

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

OPUS 50

THE

Forty-First Annual

YEAR BOOK



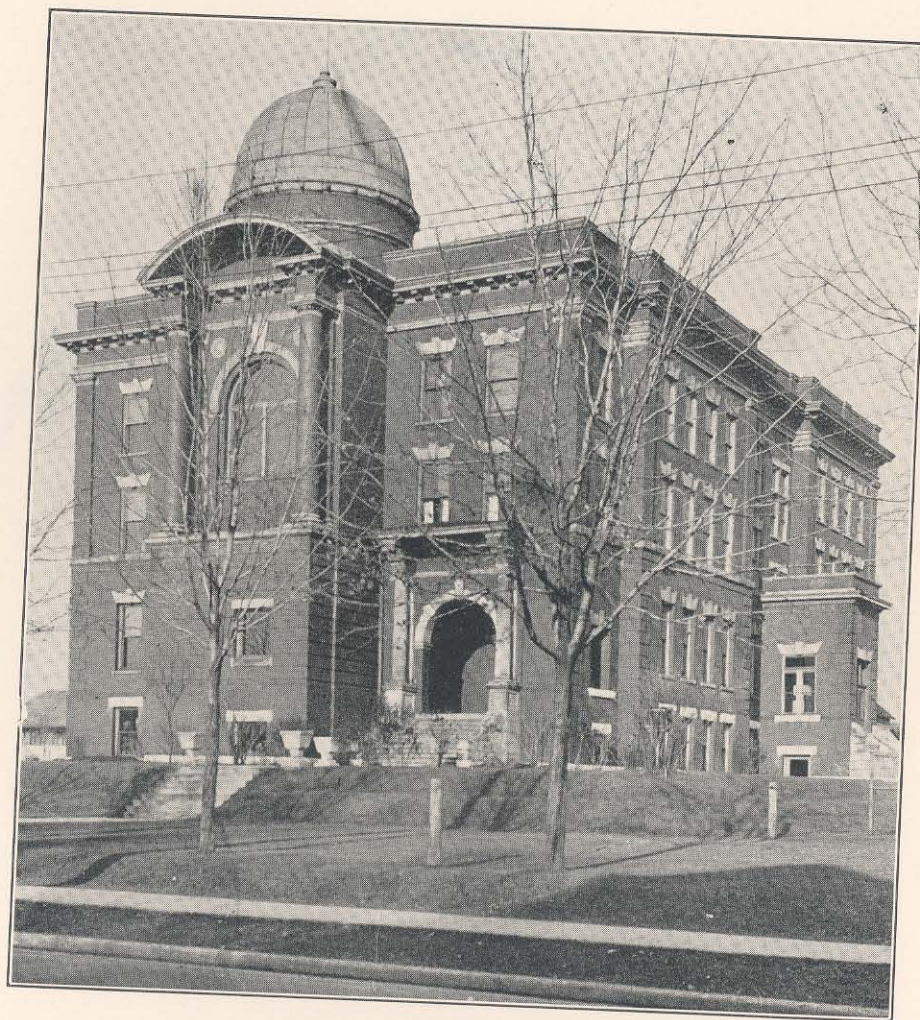
PREPARED BY THE

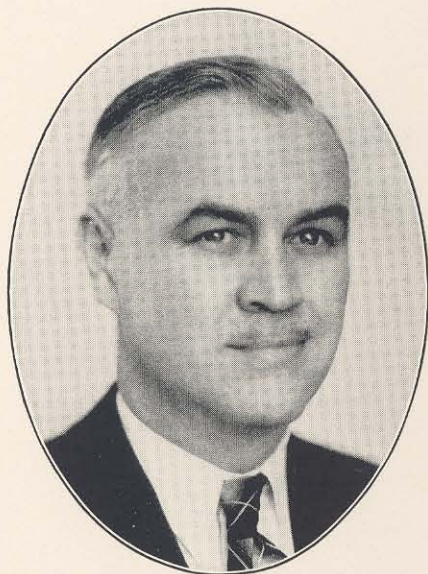
STUDENTS OF

North Bay Normal School

MAY, 1950

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL





The Principal's Message . . .

During your year as student-teachers, very frequently you have heard and have used, the words INTRODUCTION, PURPOSE, PRESENTATION and APPLICATION. These terms might well serve as direction posts for you in the days that lie ahead.

INTRODUCTION—You should ever bear in mind that the year at the North Bay Normal School has been only an introduction to the teaching profession. We of the staff have endeavoured, in the time at our disposal, to acquaint you with certain techniques and skills, but in one short year, it is not possible to give you the training we should like. A teacher must always be a learner, must ever be seeking new methods and devices to make lessons more interesting and attractive, and must keep abreast of new developments. It is my hope that you will never regard your education as complete, but that the past year will serve only to introduce you to the infinite possibilities in the profession you have chosen.

PURPOSE—May your purpose ever be to render the best service at your disposal to the pupils entrusted to your care. That purpose cannot be achieved unless you regard each pupil as an individual, dependent on you for encouragement, for stimulation and for definite guidance towards higher ideals. Only as you give unsparingly of the abilities with which you have been endowed, will that purpose be realized.

PRESENTATION—The presentation of your lessons must ever be based on sound pedagogic principles. Unless you study your pupils and become familiar with their several differences and capabilities, your presentation cannot be made in an effective manner. Unless you are energetic and enthusiastic, putting forth your best efforts every day, you cannot achieve the results which will mark you as a competent teacher.

APPLICATION—Your future success will depend most of all on the diligence with which you apply yourself to your new duties. Success in the teaching profession, no less than in any other line of endeavour, depends on hard work and due attention to the many duties associated with your calling. For this application, you will be rewarded a thousand fold by the realization that you have utilized your talents to the fullest extent in the preparation of the youth of our land for the duties and responsibilities of adult life.

MESSAGE FROM THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

AS you enter the teaching profession, next September, certain features of the revised curriculum will be introduced in the schools. The new reading programme in the primary and junior divisions, and the new emphasis upon conservation and map using in the intermediate division are among the changes you will meet in the classrooms. You may also encounter some experimental groups in which the three age levels of primary pupils are represented. Effort has been made to prepare you for these changes during your year in the Normal School, and it is my hope that you will meet success in adapting the programme to the needs of your pupils.

But no curriculum is better than the teacher who presents it. You who are graduating from the Normal Schools will maintain, I am confident, the high tradition of faithful, intelligent service established by your fellow-teachers in Ontario. May you experience in the years ahead not only the joy of teaching, but the satisfaction that comes from worthwhile work well done.

—DANA PORTER.





THE TEACHER'S TASK

AS my message to the Normal School graduates of 1950, I pass along words of wise advice gleaned from my reading in recent months. The first excerpt came from the pen of Dr. Egerton Ryerson in 1850:

"Permit me first to say, value your profession. If you do not value it, others will not . . . show your estimate of it by . . . making yourself thoroughly master of it, by devoting your energies to it, by becoming imbued with its spirit . . . Then, if you value your profession yourself, employ the proper means to give it a place, not only in the esteem, but in the interest and sympathies of others. The profession of a teacher is a means to an end; it exists not for the sake of the teacher himself, but for the interests of society . . ."

The author of the second selection was a prominent Canadian business man who, in an address to teachers a few years ago, said:

" . . . Your danger will be that you may fail to teach your pupils the importance of thinking well and honestly . . . Teach the children whose minds are committed to your care to value things as they should be valued—by the real standards of human well-being. Teach them pride in their country, not because it is wealthy or powerful, but because it is decent and its public and private life are clean. Teach them to value happiness above luxury, and effort more than ease. Teach them to be kindly and honest. If you do that, you will look back years from now on lives well spent, and around you on a country which will be the better for your having lived in it."

As with our best wishes you join the ranks of a great profession I ask you to think on these things and to remember that your real status as a teacher will be that which is imprinted on the minds and hearts of your pupils.

F. S. RIVERS,
*Assessor,
The Royal Commission on Education.*

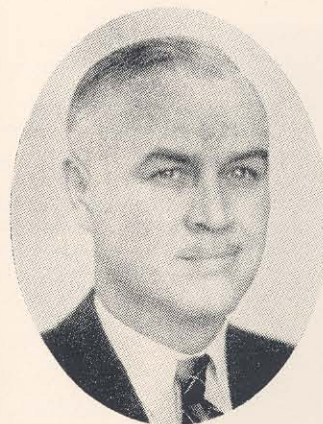
NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL TEACHING STAFF



MR. A. B. REED



MISS G. MORGAN



MR. E. C. BEACOM



MRS. J. IRWIN



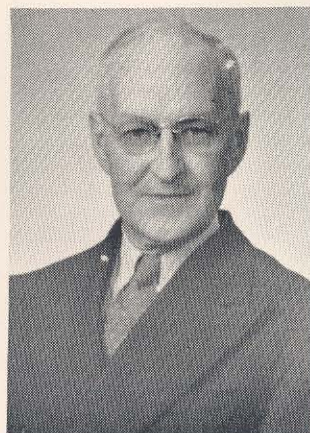
MR. J. D. DEYELL



MISS K. MCCUBBIN



MISS E. PRESTON



MR. H. L. BAMFORD



MISS E. MITCHELL



MISS J. WILSON

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

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STAFF OF NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

| | |
|--|------------|
| MR. E. C. BEACOM, B.A. | Principal |
| School Management Science and Agriculture | |
| MISS GRACE MORGAN, B.A., B.Paed. | Master |
| Speech, Reading, and Literature, Composition, Grammar, and Spelling, Primary Reading, Social Studies | |
| MR. J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.Paed. | Master |
| Science of Education Mathematics Social Studies Religious Education | |
| MISS ELIZABETH MITCHELL, B.A., Mus.Bac., L.Mus. | Librarian |
| Health Library Science Writing | |
| MR. A. B. REED | Instructor |
| Crafts and Manual Training | |
| MISS ELSIE PRESTON | Instructor |
| Crafts and 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

| | |
|---------------------|------------------------------|
| MR. C. WESTON | King George School |
| MISS I. HEPBURN | King George School |
| MRS. E. McCUBBIN | King George School |
| MRS. A. PRITCHARD | King George School |
| MISS H. SHEPPARD | King George School |
| MISS H. J. WILSON | King George School |
| MISS E. STEVENS | King Edward School |
| MR. H. BARBER | Dr. Carruthers School |
| MR. W. ANDERSON | Queen Victoria School |
| MISS L. ST. LOUIS | Dr. J. B. MacDougall School |
| MR. C. J. DRISCOLL | Powassan Continuation School |
| MISS E. ST. JOHN | Powassan Continuation School |
| MRS. V. SHORTREED | P.S.S. No. 2B Widdifield |
| MRS. A. ANGUS | P.S.S. No. 5 Widdifield |
| MRS. G. LEPPAN | P.S.S. No. 2B Phelps |
| MRS. L. EAGLE | P.S.S. No. 2B Phelps |
| MISS M. McCREA | P.S.S. No. 1A Widdifield |
| MRS. R. A. PENTLAND | P.S.S. No. 1A West Ferris |
| MRS. M. SMITH | P.S.S. No. 7 Widdifield |
| MISS M. C. WARREN | P.S.S. No. U3 N. Himsworth |
| MISS V. M. M. WATT | P.S.S. No. 2A Widdifield |
| MRS. J. MUNROE | P.S.S. No. 1B Widdifield |
| MRS. B. FRANKLIN | Dr. Carruthers School |

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

| | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| REV. S. B. COLES | Presbyterian Church |
| REV. FR. DEVINE | Roman Catholic Church |
| REV. W. W. JARVIS | Church of England |
| REV. A. A. MATHEWS | United Church |
| REV. F. RUTOWSKY | Lutheran Church |
| REV. H. STIBBARDS | Baptist Church |
| REV. F. L. H. STYMIEST | United Church |

[Editorial]

The production of this Year Book has been no simple undertaking. Its success, if there be any, is due to the untiring efforts of a few hard working students. I refer to Rose Turewich, who, as Assistant Editor had a part in every phase of the work, and to Terttu Tenhunen, who was responsible for all of the art work and who assisted ably in several other departments. Special mention must go to Mike Chochla and his staff, Dorothy

Husband and Fran Zufelt, for their efforts in more than doubling the amount of advertising for the book.

And now, after much hard work, we present *OPUS 50*. It is our sincere hope that in the years to come, it will help you to recall the pleasant moments of your year at North Bay Normal School.

—COLIN ROBERTSON, Editor-in-Chief.



YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Front Row—Terttu Tenhunen, (Art); Rose Turewich, (Assist. Ed.); Colin Robertson, (Editor); Joanne Healy, Marie Baldasaro.
Back Row—Michael Chochla, (Business Manager); Joan Nelson, Louise Brown, Dorothy Husband, Barbara Hubbard, Shelagh Willars, Theresa Cosco, Frances Zufelt.

BENEATH THE DOME

Tradition weaves its tendrils slowly about any school. Generations of students are necessary to build up an affectionate attachment to an Alma Mater. It is only now that North Bay Normal School is beginning to acquire tradition, as a second generation sits in its classrooms to hear instruction in the principles of teaching.

The school was opened in 1909 with an able staff under a unique principal, Mr. A. C. Casselman. He was a man of fearless integrity, encyclopaedic knowledge, and great depth of human sympathy. Under his guidance young teachers went forth to be independent thinkers, resourceful and courageous. These qualities were needed to face the rigours of teaching in New Ontario. The vast, sparsely settled part of Ontario had but one school inspector who travelled from the Quebec border to the Manitoba border, from James Bay to Parry Sound, visiting little isolated schools, founding others.

Since 1909 there have been great changes in the North, and many changes in the school. No longer are there Model School classes with third class certificates: these ceased in 1919. In 1934 the last class with second class certificates was graduated. Entrance qualifications have become more exacting.

Of the original staff, none is left to tell of the early days of the school—of the protest against the proximity of the C.N.R. tracks, of the slow laying of our lovely lawns over bare rock, of the days when a maintenance grant of one dollar a day brought large numbers to the school. It is in the successive year-books that these tales are embalmed.

In 1909 Northern Ontario was largely bush, rock, and stream, with fabulous rumours of gold and silver in the rock, of a sportsman's paradise in woods and streams. Small cities were growing up. North Bay was but a small, insignificant town, scarcely noted in the Geography books. When, in 1909, the Department of Education abolished the old County Model Schools with their short courses, and established more Normal Schools, it was decided to erect one in North Bay. It took men of faith in those days to believe this worth while, but the school has justified this faith. It was a bold venture to place a large training-school in a town hundreds of miles from any city. Time has justified this measure. Approximately 6,500 teachers have been graduated—teachers of ability, resourcefulness, integrity,

and earnestness of purpose. That this is so is largely due to the very fine gentleman whose portrait still watches lessons in preparation in our Library, Mr. A. C. Casselman. He was Principal from 1909-1930, and died in 1940. He had an intense faith in the British Empire, in the great future of Northern Ontario, in the fine class of young folk who came to the school, and in the dignity of the teaching profession.

Mr. Norris followed, but two years of ill-health forced him to give up work, and Mr. Ricker held the reins of government till 1944. Those were the hard years of small attendance, poor salaries, economic depression, and war. Mr. Partridge succeeded Mr. Ricker, and, on his retirement in 1947, our present Principal, Mr. Beacom, was appointed.

The graph of attendance is interesting. To the surprise of skeptics, one hundred students was an average attendance until 1914, when for eight years, it hovered around one hundred and fifty. In 1921 came the sudden expansion, and, for thirteen years, it was somewhere between 200 and 300—classes were enormous, and the reading of mountainous piles of test papers was really a herculean feat. In 1937 the attendance began to dwindle. In 1941 and 1945 there were only about 50 students and—in 1941—one man; in 1945—two. Since 1947, there has been a slow increase and this year 109 students have registered.

Our graduates have filled many honoured positions as Inspectors, Principals, or officials at the Department of Education. Others have been class-room teachers of high calibre.

The course, too, is a barometer of changing times. The careful lesson plan, the importance of subject-matter, of knowledge for its own sake—these have yielded place to the thought of the child-centred school, and education through experience.

Many fine teachers have directed teacher-training here, in all, about forty. There is a charm to teaching in this Normal School where there has always prevailed a most happy relationship between teachers and learners.

Two wars have cast a shadow over us, and our record for service is a proud one, indeed. The honour roll is a long one, not easily compiled, but many lads have bought with their death, freedom for us, their debtors forever.

In appearance, the school is beginning to look hoary—but in spirit it is still full of the wine of youth.

—G.M.



Front Row—Miss Grace Morgan, (Hon. Pres.); Gloria Davis, (Sec.); Dennis Deacon, (Pres.); Joan Aris, Joyce Davis, (Treas.).
Back Row—John Arnold; Joan Cullen, Sheila Smith, Pat Honz, Ron Grant, Colin Robertson.

LITERARY SOCIETY, FALL TERM

D. B. Deacon

The first task of the newly elected executive in the fall term was the striking of the "Lit. Fee"—an undertaking which involved uneasy recall of promises of the maximum activity for the minimum expenditure. Although the executive conformed to the customary amount, it was evident from the enthusiasm and zeal displayed at all subsequent meetings that those promises would be well fulfilled. With the unfailing help of the Honorary President, Miss Morgan, the executive planned and executed a full programme of activities throughout the fall term.

At the regular Friday afternoon meetings of the society, the varied talents of each form were displayed before appreciative audiences. Individual contributions in the form of vocal solos

by Joyce Barley, Bill Malinosky, Bill Mitchell, and others, received full measure of applause, as did the brilliant piano renditions by Theresa Covello. Each form in turn entertained the student body with diverting and instructive displays of co-operative effort.

Successful social events such as the Hallowe'en Howl and the Christmas Dance extended the activities of the society on a festive plane.

The high standard of literary and social achievement attained by the society played well its required part in the cultural and professional advancement of the members, and grateful thanks are extended to all those who, in any way, assisted the executive.



Front Row—Joyce Davis, (Treasurer); Joyce Brewer, (Sec.); Bill Mitchell, (Pres.); Laurie Maki, (Vice-Pres.);
Miss Grace Morgan, (Hon. Pres.)
Back Row—Betty Brannen, Noreen Bettiol, Gordon Whalen, Mary Loney, Nance Grace, Wilma Tuovi, (Form Representatives)

THE LITERARY SOCIETY — SECOND TERM

Wilma Tuovi

In January ten students assembled in the study room for the first time. What should we do and how should we start? The situation was saved by the arrival of Miss Morgan, the supporter, and advisor of the literary executive.

To carry on with the efficiency of the first executive seemed almost impossible. Competence to organize we had none;—but a willingness to learn we possessed. We soon became renowned for making amusing little mistakes and for doing things on the spur of the moment.

The first public appearance took place during the visit of the Inspectors. The students proudly displayed their talent in a Marionette Show under the guiding hand of Mrs. Irwin; a

play presented by the Drama group and musical numbers directed by Mr. Bamford. During the informal tea, future teachers had an opportunity to become acquainted with the inspectors.

Next out of the bag of ideas an informal party was drawn—an event very refreshing to everyone.

March seventeenth! (Begorra and 'twas a foine programme, what with songs an' dancing, every heart did sing with Irish melody, ye, that it did!) An evening of dancing and cokes gave an ideal ending to St. Patrick's Day.

Our appreciation to Mr. Beacom, the staff, and all the students, for their loyal support in everything we have attempted.



A. ALLEN
J. BISHOP
M. CERESIA
G. DAVIS

M. ANDERSON
E. BISSBERG
N. CERUTTI
J. DAVIS

J. ARIS
M. BLACK
M. CHOCHLA
D. DEACON

J. ARNOLD
B. BRANNEN
F. COMMISSO
J. DELINE

M. BALDASARO
J. BREWER
T. COSCO
D. DUGGAN

J. BARLEY
L. BROWN
T. COVELLO
M. EDMUNDS

W. BEARD
M. BUCHANAN
R. CRAIG
A. ENDERS

E. BENINGER
B. BUIE
D. CRITCHLEY
I. FAVRETTO

N. BETTIOL
M. BURGESS
J. CULLEN
E. SCHAFFERS

GROUP ONE

Audrey Allen—

She has a nickname that is nifty—
"Blonde Bomber of Normal 1950."

Mary Anderson—

The pet creature and creation, it's said,
Is a three-legged animal with no head.

Joan Aris—(Literary Society—Basketball)—

At bowling and basketball, she's on the beam,
A valuable player on any team.

Jack Arnold—(Literary Society)—

Address: Just plain
Lover's Laine.

Marie Baldasaro—(Athletic Society)—

Just a-sittin'
And a-knittin'.

Joyce Barley—

The Athletic Club treasurer is our Joyce,
But also an orator with a convincing voice.

William Beard—

Our visual aids expert and general handyman,
Corresponds perfectly with E.C.B.'s Lesson Plan

Evelyn Beninger—

Full of fun and fancy free;
At Scollard games she'll always be.

Noreen Bettiol—(Literary Society)—

Her best success, I'm sure she feels
Was taught in the O.N.R. School-on-Wheels.

Jim Bishop—(Red Cross)—

Tall and lanky,
Never cranky.

Eleanor Bissberg—

La plus blonde blonde
De notre petit monde.

Marjorie Black—

A busy miss
Is this.

Betty Brannen—

A smile is her umbrella on a rainy day.

Joyce Brewer—

Often grave, often merry,
An efficient secretary.

Louise Brown—(Year Book)—

She aims the ball and lets it go,
But woe, alas! Another blow.

Marion Buchanan—

Portrait, portrait on the wall,
At Railton's fairest of them all.

Betty Buie—

Still waters run deep.

Mary Burgess—

Sport's her forte.

Mary Ceresia—(Athletic Society)—

Our star forward
Is not backward.

Norma Cerutti—

Dark and diminutive, a spry little lass.
Her musical talent: the pride of the class.

Michael Chochla—(Year Book—Basketball)—

Teacher: Your first teacher is Mr. Chochla.
Pupils: Good afternoon, Mr. Chocolate.

Frances Commisso—

One of the Belles of St. Mary's.

Theresa Cosco—(Year Book)—

Theresa Cosco's jet black hair
Would make her lovely anywhere.

Theresa Covello—

Basketball, Bowling, Music—and Mike.
On the alley a blow? No! Always a strike!

Rosemary Craig—

Little girl with impish air,
Saucy eyes and newly cut hair.

Don Critchley—(Red Cross)—

O.N.R. School—
On a stool—
For once:
A dunce!

Joan Cullen—(Basketball—Literary Society)—

A tisket, a tasket,
There's another basket!

Gloria Davis—(Literary Society)—

A friend indeed
To any in need.

Joyce Davis—(Literary Society—Basketball)—

Her fingers, very capably,
Have been in many pies;
But we all know that best things come
In the large economy size.

Dennis Deacon—(Literary Society)—

Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!

Joan Deline—

Joan is clever, Joan is wise,—
Joan chose mumps for her Enterprise.

Donald Duggan—(Bowling, Basketball)—

He comes to school three days in five,
To see if his classmates are still alive.

Mary Edmunds—

She seems so timid and meek and resigned,
But know her well; and you'll change your mind.

Arnold Enders—

Likeable lad and no one's fool;
Smoothest dancer in the school.

Inez Favretto—

Never still, never quiet,
In music class she is a riot.

Ronald Forbes—

Venit, videt, beat it!

Elly Schaffers—

From the Land of Wooden Shoes;
A lovely tulip.

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

GROUP TWO**Margaret Forrest—**

When I consider Providence,
I hardly think it fair—
Margaret has a brilliant mind,
And also curly hair.

Poldi Gliebe—

She excels in art and handcraft.

Shirley Goodwin—

My love is like a red, red rose—in Bud.

Nance Grace—(Literary Society)—

She really sets the boys apace,
Our Nancy with the laughing face.

Peggy Graham—(Red Cross)—

Debater "par excellence".

Ronald Grant—(Literary, Operetta, O.E.A.)—

Smiling, friendly, affable;
Bowling score is laughable.

Dawn Greenlaw—(Basketball)—

Time waits for no man
Neither do buses.

Ann Gronski—

Pupil: How do you spell "interrogation"?
Miss Morgan: G-R-O-N-S-K-I.

Irene Grundy—

She pals around with Dorothy Ann,
And tolerates her where no one else can.

Ruth Halverson—(Form Book)—

Quietly serene, patiently tried,
Seldom a word, no time to bide.

Joyce Hamel—

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Doris Hamilton—(Red Cross)—

She can paint and she can draw
The very best pictures you ever saw.

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

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M. FORREST
R. HALVERSON
H. HUGHES
G. LORD

P. GLIEBE
J. HAMEL
D. HUSBAND
E. LOUGHEED

S. GOODWIN
D. HAMILTON
I. ISBERG
R. LOWE

N. GRACE
J. HARDY
S. JOHNSTON
B. MACGREGOR

P. GRAHAM
D. HARKNESS
L. KRAPEK
M. MACGREGOR

R. GRANT
J. HEALY
N. LAAKSO
B. MACKLAIM

D. GREENLAW
H. HOFFMAN
D. LAINE
L. MAKI

A. GRONSKI
P. HONER
I. LIGHTBODY
W. MALINOSKY

I. GRUNDY
B. HUBBARD
M. LONEY
H. MALONEY

GROUP TWO

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

Jocelyn Hardy—

Envy of all are her teeth—like pearls,
Her clear blue eyes and spun-gold curls.

Dorothy Harkness—

Silent convulsions of laughter
At times catch the ear of a master.

Joanne Healy—(Year Book)—

Queen's—1947-48
Normal—1949-50
Mrs.—1950-

Helen Hoffman—

With Betty Z to help her cook,
She knows all the rules in the recipe book.

Patricia Honer—

From teaching Grammar she won't flee—
But Primary Work's her specialty.

Barbara Hubbard—(Operetta, Year Book, O.E.A.)—

You may have Stevens, Swarthout, or Day—
But we prefer Barbara in every way.

Heilene Hughes

She is witty, she is wise,
She's a terror for her size.

Dorothy Husband—(Year Book)—

Crafty wit and cunning smile
"Won't you be my honey-chile?"

Ilene Isberg—

Your next teacher is Miss Isberg
"Good afternoon Mrs. Berg."

Sheila Johnston—

Gals agree, just we three
Raise the roof in harmony.

Lillian Krapek—

Quiet, shy, retiring, but withal a good companion.

Norma Laakso—

A real Norma Light!

Doris Laine—(Red Cross)—

Pink of cheek, quick of smile,
Yet brisk, efficient all the while.

Ian Lightbody—

Overheard: "I think Lighthouse went out."

Mary Loney—(Literary Society—Basketball)—

Brim full of pep;
The second form rep.

Gladys Lord—

She sings sweetly; we wonder why
She's so demure and modest and shy.

Elsie Lougheed—

Quiet waters deepest flow.

Rita Lowe—

Distant look and dreamy air;
She's completely without care,

Betty MacGregor—

A most delightful friend to have.

Marjorie MacGregor—

See, Saw, Marjorie Daw,
The prettiest eyes you ever saw.

Beth Macklaim—

Pert 'n' pretty.

Laurie Maki—(Literary Society)—

He not only reads poetry—but he writes it.

William Malinosky—(Valedictorian)—

Drama ought to be his goal,
For he's at home in any rôle;
As Macbeth we all agree
With Rose, outshines the C.B.C..

Helen Maloney—

Shy, quiet, but clever too.



N. MCBAIN
R. POULTON
J. STRUTYNSKI
J. P. WELLER

P. MCKEOWN
D. POWELL
A. TADEJ
G. WHALEN

C. MIHELIC
F. PRICE
T. TENHUNEN
D. A. WHYTE

V. MISSIO
S. RANTA
J. THOMPSON
S. WILLARS

C. MITCHELL
J. RAPITA
J. TRENCHARD
D. WILLIAMS

W. MITCHELL
C. ROBERTSON
D. TULLOCH
A. WILSON

L. MORROW
B. ROSSET
W. TUOVI
B. ZACK

I. MOUSSEAU
S. SMITH
R. TUREWICH
B. ZADOW

J. NELSON
J. STEELE
D. VANCE
F. ZUFELT

GROUP THREE

Before he got his tooth knocked out.

Laura Morrow—(Basketball)—

Cute and petite
And quick on her feet.

Iona Mousseau—

We can't find a rhyme for Powassan,
We can't find a rhyme for Mousseau,
We can't find a rhyme for Iona—
So we had to let this one go.

Joan Nelson—(Basketball, Year Book)—

A real good sport at all times, everywhere.

Reta Poulton—

With her lovely smile, she's so petite
That fellows sing; "Ain't she sweet?"

David Powell—(Captain Jinks)—

Basso profundo, no Sotto Voce
Semper Crescendo, Forte, Vivace.

Norma McBain—(Operetta)—

"Our Nonie"—Singing Star of Tomorrow.

Phyllis McKeown—

Quiet, demure, dainty too—
Wears an Agnew Surpass shoe!!

Cecelia Mihelcic—

Although her name is hard to say,
We love Cecelia anyway.

Vilma Missio—

Thweet Mith Mithio
Ith a nithe girl to kithio.

Carol Mitchell—(Form Book Editor)

Her wit and work our fun expanded
Mitch wrote our form book single-handed.

William Mitchell—(Literary Society, Sports)—

William Mitchell hails from the Sault.
The locks are long and he is too.
That Pepsodent smile won the girls no doubt

Florence Price—(Basketball)—

Dear at any Price.

Sylvia Ranta—

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all the swains commend her?

Josephine Rapita—

Never Josephine, just Jo
Dainty as a cameo.

Colin Robertson—(Year Book Editor—Joker—Literary Society—O.E.A.)

Admired by all for some reason I guess,
But what do they see in that horrible mess?

Betty Rosset—(Basketball)—

Toujours she'll be
Our Chère Betty.

Sheila Smith—(Literary Society)—

All the world's a stage
She plays her part
With her whole heart.

Jean Steele—

No desire to roam:
So Steele away home.

Julia Strutynski—(Basketball)—

Slow and steady wins the race.

Alma Tadej—

What's in a name?

Terttu Tenhunen—(Year Book, Art)

An artist of no mean ability,
With crayon, ink or brush
She displays equal agility.

Joy Thompson—(Red Cross)—

A thing of beauty is a Joy forever.

Jean Trenchard—

Agile fingers, agile mind,
Helpful, friendly, true, and kind.

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

Donna Tulloch—

On wings of song.

Wilma Tuovi—(Literary Society)—

Wilma Tuovi, our little Finn,
Is full of energy and bound to win.

Rose Turewich—(Year Book, O.E.A. Representative)—

Don't you see her working?
Everybody knows:
And all agree that Turewich
Is mighty like a Rose.

Doris Vance—

She promises to make a fine teacher.

Jack Weller—(Bowling and Basketball fan)—

Weller not,
He's hot.

Gordon Whalen—(Literary Society)—

With bored look and sleepy eye, he hid his personality—
Until his Bunch of Coconuts filled us with hilarity.

Dorothy Whyte—

Bouncing, laughing, talking, gay,
One can hear her a block away.

Shelagh Willars—(Year Book, humour)—

A siren is she
In full melody.

Donna Williams—

She bids fair to be as good a teacher as her mother.

Agnes Wilson—

Basketball, Lesson Plan,
Nothing she can't do well.

Bernadette Zack—

It wasn't North Bay's wind or rain
That made Bernie miss the train.

Betty Zadow—(Jealous Heart)—

Artistic, athletic, domestic, neat;
All these virtues are hard to beat.

Frances Zufelt—(Year Book, Drama)—

"The last shall be first."

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- (3) Special Bulletins on Crafts and Folk Dancing.

TO

DR. C. H. STEARN

Director of Extension and Summer School

McMaster University

Hamilton, Ont.

(PHONE 3-7104)

REGISTER EARLY AND START WORKING IN ADVANCE

CONTINUOUS TEACHING

Terttu Tenhunen



*Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the year's occupations
That is known as the "Week of Continuous Teaching".*

With humble apologies to Mr. Longfellow, let me add that this l-o-n-g week took place at S.S. No. 3 Louise, which was so far back in the bush that even Mr. Deyell did not attempt the journey out to see my pedagogical efforts. I confess I was not unhappy.

The first couplet above proved to be very apt in that little rural school. The ancient coal-oil lamps had ceased to function long ago, and Mother Nature was failing to put much light on the subject. Even though it was impossible to see the blackboard, the pupils did not take kindly to my suggestion that they each bring a flashlight. I wonder why.

Suppose we let a slightly reconverted Mr. Longfellow tell the story of a typical day:

Before 9.00 a.m.:

*I hear in the cloakroom behind me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet. (?)*

The bell has been run:

*A sudden rush from the doorway
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall.*

During seatwork:

*A whisper and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.*

During recess:

*They climb up onto my desk
O'er the arms and back of my chair,
If I try to escape they surround me—
They seem to be everywhere.*

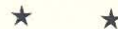
Seriously though, those eighteen blond, Finnish children—ranging in age from 5 to 15—were almost too good to be true. They were very co-operative, worked hard, and had not a malicious thought in their collective head. Consequently I liked them all—wouldn't you?

*And there they would keep me forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.*

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By correspondence and Summer School courses students can complete the Pass B.A. They may take up to four courses yearly; registration by April 10 and September 17.

EXTENSION TUTORIAL CLASSES

Supplementing correspondence work are held throughout the winter at several centres.

For further information write
Department of Extension



RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Front Row—Don Critchley, Doris Hamilton, (Pres.); Doris Laine, Theresa Covello.

Back Row—Bill Malinosky, Joy Thompson, Peggy Graham, Mr. J. D. Deyell (Hon. Pres.); Jim Bishop.

THE CANADIAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

Joy Thompson, Peggy Graham, Jim Bishop

The North Bay Normal School Branch of the Canadian Junior Red Cross came into existence during the early years of the last war. Because of this, it took as its name a popular wartime slogan "Thumbs Up".

Through special programmes, the "Thumbs Up" Branch strives to keep the health rules before the students and to give the teachers-in-training an idea of how the organization functions, so that they will be able to have branches of the Junior Red Cross in their own schools next year.

Some of the duties undertaken by our branch are: distributing of the Red Cross Journal, arranging for the serving of hot beverages to the students that stay for lunch on observation and practice-teaching days and sending cards to teachers and students when ill.



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EXTENSION CLASSES—From October to April

Regular classes in University subjects are maintained in numerous centres throughout Northern, Central and Western Ontario. These meet in the evenings or on Saturdays to serve the needs of teachers, enabling them to obtain Permanent First Class Certificates or to proceed to degrees while continuing to earn.

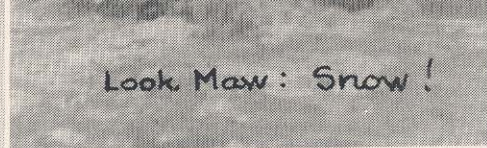
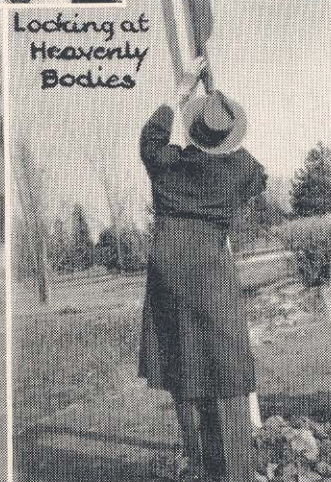
Write to the Extension Department in September for a list of centres and courses.

CORRESPONDENCE DIVISION—From September to April

This offers an excellent opportunity, to those persons remote from the University or Extension Department Centres, to acquire standing in certain subjects. These subjects count toward the Permanent First Class Certificate or degrees. The material has been specially organized for correspondence purposes and the subjects offered are English, Economics, History, French, Latin, German, Spanish, Philosophy and Geography.

For further information write to

The Director of Summer School and Extension Department



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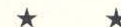
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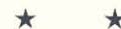


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NORTH BAY

Social

OUR WELCOMING PARTY

Joanne Healy

What was to become a very familiar habit, began on our first Friday afternoon at Normal. The rather ruffled student body gathered in that large room on third floor to meet the Normal School staff, the clergy of North Bay and Mayor Price. The welcoming committee loomed before us on the stage. Who was who? In fact, who was every one in the Assembly Hall?

Mr. Beacom opened the programme with warm greetings to the new year—'49-'50. He prophesied the year to be one of enjoyment, work and friendships. Mayor Price brought "the key of the city to us", a sincere and gratefully appreciated welcome. One by one, the staff and clergy of all denominations were introduced to us. We could see then that the forthcoming months were to be full and pleasant ones.

The formality came to a close, and we mingled more freely among our new companions. Mrs. Beacom and Mrs. Deyell poured tea, and our hunger overcame our shyness as we eyed the cake assortments. Our question "who was who?" began slowly to fade, as we eased our way into conversations with our new acquaintances.

Normal School Arithmetic:

61 — 4 = dull evening.

27 + 100 = Beauty and the Beast.

Personality (28 + 29) = excellent team.

42 + 54 = harmony.

Foolhardiness (32 + 34 + 35 + 51 + 52 + 43) =

repentance + school management.

31 + mumps = 2 weeks without pay.

77 + 78 = the Mitchells.

HALLOWE'EN HOWL

Dorothy Anne Whyte

The night was dark and spooky and as we stood beside an old tree on the edge of the lawn we saw a ghost flit up steps of the darkened building. A few minutes later an old witch and a clown dashed up the walk. What was going on we asked ourselves.

We crept up to the building and peered in at the windows. Then we knew what was going on. It was the Normal School's Annual Hallowe'en Howl.

The time was eight-thirty and the Howl was just beginning. We entered and were greeted by two students dressed as potatoes, who led us down dim stairs. When we reached the bottom we realized we were venturing forth on the Ghost Walk. Then followed a series of horror-provoking happenings. We were greeted first by a slap in the face by something very damp and to finish it up, our hands were placed on hairy pigs ears.

We rushed from this horror chamber up to the third floor where our eyes were greeted with a gay scene of festivity.

The room was appropriately decorated with black and orange paper and many witches, pumpkins and cats found their places on the windows and over doors.

Amusement was provided for the guests in the form of bobbing for apples and relay games.

An interesting event of the evening was the judging of the costumes. One of the students dressed as Goldilocks proudly carried off first prize. As we looked around the room we could see clowns, gypsies, old-fashioned ladies, ghosts, witches, and one whole group who had dressed as potatoes.

A very interesting program was presented by various students of the school and was loudly acclaimed by the audience.

At last it was twelve o'clock and we prepared to take our leave—but wait—we were to be served a lunch which we gladly welcomed after a strenuous evening.

We left the Normal School, feeling glad that we had gone into the dark and gloomy school, because we had had such a good time.

THE SILVER BALL

Carol Mitchell

It was eight-thirty in the Assembly Hall. Three great trees bloomed with fairy angels in tissue gowns and shiny icicles danced on their branches with delight. The red and green crepe paper arbour fluttered in anticipation. Silver stars winked at each other joyfully from their velvet drape sky. The lambs and Santa Clauses and angels on the window sills whispered "ohs" and "ahs" of wonder into each others' ears as they saw the tiny white church in the corner sending from its windows beckoning beams of light over the batten snow. Downstairs at the door a miniature Mary crooned to a miniature babe while miniature cows lowed lullabys. It was December twenty-first and all was in perfect readiness for the Normalites' Christmas Ball.

At nine o'clock the voices of the first arrivals broke the quiet "Hello's" and "How do you do's" were accompanied by handshakes at the door and Christmas corsages admired. Music played. Gowns swirled.

In the art room couples chatted with couples as they sat out for cigarettes. Other couples matched cards with more couples in the library for honors in bridge and cribbage, or explored halls and rooms which were no longer just classrooms, for even the walls seemed to have absorbed some of the holiday atmosphere. Juliets smiled at Juliets and Romeos exchanged grins as they joined in a sing-song with the orchestra or listened to Barbara Hubbard's solo.

At eleven everything except the fun and happy chatter stopped for coffee, sandwiches and cakes. Again the music played and gowns swirled. It is even rumoured that a certain grey-haired lady and a certain grey-haired gentleman, well-known about the Normal School took to jive!—but, of course it couldn't be true that the English Master and Principal would cut a rug—could it???

Gold and silver slippers danced beside black and brown brogues until twelve-thirty when the arbour fluttered its good-bye to the skirts swirling their last round and "goodnights" were said.

The lambs and angels and Santa Clauses on the window sills discussed for a moment the evening's gaiety then bowed their heads and drifted into the land of dreams.

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

THE VALENTINE PARTY

Marion Buchanan

Cupid played host to an impromptu party, held the Thursday evening following Valentine's Day. The occasion was one of gay abandonment as the jocund dances swayed to the waltzes, rumbas, and polkas which flowed from the record player. Assisting Cupid were three eager helpers, Michael Chochla, Jack Weller, and Gordon Whalen whose elimination dances added variety to the proceedings. Embarrassed winners provided laughs as they received their awards, in various forms, on the stage. Cupid was careful in his planning to see that games were provided for those who did not join in the dancing.

"Lunch". This announcement needed no seconder as hungry dancers hurried to the Home Economics room where a buffet lunch of hot dogs, doughnuts, and coffee awaited them.

The revelry continued for an hour after lunch, but all too soon it was time to go home. Thus another link in our chain of pleasant memories was added.



MUMPS

MARGARET FORREST

*Beside me, behind me, before me, above,
Flew little green images.—Was I in love?
Things were all swarming as if in a hive;
My temperature rose to one hundred and five.
My cheeks were all swollen, and puffy, and sore;
My head weighed me down like a great iron door;
My breath came in gasps, and my heart beat in thumps;
'Twas then I discovered that I had the mumps!*

ENTERTAINMENT FOR INSPECTORS

Theresa Covello

"Please leave the back centre rows in the Assembly Hall empty." For whom? The inspectors, of course! That afternoon the students were to bring the inspectors' convention to a close with a little entertainment.

After the students were seated in the side seats, the inspectors made their appearance. All student eyes were turned toward the main entrance. "There is Mr. So-an-So, the inspector from home. I wonder if he has any open positions for next year?" This echoed through the hall until the last inspector was seated.

The lights were turned off, the curtains opened, and on came the puppets. Yes, the first part of the programme was a puppet show with a very appropriate script written by a few of the students. Although some of the more subtle jokes about actual school happenings may have been missed, the contortions of the puppets were enough to make anyone laugh.

The Drama group then showed the acting ability of some of its members. Their contribution was a delightful comedy called "The Street Cleaner."

To conclude the programme the Music group favoured with a few numbers.

The afternoon was an enjoyable one and showed a variety of talent among the students of 1949-50. Tea was served and the students were given the opportunity to meet their prospective inspectors.

Inez: If the principal doesn't take back what he said, I'm leaving school.

Theresa: Why? What did he say?

Inez: You're suspended!

Mr. Bamford: Are you Miss Black?

Louise: No, Brown.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY

Noreen Bettiol

According to the calendar, March 17 is always St. Patrick's Day. And so this year, when March 17 came, another St. Patrick's Day came along too.

The mood was set in the afternoon when Group Two displayed some of the Irish talent. Among the numbers was the Kerry Dance. Everyone is Irish on St. Patrick's Day, and so were the pert Irish maidens, Miss Gronski and Miss Isberg imported for the occasion. William Malinosky held the audience spellbound with "A Little Bit of Heaven".

In the evening a very Irish group of Normalites turned out for the dance, decked in green bows and green ties.

Dancing to the music of such famous bands as Harry James and Frankie Laine, was enjoyed by all. Also on the programme was a variety of dances such as a Bingo Dance and a Broom Dance, where someone smiles politely, taps you on the back, hands you the broom and calmly dances off with your partner. Dancing and gaiety continued until midnight.

And so as the clock struck twelve and the tired Irishmen departed, we left behind another gay St. Patrick's Day.

Student teacher in kindergarten: What kind of a day is it today?

Tommy: It is a sunny day.

Mary: It is a lovely day.

Jean: It is a gorgeous day.

Jimmy: Baby! it's cold outside.

Mr. Deyell (after staring at the board for five minutes): What am I looking for?

Mr. Bamford, to Jean Trenchard conducting a song—Stop! Stop! You're making me sea-sick.

SCHOOL VISITORS

Gloria Davis

During the school year there were many visitors whose messages were timely and enlightening. In this year when our minds are focussed on one topic, it was refreshing to be reminded that there are other matters which need our consideration. The following speakers brought us new outlooks:

Dr. W. E. Hume, Inspector of Toronto Public Schools, early in the fall, was heard by a gathering of North Bay Public and Separate School teachers, inspectors, and Normalites. His lecture on Speech Training was aided by the use of records, slides and demonstration.

Mr. O. G. T. Williamson, Public Relations Branch, O.N.R., spoke to the school on the resources and industries of Northern Ontario, and brought us the coloured film "Northern Challenge". This was an excellent movie as judged by the favourable comments of students as scenes of their home towns flashed across the screen.

Miss Alice Grant, Canadian Spool Cotton Ltd., representative, brought an excellent display of articles which could be made by elementary school pupils.

Mr. Pat Whelan, Department of Lands and Forests, Sudbury, spoke on conservation and showed an outstanding film of a forest fire in the Temagami district which was narrated by John Fisher, CBC.

Mr. Bert Elliott, Canadian Legion, brought us a thought-provoking address on the meaning of Armistice Day.

Mr. H. E. Elborn, Inspector of Professional Training Schools, talked on the responsibilities and duties of teachers.

Mr. C. Stothers, B.A., D.Paed., Inspector of Auxiliary Classes, told of the excellent work being done with pupils in opportunity classes, and in summer classes.

Miss M. Laughlen, Senior Health Nurse, informed us of the valuable assistance given schools, and of the co-operation needed between nurse and teacher.

Miss Jean Nadon, Junior Red Cross, supplied the background and interest to carry out the programme in our schools next year.

Dr. D. Gaiteskill, Director of Art for Ontario Schools, showed us films of actual work done and being done by elementary school pupils. Throughout his talk he stressed the new trend in art education.

Mr. Young, North Bay Gladiolus Society, entertained with a film of the First Annual Gladiolus Show. The rich, vivid colours and graceful lines of the gladioli held all enthralled.

Miss Eileen M'Gonigle, President, Ontario Teachers' Federation—never was a speaker more appreciated than when the first question on that afternoon's School Management paper read, "... state **three** types of conduct which are considered unprofessional". Our knowledge of the organization and purpose of the O.T.F. was extended considerably.

The Very Reverend J. H. Craig, M.A., D.D., Dean of Algoma, reminded us to keep our sights high. We have entered the teaching profession not for money nor for an easy time, but for service. The influence we can wield on young lives is great. We must keep our vision splendid; never be a time server, but a server of people.

Mr. Morton Perry, Representative of the Post Office, gave an enlightening talk on the immensity and high standards of the Post Office department in Canada. A motion picture entitled "The Postman" is an excellent one for teaching purposes.

As thoughts turn to certificates and summer courses, representatives of the four large Canadian universities outlined the courses available at their respective universities. Each stressed the importance of keeping the brain refreshed, and the unforgettable experience of living in residence. In order, the speakers were Dr. W. J. Dunlop, Director, University Extension, University of Toronto, Dr. C. H. Stearn, Director of Extension and Summer School, Mr. Hulton from Queen's University and Dr. Maine from University of Western Ontario presented their courses for University Extension work.

As we must go to press in early May, the list of speakers is not quite complete. All have given us food for thought and broader horizons.

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**RAINY LAKE, ONTARIO
CANADA**

BEHIND THE SCENES

Laura Morrow, David Powell

Away back in September Mr. Bamford inquired, "Shall we, or shall we not put on an operetta?" After carefully considering the motion before the group for two long minutes, we answered in unison—well, almost in unison—"We shall!!" And so began the enterprise.

During the months of September, October, November, December, January, AND—the first part of February, we worked amazingly hard, and learned almost from memory the first verse of "Come Lasses and Lads". Suddenly we realized — March 24 — was zero day. And now it was March 7. We each solemnly pledged our heart and soul to do or to die!

The first person to master his part was Gordon Whalen. And who will forget his famous line (his only line) "Where there's jolity and dancing, that's where a sailor likes to be!" But Gordon was not the only industrious soul, for what of the chorus, the other four boys and five girls! They were perfecting their intricate dance, which consisted of four slow walking steps forward and the same number backward. At the same time another group of girls, under the capable direction of Miss J. Wilson were mastering the spritely May Pole dance. This went off perfectly with only four or five girls becoming entangled in the paper streamers. And so went our practices . . .

One-half hour before curtain time.

Let us take a peep into the makeup room. Here we can see Max-Factor-Healy applying the "goo". There we find Jack Weller struggling madly with a huge stick of red stuff trying to smear it on his face. It was difficult at this time to distinguish male and female because both were primping before the huge square four inch hand mirror.

Curtain time.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Before we begin—"("That's Mr. Beacom," whispered those on stage.)—"I have one announcement. I don't see many tonight, but would those ladies wearing high hats kindly remove them?" And now the music group presents "Ship Ahoy".

"Ssshh! Positions!"

A polite clap, the swish of the curtain, a resounding chord, smiles, music—the operetta began. Five swaggering sailors with

tipped hats and five coquettish maidens danced and sang the opening chorus . . .

The story was of a girl who had run away to sea. As the tale begins, Jack (Ronald Grant) who fell in love with her, searches for his lost love, Mary Jane played by Barbara Hubbard. As he wanders along, Jack becomes acquainted with a gay dashing soldier (David Powell). From the soldier, information concerning his lost sailor lass is obtained. Meanwhile Mary Jane idly sits, spins and sings of her lost love. In the last scene the soldier and his girl (Shelagh Willars) find the village for Jack. Jack encounters Mary Jane. All is well. They live happily . . . A burst of song "The Wedding Song"—curtain—applause—.

The characters were:

| | | |
|------------------------------|-------|------------------|
| Jack, the Sailor Boy | _____ | Ron Grant |
| His Companions: | | |
| Nick | _____ | Gordon Whalen |
| Dick | _____ | Jack Weller |
| Village Maidens: | | |
| Sally | _____ | Joanne Healy |
| Phyllis | _____ | Margaret Forrest |
| Sue | _____ | Laura Morrow |
| Lady Clare, Queen of the May | _____ | Shelagh Willars |
| Johnny Jinks, a Soldier | _____ | David Powell |
| Mary Jane, the Sailor Girl | _____ | Barbara Hubbard |
| Mother of Mary Jane | _____ | Norma McBain |
| Friends of Mary Jane: | | |
| Lisette | _____ | Jocelyn Hardy |
| Gretchen | _____ | Gladys Lord |
| Gossip Joan | _____ | Joyce Davis |

The spectator says:

By Mary Anderson

From the rise of the curtain to the joyful finale, watching "Ship Ahoy" was a delightful experience.

Everything, the talented voices, the effortless voices, the vivid costumes, contributed to maintaining a mood of charm and lightheartedness throughout.

Mr. Bamford and the Music Group are to be congratulated!

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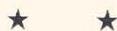
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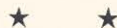
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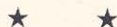
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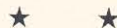
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THE MUSICAL GROUP

Gordon Whalen

Music is in every walk of life. However, it has been only during the last few years, that music has played such a prominent part in the school curriculum. The purpose of musical instruction in the school is not to produce an artist in every class, but to develop through the years a love and an appreciation of music.

The music group has endeavoured to foster this love and appreciation, through brilliant solo and group performances. We are pleased to have with us this year talented singers—Miss Hubbard, Mr. Grant and Mr. Powell. With their guidance and assistance the group has presented some fine programmes to the students.

During the conference of Northern Ontario Inspectors, the music group demonstrated again the important position this subject holds in our schools. A solo by Mr. Powell and one by Miss Hubbard, followed by several choral selections, rounded out a programme which drew favourable comments from Inspectors and students alike.

Education week again drew from the school the familiar strains of choral music. A group recording was made and used later for broadcast. This enabled North Bay listeners to bring the School and its music into the home. This should emphasize the augmented importance of this subject in the life of a Canadian child.

Thus under the capable direction of Mr. Bamford, the music group has tried to follow a routine similar to that which might and should be followed in a Public School.

Music is everywhere. It expresses feeling and emotion. It is a part of every child in every school. The child without music is like the infant without sight.

Florence—I like those cowboy songs, Mr. Bamford teaches us.

Sylvia—Cowboy songs!!

Florence—Yes, those songs about the "Chorales".

THE LIBRARY GROUP

Audrey Allen, Evelyn Beninger, Beth Macklaim

While we were still a little confused in our new surroundings, Miss Mitchell planned a hike for the Library Group. The weatherman favoured us for our vigorous walk. After we left the bus on Trout Mills Road, we tramped merrily along the shores of Trout Lake, and rested on its sandy beaches. Having tried to rent a boat, but without success, we returned to Miss Mitchell's apartment for supper.

Because we are a Library Group, we decided that we should learn how books and newspapers are printed. The newspaper is read by most people, but not many know the process of publication. One Friday afternoon we ventured to the Nugget to see this procedure. We started with the printing of pictures, watched all the other pages being typed and assembled, and lastly saw the hundreds of newspapers being passed over the rollers, copies folded and then made ready for the news stands. Each member walked away with a Nugget under arm. Perhaps they have become regular subscribers. Miss Mitchell took us to her charming apartment and again we had a lunch.

A clatter of dishes, and a bustling of feet on the stairs filled the halls. What was happening in the Normal School? Why it's another meeting of the Library Group. We had the honour of having Miss Klaus, from New Zealand, as our guest speaker. Strange stories of the Maories, the hot springs and geysers, held our attention. Refreshments were served after the interesting talk.

Our work periods in the library are spent in reading and discussing books and their production; repairing books, and listening to symphony music. These activities will be most useful to us in our teaching career, and have given us much pleasure.

Mr. Deyell in Geometry class—What would you do if you had an eight-sided figure?

Joyce Barley—Go into a side-show.

CRAFTS

Ann Gronski

Kidskin, doeskin, morocco, cowhide, tracing tool, lacing needle, dresden tool, and awl were some of the materials thrust before the eager eyes of the crafts group as it assembled for its first meeting. Every term and expression used by Mr. Reed seemed strange and new; and a good deal of confusion lodged in every brain. But the group was reassured that each one of us would soon become very familiar with these materials and this was the spark that ignited our interest and enthusiasm to get to work.

Our desire to get started mounted rapidly as our attention centred on the numerous articles which could be made from the elegant leather displayed before us. All the girls were longing to possess a genuine leather handbag while the male portion admired the unique billfolds and cases. And there was more—picture holders, book covers, key-cases, belts, and innumerable other treasures in leather.

Then we faced reality—we were just amateurs and lacking experience were compelled to start with simple fundamentals of leathercraft. Mr. Reed smiled as he saw at once that everyone had thought that he could start with at least a billfold.

With each successive meeting of the Crafts group, the members progressed and learned often through mistakes. Soon they were ready to display their first article, complete and, to our eyes, perfect.

The following incident is typical of most of the members: Mary had cut and tooled her key-case as well as any expert; one last bit remained to be completed and then it was done! Yes, one last bit—putting in the keytainer! Alas to her dismay she inserted it backwards. It could never be remedied yet it was as precious as ever. This too is typical of the group, and our motto remains, "If at first you don't succeed, run for help to Mr. Reed."

(Hypotenuse written on the board.)

Mr. Deyell: Mr. Duggan, what is this side of a right-angled triangle?

Don: The Hippopotamus.

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

VISUAL AIDS

Bill Beard, Laurie Maki

An old Chinese proverb states, "One seeing is worth a hundred tellings." This statement embodies a wealth of understanding. How much more clearly we understand a topic when we have seen pictures about it, than we otherwise would! We have two main channels to learning, our eyes, and our ears. Too much stress is placed on auditory means of education and too little on the many visual aids we may employ.

One such aid is the delineascope which may be used to give a very accurate reproduction of a picture, map, or chart. This aid is especially suited to Social Studies where accurate maps are a necessity. Where a sequence of ideas is to be presented, the film strip comes into use. By using the film strip to proper advantage, any teacher can introduce, teach, or review any lesson with much greater success than would otherwise be possible. More advantageous still than the film strip is the sound projector. This aid appeals to the pupil through both the sense of hearing and the sense of seeing. For this reason it is probably the best visual aid in education. There are many other aids that may be used. Among these are: books, blackboard diagrams, and pictures.

By using visual aids to the best advantage, it should be possible to make any topic more meaningful, more interesting, and more understandable.

That we have had experience with this interesting form of instruction we owe to the ever-patient, ever-kindly aid of our principal, Mr. Beacom.

Miss Morgan to student: Did you throw that book?

Student: It wasn't me.

Miss Morgan correcting: It wasn't I.

Student: It may not have been you, but it wasn't me either.

DON'T DENY IT!



There goes Duggan - dribbling down the floor!



This is tough business!



Oh!
Do you come from Sudbury TOO?



The Ping-pong Kid from MacTier.



Don't BE like that!



Is there a Doctor in the house?



No comment !!



You don't know the meaning of the word "Study"!

THE WEAVING GROUP

Betty Buie

The art of weaving is known as "loom music" because of the fact that patterns are written on a staff of five lines and four spaces, as is our music.

Our first glimpse into the realm of "loom music", was in the form of a display of Miss Preston's own hand-woven articles.

From the students' work in the Friday afternoon classes which followed, it was quite evident that Miss Preston's plaid bag and colourful neckscarves were most popular. Several beautiful examples of each were taken from the looms, as each conscientious worker strove to make her article something creditable.

The "eager weavers" in the first interest group were as follows: Eleanor Bissberg, Mary Burgess, Betty Buie, Frances Commisso, Pat Honer, Lillian Krapek, Elsie Loughheed, Jean Steele, and Joy Thompson.

In the last class before the Interest Groups were rearranged, Miss Preston again presented a display, of her articles showing more difficult weaving. We saw beautifully-woven place-mats, aprons, tablecloths, and bath mats, made from cotton, linen and wool. Included in this display were several examples of ancient patterns which have been handed down to us in "loom music".

As a result of the changing of some students from one group to another, the second class of weavers varied slightly. It now included: Audrey Allen, Joan Aris, Eleanor Bissberg, Marjorie Black, Joyce Brewer, Lillian Krapek, Mary Loney, Jean Steele, Joy Thompson, and Donna Tulloch.

The study of weaving is a very profitable and interesting hobby, and the students of the weaving group have, I am certain, enjoyed every moment of the time spent in Room Eight with our patient Miss Preston, during these Friday afternoon classes.

Mr. Beacom: What would you get if you crossed a geranium plant and a "yew tree"?

Student: A uranium bush.

THE DISCUSSION GROUP

Joan Nelson, Bernadette Zack

From one of the groups often comes the clamour of rising voices as arguments grow heated. Only the guidance of Mr. Deyell settles the issues. Somehow, Mike Chochla always seems to be of the opposite opinion.

Under the leadership of different chairmen, the members discuss timely topics ranging from the vital problem of "Atomic Energy" to "Government Aid for Students". They even suspect that the legislation against crime comic books came as an aftermath to one of their discussions.

With Joan Cullen as chairman, the group conducted a meeting of the Literary Society in the form of a panel discussion on the subject "Should Commercialized Sunday Sports be Legalized?" The audience participation afterwards proved to be especially interesting.

Other members of this group are Betty Buie, Poldie Gliebe, Peggy Graham, Rita Lowe, Joan Nelson and Bernadette Zack.

★ ★

THE LIBRARY

AUDREY ALLEN

*Books of Science,
Books of History,
Books of English,
Books of Mystery,
Books of story,
Books of rhyme,
Books of pictures,
All are mine.*

*Enter the room
At the end of the hall,
Go to the cases
Along the wall.
Pick out the book,
You wish to read
Sign a card,
What more do you need!*

THE ART SHOP

Mary Edmunds, Rosemary Craig, Doris Hamilton

At three o'clock on every second Friday afternoon, the artists of the school dash for the third floor — to the Art Room, of course. This is the colourful domain of a wonderful lady—Mrs. Jenny Irwin. Here all the would-be Matissees meet to pool interests and ideas, and to receive help from Mrs. Irwin. We are allowed to do whatsoever we please, at our own speed, and, believe it or not, we do get things done!

One of the ideas we explored, and in which we were extremely interested, was various types of paper sculpture. Some of the results were quite amazing.

Other members of the group equipped themselves with brush and palette, and received invaluable instruction in mixing and blending oil paints.

We have done other work with pastels and tempera paint, and of these the pieces done to music were perhaps the most weird and wonderful of all our creations.

For each of us, this year in the Art Group has been a thoroughly enjoyable as well as profitable one.

★ ★

THE TEACHER

ROSEMARY CRAIG

*Twenty little children
Standing there in rows,
Looking at the teacher,
Wondering what she knows.*

*One bewildered teacher
Definitely formal,
Trying to remember
What they taught at Normal*

*Just a student teacher,
Happy as a rule,
But wishing she had never
Seen that rural school.*

THE DRAMA GROUP

Nance Grace

The Drama Group is one of the many activities, under the direction of Miss Morgan. It consists of pupils who are talented, or who wish to become talented, along dramatic lines.

Like the Normal School itself, it proves to be a miniature United Nations. Descendants of English, Polish and Russian nationality take their places willingly, and co-operatively to produce such dramatic plays as "The Obstructive Hat", and "The Street Cleaner".

The Group does not deal only in humorous plays. Bill Malinosky and Rose Turewich excelled in their realistic performance as Macbeth, and Lady Macbeth.

As the year draws to a close, we, the Drama Group, are still willing performers. At present, a radio broadcast of "The Merchant of Venice" is being prepared. In contrast, we are reading a modern play, entitled "The Voice of the People".

Training in make-up, staging, and property management which we are receiving will be of the utmost value in the years to come. We realize this, and are thankful for such training.

★ ★

MIAMI BEACH

To Mrs. King—the Queen of Hospitality.

ANN GRONSKI

*Saturday is here again,
We board the bus at half past ten;
To a cozy cottage on the shore
A beckoning smile at the door.*

*Our charming hostess so full of fun
Touches the heart of everyone;
On speedy wings the hours fly
Too soon it's time to say good-bye.*

*"But come again," a voice rings out
"We shall, we shall," resounds the shout.
And so the bus we board again
'Til next Saturday at half past ten.*

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HOW WE MISSED THE TRAIN

Frances Commisso

When school officially closed for the Christmas holidays four excited Lakehead Normalites, Theresa Covello, Bernadette Zack, Norma Cerutti, and myself, rushed home to finish our packing.

With luggage ready at the door, the taxi ordered, Norma's and Theresa's alarms set (so we thought), we retired at an early hour so that we would awaken in time to catch the 4:55 a.m. train.

Sleep came and went—so did the train. We finally awoke at 6:15 a.m.! Norma was dressed, boots and all, and in five minutes was half way down the stairs before we could convince her that the next train didn't arrive until 10:15 a.m. Theresa, resigned to her fate, went back to bed and told us to call her in plenty of time to catch the next train!

So at 10:15 a.m. along with our seven suitcases, four shopping bags, radio, and lunch, we finally climbed aboard the west-bound train, but not before we had made another "faux pas". We had parked ourselves, bag and baggage, in the men's waiting room of the C.P.R. station!

But we were able to laugh at ourselves in our predicament—in fact, we laughed most of the twenty-three hours that we spent on the train.

P.S. Bernadette and I brought alarm clocks back with us.

I wish I were a birdie
High above the school;
I'd paint the place so doggone white
I'd make the pigeons drool.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Deacon during their first week of marriage.

Mrs. Deacon—Now, dear, what will I get if I cook you a dinner like that every day this year?

Denny—My life insurance.

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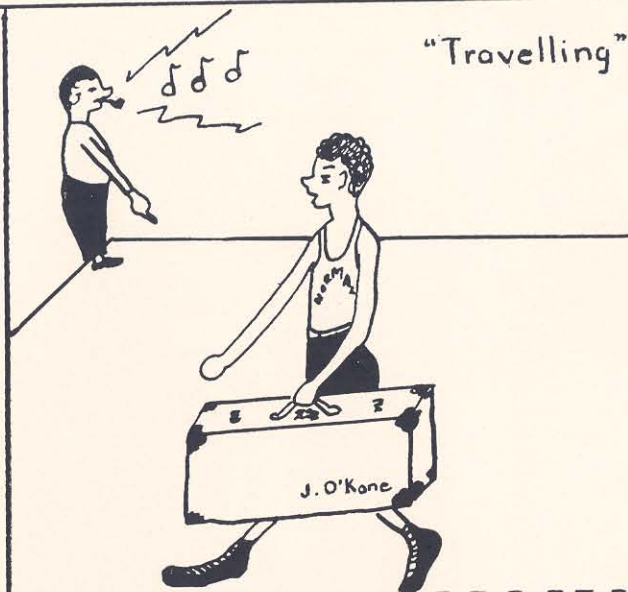
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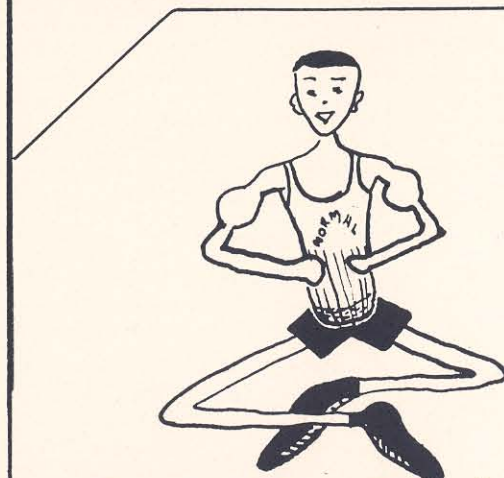
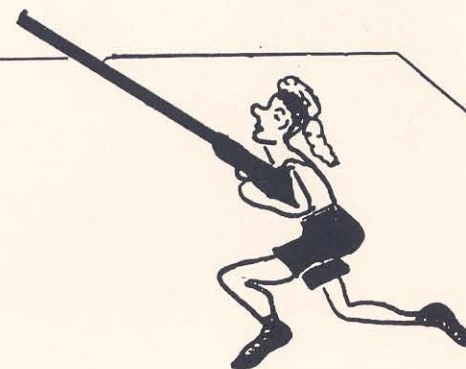
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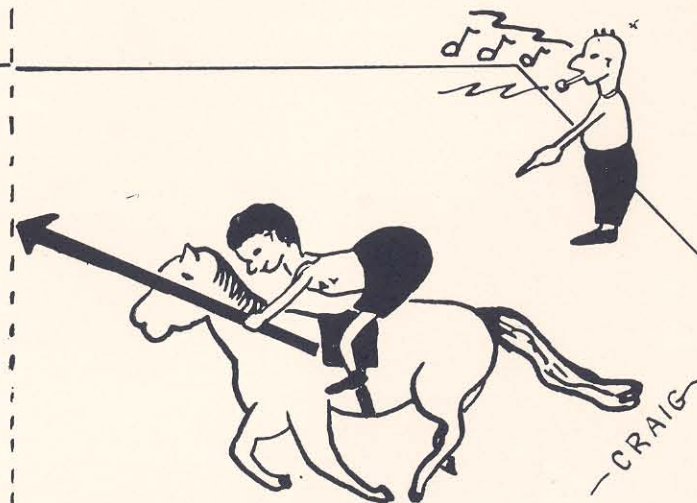
"Travelling"



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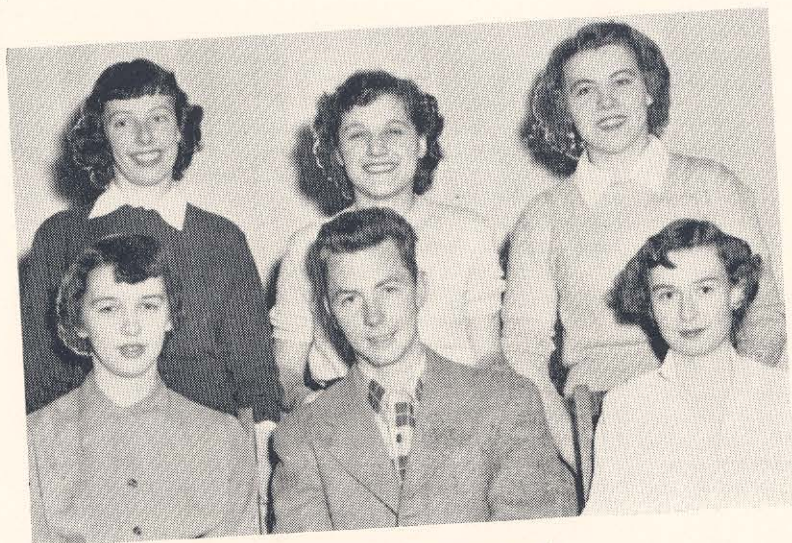


Mitchell "Making Baskets"



"Charging" Chochla Rides Again.

-CRAIG



ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Front Row—Joyce Barley, Don Duggan (Pres.); Laura Morrow.
Back Row—Dawn Greenlaw, Mary Ceresia, Julia Strutynski.

THE ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Julia Strutynski

With the Normal School already a familiar place, everyone got underway to organize the activities for the school year.

The first thing to get underway was the organization of the Literary Society, and the Red Cross Society. Later on in the year the Athletic Society was organized. Laura Morrow was the girls' president, and Don Duggan the boys' president. Form representatives were—Mary Ceresia, Dawn Greenlaw, and Julia Strutynski. Our secretary-treasurer was Joyce Barley.

A girls' and boys' basketball team was chosen and entered in the town league. All games and practices were held in Collegiate gymnasium. Miss Wilson was our coach.

Neither team had any uniforms, and the securing of these was a problem. With the financial help of the Literary Society each player soon had a maroon and yellow uniform to wear.

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

SPORTS DAY

or

THE BATTLE IS ON!

Joyce Brewer

The afternoon of September 24 was set aside for Sports Day at the North Bay Normal School. Much to the disgust of the students, the usual thing happened. It rained. However, this did not dampen spirits too greatly!

Therefore, the Assembly Hall and gymnasium became the playgrounds. Dodge ball, relay races, and a game called Dog and Bone were played in the Hall. For volleyball, the gym served as battleground.

Before Sports Day dawned, captains were appointed and their respective teams chosen. Thus our manpower was distributed throughout the school—approximately two on each team.

We now have the teams, but what about the men behind the men?—the scorekeepers, referees, and what have you? Mr. Reed supervised the relay races while Mr. Beacom kept order in the dodge ball section. Bill Malinoski helped out by keeping score as well as the rules of the Dog and Bone game. In the lower regions, Mr. Deyell, and others, took charge of the gym and its volleyball battles.

At the close of the afternoon, the winners were presented with bags of all day suckers for their achievement. However, this couldn't be done until three teams battled for the coveted position.

To the enjoyment of all, cokes were served.

Although some complaints of aching joints were heard, I believe everyone had a wonderful time.

In January a bowling league was formed. The Capitol Bowling Alley was our rendezvous where we bowled every Tuesday night.

Through the year the Athletic Society has striven to promote a variety of sport for all Normalites.



BASKETBALL TEAM

Mary Ceresia (Captain); Laura Morrow, Joan Nelson, Theresa Covello, Joan Aris, Dawn Greenlaw, Joan Cullen, Agnes Wilson, Julia Strutynski, Mary Loney, Betty Rosset, Joyce Davis.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Jack Weller

Basketball is one of the many extra-curricular activities of the North Bay Normal School and in this field the girls really shine. The team, although they only play together for the year, compare favourably with their opposition who play as a team year after year.

The young ladies all year played terrific basketball right to the final whistle. In their games against Collegiate, they have fought out two wins, one tie, and one loss, maintaining second position in the League's standing and a play-off berth. Clashing with the Brown Furs, however, is quite a chore for the fighting lady-like teachers. On every encounter with the Brownies, the girls battling valiantly all the way, always ended up on

the short end of the score board.

One exhibition tilt was played this year against Noranda. The game was hotly contested right to the finish with Noranda edging out the home team by a very slight margin.

At the close of the regular schedule the Normalites were thrown against the Brown Furs in the play-offs. The Girls throughout the entire season played courageously whether victorious or defeated, and are to be commended on their sportsman-like qualities in every game. The play-off battles really climaxed the girls' efforts. Although the Normalites didn't hold the upper hand, they are to be admired for their fighting spirit and perseverance which they displayed on every encounter.

BY THE SEA

AGNES WILSON

"Tell me the stories about the sea,"
 Whispered the lad on the old man's knee.
 He grasped his boat in his hands so tight,
 And sat enthralled with the beautiful sight
 Which he saw so close—which stretched so wide.
 "Tell me once more," the laddie cried.
 The old man sighed and settled down
 And spoke once more of his loved town,
 And how one day he sailed away
 To seek his fortunes where the waters lay.
 When he finished, the wee boy slept
 To dream the dreams the old heart kept.

THE INEVITABLE!

MARY ANDERSON

Down falls the rain,
 Drip,
 Drip,
 Drip.

Down falls me, I
 Slip,
 Slip,
 Slip.

Down flat I lie,
 Wet,
 Wet,
 Wet.

Here comes a cold, I
 Bet,
 Bet,
 Bet.

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NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Mary Ceresia and Laura Morrow

The luck of the Irish was missing, when the Boys' Basketball team took to the floor this year. With all the sons of old Erin, O'Duggan, O'Mitchell, O'Chochla and our outside recruits, a victory should have been imminent. But, was it? No! You guessed it. They may have kissed the Blarney Stone, but looked to the spectators as if the Blarney Stone had slapped them right back.

After each game, we read in the daily paper, a writeup such as:—

"The league-leading Cochrane-Dunlop hoopsters ran wild in the nightcap tussle as they have been accustomed to, against the weak scrappy tail-end Normal aggregations."

The team, led by playing coach Mike Doohier, tried its best and we are proud of their good sportsmanship. Others on the team who joined forces with the Normal School regulars were Leo Laderoute, Clair Connelly, Johnny O'Kane and Fred Sheratt.

Although our boys lost every game, there is one thing we can say, and that is, that they have played stoutly against over-whelming odds, as only Irishmen can. With this in mind we would like to wish the Basketball Team of next year, all the best of luck.

★ ★ ★

Confusion in the crafts room—

Louise (proudly displaying a varnished piece of woodwork): Didn't I make a good job of this?

Mr. Reed: Is that what you use cleaning fluid for?

WEATHER

MARION BUCHANAN

*If there's one thing
People can talk about,
Brag about,
And do without—
It's North Bay weather!*

*Our first snow fell
So quietly, abundantly,
And caused much glee—
In November.*

*Its stay was short
For the wind came, rain came
And stole our snow again—
In December.*

*I wonder if we'll have
White ground, be snow-bound
And slip around
Next June?*

THE FIRST TIME

LAURIE MAKI

*My knees shook.
I stuttered
When I opened my mouth
And uttered,
"Good afternoon, students."
The introduction was prepared
Carefully (I thought),
But to my surprise
They got it not.
"What a stooge,"
I heard one say,
"To think we'll fall
For childish play."
Then came the presentation
And next the application.
I sat down
To wipe the perspiration
From my worried brow.*

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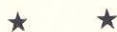
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