



# BOREALIS

'46  '47

THE

*Thirty-eighth*

ANNUAL

YEAR

BOOK

Prepared            by - STUDENTS  
North Bay Normal School

To the  
 Principal & Staff  
 of the  
 North Bay Normal School  
 in whom

We Have Found  
 True Counsellors  
 True Friends

The Students  
 of 1946 - 47  
 Dedicate

This Book



STAFF OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

Mr. J. A. Partridge, M.A., B.Paed.	Principal
Science and Agriculture, Social Studies, Spelling	
Miss Grace Morgan, B.A., B.Paed.	Master
Speech, Reading, and Literature, Composition and Grammar, Primary Reading, Social Studies	
Mr. J. D. Deyell, B.A., B.Paed.	Master
Science of Education, Mathematics, School Management, Religious Education	
Miss Elizabeth Mitchell, B.A., Mus.Bac., L.Mus.	Librarian
Health, Library Science, Writing	
Mr. A. B. Reed	Instructor
Manual Training	
Miss Elsie Preston	Instructor
Home Economics	
Mrs. Jennie Irwin, B.A., B.Paed.	Instructor
Art	
Mr. H. L. Bamford	Instructor
Music	
Miss Jean Wilson	Instructor
Physical Training	
Miss Kate McCubbin	Secretary

## STAFF OF PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS

Mrs. E. Cutt	Powassan Continuation School
Mr. C. J. Driscoll	Powassan Continuation School
Miss M. Shapter	Powassan Continuation School
Mrs. O. Darling	Dr. J. B. Carruthers School
Miss M. Widner	Dr. J. B. Carruthers School
Miss M. Gigg	Dr. J. B. McDougall School
Miss A. Hansford	King George School
Miss M. I. Hepburn	King George School
Miss V. St. John	King George School
Mr. C. Weston	King George School
Miss J. Wilson	King George School
Miss G. Morgan	Queen Victoria School
Miss E. Stevens	King Edward School
Mr. J. Demeza	Tweedsmuir School
Miss M. Bertran	S.S.No.1B Widdifield
Mrs. E. Penner	S.S.No.1B Widdifield
Mrs. L. Daly	S.S.No.1A West Ferris
Miss H. Monaghan	S.S.No.7 Widdifield
Miss V. Paul	S.S.No.2A Widdifield
Miss E. Whitehead	S.S.No.1A Widdifield
Miss J. Tindle	S.S.No.5 Widdifield
Miss E. Tierney	S.S.No.2A Phelps
Miss J. McAughey	S.S.No.3 North Himsworth and East Ferris

## RELIGIOUS GUIDANCE INSTRUCTORS

Rev. S. B. Coles	Presbyterian Church
Rev. W. W. Jarvis	Church of England
Rev. J. E. Roenicke	Roman Catholic Church
Rev. F. Devine	Roman Catholic Church
Rev. P. S. Lawless	Roman Catholic Church
Rev. A. A. Mathews	United Church
Rev. M. N. Omond	United Church
Rev. D. Meyers	Lutheran Church
Rev. H. Stibbards	Baptist Church
Rev. O. C. Elliott	Baptist Church

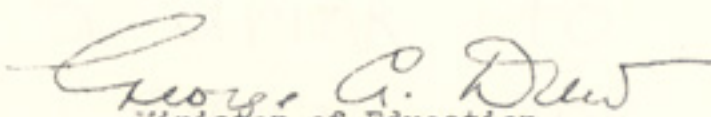
As we neophytes of the teaching profession begin our careers, one phase in particular of Normal School life will surely stand out in our minds. This will be the twice-weekly visits paid to the different practice schools. Here we gained new ideas and practical experiences. Here, too, we received expert and timely guidance. We look back with pleasure on this phase of Normal School life and gratefully thank the teachers for their patient and sympathetic criticism.

To our Pastors, too, we express gratitude for their interesting Religious Guidance periods on Monday mornings. These weekly discussions of the greatest Teacher of all time lifted our professional outlook to higher planes.

A Message from the Minister of Education:

Those of you who graduate this year will be entering the most important part of our educational system at one of the most challenging periods of our own and the world's history. In the elementary schools our children are given much of their important education in their most impressionable years.

We want our children to be well educated in the academic sense but even more important than academic attainment is the good judgment, good will, good health and good spirit which will make them healthy, happy and successful citizens of this great country. In their hands, to a very great degree, will rest the future of our country in the years ahead. Yours is the great responsibility and the great opportunity to build clean young bodies and clean young minds worthy of that all important task. I wish every one of you the utmost success and happiness in your work ahead.

  
Minister of Education.

# Science at Six

In winter time when things  
wont grow  
God powders all the rain  
to snow  
And puts it in his  
frigidaire  
To keep it safe from  
spoiling there.  
When spring comes round  
again and wakes  
The big and little roots  
God takes  
The snow and warms it  
in the sun  
To give a drink to  
every one.

Dr. Amoss

## YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW

**T**ight short months ago you of the 1946-47 class gathered with us here. To each other you were largely strangers; to us of the staff, you were another eagerly anticipated group of would-be teachers. You came from the broad expanses of Northern Ontario, from school and office and factory, many almost directly from years of active service in the uniform of your country. You brought with you a wide range of experiences, but you came with a common purpose --- to prepare yourselves to justly merit the name of teacher, that you might go out and spend your talents and your energies for others.

Today we of the staff are proud of the progress you have made. You have grown in wisdom and in strength as you worked and played together, constantly meeting new challenges and co-operatively measuring up to them. During your stay with us, you have contributed much to our thinking. In September we came together as strangers, with faith that together we might add another worthy page to the traditions of this school, and make a worthwhile contribution to the forward march of our chosen profession; today we are about to part, as friends, with the satisfaction that, though we may have failed sometimes to reach the star before us, we have steadfastly striven to come closer to it.

Tomorrow another new day dawns. Into your classrooms, to the University halls in which you will seek new wisdom, into all the complex experiences that life holds for you, we ask you to take with you our sincere wishes for the best in happiness and success.

"For Yesterday is but a Dream,  
And Tomorrow is only a Vision;  
But today well lived makes every  
Yesterday a Dream of Happiness  
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.  
Look well, therefore, to this Day!  
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn."

- From the Sanskrit

J. A. Partridge.





### EDITORIAL

Now that our term at Normal School is nearly over, the time comes when we are apt to resemble Janus, the double-headed god of ancient times. This resemblance is in our minds, at least. There is a tendency to look in two directions at once, --towards the past--towards the future.

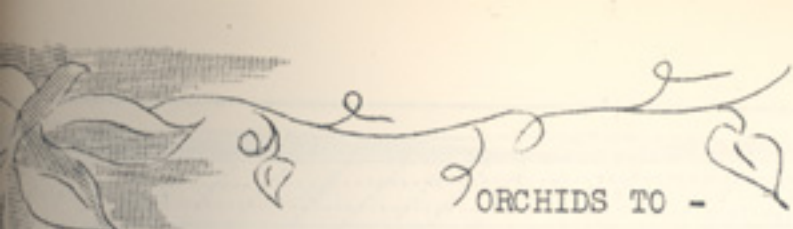
It is only natural that Janus should face the future now, filled, as we are, with pride and conviction in our hearts that we shall not fail in our duty: the unveiling of the white light of truth.

However, the time is not too far distant, when Janus will turn his head and look back in retrospect on a certain year which may have changed our aim in life so radically;--a year which may have contributed so much to the adoption of this new philosophy of life.

We will recall the patient teaching, the work and the play together, the group of young people eager to learn and with a singularity of purpose. It will be then, we hope, that you will turn through the pages of this precious volume and find them not unworthy of your sympathetic thoughts. Maybe they will again recall to you an ideal which we all cherish, the very essence of our education, the art of saving souls alive.

A. E. Miller  
Editor.





ORCHIDS TO -

With the appearance of our Year Book after hours of invaluable experience, work, and enjoyment, many kind thanks are forthcoming to various quarters. First and foremost to you, the students, whose literary endeavours have made this book possible and whose fine co-operation has been so generously given to the editor and his staff. Thank you.

With heartfelt appreciation we wish to extend thanks also:

To Mr. Partridge for his supervision of a set of most excellent photographs and for his readiness to help at all times.

To Miss Morgan for her patient and kindly checking, reading and rereading manuscript; for her invaluable help and counsel in revising the literary contributions; and for her encouragement and personal help.

To Mr. Deyell who so willingly gave us aid and counsel in the difficult task of management and compilation and whose sound financial advice steered us out of the shoals of insolvency.

To Mrs. Irwin for her patient and sound advice on all matters of art design and printing.

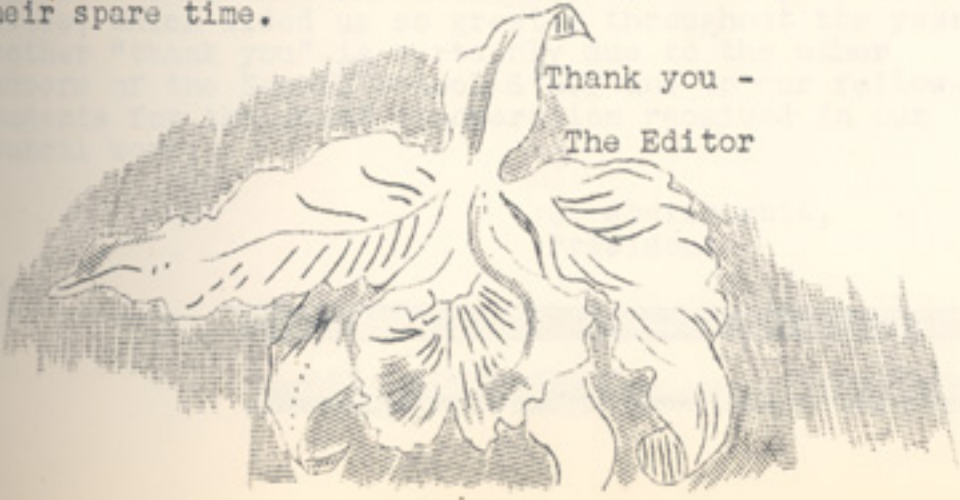
To Mr. Bill Mitchell and his energetic staff for long hours spent in brightening our pages with decorative illustrations.

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

And last but very far from least, to the typists, without whom the book would not yet be in any tangible form. To our chief typist who is as good natured as she is a fine typist, Miss Frances Smith; to her assistants Miss Margaret Madden and Miss Betty Atkinson who gave so generously of their spare time.

Thank you -

The Editor



## THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The task of student administration which confronted this year's Students' Council has been much harder than that of recent years, because of the enlarged enrolment. Few of us realized, last September, the trials and tribulations that lay ahead, as we admiringly gazed upon ourselves as the chosen few, selected to administrate the student affairs of our Alma Mater. However, this attitude was short-lived, and our work soon began.

Some of our many responsibilities undertaken through the year were:

1. The collection of budget fees;
2. The presentation of a half-hour radio programme during Education Week; this resulted in the discovery of many versatile artists in our midst;
3. The checking of attendance through appointed form representatives;
4. The ordering of school rings and pins;
5. An entertainment for the inspectors during their annual conference here;
6. The issuing of a pamphlet dealing with Life at Normal School to all Northern Ontario High Schools;
7. The arranging of the trip to Toronto;
8. The sponsoring of a social evening on March 27th, during which the N.B.N.S. Minstrels made their debut.

These have been some of the main Council activities so far this year. We expect to have some form of graduation dance near the end of May, but arrangements are, as yet, incomplete.

On behalf of the Council, I wish to thank Mr. Partridge, our staff advisor, for his many helpful suggestions and his inexhaustible store of good sound advice, which aided us so greatly throughout the year. Another "thank you" is certainly due to the other members of the Normal School Staff and to our fellow-students for the grand co-operation received in our Council work.

G. Abercrombie,  
President

# SOCIAL

## Activities

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"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This sound pedagogical principle certainly seems to have been the motto of the Social Executive in the past year, judging from the wide variety of programmes sponsored by this able group. All activities, ranging from the more glamorous and exciting ones of arranging variety programmes, to the more mundane tasks of dishwashing and cleaning up, were smoothly supervised by this group, with the co-operation of other students. We feel that, through their efforts, this year has been considerably brightened, and we would like to extend sincere congratulations a hearty vote of thanks from the student body.



## WELCOME TEA

As we glance back over the year we recall, with perhaps a touch of yearning, the first social gathering of the Normal Masters and the none-too-forward Normalites. This was the Welcome Tea, held shortly after our arrival, in this Gateway City of the North. This little get-acquainted party gave us an excellent opportunity to "break the ice",--to mingle with our new teachers and schoolmates. We heard many strange names, none of which we remembered, but we did not forget the few braver ones who came forward to entertain: Anne Greer with a song, Elsan Reid with a piano selection, and Hedy Feierfeil with a violin solo. All this we remember as a most gracious thought of teachers who, perhaps, recalled their own first lonesome days away from home.



## HALLOWE'EN PARTY

"Who dat down der?" No one could tell, for masks disguised the familiar faces of masqueraders on this night of ghosts and goblins, witches, and bats. Those who survived the harrowing ghost walk through the lower halls were admitted to the auditorium to witness a turnabout play and join in community singing. Those in costume marched past judges in quest of the grand prize.

Brown bread, beans, and cocoa received a great welcome by the ever-hungry Normalites. The proverbial Hallowe'en apple also made its appearance later in the evening, during the dances. All too soon did the goblins blow out the lanterns, and the party came to a successful end.



## CHRISTMAS PARTY

"Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells" and "Hurrah for good old St. Nick." It wasn't too early on December 18th for the Normalites to begin celebrating this most festive occasion. The red and green streamers, evergreen boughs, and coloured lights gave "Ye Old School" a truly Christmasy atmosphere. The carol singing and "The Christmas Rose" skit added to the yuletide spirit. Apparently Santa began his journey early because he appeared in the library shortly after the programme with a gift for everyone, many of sentimental value only. When everyone had had sufficient ice cream and cake, and when shoes started to pinch, the students reluctantly left for home, assured of a Merry Christmas--one and all.

V. McKey and B. Crispin.

### THE SLEIGH RIDE

The lucky people who reached the sleigh first on Friday, January 31, left the school about 8.15 p.m. A short time later two other sleighs set out, but unfortunately neither one of them followed the same route as the first.

We were barely past the last house when some of the more muscular members of the crew began the usual practice of seizing their weaker comrades and giving them friendly heaves into the icy snow banks. After slipping and sliding down the road for many tiresome yards, the poor unfortunates usually managed to grab an uninhabited spot on the sleigh, only to go through the same sort of torture all over again. However, on the way back even the hardest of the sleigh riders was content to sit on the hay and cover his nose with mittens to keep it from becoming a deathly white colour.

The eager people who jumped on the first sleigh, really appreciated the warmth in the library while waiting for the return of the other two sleighs. After everyone had finally removed both boots and extra sweaters, several pots of steaming coffee and trays of cake were set on the table in the hall. The frosty air certainly seemed to sharpen (if this could be possible) everyone's appetite and the lunch was hungrily devoured. Popular records supplied the music for about an hour of dancing in the library, then the doors were closed on one more successful party.

Inez MacDougall



### THE SKATING PARTY

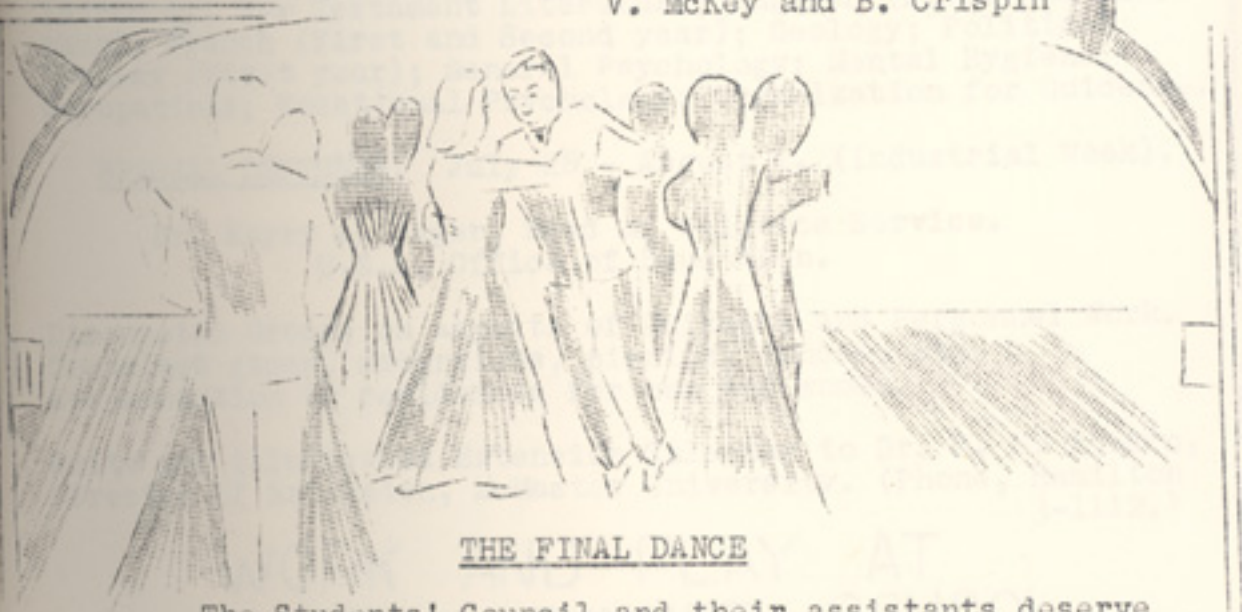
No frilly party dresses, no high-heeled shoes, no valentines or cupids--no, not for the Normalite Party on February 12. We preferred ski jackets, and slacks, jeans and heavy sweaters. Thus attired, we skated on the Worthington School rink, and worked up a hearty appetite for the Pot Luck Supper. There was no stinting on the food, and beans, salad, coffee, cakes, and cozy butter-tarts were devoured greedily. Later, the Social Committee, in an attempt to capture the spirit of the day, presented a skit entitled "The Vampire". Miss Joyce Martindale presented an impressive picture as the leading character. The delighted and well-fed audience certainly enjoyed the Valentine programme.

V. McKey and B. Crispin.

## STUDENTS' COUNCIL SOCIAL

Take it from Uncle Remus, the Student's Council Social of March 27 was a great success. Form E and Mrs. Irwin were amply rewarded for their hard work on the puppet show, by the applause it received from visitors and student-teachers alike. The adventures of Little Red Riding Hood and Cinderella took a new meaning when characters were portrayed by animated dolls suspended on strings. The Minstrel Show, with our own Alex McJolson received equal ovation, despite technical difficulties. Miss Elsass Reid and Miss Kay Collins are to be congratulated on their piano duet. Highlight of the evening, was the appearance of Gabriel Bernard, a young boy, who thrilled guests with his delicate soprano voice. Of course, no party would be complete without food. This was served to the guests in the auditorium. Later we trooped to the library for dancing. According to Breakfast-Table Reports our hostesses were impressed by the showing and expressed their thanks.

V. McKey and B. Crispin



THE FINAL DANCE

The Students' Council and their assistants deserve a great deal of praise for the success of our dance held at May-Joy Lodge on May 23, 1947.

Mr. and Mrs. Partridge and the President of the Students' Council, Gordon Abercrombie, with Pat Lynch, received guests from nine o'clock until ten. Music was provided by Lucenti's orchestra, and during the evening Marion Hamilton sang the "Anniversary Song" and "Mexicali Rose." Prizes for the spot dances were won by Verna McKey and her escort, and Gwen Paul and her partner.

Bridge was played in the lounge by those who did not wish to dance. The soft lights and decorations in the hall provided a lovely background for the colourful evening gowns. Lunch was served about midnight and dancing continued until one a.m.

As a closing party, this one will certainly be remembered for a long time by all the Normal Students.

Inez MacDougall.

# McMASTER UNIVERSITY

## SUMMER SCHOOL

1947

Hamilton, Ontario - July 2 to August 13

- I TEACHERS FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATE
- II REGULAR ARTS DEGREE
- III VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE DIPLOMA
- IV COMMUNITY LEADERSHIP COURSE
- V DRAMA GROUP

### Courses offered this summer:-

History of Art (Italian Renaissance and North American Art); Astronomy; New Testament Literature; English (First and Third year); French (First and Second year); Geology; Political Economy (First year); General Psychology; Mental Hygiene; Occupations; Vocational Psychology; Organization for Guidance.

SPECIAL LECTURER: July 28 - August 1. (Industrial Week).

Dr. Harry A. Jager, Head of Guidance Service.  
U.S.A. Office of Education.

Discussion Groups on aspects of Guidance and Personnel Work.  
Organized games, excursions, picnics, dances, etc.  
Accommodation in residences for men and women.

Write for illustrated Extension Calendar to Dr. C. H. Stearn,  
Director of Extension, McMaster University. (Phone, Hamilton  
3-1112.)

## WORK AND PLAY AT McMASTER SUMMER SCHOOL

### THE INSPECTOR'S TEA

On February 14 we met the Inspectors of Northern Ontario over a warming cup of tea. Mr. Partridge introduced each of the Inspectors to us and his remarks added to the friendly atmosphere.

A pleasant interlude was provided by Hedrika Feierfeil, Elsann Reid and Dorothy Courchesne, who lent their talents to a most entertaining programme. Gordon Abercrombie was the chairman of the occasion, and, on behalf of the students, extended thanks to the Inspectors for their co-operation.

Eleanor Daly





### MOUNTAIN EVENING

Halfway up a hill, where ferns  
And shadows both grew wild,  
They stood and stared a moment,  
A mother deer and child,

Halfway up a tawny hill  
As dappled as the fawn,  
Stood and stared at us, and then,  
Without a sound, were gone.

Three leaps from running water,  
Two from sumac cover,  
They dared to ask the question,  
"Enemy or lover,

Friend or foe of loveliness?"  
Asked it of you and me,  
Then disappeared, unanswered,  
Afraid to wait and see!

Hedrika Feierfeil.

## LITERARY LINES

It is with a feeling of joy mingled with sorrow that we look over the school year--at the never-to-be-forgotten disappointments and hopes of student teachers. But, turning our thoughts to the lighter things of Normal School life, we think of its various enjoyable parties and interesting meetings. If we had not had a Literary Society to represent the literary folk, certainly these meetings would not have been so memorable.

The Literary Society made an impressive beginning with the presentation of a Remembrance Day Service. It was, indeed, an honour to have the boys who had served in the various forces take part in our programme, and it was the feeling which they put into their solos, speeches and recitations, that moved us to tears and made us proud of the newly-won freedom.

Comedy was seen in the presentation of a most amusing mock trial where the defendant received a severe sentence.

The Christmas Party, too, was skilfully handled. The legendary play and carols were worthy of praise.

We were pleased to have Mr. Williamson as our speaker. Thoughts took us homeward as he surveyed and described the well-known towns of Northern Ontario.

At the close of each meeting, the rafters in the Assembly Hall could be heard resounding with the echoes of eager Normalite voices joined together in informal songs.

The music of Jose Iturbi was greatly appreciated at our last meeting. The Irish note was struck in the last part of the meeting by our colleen, Marion Hamilton, in her song "Little Bit of Heaven".

We wish to express our sincere thanks to Miss Mitchell for her generous help and kindly counsel with all the meetings.

Eris Proud

## DAWNS DREAMS

Slender, curving roseate fingers of Dawn  
Caress the greying locks of dying Night....  
A wan Moon whips her lagging horses on....  
The blond birch blushes in the growing light....

A drowsy robin chirps his matin lay  
In gratitude to God for this new day.

Elizabeth Heney.

## REMEMBRANCE DAY

There are two ways of looking at Remembrance Day. There are those people, who honestly in their hearts pay reverence to the fallen and who realize the tremendous sacrifices that these men were called upon to make. And there are those skeptics who look on Remembrance Day as an unnecessary display of sentiment and on the fallen as poor unfortunates who were just unlucky not to return.

War is not a pretty thing, nor is it glorious either. It does bring out some of the more brutal characteristics of man but brings out the noblest also. Courage is among the finest of these - Whatever we may think of the outcome of war, for which men died, we must remember that they gave themselves to a cause which they firmly believed was right.

Whether they were right or wrong - or whether what they fought for and won will endure or not - these are not the questions - What really matters, is that these youths had courage enough to die for their ideals.

It is this courage, this willingness to die for his ideals that brings out one of man's more noble attributes - the capacity for unselfish friendship.

I wonder how many lives lost in all wars were sacrifices in the cause of friendship? Unfortunately, it will never be known perhaps, what grand acts of heroism were done in the name of friendship. Should the time ever come when nation can feel towards nation, what one real friend feels for another, then, will we have a chance for a permanent world peace built upon understanding and friendship.

Canada, a very small nation, entered into this last war on her own free will on the side of freedom. Whatever else we may think of this grand act of friendship is of no consequence. The fact remains that when the actual life of our friend was threatened, we, and eventually the United States came to her aid. This all in the cause of freedom, friendship, and righteousness.

It is also this great friendship, cemented still closer by common language and heritage, that holds together our vast and varied Empire, and in the words of Sir Fred Clark, "no longer a political organization by a religion."

A. Miller.



### SHOW ME A SIGN

Dear one, the faith and hope you hold sublime,  
That Power above in whom you place your trust,  
Until I see the reason or the rhyme,  
Must constantly from out my mind be thrust.

There is no lasting life on earth, you say,  
In Heaven, howe'er, Elysion fields of gold.  
Give me a word of proof, one sign I pray,  
I, like Tithonus, then shall seek His fold.

You bid me earthly pleasures all forsake,  
Through prayer entreat His love on bended knee.  
But song of bird, a true friend's warm handshake,  
Or love - these things are good enough for me.

But if on earth my soul and mind be clean,  
And judgement in the life to come be meet,  
I'll face that vast forever all serene.  
Nor fear to take the bitter with the sweet.

Arnold Armstrong.

### FREEDOM

Across the plains of France, its whispers ring,  
O'er Norway's towering mounts it echoes too,  
That word the Czechs pronounce with reverence true,  
Of it the Greeks have oft been wont to sing.  
Inspired by it the hearts of Britons spring,  
America its glories all indue,  
As patriotic spirits rise anew,  
To face the bombs that Japs and Germans fling.  
Ah Freedom, sacred to each British son,  
Our fathers fought and died it to preserve;  
Our poets taught us that we might deserve  
The freedom that those glorious heroes won.  
Awake Canadians, so that freedom here  
Sacred to us, remain forever dear!

Written in 1942, by J. Elwood Sloss, when some of  
the first daring exploits by the Underground in  
countries under German oppression, made headlines  
in our newspapers.

## ADOLESCENCE IN THE COMMONWEALTH

Mother Britain, oh what heartache  
You must feel to-day  
As you watch your children growing  
Upward and away!

They no longer need your wisdom,  
Shaking loose the guiding hands,  
Forgetful of the one who helped them  
Each, as infant lands.

How you loved them, and protected  
Even through the battle's strife,  
Yet they say they owe you nothing,  
Want a separate life.

You are old now, Mother Britain,  
They in turn should care for you,  
But unthoughtful youth looks forward,--  
There are other things to do.

Oh, how many other mothers,  
Watch their sons and daughters go,  
Wanting so to show the pitfalls  
Which they cannot know.

But remember as they struggle,  
Youth is confident and sure,  
With such heritage to follow  
They will triumph and mature.

Helen Stephenson.

## EMPIRE DAY

Why the bunting, why the flags that bloom in school auditoriums, civic centres and places of business, every May 23rd? What do they signify?

May 23rd is set aside throughout the British Commonwealth of Nations, as a day of special memory. The pomp and circumstance of British tradition, the British loyalty to ideals of right and honour, the majesty and power of the armed might of the Commonwealth, the ties of common allegiance, the heritage of affection between countrymen of the Dominions, light our living vividly on this day of spring.

Let us carry into our classrooms the spirit of devotion to the commonwealth so devoutly expressed in the Empire Day Programme presented at the Normal School on May 23, 1947. The declarations of loyalty made therein should mean more to us than mere lip service. May the high standards of devotion, truth, and service which have long been prominent in the creed of the commonwealth rank high among the concepts of living which we pass on to future students.

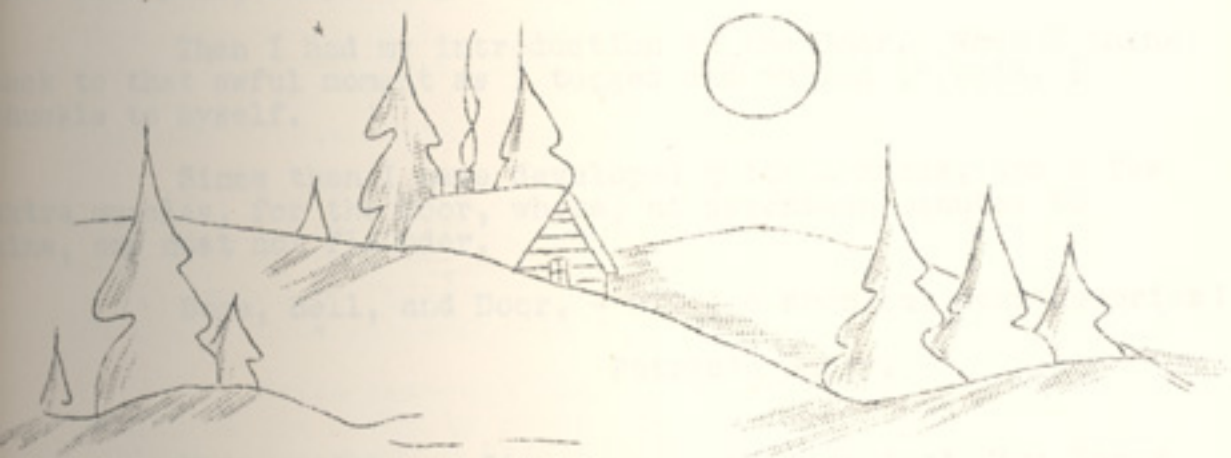
E. Heney and P. Lynch.

### GREEN AND GOLD

Green fields of wheat  
Whispering in the west wind  
Like taffeta skirts  
Rain-drenched and rustling.

Ripe fields of wheat  
Nodding in warm sunlight  
Like sleepy children  
With heavy golden heads.

Ruby Gibbens.



### WINTER

When wild winds wail  
And madly blow  
A biting blast  
Across the snow  
That bleakly lies for miles around,  
I hear the weird and ghost-like sound  
Travelling across the barren plain,  
And I long so much for Spring again.

The stars look down  
With a glitter cold,  
The moon that once  
Was a ball of gold  
Casts now a chilling, icy light  
On a bitter world of frozen white.  
I gaze from my cabin window pane,  
And I long so much for Spring again.

Hedrika Feierfeil.

Here and There about the Normal  
School  
The Life of a student teacher -  
A Tempest

(Truly, "here is everything advantageous to life.")

My first glimpse of the Normal School was that magnificent Dome.

"I wonder what that is for? Oh, well, I shall soon find out."

But have I found out? NO! Our Dome remains, as the Sphinx, a deep and seemingly everlasting mystery.

Slowly I wandered up the walk to the entrance. I did not realize, then, the many times I would dash madly along that same path, responding to the stimulus of the Bell.

Then I had my introduction to the Door. When I think back to that awful moment as I tugged and pulled in vain, I chuckle to myself.

Since then I have developed quite a knack, and a few extra muscles, for the Door, where, at seventeen minutes to nine, one must not flounder.

Dome, Bell, and Door, - all too soon but dear memories!

Patricia Barry.

This article confirms our conviction that Miss Barry is a "Dome-belle"!

TEACHING

Yes, Friday night is here again,  
And really what a feeling!  
I sometimes wonder if I've a brain,  
And if not, what is reeling.  
'Tis thought-provoking, to say the least  
This endless job of teaching.  
So much to do, so much to take,  
Do we deserve the money we make?  
We drill and drill and drill some more  
But little Joe still can't count four.  
We hear a lot of high I.Q.  
But I still think they've mighty few.  
After this depressing mood, there still is one confession,  
In spite of all the endless tasks, I do like this profession.

Shirley Wright.

# Knitting vs. Broadcasting

One bright blue and gold day last October, Susie, an anonymous and carefree Normalite, gazed vacantly towards the front of the auditorium, where the principal of the institution in which she had been installed for a term, outlined a series of radio broadcasts (educational), which were to take place every Friday morning. In conclusion, he announced that the student body would be granted time each Friday to listen to these inspiring programmes.

"Ha, ha," thought Susie (using the same expression to depict inward mirth as many comic strip characters), "here is an opportunity for little old me to get in some knitting."

On the morning of the first broadcast our heroine was uncomfortably seated in the Assembly Hall, equipped with bulky notebook and much knitting apparatus. Above the click of her needles, she heard about the trials and tribulations of Champlain's early life being specially brought to her from the Department of Education via the airplanes between North Bay and Toronto.

Every Friday morning Susie was faithfully on hand for the programmes. Champlain founded Quebec the same morning that Susie completed her "ribbing". Two solid inches of "plain", "purl", "plain" were accomplished on the morning of Champlain's death.

Susie rewarded the Earl of Selkirk, during his moment on the radio, by beginning a cable stitch in the pattern. Her needles clicked busily as his benevolent works were accepted and blessed by the downtrodden masses in the Maritimes.

The weeks went by and Susie's knitted article became bulky and awkward, and difficult to manage. Undaunted, she began to "cast off", counting to herself in a hoarse whisper, only faintly heard above the radio. While the poetry of Pauline Johnston and Henry Drummond were recited, she finished "casting", to the tune of the Narrator's sonorous drone. During "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" her work of art was finally completed.

A blustering January day welcomed the first of the Science broadcasts. Susie arrived for the broadcast a trifle late, in a beautifully knit "sloppy Joe" sweater. Her work of the last twelve programmes was rewarded by admiring glances from the assembly. Clutched tightly in her left hand was the same notebook, and equally tightly she clutched in her right hand the same well-loaded, battle-scarred knitting bag.

You have guessed it. Susie is starting in to knit diamond socks now.


Eleanor Daly.



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— Kingston - - - - - Ontario —

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SUMMER COURSES July 3 to August 16, 1947.

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

### PIGEONS

We think that we shall never hear  
A pigeon's voice without a tear.

A pigeon heard in other climes  
Would bring back thoughts of Normal Times.

For pigeons make this school their home  
And fly around the famous dome.

With coos and blissful sounds of mirth  
They sometimes venture down to earth.

But when a normalite draws nigh  
They lift their feathery wings to fly.

We hope that we shall never lose  
The memory of their murmuring coos.

Poets make poems about a tree,  
But pigeons appeal to fools like we.

Barbara Lynch and Beulah Mullins

# The Golden Time Manuscript

And behold the fifth day of February cometh and each Normal Student moveth to the assembly hall. Therein were the assignment sheets. These did two students give out.

And behold, Kenneth Brown did receive his assignment and he did read it.

"On the 10th day of February thou shalt teach to a class of seven and forty, third grade children a music lesson." And Kenneth did tear his hair in rage, for little of music he knew.

And it came to pass that Wednesday became Saturday and the time for the teaching of the music lesson drew nigh. And Kenneth did sit up late and rise early to practice the valentine song. And verily, great difficulty had he in finding "doh".

And behold the 10th day of February cometh and Kenneth standeth before the class of seven and forty children. And he hath great fear. He taketh a deep breath. Then began Kenneth to sing. Indeed the notes were true. Verily he taught the class to sing the song well.

After the lesson he was exceedingly glad. And lo and behold!--the teacher began the lessons to criticize: "Mr. Brown", quoth she, "thou didst teach well this lesson and thou shalt receive for it a good mark."

Then did Kenneth think of his graph and he did praise the teacher silently.

Doreen Purdy.

.....

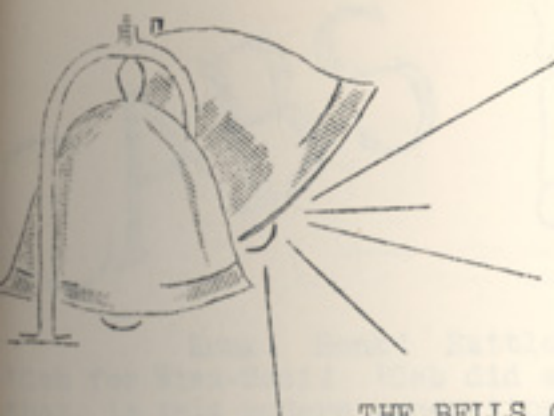
Watching a Grade I class doing a mural on the policeman Craig Otto was called over by one of the pupils. "Tell me," said the boy, "does this look like a policeman?"--pointing to something which was very hard to make out. Craig, not wishing to hurt the boy's feelings said, "Why, yes." Promptly the young boy said, "Well it's not, it's a car."

.....

Student Teacher: "I hope I didn't see you look at your book, Jimmy."

Jimmy: "I hope not too, teacher."

.....



### THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

Dose bells of St. Mary's dey's pretty grim.  
Dey ring at dix heures, and you've got to be in.  
No matter what happens il faut etre rendu  
De boy friends dey know dat,--c'est bien entendu.

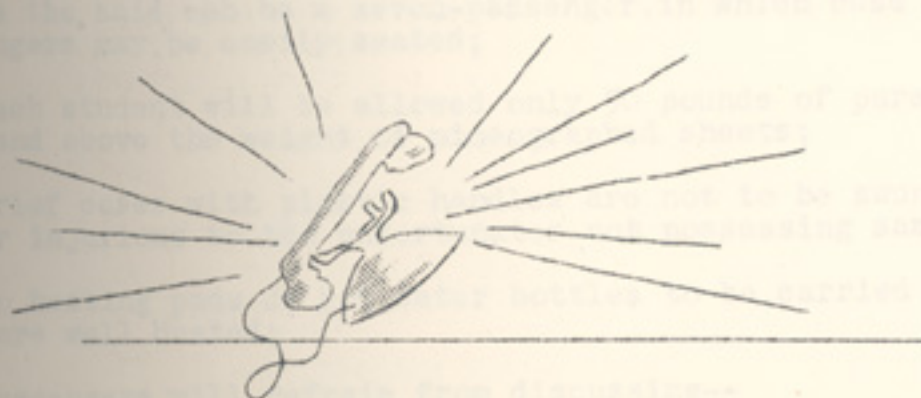
Puis early each morning, just what do you tink!  
La cloche she is ringing, I think that she stinks,  
She wakes everybodie, but personne get up.  
All dat noise in one house, no wonder we're nuts.

People come to St. Mary's, believe it or not,  
Dey ring the big door-bell, mon dieu qu'elle est forte!  
She rings just like tonere so often each day,  
It's a wonder we people just don't run away.

Ensuite, there's the phone--dat foolish invention,  
Sans doute the inventor once had good intention  
But de crazy ting now rings so often each day,  
I often wish someone would "take it away."

So dat is the story, l'histoire of the bells,  
De bells of St. Mary's which no one can sell.  
Mais malgre tous cela, dey liven the place  
No matter how grim de look on each face.

Muriel Landreville



# CABS



Honk! Honk! Rattle, Rattle--Squeak! Clank! Clank!  
'Cab for Wisa-Wasi! 'Cab did we say,--dear, oh, dear! We knew,  
that, in this modern generation, vehicles with engines attached  
were used as a means of transportation. Not only are they used  
for this purpose, but also as a source of trial and tribulation.

To clarify the description of this eighth wonder of the  
world, we will try to draw a word picture for you. Their battered,  
misshapen exteriors must have weathered many battles with storms,  
lightning, ditches, telephone poles, and illustrative material,--  
wearing the paint off the roof and fenders. We didn't mind the  
square wheels, but when the driver yelled--

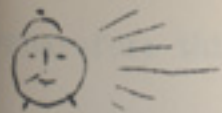
"Drag your feet, we're coming to a stop sign!", we  
drew the line.

Then there are the commanders of these machines of  
torment who 'encourage' you by telling you how to handle seat-  
work. Also strictly on the "q.t.", your driver is making a  
special trip to pick up Miss Morgan. (He tells you.) To further  
emphasize the statement, he is willing to invest a small portion  
of his earnings on a little bet, but he just can't lose since he  
never returns the same day to pay or receive. We liked especially  
well that 'hail-fellow-well-met' smile we get at six-ten p.m.  
after two hours of patient waiting in a snow-drift at Balsam  
Creek. We say "x#6-/", it's about time we met."

The following regulations are strictly observed by  
student-passengers:

1. There shall be no more than 30 student-passengers per cab,  
unless the said cab be a seven-passenger, in which case 35 student-  
passengers may be cosily seated;
2. Each student will be allowed only 50 pounds of paraphernalia  
over and above the weight of mimeographed sheets;
3. Brief cases with plastic handles are not to be swung in a  
manner injurious to the unfortunates not possessing same;
4. No heating pads or hot water bottles to be carried as all  
cars are well heated;
5. Passengers will refrain from discussing--
  1. Lack of preparation,
  2. Lack of illustrative material,
  3. The murder of Little Iodine.

G. O. Thompson, S. Pinder, E. J. McCart, R. F. Willianen



RING! THAT ALARM CLOCK!  
 OR  
DO NOT TORMENT ME --- O.



Every morning at seven-thirty its metal innards begin to growl fiercely and then, in a split second, it screams at me, "Get up, you lazy thing." It is a rude fishwife's scream, not the usual polite warning one hears. I awake. But then, that is only natural. With my heart pounding, I grope for the clock. If I am in a good humour, I merely turn it off; but, if it is Tuesday morning, I could quite joyfully step on its pasty face. It sneers at me as I crawl out--it could be because it enjoys my discomfort, or it could be because of my appearance so early in the morning. But I can sneer back at the beast, for it is certainly no picture with a battered body, the result of frequent trips across the room.

I have tried to rid myself of its hateful presence, but fate is against me. I have even thrown it in the junk pile; --but it has returned each time to scream more harshly than before. I only wish it would develop some incurable internal ailment and leave me in peace.

Doreen Linsdell

.....

Which reminds us of a morning scene in a certain North Bay boarding house--

Mrs. Peever to Mr. Jameson: Wake up! Alex! Eight o'clock!  
 Eight o'clock!

Alex (rolling over sleepily) Did you? Better call the doctor.

.....

ODE TO A BED

That I would write I've often said,  
 An ode that's meant just for a bed.  
 There're odes on spring, and birds that sing,  
 And odes on almost everything--  
 Except a bed.

Its pillows soft and snow-flake light,  
 Its sheets a spotless, clinic white.  
 It's safe and sure, and always there,  
 It listens to our nightly prayer,  
 Yet we regard it unaware  
 Only a bed.

With poets seeking for a theme  
 The thoughts of many seem to dream  
 Of lakes and hills and showy flowers,  
 Of lanes and roads and tree-top towers,  
 Yet men who have poetic powers  
 Forget a bed.

Dorothy Courchesne

"Wherefore this ghastly looking?" you ask. It must be --

### GRAPHS

"It's only a little piece of paper," I kept telling myself. "Don't worry!" But I was unable to stop my knocking knees. I felt I was facing a firing squad.

It seems that every year Normal Students must go through the same agony.

First the announcement in Assembly Hall.

"Graphs will be given out during the remainder of the week. We shall begin in Group A." Oh the lucky people in Group F!!

For the rest of the week, the cry is, "In February I'll see that my graph goes zooming up. After Christmas I'll settle down." And do we? Ahh--no comments here.

Seriously, though, as I think back to that frightening moment, I realize it wasn't too nightmarish.

We are told in a comforting way of the possibility that someday we may become good teachers. The comforting way? A startling red line leaping up from the paper. If that red line is on the right side of the black one, we can breathe easily once more.

In half-an-hour, it's all over. We have talked in front of a mirror; discussed initiative, resourcefulness, personality, questioning, and seatwork.

Graph or no graph, set your heart on being a teacher, and a good one. It's possible!

Betty Carlson

Heard in passing--

Sloss: I can't understand how I could be E.5. The army said I was A.1!



## CONTINUOUS TEACHING

Slowly, cautiously, I opened one eye, shut it quickly, then after a supreme effort, opened both. The day had finally arrived, the day on which I was to see my home school from a new point of view: that of a teacher.

As I pulled on warm winter clothing, my chattering teeth went over my lesson plans for the day. Downstairs in the kitchen I felt my stamina and determination oozing as I tucked away a substantial breakfast.

With the full spirit of adventure now upon me, I stuffed my pack sack with "illustrative materials," extra clothing and, of course, my lunch.

By now the sun had dispelled the gloom and dismalness of early morn and set the new-fallen snow sparkling.

Warmly insulated against the 20-below-weather, I fitted my feet into ski harnesses and began my two-mile trek. My path, as I sped swiftly across country, was fringed with evergreens draped in snow. Over all, the sun cast a rosy hue--truly a great morning to be alive!

Soon the school appeared in view, and, with a fresh burst of speed, I covered the last few yards, encouraged by thoughts of a cheerful fire.

However, as my frozen boots carried me up the stairs and into the room, the air which flooded around me was far from cosy. Indeed, as I spied a thermometer in one corner of the room, I discovered it was just 15 degrees warmer than outside!

By now, pupils were arriving; and we set about starting a roaring fire. No one thought of taking off his outdoor clothing. Instead, we organized a rousing game of tag to keep our blood circulating.

Thus was I initiated into continuous practice-teaching. If, I have given the impression of an Expedition Muskox, it was unintentional. I merely meant to describe the life of a rural school teacher in the middle of winter. Nevertheless, it was great fun and just think of the stories I can tell my grandchildren!

Sheila Skerten

IRKS - ELLIS - RYRIE

Mr. Bamford: "What is an octave?"  
Roy Willianen: "Something with eight legs."

And here we show the lighter side of the teaching of a few of our aspiring teachers.

Verna McKey: Your composition on milk is too short.

Pupil: Yes, I know; I wrote about condensed milk.

Arvo Ketola: (Explaining the word 'recreation') What does your father do with his spare time after work?

Junior: That's what mother wants to know.

Georgette: (Writing sentences on board) "I ain't had no fun all summer." How can I correct this?

Pupil: Get a boyfriend, maybe.



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"AN EPISTLE TO A BUMP"

OR

"THE ADVENTURE OF AFFABLE ALEX"

Last week a boy here  
Was down in the  
Dumps.

He had mumps....  
Yes, mumps.

He had a swelled head  
And his face got all red  
For everyone laughed  
When he said  
That the lumps  
Were not bumps

They were mumps....  
Yes, mumps.

But they leered and they jeered  
As they smilingly peered  
At his lumps:  
It appeared as they neared  
That no one had heard

About mumps....  
Oh, those mumps!

He declared he was scared  
If they dared to  
Come close  
That they three would soon see  
How he re-  
Ceived his dose

But they came with their game  
Of a name  
For each bump;  
So, when Bill who said Jill  
Was a name like a pill  
Gave a jump

He had mumps....  
Yes, mumps.

This is my story, this is my song,  
Stay out of a room where you don't belong  
Or you will catch mumps--

YES, MUMPS!

Alex McCuaig.



## FOUR-MILE LAKE

On Tuesday afternoon, January the twenty-first, Mr. Jameson, Miss Budan, and I set out merrily in our taxi for Four-Mile Lake. The day was beautiful; the bright sun shone brilliantly, glistening on the snow-laden trees. Snow had fallen quite heavily in the night, and the country roads had not been ploughed.

When we came to the crossroads, we saw that the car could not "make it" up to the school, about a mile away. The driver tried to turn the car around and lo! the wheels spun in the snow, and the car refused to move. There were no chains on the wheels. The only alternative was to push. Finally, with Mr. Jameson's strong heaving, and the assistance given by Miss Budan and myself, we managed to get the car back on the road. Not without a minor ~~accident~~! Miss Budan was thoroughly showered with a blast of soft snow from behind the spinning wheels.

We set out at a gay pace, thoroughly enjoying the lovely scenery, and the cool, crisp air. Truly, the day was superb; and about one-fifteen, we arrived. I was scheduled to teach at one o'clock, and the lesson began. I shall always remember the children's looks when they were kept in the extra fifteen minutes, so that our timing would be right.

The discussions about ~~our~~ lessons were completed about four-thirty, and we settled down to wait for the taxi. What could be wrong? We enjoyed playing the piano, but after more than an hour we had exhausted Miss Monaghan's supply of music-- but still no taxi!

About five-thirty, we were overjoyed when a taxi drove up to the turning road. We gathered our books and other belongings, and waited impatiently for it to drive up to the school. But! shattered hopes again, for the cars just turned around and drove away! Now we were stranded, the driver must have forgotten us, although we never did find out. Miss Monaghan then went to phone for another, and about a quarter past six we arrived in North Bay, after a most interesting and enjoyable afternoon at Four-Mile Lake.



Kay Collins



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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION



In 1906 the University of Toronto offered the first Summer Session ever held, so far as is known, in Canada. That Summer Session, like all others held since, was arranged especially for teachers.

Commencing in 1916 the University has arranged as well for late afternoon, evening, and Saturday classes for teachers. Since 1920, more than 800 Ontario teachers, by attending either the Summer Session or Teachers' Classes, or both, have graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Correspondence preparation is provided for those who propose to attend the Summer Session. Examinations are held in May and in August.

Students in the Normal Schools of Ontario are invited to write for detailed information to the Director, University Extension, Simcoe Hall, University of Toronto, Toronto 5, Ontario.

---

WINTER

Winter, Winter!  
Snow falling softly,  
White covered trees on the hills,  
Ice on the bay,  
Snow!

Winter!  
The North-west wind in fury blowing,  
Trees groaning,  
Drift upon drift of snow!

Winter!  
Northern skies of February blue!  
Sun-  
Gleaming on icicles!

Winter!  
Moonlight on snow!  
Stars cool and distant!  
My little log cabin-  
Cosy and warm!

Winter!

Karin Olson

# Evenings

So still we stood  
And round us in the darkness  
The trees stood silent too.

The snow serene  
In slumbering enchantment  
Filled us with longings new.

Against the sky  
The pines in towering splendour  
Sought heavens' lofty star.

. . .

O God - that we  
Might know their strength, and upright  
Be like them. We mar

Our lives with pride  
And shallow selfishness.  
We fail to seek Thy Glean.

Give us the strength  
Of Knights of old to seek  
And gain our noble Dream.

. . .

So still we stood  
While round us in the darkness  
Thy world lay silent too.

Too soon we would  
Forget. But northern pines and evening  
Remain forever new.

Mimi Benson



## O'FANTASY.

With a yawn that shook Albion's green mountains, Saint Patrick rose from his custom-built cloud, exchanged his shamrock-sprigged pyjamas for a shamrock-sprigged mantle, and prepared to face another day in Paradise.

As was his custom, strictly adhered to whenever the spirit moved him, the Heavenly Hibernian reached into his desk-drawer, lined throughout with mother-of-pearl, as advertised in the Cherubim's Catalogue for 1920--and extracted therefrom a Day-Book bound in brightest green.

"Ah, wurra, wurra!" lamented he. "'Tis the most unfortunate day in this period of eternal time. I must decide on a new earthly dwellin'-place for one of me darlin' sons of Erin-- James Heney by name, and hard-to-please by nature. Sure and 'tis an uncommonly fussy man about his surroundin's that he is, as the Chief Himself admitted in handin' him over to me. But, mind you, he's a fine upstandin' broth of a lad for all that."

The saintly soliloquy was interrupted at this point by a melodious voice which intoned the following syllables;-

"Patrick, my dear and holy Irishman, I have glad tidings for you. Can you leave your highly valuable and extremely important work for a minute?" It was Saint Peter who spoke.

"Now niver mind the blarney, Peter me boy! 'Tis a very busy saint that I am, to be sure, with no time for idle gossip," replied our holy hero.

"I'm afraid your Patient Forbearance has sadly deteriorated since you passed your Entrance Examinations, Patrick, but in my Charity I can overlook your gruff tone. I was looking over the records in the front office to-day and found that your protégé, Jim Heney, has married Mary Noonan from Perth."

"Ah, the dear sweet girleen that she is, too!" exclaimed the Reverend Pat. "I must find them a wee piece of country directly. But it must be a beautiful bit, for Mary is Jim's equal for fussiness, that she is!"

"Just what I wanted to show you, Patrick. Come with me."

Somewhat hindered by a group of playful cherubs, Saint Peter led our friend to a vantage point near the sun, and pointed to the loveliness below.

"It's called North-Western Ontario," he explained. "Some say it's a second Paradise. Will it do?"

Saint Patrick beheld the splendour of our winters, dressed in whitest ermine and pine-green velvet, the shy beauty of spring waking on our rivers, the gracious warmth of our sun-drenched summers, and the vivid-hued wonder of our autumn hills. He saw the near-to-nature aspect of our farming communities and logging camps, the brisk, prosperous air of our cities, the lightly-tapped mineral wealth of our rocks. He saw the hearty

friendliness of our people, the exciting opportunities for sport, the adventure around every bend in the trail, the wonderful, eager aliveness that makes our spirit--and he smiled.

"A second Paradise is it? I say it's even better. It's a second Erin. Peter, 'tis a perfect saint that you are. You shall have my best piece of fishing-tackle for your next birthday. I'm certain sure in the heart of me that this darlin' bit of land will just suit Jim and his Mary."

And sure and it did.

Elizabeth Heney

### SPEAKING OF DRAMATICS

"Pygmalion", a play by George Bernard Shaw, was studied in group activities by the students of the dramatic section. The play was read in parts. Following the transformation of Liza Doolittle was very difficult, but the purchase of individual copies made this easier, and we tried to enact the play in the baffling English dialect.

We reviewed several short plays. Then we concentrated on a lengthier one, "Two Crooks and A Lady". In this play, the portrayal of individual personality was introduced.

During one period a search for an important black make-up kit was conducted. Finally, Miss Morgan ended the efforts of students by triumphantly marching in with the valuable possession in her grasp. A profitable afternoon was spent remodelling three adventurous normalites.

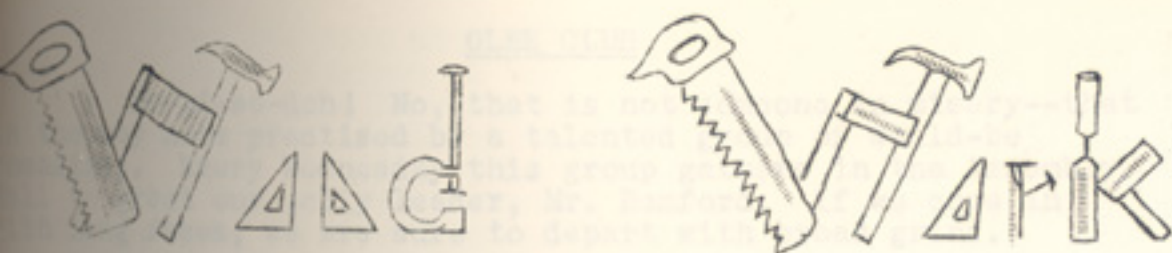
At the end of the enterprise, the essentials of good make-up produced an old lady and two young companions. A cycle of soap and water was used to remove all traces of new faces and to return them to their natural selves.

With a depleted number of members present because of other activities, we learned dramatization of junior plays and acted out a few created by students.

We are now reading a play "Mary Stuart" by John Drinkwater, and are preparing scenes from the radio play "Porgy and Bess" by R. and De B. Heyward.

We express gratitude to our director, Miss Morgan, who with her valuable hints, made our adventures profitable.

Therese Beaudette  
Muriel Landreville  
Mary Lee Martindale



Book ends! Tie racks! Box looms! Brackets! Picture frames! Place your orders at least four months in advance and you may obtain any one of these articles at a ridiculously high price. The article would be well worth the money, because each one is laboriously sawed, planed, screwed, or glued by an industrious and somewhat skilful student. Each student who becomes a member of this popular interest group becomes more and more enthusiastic about the fascinating art of wood-craft.

Under Mr. Reed's persuasive influence, the student dedicates the rest of his life to the useful and brain-racking hobby of woodwork. First of all, he has the task of deciding what he is going to make, and this is difficult sometimes, especially for those who have never even hammered a thumbtack into a piece of cardboard.

Let us suppose that the ambitious student decides to construct a pair of book ends. Then, Mr. Reed presents him with a piece of rough lumber and tells him to measure and saw the required lengths. Well, that wasn't so difficult. Mr. Reed returns and suggests that planing the rough edges might be an improvement. Until you've tried it, you'll never know the thrill of watching the tight, blonde curls roll from the plane to the floor. Mr. Reed very kindly, and tactfully, tells the aspiring book end creators that they will have to saw that smoothly finished edge again, and start planing once more. Of course, this might dampen the spirits of less ambitious creatures, but not of the woodworkers. This procedure continues for several weeks, when suddenly a transformation takes place. No longer are the pieces of lumber mere separate sections of board, but now resemble--book ends!. Still there is the sandpapering, with both coarse and fine sandpaper, the weighting, varnishing, and drying. That, however, can be completed in a matter of seven or eight periods. Then the book ends will be a decorative addition to the new teacher's desk next September.

Perhaps it was unfortunate to use the constructing of book ends as an example of the work done in the woodworking group. Anyone who has not yet visited this basement work-shop would be amazed at the progress some of the students have made under Mr. Reed's patient supervision.

Inez MacDougall  
Shirley Wright

## GLEE CLUB

Do-mi-so-doh! No, that is not someone in misery--that is the key note practised by a talented group of would-be vocalists. Every Wednesday this group gathers in the Assembly Hall to greet our jolly leader, Mr. Bamford. If we come in with long faces, we are sure to depart with broad grins.

Our group started in October and we made our debut at a Junior Red Cross meeting. From then on our services were required on special occasions, as at Christmas when we sang two selections.

The afternoon begins with something light and cheerful to bring us into the mood of our work. This is followed by some of the more advanced compositions from Gilbert and Sullivan. We all sing heartily until someone from the bass section leaves us in mid-air. Even Mr. Bamford joins in the ensuing ripple of laughter.

As each period closes on Wednesday afternoon, we turn with regret from this interlude with music which has passed all too quickly.

Elsann Reid.

## WITH APOLOGIES TO 'HIAWATHA'

From the factory came a Packard  
Big and bulky, strong of shaft;  
"It would go a mile a minute,"  
Was the salesman's prize attack.  
He was mild compared to others  
Shot from guns their product was.  
Toasty crisp or smooth and mellow  
Everywhere you turn there's one.  
'Lucky Strike means fine tobacco,'  
Or 'Always Buy a Chesterfield'  
Strikes your eye or hits your ear  
From the radio, from the billboards  
In your home or on the street.  
What to do! Oh,--where to go!  
To get a little rest and peace  
Away from trials and tribulations  
Away from ads and long commercials,  
Yes - - -  
Rinso, Oxydol, Duz and Ivory,  
Chipso, Thrift and Baby's Swan  
All make whitest brightest washes  
All are easiest on the hands.

E. L. K.



## DISCUSSION GROUP

Since the days when cave-men gathered to give guttural voices to their opinions on the correct way to hunt a dinosaur, there has existed in the heart of Homo Sapiens a desire to learn the opinions of others.

The earnest, clear-browed student of Athens, the toga'd Roman senator, the disciples of Buddha and Confucius, the student of every age has felt the urge to make known his feelings on a particular subject. He has felt, even as you and I have felt, the satisfaction of weighing the merit of a statement, separating truth from half-truth, bias from unprejudiced report. He has listened to ringing oratory, has gleaned great wisdom from simple, humble speech, has made known his findings for the benefit and enlightenment of other humans. Unbounded worlds of learning have been opened to him as he searched volumes, some new, others expounding principles century-old, in his quest for abiding truth. Always he has felt the limitations of his sources of knowledge, the inadequacy of dogma, which, established to-day, will be contradicted to-morrow. Often he has watched the ever-changing pattern of history as it falsified a theory previously accepted. In talking with his fellow men he has been broadened, uplifted, encouraged, given understanding of circumstances, conditions, forces. Let us then in time to come, be ever willing to hear the views of our fellows. From them we may gain knowledge which will help us to become better citizens of the world.

The ability to listen without prejudice to others, an unflinching alertness in recognizing the merit in their ideas, the constant use of unbiased good judgement in sorting out wheat from the chaff, a healthy curiosity about past and contemporary world affairs, the willingness to keep an open, unprejudiced mind,-- all these constitute marks of the intelligent debator.

We have seen, therefore, that discussion clubs are not merely hotbeds of argument, but rather a means of furthering the cause of truth. May they progress.

Elizabeth Heney.



## MISS PRESTON'S WEAVING GROUP

Many of us had always had an interest in weaving, and had thought it would be nice to know more about it "someday". Early in our first term, we were introduced to cardboard looms which served only to rouse our curiosity. When we found it possible to enter the weaving group we really felt it would be an "interest" group.

We went in the first day bewildered by the number and variety of looms,--their parts and operation. Miss Preston is very patient and travels many miles from loom to loom, looking for lost threads or finding our errors for us.

There has been much accomplished--woollen scarfs, plain, striped and plaid; belts woven on different types of looms; place mats by the yard for gala occasions; many pretty bags and purses.

Just before Christmas Miss Preston had our work on display. We felt quite satisfied when we saw the results of our labours.

We also had a "sideline" in our interest group. Some of us were interested in the intricacies of crocheting, and Miss Preston kindly consented to start us on our way. Necklaces, doilies, slippers, and purses are coming along in fine style.

All in all, I think we look forward with particular pleasure to our Wednesday afternoons in Room 8.

Marion Rothery.

## BADMINTON

Early in the fall a badminton club was organized. Although the scarcity of birds and of playing-time was a drawback, the proverb of "where there's a will----" proved true, and we played several inter-group games.

The club was invited to the Collegiate to play against their league. No record was written--luckily--but enjoyment of the game kept interest alive. Now that we've practised, our final prayer is that we have "another chance" against the Green-and-White enthusiasts.

To point a moral, I should say--"If you don't play badminton, why not start? You're really missing some fun!"

Jeanne Sims.

Bert Wilson, about to give a lecture on a frog in a rural school: "I propose to show you a specimen of a dissected frog which I have in this parcel."  
He untied the parcel, and disclosed an egg and some sandwiches. He scratched his head.  
"I could have sworn I ate my lunch," said Bert.

## IN THE MOOD

Silence reigns. Except for the varied sounds of boredom and concentration, all is quiet. The doldrum I am speaking of prevails in the inner sanctum of the Art Department, N.B.N.S. Behind the closed doors, great minds grope for inspiration. Let us enter.

We find the wizards seated on swivel chairs, foreheads beaded with sweat, lost in an orgy of concentration. This state of suspended animation may last from five to forty minutes, depending upon the individual and the length of the period. Men are pacing around the room in the grimmest frenzy of thought. And through it strolls the ubiquitous supervisor, an eye on her pupils, and ever alert to encourage inspiration.

In one corner we see a small red-headed genius. His face is contorted in an expression of torment. Suddenly a thunderbolt rends the air! The small man springs from his seat and dashes from the room. With a bound he returns bearing brush, paints, palette, and a sheet of shellacked cardboard. With these various and sundry objects will be created an opus to rival the productions of Salvador Dali.

Fired by his inspiration, the other students now begin to work. They paint. They colour. They clean brushes. Soon all but one of these great masters are creating.

He sits motionless, staring into space, oblivious of everything going on about him. Tempus fugit, but he has no knowledge of Latin and continues in his reverie. He will soon be aroused.

Do not be fooled when I say these people are geniuses, for even they must, at some time or other be motivated. Through the labyrinth of swivel chairs strolls a person with powers of motivation great enough to shake even our meditating misfit.

Wm. Kusturich



## PHOTOGRAPHY

During the first confusing week of getting settled at Normal School, you were handed a card on which you were asked to list your hobbies in the order of their appeal to you. From these, there emerged a group chiefly interested in photography.

To members of this club, it means two short hours a week in the school darkroom where we go through the very interesting process of developing negatives or making contact prints or enlargements. You don't have to be an expert to enter this group. If you are interested in learning more on the subject you are a welcome member.

Our 1946-47 club was under the very capable direction of our principal, Mr. Partridge, who is keenly interested in the art of photography. We were guided by a member of the student body, Arvo Ketola, our club president.

This year the photography group printed or enlarged for each student, pictures of the six forms in the school. Mr. Partridge took the pictures in October and they were ready for sale some weeks later. After our expenses were paid, the balance supplemented the club budget.

The process of developing a negative or of making a print or enlargement is one which requires concentration, keen perception, accurate timing, care of materials, and good judgment in criticising the finished product. Your satisfaction lies in following this simple code of rules which should produce a desirable print.

Towards the end of the term the members of the club went on a photography hike on which we explored many of the scenic spots around North Bay. We brought back many films of unique settings, attempts at trick photography and other experiments with the camera. This brought to a close a year of very interesting activities undertaken in our group.

E. Marian McKinnon.

## THOUGHTS OF A TEACHER

I must not interfere with any child, I have been told;  
To bend his will to mine, or try to shape him through some mold  
Of thought. Naturally as a flower he must unfold.  
Yet flowers have the discipline of wind and rain,  
And, though I know it gives the gardener much pain,  
I've seen him use his pruning shears to gain  
More strength and beauty for some blossoms bright.  
And he would do whatever he thought right  
To save his flowers from a deadening blight.  
I do not know--yet it does seem to me  
That only weeds unfold just naturally.

Alice Gay Judd.



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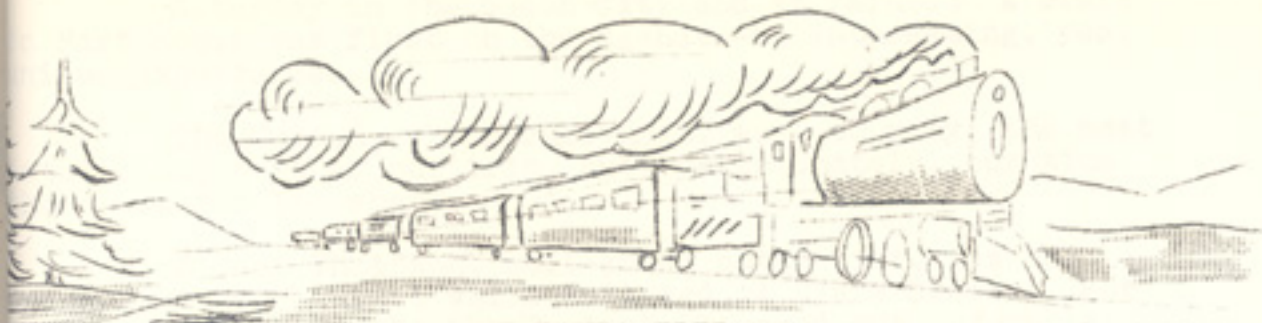
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### THE TORONTO TRIP

In the wee hours of Thursday morning, April 3, Mr. Cartridge, satisfied that none had been left behind, went to his car, and we settled down to Prester John and political discussions. Some slept. But our long-anticipated trip was under way.

What a hurried breakfast in the Oak Room at Union Station! Then to the buses waiting impatiently outside to take us to our first point of interest, where we saw perfect modern education in action at Forest Hill West Preparatory School.

Our next visit was to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Primer, Dick and Jane.

We arrived at the Parliament Buildings next, after a hurry-up call. There our time was divided between Premier Brew's closing Parliamentary remarks and a demonstration showing our Fire Rangers' latest uses for helicopters. Our next visit was to the Rehabilitation Institute.

The day was completed with a visit to Rowntree's, and a highly enjoyable evening at the Ballet.



How hard it was to get up on Friday morning to eat our breakfast hastily before hurrying to the Allan Gardens. Under Mr. Mills' very able direction we spent an interesting morning among huge banana trees, rubber trees and brilliantly coloured tropical flowers.

Dinner at Mary John's Coffee Shop preceded our visit to the Happy Gang's Easter programme.

The afternoon also included a visit to the Zoo, the Art Gallery, High Park, the Old Mill and Sunnylea School.

Another novel experience for some of us was a Chinese dinner where we were introduced to chopsticks. Others had a more sumptuous repast at Maison Dore.

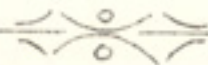
A visit to the Globe and Mail concluded a day full of interest,--but we were tired!

Saturday in the Queen City and it rained! A visit to Hart House was first on the agenda--an interesting, yes, unique experience.

The Museum, which came next, was, to many, the most interesting part of our trip, but, unfortunately, our time there was far too short.

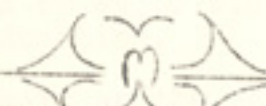
Stuart Thompson, well-known naturalist, was the speaker at the banquet which followed at Diana Sweets. For many a visit to "Share the Wealth" climaxed our enjoyable tour; for others a memorable N.H.L. hockey game.

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To Mr. Partridge who undertook the huge task of organization, and who devoted so much of his personal time and energy to making this trip a success we owe a personal vote of thanks.

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### OUR BUFFALO TRIP

Easter Sunday dawned clear and bright, and seven-thirty, found a sleepy group of Normalites and friends in front of the Wilton Court Hotel.

Our bus driver called himself "Stew", so that became his name during the rest of the day. Once out of the city limits, we began to feel the cool breezes, and to enjoy the scenery along green, foaming Lake Ontario. Mr. Partridge pointed out the spots of interest, and the "Hamilton Mountain" amused us.

At ten-thirty we reached our famous centre of magnificent beauty--Niagara Falls. For a few moments we gazed in wonder at the momentous scene before us. Sweet church bells invited us to take part in the celebration of the Resurrection of our Lord. Beautiful flowers and inspiring messages made this occasion memorable.

Rush! Rush! Off again to the bus, no time for dinner so we ate lunch on the bus. Each person had his turn in the aisle seats--and Mr. Bamford would have been proud, had he heard the harmony in our singing.

Buffalo ahead! In the Museum of Science, among the most interesting things we saw was the Hall of Man. Our buses then hustled us to the Zoo. A quick visit to the Art Gallery and a glance at the State Teachers' College ended our short, but delightful stay in Buffalo.

On the way back we drove through Hamilton, then, tired but happy, our little group returned to Toronto after a profitable trip never to be forgotten!

E. Anderson; M. Field; C. Haystead; K. Collins.

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## SPEAKERS IN 1946-47

Our first speaker of the year, Mr. F. S. Rivers, gave an inspirational address useful to all prospective teachers.

Athens College, teacher-training in Greece, and the effect of war on education were some of the topics that Prof. Neopoulos told us about.

Very fittingly, Mr. J.A. Marsh, Commissioner of the Ontario Division of the Canadian Red Cross, was our third guest. Mr. Marsh, a very gifted speaker, acted as a good-will representative of the Ontario Government.

Dr. H. E. Amoss came to us well-known through his books. As Superintendent of Professional Training in Ontario he was qualified to give us the aims of teacher-training and the responsibilities of our chosen profession.

Visual Education devices were demonstrated and carefully explained to us by Major W.J. Grimmon, an official from the Department of Education.

Miss Norma Hackett as the Representative of the Women Teachers' Federation explained the functions and duties of this excellent organization.

Since most of the Normalites are "Northerners" we were very pleased to welcome Mr. O.T.G. Williamson, the author of "The Northland", to our platform.

Rev. P.P.W. Ziemann from Hamilton spoke at our special Easter Programme, on World Brotherhood.

Summer Courses for teachers was the topic discussed by three of our guests, Mr. H. K. Hutton, Director of Extension, Queen's University; Prof. C. H. Stearn, Director of Extension, McMaster University; Dr. W. J. Dunlop, Director of Extension, University of Toronto.

Rev. G. Little discussed the uses and abuses of alcohol and explained to us how it affects man.

Miss D. H. Crozier gave us some interesting side-lights into the work of the Red Cross at home and abroad.

The Director of Agriculture, Mr. Norman Davies, showed us the effect of education on the rural school child, and the place of agriculture in to-day's curriculum.

Dr. S. R. Laycock, one of the foremost figures in the education field in Canada, gave us a little insight into child psychology.

Our last speaker of the year was Dr. C. E. Stothers, the Director of Auxiliary Education, who spoke about physically and mentally handicapped children.

These speakers have broadened our horizons and added greatly to our year from both an educational and an inspirational viewpoint.

E.L. Killins.



## VISITORS FROM THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

On January 14, the usual morning assembly period was made very interesting by the visit of Miss Drever and Miss Steele. Our curiosity was quickly aroused by the huge box carried to the platform, and the unpacking of all types of seemingly unrelated and queer objects, from rolls and rolls of cotton wadding. Soon the mystery was explained. Our visitors were from the Royal Ontario Museum.

Miss Drever, a former student of North Bay Normal School, was in charge of the Public and Separate Schools display. She showed materials in connection with Early Indian Life, and the History of Chinaware. The latter was particularly interesting, as it began with the earliest of primitive man's clay dishes, and followed through to the finest English china.

The display for the secondary schools caught the most interest, I believe. Miss Steele obligingly modelled the coat of chain mail. There was a little boy's suit of plate armour, complete with helmet. An object which attracted special attention was one of the early type guns. The mechanism was wound up with a key to create a tension which, when released by the trigger, sparked a flint, which set off the powder to drive the bullet. This slow and complicated method contrasted greatly with the methods used in the recent war.

As Miss Drever explained, these visits to the schools of Ontario are an experiment being undertaken by the Educational Department of the Royal Ontario Museum. The students of Toronto and other nearby places can visit the museum in person and see the extensive collections there. These visits are an attempt to bring the Museum to those students who cannot go to it. Though the amount of material which can be brought on such visits is naturally very limited, still, the students are able, through their vivid imaginations, to reconstruct a whole period in history from a few sample objects brought by the Museum representatives.

I am sure that we all wish Miss Drever and Miss Steele every success, as the results of this experiment will mean a great deal to us as future teachers.

Alice B. Pilgrim.

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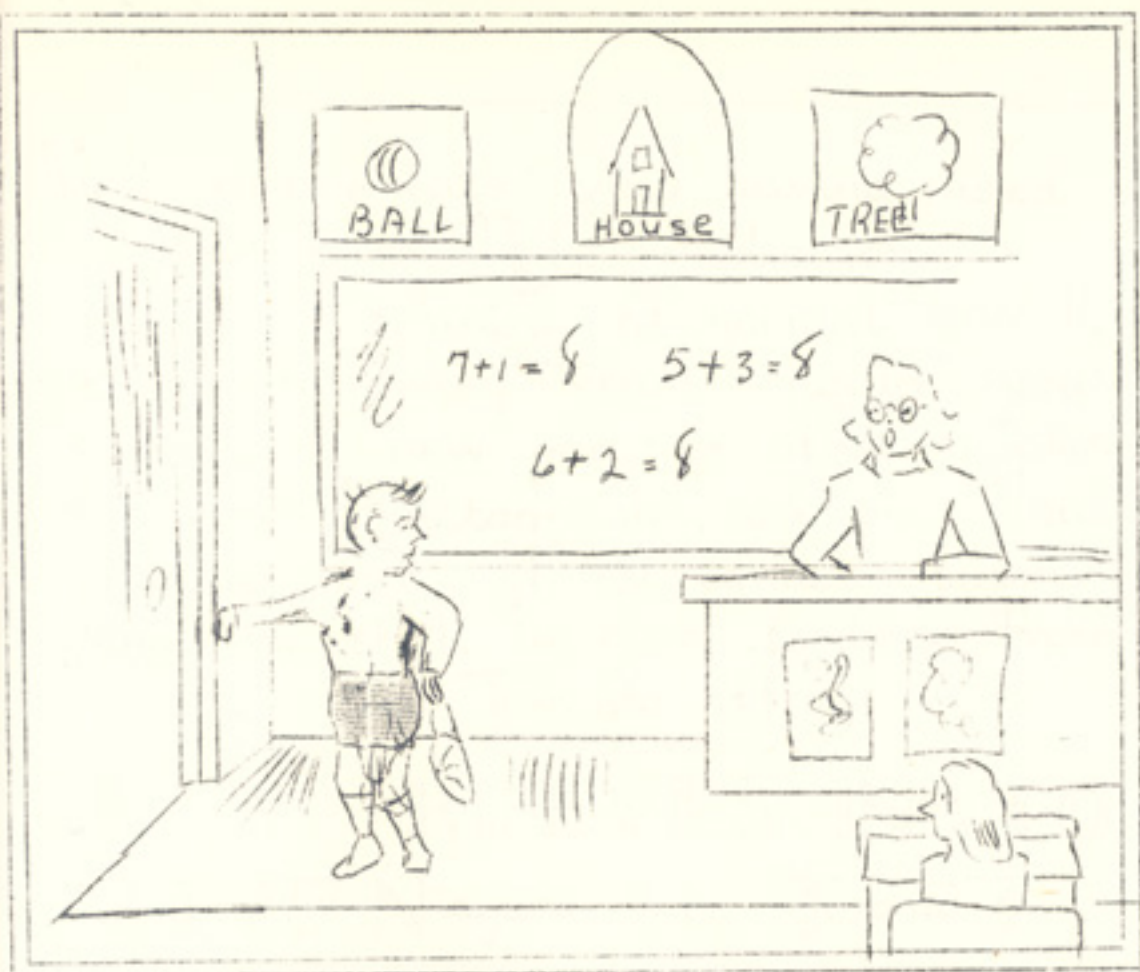
Mr. Sloss (reading one of his own stories to the class): "It was a dark night. Two forms crept out of a house. The clock struck one."

Mr. Thompson, seated at the rear of the class, being a very bored listener said rather breathlessly "Which one?"

.....

Mr. Deyell: "As your stay at Normal School becomes longer, you will meet with many School Boy Howlers."

Nattie: "Please sir, what are School Boy Howlers? Are they the boys who do the cheering at the Rugby matches?"



"If there's anything I can't stand,  
it's a nagging woman. Goodbye!"

A hunter had once made a perfect wooden duck. One day he took his fine specimen with him duck hunting. He carefully placed it in a sheltered bay, and then he camouflaged himself in the bullrushes. He cocked both barrels of his shotgun and waited.

Soon a duck came and landed beside the decoy. Just as the hunter fired the little duck nudged the decoy and said, "duck!" When the little duck came up and saw all the chips, he said, "Wooden Duck, eh?"

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#### RUGBY

Last fall, when we were still wondering what it was all about, and expecting the worst, some of the boys decided to form a rugby team. These ambitious, and perhaps foolish, boys devoted three or four week-ends, and many more after-fours, out on the side lawn practicing plays. We managed to borrow a good ball from Scollar Hall and dug out some old Normal School hockey sweaters. These had been in the cupboard for several years and about the only thing the moths didn't eat were the cotton numbers.

Our manager-coach, went up one day to one of the rugby games at Scollard to see how many men played on the team! This coach also acted as manager and water boy. He almost arranged a game with Scollard Hall. Almost, I said. After Scollard was eliminated, the game was arranged. However, because of lack of equipment, we didn't do it. Oh well, it was very likely just as well. There is a bad shortage of teachers, and besides the hospitals are full.

The only thing this challenge did was to make the other teams and schools realize that this year we are a definite threat in the sport field.

Craig Otto.

# BRAVO

Oh yes, how well I remember that day! It was seven o'clock as we, twelve Normal Lassies, ran into the gym for the second game of the play-off series. Our first encounter had been a disappointment because after a very strenuous, closely-played game, we had lost to our rivals, the Collegiate and Vocational Girls. At the end of this game, a flutter of defeat had passed through the hearts of our girls. The staunch, hard-fighting Collegiate and Vocational team seemed as impregnable to us as the wall of Troy to the Greeks. Vainly we had sought for a solution to the problem and finally we had conjured a plan.

The whistle blew! Nerves were tense on the Normal team; unsmiling faces showed determination. Short, quick passes sped the ball up the floor. A shot! A basket! Normal were two points up! A few seconds later, Normal had four points to their favour. On and on this tense struggle progressed, with Normal doggedly keeping in the lead. So ended the first half.

By the second half, our competitors realized that a different team was playing against them. Their self-confident faces were altered to more serious countenances; and their easy-going attitude was defeated by an air of unsureness. We knew then we had won our victory. We had the extra points to our favour and the opposing team had "cracked" before our very eyes. Vainly, the Collegiate captain tried to steady her girls, but excitement ruled and proved their downfall.

Game over, we went to the dressing room, happy and content. We had won our game, Nothing further was needed to steady our hopes for the last and deciding game.

Mary C. Baxter.



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Although the girls did not win the North Bay City Title for this year, they do have at least one claim to fame. The Normal School team was the only team to defeat N.B.C.I. during the season. In all the games between the Normal School and Collegiate, the scores were close--twice our girls lost by only one point.

There were three teams in the league this year: Collegiate, Craig Bit, and the Normal School. Unfortunately the Craig team was late getting organized, and never quite caught up with the other two. Playoff-time found Collegiate and Normal School as contenders for the Atlin Shield. Collegiate won the first game by a score of 26-17. The Normalites came back in the second game to win with the score 24-15.

The final game was one of the most exciting this year. Collegiate won the honours by a narrow margin. Practice and team work rewarded Miss Glad's girls, while on the other hand, lack of team work, regardless of good material proved our downfall.

The girls owe a vote of thanks to Miss Wilson for her enthusiasm, help, and support during the year. Members of the team were:

- Georgette Ethier - Captain and sparkplug of the team.
- Ruth Mantle - A rehab. student who joined the team late in the season, but proved a valuable asset.
- Audrey Norman - One of our fastest forwards, and a valuable player.
- Inez MacDougall - An expert on long field shots (especially at practice.)
- Mary Baxter - Another of our fast forwards who really kept her check on the run.
- Heidi Baumann - Also a shark on the long shots.
- Herna Rose - Star guard, who really kept tab on her check and handed out "sure thing" passes.
- Fran Smith - Our pillar of strength and ace defenceman--the girl whose temper and playing ability struck terror into the opponents' hearts.
- Isabelle Bruce - A steady guard who always came up with a good, clean game.
- Label Read - Another of our guards who was always in there pitching.
- Hedy Feierfeil - Utility player, who doubled on both forward and guard line, and could be depended upon for a good game.

G. Ethier and F. Smith.

## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

For the first time in many years, there were boys enough at the Normal School to make a team. Number, however, was not the only advantage. As this seemed to be the year to break tradition, we even procured the Collegiate gymnasium every Tuesday evening. This was generously paid for by the Ontario taxpayers.

These evenings were usually gala affairs. They began calmly enough, and, to spectators we probably resembled colourful folk-dancers. As the evening advanced, however, our actions became more and more frenzied until finally a "rough-house" would ensue from which the winner would emerge battered and bloody.

Uniforms were unique this year. A dirty blue sweater seemed very popular, while the shorts ranged from the faded red shorts of the author to the immaculate whites of eminent J. McCart.

This group of players had several heroes as well. The idol of all Tuesday-nighters was the smiling orator "Dead-Shot" McCuaig, who could sink a basket after only twenty-four tries, (a minor sort of record.) Two other stars were: "Hips" Lavoie, famous for his mad rushes, with or without the ball; and "Flip" Wandziak, who could flip the ball through the loop from any point outside the ten second line, but who could not even see the backboard closer than that. Nevertheless, these evenings provided the boys with mainly recreation.

The Normal School basketball team was a credit to the school for both sportsmanship and ability. Coached by "Biff" Gigg, enthusiasm and ability gradually gained momentum. "Biff" broke the record this year for scoring the most points in one game. We had the highest scoring game of any previous year, and we provided the previously undefeated Collegiate team with their only defeat of the year.

Anyone seeing a game in which the Normal School played was assured of thrills, humour, and suspense. The fight shown by the team provided the thrills and suspense. We usually won or lost the game in the final minute of the play. The unorthodox and varied style of playing as well as the varied sizes of the players provided the humour.

The team ended in second place this year. "Biff" Gigg, coach, and Neil Paolini from the Rehab. School were the two players who did not attend Normal School. From N.B.N.S. came Roy "opens his mouth when he shoots" Jenkin, and Arvo Ketola. These two were featured stars. Also from the ranks of the students came Ron Stark and diminutive Bill McCallum who came in handy to carry the valuables.

On the whole, the year has been very successful so far as putting the Normal School back in the limelight of sport is concerned.

Bill McCallum.

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London -- Ontario

Summer School, July 7th to August 16th, 1947

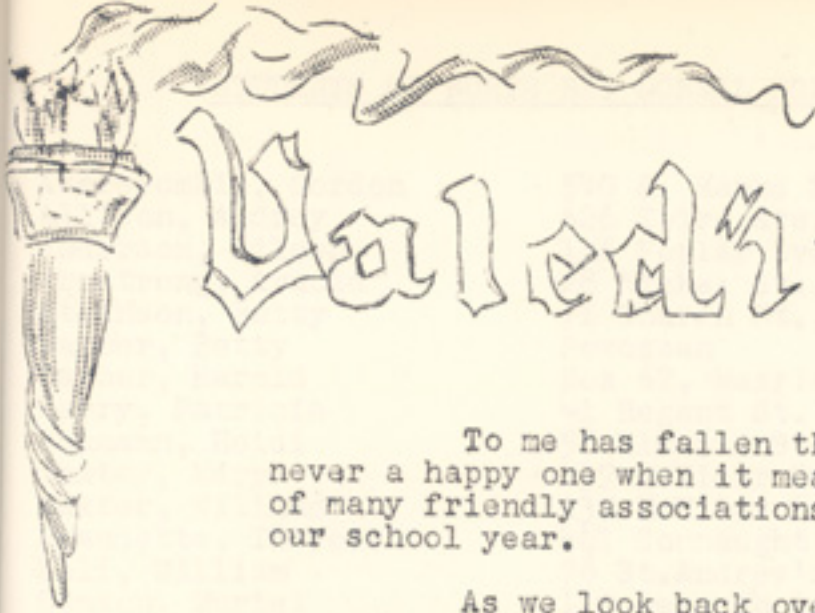
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# Valedictory

To me has fallen the lot of valedictorian, never a happy one when it means the formal ending of many friendly associations developed throughout our school year.

As we look back over our year at North Bay Normal School, from those first, hesitant, bewildering days in September when we listened, all confused, to lectures on Methods, Management, and Science of Education, subjects entirely new to us, through the weeks and months of instruction, lesson preparation, continuous teaching, and extra-curricular activities, we can all find innumerable incidents which made our year a pleasant cruise on the sea of learning.

True, the trip has not been a quiet one all the way. There have been times when tasks seemed trivial--other times when we were up against tasks which were all too challenging. But we have not been alone in our quest for enlightenment. All along the route, when we needed a pilot past the rocks and perils of practice teaching, our teachers were at hand, like buoys in a choppy sea, guiding us by precept and example through the heavy waters into the smoother stretches ahead.

That we have been well coached, there can be little doubt. We have only to recall the critic staff, many of whom have recently passed through these very halls, to realize that we have received the same quality of instruction and guidance here that was accorded them in yester years. Many of these teachers, models of teaching excellence, we might well emulate.

Many of us may feel, as we leave here, that this year has completed our formal education. But there is still much to be learned before we can hope to become really efficient teachers. As we acquire more knowledge, so, also, must we acquire an appreciation of the vast ocean of learning which comes within the range of our chosen profession. This new knowledge we must gain through our own efforts. No longer can we fall back on others for help and reassurance when the charted course seems too difficult. But we will not be alone. The teachings and inspirations of our instructors will be ever-present, serving to light the way when the horizon seems obscured.

Today we embark on an unknown sea. Our port lies ahead. Let us, as we write the final chapter of our Normal School cruise in the log of memory, set our compass aright on our voyage of high endeavour. Let us so steer our course that we may arrive at last at the port of our desire--worthy members of a noble profession.

Arnold Armstrong.



STUDENTS OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL -- 1946/47

Abercrombie, Gordon	540 S. Marks St., Fort William, Ont.
Allison, Audrey	626 Third Ave., Kenora
Anderson, Eileen	116 Poplar Ave., Kirkland Lake
Armstrong, Arnold	28 Nickel St., Cobalt
Atkinson, Betty	71 Church St., Garson
Barber, Betty	Powassan
Barber, Harold	Box 67, Harriston
Barry, Patricia	41 Regent St. S., Sudbury
Baumann, Heidi	56 Elm St. S., Timmins
Baxter, Mary	237 McVicar St., Port Arthur
Baxter, William	237 McVicar St., Port Arthur
Beaudette, Therese	401 Connaught Ave., Sault Ste. Marie
Bell, William	76 St. Andrew's Terrace, Sault Ste. Marie
Benson, Muriel	179 Seventh Ave., Cochrane
Black, Jean	Schreiber
Bruce, Evelyn	Ferris
Bruce, Isabelle	426 Catherine St., Fort William
Budan, Agnes	17 Armstrong St., New Liskeard
Carlson, Betty	703 Scott Street, Fort Frances
Caufield, Florence	85 Wemyss St., Sault Ste. Marie
Caughill, Margaret	126 Woodward Ave., Sault Ste. Marie
Collins, Kathleen	433 Riordon Ave., Temiskaming, Que.
Courchesne, Dorothy	59 Crawford St., South Porcupine
Crispin, Beryl	108 Laidlaw St., Timmins,
Cullis, Marie	Thessalon
Daly, Eleanor	64 Seguin St., Parry Sound
Davis, Isobel	95 Second St., Kirkland Lake
Dean, David	342 N. John St., Fort William
Dooling, Joyce	941 Cassells St., North Bay
Ethier, Georgette	499 Montagu Ave., Sudbury
Evans, Mary	702 Armit Ave., Fort Frances
Feierfeil, Hedrika	126 Jean St., Port Arthur
Field, Marjorie	Emo, Ont.
Gibbens, Ruby	Box A19, Englehart
Hamilton, Marion	Box 463, Kapuskasing
Haystead, Corinne	35 Way Ave., Timmins
Heney, Elizabeth	271 W. Francis St., Fort William
Jameson, Alex	Box 380, Cochrane
Jenkin, Roy	114 Tamarack St., Timmins
Keir, Jean	801 Central Ave., Fort Frances
Kennedy, Patricia (Sr. Carmelita)	St. Joseph's College, North Bay
Ketola, Arvo	309 Wellington St. W., Sault Ste. Marie
Killins, Betty	106 Third Ave., Schumacher
Kusturin, Bill	70 McKelvie Ave., Kirkland Lake
Landreville, Muriel	King St., Porcupine
Lavoie, Marcial	111 Peter St., Port Arthur
Langstaff, Lorraine	Rainy River
Linsdell, Doreen	59 Whitney Ave., Ferris
Listmayer, Stephen	Sprague, Man.
Lynch, Barbara	Sturgeon Falls
Lynch, Patricia	925 Sprague St., Fort William
Lyons, Teresa	853 McIntyre St., W., North Bay
MacDougall, Inez	96 Second St., Kirkland Lake
Madden, Margaret	74 Queen St., Kirkland Lake

Martin, Kathleen	LaVallee, Ont.
Martindale, Joyce	Cane, Ont.
Martindale, Mary Lee	Cane, Ont.
McCallum, William	106 College St., Port Arthur
McCart, Emmett	476 N. Vickers St., Fort William
McCarthy, Lola	122 First Ave., Schumacher
McCrea, Mabel	R. R. No. 1, Thessalon
McCuaig, Alex	Box 177, Schreiber
McKey, Verna	1 Main Ave., Timmins
McKinnon, Marian	Manitowaning, Manitoulin Is.
Miller, Arnold	14 Grandview Ave., Cobalt, Box 672
Mitchell, William	101 Isabella St., Parry Sound
Moulton, Mona	Ahmic Harbour
Morphy, Anna Mae	12 Catherine St., Carleton Place, Box 501
Mullins, Beulah	Iroquois Falls
Narduzzi, Aldo	81 Second Ave., Schumacher
Norman, Audrey	428 Laurier Ave., North Bay
Ollivier, Dorothy	145 Buckingham Ave., Iroquois Falls
Olson, Karin	Box 149, Keewatin
Oravec, Clothilde	50 Dixon Ave., Kirkland Lake
Otto, Craig	840 Main St. W., North Bay
Paul, Gwen	Powassan
Pilgrim, Alice	30 Bannerman Ave., Timmins
Pinder, Samuel	Thessalon
Porter, Joyce	Elk Lake
Power, Catherine	139 Wilson Ave., Timmins
Proud, Eris	Thessalon
Purdy, Doreen	57 Bowman Ave., Kapuskasing
Ralston, Eileen	103 Cecil Ave., South Porcupine
Read, Mabel	Ferris, Ont.
Reid, Elsann	Pinewood, Ont.
Robinson, Clifford	Gore Bay
Rose, Verna	261 W. Brock St., Fort William
Rothery, Marion	380 John St., Sudbury
Schroder, Jean	166 Cedar St. N., Timmins
Seed, Norma	Black Hawk
Shamas, Albert	Blind River
Sims, Jeanne	Little Current
Skerten, Sheila	R.R. 1, Dayton
Siwik, Stanley	Blind River
Sloss, Elwood	Spring Bay, Ont.
Smith, Frances	650 Durrell St., North Bay
Stark, Ronald	445 N. John St., Fort William
Stephenson, Helen	2039 Keele St., Toronto 9
Strain, Elva Doris	Gore Bay
Sully, Catherine	Schreiber
Thompson, Oswald	337 Northland Rd., Sault Ste. Marie
Tierney, Aileen	83 Clara Belle Rd., Copper Cliff
Wandziak, Mike	46 Dubois St., Coniston
Webb, Glen	Utterson
Williamson, Elloween	Mindemoya
Willianen, Roy	119 Heron St., Fort William
Wilson, Robert	218 Fifth Ave., Cochrane
Wright, Shirley	Swastika
Zabiak, Mary	99 Crawford St., South Porcupine

# Neilson's



*The Quality Chocolate*



By A.E.M.

"Hey Fran, here is the last sheet-----  
----- we hope!!!"

Wednesday morning the assembly was introduced to a rather novel experience. We were presented with an almost professional performance of "Porgy and Bess". This performance was in the form of a radio broadcast --- unique in this year's Normal School drama. To Mr. McCuaig goes the credit for the organization of this highly enjoyable performance; to each player goes a bouquet of "good show kids".

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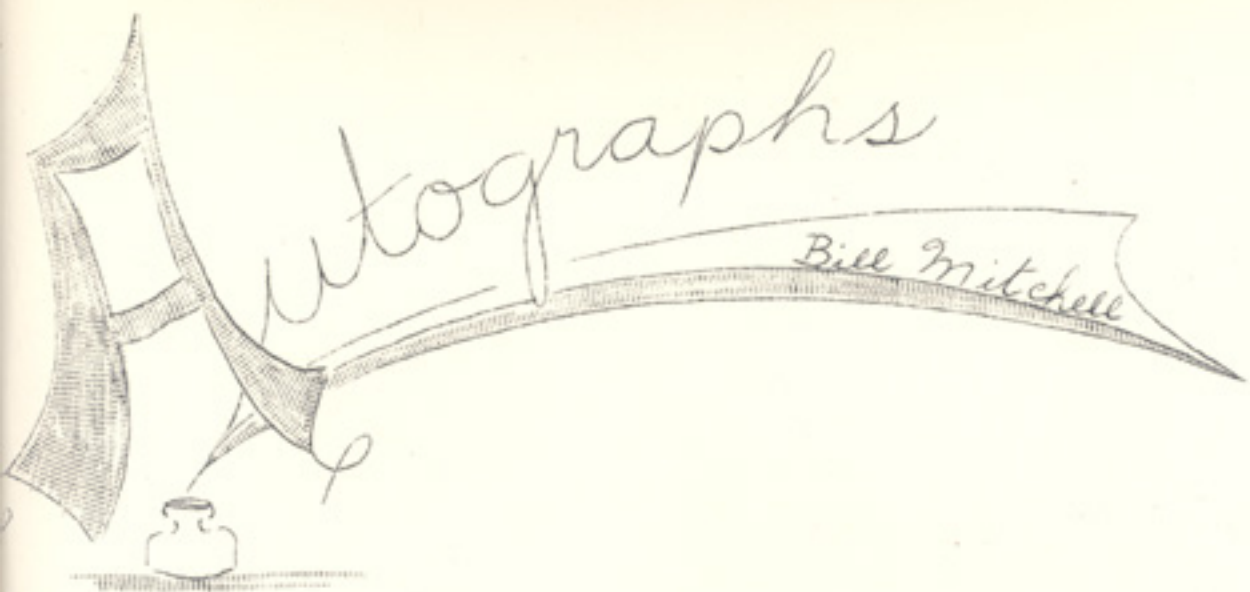
Ed.--We nearly forgot this important section of the book. Here is a list of the Year Book Staff:

Editor	Arnold E. Miller
Assistant Editor	Alex McCuaig
Literary Department	Mimi Benson
Social Department	Betty Killins
Art Department	William Mitchell
Photography Department	Arvo Ketola
Athletic Department	Georgette Ethier
Humour Department	Oswald Thompson
Business Manager	Harold Barber
Cover	Craig Otto, Wm. Kusturin

Assistants from the three forms were:--

Form I	Eleanor Daly, Florence Caufield
Form II	Mabel McCrea
Form III	Marion Rothery, Jeanne Sims

Typists: Isabelle Bruce, Betty Atkinson, Margaret Madden,  
Frances Smith.



Bill Mitchell