

**NORTH
BAY**

**CORONATION
YEAR**

**NORMAL
SCHOOL**

1936 1937

**YEAR
BOOK**



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The
Twenty-Eighth Annual
Year Book



Prepared by the
Students of the North Bay
Normal School



June, 1937




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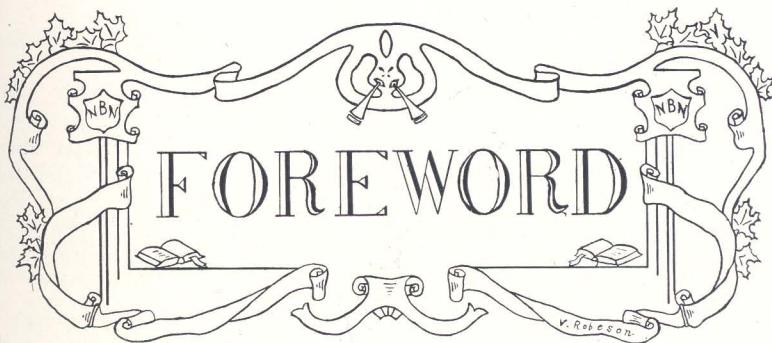


To the
Principal
and
Members of the Staff
of the
North Bay
Normal School
in grateful appreciation
of their
untiring and unselfish efforts
in our behalf
this book
is respectfully dedicated





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



H. E. Ricker

THE Session of 1936-37 in the Normal Schools may be remembered appropriately as a year of experiments. In attempting to give the teachers-in-training a longer period of practice teaching students have been sent to the practice schools for a week at a time and thus have had much more experience in actual teaching, as well as better opportunity to observe and take part in the other activities of a public school during the year. The staff believe that the change has accomplished its purpose and that graduates of the Normal Schools will go into their own schools better prepared to attack and solve the problems which they will meet.

The innovation, however, brought difficulties into the organization of the Normal School work. It was impossible to prepare in advance a timetable which would serve for the whole year. Instead, there were a half-dozen time-tables to suit changing conditions. Special arrangements had to be made also for holding the necessary sessional tests.

But the most serious adverse effect of having one-quarter of the school away at a time was in connection with such activities of the Literary Society as required the co-operation of the whole school. No completely satisfactory solution was found for this problem. The weekly programs were made less elaborate, the At Home, which is usually held in the late winter, had to be given up, and a combined patriotic and closing program planned for a date near Empire Day.

Two changes were made this year in connection with the final examinations. The question papers in all subjects in which final examinations are held were prepared by the Department of Education, and all answer papers read by Boards of Examiners at Toronto. Formerly, the question papers in about half the subjects were set by the members of the Normal School staff, and all answer papers read by them. It is hoped that by this new method of conducting the examinations there will be greater uniformity of results among the seven Normal Schools of the Province and that the number of appeals by unsuccessful candidates will be lessened.

In common with all the other Normal Schools, the enrolment this year

has been smaller than usual, the smallest, in fact, since the war year of 1918-19. The chief cause of this has been, no doubt, the difficulty that graduates have encountered in securing positions, and perhaps another cause is the additional work needed to obtain a permanent certificate. Many thoughtful observers believe that the surplus of unemployed Public School teachers is nearly absorbed, and that we may expect the attendance at Normal Schools to increase again, and teachers' salaries to be restored to their former levels.

As you go out to take charge of your own schools, I would like you to remember two or three things. One is that this school has a reputation for sending out resourceful teachers, who show initiative in situations that may be novel and trying. I am sure that you will live up to, and enhance this reputation. The staff expects this of you. Another point is that you are to teach children, not subjects, that you have living souls in your charge to make or to mar, as they lie plastic to your touch. And the last is that we must remember, you and I, that we can influence our pupils to live no better than we ourselves live. "All the lines of our carving will but reveal our own portraits."

And so, as you are about to go away from the school to which we welcomed you a few short months ago, we ask you to take with you our sincere wishes for your success and happiness.



Pussy Willow

Ethel McNally

There's on old, old pussy-willow tree
Which stands on the brow of a hill.
It has swayed for fifty summers there
In the sun, to the wind's wild will.

When the snow is gone from the high hill-top,
When the sun shines warm and gay,
The willow tree is blooming sweet,
With catkins, silver-grey.

Many times have I gone to get
A slender wand of bloom
To carry away in my childish hands
For a breath of spring, in a room.

Still the old tree stands faithful
The first sweet sign of spring
Its fairy pussies tending
Until the robins sing.

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 B. Foy	-	-	-	Assistant, Dr. Carruthers School
Mrs. E. Elmitt	-	-	-	" " "
Miss L. Ison	-	-	-	" " "
Miss E. Frayn	-	-	-	" " "
Miss E. Haugh	-	-	-	Assistant, King Edward School
Miss A. Hansford	-	-	-	Assistant, King George School
Miss G. Morgan	-	-	-	" " "

AFFILIATED CONTINUATION SCHOOLS

Miss E. McKinnon, Principal, Powassan Continuation School
 Mr. W. E. Dewar, Assistant, Powassan Continuation School
 Mr. J. B. Smitheram, Principal, Callander Continuation School

AFFILIATED RURAL SCHOOLS

Mr. J. D. Lindsey, S.S. No. 1A, Ferris
 Miss R. Sheppard, S.S. No. 5, Widdifield
 Miss M. Bice, S.S. No. 1, Chisholm
 Miss E. Skuce, S.S. No. 3, Himsworth N. & Ferris
 Mr. W. Stone, S.S. No. 5, Nipissing
 Miss H. Watts, S.S. No. 1A, Widdifield

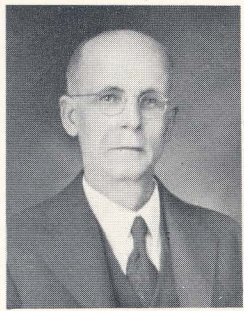
Appreciation of The Ministers



In reviewing the past year one does not omit pleasant memories of our religious instruction.

Gratefully we reflect upon those valuable classes. To those reverend gentlemen who so willingly and efficiently conducted those periods we humbly extend our deepest appreciation.

May we go out on our new mission with their high ideals and spiritual serenity instilled in our hearts. May we, too, pass on their message to those for whom we labour in the future.



J. C. Chambers



Miss G. Morgan B.A. B.Ed.



Mrs. J. Irwin B.A.



Miss E. Bates



Miss K. M. Cullen B.S.



H. D. Sanford



W. J. Neale B.A.



Miss H. B. M. Luff B.A.



F. S. Rogers B.A. B.Ed.

NORMAL
SCHOOL
STAFF.

Staff of North Bay Normal School



MR. H. E. RICKER, M.A., B.Paed.	- -	Principal
Elementary Science, Agriculture, Nature Study, Physiology.		
MISS GRACE MORGAN, B.A., B. Paed.	- -	Master
Advanced English, Literature		
Advanced Reading, Primary Reading, Spelling.		
MR. W. J. NEALE, B.A.	- - - -	Master
Algebra and Geometry, Arithmetic		
School Management, Physical Training.		
MR. F. S. RIVERS, B.A., B.Paed.	- - -	Master
Science of Education, Composition, Geography.		
MISS H. BLANCHE MITCHELL, B.A., Master & Librarian		
Grammar, Hygiene, Library Methods.		
MR. J. E. CHAMBERS	- - - -	Instructor
Manual Training, Writing.		
MRS. JENNIE IRWIN, B.A.	- - -	Instructor
Art.		
MISS ELSIE PRESTON	- - - -	Instructor
Household Science.		
MR. H. L. BAMFORD, A.T.C.M.	- -	Instructor
Music.		
MISS K. McCUBBIN	- - - - -	Secretary



Top—Year Book Executive. Centre—Fall Term Literary Society.
Bottom—Spring Term Literary Society.

To the Members of The Class of 1937

Your Year Book Committee has asked me to send you a message upon your graduation from the North Bay Normal School, and your prospective entrance into the ranks of a great profession.

At this stage you have already received from the staff of the school all the good advice regarding the important work you are undertaking that can be crowded into a year of intensive training. Therefore, you are no longer in need of counsel or warning, and it remains for me only to express the hope that your future career may be successful in the highest sense.

The best wish that I can offer is that you may be happy in your work. Happiness is not mere contentment, which is temporary and fleeting and may arise from such conditions as a generous salary, comfortable surroundings, a well-equipped school, and responsive pupils. These conditions may contribute towards your immediate and temporary happiness, and I would not minimize their importance. But your real happiness will not necessarily depend upon any of these factors, and may in fact be attained without their assistance. Your permanent happiness will result from the consciousness of work well done and duty faithfully performed, and above all from the knowledge that you have created in your pupils correct habits, worthy interests, and high ideals, which in the years to come will make this a better world.

My sincere wish is that these sources of permanent happiness may be yours.

W. J. KARR,

Director of Professional Training.

Department of Education,
Toronto, May 1st, 1937.



Year Book Staff

Back Row—E. Waller, D. Botly, M. Black, J. Yakimiki, E. McNally.

Front Row—J. Ramsay, M. Campbell (Editor), T. Dixon, M. Lalonde.

Staff Representatives—H. E. Ricker, F. S. Rivers.

FALL LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—W. Climie, N. Labatt, N. Taylor, D. Botly, B. Blake, M. Spence.

Front Row—L. Shaw, E. Jarvela, B. Christianson, A. McGuinty, S. Brennan,
H. Andruchuk.


SPRING LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—A. Samson, A. McGuinty, N. Taylor, A. Murphy, J. Hutchison,
M. McMichael.

Front Row—H. Andruchuk, J. Dalziel, D. Craig, B. Christianson, M. Leighfield,
J. Forsythe.

Editorial

Marjorie Campbell

N this, the twenty-eighth edition of the Normal Year Book, we have made some changes which we hope you find satisfactory. Apart from the general articles we made each form responsible for a certain number of pages. The friendly competition urged or inspired many to write and the contributions came in rapidly.


Your committee feels very proud to have had charge of the Year Book in this, the Coronation Year. We have tried to put some such touches and indications of this fact throughout the book; a suede cover in rich purple and gold has been chosen with this idea in mind. Our decorative headings and illuminated lettering have aided in making this a special book.

To the student body go our thanks and appreciation for their support and co-operation. We are, indeed, grateful for the honour you bestowed upon us when you chose us to supervise the production of your Year Book. What we have accomplished we owe to you. To Mr. Rivers we say "thank you", for the time and counsel he so gladly gave us. Last, but not least, we owe our gratitude to the advertisers who helped in making possible this publication.

We hope you like the Year Book; we have enjoyed the task. To all students the executive wishes happiness and success now and upon your departure from the North Bay Normal School.

Our Appreciation of the Masters

Eva Wainio and Lily Lovick

E, the North Bay Normalites, owe deep gratitude for the many inspirations given us by the masters and instructors. Not only have we learned practical facts, but also facts which we obtain unconsciously from the personalities of our advisers.

By their example and patient help they have tried to mould our characters so that we may become worthy citizens into whose hands the instruction of the future generations is to be placed. We only hope that we can be worthy of this great trust. This year has been a great transitional year; we have crossed the bridge of student to teacher.

Our Normal School is one of the best in the province. This is due to our gifted masters and instructors. They have always been ready and willing to help us. Even if inconvenienced, they have always done their best. The cares and burdens that rest upon their shoulders could only be carried by the greatest.

So we thank our masters and instructors for the things definite, and the things indefinable, that each has given us, and hope that some day we may be more worthy of the time and trouble they have spent for us.



LITERARY



The Literary Society

David Botly, President (Fall Term).

Bertha Christianson, President (Spring Term).

EVER since leaving Public School we have participated in one way or another in the activities of Literary Societies. The Normal School Society, however, has been different from anything we have yet experienced.

During the Fall term the students were active in various interest groups. These included the following clubs: Art, Photography, Dramatic, Folk Dancing, Knitting, Manual Training, Music and Physical Training. The culmination of their work was reached at the Christmas entertainment when several of the clubs displayed their talents.

The Spring term introduced a return to the more usual system of Literary organization. Each Monday morning the four groups in turn, entertained at meetings of the whole society, when originality and variation were combined to produce splendid programmes.

Group I's entertainment was devoted particularly to musical numbers. Group II enacted a Rural School Valentine Party; while Group III presented a puppet show and musical numbers. Group IV's programme was a combination of dancing and chorus singing.

The Literary Society was entrusted with the management of three parties during the school year. These were the Hallowe'en Party, the Christmas Party and the Indoor Sports Party. Notwithstanding the fact that there has been an overwhelming majority of young ladies for the number of gentlemen, every party was a success.

During the year the Literary Society was favoured with several speakers. They not only entertained us but gave us valuable advice and counsel which has helped us in our work this year and which also will be invaluable to us as future teachers. Under the direction of Mr. Bamford, a public school choir favoured us with several selections.

The steadying hand of experience is essential behind the executive of every Literary Society and in this respect we owe our thanks to Miss Morgan. Rash legislation and inevitable uncertainty on the part of the student executive were equally well averted by Miss Morgan. To Mr. Ricker as well, and to the whole Normal School staff, to visitors and to all others who have helped our Literary Society in its important work, may we extend our most grateful and sincere thanks.



Things We'd Like to Know

Who caught Jessie's cold?

What energy food Kay eats?

Do the Famous Eight like stick figures?

Why is Mrs. Irwin so anxious for the girls to learn to paint?

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION

THE Pass Course for Teachers offers an unrivalled opportunity to those in Ontario who wish to do the work required for a permanent First Class certificate as well as to those who wish to proceed to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Special provision is made for teachers who, though they may lack Latin and French of Pass Matriculation, wish to complete the First Year in order that they may obtain permanent First Class certificates.

Teachers who wish to take tuition in only one subject (not Biology, Botany, or History) in the Summer Session may apply in June for admission.

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

For years Normal Students have shopped at

Fosdick's Book Store

for

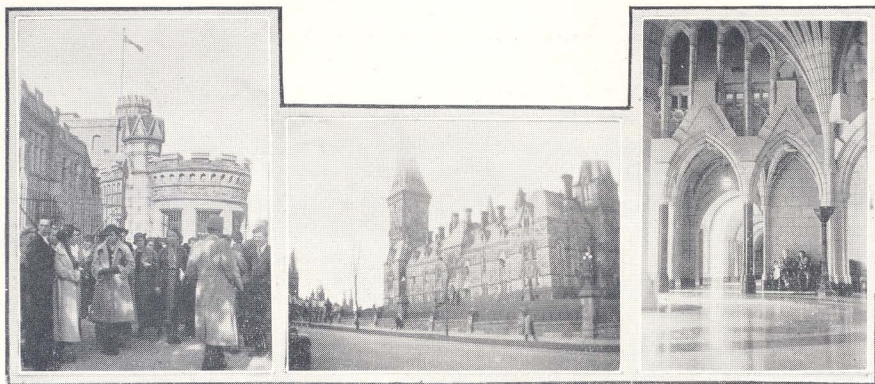
Normal School Supplies of All Kinds

Parker and Waterman's Pens and Pencils
All the Latest Books



Fosdick's Book Store and Gift Shop

42 Main Street West



The Normalites Storm Ottawa

Bertha Christianson

THE stars twinkled merrily overhead, and peace enshrouded the night of October 16, when some fifty Normalites prepared to storm the capital of the Dominion. The innocent, trusting, little souls tripped gaily down to the C.N.R. station, all decked out in their best bibs and tuckers. Thoughtlessly they cast aside that conscious, little voice which seemed to say, "Better take a raincoat or at least an umbrella." How could it rain on such a glorious night!

They were off—three coaches teeming with eager, happy humanity. Fast flew the jokes and wisecracks, interspersed with peanut shells and accompanied by the haunting strains of Mr. Yakimiki's banjo. And so on and so on . . . into the night . . .

Six-fifteen and no one had slumbered. Into the Union Station at Ottawa steamed the engine and out tumbled the would-be sight-seers. So it had not been a horrible dream but the glaring, startling truth! It was raining, and raining the proverbial pitch forks. They scurried inside and soon were dejectedly scattered hither and yon in the station.

The shrill sound of Mr. Neale's whistle once more restored order. Neat little files were formed and proceeded through the tunnel to the Chateau Laurier to the tune of, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Normalites are marching, cheer up Ottawa, here they come." They gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the glittering splendour of the Jasper Tearoom, Peacock Hall, the banquet hall and the ballroom, not to mention the swimming pool. All too soon they were herded back to the station and out on to the street.

Their first glimpse of Ottawa—a dismal, rain-drenched street lighted only by the radiance of the enthusiastic Normalites. Packed ten deep in

.....

a street car (all for ten cents) they were taken to the Royal Mint where those bright, shiny, little objects called money, are made. Above the clang and roar of the ever-busy machinery, the patient guide explained the process of making coppers. They all experienced the thrill of lifting, or trying to lift, a gold bar valued at fourteen thousand dollars. They wandered over into the Archives and lost themselves in the pages of history for half an hour. Especially interesting were the model of the Vimy Memorial and the model of Quebec city.

Once more they picked their way among the puddles and climbed into the street car, bound, this time, for the Parliament Buildings. As their footfalls echoed through its gigantic halls, their thoughts turned back to the fact that here was decided the destiny of their great country. They tip-toed timidly through the Chambers, the Hall of Fame and the wonderful old library. A long, laborious climb took them up into the Peace Tower from which they had a fine view of the capital city, in spite of the dripping rain trickling down their necks. The intricate and marvellous workings of the huge clock detained them, although a certain hollow feeling in the pit of the stomach announced time for lunch. As they descended from the Peace Tower, they were fortunate enough to see and to hear the notes of the many bells, large and small, announcing twelve o'clock.

. . . That, of course, is time out for lunch.

To provide for the after-lunch nappers, buses were placed at the disposal of the crowd and they toured the city and its twin, Hull. On their travels they stopped at the Filtration Plant where they observed the process by which the people of Ottawa receive pure, clean water. (As if they had not seen enough water.) Finally the bus deposited them at the doors of the National Art Gallery—a bedraggled, rain-soaked lot, clothing wrinkled and mussed; felt hats and spirits drooping. As they dragged their weary feet through the Gallery, they vainly tried to arouse a spark of enthusiasm and appreciation for the fine display.

The final instalment was the show at the Capitol Theatre. For many, however, it meant an opportunity for forty winks. A justly-earned supper ended their sojourn in the capital city and they climbed wearily back into the railway coaches, bidding farewell to Ottawa and to the rain. Wisecracks and jokes were feebly scattered about but finally died away to a murmur. Some slept. Others tried to sleep . . . the same old story . . . Home . . . and oh!!!—bed!




Student: "What are the Parliament Buildings?"

Feronia School Boy: "The Parliament Buildings is the place where the Liberals and Conservatives go to argue."

The Hallowe'en Party

Helen Andruchuk

HERE were you at nine o'clock Friday, October the thirtieth, 1936? Surely, you remember that:
 It was on Hallowe'en night,
When not a creature was stirring
Except the brave Normalite!

At that very moment the stately Normal School was shrouded in mystery. In the reserved library appeared strange individuals, masked and bedecked in foreign array. This was rather a strain on us girls who had to gossip in whispers for fear that the masked marvel next to us was the victim of our rumours.

The exciting Ghost Walk, a thrilling initiation, was what revived our "shrinking violets." Why should we have been so frightened? To reveal a big secret—it was only one of "our eight boys" masquerading as a ghost, and Miss McNally is really not a witch.

After the adventurous Ghost Walk, our dignified body of students dashed madly to the black and orange Assembly hall. Here we enjoyed a tasty bit of programme supplied by our school talent. How the girls clapped for Mr. Murphy! After all, he is one of "our eight boys."

Three cheers for the girls who, setting aside all fears, courageously made their way about the Assembly hall for the Costume Parade. Misses Snook and Sampson were the envy of all eyes as they glided along in their picturesque costumes. At the same time that inseparable Beadman—and—Lawson team appeared, sensationally as one big "meow". For once, a separation would have been tragic, for what would Lawson—the head of the cat—have done without Beadman? For the most picturesque, the most original and to the most comical costumes, three prizes were awarded by three of our distinguished judges.

After everyone had had his share of a "bite" to eat, the games and dancing commenced. The quiet games turned out to be rather noisy and the noisy games vice versa. Our musically-minded students besieged the library where they danced to the strains of more school talent. Here, we all made special note of the number of times that Mr. So and So danced with Number . . . At least this was something to talk about for another week.

Twelve o'clock, and our Cinderellas and "eight noble princes" hurry home, because the party is over. So ended our first polished gathering in which "our eight boys" made a successful debut and we girls did our best.

Visitor: "Does Mr. Spence, the Normal student live here?"

Landlady: "Yes. Mr. Spence lives here but I thought he must be a night watchman."





Queen's University Kingston - Ontario

Ninety-Seventh Sessions Opens
September 27, 1937.

Situated in the oldest city in Ontario; 25 modern buildings; annual registration about 4,300; health insurance provided during session; placement office gives free service to graduates.

DEGREE COURSES in Arts, Commerce, Applied Science, and Medicine.

SUMMER SCHOOL July 5 to August 18 includes special courses as follows:

Drawing and Painting—Mr. André Biéler, Resident Artist.

Music—Dr. F. L. Harrison, Director of Music.

Staging Plays—Mr. W. S. Milne.

Ask for a copy of "Queen's in Pictures".

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO LONDON, CANADA

Summer School


JULY 5th to AUGUST 14th, 1937

1. Academic Courses for the Permanent First Class Certificate.
2. Course in Education for the Permanent First Class Certificate.
3. Courses for Departmental Certificates in Vocal Music and in Orchestral Music.
4. Master Classes in Vocal Music.
5. Piano Class-Teaching.
6. Course in Rhythm Band Instruction.
7. Courses in Violin.
8. Arts Courses leading to the B.A. degree.
9. French Conversation Course at Trois-Pistoles, Quebec.

Address: DR. H. R. KINGSTON, Director of Summer School.

Our Christmas Party

Nora Taylor

 OUR Christmas party was held December 17th, on the last eve of our first term. It came with mingled regrets and relief. That Thursday began with a feeling of intense excitement. Were we really going home? Was it an imaginary vision or something which when grown bright suddenly fades from sight? Was this day to go on and on, bringing no night? Thus it seemed to many.

Perhaps the fact that lessons were to be taught by groups three and four capped the situation, giving sufficient explanation for dull, far-off, evasive answers during the morning periods. However, the executive gladly undertook to make the school gay with festive decorations of the customary red and green papers. The halls, robed in their bright streamers, became warm and friendly. In one corner of the library a tree, twinkling with gleaming icicles, stood in readiness to beam forth a welcome to the first guest. In the assembly hall its sister was prepared to perform the same social duty. To the right of the assembly long tables were placed to hold the vast stores of refreshments.

Plans had been previously made for the entertainment to begin at eight o'clock with a programme in the assembly hall. But long before the allotted time a spectator might have seen gay, excited groups of students coming and going through the halls—might have heard snatches of conversation: "What are you taking home?" "I can't get half my things in my suitcase." "Send me a card!" Nevertheless, the guests arrived and the programme began on schedule time. Excellent entertainment had been carefully worked up to a high degree of skill. A scene depicting school life afforded much amusement which was increased by the fact that the masters took part in it. Between the numbers community singing, directed by Rev. Mr. Packham, proved a great success.

After the programme, refreshments consisting of coffee, rolls, jelly rolls and dessert were tastily served to the hungry audience. An added feature of the evening was the presentation of roses to Miss Morgan, not only for able guidance and co-operation at the Literary meetings, but also because the morrow was her birthday. Dancing in the library to the strains of excellent orchestra music enticed guests to linger late.

However, all parties must come to an end, and this proved no exception. The next day would leave North Bay fairly destitute of Normalites. Nineteen hundred and thirty-six had seen its Normal School Christmas party.



The Fat Normalite's Idea of Deduction

Only the cream of the school will be passed.


Cream is fat.

I am fat.

Therefore I will be passed.

Coronation Day, May 12, 1937

Bertha Christianson

 HAVE succeeded to the throne in circumstances which are without precedent, and at a moment of great personal distress. Yet I am resolved to do my duty, fortified by the goodwill and sympathy of all my subjects throughout the world. It will be my constant endeavour, with God's help and the support of my dear wife, to uphold the honour of the Realm and promote the happiness of my Peoples."

Such was the first message of King George VI to his people upon his accession to the throne. It discloses to us very clearly the noble, upright and honourable character of the man who now sits on the throne of Britain. He was born on December 14, 1895, and during his youth served loyally and courageously in the Great War. As a young man he was serious-minded, rather shy, and handicapped by ill-health and an impediment in his speech. With a wonderful determination he has overcome his speech defect and thus has endeared himself to and won the admiration of people in every walk of life. At all times he has shown an active interest, whole-hearted co-operation and sympathy, especially in the welfare of the working classes. From his father he has inherited many qualities which will endear him to his people, as they did the late King George V. He is devoted to duty, loves family life, is unaffected in manner and considerate of those with whom he comes in contact.

At his side and constantly assisting the King is his wife, Queen Elizabeth. She, as the Duchess of York, won the hearts and goodwill of all with whom she associated. Ever ready to accompany, and stand by her husband, she contributed greatly to the spirit of affection and respect which the nations of the British Commonwealth extend toward the King and the throne. Indeed, she very fittingly holds the position of "The First Lady of the Land".

The two little princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, natural, unselfish and unspoiled, complete the affectionate and devoted family group. With such standards of home life, duty and faith, at the head of the country, must not the future be a bright one?

Wednesday, May 12, 1937, saw the crowning of George VI and Queen Elizabeth, to whom England and the Empire look with such fond hopes. The scene of the Coronation ceremony was the old, historic Westminster Abbey. A procession of foreign guests, colonial representatives and relatives preceded the King and Queen from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey. The Royal couple were met at the west door of the Abbey by the Archbishops and Bishops taking part in the ceremony, who preceded them into the church. They were immediately greeted with an anthem, during which they proceeded through the church.

The ceremony then began with the Recognition. The King stood with bared head while the Archbishop of Canterbury addressed the audiences

in the north, south, east and west parts of the Abbey, with the words: "I now present unto you, George, the undoubted King of the Realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are ye willing to do the same?" The people answered in a loud chorus, "God save King George". The King then took the Oath, which was altered to suit the new status of the Dominions. He swore to govern not "the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions thereto belonging", but to govern "the peoples of Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, Australia, New Zeeand, and the Union of South Africa". For the first time we have a King of Canada.

Following the Oath was the mystical ceremony of the Anointing. The Archbishop of Canterbury anointed the King with oil and then pronounced his blessing upon him. Then followed the investment with the imperial mantle, the orb, the ring, and the two sceptres, in preparation for the Crowning, which took place in the sanctuary near the altar. The Archbishop went to the Coronation Chair, where the King was seated, and placed the Crown on his head. After the Crowning the King withdrew to the Throne, a chair of state on a raised platform, where the Enthronization took place. He was lifted into the chair by the archbishops, bishops, and officers of state. Then Homage was paid to the King by the Archbishop of Canterbury, representing the Lords Spiritual, by the Duke of Gloucester, representing the Princes of the Blood, and by representatives of the various orders of Peers. The people, when the Homage was completed, shouted, "God Save King George. Long Live King George. May the King Live Forever".

The Queen, with a service similar to, though briefer and simpler than, that of the King, was anointed and crowned. She ascended her throne, which was placed to the left of, and slightly lower than, that of his Majesty. The ceremony concluded with the Communion Service, and the King and Queen left the Abbey for the return procession to Buckingham Palace.

The London streets were filled with ringing cheers as the King and Queen passed. Was there not an immediate echo from all nations of the Commonwealth? For the first time in history a king has been crowned when every subject far and near might hear the Coronation Service. As we sat shivering at four o'clock Wednesday morning, May 12, listening to the broadcast of the Coronation Service, we felt closer to the King and to Britain, and looked upon ourselves as participants in the Service.

By the same medium of radio the King spoke to us, his subjects in the four corners of the earth. We listened to his message with hearts full of joy and love. His slow, measured speech gave us an idea of the effort and determination put forth by our King to please his subjects. We, a group of Canadian Normal School students, raise our voices to shout, "Long Live the King, the King of Canada".



How the Third Form girls like after four classes with Mr. Ricker when he serves candy à la carte!

The Sports Party

Elaine Waller

ONCE again the doors of the Normal School were thrown open to its happy crowd of students, when on Friday, February twenty-fifth, the Literary Society held a Sports Party. At eight fifteen the round of merriment began. Different indoor sports were held in different parts of the school. There were card games, checkers and dominoes in the Library for those inclined that way. Others found amusement in ping pong which was held in the main hall. Speedy badminton games took place in the Assembly hall. One of the games that gave most excitement was a disking tournament held among four teams. So closely were they matched that not until the last disk was played was the game settled. David Botly's team emerged victorious. But a greater surprise was in store for them when, upon entering the Library, each member was presented with a box of chocolates.

After this presentation an unusual track meet was held. Some of the events were: the hundred yard dash, which was cutting a thin strip of paper in two; javelin throwing, wherein feathers were used; standing high jump where the contestant had to sing as high and as low as possible. Hilarity reached its climax when the baby show was held. Contrary to most baby shows the best baby was he or she who could first finish a bottle of milk by sucking it from a baby's bottle. We wonder how Margaret Haines managed.

Later, a delicious lunch was served. This was followed by dancing in the Library. As mid-night drew nigh the Sports Party came to a close. The same groups, tired but still happy, went their different ways.



The Interest Clubs

WHEN we came to Normal this year we met something new in place of the Literary Societies to which we had been accustomed. This innovation was the Interest Clubs, of which there were eight.

In October we divided our numbers according to the activity which interested us most. Those from which we might choose were: Dramatics, directed by Miss Mitchell and Mr. Rivers; Folk Dancing, directed by Miss Morgan; Music, directed by Mr. Bamford; Art, under Mrs. Irwin; Photography, under Mr. Ricker; Sewing, under Miss Preston; Wood-Working, under Mr. Chambers; Physical Training, under Mr. Neale.

Some of the clubs contributed to the Christmas Programme, especially the Dramatic, Physical Training, and Camera Clubs. The others all accomplished some project, but did not work towards a programme.

All were keenly interested in their respective activities, and many useful and pleasant things were done. We liked the practical nature of our work, for it will be of use to us later on; but besides this, we enjoyed every minute of our weekly half-hour in our Clubs.

Our Visit from Dr. Wallace

Thelma Dixon

ONE of our most enjoyable privileges of the year was that of being addressed by Principal Wallace, M.A., LL.D., of Queen's University, Kingston. We are deeply appreciative of the kindness shown by Dr. Wallace in consenting to speak to us.

As he emphasized the value of personality in the teaching profession, we recognized in him a living example of the meaning of a truly great personality. From the moment he began, we sat enthralled under the spell of his words.

It would be impossible to imprison that charm in written words; but we can outline briefly the context of his message.

There are three most important points to be remembered in teaching. The first is a thorough knowledge of your subject and a thorough method of teaching it. Once the children feel that the teacher is not a master of his work they can learn nothing from him. In teaching, depth is more important than breadth or scope. It is better to cover a smaller amount of work and feel that it is understood than to skim hastily over a greater number of pages.

The second point is a sense of humour. If you laugh with your pupils they will not laugh at you. Lighten the darkness of a dreary day with a joke and your problems of discipline will vanish.

He placed emphasis, in the third place, on developing in your pupils good moral character. You cannot teach morals above the standard of those that you, yourself, fulfil. The teacher that influences his pupils to the greatest extent is he who says least but shows most by the fine example of his own life. Those who talk most about high ideals and fine morals usually do so in an attempt to balance their own lack of character.

Lastly, never feel discouraged. Often, when you think that you have failed utterly, that is the day when you have helped some one. If, some day, even one or two people tell you that once, you pointed out the way to them, that is sufficient reward for years of service.



Scientific Experiment

PURPOSE: To obtain wheat flakes for use in lesson assignment.

APPARATUS: Corn flakes, brown paint, water.

METHOD: Mix brown paint and water in paint box. Dip each corn flake individually into paint. Spread on waxed paper on the floor. When perfectly dry, tramp on flakes.

OBSERVATION: The flakes appeared darker in colour and after foot-pressure were not noticeably different from wheat flakes.

CONCLUSION: Never say "die" for concrete material.

The At Home

Mabel McMichael

ALTHOUGH later than usual this year, our "At Home", combined with Open Night and the Empire Day programme, was the outstanding event of the year. It provided an excellent way of closing school on May 21st.

As our programme was to commemorate Empire Day and Coronation Day, the Assembly Hall was decorated in red, white and blue, with a large Union Jack at the back of the stage, around which were draped the flags of the various nationalities. The Library and lower hall, however, were decorated in the school colours of gold and brown.

A very colourful programme was enjoyed by the Masters, the Critic Staff, the students and their guests, who were welcomed by the President, Miss Christianson. Every nationality in the school was represented by folk dances, songs, or recitations; while Miss Britannia, seated on her throne in the centre of the platform, received and welcomed them all. Then all races joined together to take part in a Maypole dance, showing the friendship existing among the different nationalities of Canada.

One of the main events of the programme was the Valedictory address given by Miss McNally, who was chosen valedictorian by all the students of the school.

At the conclusion of the programme Miss Morgan was presented with a lovely bouquet of roses and Mr. Bamford was thanked by the President for his untiring efforts in making the evening successful.

After the programme, dainty refreshments were served in the Household Science room by members of the Literary Society Executive.

Round dancing in the Library then occupied the minds of most till one o'clock.

It was then, with heavy hearts but happy memories of a pleasant evening, that we bid each other "good-night".

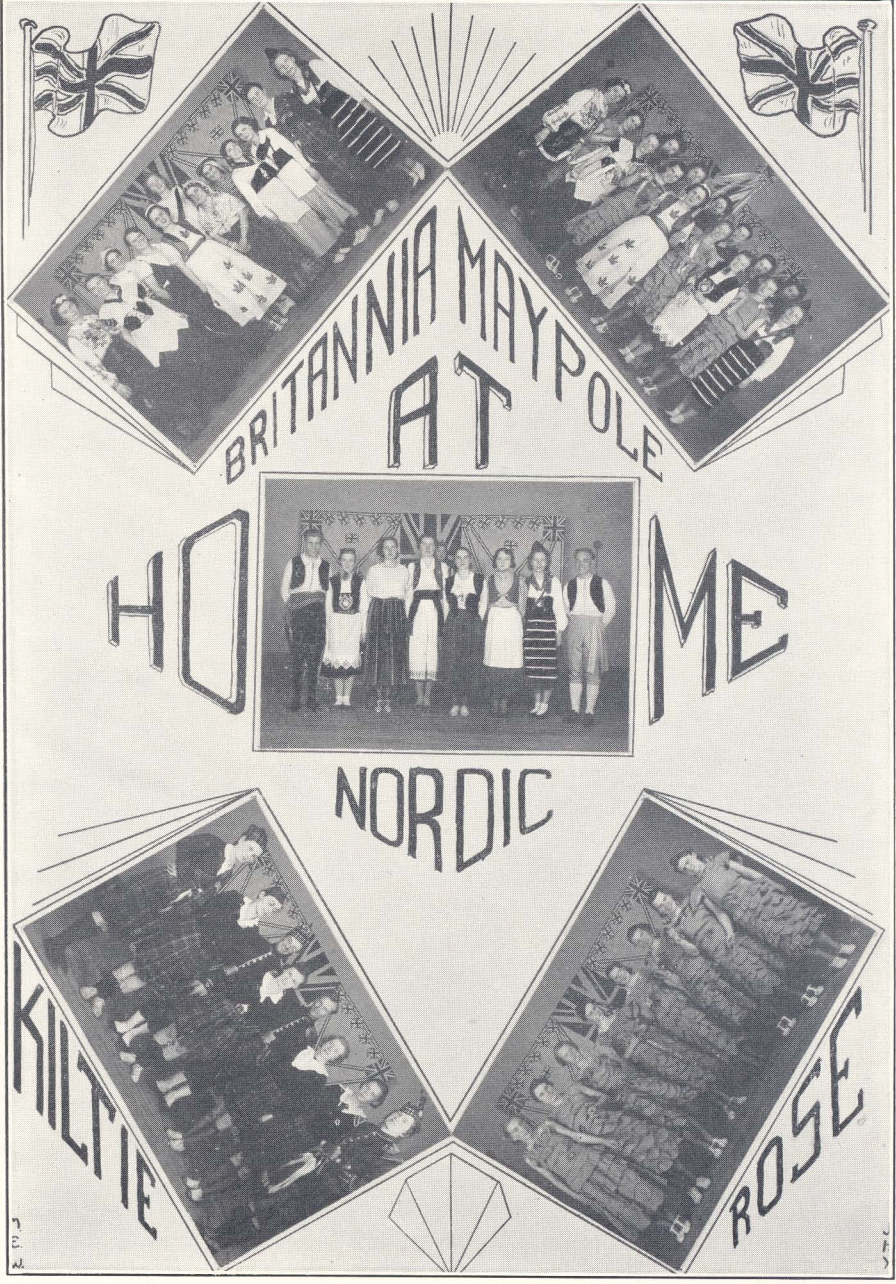
The Children

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone so short a way to meet
The years that are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn! They are so often
held
To sun or showers; showers soon
dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks for such, much grace.

They are such frail, fair gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lay along the sky;
They may not be here by and by.
Give them not love, but more,
But harder, patience with the love.

Anonymous



BRITANNIA MAY POLE
AT

HOME

NORDIC

KILTIE


ROSE

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Visitors and Speakers

Thelma F. Dixon

ARLY in the fall term of our school year we were honoured by a visit from the Deputy Minister of Education from Saskatchewan. He enlightened us on educational matters there. Count your many blessings, North Bay Normalites, teachers' salaries are much lower in Saskatchewan than they are here.

During the teachers' convention that was held at the Normal School the students were invited to hear a lecture given by Mr. Dorizas, of the University of Philadelphia. Mr. Dorizas explained the situation existing in Russia and Spain as he saw it.

We were given an introduction to School Federation through Miss McLean and Messrs. McKee and Demeza. We were strongly urged to join this organization and by working in co-operation with the other teachers of Ontario, to do our best to better conditions for members of his profession.

Dr. McMurchy, a graduate of the University of Toronto, gave a very interesting series of lectures on health topics. Her information will be of great assistance to us in the teaching of hygiene.

Miss Tyhurst, Secretary of the Ontario Girls' Work Board, outlined briefly the programme of the C.G.I.T. She was, she said, greatly impressed by "the spirit of youth in the North".

The value of the visit of Dr. Dunlop of Toronto University was appreciated by the student body. His words, "The teaching game is mostly bluff" inspired us with new hope.

As advocate of "Home and School" Clubs, Mrs. Casselman lectured on the value of these clubs in promoting a feeling of good-will in the community.

H. E. Amoss, B.A., D.Paed., Inspector of Auxiliary Schools for Ontario, interested us greatly in the work of these schools, by his outline of their benefit to the children of the province. The point that Dr. Amoss stressed particularly, was that every pupil is fitted for some task and the good teacher will find where that task lies.

Dr. Wallace of Queen's University impressed us so deeply that we have given a special place in this book to the record of his speech.

Rev. Heber Wilkinson, a missionary just returned from India, showed us how quickly an hour can pass when there are moving pictures and an enjoyable lecture for entertainment.

We were given further information regarding the marking of registers by Mr. D. G. Keefe, Attendance Officer of Ontario.

Dr. Mac Clement, of Queen's University, encouraged us to extend our academic qualifications after leaving Normal School.

Mr. Davies, Inspector of the Department of Agriculture, also urged the necessity of studying extra-murally to obtain a permanent teaching certificate.

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Form I.

Margaret Fetterly

 **A** S we prepare to hand down to posterity the history of Form I. a feeling of pride, and, yes, awe, steals over us; pride because we belong to the group, awe of the celebrities of which we may boast. Among our numbers may be found (most of the time), the Literary President (second term), Year Book Editor, and best Student Teacher. These titles, however, are empty things. It is the knowledge that the positions are filled by members who realize the honour bestowed upon them, and who are giving their best to us in return, that makes us proud. This is true also of those of the group who have held various offices during the year: club presidents, team captains, and leaders in group activities.

Form I. has been fortunate, too, in being able to claim as her own, so many talented individuals. There are no less than two A.T.C.M.'s, some clever dancers, singers and monologists. This talent, I may say, was displayed in our own Literary programme, and in the other entertainments during the year.

In a small group of twenty-three there are eighteen localities in Ontario, and nine nationalities represented.

In athletics, also, Form I. won their share of the laurels. More than two-thirds of the group participated in the Saturday morning basket-ball sessions, and some of the outstanding players of the whole school were in our group. Many took part in the badminton and diskings tournaments. One feature of the athletic activities which cannot be monopolized by Form I. is the splendid sportsmanship displayed by all the teams.

Class loyalty and class spirit are terms of which we, as High School students, thought little. They mean something this year, and I don't think there is one of us who doesn't feel it. When we consider that we are young men and women, of different types and temperaments, from different parts of the Province, this feeling of loyalty and fellowship is all the more admirable.

One of our Masters remarked recently that he had noted a vast change in us since September. May the change have been for the better, and our future lives be as pleasant and as full of purpose as they have been during the past year.



Things We Never Knew 'Til Now

That the cavities in our heads are of some use—namely, for singing.

Ever since Mary discovered that a year consists of only eighty-eight days on Venus, she has been mentally kicking herself for not going to Normal there.

Miss Preston: "The next is tomato soup. Well, we won't go into that."

Country Life

Yvonne Fawcett

Country life is the life for me
Where the temperature falls below fifty-three
Where you rise at five-thirty, and shiver and shake
As you bathe in ice-water fresh from the lake.

Some oatmeal porridge, and off you go
To break a road through three feet of snow.
And when you arrive at the school-yard gate
You find you are only a half-hour late.

The critic teacher eyes you askance,
And you quail before that baleful glance.
You rush to the door with the old cow-bell
And lustily peal your assembly knell.

With shouts and with shrieks they come tumbling in—
The tall and the short, the fat and the thin.
The dirty, and also the clean of face
All hope to lead you a merry chase.

"Why is a green blackberry red?"
"Who spilled the salt in the ocean bed?"
"I've finished these questions, what can I do?"
"Please—Johnny Smith untied my shoe!"

"I've lost my pencil!" "I want some ink!"
"Oh! why can't they shut up and let me think!"
But at last it's over—what a day!
To your boarding-house, then, you plough your way.

It's Friday night—Oh, what a head!
Your poor back aches—you're nearly dead.
So wondering whether you'll live or not
You bid goodbye to that pleasant spot.



Miss Morgan confided to us that she once tried the 18-day diet—for two meals.

Dr. Karr may have been rather taken aback by Janet's refreshing candour, but recovered amazingly fast. We imagine it must have been a new experience for Dr. Karr.

Lesson Plan

Hildegard Fast

Subject: Physical Science.

Topic: "How to Get Along Without Sleep."

Class: Normal School.

Apparatus: A Normalite; lessons and projects; a blackboard, chalk.

Aim: To develop an appreciation of the value of sleep.

MATTER

Preparation:

Former knowledge.

Problem: To learn to get along without sleep.

Presentation:

1. Late hours are futile.
2. Early hours are worse.
 - (a) Rude awakening.
 - (b) Reaction.
3. Therefore, school hours are (?)
4. Constant review and drill.

Application:

At a later date, under similar circumstances.

METHOD

I shall leave home tearfully, to attend Normal School at North Bay.

No telling!

Pupil activity!

I shall sit up until 3 o'clock. Finally I shall give up trying to study and roll into bed with a sigh.

Suddenly the alarm clock will ring. With one eye half closed in slumber, I shall gallantly dash off a lesson plan.

Then I shall go back to sleep again.

In class I shall settle down peacefully to enjoy a nap. But at a Master's question I shall awake with a terrific start.

I shall ask myself questions such as the following:

When will this end? Why do I have to endure it? At what hour will I go to bed tomorrow morning?

I shall repeat this process several times each day for several months, keeping a careful record of the observations.

I shall let the guilty pupil write on the board twenty-five times:

"I must not fall asleep during school hours."

Thelma (conducting science class): How would you teach the frog?"

Joan (worried): "I haven't the least idea how I'd teach a frog. It's hard enough to teach children."

Tragedy

Margaret Fetterly

How well I remember
 'Twas 'long in September
 When one of our Masters remarked:
 "We must all endeavor
 "Wrong habits to sever."
 And soon on this game we embarked.
 "Your pronunciation
 "Could stand renovation,"
 He said, and it then was agreed
 That henceforth, in class
 He'd check up on each lass
 Whenever he thought there was need.
 On "hallucination,"
 And "prognostication"
 And other words lengthy we drilled
 Until came the day
 We proudly could say,
 "At pronunciation we're skilled."
 'Twas still in September
 I'll always remember
 Tho' other things fade from the brain,
 Our confidence crumbled
 For one of us stumbled
 Tho' time pass, the scar will remain.
 Was it "sternutation"?
 Or "remuneration"?
 That humbled our pride to dust?
 Ah, would that they had
 'Twould not be so sad
 But, no, 'twas that simple word "JUST!"

Rural Reminiscences

Bella Blake and Marjorie Campbell

Destined for rural school—blizzards—two solitary stragglers of Group I.—departure under august care of a master—pessimistic views—glare ice on roads—snail-like pace—car like a wound-up top—wound up in ditch—school reached with shattered nerves.

Introduced to pupils—slippery floor—maintained equilibrium with difficulty—impromptu lessons under master's eye—dinner—introduced to the Simpsons—a noted name—work—work—2 o'clock, 2.30, 2.45 a.m.—bed but not to sleep—haunting visions of day's lessons—admired country life—early hours—stars—northern lights—and Friday came—and the taxi came—home sweet home.

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FORM II.

Back Row—M. Hall, E. Jeffries, V. Heard, E. Huckabone, J. Hutchison, J. Jacobs, J. Forsyth, L. Fremlin, N. Labatt. Front Row—M. Lalonde, M. Gerbasi, M. Johnson, E. Holmes, M. Habib, M. Gordon, E. Jurela, I. Jackson, M. Haines. Absent—Sister Marie Celine, Sister Donald, Sister Frederica.

Form II. History

Margaret Haines

THE members of Group II, the "Happy Group," are liked because of their pleasant smiles and congenial nature. This does not suggest that they are more carefree than others, but merely signifies that they have learned to view circumstances in their true perspective and are able, in the face of difficulty, to keep their "chins up" and smile. They always willingly aid any of their fellow-students who may need their assistance.

Feeling that our education would have been lacking somewhat if we did not see the famous Dionne quintuplets, Mr. Neale very kindly took his favourite form, Group II, to Callander to see them—once before Christmas and once in May, before we went home.

The triumph of our group was the Literary programme we gave. We threw off the cloak of formality and many years too, to become pupils in a rural school putting on a typical St. Valentine's Day programme, under the leadership of our teacher, Miss Jacobs.

So many varied interests are represented in our group that space will permit mention of only a few. Port Arthur and the North gained a great deal of their strength in basketball from our form, Elizabeth Holmes and Violet Heard won the badminton tournament. Two of our members were gifted in Art—Srs. Frederica and Donald. And yet, despite this diversity of interests we were bound together by the golden chain of friendship, and a common goal.

We have not been together long, but we feel certain that when we part, the bond of mutual friendship can never be broken by time or distance. Our year has been a happy one. We now enter our profession with high ideals in view. Let's keep smiling!



The Teacher's Lament

(Tune: "When I Grow Big Some Day")

"I wonder what I'll be when I am through this year,
At the end of June when I am through this year?
Perhaps I'll be a preacher, I'd rather be a teacher
So I can strap the children when I teach next year."




Mr. Ricker: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

Lillian P.: "Just before examinations, sir."

Brighter Days to Come

Sister Donalda

REY plodded along. The street was so cold and wet. The fog choked the streets and dimmed all life. He felt the chill of each step, for the well polished shoes did not betray the gaps beneath. To look at him, as many people did, he was a rather fine gentleman but, on closer inspection frayed corners revealed the truth.

He had tried so hard to be merry through it all, but now his last hope was dashed and black despair was slowly working in. No one needed a young, inexperienced doctor. For the first time he was without a roof over his head, not a penny in his pocket. What would he do? He had tried to procure any work but always the same answer, "No help needed."

Deep in meditation, he failed to notice the lengthening shades of evening closing in on him. He was aroused by a sudden shout. Too late! The heavy sign had done its work well. A mighty weight crushed him, an intolerable pain pierced his body and with it came merciful oblivion.

Days passed. In a small white room doctors shook their heads as no improvement was seen. Not much chance! One bright morning, the report being the same, the busy nurse left him alone. The bright sun, creeping around the corner, flashed gaily in the sick man's eyes. The eyelids fluttered, opened and a thrill passed through every limb. Where was he? He couldn't remember. He was too tired to think but oh that rain was so cold. Rain? No; the sun must be out now. But it had been raining! Of that he felt sure. But the sun? Well, he was too tired. Then falling into a restful sleep he woke to see two kind old eyes gazing into his.

"Well, well! I knew you would! We're just going to make you over like new."

Memory came flooding back. In his weakness two large tears blinded him. Why wouldn't they let him die here, in comfort? It would be so much easier than out in the rain.

The kind, soft voice of Doctor Mede broke in. "Now don't you worry. We'll take care of you. I know all about it. You have already told me. Now, off to sleep, young man."

For a moment he stood there and with a great effort Grey detached his hand and lifted it. With a deep sigh he answered one who understood.

Months passed. The friendship grew and in long chats they talked of much. Often Grey was asked for his advice on some puzzling case and it was always received readily and with appreciation. All would have been well had it not been for that cloud hanging over Grey's head. As he grew stronger discouragement settled over him in spite of his friends' remonstrances. One day Doctor Mede came merrily into the room and, walking over to Grey, pulled him out of his depression.

"Great news for you! You're fired tomorrow. You're strong and healthy now and will be able to do twice the work in a short time." A chill came over Grey. Had he no pity? No, the dark, kind eyes showed pleasure only. With a forced smile and heavy heart he turned to the window and stood gazing out on that cruel city. He felt a fatherly arm thrown on his shoulders and heard the rest of the story.

"You're fired; but tomorrow you're hired right here in this hospital. Doctor White has just put in his resignation and we want you."



School—We Love It

Jean Jacobs

At four and five
We play that we
Are teachers, scolding, strapping,
But never lessons giving.
It's fun—we love it.

At six or seven
Begins our training,
So very, very eagerly,
Doing, Oh, so many lessons;
'Cause it's fun—we love it.

About eleven
We graduate,
And decide that we will be
Teachers, kind and good.
It will be fun—we'll love it.

In High School, then,
We harder work,
To get to Normal School
Where, told by friends:
"You'll have great fun—you'll love it!"

The awaited year,
Now almost gone,
Has been one of delight,
Teaching so many lessons
It has been fun—we've loved it.

Itstix

T. F. Dixon

Here's to the greatest invention that's found,
That high and low rev'rence, the whole world around;
The marvellous wonder that everyone licks;
That our peace of mind, hope, and faith cling to—Itstix!
Perhaps you've discovered a hole in your hose,
Or, it may be a rent in your best suit of clothes.
Oh, these little things are most easily fixed,
Just reach for the handy brown role of Itstix.
Perchance in the curtain you've found a huge tear,
You hastily search for a means of repair.
Your Itstix will mend it, so it will not show.
'Twill look as before—your landlady won't know.
It may be a suitcase, it may be a chair,
Or a shoe whose poor sole is beginning to wear,
We've yet to find something that cannot be fixed
By neatly applying a piece of Itstix.
If you have decided with whom you will dwell,
Take cardboard. With Itstix, just fasten it well;
And, build for yourself and your partner a home.
No more will you travel life's pathway alone.



A Calamity

Ila Jackson

A student from our famous group,
Was teaching one bright day
Away out in Alderdale,
Quite a few miles away.

She was touring Europe,
And was getting along just great,
When all at once something happened,
Which is very sad to relate.

The class was very attentive
And was working very well;
But very unexpectedly
All of it fainted and fell,

Back into the student's arms,
Without uttering a word!
The class boasted one pupil.
The student was Violet Heard.

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They have supported us in the expectation that the student body will support them. In order that they may obtain the utmost satisfaction we ask you to give the advertising pages your attention, and show your appreciation by patronizing their establishments.



FORM III.

Back Row—H. Mack, E. McNally, M. McMichael, A. Samson, H. Lindstrom, A. Sarkka, O. Koslo, L. Shave. Second Row—S. Lazzara, E. Lawson, M. Leighfield, N. Sewchuk, A. Mitchell, M. Searles, L. Lovick. Front Row—J. McLarty, V. Oja, A. M. McGuinty, K. Negus, B. Miller, J. Ramsay, L. Punstel.

Group III—History

Helen Mack

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

WITH regretful hearts we see our year at Normal School fast drawing to a close. These words of Longfellow's seem to make us, the famous Group III, feel assured that on departing from school we leave footprints in the memories of many. (Perhaps some are a trifle heavy).

The history of Group III has indeed been a pleasing one. Throughout the term no one had cause to say to us "Keep on smiling." Indeed no! Good nature pervaded the Group. A great deal of the honour being due to our rosy-cheeked jester, Kay Negus. We strove valiantly to overcome our lack of punctuality but Miss Mitchell day after day became more reconciled to seeing members of our group make mad dashes through the doorway and up the aisles to their seats. Mr. Bamford's patience with us while instructing us in the Doh-Me-Soh's was amazing. We appreciate the numerous things he did for us such as snapping his fingers in the galloping marches, to give our singing the pep it lacked.

Group III was in the limelight as far as sports were concerned. Three of the four captains in the A. Division of the basketball league were members of our group. Proud are we that the secretary of the Girls' Athletic Society and of the Literary Society, after Christmas, was one of our members, Mabel McMichael. The management of our Literary funds was entrusted to another of our group, a little Irish maid, Anna Mary McGuinty. Last but not least we wish to express our boundless pride in having among our number Ethel McNally, who was chosen as valedictorian by her fellow students.

We will leave school with a treasured store of memories which in later years we will recall time and time again with the greatest appreciation possible.

We Wonder

Why Group IV girls are so proud of their "Noble Eight." "The survival of the fittest they think?"

Why Nattie Sewchuk endeavours to look her prettiest when we pass Group IV in the halls?

If "cookie dusters" are in style?

Why Nora Taylor has developed a love for "Things of Nature"—we mean flowers?

Sleep, Sleep, Sleep

Mabel McMichael

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
On our heavy lids, O eyes,
And we would that our tongues could utter
Our thoughts when we arise.

O, for a good night's sleep
When we feel so tired and worn,
After working on projects and plans
From evening till early morn!


While the critics go gaily on
With parties and other affairs,
And the pupils go to daily shows,
We're loaded down with cares.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
We crave the whole week through;
And long for the day when we may be
Full-fledged teachers, too.



Our Classroom

Ethel McNally

HAT a trim, formally cheerful room is this! The four bright squares of sunlight across the room are the windows, with an air of grace lent them by the flowering plants on their sills. A flash of reflected light draws one's eyes to the back of the room where stands a miniature museum of nature's children, housed in three large glass cabinets. Six decorous rows of desks fill most of the available floor space, leaving very little room for the narrow, starved, apologetic aisles between. The blackboard on the side wall is gay with the bright colours of a Christmas calendar, a patch-work quilt version of Australia, and a checkerboard of a weather chart. In a carnival array of colours three huge maps hang stiffly above the front blackboard, which manages to look wise in spite of the blank look on its face. Directly in front of this, in a commanding position on the platform, stands the master's desk, piled high with books, bottles, papers, and all the paraphernalia used in the difficult process of pounding knowledge into our reluctant heads.

Rain

Ethel McNally

I sit at the window and listen
To the patter of myriad feet,
As the Rain-god and his cohorts
Come marching down the street.
And their banners are bits of the Mist-Maid's skirt,
And they float with a silver sheen,
They were made in her palace with cloud-banks girt,
For she is the Rain-god's Queen.

She rides beside the Rain-god
At the head of that dazzling train,
And flowers of violets and crocus
Are twined in her palfrey's mane.
About her floats a diaphanous veil
Bound around with a bright sun-beam,
And her crown is woven of lilies pale
Which were plucked from a crystal stream.

And now I see the Rain-god,
The lord of the clouds and the dew,
As he rides on his jet-black charger
With trappings of royal blue.
His face is lit by the golden glow
That is shed from his armour bright,
Beauty and greenness seem to flow
From his lingering touch, so light.

The Rain-god, the lovely Mist-Maid,
And their cohorts with foot-steps light
Have passed away to the Eastward,
Flaunting their banners bright.
Now the sun breaks forth from the Western sky,
And over the Eastern plain
The rainbow arches in glory shy,
—A salute from the passing rain.



Kay went down town to see how her avoirdupois was coming along. She stepped on the talking scale which piped up: "One at a time, please."

Joe Y.: (On completing a complicated scene in red and purple):
"Murphy, could you suggest a suitable name for this?"

Murphy: "Why don't you call it 'Home'?"

Joe: "Why?"

Murphy: "Because there's no place like it."

Snow

Ethel McNally

The snow fell softly, and gently,
The sky was leaden grey.
And the people's muffled foot-falls
Were heard, and then died away.

All night the snow fell, glistening
'Neath the street-lamps' steady glow,
And the world seemed waiting, listening
For the wind to drift the snow.

At first the wind came creeping,
Then shouting, and hoarse with glee.
And soon he was piling and sweeping
The drifts around each tree.

And in the crystal morning
We woke to glad surprise,
To see the snow adorning
Each thing before our eyes.

Soon came the children running
To shout, and laugh, and play
With the great white fluffy newness
That had come before the day.

And as I watched them playing,
In the noon-tide's tender glow
As they rolled, and tramped, and waded.
What a blessing, that God sends snow.



Theme Songs of Group III.

Kathleen Negus—"You Do the Darndest Things."

Mr. Bamford—"Sing Baby Sing".

Third Group's Teaching Theme Song—"Rivers Stay Away From My Door".

Group Three, coming back from the country—"I'm an Old Cow-Hand".

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FORM IV.

Back Row—J. Rukkola, J. Yakimiki, M. Black, S. Einarson, A. Murphy, M. Spence, D. Botly, W. Climie. Second Row—L. Vartiainen, N. Wright, L. Washington, I. White, G. Vokes, A. Wren. Front Row—E. Waller, E. Wamio, D. Sullivan, N. Taylor, I. Junor, A. Snook, M. Stewart.

Form IV. History

W. A. Climie

 O WRITE a really worthwhile history of Group Four is very difficult as it is the most versatile group in the school. Besides including the **Famous Eight**, it has a noble group of feminine admirers—maybe. In the following lines we shall endeavour to give you an appreciation and some inside information on the group that is bright and gay.

As it is the only group containing boys, it deserves to be put in a place of premier importance. Of course there may be arguments offered but we are stubborn; besides, who is writing this anyway?

In the various activities of the school the boys have shown an active interest. They were well represented on the first Literary Executive, Dave Botly, the all around student and good sport, being President; Mac Spence, our amateur photographer, Vice-President; and Bill Climie, athlete, Secretary. On the Winter Executive, Art Murphy, our Irish tenor, upheld our group with his tenacious arguments.

What of the other four? The finer arts shine in the persons of John Rahkola, artist; Joe Yakimiki, artist and musician; Stan "Ikey" Einarson, intricate carver. But don't let us forget Maurice "Keats" Black, who was caught recently writing a lyric entitled: "To a Dove".

Now may the curtain rise on the fairer element of famous Group Four. Among the tall ones are Audrey Snook and Isabel Junor, basketball stars; Margaret Stewart, who leans toward athletics of all sorts; Nora Taylor, Literary Representative and Elaine Waller, Secretary of the Year Book staff. Eva Wainio played the piano for the Club Swingers while Dorcas Sullivan is a diskier of note.

Of the shorter ones there are Gladys Vokes and Norma Wright, who hail from North Bay; Ila White, Blondie; Laura Varteniuk with her fetching smile; Audrey Wren, terpsichorean, and last but not least by any means, is Louise Washington, the sweetheart of the whole group.

As a group they entered into all sports, basketball and disking among the girls and curling, basketball and disking among the boys. Through co-operation and good sportsmanship they won the coveted honour of being the best individual group in Physical Training. One of their crowning achievements was the Literary Programme in which the boys pranced around the stage in brilliant riding costumes, and the girls, artistically gowned, danced the graceful minuet.

Here the history of this most noble group of students must come to an end. How will they make out as teachers? Where will they be a year, five years, ten years from now? Only the future holds the answer, but I am sure that were we given the ability to see into the years to come, Group Four would have given a good account of itself.

The Health Test

Dorothy Craig

Along about October
The Masters thought it best
To crown each Friday afternoon
With a sessional test.

'Twas on one Friday afternoon
A sessional—you know
The students lined the locker rooms
Five minutes yet to go!

"Oh say, what do you think 'twill be?"
"I'm sure I cannot tell,
I've never hit the right one yet
Oh dear, there goes the bell!

It **has** to be—it's **got** to be,
Because that's all I **read**
Oh dear, what will I ever do
If it's not Science of Ed. ? ?"

At last to me was handed
The sheet I'd yet not seen
And there in glaring headlines
The paper read—"Hygiene!"

I scanned its contents frantically
What could there be I knew?
Whoever thought they'd give us **that**
What a dreadful thing to do!

And to myself I muttered,
"I'll not sit here and moan
Of teeth it asks the number"
Said I, "I'll count my own!"

I thought, "It's surely up to me
To do the best I can"
So I dropped my head upon the desk
And the great count began.

"Let's see— I counted three teeth there
I think there once were four
'Twas near that spot I had one pulled
That used to get so sore.

"Oh dear, how many have I now?
I think I counted eight,
Alas! I think I really shall
Get nowhere at this rate.


"It couldn't be my counting
I'm sure it must be fate
Because I've counted fifty times
And it's always forty-eight."

I glared about the room and said
"With counting teeth I'm through"
And then I saw each student
Was counting her teeth too!

Said I, "I'll watch Susannah
And save myself some time"
But alas! she was some counter
For she made it forty-nine.

And now the time was ended
The dread half-hour was o'er
But there I still sat thinking
And counting as before!

Students' Petition of Rights, 1937

 IN 1937, owing to the student classes being so heavily oppressed they forthwith caused disturbances and finally formulated their requests into a Petition of Rights, by which they sought to better their living conditions.

The terms of this Act were as follows:

- (1) That ten hours be added to each day, for extra and necessary study.
- (2) That each student be provided with at least three pair of hands capable of active work in constructing concrete material.
- (3) That the elementary classes be fully equipped as mind readers to relieve the teachers of unnecessary questioning and explanations.
- (4) That each student be provided with a dictaphone for class notes and lectures.
- (5) That elevators be provided, making regular runs from the Manual Training room to the Art classroom.
- (6) That a pill be invented the consumption of which will give us all teaching personality.
- (7) That lockers be made in chute form capable of being inverted for the extraction of books.
- (8) That a row or two of seats be upholstered for comfortable sleeping, and in the interest of their health that beds be provided for tired students.
- (9) That the trying of sessional tests be optional.

The Bill being presented to the "House", the classes confidently await its enforcement.

"Fimbriae"

John Rahkola

MOUSTACHES and Normalite boys seem to be more or less synonymous. More or less, because some of them have more, and more of them have less. The dictionary—the "Concise Imperial" of course—states that "a moustache is the unshaven hair of the upper lip often spoken of as plural".

"And he twirled his moustache with so charming an air
His moustaches, I would say, because he'd a pair."

Plural means number—perhaps the number of hairs directly adjacent to the skin of the upper lip. They differ not only in quantity but quality. They may be either bristly or downy, blue, black or fair; and, to impress the fact, either gregarious or solitary.

Normalites twenty years and over can outrival the chin growth of the "Great Kirma" who is known to the students of '37.

Normalites under twenty, still pink-cheeked and chubby, have labial appendages consisting of a baseball team, nine to a side, or even more humiliating, three out all out. Such as these show ripe evidence of having been bought on the instalment plan, a little down and a little more each week.

A curious fact, students often return from Christmas holidays minus their moustaches. The moustache may have vanished during a family row, or because the owner got into a ticklish situation! Upon their return a revival meeting is immediately held and the misplaced eyebrow is again coaxed through the straggly stage—boys, you know the experience—to the full bloom of manly beauty, even though, through necessity, superficially aided by a touch of mascara. Sad to state, hair raising stories are quite unhelpful and the secret of success is shave, trim and snip.

"O for a moustache hirsute
Oh! Just anything will suit."



The Famous Eight

M. E. Black

Fine tales have been told of men of old
Of the works of men of state;
But the story I tell is not known so well;
It's the tale of the famous eight.
Well the roll was called at Normal
And the names all written down, when
'Twas found that of eighty-eight
Just eight of these were men !!
Now this is not to be called a poem
And its sense is not so great;
But you will agree the same about me,
For I am one of the eight.



ATHLETICS



Girls' Athletics

Mabel McMichael

THE Girls' Athletic Society was organized early in the year under the direction of Mr. Neale. The officers elected were as follows: President, E. Jarvela; Vice-President, E. Lawson; Secretary-Treasurer, M. McMichael; Representatives, V. Heard, H. Andruchuk, K. Negus, A. Snook.

Basketball and softball teams were formed according to the districts from which the girls came.

In softball the West far out-distanced the other teams, easily winning the championship.

Basketball and volleyball started early in November, but not much enthusiasm was shown for the latter. That lack of enthusiasm, however, was quite compensated for by the interest shown in basketball every Saturday morning. Two schedules were played off, one for the experienced players and the other for the inexperienced players. Most of the teams were evenly divided, and after a hard struggle the championship was won by the Thistles, the team from the Kenora district. The shield was purchased by the Girls' Athletic Societies of last year and this year.

We all feel greatly indebted to Mr. Neale, who showed such an interest in the games and so willingly helped us in all our sports.



Badminton

Ila White

THE Badminton Club was organized last Fall with Kathleen Negus as president, Helen Andruchuk, vice-president, and Ila White secretary-treasurer.

Students played until the last bell, almost every night, when the court was necessarily vacated. Those who couldn't seem to get enough play after four o'clock, outdid themselves by appearing on the court bright and early the next morning, at eight o'clock, or thereabouts.

The tournament began on the night of our indoor sports party last March. There was a gratifying number of entries and enthusiastic competition ran high. The badminton court seemed to be the place for everybody that night. The final game of doubles was played a short time ago. Elizabeth Holmes and Violet Heard carried off the honours. The men's badminton singles was won by Bill Climie.

I shall take this opportunity on behalf of the club to express our warm gratitude and heartfelt thanks to Mr. Rivers, who so kindly refereed during some of our competition and was in charge of the whole club. Many thanks, Mr. Rivers.

Boys' Athletics

David Botly

THE prospects in the field of boys' sports seemed gloomy indeed, when ten fellows were faced with the necessity of organizing an athletic society. This attitude was soon dispelled and hopes rose as a splendid variety of opportunities for games appeared.

In the autumn a new set of horse-shoes was produced and this old-time game was played with no little enthusiasm, until weather conditions became such that the stakes had to be pulled up and the shoes stored away. Lester Hill was the undisputed champion of this game.

Before Christmas our numbers were reduced to eight by the unfortunate loss of Bert Atcheson and Lester Hill from among our company.

Most prominent of our sports was the curling. To Mr. Rivers we owe thanks for procuring permission to use the curling rink almost any afternoon between four and six o'clock and also on Saturday mornings. Memories of the hard-fought games that we enjoyed so thoroughly will live forever in our minds along with our gratitude to Mr. Rivers and Mr. Chambers, for teaching us how to play the game.

We boys are indebted to the North Bay Collegiate and Vocational School for their kindness in allowing us the use of the gymnasium on several Saturday mornings. We played basketball and volley-ball and although Mr. Rivers played with us, we were still too few in number for correct teams. Let it never be said that this fact caused any lack of sporting rivalry.

Within the walls of our own institution the boys carried on other games. Mr. Neale organized disking tournaments and drew up the schedules. We pay our respects to him for his untiring co-operation. Each boy "skipped" a team of three girls and although the practice-teaching arrangements necessitated frequent substitution of players, always there remained the enthusiasm so characteristic of all our sports.

Badminton was yet another recreation in which the boys of the Normal School participated. Mixed doubles and men's singles tournaments were played and no game was won without a battle despite the fact that most of the boys had never played the game before this time.

Although little business was transacted, an executive for boys' athletics was elected as follows: President, Art Murphy; Vice-President, Stan Einarson; Sec.-Treasurer, John Rahkola.

The Normal School year was not, after all, a period when sports were forgotten. Pleasant, healthful recreation, so necessary for best results in regular school work, was provided and encouraged. For this we now express our appreciation.

Theme Songs

"Pennies from Heaven"—Literary Society's Plea.

"Three O'Clock in the Morning"—Before the half day's teaching.

"Everything Stops for Tea"—At 4 o'clock for the masters.



BASKETBALL
CHAMPIONS

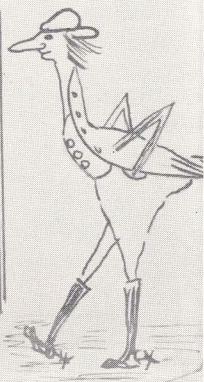


WINNERS IN DISKING
AND CURLING CHAMPS

BADMINTON WINNERS
AND EXECUTIVE



BOYS' & GIRLS'
ATHLETIC EXECUTIVES



Curling

Joe Yakimiki



IP! Swish! Boom!

"Yes! Yes! Sweep 'er down! Sweep 'er down! Sweep! Sweep!"

The days of Bonnie Scotland were revived this year at Normal by the "famous eight," as curlers. After every game the ice was strewn with straws from brooms, which had suffered in the hands of the combatants. The crashing of stones, the bellowing of the skips, the friction of the brooms on the ice, shook the timbers of the curling rink. Each of us participated in the game with a vigour and interest equal to that exhibited by any Scotsman.

Early in the season we were organized into teams or rinks, which came to be called the "Normalites" and the "Israelites". Each team was composed of four men; a lead, a second, a vice-skip, and a skip. The Normalites in full force were: Malcolm (Mac) Spence, lead; Maurice (Gentleman) Black, Second; David (Three-man) Botly, vice-skip, and Arthur (Art) Murphy, skip. For the "Israelites" were listed: John (Bert) Rahkola, lead; William (Bill) Climie, second; Stanley (Ike) Einarson, vice-skip, and Joseph (Joe) Yakimiki, skip. We agreed to meet at the rink every Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

The progress of the season continually changed the character of the games. We learned the rudiments of curling under the patient guidance and instruction of Mr. Rivers and Mr. Chambers. The first few meets were extremely quiet and one-sided, curling being a novel experience for all of us. Gradually the games became more lively. Sweeping became a habit with all of us. Did I say all? I beg your pardon. One in our midst believed in the conservation of energy. With a few changes, the rinks became more evenly matched, displaying some of the noisiest, most interesting, and most competitive games ever witnessed.

Through the winter it was difficult to decide which rink would conquer. The team spirit displayed by the players gave neither rink the lead for any length of time. The losers almost invariably rode to victory in the next combat. After playing the final game, the "Israelites" were fortunate to be proclaimed champions. The end of the struggle left them in all their glory, posing before a camera.

In closing we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Rivers, and Mr. Chambers for the interest they have shown. Through their efforts we were permitted to play on the rink. They were always present to offer their advice, and to help us out of difficulties. We must also express our appreciation to the employees of the rink, and the members of the committee. They too were ever willing to offer advice, and have the rink ready for our use. A memory of this season's curling, a privilege not enjoyed by many, will linger with us through the years to come.

Disking

CURLING, a venerable Scottish game, has come down through the ages, handed on from bearded, tam-o'shantered grandsire to pink-cheeked, tam-o'shantered grandson. It makes the most languid person sweep like fury, while the most timid participant becomes a roarer of mighty sounds. An observer of this delightful game saw in it possibilities for an indoor sport. Disking was the result.

The rules of the game are not complicated. Sixteen wooden disks, some two inches in thickness, are required. These are shoved by means of a wooden cue, toward a circular bull's-eye. The energy of the shove determines the future destination of the disk. Each disk within the circle scores one point. If it is permitted to remain there because of the inaccurate shooting of your opponent those disks nearest to the centre score.

During the year 1937 the corridors of the North Bay Normal have witnessed diskings tournaments where competition ranged supreme. Sportsmanship has been unexcelled, and enjoyment the achievement of all. The schedule drawn up by Mr. Neale gave rise to intense competition. At the conclusion of an extended series of games, a team skipped by Miss Heard met a second team under the guidance of Mr. Spence in the finals. The winning team, composed of N. Sewchuk, G. Vokes, D. Sullivan and M. Spence is of fit calibre to be champion of a game which has added a great deal of pleasure to our Normal School days.



Valedictory

Ethel McNally

IT is my privilege this evening to say the grand farewell of the Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-six to Thirty-seven Class to their Normal School Year. Within the next few days we all, one by one, will be saying our own private goodbyes, but this message tonight is the united farewell of all our hearts to this School which has had, and will continue to have, such a great influence upon our lives and manner of living.

As we stand at the beginning of a new lap of life's journey, we look back with mixed feelings of sorrow and joy upon this last short piece of the road. We look back with the sadness of farewell to something we have grown to respect very deeply; but with our sorrow is mixed the gladness of our youthful optimism, for we live in a Land-of-Glad-Tomorrows, believing that all will be well with us in the end.

We have changed a great deal since we first saw this auditorium. This year has been a growing-up process for all of us; We came here as happy, careless children; we leave, still full of the joy and zest of life, but no longer careless. Life has taken on new meaning for us; we have learned that each must make his own contribution in life, and that no one else can make it for him.

We know that we shall hold great responsibility in our profession, which we believe to be the highest in service that there is. In our work we would have a patient and understanding heart, integrity of character, and buoyancy of spirit, to make us worthy of our task. We know that the way will not be easy, but we feel that, where others have gone we surely can follow; and our prayer will be, in the words of the old hymn:

"I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou shouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

"I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

"For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me a-right,
Though strength should falter, and though heart should
bleed,
Through peace to light."

We must, in departing, pause a little while to speak a word of gratitude to our Masters, Instructors and Critic-Teachers, who have done so much for us. They have given us the high idealism which makes teaching a joy instead of a drudgery, and we feel that it has been an education just to know them. We extend to them this evening our most sincere appreciation for all they have meant to us, and hope that we can live up to their standard of professional efficiency and good character.

So we take our leave of this North Bay Normal School, as many others have done, and many more will. We shall always carry with us the pleasant memory of our sojourn here, and all the dear associations connected with it. We leave, to face a world which may not be as friendly as we found this place to be; but with the weapons we have been given here, we fearlessly fling our challenge to that world, take up our banner of idealism, and march on to our destiny.



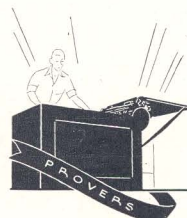
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1. Andruchuk, Helen, Box 1008, Timmins, Ontario.
2. Anttila, Flora, 348 Foley St., Port Arthur, Ontario.
3. Beadman, Mary, Box 1603, Timmins, Ontario.
4. Blaikie, Irene, Flint, P.O., Ontario.
5. Blake, Bella, Dryden, Ontario.
6. Brennan, Sheila, 389 Main St., West, North Bay, Ontario.
7. Brimacombe, Doris, Sundridge, Ontario.
8. Campbell, Marjorie, 40 Pearl St., Sudbury, Ontario.
9. Carrey, Edna, 250 Murray St., Sudbury, Ontario.
10. Christianson, Bertha, Box 288, Keewatin, Ontario.
11. Craig, Dorothy, R.R. No. 1, Haileybury, Ontario.
12. Croll, Emily, 115 East Brock St., Fort William, Ontario.
13. Cutsey, Frances, 112 Ogden St., Fort William, Ontario.
14. Dalziel, Joan, 10 Salisbury Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.
15. Dawson, Janet, 519 Wellington St., East, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.
16. Dickson, Doris, Fraserburg, P.O., Ontario.
17. Dixon, Thelma, R.R.2, Warren, Ontario.
18. Dooling, Gertrude, Eganville, Ontario.
19. Douglas, Jean, Box 67, Kenora, Ontario.
20. Edwards, Audrey, Box 206, New Liskeard, Ontario.
21. Fast, Hildegard, Reesor, Ontario.
22. Fawcett, Yvonne, Bracebridge, Ontario.
23. Fetterly, Margaret, Box 287, Cochrane, Ontario.
- 24.
25. Forsyth, Jean, Schumacher, Ontario, Box 699.
26. Fremlin, Lulu, Bar River, Ont., Box 9.
27. Gerbasi, Mary, 411 McIntyre St. East, North Bay, Ontario.
- 28.
29. Gordon, Mary, Box 4, Keewatin, Ontario.
30. Habib, Mema, Box 1671, Timmins, Ontario.
31. Haines, Margaret, Box 307, Timmins, Ontario.
32. Hall, Margaret, 307 Pruden St., Fort William, Ontario.
33. Heard, Violet, Haileybury, Ontario.
34. Holmes, Elizabeth, 366 Foley St., Port Arthur, Ontario.
35. Huckabone, Essie, New Liskeard, Ontario, R.R. No. 1.
36. Hutchison, Jean, Dryden, Ontario.
37. Jackson, Ila, Box 20, McKellar, Ontario.
38. Jacobs, Jean, 350 Leslie Ave., Port Arthur, Ont.
39. Jarvela, Edith, 95 S. Algoma St., Port Arthur, Ont.
40. Jeffries, Ethel, Bracebridge, Ontario.
41. Johnson, Mabel, 37 McKibbin St., Port Arthur, Ontario.
42. Labatt, Norberta, 333 Brant St., Woodstock, Ontario.
43. Lalonde, Margaret, 122 Main St. E., North Bay, Ontario.
44. Sr. Marie Celine, Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough, Ontario.

45. Sr. Donalda, St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay, Ontario.
46. Sr. Frederica, St. Joseph's Academy, North Bay, Ontario.
47. Lawson, Eleanor, 5 Birch St., N. Timmins, Ontario.
48. Lazzara, Sarah, Bracebridge, Ontario.
49. Leighfield, Margaret, 489 Wellington St. W., Sault Ste. Marie.
50. Lindstrom, Hazel, P.O. Box 26, Sioux Lookout.
51. Lovick, Lilian, P.O. Box 520, Cobalt, Ontario.
52. Koslo, Olive, 1325 Broadway Ave., Fort William.
53. McGuinty, Anna, 99 Cassells, St., North Bay.
54. McLarty, Jean, 128 Chestnut St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.
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