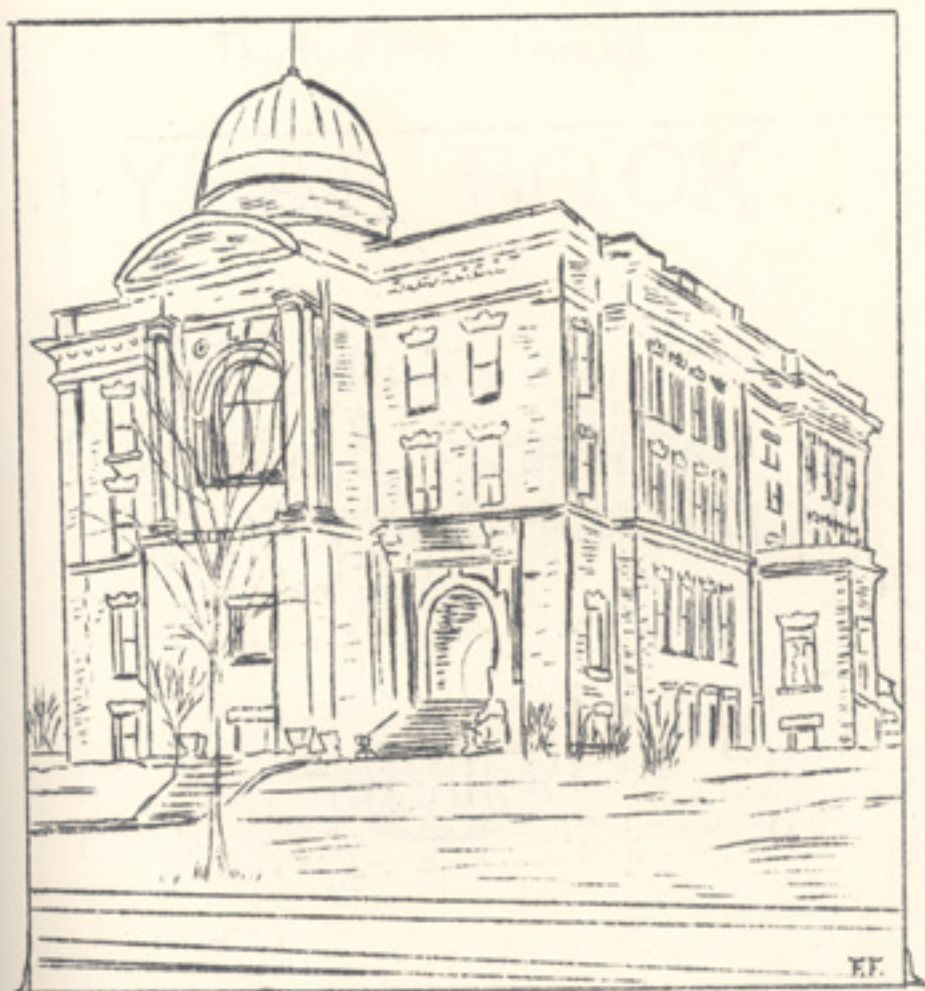


**NORTH BAY  
NORMAL SCHOOL**

44



OUR SCHOOL



TO  
THOSE GRADUATES  
THE  
Thirty-Fifth Annual  
YEAR BOOK

PREPARED BY THE  
STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY  
NORMAL SCHOOL



MAY - 1944

DEDICATE  
THIS BOOK

TO  
THOSE GRADUATES  
OF  
NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

WHO  
IN THEIR COUNTRY'S HOUR OF NEED  
HAVE SO GALLANTLY OFFERED THEIR  
SERVICES AND EVEN LIFE ITSELF

AND TO  
MR. H. E. RICKER

WHO  
WAS THEIR FRIEND AND TEACHER  
EITHER AS MASTER OR AS  
PRINCIPAL IN THIS SCHOOL FROM  
1915 - 1943

THE STUDENTS OF 1943-44  
DEDICATE  
THIS BOOK



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... what you can then ...  
... of a school society, ... of an adult society  
... rich in a feeling of personal well-being and  
... to render useful service to their fellow men.

As you go forward in your high endeavours we wish you  
... and success. While cherishing many pleasant  
... of your days with us here in the Normal School  
... will follow your upward progress with keen interest  
... and satisfaction.

*J. A. Partidge*



To-day we near the end of the short pathway we have been privileged to travel along together during a fleeting year. With steady tread and singleness of purpose we have ascended the hillside and reached a sun-lit summit. Here let us pause a moment to survey the scene that lies before. Green fields seem to beckon you; winding paths lead you onward to new adventures; a few clouds drift lazily across the sky casting faint but transient shadows across the road ahead. But in the distance there is always the rosy horizon and a star toward which you may safely and hopefully set your course. Sorrowfully, yet happily, we of the staff wave you a kindly farewell and turn back to meet another band of travellers.

Yes, you have now achieved your long-sought-for goal. You are embarking on a life of service to children, the pride of to-day and the hope of to-morrow. Your success in your chosen task will be measured in the end, not by the information you impart or by the skills you help to develop, but by those ideals and attitudes which you foster in the children entrusted to your guidance. Your deepest satisfactions will come when you see them blossoming into citizens, first of a school society, later of an adult society --citizens rich in a feeling of personal well-being and prepared to render useful service to their fellow men.

As you go forward in your high endeavours we wish you happiness and success. While cherishing many pleasant recollections of your days with us here in the Normal School, we shall follow your upward progress with keen interest and deep satisfaction.

*J. A. Partridge*

STAFF OF HENRY VAY NORMAL SCHOOL



Miss [Name]

W. L. [Name]

Instructor

Miss

J. [Name], B. A., B. Ed. - Instructor

Art

E. P. [Name], B.A. - Instructor

Physical Training

[Name] - Secretary

STAFF OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

-- .. --

Mr. J. A. Partridge, M.A., B. Paed. - Principal

Nature Study and Science, Agriculture and  
Horticulture, Social Studies.

Miss G. Morgan, B.A., B. Paed. - Master

Speech, Reading and Literature, Grammar,  
Composition and Spelling, Social Studies.

Mr. J. D. Deyell, B.A., B. Paed. - Master

Science of Education, School Management,  
Mathematics, Social Studies.

Miss E. S. Mitchell, B.A., Mus. Bac., L. Mus. - Librarian

Library Methods, Health, Print Writing.

Mr. J. E. Chambers - Instructor

Manual Training, Cursive Writing.

Miss E. Preston - Instructor

Home Economics.

Mr. H. L. Bamford, - Instructor

Music

Mrs. J. Irwin, B. A., B. Paed. - Instructor

Art

Mrs. E. P. Black, B.A. - Instructor

Physical Training

Miss K. McCubbin - Secretary

=====



## THE PRACTICE-TEACHING STAFF

Mr. J. L. Runnalls.....	Dr. Carruthers School
Miss M. Widner.....	Dr. Carruthers School
Miss A. E. Hansford.....	King George School
Mrs. G. Armstrong.....	King George School
Miss J. Wilson.....	King George School
Miss E. St. John.....	King Edward School
Miss E. Stevens.....	King Edward School
Miss M. Martyn.....	Dr. MacDougall School
Mrs. M. Blues.....	Dr. MacDougall School
Miss E. Garcau.....	S.S. #1A Widdifield
Miss M. Bortran.....	S.S. #3 Himsworth N. and Ferris
Miss E. Brown.....	S.S. #5 Widdifield
Miss L. Fiske.....	S.S. #1A Ferris
Mrs. E. Penner.....	S.S. #1B Widdifield

To these capable people has fallen the often unappreciated and thankless task of offering constructive criticism and beneficial advice. Cheerfully and impartially they have corrected mistakes, borne with inexperience and offered praise where praise was due. We feel that they have played a very important part in developing and training us. With this in mind we thank them sincerely and wish them continued success in the future as they guide other Normal School Students along the path to success.

### - - - - - RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Roman Catholic	- Father Humphrey
	- Father Cowan
	- Father Lacey
Anglican	- Rev. W. W. Jarvis
United Church	- Rev. P. Webster
	- Rev. M. N. Omond
Presbyterian	- Rev. Rowat
Baptist	- Rev. Stibbards

The incorporation of religious training in the Normal School Curriculum has been an obvious lesson to each teacher-in-training. As we look back over the past year we can say that the week was begun in the right way, as each Monday morning pastors from the various denominations guided our thoughts towards our Maker. We thank them for their kindly counsel and teaching as they sought to make us more conscious of our duty to our profession and our God.

GREETINGS FROM THE PREMIER OF ONTARIO

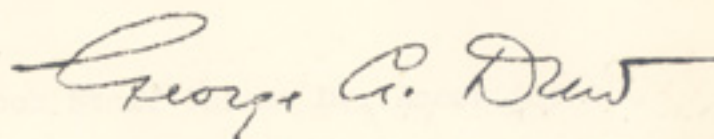
At the most critical period in the world's history you are about to take over duties for which you have long been preparing. In a very real sense you are reinforcements to the front in the present battle for civilization. Your efforts will have a very real effect upon the ultimate outcome of that struggle.

No democratic nation can advance beyond the intellectual level of its people. In following the established courses of teaching I trust you will never become so absorbed in detail as to overlook the larger issues.

In interpreting history I hope you will inspire a feeling of pride in the Commonwealth and Empire which stood alone during the darkest days of this war and dared to face the greatest armed forces ever brought together under one banner. To you falls the task of kindling in our youth faith in our cause and a determination that the sacrifices now being made by Canadian men and women shall not have been in vain.

I hope that from your teaching your pupils will learn to be loyal to their school, loyal to their community, loyal to their province, loyal to the country, loyal to their King and loyal to their God. Our boys and girls will depend upon the teaching they receive for the vision, courage, and confidence which will fit them to take their place in this great land of ever expanding opportunities.

I wish you every success in your splendid undertaking.



Minister of Education.

Toronto, March 30th, 1944.

## Mental Intogration

With apologies to  
The Master in charge of Science of Education.

Look to the vassals of your heritage,

A motley, jostling, savage, boisterous band  
Bred from the loins of brutes, upsprung from land

And sea, recruited far from every age  
And era, frigid Greed, red roaring Rage,

Black Fear and blinding Love! Untrained to stand  
Or move in marshalled rank, fierce to demand

The practice of their tribal wonts, they wage  
Cruel internecine war. Who can command

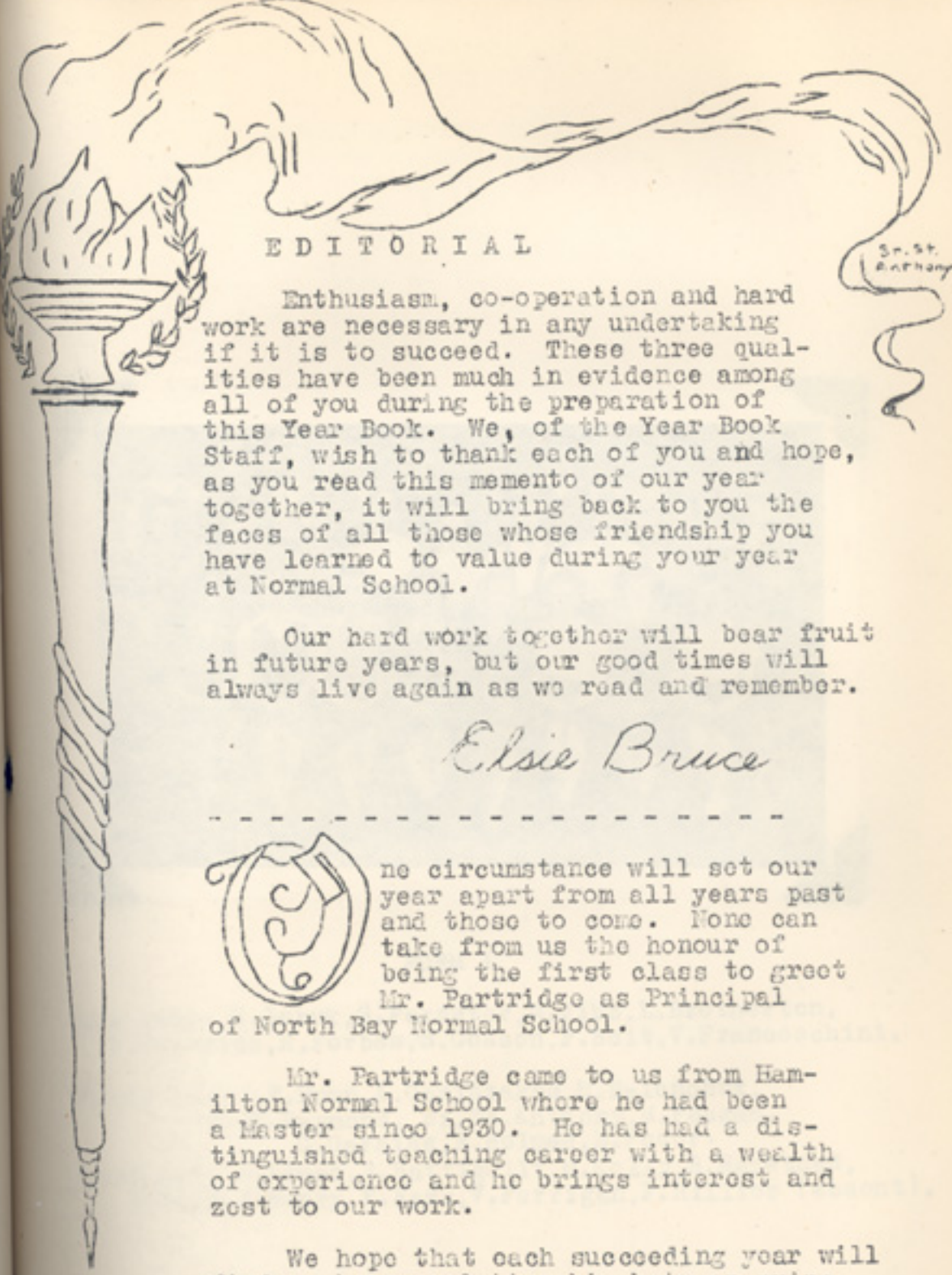
Their utmost fealty in homage sworn  
May irresistibly with fate engage

And lead his phalanx o'en to Samarkand.  
Who falters 'fore their clamour is o'er borne  
And trod by tumult in his umpirage.

- Harry Amoss

The Year Book Staff thanks Dr. Amoss for the  
thoughtful contribution which he always makes so  
graciously to our Year Book.





## EDITORIAL


Sr. St.  
Anthony

Enthusiasm, co-operation and hard work are necessary in any undertaking if it is to succeed. These three qualities have been much in evidence among all of you during the preparation of this Year Book. We, of the Year Book Staff, wish to thank each of you and hope, as you read this memento of our year together, it will bring back to you the faces of all those whose friendship you have learned to value during your year at Normal School.

Our hard work together will bear fruit in future years, but our good times will always live again as we read and remember.

*Elsie Bruce*

-----

ne circumstance will set our year apart from all years past and those to come. None can take from us the honour of being the first class to greet Mr. Partridge as Principal of North Bay Normal School.

Mr. Partridge came to us from Hamilton Normal School where he had been a Master since 1930. He has had a distinguished teaching career with a wealth of experience and he brings interest and zest to our work.

We hope that each succeeding year will find as happy relationship between principal and students as have existed this year, and that Mr. Partridge may have a long and happy career guiding the training of teachers in our loved Northern Ontario.

The Editorial Staff.

WOMEN'S GUILD

Sister St. Anthony all the while  
 Shows the door with a cheerful smile.  
 Sister Raymond, so serene,  
 Never argues with our Deem.  
 Mary's our volunteering lass  
 Always ahead of the rest of the class.  
 And with her smiling stare  
 Will doubtless make a grand schoolmate.  
 The wife, her friendly grin so sunny  
 Shows we relieve us of her money.



FORM I

- Back Row: Z. Lubuk, S. Forrester, M. Jibb, L. Brotherton,  
 R. Gilbride, H. Forbes, S. Gosson, P. Bolt, V. Franceschini.
- Middle Row: F. Dunn, A. Christakos, M. Belanchuk,  
 Sr. M. Raymond, Sr. St. Anthony, M. Feagan,  
 G. Garside, E. Holmes, E. Fodor.
- Front Row: E. Bruco, E. Battigelli, M. Kolly, B. Haystead,  
 W. Hurd, E. Henry, F. Farr, V. Ferrigan, F. Hillier (absent).

(Continued)

## WHO'S WHO

Sister St. Anthony all the while  
Shuts the door with a cheerful smile.  
Sister Raymond, so serene,  
Never argues with our Dean.  
Mary's our volunteering lass  
Always ahead of the rest of the class.  
Eda with her smiling charm  
Will doubtless make a grand schoolmarm.  
Pat with her friendly grin so sunny  
Tries to relieve us of our money.  
Billy Brotherton always yawning  
Hates to get up when day is dawning.  
Elsie, as Santa with utmost grace  
Twice upset the fireplace.  
Ann homeward goes on Friday night  
She's just a suitcase Normalite.  
Shirley D. sells those little stamps  
And around the halls on Tuesday tramps.  
Another miss who has lately come  
To join our ranks is Flora Dunn.  
Florence comes from Parry Sound  
And as an artist is renowned.  
With hair of red and eyes of blue  
Marie is Irish through and through.  
Vivian, going from place to place  
In those "seven-league boots", can really race.  
Ethel has a winning smile  
Which doth all our hearts beguile.  
Forbsey is lively, full of vim  
And really peppy in the gym.  
Shirley thrills us with her songs  
In the opera she belongs.  
Frankie, our wee Italian belle,  
Does her work and does it well.  
Gladys is our budding poet,-  
She works with a will and her lessons show it.  
Rosie's classics are a treat  
But she sure gets hep with that boogie beat.  
Waltzes Sheila can surely play  
And makes us want to swing and sway.  
A basketball star in vivid garb  
Is athletic, sailor-loving Barb.  
Eleanor seems so quiet and clever  
Have you seen her square dance ever?  
Peggy can sew and cook and knit,  
She even makes a sweater fit.  
At making not a moment dull  
Our Wanda's really Wanda-full.  
Another redhead in our class  
Martha Jibb we cannot pass.

(Continued)



### STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Patricia Belt, President

"Money--Money--Money  
Share your wealth!"

This may seem to have been the battle cry of the Students' Council this year, but a more careful look will reveal the many benefits we have received in return for our small but frequent contributions. However, as the end of the term approaches, in spite of our state of impending financial collapse, we hail its arrival with regret.

The Students' Council has served as the centre for all school organizations and activities during the year. On the council there was represented the Literary and Athletic Societies, Natural Science Club, Red Cross and Social Executives. These cover so wide a field of activity that the work of the Students' Council apart from the Toronto trip, for which Mr. Partridge deserves the main credit, has consisted of collecting money, holding the purse strings and releasing them infrequently with an unwilling hand.







## LITERARY SOCIETY

Teresa Sullivan, President

The Literary Society has been the centre of a great variety of activities this year. The parent organization was supplemented by several children--the Social Executive, the Red Cross Committee, the Natural Science Club, and the Athletic Society.

Often times the Literary Society felt like the old woman in the shoe trying to organize her children for different occasions. These children performed ably on the stage but the parent organization will be recalled for its distinctive meetings.

The service on Remembrance Day was made more real by Private Douglas Sopor playing the Last Post. As the last strains faded away our thoughts naturally turned to those who had taken part in the present conflict.

Another occasion worthy of remembrance might be our informal debate. The subject was "War Benefits Civilization" with Form I upholding the Affirmative and Form II supporting the Negative. The only fly in the ointment was the bell ringing to announce the next period. Don't women love to argue?

Perhaps our red letter day, or rather green letter day was March 16. The Literary Society presented an Irish programme. Lady Gregory's play "Spreading the News" was well played by nine students and afforded good humour to all present. Irish folk music was presented in the form of solos, piano duets, a chorus and an Irish jig.

All in all we have had a completely delightful and successful year. This, however, would have been impossible without the kind assistance afforded us by our staff representative Miss E. Mitchell. We also deeply appreciate the help Miss Morgan gave us in matters concerning dramatics.

Just to mention a few benefits we have gained through our Literary Society Meetings of 1943-44--the timid have acquired confidence, the aggressive have learned restraint. Latent talent has been discovered and developed. Ideas in abundance have been stored away as rare gems for our future use, when we shall be dependent upon our own resourcefulness.



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MISSIVE FOR  
BY DORIS JONES

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## NATURAL SCIENCE CLUB

Lloyd Wilson, President

Our first impression on entering these halls of learning was of a large glass case filled with products of the taxidermist's art. Later we learned that these were the symbols of a very real interest in natural science which has been traditional in the North Bay Normal School. It was not long before our class, too, succumbed to this interest and a Natural Science Club was formed. This year the interest was evinced in a series of lectures, vivid and impressive. Mr. Smith, of the Lumbermen's Safety Association, showed slides on lumbering in Northern Ontario. The lovely landscape made us proud to be citizens of this wild but beautiful country and also gave us practical information about the lumbering industry.

Mrs. Lawrence of Rutherglen gave us a talk on habits of winter birds. One realized in listening to her that all that was necessary was an enthusiasm for the subject, a bird guide and a pair of binoculars. She succeeded in holding us enthralled with her description of her bird sanctuary and bird banding.

The activities of this club should serve as an incentive to us to keep alive an ever-growing interest in the things of natural science.

## SCIENCE FOR ME

By Emerita Robles

Birds, flowers, crickets and frogs,  
Digestion of cats, skulls of dogs,  
Blades of grass, grasshopper ways,  
Shortening nights, lengthening days,  
Galileo, Marconi, electric wires,  
Convection currents, chimney fires,  
Protection of pets, handling of bees,  
Cutting of shrubs and pruning of trees.  
Put them together and you will see  
Nothing can beat it--Science for me.

1954-55

Evlyn Pinder, President



The Executive For the Year

President	- Evlyn Pinder
Vice President	- Shirley Foxworth
Secretary	- Gladys Johnson
Treasurer	- Marie Foxworth
Circulation Leader	- Margaret Smith
Service Chairman	- Kay Hanson
Health Chairman	- Shirley Jackson
Programs Chairman	- Hazel Spencer
Councillor	- Miss Arntson
Director	- Dr. Boyll



## "THUMBS UP" FOR VICTORY

Evelyn Pinder, President

All activities of our 1943-44 class have been tinged by the consciousness of a world at war. In the Thumbs Up Branch of the Junior Red Cross we have had an opportunity to participate in patriotic work to a limited extent. Wool was not available for knitting as in former years. Two afghans completed under the supervision of Miss Preston were donated to our branch. During the Fall term ten ditty bags for sailors were filled under the direction of Miss Ramsay and turned over to Navy League for Christmas distribution.

Miss Minnie Bartlett, supervisor of Junior Red Cross for Ontario visited our branch early in the year to give us an inspiring address on how to organize and carry on Junior Red Cross in our schools next year. Several of our meetings were devoted to discussion and demonstration of plans for school programmes.

Month by month the Red Cross Junior was circulated by Miss Sitch. At Christmas each member received a parcel of previous issues of the magazine. Health cards and health booklets were supplied by Miss Duggan. War Savings Stamps were on sale weekly through most of the year. At the end of the year a donation was made to the Junior Red Cross War Fund.

### The Executive for the Year

President	- Evelyn Pinder
Vice President	- Shirley Forester
Secretary	- Gladys Solomon
Treasurer	- Marie Feagan
Circulation Manager	- Margaret Sitch
Service Convenor	- Nora Ramsay
Health Convenor	- Shirley Duggan
Programme Convenor	- Hazel Spencer
Counsellor	- Miss Preston
Director	- Mr. Deyell



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Special Courses Offered This Summer:

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Air Navigation  
Dictatorships  
French Conversation for English-Canadian students, and  
English Conversation for French-Canadian students, at  
Troil-Pistoles, Quebec, June 29th--August 23rd.  
Municipal Government  
Nature Study - Biological Field-Studies  
Public Speaking  
Abnormal Psychology - Minor Mental Deviations  
Human Biology  
War Service Courses (open to both men and women):  
First Aid; Military Training and Gas Protection.  
Coaching in Rugby, Basketball, Track and Field, etc.  
August 14th to 26th

Also other regular Arts Courses for the B. A. Degree and  
the Permanent First Class Certificate.

Note--No previous reading required before beginning  
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Examinations held during last two days of Summer School  
--Leaving remainder of holidays entirely free from  
university work.

Excellent camping facilities, including electricity and  
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Enthusiastic social and athletic programme

For full information address DR. H. R. KINGSTON, Director  
of Summer School and Extramural Department

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(The Provincial University of Ontario)

Calendars and curricula are available, on request, from the Registrar or the Secretary of the Faculty or School, as follows:

Faculties of Arts (including Sciences and Commerce), Medicine, Applied Science and Engineering, Household Science, Education, Forestry, Music, Graduate Studies, Dentistry; Schools of Hygiene, Nursing, Physical and Health Education, Social Work, Law, Chinese Studies, Library Science; Affiliated Colleges of Pharmacy, Agriculture, Veterinary Science.

The Department of University Extension operates the Pass Course for Teachers, the Summer Session, the two-year Diploma Courses in Occupational Therapy and Physio-therapy, Evening Tutorial Classes, the Certificate Course in Business, and a great variety of correspondence courses. For information write the Director of University Extension.

The Calendar on Admission Requirements and Scholarships is of special interest.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

University College is the Provincial Arts College, maintained by the Province of Ontario. It is non-denominational but not non-religious. There are residences for men and for women. A spirit of unity and co-operation pervades the whole College. University College offers thirty-three (33) scholarships at Matriculation and many scholarships and prizes in course. Substantial bursaries are granted to able students who have difficulty in bearing the total expense of a university education. Preference is given to applicants from schools not situated in Toronto. For a free copy of a beautifully illustrated descriptive booklet, write to the Registrar, University College, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario.

-----

Anastasia: I'm going to work on and on until I get my M. A.

Shirley: So am I going to work on and on until I get my M.A.II.





## A R R I V A L

By Beth Maher

orth Bay", shouted the conductor. People began to stir and yawn. In a few more minutes my girl-friend and I stood in the station, wondering what to do next. We arrived like innocents abroad with no pre-arranged boarding place. We were unsophisticated enough to think we would be greeted by several hopeful landladies seeking boarders. But, to our dismay, it was soon evident, that no one cared in the least for our bubbling enthusiasm to attend Normal School.

Our thoughts soon turned to the very important matter of sleep. After many inquiries and much solicitude we decided that the most lady like procedure would be to spend the night in the Empire Hotel. As we hurried to the hotel we visioned the clean soft beds awaiting us.

With timid gestures we approached the clerk at the desk.

"We have no rooms here and all the hotels are filled."

We stood there flabbergasted. Could this handsome lad be joking?

With suitcases, top coats and all kinds of paraphernalia we tramped the desolate sleep-enchained streets in search of a boarding-house.

"No we haven't any rooms", and a door slammed in our face.

"The rooms are all filled. Can't you read?"

"Go away. It's three A.M.", and an upstairs window slammed shut.

Slowly we crept back to the hotel visualizing the soft leather chairs in the lobby. But--no--even these were filled with sleepy travellers, who looked eternally glued to them. Alas! Too well we realized that the age of chivalry had surely passed. None rose to offer a fair damsel his chair.

Once more we gathered our belongings, and left the hotel on a bootless pilgrimage. Half-dead and totally forlorn we reached the portals of the Normal School. There cold and friendless we sat on the cement steps awaiting the dismal dawn, while overhead pigeons cooed from their cozy nests.



V. Ferrigno

## FLOWERS IN OUR SCHOOL

By Mary Meyer

Who can resist the captivating charm of a flower? The first definite sign of spring is the appearance of flowers which brighten our homes and lives.

They appeared in the Normal School in the dreary days of late winter and made us feel hopeful and cheerful when skies were grey and lowering. Our enjoyment will live long in our memories, and we can attribute all this to our principal, Mr. Partridge. One day last fall, with many dubious glances, we hesitantly placed dull brown bulbs in mounds of earth, scarcely hoping for success.

For some months these tender plants struggled with pent-up energy. Then they burst into flowers of glorious gold and brilliant red against a background of green foliage. These exquisite petals seemed to express a thought of the great Creator who made them.

Bowls filled with fragile, golden-yellow daffodils were placed in the library. We admired pots of dainty, delicate pink and blue hyacinths with their haunting fragrance. Delightful white narcissi graced the desks of many masters. Some rooms held bunches of glamorous tulips with gracefully bending, unreal buds.

"Clean as a lady  
cool as glass  
fresh without fragrance  
the tulip was".

Remember the close of our enterprise? Each smiling teacher was given a pot of lovely bloom, and each student felt proud when her plant was chosen.

Yes, this year, the Normal Students learned to love flowers. They learned to really heed their sweetness.

## OFF TO TORONTO

By Rosemary Gilbride

### Wednesday, April 5

Southward bound! The train roared on past Huntsville, Gravenhurst and Allandale as our destination came closer and closer. Mr. Partridge had arranged the tour and Miss Preston and Miss Mitchell kindly gave three days of their time to point out scenes of interest.

### Thursday, April 6 - 10 p. m.

Ho hum! The lights are dimmed; silence falls. Most of the adventurers have turned in for the night but two eager room-mates discuss the activities of the day. Where and how are text books made? Gage's Publishing Company is the answer and what an enormous undertaking! We watched a Latin book through every process of manufacture from the large roll to cutting, printing, binding, folding, covering, sewing and finally the finished product.

A short street-car ride took us to Forest Hill School where we were received and treated with unlimited hospitality. Forest Hill School, we soon discovered, is a school where pupils learn independence and responsibility. They are taught leadership by means of special classes and their facilities and opportunities are tremendous.

After dining with the staff we took a short tour through the parliament buildings where we met Mr. Ricker, former principal of N.B.N.S. and Mr. Rivers, also a former member of the staff. As time was somewhat limited we could not see all we might have wished and in no time found ourselves en route to "Rowntree's Chocolate Factory". Here we saw every stage in the making of a chocolate bar, from the cocoa bean through cleaning, roasting, grinding, pounding and finally the sweet bars which we carried away in our pockets.

A banquet closed the day's activities and somewhat tired and weary, thirty normalites rolled into bed.

### Friday, April 7

Well rested????

Like dewy spring buds we welcomed a glorious Good Friday morning and began our walk to the Royal Ontario Museum. Toronto now seemed like home and when we arrived at the museum Miss Home willingly showed us various antiquities. Some of the more outstanding displays were the mummies, Indian statues, Chinese tomb and the Dinosaur.

(Continued)

## OFF TO TORONTO!

(Continued)

Those who didn't lose their way in the halls managed to get back to Bassell's for 12 o'clock dinner.

Then followed a real thrill. Many of us had heard them on the radio and we could hardly wait to see the Happy Gang. It was "time out" for a little entertainment and we thoroughly enjoyed the Good Friday programme which the gang presented. There was no time to lose as we made our way to the Allan Gardens Conservatory and here a large display of Easter flowers blossomed in full glory. Tremendous banana and lemon trees towered above as the sun streamed through the glass to assist in their growth.

At 3.45 all were "on time" to go through Hart House, a marvellous club house equipped with the very best to further sports, academic work and entertainment. The theatre was indeed one of the most outstanding parts we visited.

Have you ever enjoyed a true Chinese dinner complete with chop sticks and genuine Chinese food? It is a thrill to see eight courses of food come before you, but to try and manage them with chop sticks requires a skill which took some of us almost two hours to accomplish.

The Globe and Mail was our next stop and here the friendliness of the south was at its peak. Workers and foremen went out of their way to do our little biddings, answer our questions and finally to treat us to luncheon before we left.

Saturday, April 8

This was the last day of our tour and just as memorable as the first two. At ten o'clock we assembled at the Art Gallery and after a two hour appreciation of all grades of art dispersed on our own to see the city.

The only item left on the itinerary was an appointment with "Share the Wealth" and this indeed was an appointment no one missed. Perhaps each heart held the hope that she might be called upon to answer a question but what could be more fitting than number 410. A roar from thirty seats indicated a normalite--but who? What a surprise! Mr. Partridge ascended the steps and before long his voice rang through in song with Cy Mack and Stan Francis. The reward, we deemed was small for so great an effort on his part, but it was a fitting climax to a wonderful three days in the city of Toronto.

## T H E E N T E R P R I S E

By S. Forester and B. Haystead

One of the most profitable fortnights spent at N.B.N.S. was given over to "THE ENTERPRISE". In sympathy with the new course of study, this was done under the capable leadership of our principal, Mr. J. A. Partridge.

Until we were able to participate in this undertaking in various classrooms in practice schools little did we know what the word "enterprise" entailed, even though we had read about it and discussed it periodically. The experience received as a result of this extra training was helpful to all concerned.

The enterprises undertaken were as follows: Changing Britain, The Sun, The School Paper, The Buccaneers, Lumbering and The Neighbourhood. A group of Normalites aided the pupils in each enterprise.

The culminations were presented one Tuesday morning at the Normal School when the pupils gave an impromptu report on the work accomplished and displayed their numerous and varied illustrations relating to their topic.

We believe that this time was profitably spent and the experience gained will be of inestimable value to us next year. We hope to carry on in spirit and in form this new method of pupil participation in our teaching.

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THANKS. N.B.N.S.!

By Eda Battigelli

Among the everlasting masterpieces that hang on memory's wall of our Normal School Year, are the outstanding programmes we enjoyed under the auspices of the Community Concert Association.

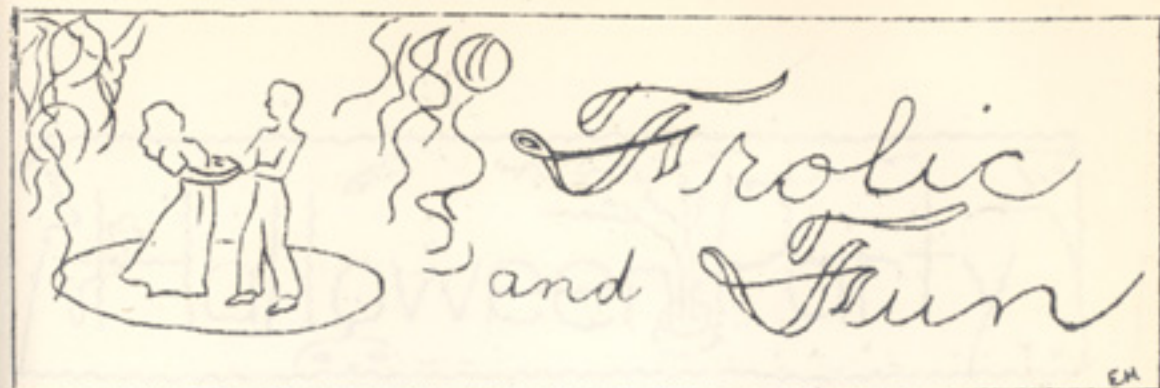
Do you remember the morning Miss Morgan first mentioned the Association to us? How enthusiastic we were! How willingly all Normalites pooled their resources to pay for students' tickets.

The night of the first concert arrived, and with carefully pocketed passes we hurried to the Collegiate auditorium. We took our places. At eight o'clock she appeared. Yes! Jean Watson, a contralto, better still a Canadian contralto, made her appearance on the North Bay stage. Her fine cultured voice filled the hall and at the same time filled each Normalite with appreciation for such classical selections as Handel's "Care selve", Schubert's "Ave Marie" and popular works of Brahms and Verdi. During the brief intermission, Mr. Kaufman, accompanist, brought the inanimate piano to life with his superb interpretations of Chopin and Shostakovich. How soon that glorious evening was colourfully painted on imaginary canvas!

Another golden picture was sketched for memory's wall the evening the Don Cossack Chorus came to town. With passionate fervour they sang the beloved songs of Russia which will never be forgotten. The dancers thrilled us with that agility so common among the far eastern nations. They were like marionnettes controlled by a mad puppeteer.

The painting of the Bary Ensemble must hang beside Jean Watson and the Don Cossack Chorus, thus completing the series. Although examinations were in full swing when this musical unit came to the 'Bay, the Normalites again took their places among the audience. We certainly learned to recognize the flute and 'cello that evening. The recital, boisterous in Glicero's "Russian Sailor's Dance", majestic in Handel's "Aria", fervent and fantastic in Beethoven's "Sonata in E flat" came to an end with thunderous applause.

Another corner in memories' wall is enhanced. The golden nails shall not corrode, nor shall the silver threads snap. These pictures will hang forever, and newer ones will never replace them.



## THE WELCOME PARTY

By Frances Palcschuk

"Hello! have I met you yet?" Then the student tried to decipher the strange names on the tags.

Such remarks filled the air around the Normal School on that day of September 10th when everyone met everyone else.

Our print writing period that day had been transferred to a "tag day". We weren't selling tags, though--we were making them. Yes! we carefully printed them with the "round letter really round, and the vertical strokes straight and tall".

The school was divided into two parts--the Reds and the Blues. The Reds weren't very successful in winning either the beat-ball or volley-ball games. Could it have been because they had the one and only man of the school on their side?

After the games, the students idled into the school and into the Library where we met the members of the staff and their families.


The high-light of the afternoon was the serving of tea and doughnuts by the masters. These doughnuts disappeared all too soon, and the happy afternoon was over.

---

A dillar, a dollar  
Our nine o'clock scholar,  
Creeps cautiously up the stairs--  
Bangs the door with a muffled thud,  
It's Pat interrupting the prayers.



# Halloween Party



bird shadows fluttered about the eerie building. It was the evening of October the twenty-ninth, when the ghosts from the spirit world made their annual visitation to the Normal School. On arrival at the massive portals, in our mixed array of paper, silk, and patches, we were confronted by a sinister apparition. It moaned a password, then bade us enter. Groping along the inky-black passage, up the creaking stairs, at last we reached the grim entrance. As soon as we entered the dimly lighted Assembly Hall, we felt the spookiness of the atmosphere about us. The merry programme began with the spotlight of the stage performances placed on an exciting pantomime. Everyone will remember that skit. The music and recitations of the evening certainly added spice to the hilarious mixture of fun and laughter. At the conclusion of the programme, games were played in the Library and the Assembly Hall. Then came the lunch! Our energy now revived, we returned to the Library, where we did swing and sway to the rhythmic melodies of the modern records. The strains of the National Anthem concluded a merry evening.

e e e e e e e e e

We loudly laugh at teachers' jokes,  
However dry they be,  
Not because they're funny jokes  
But because of policy.

e e e e e e e e e





## CHRISTMAS PARTY

By Evelyn Payetta and Peggy Williams

"'Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through the house"---

For fifty-three Normalites this old familiar poem will hold new meaning. It was on Friday night, December seven-teenth, nineteen hundred forty-three, that we held our Christmas party.

Our programme took the form of a scene on Christmas Eve, with a family sitting around the fireplace or decorating the tree, while waiting for the annual visit of Santa Claus. The mother, beautifully portrayed by Evelyn Orlando, instilled in the children, the spirit of Christmas by the singing of "Holy Night". The children of the family enacted their part in their school play. The result was the dramatizing of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas". It is said that humour lies in the unexpected. We will remember the charming play, but much more the cardboard fireplace which proved inadequate for the passage of our burly Santa Claus. After disentangling himself (fem.) from the wreckage, Santa began to fulfil his (her) mission--distributing presents to all. The gay hilarity of the programme was sobered with the singing of "I'll Be Home For Christmas"--expressing the hope and prayer of everyone away from home at this time.

To appease the hearty appetites of our visitors, the Social Executive served attractive refreshments. Dancing was enjoyed by all.

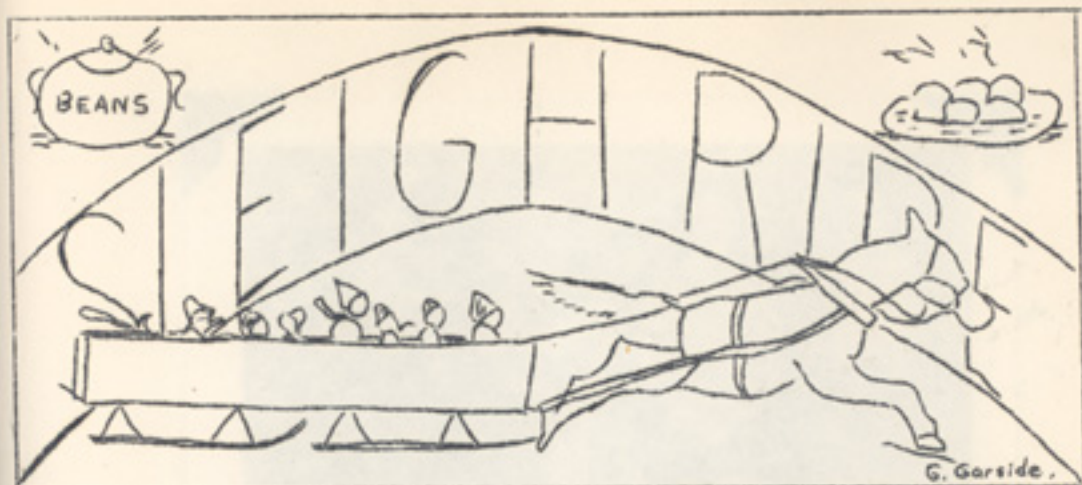
The memories connected with "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" will always bring a smile to us in years to come.

-----  
Ten years may pass and eager hands  
Will choose a volume from the shelf  
A volume full of memories dear  
That holds embalmed our Normal year.

Our masters; taxis, buses, schools,  
Assignments, notes and lesson plans  
It takes a deal of work no doubt  
To turn a finished teacher out.

But time will prove an alchemist  
That turns our troubles all to gold  
Thus growing old we'll turn this page  
And live again that golden age.

- Frances Korr.



## SLEIGHING OUT NIPISSING WAY

By Mary Balanchuk

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way  
 A bunch of noisy Normalites riding on a sleigh,  
 O the fun we had that night, as we left the "Bay"  
 Dashing madly thro' the snow, to catch the running sleigh.

Horses pulled the heavy sleigh, on the country road,  
 Turning curious eyes to see such a laughing load,  
 Girls and practice teachers as well as masters showed  
 We really could have fun on the old Nipissing road.

One by one, or two by two, we tumbled off the sled,  
 By nine o'clock we were at Kerr's weary and half-dead,  
 Amid shouts and laughter all the "hello's" were said  
 Hours later we were sleeping weary but well-fed.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way,  
 When we're old school marns we can readily say.  
 That we had some lovely times at the good old "Bay"  
 Especially the night we went sleighing out Nipissing way.

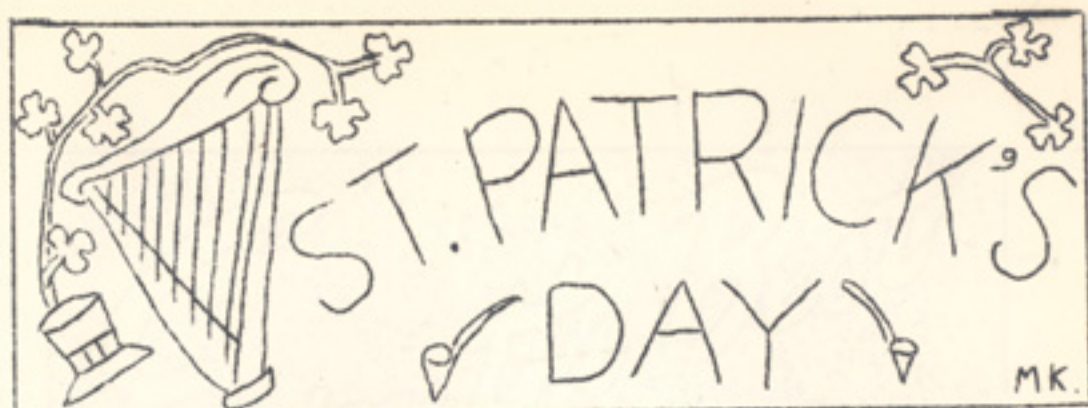
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**FOUND**--One meat coupon inside "Everyday Science". Will  
 the owner please line up outside Mr. Partridge's office.

---

Late to bed  
 Early to rise  
 Makes Normalites  
 Saggy, grossy and baggy under the eyes.





What an entertaining evening!  
With many well-known lay  
We happy Normal students  
Were rollicking and gay.

Our friends had been invited  
To see us in our play  
And our singing and our dancing  
For glad St. Patrick's Day.

St. Patrick himself would have enjoyed the gay programme presented at our school on St. Patrick's Eve. We ourselves will enjoy looking back upon that evening.

Bright green and white decorations greeted the guests. Some of our pianists entertained the early arrivals with varied selections.

Vocal solos and choruses, under Miss Mitchell's direction, delighted the audience. Such popular favourites as "Danny Boy" and "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms" were interspersed with rarer selections, - "Kitty of Coleraine" and "My Love's An Arbutus". We wish you could have been able to hear the instrumental duet.

No doubt the Kerry dancers were fine, but you should have seen Mrs. Black's dancers. Sure a finer jig was never kanced among the lakes of Killarney!

Chuckles ran rampant through the audience as our actresses presented a scene from "Spreading the News" by Lady Gregory. Who mentioned the man shortage? Never did you see finer lads than our girls transformed into veritable gassoons under the capable hands of Miss Morgan.

So passed a gay evening when everyone who was not really Irish wished she were, when folk with names as un-Irish as Poleschuk, Kostuik, Battigelli and Orlando donned the green shamrock.

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## MARIE

By Anastasia Christakos

Marie she is a girl charmante,  
De daughter of a habitant,  
Who live no far away  
Marie she is de girl I love--  
I marry her some day.

Las' year I meet Baptiste her père,  
An' w'en I saw Marie was dere  
Den I make sure to meet her too,  
For prettier girl I never see  
In village St. Mathieu.

Day after day I t'ink of 'er  
An' 'ope she t'ink of me  
Mon dieu, I know I lose mon coeur  
To dat girl called Marie.

One night de moon she shine so bright,  
She fill de whole lac up with light,  
I take Marie out in canoe--  
An' den I t'ink de time is right  
To say "Chèrie, je t'aime, don't you?"

"Marie", I say, I'm fine garçon,  
Have good size farm an' belle maison  
Je t'aime avec tout mon coeur  
I know if you will marry me,  
We'll 'ave de great bonheur"

Marie, she look at me long time  
Her cheeks get red like rose  
An' I t'ink I make mistake maybe,  
In way dat I propose.

(Continued)

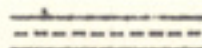
MARIE

(Continued)

But soon 'er eyes dey beam on me,  
Twin stars shine in les deux;  
"Henri" she say, "Je t'aime aussi".  
Dat meant dat she would marry me  
So I feel tres heureux.

Dat night at neuf heures et demie  
Her pere he meet us at de door  
An' w'en I say I want Marie  
He say, Not'ing could please me more."

Marie an' me move to de farm  
We're 'appy, as can be.  
I t'ink I'm very lucky man  
Don't you agree with me?



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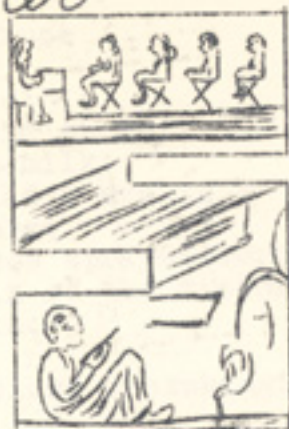
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he



inner



sanctuary

By Lloyd Wilson

More than ever before, this last year I have often meditated on the beautifully secluded life of the hermit. For the life of a more male in an institution where cruel fate has made government of the fair sex by the fair sex and for the fair sex unquestionably supreme is indeed at times trying. Although a graceful coup d'etat to remedy the situation is quite impossible, still feeble resistance is maintained. But even ineffectual feeble resistance taxes the strength and nerves of the opposition and, after the smoke of a trying battle has cleared away, the tattered remnant is most thankful to crawl to any cave, no matter how dank or dark, if just for the peace it affords. Whether the designer of this pedagogical battle field planned the boiler room for just such a tragic situation as mine I do not know. But it affords a haven of refuge unparalleled in this frantic struggle against overwhelming odds.

This blessed sanctuary is seldom frequented by scouting parties of the fair sex since such a gloomy and foreboding atmosphere about the entrance, completely camouflages the cheery interior. This has proved a blessing for there and there alone is a definite masculine atmosphere of oil and smoke where new tactics are planned for the coming campaigns with the aid and sympathy of the genial engineer.

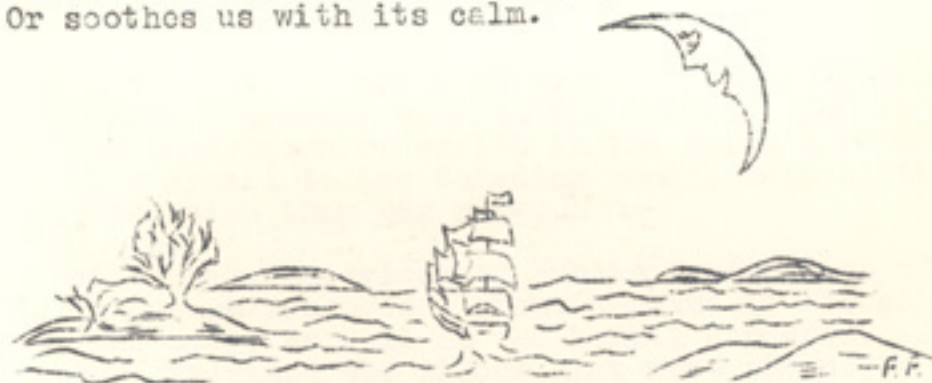
This lovely cave completely void of the feminine touch, with its walls bedecked with pictures of the chase, its chirping crickets and hum of man-controlled machinery, so significant if not perhaps a little ironical, is indeed not only a refuge but a sanctuary where one regains his strength and morale to carry on the ponderous task of winning an already lost battle.



## W A V E S

By Elsie Bruce

A white sail; a blowing cloud;  
The sound of waves lapping the shore,  
Like a tired kitten laps its milk;  
Or the angry surge of fury-laden swells  
Lashing the ever patient rocks;  
Courage-guided men, taut faces spray-covered,  
Looking out ahead, so certain of the victory;  
A quiet nook, among the rocks;  
Stillness, peace and calm;  
The sea, the vagrant, changeless overchanging  
    sea,  
Scorns our little show of might,  
Or soothes us with its calm.



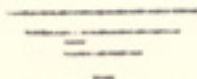
## M O O N L I G H T

By R. Whybourne

Shine, Shine, Golden Moon,  
Steal in softly to my room,  
Dancing shadows in the halls,  
Prancing fairies on the walls.

Shine, Shine, dark at night,  
Golden beams of cheering light,  
Comfort loved ones forced to be  
Fighting bravely o'er the sea.

Shine, Shine, drifting high,  
Glorify the darkened sky:  
From your setting east your gaze  
Gentle, soft, eternal rays.



## S C H O O L V I S I T O R S

By Evelyn Orlando and Vera Oslund

Amid our everyday routine we were glad to welcome many notable visitors to brighten our Normal School year.

Mr. C. A. Brown, Acting Registrar of the Department of Education, will long be remembered for his sense of humour and bright outlook on life. He pointed out the supreme task of the teacher in moulding the thought of our future citizens. The teacher was compared to a traveller journeying across a valley. Both must keep their eye on the distant goal. If this is kept in mind, it will uplift our spirits when we experience our first let-down in our schools next year.

In the early part of the year we were greatly honoured to have Dr. Helen MacMurchy come to the school. She impressed upon us the importance of health in the child's school life. She is a symbol to the Canadian women, representing the pinnacle to which they can rise.

Miss Ruth Home, Supervisor of Public Instruction of the Royal Ontario Museum rendered a great service to the school children of the city, as well as the Normal Students. For three days she explained the slides that were shown and the objects that she had with her. Among them were a Roman lamp, coins and a mummie's hand.

We will not forget the inspector of Normal Schools, Dr. H. E. Amoss. He did not fail to impress us with his great insight and understanding of children, that the teaching profession is an art worthy of mastery.

Everyone was delighted with the beautiful and educational slides that Mr. J. H. Humphrey showed us. We will not soon forget the lovely scenes of British Columbia, Nova Scotia and the Prairie Provinces. The students thus realized the great importance of visual aid in our educational system.

Throughout the year, we had various visitors who enlightened us in the importance of extra-curricular activities. Among these was Miss M. Bartlett, Supervisor of the Junior Red Cross of Ontario. She informed us of the great work of this organization at the present time. We were made acquainted with the Home and School Association by the Vice-President of the Federation, Mrs. Colin Campbell. Another society in which all teachers are immensely interested is the Ontario

Women's Teacher's Federation. Miss Helen Sheppard, Vice-President and a teacher in a North Bay School spoke to us about it.

The Gold Medalist of the Ottawa University was our guest one day. This young man, Mr. Bon Giorno, who came from Sicily as a boy, has worked for his education. He talked to us about various things among which was education.

A Public School Inspector, Mr. R. H. Macklem, came from Haileybury to tell us about Radio Farm Forum. After the programme we assembled in the Library to enjoy folk dances and community singing.

Our latest visitors were Mr. D. Fenwick and Mr. Hale who met with us for several minutes. Remembering Mr. Fenwick's words we will all strive to do more for music in future years. Then, too, there came Dr. Stothers, Inspector of Auxiliary Class work, who gave us some insight into some problems of handicapped children, and Mr. Rivers, a former Master and now Assistant to the Chief Inspector of Public Schools. Thus our experiences at Normal School were broadened beyond the routine of school work.

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# THE DAILY STRUGGLE

By Lavilla Brotherton

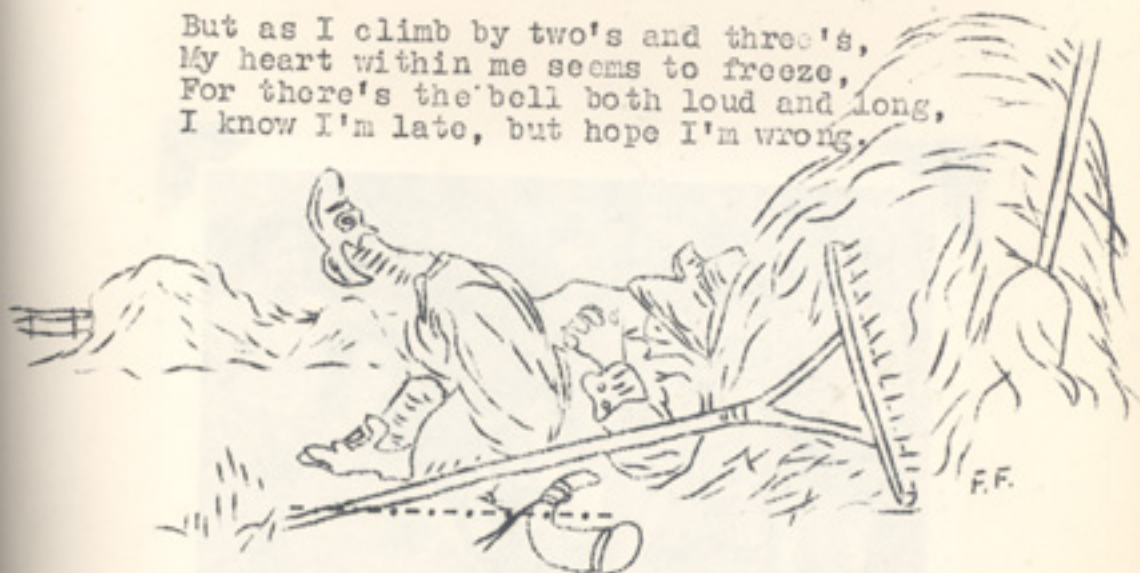
The sun is rising in the east,  
The morning hours are eight,  
But am I fain to lie in ease,  
And then perhaps be late?

The devil tempts me, this way, that,  
Says he, "You need the rest."  
My angel whispers soft and low,  
"Get up, you know it's best".

So on they struggle in fierce debate,  
As precious minutes tick away,  
Until I jump up from my bed,  
Most certain to be late??

"Two more blocks to go," I pant  
"Ah, here's the straight and narrow  
path,  
Now just two flights of squeaky stairs  
And gone will be my morning cares."

But as I climb by two's and three's,  
My heart within me seems to freeze,  
For there's the bell both loud and long,  
I know I'm late, but hope I'm wrong.



Each master has a small red book  
Our names there in a row  
And all the naughty things we did  
Into this book do go.

W. H.



# SPORTS

"All work and no play  
Makes teachers dull all day."

This seemed to be the Normalite's favourite motto for the year. Every student was most enthusiastic and professed an eager desire for sports of all varieties. What if we were burdened with work? Would not some time devoted to our favourite game provide us with relaxation and enjoyment? In order to have a very successful sports year an Athletic Society was chosen to guide our sports activities.

President	- Helen Forbes
Vice President	- Ethel Fodor
Secretary	- Frances Polcschuk
Treasurer	- Elsie Bruce

Our gratitude and appreciation for a successful programme of sports is extended to Mrs. Black and the members of the Athletic Society

## BADMINTON

By Lilian MacDougall

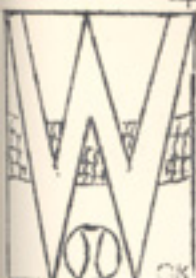


Badminton--the sport to exercise those weak muscles and to take pounds from that too-plump figure. Extra pounds just naturally melt away during a strenuous game of badminton. Have you tried such a remedy to dispense with your ailments? During this school year many of us did not take advantage of the facilities which we had to check our weight problems. Perhaps it is not too late yet. How about some fast exciting games of badminton, Normalites?

Even though birdies are rationed we can still manage to have games with those which we have now. So, unscrew your racquet from the press and slam those birdies to and fro!

VOLLEY   BALL   SERIES   FOR   1943-44

By Helen Forbes



hiz--the ball went soaring over the net. Would they return it? Yes! it came back with such force it caught us unprepared. That's Volley Ball for you--exciting and unpredictable.

Our Volley Ball Series of 1943-44 started off with great gusto. The captains were Pat Belt, Beth Mahor, Lilian MacDougall and Helen Forbes. Each team had nine players but it was great joy for the captain to see seven out for each practice. Even then some dared to come out in tight skirts and high-heeled shoes. It's remarkable what Normalites think they can get away with, high-heeled shoes--oh---! The games were interesting however. In fact a stranger entering the Normal School one Friday night asked me in bewilderment, "Where is the mass murder being held?" I laughed and led him down to the gymnasium. There he beheld a ???sight. Ten slightly clad Normalites were prancing and screaming about on either side of a high net, a common occurrence in the Normal School *gym*.

The winning team of the series was captained by Helen Forbes. Her team lead by three points.

Volley Ball has proved to a successful game for young people. Why don't you try it in your schools next year?

-----  
She stood there tense,  
Her eyes aglow,  
So proud, this Normalite  
The task was done,  
The day had come  
The chick had hatched all right.  
-----


Reading enables us to see with the keenest eyes,  
to hear with the finest ears and listen to the sweetest  
voices of all time.





## B A S K E T B A L L

By Beth Maher



on't forget basketball Saturday morning at ten o'clock." This didn't need much advertising because nearly everyone looked forward to this enjoyable and exercising period. An unusually good crowd turned out every Saturday considering the day, the time and the endless toils of a Normalite. From ten o'clock till eleven thirty the Collegiate gym was the scene of a noisy mob ruthlessly murdering a poor basketball.

During these Saturday mornings the three school teams waged a fierce battle for the school basketball shield. The captains were Lilian MacDougall, Helen Forbes and Evelyn Payetta. Helen Forbes' team took the shield by defeating Lilian MacDougall's team, in a very close game. Every minute of the fierce struggle was undoubtedly enjoyed by both players and spectators.

We also entered a very outstanding team in the City League. Our school team line-up was:

Forwards - Lilian MacDougall (Captain)  
- Barbara Haystead  
- Helen Forbes  
- Rosemary Gilbride  
- Pat Belt

Guards - Evelyn Orlando  
- Beth Maher  
- Edith Martindale  
- Wanda Hurd

The Normal "Sharpshooters" won every game of the year, by a good margin, and stood at the head of the league.

One thing I can't understand is how Mrs. Black is still surviving after it all. During every game someone managed to nearly scare her to death with a crash to the floor or a broken bone. We hope she recovers for next year and extend our sincere gratitude to her for making our sports year so enjoyable and such a success.

"V" for Victory

## BASKETBALL FROM THE SIDE LINES

By M. Feagan

N

o doubt various items have been contributed on this worthy subject. However, I wish to add my meagre views. Being an ardent school supporter, but knowing none of the vague intricacies of the game, I attend the series regularly.

At 7 p. m. the girls file into the gymnasium. Already the game is under way. At first, from the grand stand, I see nothing but blues and greens and tousled hair-do's. They are here, now there, and a ball flies about at a mad rate.

Suddenly, the crowd shrieks and cries, and being jabbed mercilessly from both sides, I too yell, but not from what I see. After a multitude of such ribbings, I discover the reason for these outbursts is that the ball has fallen through a bottomless basket. I learned, early, to control my excitement unless it be necessary, and this, to me, is certainly no time to burst a blood vessel.

After some minutes of this, the players (for such I have found they are) squat unobtrusively in two groups, in a huddle. Some lie down, others eat a minute piece of orange, and yet others sit with their heads hung low. This is the fascinating part, but I am not allowed to enjoy it long, for someone pulls at my sleeve, and I find myself with arms wound about several people and rah-rahing for all that is in me.

At the sound of a whistle, the running and jumping starts again, while the audience tries to drown each other out in the use of their vocal chords. Owing to the crowds, I get room for only one eye on the game, but stay with it.

After what seems hours, I am jostled with the rest outside (oh beautiful air) and finally hear that once more the Normalites have won.

-----  
H U M O U R ! !

At a recent luncheon held for Normalites:

Miss Preston: "Mr. Partridge, will you pass the nuts?"

Mr. Partridge: "I guess so, but they really don't deserve it."

S P O R T S W A N T A D S

- Wanted: A pair of navy blue bloomers. Must be opaque.  
Must be Navy  
B. Haystead
- Wanted: Spare nerves, voice, and ribs for "ye gallant  
coach" to keep her in one piece till the basket-  
ball season ends.  
Mrs. Black
- Wanted: A spare set of teeth in case of loss during a  
game.  
W. Hurd and R. Gilbride
- Wanted: A can of lubrication oil to limber elbow  
joints and to produce free knee action.  
E. Bruce and P. Williams
- Wanted: A new pair of legs--guaranteed against kinking  
and knotting.  
H. Forbes
- Wanted: Feet to support her "avoirdupois."  
P. Belt
- Wanted: Arms to co-ordinate with her legs for standard  
marching.  
G. Garside

-o- -o- -o- -o- -o-

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2. If you want a bath, be sure to light the coal  
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3. Silence in the realm after 3 a. m.
4. No more than six in a bed--Wartime Regulations
5. Mail once a month--no censorship
6. All visitors in closets prohibited
7. Join the Share-a-Bath Club. Help conserve  
cold water.
8. Board \$2.00 per square foot. Meals extra
9. No more than five pets to a room
10. Hang pictures with 6 inch spikes
11. Bedding changed regularly--once a term.
12. No blinds gratis

IN THE COURSE OF A DAY

Mr. Partridge: "When in doubt  
Leave it out"

Miss Morgan: "You don't do much work for me, anyway,  
do you? You really haven't done anything  
all year."

Mr. Deyell: "Pass out---these Directed Observation Sheets

Mr. Bamford: "It's a nice song but it's not the one in  
the book."

Miss Preston: "Save your chatter for another class."

Miss Mitchell: "Make your round letters really round  
and the tall ones tall."

Mr. Chambers: "This is good busy work."

Mrs. Black: "Now what is wrong with that demonstration?"

Mrs. Irwin: "See, it wasn't so hard after all."

- Anonymous.

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## A NORMALITE'S LAMENT

By Barbara Haystead

Payday! That certainly is a magical word to Normalites in dire need of some financial support. It is the day when directly after the morning's lectures, everyone rushes to her locker, grabs the coat and descends the flight of stairs with something less than grace and ease. They race outside with such impetuous speed that the onslaught of the January gale is greatly counteracted. The pigeons in the arch above cease their constant cooing to take note of this instantaneous and unexpected commotion. Never do Normalites arrive at home earlier than on that day of days--payday!

Norma Lyte, a promising young teacher hurriedly evacuates the contents from the envelope, and produces the cheque, gazing upon it with great ecstasy.

"Ah," sighs our little heroine, "rich again after all this time--and I saw the prettiest red dress---!"

Rich, did she say? Well, no time like the present to shatter that vision of security! Perhaps I should re-inform Norma of a few forgotten, incidental details.

"I see it is the eighteenth again--humm, sounds rather familiar, doesn't it?"

"Oh bother! Don't tell me our board money is due already --but maybe if I forget those sweet lemon cokes and a few shows in the future, I can still get that red dress. It has the prettiest red bows and---."

"I forgot to tell you we have to claim our repeater pads and other hectograph supplies immediately. It seems the delay has already been too long. Then, of course, our second instalment on our yearly budget is due this week. Incidentally, Marie asked me to inform you that she must collect the money for the religious books as soon as possible. You understand that there are also such minor things as cardboards, snapshots, school pins, stamps---."

"Hold it! Your interest and enthusiasm regarding my financial status is most disturbing. I might have known this would happen--everything happens to me! You know, I was wondering what was the purpose of the white trimmings on the side of the dress, and now I seem to see them shaping into wings and carrying off my dress!"

TWILIGHT WALK

Mary Kostuik

The moon has risen crystal clear,  
No ruby bars traverse the sky,  
The stars gleam through the icy blue,  
And Heaven is Nigh.

My footsteps echo as I walk,  
The road winds slowly by,  
Far off it too melts in the blue,  
And Heaven is Nigh.

Across my heart a hundred feet  
Go tramping, tramping to the tune  
My footsteps seem to ring.  
Is Heaven Yet Nigh?

In all this world of misery,  
From gazing at the sky,  
My heart in truth can loudly sing  
Heaven is Nigh.

-o- -o- -o- -o- -o-

WINTER WONDERLAND

O. Klapchuk

Softly, gently, tumbling  
Furxy, downy, light  
Spreading now o'er all the ground  
Flakes of virgin white.

A thick and fluffy blanket  
Lies on every limb  
Of majestic leafless trees  
Standing tall and slim.

Cool and so refreshing  
Snowflakes pure and clean  
Blanketing the rolling hills.  
A fairyland serene!!

## ALONG THE LAKE

By Nora Ramsay

Along the lake the skaters flit  
While on the shore a bonfire's lit,  
Blazing high with crackling sound,  
Entices all to gather round  
And on the banks to sit.

Around the fire with frozen mitt  
And ruddy cheek, they warm a bit  
But back to the glassy ice they bound,  
Along the lake.

Hark! the cruel wind comes to split  
The peaceful air with a mighty hit,  
It whistles through the vale profound  
And all the skaters, homeward bound,  
Look back once more on the low fire lit  
Along the lake.

---

---

## A TOKEN

By Betty M. Holmes

We picked some pretty violets,  
Dewy, long-stemmed and cool,  
Tenderly we wrapped them in moss  
And carried them to school.

The lady whom we picked them for  
Was shadowy in our thought,  
We only knew she loved these blossoms  
And so for them we sought.

Perhaps some day again I'll go  
To search for violets blue,  
And carry them once more with me  
Symbol of friendship true.



FROM A TRAIN WINDOW

By Shirley Forester

Grey waves crashing on the shore,  
Red rocks towering overhead,  
White clouds scudding 'cross the sky,  
Bent green pines with trunks of red,  
Sea-gulls wheeling, swooping near,  
Trail of smoke against the blue;  
Vivid, fleeting, flashes bright,  
Lake Superior's changing view,  
Glimpses caught as past we flow.

..

A SKY BIRD

By Joan Mireault

I saw a bird fly overhead  
Among the drifting clouds.  
Its wings outspread  
It dared to tread  
On heaven's very sod.

I watched--and as it made its way  
Across an azure sea,  
A million little sunbeams came  
To stroke it--tenderly.  
It hummed along an endless sky,  
A sky of quiet space;  
It dipped--it turned--it twisted by  
With languid, flowing grace.

... ..

How could we ever pretend to get along without our three faithful friends and helpers, Mrs. Gall, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Wharram? Mrs. Gall, as she cheerfully shines and polishes, sets an excellent example which should be followed by each of us in our future schoolrooms. Overshoes, rubbers etc. on the locker floors are her pet dislike, but even these do not daunt her. Mr. Wharram has succeeded, in spite of the coal shortage, in keeping the classrooms comfortable. Remember, also, his capable demonstration in soldering? Mr. Jackson, regularly at 5.30 every night, tells reluctant Normalites that it is time to leave the school. To these three we offer thanks for an example of an efficiently run school.

THE STUDENTS.

## THE SONG OF THE BROOK

By G. C. Garside

Oh where have you been little brooklet so merry  
And what have you seen as you passed on your way?  
What memories enchant you to sing so, bright water,  
While your clear, sparkling eddies are dancing  
in play?

I saw on my journey a small brown-eyed maiden  
With golden locks flying, go skipping along--  
And a shy-dark-haired boy on his raft in my  
waters  
Sat dreamily listening to her joyful song.

And what saw you more, little brooklet so sunny?  
Your bright, gleaming eyes could miss nothing, I  
know.

Midst buttercups lifting their heads to the heavens  
What saw you, I pray, where your soft ripples flow?

I saw, where the sweet daisies comb their white  
tresses

And the curious robin was listening above:  
And young couples stroll by my banks in the  
moontide

And whisper their own tender promise of love.

Ah, now, little brooklet, why flow you so gently?  
And why are you chanting so peaceful a lay?  
The violets their pretty young heads bow in  
reverence;

What else in your wanderings saw you to-day?

I saw, too, dear maiden, an old couple standing  
Upon my low banks at the set of the sun;  
Long had they toiled upon life's weary pathway  
And wrinkled had grown while their hearts were  
yet young.

-o- -o- -o- -o-

To the casual observer North Bay resembles any ordinary Northern Ontario town, but for the students of the Normal School, for whom a year's sojourn has endeared its attractive sights, it has its own unique beauties. The golden Cross over the magnificent edifice of the Cathedral against the February blue of the sky, the tumbling, foamy falls of the Duchesney, and the blue of Trout Lake are pictures that will ever remain. We will always remember the colourful autumn woods near Peronia and the gorgeous sunset colours on Lake Nipissing. These spell North Bay to us.

- Vilma Franceschini.

## THE NORMALITES AT FERONIA

By Nora Ramsay and Eda Battigelli

Giggling girls, an unhappy boy, (the Normalites on adventure bent) boarded the bus with cries of joy and to far-off Feronia went. Where was Feronia? No one cared; our spirits were raised too high. On roared the bus like a fledgling scared, our unknown joys were nigh. With a sudden jolt the bus stood still, we filed out one by one. A schoolhouse stood on top of a hill a-gleaming in the sun.

Hammers, shovels, rakes and hoes we wielded with much strain, but after tearing up sods in rows, oh, how our backs did pain. A tasty lunch then cheered our hearts, we went to work anew. We drove the horses and dumped the carts, the hours so swiftly flew. The bus appeared. We all rushed out, the tools flew left and right. Our work was done. Without a doubt we all slept well that night.

---

## O U R P L E A

By Frances Poleschuk

I'm but a humble Normalite,  
Who scratches with a pen;  
I toil and eat but never sleep,  
And only see two men.

I ride into a world of dreams,  
In every lecture long,  
But as I pass through slumber's gates  
Alas! I hear the gong.

Into my room I dig my way  
Through bristol board, and all  
The work I have, that fills my room  
And partly fills the hall.

I have no special longing;  
Except to pass the test,  
And get back to my own home town,  
Where I can get some rest.

----WHY WORRY??

By Eda Battigelli

If your lesson's not prepared,  
And teaching time is due--  
Just relax and take it easy,  
Your critic teacher pities you----  
----so why worry?

If exams start to-morrow,  
And troubles seem to mount--  
Sleep them off in comfort  
It's your attitude that counts----  
----so why worry?

If your letters are not perfect,  
Too round--not straight or tall--  
Shake your fingers and remember  
Miss Mitchell loves you all  
----so why worry?

If your note-book is too crowded,  
And loose sheets just a bother--  
Pack them by the trunkfuls  
And send them home to mother----  
----so why worry?

If Art is not your passion  
And you cannot weave or knit--  
If your reeds keep on breaking  
Cheer up!--you've done your bit----  
----so why worry?

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S E M P E R I D E M

By Patricia Belt

A giddy young girl as you may suppose  
Thinks of clothes and men, and men and clothes.

But when at Normal--a busy year,  
We expect a change--what have we here?

Our heroine works with all her might  
And many a worry and sleepless night

Her Primary Work is just begun,  
Her Posters for Health are far from done,

Her appreciations number two,  
She has her knitting still to do,

Before she knows it exams abound,  
And Science books cannot be found,

Her troubles mount from day to day  
And the hair on her head grows thin and grey,

But through it all her thoughts again  
Turn to men and clothes and clothes and men.

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## A TRIBUTE

By Flora Dunn and Sheila Gosson

To all our teachers now so dear  
Here are our thanks for this glad year.

Miss Morgan

You have been for us a model of charm and understanding from whom we received a genuine appreciation of our literature. This we are inspired to bestow upon others. May you in years to come transport yet many more teachers-to-be out of this dull land into the realm of make-believe.

Miss Mitchell

To you goes our heart-felt appreciation for your helping hand in ferreting out books and pictures that went a long way toward making our lessons successful. Your Health lectures will not go in vain as your students will think of them each time they look at their posters.

Mrs. Irwin

Though you could never make us all artists, from you we acquired an artist's soul. You gave us confidence to attempt many forms of art with some success. Your cheery nature and fairness in every way, we shall never forget.

Miss Preston

Though our fingers were clumsy and our stitches queer your smile never wavered. In some incredible way we learned to cook so not even the boys were poisoned. You are sending us out as crusaders for better nutrition in our school and in our country.

Mrs. Black

Patient; faithful; no words could better describe our coach. Always on time for Saturday morning games; always a smile when things went wrong during a lesson; always we have found you to be the best of sports.

Mr. Bamford

We enjoyed your jolliness for you laughed with us and at us but not during the fateful oral tests. Maybe our minor scale was not harmonious but you had to listen. You had our sympathy, believe me.

Mr. Chambers

Your hand is gentle to guide a fumbling writer or a would-be wood-worker. You taught us how to cope with a saw so as to cut wood not cross-cut or rip our fingers (but we did). To write as well as you has become our main ambition.

## A TRIBUTE

Mr. Deyell

Always calm always steady, you stood ready to aid us. Nothing was too much for you to do for us. May we try to help others as you have us. Rest assured your thoughtfulness has been appreciated.

Mr. Partridge

What can we say to you who are master of so many things? You have seen our view-points as we must see our pupils. May we keep pace with you in the new educational ideas. We must pay special tribute to your singing. Five dollars was a great underpayment. (Don't you agree?)

Miss McCubbin

You have endeared yourself to us through your friendly, unassuming manner. Willingly and with real efficiency you typed and mimeographed to save our weary fingers. We wish for you the quiet joy that you afford to others.

-----

### NATIONALITIES IN OUR SCHOOL--By Ethel Fodor

This year has shown how closely all nations are "bound in the bundle of life". We need look no farther than our Normal School, to see this.

Bound together in true friendship stand descendants from almost every great country of the world.

First, the Scottish, the English, and the Irish, descended from the inhabitants of those courageous, war-torn islands have found their place among us.

The many Ukranian names have brought to us a picture of that beautiful land of colour, music and romance.

Then too, are the Italians from a land of sunshine and relaxation. In ancient days, Italy was the world's greatest empire, and "from her throne of beauty ruled the world." Now she stands, among others, a country crushed and distressful, but one that will once again know happier days.

From another down-trodden country come the Greek descendants. Before the horrors of war, the tourist who loved beauty, whether it be the beauty of blue skies and bright sunshine or of noble architecture or sculpture turned with enthusiasm to that land of culture, Greece.

With us too, are the blond, thrifty Nardies from a land of snow while the quaint gypsy traditions and picturesque customs are upheld in our school by our Hungarian and Polish students.

Surely, the students of these various nationalities will go forth with their doctrine of comradeship to conquer hate and greed and racial prejudice.

## REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE

By Frances Kerr and Teresa Sullivan

November 11,--one sacred day set aside to honour the memory of those who gave their lives in the last war--was it not fitting that the students of the Normal School should pay tribute to them? Our pride and appreciation of those brave lads of yesterday was whetted anew through our own knowledge of blood, sweat and tears. Was there one among us who was free from the blight of this present war's terrors? Could we fathom the reverence that filled our hearts as the opening strains of the Last Post broke the two-minute silence?

Bedecked with poppies the auditorium provided a suitable setting for our service of commemoration. Teresa Sullivan during her opening address impressed on us the true meaning of Remembrance Day in 1943. Other members of the student body, through the medium of poetry, music and praise, expressed the thoughts of millions on this Armistice Day. The reading of the Honour Roll by Mr. Partridge concluded the impressive ceremony.

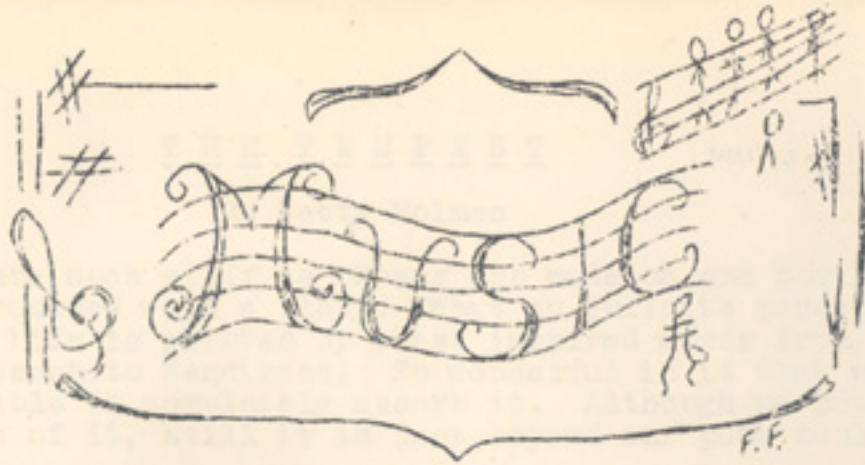
-----

It is a cause of mingled pride and sorrow that the names of so many graduates of North Bay Normal School are on our nation's roll of honour. It seems tragic that many young lives full of eager promise as teachers should be lost, but the words of Bryant seem to bring consolation:

I, with uncovered head,  
Salute the sacred dead  
Who died, and who return not,--  
Say not so.  
Courage hath paths that end  
not in the grave,  
No ban of endless night exiles  
the brave,--  
And to the saner mind  
We rather seem the dead  
who stayed behind.







By Zenovia Lubuk and Edith Martindale

With a doh're here, and a re me there,  
Here a fah, there a soh, everywhere a la te doh.

This was the melodic foundation for that dazzling event of the year--The Annual Musical Festival.

With a resounding force, the massed choir opened the programme with the National Anthems of both Great Britain and our good neighbour, The United States of America. The light, gay dances and the enchanting delicate strains of the English folk songs were symbols of our admiration for the heroic and stalwart British people. Great praise to the gallant British Navy was presented in the revue "Meet the Navy". The concluding numbers by the toy symphony left the audience breathless.

This huge success was made possible by our one and only Mr. Bamford. Under his guiding influence the Normal School will send out competent music teachers, who will, no doubt, inspire the youthful hearts of the rural pupils to appreciate and enjoy music.

To emphasize the importance of music in the Ontario schools, Mr. Fenwick honoured us with a few minutes of his precious time.

Our class-work, the festival, and the talk by Mr. Fenwick, all have given us a new awareness of the joy that music can bring to life. These form a beacon that will guide us through future years.

.....  
ACCORDING TO THE DICTIONARY  
.....

- Bruce: to batter or pound, as, I bruced myself with the spade.
- Duggan: to excavate, as, I duggan the garden at Feronia.
- Gosson: to occur or happen, as, what gosson here?
- Haystead: To rush or hurry, as, I haystead to Normal each morning.
- Wenda: to roam or stray, as, I wanda in the woods in spring.
- Sitch: of the same kind, as, I had sitch a good time at the

## T H E T E M P E S T

By Betty Holmes

We are such stuff as dreams are made on and our little life is rounded with a sleep. What an infinite perception of human life is painted by these inspired words from Prospero's speech to Ferdinand. So wonderful is it that we are not able to completely absorb it. Although we have a hazy idea of it, still it is just beyond our poor souls.

We are such stuff as dreams are made on. Our lives are as fragile and ephemeral as dreams. Like the spirits of a dream we are insubstantial and baseless. For a fleeting time we live, only to melt into air, thin air.

Life is like a dream in the midst of tranquil sleep. We sleep then wake awhile, only to sleep again. We are told a dream lasts only a few seconds. Still it can be so vivid and real, so all important as we dream it. But it is soon gone. Its spirits and scenes have vanished. Their fleeting life is over and once more they are shrouded in gauzy wings of sleep.

Even so for a few seconds from the limitless sleep of eternity we live and struggle. Yet to what avail? This little span of life seems to us so important at the time that we lose sight of its littleness. To us life is all and the boundless space of eternity is nothing. Yet how soon life is over and we have faded again into the mists --leaving not a rack behind.

We are like unto small bubbles in the vast sea of eternity. For a short time we float--buoyed up by waves of sleep. Then--the bubbles burst and are gone. The waves wash over us as if we had never been. Eternity has claimed us once more for her own. Our little life is rounded with a sleep.

---

I believe, in our Normal School, in all its aims, its standard set through the years;--in the friendliness and kindness which is shown by each and every Normalite which scatters flowers in the path, which brings out all that's best in all of us;--in the stimulus of responsibility, which makes us one in a common good, which makes us diligent to see and do;--in the co-operation which casts a selfless claim upon the inner self, which binds us one and all in unity, which is the spirit of democracy; --in the future of our Normal School that it will continue to faithfully serve our great and living North.

- Gladys Garside.

## VALEDICTORY

Patricia Bolt

The moment, so long awaited, when we will step across the threshold of our new careers is now approaching. How often in the past year, as we struggled with a refractory time-table for a rural school, have we seen ourselves in our own classrooms following the smoothly running and perfect time-table "posted in a conspicuous place therein". How many times, as we raked and planted, have we viewed with mind's eye the wondrous spectacle of our own future horticultural triumphs. How often, as we listened spellbound to a lesson taught by Critic or Master, have we pictured our classes enthralled with just such an endeavour.

But now, as the time comes when we will walk through the doors of the Normal School for the last time as students, daydreams recede and uncertainty and regret dominates. Pleasant memories of work and play together crowd upon us - the Hallowe'en Party, our Literary meetings, the happy leisure hours spent at Feronia, and catastrophes such as could only occur in the performance of the Irish Jig. The many sincere friendships we have made mean much to us and they will never be forgotten.

There has been this year a marked spirit of fellowship and co-operation between staff and students. They have given us their kindly aid in solving our many problems and have guided us toward a truer conception of the teaching profession. We cannot fully express to them our appreciation for their interest and generous help.

To the teachers of the practice schools we owe our thanks for their friendly advice and helpful appraisal of our efforts. We are grateful to the clergy who have given us inspiration for lives of service. We are also indebted to the people of North Bay who made our stay a pleasant one.

As we go out this year we have an even greater task to accomplish than had previous classes. We must play our part in building a better future by guiding the young minds entrusted to our care in the ideals for which our countries are fighting. May we go forward with a full and serious sense of our responsibility and, though the years ahead seem bewildering and uncertain, let us face them with courage, remembering the words quoted by our king in his Christmas Day address to the Empire - - 'And I said to the man who stood at the Gate of the Year, "Give me a light that I may tread safely into the Unknown." And he replied, "Put your hand into the hand of God. That will be to you better than light and safer than the known way".'



By Wanda Hurd

This has certainly been a woman's year, and no woman's year book would be complete without a Post Script. So here is our last minute P.S. as our book goes to press.

Wide-eyed and awe-struck the students watched Mr. Hazard with the aid of only paper and dull chalk (and talent) create imposing landscapes, harmonious sunsets and camouflaged perspective.

In the spring a Normalite's fancy likely turns to gardening. And we fifty are no exception! Each of us hailed the opportunity to forget the stodginess of school and to concentrate on the beautifying of Feronia, or delving with hoe and spade in our own school yard.

As charming in their personality as their perleo were Mr. and Mrs. Speirs, who shared with us their enthusiasm and knowledge of bird life. And we do mean enthusiasm! Imagine Normalites rising at six a.m. to peruse the lore of birds under the instructive guidance of those bird lovers.

Between trout fishing excursions and visits to the Normal School, we hope Dr. Amoss enjoyed his second visit to the nostalgic north as much as we benefited from it.

We were honourably discharged from the ranks of the W.A.M.S. for our "At Home". Willingly did everyone offer her services (and sugar) to make this one night of the year a breathless triumph. Streamers and decorations of red, white, and blue transformed the Library to a ballroom for one gay evening.

Whenever we hear the click of a typewriter, we shall remember the days in the Music Room when our manuscript took book form under the capable fingers of our compositor, Gordon Lamorio.

"Hey Gordon, here is our last sheet,----you hope!"

We have compiled our Year Book in the hope that it will always carry a memory of a delightful enterprise undertaken with the full co-operation of students and staff and carried through, we hope, not without success. The Year Book staff appreciates with gratitude the unstinting and kindly help given by the staff. In each member of the staff we have found a friend and helper. Perhaps we should mention Miss Morgan first under whose kind hand our Year Book has taken shape. Mrs. Irwin's help is evident in all the art work. Mr. Partridge patiently took pictures while Mr. Chambers in his usual way helped us with the covers. Mr. Deyell gave us his advice in practical matters.

We are fortunate to have had such an excellent typist. We feel that we are saying good-bye to a friend as Gordon Lamorie goes to join the Air Force.

Staff and students have learned to know each other better and have found that it is fun to work together.

#### ON ENTERPRISES

By Martha Jibb

Next year when we are teaching  
In a little rural school,  
To teach by enterprises  
Will be our "Golden Rule".

We work and play together  
To daily grow more wise;  
And so our life at Normal  
Is just an "enterprise".

- - - - -

Norma has a little book  
With sheets and notes and  
many things;  
And everywhere that Norma goes  
That hefty book she with her  
brings.

- - - - -

S T U D E N T S  
OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

1943-44

FORM I

1. Sister St. Anthony	St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Pembroke
2. Sister M. Raymond	St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Pembroke
3. Balanchuk, Mary	646 Prince Arthur Blvd. Ft. William
4. Battigelli, Eda	70 Third Ave., Schumacher
5. Belt, Patricia	200 N. Marks St., Fort William
6. Berlangette, Jane	233 Pim St., Sault Ste. Marie
7. Brotherton, Lavilla	112 Simpson St., Fort William
8. Bruce, Elsie	13 River St., Parry Sound
9. Christakos, Anastasia	344 Marion St., Sudbury
10. Duggan, Shirley	220 Cameron St., Fort William
11. Farr, Florence	25 Parry Sound Road, Parry Sound
12. Feagan, Marie	Little Rapids
13. Ferrigan, Vivian	64 Crawford Street, South Porcupine
14. Fodor, Ethel	77 Kennedy Avenue, Ferris
15. Forbes, Helen	Shepherd St., Kapuskasing
16. Forester, Shirley	723 South Marks St., Ft. William
17. Franceschini, Vilma	5A Snider St., Creighton Mine
18. Garside, Gladys	R.R. 1, Hilton Beach
19. Gilbride, Rosemary	506 Van Norman St., Port Arthur
20. Gosson, Sheila	Webbwood
21. Haystead, Barbara	86 Montgomery Ave., Timmins
22. Henry, Elinor	Bar River
23. Hillier, Frances	251 W. Brock St., Fort William
24. Hurd, Wanda	315 Second Ave., Cochrane
25. Jibb, Martha	R. R. No. 1, New Liskeard
26. Holmes, Betty	Gateway P. O., North Bay
27. Kolly, Maureen	160 Kingsmount Blvd., Sudbury
6(a)Dunn, Flora	Copper Cliff, Ontario

A U T O G R A P H S

S T U D E N T S  
OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

1943-1944

FORM II

28. Kerr, Frances	Nipissing Junction
29. Klapchuk, Olga	2 Aurora Ave., Kapuskasing
30. Kostuik, Mary	82 Russel St., Cobalt
31. Lalonde, Joyce	15 Columbus Ave., Timmins
32. Lubuk, Zenovia	314 Fifth St., Island #2, Ft. William
33. MacDougall, Lilian	96 Second St., Kirkland Lake
34. Maher, Beth	644 Second St. E., Fort Frances
35. Martindale, Edith	42 Jean St., Port Arthur
36. Meyer, Mary	1412 Ridgeway St., Fort William
37. Mireault, Joan	129 Leith St., Fort William
38. Morrish, Marjorie	281 First St. E., Fort Frances
39. Orlando, Evelyn	216 Goulais Ave., Sault Ste. Marie
40. Oslund, Vera	R. R. No. 1, Haileybury
41. Payetta, Evelyn	43 Machar Ave., Port Arthur
42. Pinder, Evelyn	Thessalon
43. Poleschuk, Frances	Vicher's Heights P.O., Ft. William
44. Ramsay, Nora	Cobalt
45. Sitch, Margaret	124 Madeline St., Port Arthur
46. Smith, Ruth	Parry Sound
47. Solomon, Gladys	Palace Theatre, Blind River
48. Spencer, Hazel	45 Pine St., New Liskeard
49. Sullivan, Teresa	146 Harvey Street, North Bay
50. VanEvery, Maude	Meldrum Bay
51. Williams, Margaret	600 Church St., Fort Frances
52. Whybourne, Raymond	92 Parsons Ave., Port Arthur
53. Wilson, Lloyd	31 Mary St., New Liskeard
31(a) Robles, Emerita	383 East Amelia St, Ft. William
54. Zimbalatte, Josephine	44 Front Street, North Bay

# AUTOGRAPHS



I do beseech you,  
Chiefly that I might set it in my  
prayers,--  
What is your name?

Shakespeare - The Tempest