



YEAR BOOK

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TO THE
PRINCIPAL AND STAFF
OF THE
NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL
In Whom We Have Found True
Counsellors and Friends
THE STUDENTS OF 1944-45
DEDICATE THIS BOOK



TO THE
PRINCIPAL AND STAFF
OF THE
NORTH BAY SCHOOL
IN WHOM WE HAVE FOUND
COURTESY AND FRIENDSHIP
THIS STUDENT OF 1944-45
DEDICATES THIS BOOK



V-E Day, long awaited — a day that will always stand out in the memories of this Normal School year — has come and gone. Millions of implements of death and destruction function no more in Europe. Victory in that battle for freedom has brought deep feelings of relief and gratitude to the hearts of many peoples. But another battle, a longer and more difficult one, confronts us, that of reorganizing a war-torn world into a community of peace-loving nations, determined to co-operate in finding the peaceful way of living. In this battle, still to be fought, teachers are destined to play a leading role.

Just as education was the instrument of enslavement of one nation, bringing to the whole world years of unthinkable horrors, so education, rightly directed, must be the instrument by which the new world order, based upon truly democratic principles, will be built — for a nation can become a true democracy only when its citizens have been trained as children in its schools to live the democratic way. To you, as teachers, is now given this responsibility. It will demand daily co-operation with your pupils in finding and solving problems of mutual interest, in setting up objectives toward which all will strive, and in practising the principle that with every freedom there goes a corresponding responsibility. In such a school there will be a minimum of rules and a maximum of effort to work for the common good.

From time to time you will take stock of your accomplishments. You will try to judge how successfully you have cultivated in your pupils those habits, ideals, and interests which will make of them the best citizens of which they are capable. May you at such times have the permanent satisfaction that will come from knowing that faithfulness to your task has helped in some measure to make this a better world.



STAFF OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

Mr. J. A. Partridge, M.A., B. Paed. Principal
 Science and Agriculture, Social Studies,
 Physical Training, Spelling

Miss Grace Morgan, B.A., B. Paed. Master
 Speech, Reading and Literature;
 Composition and Grammar; Primary Reading;
 Social Studies

Mr. J. D. Deyell, B.A., B. Paed. Master
 Science of Education, School Management,
 Mathematics, Religious Education

Miss Elizabeth Mitchell, B.A., Mus. Bac., L. Mus. Librarian
 Health, Library Science, Print Writing

Mr. J. E. Chambers Instructor
 Manual Training, Writing

Miss Elsie Preston Instructor
 Home Economics

Mrs. Jennie Irwin, B.A., B. Paed. Instructor
 Art

Mr. H. L. Bamford Instructor
 Music

Miss Kate McCubbin Secretary

THE LAW PEDAGOGIC

The teacher was all in a dither
Developing number-form six
With coppers and cubes for counters
With dominoes, nuts and sticks.
Said Billy, the Superindifferent,
"They're just like my coat buttons here."
Said the teacher, "You're right! Let's call it
The coat-button number, dear."
And this is the law pedagogic,
The root of leafage and limb,
The teacher learns of the pupil
As the pupil learns of him.

Harry Amoss

The Editor and Staff of the North Bay Normal
School Year Book thank Dr. Amoss, Director of
Professional Training for Ontario, for his
contribution, and express the wish that the
last two lines may be prophetic of our careers.

M. McK.

Miss A. Bell	King George School
Miss A. Hansford	" " "
Miss G. Morgan	" " "
Mr. R. McKee	Dr. J. B. Carruthers' School
Miss E. St. John	King Edward School
Miss H. Shoppard	" " "
Miss E. Stevens	" " "
Miss J. Wilson	Dr. J. B. MacDougall School

AFFILIATED RURAL SCHOOLS

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin	No. 2B Phelps
Miss L. Fisko	No. 1A Forris
Miss L. Hale	No. 3 Hainsworth N. & Forris
Miss F. Kerr	No. 1A Widdifield
Miss E. Shortland	No. 5 Widdifield
Miss M. Gigg	No. 7 Widdifield

PRACTICE TEACHERS

From our first meeting with these friends, we have received expert guidance and encouragement. We owe to them our deepest gratitude for all the patience, kindness and understanding they have shown us, during this past year. As we take our places among the Teachers of to-morrow, we will take with us gleanings gained through their instructions and their untiring efforts on our behalf. To each and everyone, we extend our sincerest thanks.

RELIGIOUS GUIDANCE INSTRUCTORS

Roman Catholic Church	Rev. R. Carroll
United Church	Rev. M. N. Omond
Church of England	Rev. W. W. Jarvis
Baptist Church	Rev. H. Stibbards
Lutheran Church	Rev. N. C. Kritsch

Along our journey of a mile, we found a haven of peace each Monday morning. Under the capable guidance of pastors of our own denomination, we gathered to spend one half hour with the Master Teacher.

These periods of guidance have enabled us to build better characters, and have increased our fitness for the tasks which lie ahead.

To these faithful instructors we extend

January 30, 1882 - April 12, 1945

Elected

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1932 - 1936 - 1940 - 1944

The Canadian people join with all lovers of freedom in mourning for the loss of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a great and good neighbour and a true friend to Canada.

His noble career spanned turbulent years of peace when he lifted a nation out of a depression, and grave years of war when he played a large part in charting Allied Victory. He gained the adulation of millions and was entrusted with an honour of rare distinction - fourth term as President of the United States. It is indeed tragic that he passed away on the eve of his greatest victory.

In so many ways Roosevelt's career parallels the career of another great American - Lincoln. One was born poor and unknown, the other to wealth and position. Both became leaders of the United States at critical times, both guided their nation through long years of war. They were loved by many, hated by others. Both shouldered grave responsibilities and grew in strength and stature through bearing them. Both died before their work was completed and in the service of their country.

We can best honour the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a greatly beloved humanitarian, by applying and dedicating ourselves more and more earnestly to the great ideals of world brotherhood for which he stood and for which he worked sincerely and untiringly.

G. Kuikka



V E Day

At last! This was the hour! The hour of Victory in Europe! To many - the hour of jubilation; to others - the darkest hour of all. Victory is the great accounting, and amidst our proud thanksgiving, it would be a kindness to remember the losers - those who lost husband or son, sweetheart or daughter. We remember in proud sorrow those who paid the supreme sacrifice so that we may look to the future, confident, hopeful and above all, free.

A world set free was celebrating. Crowds thronged the avenues, flags appeared as if by magic, horns tooted, whistles blew, bells rang! Bands and parades added to the world-wide rejoicing. Bursting fireworks flared brilliantly overhead for the first time in five wearisome years.

May he who maketh wars to cease
Give wisdom now to win the peace,
Lest we should not repay
The youths who, counting not the cost,
Confronted the aggressor host,
And came not back. Shall all be lost
For which they marched away?

Mildred Retty
Wilda McKenzie
Lillian Shoremeta

Year Book Executive
J.Tindle, I.Sims, Sister M.Catherine (Editor),
M.Gray, M.MacKinnon.



EDITORIAL

To-day, when the world is rejoicing in a new-found peace, - when the earth is budding forth in Spring verdure, we are bringing to a close our Normal School year.

We, of the Year Book staff, present to you, our fellow-students and associates, this small volume which holds within its covers all the memories of this, our year together.

We wish first to thank each and every member of the Normal School staff for their untiring efforts and for the zeal with which they worked to make this book a success.

To all students we extend our thanks for their generous assistance and co-operation at all times, and we trust they will derive as much pleasure from the reading of each contribution as we have from the arranging of them.

And now, as we must part to travel different pathways along the Road of Life, may we leave with you one thought,

"Go out into the darkness and put



First Impressions.

The proud Union Jack waved gracefully in the September breeze. Nearby, high and majestic, rose that great strange building that was soon to be our own dear Normal School. Was it this strangeness that made our young hearts beat faster as we turned our steps up the cement walk? Perhaps it was the eagerness to have these brick walls enfold us, and the spirit of past years whisper to us of the young men and women of yesterday who had crossed this same threshold.

We hesitated before going in. Was it in fear? Finally we mustered our courage and opened the door. Historians and quaint old gentlemen gazed down from their places on the walls of the corridors. A little white fountain, the symbol of youth, gurgled to them. The staircase, worn by many footsteps, seemed to beckon, so up, up, up, we toiled. Voices floated out and down as we neared the auditorium. Suddenly we realized that these were the voices of Northern Ontario. Here we had assembled - a miniature League of Nations. Our efforts, our accomplishments and our experiences would combine and remain. Together, we would pave the way for others to follow. Together, we would travel as Companions for One Mile.

Our interested gaze travelled toward the stage where the Masters were appearing one by one. As each spoke, it seemed that all the hundreds of others, who had sat in our places during preceding years, were listening with us. When all was over and the doors had opened, a merry group skipped out. But some of the magic of the building still haunted us.

To-day, we no longer feel strange as we cross this threshold and wander in and out of classrooms. To-day, we are Normalites all striving for one goal, and this is our own dear Normal School, with its millions of voices and memories that will live with us always.

Alma Conrad.



FORM I

Back Row: G.Brown, E.Fear, A.Conrad, D.Laidler,
A.Franklin, A.Bruder, D.Brown, M.Gray.

Middle Row: M.Markovich, L.Flavelle, L.Marston,
F.Campbell, M.Boast, J.Adamsen,
B.Brazzoni, J.Courchesne.

Front Row: Sr.M.Francis, G.Kuikka, S.Derry,
L.Kangas, E.Korhonen, L.Johnson, M.MacKinnon,
J.MacBeth, Sr.M.Catherine.

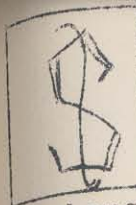


FORM II

Back Row: J.Kingerski, F.Scappatura, M.Retty
F.Mitchell, S.Smith, M.Saya, F.Pondrick,
J.Servais, C.Thorn, L.Oshiro.

Middle Row: M.Sloss, W.McKenzie, J.Tindle,
D.McDougall, M.White, L.Shoremota, I.Sims,
M.Mayes, N.Tait.

Front Row: M.Martin, J.Monteith, A.Romualdi,
I.Morla, L.Shaughnessy, V.Warren,
T.Piorini, J.Wiles.



unday! To most this day is a day of rest and quiet, but to a few enthusiastic human beings, it is a day of long hikes and walks. Many, perhaps, look upon hikes and walks as something tedious and very hard on the feet - but they are wrong.

Sunday! The first Sunday of our eight months sojourn in North Bay. It was a beautiful September day when the sun shone in all its fiery glory and birds sang their refrains, that a group of young scholars gathered at the portals of our Alma Mater. Everyone was full of life and vigour, and anxious to start on the afternoon stroll towards Trout Lake.

As usual, everyone before starting, bobbed around, inquisitively squinting at bits of paper pinned on our lapels. These slips, large or small, conveyed the same ideas - names, addresses and even telephone numbers.

Luckily for us, Mr. Partridge's camera was still in good condition after the gruelling ordeal. This was preceded, quite naturally, by a flashing of mirrors and combs. Put away your tools, you are all ----- beautiful?

Mid-afternoon was upon us by the time we were on our way. Down the street, through the tunnel, and on towards our goal. We soon arrived at the home of our popular secretary, set in a lovely garden. Here, we enjoyed a glass of cool, ginger ale and cookies - "Yum-yum."

"Tramp, tramp, tramp", all the way down the highway. Some hurrying ahead, others lagging behind in a leisurely way, engrossed in idle conversation.

"Oh, is this the famous Trout Lake we heard so much about?"

"Did someone say it was only three miles?"

This was the typical conversation passing from one to the other, as soon as the lake came into view. A glimpse of the deep blue colour and serene water - then back to the City clothed in its mantle of Twilight - purple velvet and gray chiffon.

Stephenie Derry.



undoubtedly To meet this day is a day of rest and
 quiet, but as a few enthusiastic friends believe
 it is a day of high hopes and wishes. Many
 perhaps look upon this day as something more
 and very hard on the face - but they are wrong.

Sunday. The first Sunday of our life
 occurs in March. It was a beautiful day
 when the sun shone in all its glory and
 the birds sang their sweetest songs. The
 children gathered at the house of our
 friends and were full of life and joy, and
 many of the children were very happy.

The children were very happy and
 enjoyed the day. They were full of
 life and joy, and many of the children
 were very happy. The children were
 very happy and enjoyed the day.

Monday. The second day of our life
 occurs in March. It was a beautiful day
 when the sun shone in all its glory and
 the birds sang their sweetest songs. The
 children gathered at the house of our
 friends and were full of life and joy, and
 many of the children were very happy.

Tuesday. The third day of our life
 occurs in March. It was a beautiful day
 when the sun shone in all its glory and
 the birds sang their sweetest songs. The
 children gathered at the house of our
 friends and were full of life and joy, and
 many of the children were very happy.

Wednesday. The fourth day of our life
 occurs in March. It was a beautiful day
 when the sun shone in all its glory and
 the birds sang their sweetest songs. The
 children gathered at the house of our
 friends and were full of life and joy, and
 many of the children were very happy.

Thursday. The fifth day of our life
 occurs in March. It was a beautiful day
 when the sun shone in all its glory and
 the birds sang their sweetest songs. The
 children gathered at the house of our
 friends and were full of life and joy, and
 many of the children were very happy.



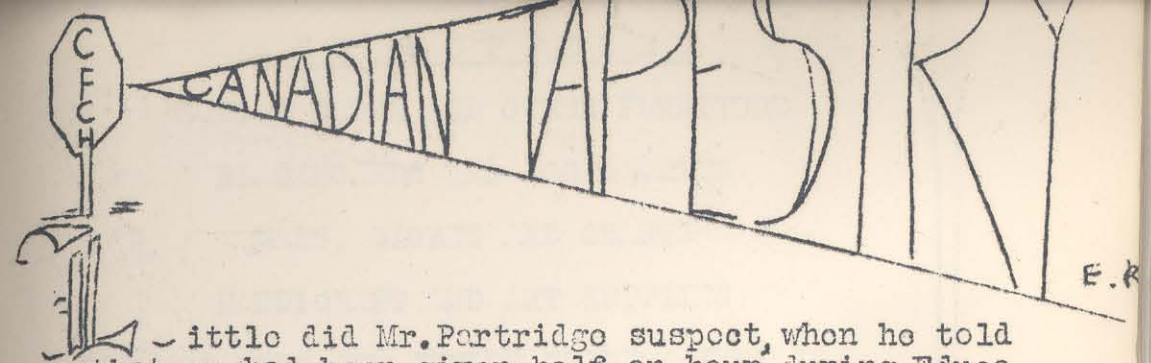
Pageant Group

Back Row: M. MacKinnon, J. MacBoth, V. Warren,
Sister M. Catherine, G. Brown, L. Kangas, J. Tindlo.
Front Row: A. Brudor, S. Derry, M. Markovich,
J. Kingerski, I. Morla.



Choir

Back Row: J. Courchesne, L. Shaughnessy, D. Brown,
M. Savage, A. Derry, S. Derry, I. Morla.



Little did Mr. Partridge suspect, when he told us that we had been given half an hour during Education Week for a Broadcast, that before we were through, five buildings in North Bay would echo the same words. In fact, the scripts are still kept under lock and key, and, who knows, there may be more performances to come.

We are indebted to Sister Catherine who came forth with the suggestion that we portray our Normal School as a venerable teacher, into whose welcome arms came representatives of all Nations, for one short year. From then on it was everybody's idea, and soon we were meeting in the music room for a few rehearsals: just three or four a day, you understand. At one rehearsal somebody would be absent which threw out the timing, and at the next one, Mr. Deyell's watch would stop or something equally entertaining would happen. At last, however, Friday came and we all appeared open-eyed with wonder at CFCH for our rehearsal. The first part of it was fine. As for the latter part, I really would not know as Mary Markovich and I stole into the next room to hear the Breakfast Club (No reflections on your address, Mr. Partridge) - Don McNeil has a fatal fascination for us.

Saturday morning saw us all up as energetically as ever. Well, anyway, Saturday morning saw us up, and although it seems rather foolish now, it was with quivering knees that we stood gathered around the microphone patiently awaiting the ten o'clock hour. Everything went off, letter perfect, thanks to Mr. Deyell's perfect timing and Mr. Bamford's organization of the choir. It was over at last.

Comments were so favourable that before we knew it we had repeated our performance four times. When anyone mentions the radio broadcast now, we groan, as we all know it off by heart, but we have had a lot of fun out of it, and devoured more than our share of chocolate cake after each performance.

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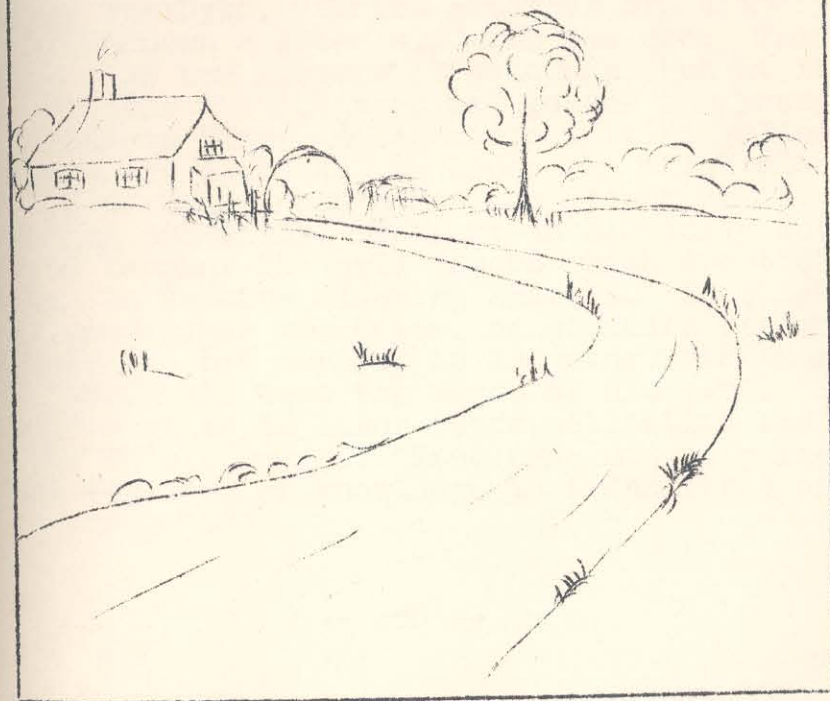
FORM II

We are the Wayfarers of Form II, alike in many ways, yet different in some, - alike in the goal we are seeking, alike in our neighbourliness; different in our personalities, different in our races and religions yet co-operation is our pass-word. We have shared our problems, our disappointments and our many hours of happiness. We have contributed to all the activities of the school during the year, and are worthily represented on the committees which make up our Students' Council.

Soon our journey together will end and we go our separate ways. The memories of our journey for a mile have left a deep imprint because they are fond and happy ones.

Armandina Romualdi
Joyce Monteith

Vistas - Along the Way -



For full particulars
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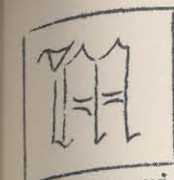
NOTE II

We are the writers of Note II, alike in many ways,
different in some - alike in the goal we are seeking.
In our neighbourhood; different in our personal-
different in our race and religious yet co-operation
our past-words. We have shared our problems, our dis-
appointments and our many hours of happiness. We have
distributed to all the activities of the school during
the year, and are warmly represented on the committee
which make up our Students' Council.

Soon our journey together will end and we go our
separate ways. The memories of our journey for a mile
will be kept faint because they are fond and happy.

Arminia Komfeldt
Joyce Komfeldt

Sister M. Francis.



much I pondered and long upon my theme for the Year Book, but alas! the muse would not come at my call. Desperation gripped me. Could nothing give me the needed inspiration? Then the thought struck me - since we are all travellers along the same road, with the same ideals and goal, would not a word from an old and experienced leader give us some pleasant encouragement?

I reached for my scrap-book and from it drew this beautiful thought. It is from the writings of Henry Van Dyke.

"I sing the praise of the unknown teacher," says Henry Van Dyke. "Great generals win campaigns but it is the unknown soldier who wins the war. Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the unknown teacher who delivers and guides the young. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness, and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning, and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward. Knowledge may be gained from books but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact."

-- ooo --

THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE

As along life's road we wend our way,
And each to-morrow becomes to-day,
The Normal School breathes more of 'home'.
Dark red brick walls and a big grey dome,
Windows like eyes into whose veiled depths
Memory at our bidding steps:
In those halls with past scenes entwined,
Will some memory of us be left behind?

The words of "My Secret" rang merrily through the bus as a group of happy Normalites rode along a country road towards the Rural School Fair. We arrived in the early afternoon, just as the parades began. The pupils were arranged in order of their school numbers, and as their turn came, each school came forward to give their own song and school yell. The final words of one of these yells greeted us as we came on the scene -- "In Widdifield, rah, rah, rah!"

As student teachers, we gazed with eager interest at the lively, expectant faces of so many children working together on such an enterprise. Perhaps even more, did we regard the calm efficiency and friendliness of the teachers. Could we measure up to such examples?

After the parades, we Normalites spent a pleasant three-quarters of an hour talking to teachers, and in general enjoying everyone's interest in their fair.

The greatest surprise was kept until later, when the school was opened for inspection. Here was displayed exhibits of the work of all children from rural schools. It was worth while seeing, and we certainly enjoyed the display.

The gala event soon came to an end, much to our sorrow and with the return of our bus, we climbed in, tired but happy as we tucked away the experience gleaned from this delightful afternoon.

Catherine Thorn.

A Highlight

One of the heights along the road which gave us further vision, was the address of Mr. Solon Low, a representative of Alberta, that land of legislation for social experiments. Mr. Low was speaker at the meeting of the Canadian Club, held in the Empire Hotel on January 22.

The Club president extended the invitation to us. Mr. Low outlined the various aspects of democracy and stressed its importance in the future.

From this, we caught a glimpse of the importance and place of the Teacher outside the classroom.



he first week of continuous teaching --
the last week in November -- a week over-
remembered by the Normalites of 1944-45.

Until this time, for most of the students, the road
had been straight and smooth. Now, a huge hill loomed
in sight. To climb it was a strange and exciting
adventure. Would we succeed in reaching the top?

Had you visited the Normal School previous
to this all-important week, you would have seen every-
one bubbling over with excitement, some busily search-
ing for books and equipment, others seeking teachers'
advice. All were eager to make this week a success.
And they did.

Let it not be thought that the task was
undertaken lightly. Everyone realized that there was
a greater responsibility involved and many more lessons
to be taught. It seemed impossible. But, despite the
difficulties, the job was done and done well. When the
week was over, the general opinion was that it was all
too short.

The hill had been climbed. This first
continuous week of teaching was as a glimpse into
future years. Now, for the first time the Normalites
realized the "meaning of Teaching."

--- oooo ---

BEDTIME

In the hush of evening,
Along the river's edge,
The silvery, graceful birches
Nod each sleepy head.

Rising high in the Heavens
Brilliantly shone the moon,
The birds, in their treetop nests,
Chirp a drowsy tune.

Soon through the sky's dark curtain,
Wee stars begin to peep,
The Sandman has finished his journey,
And all Nature is asleep.

Alice Franklin



he first week of continuous teaching -- the last week in November -- a week over-remembered by the Normalites of 1944-45. Until this time, for most of the students, the road had been straight and smooth. Now, a huge hill loomed in sight. To climb it was a strange and exciting adventure. Would we succeed in reaching the top?

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Instruction in the Pass Course for Teachers, leading to the B.A. degree, is given in Teachers' Classes in the evenings and in the Summer Session. Two-year Diploma courses in Occupational Therapy and Physiotherapy are offered to young women with Grade XIII standing. Instruction in the Certificate Course in Business is given in the evenings. Evening Classes are conducted in a great variety of subjects and there are short courses in Accident Prevention, Traffic, Marketing, Merchandising, Town-Planning and other topics. Correspondence Courses are operated for the Certified Public Accountants' Association, the Canadian Credit Institute, the Canadian Life Underwriters Association, the Chartered Institute of Secretaries, the International Accountants and Executives Corporation, and the Society of Cost Accountants. Lectures by members of the staff of the University are arranged for clubs and societies anywhere in Ontario. Correspondence courses are provided, in co-operation with Canadian Legion Educational Services, for men and women in His Majesty's Forces and rehabilitation courses are now available. Pamphlets descriptive of various university courses are sent free, on request. There are correspondence courses in Grade XIII subjects for teachers. For details of these and other extension services write the DIRECTOR, UNIVERSITY EXTENSION, SIMCOE HALL, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.



Swiftly the time draws near,
When winter, season drear,
Departs, and Spring is here
In gayest hue.
O, bless the Lord and praise
Creation, and the days
Of Spring that speak His ways
And thoughts so true.

Sweet is the thought of Spring,
When waters start to sing,
And birds to nest do cling,
And cattle graze.
O, let this earth address
Our God of loveliness,

Gaily and blithely tripping along a delightfully smooth part of this vast road, we Wayfarers are suddenly aware of the large, unmistakeable road sign "ENTERPRISE TEACHING."

It points along a by-path, but where does it lead? What does it mean? We are able to see the first part which looks rough and bumpy. What grade will we choose? What subject? What would the pupils like to do? What would we like to do? When we have chosen the topic, what are its possibilities?

A smooth but difficult section of road is traversed next with deep discussion and planning on the part of the students. Having come this far, we face the uphill stretch of road towards the culmination of our enterprise. It is a long, slow grind upward. Little did we realize the vast scope of our topics and the amount of research required to pursue them to a successful end. How could so many and diverse problems possibly present themselves in one topic?

Nevertheless, we heavily plodded onward, upward, to that last busy strenuous work period in preparation for the final culmination by which our whole two week's efforts were to be judged.

Tired, worried and perhaps somewhat excited, we arrived at the end. Had our fortnight's journey along this rough and hilly path been worth while? Indeed it had. We were well satisfied with the results, and realized that we had gained a keener insight into the broader fields of education. No more would we look on enterprise work as a subject of fear, but as a worth-while friend on whom we would often call, in our years of teaching.

Joan Adamson.

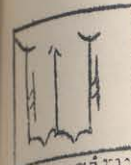
FARM FORUM

How can we make rural schools more effective? The answer to this query was given in the Farm Forum discussions on the radio. The teachers-to-be listened with interest to suggestions for improved school buildings, an enriched curriculum and more highly trained teachers. In the group discussions following the broadcast we aired our own views and carried away ideals for improved education.

Leonora Marston.



MUSIC - Oh!



Oh, I used to sing at weiner roasts, I sing at Church, when everyone else is singing, you understand. Then I came to Normal School. First it was just doh, re, mi, straight up to doh again. That was simple. Then we learned "My Secret." I was still a hopeful person. The next day, however, the first blow fell. We had to sing doh, re, me, re, mi, fah, mi, fah, soh. By the time the second soh came, I was tongue-tied, breathless and my brain was fatigued. It was well-nigh impossible to think in terms of such silly monosyllables, but, on top of that, each one demanded a different sound, or should I say a particular sound? Mine were apparently not the latter. Anyway I am not a monotone. Sometimes I fervently wished I were.

Sight-singing? It, like a lot of other things, sounds easy. My eyes are in good condition. My larynx sings satisfactorily when everyone else is singing something I know. However, to interpret those little black things on all their various lines and spaces and to get your vocal chords in the required position at the same time as the rest of the class -- that is a different proposition. Then when those little notes have tails, you also have to figure out how fast to sing them. By the time I had all that accomplished, I breathed a sigh of relief and proceeded to sound my vocal chords only to find that the songs had ended. Perhaps, I pondered, a different approach was necessary in my case. Flash Chords? The very thing! But they failed, as did everything else.

Alas, I come to music, a bitterly disillusioned person. But I love Music.

Marie Louise Boast.

Zzzzz Zzzzz, arms swinging vigorously, forward and backward, we proceeded with our first attempts at sawing lumber. Our finished product was to be a weaving frame, but what it would really resemble when we got through with it, no one could tell.

For some, sawing was quite an easy task, but for a few others, like myself, it seemed laborious and rather futile. Once or twice, the saw would stick in the lumber and no amount of manipulation could get it out.

There we were, sweating away and knowing not which way to turn. Then some quite kind soul would notice the beads of perspiration on our brow, and quickly come to our rescue.

Zzzz....Zzzz, one or two more hefty swings and lo and behold! there stood the sawed piece of lumber. A few minutes to survey the results, then all hands became busy again. Now for the next step!

The measuring and planing that followed was again a comparatively easy task for those proficient carpenters, but with the rest of us, it was quite a different story.

"Oops, there I go, planing one side more than the other," someone would groan. So it was back to planing the other side in order that the surface might be level. Over and over, the same blunder would occur, until we began to wonder if we would have any lumber left.

However, with the kind encouragement and assistance of Mr. Chambers, that man-of-all-trades, we were able to eventually survey our finished piece of work, and how proud we were of it. Our first attempts had brought rather satisfying results, much better than we expected, and there was enkindled in each student a spark of love for carpentry work and manual training in general.

This period, Form I would not change for the world. In it we find freedom of expression, and the joy of creation. One and all of the students enjoy it immensely.

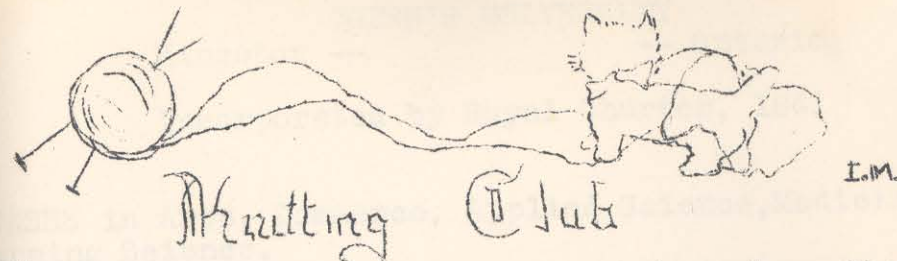
Bruna Brazzoni.

At Normal School, the world's awry,
I am to say boys bake a pie.



Knitting Club

Back Row: M. Boast, S. Smith, G. Brown, M. Martin,
Front Row: L. Marston, J. Courchesne, S. Derry,
J. Adamson, E. Korhonen.



As night lowers her starry curtain, and another day is drawing to a close, we climb the long hill to a haven of rest. The welcoming light gleams from a cottage window, and we hurry onwards to our destination.

7.45 - A knock at the door and in troops the knitting group -- fifteen minutes late, but all eager to make up for lost time. In no time we hear the click of needles mingled with ceaseless chatter of eleven tongues. Socks, mitts and caps quickly take shape under these nimble fingers.

Time, space and tact prevent us from recording the conversations, but, judging from the hilarity, it would seem that these evenings are anything but dull.

For those who are interested (and who isn't?) the climax comes about nine-thirty when the knitters take time off for refreshments.

The girls look forward to these evenings and we know that the marines will appreciate their work, as they in turn appreciate the kindness of their hostesses.

At the five meetings held so far and in spare (?) time the members have had twelve caps, seven pairs of mitts and four pairs of socks completed.

M. Martin
S. Smith.

We Learn to Cook

"What do we cook to-day?" is the forty-two dollar question as we hurry up three flights of stairs. At the top we catch our breath and enter Miss Preston's domain. Gracious, immaculate in spotless white, she has every thing in readiness for twenty-seven amateur cooks. Singing kettles lend a

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

SCHOOL - July 2 to August 16, 1945

Arts - six weeks' instruction in selected courses of the Arts curriculum, supplementing correspondence work and satisfying residence requirements in whole or part

Fine Arts - six weeks' instruction in Art, Drama (including Radio Technique) and Music

English for French-Speaking Students - five weeks' course.

EXTRAMURAL WORK in Arts and Commerce up to 4 courses yearly; registration April 10 and September 10. By proper choice of subjects a pass degree in Arts or three years of an Honour Course may be taken through extramural and summer school study.

The following books will be sent on request: Queen's in Pictures; Scholarship Pamphlet; Calendar of any faculty desired, or of the Summer School, or the School of Fine Arts.

Astronomers

On Friday, March 23, a group of excited Normalites hurried to the lawn of Mr. Speirs in answer to an unexpected invitation to observe the moon through a telescope. Since this was a new experience for most present, many exclamations of sheer joy were uttered as each took her peep. What a surprise we received when we first detected Venus! About to set, she was arrayed in full splendour, with glistening robes of purple. As the telescope was turned, our next stop was Jupiter with her three revolving moons.

No less worthy of mention was Saturn whose interesting feature was her doughnut-like shape. Probably what held our gaze longest was the moon. How plainly we could see the numerous craters on its surface. Mr. Partridge who was present with a pair of binoculars, aided many of us in finding the various planets and constellations.

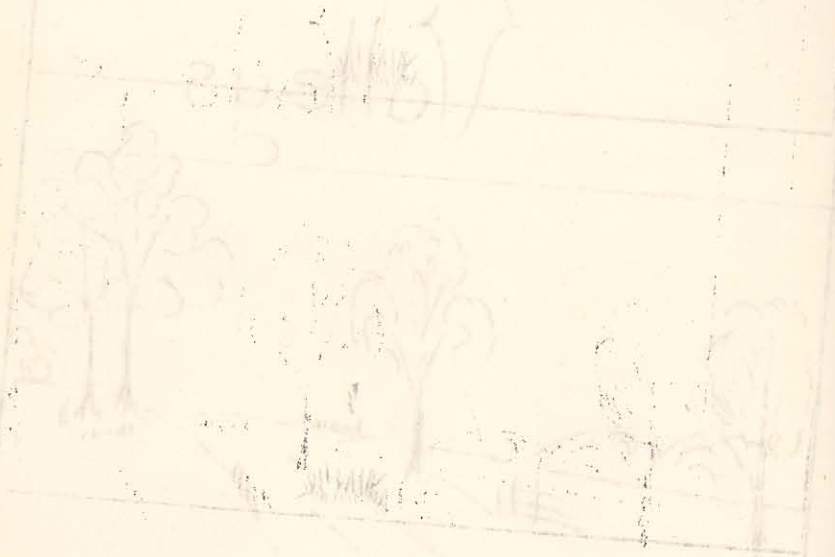
About nine o'clock, the Normalites drifted away deeply engrossed in the night's observations.

Dorine McDougall

Hills And Valleys



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Students' Council Executive

Back Row: T. Picorini, G. Kuikka, J. Kingerski (Pres.)
 Front Row: J. MacBoth, I. Merla, M. Boast, J. Servais.

By: John Kingerski.

government is chosen by the people of a country to guide and manage the affairs of that country. So, too, a group of persons starting out together on a long journey, wisely choose a group of leaders.

Thus, we wayfarers, on beginning our year's journey along this road, elected a Students' Council to act as our guide in student activities. We selected a president, a secretary, and a treasurer, while presidents of the various executives were included in the Council.

Since all expeditions need financial assistance, the Council attempted to assemble the necessary funds through a budget-fee system. Some of its functions throughout the year were: the drawing up of a Literary period timetable, the selection of suitable weekly radio programmes, the planning of the itinerary of the visit to Toronto, and the ordering of class pins and rings.

It is not easy to please all the students all the time. Indeed, many times we have been in a situation similar to the one in which a man of Aesop's Fables found himself. This rather unfortunate hero did not know whether to walk beside the mule, ride the mule, or carry the mule.

However, despite the many twists and turns along the road, we have greatly enjoyed working in the Students' Council.

---- ooo ----

THE MAPLE

Sheila Smith.

Upon a hillside, on the mossy green,
 With queen-like grace the giant maple stands,
 Serene, yet sorrowful she aways -
 And swings and stretches forth her hands.

Those hands o'erlapped with covering leaves,
 Have beckoned many a traveller, "come,"
 Whose aching bones were wont to choose
 Its soothing shade - a shelter from the sun.

Our Nation's emblem - May the Maple leaf
 Inspire us to be loyal to our land,
 Standing strong for peace,



Science Club Executive
 L.Oshiro, J.Wiles, I.Merla (President)
 D.Laidler, F.Pondrick.

What could we have done without Sister Catherine's artistic skill, or Leonora's happy outlook, or Muriel's literary interests? We did not need male assistance to make our adventures pleasant. In fact, the twenty-six girls of Form I have contributed to school life according to their diverse talents.

To-day we glance back with deep regret over the way we have come - regret because we must soon sever this pleasant association. Our one consolation, however, is that we shall always be united in memory.

Mary Markovich
 Alma Conrad

---ooo---

THE SCIENCE CLUB

In after days we shall walk again along the winding trail that took us through our year at Normal School. And along this pathway we shall re-live the pleasant experiences that made up our life. Among these memories will be the activities sponsored by the Science Club.

Memories of birding, star-gazing, and our own meetings will come crowding to the mind. We shall recall the pleasant Saturday morning hikes with Mr. and Mrs. Spiers along the sandy country side, listening with bated breath to the clear call of the Canada bird, and watching in wondrous awe a great-hawk sailing high in the blue sky above. On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Spiers brought the outdoors to us, with their delightful and informative talk on bird-life, using coloured slides and bird calls. We shall remember too, the thrill of seeing through their telescope, the shining beauty of Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and the moon.

The interesting and colourful pictures of Miss Mitchell's trip through the Southern United States, the informal discussion on Christmas customs in other lands, the educational and entertaining presentation of "The March of Science", and the fascinating and inspirational comments of Mr. Dick Bird on "Prairie Bird Life" will be among the highlights of our journey.

Irene Merla,
 President



Social Executive

Back Row: M. Mayes, T. Picorini (President), D. Brown,
Front Row: M. Sava, J. Courchesne, S. Derry, F. Campbell.



THE SOCIAL EXECUTIVE

This executive took charge of the varied social activities of the school, for even Normalites must have some fun. One half of the masculine students undertook the chairmanship of this committee. With the help of Miss Preston we hope that our entertainments and parties have added to the pleasure of the year.

Tav Picorini

-- 000 --

WELCOME PARTY

Our first impression of the Normal School was not one of work, but one of pleasure. This pleasure was portrayed on each face, as we walked toward the library on the afternoon of September 15. In the library, we were introduced to members of the staff, and also to Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Deyell, Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Bamford. Strangers became acquainted. Cheerful chatter signified a very happy group.

In spite of the fact that tea was rationed, a delicious lunch of tea, sandwiches and cake was served. After a week of strange surroundings, this is all that was needed to make us feel at home.

Lauris Shaughnessy

-- 000 --

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The chief objective of our Literary Society has been to combine entertainment with education. With patience and tact, Miss Mitchell has directed our efforts.

The various speakers whom we have had, Mr. Richardson with his interesting slides; Miss MacKenzie, the Public Health nurse; and Mr. Allen, who spoke on postal service, have been interesting and instructive and to them we owe a debt which we gladly acknowledge.

The Literary Society executive wishes to thank as well those talented students, who have contributed to the success of our meetings, in music and drama.

The special days of the year - Remembrance Day, Christmas Day, and Robert Burns' Day, were marked by



THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The library was the setting for a very enjoyable evening, October the twenty-seventh. Grinning Jack-o'-lanterns stared from the windows and black cats snarled from the book cupboards. Into this setting, Normal School students skipped, trudged or stumbled - whichever gait best became their costumes. Huddled around the fireplace, lit up by the glow of a candle, everyone listened to a weird ghost story. Before the fright of this was well worn off, small groups were sent on a blood-curdling ghost walk. The screams from the darkened stairs chilled the blood of those who were to begin the trail. After the ghost walk everyone was glad to return to the lighted library where an interesting costume march took place. Prizes were awarded to the best. Later all masks were removed, while forfeit games were played with zest.

To climax this hilarious evening, a very delicious lunch was served. Then dancing in the library and hall filled the remainder of the evening till the clock tolled the hour of midnight, and the National Anthem was sung.

Madeline Sloss

ooo--oooo--ooo

I cast my eye up to the sky -
All is clear, translucent blue,
White, filmy clouds drift slowly by
Peace deep, abiding, true.
But not for long -
There comes a rumbling, roaring train,
Coal-black monstrosity.
But hark! what means that deep refrain,
Clear, young alive and free?
A troop train - war.
The sky is grey.

Marie Boast



THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

The library was the meeting place for a very interesting
meeting, October 31st, twenty-seven. Beginning at 7:30
the room was filled with the windows and black and white
from the book shelves. Into this room, however,
the students slipped, dressed or undressed - whatever
the case became their costumes. Huddled round the
fire, lit up by the glow of a candle, everyone
listened to a weird ghost story. Before the first of
the well worn, small groups were sent to a
ghost-telling ghost walk. The room was then
divided into small groups and the ghost walk was
begun. After the ghost walk everyone was
sent to return to the library where an interest-
ing costume parade took place. Prizes were awarded to
the best. Later all hands were removed, while the
room was played with cost.

To think this Halloween evening a very delicious
meal was served. Then dancing in the library and hall
filled the remainder of the evening till the clock tolled
the hour of midnight, and the Halloween Anthem was sung.

Melanie Green

I cast my eye up to the sky -
All is clear, transparent blue,
White, tiny clouds drift slowly by
Pace deep, sailing, true.
But not for long -
There comes a rumbling, roaring train,
Coal-black, monstrous.
But hark! what noise that deep train
Clear, young like the free?
A troop train - yes,
The sky is grey.



Red Cross Executive
 F. Mitchell, F. Scappatura, M. Rotty, Sr. M. Catherine,
 W. McKenzie, M. MacKinnon (President), A. Bruder.

We Aim  To Serve

One of the pleasant by-paths we travelled together was the way of the Red Cross. In October an executive was elected by the Wayfarers to guide the way. Wilda McKenzie was Vice-president and Frances Scappatura Secretary-Treasurer. Agnes Bruder on the Health Committee saw that our welfare was attended to by supplying material for hot drinks at noon. Ditty bags, and books for the Navy were sent by the Service Committee which Mildred Rotty guided. Every Tuesday along the way found Freida Mitchell willing to sell war stamps to all who would buy. No matter where the road led, Sister M. Catherine always gave us our Red Cross Magazine. Almost every third week it was our privilege to set before the Assembly a programme. One week we had the privilege of Grade I visitors from St. Mary's School who enacted "The Three Billy Goat Gruffs".

Once we enjoyed an appealingly rendered oral on "Edith Cavell," one of the noble women of yesterday who carried out the work of the Red Cross in Belgium. We had had pantomimes, group singing, individual piano selections and a debate in which Form I met Form II.

We hope you have enjoyed these programmes and we thank you, one and all, for lending your co-operation and support to such a noble cause. To the Red Cross Workers of to-morrow we extend our heartfelt wishes for their success along the road we have travelled.

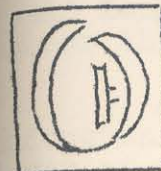
by Murial MacKinnon,
 President.

A War Stamp—

That small red stamp means much to me,
 I must get more, not two, not three,
 I must keep buying till the end,
 For I do not give, I only lend.

Remembrance Day

L.O.



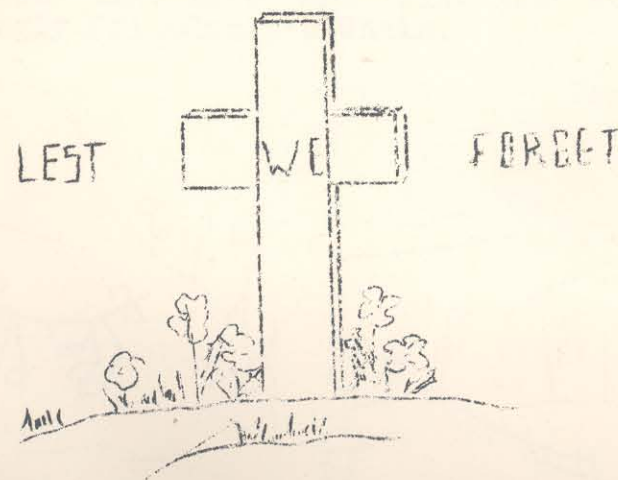
On November 11th, we stood in reverent reflection and proud remembrance, while the world was convulsed by the tumult and torture of the second great World War. On this day, we thought especially of those who went forth from our vast Dominion in the last conflict, never to return.

We owe a pledge to these courageous Canadians a promise to fight unflinchingly till the forces of right shall triumph and a better future shall emerge.

As we ponder the brave deeds of fallen Canadians in the last and this the most awful of battles, let us be worthy of their sacrifice, unpaid unless we, the youth of to-day, consecrate ourselves to the building of a better Canada.

Canada looks to her teachers to carry out this great work. Let us never fail her.

Iris Sims.





SCOTCH PROGRAMME

The singing of that song which has become a universal expression of friendship and good fellowship - "Auld Lang Syne," introduced our Scottish Programme to honour the birthday of Bobby Burns.

A reading by Norma Tait brought us a better understanding of Burns - sturdy champion of the humble, lover of nature, and a bonnie lass as well. This led to a fuller enjoyment of "For A' That", recited by Sheila Smith. "Afton Water," sung by Joan Courchesne and Stephanie Dorry; and "Last May A' Braw Wooer", recited so feelingly by Muriel MacKinnon was greatly enjoyed.

Turning to the works of other Scottish writers, Doris Brown sang two plaintively lovely songs - "Will Ye No Come Back Again," and "Blue Bells of Scotland," and Catherine Thorn gave a touching rendition of Sir Walter Scott's "True Love."

Then the skirl o' the pipes filled the air as Mr. Willoughby "Up and gied us a blaw" in true Hielan' style and transported us to the land o' the heather. There followed a descriptive rendition of the "Laird of Cockpen," delicately accentuated by Marjorie Gray. Echoes of Scotland's devotion were heard in the sprightly "Bonnie Dundee" and the gentler "Skye Boat Song" sung by the pupils of Miss St. John. A more modern note was struck in the reading of "Woe Gillis" by Frances Campbell.

Thus another milestone on Friendship's Road was marked which "ilka lass" and "ilka lad" felt had forged more strongly Friendship's Chain.

Frances Campbell.



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LONDON — ONTARIO

WHERE TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE
AND NO ONE WAITS FOR TIME

.....

It's Monday morning. At the Academy all the "Normal" boarders are dreaming of rows of little angels in a classroom. At seven-thirty, four alarms send out four faint jingles. For five long minutes, no one stirs. Now Room 22 awakes. A door creaks and slippered feet slide along the carpeted hall. "TAP-TAP;" "KNOCK-KNOCK;" at each tap---a groan. For fifteen more minutes, all rooms but one are silent.

Then everyone dashes and the wash-room is jammed. There's a sudden scurry first here, then there. Soon everyone is rushing madly to the stairs leading to the dining-room. There, bacon and coffee endeavour to combat the Monday morning blues. When in twos and threes, all rush to the street, a wave of satisfaction flows over every heart. Why? Because there, one block behind, plodding along McIntyre Street West come the Fraser House Quintuplets. We are safe. We will be on time again we hope.

Alma Conrad,
One of the Acadomites, 1945.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE - The full program of lectures and seminars in the theory and practice of career-planning will be continued.

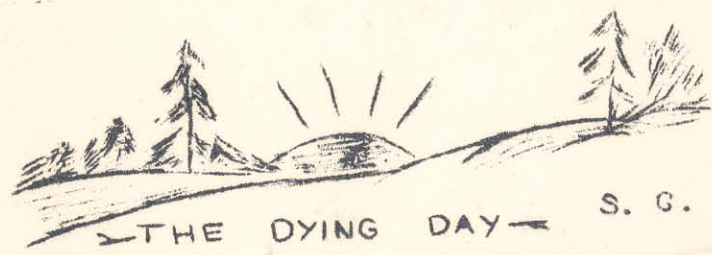
DR. R. FLOYD CROMWELL, Supervisor of Educational and Vocational Guidance Department of Education of the State of Maryland, U.S.A. will deliver a series of ten lectures during the second week (July 9-13) of the Summer School. These lectures are open to all registered students without fee. Special terms for those attending during this period only.

ENGLISH SPEECH AND CHORAL SPEAKING - A two weeks' course (July 16-27) of instruction in the fundamentals of good speech, including the training of a verse-choir, LEADERSHIP TRAINING - A two weeks' course (July 16-27) of training for Community Leadership, with full personal participation in both indoor and outdoor programmes. ARTS COURSES FOR B.A. DEGREE AND PERMANENT FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE

A FULL PROGRAMME OF EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

Accommodation in Men's and Women's residence may be reserved.

WRITE AT ONCE FOR COMPLETE EXTENSION CALENDAR TO THE DIRECTOR OF EXTENSION, MCMASTER UNIVERSITY, HAMILTON.



— THE DYING DAY — S. G.

The Autumn sun is dying over
A far scraggly pine; a lonesome loon
Morily screams from a hidden lagoon,
Circling, a hawk tries to soar
To the darkening western shore
Without striking a wing. The moon
Mocking the struggling source of its
Silver, soon conquers, sweeping its
Ebony curtain before
The tattered remnants of the day.

Doris Brown.



Enterprise Teaching
Toronto Trip



an outstanding experience. After a night of much merriment, excitement, and sleeplessness on the Toronto-bound trains, the C.P.R. travellers greeted the C.N.R. travellers at the Union Station, where we had our first view of the Queen City. From our breakfast at the Royal York Hotel, throughout the three days, our programme was varied, as our itinerary will show.

Thursday, March 29

- 8.30 Gage's - Having seen the processes by which blank paper becomes our school books, we appreciate them more.
- 10.30 Forest Hill School - Progressive Education - an ideal that somehow we too wish to realize.
- 2.35 Parliament Buildings - Aided by Dr. Amoss and Mr. Ricker we obtained a view of what parliament might be like in a few years.
- 3.15 Training and Re-establishment Institute - a part of the provision made by the Dominion and Provincial Governments for the further education of ex-service men and women.
- 4.20 Securing Our Luggage - Half an hour in the rain wasn't quite as bad as eight in a taxi.
- 8.30 Ballet Russe - Have you ever seen a ballet with one eye at a time? Sleepy though we were, we enjoyed the performance.

Friday, March 30

- 10.00 Royal Ontario Museum - We delved into the past to learn of the Indians of North America and of the Early Egyptians.
- 11.30 Mary John's Coffee Shop - a touch of Bohemia.
- 12.40 Happy Gang - The studio was filled, but even the steps were good for sitting upon. The spiritual theme of their special programme made us realize the significance of Good Friday.
- 2.30 Allan Gardens - We almost feel as if we have visited the tropics.
- 5.30 Chinese Dinner - "For them as likes that sort of thing, why that's the sort of thing they likes."
- 8.00 Globe and Mail - What complicated machinery is required to make a newspaper!

Saturday, March 31

- 9.30 Hart House - Even a drizzling rain could not dampen our curiosity to see the men's residence -- no men.
- 10.30 Art Gallery - One needs to have a special kind of education to appreciate modern art.
- 11.30 Diet Kitchen Tea Rooms - Banquet - Toasts with water. Mr. and Mrs. Ricker and Mr. Stuart Thomson were our guests.
- 2.00 Shopping - Window or otherwise though it was still



Fun Along the Way



et Ready - Get Set - Go!" was the signal shouted across the grounds by some not-too-anxious Normalite acting as starter in the races we prepared for the Public School Field Day.

This was our first attempt at Mass Organization and many timid Normalites struggled in an unavailing endeavour to keep the seemingly endless crowds of on-lookers off the track.

As the contestants neared the final stretch, the judges, in the midst of this bedlam, craned and pushed, in an excellent manner, trying desperately to decide upon three winners and award them their prizes.

Above all this noise and excitement, could be heard the timid announcer's voice - "Girls, twelve to fourteen, next - Boys, twelve to fourteen, on deck."

As the crowd rushed to the other end of the field, we judges again picked ourselves up, straightened our shoulders and made ready for the next attack.

When the last race was won, and the excited winners had departed, we weary Normalites made our way to the school, confident that our first battle had been won.

Ina Brown.

TRIP TO TORONTO (Continued)

8.00 Share the Wealth - Gert took the cake (\$2.50).
11.30 End of the Tour - Tired, but with a wealth of new experiences!

Special thanks go to Miss Fornataro, of W.J. Gage and Co. for generous help in Toronto planning, to Mr. Partridge for his guidance and work in making the tour a success, and to Miss Mitchell for her kind co-operation.

Lillian Kangas
Eila Korhonen

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO
London, Canada

Summer School, July 2nd to August 11th, 1945

The new B.A. Course for teachers of elementary schools will be inaugurated. This has received the hearty approval of the Department of Education. It includes special options in --

*ART	HANDICRAFTS	*COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION
*ASTRONOMY	HOME ECONOMICS	EDUCATIONAL COUNSELLING
*PSYCHOLOGY	PUBLIC HEALTH	PHYSICAL EDUCATION
*MUSIC	RURAL SOCIOLOGY	SECRETARIAL SCIENCE
*ENGLISH	*NATURE STUDY	GEOGRAPHY

*included in the summer program of 1945

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

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 program.

Intensive Coaching School for secondary school coaches, August 13th to 25th.

French and English, including Basic English, courses for eight weeks at Trois-Pistoles, Quebec.

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



Basketball Team

S. Dorry, J. Servais, F. Scappatura, D. Laidler,
L. Kangas, A. Romualdi, Miss J. Wilson (coach),
L. Sheremeta (captain), L. Marston, M. Mayes,
V. Warren, I. Merla, G. Kuikka, J. Courchesne.



Athletic Executive

G. Brown, M. Enrich



We put in our money to join the League,
We didn't know it would bring such fatigue,
Our opponents were muscular, hefty and fleet,
Their foot work was tricky, their passes were neat.

Time after time we took up the fight,
Trying to show the spectators our night,
Plucky, but winless, we have the fame,
Of the only team to lose every game.

The scene of our efforts was the North Bay Collegiate Gymnasium every Friday evening at seven-thirty. After several Saturday morning practices with only a few players present, we suffered our first defeat at the hands of the Craig Bit Team. The score was 44-11.

After theuletide festivities were over, we played our first game against the Collegiate girls. Again we suffered defeat. Two games now followed on successive Fridays, one with the husky Craig Bitters, and the other with the speedy Collogians. In both these games we were doomed again to lose, but we rallied to practically beat the Collogians with a score of 18-11 in their favour on February 2nd.

The others were now anxious to rid themselves of their easily defeated opponents so two games were played, one on February 19, and one on February 21. In both the Normal School was doomed.

Other sport activities around the school have been confined to Badminton (for those who wish to play it) and Volleyball (for those brave enough to sally out on Saturday morning at 9.30.)

Margaret Mayes.

Basketball games, played with vim if not victory, were conducted by Miss Wilson, our coach and confidante. Another activity was a fall field-day for some of the Public School children. On many Friday afternoons Mr. Partridge took us down to the gymnasium for

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TORONTO 1

WHAT WE 'AVE 'IN' 'AVEN'T

FEAR but no danger.
ADAMSON but no Eve.
BOAST but no bragger.
CAMPBELL but no soup.
CONRAD but no Joseph.
DERRY but no butter.
FRANKLIN but no Roosevelt.
JOHNSON but no wax.
MacBETH but no murder.
BROWN but no green.
BRAZZONI but no macaroni.
GRAY but no black.


D. Laidler.
F. Campbell.

.....

SUNSHINE ALONG THE WAY

Mr. Bamford: "You girls will all have your sweet
girlish voices in your old age."
Students: "How do you know?"
Mr. Bamford: "Well, you certainly are not making
them any more."



 billowing up from fires which were gradually spreading around in our part of the country. The wind had changed at noon, and was bringing the fire in our direction.

"It does look mighty bad," observed Mr. Irwin.

"It will burn us out, if that wind doesn't change," said a little, short woman, who was nervously tying knots in her apron without noticing what she was doing.

"It will probably take the school, too," I remarked. I looked over at Mr. Van Luvon, wondering why he was not speaking, and then I noticed that he was getting ready to clear his mouth of its usual load of tobacco, and so I moved my feet out of range, and just in time, because the squirt missed the target by only a few inches. Then the old gentleman rolled his eyes and drawled, "Wal, it's a bad fire, folks, but nothin' like as compared to the fire of '22. That was a turrible fire, that was!"

"Oh, I didn't know you were in the 1922 fire, Mr. Van Luvon!" I exclaimed. "I have heard Mother and Dad talking about that one. What was it really like?"

"Wal, it was a scorcher, Miss. I feel dern lucky to be alive to tell the tale. Whole families were wiped out. The sky was one angry mass of fire. The wind grew very strong about two o'clock 'o the afternoon, and the smoke shut out the sunlight. It grew very dark -- only lighted by the sparks flying in the air. The missus and I managed to get a few keepsakes out of the house, and we put those out in a ditch in the field, and then we stumbled over to the creek at the back of the farm. We knelt beside this, and kept ourselves covered with wet clothing to put out any sparks which might fall on us.

"A short time later, we saw a large blaze flare up behind us, and we know our house was a goner. The missus' feather ticks! The sideboards -- they were solid walnut, miss! Willy's violin trimmed with pure mother o' pearl! We'll never get the likes o' those again." Tears were streaming down the old man's cheeks, as he thought about the family heirlooms destroyed by the fire.

"I know just how you feel," sympathized Mrs. Ritter. "We were in that fire, too, and lost everything. To make matters worse, Miss, it was very warm the day of the fire, although it was in October, and the children and I were just wearing light summer clothes."

Birding Club

Back Row: F. Scappatura, M. Martin,
J. Kingerski, T. Pierini.
Front Row: I. Morla, V. Warren, S. Smith,
J. Wiles, J. Servais.



"We were in that fire, too, Miss," said Mr. Bobeau. "The funny thing, she happen to us. The wife, she wash that day, and put de clothes out on de fence. The fire, he come along and take de house, and leave de clothes. They a little smoked, but still could wear."

"Yes, I have heard that the fires did odd things like that, Mr. Bobeau. I remember my Father saying that half of the town of New Lisheard burned, and then the wind suddenly changed, and the other half was saved, and that one part of Hailbury wasn't touched, while the rest of the town was left in ashes."

"The terrible thing about that fire," commented Mrs. Ritter, "is that the fire was travelling at such a speed. I would say at least from sixty to seventy miles an hour. The wind was so strong that it took the roofs off buildings, and knocked over trees. We thought that the world was coming to an end!"

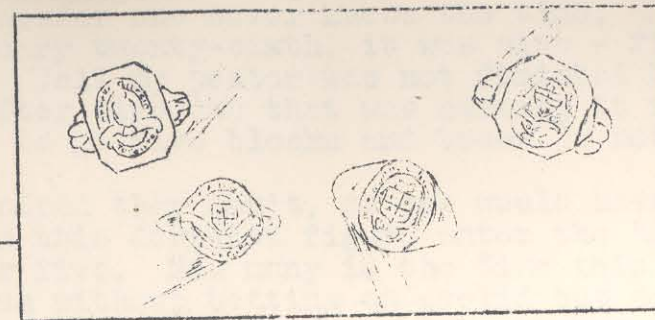
"Well, I am certainly glad I wasn't in that fire, because this one looks bad enough to suit me," remarked the little woman, who by this time had her apron in one mass of knots, and was busy trying to untie them, and Mr. Van Luvon concluded the discussion with "Yes, it's certain sure we don't want another turrible fire like the one o' 22."

--- 0000 ---

BIRDING

On a nippy October morning the wind blew cold, but we scarcely noticed, so interested were we in our first birding trip. We had several sets of field glasses, and Mr. Spiers had his telescope which brought distant, tiny birds within arm's length. Through it we watched a string of Black-bellied Plovers out on rocks in the lake. Looking through the telescope was almost like magic. The cold weather, biting winds and clammy dampness seemed very inconsequential when we were in search of a late Song-Sparrow or Sandpiper.

We followed high roads, gravel roads, and foot-paths in search of these little friends. We spent several mornings along the hard sand beaches of the lake. An hour passed quickly in some heavy bush near a pasture; another flitted by while we watched, spell-bound, in a secret spot. This was a tiny jewel of a lake, where we found, not only interesting birds, but flora, such as the Pitcher-plant. The bird enthusiasts thank Mr. and Mrs. Spiers for their



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GOD MADE ALL

God made the sunlight,
All birds and bees and flowers,
Winter snow-storms and pleasant April showers.

God made each little child,
With smile so shy and sweet,
Laughing bright blue eyes, and rosy cheek.

God made a lot of things,
Whispering winds, swaying trees,
Rippling streams and flower-scented breeze.

God made an Autumn tree,
With leaves of green and gold,
Leaves that soon will fade and die in winter's cold.

Once I felt a little sad
To see those leaves fall so,
But when I raised my eyes - I saw
God made the stars also.

Sister Catherine.

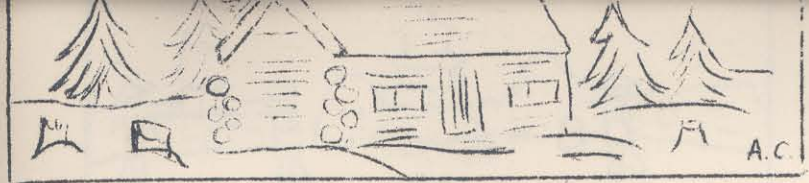
the annoying habit those clocks have of jumping rather than moving as any civilized clock would, it's little wonder one never knows the time. Anyway on the night of January twenty-sixth, it was slow - five minutes to be exact. Well my poster was not finished but after all it was ten after five and that was cutting it fine enough -- five minutes to go five blocks and buses do not wait.

No indeed they don't, as one would have realized had they seen this downcast figure enter the "Arc" at twenty minutes after five. Now many is the time this character has missed the bus without batting an eyelid but to-night one could have detected a look of absolute horror and despair about me -- the reason -- I was to be in this fair city for the McIntyre Street Home and School Club at eight p.m. and was expected to have washed my face in the interval.

Ah, but when there's life there's hope, so I says to myself I says -- all is not lost. I will telephone my dear friend MacKinnon, she'll hate me for this but she's rich. She'll come and eat downtown with me so 'phone I did. She was not at home. So planning a pleasant surprise I stole quietly up to the Fraser house but who should meet me with a smile on her face but my dear friend Mac.

Of course she was overwhelmed to see me but being a very diplomatic soul she wreathed her face in smiles and invited me up to their upper sanctum. It was a picture of tidiness and a housekeeping masterpiece. After throwing out two chairs, a bedspread, a pair of book-ends, three scrap books, four volumes of poetry and an alarm clock, I was in. Ina climbed out from somewhere, welcomed me profusely and told me to make myself comfortable (oh, the imagination of that girl) while Mac got ready to go out with me. We were chatting gaily although we couldn't see one another until I heaved Mac's typewriter out of the window. She hasn't missed it yet. When Mac climbed into the room to say that Mrs. Fraser had invited me to stay for supper I was extremely embarrassed. However, I stayed, and the quintuplets (I had to drag Callender in somehow) became sextuplets for a meal and all put on their party manners.

After dinner, chocolate cake and all, we began to dress to go to the school. While Ina and Mac put on their pumps I suddenly realized that I was clothed in no less than a ski sweater. Well my skirt was blue and Mac's jacket was green. It would be! Ina's jacket and my shoulders did not match any better. Penny finally saved the day by lending me her's and underneath it I wore, well hidden I might add, MacKinnon's soiled blouse.



Boughs Bend Over

Maida Parlow French.

Chrough the kindness of the Women's Canadian Club of North Bay, we took an excursion into the realms of make-believe with the very charming character, Maida Parlow French. Mrs. French has become famous as author of the vivid and deservedly popular novel of to-day - "Boughs Bend Over." She is, at the same time, an accomplished artist.

When questioned as to how "Boughs Bend Over" came to be written, Mrs. French replied that the book grew from her own daily experiences. After her husband died, she and her three young sons moved to their old farm along the St. Lawrence River, where her forefathers, United Empire Loyalists, had lived. Here, she experienced many fears and difficulties, among them financial problems and home-building to meet the needs of her family.

During these moments of depression - Mrs. French gazed out over the rugged banks of the St. Lawrence. Was not this the same mighty river over which her forefathers had come to seek a new home in a peaceful land? Had they not lived in this same wind-swept, battle-scarred homestead? These thoughts filled her with courage, and a sudden realization of her ancestor's unswerving faith in God.

This was the setting from which she decided to write her exciting book, "Boughs Bend Over." Her characters were chosen from the old family album - the very people who had been sheltered long ago by the bending boughs of the deep forest surrounding the Homestead. The entire pioneer story and all the traditions of the land were woven into her story.

Those who read "Boughs Bend Over," will find it very entrancing. As we travel along life's way, let us remember that in our Faith, 'Boughs Bend Over' us too.

For those who wish to remember the date of this event
Tuesday, October 3, 1944



Our Chinese Idol

We have a Chinese idol,
Who wears a Mandarin robe.
He sits upon our mantel now
He's travelled 'round the globe.

His eyes are very distant,
They think of what he's seen;
His face is lined and wrinkled,
He tells me where he's been.

Rice fields worked by coolies,
Pagodas on a hill
Tea from priceless teacups
A nightingale's wondrous trill.

Temple bells in Burma
On the road to Mandalay,
Jade, a boatman's distant call
From Junk's across the Bay.

I do not know from whence he came
But he is very old,
His clothes are very faded,
Dust fills every fold,

But still his priceless wisdom
Fills each wrinkle of his face,
So his home upon the mantel
Is a hallowed sort of place.

Joyce MacBoth

Ching Chong

Ching Chong, O, Mr. Sing Song
O, you're the King of China Town.
Ching Chong, I love your sing song
When they turn the lights all down.

What I Like
There are many things that I like, -
Perhaps you like them, too -
There's the buzzing of the bumble bee
And my Mum's home cooked stew.

There's the fluffy foamy toppings
They put on lemon pies,
The smell of wet leaves burning,
The flash of fire-flies.

I like to dig ten fingers
Into damp, dark earth in spring,
To sprinkle tiny seedlings,
Hear the crickets start to sing.

Do you revel in the warmth
Of the sun's rays slanting down,
Washing pale white shoulders
A deep dark golden brown?

To lie on your back on a hillside
And nibble a stem fresh and green,
To squint at the glory around you
Through an emerald pine scraggy and lean.

I like a soft moist baby's kiss,
A comrades hand to swing,
Mum's voice in "Good-night darling",
Old pals to whom I cling.

I like scents and sound and sights,
Places and people too,
Leisure for books or music or fun,
Bits of hard work scattered through.

Rain or shine, snow or sun,
I like the sky above,
The wonders of life about me -
It must be life I love.

Wilma Fricker



What Is Spring?

"What is Spring?"
Asked the man in the street,
The wizened scholar bowed his head
And said, "Who can best define it?"

It is the bird returning
With his song of joy for us,
Seeking his mate and building a nest
To bring his fledgelings to the life.

It is the awakening of the earth
With its melting snow and running streams,
The sleepy grass turning green again,
The budding trees shooting forth some leaves.

It is the fever that grips the Man
Who woos among the stars
And sings to his love with feverish sigh;
The childish youth becomes a man too soon!

Birds, streams, grass, showers and flowers,
Nature at work in Spring is seen.
In view of this, both man and beast,
All conclude that God is Spring!

John Kingorski.

Spring

Down from the snow-capped hill-tops
Like a bolt of thunder, rolls
A stream of roaring water,
Formed from the melting snows.

Up from the ground beneath us,
The crocus shoves its head
Into the warmth of the springtime
Out of the snow-covered bed.

Spring, and the world awakens
To the rising of life anew,
Into a world of sunshine,

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Dreams!

We've dreamed our dreams of purest gold,
We've sought the silver stars for purpose high
'Till with vision aided by saints of old
Like the birds on wings of faith, they fly.

We've fought for them with soaring pride,
Our children of dreams born of our heart;
Fearful, yet sure and strong, although untried,
And to them the highest hope of youth impart.
And with the challenge life brings for endeavour,
May we hold true our dreams, our gold, forever.

Muriel MacKinnon.

lists

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LAUGH WITH US

Mr. Chambers: "You hammer like lightning."
Marg. White: "Fast, huh?"
Mr. Chambers: "No, you never strike twice in the
same place."

--00--

Mr. Partridge: "Did you ever take chloroform?"
Jean Wiles: "No, who teaches it?"

--00--

Mary Saya: (At the Arcadian Tea Room)
"Ginger Ale, please?"
Waiter: "Pale?"
Mary: "No, just a glass."

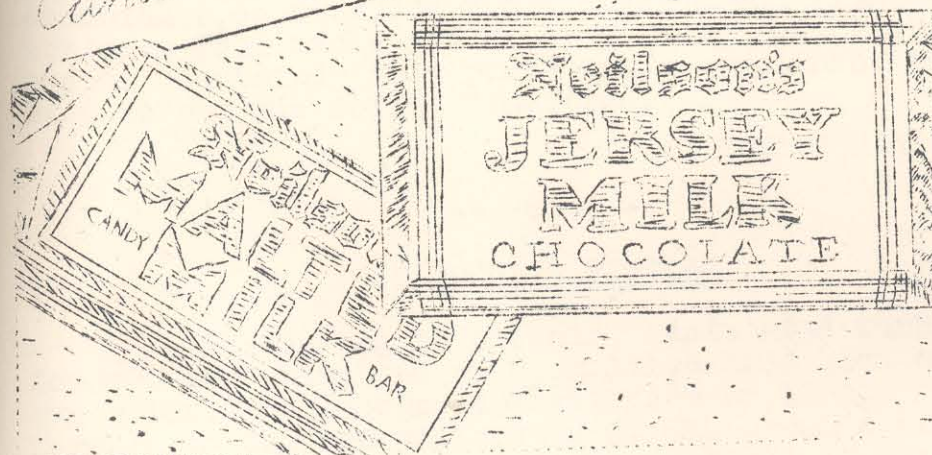
--00--

Miss Mitchell: "Supposing a man was very pale,
unconscious, bleeding from both
ears, back broken, skull fractured,
and internal injuries, what would

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"HIGHEST QUALITY"

Neilsen's

Canada's favorite Chocolate Bars



sleigh-bells jingled and the air was filled with
and laughter. Horses jogged along at an even pace,
carrying the energetic singers, while in the distance
behind the moving sleigh the less fortunate Normalites
picked themselves off the ground and straggled behind
in scattered groups. So the jolly ride continued out
to the Ski Club. On return to the school the students
ate a delicious lunch. Following the snack the happy
group gathered in the Assembly Hall where they danced
until midnight.

Lillian O'Shiro

-- ooo --

MAYTIME PARTY

On Friday, May 18, the sound of joyous footsteps
were heard on the steps of the North Bay Normal School.
The door opened to admit a beaming face to a row of
seven smiling hostesses. "Good evening, will you sign
the register, please?" This welcome greeted many guests.
Later, the music started and the Library doors opened.
Mr. and Mrs. Partridge, Miss Preston, Frances Campbell,
Joan Courchesne, and Tav Pierini received the guests
as they entered the Library. Tav played for a Paul
Jones, and the fun had started! A ladies' tag! We had
dreamed of those! The Novelty dances allowed for no
sitting on the side-lines even to admire the beautiful
pastel decorations. Doris Brown and her committee
could well be proud of their work. Upstairs croquinolo,
bridge, and Chinese checkers kept many happy. Table-
tennis balls resounded on the floor to the tune of gay
laughter. The lunch was proof in itself that Miss
Preston's cooking classes were not in vain. Very soon
sandwiches, cookies, and punch disappeared from the
tables. Then music and dancing and games started
again. Certainly this party was a compliment to Tav
Pierini and his Social Committee.

Muriel MacKinnon

-- ooo --

GARDENING PARTIES

With Spring in the air, one's mind turns
towards gardening and we Normalites have been no
exception. With eager anticipation we looked
forward to the beautification of the grounds at
the Golf Course School, and the planting of our
own school gardens. The fun we experienced in
this work - not to mention the blistered hands
and sore backs - exceeded even our fondest
expectations.

Adamson, Joan
Boast, Mario
Brazzoni, Bruna
Brown, Doris
Brown, Georgina
Bruder, Agnes
Campbell, Frances
Conrad, Alma
Courchesne, Joan
Derry, Stephanie
Fear, Edith
Flavello, Lois
Franklin, Alice
Fricker, Wilma
Gray, Marjorie
Johnson, Lucille
Kangas, Lillian
Keast, Monica
Korhonen, Eila
Kuikka, Gertrude
Laidler, Dorothy
MacBeth, Joyce
MacKinnon, Muriel
Markovich, Mary
Marston, Leonora

Martin, Margaret
Mayos, Margaret
McDougall, Dorine
McKenzie, Wilda
Morla, Irene
Mitchell, Freida
Monteith, Joyce
Oshiro, Lillian
Pondrick, Florence
Retty, Mildred
Romualdi, Armandina
Sava, Mary
Scappatura, Frances
Servais, Joyce
Shamess, Laura
Shaughnessy, Lauris
Sheremeta, Lillian
Sims, Iris
Gloss, Madeline
Smith, Sheila
Walt, Norma
Thorn, Catherine
Tindle, Joyce
Warren, Viola
Whit

St. Joseph's College, North Bay, Ont.
Kapuskasing, Ont.
96 Riverside Drive, Kapuskasing, Ont.
Sturgeon Falls, Ont.
11 Cambrai Ave., Timmins, Ont.
13 VanHorne St., Dryden, Ont.
R.R. No. 4, Powassan, Ont.
32 Metcalfe St., North Bay, Ont.
R.R. No. 4, Powassan, Ont.
10 Morin St., North Bay, Ont.
131 Finlayson St., Fort William, Ont.
Cochrane, Ont.
Kearney, Ont.
Kearney, Ont.
53 First Ave. W., North Bay, Ont.
173 Copeland St., North Bay, Ont.
523 McIntosh St., Fort William, Ont.
20 Cypress St., Sudbury, Ont.
15 School St., Copper Cliff, Ont.
66 Bloor Ave., South Porcupine, Ont.
38 Dell St., Sudbury, Ont.
225 N. Norah St., Fort William, Ont.
Callander, Ont.
77 Madeline St., Port Arthur, Ont.
81 Third Ave., Schumacher, Ont.
2020 Sills St., Fort William, Ont.

FORM II

Blind River, Ont.
Baird, Ont.
Gore Bay, Ont.
Gore Bay, Ont.
213 Cedar St. S., Timmins, Ont.
Blind River, Ont.
R.R. No. 1, Fort William, Ont.
P.O. Box 124, Kenora, Ont.
806 Park St., Kenora, Ont.
372 Kilpatrick St., Sudbury, Ont.
224 Cedar St. S., Timmins, Ont.
103 Second Ave. W., North Bay, Ont.
61 Ferguson St., North Bay, Ont.
463 St. Patrick's Square, Port Arthur, Ont.
Espanola, Ont.
Blind River, Ont.
91 Byng Ave., Kapuskasing, Ont.
Goodfish Road, Kirkland Lake, Ont.
Gore Bay, Ont.
Dayton, Ont.
33 Waubeck St., Parry Sound, Ont.
General Delivery, North Bay, Ont.
Box 258, Little Current, Ont.
60 Elm St.,

SCHOOL VISITORS

The list of speakers this year has been a varied one. Each speaker has brought to us in his own way glimpses of wider horizons.

In the realm of fine arts we have had Mrs. Maida Parlow French, the author of "Boughs Bend Over," and Mr. C.D. Gaitskell, the Provincial Supervisor of Art, who showed us what could be accomplished in our own schools.

In the realm of Science, Mr. J.M. Humphrey presented coloured pictures entitled "Travelogue in British Columbia." Superb bird films were shown by Mr. Dick Bird. Nature's call was not unheard in Toronto for Mr. S. Thompson addressed the travellers on "Birds," illustrating with calls.

Science of Education has been widened by speakers such as Mr. H.R. Beattie, Director of Guidance for the Ontario Department of Education and Dr. J.G. Althouse, Chief Director of Education for Ontario. Mr. J.C. Walsh, Assistant Superintendent of Elementary Education, has broadened our views for next year's task.

Dr. Amoss, the Director of Professional Training visited us several times and helped answer our wondering queries.

In the religious field we had Reverend A.C. Moorhouse who showed us his own moving pictures on "Life on an Indian Reserve." Miss Olive Sparling addressed us on "The Church of All Nations."

To those interested in "University Opportunities" Dr. H.R. Kingston pointed out paths to further knowledge.

The work of the Red Cross was related by Miss M. Bartlett, Director of the Ontario Junior Red Cross.

Mr. J.P. Allen, Postmaster of North Bay and Superintendent of Postal Services, took us on a trip with a letter.

Other speakers have included Mr. F.L. Bartlett, the Provincial Supervisor of Health and Physical Education, Mrs. W.D. Colby, Vice-President of the Ontario Federation of the Home and School Association, and Mr. H.E. Ricker the former principal of North Bay Normal School who spoke in Toronto.

LATER VISITORS

We are deeply indebted to the Bell Telephone Company for the highly instructive and enlightening period's entertainment. We were keenly interested in the scientific progress and development of the microphone and its many uses - even to reproducing Muriel's heartbeat. The comparison between field telephones used in the First World War with those used in the present war was a great revelation to most of us. Japanese and German communication equipment was also displayed. It was indeed a well worthwhile experience. — and our sincere thanks are due those who were responsible for it.

The Editor

-- ooo --

We were indeed delighted on Friday, May 18, with the impromptu and informal talk given by Mr. Rivers - a former Master of this Normal School, and now Assistant Superintendent of Elementary Education.

All the students felt it must have been a pleasure to sit in his classes.

The Editor

-- ooo --

Congratulations and Best Wishes -

Congratulations to those who are fortunate enough to complete their year without trying the final examinations. May 23 will be their closing day. To all the others we extend our best wishes for success.

Froida Mitchell
Margaret White

Valedictory

There are two beautiful gifts to every mortal: Memory is one - Hope the other. Now, as we come to the end of our happy way, we are torn between these two. Memory bids us turn a backward glance over the familiar road which we have trodden, and enhances our experiences along the way. The daily grind, the press of work, the thorns and briars of small irritations will be forgotten. When we look in memory over this way, we will recall the instructions of our masters in ways pedagogic - Ah, yes! But more, their unflagging interest in our young attempts, their sympathy and comradeship. No one has ever turned to them in vain for help over the hard parts of the road. This is true of all who have been guides and leaders to us in these untravelled ways - our practice teaching staff, our instructors in religious knowledge, the patient teachers who helped us over the mountain we once thought impassable - Continuous Teaching. The journey has brought us great profit: a vision and an ideal for teaching and a working knowledge of teaching principles.

So the backward look of the wayfarer is fraught with gratitude. There is more than a tinge of regret mingled with our gratefulness. It is sad to think that we shall never re-assemble as a united group - we who have made fond friends, who have found good companions, who have known the joy of group work will now be sent forth on devious ways - each to follow a solitary path.

But we do not come to the parting of the ways without Hope. We shall never grow old for each other because in Memory we shall always be the happy, young, carefree class of 1944-45. We look backward, then, with regret that these pleasant ways are ours to tread no more. But Hope leads us to look down the long path ahead with courage and confidence, to accept with gladness the challenge to us teachers to lead the children entrusted to our teaching in paths of pleasantness and truth.

Sister Mary Catherine

Autographs

"For Memory has painted this perfect year,
With colours that never fade,
And we find at the end of this Year Book,
Just the names of the friends we have made."

There are two beautiful gifts to every mortal:
Memory is one - Hope the other. Now, as we
come to the end of our happy way, we are torn
between these two. Memory bids us turn a backward glance
over the familiar road which we have trodden, and summon
our experiences along the way. The daily going, the great
of work, the thorns and prizes of small irritations will be
forgotten. When we look in memory over this way, we will
recall the instructions of our masters in ways pedagogic -
Ah, yes! But more, their sympathy and comradeship. No one has
ever turned to them in vain for help over the hard parts
of the road. This is true of all who have been guides
and leaders to us in those untrodden ways - our preceptors
teaching us, our instructors in religious knowledge,
the patient teachers who helped us over the mountain we
once thought impassable - Godwin's Teaching. The
Journey has brought us great profits; a vision and an
ideal for teaching and a working knowledge of teaching
principles.

So the backward look of the wayfarer is
thought with gratitude. There is more than a tinge
of regret mingled with our gratefulness. It is sad
to think that we shall never re-encounter as a united
group - we who have made long friends, who have found
good companions, who have known the joy of group work
will now go each on his own way - each to follow
a solitary path.

But we do not come to the parting of the ways
without Hope. We shall never grow old for each other
because in memory we shall always be the happy, young,
enthusiastic class of 1944-45. We look backward, then, with
joy that these pleasant ways are ours to tread no
more. But Hope leads us to look down the long path
ahead with courage and confidence, to accept with
bravery the challenge to us teachers to lead the
children entrusted to our teaching in paths of
discovery and truth.

With many greetings

Autograph

For Memory has painted this perfect year,
With colours that never fade,
And we find at the end of this Year Book,
Just the names of the friends we have made.

