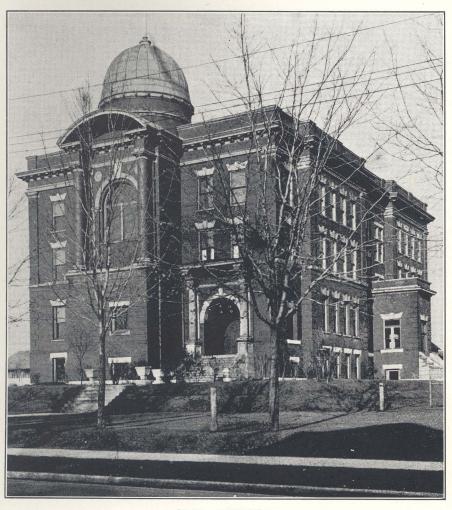


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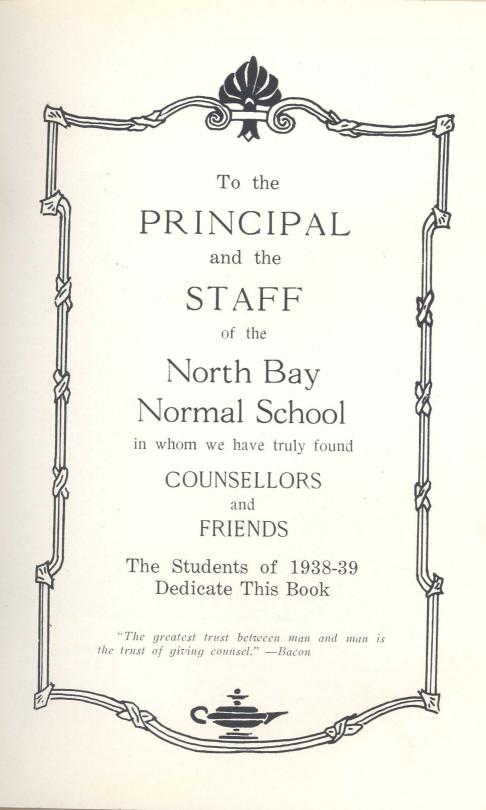
Thirtieth Annual Year Book

Students of the North Bay Normal School

June, 1939



OUR SCHOOL





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

Principal

FOREWORD







When first you read over this Year Book in which lie embalmed all the happy events of this academic year, you will, no doubt, skip over anything so dull as a foreword. But perhaps in days to come, a reminiscent mood may lead you to turn over these pages again. In such time I should like you to hear me, in your fancy, say: What is there in this teaching job to make it worth while? What are the things the teacher lives by? Then my answer: The things a teacher lives by, the things that make for efficiency in the teacher are spiritual things. I think the list would contain Faith, Work, Optimism, Inspiration, Good-will, Self-confidence, Selfimprovement and Love. Faith in God, faith in man, faith in the ultimate sovereignty of truth, faith in progress, faith in the importance of our own very small task as a part of a very grand whole in this whirligig of a universethese are essential to make us feel the value of our work and to save us from despair. Then Work. Work is a law of life, and in teaching, even more than in any other task, work-faithful preparation for each day's programme, an honest return for our salary, is indispensable. Optimism lends a rosy hue to the dullest day, tints even the most monotonous incident of a very work-aday world. Good-will is the lubricant which makes the wheels of life run smoothly, which oils the jarring clashes of a school-teacher's life. Inspiration lifts the eyes to a nobler and grander view of our profession. Self-confidence, the "self-reverence" of Tennyson gives

us pride in our work, courage to conquer in spite of odds, and power in our life. Self-improvement keeps us fit for our work for, when growth and progress cease, fossilization begins and there is nothing more pathetic than the fossilized teacher. Lastly, Love illumines our service. The teacher who does not love his work is the proverbial square peg in a round hole. These things of the spirit are the real values in a teacher's life. May they be yours in abundance.

Critic Staff of Elementary Classes

Mr.D.C.Grassick		Principal, Queen			
Mr.J.L.Runnalls		Principal, Dr. Carruthers School			
Mr.C.Weston	-	Principal, King	Edward	School	
Miss C. Lett	100	Assistant, Queen	n Victor	cia School	
Miss N. Deneau	_	77	22	79	
Miss M. Sheppard	_	17 57	17	24	
Miss H. Burling	_	11 11	99	78	
Mrs.E.Elmitt	-	Assistant, Dr. Carruthers School			
Miss E.Frayn	-	77 77	79	11	
Miss L. Ison	-	77 79	17	17	
Miss G. Buchanan	-	77 19	79	99	
Miss E. Haugh	_	Assistant, King	Edward	School	
Miss H, Sheppard	-	17 17	48	26	
Miss A, Hansford	_	Assistant, King	George	School	
Miss G. Morgan	_	79 77	77	77	
Miss A. Bell	-	79 19	79	11	
Mr.W.Stone	***	28 28	79	79	

Affiliated Continuation Schools

Miss E.McKinnon - Principal, Powassan School Mr.C.J.Driscoll - Assistant, Powassan School Mr.F.B.Smitheram- Principal, Callander School

Affiliated Rural Schools

Mr.J.D.Lindsey - S.S.No.lA Ferris
Miss M.Bice - S.S.No.lB Widdifield
Miss E.Tornblom - S.S.No.5 Widdifield

Miss S. McGuinty - S.S. No. 3 Himsworth N. & Ferris

Staff of North Bay Normal School

- Mr.H.E.Ricker, M.A., B. Paed. - - Principal General Science, Nature Study, Agriculture.
- Miss Grace Morgan, B.A., B. Paed. - Master Literature and Advanced Reading, Composition Advanced English, Primary Reading.
- Mr.W.J.Neale, B.A. - - - Master School Management, Algebra and Geometry Arithmetic, Spelling, Physical Training.
- Mr.F.S.Rivers, B.A., B. Paed. - Master Science of Education, History, Geography.
- Miss H. Blanche Mitchell, B.A. - Master and Librarian Grammar, Hygiene, Library Methods.
- Mr.J.E.Chambers - - - Instructor
 Manual Training, Writing.
- Miss Elsie Preston - - Instructor Household Science
- Mr. H. L. Bamford, A. T. C. M. - - Instructor
 Music
- Mrs. Jennie Irwin, B.A. - - Instructor
- Miss Kate McCubbin - - - Secretary



Editorial

"Therefore when we build let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight not for present use alone. Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for and let us think as we lay stone on stone that a time is to come when those stones will be sacred because our hands have touched them and men will say as they look upon the labour, and the wrought substance of them, See! this our father did for us."

John Ruskin.

We are setting a precedent in editing this Year Book, solely and completely through our own efforts. The publication represents untiring zeal of the students of '39 which is worthy of imitation. We feel sure that this will be the edition that others will strive to parallel. Recalling that old adage "Pride goeth before a fall", we hasten to say that if it weren't for lack of funds, this issue, we fear, would be the same stereotyped form of Year Book as those of our predecessors.

As the years pass a perusal of this Review will refresh our memories with thoughts of the serious and humorous incidents of this

year.

To those who have in any measure assisted in adding interest or pleasure to these pages we are truly grateful. This appreciation applies equally to teachers, students, and members of the editorial staff: thank you everyone.

In presentation of this editorial lest we appear too modest we reveal our policy of permitting others to furnish the glory and

acclaim that is ours.

Before we draw the curtain on our year and before we say good-bye teacher, fellow-

student and school may we hope that

"The sun may be warm and kind to you The darkest night some star shine The dullest morn a radiance brew And when dusk comes God's hand to you."

Peter Torrance

Our Year Book appears in a new form this June. It is completely home-made. We offer it to you without apology, in the pride of dignified poverty for we think it a sound financial principle not to attempt expenditures we can not afford.

Our debt of gratitude to all who assisted us is great. To the contributors who so cheerfully offered reams of foolscap either to the editorial waste-paper basket or to a place between the covers of the book - our thanks. To those cheerful, tireless and, we add, pretty typists - our thanks. To the group of photographers who worked in the dark room and to our very kind Principal who supervised this task - our thanks. To Miss McCubbin who typed the stencils - our thanks. The cover design, the printing of the covers and the art work would have been impossible without Mrs. Trwin's assistance and suggestion.

The editorial staff thanks all who helped and hopes that your pleasure in the book will be in direct ratio to the labour involved.

The Editorial Staff

Storming the Capital City by Verna Hutchison and Louise Stasiuk

The conductor of the passenger train, bound for Ottawa, October twenty-first, stood in the doorway of his coach passing a hand over his whiskered chin. He rocked to and fro on his heels as he gazed at the hilarious crowd pouring into seats, tumbling over each other and behaving as though they had been set free from all the cares and worries of the life of a Normalite. They were laden with suit-cases, umbrellas, parcels of curious shares and sizes that might have held specimens but were innocent of anything but lunches.

It was none other than the Normal School students of North Bay bound for the capital city, Ottawa. The hilarity lasted the whole night

through. Noise reigned supreme!

The morning light dawned on an utterly irresponsible crowd. In spite of the loss of sleep the students were as vigorous and enthusiastic as ever. Food was everyone's first thought. Forty stools were occupied and tea and coffee soon vanished in large quantities.

Mr.Neale, the Normal Master in charge, who brightened the atmosphere with his Irish humcur, organized the crowd into groups. Full of enthusiasm and excitement, the students

began the long anticipated tour.

Quite calmly the invincible Chateau
Laurier received the Normalites who were soon
absorbed in its beauty and quiet magnificence.
Equipped with every modern convenience and
luxury, each room was a masterpiece in itself.
The swimming pool with its cool refreshing
waters proved most attractive to the North
Bay crowd. From the balcony of this mansion,
they viewed the Rideau Canal and Ottawa River.
The armed guard at the Royal Mint reluc-

tantly opened the gates to the throng of students who were eager to see just where and how our pennies are made. With the aid of courteous employees they learned how those precious pennies come pouring from mouths of huge machines. Each student was thrilled at the privilege of possessing for the fraction of a minute, a golden brick worth forty thousand dollars. If only cameras could have been used to carry home this adventure:

A few more steps brought them to the Archives. Priceless moments were spent reviewing the collection of documents and pictures relevant to Canada's history. The students gazed in wonderment at the Miniature Quebec and War Memorial sculptured skilfully in alabaster.

Beautiful chimes drew the attention of all to the Basilica, a famous old Roman Catholic Church. The magnificent interior together with the sweet aroma of burning incense held the

listeners spell-bound.

The very sight of the Parliament Buildings, its size and grandeur of architecture caused many an exclamation of delight. The student body passed silently through the corridors, those famous corridors where hang the portraits of Canada's former premiers. The students also had a glimpse into the Senate Chamber and House of Commons, the birth-place of our laws.

Books by the thousands lined the walls and galleries of the octagonal library which is the accumulation of years. What a vast store of

knowledge unknown to Normalites!

The guides then directed the weary group to the Peace Tower. For once, Fortune favoured Normalites. They had the opportunity of hearing the huge bells, fifty-three in number, ringing at exactly twelve o'clock noon. The cannon-shot also announced the arrival of dinner-time although such an announcement was unnecessary.

Immediately after lunch, chartered buses drove the party on a sight-seeing tour of

Ottawa and Hull. The bus driver pointed out all places of historic importance. Among these were the home of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Stadacona Hall--once the dwelling place of Sir John A. Macdonald. A short drive across the river brought the students to Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governor-General. The Experimental Farm with its hot-houses filled with beautiful chrysanthemums also proved of great interest.

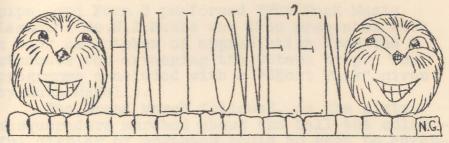
A visit to the National Museum and Art Gallery completed the tour. The students carefully examined the numerous specimens on display in the museum and marvelled at the various master.

pieces in the art gallery.

The tired crowd departed, free for the remainder of the evening. They almost all turned their weary footsteps towards the theatre. Many a head nodded during the picture but a hot supper soon revived them for their homeward journey. What a contrast between the homeward and coming trip! A totally different crowd boarded the train this time. Although Normalites don't cause as much commotion as do the King and Queen, nevertheless they succeed in gaining due attention.

What fond memories the mere mention of the trip to Ottawa will recall to the students of this year. It was undoubtedly one of the best excursion trips one could ever take, most interesting, entertaining and educational.

Sing a song of Ottawa,
The noisy Normalite Half a hundred of them
Singing all the night.
On the journey homeward
What a sorry plight!
Dull and sleepy Normalites
Snoring through the night.



William Roseborough

On Friday, the twenty-eighth of October, the Literary Society of the North Bay Normal School held a masquerade party. It was arranged by Mr.J.A.Mason and his competent executive.

The school was decorated with pumpkins, silhouettes of witches, sinister black cats, black and orange streamers, goblins, and bats intricately combined. The effect was to create that Hallowe'en air of mystery suitable to the occasion.

Among the first of the guests to arrive was a full-blooded Zulu chief--blacker than night. Grandfather lived many years in Dixie, and always said to treat these people kindly--like children, so I spoke nicely to him. He replied in a friendly tone. Apparently he wasn't hungry. Probably he was Christianized in this day and age.

We stood at the door of the assembly hall as the guests came in. The first to come was a Chinaman, Hop Lee by name, so the Savage told me. Some of the guests masqueraded as drummers, and others as belies of the gay nineties. Two of the boys from the school masqueraded as gentlemen.

Skip Lee opened the programme with a brief address. The programme consisted of varied items. Mr. Adolph Seppala played a violin selection. Form 2 presented a shadow play. Members of Form I danced the current "Lambeth

Walk". Jean Beveridge danced the Sailor's Hornpipe, and Form 3 performed "The Mock Music Lesson". Mr.W.J. Neale was then presented with a book as a token of appreciation from the students for arranging the Ottawa trip. The programme concluded with a "Ghost Talk", given by Ruth McNally.

The Grand March followed. As the sixty masqueraders marched about the hall the colourful display of costumes could be seen to advantage. Beautiful national costumes; interesting historical ones, and fanciful story-book characters, as well as surprisingly original and

humorous creatures, were there.

After prizes were presented the dancing commenced. Jump Lee was among the dancers, and made various announcements. A certain witch was let loose at one time. She was blindfolded. and those whom she touched were forced to leave the floor. The dance finished with the home waltz, and so ended an enjoyable Hallowe'en party.

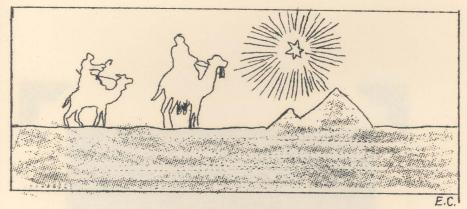
s we glance through these pages, memories of our Normal companions will come crowding back, recalled by their pictures or some written word. But there are some whom we have known during this year whose faces will not greet us as we turn the pages. Their stay among us was a short one, yet a pleasant one for us.

We sincerely regret the withdrawal, because of illness.of the following students: Group 1 - Sr.St. Valerie, Nancy Buckler, Sheila

Drombolis.

Group 2 - Ethel Hurd.

Group 3 - Florence Taylor.



The Christmas Party by May Bush



istletoe and Holly: Red and green streamers in both Assembly Hall and Library -- a perfect setting for our Christmas party on December twenty-first. The joyous note which re-echoed everywhere may have been due to the Christmas

spirit, but we suspect that thoughts of forth-coming holidays, home firesides and family reunions were the chief reasons for such gaiety.

The fine programme was arranged by the various interest groups under the guidance of Miss Morgan, Mrs. Irwin, Mr. Ricker and Mr. Neale. After Mr. Mason's opening remarks the photography group presented slides illustrating the Ottawa trip. A lively Irish dance followed and then a Christmas pageant was presented by members of the Literary group. Several girls danced a pleasing Dutch dance for us and then Miss Phelps sang a chorus of "Strolling Through the Park" as a prelude to the delightful dance by the same name, Mr. Seppala played two fine violin sclos after which a trio of tap dancers danced to the strains of "Sidewalks of New York".



The much anticipated Puppet show delightfully

illustrated the Christmas story.

After the programme the guests scattered to view the work of the Handicraft group and that of the Social Studies group. Following lunch, dancing and games were enjoyed by all. Christmas carols at midnight ended a joyous evening and as we left -- "Merry Christmas! -- Happy New Year!" resounded through the corridors.

Sadie Hawkins'Week Marjorie Quinn

We have apple week, Education week, Bargain week, and Easter week, but Sadie Hawkins week, a

puzzling new term.

Sadie Hawkins' week was instituted by some students of the University of Toronto, (male, no doubt) who decided that for one week the girls might do the honours by inviting the men out

to an evening's entertainment.

It began in North Bay on November 14, and for seven days ten gentlemen were rushed about and exchanged among nearly three score of Normalites. Undoubtedly the men enjoyed the week-the girls were responsible for the entire entertainment expense. Not only did they "pay the piper", they called for the young fellows of their choice and escorted him to and from the destination.

Some of the girls reported a very pleasant week; others regretted that they had not "a pocket-ful of dreams" but a painful lack of anything in their pockets or purses.

Publicity amounted to a column in the Nugget and -- a write-up on the blackboard in

Mr.Rivers' room.

The culmination of a different week was a Normalite party at Glenwood Lodge, Friday evening. Variety is the spice of life, and the variety afforded by Sadie Hawkins' week was a gay and happy memory for escorts and victims.



The Valentine Tea bv Esther Harbron

If you come across any difficulty with such trivial matters as wedding receptions or afternoon teas, you will find any member of Group One quite competent in assisting you, after such an event as the Valentine tea which they gave on February 13, in the Normal School Library. It would be hard to say which they enjoyed most, the preparation or the presentation. It is necessary to mention here that the preparatory step managed to spread itself over several class periods.

The table was appropriately decorated with red candlesticks at each end, and centred with pink tulips. Tea was poured with dignity by Miss Isobel Hardy and Miss Helen

Eade.

Pictures of the tea were taken by Mr.

Ricker and were quite successful.

Immediately after tea, the Valentine postman, Miss Laura Davidson, arrived laden with a heart-shaped mailbag. However, this didn't satisfy our energetic messenger as she ended by using the heart-shaped mail-box.









E.Hurd





N.Buckler M.Lind

One would say that the event was a success from the attitude which everyone took in the application step, which took the form of dancing to music supplied by Mr. Robinson at the piano and supplemented by a few records which gave plenty of repetition.

That First Lesson by Albert Nash

The time has come when we must go To the school we dreaded so And the critic teacher there Has no mercy on a pair Of nervous, trembling little souls By "Old Timers" we are told,-So to aid in our defence Our supplies must be immense: Bristol board, our Al man, Serves us as no other can. Then comes "It-stix", several plies, Measured, cut to a just size; Smoothed and licked to suit the taste And fastened firmly intomplace. But reading cards are just the thing To start the pupils wondering And drill devices by the score Keep them puzzled even more. Before the class we meekly rise The cynosure of forty eyes Each wondering why we came and whence With faces that appeared so dense But interest roused through earnestness Makes our lesson a success And as we started home at four We longed to teach a lesson more.



The St.Patrick(s Party by Kathleen Christopher



Shamrocks, green hats, pipes, streamers and ballcons: These were the things that greeted Normalites who went to the library on March 17. "Why?" you ask. Why, because we were going to have a party which we suspected would

be the best party of the year.

Normalites and their guests were assembled in the auditorium. There they were entertained by members of the three groups. Chivalrous cavaliers led their ladies about the stage to the strains of "Minuet in G". "The Mad Tea Party" from Alice in Wonderland came to life, and some of the girls did a little juggling of Nursery rhymes and presented a Mother Goose Arabesque. The big event of the programme was a one-act play entitled "The Valiant". The Valiant was so well played that it brought tears to eyes of many.

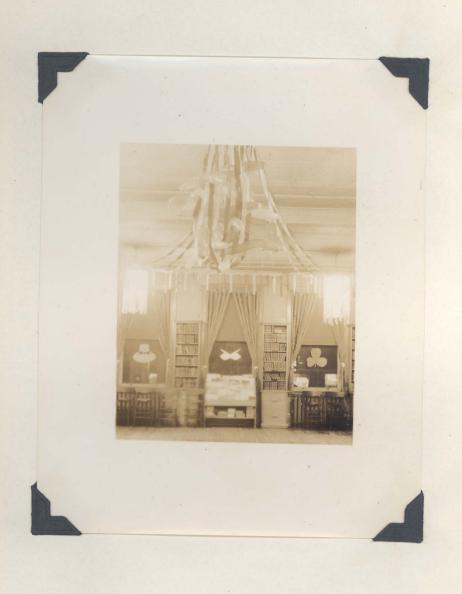
The tension caused by "The Valiant" was soon broken when sandwiches, jelly, cake and

coffee made the rounds.

After lunch all went to the lower halls and library. Some even went as far as the basement where a discing tournament was carried out. Ping pong and other games were enjoyed in the halls while there was dancing in the library. It is not difficult to understand why most of the dances were "ladies tag". However, these were interspersed with spot, elimination and novelty dances.

Our premonitions were right. It was the

best party of the year.



School Visitors Florence Dennis

At intervals throughout the year the students have been given glimpses into the great outside world by many welcome visitors. Each of these brought a message of help for our teaching day, as well as an interesting address.

One of the earliest visitors was Dr.Helen McMurchy who gave us several lectures on medical matters which we, as prospective teachers, should know. They included facts about disease and the

latest advances in medical science.

Several of our visitors spoke of societies helpful to us in our schools. Miss Jean Browne spoke about the work of the Junior Red Cross and distributed pamphlets telling of the work and organization of this world-wide society, while the activities and organization of the Canadian Girls in Training were explained by Miss Harriet Christie who also distributed pamphlets.

Dr.Amos told us of the work of educationists for the deaf, the blind, and the mentally defective child and urged our sympathy

and help in dealing with them.

Miss Lillian Ison explained the policy of the federation for women teachers and made arrangements for the election of a Normal school student to attend the Easter Convention at Toronto. The student was Miss Esther Harbron.

Some of our visitors illustrated their talks by means of motion pictures. Mr.W.

Thompson of the Bell Telephone Company showed films relating to telephone and radio transmission and more than one student appreciates the intricacies of these common means of communication, especially after a visit to the Bell Telephone Company. The invention and development of the reaper was shown by Mr.C.J.

O'Grady of the McCormick-Deering Company.

Not all our visitors allowed us to sit

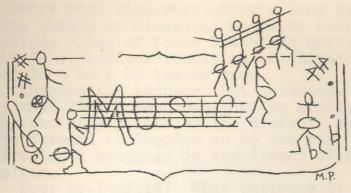
back peacefully and listen; some made us work very hard during their visit. Mr. Keefe, chief attendance officer. spent a morning with us explaining the deep mysteries of the register. The morning drew to a busy close for seventy Normalites struggling through the puzzling figures of an irregular attendance report. Could any more disasters have happened in that school? But the visitor who was the cause of most groanings was Sergeant-Major Young, physical instructor. How we did work that week! The results were pathetic as we limped painfully into Mr. Rivers's room the following period. In fact one form looked so woebegone that Mr. Rivers accompanied them downstairs to see that they were not lost. But we certainly practised physical training and were given valuable help for that legendary thing called a Grade B certificate granted after the dreaded examination given by Major Phillips in April.

All our visitors came for the purpose of helping us and gave us valuable assistance in

our work.

An Appreciation Sr. St. Constantine

Our Year Book would be incomplete without an expression of sincere gratitude to the clergymen of North Bay who have so kindly and generously given of their time to instruct us in that important phase of our course, Religious Education These weekly classes were always anticipated with pleasure, and we know that the instructions received will ever prove a guiding influence in our future work. As a result of these Monday morning classes, we feel sure we shall be better teachers. Our instructors were Rev. Father Humphrey, Rev.Mr.Omond, Rev.Mr.Webster, Rev. Mr.Kritsch, and Rev.Mr.Greene.



by Edith Marshall

One of the outstanding features of the Normal School is the study of music. With the exception of a few talented students the "common people" of the school begin their year with a vegue, almost non-existent knowledge of the

greatest of all arts.

When the year draws to an end they are unanimous in their praise of music as a subject of study, and of Mr. Bamford, whose genial manner and truly remarkable patience have taught them appreciation. Rare is the student who has not been lifted from the depths of near-despair, when, having struggled valiantly, but not too successfully, through a difficult lesson, Mr. Bamford smiles encouragingly and says "You're doing fine. Just keep it up!"

A treatise on "The Lives of Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms and what they mean to the Normal Student" might be a fitting subject for discussion, but having wavered through a year of serious matters, let us seek something

in a lighter vein.

Take, for instance Mr. Bamford whose good nature, years of experience teaching lyric sopranos and basso profundos, and patience of Job have endeared him to students. Think how

his heart must sink, when, after a long session on the merits of Classical music, he hears the melodious voice of Verna Hutchison bursting forth in a glorious rendition of "Little Sir Echo" in a near by locker room.

Imagine the sadness that enshrouds his soul when Bill Roseborough, having studied for weeks the fine points of the diatonic scale, steps forward to inquire as to the best method of freeing a stoppage in the drones of his bagpipes.

Poor Mr. Bamford! What patience it must require to stand at the front of the room and listen to the first quaverings of Peter Torrance undergoing his first vocal test to the noisy

accompaniment of shaking knees!

Peggy Lind and Evelyn Hawn hit notes high enough to start avalanches the way they did in the picture "Spawn of the North". Archie Mason sings an impromptu programme of "I'm Popeye the Sailor Man" and "Blow the Man Down" much hetter than he warbles the things that Mr. Bamford assigns him.

If you wish to hear the Normal students displaying their utmost ability, step inside the music room when the rhythm band is in full swing, under the enthusiastic direction of Albert Nash, a second Sir Ernest McMillan. Then, even Mr. Bamford has to say "Heavens, keep those things

quiet".

Happily Mr. Bamford is fully recompensed for his labours. Inez Hedman and Kay O'Neill have learned to give a truly delightful rendition of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes".

More important, however, is the fact that a large body of students will leave the school, their lives enriched by a sound knowledge of the fundamentals of music and an appreciation of it.



H.Searle, G.West, J.Proudlock, A.Mason R.McNally, I. Hedman, M. Denisevitch, K. Christopher, N. Bazinet



E. Harkness; R. Mills; R. Caldwell; D. McKenzie; E. Wigle; N. Bazinet; M. Quinn; M. Bush; L. Freeman; V. Matson; F. Dennis.

Peeps at the Literary Society Kay O'Neill

When interests other than after school lunches and corner "hot dog" stands fill your life it will be time for retrospection. Then turn to the album of memory and gaze carefully with your tired eyes on the cob-web fringed pictures that lie within its dusty covers. Perhaps if your ability to reconstruct experience is more remarkable than it was away back in your youth, you may see the amusing, lively pictures

that were our Literary Society.

A keenly interested group seated about a library table, discussing the sanity of Hamlet, dim figures in a dark room, methodically dipping prints into an acid somution; the constant movement of shuttles as well-meaning girls weave scarves for unsuspecting relatives; children of twenty making peep shows to be displayed without the customary charge of a penny; agile lasses executing the intricate steps of a folk dance—these were the interest groups of our pre-Christmas activities.

Well may you smile when you scan the faces of those students trying desperately to look interested in the mechanical workings of a dairy homogenizer when the question: "When do they serve the sample of ice cream?" is written too plainly across those wrinkled brows. A n obliging guide carefully explains the manufacture of ice cream. How much more they would learn if the guide adapted the direct learning method and gave

each pupil one small serving!

The other pictures are faded and almost imperceptible. Some speaker is holding the attention of a Monday afternoon gathering. We wonder who he is,—we remember that amused us at the time. The topic might have been a travelogue of Egypt,

a description of Porto Rico, a talk on modern air transport or none of these. A group of students are staging a radio broadcast over NBNS the purpose of this broadcast is to make a prominent place among the wonders of the world for the lowly eyelet and indispensable itstix. Long may their praise be sung:

When the little disappointments of this

When the little disappointments of this year are forgotten we shall remember fun that our Literary Society gave us. The album of snapshots of our year at Normal School will be a delightful one because of our Literary

Society.

The Criminal by Helen Eade

The stillness seemed endless. Finally from a corner very far away, came the rattle of papers. Words were spoken, but what they

said we shall never exactly know.

The long, slow trudge began. Was that aisle without ending! Row after row of seats slipped by. At last, loomed the front of the room. Oh, for a breath of air, and a place to rest those aching bones. Surely, the end had come.

The voice began anew. How distant and dreamy it sounded. On and on it sped. "Have you any suggestions to offer," it said. "Your matter was insufficient, your questioning terrific, concrete material completely lacking, preparation very unsatisfactory". The heat became intense. Twisting and squirming did not help matters any. The voice was saying, "As for giving it a pass mark---". Snap! What was that? A screaming bell! Whew, what a relief! An alarm clock buzzed in my ear!

The School Calendar by Helen Eade

On Sept.13,1938, precisely at 8.45 a.m. the bell of the North Bay Normal School "rang in" its new and hopeful brood (seventy-two in all). Quite the brightest looking crowd ever to dust the seats of such a noble institution we thought -- but who are we to judge! Of course, time has told!

With the mellow September days ripening into October came the fruits of the Masters' September toils. Lessons! Will we ever forget Oct.llth? -- it was the 13th for others. I'm sure the critic teachers will cherish many fond recollections of these two days, especially when it comes to "howlers".

Early in October, we had the pleasure of visiting and seeing through one of the "up to the minute" school cars of the North. These cars are outfitted by the Department in an effort to educate as well as possible the children in isolated districts of our vast Northland. A most interesting and enlightening sojourn was spent on the car due to the hospitality and kindness of Mr.and Mrs.McKay and Dr.MacDougall.

With the coming of snowy November, a novelty was ushered into the lives of the North Bay Normalites, especially the male "attenders" (all ten of them). The startling "innovation" became known as "Sadie Hawkins Week", beginning Nov.14. All that need be said of the following seven days is that many feminine handbags were several ounces lighter, and all the men

were heavy-eyed.

Even though such important events as "Sadie Hawkins Weeks" took place, teaching marched on. With the dawning of Nov. 22 nd. was instituted that great invention known as a week's teaching. Hopes were high at 9 a.m. -- by 4 p.m. -- were yours?

To everyone, the mention of December will recall pleasant memories of a delightful Xmas programme and party. Close behind came the holidays, uninteresting of course, scarcely

worth mentioning. No lessons:

Dear old January! How the months roll on: Once again (Jan.4th) the portals of our alma mater opened unto us. This month inaugurated into our lives the Monday afternoon "get togethers" known as the Literary Society -- a most enjoyable period.

To most people February means "Valentine month", and not otherwise to Normal students. A charming Valentine tea was a highlight of the month. This affair was capably handled

by members of Group 1.

In the interests of education, throughout the province, Feb. 5th-12th was set aside as "Education Week". Much was accomplished in securing the interest of the parents in the advancement of education.

For some reason or other St.Patrick's
Day fell on Mar.17th this year, so the Irish
in our midst "ganged together to present to us
on that evening a real Irish good time." Everyone agrees that their evening was a huge success.

March, too, on her 21st day ushered in the balmy season of Spring. Somehow we feel her calculations were a trifle out, but it's bound

to come some time is it not?

With April showers came, not the flowers, but a bouquet of tests. What infinite pleasure these dainty slips of black and white bring into "normal" lives?

Soon they too will be only a memory softened in retrospect, for lovely June is fast approaching, and farewell to our year at Normal School.

Miss Preston: What other ways have we of finishing seams besides pinking?
Mary: If you didn't have pink, could you use blue?

Mr. Bamford: There should be another flat in this piece of music.

The day of the same it over last night sir and

Judy: Oh I sang it over last night, sir, and they told me it sounded flat enough.

Mr. Bamford: How do you get a head voice, Tine? Tine: By using our empty heads as resonance chambers, sir.

We think that Virgil deserves credit for recording the first jitterbug, for he describes how Diana "leads the chorus at the triennial feasts of Bacchus, and maddened by the sight of the sacred emblems, throws herself about in a frenzy, when animated by the nocturnal cithara."





K.Christopher; N.Bazinet; L.Freeman; E.Harbron L.Galloway; B.Delaney; H.Eade; M.Denisevitch.



V.Hutchison; D.Kenney; R.Mills; M.Papineau M.Phelps; V.Metson; M.Lind; C.O'Neill; J.Proudlock.

Worth While? Sr. St. Constantine

Helen Taylor let fall upon the desk the open book which, to all appearances, she had been studying. It was no use. She could not see the printed page before her. Upon it danced phrases from a letter received only that morning, and now lying in her drawer. Try as she would, she could not banish them.

Reaching into the drawer she drew forth the troubling letter and began to re-read it. Phrases leaped out at her. "such a chance salary nearly doublecontacts with such charming people....save moneytravel". Yes, she knew them by heart. They were the joyous expressions of her old classmate, Mary McDonald.

Once again her thoughts turned to the past, They had been classmates at Normal. With what high hopes they had left that school of training, where Mary had been a good student, a promising teacher. From the beginning, things had gone well with her. Here was the latest promotion—a position on the staff of a famous High School. She was glad for Mary's sake, but she could not drive away the thoughts which flooded

She had left Normal to start her chosen work with such high ideals, such plans for the future. What a privilege was hers to be entrusted with the instruction of children! Was it not her obligation to teach them to love all that is noble and beautiful? Was it not her task to teach them how to live, that they might tread the path which leads to the Creator of all beauty? No, she would not be content until she had given her best. She would work to be an influence for the better in her community. And there was so much to be done in this once.

She looked around at the walls of her classroom. They were bare except for the few pictures she had managed to collect. They were good, but nothing looked attractive to Helen to-day. The rows of empty desks stretched before her.

Yes, as usual, there was something on the floor under Harry's desk. On the window sills plants bravely tried by the green of their foliage and the colour of their blooms to bring cheer into the little room. But Helen saw only the tin cans in which they were planted. Was this the fulfilment of all her dreams? Was she to spend her life in this little school, or in others similar to it? Was she never to meet those charming, cultured people of whom Mary spoke?

Her rebellious thoughts were interrupted by a timid knock at the door, and the appearance of one of her pupils. Jean Petrovitch.

"I have brought back the book you lent me, Miss Taylor. I liked it so much. May I have another?"

Jean was one of a large, poor family. Her home environment was not a desirable one. But Helen had recognized the fineness of the child's character and had done her utmost to bring it out by interest and kindness. Jean had responded and was doing her best to pass on to her brothers and sisters what she had received.

"Yes dear, certainly", said Helen.

Already the clouds were beginning to disperse. The old fire of enthusiasm was being slowly rekindled. Wasn't it worth while after all? She was doing only a very little, but that little would grow and and grow. There was still so much to be done, there were still so many to help. But had He not said "Whatsoever you do to the least of these little ones, you do it to Me"? Smiling, the fire now thoroughly kindled, Helen went to help the child select a new book. Oh, helping others to find the road to nobler things was indeed worth while.

Excursions by Margaret Lind

"A little learning is a dangerous thing", they say, but the knowledge gained on our excursions has not as yet proven dangerous to us. At three-thirty for three Mondays in succession Form 2 has been seen shoving books into cluttered lockers, snatching coats and rubbers, and rushing down the stairs to meet Mr. Chambers at the front door of the Normal School. Cheerful Mr. Chambers patiently counts us as twenty-five hopeful maidens set out to explore the wonders of North Bay. As we wind along the street, McKenzie-King combination form the vanguard while Edith Marshall and Mr. Chambers bring up the rear.

Our first excursion took us to the Bell Telephone Office where we were acquainted with the operations which weave the nation's speech. What an intricate mechanism lies behind the scenes when we answer a telephone call! How efficiently the telephone equipment is worked! We left this busy office with visions of switch boards, dials and cords indelibly printed on our

memcry.

Next Monday found us out again, this time at Silverwood's Dairy. Here we learned how our most valuable food is prepared for consumption. Students peered into steaming vats, waded through water and breathed ammonia, as well as learning the process of pasteurization and the Babcock test. Our interesting discussion was ended by each plump female stepping upon the dairy scales, but we would hate to report the results.

Last but not least came the visit to the Nugget Office, where the wonders of the press were displayed to us. The mad rush of papers from out the printing press, the dark room

where pictures are developed and the room where the print is made, all proved interesting to the eager students.

We have enjoyed our excursions, with their correlation of health, physical exercise, and

social studies.

Thimbles by Nancy Glover

he object about which I intend to lecture is one known to many but used by very few. I refer to the thimble. First of all, I will take the uses of the thimble. Its primary use is to prevent pinpricks but it is also used to rap naughty boys over the head. And I have heard of it being used to measure liquids.

My opinion and the opinion of many teachers of Household Science throughout the world is that the place for the thimble is on the third finger of the right hand. Such an opinion is in direct opposition to that held by many Normalites who believe that the place for the thimble is on

the desk or in the sewing-basket.

Finally, may I say that I hope my lecture has not been all in vain. If I have helped to give you the proper attitude toward the thimble and to lead you to see its importance in our scheme of living I will be thankful.

History is said to repeat itself. Group 2 is fortunate to have escaped a rebellion, harbouring, as it does, a modern MacKenzie and Papineau.

No one quite knew how to write a short note about Group I. Their abilities and activities cannot be condensed to one page. Instead of telling you what we think of each member we shall tell you what we think the staff think of us.

Miss Morgan has the good fortune to teach us first on Monday morning; but we are not altogether sure that she appreciates this honour. Our profound silences in her period are but mute evidences of deep thinking. At least she admits that we do not sleep; we are the pillows that

are slept on.

Mr.Ricker has observed that we rid ourselves of excess energy by diligent use of our pencils; but we somehow feel he would prefer us to use it in other ways. We admit that we find it difficult to read thermometers, barometers, and hydrometers, but at least we do know what meter means.

In Science of Ed. we shine: In fact we become so enthusiastic and heated up about it that Mr. Rivers has to open the windows. We hear that cool air revives

the thinking apparatus.

Mr. Neale tells us that he has never seen such a lifeless class when it comes to moving from room to room; but at a mention of P.T. we revive immediately and far surpass either of the other two groups.

In Grammar Miss Mitchell appears to wonder how we travelled so far and know so little; but we are always eager to

After lunch, of course, we come back learn. as bright as ever, and ready to show Mrs. Irwin that we are really talented artists. Our realistic Holland scene is only one of

the evidences of our talent.

From the attic we go to the basement where Mr. Chambers greets us with a smile -and plenty of work. No one ever saw Group I wince at the sight of work. "Wherever there is work to be done -- there also is Group I", is well known about the school,

Then to the top floor we plod again -which fact accounts for the number of slender waits in the group -- where Miss Preston appreciates what is needed to rebuild us after our strenuous work in Manual Training. Only half of our numbers feel any after-effects from their cooking -- which is really a good report compared to the other groups.

The last period of the day we spend thrilling Mr. Bamford with our sweet voices.

and our tuneful rhythm band.

These are only a very few of the attributes of Group I -- but who now dares to say Group I isn't outstanding?

What a dreary world this would be without music. There is music everywhere; music in the song of birds, music in the babble of the brook, music in the wind sighing through the pines, music in the laughter of a happy child. Music is more than a mere melody, it is a message from the soul of the composer to that of the listener. Cardinal Newman once said: "Music is the expression of the greater ideas more profound than any of the visible world, ideas which centre on Him, Who is the Source of all beauty, order and perfection.

Maureen Moran



L. Cooper; J. Boothby; B. Garr; M. Denisevitch; L. Davidson; B. Comerford; J. Beveridge; N.Bezinet; M. Bush; K. Christopher; F. Dennis.



M. Gallagher; D. Dickson; A. Kidd; E. Herkness; E. Herbron; L. Gallowey; L. Freeman; I. Herdy; B. Deleney; D. Blencherd; H. Sede; F. Burnside.

Group II on Parade by Kay O'Neill

How often has Mr.Rivers confirmed our own suspicions of our worth with his exclamation: "So this is the famous Group II!" Now we pass on the torch which we feel we have tended well. We hope that, in the ever-burning flame of that torch, will appear some ghostly remnant of the fun and laughter that we experienced in our year at Normal School. It is improbable that Mr.Bamford shall ever forget our weird rendition of "The Whistling Farmer Boy" and other Group II favour ites. High on the front wall of the Social Studies room hangs a great yarn map, plain for all to see. We expect that, as with all truly great things, its value will increase with the passing of time.

Was any group more appreciative of the aesthetic values of life? Far be it from us to boast, but we have it on good authority that our very faces added life to the English classes. A milestone in our year was the puppet show which we staged at Christmas under the guidance of Mrs.Irwin. We are at a loss to understand why someone, in league with the Muses did not write a poem in our honour.

We have: A Hurd but no flock,
A King but no queen,
A Marshall but no leader,
Mills but no factories,
Morris but no dance,
O'Neill but don't squat,
Proudlock but no key,
Quarry but no mine,



J.King, R.Mills, E.Marshall, B.Hawn, V.Hutchison M.Moran, R.MoCarthy, I.Hedman, V.Mikkela, V.Matson, M.Morris



M. Quarry; A.Glover; J. Proudlock; D. Kenney; T. Kemstra; R. McNelly; M. Phelps; D. McKenzie; M. Sutton; M. Pepinesu; O. O'Neill.

Third Form by
Anne White

Sing a song of Third Form
Teachers in despair,
Four and twenty students
Makin' whoopee there!
When they are in Science class,
Mr.Ricker's joy,
Albert starts to giggle,
O, that silly boy!

When they are at Algebra,
Trying to solve a surd,
Gertie at once begins to talk,
And Quinnie then is heard.
Follows then Science of Ed.,
And here they are so slow!
Robinson talks all the time,
But 'Sep' just 'doesn't know'.

And when Miss Morgan makes them read,
They're really a disgrace
They mispronounce each word, and go
At such an awful pace!
But when it comes to project work,
That's where they really shine!
As long as they have Harry Searle
They'll get along just fine.

And when it comes to Spelling tests,
It's easy there to tell
The girls come out away on top,
Aceti just can't spell!
But when it comes to four o'clock,
They brighten up once more;
Four and twenty students
All running for the door!



A. White, A. Scott, L. Stasiuk, C. West, E. Wigle, H. Richardson, M. Somerville E. Streich, T. Whitmell, M. Quinn, T. Lepointe, R. Rose, V. Miettinen



R. Caldwell; A.Mason; H. Searle; A. Nash; H. Robinson; J.Macartney; P.Torrance; R.Aceti; S.Brimacombe; W.Roseborcugh; A.Seppala.

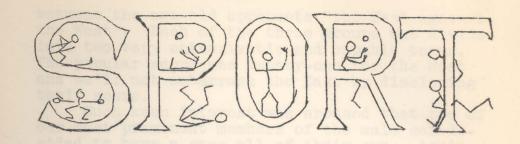


G. West; P. Torrance; G. Morgan; A. Mason; C. O'Neill; N. Bazinet; F. Dennis; A. Scott.



S.Brimacombe A.Nash A.M M.Quinn H.Robinson P.

A. Mason P. Torrance



thletics were organized early in the fall under the helpful guidance of Mr. Neale. Early in the year a group of girls gathered in Mr. Neale's room to organize a programme of sports. Among those chosen were basketball, volley ball, baseball, and disking.

After a few games of baseball the weather grew cold and it had to be given up till spring. Basketball however took its place. Disking was ruled out because of the lack of time. The other games were played when time permitted. So sports will be one of the happy pictures students of '38-'39 will look back upon in the years to come.

Volley Ball by Louise Stasiuk.

olley ball! What a game! If ever you should want a game for fun, exercise and competition choose volley ball. It is played by people in all walks of life, even by Normalites.

Lack of time greatly hindered the progress which volley ball might have made this year. All games had to be deferred until after school hours and then one was too busy. Nevertheless the few games that were played proved to be royal battles

between the age-old opponents "the East against the West". Each of the three groups was divided into two very enthusiastic and capable teams. The popular score was twenty-one for the West and we'll not embarrass the East by disclosing their score.

Such keen interest was aroused that two of our most prominent members of the male sex decided to have a game all of their own. Again the West withdrew victorious.

So ends the volley ball for the year 1938-

1939.

Badminton by Ruth McNally

lmost as soon as the bewildered little
Normalites found that the North Bay Normal School was not such a terrifying
place after all, badminton became a popular
sport.

Shortly after the routine of school became an accepted fact, a badminton meeting was held to elect an executive for the Badminton Club. The badminton season was officially opened by a game in which Mr.Rivers and Miss Christopher played against Miss O'Neill and Miss Denisevitch.

The first schedule drawn up by the executive was merely to teach the beginners the elementary facts of the game. The second schedule began with earnest competition and was carried out diligently. The winners of the mixed doubles were Miss Eade and Mr. Seppala and in the men's competition Mr. Nash and Mr. Robinson.

The only Iull in badminton has been during examination time. Even during the Christmas Holidays Miss Harbron, Miss Drombolis, Mr. Aceti

and Mr. Seppala kept the Birdie busy.

Athletic Activities by Robert Caldwell

have been rather disappointed this year in the boys' athletics. The main reason for their reluctance to participate in games is that games interfere with school work. This is a very logical reason and one well worth considering. I am of the opinion that this is a very weak excuse. It has been proved that a person who organizes his programme so as to include a period of enjoyable exercising activity gets far more done than one who works at his studies all the time.

However, I was not asked to give my opinion, I was asked to report on the Athletic Activities. Forgive me.boys!

Badminton

If the boys did not do anything else this year, they most assuredly made that old "birdie" flit around the badminton court. In fact the problem of keeping them supplied with new birdies became a distressing one. If you do not believe me ask Mr.Aceti -- he was in charge

of supplying them!

In the men's singles, Mr. Robinson came out on top with Mr. Aceti a close second. Although Mr. Robinson is no feather himself, he is just like a bird when it comes to moving about the badminton court. But in spite of all this, I claim that the reason for his being so successful is because of that special little knack of his of "getting the other fellow's goat". If you have never seen Mr. Robinson playing against Mr. Aceti, then you have missed something. Have you ever seen a cat and dog in the same room? Well, then you know how they get along—always



H. Rade; D. McKenzie; E. Harbron; J. King; H. Richardson; A. Glover; T. Kamstra.



G. West; A. White; R. Aceti; A. Nash; H. Robinson; H. Eade; A. Seppala.

good naturedly of course. Another master of the "birdie" was Mr. Albert Nash, with his graceful long sweeps and rhythmic movements. He was the lad who caught the ladies' eye.

In the mixed doubles series Mr. Seppala and Miss Eade won out over Mr. Mason and Miss West in a very interesting two-games-out-ofthree series.

Basketball

Early in the season, the boys managed to get in two or three basketball games, if you will allow me to call them that. They were more like rugby. Although there were often only three players on each team, the games were very interesting. The most outstanding players were Mr. Seppala. Mr. Torrance and Mr. Mason.

Volley Ball

The Volley Ball season started out like the basketball--with a bang, but it did not last long. I believe that in the first few games the West team had the margin over the East.

The other games in which the boys participated were hockey and broomball. In the hockey the Normal boys won against the teachers of the

city, 12 to 11.

In concluding I would like to say that I have never seen better sportsmanship and goodwill in the athletic activities of a school than I have seen this year. The boys were always out for fun and sport and they usually got it.

Mrs. Irwin: What is a spot pattern? Mr.Robinson, waving his hand frantically: "Polka dots".

Basketball by Violet Matson

he enthusiasm shown by the girls who frequented the Collegiate gymnasium every Saturday morning during the winter is something of which we may be very proud. About twenty-five girls, full of vim, vigour, and vitality, opened the basketball season with a bang and continued throughout with the same zeal. The showers which they were allowed to use added to the enjoyment of this season which extended from November the first to April the first was due to two main factors: the excellent supervision and never-ending encouragement of Mr. Neale who so willingly gave his Saturday mornings, and the good sportsmanship of the girls. I must congratulate those who, at the beginning of the season, were inexperienced players for their rapid advancement. Our compliments, also, go to Miss Gertie West who developed, under Mr. Neale's coaching, into such an excellent and well-liked referee.

The girls all appreciated Miss Betty Neale's assistance in the refereeing during the playoff series which began on the eleventh of Narch. On the two teams, the East and the West, which were in the playoffs were the more experienced players. Both teams were very evenly matched but the girls on the West with their quick passing and accurate shooting won the charpionship. As they won the first game in the series by a score of 22-12 and the second by 19-17, no third game was played. The second game was, indeed, very thrilling for at the end of the third period the score was 14-14 and one minute before the end of the game it was 17-17. The players on this team which consisted of the more experienced players west of Port Arthur were: Forwards -- A. Glover, E. Harbron, and H. Eade;

Guards--T. Kamstra, D. McKenzie, J. King and H. Richardson.

The girls from Port Arthur and East who were on the East team were:

Forwards --M. Denisevitch, E. Marshall, V. Mikkela, and F. Dennis;

Guards --N. Bazinet, D. Blanchard, and V. Matson.

It-stix
by
Doris McKenzie

Its colour is a brown, that's light;
It's used on everything in sight;
It comes in reels yet isn't round;
It's sold in rolls, not by the pound;
It's often licked but never beaten;
It tastes so bad it isn't eaten;
It's used by masters, teachers, scholars;
It often saves them many dollars;
It holds things tight but doesn't squeeze;
It's used on anything you please;
It sticks to paper, cloth, or wood;
And holds them fast as naught else could;
And now I've told you what 'twill fix;
Its name Oh yes it's "It-stix".

Seatwork by Doris McKenzie

I've heard of many punishments, In various institutions;—— When we were young the strap was used To help our constitutions. But now they say: "Use seatwork", Whatever that may be, Perhaps they mean to use the strap More informally.



Their Whims
by
Eunice Carr

Fairies never come down, to this noisy old town,
They're afraid of the lights and the smoke,
So they pass by North Bay, when they're out for
to play

They're such shy wee timid folk.

But they love rolling hills for their clfin quadrilles

If you listen you'll hear their wings
Going swish through the streams of the brilliant
moon beams

To the music the hyla frog sings.

And the street lights say Shoo-- if you've nothing to do
Don't waste our time doing it here.

Our streets are a scurry, our folks always hurry

We've no room for you to come near.

So ahead they must fly--through the bright moonlit sky

They don't worry about it at all
Till they come to some place, with a wide open
space

Where the people don't hustle and call.

Fairies never come down to this busy old town They're afraid of the lights and the smoke, So they pass by North Bay, when they're out for to play

They're such shy wee timid folk.

Dew Fairies by May Bush

Once in the silver dawning Through the dewy mists of morn, I saw the fairies dancing In the joy of a day new-born.

They sped along the velvet sod They twirled in lightsome glee, They even paused and gave a nod As if to beckon me.

I watched them raise a golden wand Then, as the sun peeped through, I saw each lift a leafy frond And disappear from view.

Spring Bonnets
by
Mary Denisevitch

There's no corner that hasn't been searched For ideas for new spring hats;
Be calm if a feather is perched
On a little lace doily or mat.

Take a flower pot from a window sill, Tie on it a ribbon bow, With small, sweet-scented flowers fill The place where the roots used to grow.

If you like a wider brimmed hat Cut a model of any shade,
Put veils and ribbons on it -You'll be seen in the Easter Parade.

Poet and Plodder by Florence Dennis

The plodder frod the spring-time street,
And sighed and groaned and frowned;
His feet went shuffling in the mud,
His glances sought the ground.
He saw but endless mud and slush
And rivers down the street.
He glares at the children sailing ships;
He scowles at their dancing feet.
He scorns the lawn where dead leaves lie
In a brown and mould'ring heap.
He frowns at the sap-stained branches bare
Where sticky leaf-buds peep.

The poet walks the same wet street
And sighs in ecstasy.
He thrills to the soft blue spring-time sky;
He joins in the children's glee.
He stands in awe 'neath the bursting bud
And touches a furry crown
That peeps like a shy and modest maid
From the folds of a silken gown.
He thrills to glories in earth and sky;
The caress of the even breeze,
That croons love songs round a mossy nest
And whispers to the trees.

The plodder stands on leaden feet, The poet floats a-wing. Each in his heart in his own way Loves or despises Spring.

A canoe gliding on a mirror lake Where skies blue above and blue below Are mingled with the golden flakes That flicker from the sunset's glow.

Alexandria Scott.

Sunset on Lake Nipissing Alexandria Scott

A bar of translucent blue floating across a golden flame! Varied hues of orange, red, yellow and violet blending softly into the azure dome, only to be caught up and reflected in the placid water beneath. It was sunset on lake Nipissing.

It seemed to enshroud and envelop the earth. Across the tranquil lake a misty fragment of cloud hung where earth and heaven meet. A peep behind the gossamer curtain revealed the sacred

lamp radiating its glory to the world.

Slowly the scene unfolded. The rays lengthened across the sky and faded with the dying day leaving the earth bathed in a twilight dim with rose. Velvet shades of purple descended while pearl mist stole aloft. Like a silver and silent tide they floated on the wings of evening. Peace reigned. The world slept beneath a wandering reflection of the sun's glow.

Beauty Marjorie Quinn

What is beauty-- a simple kindly word -A colour blended well -- a bird on wing---?
Or is't just anything to the senses appealing?
Can I define?

To me it is that which makes life richest --The expression of a thought pure and sparkling Certainly not mere perfection.

I seek and find it in the mild gray eye
The rippling laugh, in the very thought
That in the covers of you battered volume lie
New worlds to discover --Poet, artist, musician, architect
Each has the touch of it in his mind's eye
But I have only this bit of wretched
Verse in which to capture thoughts as they go by.

To-day by Isobel Hardy

The purple shadows are lengthening Darkening white fields to grey, The golden sun is setting, We have come to the end of a day. A day that might have been special Or one that has quietly passed Gone like an echo--forgotten Or burned in our memory to last. For some it meant the beginning Of those who are new to this life: For others it brought the ending Of their sorrow, trouble and strife. Perhaps for some it spelled failure And some with success have been crowned Yet the proud reward of true effort In the heart of both may be found.

> Beautiful Snow by Vieno Mikkela

Softly, softly, falls the snow With neither stir nor sound, Until at last in beauty spread White blossoms strew the ground.

Upon the bare-boughed trees it falls Reclothing them in gowns, Cresting the peaks of evergreens With diamond-studded crowns.

O'er the barren earth it lies, A snowy blanket neat Softly scattering everywhere, White fleece beneath our feet. Little Ships by Margaret Quarrie

My dreams are little ships That I put out to sea, My dreams are tiny crafts That hold the heart of me.

I fill them with a cargo Of hopes and wishes dear, And then I send them sailing On waters deep and clear.

But if my ships are shipwrecked Or lost upon the sea, Then I begin to build again The ships so dear to me.

> Home by Ruth McNally

Away into the west the sun
Doth send her shining ray.
She whispers low to budding rose:
"O shut your eyes in sweet repose,
This is the close of day."
I sit alone in twilight's dusk
And think again of home
We, who from far lands venture forth
From south, and west, and east, and north,
Vow never more to roam.
No more to roam, say we again,
And yet we know 'tis true,
That when our duty bids us come
We'll leave once more our hearth and home,
To build our life anew.

Song of the Fisher Lad Florence Dennis

Oh, sing me a song of the dancing sea, A song of the tumbling waves; Oh, sing me a song of dripping ropes, A song of treasure caves.

Oh, sing me a song of the flight of the gull As it sinks and swoops and whirls; Oh, sing me a song of the pennant clouds That the laughing wind unfurls.

Oh, sing me a song of the raging main, A song of the blue above; Oh, sing me a song of the breathing deep Upon whose breast I rove.

Oh, sing me a song of the daring sea,
The sea that is in my vein,
And let me rove on the sea I love
In sun and stinging rain;
And let me live and let me die
On the crest of the thund ring main.

The Peasant Doris Dickson

Brittle nails in jagged lengths,
The lines in calloused hands,
Only serve to show the strength
Of one who tills the land.
Ploughing soil
Flanting seeds
Aching toil
Fulling weeds.
The rugged, worn, misshapen frame,
Apparel for his role,
Is just a pod. The seed contained--?
A hardy, blossoming soul.

Poet and Plodder by Florence Dennis

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His glances sought the ground.
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L canoe gliding on a mirror lake Where skies blue above and blue below Lre mingled with the golden flakes That flicker from the sunset's glow.

Alexandria Scott.

Sunset on Lake Nipissing Alexandria Scott

A bar of translucent blue floating across a golden flame! Varied hues of orange, red, yellow and violet blending softly into the azure dome, only to be caught up and reflected in the placid water beneath. It was sunset on lake Nipissing.

It seemed to enshroud and envelop the earth. Across the tranquil lake a misty fragment of cloud hung where earth and heaven meet. A peep behind the gossamer curtain revealed the sacred

lamp radiating its glory to the world.

Slowly the scene unfolded. The rays lengthened across the sky and faded with the dying day leaving the earth bathed in a twilight dim with rose. Velvet shades of purple descended while pearl mist stole aloft. Like a silver and silent tide they floated on the wings of evening. Peace reigned. The world slept beneath a wandering reflection of the sun's glow.

Beauty Marjorie Quinn

What is beauty-- a simple kindly word -A colour blended well -- a bird on wing---?
Or is't just anything to the senses appealing?
Can I define?
To me it is that which makes life richest -The expression of a thought pure and sparkling
Certainly not mere perfection.
I seek and find it in the mild gray eye
The rippling laugh, in the very thought
That in the covers of yon battered volume lie
New worlds to discover --Poet, artist, musician, architect
Each has the touch of it in his mind's eye
But I have only this bit of wretched
Verse in which to capture thoughts as they go by.

To-day by Isobel Hardy

The purple shadows are lengthening Darkening white fields to grey, The golden sun is setting. We have come to the end of a day. A day that might have been special Or one that has quietly passed Cone like an echo--forgotten Or burned in our memory to last. For some it meant the beginning Of those who are new to this life: For others it brought the ending Of their sorrow, trouble and strife, Perhaps for some it spelled failure And some with success have been crowned Yet the proud reward of true effort In the heart of both may be found.

> Beautiful Snow by Vieno Mikkela

Softly, softly, falls the snow With neither stir nor sound, Until at last in beauty spread White blossoms strew the ground.

Upon the bare-boughed trees it falls Reclothing them in gowns, Cresting the peaks of evergreens With diamond-studded crowns.

O'er the barren earth it lies, A snowy blanket neat Softly scattering everywhere, White fleece beneath our feet. Little Ships by Margaret Quarrie

My dreams are little ships That I put out to sea, My dreams are tiny crafts That hold the heart of me.

I fill them with a cargo Of hopes and wishes dear, And then I send them sailing On waters deep and clear.

But if my ships are shipwrecked Or lost upon the sea, Then I begin to build again The ships so dear to me.

Home by Ruth McNally

Away into the west the sun
Doth send her shining ray.
She whispers low to budding rose:
"O shut your eyes in sweet repose,
This is the close of day."
I sit alone in twilight's dusk
And think again of home
We, who from far lands venture forth
From south, and west, and east, and north,
Vow never more to roam.
No more to roam, say we again,
And yet we know 'tis true,
That when our duty bids us come
We'll leave once more our hearth and home,
To build our life anew.

Song of the Fisher Lad Florence Dennis

Oh, sing me a song of the dancing sea, A song of the tumbling waves; Oh, sing me a song of dripping ropes, A song of treasure caves.

Oh, sing me a song of the flight of the gull As it sinks and swoops and whirls; Oh, sing me a song of the pennant clouds That the laughing wind unfurls.

Oh, sing me a song of the raging main, A song of the blue above; Oh, sing me a song of the breathing deep Upon whose breast I rove.

Oh, sing me a song of the daring sea, The sea that is in my vein, And let me rove on the sea I love In sun and stinging rain; And let me live and let me die On the crest of the thund'ring main.

The Peasant Doris Dickson

Brittle nails in jagged lengths,
The lines in calloused hands,
Only serve to show the strength
Of one who tills the land.
Ploughing soil
Flanting seeds
Aching toil
Fulling weeds.
The rugged, worn, misshapen frame,
Apparel for his role,
Is just a pod. The seed contained--?
A hardy, blossoming soul.

To a "Hot Dog" by Gertie West

Dear juicy delectable morsel
Fain would I sing thy praises
When with mustard or relish
you're garnished
You've a flavour that really amazes.

Sweet friend of my long idle hours, Though you cost only one little nickel You lift me far out of the blues Served with half a small onion or pickle.

> My Garden by Eileen Streich

My garden is a joy to me When winter's coat has fled And every tiny growing plant Again holds up its head.

My garden is a joy to me With roses, white and red And morning glory's heavenly blue And pansies dew-drop fed.

My garden is a joy to me When the tall zinnia bod Is one great mass of warm colour All yellow, orange and red.

My garden is a joy to me
When in the aster bed
I see the stately flowers bow
Each white and purple head.

So through the year as seasons go When all this beauty I can see Or when my plants are deep in sleep My garden is a joy to me. The Usurper by Mary Papineau

I rule the skies by night and day Sole king of air am I.
No rival bars my pathless way Above the clouds on high.

'Tis I who in the early dawn
First greet the warmth of light
As on my outstretched wings, the sun
Pours forth his jewels bright.

Below me lies the dark dull land A blurred, uncoloured mass. Now snow-capped mountains 'neath me stand Now crystal mirrors pass.

In valleys deep, o'er prairies bare Yea, to the farthest shore And even o'er the din and blare Is heard my thunderous roar.

A sick child's pain and feverish cry
I hasten to and soothe,
And many a life from death's last sigh
I clutch; and ruffled pillows smooth.

But many a nation dreads my power
When pitiless, cruel, I roam
Through storm and shell of war's fierce
hour

To drive my vengeance home.

No mightier lord e'er claimed the sky His domain, wide and free I go and come, need no ally To keep me company.

"Even a Joke Should Have Some Meaning" by Lillian Freeman

"Whew!" breathed the girl with the chestnut hair,
"I'm glad my landlady didn't sit there!"

"Oh", said a master one wet April day,
"I didn't think puddles could wet one that way!"

"No", said the girl with a voice of woe,
"I have to do plans, - I can't go to the show".

"There is my concrete material", he cried, But a bang from a bike hurt his eye and his pride.

"Good-morning, class; who is teacher to-day?"
"Miss Bazinet, Sir, but to-day she's away".

"Oh", moaned the Normalites puzzled at start,
"Whatever connection can 'slip' have with art?"

"Now, what comes over the wires?" he cried;
"Why, 'Hello', of course", the student replied.

Each Monday morning the students have qualms, For Normalites know that it brings exams.

Autobiography

There was a young lady named West Whose manners were not of the best; She came to the Normal To make them more formal She's so lady-like now, she's a pest.

Students of North Bay Normal School

1.Sr. Valerie, Box 838, Fort Frances

2. Sr. Constantine, Box 838, Fort Frances

3. Bazinet, Nellie, 22 Russell St., Cobalt

4. Beveridge, Jean, Thessalon 5. Boothby, Jean, Huntsville

6. Buckler, Nancy, Cobalt

7. Bush, May, 26 High St., North Bay

8. Carr, Eunice, Box 93 Earlton

9. Christopher, Kathleen, Box 522 Schumacher

10. Comerford, Bernadette, Wingle

11. Cooper, Laura, 428 Parliament St., S.S. Marie

12. Davidson, Laura, Kapuskasing

13. Denisevitch, Mary, 33-4th Ave., Timmins

14. Dennis, Florence, 75 Jean St., Port Arthur

15. Drombolis, Sheila, 702 McTavish St. Ft. William

16. Eade, Helen, Box 208 Fort Frances

17. Freeman, Lillian, 723 River St., Kenora

18. Gallagher, Mona, 411 Pembroke St., Pembroke 19. Galloway, Leona, 41 Wemyss St., S.S. Marie

20. Harbron, Esther, 435 S. Archibald St. Ft. Wm.

21. Hardy, Isobel, Cache Bay 22. Harkness, Eva, South River

23. Kidd, Annie, Sundridge

24. Blanchard, D. 102 Regent St., Pt. Arthur

25. Burnside, F. Foster Ave., Parry Sound

25a. Delaney, Berniece, Chapleau

25b. Dickson, D. Fraserburg

26.Sr.Andrea St.Jos.College, North Bay 27.Sr.Helen St.Jos.College, North Bay

28. Hawn, Evelyn, Uffington

29. Hedman, Inez, 311 Rupert St., Pt. Arthur

30. Hurd, Ethel, Box 13, McKellar

31. Hutchison, Verna, Dryden

32. King, Jean, Box 18, W. Fort William

33. Lind, Margaret, Keewatin

34. Marshall, Edith, Mindemoya

35. Matson, Violet, 240 VanHorne St., Pt. Arthur

36. Mikkela, Vieno, 614 Helen St. Pt. Arthur

37. Mills, Reta, 52 Church St. Parry Sound

38. Moran, Maureen, Killaloe

39. Morris, Marjorie, 321-1st Ave. E., North Bay

40. McCarthy, Rita, Webbwood

41. McKenzie, D. 520 Wiley St., Fort William

42. McNally, Ruth, Murillo

43.0 Neill, Catherine, 1Pearl St., Timmins

44. Papineau, Mary, Spanish

45. Phelps, Mary, 89 Galena St., Cobalt 46. Proudlock, Joy, 710-2nd St.S., Kenora

47. Quarry, Margaret, 68 Caroline St. E. Burlington

48. Sutton, M. Box 144, Sioux Lookout

49. Glover, Agnes, 252 Balmoral St., Ft. William

50. Kamstra, Tine, South Gillies 50a. Kenney, Dorothy, Parry Sound

50b. Paul, Opal, Chapleau

51.Quinn, Marjorie, McKellar 52.Richardson, Hazel, Oxdrift

53. Rose, Rossie, 32 Cathcart St., S.S. Marie

54. Scott, Alexandria, Emo

55. Somerville, Marjorie, Haileybury

56. Stasiuk, Louise, 303 Rupert Rd., Kenora

57. Streich, Eileen, Webbwood

58. Taylor, Florence, 214-2nd. St., Ft. Frances 59. West, Gertrude, 412 Third Ave., Timmins

60.White, Anne, Bruce Mines 61.Whitmell, Teresa, McKellar

62. Wigle, Eileen, Dryden

63.Aceti, Ralph, 311-2nd Ave. E., North Bay

64. Brimacombe, Samuel, Sundridge

65. Caldwell, Robert, 15 S. Hill St., Pt. Arthur 66. Mason, Archibald, 30 James St., Parry Sound

67. Nash, Albert, 418-12th Ave., Cochrane

68. Robinson, Haughton, Capreol

69. Roseborough, Wm. Gen. Delivery, North Bay

70. Searle, Harry, Chapleau

71. Seppala, Adolph, 277 Ray Blvd., Pt. Arthur

72. Torrance, Peter, 10-1st Ave. E., North Bay 73. Macartney, John, 16 Sheppard St., Espanola

74. Lapointe, Teresa, Sault Ste Marie

75. Miettinen, Vieno, 9 Dalton Ave., Pt. Arthur

Valedictory by Peter Torrance

The responsibility of writing the valedictory for a group of students impresses one as much as the honour. One would like the valedictory to incorporate all one's debt to the school, all one's affection for the school, all one's regret at leaving. Our school has been in a very particular sense, a school of training. "To train" the dictionary defines, "is to prepare oneself for a contest of strength or skill along some special line." This year then has been a double training, a training for life, but also training for a highly specialized profession. Let us look back on this year as

training for life.

Long ago, when we first began to take notice of life's milestones we recall the days were rosy and full of promise. We thought of the future dimly, of great things we would do in the far away future. We have caught a glimpse of the Vision Splendid which we have cherished, nurtured and eventually brought to fruition -a service to mankind through the education of the citizen of to-morrow. May the dust of the work-a-day world not obscure it as we march out to take our place in the ranks of life. Since the days of Plato stress has always been laid on "Beginnings". If we willingly begin our task each day, we are lifted above those who take a task as a task. Janus, derived from the latin root which means "going" and which is connected with janua, a passage or door, was the most important of all Italic dieties. He is not only the god of doors or material openings but more literally of beginnings -- especially sound beginnings which insure successful endings. The Romans very properly believed that beginning

and ending were of the same piece and that an undertaking all begun could not be successful. So we almost on the threshold of a new life look back on the beginning, that is our year of training hopeful that it may augur well for our success as teachers.

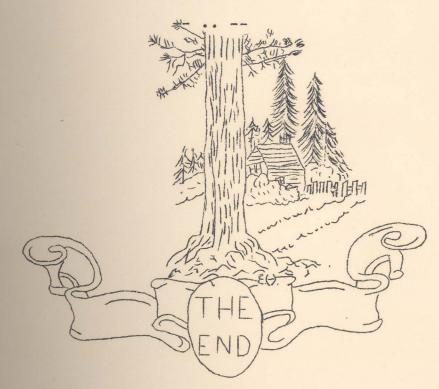
Not to everyone comes the privilege of graduation from Normal School, but to all who do is thrown out a challenge for a broader fuller, individual life and a greater service to society. At graduation we stand on the threshold of our life's work which presents many entrances for constructive effort and fruitful labour. With this goes a responsibility that cannot be shunned without reflecting on the reputation of our school. All our future actions will be associated with and moulded by our days at the North Bay Normal School in an effort to attain that ideal of Christian teachers. Never before has there been greater need for more sane, clear thinking, sober minded young men and women possessed of iniative, originality, industry and honesty.

It is in this school that friendships have been formed which time will strengthen; here that our perplexities have been met with understanding and the intricate paths of learning made smooth. It is here too the intellectual and social sides of life have contributed to prepare us for the world beyond these halls. Here ideals have been held before us which inspired us with a noble enthusiasm to set out upon the one high road to true happiness and true success in life--for it is not so much what we do

but what we are that matters.

Our minds are filled with memories from the past year and it is with much regret that we say good-bye teachers, school and fellowstudent. Some of us perhaps will never meet again but the happy memories of the past year will remain deep forever. Now however we can think of the partings, of the final closing of the door through whose portals we shall never again enter as students. Our spirits are clouded to think that happy relationships—master and pupil, must be severed forever.

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



AUTOGRAPHS

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