have to stay, I guess!



FORM IV

Back Row—V. Gibson, E. Craven, C. Tweedle, D. Mackintosh, A. Ellis, N. Kleven, L. Coe, R. Martin, J. Sullivan.
Second Row—L. Canning, W. Roseborough, L. Houle, J. Madison, J. Enns, A. Somppi, F. McShane, M. Mitchell,
 A. Johns.
Front Row—L. Foster, W. Hermiston, H. Bielek, J. McGarrigle, D. Dalziel, S. Mills, L. Mills, C. Hillman.

Form IV

Andrew Ellis

AS a reader passes through the last few pages of a splendid novel there comes a feeling of sorrow and regret with the thought that soon the story will be ended. It is a feeling such as this, but of greater intensity, which now affects us as we pass through the last few days of our Normal School term.

We of Form IV have been closely united by the bonds of real friendships; our thoughts and ambitions have been blended together to form one great aim, namely, to do our utmost in climbing the ladder of success and in becoming efficient teachers.

Already we have won for ourselves both fame and honour in the school. The president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer for the Fall Executive Committee were wisely chosen from our form. The Spring Executive Committee found us represented by two persons. How would the Editorial Staff ever have functioned so efficiently without the invaluable aid that was so generously rendered by three of their officers who were chosen from among us?

In dramatics our talented actors stand unrivalled.

If you turn to music, we have a marvellous pianist and several other gifted performers on the violin, guitar, and banjo.

Our prowess in Physical Training needs no boast, for the demonstration given on Open Night will be remembered as proof of our skill.

We regret exceedingly that we cannot remain together forever as a group of friends, yet we feel well compensated for this regret by the delightful thought that we are not truly separating, but merely spreading out into a worthy field and profession to do our duty as young Canadian teachers.

In closing may we mention that if our future careers are to be judged by our present accomplishments, the threshold of success is surely not far from us.

Small pupil in rural school: * * *
"What are you fellows doing here?"

Donald Mackintosh: "We are inspectors. This is Inspector McGarrigle. I am Inspector Mackintosh."

Small pupil: Go on. I'll bet you are just starting Senior Fourth."

* * *
Norman had a little cold,
His head ached too, and so
We must report as absent
Mister Kleven and Mister Coe.

* * *
Mr. Neale speaks on modes of comparison: "One way to compare two things is this: Angle ABC is greater than angle DEF or it is not; or Dalziel can outrun Ellis or he cannot, or you can take any other pair of homely examples."

The Dramatic Club

Goldie Perrin and Josephine Brown

“**W**OULD you like your face lifted or do you require a new wig?” No, this is not a beauty advertisement, but the members of the Dramatic Club have become very efficient in puppet making. This has been a feature of our 1935-36 activities. Why, Louise even clipped some of her raven locks to adorn a puppet.

Early in the year we elected an executive, and in addition to our other activities, fifteen minutes of our time each Monday, has been devoted to the business of the Club, which is excellent training in Literary work.

Our plays and shows have been projects involving correlation of sewing, manual training and art. At this point we must express our appreciation to the Art Club, which, under the guidance of Mrs. Irwin gave its time and skill to painting scenery—and also to Mr. Chambers who assisted us with the manual work.

We have not only enjoyed work and pleasure, but under the direction of our capable leaders Miss Mitchell, Miss Preston and Mr. Rivers we have learned the secret of co-operation.

The Art Club

ALBERT JOHNS

Secretary-Treasurer (Fall Term)

PATRICIA LANG

Secretary (Spring Term)

THIS club was formed for those students who were interested in art work, and wished to make a hobby of one of the most interesting of the school subjects.

The first three meetings were spent in doing charcoal drawings which proved very interesting to the club members. The remaining meetings were spent in designing and painting the scenery, which was used in the Christmas concert. The Art Club members join in heartily thanking Mrs. Irwin, who so patiently directed and guided us in this work, which we all know will prove so helpful to us in the years to come.

Our work and play in the Art Club during the second term has been unusually helpful and interesting.

In organizing we chose Mary Cooper as president, and Ruth Kenney to represent us in the Literary Society.

As revealing as our varied work with charcoal, clay and lithographic pencil was, it could not excel such experiences as making the scenery for the Puppet and Health Shows. Prior to the Easter vacation, Mrs. Irwin very kindly entertained us to a most enjoyable evening at her home.

As members of the Art Club, we sincerely hope that in future years the students will have a similar opportunity for membership in so delightful a club.



Why The Chimes Rang



The Stolen Prince



Thank You, Doctor!

The Folk Dancing Clubs

Mary King and Agnes Howard

WITH what joy and expectation did we look forward to our weekly meetings of Folk Dancers, under the kind supervision of Miss Morgan! We were transported into the fanciful carefree atmosphere of ancient life in merry old England.

Regretfully, at Christmas, the first term members of the club withdrew, giving way to the eager newcomers. These new members had the good fortune to be linked with the Music Club under the able leadership of Mr. Bamford. His delightful music added zest and rhythm to our efforts.

The first group, in dances which formed part of the Hallowe'en programme, displayed the success of their endeavours. The second group at a later date, in their charming operetta "Robin Hood" by no means failed to maintain the reputation of the Club.

Although with regretful hearts we view the closing of our Folk Dancing periods yet do we realize the great benefit derived from them.

So, with one accord, we shout hurrah to our leaders. We sincerely hope that the Folk Dancers will enjoy the same enchanting moments, as we have done, in future years!

The Music Club

Alice Hyde

THE system of dividing our Literary Society into various groups, gave the students the privilege of selecting the club most suited to their individual talents. Many chose the Music Club.

The Music Club for the term from September till December, 1935 was organized early in October under the able direction of Mr. Bamford.

An hour of every Monday afternoon was devoted to the study of Music Appreciation and Early English Ballads.

The capacity in which the Music Club served, was in singing on our Literary Society programmes, adding greatly to their success and enjoyment. On the occasion of the Christmas Entertainment our Club gave assistance to the Dramatic Club in the presentation of their Christmas Play.

Mr. Bamford was responsible for the organization and leading of the Club, and we owe our appreciation to him for his helpful instruction.

Unlike the singing of St. Cecilia our vocal efforts brought no angels down from heaven, but we did our best.



P
TC
L
U
B
S

The Physical Training Club

J. Sullivan and S. Mills

WITH the division of the Literary Society into various groups this year there was inaugurated after Christmas the Physical Training Club for men. It was composed of sixteen big, strong, healthy giants under the direction of Mr. Neale, one of the most enthusiastic trainers in Ontario.

Since our aim was to aid us in presenting a more extensive physical training programme in our prospective schools, we decided to practice club swinging, pyramid building, and tumbling. At the beginning Monday nights were spent in resting tired muscles; but as our work advanced we became enured to our training. In addition to the knowledge gained we always looked forward to an enjoyable period to be spent in the locker room. Latent talent in gymnastics was soon revealed and a creditable showing was displayed by all.

Bringing an enjoyable season to a close a demonstration was presented on "Open Night," May 15, which proved our group had developed into one of the outstanding clubs of the year. May the Physical Training club of next year enjoy our success and pleasure.

The Camera Club

VIVIAN SIM,
President (Fall Term)

ISABELLE MCKAY,
President (Spring Term)

IT was with some hesitancy that the students made their choice of the Club which they wished to become a member of in October. Photography was new to most of us and so, for this reason, our membership during the Fall Term was rather small. The interest of every member was soon aroused and at once our cameras began to click. Then a mad rush to the Dark Room to develop our films! In due time we learned to make enlargements and slides, and many other important points concerning Photography were revealed to us.

Very reluctantly we gave up our places to a new group of students in January so that someone else might benefit from this delightful phase of study, but Mr. Ricker has permitted us to continue our work when convenient.

The Camera Club, with a new enrollment of enthusiastic members began again in January. The success of the Fall Club caused a much larger number of students to join. Photography again proved a very interesting and profitable experience to all members and we have all benefitted by the untiring interests and efforts of Mr. Ricker.

Here, in this small space, we members of the Camera Club during both terms wish to express our thanks and gratitude to Mr. Ricker for his kindness to us. We do appreciate it; and those of us who continue in Photography will spend many profitable and pleasant hours as a result of the many hours Mr. Ricker has spent in teaching us this work.

THE CANADIAN TEACHER

*A Classroom Magazine for
Rural and Grade Teachers*

**Canada's Leading
Educational Magazine**

It supplies practical school-room material for each grade from Primary to Senior Fourth Classes. Its lessons follow the work assigned for Public School grades by the Department of Education.

Subscription Price \$1.50 Yr.

*A special rate of \$1.00 to any
teacher-in-training at North Bay
Normal who subscribes before
September 1st.*

**EDUCATIONAL
PUBLISHING CO. Ltd.**
36 Shuter Street, Toronto 2

*Helpful Books
for Your Classes!*

CHAPMAN'S LOOSE LEAF NOTE BOOKS

Carefully prepared
for use in Ontario Schools.
Books for History, Science,
Geography, Composition, Music,
etc.

Save Time — Promote Uniformity.
Stimulate Interest.
Try Them!

The
Chas. Chapman Co.
LONDON, ONTARIO

JUST TO REMIND YOU THAT . . .

Fosdick's Book Store

can serve you efficiently when needing

BOOKS or SUPPLIES

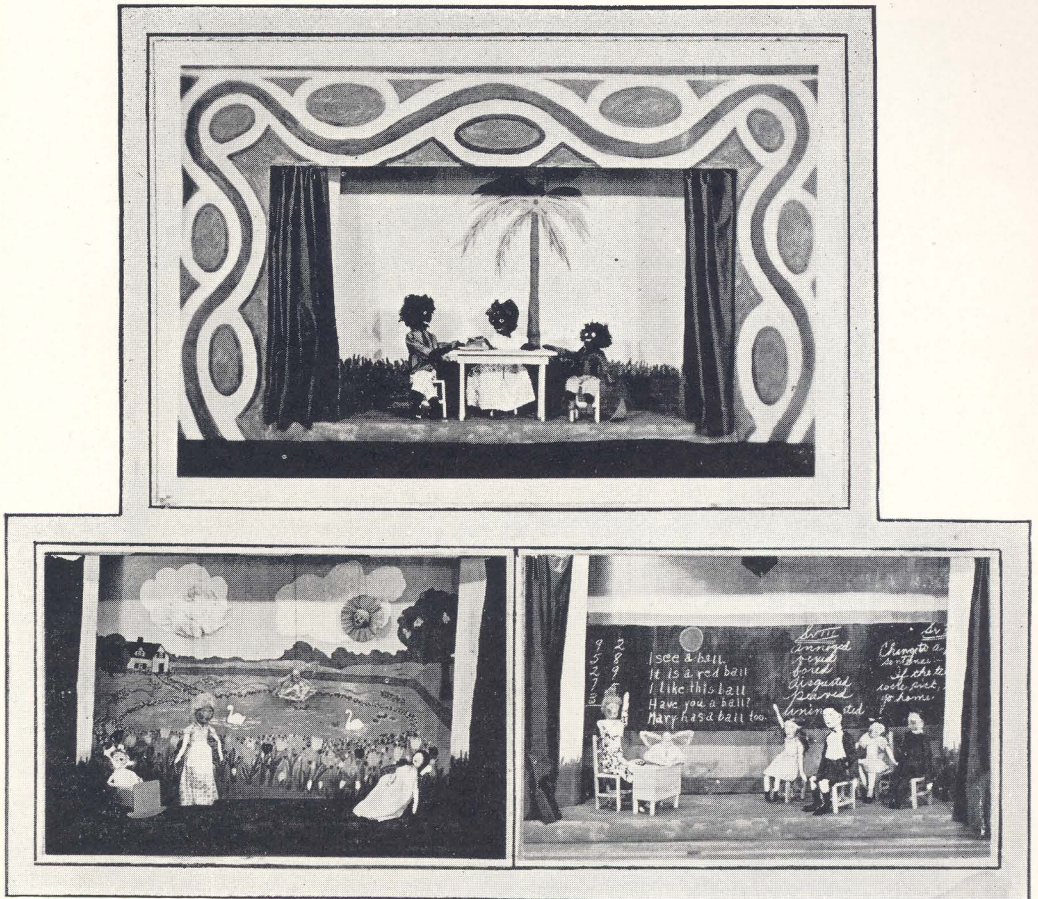
As Always — Everything in SCHOOL SUPPLIES

FOSDICK'S

The Old Firm at the Old Location

42 MAIN ST. WEST

NORTH BAY, ONT.



The Marionettes

Patricia Sheehan and Goldie Perrin

THE students of 1936 have a delightful memory to carry away with them of the miniature actors who performed so agilely and prettily on their gay little stage. Who would not have loved Little Black Sambo, and the tigers who melted away to butter! And the dear little Sunshine Fairy who left pirouetting on the fleecy clouds to bring good health to the children of North Bay! Her magic brightened little Joe Sullivan's face as he sailed his boat on Lake Nipissing. With a fluttering of silvery wings she transformed the children's concert in Miss Knibbs' classroom. Then at close of day, weary yet happy, she rose to rest in the arms of the silvery moon.

Thus did Miss Mitchell with endless patience and ingenuity illustrate the possibilities of puppets as an aid to teaching in public schools.



The Week in a Rural School

Ruth Kenney

AN interesting and profitable feature of the year at Normal was a week of observation which every student was required to spend in a rural school. The week chosen for this venture was the one following Christmas holidays. Accordingly, on Monday, January sixth, groups of two or three and in some cases, one lone student, presented themselves at various little schoolhouses throughout the province. Thus began a week of amazing revelation.

The seemingly impossible task of teaching eight or so grades, within a few hours, all subjects from Primary reading to Geometry, was actually accomplished before astonished eyes. Many of the students derived pleasure and valuable experience from the teaching of occasional lessons themselves and at times even assumed complete charge of the classroom. These same students were rather forcibly impressed with the important part that seatwork plays in the rural school.

Amusing little incidents brightened the ordinary school routine and some of these in the form of well-meaning but ridiculous answers will long be remembered by the unsuspecting student. We can picture the dismay of one of these novices, who, after laboriously drilling on the continent of Asia, to her question "Why has Asia the greatest population of any continent in the world," received this answer.

"Asia has the greatest population of any continent in the world because it has the most people."

The ready co-operation on the part of the teachers of these rural schools, their keen interest in the students and the valuable help and advice which they offered was indeed appreciated.

The teachers-in-training look forward to a time, when, in their own schools, they may be visited by Normal students and will consider it an honour to help others along in the teaching profession.

"Concrete Projects!"

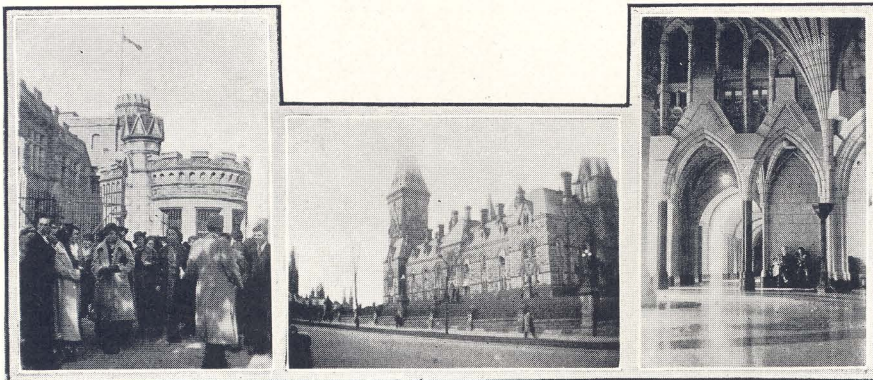
Ethel Finney

AGAIN we see the stalwart figure of Champlain looking over the beautiful, blue waters of Georgian Bay. The rough, rugged grandeur of this strange country holds him for a moment in a striking attitude of expectancy. The half-naked Indians gaze, spell-bound, at their great "White Chief."

Ah! The children see this scene with clearer eyes! They recall a story, told at Sunday School, about the sad fate of Lot's wife. They brush their stubby fingers gingerly over the figures. With wondering eyes, they turn to their young teacher.

"Did Champlain turn to salt also?" the eager children ask, "And would the Indians understand?"

"Oh, no!" explains the teacher, "Just as you mould pies from mud, we can make anything from salt and flour. We are going to pile up mountains, dig out rivers, and smooth over great plains. Just wait!"



The Ottawa Trip

Marjorie McDonald

“THE train leaves at 2.05 a.m. Bring any musical instrument and your singing voice. Bridge is allowed.”

How precisely these blackboard instructions were obeyed! On that eventful Saturday morning of October the nineteenth, 1935, the streets became dotted with hurrying scurrying Normal students.

And what a buzz of excitement broke forth at the station! What greetings, laughter and yawns! Mr. Neale gave us a fresh and hearty good morning, and directed us to our coaches, one of which was soon filled with the noisy jubilant crowd. This coach contained those students, who wished to spend the night in revelry and song. The other coach designated for the sleepy travellers desiring quiet, was at first deserted but as the hours wore on, it claimed not a few converts.

Our conductor was a pleasant obliging official who took our tickets with a smile, turned heat off and on at our request, and had a bridge table erected for our use. By this time the noise and singing was reaching such a crescendo that my partner's six-spade bid was completely drowned in the hubbub of the swaying chorus, led by the Stone twins and Doug Dalziel.

Following the sighs of interrupted slumber and the last nocturnal taa-rah-rah-rah-boom-di-ays, which had punctuated the night air all the way down the line, came a golden and crimson dawn which, reflected in the waters of the tranquil Ottawa held us breathless with its beauty. Then came the strident call—“Next stop—Ottawa.”

At the great Union Station we had a hasty lunch. Then doing things in a military style we formed three long lines. This manoeuvre brought us attention from all sides. Following our guide into the beautiful Chateau Laurier and pausing now and then to examine some exquisite creation, we passed through the Indian room with its multi-coloured totem-poles, the beautiful Ball Room and the sumptuous banquet-hall.

Then we were led up into the magnificent swimming-pool whose emerald tiling could be seen through the crystal-clear water. Rather dazed with the

beauty of the place, we explored the lovely grill and the delightful Convention Hall with its rose drapes, cream decorations and marble floor.

Our eyes were practically satiated with the splendour we had seen but with our motto as "Onward—march" we briskly followed Mr. Neale down the Ottawa boulevard toward the mint. A mountie opened the iron gates for us. We passed through. Guides, who explained the process of turning silver into coins, led us from the melting room, where silver becomes a liquid at a heat of 2,000 degrees, to the press room, where both sides of the coins are stamped, and the edge milled at the rate of 100 coins a minute.

As we left the mint we each held for a moment a 400 ounce gold bar worth \$38,000. No one can tell us now that we have never had a lump sum of money on hand.

By this time, our gay party was quite fatigued and bedraggled. In the Archives we sought a respite on the benches, but managed to observe its most outstanding feature—an elaborate model of the Plains of Abraham and the city of Quebec carved out of wood.

The next place we visited was the Parliament Buildings. Not a little awed we passed through the beautifully carved entrance hall and the majestic Peace Tower with its carillon of bells and its famous view over the city.

In the immense library with its delicate carving, and thousands of volumes, we saw that part of the old Parliament Buildings, which had escaped the disastrous fire of several years ago. We now went into the House of Commons, the ceiling of which is made of linen an inch thick, hand painted with gold designs. In the Senate Chamber we were all allowed to sit down in the Members' seats, while many of us took the opportunity of viewing the room from the Governor-General's canopied chair on its raised dais.

Leaving the Parliament Buildings we were given half an hour for lunch, after which we boarded three buses and toured the city. Rideau Hall and many other stately homes, among them the home of Sir Wilfrid Laurier which has since been the dwelling of each succeeding Liberal leader, were pointed out to us by our genial bus-driver.

An interesting examination of the filtration plant and the museum followed. Then we were given gay permission to do what we liked. Most of us crowded to the Capitol Theatre where we saw John Buchan's "Thirty-Nine Steps." By 9.30 we were all back at the station and aboard our homebound train. Excited, very fatigued, yet happy, we rioted into our coaches where most of us sank into a lethargy broken only when we reached North Bay. Some of the more lusty spirits sang far into the night and morning. However, upon crowding out upon the home platform, a more tired group of young people could not have been found.

But we shall never forget our Ottawa expedition. Friendships were kindled. Our common experience gave us mutual feelings—bound us more closely together. We gained a rich store of knowledge concerning our capital city, and were imbued with a growing sense of national pride.

To Mr. Neale, and Mr. Ricker, our principal, who accompanied us, we pay tribute. A happy memory is a beautiful gift.

It's an Ill Wind

Doug. Dalziel

IT was a crisp October evening. It was almost a crisp November morning for in twenty minutes it would be twelve o'clock, twelve o'clock midnight, the thirty-first of October. Yes, it was Hallowe'en and every now and then some group of merry-makers passed boisterously on its way.

Out of the shadows behind the Post Office a man was seen stolidly making his way up Fraser Street, with head bowed, hands clasped behind him and apparently unaware of the festivities about him. As he passed the Empire Hotel, the flickering lights disclosed the fact that he was a young man, but little more than a youth, blonde, bareheaded, but with anxiety and worry written all over his boyish countenance.

As he progressed up the street sounds of laughter and merriment were clearly audible from the Masonic Hall where the T. and N.O. Ball was being held. Denton Blaine paused momentarily as the strains of "Red Sails in the Sunset" came wafting out into the clear, frosty air, but only for a moment. He muttered something under his breath and casting a look of bitterness and disgust at the Normal School, he turned, and, hastened westward along First Avenue, as if he were suddenly anxious to be far removed from the immediate vicinity.

"Heck," he mused, "why had he let his old pal, Rod MacLean, kid him into believing that Normal was a swell place to go to. Aw, darn it! What did Rod have against him that he'd sent him to a place like this?"

He picked up a stone and sent it bounding along the pavement before him.

He hadn't let his folks know how he was feeling in that letter he had just mailed. He couldn't tell them that his first two lessons were dismal failures and that for the third week in a row, he was having to re-write his plan. No, he couldn't tell them, but—gee—why did the critic teachers have to pick on him for all the tough assignments, like the one this week on "Clouds, Rains and Rivers?"

He turned into the walk before his boarding-house.

What a way to spend Hallowe'en! Last year he'd been at the High School party at home, but to night . . .

Cautiously he opened the door and quietly he removed his shoes. Silently, shoes in hand, he tip-toed up to the room that he shared with Charlie.

Gee! Charlie was a lucky guy! Listen to him snore! He always got the breaks. Like this week. He had a spelling plan. Spelling plans were a cinch. No wonder he was sleeping with that cherubic smile on his face. He didn't have to re-write a literature plan on "Clouds, Rains and Rivers," page 262 in the Fourth Book.

With slow, definite movements, he removed his coat, vest and tie. With the same measured movements he gathered his pens, his ink-bottles and his foolscap before him on the wobbly-legged, card-table that served as a desk.

Two weeks ago, the fault in his plan lay in the "Presentation," last week his "Application Step" was "weak," and this time it had been his "Preparation"

and "Problem." Probably next week the fault would be with his headings or the manner in which he pushed the pen through the sheets of foolscap. Gee! What a life!

He glared at the red line separating Matter from Method.

Maybe he could stay home in the morning and—no, he must not be a quitter. Remember Dad's words "Stick to it, son, stick to it," as he gave him that parting hand-clasp, just as the train was pulling out. Good old Pop . . . !

But still he hadn't found a suitable preparation for that lesson. What phenomenon of nature would so animate or motivate the lesson that he could . . . Absently he underlined the word "Preparation" for the fifth time. He glanced at the alarm clock. Ten to one. Slowly he ran his fingers through his hair and involuntarily, a low moan escaped his tense lips.

There was a roar! a rush! a thud! a shock! Tremor after tremor—excited voices—Heavens! Who's shaking the house?—

In the midst of the confusion there might have been heard a quiet, yet exultant voice repeating over and over, "I've got it! An earthquake! An earthquake! Hurray! I've got it, an earthquake!"

Charlie, awakened rudely from his slumbers by the repeated shocks and shouting, gazed wildly about him, until his eye espied Denny lying prone on the floor with a look of pleased triumph on his face. He cocked an eye at the recumbent figure. "Are you nuts? What do you mean by 'I've got it?' Do you think you're having a private earthquake?"

But the tremors had ceased and there was no reply. If Charlie had cared to look at a sheet of foolscap upon the table, he would have seen word upon word chasing each other in hurry to get under the "Method" column, words that looked something like, "Who of you boys and girls felt the earthquake last night? What did . . . "but Charlie didn't. He was asleep.

* * *

Joe's Cow

I've seen them advertising milk,
In every magazine.
But the cow that's got me guessing
—It really is a scream—
Is the stream-lined one that Joe drew
With its soulful-looking mien.

* * *

Four men were returning from Carmichael's Corner by car when the following conversation occurred on the evening of November 29, 1935.

Student missionary: "Mr. Kleven is a wonderfud piano player isn't he?"

Student teacher: "Oh, yes, why he has his Y.M.C.A.!"

* * *

Mr. Ricker in Assembly Hall: "Since our time this morning is short you will have all the masters except me. I will step out for the morning."

Our First Reception

Kay Knibbs

IN North Bay Normal School are many pleasant traditions, the observance of which does much to promote a kindly atmosphere and good-will. No doubt it was this friendly spirit exemplified in the pleasant reception, given by the Masters for the students, which strengthened the bond between teacher and student.

All through the morning hours of September 27, noisy chatter gave evidence of rising excitement. Imaginative minds were predicting what pleasures this occasion would hold.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, all students were busy pinning on their recognition cards, endeavoring to display them to the best advantage.

As we filed into the Library, we were most cordially received by our hosts and hostesses. By their kind words of welcome they made us feel no longer strangers. Many acquaintances were made in this short interval that have turned into fond friendships—lasting friendships.

In the Library we were served with a very dainty lunch, during which we were delighted with piano selections by Jean Angus and Mary Cooper.

After the lunch, the students were lured to the Assembly Hall by the music of the piano to which the dancers' feet kept time. Although the boys were lacking in numbers, this part of the programme was enjoyed in the same high spirits and with as much enthusiasm.

We owe our sincerest thanks to all those who helped to make these happy hours a pleasant initiation into our new school life and a pleasant remembrance for days to come.

Our Hallowe'en Party

Donalda Briggs

ARE you feeling sad and discouraged? Does life seem all uphill? Straightway let us banish dull Care, Worry and Fret, and call, in their stead, fond Memory. Do you remember how you enjoyed the Hallowe'en Party back in 1935?

Do you remember how you slipped stealthily in at the back door dressed in the most hideous costume you and your landlady could think of? You hesitated, a peal of laughter reached your ears, a door swung open and you found yourself in the hall surrounded by a jolly crowd of Chinese ladies, Spanish ladies, old-fashioned ladies, Girl Guides, and the five chubby little quintuplets in their pink and blue nighties. Two new girls? Miss Madison and Miss Stone, were present: and there, with an air of dignity and authority, stepped "Matter and Method." Surprise and Delight enchanted every room of our Normal School.

The first hour was filled with chatter and laughter as everyone eagerly endeavoured to guess the book or song, which each fantastic being represented.

Then we settled down to enjoy the programme. The little quintuplet stepped from behind the curtain, and announced the opening chorus "O Canada." Everyone joined heartily in the singing, for that was the spirit of the evening.

Our little President gave her address, and hastened to announce the next number, a chorus, "Night of Stars," by the Girls' Choir. This was followed by a Shadow Play "Orpheus the Organ Grinder," which was a very interesting feature of the programme. Misses Jarvela, Scarrow and Hodgkinson and Messrs. Bielek, McGarrigle, and Hermiston depicted the story as it was read by Miss McDonald. Mr. Kleven was the able accompanist.

As the last "shadow" disappeared from the stage, a weird white ghost, in the person of Miss Richardson, gave a Reading which terminated in a sharp, blood-curdling shriek.

To the supernatural element was added comedy and tragedy in the "Type Lessons Taught to Primer Grades." The intense enthusiasm and interest which breathed throughout the crowd was augmented by Miss Ricker's Monologue—"Mother Helps Junior with His Homework," and the Gypsy Dance by the Folk Dance Club.

After the singing of the National Anthem the company joined in a promenade while the costumes were judged. Lunch was served and the remainder of the evening was spent playing games and dancing.

Later, it being rumoured that some lunch was still available, we joined in a procession led by Mr. Matter and Method and eventually reached the kitchen.

This delightful evening came to a close all too soon, and it is with pleasurable memories, indeed, that we recall our Hallowe'en Party.

Teachers-in-Training

Frances King

Training for teachers,
Oh! mad occupation.
Chapters on Science
Of Youth's Education.
Pages of Geography,
Projects galore,
Essays and sessionals,
More work and more.
Masters so earnest,
Experiments try,
To poor, helpless students
All leasures deny.
We've cooking and sewing
And Manuals' lore,
We've planing and hoeing, and
More work and more.

The Christmas Entertainment

Vivian Sim

WITH the Yuletide drawing near, the Christmas Spirit was hovering over the North Bay Normal School. An air of hurry and excitement pervaded the whole building and everywhere hands and heads were busily engaged. Why all the preparation and excitement? A needless question, surely, for the students were preparing for their Christmas entertainment to be held on the eighteenth of December.

On this evening one of the most enjoyable festivities of the year duly rewarded all for their work. At eight-thirty, Masters, Critic Teachers, and Students were assembled in the gayly lighted and charmingly decorated Assembly Hall.

The first attraction of the evening was the programme which was of a very high standard. Mr. Somppi, President of the Literary Society welcomed the Assembly with a brief, but very appropriate address, and so the entertainment was begun.

Important items of the evening's entertainment were the two plays presented by the Dramatic Club under the direction of Mr. Rivers and Miss Mitchell, assisted by Miss Preston and Mrs. Irwin. The first play, "Why the Chimes Rang" had a Christmas theme and was very beautifully presented against a background of richly coloured stained-glass windows painted by the Art Club. This play was heartily enjoyed by the audience and was followed by "The Lost Prince" which had a Chinese setting and was of a lighter vein. Worthy of special mention, also, were the two clever performances of the members of the Girls' Physical Training Club. These were enthusiastically received by the audience and Mr. Neale and his Club were highly complimented.

Added to these important presentations was an interesting display of lantern slides prepared and presented by the Camera Club under the direction of Mr. Ricker. These slides depicted very clearly the trip to Ottawa and were enjoyed by everyone. At various places in the programme, Mr. Bamford led the audience in community singing. So ended the programme!

At the close of the programme, a dainty lunch was served in the Art Room under the supervision of Miss Preston, and the remainder of the evening was spent in games and dancing.

So, the evening spent most enjoyably came to a close and amid "Merry Christmas's" which floated through the Normal School, the guests and students departed.

* * *

Pat O'Shea in a spelling lesson yesterday:
Who can tell me the meaning of "fleece"?
Pupil: Fleece is what makes the dog's back itchy.

* * *

They Missed the Bus

A Story by Gertrude Jouhimaki

The Sports Party

Goldie Perrin

WITH much anticipation the students looked forward to the Sports Party to be held January 31. Plans were made for a variety of sports in which all might share.

Skating enthusiasts gathered at Tomkin's rink where the ice was in excellent condition. Skiing and tobogganing attracted many to the lake shore. The slide was a good one and, with Mr. Neale to start the toboggan, there was a merry time. Those who preferred to hike found the night well suited for that too. Judging from the noise and laughter, everyone enjoyed the outing.

At ten o'clock all met at the Normal School. Some played badminton until the call came for lunch. Beans, brown bread, coffee and doughnuts were served in the kitchen. How they did disappear!

Later, in the Assembly Hall, Ruth Farquhar, Marjorie Eves and Ruth Knight in turn played for dancing.

"Did you have a good time at the party?"

"I certainly did!"

"That makes it unanimous."

Fantasy

Anon

THE sign in the corner store read "Eggs; we sell eggs; we sell eggs every day; we like to sell eggs." Inside we found a counter, a register, a phone, a clerk and a delivery boy. Who of you have seen anything else in a grocery store? The signs on the apples read "Specials in Wormy Apples. Teach your lessons on the Codlin Moth now." "Extras for Apple Scab." "Apples for Art." The colour harmony was very good on the last brand, but we didn't respond to the stimulus. We came out with a bag of salt and a bag of flour.

We walked up Binomial Street until it factored and we found ourselves in Trinomial Street. In the dusk of early evening there rose before us the white marble of a monument.

In Loving Memory of
VITAMIN "D"
who died while saving
JOHNNY SMITH
from Rickets

Near the monument the trees looked white with age. They just didn't have any chlorophyll; somebody had been keeping them in the dark. But we were not in the dark; the streets had become lighted with Normal Lights. I hugged my bags closer and ran for home.

*Hand Cutting to Personal Measurements
when you order*

EATON Tailored to Measure SUITS

Do you know how important hand cutting is when you order a tailored-to-measure suit? It means that figure differences are taken note of where they should be—in the cutting. When you are measured for an EATON tailored suit—the measurer carefully notes points that require individual attention. These are followed in the cutting—a better fit naturally follows. When ordering your tailored-to-measure suit, do so at the C. D. S. in North Bay and you will be assured quality, style and fit.

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED



LOOK!

This colorful, illustrated mounted TERRESTRIAL Globe, decorative, educational — worth \$5.00 — ABSOLUTELY FREE with the purchase of a

Portable UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

Will help you get higher marks. Makes better, easier-to-read notes faster. Moreover, a knowledge of typing will help you get a much better job after school. Costs less than 15c a day. Mail coupon.
Underwood Elliott Fisher Limited, Toronto 2, Ont.

Please tell me more about the FREE Terrestrial Globe, also how I can buy a Portable Underwood for less than 15c a day.

NAME

ADDRESS

JUNIOR RED CROSS

125,000 children in the Public and Separate Schools of Ontario
are united through the Junior Red Cross in an effort to promote

Health — Service
International Friendliness

World Membership
16,000,000

ENROL YOUR CLASS IN THIS GREAT MOVEMENT

For information write to

The Ontario Junior Red Cross
621 Jarvis Street
Toronto

OUR SCHOOL COLOURS

are of guaranteed quality. They are produced in Canada.
We are an all Canadian firm.

We have served schools in Canada satisfactorily
for over thirty years.

Let us supply your needs for the students in the art classes.

Note new address—Write for information.

ARTISTS' SUPPLY COMPANY, Limited
35 Wellington St. West **Toronto, Ont.**

At Home

James Madison

IF there was any party during our year at the Normal School to which the students looked forward with great anticipation, it was certainly to the annual "At Home."

Several weeks prior to April 3, the Normal School was the scene of great activity. Day and night the students toiled in small groups, each putting forth his best effort to help crown the evening's entertainment with success.

Then came that eventful evening. When the time for the programme arrived, the school, tastefully decorated in delicate Easter colours of mauve and yellow, welcomed a large audience.

After the singing of O Canada, Miss Sim, the president of the Literary Society, extended a hearty welcome to the guests.

Perhaps the most popular feature of the evening's programme was a Puppet Show. From behind the miniature stage especially set up for the occasion, the operators put first the clown and then the family of Little Black Sambo through the most grotesque movements while amateur ventriloquists threw their speeches in at appropriate moments.

Robin Hood together with his troupe of merry men greeted us "In Sherwood Forest." To the delight of all, the girls dressed in pretty costumes sang and danced through the whole operetta, accompanied at the piano by their leader, Mr. Bamford. To Miss Kraft and her assistants who so carefully prepared the scenery, much credit is due. At the conclusion of this operetta, the Music and Folk-Dance Club presented Miss Morgan with a bouquet of flowers in appreciation of her assistance.

A lively folk-dance by Miss Pacarynuik and Mr. Madison was enthusiastically received.

"Thank You Doctor," a mysterious one-act comedy brought to a close a highly successful programme.

Then dainty refreshments were served. The remainder of the evening was spent in games and in dancing.

By one o'clock the music of Lucenti's orchestra died away, bringing to a close a pleasant evening long to be remembered by the class of '36.

The Open Night

Nellie Tompkins

IVERY year brings a change, and this term, the event of an Open Night on May 15, proved to be a splendid success. The Year Book Executive, being short of funds, obtained the co-operation of the Literary Society and an evening's entertainment was planned. All the clubs contributed toward it and in this way every student in the school did his or her part.

By 8.30 p.m. everyone interested in our activities had gathered in the Assembly Hall, having generously contributed to the little green box at the door. A delightful programme had been prepared and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. There were various musical and dance numbers, an entrancing marionette play, and a physical training demonstration that reflected high credit upon Mr. Neale and the performers.

After the programme a cafeteria luncheon was sold and then the anticipating crowd wandered down to the lower halls to examine the display of the students' projects. Charts, illustrations and many kinds of devices, suitable for teaching, were artistically arranged in the halls and in the different masters' class rooms. There was informal dancing in the Library for a short while.

The gala occasion came to an end at midnight and we all felt that this new venture had been extremely worth while.

* * *

After vainly trying to procure a text, a Normalite enters a Drug Store.

Normalite: Have you a King Lear.

Clerk: No, but we have O Henry's and Sweet Maries.

* * *



In Sherwood Forest

School Visitors

WHILE our daily instruction in Normal School has prepared us for our tasks as teachers next year, a broader outlook has been given us of ourselves as members of a great profession through addresses by various speakers. It is significant that much stress has been placed upon Health this year.

Dr. Helen McMurchy held us interested for two lectures on modern trends and discoveries in medicine, and Drs. Phair, Thompson and Doyle gave us addresses on attaining and preserving our own health and that of our pupils. Nor must we forget Miss Delaporte who made us feel for the slower pupils and suggested help for backward or handicapped children.

Early in the term, through the kindness of the Women's Canadian Club, we were privileged to hear Mr. Rao of India lecture on modern problems facing that ancient land.

The claims of the Teachers' Federation for our loyal support were presented by Miss Cora Struthers, Mr. McKee and Mr. Wallace.

Miss Tyhurst spoke to us on various aspects of training of 'teen age girls to take their place as women of to-morrow.

Then, too, Mr. Davies spoke on Agriculture—our qualifications and needs as teachers of this subject.

Miss Hamilton, of the Junior Red Cross, showed how this society served a useful three-fold purpose in the public schools: in teaching health, in teaching club organizing, and in inspiring an interest in children of other lands that might be a great force for world peace through mutual understanding.

Dr. MacClement of Queen's University and Mr. Dunlop of Toronto University pointed out means whereby we might, through Extension Courses, improve our minds and our professional standing.

Mr. Walker paid us his last visit of inspection in December and Dr. Karr made his first visit as inspector to this school where formerly he had taught as one of its Masters.

All these visitors left with us wider visions of our profession and of life—truly no small part of our teacher-training course.

Elegy

Throw away my dolls and toys
I'll have no use for them, I trow;
I sit upon my bedroom floor
And play with little projects now.

* * *

An explanation accompanying a geography project: This material is to illustrate men who live by fishing in the Ontario Public School Geography Text-book.

The On-to-Ottawa Marchers

Elsie Eastwood

IT was one of those beautiful summer days, of which you often read, about eleven thirty in the morning. I was supposed to be ironing, but really I was looking out of the window.

Nor was I the only one so occupied. I venture to say that every house near main street had its curtains pushed back. Why? We were expecting the On-to-Ottawa marchers.

All morning we had been receiving reports.

"They came as far as the boundary in trucks last night."

"The 'mounties' won't let Manitoba trucks carry passengers across the border."

"They are marching the thirty-two miles."

"Mr. Robinson passed them in his car just ten miles out."

"There's about five hundred of them."

"They stopped at Degagne's store for cold drinks, and left nothing but empty bottles."

Brrr! goes the phone, and wag, wag, go the neighbour's tongues.

No wonder we were all excited! No wonder our dinners were late and our breakfast dishes half washed! We didn't even have time to stop to laugh at the timid lady who wanted to lock the doors and pull down the blinds!

Hark! There they come. They are singing! What? "Hold the Fort for I am coming."

I dash across the street. "Here they come, Mrs. Brown!"

"Yes I hear them."

I dash back again to the group of neighbours who have collected in the middle of the street.

"Look at them! Why, they're nearly all young boys."

"My, isn't that tall one there handsome?"

"I feel sorry for them—they look so tired," someone says.

"Have they been marching all night?"

"Oh, yes, they say they march one hour and rest half an hour."

"Poor kids. That one there has a blister or two."

"Bah, they're just out for adventure."

"I wouldn't call walking thirty-two miles in this sun, adventure," I retort.

"The sand-flies would be in their glory."

"I wonder if they have had anything to eat," asks the lady whose husband is a tremendous eater.

"I don't know. But there they go."

"How many did you count?"

"I counted two hundred and eighty—seventy men, and four abreast. Is that right? You go to school, you ought to know."

"Yes, I got that, too. Look at the kids trailing behind them."

"There is Aunt Mamie's boy. Poor thing, he's so—."

The excitement over, I go back to my ironing. How handsome he was—that tall lad!



BOYS' AND GIRLS'
ATHLETIC
EXECUTIVES



BADMINTON AND
DISKING
EXECUTIVES



BASKETBALL
CHAMPIONS



WINNING CURLING TEAM
AND
BADMINTON WINNERS



WINNERS
IN
DISKING

Boys' Athletics

Melvin Mitchell

AS we look back on the past year, it might well be said that some of the most enjoyable moments the boys spent were in the pursuit of games. We leave the school feeling, that we have been drawn very close to each other as a result of our athletic activities.

Throughout the Autumn, under the helpful guidance of Mr. Rivers, the boys learned to the best of their ability, the game of volley ball, and before the season ended had mastered it. Because of lack of numbers, these activities were confined to two teams who played several closely contested matches; of these Doug Dalziel's team contrived to win the greatest number.

Having access to the Collegiate gymnasium, we were able to form two basketball teams. Some of the notable players are: Bielek, Dalziel, Mackintosh, Gibson and last but not least Sullivan; whether the others will ever be stars in basketball remains to be seen.

Strangely enough only one hockey match was played during the winter,—sufficient exercise having been crowded into it to satisfy the so-called hockey players for the remaining winter months. Details of this game cannot here be recorded but it is enough to say that the encounter took place in sub-zero weather, at an outdoor arena, belonging to the North Bay College. However, the boys were not entirely deprived of the joy of hockey, for as spring advanced and mud puddles dried up, they began to play broomball. The only difference between the game and hockey was that instead of hickory sticks and a puck, brooms and a volley ball have been substituted; but the results were the same, that is, bruised shins, skinned knuckles and an odd score.

If the class of this year did not distinguish themselves in hockey, they did redeem this in some measure by their interest in curling. Five rinks were skipped by Gibson, Mr. Rivers, Foster, Hillman and Sullivan; these finishing the schedule in the order in which their names appear.

The Boys' Physical Training Club, formed in connection with the Literary Society will long be remembered by those who were members of it. With the assistance of Mr. Neale, the class learned the elements essential in pyramid building, tumbling, and club swinging, the results of which were so well shown in the exhibition.

Badminton

Hendrick Bielek

BADMINTON! How strange that name sounded to us at the beginning of Normal Session. How often we placed a "g" before "t" in our unfamiliarity!

Badminton! How familiar that name is to us now!

Our first insight into the art of this game, was received at an exhibition given by student amateurs and Mr. Rivers. He carried out the playing while

the students did the exhibiting to perfection.

Under Mr. Rivers' invaluable advice and careful supervision the club made a fine beginning. On receiving new and repaired racquets all entered into the game with high spirits. How the feathers did fly!

Mixed doubles were then formed and a suitable schedule was drawn up for the tournament. Throughout the tournament keen interest was prevalent and all showed remarkable progress in their dexterous use of the racquet. In the semi-finals, Mary King and Joe Sullivan won the closely contested games over Dulcie Fowler and Mr. Rivers. This enabled the victors to enter the finals. Here, they were again successful, and carried off the honours over Ruth Baxter and Margaret Montgomery. Mary and Joe are to be congratulated on their success and on their excellent performances throughout the tournament.

To our executive: Ruth Farquhar, president; Verdun Gibson, vice-president; Isabel Ricker, secretary-treasurer; we express our heartiest thanks for their very fine work in making our badminton so enjoyable and such a success. Last and by no means least, we extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Rivers for his guidance and co-operation. He was and is always so ready to help. We shall all carry out with us the many happy memories of the hours spent at badminton in North Bay Normal School.

Disking

Dulcie Fowler

NO more does the crack and crash of high-flung disks ring through the school. "We learn by experience"—so the masters learned that young ladies have the knack—nay, a habit—of flinging disks ceiling-wards rather than towards that round red circle on the floor. Accordingly the shuffle-board cues made their appearance, and since their arrival, disking has become a quiet, scientific game of skill. Quiet, did we say? Ah, yes—now only a shuffling and scraping of disks on every floor of the school, laughs and shouts from a mere few dozen of throats break the quiet decorum of school life after four o'clock. In this subdued way "Hank" Bielek led his fair supporters, M. McLeod, S. Gaudry, and S. Soltys to victory in the first disking tournament of the season. These notable champions were awarded a "treat" by Mr. Neale. In the second tournament "Lad" Hermiston appeared as the shining star and ably directed his team to gain the honour of living immortally in the annals of the school's athletic history. The names of M. Allan, M. Eves, D. Fowler and W. Hermiston will appear on the disking shield as this year's champions.

Girls' Athletics

Doris Skene and May Sinclair

IT was with much regret that we of the North Bay Normal School saw the basketball season drawing to a close. It was a season of thrills, of real games and of splendid sportsmanship. Every girl put forth her best effort to make the games enjoyable and interesting.

In the autumn when we were all still bewildered by the Normal atmosphere, we assembled in the Collegiate to form teams and to "get into the game." The teams had significant names—Centre, North, Port Arthur, Fort William and Rainy River. The basketball season was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, including the inexperienced team which was allowed to play with boys' rules once. In the finals, played in early spring, the Centre carried off the honours. The girls in this team are to be congratulated for their superb efforts and excellent sportsmanship.

As for the players themselves, there were no individual stars. Each girl played as well and as fairly as she could. Can we give higher praise?

In the Autumn, softball received the attention and demanded the energy of the girls as long as the weather permitted. In this sport the splendid Port Arthur team excelled.

The song of birds has announced the presence of Spring, and ball and bat are being huskily wielded by those Normalites, who have survived the steady "reconstruction of experiences" of the school term with any energy to boast of. There is another game which has proved interesting and amusing. We speak of broom-ball. The girls' first game was to one of the boys "the funniest game he ever saw." Well, girls, you cheered up one worried soul at least.

The Girls' Athletic Executive is composed of the following enthusiasts: President, Edith Jarvela; Vice-President, Nellie Tompkins; Secretary-Treasurer, Marjorie Eves. The form representatives are Josephine Brown, Isabelle McKay and May Sinclair.

We deeply regret the loss, because of ill-health, of our most efficient president and athlete, Edith Jarvela.

To Mr. Neale, we wish to express our sincere gratitude and appreciation for the keen personal interest he has shown and the able assistance he has given us. To him we owe all the delights which the season has afforded us.

* * *

I have a little project,
It's as cute as it can be;
But what can be the use of it
Is more than I can see.

* * *

Miss Hansford—(in criticism of a male Normal student's lesson).

"Why on earth did you keep leaning forward over that front desk all during your lesson?"

Student—Well, we are taught over at the Normal School to bring ourselves 'down to the level of the pupils.

A Business Trip

James McGarrigle

LAST summer I decided to visit my uncle *Harry* in order to borrow some money from him for a better education. I put on my new *Brown* suit and caught the next train. As I sat looking out the window humming *Tweedle-dee-dee* I saw a *Martin* run into the bush. I kept off the pangs of hunger with *Mackintosh* red apples and cookies covered with *Edwardsburg* corn syrup. My thoughts were centred upon my uncle's prosperity. He owns several flour *Mills* and intends to *Foster* a *Canning* factory soon. He is also *Sexton* of the local church. Surely he could loan me a few hundred dollars.

At last I reached my destination. My uncle received me graciously enough. As we entered the parlour I could hear the strains of "Twas on the Isle of Patry that I Met Her" coming from the radio. My aunt came out from the kitchen where she had been *Perrin* apples. The kitten was playing with a *Skene* of yarn on the floor at my feet.

"What shirt shall I wear?" asked my little nephew from the head of the stairs.

"Put *Richards-on*" replied his mother.

As it was late I went to bed after listening to my uncle tell of his early days in Scotland. He was a *Hillman*—I mean Highlander.

The next morning I asked my uncle for a loan, which he politely refused to give me.

"I really can't do it. I don't know how I'll make *Enns* meet on account of *John's* expenses at college in *Southern* Canada. What did you do *Witol* the money I gave you two years ago? I have often *Heard* about your progress in school from folks down your way. Nevertheless there is a wolf killing my sheep. *Hunter* down and I shall give you fifteen dollars. It will be a hard job as she can *Hyde* well. If you fix the *Eves* on the house I shall give you another fifteen dollars." Then *Harry* abruptly left me.

In the afternoon I *Madeline* for my aunt to hang the clothes on and discussed with grandfather the powers of a *King* and the benefits derived from the knowledge of some *Kraft*. One of the cows hurt her foot in the *Eastwood* of the farm so I had to *Cooper* up in the barn. While waiting for supper I looked at historic pictures of *Briggs* and every type of *Archer*. My aunt informed me that although her husband did not win the wheat cup last year he hoped to *Gainer* this year and that no *Fowler* trick had ever been played upon them, than that of the poisoning of their prize dairy herd.

After supper my uncle called me aside and said, "I guess you felt like *Kleven* my head in two this morning for not lending you that money. I was only testing your character. I see you can work. Here is five hundred dollars. It ought to put you through and *Solange* you stay here we will treat you right. Now I must get to a church meeting because we are going to *Sel*(the)*kirk* and build a new one."

I gratefully thanked my uncle. We parted after singing "*Auld Lang Syne*"—he to his meeting and I to Normal School, which before had seemed so elusive.

Maple Sugar Season as Seen by a Sap-Pail

Goldie Perrin

I'M a shiny new zinc pail about to tell you my tale. Oh joy! Here I am on my way to a sugar shanty. Such good fortune! A merry farmer gave me this morning to his son saying, "Work begins to-day, Son."

Away to the woods! Farmer and Son load the sleigh with buckets and spiles and we are off. At the edge of the wood they begin tapping. Son takes a brace and bit to bore a hole about two inches deep in the south side of a maple tree. Then he puts a spile from the pocket of his leather apron into the hole and raps it securely into place with a hammer. On to the next tree he hurries. Farmer is busy on the other side of the trail. The children hang the buckets and fasten the covers. Their merry shouts resound through the woods. A steady drip, drip of crystal sap is rapidly filling the buckets.

Next day the shanty is put in readiness to receive the sap. The pans are scrubbed and scalded; the fire is laid ready in the grate under the arch; long galvanized tanks behind this, shine spotlessly. A long pipe connects these tanks with the evaporator. In one corner two prim thirty-gallon cans stand and on a rack by the door we pails rest.

What a noise outside! Why, it is barely daylight! To the woods again, this time with a puncheon on the sleigh. This is a huge barrel lying on its side, held in place by two grooved logs. On one end is a faucet and on the uppermost side is a hole into which fits a funnel-pail.

A crow greets us as we reach the wood. Spring is in the air! Farmer and Son go from one tree to another emptying the buckets into their pails. "Great pail this, Dad. It holds two buckets."

"Fill up, Son!" Back to the shanty we go, where the cool, sweet sap runs out the faucet into an iron kettle from which it is pumped into the tanks within. We pails rest.

Eleven loads of sap, "I'll have to boil to-night, Son." A roaring fire in the grate, a heap of wood near, and Farmer settles down. Soon the shanty is filled with sweet-smelling sticky vapour. At intervals Farmer stokes the fire and adds more fuel. Now and then he stirs the syrup in the finishing pan and tests it. The thermometer guides him and his experience tells him when the syrup is ready to take off and strain through the felt strainer into the can. He skims off the grey foam that forms on top of the boiling sap.

Morning comes. The fire dies down and is banked. After breakfast Son and Farmer leave for the woods again. Occasionally for a day or two the sap does not run. Then we make sugar at the house.

Now it is all over. How I miss the bustle and noise! Eagerly I look forward to next season with its joys.

* * *

Mr. Neale—What is the equipment supplied by the school-board for a school?

Student—The equipment is one thermometer, one globe and one teacher.

The Initiation

L. W. Houle

THE twilight gloomed mysteriously. A small robust boy, scarcely fifteen years old, peered anxiously ahead. "It's a wonder I haven't reached the cabin," he mused. "Dad said it was just two miles around the lake, not far from a huge cliff." Again the boy quickened his pace because the long shadows, cast by the balsams about him, heralded the coming of the autumn night and he was afraid to be alone in the northern woods after dark.

Presently, he saw the cabin nestling timidly before some stately pines. It appeared very small, as if afraid to rear itself up in the presence of the great towering mountain nearby. He was opening the door when the long drawn-out wail of a timber wolf quivered on the still night air.

How well his father had described the place! In the centre of the room stood the home-made tin stove, with one of the legs fallen down. On it rested a kettle. Nailed to the back of the cabin was a wooden bunk with blankets neatly arranged. In the corner hung a large sack evidently containing traps. Resting against a pole were a small hatchet, a large axe, and a saw. On the other side of the room stood a wooden table with a tin plate, cup and saucer, two knives and a fork. Drawn up to it was a chair.

With an experienced air, as if he were accustomed to such circumstances, the boy took the axe, threw open the door and strode out into the fast deepening shadows. Sharp quick blows, uncommonly accurate for a boy of his age, resounded across the still waters of the lake. When he had enough wood, he carried it into the cabin and soon was seated before a blazing fire. "Why did he send me ahead? Why is he not yet here?" the lad pondered, while reflecting on the different occasions of that day when his father had suggested a rest. A great loneliness possessed him; his throat became dry and tears filled his eyes. Only once before, when he had looked down on the still white face of his mother, had he felt like this.

The boy's head nodded; the fire died down; but the embers glowed and crackled oddly in that little log cabin. How greatly all this differed from the struggle nearby.

Sitting down on his pack again, an anxious father said over to himself "I have to make it; I must hold out until I reach the cabin." Pride swelled up within him when he thought of the words that had greeted his plan of coming here. "We will get along fine, won't we dad? Just you and I," his son had beamed. With a heavy heart, he recalled his own great disappointment and sorrow. "What would Sonny do if this, alas, should prove fatal to me?" As the man walked slowly on, the heavy pack bending him over, a gun clasped in his hand, he heard the ringing of an axe on wood. Again his pride flared up. Everything was silent except a slight rustling of leaves and a low moan from the balsams. At last the goal was reached. He opened the door, slowly, and leaning heavily against the wall, slid to the floor.

What a nightmare the last night had been! Dimly, the boy recalled the events of that time; the making of the bed beside the stove; the effort to get his father to the bed; the trip to the lake for water and the terrible fright he had received when a startled duck suddenly flew from among some weeds. With the breaking of dawn his spirits rose and he set about making things comfortable for his father. All that day he laboured. A mattress and pillow were made from spruce boughs; hot tea was always ready; bread was toasted; but the indifferent attitude of the man caused the old lump to rise in his throat. How many times had he gently wiped that moist face! How many times had he requested his father to have a cup of tea but had received no reply! Daylight faded; the stars appeared; and a full moon mounted higher and higher in the sky. Throughout all this the son slept and maintained the watch, alternately. What was that! He bent down to look into the face which seemed to be fast changing and becoming pale. "Brandy—in the sack," came faintly from the dry lips. They had carried on the struggle; they had faced trouble spiritedly; and were to win.

"Come on, old timer, it's time for the patient's meal," beamed a vastly pleased man from his neatly arranged bed on the log floor. "Your wages for this past week will be coming," he said. "While I'm recovering, we shall be naturalists. I know where there should be a beaver house, down near a little stony brook, just back of that ridge."

The Earthquake

Annie Kraft

EIGHT o'clock again," I murmured regretfully as I leaped out of bed, awakened by an insistent deep rumble. With unerring precision I made my way towards the farthest corner of the dark room. Groping around I touched a chair, then a heap of sweaters from whose folds I extracted the offending alarm clock. The sweater can only be understood by those who object to be lulled asleep by the ticking of the oldest of alarm clocks. With the dexterity that comes of long practice I found the silencer; but horrors! the roar grew louder. I put the light on. It was only one o'clock and all this racket was not due till eight. Then my alarm clock was not the cause of this roar and upheaval. My room-mate who usually sleeps through this eight o'clock confusion awoke. "What's the matter? It must be an earthquake." It was. The next morning at eight o'clock I thought we were again in the throes of another earthquake, but no!—this time it was the alarm.

I was not, however, the only Normalite who deserved to fail in Geography for misinterpreting a natural phenomenon. The long shadows of Judgment Day fell over one Normalite that night, and she thought she marched up the golden stairway to the music of the last trumpet call to meet St. Peter. With no intentions of casting reflections on the Physical Training another Normalite thought her room-mate was practising her P.T. However varied the opinions were, everyone agreed that Nature played a Hallowe'en trick on that night of October 31. She was, however, considerate enough to wait until we were taking our Normal Year so we can proudly say to our friends at home, "We were on the epicentre of the earthquake!"

Ukrainian Canadians

Stella Soltys

ALTHOUGH little known to Canadians, Ukraine is one of the most interesting countries in Europe for its history, language, and customs. This borderland, as the word means, comprise one-third of Russia in Europe, and territory in Poland, Roumania, and Czecho-Slovakia. Its history and that of Britain meet at two points over a long period of time—the first occasion being when Vladimir Monomachus, ruling prince of Ukraine at the height of her power in the twelfth century, married Gytha, daughter of Harold II, King of England; the second followed centuries later when the Ukrainians came in increasing numbers to fill up the rural areas of the Canadian West.

Now the Ukrainian Canadians represent the fourth largest racial group in Canada, exceeded only by the British, French, and Germans. They bring with them a cultural heritage which is drawn from early Greek, Byzantine, and Oriental civilization. Ukrainian Cossack songs have been praised for their love of freedom and their dances for their interpretation of the emotions; the Ukrainian ballads for their breadth of thought and strength of language; the love songs for their sweetness, vigour, and warmth. The national poetry of few languages excels that of the Ukrainians in expression and feeling as shown in these few lines of Taras Shevchenko, an ardent patriot who lived for and loved his country,

“Dig my grave and raise my barrow
By the Dnieper side,
On the Ukraine, my own land,
A fair land and wide.”

What effect can the influx of these people, a submerged nationality with a population as great as that of France, yet without a government and country to call their own, have on the Dominion?

A Normalite's Room

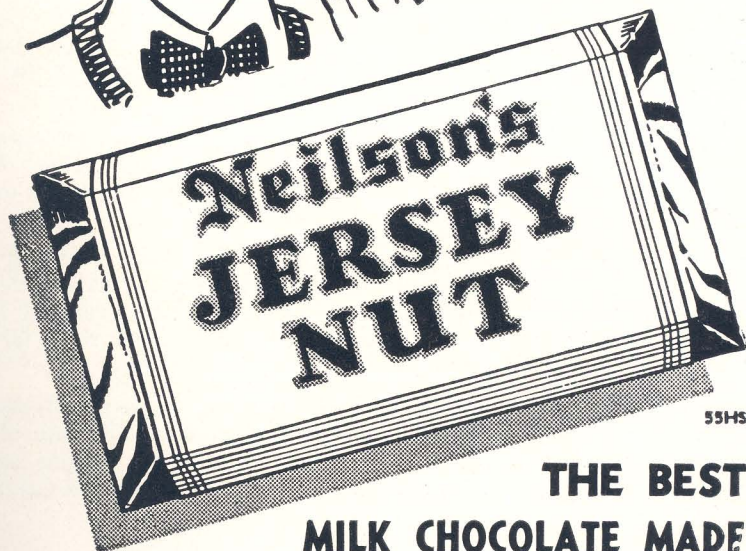
Nellie Tompkins and Barbara Jones

AND still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, how four small walls could hold all that they do? How the walls of a Normalite's room keep from bulging is mystery. There are books to the right, books to the left, piled on the dresser, on the bed, under the bed, anywhere within reach of the industrious student whom you see peering over a stack of them on her work-table. But books are only a minor concern in the daily round of events. And as the months go by our diligent student laboriously carries an unlimited amount of material up to her tiny boudoir. She stacks into every convenient nook and corner all her bristol-board, itstix, weed-collections and projects until the room gradually takes on the appearance of a second-hand store. How the four small walls stand up under the strain for ten months remains a mystery.

**WHEN YOU'VE HAD A MEAL
WHICH DOESN'T QUITE FILL
THE BILL**



**FINISH
UP
WITH-**



55HS

**THE BEST
MILK CHOCOLATE MADE**

A Memorable Trip

Given Lydford

SEVERAL years ago I visited Niagara-on-the-Lake, formerly the thriving little town of Newark which Col. Simcoe chose as capital of Upper Canada.

After a delightful two-hour voyage across Lake Ontario, land appeared. A sturdy stone fortress, seemingly set in a small patch of green grass, immediately caught our eye. It was Fort Mississauga, built in 1814 to prevent the Americans from burning Newark again as they had in 1813. As the boat entered Niagara River we lost sight of the fort, but a gaunt, frame building at the top of the cliff gained our attention. Through the dirt and grime of many years, we deciphered the words Queen's Royal Hotel."

Not until the boat docked, and we saw the hundreds of baskets of peaches, grapes, and tomatoes stacked neatly for delivery to hungry Toronto, did we fully appreciate the economic as well as the historic importance of Niagara.

All the streets of this lovely village are lined with magnificent old chestnut trees, which in many places form an arch overhead. As we passed the Queen's Royal Hotel, we were told that it contained exactly one hundred bedrooms, completely furnished until a few months before, when the valuable old furniture was practically given away at auction. For example, a bed once used by his late Majesty King Edward VII was sold for about two dollars. But the air of bleak desertion surrounding the place made me feel glad when we had left it far behind.

We reached Main Street next—and almost bumped into a Memorial Clock Tower standing in the middle of the street. The flower beds behind it and in front have been carefully guarded ever since the former Prince of Wales planted them with peonies in 1928.

Near the Clock Tower is the post-office, in the windows of which you may see anything from a lost pencil, with a broken eraser on the end, to the largest dahlia in the district.

That afternoon we explored Fort Mississauga, where I was chagrined to find that the "patch of green grass" surrounding it was a golf course. Nearby was a cairn erected on the spot where the Americans landed and fought in 1813, just before they captured Fort George.

At the Museum the next morning, we found old spinning-wheels formerly used in Newark, the household utensils of Laura Secord, a tinkly little piano that had belonged to Colonel Simcoe, and several articles of General Brock's equipment. The museum at Toronto has wanted some of these relics for years, but the people of Niagara will not give them up.

In the afternoon we walked the short distance out of town to Navy Hall, where Simcoe held the first Parliament in Upper Canada. Despite blistered paint, cobwebs, and glassless windows, it was not hard to imagine the first meeting there, as nearly like the opening of the British Parliament as Col. Simcoe

could make it. We could almost see all the farmers arriving, and probably wondering just what would happen.

Not far from Navy Hall was Fort George, once headquarters for General Brock. From it can be seen all the surrounding country, including Lake Ontario, Niagara River, and the American shore. Beside the ruins of the fort were the tents of the Canadian Militia and the Regulars, who go there every summer. What a contrast they made!—the old deserted fort of bygone days, and the bustling activity of the present camp.

It was with great regret, and a determination to return, that we boarded the boat that night, and watched the lights of the pretty, sleepy little village disappear from view.

Ambition

Frances King

"Silver is the moonlight
And golden is the sun,
And all this treasure I offer thee,
My sweet and lovely one."
But she tossed her proud and dainty head.
"Not sun nor moon I want," she said.

"Then red the warm life blood,
Each drop a ruby rare,
And all the wealth of a faithful heart
With thee I'll gladly share,"
But she glanced at me with scornful smile
For my riches she deemed not worth her while.

"But stay! An honest love,
Sunshine and health full store;
And the lovely gleam of the moon's full face—
What maid could want for more!"
And she looked on me with gracious mien,
And curtsy'd, winsome as a queen.

* * *

THE LAST STRAW

Enthusiastic student completing an unexcelled lesson on the cabbage butterfly.

Boy in the last seat—what are the life stages of the cabbage butterfly?
Bill—rousing from a pleasant daydream. "The egg, the cabbage and the butterfly."

* * *

Who was the Group III girl who, when Mr. Rivers said "Now, let me see . . ." turned on the light?

* * *

Don't you wish we could get Little "Cho-Cho" to bed?

Normal School Students

Should make a special point of obtaining a copy of our catalogue when commencing teaching. It contains a comprehensive range of supplies and will prove of invaluable assistance when planning for supplies and seeking ideas helpful to your work.

THE GEO. M. HENDRY CO., LIMITED

Educational Equipment and Supplies

129 ADELAIDE STREET WEST - TORONTO 2

Class Pins
School Rings
Trophies
Dance Favours
Medals and Prizes
Presentations




Write for our Booklets on
"Medals, Cups and Shields"
"College and School Insignia"




BIRKS-ELLIS-RYRIE

L I M I T E D
DIAMOND MERCHANTS AND SILVERSMITHS
Yonge and Temperance Streets... Toronto



We, the Year Book executive, thank heartily those advertisers whose patronage has helped to make possible this book. We hope, in turn, that they will reap a financial harvest through these pages, and wish them prosperity.



What a Lesson!

Arthur Somppi

“**E**R—AH (what did I have for preparation?) oh—to-day, class, we will, I mean, shall learn how to—well—learn how the chalk makes—I mean, why Marco Polo sailed to Switzerland.”

“Why is China situated where it is?” (No answer).

(That’s funny; I guess there was something wrong with that question).

(Blushing) “Why did Marco Polo sail around the Cape of Good Hope?”

“Yes, because he didn’t sail through the Medit.—no, no—because—(I wonder what the answer is?)

“Well, anyway, if I was in England and I wished to go to China, which would be the shortest route?”

“Yes, by the way of the Indian Ocean, I mean, Mediterranean Sea!” (This is not so good—I wonder what the critic teacher thinks of me?)

“Ah—oh—yes; when Columbus sailed for America, did he know it was there?”

“Yes, yes, that’s quite correct, because he couldn’t have gone if he didn’t.” I don’t think I should be repeating those answers).

“Well, what was Marco Polo’s main reason?” (I wonder if I should’ve asked that one).

“No, that’s not right. If you think that”—(oh well—skip it).

(I wonder what Mac is writing on that criticism?)

“What does the trade between China and Iceland?”—(no, that question doesn’t come there).

(Gee, this class sure is a noisy bunch.)

What was the next question? I’ll bet I get pulled apart after four! Only ten minutes gone; boy, when this lesson is over—! Well, I might as well get it over with; let’s see; application? Yes, have the class draw a map showing).

“Now, I want you to make a map of China showing—yes, yes; trace it if you like—a map showing—put your hand down!—where Marco Polo discovered America—I mean where he sailed in 1492”

Br-r-r-rr! Hang that alarm clock! Boy !

* * *

Andrew Ellis made a cake,
To please Miss Preston’s palate;
She stuck it on a hefty stick,
And used it for a mallet.

* * *

There ought to be a law to prevent the landlady’s children from being so inquisitive. She was the sweet child who explained to her mother, “Were they romantic—It was just like you see in a show!”

Valedictory

ANOTHER chapter of our book of life is almost completed. It is a special chapter—one in which we all have a place. There is not a leaf that we would tear out, for each tells us something about our happy Normal year.

As we say farewell to Normal, we realize how much our class associations have meant to us. By patient hands we have been guided and encouraged throughout the term. Now we are ready to begin the next chapter, which we must write alone. We cling to these last few days. In a short time there will be miles between us, but as we pass on, we leave behind sincere gratitude and appreciation to all those who have worked so untiringly to prepare us to face the future.

Many of us came to North Bay in an irresponsible High School frame of mind. Fond parents sent us to Normal School to obtain our teaching diplomas.

"She will not come back the same," people said, "They never do."

No, we will not go back the same. Normal has meant more to us than the obtaining of a diploma. Our minds and characters have been strengthened with higher ideals. We have a new sense of loyalty, co-operation, and responsibility. As these ideals have been impressed upon our minds, so will we influence those little children whose future will lie entrusted in our hands. May each of us feel the full meaning of this responsibility that rests upon us, and so mould those lives according to the high ideals set before us at Normal School.

We leaf over the pages of the past ten months and realize how much we owe to those who have made this year so profitable and enjoyable. Guided by our masters we have been prepared to take our place in life with an unconquerable spirit. Our true appreciation will be shown in the way we reach up to those ideals set for us here. And so we leave our Masters behind to encourage and lead others who will take our place.

To the critic teachers we extend our thanks and appreciation. We entered Normal School with a suspicion that "critics" were beings who pulled lessons apart and left you discouraged and hopeless. We leave Normal, realizing that critics are people who wait patiently until the lesson is over, then in kind sympathetic words tell you how your teaching might be improved—if it can. They also commend you on your good points—if you have any. Their kindly criticism is an inspiration to better the next lesson and any harsh criticism is a challenge to put forth your very best.

The attitude of all the students is expressed when I say how much the churches have meant to us. We come to North Bay—strangers—and were welcomed and received by the ministers, into the churches and their various organizations. They have been an inspiration and help to us in meeting this new experience.

It is so hard to bid farewell to our companions. But there is not only sorrow in a farewell. When the final parting draws near the full realization of true friendship grows upon us. How much richer is life for each character in our book. Parting, we will not remember the day Jack criticized that lesson so severely. We will remember that afternoon when Mary said, "Cheer up kid, you can put that lesson over. Keep a stiff upper lip!" We cherish all those happy little incidents which were a part of our Normal year—a camp-fire—a sing-song—a walk—a talk—a lesson plan struggled through together. At some future time when we are alone with our thoughts we will turn back these pages. Over the Normal chapter we will pause and fondly scan the lines. In those few moments we will live the year again. There will be that first terrifying lesson. We will enjoy those class periods again. The "At Home" will give us as much pleasure as it did in reality. Then we will come to this last page, for it is the end of our Normal year. And, so, at the end of this chapter we part. To our masters, school-mates and friends we say farewell. We cannot continue to write them together, but may each of us make the lines to follow as colourful as the Normal chapter of 1936.

Anemone

Frances King

Tiny flower,
Fresh from bud
Thou art a baby still;
Tiny flower,
Newly born,
Beside a tiny rill.
Thy velvet petals,
Soft, unfold,
To show, revealed,
Thy heart of gold.
Thy snowy head,
Just touched with dew,
Stands up, so brave,
In splendour new.
Your spreading leaves
Of tender green,
Your bending stem
In suppliance seen,
All so new, so soft,
So green,
Anemone!

SINCE 1884

*Canada's Oldest Established School
Supply House offers congratulations
to the Graduates of*

**North Bay Normal
School—1936**

**MOYER
School Supplies Ltd.**

"Canada's School Furnishers"

**106-108 York Street
Toronto - Ontario**

WINNIPEG
EDMONTON

SASKATOON
MONCTON

**KEEP YOUR
EYE ON THE
PROFESSION'S
FUTURE . . .**

Join
**FEDERATION
of
MEN TEACHERS**

**REMEMBER
In Unity is Strength**

"Better Prepared Than Ever to Serve You"

DeLUXE TRANSPORTATION CO.

TAXI, MOVING VANS and COACH LINES

**Daily Transport Service Between Toronto and North Bay
DeLuxe Coach Lines Between North Bay and Huntsville**

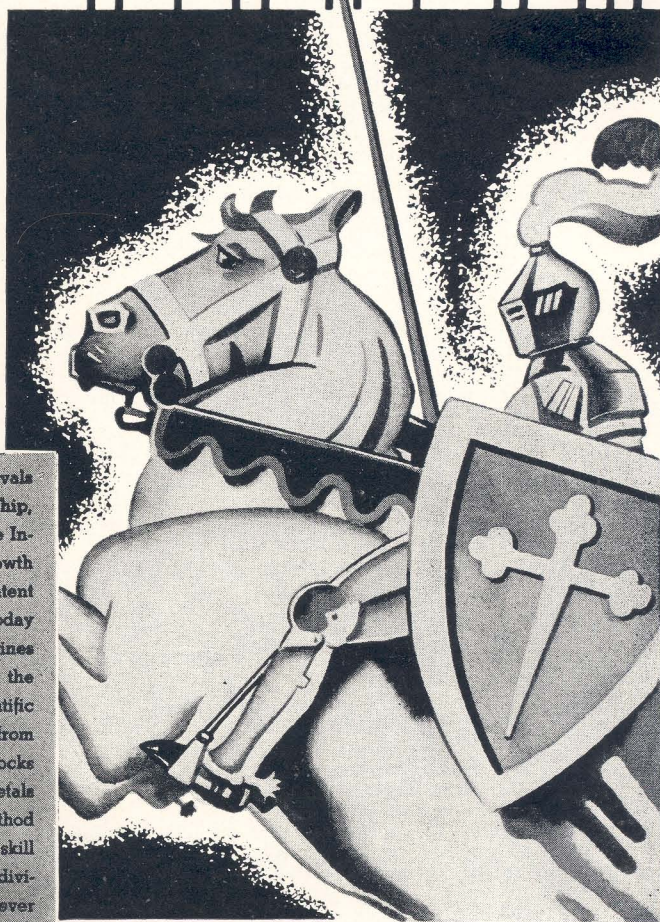
Connecting all Points South

**Toronto Warehouse
Phone WA. 6103**

**NORTH BAY
101—Phones—102**

CRAFTSMANSHIP

The glory of the Mediaevals was their pride of craftsmanship, as later the greatness of the Industrial Era lay in the growth of the machine, with its latent threat to individual skill. • Today modern Engraving combines the surviving integrity of the Mediaeval with the scientific scope of the Industrial, and from the early carver of wood blocks to the present etcher in metals the change is one of method and material. • The high skill and sincere effort of the individual continues more than ever to offer you the very best that the human race can produce.



★AD.
2491

**PREMIER ENGRAVERS AND
ELECTROTYPERS LIMITED**

129 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO

ARTISTS • PHOTOGRAPHERS • PHOTO ENGRAVERS • ELECTROTYPERS • STEREOTYPERS

Students of the North Bay Normal School

1. Sr. M. Gervase, St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay, Ont.
2. Sr. M. Wilma, St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay, Ont.
3. Sr. St. Kenneth, St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay, Ont.
4. Allen, Eileen, 147 Worthington St. E., North Bay, Ont.
5. Abraham, Louise, Timmins, Ont.
6. Allan, May, Hymers, Ont.
7. Angus, Jean, 227 N. Haro'd St., Fort William, Ont.
8. Archer, Jean, Fort Frances Ont.
9. Aubert, Hazel, Englehart, Ont.
10. Baxter, Ruth, Little Current, Ont.
11. Biasucci, Edith, Britt, Ont.
12. Briggs, Donald, Creemore, Ont.
13. Brown, Josephine, Stratton, Ont.
14. Cooper, Mary, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
15. Donaldson, Fern, Cobalt, Ont.
16. DuPlessis, Anna, Espanola, Ont.
- 17.
18. Eastwood, Elsie, Keewatin, Ont.
19. Edwards, Coral, New Liskeard, Ont.
20. Eves, Marjorie, 258 Brunswick Ave., Fort William, Ont.
21. Farquhar, Ruth, Mindemoya, Ont.
22. Forbes, Bessie, Hilton Beach, Ont.
23. Fowler, Dulcibelle, New Liskeard, Ont.
24. Freethy, Isabel, White River, Ont.
25. Gainer, Aileen, Arthur, Ont.
26. Gaudry, Solange, Minahico, Ont.
27. Gerbasi, Mary, North Bay, Ont.
28. Anderson, Elizabeth, 316 N. Franklin St., Fort William, Ont.
29. Harry, Kathleen, 470 John St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
30. Heard, Violet, Haileybury, Ont.
31. Hodgkinson, Madeline, 44 McKibbin St., Port Arthur, Ont.
32. Howard, Agnes, Heaslip, Ont.
33. Hunter, Alice, Emo, Ont.
34. Hyde, Alice, Burk's Falls, Ont.
35. Jarvela, Edith, 95 S. Algoma St., Port Arthur, Ont.
36. Jones, Barbara, 46 Florence St., Dryden, Ont.
37. Jouhimaki, Gertrude, 11 Ontario St., Port Arthur, Ont.
38. Kelly, Edith, 374 Main St. W., North Bay, Ont.
39. Kenney, Ruth, Parry Sound, Ont.
40. King, Dorothy, Cochrane, Ont.
41. King, Frances, Porcupine, Ont.
42. King, Mary, Porcupine, Ont.
43. Knibbs, Katherine, 1202 Edwards St., Fort William, Ont.
44. Koslo, Olive, 1325 Broadway Ave., Fort William, Ont.
45. Koslo, Stephania, 1325 Broadway Ave., Fort William, Ont.
46. Kraft, Annie, 93 Ruttan St., Port Arthur, Ont.
47. Lang, Patricia, Sundridge, Ont.
48. Lydford, Gwen, 245 Cassells St., North Bay, Ont.
49. McLeod, Mabel, Fort William, Ont.
50. McDonald, Marjorie, 312 Morris St., Sudbury, Ont.
51. McDonell, Marie, Harrison's Corners, Ont.
52. McEachern, Margaret, 146 Cedar St., Sudbury, Ont.
53. McGuinty, Sadie, 99 Cassells St., North Bay, Ont.
54. McIntyre, Barbara, Shabakwa, Ont.
55. McKay, Isabelle, Emo, Ont.
56. McVey, Viola, 117 Second St. E., Fort Frances, Ont.

57. Montgomery, Margaret, 35 Power St., Copper Cliff, Ont.
58. O'Shea, Patricia, 227 N. Norah St., Fort William, Ont.
59. Pacaryniuk, Cecilia, 629 Southern Ave., Fort William, Ont.
60. Perrin, Goldie, R.R. No. 2, Prescott, Ont.
61. Perry, Helen, 10 Royston Court, Port Arthur, Ont.
62. Petch, Muriel, 215 Forth St. N., Kenora, Ont.
63. Reavell, Dorothy, Haileybury, Ont.
64. Richardson, Ivy, 425 E. Francis St., Fort William, Ont.
65. Ricker, Isabel, 177 Worthington St. E., North Bay, Ont.
66. Sanders, Muriel, Chelmsford, Ont.
67. Scarrow, June, 74 Woodward Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
68. Selkirk, Ina, 347 N. Archibald St., Fort William, Ont.
69. Sexton, Vera, 432 Second St., Fort Frances, Ont.
70. Sheehan, Patricia, Blind River, Ont.
71. Sim, Vivian, Manitowaning, Ont.
72. Sinclair, May, 455 Tupper St., Port Arthur, Ont.
73. Skene, Doris, 611 First Ave. S., Kenora, Ont.
74. Soltys, Stella, 52 Comber Ave., Port Arthur, Ont.
75. Southern, Marian, 584 Red River Rd., Port Arthur, Ont.
76. Sullivan, Dorcas, 192 Second Ave. E., North Bay, Ont.
77. Tinney, Ethel, Earlton, Ont.
78. Tompkins, Nellie, Emo, Ont.
79. Wallace, Arlie, 49 Front St., Sioux Lookout, Ont.
80. Webster, Evelyn, 164 Third Ave. W., North Bay, Ont.
81. Wilkinson, Lilian, Bedworth, Ont.
82. Williston, Constance, 42 First Ave. E., North Bay, Ont.
83. Witol, Ruth, 534 River St., Port Arthur, Ont.
84. Butson, Verna, Sundridge, Ont.
- 85.
86. Knight, Ruth, Huntsville, Ont.
87. Patry, Marie, North Bay, Ont.
88. Bielek, Hendrick, Cochrane, Ont.
- 89.
90. Coe, Leonard, Leeville, Ont.
91. Craven, Earl, New Liskeard, Ont.
92. Dalziel, Douglas, 10 Salisbury Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
93. Ellis Andrew, Box 139, Espanola, Ont.
94. Enns, John, Reesor, Ont.
95. Foster, Leslie, Thessalon, Ont.
96. Gibson, Verdun, Bracebridge, Ont.
97. Hermiston, Willard, Dayton, Ont.
98. Hillman, Charles, Port Carling, Ont.
99. Houle, Lionel, Massey, Ont.
100. Johns, Albert, 42 Cathcart St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
101. Kleven, Norman, Devlin, Ont.
102. Mackintosh, Donald, 1035 Dease St., Fort William, Ont.
103. McGarrigle, James, 151 E. Brock St., Fort William, Ont.
104. McShane, Frederick, Box 90, Kagawong, Ont.
105. Madison, James, 819 Victoria Ave., Fort Frances, Ont.
106. Martin, Ross, Blind River, Ont.
107. Mills, Leslie, R.R. No. 1, Bruce Mines, Ont.
108. Mills, Stanley, Bruce Mines, Ont.
109. Mitchell, Melvin, Box 92, Thessalon, Ont.
110. Somppi, Arthur, 121 Crown St., Port Arthur, Ont.
111. Sullivan, Joseph, 246 Main St. W., North Bay, Ont.
112. Tweedle, Charles, Richard's Landing, Ont.
113. Canning, Leonard, Severn Bridge, Ont.
114. Roseborough, William, North Bay, Ont.

AUTOGRAPHS

“I do beseech thee, chiefly that I may set thee in my prayers, what is thy name?”

—*Shakespeare.*

AUTOGRAPHS

