

DOCENDO DISCIMUS

OPUS 51



JAM

NORMAL

SCHOOL

NORTH BAY



OPUS 51



THE

Forty-Second Annual

YEAR BOOK

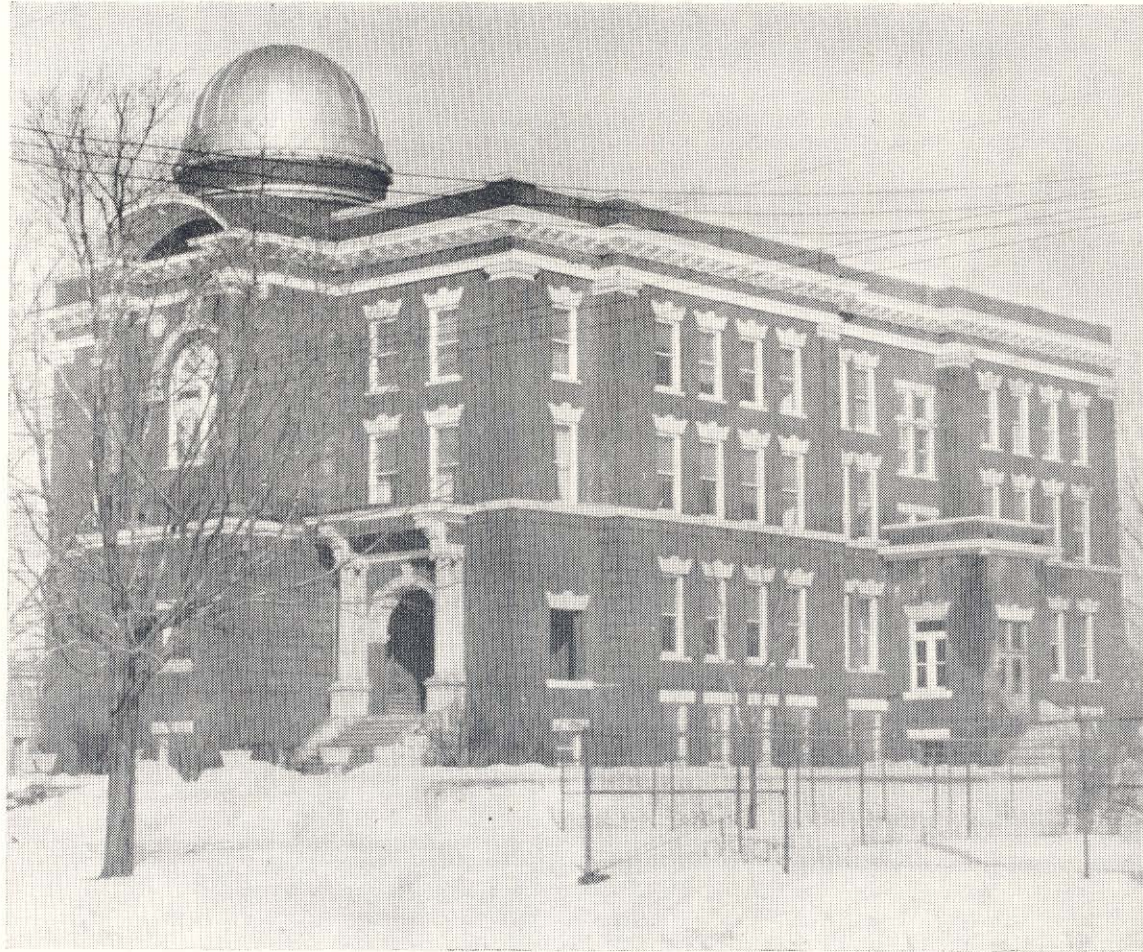


PREPARED BY THE

STUDENTS OF

North Bay Normal School

MAY, 1951



UNDER

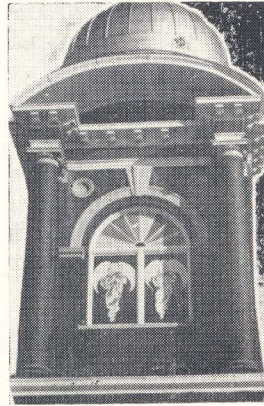
The year 1950-51—a year on which we shall always look back with happy smiles recalling the laughter and tears and the times, both good and bad, which, when compiled together, comprise this—our unforgettable year here at the North Bay Normal School.

Yes, it has been a year of changes as the students of the past will readily discern. Early in September, fresh from the important status as fifth formers, with trembling spirits we mounted the steps and pulled wide the massive doors only to be confronted by numberless pails of paint and scaffolding of all description. Was this madhouse the salon of an interior decorator or really the famed institute of learning? Of course, as we learned promptly, the spacious building was having its face lifted for the first time in forty years. Each room has been painted in attractive pastel shades while even the exterior received its share of attention. The huge dome, for years a North Bay landmark, is now a gleaming silver—symbolic of the spirit within. Not to be outdone, however, the pigeons have been doing their utmost, and succeeding, in aiding the painters with the school's exterior appearance.

After the first painful ordeal of orals had been left behind we were initiated with gusto to the teaching of lessons. Lessons! What toil and care went into these—with a variety of results. About the same time Miss Dick brought the enterprise into focus and regularly the auditorium was the scene of various activities—on a junior grade level.

Time passed and our next big "do"—the Hallowe'en Dance and then, hard on its heels followed Sadie Hawkins' Day when each and every girl grabbed herself a man and escorted him to the shindig in the national garb of Dogpatch.

Late in November we encountered, with fervid preparations, the first week of continuous teaching. But as all good things must, it ended and we re-entered the old routine with vim, vigour and vitality as Christmas was close upon us. Every-



THE DOME

one worked in frenzied haste to finish up last-minute details before the holidays. By the hushed classrooms and the appearance of mental anguish, it was declared that reports were being distributed. The Christmas Dance was a thing of beauty, the memory of which will last indefinitely. Then Christmas and home!

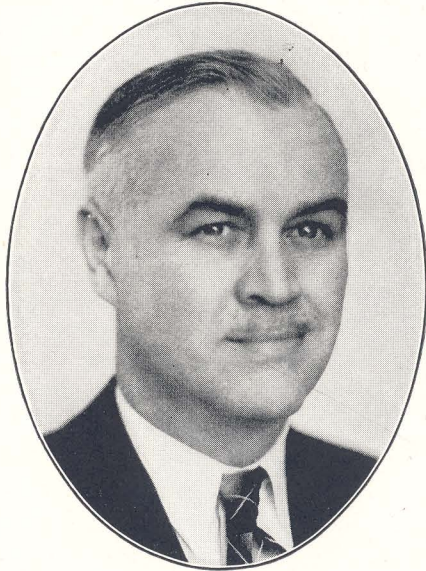
Completing the second week of teaching we returned to find the student body well launched into the "January Slump". It must have been the North Bay weather. To add a bright spot, though, our most unforgettable characters presented their version of 'Romeo and Juliet'. Remember? 'The Sweater Hop' appeared next on the agenda, followed closely by our third week of teaching.

We have all heard of the mad gold rush of the late nineties. Believe me, it had nothing on the mad woodwork rush of the early fifties. The months had slipped by and reports were again distributed—much to our chagrin. And students, shall we ever forget the two weeks of enterprises in the practice schools? I think not.

Easter arrived and home again beckoned us. Our fourth and last week of teaching over, the halls of Normal again echoed with the gay chatter of happy students as life continued in the usual fashion. Undoubtedly everyone is extremely busy with incompleting projects and assignments at the present time. Nevertheless the air is alive with talk of the Year Book and lastly—The Spring Prom.

Our year here is almost over and yet it seems like yesterday we entered this edifice we have come to regard as our own. I, for one, shall always remember the friends I have made, the knowledge I have gained, the goals I have reached and the ambitions that I have formed under the dome.

Marjory Miller



The Principal's Message . . .

The year you have spent with us in the North Bay Normal School, has been a notable one in many regards. The class is the largest since 1935, and numerically we are no longer, as has so often been the case, the smallest Normal School. Moreover, the year was the occasion for a general renovation of the school premises, making a much more pleasant environment for staff and students. Also of importance is the fact that the proportion of male students was greatly increased this year. This, I believe, augurs well for the future of the profession if such strength can be maintained in future years.

Our staff has been augmented during the year in keeping with the increased enrolment. We are deeply indebted to Mr. W. Bulger, Separate School Inspector of North Bay, for his valuable assistance during the autumn term, and for the contribution made by his successor, Mr. J. Stennett.

We of the staff have found you an enthusiastic, energetic and co-operative group. You have been faithful in the performance of the many duties incumbent upon your training. Many of you have used novel and oftentimes original ideas in the presentation of your lessons. You have been continually striving to prepare yourselves adequately for the duties that lie ahead.

You will, I am sure, realize that your future careers will be of profound interest to us. Whether your service in the teaching profession be brief or prolonged, we want you always to consider this school as your "alma mater" and to turn to its staff for any assistance that the members may be able to render. May each position you hold be a challenge and a stimulus towards the rendering of the best service your capabilities permit.

STAFF OF THE NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL



MISS B. DICK



MR. E. C. BEACOM



MR. J. D. DEYELL



MR. J. D. STENNETT



MR. W. H. BULGER

MR. E. C. BEACOM, B.A. _____ Principal
School Management
Science and Agriculture

*"This is the state of man:
to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes;
to-morrow's blossoms."*

—SHAKESPEARE

MR. J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.Paed. _____ Master
Science of Education
Mathematics
Arithmetic

*"His quaint opinion to inspect,
His knowledge to unfold
On what concerns our mutual mind,
The Literature of old."*

—E. DICKINSON

MISS BERTHA DICK, B.A., B.Paed. _____ Master
Speech, Reading and Literature
Primary Social Studies
Religious Education

*"The way she proved, despite our apprehensions,
That all she did was with the best intentions."*

—E. J. PRATT

MR. J. D. STENNETT, B.A. _____ Master
Composition, Spelling and Grammar
Social Studies

*-----He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the minds of men."*

—SHAKESPEARE

MR. W. H. BULGER, B.A. _____ Master
Composition, Spelling and Grammar
Social Studies

*"I from your happy company must go away
To whence I came;"*

—STEPHENS

STAFF OF THE NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL



MISS E. MITCHELL



MRS. J. IRWIN



MISS E. PRESTON



MISS K. McCUBBIN

MISS ELIZABETH MITCHELL, B.A., Mus.Bac., L.Mus. Librarian
 Library Science
 Health
 Writing

*"Her soft and summer breath, whose tender power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour."*

—BYRON

MRS. JENNIE IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed. Instructor
 Art

*"To write some earnest verse or line,
 Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
 Which, seeking not the praise of art,
 In the untutored heart."*

—J. R. LOWELL

MISS ELSIE PRESTON Instructor
 Crafts and Home Economics

*"Her contentment, pressed from years of toil,
 Still feeds the fire with its sacred oil,
 And burns and glows through storm and sun and dark."*

—F. O. CALL

MISS K. McCUBBIN Secretary

*"----- thou art the Friend
 To whom the shadows of far years extend."*

—BYRON

STAFF OF THE NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

MISS JEAN WILSON Instructor
Physical Education

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;"

—BYRON



MISS J. WILSON



MR. A. B. REED

MR. A. B. REED Instructor
Crafts and Manual Training

*"What lovely things
Thy hand hath made:"*

—DE LA MARE

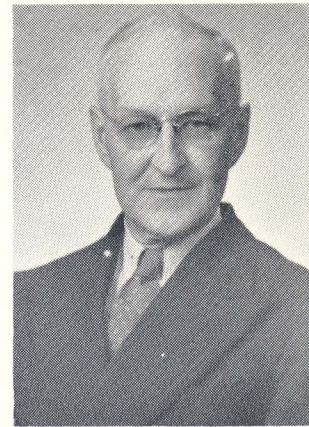
MRS. C. D. MILANI, M.A. Instructor
Library
Health

"Shall be honoured ever with grateful memory."

—MILTON



MRS. C. D. MILANI



MR. H. L. BAMFORD

MR. H. L. BAMFORD Instructor
Music

*"Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,
And beauty came like the setting sun."*

—S. SASSOON

MESSAGE FROM
THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

You who are graduating from the Normal School to take up duties in the classrooms of Ontario, do so at a notable time, for never has the prestige of the teaching profession been higher than it is to-day. Underlying this improved status is a keen sense, on the part of the public, of the teacher's increasing responsibility. No longer is the teacher regarded as a mere middleman purveying a uniform course of study to a so-called average pupil. Child study has banished that concept forever. Curriculum and method must be adapted to individual boys and girls, and to individual communities. It is the teacher who must do this adapting. For that reason the teachers of the Province are now being asked to take part in curriculum building on a local basis. The invitation reflects the faith of the public in the men and women who instruct our children. I am confident that you will justify that faith, and that you will take an active interest in the work of the curriculum committees in your district.

My heartiest good wishes for success and happiness follow you as you enter your chosen profession.

DANA PORTER.





For teachers-in-training, graduation marks a point of departure. Soon, the members of this year's class will be reinforcing the ranks of the thousands of Public and Separate School teachers who are conscientiously serving the children of our Province. In those teaching ranks are many places of honour and usefulness to be filled — places in which young men and women with ability, energy, initiative, enthusiasm, and effort, can do much for their pupils, and in the doing bring credit to themselves and to their profession.

Only too often, in years gone by, a school resembled a castle on a hill with a moat and walls around it. Each day, pupils passed over the drawbridge and entered the castle walls, but life in the classroom and life in the community had little in common. To-day the last vestiges of the drawbridge school are disappearing and education is becoming everybody's business. As you interpret life for your pupils, you may with confidence rely upon the active support of the home, the church, the board of trustees, supervisors, administrators, and a host of voluntary educational organizations.

For you who are in search of a future in the teaching profession, I suggest that you continue to broaden your cultural background through reading and study, and that you observe your pupils carefully to gain further understanding of child nature. May you find abundant satisfaction and success in your work. My best wishes go with you.

F. S. RIVERS,
Superintendent of Professional Training.

PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS

MR. T. C. CUMMINGS	McPhail
MRS. E. CURRAN	McPhail
MR. C. J. DRISCOLL	Powassan
MISS E. ST. JOHN	Powassan
MRS. A. PRITCHARD	Harvey
MRS. G. WEATHERWAX	Harvey
MISS H. SHEPPARD	Harvey
MRS. E. McCUBBIN	Harvey
MISS H. J. WILSON	Harvey
MISS E. STEVENS	McIntyre
MR. L. H. PHILLIPS	Worthington
MISS C. LETT	Worthington
MRS. R. A. PENTLAND	Tweedsmuir
MRS. V. SHORTREED	Trout Mills
MISS G. MORGAN	Brook
MRS. J. MUNRO	O'Brien
MR. J. O. NUGENT	Brook
MRS. A. ANGUS	Four Mile Lake
MISS E. CARTER	Bonfield
MISS J. CULLEN	Nipissing Junction
MRS. A. GRAHAM	Trout Mills
MISS M. HILL	Bonfield
MISS L. C. MITCHELL	Widdifield
MR. H. H. NICHOLSON	Nipissing Junction
MISS W. TUOVI	Golf Course
MISS M. WIGSTON	Tweedsmuir
MR. M. DAVIDSON	Callander
MR. H. MILLS	Callander
MR. E. MILLS	Callander

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

REV. S. B. COLES	Presbyterian Church
REV. FR. DEVINE	Roman Catholic Church
REV. F. L. H. STYMIEST	United Church
REV. W. W. JARVIS	Church of England
REV. H. STIBBARDS	Baptist Church
REV. T. MUELLER	Lutheran Church
REV. DR. J. SEMPLE	United Church

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL**TO THE CRITIC TEACHERS***By Charles Tuttle*

This Year Book would not be complete without a note of appreciation to you—the Critic Teachers of the various schools in the surrounding district.

The practice teaching throughout our school year has been a helpful and interesting factor in our school curriculum. Your associations with us have been stimulating and encouraging in our task of becoming successful leaders.

We, the student-teachers of 1950-51, sincerely thank you.

★ ★

APPRECIATION*By Marilyn Parish (Assistant Editor)*

We, of the Student Body 50-51, wish to extend our sincere appreciation to the ministers and priests who have so faithfully attended to our needs. They have given us a definite and new insight into our own personal beliefs which we, as teachers, will try to live up to in our daily life; and they have been our friends whom we were able to seek out at any time throughout the past year.

★ ★

To Mr. Chambers, Mr. Donaldson, Miss Godin and Mrs. Britton—

“WE SALUTE YOU”

LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY

*"Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play,
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day."*

The sails have been set; the lines have been cast away—the journey has now begun for that distant harbour, which, to us, is known as "Successful Teaching".

The travellers are young, exuberant and full of the new philosophies of life, but, on the first trip many shall never reach that famed port. Each individual captain, while guiding his own ship, must be sturdy—for rough seas shall be encountered, and sincere—for many rely upon him for a safe voyage.

Let us look at this strange ship, upon which we are so dependent. Our relative empirical hulls, varying in "size" from veritable superstructures to unique miniatures, are created by the colourful plates of learning, which have been welded together by rivets of sincere interest. The driving force is a little motor of facts and knowledge, the plunging pistons being the strokes of time. In order to secure the greatest benefit from this mechanical device, we must continually supply the fuel of learning. The moment we fail our ships will drift aimlessly.

As we sail along, we shall encounter the many perils of the tumultuous sea. The reefs of ignorance, the storms of malicious slander and gossip, the islands of laziness—upon which so many ships have been wrecked—are but a few of the many tempting dangers. The powerful, thundering waves will endeavour to destroy the plates of our experiences if the rivets of interest become weak. Therefore, we the captains, may be responsible for the scuttling of our own ships.

The "Promised Land" of a career in successful and satisfying teaching, is but a short distance away for the truly sincere and ambitious among us. In years to come, we shall see periodically the barnacle covered hulls of a few plodding wearily into port. Shall we enter the dry-dock to be "repaired", or shall we be left to rot and be dragged to our last resting place at the bottom of the sea? Therefore, we, the teachers of the future, must make this decision regarding our respective destinies. We shall unload our welcomed cargoes on the sea of life, and disperse it throughout the land so that all children may benefit and that we may always remain young in spirit, and enthusiastic in manner in our chosen career.

—The Editor.

McMaster University

SUMMER SCHOOL

1951 — July 3 to August 10 — 1951

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the Vocational Guidance Diploma

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WRITE IMMEDIATELY for:

- (1) The Illustrated Summer School Calendar.
- (2) The Vocational Guidance Bulletin.

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



YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Ila Hansen, Nellie Kotuba, Jean Creasor, Leo Trusz, Marion McVeigh, Charles Tuttle, Joyce Johnson, Margaret Cant, Nancy Lundberg.

Front Row—Roy Keetch, (Business Manager); Miss B. Dick, (Staff Adviser); Stanley Dromisky, (Editor); Marilyn Parish, (Ass't Editor); Jacqueline MacQuarrie, (Art Editor); Edsel Bromley.

OUR BOOK

*When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book.
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once and of their shadows deep.*

—YEATS

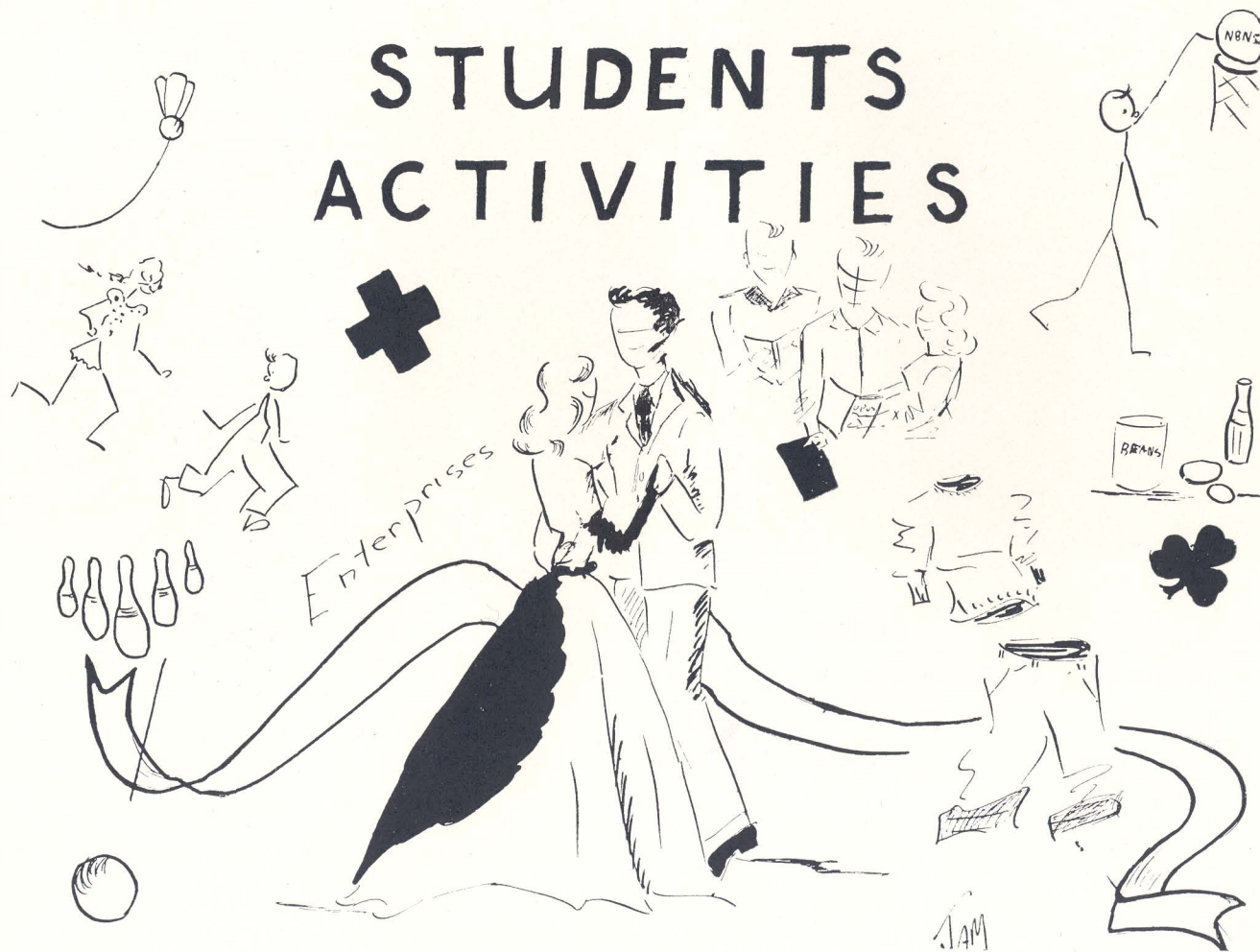
To those fifteen students who so diligently laboured on its contents, taking down this book will bring a sense of pride and achievement. Nodding by the fire, the Year Book Staff

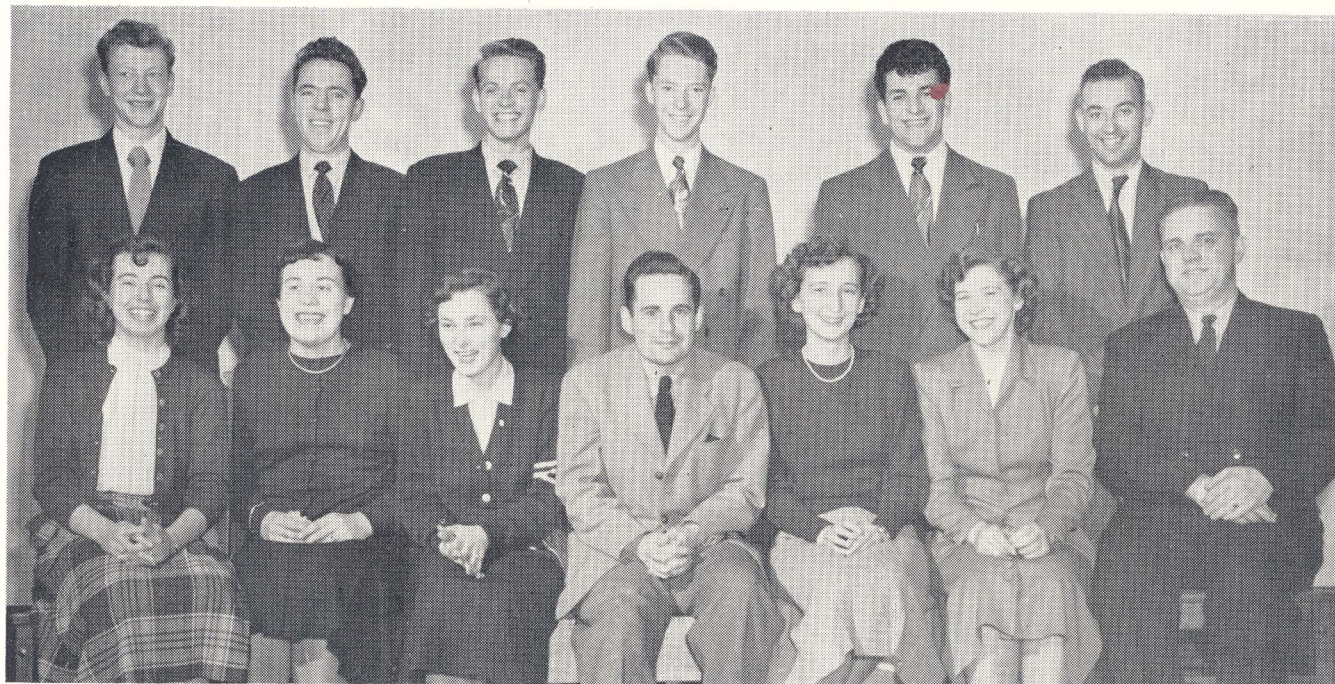
will remember the many hours spent checking and rewriting articles, typing sentences and paragraphs that were covered with red marks, and assembling the final draft before it was sent to the printer.

But to everyone this book will bring back memories of the wonderful things which happened during the year 1950-51.

Marilyn Parish,
Assistant Editor.

STUDENTS ACTIVITIES





LITERARY SOCIETY, FIRST TERM

Front Row—June Vernon, Joan Cressey, Viola McSweeny, Kennedy Skuce, (Pres.); Shirley Strader, Joyce Johnston, Mr. J. D. Deyell, (Hon. Pres.)
Back Row—Ross Sinclair, (Sec.); Roy Keetch, George Bergh, Jack Graham, (Vice-Pres.); Jack Cameletti, (Treas.); Harry McClements.

LITERARY SOCIETY — FIRST TERM

Ross Sinclair

The first executive of the Literary Society took office shortly after the commencement of the fall term. Under the guiding hand of Mr. Deyell, our staff advisor, the executive carried out its many duties in an efficient manner.

During the term of office there were three parties planned and successfully executed, of which the Christmas Formal was the social highlight of the year.

Numerous items of business were capably handled. Among these were the ordering of Christmas cards and the donations to charitable organizations.

The success of the first executive was largely due to the co-operative efforts of staff and students striving together for an enjoyable and beneficial year at Normal School.



LITERARY SOCIETY, SECOND TERM

Front Row—Josephine Stemerowicz, (Sec.); Marjorie Miller, (Treas.); June Maddison, (Vice-Pres.); John Vintar, (Pres.); Eleanor Dougall, Bernice McGuire, M r. J. D. Deyell, (Hon. Pres.).

Back Row—Dorothy Kiiskila, Donald Cowden, Walter Kemball, William Pakkala, Richard Vincer, Aili Salonen.

LITERARY SOCIETY — SECOND TERM

John Vintar

Twelve excited students assembled in room six on Tuesday, January twenty-third. This was the initial meeting of the second term executive of the Literary Society.

The first term executive had done a splendid job and there was no unfinished business which might have been a handicap to us. Although uncertain as to procedure, we were able to start things rolling through the capable assistance of Mr. Deyell.

Our social activities began with a Friday afternoon entertainment. Our next social gathering was a Sweater Hop. A week later several enterprises were presented for the Inspectors' Meeting which was held at the Normal School. During the informal tea which followed, the students had an opportunity to

become acquainted with the Inspectors.

What better fun than to have a Scavenger Hunt and a dance to celebrate St. Patrick's Day!

On the business side, we ordered the school pins, had school badminton racquets restrung and bought crests for our two basketball teams.

These various activities upon which we embarked, could not have been accomplished without the loyal and wholehearted support of the staff and student body. Mr. Beacom and his staff were splendid. We wish to take this opportunity to extend our thanks and sincere appreciation to all who assisted us.



JUNIOR RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Shirley Johnston, Michael Mihalik, Thomas Crocker, Colleen McLoughlin.
Front Row—Charles Tyers, Allan Schmidt, Sheila Scott, (Pres.); Miss E. Preston, (Hon. Pres.);
 Norma McIsaac

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

Norma McIsaac

In 1950-51, our year at Normal School, we are proud to have had a Junior Red Cross Society. The executive hopes that this year in Junior Red Cross will give you a better understanding of the procedure in organizing it in your school next year.

We have had several highlights in our Junior Red Cross activities this year. First came our general meeting. From this we might recall the affixing of the Red Cross seal by Mr. Beacom. Jack Davidson sang "White Christmas" and an original play by Charles A. Tuttle was presented.

Following this was the visit of Miss Nadon, Secretary of the Junior Red Cross for Ontario. The whole school enjoyed her

inspiring address on the aims and work of the Junior Red Cross. The executive was honoured to have her present for a meeting.

Our plans for a portfolio followed this meeting. The school was divided into nine groups, each group under a member of the executive. It is to be a display portfolio, and one of which we should be very proud.

We were also pleased to have Miss Lett's grade five class present a typical Junior Red Cross programme. Mrs. Harrington, Junior Red Cross field organizer was present for the programme. She brought honour to the school by presenting our president, Sheila Scott, with a leadership badge for her work here.

We have had an active year, and hope a helpful one.

CANADA AS A NATION*Buckley and Cameron*

Following a visit to Canada in 1949, the late Field-Marshal Wavell wrote an article for the London SUNDAY TIMES entitled, A GREAT NATION'S GREATER FUTURE.

The article was undoubtedly overly flattering with no adverse criticism whatsoever but, nevertheless, we should be able to draw a lesson from it. As native Canadians, we are too often inclined to forget the strength and potentialities of our country and to dwell on an unfavourable comparison with the United States. The opinion is often expressed that since America is one of the wealthiest and most powerful nations in the world, the best opportunities are to be found there — rather than here in Canada. We fail to see the greatness of Canada, when we see a very small part of it in our daily life. Rather than be blinded by the wealth and power of the United States, we should realize the strong points of Canada and make the most of them. Our abundant natural resources, our broad expanse of land, our expanding industry and our place in world affairs should make us proud of Canada. Mere size and number do not necessarily measure the greatness of a country's assets and achievements. Quality is a much more important factor.

Canadian youth tends to look to the established commercial world below the border and to be blind to the great opportunities of the Canadian field, which is still in a rapidly expanding stage. They seem to see only Canada's faults and weaknesses, when compared to the "greener fields" to the south. Our attitude should not be to envy the United States because of our shortcomings, but to try to see how we can improve them. The question of relations between English and French speaking Canadians, the need for a trans-Canada highway; for Canadian capital to finance Canadian industry; and for the development of Canada's unlimited natural wealth is not considered by those who go to the States to look for better jobs. Young Canadians should take the problems of Canada as a challenge and should not flock to the United States. They ought to take great pride in being a Canadian and in having the opportunity to take part in the great future which Canada has in the world.

Fred Foss—"What comes after the key of 'g'?"

Mr. Bamford—"After the key of 'g' you go back to A again. There's no such thing as singing in the key of 'H'. But I know some of you who sing like 'H'."

VALEDICTORY*By Kennedy Skuce*

★ ★

"ALL WHO HAVE MEDITATED
ON THE ART OF GOVERNING
MANKIND HAVE BEEN CONVINCED
THAT THE FATE OF EMPIRE
DEPENDS UPON THE EDUCATION
OF CHILDREN".

—ARISTOTLE

★ ★

L'ENVOIE

For each of us it has been a year of growth and change. To the masters and instructors who have contributed so freely of their time, knowledge and experience, we say very sincerely, "Thank you." In the years which are ahead we shall realize more and more how valuable this contribution has been and how greatly it has influenced our lives as teachers.

We hope that this is not our last meeting. In the years ahead may our paths often cross and in this hope we say, "For now farewell, may the best of good fortune attend you, until we meet again."

PERSONALS FORM 1

Mary Ahokas—

The first on the roll is Mary Ahokas,
The first to take the toll-hokus, pokus.

Jean Angus—

She is quiet; she is still,
In Art she gets a great thrill.

Elaine Atkinson—

A quiet girl who is very kind,
Her type is very hard to find.

George Bergh—(Basketball, Literary Soc.)—

George with winning smile and cheeks of
tan,
But definitely he's our man.

Lucille Bowen—

This our girl from Englehart,
With her songs she enlightens our heart.

Dorothy Brewtnall—

Full of suggestions, is our gal Dot.
No one can ever put her on the spot.

Edsel Bromley—(Year Book)—

"Elsa" hasn't even a curl
Why do teachers think that he is a girl?

Lois Brook—

A quiet girl is our Miss Brook,
Of her ambitions you could write a book.

Jack Buckley—(Badminton)—

Our class at Normal wasn't complete,
Until the harmonica player took his seat.

Jean Budd—(Badminton)—

With freckles Galore
In Badminton—top score.

Jack Cameletti—(Literary Society,
Basketball)—

In hockey and basketball, Jack does shine,
For the Lit. Executive, Cameletti was fine.

Norma Cameron—

In Science class she does excel
In everything else she does very well.

Roy Cameron—(Badminton)—

Roy Cameron shares all his thrills
With a pretty little girl named Ann Mills.

Theresa Campeau—

Theresa Campeau is lots of fun
To basketball games she'll always run.

Margaret Cant—(Year Book)—

When it comes to teaching, Marg is tops
But we like her best when she's "Pork
Chops."

Thelma Christenson—

Our imported peach from Sault Ste. Marie.

Dorothy Cornell—

She's slim and tall, we call her Dot,
She doesn't need what she hasn't got.

Corrine Coultis—

From Tehkummah, comes this sweet Jill;
Wherever you see her, you're bound to find
Gill.

Donald Cowden—(Literary Society)—

'Tis a well known fact that "Whipper"
Insists on having all his food "Curried."

Jean Creasor—(Year Book)—

Our addition from Parry Sound is full of
pep,
You've guessed it, she's our form rep.

Joan Cressey—(O.E.A., Literary Society)—

Our Joanie is the girl with the smile.
No wonder she's "A" in teaching style.

Tom Crocker—(Basketball, Red Cross)—

Has anybody any Red Cross money?
"A great guy."

Ellen Cuddy—

A pleasant girl, with a pretty smile
She seems happy all the while.

Trevor Cullis—

Trevor Cullis is a clever fellow,
There are times when he's quite mellow.

Joan Currie—

This is Joan Currie, that lovely young gal,
So fond of Don Cowden as her best pal.

Jack Davidson—

To sing or not to sing—
That is the question.

Eleanor Dougall—(Literary Soc., Bowling)—

Eleanor Dougall is a happy lass
She's the girl who tops the class.

Stan Dromisky—(Year Book, Red Cross,
O.E.A.)—

Here I sit with pen in hand,
Afraid to say anything about our Stan,
For he is the editor of this book,
And he'll get me by hook or crook.

Jessie Duncan—

As Juliet, she drew many a rave,
All Shakespeare did was turn in his grave.

Carol Engberg—

Fun and charm she does not lack,
Nor attraction for our Jack.

Gordon Evans—

Little Gordie aims to be a teacher soon,
'Tis stated his favourite month is June.

Delma Farenzena—

She's extremely fond of sports and things,
Dimaggio and Benny to her are kings.

Shirley Farrell—

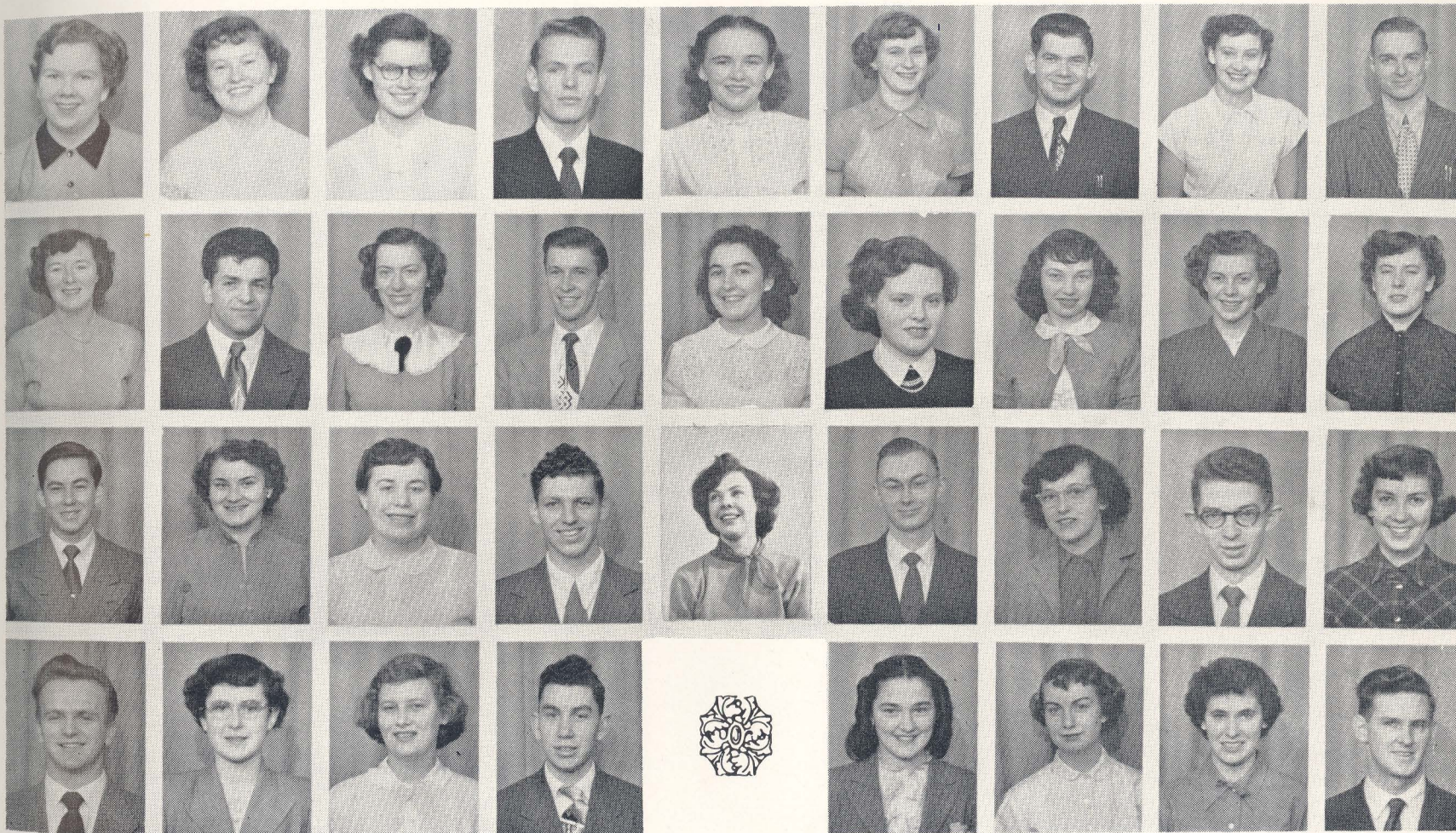
Shirley Farrell so small and petite,
She certainly is quiet and sweet.

Kathryn Ferguson—

Her smile to everyone gives a lift,
She comes from the town of Copper Cliff.

Fred Foss—

Little Freddie Foss down Capreol way,
Is quite the boy, so Leo does say.



GROUP ONE

- | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|------------|------------|--------------|----------------|-------------|------------|
| M. AHOKAS | J. ANGUS | E. ATKINSON | G. BERGH | L. BOWEN | D. BREWTNALL | E. BROMLEY | L. BROOK | J. BUCKLEY |
| J. BUDD | J. CAMELETTI | N. CAMERON | R. CAMERON | T. CAMPEAU | M. CANT | T. CHRISTENSEN | D. CORNELL | C. COULTIS |
| D. COWDEN | J. CREASOR | J. CRESSEY | T. CROCKER | E. CUDDY | T. CULLIS | J. CURRIE | J. DAVIDSON | E. DOUGALL |
| S. DROMISKY | J. DUNCAN | C. ENGBERG | G. EVANS | | D. FARENZENA | S. FARRELL | K. FERGUSON | F. FOSS |

PERSONALS

FORM 2

Audrey Francetich—

Audrey is a short, dark lass,
No one seems to know her past.

Elizabeth Fraser—

A cute, little blonde with a gleam in her
eye,
She may be quiet, but she's not so shy.

Shirley Freeborn—

From Chapeau she does hail,
We'd make a guess she'll never fail.

Betty Gagnon—

Quiet and friendly, with a spark of fun.
Likes to dance when teaching's done.

Marie Gerhart—

She's tall; she's blonde,
It's a pleasure to greet our friend Marie.

May Gibson—

Tall, slim and sultry, that's our May.
When it comes to basketball—can she play!

Sadie Goddard—

Quiet and pensive is this lady,
From New Liskeard is our Sadie.

Mabel Goheen—

With a needle and thread, Mabel is able,
But with chisel and saw, unable is Mabel.

Jack Graham—(Basketball, Literary Soc.)—

Tall, blonde, he captured our hearts,
But scornfully left them in parts.
His pick had he from Port Arthur to
Lockrin,
Why, oh why, did he turn to Cochrane?

Ila Hansen—(Year Book)—

Ila is clever, Ila is wise,
Ila's "big business", in spite of her size.

Alma Hayes—

Petite and quiet, the perfect school marm.
She rolls her eyes, and gives with her
charm.

Cathy Haystead—

She's never still, she's never quiet.
In any class, she's always a riot.

Helen Holland—

Dazzling smile, sparkling eyes,
A friend indeed to all in need.

Mary Lou Hutchinson—

Mary Lou is her name,
* She comes from "The Island" of great
fame.

Lyla Hyre—

A dreamy girl with eyes of blue,
Her friends all know that she'll be true.

Margaret Iles

Marg is the girl from "Hilliardton",
That obscure place where they really have
fun.

Betty Irving—(Basketball)—

At basketball and "things",
She's really "Batty".

Joyce Johnson—(Year Book, Basketball)—

Cochrane? Where can that be?
Last stop, my friends, before Moosonee.

John Johnston—

In Mathematics he excels,
His laughter comes in little spells.

Nita Johnston—

From Hornepayne, to Normal,
This grand girl came.

Shirley Johnston—(Red Cross)—

Shirley Johnston, she's a treat,
And her cocoa's hard to beat.

Raymond Kaattari—

With plane and saw and brace, he's nimble.
But you should see him handle a thimble!

**Roy Keetch—(Basketball, Year Book,
Literary Society)—**

He can't crochet; he can't knit,
At basketball, he's on the bit.

Walter Kembal—(Lit. Soc., Basketball)—

Walter seems to be the brain,
We only hope he hits his aim.

Dorothy Kiiskila—(Literary Society)—

It wouldn't be a big surprise,
If Dot's first class had an enterprise.

Joe Kliner—

Joe comes from Fort Frances, way out in
the west.
Hunting and fishing are what he likes best.

Nellie Kotuba—(Year Book)—

Her brown eyes say she lives in dreams,
Our Nel has lost her heart to Queen's.

Iris Kujansuu—

Iris hails from Quibell,
And at teaching she'll excel.
But at woodwork, oh dear me!
Description would end poetry.

Margaret Kwasnitza—

Sweet sixteen, from Capreol station,
At Normal school, she's a sensation!

Carmen Landreville—

Small and quick on the basketball floor,
Carmen's the girl to raise the score.

Nelda Langevin—

If smiles were judged in N.B.N.,
The prize would be won by Langevin!
A happier girl we shall ne'er see,
She smiles no matter how tough things be.

Leila Leo—(Basketball)—

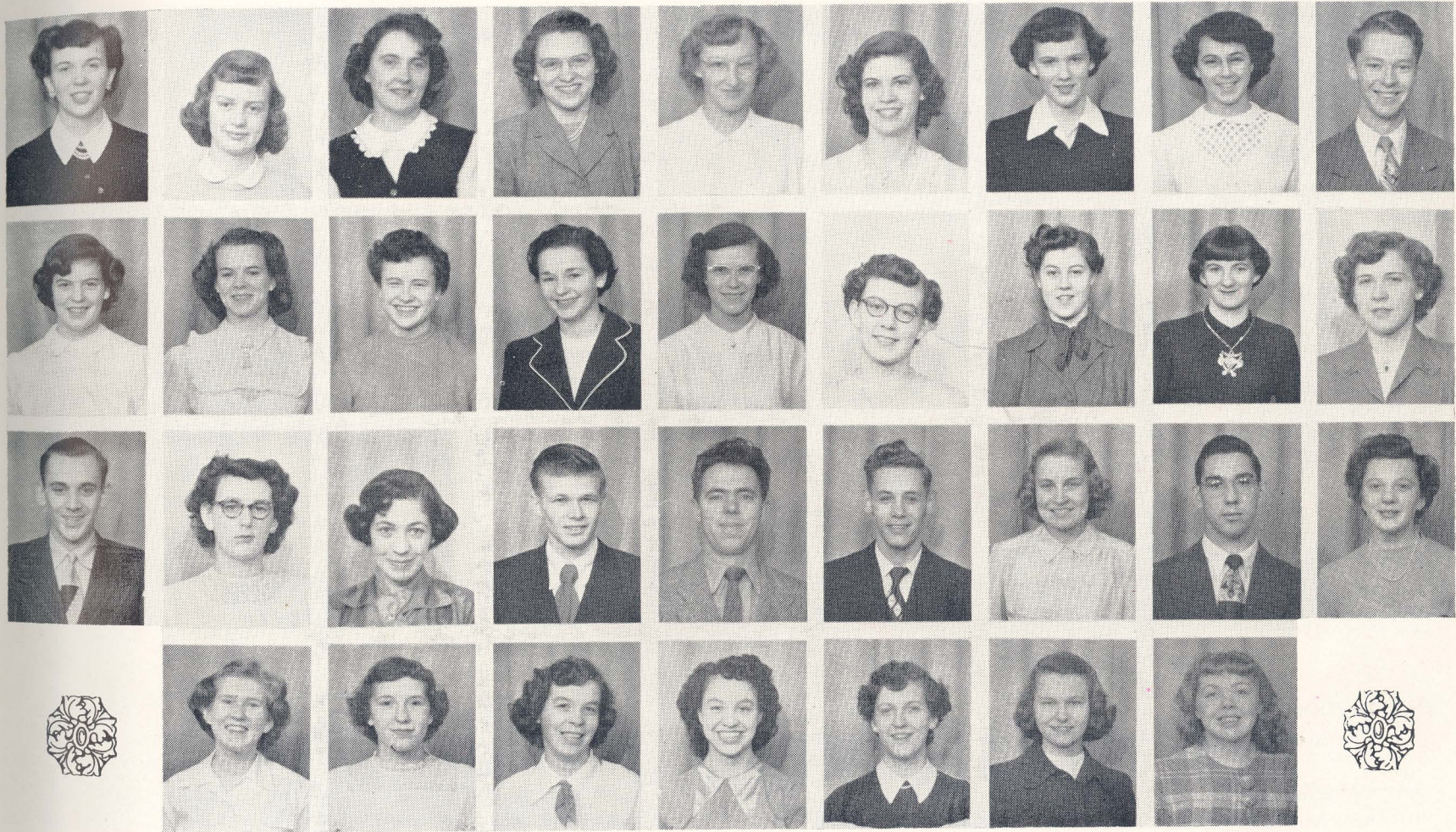
She plays basketball for the school,
In practice teaching she observes the rule.

Leda Lewchuk—(Basketball)—

The Normal team sent out a call,
"We want Leda for basketball."

Audrey Livingston—

Audrey's "the natural Toni" of the class,
She's really a very cute little lass.



GROUP TWO

A. FRANCETICH
I. HANSEN
J. JOHNSTON

E. FRASER
A. HAYES
N. JOHNSTON
I. KUJANSUU

S. FREEBORN
C. HAYSTEAD
S. JOHNSTON
M. KWASNITZA

B. GAGNON
H. HOLLAND
R. KAATTARI
C. LANDREVILLE

M. GERHART
M. L. HUTCHINSON
R. KEETCH
N. LANGEVIN

M. GIBSON
L. HYRE
W. KEMBALL
L. LEO

S. GODDARD
M. ILES
D. KIISKILA
L. LEWCHUK

M. GOHEEN
B. IRVING
J. KLINER
A. LIVINGSTON

J. GRAHAM
J. JOHNSON
N. KOTUBA

PERSONALS FORM 3

Betty Loach—

Blue-eyed Betty, our Barbara Ann!
She can skate like no one can!

Marguerite Lochrie—

Her interest is in Air Force Blue.
She's a blonde, and pretty too.

Jacqueline Longworth—

Always confused — her thoughts always
whirling,
She won't concentrate unless it's on curling.

Don Lougheed—

From far, far west came Don, our one in
four,
Now he's building up a bowling score.

Nancy Lundberg—(Basketball, Year Book)—

Blondest Normalite in our class,
Through this year she's bound to pass.

Elva Lynett—

She is little and she is wise,
But she's a terror for her size.

Lois MacBeth—

If a critic teacher has his say,
"Sky" will succeed by the end of May!

Doris MacDonald—

A busy miss
Is this.

Doreen MacKinnon—

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

Jacqueline MacQuarrie—(Year Book)—

That's our Jackie — a versatile name,
Danced for the students and Hungarian
became.

June Maddison—(Literary Society)—

George or Jack or all the rest—
I wonder who our June likes best?

Margaret Mairs—

Witty Marg, the South End girl,
Keeps the classroom in a whirl.

Mary Manella—

Everyone's pal—our girl from Trout Creek,
Has interests at home at the end of the
week.

Rosemary Maunsell—

Small as an atom but works
like an A-bomb!

Harry McClements—(Literary Society)—

Our friend Harry is sure full of fun,
But keep away, girls, he has a wife and son.

Bernice McGuire—(Lit. Soc., Basketball)—

Bernie hails from the far North,
To the Normal School came forth.

Norma McIsaac—(Red Cross)—

Bright as the "dawn"—or could it be the
homonym?
Her work is admirable—some day may be
"admiral".

Betty McLean—

Betty McLean is a "sparkling" lass,
She adds zeal to our class.

Colleen McLoughlin—(Red Cross)—

Our masters at Normal can always rely,
On our wee Colleen for a "brilliant" reply!

Viola McSweeney—(Literary Society)—

Niagara Falls is bubbling over
—So is Vi!

Marion McVeigh—(Year Book)—

Loyal, ambitious, pure and neat,
All these virtues are hard to beat.

Charlotte Meyers—

Charlotte! Charlotte! Quiet and tall,
She's always smiling in the halls.

Mike Mihalik—(Basketball, Red Cross)—

Captain Mike, so they say,
Plays a good game—night and day!

Marjorie Miller—(Literary Society)—

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

Anne Mills—(Badminton)—

Our Anne Mills is short and sweet.
We love the dimples in her cheeks.

Marion Monette—

Our Marion is a giggly girl,
But underneath she's a real pearl.

Jenny Morelli—(Basketball)—

Jenny has many companions and friends.
Her smile and good nature never end.

Patricia Mosher—

Patty from the north-west
Thinks enterprises are the best.

Doreen Moulton—

Doreen's a girl from Parry Sound,
But her heart resides in Owen Sound.

June Mulligan—

From Cobalt comes our little red-head,
Early to rise but not to bed!

Bill Pakkala—(Literary Society)—

In the box he serves his time,
But on the ice he's really fine.

Marilyn Parish—(Year Book, Basketball)—

Whose talents, wit, and energy are un-
perishable.

Eileen Pawlech—

Provides the class contrast — quiet in chaos
—and always dependable.

Joy Ann Perkins—

On Monday morning, with a bound,
Joy Ann boards the late Greyhound.

Nancy Quance—(Basketball)—

Nancy isn't as shy as she lets on,
Just watch her go to town!



GROUP THREE

- | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|
| B. LOACH | M. LOCHRIE | J. LONGWORTH | D. LOUGHEED | N. LUNDBERG | E. LYNETT | L. MACBETH | D. MACDONALD | D. MACKINNON |
| J. MACQUARRIE | J. MADDISON | M. MAIRS | M. MANELLA | R. MAUNSELL | H. McCLEMENTS | B. McGUIRE | N. McISAAC | B. McLEAN |
| C. McLOUGHLIN | V. McSWEENEY | M. McVEIGH | C. MEYERS | M. MIHALIK | M. MILLER | A. MILLS | M. MONETTE | J. MORELLI |
| F. MOSHER | D. MOULTON | J. MULLIGAN | B. PAKKALA | M. PARISH | E. PAWLECH | J. A. PERKINS | | N. QUANCE |

PERSONALS FORM 4

Fred Raaflaub—

A helping hand, a smiling face,
A noble runner in the race.

Monica Rich—

This little girl sits in the front row—
One of her ambitions is to grow and grow.

Juliette Rivard—

Judy is a petite, dark lass
A source of amusement to our class.

James Robb—(Manager Basketball)—

From the Lakehead he did come
To the teams he added fun.

Merle Robinson—

A little girl from Huntsville High,
Goes home most weekends—I wonder why?

Mona Runnalls—

She surely is an industrious gal,
A Hungarian dancer's personal pal.

Marilyn Rutherford—

An artist she was born to be,
She certainly displays ability.

Aili Salonen—

All the boys wait at her door,
But, alas, she's spoken for.

Allan Schmidt—

—A timely lad,
A western tenor, need I add?

Helen Scott—

At home or abroad, in any camp,
Such an athlete is bound to be champ.

Sheila Scott—(Red Cross, O.E.A.)—

Willing to help, full of energy,
This is true, we all agree.

Ross Sinclair—(Literary Soc., Basketball)—

From him the girls never shy—
Could it be his bright ties?

Ruth Sinclair—

No, not a sister to Ross,
When out teaching; don't be cross.

Joan Skene—(Piano)—

Quiet and modest though she be—
She always shines in assembly.

Ken Skuce—(Literary Society, O.E.A.)—

A joke for every occasion—
Sometimes he shocked the nation.

Yvonne Smart—

She's a Smart girl with a sax,
But she shines best on the ski tracks.

Carmel Sottile—

How do you pronounce her name?
With Mr. Bulger it won its fame.

Elizabeth Sporer—

Liz works hard every day,
A prospective teacher on the way.

Josephine Stemerowicz—(Literary Society)—

Jo's last name we did renounce,
Because it's so hard to pronounce.

Isobel Stevenson—

With Easter coming she's reminded of
'Bunny'.
She says "I'm quiet"—That's really funny!

Shirley Stewart—

Five or six schools she had attended;
North Bay Normal her wandering has
ended.

Shirley Strader—

From way down South-East, Shirley came.
From day to day she's always the same.

Elsie Sutton—

Our Elsie leads a double life—
Leo says she is his wife.

Leo Trusz—(Year Book)—

Down through the ages you'll remember
his name,
For through photography he's won his
fame.

Glen Turner—

Music is his avocation.
Oh! What he'd give for a donation.

Eleonor Tustian—

Always a very helpful pal,
The boys all think she's quite a gal.

Charles Tuttle—(Year Book)—

Copper Cliff is his home town,
And to all the girls he is renowned.

Charles Tyers—(Red Cross)—

Quiet, shy, and retiring,
Charlie's smile is very charming.

Christabel Tyers—

In Art and other subjects too—
Teachers like to know "Who's who".

June Vernon—

Such a lovely, pretty lass,
Has boys sighing in our class.

Dick Vincer—(Literary Society)—

Tall and handsome, that is Dick—
A lady's man, catch him quick.

John Vintar—(Literary Soc., Basketball)—

Dark and handsome, girls, take heed!
What he hasn't got, he doesn't need.

Norma Welch—

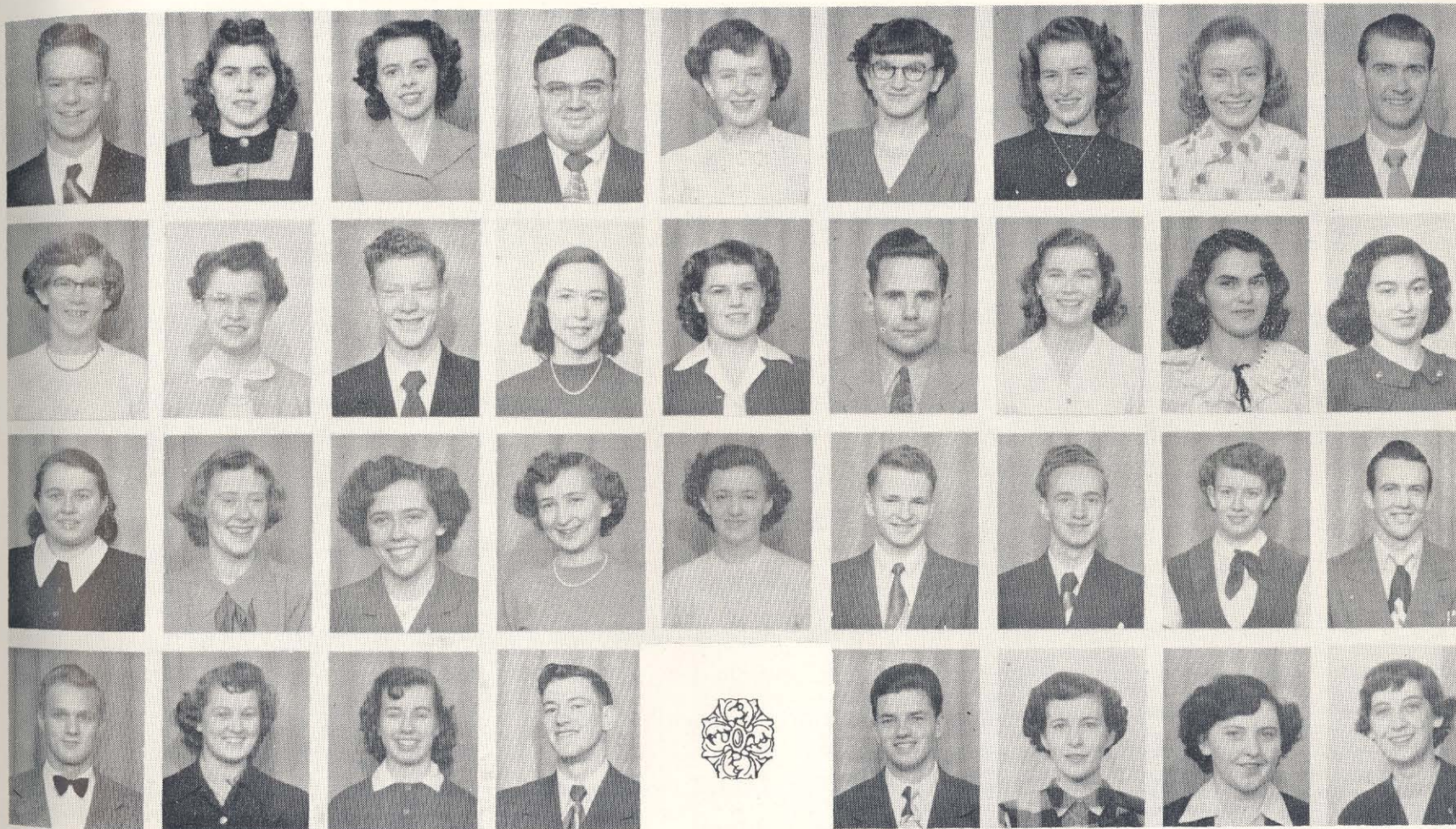
Always happy, always cheerful,
Sometimes quiet, never tearful.

Doreen White—

A quiet lass, when in the room,
But when outside—things go boom.

Ledia Zardo—

This young lass is slim and tall,
And really shines at basketball.



GROUP FOUR

- | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------------|------------|------------|
| F. RAAFLAUB | M. RICH | J. RIVARD | J. ROBB | M. ROBINSON | M. RUNNALLS | M. RUTHERFORD | A. SALONEN | A. SCHMIDT |
| H. SCOTT | S. SCOTT | R. SINCLAIR | R. SINCLAIR | J. SKENE | K. SKUCE | Y. SMART | C. SOTTILE | E. SPORER |
| J. STEMEROWICZ | I. STEVENSON | S. STEWART | S. STRADER | E. SUTTON | L. TRUSZ | G. TURNER | E. TUSTIAN | C. TUTTLE |
| C. TYERS | C. TYERS | J. VERNON | D. VINCER | | J. VINTAR | N. WELCH | D. WHITE | L. ZARDO |

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION



Since July 1st, 1920, the number of teachers (plus a few other professional men and women) who have graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts is 941. Many of these are now occupying some of the highest positions in the educational sphere in this Province and elsewhere.

Teachers who live within easy reach of the University attend classes in the evenings, taking the same instruction and writing the same examinations as do daytime students in the Pass Course in Arts. Those whose schools are distant from the University attend the Summer Session. Preparatory instruction is provided to these teachers if they so desire.

A new General Course in Arts is planned for next September; it is designed to provide for a good deal of concentration on one subject.

Students in the Normal Schools of Ontario are invited to write for any specific information they may require to
THE DIRECTOR, UNIVERSITY EXTENSION, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, TORONTO 5, ONTARIO.

MODERN ARTS

GROUP 2

*The painters did a very good job,
The pigeons did one better,
No stroke of brush, no boughten paint,
No need to read a letter.*

*The old school was a rosy red,
And now it's splashed with white.
Then, some bright student up and said,
"That's one thing we cannot fight."*

*When these artists plan a movement,
In the art of school improvement,
No classes, lectures or instruction
Could save the school from such destruction.*

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106 Main Street East

200 Main Street West

★

NORTH BAY

-

-

ONTARIO

HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE

By Jean Creasor

"Everything was black and gold, black and gold tonight." Yes, the Hallowe'en spirit was shown on that Thursday night, October 26, with the screaming black cats, weird black witches, and smiling jack-o'-lanterns. The lack of light in the halls of the Normal School cast a spooky atmosphere. That wasn't all — real humans, travelling incognito, lurked in these dark corners with the intention of terrifying any passers-by.

This could not go on all evening. There must be some form of entertainment and as usually is the custom at any masquerade, it commenced with a Grand March. Throughout the march, the impartial judges ably chose the winners. First prize went to Stan Dromisky, dressed as an old witch on a broomstick. Other prize winners included Nancy Lundberg and Betty Loach dressed as a pair of dice and Harry McClements, Mrs. McClements and Michael—typical Indian family.

More enjoyment followed with Virginia Reel, Polkas and other novelty dances. Some of the talented stars of the School provided a slight break with a few numbers.

To fill any hungry corner that might be present, doughnuts and cokes were served.

Dancing continued—but not for long—for at the stroke of twelve, the witches, goblins and monstrosities screeched away into the engulfing darkness to continue their night of horrors (Conga Line).

THE STAFF

GROUP 2

*Five lines and four spaces,
Nine happy shining faces.*

THE SWEATER HOP

Jean Creasor

It was 8.30 p.m., Friday, February 2, when "Normal" students filed into the oft-visited auditorium. The occasion was the Sweater Hop, the first dance sponsored by the second term Literary Society. As assumed by the title, the important attire was sweaters, and those who failed to come donned in a sweater, realized its importance when they were removed from the floor in an elimination dance.

Stan Dromisky acting as master of ceremonies, began the evening's entertainment with a grand march, ably led by Eleanor Dougall. When everyone was fatigued from pulling and being pulled, Stan provided the group with less boisterous dancing. This came in the form of games. The gala affair proceeded with a variety of dances such as tags, bingo dance, square dancing, broom and spoon dance, spot dances, elimination dance, waltzes and polkas, all flowing from the record player.

Une petite fille by the name of Lucille Bowen interrupted the jocund dances to favour the audience with a beautiful melody called "I'll Always Love You". Jack Davidson, our baritone gentleman, rendered the selection, "I Promise You". The singers were accompanied on the piano by Yvonne Smart and Ray Kaattari. The audience's appreciation was indicated by each receiving an encore. A surprise attack was made upon Tommy Crocker with a request to sing. But Tommy, being shy (?), called upon our George Bergh to join him in, "The Missouri Waltz."

At eleven o'clock, everything, except the fun and chatter, ceased temporarily. The reason for this lull was to make sure each person received his cup of coffee and piece of cake, as the obsequious waiters and waitresses passed by carrying loaded trays.

The success of this occasion was largely due to Eleanor Dougall and Stan Dromisky; however, the evening would not have been complete without the presence of several of our staff and visitors. It would also be fatal to a party to overlook the value of those who slaved in the Home Economics room preparing the refreshments.

Far too soon, the clock struck twelve midnight. What was to be done? Play a final waltz and say, "Buenos noches".



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JUNIOR RED CROSS

621 JARVIS STREET, TORONTO



BLUE AND SILVER WHIRL

By Margaret Cant

It was December 21st, 1950, and the Normal School was transformed into a veritable fairyland. What was the occasion? Why, it was the night of the Blue and Silver Whirl—the annual Christmas party.

At the main entrance, the couples looked about breathlessly. Could this be our Normal School? A huge Christmas tree, reaching up past the second floor, was lit with coloured lights, paper ornaments and silver icicles. All the available window space had been decorated with familiar Christmas scenes: The Star of Bethlehem, Carol Singers, boughs of holly and Christmas bells. Evergreen boughs, red ribbon and red imitation candles graced the stairway.

The second floor landing presented another lovely surprise. Facing the couples as they came up the stairs was the life-like Nativity scene.

As the merrymakers made their way up the wide staircase to the auditorium, they noticed two large angels painted on the huge window at the front of the school.

But, probably the most beautiful scene of all, was yet to come. Yes, it was the auditorium. How different it looked! The archway was covered with evergreen boughs, silver tinsel and coloured lights. Members of the staff and officers of the Literary Society graciously received the guests.

The remainder of the auditorium was just as fascinating. On either side of the stage were two large Christmas trees, covered with blue lights and silver tinsel. Snowmen stood guard at both sides of the stage. At the back was a Santa Claus scene—Santa travelling over the homes of the city. The windows were

transformed into Christmas cards, which were gaily lit by the quaint old lamps of long ago.

However, not only the decorations gave a festive air to the proceedings but the orchestra, aided in creating a happy atmosphere with its seasonal strains.

About midnight, a lunch was served by a group of the students under the convenorship of Miss Preston. This gave the dancers an opportunity to rest their feet, and allowed a brief respite for the orchestra.

Dancing continued until about 1:30 a.m., when the tired, but happy couples left the Normal School behind, to make their way homeward. With one accord, we all agree that it was one of the most memorable occasions of the year.

"JOHNNY"

TREVOR CULLIS

*I teach some forty pupils,
Some girls, some boys, and Johnny.
And some are clever, some are dumb,
But none so dumb as Johnny.*

*To all the sum of two and two
Makes four—excepting Johnny.
And CAT spells "cat" — To most of them
That is — but Johnny.*

*Who doesn't understand in History?
Social Studies? Johnny.
My one and only pedagogical
Defeat—is Johnny.*

*But teaching sometimes has rewards,
In spite of Johnny, for,
Who may in future years become
A cabinet minister? — Johnny!*

The University of Western Ontario

LONDON, CANADA

SUMMER SCHOOL—July 2nd to August 11th, 1951

1. Courses for the Permanent First Class certificate and for the General B.A. Degree.
2. Subjects for the B.A. Course for Teachers of Elementary Schools for which credit will be allowed for many of the special summer courses offered by the Department of Education.
3. Special courses in ART, PHYSICAL EDUCATION, RELIGION, THEATRE ARTS, etc.

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, Geography, History, French, German, Latin, Spanish and Philosophy.

For further information write to

The Director of Summer School and Extension Department



ADMINISTRATIVE MATERIAL



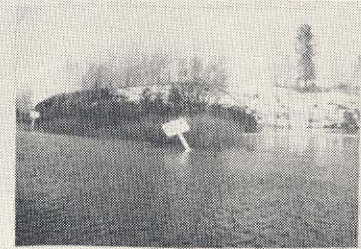
? INSIGHT ?



MEBAN



Yea! TIMMINS



SAULT "Hi-WAY"



SPRING!



ADMININTON!



N.C.



"THE GROCERY STORE"



"NORMAL" SNOW



SLEEPING BEAUTY (IES)
←



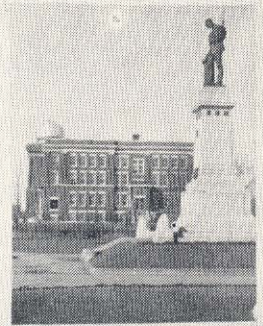
XMAS PARTY



SUDBURY to CAPREOL



PINKY



LETTERS

CATHY HAYSTEAD

*These letters which I hold in my hand
Have travelled from all over the land.
This one, down from Cochrane has sped.
It must have come via dog sled.
This one has come by train
From an unknown place called Hornepayne.
This one which I now hold
Has come from Timmins—the land of gold.
From Fort Frances, this one has come a long way;
All the way to the city North Bay!
This one has come from the Fort William camp.
I know because it has no stamp.
Oh, they come from everywhere
And all are handled with utmost care.*

LIFE (?) AT NORMAL

CATHY HAYSTEAD

*During Social Studies we all took a nap,
While Mr. Bulger and Johnston discussed a map,
But in Mr. Stennett's room, we are quite demure
For we are independently secure.
In Science class we are most eager,
As we intently discuss the beaver.
In Arithmetic class we pull out our hair—
Frustration is omnipresent there.
If we had come to Normal before they painted the hall,
Our Science of Education sheets would have papered them all.
In Reading class we get strange exercises.
Coming to Normal (?) you're in for surprises—
Eee-ah, eee-ah — like dying donkeys we sound,
Then we imitate Mr. Bieres as he digs in the ground.
In the school-yard we've started a hole—like Mr. Bieres
Maybe we'll get through to China in forty-seven years.
Although our abilities in art are rather rare,
Mrs. Irwin can always see what is there.
In Music class we squeak—quite off tune,
Heaven help us!—our oral test is coming up soon.
While crocheting, you hear the boys muttering a curse,
But in sewing and knitting they're even worse.
Varsol — lacquer — wood-screw — to us, girls, that's Greek.
If I must plane this block once more — you'll hear a shriek!
With planes, saws, varnish — up we are fed.
End a sentence with a preposition? — you'd be better off dead.
Dear teachers, I've written these rhymes just for fun,
And I've not meant malice to anyone.*

BOARDING-HOUSE BLUES

MARIE GERHART

*Our boarding-house is quite a place,
It seems we're having one big race.
In the morning
Without warning
We rush to the bathroom, as of old,
To find the water once more cold.
For stairs you think the Normal's bad,
Then just try the ones at our house—lad.
We tap the rad to get our heat
But on cold days it's quite a treat.
About the food we never groan,
When we notice how we've grown,
But what we like most of all,
Is music coming from the hall.
The vacuum cleaner is ever on,
We only wish it could sing a song.*

*But we'll never forget that place in the Bay,
No matter where we have to stay.*

Capital Theatre

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★ ★ ★

BOB HARVEY, Manager

AROUND THE NORMAL

(As told by a few well-known hymns)

Normal Edifice—"Rock of Ages."
Lectures—"Tell me the old, old story."
Music Period—"I will sing you a song."
Sc. of Ed.—"Has anybody found a trouble?"
Sc. and Agriculture—"We plow the fields and scatter."
Mental Health—"Somebody Cares."
Social Studies—"You can smile."
Woodwork Shop, 4 to 5 p.m.—"Work, for the night is coming."
Pictures for Miss Dick—"Bringing in the sheaves."
Friday Tests—"In the hour of trial."
Memory Gems—"Heavenly Jewels."
Inspectors' Conference—"Old Fashioned Meeting."
Lesson Plans—"Go Labour On."
Teacher-dominated Class—"The Old Fashioned Faith."
Films in the Auditorium—"Sunshine and Shadow."
Radio Broadcasts—"Sleep On, Beloved."
Honour Lesson—"O That Will Be Glory."
To the boys in woodwork—"Do something for others."
Fred Foss—"Brighten the corner where you are."
Ken Skuce—"I love to tell the story."
Ed Bromley—"I'll be a sunbeam."
Absentees on teaching days—"We may not know, we cannot tell."
8.15 a.m.—"Christians Awake!"
The ascent to the Auditorium—"Art thou weary, art thou languid?"
Between period bells—"Revive us again."
Classes end—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
Janitor at 5 p.m.—"Watchman, tell us of the night."
Arcadian Grill—"What means this eager anxious throng?"
Friday 4 p.m.—"Safely through another week."
Landlady's query—"Art thou coming home tonight?"
Weekend—"O days of rest and gladness."
Final Exams—"God Be With You."
June 1, 1951—"O Lord, how happy we shall be!"
'51 Graduates in '75—"Sweeter as the years go by."
Superannuated—"O HAPPY DAY!"

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NORTH BAY, ONTARIO

- ENTERPRISES -



INTRODUCTION

By Marilyn Parish

One of the many interesting features of the Normal School year was the production of ten enterprises as interpreted by Primary grades in connection with our work in Social Studies under the guidance of Miss Dick. Here the students learned the meaning of co-operation and hard work. Yet in every enterprise there should be fun and accomplishment and so it was with the Normal School enterprises. In the following paragraphs we will recall the hilarious times spent in preparation and the sense of pride gained from achievement.

THE FARM ENTERPRISE

By Eleanor Dougall

"The Farm" was the first in the series of enterprises. members of our group called ourselves The Farmers' Association. We met for our first conference a few evenings before the initial performance to discuss the methods we should use. The informal gathering soon turned into a bedlam of paper scissors and paper. However, the entire cast of costumed sheep, pigs, cows and barnyard animals successfully assembled on the stage before the curtains were drawn on Friday afternoon. Everyone agreed that the highlight of the presentation was the farmer's description of his farm.

HOMES AROUND THE WORLD

By Sheila Scott

The enterprise "Homes Around the World" was the second one to be presented in the Assembly Hall. This enterprise consisted of homes in all the countries which are on the Grade Three course of study.

It was arranged that two people work together on each country except Canada. Three students were to make the various types of homes found in our own country. Each small group was responsible for one or two models of the homes, and for finding suitable pictures and books that could be used by pupils studying this topic.

The homes were well made. As a matter of interest one of the students modelled an original grass skirt from Hawaii. A student working on China brought souvenirs from China.

In the Assembly Hall the students told the audience what they had learned in their interesting research work.

We, who took part, realize what can be accomplished through co-operation and interest in studying a Primary topic.

THE TRAIN ENTERPRISE

By Jack Graham

Unlike most other enterprises which got under way with a bang, the train enterprise started with a toot! With the able assistance and co-operation of Mr. Reed and his son, we had set up a model train which actually ran. This model train, a supposed birthday present to a pupil, brought forth many queries as to the construction, maintenance and operation of trains.

To be able to answer such questions, our group had taken a tour of the O.N.R. shops and yards. Much to the consternation of the female members of our group, we found that diesel locomotives were not built to accommodate ladies attired in tight skirts and white gloves. This tour proved very interesting and provided us with a background of information for our enterprise.

The group undertook to construct a model train of cardboard. Miss Marie Gerhart headed this job and conscientiously worked on the complicated construction of a flat car. This model train was presented car by car, accompanied by an illustration of its construction and use.

In a series of pictures illustrating the operation of trains, one of the foremost characters in each picture was "my dog Toot". Toot became the theme of our programme and provided a connecting link as well as a touch of humour.

The planning and exhibition (and we mean that literally) of this enterprise provided much fun and fellowship. Everyone agreed that we had a tooting good time.

The teacher was reading poetry—"And words go swiftly through the sky—On shining wings . . ."

Miss Dick—"What picture do you see in those words, Don?"

Don Cowden (dreaming)—"A rabbit picking Easter eggs!"

THE GROCERY STORE

By Margaret Cant and Norma Cameron

January 19th was fast approaching and the members of the "Grocery Store Enterprise" were still confused as to what they should do. Although several meetings had been held, nothing had been decided definitely. What was going to be done?

At last January 15th arrived. Old tin cans, paper bags, cardboard boxes, tin can labels and egg boxes began appearing. These were the articles for our store.

That was not all that had to happen. We students were to participate in the enterprise and were going to be animated groceriers. Each one had to compose a verse about the fruit, vegetable, meat or dairy product which he represented. Then we made pictures of ourselves on bristol board or designed a costume. The lines for the other members of the cast were written and our grocery store was set up.

On Thursday evening, we thought everything was ready for a dress rehearsal, but of course, some of the cast were missing. Friday arrived—everyone was running about thither and yon, gathering every last bit of material to make this enterprise a real success, but as usual there was a snag. Our difficulty was the fit of Little Lou's pyjamas.

In spite of our mishaps and mistakes our enterprise was quite a success. Through planning and presenting the "Grocery Store" we learned how to develop an enterprise, to work together, and to have fun as a group.

"Child Psychology"

Tom Crocker: One morning during my last week of teaching, one boy was particularly noisy. He kept talking and generally disturbing the class. Finally I made him move, and take his desk to the back of the room. He looked surprised and said,

"What's this for?"

"Well," I replied sweetly, "I don't want the rest of the class to disturb you, so you sit back here all alone."

THE STORY OF PAPER

By Dorothy Kiiskila

As the curtain slowly closed upon the final scene of the "Story of Paper" enterprise, the ten of us heaved a thankful sigh of relief and satisfaction. Now it was over. We were through with all the planning and worrying that had kept us awake nights with visions of giant buck-saws and miniature paper mills.

We shall never forget the miles we trudged through banks of snow in search of trees. At every plodding step we were half tempted to turn back and relieve some well-landscaped lawn of an extra spruce or balsam. Finally we managed to carry off several emaciated evergreens from the forest. It was with pride and a feeling of accomplishment that we laid them at the door of the Normal School on that cold winter day.

Great was our dismay, however, when we went for a practice the next night. Our trees were gone. Glancing up the stairway, which was gaily decked for Christmas with evergreen boughs, we knew at once what had happened to our trees. By some happy compromise we did manage to have trees for our enterprise. We had difficulty finding stands for them, but our problem was solved when Margaret Kwasnitza volunteered to support our forest.

Our two hardy lumberjacks, Nellie Kotuba and Leda Lewchuk, had a splendid time manipulating the improvised buck-saw while Jerry and Joan (Leila Leo and Iris Kujansuu) were greatly impressed by the waltzing horse. The horse, by the way, was made up of Carmel Landreville and Nelda Langevin. The model paper mill was made by Joe Kliner, Audrey Livingstone and Dorothy Kiiskila.

Although we presented our enterprise on December 18th we little realized that we were not through with it. Miss Dick surprised us by asking if we would present it for the Inspectors

OUR FATHERS' OCCUPATIONS

By Doreen White

After an enterprise, the pupils should have an opportunity of appraising their work, of considering what was well done and what was not so well done and points to remember for future reference. From our enterprise we received critical evaluation which is so important to all of us.

We became socially adjusted with our class by working together and finding material relating to the milkman, the miner, the policeman, the doctor and the fireman.

The evening we spent at Miss Strader's must be included on the social side of our enterprise. Here we presented the various ideas and suggestions we had collected in an atmosphere of sociability.

The various incidents, the achievements and the enjoyment which went with the enterprise will long live in our memory.

Confucious say and Normalites agree: The brain was made to think with; but the pocket-book makes most of the decisions.

June: "What are the initials of the International Youth's Questionnaire?"

Gord: "I.Y.Q."

June: "I.Y.Q. too."

in February. So we began to worry anew. When we gave our second presentation there were a number of slight variations, which, we hope, were improvements.

Looking back upon all our endeavours, we have the feeling that we have been successful—not so much in the sense that our presentation was sensational, but because we enjoyed working together and have become much better friends.

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LEARNING ABOUT OUR CITY (NORTH BAY)

By Anne Mills

As those in our group had just come to North Bay, we didn't know much about the city. However, like the Grade Two pupils we were pretending to be, we found out all we could about 'The Gateway to the North'.

In planning our enterprise we had one meeting quite different from the usual ones. My landlady is very understanding and helpful, so she gave me permission to have the group meet at her house to plan our play. Five of us worked diligently for about two hours, then we had a snack—tea and delicious chocolate cake. Bill Pakkala had two huge pieces—to compensate for that he had to help with the dishes.

To refresh our memories in future years here is a summary of our enterprise:

- (1) Short Play—how North Bay started and grew showing Champlain, first settlers, first railways, town as it grew.
- (2) Classroom scene—pupils telling what they had learned of modern North Bay.

There is one mystery I would like to clear up. Champlain (Doreen) did not paddle across the stage. He (she) was pulled in the canoe.

Mrs. Milani: "Suppose a man was very pale, unconscious, bleeding from ears and nose, his skull fractured, back broken, arm twisted and numerous internal injuries. What would you do first?"

Buckley: "I'd bury him!"

Sentence being analyzed on board—"As he was swimming, he saw the girl."

Corrine Coultis—"What is the subject's bare object?"

NORTHERN ONTARIO

By Betty Loach

This enterprise was produced and presented by part of Group Three on March second. The stage was set with a fireplace (courtesy of Miss Mitchell) and a bookcase. We found little Judy and Mike browsing through the books on Northern Ontario. This had been the topic of conversation at school that week. Little Judy stifled a yawn, then sat down on the floor. Mike followed and soon they were fast asleep with the opened book beside them.

What's this? The book has grown larger and is opening. It must be a dream!

Several strange Indians come yelping through the pages of the book. Why, they look like the Indians of the Manitoulin. They put on a short skit and then return to the book. We turn the pages and come to the chapter on Sudbury. Here we learn of the discovery of nickel. We leave to find ourselves in North Bay where we meet our man—Mr. Beers. (He certainly does get around, only this time it is authentic!)

We hit the gold trail for the North, but first stop off in the thriving silver town of Cobalt. We are onlookers while Fred LaRose discovers silver. (There were some difficulties in props here,—we substituted a racoon for a fox.) Leaving the glittering silver town we roam further north to Kirkland Lake. The Lake Shore, Teck Hughes and Wright Hargreaves mines are established during our stay. Then northward again to the Porcupine camp—the richest of all. Next westward ho! This is the pulp and paper town of Fort Francis.

Alas, the book closes and grows small again.

Jack Graham (after changing gears): "Gosh, what a clutch!"

Jack Cameletti (from the back seat): "Keep your eyes on the road. This is none of your business."

CHILDREN OF NORWAY

By Colleen McLoughlin

"Wednesday night and no one is here yet!" This was the cry of maid Marion McVeigh, who had undertaken the harrowing task of group leader for our enterprise. Many sleepless Tuesday nights were passed not in which sheep were counted but rather marionettes hanging on the wall for lack of a talented hand. Marion, embarrassed by her witticism, just wanted us to pull a few strings and get there.

Above the rest of the bustle on scenery-painting nights could be heard, "Oh, stick a tree in there, Vi." Betty McLean spent her time in a corner untwisting marionette strings, but extra help was needed to get the paint can off Colleen's foot. Mike, our sound effects man, had trouble making that little brook babbling in their respective corners, making noises like, "I know had Peter and who had Boots. Norma's favourite excuse? — "But,—the bus was late, honest!" We left Charlotte and Harry babbling in their respective corners making noises like, "I know what I'd do with this darn script!" Bernice and Marjorie, our script readers, are still a trifle hoarse but otherwise came out of it unscathed. At all times and in all places, Mrs. Irwin was a tower of strength—she said we would do it and we did! Marion, poor girl, never quite got over it—and on this cheerful note I shall say "tout fini".

Ellen Cuddy—to lazy pupil with feet in the aisle:
"Take the gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

Mr. Bulger: "What is the plural of solo, Betty?"
Betty: "Duet!"

"What is the greatest hydraulic feat of the age?"
"Flushing Long Island."

THE TRAVELS OF A LETTER

By Cathy Haystead

Just what does the word "enterprise" mean? To us it means "fun"—yes, just plain fun! It was fun working and laughing together. We really got to know our classmates—not just for their character traits of truth, justice, loyalty, love of country, humanity, benevolence, sobriety, industry, frugality, purity and temperance but for their real personalities which are met outside the classroom.

The peace that reigns over a Saturday afternoon matinee prevailed over our meeting in Mr. Deyell's room with the hurling of bean bags across the room. Mr. Kemball hopes plastic surgery is becoming cheaper.

The night of the final rehearsal reared its ugly head at us! We were there to work! We did—for three minutes. At the final rehearsal, we gradually began to realize that in a few hours we would be on the stage in front of our fellow students.

The curtains opened. The audience saw little girls with big bows in their hair and little boys with scrubbed necks (you'll have to take my word for it) in a classroom scene. We sang our song read our stories and presented our version of 'The Travels of a Letter'.

Miss Mitchell: "Students, I want you to be careful about colds this winter. Why, I knew a little boy only seven years old who caught a cold when he was out sliding on his new toboggan. Pneumonia set in, and in three days he was dead!"

—Dead Silence—

Fred Foss: "Where is his toboggan?"

Teacher: "I hope I didn't see you looking at your book while the test was on, Jack."

Jack: "I hope not, Sir!"

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GUEST SPEAKERS

By Nancy Lundberg and Nellie Kotuba

Our guest speaker on January 30, was Reverend C. W. Sowbie, M.A., recently appointed Principal of Upper Canada College, Toronto. In his address, Mr. Sowbie gave an account of the public school systems in England where he was Warden of St. Edward's School, Oxford, and in Ireland where he became Headmaster of St. Columba's College. Rev. Sowbie is a very dynamic and delightful speaker.

On January 31, Mr. O'Brien, from the Physical and Health Branch of the Department of Education, visited the school. Mr. O'Brien, in his talk, stressed the extreme seriousness of the alcohol problem.

Dr. C. Stothers, B.A., D.Paed., Inspector of auxiliary classes, spoke to us about the problems which may and probably will confront us in regard to incapacitated children. By use of a movie, we were better able to understand the work being done to help them.

On February 2, Mrs. Mildred Fahrni gave us an enlightening speech on, "Ghandi As I Knew Him". We were greatly interested in her talk and also in the pictures and pamphlets which she displayed.

Miss Jean Nadon, of the Ontario Division of the Junior Red Cross, supplied the background and interest for us to carry out the programme of our Junior Red Cross Society.

Mr. A. Skjemstad, a school inspector from Norway, greatly interested us in his comparison of the school systems of Norway and Canada.

Mrs. Harrington, on behalf of the Ontario Division of the Junior Red Cross, visited the school and presented Sheila Scott, our Junior Red Cross President, with a crest.

Mrs. McClelland, President of the Home and School Association of Ontario, spoke to us regarding the value of Home and School Associations. We greatly benefited from this information.

Miss Welsh, a representative of the MacMillan Company of Canada, gave us valuable information about the importance of books in school.

Mr. Clark, from the Department of Agriculture, made us aware of the great need for reforestation and beautification of school grounds. Movies showed us more clearly the great possibilities in this regard.

Mr. Preuter, during the local Inspectors' Convention, spoke to us about the need for and value of conservation.

Also, during the local Inspectors' Convention, Mr. Wright, P.T. Supervisor, and Mr. Jacks addressed us.

Dr. Dunlop, Director of Extension Courses, University of Toronto, gave us information as to how we may obtain our B.A. Degree. He outlined for us, the new General Course for teachers at the Toronto University.

Other speakers addressed us after the Year Book went to 'press'.

We always laugh at teachers' jokes, no matter how dry they be;
Not because they are funny jokes but because of policy.

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- ATHLETICS -



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Jack Cameletti, Ross Sinclair, James Robb, (Coach); John Vintar, Tom Crocker.
Front Row—Walter Kembell, Jack Graham, Mike Mihalik, (Captain); George Bergh, Roy Keetch.

Under the capable coaching of Mike Mihalik, our boys' basketball team finished second to the North Bay Chevrolets in the Men's League this year.

In the semi-finals, they went down fighting before the N.B.C.I. and V.S. Trojans, losing the total-point series by 14 points, 35-23 and 42-40.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Joyce Johnson, Leda Lewchuk, Helen Scott, Eleanor Dougall, Bernice McGuire, James Robb, (Coach);
Nancy Lundberg, Ledia Zardo, Jenny Morelli, Nancy Quance, Delma Farenzena.

Front Row—Sheila Scott, Carmen Landreville, Betty Irving, (Captain); Leila Leo, Marilyn Parish.

We, of the basketball team 50-51, can only say, "We had a lot of fun!" Throughout the season, we fought hard for a single victory. The last words spoken after every game were—"Well, maybe we'll take the game next Monday."

Our coach, Miss Wilson, and our trainer, Mr. "Spanky" Robb, urged us onward. At our far too few practices, we tried to improve our shots—with the guards making all the 'baskets'. Our attempt to recall plays during the actual games, was futile.

"But they worked so well during practice!" yells Spanky. "Why can't you work them now?"

"We have opposition," mumbles Betty.

Our toil brought achievement, for we did win one game.

Captain	—Betty Irving	
Forwards	—Carmen Landreville	Sheila Scott
	Ledia Zardo	Helen Scott
	Leda Lewchuk	Delma Farenzena
	Joyce Johnson	Leila Leo
Guards	—Nancy Lundberg	Eleanor Dougall
	Marilyn Parish	Jenny Morelli
	Nancy Quance	Bernice McGuire



BADMINTON CLUB

Back Row—Norma Cameron, June Maddison, Leo Trusz, Glenn Turner, Raymond Kaattari, Donald Cowden, Gordon Evans, Marilyn Rutherford, Charlotte Meyers.

Middle Row—Colleen McLoughlin, Marjorie Miller, Ellen Cuddy, Rosemary Maunsell, Nellie Kotuba, Nita Johnston, Jessie Duncan, Margaret Cant, Marilyn Parish.

Front Row—Helen Scott, Jean Budd, (Sec.); Roy Cameron, (Vice-Pres.); Mr. E. C. Beacom, (Hon. Pres.); John Buckley, (Pres.); Anne Mills, (Treas.); Dorothy Brewtnall.

As I sit here, pondering over our year at Normal, I think of those bleak days in October when we didn't think we could possibly form a Badminton Club. We were really disappointed, but after Mr. Beacom kindly consented to let us use the Assembly Hall for our meetings, our hopes were realized.

First on the agenda were the nominations and the election of officers. Filing these offices were Mr. Beacom—Honourary President; Jack Buckley—President; Roy Cameron—Vice-President; Anne Mills—Treasurer; Jean Budd—Secretary. This executive acted immediately and games began on the following Thursday evening.

The biggest event of the year was our Singles Tournament.

Helen Scott carried off top honours with Leo Trusz a close second. Along with the Badminton Champs, we also crowned the Ping-Pong winners, Gordon Evans and Harry McClements.

Our club did well financially because of our dollar membership fee. We purchased birds, ping-pong balls and nets, and the financial assistance from the Literary Society enabled us to have three rackets re-strung.

Another milestone was reached when the members purchased attractive crests.

In conclusion, I think all the Badminton members will join with me, saying, "We had many exciting games in the Assembly Hall from 7:30 to 9:30 on Thursday evenings."

OUR BOWLING LEAGUE

Eleanor Dougall

If one were to walk down Main Street in the vicinity of the Capitol Theatre, on a Tuesday afternoon between the hours of four and six-thirty, one might be rather alarmed at the noise and commotion coming from below. There would be, however, little cause for alarm to anybody who knew that the disturbance was only a result of the Normal School Bowling League.

When the door to the bowling alley is opened, a mingled roar of screeching voices, clapping hands, thundering balls and crashing pins is heard. Over this continual clamour, one might hear, "A strike!" or "Not another blow!" or the dull thud of a gutter ball.

The signs on the walls which read "Foul Line Rule Strictly Enforced" and "Lofting of Balls Prohibited" look rather ridiculous as time after time the shoes of the bowlers glide over the foul line and many balls are thrown down the alleys, only to land with a crack half way to their destination.

But what is this? One of the bowlers is down on her knees at the head of the alley! Is she praying that the ball she has just thrown will hit the standing pins? After a closer investigation, we find that the reason she is in this embarrassing position is because of a piece of gum stuck to the sole of her bowling shoe.

Apparently the young man bowling on the next alley is also the victim of embarrassment. In his attempt to throw a "curve ball", he had curved his hand too much and had sent the ball hurtling back towards his team-mates. He had to be reminded that he was not bowling in an elimination tournament.

There were, of course, other minor casualties. Who was the girl who dropped the ball with a yelp of pain, when her finger was all but mangled between two balls as they were arranging themselves neatly in a row to be ready for use again?

Perhaps the most exciting minutes spent by our bowling league were those in which the various members of the teams would crowd around the score sheets to add up the bowlers' scores and to find out which teams were on top. The scores would be added several times before the correct answer was given. This fact gives proof to Mr. Deyell's statement that "even in Normal school there are students who do not know their addition facts."

As a motivation to future bowlers, may I add that a good time was had by all.

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GROUP 3

Colleen McLoughlin

As a memento to posterity
 Our presence, here, support,
 With all due charity
 Our class I will report:
 Brunettes—we have many;
 Marjorie, Norma, Bernice and Jenny.
 Blondes—we have, as you'll see soon;
 Nancy, Sky, Marg, and June.
 They think they're forgotten,
 About this they're not fretty.
 So, here, I will mention
 Fair Joy, Anne and Betty.

Talent abounds in no small measure.
 Nature smiled on them with pleasure.
 Rembrandt MacQuarrie and Raphael Parish,
 Whose works of art are things to cherish.
 "Barbara Ann" Loach and "Rocket" Bill
 On the ice are loaded with skill.
 Marion, too, does well in Gramma',
 Though her talents lean more to Drama.
 In Mr. Reed's class competition is keen
 Between MacKinnon's warbling and the back saw's scream.
 Mr. Deyell's gasp came out like a boom,
 When Vi asked, sweetly, "for a smoking room?"
 Marg Mair's answers—will we ever forget?
 Mr. Beacom is laughing at them yet!
 Anne and her dimples have won acclaim.
 D. Moulton's voice is her fortune and fame.
 Harry McClements is our class "Big Brother",
 Though there's no "other" girl he says he'd ruther.
 Marion comes from the Lake of the Wood,
 She says t-h-a-t long, the fish, it stood!
 "Whence comes evaporated milk?" asked Miss P.
 "From the can," said Jackie—tee, hee, hee!
 Elva hit a homer and great was her feat
 But what other interests are down at Trout Creek?
 Cupid really has some trouble—
 Charlotte and Pat make him run on the double.
 Doris is interested in Ottawa "U"
 And who can equal June's Algebra "I.Q."?
 Eileen Pawlech's smile is contagious
 And Don Lougheed's wit is really outrageous!
 Mary's smile beams for all to see,

GROUP 4

What would happen if—

Fred Raaflaub didn't get the attendance marked?
 Monica Rich didn't sit with Fred in Room 1?
 Judy Rivard didn't crack at least one joke each class?
 James Robb didn't blow his nose?
 Merle Robinson didn't get a letter every other day?
 Mona Runnalls spoke out loudly?
 Marilyn Rutherford forgot how to draw?
 Aili Salonen lost her diamond?
 Allan Schmidt lost his accent?
 Helen Scott stopped talking?
 Sheila Scott quit the Junior Red Cross?
 Ross Sinclair wore dark ties and shirts?
 Ruth Sinclair didn't ask questions?
 Joan Skene forgot how to play the piano?
 Ken Skuce didn't know a joke?
 Yvonne Smart wasn't Smart?
 Carmel Sottile gave up philosophy?
 Elizabeth Sporer got mad and said something?
 Josephine Stemerowicz stopped laughing?
 Isobel Stevenson looked wide awake?
 Shirley Stewart didn't collect hymn books every morning?
 Shirley Strader lost her voice?
 Elsie Sutton left Leo?
 Leo Trusz lost his camera?
 Glen Turner learned how to somersault?
 Eleanor Tustian quit talking to Flash?
 Charlie Tuttle got over his failure lesson?
 Charles Tyers brought in a library book on time?
 Chris Tyers lost track of Charlie for awhile?
 June Vernon stopped getting A's?
 John Vintar became short and fair?
 Dick Vincer became shy?
 Norma Welch said something?
 Doreen White learned to draw?
 Ledia Zardo didn't get a basket?

But Nancy Q's turns to R.M.C.
 Rosemary spends her week-ends at "Ole Mac Hall"
 While Mike wins fame at Basketball!
 The writer of this has wit, charm and youth
 What's that you say?—It is too, the truth!

A BOARDING HOUSE INCIDENT

Donald Cowden

All was quiet in the upper regions of 804 Front Street, when our tired and pain-wracked hero returned. Something must be done! His shoulder was badly wrenched from a basketball encounter. Doctor Pakkala and his able assistants, Doctors Tuttle and Cameletti, prescribed the "HEAT TREATMENT". A goose-necked lamp was deftly wrapped in two towels, and placed on the wounded shoulder. Our hero climbed into his bed to rest. Twenty minutes later, on a routine check of the ward, Doctor Tuttle scented the subtle odour of burning cloth. On a further investigation by deputy fire-chief Cowden, a potential conflagration of no small means was discovered nestling close to the pain-wracked body of our hero, poor Jack Graham. Smoke-eater Tuttle, with tools in hand, extinguished the smouldering remains of two boarding-house towels about the charred electric light bulb.

Doctor Tuttle has been recommended on the merits of this brave deed, for the Caldecott Award for bravery.

BOY'S BASKETBALL

James Robb

(Continued from page 45)

Mike Mihalik (forward and captain) was top scorer on the squad. This "dribbling wizard" from Fort William was always bringing cheers from the fans and boos from opposing teams with his amazing ball-handling feats.

Jack Graham (centre)—The blonde play-maker from Sault Ste. Marie, while plagued with injuries all year was still one of the scoring stars of the team.

Jack Cameletti (forward)—The rugged boy from Copper Cliff could always be counted on to play a hard, steady game. He was especially effective when the going got tough.

George Bergh (forward)—He was always in on top of the play and got his share of points. The Sudbury flash was a tower of strength on the front line.

Walter Kemball—The Timmins scrapper, when not standing nose to nose with a member of the opposition, was busy potting points — 7, I think.

Roy Keetch (guard)—The boys up front didn't worry about the opposing forwards with the man from Barrie taking care of them. He was a high scorer for the guards.

Ross Sinclair (forward)—The red-head from Fort William who always played a good ball game. His best game was the last one, when he gained 19 points.

Thomas Crocker (guard)—Tommy amazed everyone, in-



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cluding himself, by getting 3 points in the last game. The Fort William product played a good, steady game all year.

John Vintar (guard)—It's a good thing Timmins sent John to play guard, or the scores against us would have been terrific. John could be counted on to pick off the rebounds.

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FIRST LESSON

By Nancy Lundberg

"Miss Normalite, class," the teacher said,
While I stood up, first pale, then red.
The children's faces stared at me,
And I dared not think what their verdict would be.

I glanced at the windows and the doors shut tight,
No way to escape and all this to fight,
Hot blood spurted through me, my knees they did shake,
In the pit of my stomach was the dullest lone ache.

Braced for the worst, I decided to speak,
But what came forth sounded pitifully weak,
A step forward I took with uncertain grace,
But my shoes started squeaking. Oh! could I keep face?

Then I peeked at the clock, was delighted to see
The time for conclusion soon would be,
So concrete material I handled with care,
And a blackboard summary I even did dare.

The next student teacher I then introduced
And wiped off the perspiration my brow had produced.

"Normal is easy!"
So you have heard.
That statement, my dears,
Is completely absurd!

And the student teacher on taking attendance said, "If anyone is absent will he please raise his hand."

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STRANDED

By Doreen MacKinnon

There we sat, Pat, Stan, Jack B., Leda L., Norma W., and I, on the steps of the Powassan High School, unable to believe that the taxi had really left us in the wilderness. What were we to do? No buses until twelve, no money to take a taxi and too far to walk.

Interested? Here's what happened. After observing one lesson at the school and a Literary programme of the best local talent, featuring Hank Jones and his electric guitar, the time was just 3:30. The taxi wasn't due until 4:15. Therefore, we decided to sally down the main street to "Duffy's Grill".

This was adventure!

At 4:00 we reluctantly returned to the school to wait for the taxi. We waited until 4:15. We waited until 4:30. We waited with mounting anxiety, but no taxi.

After inquiring from the janitor inside the school, Jack returned with the air of a doomed man. Oh no!—the taxi couldn't have left us—but it had!

Weak at heart, we trudged down the highway with the sun sinking in the west and the visions of the night upon us.

Almost immediately a huge cattle truck lumbered along. Frantically I wave my big leather book (please, would he stop!) With a squeal of brakes, the driver offered us a ride—to Callander. Oh well, that was better than nothing—we thought! The truck had the high wooden sides necessary for transporting cattle, and also the cattle truck aroma. But we kept our heads up and as we were hanging on to the sides—trying to keep out of the wind—we were reminded of that familiar saying of Mr. Beacom's—"Uphold the dignity of your profession".

Ode To One-armed Drivers

Onward they rush,
Heedless they swirl,
With a head full of mush,
And an arm full of girl.

GROUP 2

- "A" is for Audrey, so nice and neat.
- "B" is for the Bettys, so quiet and sweet.
- "C" is for Cathy, the giggling gal.
- "D" is for Dorothy, everyone's pal.
- "E" is for Elizabeth, whose heart is at Queen's.
- "F" is for Freeborn, who has distant dreams.
- "G" is for Graham, a very nice guy.
- "H" is for Helen, who isn't so shy.
- "I" is for Ila, a snappy lass.
- "J" is for John, who roars in class.
- "K" is for Keetch, our married man.
- "L" is for Lyla, catch—if you can.
- "M" is for Marg, May and Marie; bundles from heaven come in three.
- "N" is for Nelda, Nita, and Nell, as teachers, they'll do very well.
- "O" is for others, who will not work in.
- "P" is for plans they should begin.
- "Q" is for questions asked each day.
- "R" is for Raymond, who knows what to say.
- "S" is for Sadie, the spelling ace.
- "T" is for talk that always takes place.
- "U" is for us, a noisy hive.
- "V" is for victory for which we all strive.
- "W" is for Walter, the tall, blonde lad.
- "X" is for the unknown we wish we all had.
- "Y" is for the year, the one we had here.
- "Z" is for zeal, which will always appear.

Colleen McLoughlin to her mother: "I taught choral reading today!"

Mother: "Who is she?"

THE HISTORICAL APPLE

Newton was very tired.
 He sat down under an apple tree.
 He yawned.
 He leaned back and went to sleep.
 An apple fell from the tree.
 It hit Newton on the head.
 Some people laugh about this story.
 But Newt did not laugh.
 He was struck by the GRAVITY of the situation.

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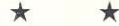
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