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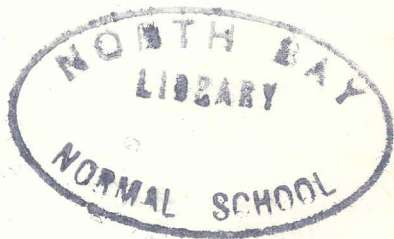
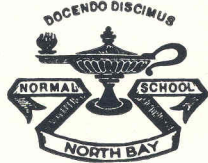
**NORTH BAY  
NORMAL SCHOOL  
YEAR BOOK**

**1941 - 42**



THE  
Thirty-Third Annual  
**YEAR BOOK**

PREPARED BY THE  
STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY  
NORMAL SCHOOL



**MAY - 1942**

Forsitan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit





TO THE  
**PRINCIPAL and STAFF**

OF THE  
NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

In Whom We Have Found True  
Counsellors and Friends

**The Students of 1941-42  
Dedicate This Book**



Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou has lent,  
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need;  
Give us to build above the deep intent  
The deed, the deed.

—JOHN DRINKWATER.





MR. H. E. RICKER, Principal

# FOREWORD

Another Normal School session has come nearly to its end, and it seems fitting that we should review some of the events of the year, and perhaps look forward into the future.

A change in the personnel of the staff should be noted first. Soon after the close of the session of 1940-41 Mr. W. J. Neale became seriously ill, and moved to Ottawa for medical treatment. It was hoped that he would be able to take up his duties again in September, but although his health has improved he has not been able to go back to class-room work. Mr. Neale came to this Normal School in 1930, and gave it eleven years of faithful and efficient service.

Mr. J. D. Deyell, B.A., was appointed to succeed him and fortunately was able to begin work at the opening of the school in September. Mr. Deyell is especially well fitted for the position, as he has had years of teaching experience in Northern Ontario schools, has been Public School Inspector in one of the Eastern counties, and was a Master in Ottawa Normal School just before his appointment to North Bay.

During the year the class-room lectures and the practice-teaching have followed pretty much their usual courses. We might note the addition of another to the number of rural practice-schools and the increasing emphasis which is being placed on this part of the work. We hope that our students will feel themselves well fitted for the task of taking charge of such schools.

The extra-curricular activities of the school were determined by the general interest in the war and in the world affairs associated with it. It is with pardonable pride that we mention the creditable showing of work done for the Red Cross and the Junior Red Cross, and for the Navy League and Naval Auxiliary. We hope that you may be able to carry on similar work in your schools as long as it is needed. We wish to mention also the very considerable sums which you were able to invest week by week in War Savings Stamps, and to express the hope that you will continue this practice when you begin earning for yourselves.

Now to look forward a little. There seems to be no doubt that you may all secure schools next September if you wish to take them. It is also likely that many of you will have to decide whether you can serve your country best by teaching or by taking up some more direct form of war work. I think that you may justly consider the teaching profession as fundamentally vital to the welfare of the nation. One of the effects of war is to obscure, insensibly perhaps, our ideals and finer sensibilities. Do you remember the shock of horror which overcame us when we heard of the sinking of the "Athenia" in 1939? And now we listen to the stories of the attacks on the merchant ships off our own coasts and of heroic rescues, and dismiss them with scarcely a second thought. We read of the claims and counter-claims of successes and failures, and we know that many of these reports must be false, but we are apt to think of them as just propaganda, and hence justifiable. Who are we to keep alive the basic ideals of truth for its own sake, and of sympathy for all who suffer? If our children are not trained in the exercise of these and other fundamental virtues the danger is that they will never learn or practise them. That is why I say that I consider the teaching in our schools to be vital to the welfare of our nation. We hope that we have been able to teach you some of the approved methods of imparting knowledge, but we also hope that we have been able to inspire you with the higher ambition of training your pupils in the practice of all that is best in the way of living.

Principal Wallace of Queen's University said recently: "There are few who do not now realize that we must use all our ability and all our training and knowledge to the very fullest extent if we are to maintain the spirit of freedom in our world." May you be guided in making the very wisest decisions as to how you can do this.

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

H. E. RICKER.





J. E. Chambers



Mrs. J. Irwin B.A.

NORMAL  
SCHOOL  
STAFF.



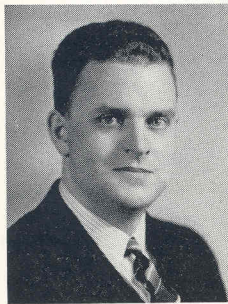
Miss E. Borden



Miss K. P. Galloway



H. H. Bessford



Miss M. M. Hill B.A.



## STAFF OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

MR. H. E. RICKER, M.A., B.Paed .....	<i>Principal</i>
SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE, SOCIAL STUDIES.	
MISS GRACE MORGAN, B.A., B.Paed. ....	<i>Master</i>
SPEECH, READING AND LITERATURE, COMPOSITION, GRAMMAR AND SPELLING, PRIMARY READING.	
MR. J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.Paed. ....	<i>Master</i>
SCIENCE OF EDUCATION, SCHOOL MANAGEMENT, MATHEMATICS.	
MISS H. B. MITCHELL, B.A. ....	<i>Master and Librarian</i>
HEALTH, SOCIAL STUDIES, LIBRARY SCIENCE.	
MR. J. E. CHAMBERS .....	<i>Instructor</i>
MANUAL TRAINING, WRITING.	
MISS ELSIE PRESTON .....	<i>Instructor</i>
HOME ECONOMICS.	
MRS. JENNIE IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed. ....	<i>Instructor</i>
ART.	
MR. H. L. BAMFORD .....	<i>Instructor</i>
MUSIC.	
MRS. E. P. BLACK, B.A. ....	<i>Instructor</i>
PHYSICAL TRAINING.	
MISS KATE McCUBBIN .....	<i>Secretary</i>

## CRITIC STAFF OF ELEMENTARY CLASSES

MR. J. L. RUNNALLS .....	<i>Principal, Dr. Carruthers School.</i>
MR. T. C. CUMMINGS .....	<i>Principal, King George School.</i>
MR. R. McKEE .....	<i>Principal, King George School.</i>
MISS A. HANSFORD .....	<i>Assistant, King George School.</i>
MISS A. BELL .....	<i>Assistant, King George School.</i>
MISS G. MORGAN .....	<i>Assistant, King George School.</i>
MISS H. WILLOUGHBY .....	<i>Assistant, Dr. Carruthers School.</i>
MISS H. SHEPPARD .....	<i>Assistant, King Edward School.</i>
MISS R. WADE .....	<i>Kindergarten Directress.</i>

## AFFILIATED CONTINUATION SCHOOL

MISS E. McKINNON .....	<i>Principal, Powassan School.</i>
MR. J. C. DRISCOLL .....	<i>Assistant Powassan School.</i>
MR. J. B. SMITHERAM .....	<i>Principal, Powassan School.</i>

## AFFILIATED RURAL SCHOOLS

MISS B. GUENTHER .....	<i>S. S. No. 5 Widdifield.</i>
MISS L. FISKE .....	<i>S. S. No. 1A Ferris.</i>
MISS M. BERTRAN .....	<i>S. S. No. 3 Himswoth N. and Ferris.</i>
MISS M. WIDNER .....	<i>S. S. No. 1B Widdifield.</i>
MISS M. BUSH .....	<i>S. S. No. 1A Widdifield.</i>





### YEAR BOOK STAFF

G. McLennan, C. Charsley, Grace Morgan, B.A., F. Darby, B. Craigie  
 H. Soltys  
 P. Mackay, L. Gerow, R. O'Brien, B. Brown, C. Battrick  
 J. Nesseth, E. Karlberg

### EDITORIAL

Over four score of us, half frightened and bewildered, gathered in the assembly hall on a never-to-be-forgotten day last September. Every timid heart was filled with wonderment about the year to come. Scarcely credible that four score confident and friendly students are now facing a final parting. We shall probably never all meet together again, but it is in order that you may keep fresh in your mind the memory of the events, the trials, the tribulations, the joys and triumphs of this year, that we have prepared this book. We humbly offer it for your perusal in years to come when you chance to grow sentimental over N.B.N.S.

FLORENCE DARBY, Editor

### RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTIONS

Monday morning saw a change each week when the usual routine of Normal School life was broken and we assembled in groups according to our religious denomination. In these classes we feel that we received indispensable instruction and very real inspiration. These classes have contributed in no small degree towards the making of more spiritually-minded teachers. We shall always remember our instructors in religious education.

REV. M. N. OMOND .....	United Church
REV. P. WEBSTER .....	United Church
REV. W. W. JARVIS .....	Church of England
REV. W. H. BEXTON .....	Baptist Church
REV. C. A. R. ROWAT .....	Presbyterian Church
REV. J. C. HUMPHREY .....	Roman Catholic Church

## CONFIDENCE AND WISDOM

Many, many centuries ago there lived in ancient Thrace a shepherd and his three sons.

One summer afternoon Chan, the eldest of the three, was engaged in testing the edge of a bronze knife he had but recently acquired. Chancing to lop the ends from a dry reed he put it to his lips to blow out the scaly pith and was astounded by the sound of a clear bright note. Again he blew and again the note floated sweetly on the air. The more he blew the more delighted he became and the more delighted he became the more he blew.

Xan the second son, seeing the sheep lift their heads and move toward the sound of the note, sought to emulate the feat. Cutting a section of reed he applied it to his lips but only a blubbery sound came forth. "Tis the fault of the weather," he exclaimed. "The dampness has smothered the voice of my reed." A second attempt proved no more successful. "'Tis my dull flint knife," he muttered. "Had I a bronze blade I could do as well as Chan." Following a third failure he cried, "The Gods are against me. I try no more."

Pan the youngest likewise made attempt. "I have failed in some fashion," he said, on hearing a low hollow sound from his first effort. "Perhaps my reed is over long." The note from his second pipe came high and shrill while that from his third and that from his fourth, though less piercing, were far from lovely. "My craftsmanship is but little mended," he murmured as he proceeded to blow the four pipes one after the other to discover if possible wherein his fault lay. Surprise widened his eyes and again he blew the reeds in quick succession. While no one note was as pure as that produced by Chan the four conjoined made music such as no ear before had heard.

It is told of Pan that he perfected his instrument by binding the four pipes together with blades of wire grass and that the tunes therefrom were so compelling that even the foxes left their burrows to follow his heels.

Success begets confidence but failure is the mother of wisdom.

In the profession you are about to enter may it be your good fortune to gain joyous confidence from an abundant success and likewise golden opportunity from an abundant failure. May you have the honesty to assume responsibility for your disappointments and the courage to fashion out of these an enduring wisdom.

HARRY AMOSS

*(The Year Book Staff appreciates the kindly answer received from Dr. Amoss in response to their request for an article for this little book. —F.D.)*

## OUR TRIBUTE

Many lessons have been learned during this all-too-brief year at Normal School. Not the least of these has been a vision of the joy of teaching—an ideal of service to humanity—a sense of the worthiness of our profession. These ideals, broader far than mere lesson plans and the academic side of teaching, we owe to our masters. Many of us have never before experienced the comradeship and good fellowship possible between staff and students—these happy friendships will ever glow in our memories. The feeling that it is our work done for the joy and usefulness of it, not a task imposed—this, too, we owe to our principal and his associates. I deem it a privilege to express to these loved teachers the very real gratitude of the class of 1941-42.

SISTER M. ST. EDWARD





**LITERARY EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM**

J. D. Deyell, B.A., G. McLennan, R. Evans, P. Mackay, B. Craigie  
 E. Wharram  
 C. Charsley, M. Thomson, R. O'Brien, D. Hiscocks, A. M. Andrecheck.  
 T. Bamford, (absent).



**LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, SPRING TERM**

J. D. Deyell, B.A., E. Gordon, M. Sartor, B. Brown, S. Devenny  
 H. Soltys  
 P. Delaney, E. O'Hara, P. Hunt, Z. Shalla, E. Hansman  
 T. Bamford (absent)

## LITERARY SOCIETY

G. McLENNAN

E. O'HARA

In the years of the near future when we who have come together at Normal School have gone our diverse ways we shall look back with pleasure as we ponder over the experiences of this year. Among these pleasant memories, those of the Literary Society should be outstanding.

During the fall season Hallowe'en brought its ever-popular party which the Normal students attended dressed in weird fantastic costumes.

The Armistice Day programme in charge of Miss Morgan and Mr. Bamford was conducted by students whose family members had served in the Great War. Through suitable poems and hymns the full reverent interpretation of the day was maintained.

At Christmas time again the school assembled for a last social gathering before the end of the fall term. The unusual programme is to be remembered as a splendid event of the year.

The Spring Literary Executive took charge in January and the new term started with a lively debate on whether or not men should learn the culinary arts.

Valentine's Day brought a festive air to the assembly hall and then the red and white was followed by the green decorations and the theme of St. Patrick's Day.

The students of the Normal were honoured with a visit from Mrs. Hall, a representative of the Provincial Home and School Club. As guest speaker at the Literary, she described the interesting picture of the work of the Home and School Club.

The final social gathering takes place in May. Under the direction of Mr. Bamford and Miss Morgan an operetta has been prepared and at the conclusion of this enjoyable programme the students will gather downstairs to entertain their friends for the last time inside the walls of the Normal School.

From the beginning of the term the success of the Literary Society has been attained mainly through the kind advice and assistance of the masters and through those who willingly placed their talent and energy at our disposal. Therefore, let us look back with pleasure now and in the years to come upon our Normal School year and let us look forward into the future with optimism and high ideals along the pathway we have chosen.

## MASTERY

Slender, white fingers caressing the keys  
 Music from ivory and ebony made  
 That speaks for the heart overflowing with joy,  
 Or one that is pleading for aid.

Tinkling clear notes from the instrument peal,  
 Such joy to the hearer they bring  
 They tell of the springtime and lilacs to come,  
 And birds over-eager to sing.

Beautiful melodies, filled with lament,  
 Linger and float on the air,  
 Remind us that winter is not far behind,  
 To be happy and devil may care.

The fingers move slowly, lovingly still,  
 In the fragrantly purplish gloom,  
 Building for us with infinite care  
 A garden instead of a room.

E. RIPLEY





### FORM I

C. Carroll, A. M. Andrecheck, B. Brown, P. Delaney, S. Devenny, I. Cunningham, E. Bryans  
R. Butkovich, H. Durham  
H. Emery, H. Biasucci, V. Darragh, B. Craigie, F. Darby, J. Cullen, C. Charsley, R. Brown, A. Cousineau  
C. Battrick, J. Barsby, F. Dunn, J. Cooper, V. Andress, R. Anderson, I. Elliott, H. Arnold

**FORM I**

BETTY BROWN

It will be with a special glow of affection that we will remember "our form," for whenever Form I foregathers, laughter fills the air and a warm feeling of friendliness pervades the room. Form I means more to us than just a group of girls whose names range from A to E. It is something that belongs to us, something which we ourselves have created—it is incomparably our own.

In any group undertaking, co-operation is the key to success. The splendid co-operation and willingness of our form is proof of that. We can all remember how we strove together to put on our St. Patrick's Day program. Concerning the result—need we say anything.

In every field of activity, Form I figures prominently. In the sports, badminton, basketball, we have taken an active part. All loyal Normalites will remember with pride the hard-fought basketball game won from the Collegiate Institute, in which eight of the team were from Form 1, including the star forward line.

On the Year Book staff, and in the Literary Society, Form I is well represented. Oh, yes and didn't our team win the quiz program and walk off with the flattering placard of our achievements—but enough of this or our pride will burst its bounds.

Although we're thrilled with these achievements of Form 1, will they be the fondest memories that we will carry away with us? No, indeed! I am sure we will remember clearly the fast friends we made here and the thrill of doing something for "Our Form."

Ere we take our final step across the threshold of our new careers, let us look back along the vista of remembrance where we will see this year as a bright thread running through the pattern of our life.

**THE ANCIENT TAXI-MAN**

It was an ancient taxi-man,  
He summoneth us three,  
Beneath broad sheets of Bristol board  
We girls he scarce could see.

He honketh an impatient horn,  
He gazeth with alarm.  
What is that feathered curious thing  
Thou holdest on thine arm?

An albatross long since defunct,  
A salt map wide and long,  
A volume made by hektograph,  
Some books to sing a song.

"Objective stuff," we said in haste,  
It meant not much to he,  
He gazed a moment, then exclaimed  
"It sounds like bunk to me."

Student teacher (beaming): "Now class, what do we call the people who live in Switzerland?"

Pupil (shaking his arm off): "Please, Teacher . . . Switches."

Definition of an optimist: A Normalite who still insists that "Life can be beautiful."





## FORM II

N. Luttrell, C. Fischer, A. Leverance, C. Levack, J. Johnson, A. Feagan, L. MacKenzie, M. Milne, B. MacIntyre  
J. Harris, E. Makinen, P. Mackay, R. Evans, M. Kenney, E. Karlberg, D. Hiscocks, D. MacLean  
J. Gordon, J. McAughey  
E. Maxwell, H. Haines, L. Gerow, J. Knipe, P. Hunt, H. MacGillivray, B. Milner, G. Majnarich, E. Hansman

## FORM II

### PEGGY MACKAY

Once upon a time, during the 1941-42 term, there was a wonderful Form II at N.B.N.S. It was a merry, hard-working form, but alas, one crime stains the almost spotless page of its history—it was notorious for handing things in late, very late. But when you examine its history more closely, you will see that its virtues make up for this delinquency.

We are a happy-go-lucky crew, perhaps because of the influence of Margaret Kenney, Jessie McAughey, Coreen Fischer and a few others. It will be interesting to watch the progress of those in Form II. Of course we shall all be good teachers, but there are among us many talented girls who will probably make use of their abilities. Musically minded Jean Gordon, Erna Karlberg and Joan Knipe, artistic Audrey Leverance and Gloria Majnarich, and writers Diamond McLean, Laura Gerow and Edna Makinen are just a few. Do not wonder that Form II is such an outstanding class, for such a goodly number of Scots as we have would put any class on a higher plane.

If you know Form II, you will always remember lovely Eva Hansman, tiny Evelyn Maxwell and Helen Haines, Noreen Luttrell who manages to combine work with pleasure, blue-eyed Renee Evans, Jean Johnson and Phyllis Hunt who know all the answers, Dorothy Hiscocks and Josephine Harris who always find something to laugh about, mischievous Lorna MacKenzie, good-humored Mildred Milne, quiet Charlotte Levack and Arla Feagan with the pleasant smile. Yes, you will remember us all!

#### QUIP MODEST

Fraser girls—lots of fun,  
Bandy's—smart and clever,  
But Academy girls—without a doubt  
They're the nicest ever!

AN ACADEMITE.

#### RETORT COURTEOUS

High brow, low brow,  
Straight hair or curls,  
None in all the Normal School  
Can beat the "Fraser" girls.

A FRASERITE.

Father (laying down Jimmie's report): "Now, son, if you didn't have any brains I wouldn't blame, you but—"  
Jimmie: "No, you'd blame Mother."

Student: "Remember Pearl Harbor?"

Teacher: "No! What year did she go to Normal?"

Teacher's pet!

Do they?—and how!





### FORM III

E. Gordon, D. McGregor, T. Bamford, P. Ryder, V. Sarlo, J. Nesseth, B. Netherton, E. Mazzuca  
G. McLennan, H. Soltys  
D. McAuley, E. Wharram, H. Welden, B. Tait, M. Robinson, N. Solomon, M. Sartor, M. Thomson  
T. Viitanen, E. Ripley  
E. O'Hara, M. Robertson, D. Norquay, J. McCuaig, A. Stewart, S. Petrone, R. O'Brien, Z. Shalla

### FORM III

#### JOYCE NESSETH

Form III, the pride of you and me, friend, with our celebrities, brilliant students and not so brilliant ones, our musicians and artists, and last but not least, our men.

Our celebrities, of course, are typical of our Form—the past president of the Literary Society, Mr. Gordon McLennan, dignified and serious; the present president, Miss Elena O'Hara, with the sweet disposition of the Irish, and Miss Solomon, our capable president of the Junior Red Cross Society of the School. Other officers of the Literary Society are Miss Shalla, secretary; Mr. Bamford, treasurer; Mr. Gordon, vice-president; of the Red Cross Society, Miss Welden, circulation manager; Miss Ryder, convener of the service committee; of the Year Book staff, Mr. Soltys, business manager; Miss O'Brien, photography editor; Mr. McLennan, art editor.

Besides these celebrities, Form III is famous for the cheery chatter it scatters through the halls, and even into the classrooms. Here, one or two find their way into the highest quartile, while the rest—well, there has to be a lower quartile.

All that we can say about our 'last row' is that they have proved themselves faithful to the end.

### A TEACHER'S CREED

May I this day my lesson learn  
 How best to teach. How to discern  
 The talent, which in pupils lay  
 To be molded as the potter's clay.  
 How to shape their growing mind,  
 To be forgiving, loving, kind.  
 May I a pattern to them be  
 To help them shape their destiny.

BETTY NETHERTON.

Teacher: "What is your name?"

Aino: "Aino."

Teacher: "Yes, I know you know, but I don't."

### RATIONING

Stockings are rationed,  
 Sugar and toys,  
 But why did they ration  
 Normal School boys?

Gordon expressed raffia weaving quite aptly when he began to sing in his own inimitable manner: "I got plenty of knotting."

Miss Mitchel: "You remind me very much of Napoleon, Mr. Soltys. He went down in History too."



## RURAL TEACHING

C. CARROLL

M. ROBERTSON

That never-to-be-forgotten first week of rural teaching shines out from among any memories just as a brilliant diamond sparkles and glistens against the lustrous black velvet of a jeweller's show-case. Filled to overflowing with surprises and new experiences, it far exceeded any of my highest hopes or expectations. An ambition, nurtured from childhood was actually almost being realized.

Without my Normal School training for a background, even the beginning could not have been the success it was. However, with the strong foundation laid for me there, a foundation ever-ready to rescue me in my moments of dire need, I was able to sally forth, undaunted and with a surprising measure of self-confidence. Confidence in one's self seems to be half the battle. Nothing is really hard to do when you have confidence and initiative to aid you.

How did Normal School methods help me during that eventful week? Had my three months of poring over manuals and encyclopedias and struggling through lesson plans been in vain? Now, at last I was to reap some of the fruit of my labour. Would that grammar lesson have been the decided success it was without repeated drilling on the fundamentals and logic of a grammar lesson? No. Would that mathematic lesson to Grade Nine have been so valuable to the pupils if I myself had not been clear about teaching a lesson in geometry? Very emphatically, no! What could I have done with Grade One if I hadn't learned the importance of seatwork? Seatwork is not merely a method of filling in time. It is a definite learning process which should be interesting, educational, creative and worthwhile.

Perhaps the most helpful lesson I learned at Normal School was that the duty of the teacher is not just to impart information to the pupil, but rather to stimulate him in his own pursuit of knowledge. "The teacher who is attempting to teach without inspiring the pupil with a desire to learn, is hammering on cold iron." Another warning I had received was to take a definite stand before the class. Look as though you mean business, then proceed to prove that you do. A successful start tends toward a more successful lesson.

This week, undoubtedly, added many new contributions to my already mounting fund of knowledge. I realized the necessity of a clear, concise, workable time-table—one that is the tool of the teacher, not the master. Five years of high school had caused me previously not to expect too much of my pupils. I now learned to bear in mind their ages and abilities and not ask that of which they weren't capable. I tried to live with them, talk with them, not just stand before them and talk AT them. I learned to teach children, not subjects.

Nevertheless despite the innumerable times Normal School methods did aid me were there not moments when they failed me? Perhaps Normal School does forget to teach us some of the little things. These trifles make for perfection, and perfection indeed is no trifle. However, may we not say that in many of these problems, common sense, acquired before even coming to Normal School, is the best solution? Let us learn to stand on our own feet, use our own head. Furthermore, one's method of handling these situations, is really what makes one's teaching characteristic.

Our best is not too good in this great profession. Our work is as important as that of our soldiers, sailors and airmen. They are defending our country by their heroic fighting; but we too are defending our country—by helping to produce stalwart citizens. I am proud of my profession.

"Docendo discimus!"

**The University  
of Western Ontario**  
LONDON, CANADA

Summer School, July 6th to August 15th

**SPECIAL COURSES OFFERED THIS SUMMER**

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students and English Conversation for French-  
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Geography—Introduction to Earth Sciences  
Astronomy, Descriptive (not Mathematical)  
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DEGREE AND THE PERMANENT FIRST CLASS  
CERTIFICATE**

Note: No previous reading required before beginning courses  
in Summer School.

Examinations held during last two days of Summer School  
—leaving remainder of holidays entirely free from  
university work.

Excellent camping facilities, including electricity and hot  
and cold showers, on University grounds.

Enthusiastic social and athletic programme.

**For full information address**

**DR. H. R. KINGSTON**

**Director of Summer School and Extramural Department**





### JUNIOR RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

J. D. Deyell, B.A., M. Kenney, E. Karlberg, J. Gordon, E. Hansman  
 A. Cousineau, V. Andress  
 J. Nesseth, J. Knipe, N. Solomon, R. Brown, I. Cunningham  
 H. Welden  
 T. Viitanen, B. Brown, Z. Shalla, P. Ryder, P. Delaney  
 S. Devenny

### JUNIOR RED CROSS

RUBY BROWN

PHYLLIS RYDER

On November fifth, the "Thumbs Up" branch of the Junior Red Cross was organized under the able direction of Mr. Deyell.

At the first meeting of the society each member was presented with a copy of the ten health rules and a Red Cross membership button.

A programme was later put on by some of the students which took the form of a discussion of the origin and history of the organization.

A health play, representative of those to be expected from our future elementary classes, was produced by the health and programme committees under the convenership of Miss Erna Karlberg.

The pressing demand for money begot in the mind of Miss Sibyl Devenny, the idea of an auction sale. The great number of articles donated, made it necessary to devote two meetings to this project. The result of the sale was our enrolment fee of \$3 paid and a surplus of \$7.75.

The progressive system of putting extra pennies to a worthwhile purpose resulted in a "copper trap" which proudly sits on Mr. Deyell's desk.

Besides the formulated meetings held at the school, the masters opened their homes on alternate Tuesdays to groups of students.

The raw material for these evenings was bought with \$82.35 piled up from the students' weekly contributions, the proceeds from a tea, the silver collection from a meeting and a donation from Mrs. O'Brien.

Official tally of the knitting groups showed a total of 225 articles knitted and sent to the Junior Red Cross, the local Red Cross branch, the Navy League of Canada and the Canadian Naval Auxiliary. This is a

detailed record of the work completed: 17 children's sweaters, 3 sailors' sweaters, 31 pairs of socks, 4 scarves, 47 helmets, 46 sailor caps, 4 afghans, 4 pairs of seaboots, 12 washcloths.

The Thumbs Up branch is extremely grateful to Miss Preston and Mr. Deyell for the time and advice they have given in this important work.

### "LO, WHAT EMBATTLED FOES"

The swirling plumes of battle's dust arose  
 Like incense o'er a thousand unmarked graves;  
 From out that low'ring veil the dragon's roar  
 And shriek of guns burst on weary ears.  
 A winged demon bearing crosses black,  
 Plunged through the darkness, on grim slaughter bent.  
 Beside a crater lay a pile of bags,  
 And nearby stood the loved padre, robed;  
 Before him knelt in trusting faith his flock,  
 His words rose clear—"Preserve thy body and soul—"  
 The rest was drowned in war's vast roar once more,  
 And even God seemed blotted out in hate!

L. M. GEROW

### CRUSADERS OF THE AIR

I leave the world to soar on silver wings,  
 The bustling crowd and noises quite forgot,  
 The dim blue skies above, neglected not  
 By one, who hears and answers willingly.  
 My ship and I are one with air and space,  
 We glide and sail, a bird of man's own make.  
 We pause above a pearly limpid lake  
 And sink to rest upon its surface blue.  
 But now a call more urgent than before  
 Bids us depart with heavy loaded gun.  
 We cannot now enjoy the blessed sun,  
 We have a greater task ahead of us.  
 We serve, we give, who knows we die withal,  
 Nor do we shrink from dangers in the skies.  
 We wound, we kill, with murder in our eyes,  
 'Tis justice's sake not hate which wills our gun.  
 We will not falter, tremble or dismay  
 We will fight on, relentless against the foe  
 And God, the Prince of Peace will conquer woe  
 And Right shall triumph noble, pure and whole.

EVELYN RIPLEY.

### IN CHURCH

Through quieted church the Hallelujah rang  
 Crescendo now, sweet music touched mine ear,  
 And voice on voice increased, the music sang  
 To bring the message to us sweet and clear,  
 To magnify the Lord our voices blend  
 In full sincerity our hearts ascend.

JEAN K. GORDON



## A WOLF AMONG LAMBS

TERRY BAMFORD

The classroom door closes behind me, thus shutting me from the outside world. I am in Kindergarten, and here, for an afternoon, I am doomed to remain. Even as the teacher cheerily waves me to my seat the bell rings and a screaming horde pours into the room, races for the chairs and then calmly settles down to await while the teacher picks herself up from the floor and still smiling (wonderful woman) marches to her position in the centre of the circle. Soon proceedings begin. The young savages stand in a circle and bray the National Anthem. Then they play a game, or rather, stage the Battle of Waterloo. I crawl from underneath a desk a few moments later in time to see my fellow victims carried out on stretchers. Finally my turn has come. With a sickly grin I stride forward to the rostrum, clear my throat and begin:

"Boys and girls—"

Here a most regrettable incident occurs. Doubtless Cicero and Demosthenes often experienced the same misfortune. The fact is I have forgotten the general trend of my lesson. The teacher coughs in a distressing sort of way while the dear little infants start pulling out sling shots, muttering uncomplimentary remarks about the Normalites. When a rock bounces off my cranium I conclude that it is the time for action. So I try again:

"It seems that Pat and Mike were wandering down Broadway . . ."

A violent snort from the teacher seems to indicate this isn't quite the sort of thing she had in mind. Furthermore the attitude of the pupils tells me they have heard it before. Finally, in this moment of crisis, I remember my lesson. Positively dripping with benevolence I start again:

"How would you all like to make paper wrist watches just like daddy's?"

"You mean like this," and up shoots a row of wrists, each bearing a genuine Bulova or Gruen.

The layman would silently swallow a vial of poison at this point but a true teacher enjoys this sort of thing. So, I reply nonchalantly:

"Why,—a, yes, something like that." Throwing paper, paste and scissors at them. I step outside for a much needed breath of oxygen. I am just beginning to enjoy life again when I feel a tug at my apron strings. Turning around, I encounter a young thing in size one shoes who casually enquires:

"Did you find it rather stuffy in there too?"

Having disposed of his body under a convenient bush, I silently steal away from the premises wondering if it's true about volunteers being wanted to fight in China.

### "N.B.N.S. WARNING"

To be sung to the tune of "Dark Town Strutters Ball"

I'll be 'round to get you in a taxi, students,  
 Better be ready by a quarter to one.  
 Now students you know it's fun,  
 We gotta be there 'fore the bell starts ringing'—  
 Remember girls when we finally get there,  
 Flash cards, drills, we gotta have them all,  
 'Cause we must never, never shirk,  
 Tuesday afternoon, when we get that teaching call.

P. DELANEY

# S O C I A L

CHRISTINE CHARSLY



This is the way to be happy and gay,  
Work while you work, play while you play.

In spite of the common belief, Normal School is not all work, as the following pages will show you. For many are the laughs and the joyous times we have had in this building during the last two terms.

## THE INTRODUCTION PARTY

Time—3 o'Clock

Place—N.B.N.S.

Event—An Introduction Party

It was a happy group of students who gathered in the Assembly Hall on September 12, 1941, for an "introduction" party. There we were graciously met by the members of the staff. But the library soon became the scene of life and laughter as eighty students dashed hither and yon seeking names to add to their "New Friends" list. When this was over and we had regained our breath, each of us was given a slip of paper on which an alphabet letter was written. Then the chosen leaders searched and questioned, looking for letters to make a given word.

During the games, Miss Helen Ricker, daughter of our principal, made a splendid mistress of ceremonies. Then we returned to the Assembly Hall where a dainty lunch was served to all the students by members of the staff. Thus began our social career at the Normal School, and a happy beginning it was too.

## THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

EVA HANSMAN

Grinning Jack-o'-Lanterns stared blankly down from the curtains; ugly witches flew on broomsticks across the wall, and thin black cats howled on back fences.

Into this setting the Normal students flitted, skipped, trudged, marched or stumbled—whichever gait best became their costume. Following a very interesting program came the Grand March which might be compared, in variation of shapes and costumes, with the procession which entered Noah's Ark a few thousand years ago. Clowns, red Indians, Dutch peasants, seventeenth century ladies, witches, priests, and gypsies stepped across the platform before the judges' critical eyes.

Comical relays and singing games were never played with more zest or enthusiasm. When one's breathing was back to par, he could learn by eerie invisible writing who his future mate would be. I was somewhat dismayed when I drew Yehudi. Fortune telling, ghost walk and lucky shooting games were appetizers for a tasty lunch eaten in various parts of the school.

Dancing in the library, beautifully bestreamered for the occasion, or ping pong in the lower hall, filled the remainder of the evening. This most pleasant, well-to-be-remembered party drew to a close with the coming of the wee small hours, and the singing of the National Anthem.



## THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

DON MCGREGOR

The four o'clock bell rang, and the halls resounded with shouts and laughter as eighty students rejoiced over the fact that it was the last day of the fall term, and the long awaited Christmas vacation was finally here.

Breaking a long-standing tradition we held the programme in the afternoon so that there would be plenty of time to get ready for the journey home. One feature of the very interesting programme was a series of slides, "Christmas in Other Lands," with an appropriate commentary by various students followed by several carols from the student body.

After refreshments, we found our way to the library where it was rumored that Santa Claus was waiting. He found the cleverest Christmas tree whose ingenious decorations had been part of a class project in Miss Mitchell's room and whose manufacture was explained by Edythe Wharram and Zita Shalla. Santa Claus was waiting with a present and a cheery word or greeting for everyone there. Our congratulations to Harry Soltys for his splendid portrayal of the part. (Our congratulations also to the beard and pillows which helped enormously.)

For a short while then, the sounds of Good-bye and Merry Christmas pervaded the rooms, but gradually all became silent and our Christmas party took its place with all the other pleasant memories of Normal '42.

## A-SKATING WE WILL GO

EDYTHE WHARRAM

Who showed the crowd how to skate with poise?  
 Who had loads of fun and made plenty of noise?  
 What seventeen girls and five valiant boys?  
 Why! the members of gallant Form III.

A truer verse has never been penned, for on Friday night, February sixth, the members of Form III arranged themselves in their winter garb, flung their skates over their shoulders and skipped down to the Ferris Community Rink for an evening's skating. The night was made to order. The boys especially amazed everyone with their grace and skill. Consider the elegant fall of Red Gordon, the meteor-like speed of Harry Soltys on those murderous fifteen-inch blades and the waltzing of Helen Welden and Edythe Wharram,—the results of which are better left unrecorded.

At ten o'clock the management subtly played "There's No Place Like Home." So, with a shrug of our shoulders and a cheery, "Oh well, what's a two-mile hike when you're young and healthy," we made our way to the Wharram residence on the Lakeshore.

After partaking of a goodly supply of hot-dogs, coffee and cake, life began to seem worth-while again, so the whole group joined in a merry sing-song during which Terry Bamford's rendition of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," was truly heartrending.

At 12.15, a very surprised bus driver opened the bus door to a tired group of Normalites, and so the curtain was drawn on a truly fun-packed evening for Form III.

Mr. Ricker (confusion in classroom): "Order please."

Evelyn Ripley (just waking up): "Hamburgers with onions, please."

## SHIP AHOY!

HELEN HAINES

"All the nice girls love a sailor,  
All the nice girls love a tar."

In this spirit we entered upon our Navy Tea on the afternoon of November 28. Battleships were carefully painted on two of the library windows, and all the tables boasted red, white and blue streamers. Shortly after four the guests began to arrive. They were escorted to the library, and were served tea and sandwiches and cakes. The servers wore dark skirts and sailor middies in keeping with the occasion. At intervals during the tea, piano selections were played and a chorus sang stirring sea songs. Afterwards, the guests were taken upstairs where they viewed a large display of knitted articles for the navy made by Normal School students. I am sure that all those present on this lovely occasion enjoyed themselves immensely as did we who helped to make it the success it was.

## VALENTINE PARTY

SUZY McCUAIG

Enter Miss Violet Sarlo as a schoolmarm of the old style, keeping her tiny class under rigid control with a long pointer. The event is a Valentine Party complete with songs, verses, little speeches, and the customary Valentines. Also included in the programme was a rote song in which we all took part.

Then the teacher dismissed her class, the members of which miraculously added ten years to their age and joined with us in a delicious lunch of cocoa and doughnuts. At this point we trooped downstairs where the piano was put to excellent use and we danced through the halls until we were too tired to move. Fortunately for us, Mr. Ricker announced the National Anthem, so all joined in and then we left for home.

## WHOOPS WE GO AGAIN

CAY BATTRICK

A brisk, chilly breeze swept across Lake Nipissing, and brought with it freezing whiffs of snow. By the afternoon, however, it was quite pleasant for the skating party which the Form I Academites had planned for us. Assembling shortly after two with merry laughter we proceeded from the Academy to the Adanac Skating Rink. Hilarious is the only word to describe the time we had. The ice was perfect—for a while. If you don't believe we had a good time just look at the pictures. About five-thirty we began to break the knotted laces, rub the newly acquired blisters, and scramble after those who had gone ahead to prepare supper.

Like a pack of hungry wolves we attacked the hot-dogs, doughnuts and coffee. After supper, which we digested while running a ten-mile race, a one mile race, or throwing a disc, we gave the evening a Daniel Boone touch with a Virginia Reel or two. After much laughter, more dancing, and the most relaxation we've had since last May 24, we thanked our hostesses and trudged home to lesson plans.

Note—(Our discs were paper pie plates and our ten-mile race consisted of pushing a peanut across the floor with one's nose.)



**KNIT TWO, PURL TWO**

A knitting bee is lots of fun,  
Sweaters and skirts galore,  
But cloths of string, those crooked things  
To me are just a bore.

Some of us knitted the mittens,  
Some of us tried the gloves,  
But afghan squares and facecloths  
Are things that no one loves.

The helmets and the sea caps,  
All keep the navy warm,  
String facecloths, on the other hand  
May do a lot of harm.

They've knots and bumps all over,  
The afghan squares don't fit,  
My life's one great ambition now,  
Oh, just to knit a mitt.

FLORENCE DARBY.

"Oh bother, I guess I was supposed to decrease here."

Many were these statements during the winter months as the students gathered in groups of ten or twelve at the homes of the various masters. On Tuesday nights of alternate weeks we picked up our knitting, stuffed it in a bag, and set out for an evening of fun and work. At the same time we learned quite a bit about following directions (or not following them) when tramps to Mr. Bamford's or to Miss McCubbin's seemed to lead us into the middle of No Man's Land. However, we always got there some time before lunch was served. And who says "Business Before Pleasure?" In knitting groups, Business IS Pleasure.

**CATBIRD**

A bird—  
His name?  
Catbird,  
His fame?—  
Far-spread;  
His dress?—  
So trim  
In grey;  
His song?—  
Now sweet  
Now strong!  
A tweet.—  
He mocks  
His friends  
And talks  
Away.  
His nest,—  
He likes  
The best  
Pine spikes;  
They hide  
Secure  
His pride  
All day.

HELEN EMERY

**AT HOME**  
CHRIS CHARLSLEY

There was a sound of revelry by night.  
And 'neath the Normal's dome had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry and bright  
The lamps shone o'er the Normal students once again.

And here it is the morning of May ninth, and our annual "At Home" is just a memory, but what a memory. Will we ever forget the cheerful company of Robin Hood and his Merry Men who laughed and sang and danced their way through Sherwood Forest straight into our hearts?

At the end of Mr. Ricker's closing speech we found it hard to believe that nine months had passed since we were welcomed to this building. Peggy Mackay as Valedictorian said a final farewell to the students. She expressed what was in all our hearts. Our warmest congratulations to Rita O'Brien whose final performance of "Country Gardens," we shall long remember.

Then came the dancing! Never did music sound as sweet or happiness reign as completely. Nor did any lunch ever taste as delicious! At this point may we thank Miss Preston heartily, and also express our sincere thanks to anyone who in any way helped to make the evening the grand success it was. Toward the wee sma' hours the sounds of revelry grew fainter, and finally ceased, and another Normal School "At Home" had faded into the past.

THE CAST OF THE OPERETTA, which was produced under the splendid direction and co-operation of Mr. Bamford and Miss Morgan, was as follows:

Robin Hood .....	Chris Charsley
Maid Marian .....	Cay Battrick
King Richard .....	Florence Darby
Friar Tuck .....	Norma Solomon
Little John .....	Peggy Mackay
Will Scarlett .....	Edythe Wharram
Allan-a-Dale .....	Violet Andress
Dame Dale .....	Ruby Brown
Daughters of Dame Dale .....	Erna Karlberg and Phyllis Ryder
Deaf Beggar .....	Ida Cunningham
Blind Beggar .....	Jean Barsby
Attendants of the King .....	Phyllis Hunt and Phyllis Delaney
Tim the Tinker .....	Joan Knipe
Midge the Miller .....	Joyce Nesseth

OLD ENGLISH FOLK DANCES WERE under the direction of Mrs. Black. The dancers were:

Jean Gordon	Toini Viitanen	Margaret Kenny
Betty Tait	Renee Evans	Betty Brown
Evelyn Ripley	Eva Hansman	Dorothy Hiscocks
Betty Craigie	Jeanne Cullen	Colleen Carroll

**TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE GIRLS ARE MARCHING**  
JEAN JOHNSON

It was two-thirty and there we were, twenty carefree, jolly girls, with mirth in our hearts and a song on our lips, and a day that was made to order. We set out in small groups of two or three and soon reached our destination which was the brickyard. It was a fascinating place but it



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would have been even more so if we had had someone around to answer our numerous questions.

Girls were everywhere, on the windmill, in the barn, hanging over the bridge and posed on the fence for pictures. About six o'clock we returned to Jessie McAughey's home for games and a delicious supper of beans, bread and butter, apple pie and cocoa. And then came the surprise! Through the door came Helen MacGillivray with a birthday cake nearly as large as herself—Jessie was the lucky recipient.

And so, with the singing of "Happy Birthday" we wrote "finis" to our Form II Party.

## WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

ELVIN GORDON

Although Normal School students have pecuniary difficulties of their own, they nevertheless, do not forget their country's need.

Being mindful of the struggle, which the valiant men and women of our Allied armed forces are waging against the tyranny of Hitlerism and its motives, we willingly gave them what little assistance we were able to afford.

After organizing a War Savings executive, Mr. Deyell devoted a part of his Wednesday morning periods for the purpose of selling stamps. A vote of thanks should be extended to Mr. Deyell for his efforts in this undertaking. Congratulations are forwarded to those who searched increasingly in the bottom of their pockets for those precious coins, which when put together, resulted in the grand sum of \$119.55 by April 29th. By the end of the term it will be expected to go over the \$125 mark.

## SPRING

Silver icicles dripping dew,  
Sunshine tumbling from clear, cool blue,  
Tumbling in patches cross the thinning snow,  
Spring calls once more;  
Winter must go.

Water rippling over stony beds,  
Shy, sweet snowdrops lifting sleepy heads,  
From a soft earthy bed the crocus springs,  
Life throbs anew.  
The south wind sings.

COLLEEN CARROLL

## THE BRIDGE

The bridge on the river is scarred and old,  
A friend from the past to me;  
And I see my name in letters bold,  
Carved on the side for all to behold,  
Calling back memory.

I think of others who stood by my side,  
Before they went away,  
And dreaming I follow them far and wide,  
As the twilight descends on the river to hide  
The Children of Yesterday.

SUE JEAN McCUAIG.





### BASKETBALL TEAM

H. Haines, P. Delaney, S. Devenny, G. Majnarich, D. Hiscocks  
 I. Elliott, M. Kenney, T. Viitanen  
 E. Karlberg, R. Brown, N. Luttrell, H. Welden, I. Cunningham  
 B. Brown, A. Leverance, R. Evans, F. Darby



### BADMINTON EXECUTIVE

D. Hiscocks, F. Darby  
 E. O'Hara, H. MacGillivray, S. Devenny, J. McAughey

# SPORTS

BETTY CRAIGIE

"Play up, play up and play the game." Through the example set by Mrs. Black, we have learned that it is better to gain fun, health and friends through sports than to enter for the sole purpose of winning. Our most heartfelt thanks are extended to Mrs. Black for her helpful and patient coaching during the year.

## BADMINTON

Early in the year all those desiring to chase the birdie met to organize a badminton club. At this meeting Florence Darby was elected president and Elena O'Hara became secretary-treasurer. An advisory committee was chosen, Sibyl Devenny, Helen MacGillivray, Jessie McAughey.

A singles tournament schedule which roused keen interest among the participants was drawn up.

A doubles tournament may take place later in the term.

Hats off to you Darby, for your hard work and skill in organization.

## BASKETBALL

The fine spirit of the school was shown in the co-operation of the girls towards making the Saturday morning games a success.

An intra-mural schedule was played off with four teams taking part. The teams were drawn up according to the district from which the players hailed.

Two points were allotted for a win and one point for a tie.

Fort Frances won the league championship, but only after a well-played, hard-fought game against the team from the North. Overtime was necessary and the final score was 23-22.

Fort Frances team: F. Darby, H. Weldon, A. Leverance, R. Brown, B. Brown, N. Luttrell, I. Cunningham, E. Karlberg.

To close our basketball season two teams were chosen to play against the local Collegiate team. This game was fast and close. It was only in the last half of the game that we succeeded in gaining a decisive margin over our opponents.

N.B.N.S. team: F. Darby, I. Cunningham, B. Craigie, S. Devenny, M. Kenney, E. Wharram, J. Cullen, I. Elliott, C. Charsley, T. Viitanen, M. Milne.

D. McGregor: "What are you going to play in the operetta, Norma?"

N. Solomon: "I'm going to play 'Friar Tuck.'"

D. McGregor: "How could you play 'Fire Truck?'"



**BOYS' SPORTS**

DON MCGREGOR

The six lone boys at N.B.N.S. have not been able to engage in sports to any extent. A few of us played on the ill-fated "Thistles" basketball team but there is nothing to write about there. We played the whole schedule without winning a game which is something of a record. The closest we came to victory was a 17-16 overtime loss. A few of the boys have been batting a birdie back and forth across the net, but with more force than skill.

A volleyball game, boys vs. girls has been proposed but the girls can't seem to get up the courage to meet us. They won't give us a chance to win at anything.

Our efforts have been few and feeble. Not that our prowess was weak but that our numbers were so helplessly few.

**STRATHCONA—GRADE B**

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Early in the month of March a distinguished personage, Captain John Young honoured us with his presence.

The quiet confidence about his words and actions quieted nervous fears and enabled us to go through our paces with ease.

Small wonder that Captain Johnny Young is popular through all Ontario, not only with teachers and teachers-in-training but also in military circles.

Everyone made the grade and we thank Captain Young and Mrs. Black for their instruction and training.

**PHYSICAL TRAINING EXAMINATION**

ELENA O'HARA

Group III get ready for Physical Training! Already I was stiff in every joint from practising exercises—early in the morning, late at night and every noon hour.

How simple it seemed down in the class doing all these exercises! How it amused one when the odd student forgot the next command! No. 62! Arm flinging exercise (always take a deep breath first). Oh! Now what? Yes—arm flinging. "This exercise is arm flinging. You must fling arms off — no, fling arms — uh, — out, no just fling your arms. I'll demonstrate—1-2-3 fling!" Ouch I forgot about the wall. Oh, well—I only skinned two fingers and broke one nail.

"Class jump up with crossed legs—no—jump straight into the air—remain in position."

Now why do they snicker?

"Class, atten-shun!"

What made my voice squeak—I wanted to holler that.

"Arms flinging begin—"

Now I must walk through them. Bop! Someone hit me on the ear! How am I going to get out of here?

"C-class (duck)—halt."

At last a merciful voice said, "That will do," and, wilted I crept back to my position in the crowd.

**THE BORE**

The world, you advise me is utterly wrong.  
Your life, you assure me is sad;  
Though teaching is where mother thinks you belong.  
You moan over troubles you've had.

Your rent's over due and homeward you write  
You're feeble and weary and old.  
You're losing your weight and your mind, and your hair  
Tho' you look just the same you are told.

Your luck is against you my friend, I can see;  
You have reasons I'm sure to be blue,  
But why must you tell all your troubles to me  
When I'm dying to tell mine to you?

HARRY SOLTYS

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## REMEMBRANCE DAY

LORNA MacKENZIE

"They shall not grow old  
As we who are left grow old.  
Age shall not weary them,  
Nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun  
And in the morning  
We shall remember them."

On Tuesday, November 10, the Normal School reverently gathered in the auditorium to take part in the Remembrance Day Service.

A hush fell over the audience at the opening bars of "O Canada." The curtains were slowly drawn back, disclosing the cast seated on the platform in "V" formation. Miss Cay Batrick took over the chairmanship, and the audience rose to sing "Recessional."

Those taking part in the service were sons and daughters of men who fought in the Great War. There were representatives from the Navy, the Army, and the Air Corps. Each participant gave a brief outline of his or her father's experiences in the War, followed by a fitting poem of the last War. These solemn tributes culminated with a stirring address by Miss Morgan.

The audience rose again to sing "O Valiant Hearts" and the service concluded with "God Save the King."

## SOLITUDE

With broken heart she goes from chair to chair,  
The tears steal down the pale and careworn face,  
Her eyes, once bright, stare sadly into space,  
Their blue depths dark with sorrow and despair,  
For him she loved no longer lingers there.  
His well-worn books stand upright in their case,  
His favourite pipes and flowers in a vase  
Hold tender memories she no more can share.  
For God has taken her loved one up above  
Beyond the menial course of earthly life  
Where no one knows of sorrow or of strife  
And every day seems filled with joy and love;  
While here below with heart as cold as stone  
She turns to face the future all alone.

C. CHARLSLEY

Miss R. received the following assignment: "Give seatwork preceding the lesson on Mungo Park."

Miss R. to weary room-mate: "Where is Mungo Park situated?"

What, oh what, is that horrible squeak?  
A Normal School Vocal Exam this week!

### THE ELUSIVE

It tinkles of spring-time and blossoms aglow,  
 And whispers to someone of days long ago,  
 It sprinkles the sparkles that dance in the breeze  
 And then it will waft us aloft to the trees.

I'm glad I have met it and felt its cool touch  
 Its willowy patterns and shadows and such,  
 Elusive and frolicking, onward it flies  
 And leaves you there wondering, your thoughts in the skies.

Perchance you have met it, perchance you have not,  
 Perchance I'm the only one—Oh, I hope not!  
 'Tis a bubble of deep things and thro you 'twill flow  
 But what you could call it, I'm sure I don't know.

No—you can't see it, but yet you can feel  
 Its tangible presence, so haunting, so real;  
 'Tis heart-filling, mind-filling, yes and it's there  
 If only you find it, this secret so rare.

RITA O'BRIEN

### INSECT LAND

I watched the summer eddies twirl,  
 Beside a stream one day,  
 And thought of tiny hidden homes  
 Where insects work and play.

Black spider bugs came darting down  
 Past grasses cool and sweet;  
 Blue dragon flies with gauzy wings  
 Dive-bombed the foolish fleet.

A shadow, which some tadpoles pulled  
 With them across the stream,  
 Was gone without a single sound,  
 And left the sunlight's beam.

JEAN COOPER

We are a gay and carefree crowd, all too prone at times to take for granted the comforts and pleasures that have made life easy. This is particularly so in Normal School. We come in on one of our northern suz-zero mornings to warmth and comfort—our thanks to Mr. Wharram. Shining cleanliness on every side—our thanks to Mrs. Gall and Mrs. Robertson. Doors open early and late, garden and school ship-shape—our thanks to Mr. Jackson. For these kindly services the students, only seemingly thoughtless, are sincerely grateful.

THE EDITOR.





## *For King and Country and for Freedom!*

The Year Book staff regrets that a complete list of N.B.N.S. men in the active forces is lacking. Scarcely a week passes but some uniformed man knocks at a teacher's door—he has answered his country's call. From a class of thirteen men students in 1939, eleven have enlisted. At our final party appeared several whose names were remembered from last year's class. Proud is the record of enlisted teachers in Northern Ontario. Many have left wives and children, home, ease and comfort to tread the High Way of sacrifice. Young as we are, we register our vows to be true to the trust of teaching they have left in our hands.

A few names may be familiar to some:

Student	Year	Service	Home
W. Anderson	1929-30	R.C.A.F.	Haliburton
A. Fish	1932-33	R.C.A.F.	Otterville
J. Rahkola	1936-37	R.C.A.F.	Port Arthur
R. McMichael	1935-36	R.C.A.F.	Port Arthur
R. Caldwell	1936-37	R.C.A.F.	Port Arthur
Sub. Lieut. D. Botley	1936-37	R.C.N.V.R.	Port Arthur
J. Jessop	1934-35	R.C.A.	North Bay
Jack Duffield	1939-40	R.C.A.F.	Fort William
James Lees	1932-33	R.C.A.F.	Fort William
Angus MacKay	1932-33	Lanark-Perth Highlanders	
W. Wallace Wagg	1930-32	Con. Forestry Corps (Overseas)	Mindemoya Ont.
Albert Caldwell	1934-35	C.A.T.C.	Box 109, Little Current
Wilfrid Stone	1933-34	R.C.A.F.	Parry Sound

T. C. Cummings	1923-24	R.C.A.F.	North Bay
Reg. Lehman	1927-28	R.C.A.F.	North Bay
G. B. Pentland	1926-27	R.C.A.F.	New Liskeard
Archie Mason	1938-39	Algonquin Regiment	Parry Sound
Alex. McLaren	1939-40	R.C.A.F.	Sudbury
Angus Bryans	1939-40	R.C.A.M.C.	Bruce Mines
Anniceta O'Grady	1931-32	Women's Auxiliary to the R.C.A.F.	North Bay
Gordon Bull	1932-33	R.C.A.F.	Calgary, Alta.
Reg. Proctor	1930-31	Royal Canadian Army	New Liskeard
Gervais Waddell	1933-34	R.C.A.F.	Parry Sound
Frank Bull	1933-34	R.C.A.F.	Sudbury
Ross Rogers	1932-33	Army	Port Arthur
Arthur Nelson		R.C.A.F.	Sprucedale
Catherine O'Neil	1938-39	R.C.A.F.	Timmins
Jimmy Williams	1929-30		Kirkland Lake
George Lemon		R.C.A.F.	Fort William
Jim (Bud) Martin	1940-41	R.C.A.F.	North Bay
Dick Clark	1933-34	Army	Gore Bay (Foxey, Ont.)
Albert Nash	1938-39	R.C.A.F.	Cochrane
Burnham Thorpe	1940-41	R.C.A.F.	Searchmont
Charles Tweedle	1936-37	R.C.A.F.	Sault Ste. Marie
George Pennock	1932-33	Medical Corps	North Bay
Wilbur Ebert	1939-40	R.C.A.F.	Cache Bay
Charles Parish	1933-34	R.C.A.F.	Sault Ste. Marie
H. Eillert Sand	1932-33	R.C.A.F.	Sault Ste. Marie
Julian Sweet	1932-33	R.C.A.F.	Sault Ste. Marie
Alvin Robertson	1934-35	R.C.A.F.	South River
Eric Heaslip	1939-40	R.C.A.F.	Englehart
Bill Simpson	1939-40	R.C.A.F.	Port Arthur
David Locking	1930-31	R.C.A.F.	Emo
Warren Metzler	1932-33	R.C.A.F.	Fort William
Douglas Fraser	1934-35	R.C.A.F.	Fort William
Sam Brimacombe	1938-39	R.C.A.	Burk's Falls
Harvey Stuart	1938-39	R.C.A.F.	Burk's Falls
Douglas Dennison	1933-34		Kingston
William Bell	1934-35	R.C.A.F.	Fort William
David Arthur	1933-34	Army	Fort William

## SHADOWS

The haunting shadows glance around  
 The trees that guard the night,  
 They grasp you with their icy claw,  
 Or baffle you with fright.

They are so very gaunt and dark  
 And eerie in their stare,  
 They glide along, they slide along,  
 May I bid you beware?

I wonder what they want at night,  
 These ghostly legions stark,  
 I wonder why they play around,  
 Live in, and like the dark.

RITA O'BRIEN.



Before this book went to press, another never-to-be-forgotten afternoon picture was added to those on memory's wall. It was a lovely May day, with lawn and garden decked in May's tender green finery. In the assembly hall there was not an absentee, not a heart that was not anxious.

Certificates were given out in Religious Instruction, and in Physical Training. Then our principal read the list of students who had received complete exemption from final examinations.

They were:

Sister Mary	Iris Elliott	Dorothy McAuley
Colleen Carroll	Noreen Luttrell	Toini Viitanen
Jean Barsby	Joyce Nesseth	Jean McCuaig
Helen Haines	Laura Gerow	Serafina Petrone
Florence Darby	Eva Hansman	Myra Sartor
Erna Karlberg	Phyllis Hunt	Gordon McLennan
Helen Durham	Joan Knipe	

## WE SHALL NOT SLEEP

What is that sound of cannon ball and shell,  
That tramp of marching feet that, like a knell,  
Disturbs our slumbers, who so late were laid  
Beneath the sods of Flanders, where we made  
Life's greatest sacrifice, who fighting fell?

Are those my sons, and Jack's and Bill's who stand  
At bay against the tyrant for the strand  
That we gave up our homes and lives to save  
In confidence and trust that we might pave  
The way to lasting peace throughout the land?

Do not the Axis Powers fear that we,  
Though we were dead, are yet alive to see  
The ravages of war that surging spread  
With awful roar and thunder overhead  
The countries that were once so grandly free?

Have they forgotten Ypres, Vimy, Mons  
That quarter century ago, where tons  
Of screaming ball and fire and shrapnel fell,  
Transforming peaceful earth into a hell  
Of wounded, sick and dying mothers' sons?

"We shall not flag nor fail," your Churchill cried.  
Our spirits shall march onward by your side.  
Togetner "we shall go on to the end,"  
And with the help of Him who made us, mend  
Earth's jagged wounds, and see her sad tears dried.

JEAN BARSBY

## WHEN BOYS TAKE OVER THE ART OF COOKING

In a recent debate at our School—"Should Men Learn to Cook?"—the Affirmative side finally came out victorious. I have my doubts just the same, and if you care to know why, just read this story.

Betsy O'Reilly had definitely decided that she and Bill were going to Europe. First she suggested, then wheedled, and later stormed, but Bill remained firm. "I am not going to swelter in Europe when we have a glorious camp in Green Bay." Betsy said no more, but turned on the radio. A man was speaking—

"We may live without poetry, music and art,  
We may live without conscience and live without heart,  
We may live without friends, we may live without books,  
But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

"How true," remarked Betsy. "Nonsense," said Bill from behind his newspaper. All the cooks in the world can't make up for Shelley or Longfellow." A wicked gleam sparkled in Betsy's blue eyes. She was up to mischief again.

"Don't they say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach?"

"I'll bet anything you are wrong," retorted Bill.

"Anything?"

"Yes, anything," said Bill, not guessing the weight of those words. Betsy tactfully changed the subject, and shortly afterwards went to bed, well satisfied with her evening's "work."

The couple arrived at camp about noon on the next day. "Ah, isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed Bill as he stood and gazed at the wide expanse of endless forests and the misty blue of the mountains on the distant horizon. He was startled by a heavy thud, and a scream in the kitchen. Running in, he found Betsy lying very still and white on the floor.

"Bet, Bet, tell me what is the matter!" Bill was nearly crazy with fright. As he helped her into the bedroom, she said very softly, "I don't feel very well. I think I had better get to bed."

For three days, Betsy did nothing but look like the model invalid. In the meantime, Bill suffered agony in the kitchen. He made fruitless attempts to fry eggs, boil potatoes and to bake fish. Even when he tried to make orange juice, his hand slipped and the squeezer suddenly changed to a million pieces of shattered glass on the floor. Consequently the O'Reilly's lived on bread, tomato juice and baked beans (canned).

Bill could stand it no longer. His hands were all covered with adhesive tape because of broken china and stubborn can openers. Finally Betsy consented to return to the city and in the same breath said sweetly:

"We may live without poetry, music and art,  
We may live without conscience and live without heart,  
We may live without friends, we may live without books,  
But civilized men cannot live without cooks."

Bill suddenly saw the light. Betsy was humming the Blue Danube his favourite classical piece, but which he now loathed.

"So, you weren't sick at all," he exclaimed, advancing towards her.

"The thought of spending the summer in Europe has wrought a wonderful change," Betsy remarked, picking up several leather-bound volumes of well-known writers.

"You deserve to be left here to starve," he said shaking a finger at her, "but a promise is a promise," and—as he sat down on the bed, a sudden cracking noise made Betty cry out:

"William O'Reilly, Jr., you are sitting on the Blue Danube!"

"Who cares?" teased Bill as he pulled her down beside him and



continued, "I might even consider taking you back to the city if you cook a real good dinner for me right now."

Now I can rightly say that boys should not learn to cook, for they make a mess of things when they start. Our Normal School boys can prove this after their first attempt at cooking. Ask them, and find out for yourselves!

MYRA SARTOR.

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### MOTHER

Yes, God's most precious gift  
Was when he gave me you  
My favourite and dearest friend  
Who is so kind and true.

Each day and night you cared  
For me, through trying years  
You helped me o'er the way  
And calmed my many fears.

Constant, loyal, loving  
You still remain to me  
The sweetheart in my life  
I'll always cling to thee.

HELEN WELDEN

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### SNOWFLAKES

I love the little snowflakes,  
As they fall in frothy heaps.  
Their feathery, fairy, fragile grace  
Is a joy I will cherish "for keeps."

I love to walk in snowflakes,  
Yet, with each step I start;  
To see their tiny starry forms,  
Crushed by my ruthless heart.

Still the dancing snowflakes  
Only look up and gaily smile,  
They glisten and gleam in the sunlight,  
My heart warms; I forget, for a while.

COLLEEN CARROLL

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### LIFE'S CYCLE

Spring—and the budding trees,  
June—and the radiant rose,  
Fall—and the maple's glory,  
Then come soothing snows.

Birth—and the infant's gurgle,  
Youth—and the joyous day,  
Age—and the memories fading,  
Death—and the end of the way.

SISTER MARY

## MUSICAL NOTES

- "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life"—Science of Education.  
 "You're Pretty as a Picture"—What we all think of Colleen.  
 "Small Fry"—Rose Butkovich.  
 "How Strange"—That some of us make Art notes.  
 "Scatterbrain"—Velma, plus giggle.  
 "She's the girl with Pig-tails in her hair"—You guessed it . . . Iris!  
 "The Fleet's In"—so hang on to Serafina, girls.  
 "It's so peaceful in the Country"—especially around the Trout Mills  
 school, eh Harry.  
 "I don't want to Walk without you"—Says Terry to Suzy and vice  
 versa.  
 "It's Just a Little Street where old Friends Meet"—Corner of Fraser  
 and First Ave.  
 "Everything Happens to me"—is Lorna MacKenzie's lament.  
 "Roamin' in the Gloamin'"—with Haggis.

Composed and directed by "Two Sleepy People."

## A GRADE V COMPOSITION OF FIFTY WORDS

My little kitty got lost, so I went to the door and called: "Kitty,  
 Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty — — — — —".

## THE TOAD

He's perched upon the grubby grass,  
 And you may see him when you pass.  
 He croaks and squeaks aloud at you  
 I'm glad that toads are very few.

He sat upon a lily pad  
 And looked a trifle sad.  
 He raised his voice up to the sky  
 Remember toads can cry!

So please don't call it ugly now  
 This thing from which you ran  
 Remember when you glance around  
 That looks don't make the man.

RITA O'BRIEN

Mr. Ricker (checking Monday morning lates): "I insist there is something wrong with your week-ends."



## LETTERS

PHYLLIS RYDER

Letters! Short ones, long ones, fat ones and thin ones—and oh, how we love to get them! A Normalite's most treasured possession to say the least—am I right? Why, of course! That mad rush at noon is a dead give-away. We must all admit that we tear home, bubbling over with high hopes—for what—letters! But what kind you say? Any kind, we answer. Sometimes even a bill would be appreciated. Incidentally we get those too!

There are mother's and father's letters consisting of five or fifteen "don'ts." These are the letters of instruction and never destruction. These are the ones we count on and come in as regularly as "Old Faithful"!

There are letters that your best friend writes when a sufficient amount of hometown gossip has accumulated which one simply has to get off one's chest before it is forgotten. They are the ones containing a list of doings around the town which we have luckily or unluckily missed. These are the letters which cause one to gulp and dribble over one's dinner, even to the extent of unconsciously spattering one's new sweater with delicious brown gravy.

Then there are those dear, sweet, adorable letters marked "registered." There's nothing better I'd like to sign for now than one of those. Do they make us happy? As long as the contents stretch far enough to cover the debts and the inevitable board, they do. Are we expecting them soon—we hope so!

Last, but certainly not least, are those letters which cause a young maiden's hand to snatch and her feet to take the stairs two steps at a time. Soon, we find her huddled in some isolated corner of the room, blushing, sighing, devouring with voracious appetite each blessed word. Slowly she folds it, tucks it neatly in its envelope and majestically starts to dinner, looking for all the world like one expecting noney dew and angel food instead of the usual plate of brown bread.

So, you see, with such a selection, we are not often disappointed. There's also a possibility of finding bills, post-cards or even advertising folders. What more could a Normalite ask?

## O THOU LOVELY

One day I watched a tulip rise  
Upon a leafy stem.  
I saw its small green bud expand  
With life, it seemed, within.

The quickening life inside began  
With joyousness to break,  
Revealing lovely shades of deep  
Cool mauve, in polished shape.

The tulip swelled, the petals curved  
And proudly raised towards sky  
A tribute to its Maker  
In perfect symmetry.

SIBYL DEVENNY

Teacher: "If we subtract 48 from 100, what's the difference?"  
Mumble from back: "That's what I say!"

**ALONE**

The night was dark,  
The air was still—  
A night-hawk whistles  
On a lonely hill.

A rush of wings—  
That sudden cry;  
And some small prey  
Was doomed to die.

The moon so clear  
Reveals to view,  
The naked trees;  
A sky dark blue.

The clutching grasp  
Of a near-by bush,  
Makes me shudder there,  
In the evening hush.

The marshy ground  
Sinks underfoot—  
The dry moss scrapes  
Against my boot.

This autumn walk  
Inspires fear;  
'Twould not be so,  
Were others here.

In lonesomeness,  
You're apt to see  
A fearsome thing  
In a barren tree.

When friends are near,  
Or a light in sight;  
God's in His Heaven—  
And all is right.

F. DARBY.

**JENNY, OH JENNY!**

Jenny, oh Jenny, how blue are the skies!  
And thrilling the notes that the little bird cries.  
Jenny, oh Jenny, the soft winds do bring  
The earthly, sweet, maddening fragrance of Spring!

I had forgotten a faint, fairy breeze  
Made music while dancing through new-leafed trees;  
You'll find while we're walking 'neath Spring skies so blue  
That things that are old are wonderfully new.

And Jenny, my Jenny, just walking with you  
Makes the blue sky above ethereally blue!

PEGGY MACKAY.

Problem: "To-day we are going to learn the color green."  
Presentation: "All right class, now look at me."



## A BOY'S TROUBLES AT NORMAL SCHOOL

DON MCGREGOR

After a boy has graduated from Normal School he does not exaggerate when he says he has learned to do almost anything. Where else can a boy learn to sew, knit, sing and cook? At least we six are trying to learn these four arts, because they certainly do not come easily to us. These four subjects are a continual source of worry to us—not because we dislike them, but because success evades us.

Take sewing for example. That is one of the most dangerous of our undertakings. It takes a great deal of concentration and patience on our part to get the needle threaded at all. Then we begin sewing. After the first stitch—taken with great gusto—the point of the needle invariably becomes embedded in a finger. By the end of the sewing period the boys are weak from loss of blood but still fighting to the bitter end.

Another undertaking which demands tremendous self-control is knitting. The wool has a bad habit of tangling itself up. While we try to untangle it a needle slips out of our washcloth, leaving a mass of dropped stitches. After we have blown off steam by suitably expressing our feelings—as far as surroundings permit—we set grimly about the task of picking up some of the stitches at least. Several incidents like the above explain the haphazard appearance of the boys' knitted articles.

And now I come to our singing. I don't know whether I've done the wise thing in even mentioning it. When I go in for my oral music test I expect to see Mr. Bamford wearing a pair of ear muffs. He'll have to do something to protect his ears from the hideous cacophony which we boys call singing.

And now I come to the crowning art of all—the art of cooking. It is quite a blow to one's culinary ability, when, after cooking carrots in the prescribed manner, the carrots are still raw. A recent debate roused a storm around my head, but I still maintain that I was right. In order to cook we boys have to learn how first.

Thus I come to the end of my discourse. The Normal School year is almost over, but perhaps a miracle will happen yet. Perhaps we boys will become better sewers (I know it sounds queer unless you take the right meaning out of it), knitters, singers and cooks than the girls. But believe me—it will be a miracle.

## A GIRL'S TROUBLE AT NORMAL SCHOOL

The Bards have all sung of blue Monday,  
 A theme that the Normalite knows—  
 At about half-past eight  
 For fear she'll be late  
 She waits not to powder her nose,  
 She waits not for breakfast nor prayers,  
 Nor tarries along the road.  
 There's a hope she may make it in time—  
 Right here I am stuck for a rhyme.  
 She gallops along at a thundering pace  
 Forgotten her lesson plan, red is her face.  
 And I merely state  
 She registered late  
 As assembly was coming downstairs.

## RADIOGRAMS

TOINI VIITANEN

"Flash! The 'Gripsholm' offers itself to war services." "Gripsholm" is a word that brings memories of the moody Atlantic, deck-tennis, ping-pong, dancing on the upper deck, swimming in the indoor pool, lolling in deck-chairs and endless other thoughts. Now, that pleasure boat was to be turned to the grim task of war! Yet, we could build more ships, more stately and comfortable than was the "Gripsholm." What of materials when humans are at stake?

"Sweden is preparing for war!" Was this the Sweden that we once visited? We knew that Sweden loved the Arts and Democracy. She had educated her light-hearted, tall, blond men and women to carry on this Democracy that had been considered the model of all Europe and not to act as cannon fodder. Sweden was intended by God to greet tourist boats, not battleships. The Swedes should greet their guests with flowers, music and laughter, not with shells and bullets. It was here that we first saw colorful parks in whose ponds swam graceful swans; the ancient grey castles covered with fresh green ivy; the white marble statues standing before the municipal buildings of Gateborg.

Finland has joined hands with Germany to fight Russia!" Would the Allied countries see that Finland was forced to fight by her militarists? What love for their mother country had these war lords that could destroy the works wrought by blood, sweat and tears. They knew that Helsinki—truly the White City would be destroyed just as Coventry and London had been. The White City, with its tree-lined promenades in the heart of the downtown section, can never be rebuilt by men and women. Surely, a people that love simplicity, contentment, cleanliness, honesty and peace, would not go out to fight the Allied world for the sheer lust for war!

"The Gestapo forces the priests in Gydnia to scrub the streets and roads!" Will the horrors of war be forced even upon the messengers of God? The streets of Gydnia, Poland, were spotless and bright without having the priests wash them. On these very streets we tried to twist our tongues to say "jak wiewielu" (how much) so that we could buy the dainty souvenirs offered by the street vendors. These Polish people received us graciously into their modern city, the most prosperous sea-port of Poland. However, when our war is won the Polish gentlemen will again kiss their ladies' hands to ask permission to dance. Priests will return to their rightful places behind the altar!

"Flash! The Children of Denmark die because of the lack of milk!" These may be the same children that ran to the dock to meet the "Pilsudski"; perhaps some of them sold us flowers and trinkets at the "Tivoli." Yes, it was there in Copenhagen that we fed the pigeons in the park. In this great conflict for material supremacy, human interests were being swept aside.

Again the radio blares forth with "German U-Boats Sink the 'Pilsudski.'" The next day we read how the cook had been one of the last to leave the boat—the same cook that had walked into the dining room every day to see that the pleasure-seeking tourists were enjoying his appetizing meals. The captain of that modern, luxury-liner had gone down with the ship, another captain true to a great tradition.

With these thoughts ever in my mind I become again conscious of my surroundings; surroundings which must never flash on the list of Gestapo and Nazi conquests!



## COSMOPOLITAN CANADA

BETTY BROWN

On first looking at the impressive, dignified building that is the Normal School we do not realize the historical background of the lives of those who work and play here. So many lives and all so different. Here in Normal School we have a varied array of nationalities, but the outstanding majority is from the British Isles.

England . . . hawthorn hedges, larks singing on the moors, thatched cottages and an abiding peace over all. This is what we visualize when we think of England. To those of us whose forefathers loved this fair land, this picture is dearer than to others. To all of us England today means more than just that. It means the symbol of utmost courage, faith and hope. Although seared by flame and shaken by shell, she remains true to her cause, unshaken in her faith and trusting in God.

The region of the heart's desire is perhaps to some of us the mist-shrouded hills and fancy-haunted glens of Scotland. Here in the windy spaces of the Highlands, the whispering wind sings of the lochs and glades. The lilting Highland rivers careen through the green glens and echo the proud song of a proud people. The grey stone castles, sheltered by the sombre woods, stand defiant to the ravaging hands of Time. The purple haze on the moors, that is the heather, the cherished memory of those whose hearts lie deep in the shadowed glens and where great hills tower above quiet waters.

Perhaps the country whose beauty is most renowned is Ireland. In the songs we sing, in the literature we read, we praise the eternal and glorious beauty of this famed land. The blue waters of the loughs and the rich green of the valleys are a beautiful setting for the splendour of this island. From the blue lakes of Killarney and hills of Donegal come the laughter-loving Irish, whose beauty and saving sense of humour endears them to us.

Although today our policies differ greatly to those in some other countries, still when we think of these countries as the homeland of our true friends we try not to think of that but of the beauties of their country and race.

From the blue waters of the Mediterranean to the sun drenched plains of Lombardy, come the music-loving Italians, bringing with them their love for music and all things beautiful. We think not of the evils that lie fostered in the bosom of this land but of the wonder of it—Florence with its canals and gondolas, Venice, Naples. These will live on.

The rich broad plains of Central Europe is peopled by many races whose heritage lies deep in this rich land. In our school this land is represented by the Croatian race. These people are one of the three races that dwell in Jugoslavia. Although their country has since been torn asunder by war many of them have found new roots in this land—our Canada.

Paris—a word that stood for everything gay, lovely and exciting—but not so now! The bright lights have been blacked out by the ruthless heel of the aggressor. But the flame of courage still burns as brightly in the breasts of all true Frenchmen the world over. And it is this spirit and the will to win that will finally triumph.

A country closely allied to us in cause and thought is Poland. The magnificent courage and stability displayed by the Polish nation in the face of onrushing disaster, is a symbol that will guide us towards a better world, restored by peace.

The blue waters of the Mediterranean lap up another sunny shore—that of Syria. To most of us this signifies the mysterious East of which we have read in Arabian Nights. We visualize haughty sheiks, veiled

women and romantic caravans winding across the desert. With Syrians in our midst this country now means more to us than ever.

And then there are the clear-eyed, resolute Scandinavians. True to the north, they love the song of the snow, the wind caressing their faces and the pines whispering to them. But, alas, they are tossed upon the turbulent waves of war. However, the courageous Norsemen, lifting their eyes to the snow-capped mountains and harkening to the murmuring of the pines, gather courage from these symbols of purity and posterity that survive long after this dread hour has passed.

But we, no matter what our ancestry, proudly hail ourselves as Canadians. This broad and free country is home to us. Its hills and valleys are dear to our hearts. Here the defeated find hope, the homeless security, and the weary peace. It is a country of high ideals, great hope and steadfast faith. It is our country—our Canada—the land we love. From the portals of this Normal School go forth men and women from each of these far-off lands to build here, in Canada, a Temple of Freedom for all peoples.

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### NORTH BAY NORMAL

A large brick house on the corner,  
 With rolling greens around;  
 Shady trees on either side,  
 Where birds and nests abound,  
 Beneath the trees the breeze is cool,  
 And that's a picture of our school.

A row of classrooms down the hall,  
 Close by a little den;  
 That awesome place where each of us  
 Is summoned now and then.  
 And last a library, bright and cheery,  
 Where student teachers relax when weary.

We might complain throughout the year;  
 Yes, and growl at coming back.  
 And yet, there's much about this term  
 Which other years do lack.  
 These days of work and play and rule,  
 In that familiar place—"Our School."

P. DELANEY

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### LIGHT AND SHADE

There are small clouds and big clouds,  
 There are white clouds tinged with pink;  
 They'll mark your life and lead the way,  
 May even guide you, who can say?

There are grey clouds and drear clouds,  
 There are dark and funny queer clouds,  
 But as I gazed up thro' the mist,  
 The sunbeams threw me down a kiss!

RITA O'BRIEN.

## VISITORS OF THE YEAR

JEAN BARSBY

Among the many enjoyable experiences of the past year, were the times we had gathered in the Assembly Hall to hear the many people who came to talk to us about matters in which we were vitally interested. In imagination we were transported from within the school walls to the distant land of Japan; we travelled up the McKenzie River system into a great unknown land; we followed bird migration routes, and visited a London Public School. How much these brief talks were enjoyed, only the hard-working Normalites can know.

We sat entranced while Mr. S. Lewis showed his beautiful slides of bird-life, and explained how they lived and the areas they frequented. To attract the feathered songsters we may build bird houses, plans for which may be obtained without cost from the Department of Agriculture. More familiar faces were those of the Public School Inspectors who held their convention here. To see a familiar face from home at that time was an event. Chief Inspector Grier and Dr. MacDougall interested us by their addresses.

One of the highlights of the year was the visit of Dr. Helen McMurchy, whose vital personality was a living symbol of the health talks she gave.

Dr. Amoss came for the regular inspection. His method of questioning was certainly worthy of note, and caught the unwary Normalites rather off balance at first. He gave us much food for thought regarding teaching in rural areas. We were carried in fancy to the far-away land of Japan by Miss Chappell, who brought lantern slides, and told us a great deal about the country and people, their system of education, philosophy, and mode of life.

Dr. Stothers made handicapped children a real and vital problem for us. He explained methods of helping such children, and advised us to take advantage of the many Opportunity Units provided by the Department of Education, if we should come in contact with needy cases. A welcome guest at our Christmas party was Mr. Rivers, a master on leave of absence from this school, and one who soon sent us off into gales of laughter with his reminiscences. No wonder students of other years liked him!

Miss Hollinger visited the school as representative of the Junior Red Cross Society, bringing with her beautiful samples of work done by Public School pupils. She gave us a fine report of the work of the Society as a whole. Mr. R. Finley spoke to the Canadian Club, whose guests we were, upon the great territories to the north of Canada, illustrating by lantern slides, development, living conditions, and educational facilities of this vast area along the McKenzie River system.

Our muscles were sore for days after Captain Young put us through the Physical Training Examinations. Elbows pressing backward, and quick marching have a terrific meaning now. Miss McKeever brought us greetings from the O.E.A., and urged that the teachers throughout Ontario support the Association by their membership, even though unable to attend. In the classroom Miss McKeever described vividly the Public Schools of London, England, where she spent a year as an exchange teacher. Rev. V. C. Spencer spoke about Japan, from which he was exiled by war. He told us of the many good qualities of the Japanese people.

We are indeed grateful to these speakers for the glimpse they have given us of far horizons.



## VALEDICTORY

As valedictorian, it is my privilege to bid farewell to the school on behalf of the class graduating in June, nineteen hundred and forty-two.

It was a year crammed full of new experiences—a year that will stand apart from all other years in our remembrances. When we look back and see ourselves as we were during the first few days at Normal School, we smile at those youngsters, who, in spite of their enthusiasm, were devoid of all knowledge of teaching. Why we didn't even know what matter and method were, but we were eager to rush into the fray, and tried to take the work in our stride.

But work and play are intermingled in North Bay Normal School. We enjoyed our work, and we enjoyed teaching our weekly lessons. We shall always remember our parties, our Literary Society meetings, basketball on Saturday morning, the rush of getting the Year Book out, and the fun we had preparing for our Operetta.

It is now we realize how much the staff of the Normal School and the critic staff have done for us. They have revealed to us glimpses of new worlds of knowledge that entice us to further exploration, they have taken raw material and fashioned from it teachers, they have been to us an example of patience, kindness and enthusiasm, they have often gone out of their way to help us. We are truly grateful.

That this year has not been a lonesome one for us has been partly because of the many kindnesses of our landladies. We have found friends among many kind people of North Bay, and we have made fast friends here in the School. How we remember the first day when we looked around at a multitude of strange faces, and wondered if they would become familiar before the end of the year. In a short time we grew to know them all, and to love them all, and now we are loath to leave, never again to be together as we are tonight.

We, the students of North Bay Normal School are standing on the brink of a great new experience. We are to be teachers, and we must remember that we are not dealing with typewriters, or other machinery—but with personalities. A child's mind is like soft clay, and we, the sculptors, cannot touch the clay without leaving our impression upon it. How tremendous is our responsibility, and the fact that Canada is at war increases that responsibility.

Often we have been told that we, the Youth of Canada, will shape Canada's future after the war; so often have we been told, that our minds have been dulled to the importance of the statement. We do not realize that many of us, as teachers, may be leaders in our community.

Canada's Youth must not fail her! We must build Jerusalem in Canada's green and pleasant land. If twenty-five years from now our dreams are not fast becoming a reality, it will be because, deep down in our hearts, we did not care for great things for Canada, or we were too lazy to work for them.

We must be unafraid, unafraid to fight for all things that are good, unafraid to travel though the trail be not blazed. We must be unselfish—selfishness caused this war and through selfishness we may lose it. As teachers, let us have understanding hearts. We shall store our pupils' minds with knowledge, but let us also teach them that there are greater things than reading, writing and arithmetic. Show them the beauty of the eternal hills, the unresting sea, and something lovely that the hand of God has touched. Instil in their hearts a great love for God and a true love for Canada.

And now, our Normal School days are at an end. It is hard for us

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to believe that we shall never again walk through the halls of this school as students. Storm or sunshine, it has been a refuge for us for one short year—all too short we feel tonight. But memory often takes such brief experiences and enhances them with a golden glow. This is what we are sure will be true concerning our year here. It is hard to say farewell to our staff—let us just say "au revoir."

PEGGY MACKAY.

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### EVENING

C. CHARLESLEY

The great red molten ball sinks in the west,  
The far-flung sky reflects its crimson hue  
And weary toilers take their well-earned rest  
For day is through.

The birds are hushed and o'er the peaceful land  
All light fades softly with the dying sun,  
Pale stars are scattered by God's gentle hand  
And day is done.

WE WISH TO EXPRESS

# OUR THANKS

to those firms who have given such kindly consideration to our plea for help. In return we think it is only fair for the subscribers to this journal to read these advertisements carefully, and to remember them when purchasing school supplies.

THE EDITOR AND STAFF OF  
THE YEAR BOOK



# STUDENTS

## OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

### 1941-1942

#### GROUP A

1	Sister Mary .....	St. Joseph's College, North Bay.
2	Sister M. St. Edward .....	St. Joseph's College, North Bay.
3	Anderson, Ruth .....	R.R. 1, Korah, Sault Ste. Marie.
4	Andrecheck, Anna Mae .....	New Liskeard.
5	Andress, Violet .....	Sudbury.
6	Arnold, Helen .....	Fort William, 132 N. Franklin St.
7	Barsby, Jean .....	410 Merrill St., Port Arthur.
8	Battrick, Cay .....	Burk's Falls, Ontario.
9	Biasucci, Helen .....	Britt.
10	Brown, Betty .....	Dryden.
11	Brown, Ruby .....	Stratton.
12	Bryans, Edna .....	Bruce Mines.
13	Butkovich, Rosa .....	Box 153, Schumacher.
14	Carroll, Colleen .....	1517 Donald St., Fort William.
15	Charsley, Christine .....	157 Edmund St., Sudbury.
16	Cooper, Jean .....	Box 177, Parry Sound, Ont.
17	Cousineau, Alice .....	Nakina, Ont.
18	Craigie, Betty .....	442 E. Francis St., Fort William.
19	Cullen, Jeanne .....	Frood Mine, Ont.
20	Cunningham, Ida .....	625 Second Ave., S. Kenora, Ont.
21	Darby, Florence .....	Box 188, Fort Frances, Ont.

#### GROUP B

22	Darragh, Velma .....	132 Walnut St., Sault Ste. Marie.
23	Delaney, Phyllis .....	Chapleau, Ont.
24	Devenny, Sibyl .....	Swastika, Ont.
25	Dunn, Flora .....	Copper Cliff, Ont.
26	Durham, Helen .....	Port Arthur, 321 Dacre street.
27	Elliott, Iris .....	Tomstown, Ont.
28	Emery, Helen .....	Box 684, Huntsville, Ontario.
29	Evans, Renee .....	Fort Frances
30	Feagan, Aria .....	Little Rapids.
31	Fischer, Coreen .....	112 Fifth Avenue West, North Bay.
32	Gerow, Laura .....	Burk's Falls, Ontario.
33	Gordon, Jean .....	111 Maple street S., Timmins.
34	Haines, Helen .....	70 Maple street, S. Timmins.
35	Hansman, Eva .....	66 Victoria St. W., North Bay.
36	Harris, Josephine .....	600 Oliver Road, Port Arthur.
37	Hiscocks, Dorothy .....	Iroquois Falls.
38	Hunt, Phyllis .....	161 East Amelia street, Fort William.
39	Johnson, Jean .....	78 McNaughton street, Sudbury.
40	Karlberg, Erna .....	Box 6, Keewatin, Ont.
41	Kenney, Margaret .....	289 Cassells St., North Bay.
42	Knipe, Joan .....	817 First street, South, Kenora.

## GROUP C

43	Levack, Charlotte	Manitowaning.
44	Leverance, Audrey	Fort Frances, Ont.
45	Luttrell, Noreen	Fort Frances, Ont.
46	Majnarich, Gloria	14 Balsam St., North, Timmins, Ont.
47	Milner, Beatrice	403 Bush St., Sault Ste. Marie.
48	Makinen, Edna	Redditt, Ont.
49	Maxwell, Evelyn	57 Third St., Kirkland Lake.
50	Milne, Mildred	67 Pardee Ave., Sault Ste. Marie.
51	MacGillivray, Helen	40 Laurier Ave., North Bay, Ont.
52	MacIntyre, Betty	185 Front St., North Bay.
53	Mackay, Peggy	207 N. Norah St., Fort William.
54	MacKenzie, Lorna	318 N. Franklin St., Fort William.
55	MacLean, Diamond	Thessalon.
56	McAughey, Jessie	305 Second Ave., E., North Bay.
76a	McAuley, Dorothy	R.R. 2, Sault Ste. Marie.
57	McCuaig, Jean	Woodridge, Man.
58	Neseth, Joyce	Mattawa, Ont.
59	Netherton, Betty	Englehart, Ont.
60	Norquay, Dorothy	Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island.
61	O'Brien, Rita	Sturgeon Falls, Ontario.
62	O'Hara, Elena	234 Worthington E., North Bay.
63	Petrone, Serafina	147 Second St., Port Arthur, Ont.

## GROUP D

64	Ripley, Evelyn	Dryden, Ontario.
65	Robertson, Mary	246 Huron St., S. S. Marie, Ontario.
66	Robinson, Marjorie	Little Current, Manitoulin Island.
67	Ryder, Phyllis	302 N. Franklin St., Fort William.
68	Sarlo, Violet	431 Northland Rd., Sault Ste. Marie.
69	Sartor, Myra	1128 Centre Ave., Fort William.
70	Shalla, Zita	Barry's Bay, Ontario.
71	Solomon, Norma	Box 253, Blind River, Ont.
72	Stewart, Annabelle	Box 496, Cochrane, Ont.
73	Tait, Betty	Box 754, Parry Sound, Ont.
74	Thomson, Marjorie	39½ Third Avenue, Apt. 3 Timmins.
75	Viitanen, Toini	Cochrane, Ontario.
76	Way-White, Marie	Chapleau.
77	Welden, Helen	Fort Frances, Ontario.
78	Wharram, Edythe	General Delivery, North Bay.
79	Bamford, Terry	North Bay, Ont.
81	Gordon, Elvin	Burk's Falls, Ontario.
82	Mazzuca, Edward	115 Pine St., S., Timmins, Ont.
83	McGregor, Donald	15 Prospect Ave., Port Arthur.
84	McLennan, Gordon	394 Tupper St., Port Arthur.
85	Soltys, Harry	414 Marks St., Port Arthur.

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