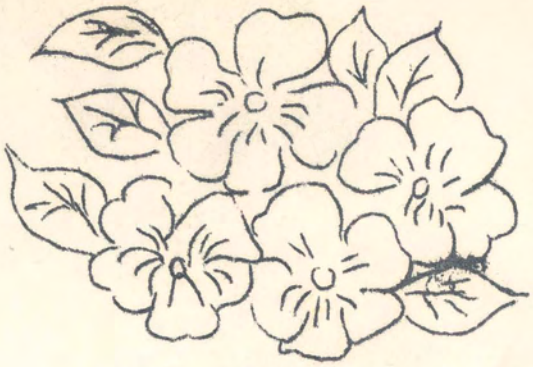
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1945-46



NORMAL SCHOOL

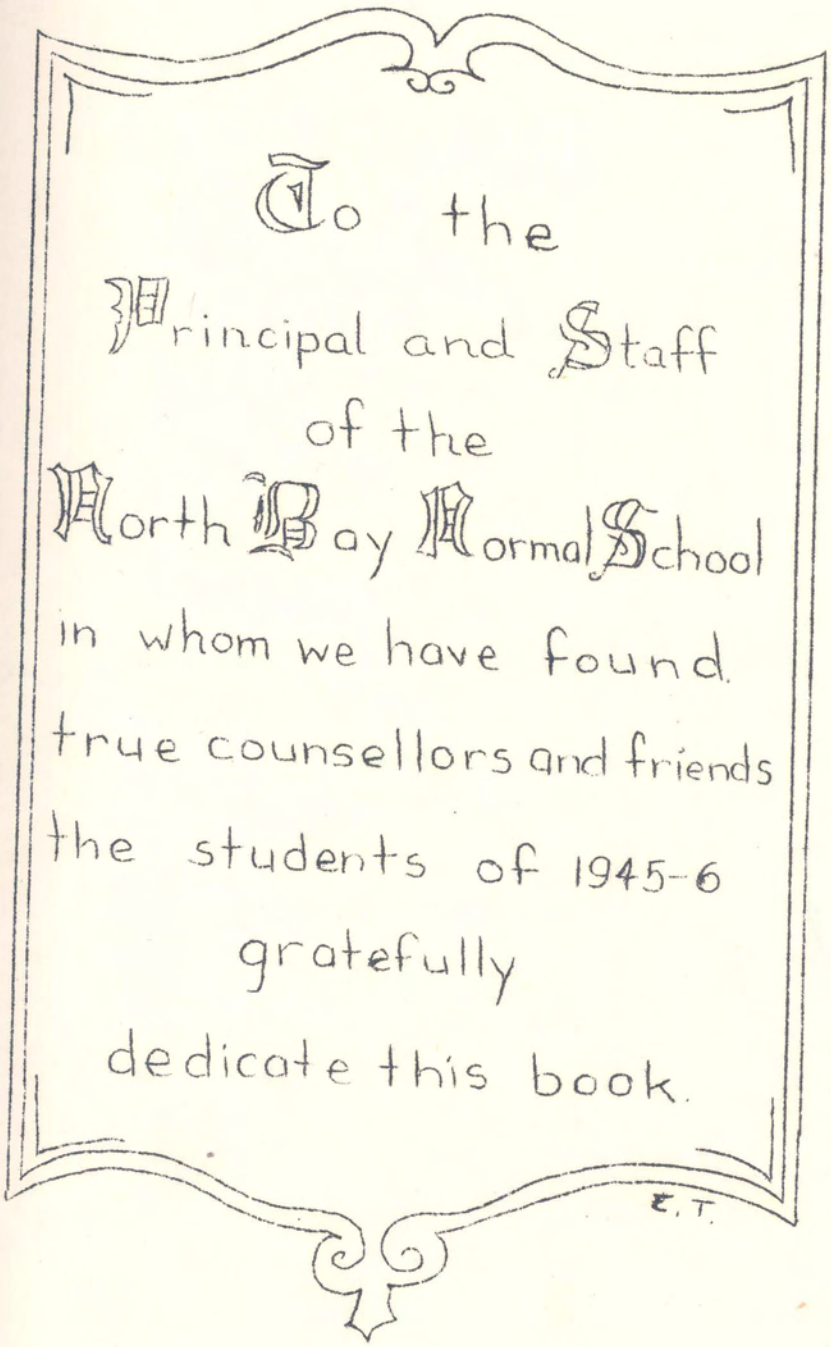


BOOKS

NORTH BAY
LIBRARY
NORMAL SCHOOL

MUSICALS




To the
Principal and Staff
of the
North Bay Normal School
in whom we have found
true counsellors and friends
the students of 1945-6
gratefully
dedicate this book.
E. T.

A Challenge

Little more than eight months ago you were looking forward to a new adventure, a year at Normal School. At the same time we of the Staff were eagerly anticipating your coming. Your youthful energy and enthusiasm, your happy buoyant spirits, your hearty co-operation with your fellow-students and with the members of the staff in both work and play -- all these have shed rays of sunshine all along the way. Soon these will be but pleasant recollections, some written in the pages of this book, others indelibly inscribed in the pages of memory. May we all be ever the richer for the experiences which we have shared during this fleeting year!

Now you are about to leave us. Each of you is looking forward into the unknown future, each trying to see where the trail may lead. In the far distance you are directing your eyes toward a bright star, symbolic of the ideals toward which you are determined to press forward in your chosen profession. In the intervening space are many valleys through which you must toil from day to day. Frequently low-hanging clouds will hide from view the distant beacon and tend to make you content with nearer objectives. In such times may the faith, courage, and perseverance which have characterized your sojourn with us bear you ever forward and upward, closer and closer to your highest goal!

As you journey forth you take with you many thoughts which are the product, at least in part, of your associations with your fellow-students and with members of the staffs of the practice schools and of the Normal School. We shall be happy if some of these experiences have inspired and guided you to take to your pupils more thoughtful understanding, deeper sympathy, more enduring patience, keener insight, and a deeper love of children, as well as some guiding principles of living and learning and teaching. But, to borrow the expression of the principal of a great University, "we shall sizzle with satisfaction when we see our ideas cast upon the bonfire" to give place to better ones which you, through your experiences, will discover and pass on to others.

"Teaching shall never die;
It shall eternal be.
He who hath taught a child
Hath immortality;
To teach is immortality."

J. A. Partridge.

CASE 2 6 3

I used to be just Mary Margaret Smith
And went to country school and was a kid
Like other kids. The teacher said my hair
Was lovely brown, and sat side me to help
When I got stuck.

But in this other school
I'm number 2-6-3. Most every day
They testus us to see if we're well done
Like mother cooks a goose. It's all wrote down
How smart I aint,how mother sometimes goes
To sit in beverage rooms, how pa wont work,
And brother Fred's in jail.

The teacher knows.
When I laugh out she shakes her head and thinks
That's mother showing up; and when I'm slow
She's sure that's dad in me; and when I rile
She guesses I'm like Fred.

I wish I went
To some new school where I weren't knowed so much,
Where I could be myself and not my folks,
And work all day just cause I want to learn,
And where the teacher liked my lovely curls
And sat side me to help when I got stuck.

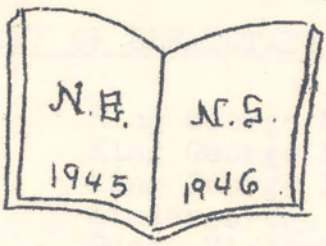
- Harry Amoss.

The Editor and Staff of the North Bay Normal School Year Book wish to thank Dr.Amoss,Director of Professional Training for Ontario, for his contribution and trust that its thought will inspire us through the years to come.

STAFF OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

Mr.J.A.Partridge,M.A.,B.Paed. Science and Agriculture, Social Studies, Spelling	Principal
Miss Grace Morgan,B.A.,B.Paed. Speech,Reading and Literature; Composition and Grammar; Primary Reading;Social Studies. (September to October)	Master
Mr.J.D.Deyell,B.A.,B.Paed. Science of Education,Mathematics, School Management, Religious Education	Master
Mr.C.P.O'Neill,M.A. Speech,Reading and Literature; Composition and Grammar; Primary Reading;Social Studies. (November to end of session)	Master
Miss Elizabeth Mitchell,B.A., Mus.Bac.,L.Mus. Health, Library Science, Print Writing	Librarian
Mr.J.E.Chambers Manual Training	Instructor
Miss Elsie Preston Home Economics	Instructor
Mrs.Jennie Irwin,B.A.,B.Paed. Art	Instructor
Mr.H.L.Bamford Music	Instructor
Miss Jean Wilson Physical Training	Instructor
Miss Kate McCubbin	Secretary

Editorial



"It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or of flowers."

The gates close on our Normal School year. Behind us lies the road so recently traversed - a road that has opened to us countless paths of experiences, enjoyments, difficulties and successes --innumerable happenings that have accumulated to make this a year of treasured memories. Before us lies the road unknown - a road of anticipation, of broadening experiences and of fulfillment of many of our dreams.

As we gaze backward and forward, feelings of regret mingled with anticipation are aroused within us - regret, because we leave behind so many of those friends and associations which have become dear to us -- of anticipation, because we envisage this road unknown as one of challenging opportunity. Let us remind ourselves that always from our shelf of dreams we may take our memories and, in pleasant reminiscence, keep them ever fresh in our hearts.

And now, the road unexplored unfolds itself before us -- a road whose hills are but steps to the peak of attainment -- a road in which possibilities of friendships, of peace of mind, and of success lie awaiting our grasp. Let us, beginning teachers, accept the challenge. Let us not forget our pleasant associations here, but, as we go, let us share our joys, so that not one of us may feel that she treads this road alone.

"It is our joy in life to find,
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind,
To help us bear the load."

Jean Graham

S.C.

CRITIC STAFF OF ELEMENTARY CLASSES

Miss A.Bell	King George School
Miss G.Morgan	King George School
Miss M.Winthrope	King George School
Miss J.Wilson	Kindergarten Directress
Mrs.E.McCubbin	Queen Victoria School
Mr.R.McKee	Principal,King Edward School
Miss E.Stevens	King Edward School
Mrs.G.Robinson	Dr.MacDougall School
Miss L.St.Louis	Dr.MacDougall School
Miss M.Widner	Dr.Carruthers School

AFFILIATED RURAL SCHOOLS

Miss M.Bertran	S.S.No.1B Widdifield
Miss M.Gigg	S.S.No.7 Widdifield
Miss B.Holmes	S.S.No.1 N.Himsworth
Miss F.Kerr	S.S.No.1A Widdifield
Miss J.McAughey	S.S.No.3 N.Himsworth and E.Ferris
MissJ.Tindle	Feronia

PRACTICE TEACHERS

From our first fearful lesson to our last confident one,we have received expert guidance from the practice teachers. Twice a week we have visited the different schools,where we gained new ideas and practical experience. As we go out as the younger members of the teaching profession we look back with pleasure on this experience, and gratefully thank the teachers for their patient and thorough instruction.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION INSTRUCTORS

Rev.M.N.Omond	United Church
Rev.A.A.Mathews	United Church
Rev.W.W.Jarvis	Church of England
Rev.S.B.Coles	Presbyterian Church
Rev.N.C.Kritsch	Lutheran Church
Rev.Fr.Carrol	Roman Catholic Church

Every Monday morning,our different religious groups met for a quiet half hour period, under the guidance of pastors of our own denomination. Here we undertook to study and understand other Teachings. We realize that these periods have helped us to build better characters, and increased our fitness for future tasks.

Once more our Year Book appears, the result of many hours of invaluable experience and enjoyment. As always, in a project like this, many phases of journalistic work are evident -- writing, editing, compiling, printing and binding. With your help so generously given, we, the Year Book Editor and Staff feel that, "Your Year Book is what you have made it." With heartfelt appreciation the Editor extends her thanks:

To Mr. Partridge for taking the photographs of the executives and the forms, and for his friendly counsel and wise advice in many matters.

To Mr. O'Neill for patiently revising the literary contributions and encouraging the editors.

To Miss McCubbin and Mr. Deyell who gave so generously of their time in stencil work and printing.

To Mrs. Irwin and Mr. Chambers who helped with the manufacture and decoration of the book and its cover.

To Miss Anttila and Mrs. Thomas who worked untiringly behind the scenes producing typewritten copies.

To Miss Tierney and Mr. Atkinson for long hours spent in brightening our pages with decorative illustrations.

To the assistant editors, the business manager, the photography editor, the contributors, and all others who have helped -- in any way.

The Year Book Staff

form one

With a great deal of regret, we see a very enjoyable year drawing to a close. The main factor contributing to this feeling is the knowledge that our friendships begun, tested and cemented here, will have to be carried on by occasional meetings and letters.

Before our year closes, we would like to tell something about ourselves. We like to remember that in our group are found: the editor of our Year Book - Jean Graham; the presidents of: the Athletic Society - Jean Carruthers; the Science Club - Phemie Bruce; the Literary Society - Mildred Hamilton; and the Junior Red Cross - Gwen Cowey. These hard-working people have contributed greatly to the success and happiness of all during this year.

Special mention should go to these of our girls who delighted us many times with their musical renditions. They are Anita Anttila, an accomplished pianist; Sheila Bamford, a talented violinist; and Mildred Hamilton, whose ability in musical leadership has given her first place as our song leader.

We look back to our first, lonesome days last September -- to many of us our first days away from home. Simultaneously, we look forward with anticipation to this coming September and our first schools. No matter how far apart our paths may take us, we will always remember our associations with each other.

Kathleen Andrews



Form two

We are the students of Form II. From the West we came, from the wilds of Keewatin, Fort Frances and Dryden; from the thickly populated centres of Emo and Black Hawk; from Fort William, Port Arthur, White River and Sault Ste Marie; from the green forest area of Sudbury and Copper Cliff; from North Bay,where the lamp of knowledge burns brightly; from Ferris, Callander, Renfrew, and Huntsville; from the trackless wastes of the North -- Matheson, Cochrane, and Swastika; from the gold centres of Schumacher and Kirkland Lake. From the ends of Ontario we came, and constituted Form II.

Together through trials and hardships, bounced in buses to Widdifield and Wisa Wasa, marooned in Balsam Creek, lost in the maze of North Bay's streets; through lectures and lessons, slumped in the unyielding desks of the North Bay Normal, or huddled on collapsible chairs at the back of the classrooms, awaiting the call to action; in assignments, examinations, continuous weeks, observations and countless uncharted periods of Physical Training, we were a unit. We were indomitable!

Followers of our footsteps,regard us and aspire to greater heights. We are the teachers of Form II.

NOrma Young



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Executive:	L.Griffiths (Pres.)	J.Graham (Sect'y)
	K.Andrews (Vice-pres.)	W.Ashfield (Treas.)
Members:	G.Atkinson	J.Carruthers
	E.Bruce	G.Cowey
	M.Hamilton	

With the ending of the term, we, of the Council, are about to write finis to our work. This, to paraphrase a familiar quotation, has consisted in our being a council of the students, by the students, and for the students.

The Council has endeavoured to look after those things which concerned the student body as a whole. Early in the first term a schedule of programmes was arranged that would provide a variety for the student body and not overburden any one society with work. We took charge of the radio programme for Education Week the packing of food boxes for Europe, the choosing of class pins and rings, and the never-to-be-forgotten Toronto trip.

By our work during the term we trust that we have fulfilled our obligations to you who elected us.

L.Griffiths

STRANGER IN MY OWN HOME TOWN

On September 11,1945, I found myself standing at the bottom of the stone steps leading up to the Normal School. This was not a new experience for me. Many times in former years I had played on the lawn or gazed into the lower windows watching a group of girls carve and saw. However,this recollection of former experiences didn't quite relieve my feeling of dread. After what seemed ages, I reached the door and walked in. A sign directed me to the Assembly Hall. Patiently I climbed the two flights of stairs and arrived at an almost empty auditorium.

Over in a corner stood another student whom I engaged in idle conversation for a few minutes. Then other students began to arrive - all strangers! For the first time in all my eighteen years I felt like a stranger in my own home town. The next half hour seemed like a nightmare. Everyone seemed to know at least one other person. I felt so lonesome that all I could think of was leaving and not coming back. Who's this? Why,it's the girl I met in the dentist's office about three months ago. A friend at last and many more to come!

Marg. Sullivan

GET-ACQUAINTED TEA

The halls of the North Bay Normal School on September 14th were filled with voices and giggles. Sixty girls! And believe it or not, five boys! (or should I say men). Bewildered teachers-to-be; nearly all strangers! Normal School is very new and bewildering to all of us. We soon discover that still the purpose of a Get-acquainted Tea is to help Normalites to get to know one another.

I was amazed at the number of people who greeted me by name. I simply couldn't understand,until I remembered that all present were wearing name cards. This made it very easy to get acquainted, and soon we were all busily talking to one another.

We knew that the Normal School staff would soon be feeding us mentally with lectures, but when they brought in the delicious sandwiches,cake and steaming cups of tea, we knew that they were interested in our physical welfare too. They not only prepared this, but they themselves also served us. Mr.Chambers was a little irritated because he did not receive a tip. This oversight was soon corrected. Just ask him what he did with the penny he received.

All in all, it was a grand afternoon. It helped take away that bewildered and lonely feeling and gave us all a sense of "We belong here and we are part of it all". The Normal School students not only met one another, but also the staff as teachers and friends.

Shirley Whitehead

MY FIRST LESSON

"Well I guess this is it."
"Gee am I scared!"
"Aren't you nervous?"
"I wish I weren't first."
"I'll be so glad when this is over."

Such was the babbling that had filled the taxi ever since we left the Normal School. It broke out afresh, increasing in volume as we approached S.S.No.7 Widdifield. I had been sitting back, relaxed and poised, wondering why my fellow students were so excited. I stepped calmly out of the taxi and entered the school. No, I was not the least frightened or nervous - why, there was nothing to be nervous about!

Taking out the mimeographed sheets presented to us by Mr.Deyell, I prepared to mark my fellow student's teaching to the best of my ability. The zero hour was 2:15; until 2:10 I was absorbed in the scoring sheet. Then I looked at the clock. Five minutes to go. Suddenly my heart slipped its moorings and sank slowly into my stomach. My once strong backbone had turned to jelly. I knew now how the others had been suffering.

All too soon the five minutes were up and I found myself at the front of the room. In a voice trembling with fear, I assigned seatwork to the senior grades. Then I led grade one to the front to teach them the new words "Mother" and "Father". I went through the conventional introduction with a picture to arouse their interest. Then I printed the words on the blackboard. No sooner was this done than two of the five children announced eagerly that they knew them. I was definitely not prepared for this and was thrown completely off balance. I could only mutter, "That's fine" -- a very inadequate answer.

They had been painting the school the day we were observing, and from this I conceived the bright idea for my drill. I cut out little pails and brushes. The children ran up and down the blackboard ladder with their pails telling me every time they stepped on a "Mother" or "Father" rung. The two bright ones always called out the words before the poor climbers had a chance.

At last I decided that they had had enough drill and told them that they could take their seats. After their seatwork was checked, I flew to my chair. Slowly my muscles relaxed one by one and I was able to breathe again. Thank goodness, there can be only one "first lesson".

Ethel Yule

TEACHING OBSERVATIONS

Do you ever look back to the observation days in the practice schools? Can we ever forget how amazed we were to really reach Brooke Street School, after asking directions of almost every passer-by.

In a mad rush we took off our coats and hastily sat down at the back of the room. Everyone attempted to appear prim and proper. As we watched the teacher we wondered how she could be so calm and collected with so many students present.

Although we liked the city, the country school beckoned us. We rushed headlong into the bus in a desperate attempt to get seats. A merrier crowd was never seen. Everyone was singing despite the cramped space. Popular tunes resounded from all corners of the bus. Suddenly we went over a bump. "Oh's and Ah's" echoed and re-echoed. From the top of the next bump, we could see the school-house.

On our arrival, we were welcomed by the pupils with whom we spent an interesting and profitable afternoon.

- Marjorie Legault.

--ooo--ooo--

THE RURAL SCHOOL FAIR

On the afternoon of September 19th, the students of the North Bay Normal School were privileged to visit the Widdifield Rural School Fair. The excited Normalites left the Normal School with the expectation of an interesting afternoon.

The farm animals aroused the most interest. The small colt was adored by all, as were the prize calves.

The students had first opportunity to examine the judged exhibits. The vegetables which were grown by the pupils together with the home-made articles formed an attractive display.

Before leaving for home, the ever-hungry students thronged into the refreshment booth. We left Widdifield with the feeling that our time had been well-spent.

- Gordon Ross



It was eight o'clock and already the ghosts and goblins were abroad. As the students and guests entered the Normal School, with trembling feet and bated breath, they were pushed and prodded down the stairs into the terrifying recesses of the Hall of Horrors. There, amidst the screams of the suffering, they went through every imaginable torture.

After everyone was thoroughly initiated in the proper Hallowe'en spirit, the Grand March was held and prizes were awarded for the prettiest, funniest, and most novel costumes--Dolores Holland, Mary Leach and Sheilah Watson winning these honours.

The Master of Ceremonies, George Atkinson, introduced a number of games which brought shouts of laughter from the contestants and audience. The "Proposal", in which the married couples took the floor the wives asking for their husbands' hands was enjoyed immensely.

A sing-song, instrumental and vocal solos followed on the programme. Refreshments, served by the Social Executive, were heartily partaken of, by all.

The students and their guests, the boys of the Rehabilitation classes, passed the remainder of the evening in dancing.

All too soon the party drew to a close, but everyone, ghosts, goblins and all, agreed that it had been a very delightful Hallowe'en masquerade.

Ellen Tierney

THE SOCIAL EXECUTIVE

This executive looks after the social needs of the students at the Normal School. After the election of officers for the executive we set to work and planned a series of entertainments to maintain the morale of the Normalites.

The first social event was a Hallowe'en Masquerade party. This party was held in the evening in the library with the rehabilitation students and the staff of the school and their families as guests. A programme of games was followed by dancing. A delicious lunch was served.

The social executive, at the Christmas concert sponsored by the Literary Society, served a lunch to the students and guests.

In February, during Carnival Week, the Social and Athletic societies sponsored a sleigh-riding party. Two horse-drawn sleighs carried the happy Normalites. At the end of the journey a hot lunch of baked beans, coffee, and rolls was served. Later, the students danced.

The main social event was a tea dance. The rehabilitation students were invited and everyone had a good time.

One of the outstanding undertakings of the Social executive this year, was the sending of food parcels overseas to Holland and England. Since all the executives of the school contributed, the Students' Council took over the task under the leadership of Lloyd Griffiths. We were able to send sixteen food parcels.

There is still the wind-up party to be held. With that, our social events for the year will be finished. The executive has worked hard and, with the aid of Miss Preston, it tried to serve the Normalites as well as possible.

George Atkinson



THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

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2. Courses for the General B.A.Degree.

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

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*Included in the summer program of 1946.

4. Special Course in Community Leadership (Department of Education and Adult Education Board), July 22nd to August 2nd.

5. French and Basic English courses July 4th to August 21st at Trois-Pistoles, Quebec.

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.

For information write to Dr.H.R.Kingston, Director of Summer School, University of Western Ontario, London, Canada.

ALL'S WELL THAT BEGINS WELL

Practice School: Balsam Creek
Practice School Teacher: Mrs.Baldwin
Date and Time: October 2, 2:00-2:30
Subjects: Science; Primary Reading
Student Teacher: Joan M.Potter

Aim: To get through my first lesson assignment.

Introduction: Accompanied by Ona Neily and my weeds, I left the Normal at 12:30 in a taxi. All went well until we had a blowout. Unfortunately the driver had mislaid the keys for the trunk so he had no repair tools. In vain he tried to smash the lock. As we sat planning a way out of our predicament, the 1:30 Temiskaming bus loomed over the horizon. Without hesitating we climbed in. This ride was short. Soon we were out again in the wind and rain. My poor weeds suffered damage as we trudged to the school. Upon entering, we saw that we were exactly one hour late.

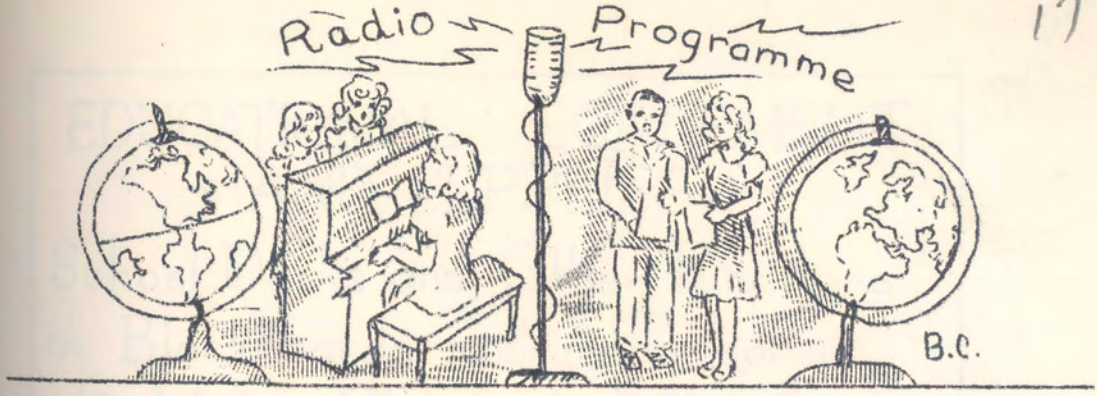
Presentation: The "moment fatale" arrived and for the first time I became Miss Potter. Trembling and shivering I presented my facts and decrepit species to the senior grades and then moved on to the juniors. This was the most enjoyable part. While I drilled on the word "play" Eric insisted that he could build a house. And so the lesson continued until 3 o'clock when I,with a sigh of relief,turned the class over to Miss Neily.

Conclusion: At four o'clock Mrs.Baldwin tactfully pointed out our weaknesses. Then we waited for the taxi. By sundown we were somewhat tired so we sauntered down to the general store to wait for it by lamplight. But the bus appeared first and we climbed in. By seven o'clock we arrived safely home.

That night I wondered "Will all teaching be as eventful as my first attempt?" Well!.....!

Joan Potter





A radio programme of our own! That was a thought -- a thought when Mr.Partridge walked in one morning and announced that the Education Week Committee would allow us one half hour on the local station C.F.C.H.,to present an educational theme.

The theme chosen by the Students' Council was, "Teachers in the Making". For three weeks -- three weeks of work, three weeks of worry, three weeks of invaluable experience in co-operation--the committee turned into writers, - composing,scrapping;re-writing, scrapping;until finally the script was complete and ready for production.

The singing of a patter to the tune of "School Days" opened the programme. The first scene portrayed the High School graduation exercises,in which the guidance officer was concluding his address to the graduates. The second scene showed the first experiences of Normal School students in several practice schools and classrooms. Other scenes depicted interesting and numerous incidents in teacher education. Three highlights were: a poem, "Nature Study"; a piano solo,"Polonaise", and a choral reading, "The Walrus and the Carpenter".

With the strains of "Canada,My Home",we put behind us our first radio programme, an adventure which proved to be one of our most valued experiences at the Normal School.

CHOIR .... Kathleen Andrews, Mary Dunn, Jean Graham, Mildred Hamilton, Marion MacLeod, Helen Monaghan, Shirley White.

PIANIST .... Anita Anttila.

COMMITTEE... Lloyd Griffiths,Kathleen Andrews, Jean Graham, Anita Anttila, Mildred Hamilton, George Atkinson.

CHARACTERS.. Sheila Bamford, Gwen Cowey, Tessie Dunn, Billie Hill, Muriel Hodge, Dolores Holland, Jean McLean, Mary McKenzie, Cecile Pope, Clara Zanchin, Wesley Ashfield, George Atkinson, Robert Campbell, Lloyd Griffiths.

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THE ART GROUP

What could be interesting enough to draw a group of Normal students to the school on a Saturday afternoon? On this occasion, November 24th, it was the first session of the Art Group.

Up to the third floor we trudged, each with his bundle of oil paints and brushes. Some of us had worked with oils before; to the rest of us, it was new. Under Mrs. Irwin's guidance, we spent a most enjoyable afternoon painting the group of still life she had arranged for us, and discovering, as we went along, some of the basic principles involved.

The results of our weekly efforts - and Mrs. Irwin's help - were not only the completed paintings, and the ability developed, but an increased desire to continue oil painting as a hobby. We wish to thank Mrs. Irwin for the interest she has taken in our work and for the encouragement she has given us. Without her as guide, our meetings would not have been as profitable nor as enjoyable.

Marjorie Clement

REMEMBRANCE DAY

M.C

On November 9,1945, the students of the North Bay Normal School gathered together in the assembly hall to again pay tribute in their own small way to those who gallantly fought in World War I and World War II. The meeting opened with the singing of O Canada. A very solemn and impressive programme, consisting of hymns,a solo,recitations,readings, and a prayer,was presented by the students. Since this was the first Remembrance Day since the end of that long,tedious,and bloody struggle 1939-1945, everyone present seemed greatly touched by the programme. Not only were our thoughts of men who had made the supreme sacrifice, but also of those who risked their lives for the cause of freedom, and who returned wounded and crippled. During the ceremony, Craig Otto and Harold Willoughby assisted as buglers. The meeting was dismissed after the singing of the National Anthem, and as the students left the assembly hall,heartbroken and sympathetic feelings were displayed by many.

The decorations,most appropriately designed for the occasion, added much to the serenity of the programme.

"LET US NOT FORGET"

- Jean MacLean.



GRAPH DAY

Graph day tomorrow! The word sent a shudder of horror through me. Bravely the thought was put aside, only to be recalled now that the dreaded time approaches.

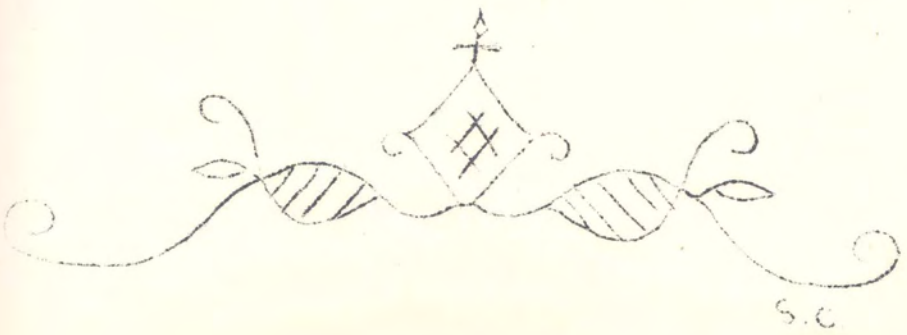
The students begin leaving the room in alphabetical order. The A's, and B's, then the C's go. I pray that my time won't come until the morrow, but at two minutes to four THE moment has come.

I walk haltingly down two flights of stairs, and open the door to the outer office. I sit down on a hard uncomfortable chair, --- and wait. The clock ticks loudly in the silent room. The buzz of voices drones forth from behind the closed door. I cannot stand the suspense. A scream wells up in my throat. - - - The door opens. Out staggers a fellow student with a fixed grin on her face, and a white paper held tightly in her hand.

I stand up, breathe deeply, clench my fists, and stride in, determined not to show my feelings as I see the summary on my practice teaching endeavours. The principal is sitting behind his desk, smiling. In a kindly voice he asks me to sit down, and I collapse into the nearest chair. He talks for a few minutes, but I hear nothing. Suddenly I am looking at a white paper with a line zig-zagging across it, telling me of my ups and downs. Then I glance at the left-hand corner to see my group classification. Not seeing an "E" or a "D" I breathe easier, sit up, and smile. Then for a few minutes the principal gives me words of helpful advice. Finally I leave, determined to earn a higher rating before next graph time.

As I walk through the outer office the next student on the list, facing the unknown, stumbles past me. Humming a tune, I float down the corridor. The ordeal is over - - - until the next time.

Barbara Mosher



A WEEK TO REMEMBER

Did you consider the week of continuous teaching an exciting experience? Mine was. I was assigned to a nine grade rural school in my own community for the week after Christmas.

The teacher was due to arrive at Hillside on the day before school opening. From 10:00 a.m. of that day, I watched expectantly, but at 11:30 p.m. there was still no sign of her. Reluctantly I crawled into bed. All night I kept thinking, "What if she doesn't come? Will I have to take charge?" At seven-thirty I was startled by a "Ring! Ring!" No, it wasn't the teacher. It was the school trustee asking me to take charge - alone. What would I do with thirty pupils for five hours?

I entered the school at eight-forty-five and was met by a barrage of questions. "Are you going to teach here?" "Where's the new teacher?"

Well! The first day began and time really flew. I extended the relaxation and singing periods and did manage to work in a few of the facts of the three R's. Four o'clock did not come too soon. At four-thirty I staggered home with books piled high to begin preparation for the morrow. This continued all week and by Friday I was exhausted.

In spite of the fact that a small boy brought a gun to school (for what purpose I don't know) and that the Inspector and the Minister both visited me, I survived the week.

In my opinion it was one of the highlights of my year, because there I gained the courage and experience that I shall need for next year. What could be more practical than a week alone in a rural school?

"Billie" Hill

THE COLOURS OF SPRING

Spring hath decked the world in garments new.
The heavens she hath gowned in sapphire blue,
Dotted here and there with fleece-white clouds,
No longer dulled by Winter's lead-grey shrouds.

She hath clothed the earth in robes of em'rald green,
All strip'd with laughing streams of silver sheen,
And decked with flow'rs of varied rainbow hues,
Bright reds, pale mauves, gay yellows, and soft blues.

Vina Caverly

McMASTER UNIVERSITY SUMMER SCHOOL

22

Hamilton, Ontario - July 2 - Aug. 9.
1946

Full programme of courses for:

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III Vocational Guidance Diploma
IV Community Leadership

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WORK AND PLAY AT McMASTER SUMMER SCHOOL

A THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

EVENTUALLY PUPILS WILL --

judge themselves

plan themselves

discipline themselves

extend themselves

think themselves

be themselves.

WHY NOT LET THEM GET STARTED NOW!



Christmas Concert

(as told by the stage-curtain)

They are all gone now; it is very quiet and dark. But I will never forget the happy scene I witnessed here this afternoon. The Christmas Literary Society meeting of the Normal School opened with "O Canada" followed by the president's remarks. Then once again I heard the familiar Christmas carols. Their peaceful strains seemed to ring truer than ever this year.

A violin solo well-rendered by Sheila Bamford made me remember other happy scenes I have witnessed in this very room. Then I was pulled aside and a Christmas mystery play was enacted. After this the Social Executive served an enjoyable lunch.

The last echo of wooden heels has faded away and I am left to my fond reminiscing.

F.Dunn



THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Honorary President:	Miss Mitchell
President:	Mildred Hamilton
Vice-President:	Ellen Tierney
Secretary Treasurer:	Gordon Ross
Form Representatives:	Anita Anttila, Wilma Hamlet, Verna Paul, Norma Young.

Throughout the year the Literary Society has tried to provide programmes of interest for the students. It was this society's chief aim at all times to further the general culture and professional advancement of the students.

The Literary Society was able to present to the students and staff several guests who provided entertainment. First of these was Mr.Rankin,a North Bay merchant who presented a film of pictures taken in North Bay.

Mr.Hazzard,a well-known Canadian artist,gave an interesting talk concerning his work. He also sketched several Canadian scenes with pastels.

At our Robert Burns' programme,Miss McKay,teacher of the Tutorial Institute,favoured the audience with a talk about the life of that great Scottish poet.

On another occasion Jean MacGillivray gave a very delightful reading about the history of North Bay.

A very appropriate Remembrance Day programme was presented by a number of students on that day.

Perhaps the most outstanding event of the year was the Christmas Play staged by a number of talented students.

Another programme which was especially enjoyable was the debate in which all showed a great interest.

The puppet show will live long in the memories of all of us - this being the first we had ever seen.

Miss Hamilton,our able president,would like to convey her thanks to Miss Mitchell, the executive, and students for their co-operation in presenting these programmes and for making them such a success.

Gordon Ross

FISHING IN JANUARY

Have you ever been ice fishing? You haven't? Now I am left pondering whether you were born under some lucky star, or whether you have missed one of life's important experiences.

It was 7 A.M. and my room black as the inside of a coal bin. The raucous alarm seemed to shatter the silence of the sleeping household, and I scrambled over my bed-mate to grope for the clock. We both struggled with it, and finally that horrible, grinning face was quiet. I realized with a start that this was "the Day" and I tumbled out of my warm bed. I was going ice fishing!

An important thing about fishing in the middle of January is the quantity of clothes you must wear. First of all you put on your unmentionables, then the heaviest pair of flannelette pyjamas you can find (all this while you are feeling as ancient as your great-grandmother), then three or four pairs of heavy socks, the same number of sweaters, heavy boots and mittens, then you top these off with a huge parka. But I forgot to mention the ice pick, chisel, axe, matches, lines, hooks, live minnows, paper for fires, hunting knife, cooking utensils, and at least three or four times as much food as you think you need.

The first lap of our journey was by car from North Bay to LaVasse Creek. We parked the car, and began our journey across the lake to Callander Bay. I dislike mentioning our discomforts for fear of discouraging any would-be fisherwomen or men, but I can't help referring to the 20° below zero temperature, the biting wind, the deep snow, and our heavy loads. We trudged across the lake to Callander Bay, and just as we reached the island, my two companions broke through the ice as they leapt to the rocks. I was ordered to stay where I was, while they turned their backs, endeavouring to find some means of rescuing me. I shifted my position, and before I could realize my plight, was splashing with the rest of the fish. When I was pulled out I stood and laughed till I couldn't move. (You see my slacks froze stiff, and those lovely warm pyjamas froze tightly to my shaking legs. A fire was hurriedly lit and I spent most of the day steaming and drying before the fire, enviously watching the fishers.

We staggered into North Bay at 7:00 P.M. burdened with fish and fatigue, and laughing over our day's experiences. This isn't an advertisement for fishing but you really ought to try it. It's wonderful fun.

Margaret Horie



CAMERA CLUB

Our Camera Club was formed in January of 1946. It was one of the many interest groups begun at that time in the school. The group gathered on Friday afternoons, for two periods, under the direction of the principal. Without Mr. Partridge's capable leadership, the club would not have functioned as it did.

Many phases of photography were discussed. Two of the most interesting and outstanding were developing and enlarging pictures. Not only were these activities discussed, but each member had opportunities of obtaining experience in this new field.

Much credit should be given to the Camera Club, and especially to Mr. Partridge and Wesley Ashfield, for their great help in making our Year Book what it is. Evidence of the success of the Club's activities can be seen in the Year Book photographs.

Anita Anttila

-- ooo -- ooo --

DEDICATED TO OUR HELPERS

We speak with fond memories of our parties, and we laugh about our basket-ball scores. When we look back upon our year at Normal School do we not sometimes forget those in the background?

Who kept our rooms warm, while the bitter winds stormed around the school? Mr. Wharram.

Who kept those steps free from ice, and the basement tidy? Mr. Jackson.

Who kept the stairs and halls spotlessly clean; the furniture and bannisters free from dust? Mrs. Genaroux and Mrs. Daly.

Yes, when our minds go back to our year at Normal School, we should remember those people who worked behind the scenes for us. All thanks to them!

Frances Appel

THE SLEIGH RIDE

In the midst of a week of fun and frolicking came one of the highlights of our Normal School year. The week -- carnival week; the event -- our sleigh ride. Wednesday evening the students gathered at the Normal School. It wasn't long before we piled on the two sleighs, and started merrily down the road.

But wait, aren't those several of our party calling in desperate tones, "Wait for us!" as they race through the snow. This time we're all aboard. Until we reached the outskirts of the Bay we were content to warble a few popular songs plus those ne'er-to-be-forgotten old favourites.

Away from the traffic the fun began. "Whose feet are those sticking out of the snowbank?" "That couldn't be one of those prim teachers rolling across the middle of the road, could it?" Gay laughter echoed and re-echoed, as one, then another tumbled from the sleigh.

Back in town we rode along Main Street enjoying the Carnival sights. Turning from Main Street we came upon a car stuck in the snow. Never let it be said that we couldn't help a fellow mortal. I think Joan's influence roused the co-operative efforts of the group. She struggled to obtain the pennant which was waving gallantly from the aerial.

Back in school we danced to the 'lilting' music of the victrola until the welcome call of, "Come and get it" resounded through the halls. Um!! those delicious baked beans! Nobody was hungry when they left the Home Economics room,- thanks to Miss Preston and her able assistants.

A flash of light! Too late someone realizes he has become the latest victim of Mr. Partridge's camera.

That was our sleighride party!

"Jo" Murray.





NORTH BAY CARNIVAL 1946



"North Bay is to have a Winter Carnival". Thus the Nugget heralded the coming of this future event which caused much controversy among the townspeople. "What is the sense of having a carnival?" was a common question heard about town, or, "It ought to be fun, but what is the idea behind this expensive project?" Bit by bit, information came to the fore.

Many of the citizens of North Bay depend on the tourist trade to make their living. The carnival was primarily the thought of the Outfitters who were holding their convention here. The tradesmen and tourist people took up the torch with a will. Like prophets they looked into the future and saw the influx of tourist trade which a carnival would bring to the Gateway City.

Preparations were many. The theme of the carnival was the "Frontier Days". Main Street was transformed into a road of yesteryear. A window with shirts, ties, and overcoats stood out like grapefruit on an apple tree amongst those decorated to resemble trappers' cabins, hunting lodges and snow scenes. An Indian village added to the effect of bygone days. Slacks and plaid shirts, and whiskers were the costume of the day. These clothes were essential for some of the strenuous activities that took place. Log chopping contests, boat races on the snow, Congo lines, skiing and skating events were highlights of this gala week.

And it was a gala week. Everyone in the city joined in the fun irrespective of age or sex. I saw one old-timer, with a mask of white whiskers, leading a group of teen-age Congo addicts. The crowning of the Snow Queen was the most impressive event of the whole week. It very fittingly took place the last day of the carnival at the C.P.R. grounds where a massive ice palace had been erected. North Bay turned out en masse to see the Dionne Quintuplets crown Frances Frair, Queen of the Snow.

The carnival has been over for some time but the far reaching results are still trickling in. They come in the form of tourists from remote parts of Canada and the United States; and they come in the form of letters announcing intentions of visiting "The Bay" in the near future. Yes, the North Bay Winter Carnival was a success. It is to be hoped that next year the people of North Bay will present an even more glorious and magnificent extravaganza.

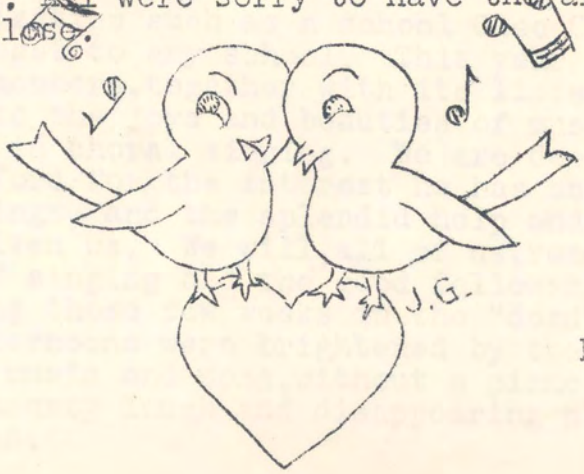
Mary Adamson



On February the thirteenth, the Normal School students entertained their hostesses and the staff at a St.Valentine's Tea.

There was a short programme which was opened with the singing of "O Canada" followed by an excellent performance by the Glee Club singing "My Love's An Arbutus". A two-part athletic display was then enacted. The first represented 1846 and the second 1946. You can well imagine what a sharp contrast there was between the two. We were then favoured with a duet suitable to the occasion by Mildred Hamilton and Marion MacLeod. A model parade of various national costumes proved very enjoyable. The big event of the programme was a play "St.Valentine", an original composition, by Norma Young and Verna Paul. After another Glee Club song, this part of the programme was closed with "God Save the King".

Everyone then sat around in a circle and lunch was served. Afterwards we proceeded to show our hostesses through the school giving them an opportunity to see some of the topics of our meal-time discussions. All were sorry to have the afternoon come to a close.



M. Dunn

NORMAL SCHOOL GLEE CLUB - 1946

My colleagues were being gently torn from their friends' grasps and sent to places of industry - group activities - about the school. I, oh miserable one, was ever so sweetly edged out of the overflowing mass of craft enthusiasts into the loving arms of the small group of song birds to be known as the "Glee Club" - 1946 style. Yours truly is ever so grateful, now, for the change. It isn't every day that a young girl enters such elegant company as the songsters of this year's classes of teachers-to-be.

Having formed our group we started into our career of making life beautiful. Life can be beautiful you know, if you try to make it so. We, of the "harmonic society" do try, so bear with us. We began our career with a number of rollicking French Canadian Folk Songs, singing them in three parts - namely, first Soprano, second Soprano, and Alto. From the French songs we "la-la'd" into a few Russian dances - hopaks and troikas - in our quest for songs from other lands.

In the meantime, St. Valentine's Day was on the horizon and it seemed to suggest that we bring forth our best effort to date. The result -- some very fitting selections. As our repertoire was sadly lacking in tender love songs, we hunted feverishly for something suitable. Finally, our very able and genial teacher suggested that we try "My Love's An Arbutus". Of course the first attempts were feeble, but after hearing a few accidental harmonies issuing from our astonished lips, we "took heart" and practised. From all reports it was at least bearable for the few minutes it lasted.

Two days after this attempt, we were honoured by being asked to sing for the Inspectors of Northern Ontario. They had gathered in conference at the school.

An organization such as a school Glee Club is a very worthy asset to any school. This year it has provided its members, together with its listeners, with an insight into the joys and beauties of music, as well as a training in choral singing. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Bamford for the interest he has shown in us and our strivings, and the splendid help and leadership he has given us. We will, all of us, remember our happy hours of singing and the good fellowship we shared. During those few weeks in the "dead" of winter our Friday afternoons were brightened by the prospect of an hour of music and song, without a piano, but with Mr. Bamford's hearty laugh and disappearing pitch pipe to accompany us.

Shirley White

THIS IS OUR NORTH

This is our North, with deep cool bay
And babbling brook where fishes play
The lofty pines upon the shore
The portals high of Nature's door
The sluggish stream within its bed
Descending from its water-shed,
To rocks and stones, where torrents make
A swift descent from lake to lake.

This is our North with forest cool,
The tall green ferns, the hidden pool,
Where round the margin insects gay
Feast on nectar every day.
This is our North from rugged rock
To deep blue skies where soars the hawk
From rising morn, to starry nights,
There witches play, our Northern Lights
Whose pastel shades till dawn shines forth
Beloved by us, this is our North.

E.Bruce

THE NORTHERNERS

Are you from the North? An answering smile
Enlarges your circle of friends,
And someone thinks of a gnarled old pine
Where a whip-poor-will's sad song ends.

And someone thinks of a lake that glints
In a shimmering whirl of sun;
Or a dazzling rainbow that broke on the rocks
When a golden day was done.

And there's one who thinks of the iron cold
Of a night that's white and blue,
When the stars are as sharp as a splintered
sword

And the earth is silent through.

And a turbulent river tears out of the North,
Ripping its sides with foam;
Or cool black rocks that are shadowed with
trees

Shelter some Northerner's home.

For ours is the North where a laugh is free,
Where a smile is a pass word ready,
Where hands can meet in honest grip
And hearts beat true and steady.

Norma Young

GUEST SPEAKERS

From time to time, throughout the year, the usual routine of Normal periods, if I may use the none too appropriate word "routine", was broken by a guest speaker.

The first of these was the geologist, Dr. Wilson, from the Museum at Ottawa. Dr. Wilson spoke on the topic, "From Rocks to Soil" and while she talked, our appreciation of the process grew and our own Laurentian Highlands assumed greater proportions.

Miss Minnie E. Bartlett talked to us of the great possibilities of the Junior Red Cross in our schools. Miss Dulmage, Director of Home Nursing, First Aid, and the Reserve, Canadian Red Cross Society, emphasized the need for a knowledge of Home Nursing and First Aid, necessary to us, as teachers.

Mr. C.D. Gaitskell, M.A., Director of Art, presented to us actual samples of pupil activity showing the gradual development in Art from Grades one to eight. The artist, Garnet Hazard, came, and we watched as a winter scene of the Rocky Mountains grew before our eyes.

Other speakers were H.R. Beattie, Director of Guidance for Ontario, and Dr. Harry Amoss, author of so many books with which we have become familiar. Dr. Amoss urged us to put personality into our teaching, since each one has special talents with which to work.

Mr. Roy Fenwick, Mus. Bac., Director of Music for Ontario, assured us of the prominent position music ought to play in peoples' lives. The radio music broadcasts became more meaningful to us when we again heard his well-modulated voice.

Miss Helen Sheppard, President of the Ontario Teachers' Federation, and Mr. R. McKee, a representative of the Men Teachers' Federation, spoke to us of the advantages and help which this organization will render us in our future teaching years.

Mr. Stothers, B.A., D.Paed., Inspector of Auxiliary Classes, enlightened us on the need of such classes, and how we can help these pupils in our schools.

GUEST SPEAKERS (Cont'd)

The customs of countries, hitherto unknown to us, were made realistic through Mr. Tait, Public School Inspector of the Huntsville area, who spoke on South America, and Rev. Wood, who spoke on India.

In the hope that we may some day decide to further our education, representatives came to advise us on available courses. These representatives were: Mr. N. Davies, B.A., Inspector of Agricultural Classes; Mr. H.R. Hutton, Director of Extension, Queen's University, and H.R. Kingston, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.A.S., Director of Extension, University of Western Ontario .

The Women's Canadian Club gave us an opportunity to hear such speakers as Mrs. Tait, who spoke on her experiences in South America, and Mr. Baker who gave us a vivid picture of his work in India. Another speaker was Mr. Rowlatt, who demonstrated radar and told us the important part played by it during the past war.

Each of these visitors brought some special message to us, and helped to enrich our year at North Bay Normal School.

Shirley South

----ooo -- ooo -- ooo --

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

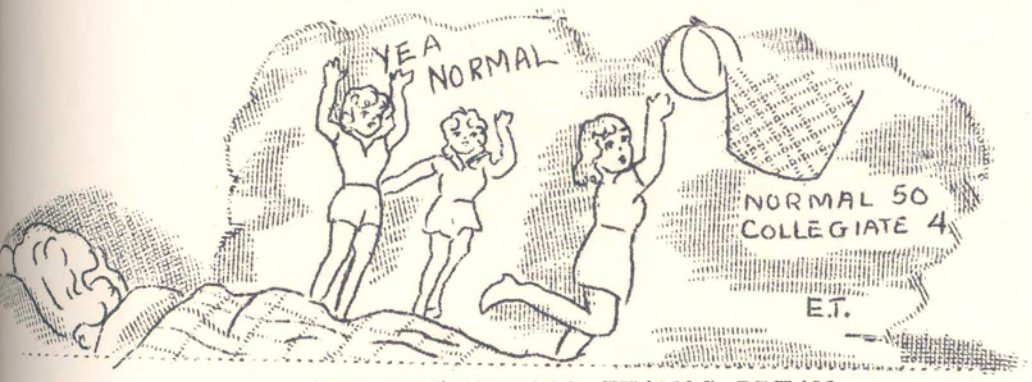
"The work of the teacher is not so much to get the pupils out of difficulties as to get them into difficulties."

"You don't have to live in a big town to do big things in education."

"A pupil directed by force can never become a force."

"A good school is but another home; a good home is just another school."

- Selected



THE BASKETBALL TEAM'S DREAM

Our scene is the gym, the game has begun,
The basketball tossed to the centre one.
It's off through the air, with the greatest
of ease,
And Clara grabs it midst a very tight squeeze.
Ahe throws it to Stephie for all she is worth;
What a powerful player this girl from the North!
Steph brings it in to the basket zone
But alas! She finds that she's all alone.
She's rather perturbed from the sound of her
lingo,
So she aims and shoots - A basket! Bingo!
The crowd goes wild, they shout with joy,
Normal is winning. Oh, Boy! Oh, boy!
Poor old Collegiate hasn't a chance,
Anyone can see that at a glance.
Well, the game goes on and the ball is tossed:
Horrible Horie won't be bossed;
She towers over the other women;
Why, of course, that gal, she comes from Timmins.
Gertie, the Giant, strolls to the line,
While Bamford gives the floor a shine.
She stands with her team in formation,
Everyone ready at her station,
Mary lifts her arms with graceful ease,
Prays -- and another basket if you please.
And sure enough, another score,
That gives us a lead of fifty to four.
I'm sorry though, that on behalf of the team,
I'll have to confess, - this is only a DREAM.

Jean Carruthers

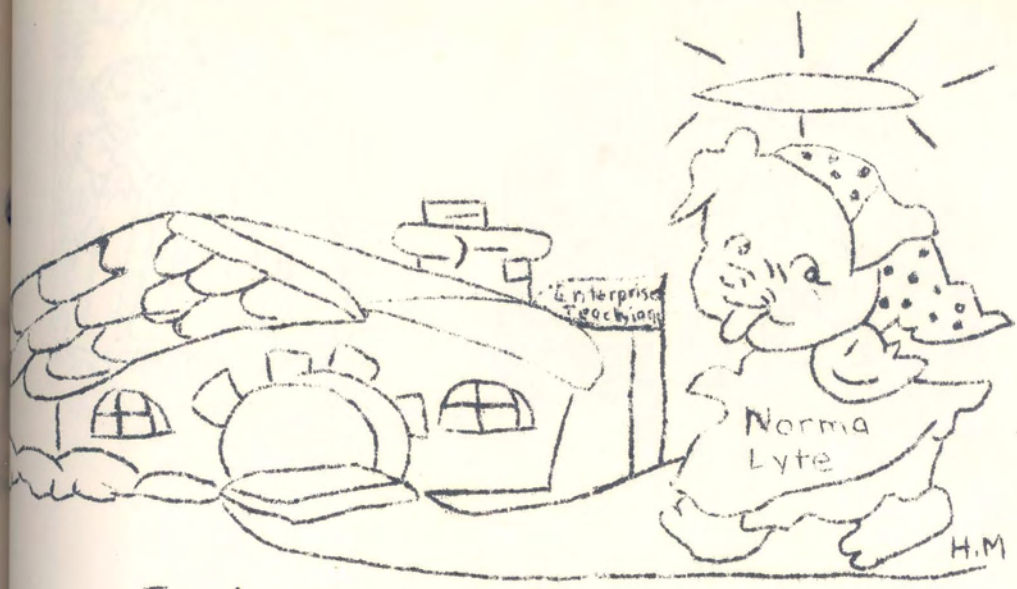
OUR ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

"There will be a meeting of the Athletic Society to-day." How familiar these words sound! Although there were many things to do around the school we always managed to have our meetings. Though our procedure was informal the athletic executive was well organized. We undertook such tasks as the planning of basketball games and the arranging of practices for both basketball and badminton.

Although our finances were limited, we were able to contribute enough money to enable the Normal School to enter the basketball league. The Athletic Executive also provided the funds to hire the sleighs for our sleigh-riding party.

On the whole, the Athletic Executive was quite successful in carrying out all required duties. The members who contributed to its success were Jean Carruthers, president; Margaret Horie, vice-president; Josephine Murray, secretary; Billie Hill, class representative for Form I; and Clara Zanchin, class representative for Form II.

Clara Zanchin



Enterprise Teaching

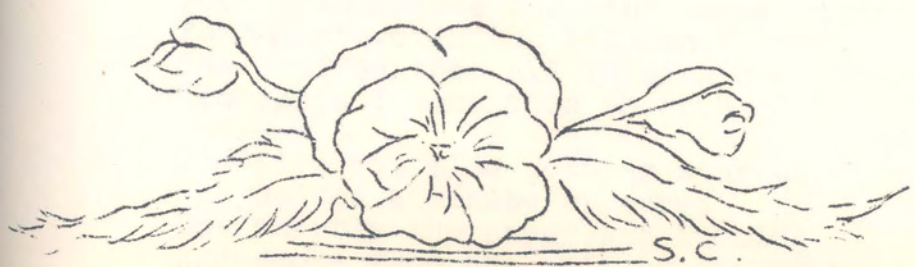
The two teaching weeks between March 4th and 15th were devoted to enterprise teaching. Actually, the hours between 10:45 and 12:00 a.m., and frequently between 4:00 and 5:00 were so occupied.

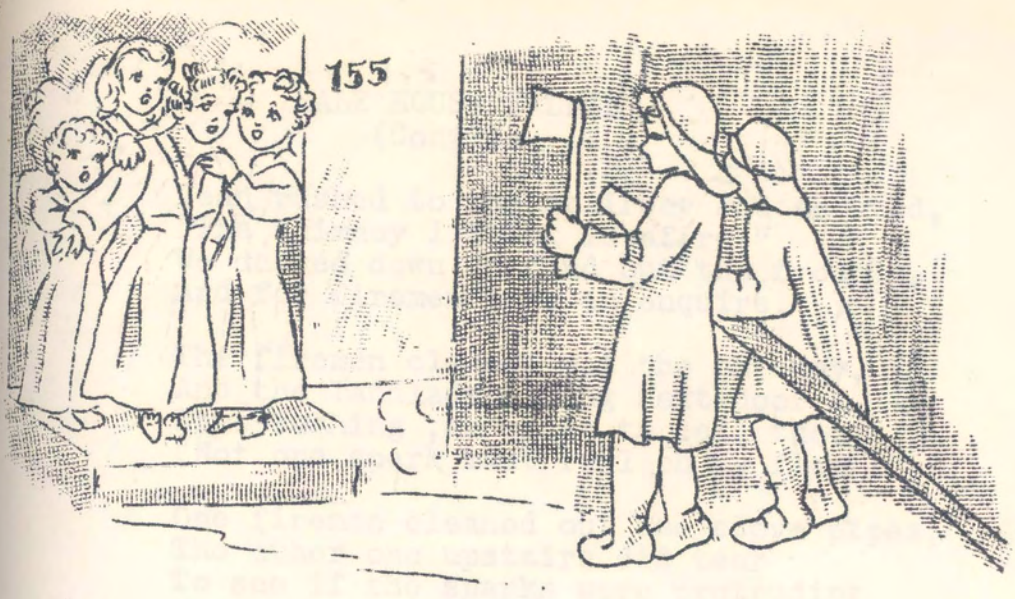
At the beginning of the first week, few of us had more than an extremely hazy notion of what we were setting out to accomplish. The most typical question heard around the school was: "Do you know what you are supposed to be doing?" Near the end of our enterprise we had a clear impression of the goal, but were in a dilemma as to how to accomplish so much in such a short time. The most typical question now was: "Are you nearly finished?"

Miraculously as it seemed, when Friday the day of judgment arrived, everyone was finished.

The experience gained in our two "enterprise-ing" weeks has shown us that the enterprise is a valuable teaching tool.

F.Tipper





HALE HOUSE BALLAD

We thought we'd better write this
So it wouldn't be forgot,
Two firemen ran to their engine,
Shouting,"Hale House,next stop!"

The siren sounded on Cassell,
And then Second Avenue West.
Two men tore into the Hale House,
A chimney fire was their quest.

Four damsels bedecked in housecoats
Were frantically tearing around;
The smoke out the chimney was coming,
And the sparks fell fast to the ground.

Next door was a ladies' meeting,
Miss Mitchell was present at that;
No doubt even she was wondering
Just exactly what we were at.

The Hales had left us that evening,
We had the house to ourselves.
Waste baskets were filled with old papers
The results of cleaning our shelves.

Jean Graham took down the waste papers
To the stove in the kitchen below;
She stuffed them all in with one motive,
"To ashes I want this to go."

The fire was slow getting started,
She waited a minute or more;
But shortly the paper was burning
And smoke from the chimney did pour.

HALE HOUSE BALLAD
(Cont'd)

Jean rushed to the stairway and shouted,
"The chimney I think is afire!"
We dashed down to find out the trouble,
And for firemen made an enquire.

The firemen cleaned out the chimney,
And the landlady living next door
Came rushing ,an order to tell them,
"Not one spark must fall on my floor!"

One fireman cleaned out the stove pipes,
The other one upstairs did tear
To see if the sparks were protruding
Into the Normalites' lair.

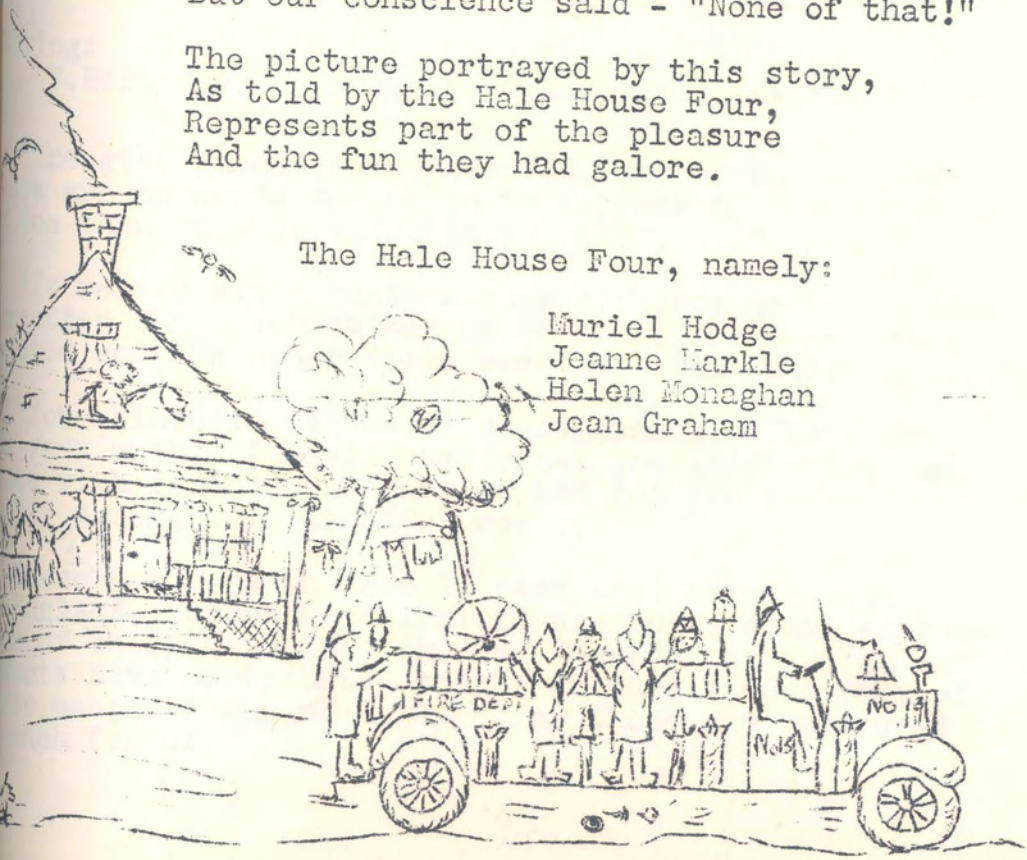
A moment elapsed,not more though,
When two of us had but one thought,
"That fireman went to our bedroom
Is there anything that we forgot?"

So finally the firemen left us,
We were rather sorry for that,
You see - they were rather handsome.
But our conscience said - "None of that!"

The picture portrayed by this story,
As told by the Hale House Four,
Represents part of the pleasure
And the fun they had galore.

The Hale House Four, namely:

Muriel Hodge
Jeanne Markle
Helen Monaghan
Jean Graham



BOXES FOR BRITAIN

tanding:
G.Atkinson, H.Emminghaus, S.Whitehead,
M.McMenemy, N.Young, O.Neily, A.Goddard.

itting:
P.Bernache, H.Monaghan, C.Zanchin, L.Griffiths.

"The gift parcel,so unexpected,reached me yesterday. here are no words wherewith to express my appreciation f the thought that actuates you all ....."

"It really was a super Easter gift,for we had almost orgotten that such things as cherries,peel, and rice isted and the other items were more than welcome....."

"Your kindness is really overwhelming. Thank you l very much. I shall have great joy in sharing your ifts with friends who have worked for and suffered eenly during this dreadful war ....."

These words,taken from letters sent to us by people England,Scotland and Ireland are but a small expres-ion of their heartfelt thanks. We are happy that our fforts have contributed to the welfare and comfort of ese people. May we do more for those who have done much for us.

THUMBS UP

Why were our meetings of the "Thumbs Up" branch so entertaining? Let us try and remember them.

Our first distinguished guest speaker was Miss Bartlett, Director of Junior Red Cross for Ontario. Besides giving us an inspiring and helpful address, she presented our "Thumbs Up" Club with its fifth year seal.

Our executive has endeavoured to present varied and worth-while programmes which can be carried on in our schools next year.

Singsongs, health exercises, and a discussion on the value of this society composed a part of our meetings. Under Miss Mosher's direction we had a most enjoyable quiz in which most of us participated. The highlight of our programmes was a play entitled "The Clock" which brought forth hilarious laughter. The radio play on "Florence Nightingale" was most impressive.

Through our efficient Service Committee, face cloths, mitts, and two afghans have been forwarded to our headquarters. The Committee's white jar, bearing its noble red sign, sat on a desk in room seven. Here, students deposited spare pennies to help unfortunate children. Each student's birthday, she was greeted by this jar and a beckoning sign, "Deposit here". She dropped in a penny for each year of her age.

For the food parcels sent to civilians overseas, the Junior Red Cross gave a liberal contribution. A successful Tag Day raised money for the postage on the parcels.

I would like to thank the executive for the splendid co-operation and enthusiasm which it has shown, also those who helped in any way to make our meetings a success.

Gwen Cowey



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ROBERT BURNS' PROGRAMME

The three items on our programme were: an old Scottish song by Evelyn Whitehead and Tessie Dunn, a talk by Miss McKay, and a dance by Mary McKenzie. But mentioning these does not do the programme justice.

In Miss McKay's talk on Robert Burns she said, "Everyone loves this Scottish poet." We were certainly thrilled listening to her story of his life. She mentioned the simplicity of his character and how he loved the common folk. Although he came from one of the poorest homes, to-day he is loved throughout the world as one of our greatest poets. The highlight of her talk was her recitation of the poem "A Man's A Man For A' That".

Last on the programme, but certainly not least was the Highland Fling by Mary McKenzie (where did you learn to dance like that, Mary?). Led by Lloyd Griffiths, we finished the programme by singing many of our favourite Scottish songs.

Jean MacGillivray

MISS NORMALITE -- 1945-1946

She is a gorgeous doll, our ideal Normalite, and embodies the following characteristics. She has hair just like Myra McMenemy's so she doesn't have to curl it every night. Her eyes? Well, they're like Dolores Holland's with that come-hither look. As for her nose, why she borrowed that useful appendage from Wilma Hamlet. Her mouth is sweet like Anne Goddard's, and strangely enough, she has Marg. Morie's glittering white teeth. I guess she gets her beautiful, peach-blossom complexion from Tessie Dunn, but her figure is a Marion MacLeod model. She has a cute giggle like Shirley White's and the sweetest disposition -- just like Verna Paul's. Not only that but she's as versatile as Anita Anttila, as peppy as Jean Carruthers, and as much fun as Jeanie Graham. Her voice is low and cultured like Jean MacGillivray's, and you'd love her, boys, but there's one drawback -- There just isn't any such creature, Sorry.

Norma Young

SPRING FEVER

After many Thursday afternoons spent on "directed observation", I could easily discern many signs of spring fever as displayed by Normalites. Grade One music (sung in "eight-head tones") came floating through boarding-house windows -- individual tests were approaching. Due to frequent usage, our sets of social studies notes, as well as our Programme of Studies for Grades I to VI were becoming dismembered. Every night, at least one Normalite was out observing the moon, or the stars - or both. Reading Grade Nine novels was interesting; answering questions on them was not. But April 1st was not far off, and we struggled to find the required information. Huddles of five or more were often seen in the halls or in study rooms. Minds dwelt on April 15th, the deadline for the Grade eight social studies project. It would be misleading not to mention the science assignments, the art appreciations, the remedial treatment of our home economics notes, and the contract assignments in mathematics which filled every spare moment. Need I go further to recall the curious type of "Spring Fever" to which we, as Normalites, were subject?

Marjorie Clement



"PULLING STRINGS"

"What will it be like?" "Have you ever been to one?" "Let's hurry and get a good seat." Had any stranger heard the student teachers and the Grade Eight pupils from McPhail St.School,as they crowded into the Assembly Hall, he would have become very curious. Just what were they talking about? It was April the tenth, the day of the long-waited puppet show! Quickly the students settled in their seats and a wave of eager expectation surged across the hall, as Ellen Tierney, vice-president of the Literary Society,opened the meeting.

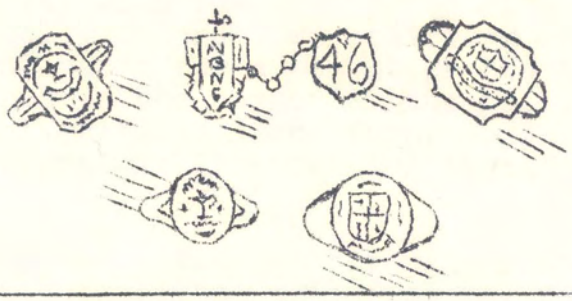
The hand-puppets,made by the student teachers themselves, were first to perform, in a scene from Peter Pan. Gasps of surprise and amusement rose from the sea of peering faces as Peter taught Wendy how to fly. They seemed so real that one could almost imagine Peter boasting to one of the waiting string-puppets backstage that he had already won the favour of the audience.

Now it was the string-puppets' turn as the curtain parted to show Tom Sawyer craftily selling his way out of whitewashing the fence. Next came the very comical skating scene taken from "The Pickwick Papers". Only one who is able to remember his own first experience on skates can imagine the antics and the action that were displayed by these skaters. But the character in the bell-bottoms stole the show. He and his girl friend stirred up some very lively humour by giving the school a new view on the latest dance steps.

This enjoyable amateur showwas supervised by Mrs. Irwin who gave her spare time so generously. It convinced all present that there are great possibilities in puppetry and every student teacher resolved to try it in his own school next year. May they be just as successful!

Cecile Pope

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THE LEPRECHAUN

In a rocky cleft near the smoke-blue hills
Where the sunlight flecks the fern
Gushes a spring where the thrushes sing
And the sea-gulls wheel and turn.

And no one knows its hiding-place
In that green and mossy dell
Save a little elf on a rocky shelf
With his home in an old conch shell.

And there by the light of the round-faced moon
To the lilt of an elfin tune
He sings and sews, with his specs on his nose
And mends all the fairy shoon.

Norma Young

BULBS AND BLOOMS

That very first day of Normal School -- when everything seemed so interesting, so new, so different -- when everyone, fresh and gay with the excitement of a new venture, was dashing frantically up and down stairways and halls -- I could not help but pause for a moment or two to gaze at the display of plants in the corner of the hall. There were several pots of cacti, a large fern, some begonias, and a climbing ivy, gracefully entwining itself about an old spinning wheel.

Immediately there flashed through my mind, a vision of a large window filled with flowers, canaries singing, and someone rocking in a low wicker chair, busily knitting army socks and humming softly. Somehow, flowers and plants always remind me of home and Mother.

I felt there must be someone in the school who was a great lover of nature -- someone whose deep appreciation of plant beauty was making this place more like "a home away from home."

Do you remember that bright sunny morning last fall when everyone filed out into the school garden, with flower pots, trowels, and spades in hand? Will you ever forget it? I can clearly see the very plants I dug up and carried into the school.

Then came the "how's and why's" of bulb planting. Didn't you feel a deep glow of satisfaction, or perhaps pride, when you walked up to some beautiful double tulips placed on a library table, and suddenly notice your own name on the label.

We have been very fortunate in having such beautiful flowers as narcissi, daffodils, tulips, hyacinths, and dozens of house plants to cheer and brighten our classrooms, and even to use in our oil painting group.

It is surprising how the fragile formation of a flower or its delicate perfume can raise the spirits, enlighten the troubled mind, and cheer even the saddest heart.

I'm sure we are leaving Normal School with a much deeper knowledge and appreciation of bulbs, plants, and flowers.

Susan Clark

THE NATURAL SCIENCE CLUB

President: Euphemie Bruce
Vice-President: Jean McLean
Secretary-Treasurer: Robert Campbell
Conveners: Dorothy McLellan, MAry Gallagher

Natural Science holds an important position in nearly everyone's life. Accordingly, science has been given a significant place in the school curriculum, and we have formed the Natural Science Club. The executive of this body is listed above, and although comparatively small, it has accomplished much work.

During the course of the year, this club has been able to bring before the students several guest speakers. Perhaps the most fascinating of these was Mr. Rowlatt, who gave a lecture on radar. Since the transportation of the radar equipment presented a problem, the Normal School students became the guests of the Collegiate Institute. Mr. Rowlatt was able to demonstrate some of the basic principles in radar. This topic was of particular interest at this time since contact with the moon by radar had been made a few weeks previously.

A lecture on birds was delivered by Mrs. Lawrence. As a result of diligent use of binoculars and her keen interest in nature, she was able to relate to us several of her personal observations on bird life. These were genuinely interesting and entertaining to the students.

A conducted tour of the Health Laboratories was also sponsored by the Science Club. The staff of this institution was kind enough to explain and demonstrate the purpose and mechanism of their various pieces of equipment. The Laboratories had a number of guinea pigs, rabbits, mice, and a lone sheep, in which the students evinced more interest than they showed for the experimental equipment.

In addition to these activities, the club was able to obtain several sets of pictures. Some were films of happenings at the Normal School in former years. We were also entertained on one occasion by Mr. Smith who presented a colourful travelogue of Ontario towns and cities.

We hope to use the spring weather to the best advantage for nature hikes and excursions. Our club motto has been "Keep one eye trained on nature and life will never be dull".

Robert Campbell

RADIO DISCUSSION GROUP

As Bing Crosby's familiar theme faded from North Bay loudspeakers on Thursday, March 12, radio fans received an unexpected surprise. With the announcement "C.F.C.H. now brings you Normal Discussion Club", a new feature was introduced.

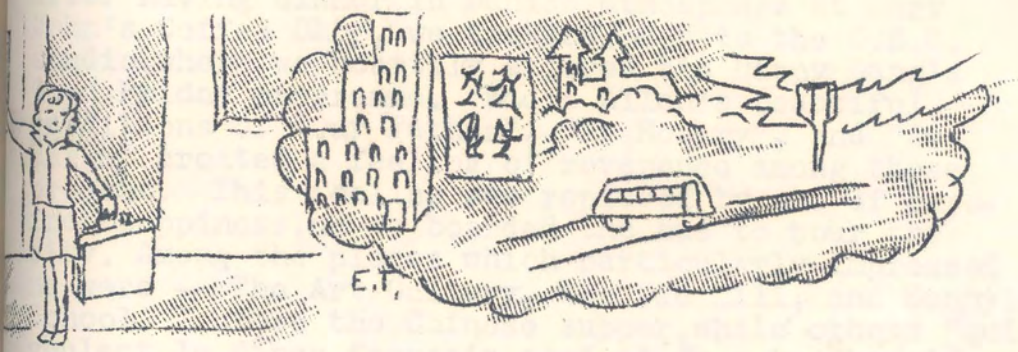
For three successive weeks the series continued and congratulatory messages were received from many appreciative listeners. "Teen Times" was our first programme, dealing with the recreation problem of 'teen-agers. Progressive ideas from Kirkland Lake and Fort Frances were prominently featured. "Educational Guidance" was the second theme. This dealt with the fairly new subject of "Guidance" in our elementary and secondary schools. Our last programme was "Probing Our Prejudices". It gave insight into reasons for to-day's prejudices, and constructive suggestions on how they might be overcome.

Early each Thursday evening we assembled at the Studio for the last-minute checking of microphone arrangement, balancing of voices, and final rehearsal. At last the time came when the green light glowed, ending our suspense, and our voices were sent "over the air". Three half-hour programmes did not seem like a very terrifying undertaking when we began, but probably nothing else in our year caused us more anxiety. Behind each half-hour programme was at least twenty hours of preparation. A vote of thanks must go to Mr. Deyell for his invaluable help in putting our scripts into shape, and for giving us the benefit of his years of experience. Our preparation for each programme consisted of research, revisal, and rehearsal until the script was as nearly perfect as we could make it.

Four different Normal students and Mr. Deyell appeared on each programme, but the other four students who were members of the radio group helped in the preparation. Many helpful hints came from Mr. Phil Clayton of the C.F.C.H. staff.

Although a great deal of time and energy was spent on our three programmes, we feel that we have gained a wealth of experience. When reminiscing over our year at Normal we will think of this phase with lingering pleasure and say "Would that we could do it all over again."

Barbara Mosher



TORONTO TRIP

Wednesday night, April 17th, found fifty-four
formalites on the C.N.R. station platform, "Waitin'
for the Train to Come In", to take them to Toronto.
Excitement and anticipation found on the faces of
these eager travellers portrayed to others the
attitude with which they were setting out on their
long-awaited journey. Let us reminisce over these
experiences as we delve into the pages of Norma
Byte's diary.

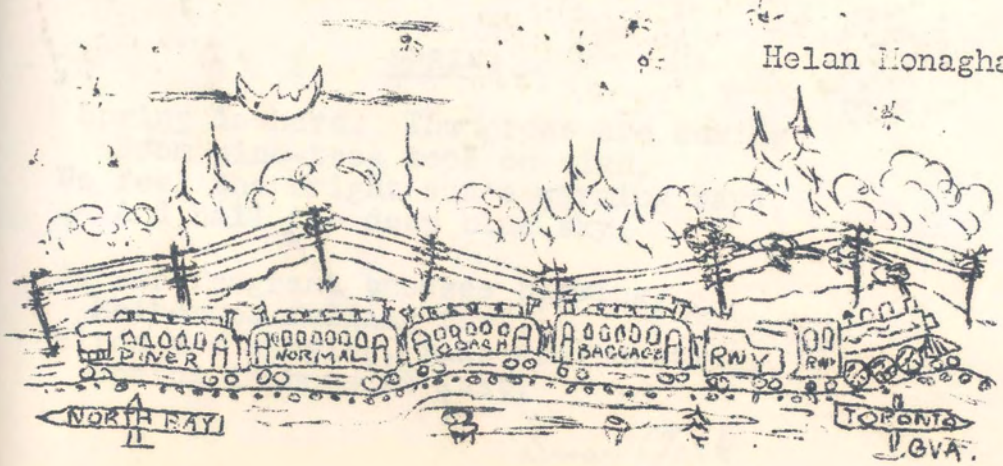
Thursday, April 18: It was a sleepless night
until Huntsville was behind us. After satisfying
that hunger pain at Murray's, we proceeded to
Forest Hill School where several of us vowed to
get this school up before us, as an objective.
"Bump, bump, bump, along the highway" was our song
as we travelled along by bus past Casa Loma to
Downtree's Chocolate Factory where we were all
recipients of five chocolate bars. After having
lunch at the Parliament Buildings, we travelled
to the Training and Re-Establishment Institute
where we were introduced to the educational
facilities provided there for repats. Tired,
yet anxious to continue on the excursion, we
proceeded to Gage's where we saw our books and
paper in the making. Union Station was next, and
from there we went to our places of abode to rest
and replenish our appetites. Several of us went
to the Ballet Russe in the evening, and enjoyed
that was for most of us a new type of show. It
was a long day diary, full of new things, and I
wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Friday, April 19: Tropical trees, several different
plants, and flowers of every colour and description,
were among the natural beauties which confronted
us at Allan Gardens the first thing this morning.

After having dinner in Danish atmosphere at Mary John's Coffee Shop, we trekked over to the C.B.C. studio, where we heartily enjoyed the Happy Gang's Good Friday programme. Eddie Allen's beautiful renditions of "Our Father", "My Rosary", and "Ave Marie" created a feeling of reverence among those present. This feeling was replaced by one of care-free happiness, as we boarded the bus to tour the city. Among the places which particularly impressed me were -- The Art Gallery, The Old Mill, and Sunnylea School. I chose the Chinese supper, while others "qui veulent le dîner français sont allés a La Chaumière." It was fun eating with chopsticks, and I am looking forward to doing it again sometime. During the evening we visited the Globe and Mail, and with intent interest watched the development of a newspaper. Well, good night, diary, I'll be back to tell you of to-morrow, all too soon.

Saturday, April 20: This morning, our first tour was through Hart House. It is a beautiful place but, we 51 girls hope that sometime the ruling "Only Men Allowed" will be changed for our benefit. Following this the time spent in the Royal Ontario Museum was much too short. Mummies, animals, rocks, and age-old relics were only a few of the things which made this place so interesting. They say all good things must come to an end, diary, and so to provide a good end for our excursion, we had a banquet this afternoon in the Diet Kitchen Tea Rooms. Our guest speaker was Stuart Thompson, who introduced us to several birds and their calls through his inspiring address. Several of us were now homeward bound, but many were remaining for "Share the Wealth". During the evening, two of our number were able to share the wealth -- Clara Zanchin accompanied by Stan and Cy entertained us vocally; George Atkinson was the recipient of $5.00 as a result of being the tenth man in the building. Well, dear diary, this is the end of our Toronto trip --- One not to be forgotten because of its educational value and friendly associations.

Helan Monaghan





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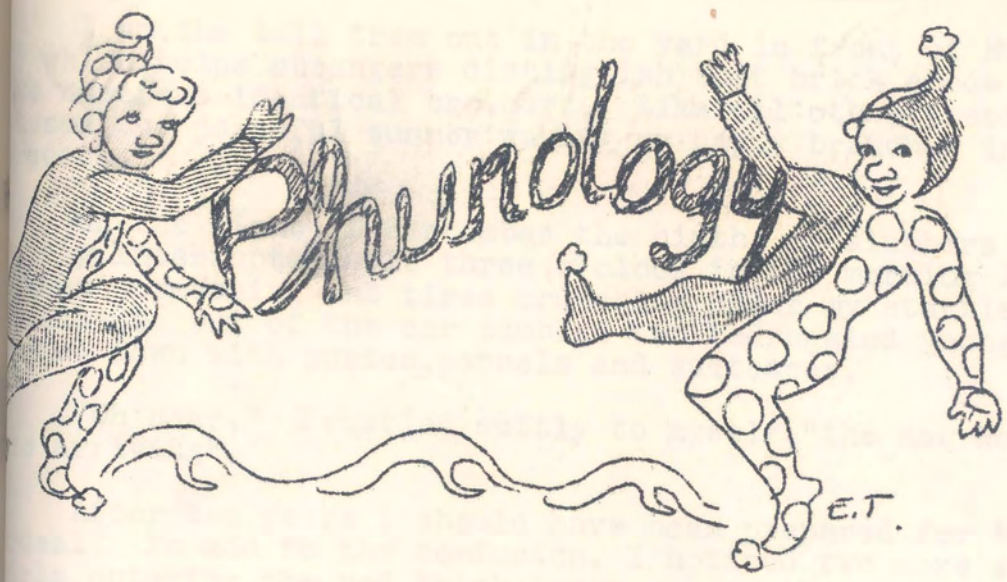
The following books will be sent on request: Queen's in Pictures; Scholarship Pamphlet; Calendar of any faculty desired, or of the Summer School, or the School of Fine Arts.

SPRING

Spring is here. The crows are cawing
From pine-tree tops on high.
We feel the bright sun's warming rays,
And hail the deep blue sky.

Warmer, fragrant breezes blowing,
Raindrops falling fast,
Birds are singing, buds are bursting,
Spring is here at last.

Susan Clark.



Two snakes remained on the Ark after all the
ther animals had left.
oah: Aren't you going to go forth and multiply?
nakes: No. We're adders.

nita: Where did you get all the freckles,Frances?
rances A: I was tanned once through a screen door.
Where did you get yours?
nita: Oh,that's just my iron constitution going rusty.

r.Partridge: We are going to study alcohol to-day.
esley: I'll be back in a flash with a flask.

eport has it that Mr.Deyell sleeps between mimeo-
raphed sheets.

arjorie (complaining of a stiff neck): What do you
do for a stiff neck?
usan: You should have thought of that last night.

tudents doing print writing on the blackboard.
iss Mitchell (to Billie Hill): You're going up hill,Billie.

eacher: What's a "hypocrite"?
d: A person what goes ta school with a smile on
his face.

rma Lyte's theme song: "Well what do you know, it's
morning already."

DIARY OF THE TREE AT 17 SEVENTH AVENUE

I am the tall tree out in the yard in front of Number 17 which helps strangers distinguish that brick abode from its numerous identical brothers. Like all other trees, I passed the peaceful summer waving my happy branches in the breezes.

On the night of September the ninth, my slumbers were rudely interrupted. At three o'clock in the morning I heard brakes screeching and tires crunching under my startled branches! Out of the car tumbled two bedraggled young ladies loades down with purses, parcels and suitcases.

"Oh dear," I rustled softly to myself, "the new Normalites are arriving".

After ten years I should have been prepared for the ordeal. To add to the confusion, I noticed two more sleepy girls entering the red brick house across the street. My, it looked like an interesting year.

Alas, the following day, another arrival appeared at the front door. By straining my branches, I peered into the window to satisfy my annual curiosity. The two tallest girls, Barbara and Cecile, stood in the midst of a litter of trunks and clothes expounding on the wonders of a western town called Fort Frances. At the same time, short, dark-haired Tessie struggled to uphold her northern home town, Iroquois Falls.

As in previous years, I watched my wards dash off in a cloud of dust or snow at thirty-five minutes past eight in the morning and trudge home in the evening, lost under black notebooks, bristol board, and sometimes stuffed rabbits or skunks.

Even when dusk fell, my vigilant eyes were never allowed to wander into boredom. There was always at least one young couple saying goodnight under my shadowy branches.

Thus the year has passed, and with my girls I share many joys and sorrows -- Barbara's habit of singing off key every night after she went to bed; the way Tessie slipped in and out like a little mouse; Cecile, who was always first to bed at night and last to jump up in the morning. Now 'tis spring and I will soon witness the parade of out-going school teachers and over-packed trunks. The girls are sorry to be departing and yet eager to be heading homeward.

In a short time, I can enjoy another peaceful summer, but I am determined not to be caught sleeping next fall on September ninth at three o'clock in the morning.

Cecile Pope

We appreciate your having used our Kopy-Rite Duplicator while in training at normal school. In the following years should you require a new pad or other supplies for your Hektograph ask your local stationer first. If he cannot supply same we shall be glad to do so from our Toronto office.

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THE WOODWORK GROUP

When our interest groups were first introduced, I joined the woodwork section, after considerable thought. The primary reason was my vital interest in woodwork. Also information and experience gained would be used to advantage, when teaching in a rural school in succeeding years. It provides an interesting and useful hobby, as well as serving as a means of entertainment for pupils in rural areas.

Our time was limited and our interest led us into two different fields of work -- basketry and woodwork. Among the articles made in basketry were trays, chair seats, covers for flower pots, and baskets of all shapes and sizes. Out of the buzz of saws, a litter of shavings and the smell of glue, emerged products such as ink stands, book ends, corner shelves and end tables.

We wish to thank Mr. Chambers under whose interest and capable guidance our efforts were ones of which we are proud.

Annie Kelly

THE ADVENTURES OF NORMA LITE

SEPTEMBER



What a sweet little town!
Will it ever stop raining?
There isn't much work
For a teacher-in-training.
Have you seen the last movie,
Or maybe gone bowling?
The evening's so lovely!
Let's go out strolling.

OCTOBER



I really must start
On my leaf collection.
Have you heard we're to teach soon?
What's the connection?
Five rows of urchins,
Heaven be kind!
Every bit of my lesson
Has slipped from my mind!

NOVEMBER



Rural assignments
Require some teamwork.
How can I keep them
Busy with seatwork?
Just look at my hands!
It's hektograph ink.
Am I keeping busy?
Well,what do you think?

DECEMBER



Imagine me teaching
A continuous week!
The kids are all staring;
They think I'm a freak.
Back to the Normal
"Compliments of the staff",
Who proudly present us
Our very first graph.

JANUARY



Out in the country;
Who says it's peaceful?
Ten feet of snow,
I call it freezeful.
How I love teaching
Music and Art.
Help! my assignments!
I thought I was smart.

THE ADVENTURES OF NORMA LITE
(Cont'd)

FEBRUARY



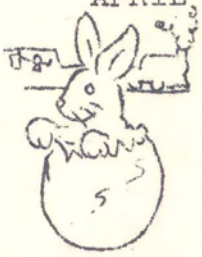
A Valentine graph,
My, how depressing!
Interest and enthusiasm
Still keep me guessing.
Time waits for no one.
Observing the moon?
Don't look at it yet, —
It's ten minutes too soon.

MARCH



Time marches on;
A beautiful spring?
I didn't notice;
It's this Enterprise thing,
Scissors and paste,
The kids on the floor,
Is that Mr. Deyell
Just outside the door?

APRIL



Easter and Toronto;
Our last teaching week.
What goes on in your Future;
May I take a peek?
Oh, where shall we be
A year from to-day?
I hope it's not here again,
Back in North Bay.

MAY



The term's nearly over!
Why it's hard to believe!
We've only arrived,
It's not time to leave!
Good-bye! Don't say that!
It's much, much too soon.
Why look here, to-morrow's
The first day of

JUNE.

Norma Young

LIFE AT THE NORMAL

You'll never know what 'tis to be
Student teachers such as we,
Unless you've searched the library through
And scanned through books both old and new.
Good lesson material you must find,
And illustrative matter of every kind,
Bundles of bristol board,pictures and maps,
Stuffed birds,thistle tubes,beakers and flasks,
Greek or Roman architecture, samples of grain.
"Oh,what shall I do? - it's starting to rain"
"Is that our taxi?" some one calls.
Then such a mad rush in the Normal School halls.
The time quickly flies, I hold my breath,
It's my turn to teach, I'm half scared to death.
The children all stare, the room is so still,
To tell you the truth, I do feel quite ill.
The pupils are lively and so full of pep,
Here goes my lesson, - I just can't forget.
It's such a thrill,when you've done your best
To know that your lesson has passed the test,
With teacher and pupils,all working as one,
You can't call it work, it really is fun.
Then home again,happy,in spite of the rain,
But just to begin it, all over again.

Susan Clarke

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE AT NORMAL SCHOOL

More men
An elevator
Lloyd Griffiths with a long black beard
The clocks all running
Marg.Horie dancing a polka with George Atkinson
Annie Kelly dancing a schottische with Gordon Ross
The abolition of all rural schools
Verna Paul losing her temper
Marion Makush calling off at a square dance
Form I taking P.T. some Friday morning just for a change
Some steam in the radiators in Room 6
More mimeographed sheets on Science of Education
An appellation more fitting than "Students"
Ethel Yule administering corporal punishment to one of our Grade VIII friends.

Norma Young

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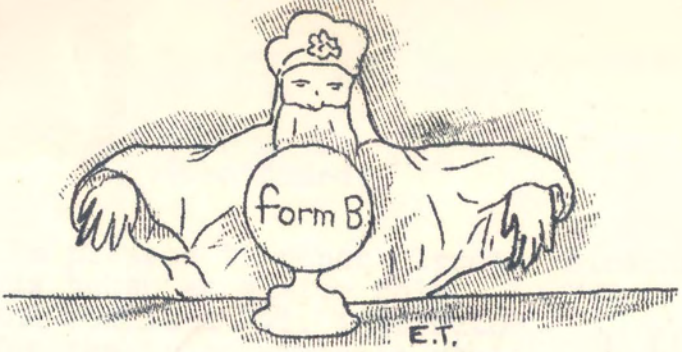
Subjects offered in the Summer Session of 1946 are First Year Economics, English, French, History and Psychology; Second Year English, Geography, History, Mathematics and Philosophy; Third Year French and Psychology; and Astronomy and Botany.

For complete information write the Director, University Extension, University of Toronto, Toronto 5, Ontario.

THE LIBRARY GROUP

The first period set aside for Group Activities found Phosie Bernache, Mary Dunn, Hilda Emminghaus, Anne Goddard, Frances Tipper, and Lloyd Griffiths assembled in the library for Miss Mitchell's group. After some discussions we outlined what we might do in these periods. In addition to spending some time in reading and reviewing the newer books we learned through practice with Miss Mitchell's guidance something of library management. This included cataloguing, cleaning and mending books, and repairing magazines. This information should prove valuable in our school libraries next year.

Hilda Emminghaus



CLASS PROPHECIES

For I looked into the future,
Far as ever I could see,
And I saw a group of students
Who went to school with me.

So if you will just be patient,
And read this carefully,
You too will know those students
Who went to school with me.

Miss Gallagher holds a position
In a Kindergarten class,
Her role is that of teacher
Who loves both lad and lass.

Anne Goddard has changed her profession,
She stands in a different place.
Her garb is a white gown and headpiece,
For nursing the human race.

A dream was fulfilled for Jean Graham,
As she proudly displayed at the fair,
A group of the finest young pupils
With freckles and curly red hair.

Mil Hamilton purchased an auto
And drives from school to school.
She'd rather be music instructor,
Than teach "The Golden Rule".

I really believe that Miss Hamlet
Is lecturing to a crowd
On the story, "The Little Corporal,"
A topic of which she is proud.

Eva Haviland has given up teaching,
And now if you look down the road,
You'll find her all settled and happy
In a quiet family abode.

CLASS PROPHECIES
(Continued)

I'm pleased to report Trudie Heinsohn
Has taken an easier role,
And now is a P.T. instructor,
For she is an athletic soul.

Miss Hill who also has left us
Seeking an easier life,
Has married a Jordan farmer
And is now a busy house-wife.

Miss Holland,- let me tell you
Has studied psychology,
And scans the encyclopedia
For the meaning of L.S.M.F.T.

Marg.Horie rates as a model,
You've heard of the place, I know,
For its dresses are made especially
For only tall people, - not low.

Annie Kelly, wrapped up in her studies,
And proud that she now understands,
Has written a fine piece of music
For her favourite leader of bands.

Miss Leach still enamored with teaching
The Science of "Why Trees Have Roots",
Has come to a final conclusion,
Her favourite is "Pussy in Boots".

Miss Legault now lives in China,
'Tis rather a distant land.
But she has decided that travel
Is better than working by hand.

Miss MacLeod feeling weary of teaching
Has purchased paints and a brush,
And is copying Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"
For her sale in the Christmas rush.

Marg.Madigan is still in the profession,
And has purchased a little old flivver,
That each morning she may travel
From school to her home in Blind River.

M.Hodge and B.Hill

VALEDICTORY

We have come to the close of our Normal School year. Now we look back upon the many happy times we have had together, - the friendships we have made, and the triumphs we have enjoyed. All these make us forget the times of loneliness, of discouragement and of a sense of inadequacy.

We have acquired a great deal of knowledge in many ways, particularly in the art of teaching, thanks to the untiring patience of Mr. Partridge and our other teachers. We are very grateful for their conscientious efforts in making of us - we hope, worthwhile teachers. But I hope that along with the knowledge that we have gained, we may also have acquired wisdom, as it has been quoted "Knowledge is proud that she has learned so much, Wisdom is humble that she knows no more."

Yes, I will be bold enough to assert that our year at Normal School has taught us wisdom and humility. The crumbs of wisdom and understanding that we have gleaned during the year will strengthen us when we begin the business of teaching and guiding the girls and boys entrusted to our care. The humility which grows out of this wisdom impresses upon us the fact that we have a great deal more to learn about the art of teaching.

Our experiences here have shown us the fundamentals of how to teach reading, writing and arithmetic, and the importance of these to the child. But we have been convinced too that it is much more important to teach them the art of living, daily exemplified by the cultivation of friendship, truth and love.

We all have pleasant memories of our personal and teaching associations with Miss Morgan before her illness and her assignment to Toronto Normal School. But just as every cloud has a silver lining, so our feelings of loss have been replaced by a growing appreciation of Mr. O'Neill's friendship and guidance throughout the year.

We are grateful, too, to our critic teachers. They have not only improved our teaching by precept and example, but, more important, they have taught us to take criticism for what it should be - a help and a goad to better work.

I'm afraid we shall all miss the library with its quiet and pleasant atmosphere. It has been a place where we could feast on the literary gems placed there for our convenience. Personally, I shall always think

of it as a garden of choice fruits and vegetables, for the food for the mind is just as important as the food for the body.

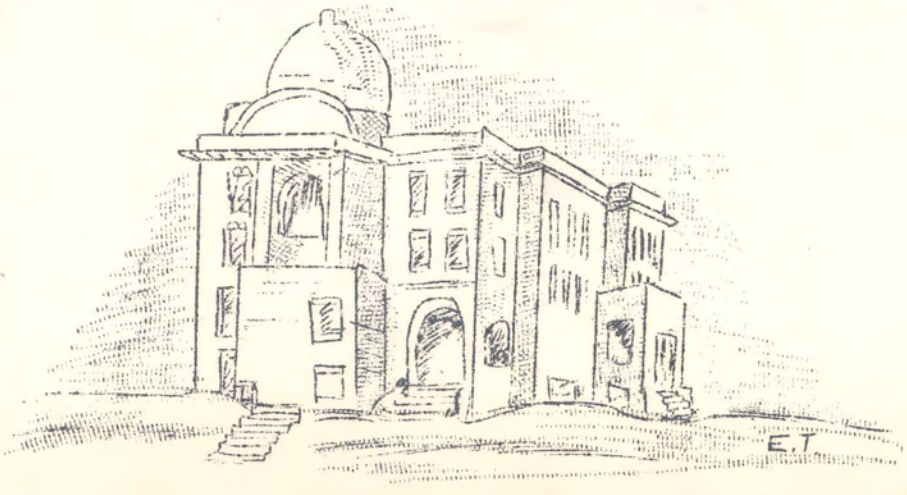
Not least among our inspirers have been our religious instructors. They have taught us that the best guide for us to follow, in teaching and in living, is the greatest teacher of all time, Jesus Himself. Sometimes when the road of life is dark ahead, we shall think of their encouraging words and remember "that we can only see the stars when the sky is dark."

"I said to the man who stood at the portal of Life,
'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown'. He answered and said 'Put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than the light, and safer than the known way.' "

And now it is my duty on behalf of all of us, to say farewell. The task seemed easy at first, but as I recall the experiences of the past year, its pleasant associations, the friendly words from friendly lips, the kind and smiling faces of my associates, I find it very hard to say good-bye. But time marches on! We must leave for our respective homes and soon take up the duties for which we have striven to prepare ourselves. It would be selfish to want to stay, when there are others ready to take our places. So let us face the future calmly and bravely, thinking of others rather than ourselves, for "The glory of life is brightest when the glory of self is dim."

"When we asunder part,
It gives us keenest pain;
But we shall still be
joined in heart,
With hopes to meet again."

Jean MacGillivray



STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

. Andrews,Kathleen, Bruce Station, Ont.
. Anttila,Anita, 76 Crown St.,Port Arthur,Ont.
. Appel,Frances, Vermilion Bay, Ont.
. Balanchuk,Stephanie,646 Prince Arthur Blvd.,
Fort William,Ont.
. Bamford,Sheila, Lakeshore, North Bay,Ont.
. Bernache,Phosie, Montreal River,Ont.
. Bruce,Euphemia, 13 River St.,Parry Sound,Ont.
. Carruthers,Jean, Box 97, South Porcupine,Ont.
. Caverly, Vina, Cache Bay,Ont.
. Clark,Susan, Sturgeon Falls,Ont.
. Clement,Marjorie, North Branch,Ont.
. Cowey,Gwendolyn, 219 Fifth Ave.,Kenora,Ont.
. Dunn,Mary, 85 Farah Ave.,New Liskeard,Ont.
. Dunn,Teresa, 36 Third Ave.,Ansonville,Ont.
. Emminghaus,Hilda, Sutton Bay,Ont.
. Evans,Winnifred, Box 223, Dryden, Ont.
. Flavelle,Dolores, Kearney,Ont.
. Gallagher,Mary, 39 Poplar St.,Copper Cliff,Ont.
. Goddard,Anne, May St.,New Liskeard,Ont.
. Graham,Jean, North Cobalt,Ont.
. Hamilton,Mildred, Dryden,Ont.
. Hamlet,Wilma, 327 North Harold St.,
Fort William,Ont.
. Haviland,Eva, 90 Second St.,Kirkland Lake,Ont.
. Heinsohn,Gertrude, 372 Tedman Ave.,Sudbury,Ont.
. Hill,Billie,Hillside,Ont.
. Hodge,Muriel, 34 Lorne St.,Huntsville,Ont.
. Holland,Dolores, Schreiber,Ont.
. Horie,Margaret, 262 Railway St.,Timmins,Ont.
. Kelly,Annie, 267 Kathleen St., Sudbury,Ont.
. Leach,Mary, 96 Blackwall St.,Haileybury,Ont.
. Legault,Marjorie, 27 Fourth Ave.,Sioux Lookout,Ont.
. Madigan,Margaret, Blind River,Ont.
. MacLeod,Marion, 192 Upton Road, Sault Ste Marie, Ont.

STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

37. Makush,Marion, Box 15,Dryden,Ont.
38. Markle,Jeanne, Huntsville,Ont.
39. McKenzie,Mary, 526 Wiley St.,Fort William,Ont.
40. McLean,Jean, Keewatin,Ont.
41. McLellan,Dorothy,200 Government Road,Swastika,Ont.
42. McMenemy,Myra, White River,Ont.
43. Monaghan,Helen, 92 Second Ave.,Schumacher,Ont.
44. Mosher,Barbara, 315 Butler Ave.,Fort Frances,Ont.
45. Muncaster,Audrey, 53 St.George's Ave.,Sault Ste Marie, Ont.
46. Murray,Josephine, 45 Ontario Ave.,Sault Ste Marie,Ont.
47. Neily,Ona, Ferris,Ont.
48. Paul,Verna, 386 Eva Ave.,Sudbury,Ont.
49. Pope,Cecile, 528 Front St.,Fort Frances,Ont.
50. Potter,Joan, 3 Duncan St.,Huntsville,Ont.
51. South,Shirley, R.R.#1, Callander,Ont.
52. Sullivan,Margaret, 157 McIntyre St.E.,North Bay,Ont,
53. MacGillivray,Jean, 40 Laurier Ave.,North Bay,Ont.
55. Tierney,Ellen, 83 Clara Belle Rd.,Copper Cliff,Ont.
56. Tipper,Frances, Etwell,Ont.
57. Watson, Sheilah, Brunel Road,Huntsville,Ont.
58. White,Shirley, Lake Shore Rd.,New Liskeard,Ont.
59. Whitehead,Evelyn, Matheson,Ont.
60. Whitehead,Shirley, 431 Wellington St., Sault Ste Marie,Ont.
61. Wilson,Grace, Box 558, Cochrane,Ont.
62. Young, Norma, 191 Douglas St.,Sudbury,Ont.
63. Yule,Ethel, 62 Ontario St.,Port Arthur,Ont.
64. Zanchin,Clara, Box 26 5 Schumacher,Ont.
69. Adamson,Mary, Lake Shore Mine,Kirkland Lake,Ont.
75. Ashfield,Wesley, 287 Harry St.,Renfrew,Ont.
76. Atkinson,George, Keewatin,Ont.
77. Campbell,Robert, Emo, Ont.
78. Griffiths,Lloyd, 293 Cassells St.,North Bay,Ont.
80. Ross,Gordon, Black Hawk, Ont.


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Autographs

Tho' the world is wide,
and friends are few,
None I've found
are quite like you.
That's why I keep
these names to say
I think about you
every day.