



The
Twenty-ninth Annual
Year Book

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Prepared by the
Students of the North Bay
Normal School

□□□

June, 1938



OUR SCHOOL

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, M.A., B.PAED.
Principal.



THE Normal School year is near its close again, and the Editor is urging me to write my Foreword before it is too late. To me it seems quite preposterous to be writing a farewell message to students whom I am just beginning to know well.

The session opened about a month late owing to the prevalence of infantile paralysis in the Province, but a member of the staff has pointed out, very pertinently, that it is really the last month of the session that we have lost, the month in which all the accumulated results of class work, practice teaching, and personal contacts should have been gathered up. However, though the session has been shortened, I hope that you may go from the school prepared in some measure for the work of your choice.

While we have been enjoying a few quiet, though busy, months together, the world about us has been anything but peaceful. The records of strikes and class disputes in America, and of racial conflicts and wars in Europe and Asia have filled our newspapers. All thoughtful people realize that these are unworthy of a Christian civilization and yet in our bewilderment we ask, "What can we do about it?" There is an old story that concerns a giant who was a source of great tribulation to the Little People who shared the forest with him. His great feet broke in their homes, blocked their paths and destroyed their fields, indeed he caused them so much suffering they decided they must get rid of him. The task seemed impossible of accomplishment, but at last one day they found him asleep, so they began weaving threads across his body and fastening them to the ground on either side. Sometimes the giant became restless in his sleep and broke some of the threads, but the Little People persistently renewed these and added new ones until at last they had so many in place that, try as he might when he

awoke, he could not free himself, and so he troubled them no more. The old fable is, of course, an allegory. There are many giants in our world which need binding fast, and one of the greatest is the spirit of misunderstanding and distrust between communities, races, countries and nations which has been a cause of so much bitterness and strife. It seems to me that it is only by an accumulation of binding threads of knowledge and sympathetic understanding that this giant can be destroyed. I like to think that we teachers are doing an important bit of this binding when we help our pupils to learn about the manner of life of those who live in other lands, when we sing their songs, read their literature, admire their pictures and appreciate their discoveries. So I would like to urge you to think widely, beyond the walls of your school-room or the boundaries of your community, or province—or even your nation, that you may do your bit toward removing suspicion and distrust, and so make this world a little better place in which to live.

I leave with you my heartiest wishes for health, success and happiness.

To Our Staff

Dorothy Darling

WE came to Normal School last October with that same hostile attitude towards our new teachers that we had in High School. We expected the same impersonal attitude from them. But what a pleasant surprise awaited us! We now realize that we have been guided by Masters and Instructors who have taken a personal and almost parental interest in us. In spite of all our shortcomings they saw in us only the good. Patiently they guided and instructed us for our careers as school teachers. Now the time has come for us to part—many of us to meet no more. But the beautiful memories of this happy year will live in our hearts forever.

Our gratitude we long to show
To our dear teachers, but we know
We can't express it—we're too shy—so—
To make a rhyme for them we'll try!
We thank our teachers for the year,
They've soothed our ills, and calmed our fears,
Uplifted us in every way
From our first hard apprenticed day.
And now, in June, we know the rules
That should be used in rural schools.
—It's due to them that we've succeeded.

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 C. Lett | - | - | Assistant, Queen Victoria School |
| Miss N. Deneau | - | - | " " " |
| Miss M. Sheppard | - | - | " " " |
| Miss B. Foy | - | - | Assistant, Dr. Carruthers School |
| Mrs. E. Elmitt | - | - | " " " |
| 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, Himsforth N. & Ferris
Mr. W. Stone, S.S. No. 5, Nipissing Miss H. Watts, S.S. No. 1A, Widdifield

An Appreciation of Our Ministers

Christine Cushnie

WE all know that one of the main requisites of a teacher is a pure, Christian character. What fine examples of leaders have been set before us this year! How well they exemplified those Christian characteristics we are all striving so hard to cultivate. Even our reasoning on the Reformation, or our putting poor Nicodemus up a tree, did not ruffle that patience which sets them before us as examples to copy in our striving for perfection.

We appreciate the fact that every Monday morning they gave so abundantly of their time and knowledge that we might go forth better prepared to mould our own pupils' lives. May our future actions speak more loudly than words. We alone know the feeling of security we have experienced from having a true friend in a strange city to whom we could take our smallest or greatest problem and receive sympathetic understanding.

After this year we shall scatter, but each one of us will always carry a picture of these kindly, cultured gentlemen indelibly printed in our minds.

Staff of North Bay Normal School



MR. H. E. RICKER, M.A., B.Paed. - - - Principal
Elementary Science, Agriculture, Nature Study.

MISS GRACE MORGAN, B.A., B.Paed - - - Master
Advanced English, Literature
Advanced Reading, Primary Reading, Science of Education
Composition

MR. W. J. NEALE, B.A. - - - - - Master
Algebra and Geometry, Arithmetic
School Management, Physical Training, Spelling

MISS H. BLANCHE MITCHELL, B.A., Master & Librarian
Grammar, Hygiene, History, Library Methods

MR. J. E. CHAMBERS - - - - - Instructor
Manual Training, Writing

MRS. JENNIE IRWIN, B.A. - - - Instructor
Art, Geography

MISS ELSIE PRESTON - - - - - Instructor
Household Science

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

MISS K. McCUBBIN - - - - - Secretary

MR. F. S. RIVERS, B.A., B.Paed.
Formerly a Master, now Public School Inspector





LITERARY EXECUTIVE—FALL TERM

Back Row—M. Proudfoot, M. Morrison, A. Nelson, J. McQueen, F. Aedy, L. Burnett.

Front Row—G. Aho, L. TenEycke, C. Cullis, V. Hardiman (President).

LITERARY EXECUTIVE—SPRING TERM

Back Row—R. Woolgar, H. Thomson, J. Macgregor, C. Cushnie, G. Giguere.

Front Row—G. Aho, C. Larsen, J. Hebden (President), E. McNally, F. Anttila.

YEAR BOOK STAFF

Back Row—M. Morrison, J. Macgregor, E. Roberts, F. Aedy.

Front Row—E. McNally, K. Wilson, J. Hebden (Editor), C. Cullis.

Editorial

J. Hebden

THIS Year Book marks the twenty-ninth year of the North Bay Normal School. It is unlikely that any of us ever could forget it. But memories dim with passing time so that even the happiest ones fade and grow vague. Thus, lest even these happy memories pass into oblivion, we present to you this little book, hoping it will please you.

We do so with humility, because our part was so small, and with gratitude to the many who gave of their time and talents to aid in its making. To Miss Morgan we owe a deep debt for many hours of work granted so unselfishly. Mr. Ricker, too, was invaluable in his wise counsel on financial matters. To every student who contributed material, regardless of whether it was used or not, we are grateful.

Go now, little book. You will travel far. Carry with you the fragrance of a joyous year, growing sweeter, not fainter, with time.

Group I

Anonymous

WE have the reputation of being the cleverest group in the school. Perhaps this is because almost half of our class hails from the Head of the Lakes!

Verna Elliot usually is our first member to arrive at school. The rest of us manage to get there before the second bell rings.

After Assembly you will find us quietly seated in Miss Morgan's room. We may sound quiet, but this is because we have trained our voices so that the unknowing masters think it is but the wind whistling in the trees. In this class we usually become deeply involved in discussions. Probably we all would accept Miss Morgan's point of view, if it were not for Joan's argumentative ability. Half-way through the period you will see Freda bouncing up to close the door, or tiny Isobella leaving on an errand.

Now we travel up to Mr. Ricker's room. Here we are always seen cramming for a test. Sometimes we are unexpectedly and pleasantly surprised—"What, no test!" We now sit back and depend upon Florence, Margaret and Nancy for answers.

It was in Mr. Neale's period that we discovered the mathematical geniuses, Gladys and Nancy. An enjoyable period with Mr. Neale is P.T. We can depend upon Joan when a strong back is needed, and Dorothy Fielder, Gladys, Kathleen and Signe, to demonstrate an exercise perfectly. Dorothy Darling's bones just will become dislocated in this period, but this gives us a chance to learn some First Aid incidentally.

No matter how much we hurry we are usually at least five minutes late for Miss Mitchell's period. We compensate this loss of time, however, by our brilliant answers and alert concentration. We watch Catharine with amazement as she demonstrates how ear-wiggling muscles will work if they are kept in practice.

Everyone enjoys the periods with the instructors. In Manual Training one can always hear Flora hammering away, when we are busy folding paper. In Miss Preston's periods our housewifely tendencies are developed. Gertrude shows us all up when she draws those maps on the board in Geography class. In Art classes our minds wander back to "High-chair Days". We can usually find Joan's, Signe's or Freda's work on the board. In Mr. Bamford's period Catharine, Kathleen and Freda like to get together to harmonize.

After four our locker room is humming with the Port Arthurites—Christine, Nellie and Dot, along with Verna Campbell, planning some daring escapade. Lottie whistling her heart out, Bernice reprimanding Freda for saying something "out of place", and the rest laughing at one of Vi's jokes.

5.15—"Time to go home, girls!"

We scramble for a few books and race out of the school. We meet again, however, on Main Street. There you may see us searching for soap and stocking bargains—and so to supper. "You cannot buy with gold, the old associations."

"Come out with me," a student said,
 "The picture show is fine;
 Or if you'd rather dance tonight
 The pleasure will be mine."
 "Alas! I cannot go with you
 For I must now review, review;
 With sorrow, I decline."

Events of Past Year Reviewed for Busy Readers

Verna Campbell

OCTOBER—Normal School crowded with new students. All ambitious to become critic teachers. Begin the long struggle by being the most attentive and industrious students ever attending this school.

NOVEMBER—Practice lessons amaze critic teachers. Normalites, accompanied by concrete material, are seen on various excursions in the city.

DECEMBER—Group I send petition to office asking to have Group II removed from locker-room for noisy behaviour. Group II summoned to appear before His Honour, Judge Woolgar. Pleaded guilty to charge and sentenced to sweep badminton court twice daily with small toothbrush.

JANUARY—Group I believe New Year's resolutions are made only to be broken. They made no resolutions this year as they object to breaking things.

FEBRUARY—Group III pledge themselves "to whistle while they work" as protest against borrowing.

MARCH—Sudden attempt on part of girls to improve their efficiency in P.T. Ah!

APRIL—Form III vote on the question of awarding the title "Best Dish Cloth Knitter of Class of '37-'38". Winner's name withheld by request.

MAY—Mr. Neale, famous ball-player, makes home-run in first game of the season.

JUNE—We're happy about the whole thing!



FORM I.

Back Row, left to right—Margaret Hall, Nancy Glover, Freda Aedy, Gertrude Aho, Violet Hardiman, Christine Cushnie, Lottie Burnett. Middle Row—Dorothy Fielder, Kathleen Arhurs, Flora Anttila, Berniece Delaney, Gladys Hamilton, Joan Hebdon, Verna Elliot, Nellie Bain, Dorothy Blanchard. Front Row—Verna Campbell, Isabella Bowers, Florence Burnside, Dorothy Darling, Signe Ilkka, Catharine Cullis.

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FORM II.

Back Row, left to right—Margaret Morrison, Edith Madden, Jean Leppanen, Olive Montgomery, Mona Johns, Jeanette MacTavish, Gertrude MacDonald. Middle Row—Shirley Legge, Hazel Lindstrom, Tine Kamstra, Anne Kidd, Bernadette Lapointe, Ethel Jeffries, Azaela Lundy. Front Row—Teresa Lapointe, Jean McQueen, Veno Miettinen, Margaret McGibbon, Edith McNally, Carla Larsen. (Inset) Jean Macgregor.

Group II Personals

THAT beast of burden with the large ears once said of itself, "Scold, scourge, deride me, I am dumb. . ." The same might be—and has been—said of Group II. However, we have a fine sense of humour, which helps at times, and we are a rather agreeable group. Our "Dramatis Personae" is here set down.

ETHEL JEFFRIES—EDITH MADDEN:

Badminton Champs. Ethel—seldom seen without Vi Hardiman—or laughing about something. Edith—our "melted ice cream" lady.

BERNADETTE LAPOINTE—TERESA LAPOINTE:

Twins? Sisters? Well, anyway, they have the same last name. If you haven't seen them race to school you really should.

MONA JOHNS—VIENO MIETTINEN—HAZEL LINDSTROM:

Our quietest inmates. Mona can hardly wait to tell about "Oral Music Tests". "Oh, girls! You feel so dippy!" Vee sits on the sidelines and smiles. No wonder she doesn't say much, after following the Lapointes to school. Hazel's chief worry is learning "The Irish Jig", but you can't faze her on anything in woodworking.

SHIRLEY LEGGE—JEAN McQUEEN:

Generally seen reading the Sault "Star" over the shoulders of other Sault students.

CARLA LARSEN—ANNE KIDD—JEAN MACGREGOR:

The gentlemen (?) of the group. They spend their leisure time making insulting remarks. Of course, they don't mean them—we hope!

MARGARET MORRISON—GERTRUDE MacDONALD:

Plays couldn't go on without these two. Margaret—with the quizzical eyebrow—was our stage manager. Trudy—our "Girl from Glen-garry"—was our dressmaker-in-chief.

MARGARET McGIBBON—EDITH McNALLY:

Our box-office stars. Peggy weeps so convincingly. Edith makes a "nice derangement of epitaphs".

TINE KAMSTRA—AZAELA LUNDY:

Two little Dutch girls. Tine—from Holland. Azaela—of Dutch ancestry. Each has a ready wit and they are often found amusing a group of their friends.

OLIVE MONTGOMERY—JEAN LEPPANEN:

The two most industrious of the group. Have you seen them do the "Hornpipe"? They really should have been sailors.

JEANETTE McTAVISH:

The belle of the ball—I mean of us all. Before you see her you know by her gay laugh that there will be fun wherever she is.

Group III

OUR group is unique in that it is the only "mixed" group in the school. This situation has been responsible for the fame of Group III.

We assembled here strangers, for the most part, to one another. Now we are soon to part, to the east, to the west, to the north and to the south, united now by one of the strongest links of today—that of friendship which shall not sever while memories linger.

RALPH ACETI—Prop. man.

LESLIE ANGUS—Champion Speller of '38.

REX WOOLGAR and HARVIE STUART—Badminton Champs.

GEORGE GIGUERE—Day dreaming in Mr. Neale's classes.

CHARLES HODGSON—"Hard he laboured, long and well, and o'er his work the boy's curls fell."

ART NELSON—"Right was the king! Our Lancelot! That true man."

KEITH WILSON—"Zounds! I shall be in such a frenzy!"

OPAL PAUL—Cavity in her right side.

EDNA RICHARDSON—"Nature made her and ne'er another; she's so winsome and so wise."

LILLIAN PUNSTEL and LILLIAN TEN EYCKE—"A poet could not but be gay, in such a jocund company."

BERNADETTE PERPETE, JEAN WALKER, HILDA THOMSON—"Silence is of God; only monkeys chatter."

GWEN SEARLES—"Gone but not forgotten."

EVELYN ROBERTS—"When Irish eyes are smiling."

MONA PROUDFOOT—"Every motion must be with grace, even to falling on your face."

MURIEL SUTTON—Ambition: to invent unbreakable glasses.

IRENE WICKS—Our "little" artist.

MARGARET WELCH—The only "Measly" Normalite.

KATHERINE THIBEAULT—She hasn't got rhythm in her nursery rhyme.

Forward then, with a smile and a song,
And faith that shall not die;
For life and love, and success is ours
Whose hearts with hopes beat high.

Miss Mitchell: "Why is it safer to breathe through your nose?"
Margaret Welch: "Because it keeps your mouth shut."



FORM III.
Back Row, left to right—Leslie Angus, Keith Wilson, George Giguere, Arthur Nelson, Ralph Aceti, Charles Hodgson.
Second Row—Kathleen Thibault, Evelyn Roberts, Mona Proudfoot, Harvie Stuart, Rex Woolgar, Jean Walker, Lily TenEycke, Lillian Punstel. Front Row—Hilda Thomson, Irene Wicks, Margaret Welch, Muriel Sutton, Edna Richardson, Bernadette Perpete. (Inset) Gwen Searles. (Absent) Opal Paul.

The Eight of Nineteen Thirty-eight

Charles Hodgson and Arthur Nelson

FOR the second consecutive year the North Bay Normal has welcomed only eight boys. They have been the source of many interesting incidents and here are a few of their activities during the year.

After the boys had become thoroughly acquainted they decided to find some sort of entertainment for themselves, and they discovered it on the badminton courts, where they really excelled. Volley Ball was not omitted at all, and when the boys were introduced to curling, Les Angus was the target of a good deal of ribbing when he was seen to have swept behind the rock to urge it on.

But—what a thrill it was for each boy to don his white apron and mix up a dish of macaroni and cheese or apple compote! How comical it was to see them scanning the concoction for potato soup, glancing anxiously at the recipe on the board. Then came dish-washing, and what a change of spirit. But they did it with a grin. They had to. What a laugh the boys had when, in the sewing period, Art Nelson came to school with a dish cloth he had knitted with a hole in it large enough for a cup to drop through.

Unfortunately one unhappy incident came to mar the very pleasant career of the Famous Eight. It may have seemed amusing to some, but it was downright terrifying as well as expensive to the offenders when they smashed one of the master's door windows. I will not mention any names, for that ominous crackle from falling glass will serve well enough to those concerned.

Neither did the boys take the background in dramatics, for they did admirably in the Christmas play and Miss Morgan's production of the famous "The Rivals".

In conclusion, I am sure that the members of the eight of nineteen thirty-eight will agree that the Normal School year has been very happy, one which will live long in our memories and which we would probably like to live over again. Where we will be forty years hence only the future will tell, but the happy associations of the "Famous Eight" will live long in our memories.

"I believe," said Ralph, rubbing his hands together in his customary way, "I'm wasting my time at Normal School. After my success as 'Property Man' my place is on the stage."

Mr. Nelson: "I took great pains with that essay."

Miss Morgan: "It's contagious—I had one reading it."

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

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• • •

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The Hallowe'en Party

Isabella Bowers

"Witches' hats, coal black cats,
Broom-stick riders, mice and rats."

WHY was this couplet racing madly through my head as I stepped out into the night? The reason was that it was October 31st when all the spirits, good and evil, were abroad, and all the Normalites too. Why shouldn't the Normalites be! This was the night of their first Normal party and therefore a very special occasion. The streets resounded with the steps of strange creatures who seemed to have gathered from all the universe for an evening rendezvous—and for some of these, the Normal School was their destination. On entering, we were startled. What was it that stared so rudely and menacingly down from the staircases leading to the Assembly Hall? On this night anything might happen, so it was best to be on guard. Owls can be frightening even though the menacing look comes from glass eyes.

The Assembly Hall had a very festive air with its costumed occupants and orange and black paper trimmings. At eight-fifteen o'clock, a hush fell on the gathering as our President rose to open the programme. In the course of the evening, it was fun to watch the critic teachers draw faces on pumpkins in amusing, contorted ways, to join in singing "old favourites" under the expert leadership of Mr. Packham, to hear the future happenings in the lives of some of our classmates, and to listen to fine musical selections. After the judging of the costumes and the awarding of prizes to the most original, the most beautiful and the comic characters, the programme ended.

Familiar odours were coming to us, by this time, from the Home Economics room across the hall, indicating another delightful part of the programme—the refreshments. It was a jolly crowd that entered the library to dance and play games. Soon, dainty fairies were dancing with awkward clowns, "Raggedy Anne's" lost their shyness and forgot their appearance in the presence of scarlet-cloaked page boys, witches chatted gaily with gypsies, breaking all the laws of convention but enjoying themselves immensely. The minutes and hours had danced gaily along, also, as the time soon came for departure. This meant the end of an evening, the memory of which would long be retained.

Landlady: "I read of a terrible accident."

Student: "What happened?"

Landlady: "A young man was hurt and had to have his leg abdicated."

Miss Mitchell: "If the sun bothers you, pull it down."

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The Christmas Party

Edna Richardson

ON December 18, at 8 o'clock, the Assembly Hall of the North Bay Normal School was once again filled with a joyous crowd. Behind the scenes and "below stairs" fierce-looking Chinese robbers and languorous Chinese ladies surprised one at every turn. Maidens in white and yellow, and brown-clad Romeos swarmed on every stairway. The reason for the presence of these surprising people at a Christmas party was that they were taking part in the concert.

The amazing promptitude with which the concert began has been due to Miss Hardiman's threat that if we were not ready to sing "O Canada" at 8 p.m. she would start the concert without an audience. At any rate, the entertainment began early. The handicraft group, under the direction of Miss Mitchell and Miss Preston, took us into fairyland with a delightful puppet play in which dwarfs, fairies, a gigantic woodcutter, a royal family, and a magic cat, all appeared with intriguing mystery. Everyone took part in singing Christmas carols while the stage was being cleared. There was an amusing Chinese play. Some of the roving Chinamen told us that the play was a noble drama. But the general idea was that it was a highly entertaining comedy. Its impossible property man carried off high honours.

The physical training group, attired in costumes combining the school colours very effectively, gave two graceful dances.

After the concert delightful refreshments were served. Then the crowd dispersed, and in small groups the visitors and students descended to the gaily-decorated library. There the picture of Mr. Cassellman looked down on many people engaged alternately in games and in dancing. For the game of Looby-loo, many of the guests retired to the lower hall and there played with considerable zest.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the dancing ended; the crowd dwindled, the echoes died, and the lights which had revealed so gay a scene went out, leaving only darkness and silence in the halls once more.

School Visitors

J. H. (Editor)

IT is with great interest that we have assembled in the hall upstairs on various occasions to hear and to meet people of distinction. We remember: Dr. Helen McMurchy; Miss Ruby Hamilton (Junior Red Cross); Miss Eunice Tyhurst; The Toronto String Quartette, with an hour of entrancing music; Miss Helen Delaporte, in the interest of handicapped children; Sergeant-Major Young, so popular a P.T. instructor; Dr. W. J. Karr, director of Teacher Training, and representatives of Extension Courses, Prof. R. M. Winter of Queen's, and Prof. W. J. Dunlop, of Toronto.

From these distinguished visitors we have received glimpses of a broader and more interesting world outside our own school world.



Miscellaneous Snapshots.

From the Classics

Gertrude Aho and Signe Ilkka

- At Exams.** Among the funny little ways
Of pretty Nancy Glover,
Is marching out with footsteps firm
Before the time's half over.
- Between Periods** How many times
Do you suppose,
Does Gladys "Lydia Languish" Hamilton
Pat powder on her nose?
- In Class** "Dear me! how smeared my glasses are!"
We heard Miss Mitchell moan,
As she donned the pair belonging to Keith—
And thought they were her own.

Anne Kidd is "the trying schoolgirl",
Who makes Mr. Neale exclaim,
"Anne! put that down for heaven's sake!
Or I'll forget the lesson's aim!"
- Was Our Face Red?** Our charming Mr. Bamford
Must be a flirt, you see,
For once we heard him clearly say—
"Now, girls, will you hold Me!"
- A Tragedy** We studied all week-end at grammar:
Nouns, adjectives, verbs were no mystery—
But alas! on this bright Monday morning
We found that the subject was history!
- Our Pocketbook** A cheque's diminution
Drives us to distraction—
We wish we could find one
Insensible to subtraction. . . .
- On the Street!** Mona Proudfoot's
Concrete material
Carries an odour
Not quite ethereal.
As she walked down the street
Pet under her arm,
The amused passers-by
Fell back in alarm.
Two stripes, clear and white
Upon a black ground
Showed the concrete material
That Mona had found!



Play, "The Rivals".

Behind Scenes

Jean Macgregor

DID you enjoy the play? You really missed half the fun. You should have been with us, behind scenes, to witness the numberless finishing touches that are necessary before action begins. Excitement is at full pitch.

"Oh Trudy—I can't find my jabot" . . . "Will you tie my shoe?" . . . "Where's Julia? They are ready to do her make-up." . . . "I've got the jitters." . . . "This coat is—Oh, Trudy." . . . "There are people out there." . . . "Lydia! your hair!" . . . "I forgot the letter. You'll have to write another one." . . . "Plain one, purl one." . . . "Cut that line." . . . "Who has the—?" "What time is it?" . . . "Are you ready?" . . . "He put a frown on me!" . . . "Put down those elephants ABSOLUTE." . . .

Into the midst of this confusion swaggered a candid cameraman. Confusion became riot! But even that had to end.

"Hush! We are ready!" Came the opening bars of "O Canada", and everyone moved forward to join in—Sir Anthony very solemnly, much to everyone's amusement.

"They have started!" A hush fell over those left behind. Floors creaked ominously under tip-toes. We whispered cautiously behind closed doors. Our manager dangled a pair of ear-rings before our eyes.

"Aren't they gorgeous?" and when we agreed, "Woolworth's!" With that remark—which nearly caused an outburst of forbidden laughter—she left us to our fate—and our knitting. While one play is enacted before you, another is carried on outside. There, Sir Lucius and Absolute fight and re-fight a never-ending duel; Mrs. Malaprop writes letters to herself; and Faulkland meanders about, muttering, "Ah Julia . . .". "Scene One" is over. Applause beyond the curtain—or are we taking too much for granted?

"Could you hear me?" . . . "Who goes on next?" . . . "Out of my way!" . . . Soft-footed scene shifters take command, dashing madly about, creating a new setting for each character.

The curtain rises. The play goes on.

When I Am Somewhat Older

Edna Richardson and Irene Wicks

YES, my dears, when I was at Normal School we played 'The Rivals', which you are studying now. You know, of all the things which made that a memorable year, I have the clearest memory of the play.

"It all comes back to me now so clearly We are back in eighteenth century England, when ladies dressed in voluminous

skirts and wore their hair in ringlets; when gentlemen were old-world aristocrats ready to uphold their honour by a duel, and when Society visited the shadowed streets and stately mansions of the city of Bath.

"Beautiful, capricious Lydia Languish pouts, storms and sulks her way through an intricate romance. Being wealthy, she has fond illusions of the bliss of love in a cottage, and wishes to elope with a romantically-poor young man, of whom her aunt could never approve. What bitterness is hers when she finds that the dashing Beverly is a wealthy officer, and what disappointment when both Mrs. Malaprop and Sir Anthony Absolute consider the match ideal!

"Dainty as a Dresden doll, Lydia's aunt is the epitome of the gentlewoman of the eighteenth century. Her delicacy is a mask that cloaks an amazingly vigorous woman who upbraids her niece, mismanages romances and misuses the English language shamefully—painting such compelling word-pictures as, 'the very pine-apple of politeness'. Jack's father, Sir Anthony, is always capable of 'being in such a frenzy' at a moment's notice.

"Forming a parallel to Lydia's romance, Julia and Faulkland, friends of Lydia and Jack, quarrel and make up with amazing frequency. Rivals for Lydia's hand are Bob Acres, a blundering, uncouth country squire, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, an Irishman of uncertain age but undoubted valour.

"Towards the end of the play Sir Lucius O'Trigger precipitates a duel and things move rapidly to a happy ending. Romance is in the air. Gallantly, Sir Anthony prophesies romance even for Mrs. Malaprop, who long ago buried 'her poor dear husband'. On a scene of the utmost felicity the curtains close.

"Really, my dears, our play was such a success under Miss Morgan's capable direction that I remember it as the most delightful and engrossing project of the year!"

Cast

| | |
|--|---------------------------------|
| Sir Anthony Absolute | Mr. K. Wilson |
| Captain Absolute | Miss J. McGregor |
| Faulkland, Jack's friend | Miss Anne Kidd |
| Bob Acres, country squire | Miss Carla Larsen |
| Sir Lucius O'Trigger | Mr. H. Stuart |
| Fag, Jack's valet | Miss A. Glover |
| David, servant to Acres | Miss I. Bowers |
| Mrs. Malaprop | Miss E. McNally |
| Lydia Languish | Miss G. Hamilton |
| Julia, friend to Lydia, and fiancée of Faulkland | Miss M. McGibbon |
| Lucy, maid | Miss C. Cullis |
| Director | Miss Morgan |
| Prompters and Stage Managers | Miss I. Wicks, Miss M. Morrison |
| Scenery—by the students, under Mrs. Irwin's direction. | |
| Costumes—Miss Gertrude McDonald and Co. | |

The Train to Alderdale

Carla Larsen

"**A**RE you all ready now? Are you sure you have everything?"
 "Sure, I'm sure." "A hectograph?" "Two of them!"
 "How many manuals have you got?"

"All of them. Listen, I've got so many books in here I hardly had room for my clothes."

"Okay, then let's go. That train leaves at ten to one."

"Oh, my goodness, it's a quarter to now!" "Say, we'd better hurry!"

This conversation, though slangy, we admit, may be heard any Monday noon in the halls of the Normal School. But don't fret, my dears, and above all, don't hurry, for you couldn't miss that train to Alderdale. When you get to the station, all out of breath, and gasp at a trainman, "Is this the train to Alderdale?" he will shake his head compassionately and say, "Nope, she's a little late".

You decide to catch your breath, then look at the time-table—Twenty Minutes Late!—well, you'll have time to sit down. You go into the stuffy waiting-room and sit down. At a sudden thought you look into your purse. After a slight scramble among compact, letters and handkerchiefs—but not money—you locate your ticket, and your heart settles back into its usual place.

Then the unexpected happens—nestling in the crowded depths is—a dime. Treasure Trove, it burns an instant hole—just time to dash down to that little store for a chocolate bar. In your hurry you chose a chocolate bar for which you have never had much taste, then the return dash. You have been away five minutes.

You settle down and munch chocolate and talk awhile. The hands of the clock creep slowly around—you watch it in between bites and chats. At the end of twenty minutes there is still no sign of your train. You decide to take another look at the time-table. Heavens! an hour and twenty minutes late! You'd be here all day.

After a two-hour doze, the train to Alderdale crawls into the station. You gasp in dismay, after you wake up. Why, it's only a freight train. Do you ride in the caboose? No, a coach appears down at the far end. It seems you ride in it along with three salesmen, two dressed pigs and one gum-cracking girl. But at long last, with grunts, groans, and jerks, she's off. This must be how the condemned felt in the tumbrils on the way to the guillotine. But are we over-optimistic? Has this motion been produced by an illusion? Are your hopes premature? The train has stopped again. No amount of neck-stretching uncovers the cause, and before you have time to worry, you are in motion once more. The salesmen puff and talk merrily, the girl cracks her gum unconcernedly, and even the dressed pigs are unperturbed.

The hands of your watch creep closer and closer to four o'clock. The train stops at every section-house, nay, every rabbit track, examines

it closely, gives several grunted opinions, looks back to see if it has its whole entourage, and creeps slowly on. Once it stops, the engine leaves you, departs up a siding, and for fifteen minutes pushes three coal cars back and forth, then leaves them in exactly the same position as it found them. You consider this is a warming-up exercise, since the speed picks up a little afterwards. This speed adds alarmingly to the creaking of the coach, and it sprinkles dust liberally from all its seams.

At last the train arrives at Alderdale, a station, two houses, and a general store. You leave the train with sighs of relief. A man with a car waits with the news that there is a three-mile drive ahead of you.

The sun has gone down, the robes do not keep out the cold. The roads are drifted, you begin to wish you had not eaten that chocolate bar, when at last we sight the house that is to be home for a long week. You get out, find your land legs, and thank your lucky stars for delivering you safely. Then the driver says, "Well, we had a good trip this time. The last bunch had to push the car the last mile!"

Very subdued, you walk humbly and uncomplainingly into the house.

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Badminton

Signe Ilkka

IN the beginning of this Normal School Year it seemed that the badminton court would be busy, but as the months passed interest lagged. However, a few students occupied the court for an hour every afternoon, improving their form and forgetting the cares that infest a Normalite's mind throughout the day.

In early April the tournaments were begun. All those interested in badminton entered, and good competition was evident. Finally, on Saturday afternoon April 30th, beginning at two o'clock precisely, the games for the final championship were played. A handful of students turned out to witness the event.

First on the schedule was the Men's Doubles, with Woolgar playing Stuart. Woolgar took the championship by winning the first two sets.

The next game was the Ladies' Singles, with Aho and Jeffries contending for honours. The championship fell to Miss Aho who won the first two sets.

Then followed the Men's Doubles, with Stuart and Woolgar winning from Wilson and Giguere.

These were followed by the Ladies' Doubles, with Hamilton and Hardiman playing against Madden and Jeffries, who succeeded in obtaining the championship for the year. In this game the longest rallies of the afternoon were played.

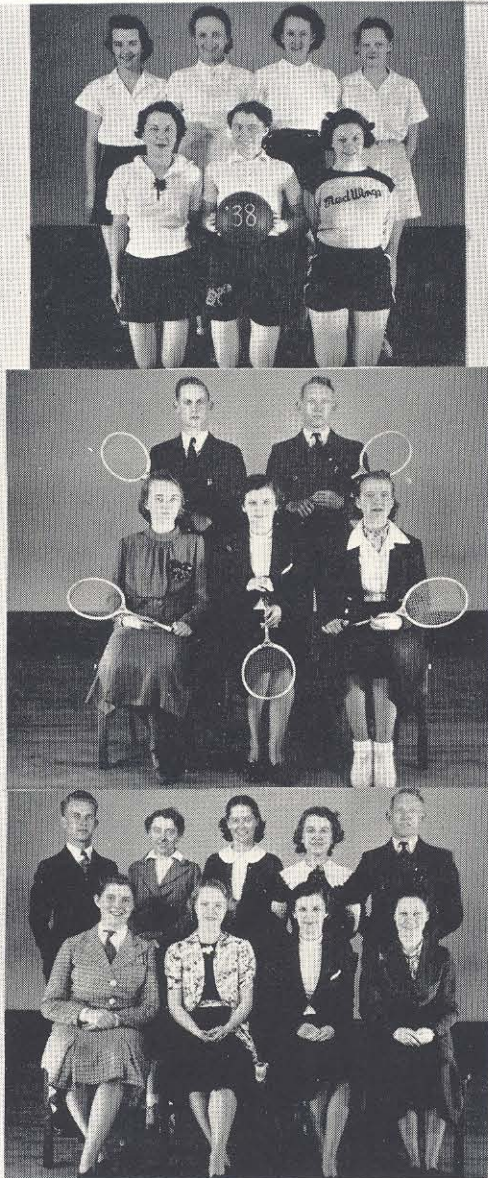
The last game on the schedule was a fitting climax to a most enjoyable afternoon. This was the Mixed Doubles, with Madden and Stuart opposing Ilkka and Woolgar. The two sides were well matched. Both put up a good fight, with Ilkka and Woolgar winning the first set and Madden and Stuart taking the second. Following long, hard playing in the third set Madden and Stuart succeeded in winning the championship. This was the closest game of the afternoon, and brought to a close the badminton for the year 1937-38.

Throughout all the games splendid sportsmanship was shown, and I am sure that those who took part in the badminton this year will leave the Normal School with a little sigh of regret. Perhaps often, as the years roll by, some incident or memory of a good play will be recalled to our minds and we will dream again of the old badminton court up in the Assembly Hall.

Basketball

Margaret Morrison

MAY 1st marked the close of the basketball season. The final game between the Sault and Fort William teams was fast and exciting, a fitting climax to an enjoyable series of tussles. The large number of spectators as well as the players, found every minute



*Basketball.
Badminton.
Athletic Executive.*

packed with thrills, as the Sault team battled to an 8-6 win over Fort William, thereby annexing the championships.

The members of these teams were for the most part experienced players. On the other hand the members of the Sudbury-Port Arthur and North Bay squads were principally beginners in the game. When, towards January, these teams were united, they formed an opposition which on several occasions defeated both leading teams.

An Appreciation of the Janitors

Hilda Thomson

VISITORS to the Normal School often remark on the cleanliness of our surroundings and on the beauty of the grounds. A warm feeling springs into our hearts when we give praise to Mrs. Finch, Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Wharram.

Mrs. Finch is always able to leave a smile on our lips with one of her jokes. Day by day she sweeps and scrubs until everything is "spick and span". Tender care, on her part, fills our windows with many house plants.

When books, "birdies", or running shoes are mislaid, Mr. Jackson never fails us. We see him spending many hours and much labour in trying to add more beauty to our grounds. Evidence is seen now of how worthy his efforts are proving!

"Call Mr. Wharram, the radiator is leaking!" Yes, here he comes, with that jolly, contagious smile, to mend the damage. He it is who spends long hours in the furnace room so that students will be able to do justice to their studies.

Deep in our hearts we appreciate them all and realize how they have helped each one of us. There have been many little "extras" performed graciously and ungrudgingly which will make each one live in our memories when one year at Normal School is long past.

Flight

Karla Larsen

Only a wild duck's whistling wings
As onward it wends its way,
But I lift my head to the song it sings
And my heart, that was sad, is gay.

For it follows its arrow-path of flight
O'er lonely lakes and rills,
And envies it the starlit night
And the deep green, slumb'rous hills.

And now it angles swiftly down
To a cool lake's marshy edge,
To nest again in its homing ground
'Midst the wild rice and the sedge.

Then my heart returns from the lonely night
Back to the bricks and grime,
Into the dust and work and light,
With a vision for endless time.

Concrete Material

J. McTavish and G. Macdonald

"YOU never can tell what you'll see on the streets of North Bay now that Normal School has opened." We wondered at the time if they meant "Us", but now we realize the remark was all due to "Concrete Material". Let us take a peep at the strange things seen on the North Bay streets.

What new fad is this young lady trying to start? Everyone turns and stares aghast at the strange animal under the girl's arm. Those stripes down the back brand the animal. Amused smiles flash over the faces of the passers-by. The Normalite heaves a sigh of relief as she reaches the school, declaring that she will certainly return home by way of the back streets.

It wasn't the first of May, but it was moving day for this Normalite. She takes no chances with drays and transfers but nonchalantly carries her house under her arm. We wonder where the furniture is. Ah! here comes another girl carefully carrying the bed. That's one piece of furniture which won't be used much by the Normalite.

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! it's off to work she goes. . . She is supplied with a miniature churn, ladle, bowl, salt, and even soda biscuits. She has higher ambitions than school teaching. She proposes to be a butter-maker. We fully expect to see a second-in-command leading forth the cow.

One of our masters wondered, on seeing a horse roaming loose on the streets, if some Normalite had lost her "concrete material".

And so, astonishing events of 1937-38 pass on and North Bay looks forward to its next crop of Normalites.

The Brute

Agnes Glover

ONE night—very much like other nights at our boarding house—Tine and I were working quietly when suddenly we heard loud screams from the other room. Many possibilities flashed through our minds—perhaps Lantern-Light Lil had . . . Oh! it was too terrible to think of! We rushed to the rescue and burst into their room ready to 'do or die'. The scene that met our eyes was indeed a hectic one. Joan was rushing around, madly flourishing a towel, while a bump under the bedclothes showed Freda's approximate position. Then we, too, spied the malefactor. All courage left us and we fled. Finally, Joan, the heroine, shouted to us that the brute had been killed. Rather shamefacedly we crept back to view the remains of a little, inch-long moth.

Valedictory

Edith McNally

EVERYONE shares the philosophy of life that—
 "All the world's a stage—
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts."

Tonight we students are players who stand in the wings of the stage waiting for the curtain to rise. The stage is set for our new scene called "Responsibility and Independence". How often has this scene been played, and yet it continues to thrill and enrich the human soul. The thought of playing a part in the scene excites us. Hovering over our excitement is apprehension about the success of the play. It will depend upon a perfect harmony and co-operative spirit between players and audience. We must create this harmony through the exercise of our powers of personality, intelligence and understanding. The memory of influences that have worked in us during these eight months as under-studies reassures us that we do possess the needed powers.

During most of this year our life behind the scenes has been directed by the staff of the Normal School. They made valuable revision in our outlook on life. We remember our irresponsible attitude when we entered the Normal School as swaggering, boisterous High School graduates. Our views concerning the teaching profession were vague and distorted. It was not long until we realized the enormity of our undertaking. We learned that "toil is the law", and we doubted our capability to obey such a law. In our busy life, as weeks went by, there was little time for doubts and fears. There came to us gradually a deeper understanding of the meaning of our work. Accompanying this understanding was a serenity of mind and a conscious hope for the future.

The kindly influence of our teachers speeded us on our way. Their constant faith and understanding inspired us. In every undertaking they cheered us with the unfailing assurance, "You can, you must, you will". This encouragement held us to our best. Our teachers enriched our minds with a broader, clearer view of life. Association with them has made us aware of strength and powers within us to be expended in our role in the drama of life.

Adapting ourselves to new surroundings was made pleasant by the friendly reception meted out to us in many homes in the city. We will remember always the kindness and consideration of the people who made us feel "at home" in North Bay.

Inspiration came to us during the hours spent with our religious instructors. Through their teaching we learned to guide the spiritual life of children. In our own classrooms we shall have the ability to make a strong, working unity between Divine powers and the powers within

our pupils. We are grateful for being entrusted with this responsibility.

We shall attribute much of our success in our profession to our critic teachers. Our ambition will be to emulate their perfect example of scholarship and devotion. We are scarcely able to understand their patience with our first attempts in pedagogy. How kindly and expertly the critic teachers showed us our weaknesses and immediately provided strengthening knowledge and suggestions. They taught us this secret of success, "Be calm, be serene and unperturbed in the face of any situation". This art we hope to master only through the course of time and experience.

Before the curtain begins to rise we glance back-stage to say good-bye to our directors and fellow workers. We are grateful to them for teaching us the meaning of true and ready friendliness. Regret at having to depart from their guidance and sympathy is accompanied by joy at the prospect of the days ahead of us. In the words of Mrs. Malaprop we resign ourselves to the fact that "our retrospection must be all to the future". We look forward now to taking a significant part in the life of our nation. May we be sensible of our strength and ability to guide young lives along the path of learning. May they reach the goal of Culture, Happiness and Peace.

To speak our farewell to our Normal School causes, at the moment, some sorrow, but in the days to come we shall assure our friends with these words of Sir Henry Newbolt—

"We'll honour yet the School we knew,
 The best School of all;
 We'll honour yet the School we knew,
 Till the last bell call.
 For, working days or holidays,
 And glad or melancholy days,
 They were the great and jolly days
 At the best School of all."



The Unexpected Happens

Nancy Glover asks Mr. Ricker how much one pound of water weighs!

In teaching English grammar, a Normalite was heard to say: "That there sentence ain't right."

The entire Normal School attend "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs". Our reporter tells of seeing Miss Morgan there three times!

Carla Larsen was seen hurrying to school in a cloud of dust one morning!

Students of the North Bay Normal School

1. Aedy, Freda, 235 E. Brock St., Fort William, Ont.
2. Aho, Gertrude, Timmins, Ont., Box 1370.
3. Anttila, Flora, 348 Foley St., Port Arthur, Ont.
4. Arthurs, Kathleen Espanola, Ont.
5. Bain, Nellie, 17 Centre St., Port Arthur, Ont.
6. Blanchard, Dorothy, 102 Regent St., Port Arthur, Ont.
7. Bowers, Isabella, R.R. No. 1, New Liskeard, Ont.
8. Burnett, Lottie, Sheguiandah, Ont.
9. Burnside, Florence, Foster Ave., Parry Sound, Ont.
10. Campbell, Verna, Fort Frances, Ont., 518 First St. W.
11. Cullis, Catharine, Sturgeon Falls, Ont., Box 326.
12. Cushnie, Christine, 152 Machar Ave., Port Arthur, Ont.
13. Darling, Dorothy, Callander, Ont.
14. Delaney, Berniece, Chapleau, Ont.
15. Hall, Margaret, 307 Pruden St., Fort William, Ont.
16. Elliott, Verna, Nipissing, Ont., R.R. No. 1.
17. Fielder, Dorothy, 1009 Park St., Kenora, Ont.
18. Glover, Agnes, 252 Balmoral St., Fort William, Ont.
19. Hamilton, Gladys, Capreol, Ont.
20. Hardiman, Violet, 1429 Ridgeway St., Fort William, Ont.
21. Hebden, Joan, 226 North Franklin St., Fort William.
22. Ilkka, Signe, Sioux Lookout, Ont.
23. Jeffries, Ethel, Bracebridge, Ont.
24. Johns, Mona, Chaput Hughes P.O., Ont.
25. Kamstra, Tine, South Gillies P.O., Ont.
26. Kidd, Annie, Sundridge, Ont.
- 27.
28. Lapointe, Bernadette, 188 Church St., Sault Ste. Marie.
29. Lapointe, Teresa, 823 Wellington St. E., S.S. Marie, Ont.
30. Larsen, Carla, Box 63, Cobalt, Ont.
31. Legge, Shirley, Bellevue Stn., A.C.R., via Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
32. Leppanen, Jean, 435 Mable Ave, Sudbury, Ont.
33. Lindstrom, Hazel, Sioux Lookout, Ont., P.O., Box 26.
34. Lundy, Azaela, Emo, Ont.
35. Madden, Edith, Thessalon, Ont.
36. Miettinen, Vieno, 9 Dalton Ave., Port Arthur, Ont.
37. Montgomery, Olive, Box 72, Warren, Ont.
38. Morrison, Margaret, 345 N. Archibald St., Fort William, Ont.
39. MacDonald, Gertrude, Glen Norman, Ont., via Dalhousie Station, Que.
40. Macgregor, Jean, Burk's Falls, Ont.
41. McGibbon, Margaret, Powassan, Ont.
42. McNally, Edith, 126 Sherbrooke St., North Bay, Ont.
43. McQueen, Jean, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., R.R. No. 1.
44. McTavish, Jeanette, Fort Frances, Ont.

45. Paul, Opal, Chapleau, Ont.
46. Perpete, Bernadette, Chapleau, Ont.
47. Punstel, Lillian, Biscotasing, Ont.
48. Proudfoot, Mona, Dryden, Ont.
49. Richardson, Edna, Devlin P.O., Ont.
50. Roberts, Evelyn, 33 Salisbury Ave., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
51. Searles, Gwen, Nahma, Ont.
52. Sutton, Muriel, Box 144, Sioux Lookout, Ont.
53. TenEycke, Lily, Eleventh Ave., Cochrane, Ont.
54. Thibeault, Kathleen, Mattawa, Ont.
55. Thomson, Hilda, 333 John Street, Sudbury, Ont.
56. Walker, Jean, Guthrie, Ont., R.R. No. 1.
57. Welch, Margaret, Thornloe, R.R. No. 1, Ont.
58. Wicks, Irene, 194 Fisher Street, North Bay, Ont.
59. Aceti, Ralph, 311 Second Ave. E., North Bay, Ont.
60. Angus, Leslie, 133 S. Norah St., Fort William, Ont.
61. Giguere, George, Thessalon, Ont.
62. Hodgson, Charles, 45 Kenogami Ave., Port Arthur, Ont.
63. Nelson, Arthur, Dymont, Ont.
64. Stuart, Harvie, Burk's Falls, Ont.
65. Wilson, Keith, Warren, Ont.
66. Woolgar, Rex, Burk's Falls, Ont.

A Mere Trifle

Miss Preston: "What is tripe?"

Miss Blanchard: "A mixture of jelly, cake and whipped cream."

Keith Wilson (in Zoology class): "How long could I live without brains?"

Mr. Ricker: "That remains to be seen."

Autographs

*"We may build more splendid habitations
Fill our rooms with paintings and sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations."*

—F. H. CHARLESON.