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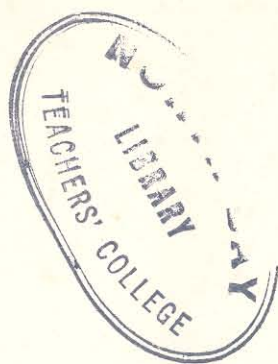
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1951-52















THE

*Forty-Third Annual*

# YEAR BOOK



PREPARED BY THE

STUDENTS OF

**North Bay Normal School**

MAY, 1952



# *North Bay Normal School*





# North Bay Normal School



## *The Principal's Message . . .*

It is, I believe, fitting that in this my final message to you, the 1951-52 class, I should first briefly summarize a few of the highlights of our association together during the past year. The period has been one of many innovations in the Normal Schools. These have included radical changes in the character and extent of the practice teaching and in the alignment and content of the subjects taught. A further departure from custom has been the abandonment of the uniform final examinations. Such

changes have all stemmed from the desire of the Department of Education to give greater local autonomy to all types of schools in the Province.

This greater freedom now extended presents an outstanding challenge to you as beginning teachers. It assumes that you will be in a position to make wise choices as to the material to be taught and in the way this can be presented to the best advantage. It presupposes that you will have a deep insight into the nature of child development and into the fundamental differences existing among your future charges. It implies that you will be capable of providing definite leadership in the community in which you serve.

We of the staff have endeavoured to give you a substantial background for the many duties that lie ahead. We have watched your development during the year with interest and with growing pride in your accomplishments. We have seen you assuming even greater responsibilities and discharging them with increasing credit. We have witnessed your transformation into persons to whom the welfare of the children in the schools can be entrusted.

It is our sincere hope that you have enjoyed your year as much as we have enjoyed working with you. We will follow your careers with interest, rejoicing in the added responsibilities we feel many of you will be called on to assume in future years as you progress in your chosen profession. May you find joy in your work and may you uphold the best traditions of those who have gone forth from this school to train our future citizens.

I leave with you my best wishes for your success.

E. C. BEACOM,  
Principal.



# North Bay Normal School



## SUGGESTIONS FROM THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

As during my long career in education I spent thirteen years in teacher-training, I know very well the problems encountered by the young men and the young women in the Normal School of Ontario. Indeed, for more than thirty years I have visited Normal Schools once a year and have talked with staffs and students about the trends in education. You who are now enrolled in the Normal Schools of this Province have been wise in your choice of a profession and fortunate in the conditions under which you commence your teaching careers, for teachers are scarce in Ontario and will be scarcer in the near future. This does not mean that you must be complacent about your chosen work. On the other hand, it means that you must give the best you have in energy, in scholarship, in technique, in such a way that you will make a great success of your classroom duties.

Let me suggest that a motto for teachers during the present turmoil might very well be a Biblical expression —“Hold fast that which is good”. Do not adopt any change in educational methods, or any educational procedure, which has not been thoroughly proved to be beneficial. For example, there is no substitute for ability to speak and to write good English, nor is there any substitute for accurate skill in arithmetical computation. You pupils must be taught to read well and to write well and they must also be taught to be good Canadian citizens who know what democracy means and who know what a privilege it is to be free people in a free country. For these fundamentals there are no substitutes and you really must, if you hope to succeed, devote a great deal of attention to the suggestions I have made.

You will find, as the years go on, that there is no satisfaction so real and so lasting as that which comes from worthwhile achievement and that means that we must all work hard. Pupils in our schools like hard work, as you will soon find, and there is no danger in competition in schools. Surely boys and girls must learn to work hard and must learn to enjoy competition, because as soon as they leave school they encounter both and they must be prepared for active lives. If you see that your pupils are well prepared for the positions they occupy when they leave school; and, if you make sure that they have been taught loyalty to King and country as well as loyalty to God and to their parents, you will have rendered praiseworthy public service and you will have done a great deal to develop the Province of Ontario and the Dominion of Canada.

My cordial good wishes go with you as you take up your new duties next September.

W. J. DUNLOP,  
Minister of Education.

January 31st, 1952.



# North Bay Normal School



## ON TO THE SEA

Part of the District of Parry Sound in Northern Ontario I know well. Scattered through the area are many lakes, each with its own peculiar characteristics. One has crystal clear water with rocky shores rising precipitously to a great height; one is dark and sluggish, deeply shadowed by pines and frequented only by overly-zealous fishermen; and one is really not a lake at all, merely a widening of a river into an overgrown pond fringed with weeds where black bass lurk. These and many others are tied to each other by a river known by the rhythmical Indian name Magnetawan. On occasion, I have sought out the sources of the stream and have discovered clear cool springs rising in the hills. Eventually, the lakes and their tributaries unite to form a great body of water flowing into the Georgian Bay and on to the sea.

As students your days have been spent on the waters of a relatively quiet lake. But soon as classroom teachers you will enter upon the full flood of your professional life. May you do so with a zest and in a spirit of high adventure. With eager eyes boys and girls in town and country are looking to you and your teaching for the vision and courage which may enable them, in turn, to launch themselves undaunted on the deeper currents of life. They must not look in vain.

My best wishes go with you as you take up your responsibilities next September in the schools of Ontario.

F. S. RIVERS,  
Superintendent of Professional Training.



# North Bay Normal School



## Under The Dome

★ ★

Who remembers that bewildered, uneasy herd that milled around the Assembly hall at our first tea. No-one does now, but if you'll search the dusty memory closet in your frontal lobes, you'll recall we were just on the verge of a stampede. We knew some names and some faces, but which belonged to which was a mystery that put Ellery Queen to shame. And such mass ignorance. We thought that an application was a mustard plaster, the seatwork-recitation-seatwork cycle the technical name for a merry-go-round, and the solar system a choir where everyone sang alone. The Dome, with its headdress of pigeons, sat sedately and waited to see what its ———th family could do.

Then, as things got moving it didn't take long for the crowd to become a group. It's a wonder that the Dome didn't slip slightly awry with all the activity under its lofty perch. Soon we were welcomed into the Fellowship, and initiated into the Inner Sanctum of enterprises, neural arcs, slanted cursive writing, waffle looms, diagnostic tests, and fun with Dick and Jane. We even made friends with the feathered fellows that hold court in our upstairs hall. It was discovered that "G" wasn't something you said to a horse, and that you didn't get minor scales at the fish store.

Work was liberally diluted with play. The morning assembly was often the scene of great hilarity as the students literally stood on their heads (and worse) to outdo each other in personality-packed announcements. The weekly open house, Christmas and Spring formals, class plays—success after success put more feathers than pigeons in the Dome's cap.

The weekly tests a jumble of A's, B's, et cetera—while the first five lessons--even Shakespeare didn't attempt to describe the undescrivable! But then, as we went on into the weeks of teaching, there was the compensation that what couldn't become worse had to become better. By April the Dome was perching jauntily, beginning to think that maybe it would turn out a decent crop after all.

The year seemed hardly begun before it was over. Soon all that will be left at Normal of the class of '52 will be a group of unflattering faces in one of the stack of year books behind Miss Mitchell's desk. But we go, certain that our dear old Dome, smiling a maternal smile, sends us off with the wish "May your careers be as shining as the polished floors or N.B.N.S.!"

ISABELLE PLAUNT





STAFF

The Mill

WM



# North Bay Normal School



MISS B. DICK, B.A., B.Paed., Master  
Literature, Reading,  
Speech Correction,  
Religious Education,  
Mathematics (in part)  
Social Studies (in part)



MRS. J. IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed., Master  
Art, Health



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



MR. J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.Paed., Master  
General Methodology  
Mathematics (in part)  
Social Studies (in part)



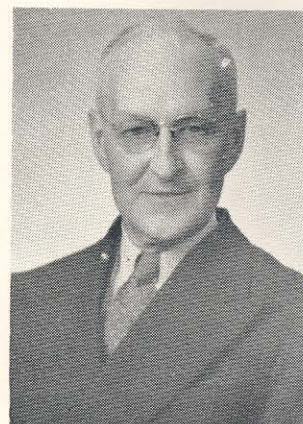
MR. WM. KIRK, M.A., Master  
Child Psychology,  
Mental Health,  
Composition, Grammar,  
Spelling



# North Bay Normal School



MISS E. MITCHELL, Librarian  
B.A., Mus. Bac., L. Mus.,  
Library Methods,  
Writing



MR. H. L. BAMFORD, A.T.C.M., Instructor  
Music



MR. A. B. REED, Instructor  
Crafts  
Physical Training



MISS AGNES JOHNSON, Instructor  
Home Economics



MISS H. J. WILSON, Instructor  
Physical Training



MISS K. McCUBBIN, Secretary



# North Bay Normal School



## RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Dr. J. Semple, Rev. F. Stymiest, Rev. C. Large, Rev. G. Herbst, Rev. A. Hancock, Rev. F. Devine (Absent), Rev. H. Bridge.

## RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

We wish to extend our appreciation and thanks to the clergy who have come to us this year. Their instruction has proven very worthwhile and interesting. We are sure that we will carry it with us into our classrooms.



## YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Front Row—Ross Kreager (Art Editor), Bill Greaves (Assistant Editor), Royce Pilsworth (Editor), Peter Petrick (Business Manager), Mr. W. R. Kirk (Staff Adviser).

Back Row—George Wallace, Ron Caufield, Jackie Shaw, Freda Akervall, Rita Yonick, Janet Minor, Marg Kouhi, Kate Lang, Wayne MacKinnon (Assistant Art Editor).



# North Bay Normal School

## Editorial

★ ★

This is the forty-third edition of the North Bay Normal School year book. It is not intended to serve as an heirloom, or to impress posterity with student opinions and aversions, but it is printed in the hope that in some small measure it may advance the cause of our profession.

This is neither an art nor a rogue's gallery, where frozen features are presented either to please or startle you: why apologize for what cannot now be changed? We have tried to provide information which will prove both interesting and valuable.

We wish to extend our thanks to all who have taken a keen interest in the work of our year book. We are grateful to all who have so willingly helped us in its publication and we want them to know that their valuable assistance has been deeply appreciated by us.

Kipling wrote:

*"Something hidden, Go and find it, Go and look behind the Ranges  
Something lost behind the Ranges,  
Lost and waiting for you. Go!"*

Together we stand at the foot of a great mountain range to salute the breaking of the dawn as we begin our journey through the untrodden years ahead. May our prayer be that of Joshua 14:12 "Now therefore give me this mountain." As we scale the heights putting into practice the lessons learned at Normal and being examples to the children both in the classroom and out of it, the answer will come back, "The mountain shall be thine." (Joshua 17-18)

With these thoughts in mind, we place in your hands the Year Book of 1951-52.

—ROYCE PILSWORTH (Editor).



# North Bay Normal School

## Practice Teachers

The staff and student-teachers of the North Bay Normal School wish to express their appreciation to the practice teachers who, through their encouragement and counsel have helped to make 1951-52 a successful year.

Sister Anastasia	Mr. R. K. Grant	Mrs. V. Pentland
Sister Jeannette	Miss M. Hill	Mr. L. Phillipps
Mrs. A. Angus	Mrs. D. Johnston	Mrs. A. Pritchard
Miss M. Baldasaro	Mr. R. Keetch	Miss D. Rose
Mr. H. Barber	Miss C. Kelly	Miss A. Runciman
Mrs. M. Barber	Mrs. R. Kingyens	Miss K. Sage
Miss H. Brown	Miss D. Leflar	Miss M. Sage
Miss E. Butler	Mr. R. J. Lehman	Mrs. J. Salmonson
Miss E. Carter	Miss C. Lett	Miss F. Scappatura
Mrs. D. Connell	Mrs. H. Loucks	Mr. A. Schmidt
Mr. E. Connell	Miss E. Lynett	Miss H. Sheppard
Mr. J. Crozier	Miss L. Macbeth	Mrs. V. Shortreed
Miss J. Cullen	Mrs. J. Mackay	Miss E. Stevens
Mrs. D. Curran	Miss M. McCabe	Miss L. St. Louis
Miss S. Dahm	Mrs. E. McCubbin	Miss J. Summers
Mrs. L. Daly	Mr. R. McKee	Miss W. Taylor
Mr. M. T. Davidson	Mr. E. Mills	Miss M. Thompson
Miss N. Deneau	Miss C. Mitchell	Mrs. T. Vaillancourt
Mrs. G. Deyell	Miss R. Monsour	Mr. R. Wallace
Miss E. Durrell	Miss E. Munns	Mrs. G. Weatherwax
Miss M. Forrest	Mrs. J. Munro	Mr. G. Weaver
Miss E. Fulcher	Mr. R. L. Newman	Mrs. H. Weaver
Miss B. Gagnon	Miss D. Nichols	Mr. J. Weller
Mrs. A. Graham	Mr. J. O. Nugent	Miss H. Willoughby
	Mrs. A. Parks	





STUDENT TEACHERS

The Mill

WMH



# North Bay Normal School



SR. ALEXIS



SR. MILDRED



SR. REGINA



F. AKERVALL



D. ALLAN



M. ANDERSON



M. BAKER



L. BATTOCHIO



F. BELL



M. BONAZZA



B. BONE



K. BOOTH



A. BOWERS



B. BOWMAN



I. BOYD



H. BRIGHTWELL



R. BROOKS



S. BROOKS



G. BROWN



J. CAMPBELL



R. CAULFIELD



C. CICCI



M. COLES



C. COURCHESNE



M. COWIE



J. CREERY



M. CUSHMAN



A. DAVIS



D. DAVIS



J. DENNIS



A. DESJARDINS



G. ELVIN



L. ERICKSON



L. FABELLO



D. FENNESSEY



S. FERA



<u>Name</u>	<u>Pet Song</u>	<u>Ambition</u>	<u>Destination</u>	<u>Favourite Expression</u>
Freda Akervall	Drink to me only with thine eyes	To be a wrestler	Truck driver	Drop dead
Doris Allan	Whispering Hope	To show Mr. Kirk she is a perfect speller	Spelling instructor for Barrie Island	Silence is golden
Mary Anderson	Gone Fishin' — or is it hunting, Mary?	To get hooked	Stringing a line	Sounds fishy!
Marjorie Baker	All I want for Christmas is my Wisdom tooth	Champion Skier at the Laurentian Ski Club	Sitting by the fireside at Laurentian Chalet waxing skiis?	Oh, Heavens, no!
Luigi Battochio	I get ideas	Teach Kindergarten	Waup-oos Island	You know I'm right.
Fred Bell	There's just one place for me—Chemistry	Raising? In Echo Bay	Echo Bay	Will your anchor hold?
Mary Bonazza	Knock 'em down again Pa!	Manufacturing "bowling balls" for teacher's use only!	Scrub woman in "Old People's Home"	She was a nice girl be- fore the volleyball hit her.
Barbara Bone	I've got you under my half-nelson.	To beat up "Gorgeous" George	Married to "Gorgeous" George	I'll break your arm!
Katie Booth	Everybody Loves a Baby (Boy)	To be a hair-dresser	Owning a poodle (cut)	Wha - - - at??
Arnold Bowers	Donkey Serenade (That laugh!)	To be a delinquent	Alcatraz	Anything ungrammatic- al
Betty Boman	Dan, the Accordion Man	To find the salt in Sault Ste. Marie	Accordion player in the Wawa Barber Shop Symphony	Oh, you like that, eh?
Iris Boyd	The Little Elf	To put MacTier on the map	Player on the MacTier Hockey team	What's that?
Helen Brightwell	Old Folks at Home	Mathematics Teacher	Shillington Census taker	Did you go home this week-end?
Rosemary Brooks	Ain't Misbehavin'	Not a school belle a Campbell	A rose covered cottage in Pennsylvania	My heart bleeds
Sheila Brooks	Brakeman's Blues	To work for the C.N.R. and O.N.R. at the same time	Waitress on the car run- ning between N.B. and Timmins	O! Crumb
Garna Brown	Don't Blame Me	To look after Potts	Chief cook in a spaghet- ti factory	Oh girls what have I done now?
Joanne Campbell	Cruising Down The River	To buy cheap sheets and pillow slips in Sault Michigan	A diamond cutter	As they say in the air- force "Roger"
Ron Caulfield	Soo City Ron	Explorer	Moon	Editor's Note: "I have- n't heard him say any- thing"
Clara Cicci	Dance of the Chinese Doll	Star in a Chinese stage play	"I'rop Man"	If it wasn't for the war we'd have Peace
Marion Coles	Say It With Music	Pursue the Princess Pats	Singing in the army show	So, you see . . .
Claire Courchesne	Take Me Down to the Bowling Alley	"To be a Case" — Our friend Clare—compliments of Mr. Kirk.	A rink rat at Maple Leaf Gardens	"O for cracked ice"
Joan Creery	Gonna Wash That Man Right out of My Hair	Go over Niagara Falls without a barrel	Dean of Women at the Normal School	etcetera
Margaret Cushman	My Body Lies Over the Ocean	Cross the Atlantic on a can of sardines	Travelling to Capreol on a CNR pass	Let's Charleston!
Audrey Davis	Two Loves Have I	To make pancakes like Aunt Jemima	? ? ?	"I take it all back"
Darleen Davis	All the nice Girls have a Sailor.	To be a nice girl	A Doctor's headache	I think so but I'm not quite sure
Jacqueline Dennis	Serenade of the Bells (Telephone that is)	To teach a Wesson	To get her BA, but she'll probably have her MAW first.	Bon Martin
Aline Desjardins	And So To Sleep Again	Truant Officer	The airport	Censored
Geneva Elvin	Chewing Gum	To become a Pro at two-batted ping pong	Hair dresser at the curl- ing rink	Oh joy!
Lillian Erickson	Pop Goes the Measles "Measles"	To put everyone on the spot	Drycleaning plant re- moving spots	How's your ——— for spots?
Lily Fabello	Lily Get Your Gun	To become a TV star	Replacing Gracie Fields	OH, gads!
Della Fennessey	Huggin' and Chalkin'	To live in the woods	Spanish	Oh, piffle!
Shirley Fera	I Get Tears In My Ears from Lying on My Back in Bed Crying Over You	To marry an electrician and live a shocking life	Teaching the 8-system at Toronto Normal	If there is anything I like it's a (consider- ate) man.



# North Bay Normal School



M. FLEMING



M. FRONAI



E. GIBSON



L. GLADSTONE



A. GOTLIE



W. GREAVES



P. HAMPTON



P. HANDLEY



F. HARKNESS



P. HAWKE



A. HILL



P. HILL



V. HOLY



T. HOWARD



R. HULME



R. JAWORSKI



D. JOHNSON



I. JORON



M. KENNEY



J. KIRBY



B. KIRK



M. KOUHI



R. KREAGER



V. KRIENKE



C. LANE



K. LANG



S. LATIMER



E. LAURILA



A. LAWSON



S. LEE



J. LEGARY



E. LINDKVIST



J. LUND



L. LUOMA



P. MACDONALD



G. PERRY



<u>Name</u>	<u>Pet Song</u>	<u>Ambition</u>	<u>Probable Destination</u>	<u>Favourite Expression</u>
Murray Fleming	I Can't Give You Anything But Love	Rudolph Valentino the Second	Just plain Murray	Hi Babe!
Magdaline Fronais	Home Cookin'	To get that promised car	Riding a bicycle	Come to our house for supper What's up Doc?
Evelyn Gibson	Take me out to the ball game	To go to that 'Souther' land	Main floor at Eaton's	
Lorraine Gladstone	Let's Take an Old-Fashion Walk	Radio (Mike)	Selling Tonis	Now, in Coppercliff, we—
Anne Gotlie	Liberty Belle	To find the echo	The opera	Men are the cwaziest animals!
Bill Greaves	The Night is Young and I'm So Beautiful	To sing at the Met	Teaching rote songs	What a rat race!
Paul Hampton	Beethoven's Fifth	To get 'A' in Music	The delivery boy in his father's grocery store	Hey . . . Hey!
Patricia Handley	Rough and Ready	Coach of boy's basketball team	Picking up bottles on a football field	Ha! Ha!
Frances Harkness	Belita Felipa	To become Minister of Education	Chorus girl in the Casino	I <b>might</b> consider it
Patricia Hawke	Who's Sorry Now?	Get her MRS degree, fast	Nose Specialist	My nephew—
Audrey Hill	Daddy's Little Girl	To be an R.C.A.F. squad leader	Dietician	Hurry up, Rose
Patricia Hill	"Down Yonder"	To ring the bell	Wedding bells	That's what <b>you</b> think!
Valeria Holy	Slow Poke	To make a long speech	Teaching the art of whispering	Wait till I ask Joanne
Terry Howard	I Only Have Eyes For You	To keep a man	Dusting paintings	Oh, you carah-cter!
Robert Hulme	Mr. Sound Effects Man, Esq.	Radio station at the North Pole	North Pole	Now, we amateurs—
Rose Jaworski	Dominoes	To give up smoking	Cigarette girl	Wha -- a -- t?
Darwin Johnson	Mama's Li'l Boy	To be an M.D.	A panhandler	Where's my medicine bottle?
Irene Joron	Always Late	To organize community projects	Running a Home for Lonely Veterans	Has the bell gone?
Margaret Kenney	My One and Only Child	Establish a 'Giggler's Anonymous'	School for the Only Child	Don't be silly!
Jean Kirby	Who Threw the Overalls?	To go to a dance where all men are taller than she	Somebody's prize!	So there, too!
Beryl Kirk	We Never Talk Much	To teach in a 10-grade school on Manitoulin	Teaching about discipline problems	Am I late?
Margaret Kouhi	I've got rings on my fingers—	To surpass the old woman who lived in a shoe	The shoe	I use Pond's
Ross Kreager	Artist's Life Waltz	Fire Ranger	Illustrating basic readers	Just slap on the paint
Velda Krienke	Roll or Bowl a Ball	To bowl 450	Pinboy	Corruption!
Catherine Lane	S-M-I-L-E	To liven up Lively	Professional bowler	That's right, too!
Kate Lang	Don't Fence Me In	Teaching slanted cur-sive, psychologically	Teaching enterprising youngsters	Pardon I!
Shirley Latimer	Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning	Model farmerette	Cheerful announcer for early morning programmes	Ah---h--h!
Elizabeth Laurila	Beautiful, Beautiful Brown Eyes	To keep Elma on her half	On the floor	That's for sure!
Arline Lawson	Slippin' Around	To be a major in the army	Teaching the Scotch the way to be thrifty	Isn't it ever sicknin'?
Sylvia Lee	Just My Bill	To get a Ph.D. at McGill	Hockey Coach	Nine blocks closer to Montreal
Joan Legary	Johnny Get Your Gun	To teach in Mattawa	Mattawa	Oh, no John, no John, NO!
Ellen Lindkvist	Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue	Hit the pin instead of the pinboy	Making waffle looms for a living	Oh, golly!
Janet Lund	Oh, Where Have You Gone, Billy Boy?	To marry a minister	Ministering to a minister	Oh, Willy!
Leila Luoma	I Love The Sunshine of Your Smile	Principal at Nipissing Junction	Married, living off her superannuation	Oh, no, really?
Pauline MacDonald	I Wanna Man	He lives in Callandar	Callandar	Oh, Piffle!
Mrs. Perry	Turn Back the Hands of Time	Inspector of blue waves lapping the beaches of New Brunswick	Little red school house	What kind of — print writing?



# North Bay Normal School



W. MACKINNON



I. MAKI



M. MANORE



E. MARCUS



H. MARKIW



J. MAURSTAD



M. MAWHINEY



J. MCBRIDE



L. MCKENNA



G. MCKENNY



D. MCLELLAN



M. MCLEOD



V. MCNEILL



F. MCWHINNIE



M. MICHALUK



J. MINOR



E. MORROW



Y. MORROW



L. NELDER



H. NEWMAN



L. ODD



H. O'REILLY



R. PALMER



R. PARKER



J. PERRY



R. PETRICK



R. PILSWORTH



I. PLAUNT



J. PROULX



J. PYLYPIW



E. RAUTIAINEN



W. REID



J. ROY



J. SCHMELEFSKE



D. SCOTT



C. SHAULE



<u>Name</u>	<u>Pet Song</u>	<u>Ambition</u>	<u>Probable Destination</u>	<u>Favourite Expression</u>
Wayne MacKinnon.....	It's No Sin	To see the "Follies Bergeres" in Paris.	Accountant checking figures.	Hey, look at that!
Irma Maki .....	Down the Trail of Achin' Hearts	Bronc Buster.	Licking Miss Mitchell's "Success Binder" in '62.	That's the end of the trail.
Mary Manore .....	I Ran All the Way Home.	Working in a fish Hatchery.	Disc jockey at CFCH.	Well——.
Elvera Marcus .....	"Thinking of you."	Return to Fort William.	It won't be teaching, we bet.	Hurry up, Rose.
Helen Markiw .....	Sweet and Lovely	To be co-owner of a lime green Ford.	Teaching low grade morons.	Don't touch.
Joan Maurstad .....	I'm a Lonely Little Robin	To win the Academy Award.	President of the Lonely Hearts Club.	Long distance, for me!
Mary Ann Mawhiney .....	Strawberry Blond.	To be a free unattached traveller.	Teaching without pay in a school car.	I'm not going, it's too far.
Joyceline McBride .....	Melancholy Baby.	A roving eye teacher.	Judge in the Canadian Muscle Men's competition.	My eyes speak for me.
Leona McKenna .....	Make Believe.	Teacher at Minnow Lake.	Teaching a school of minnows.	I'm not really stupid, am I?
Gene McKenney .....	My darling Clementine.	To spend a week in Mattawa.	Doomed to live there for life.	Who, me?
Daphne McLellan .....	Slow Poke.	Smeller in a chloroform factory.	Counsellor for lonely hearts.	None—Guess she never talks.
Margaret McLeod .....	Sailing, Sailing.	To swim.	Sailing toy boats.	Oh———
Vivian McNeil .....	Blue Tango.	Having good clean fun.	Picking pulpwood out of the Abitibi.	Wanta know something?
Frank McWhinnie .....	I'm so busy doing Nothing.	Comedian.	Durrante the second.	Stamp-stamp
Mae Michaluk .....	My Heart is a Rover.	Teaching what?	Making Holopche at Sam's Lunch.	Have you tried my lessons?
Janet Minor .....	Hey Babe.	To fill fountain pens.	Educating South River.	Going my way?
Evelyn Morrow .....	I Love Life.	Music Teacher in Toronto Conservatory.	Teaching Hilly Billy Songs.	Does that ever cheese me off.
Yvonne Morrow .....	Tell Me Why.	To manufacture book-ends.	Sharing a school with her sister Evelyn.	Is first bell gone yet?
Lois Nelder .....	Road To The Dome.	To be an old maid.	Minister's wife in Kentucky.	Wouldn't that frost your socks.
Helen Newman .....	Zing Went the Strings of My Heart.	Selling Red Cross Programmes.	Prince charming's chief cook and bottle washer.	Has anyone any money for the Red Cross?
Lois Odd .....	When the Red Red Robin Comes Bob Bob Bobbing Along.	To bob along with the Robin.	Peddlin' horse meat.	Oh, I don't believe it.
Helen O'Reilly .....	You Belong To My Heart.	Professor.	Cleaning brushes at U.	Does that ever cheese me off.
Robert Palmer .....	Chicken Crowin' on Sourwood Mountain.	Smiley Burnette's chief yodeller.	Top notch hand on a mink farm.	Holy suffrin'.
Ruth Parker .....	I'm in the Middle of Nowhere.	Success in Chapleau.	Teaching the Eskimos how to use a Frigidaire.	What? — huh.
Joyce Perry .....	I want someone to marry me.	To teach art.	Teaching in Cache Bay	Shut the door quick.
Peter Petrick .....	I'm Busy Doing Nutting.	Adding a fourth P to his name.	Janitor at Balsam Creek.	Are you coming?
Royce Pilsworth .....	I'm a Big Boy Now.	To be a small boy.	Eating supper in a steam bath.	I didn't do that in Brethour last year.
Isabelle Plaunt .....	Never Let No Worry Worry Me.	Seeing if any of the Normalites have pediculosis.	Supplying fine tooth combs—free.	Will the characters in the play please turn out.
Janet Proulx .....	Gentleman Jack.	Having a private car on the C.P.R.	Pushing a Trailer.	Home was never like this.
Jim Pylypiw .....	Tomorrow is a Lovely Day.	Settling down in the city.	Principal at Brethour.	Uh—yes.
Elma Rautiainen .....	Sam's Song.	Getting caught up with her work.	In the clink for speeding.	Let me look at the cal-lander now Liz.
Wendell Reid .....	I Get Ideas.	Teacher further West—but where?	Top competitor of the the Andrews Sisters.	Off to school like a dirty shirt.
Joan Roy .....	MacNamara's Band.	To be a police-woman.	On the prowl with P. C. MacNamara.	Isn't that terrific.
Joan Schmelefske .....	K-k-k-katie	To operate a popcorn stand.	Manager of the Pink Elephant Inc.	Wonder what the prize will be.
Dorothy Scott .....	Flying Down to Rio.	A curious insect in Rio.	Swatting flies in Liskeard.	I don't know.
Calvin Shaule .....	Who Is Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf.	Gene Autry the second.	A friendly undertaker.	Boy, that's music.



# North Bay Normal School



J. SHAW



M. SIMPSON



S. SIPOS



J. SOMMER



C. SPRENGER



J. STEPHEN



V. STORM



L. STRACHAN



M. SZPONARSKI



L. TAFT



E. TAPLIN



B. TAYLOR



D. TEAGUE



R. THOMAS



M. TOKAR



J. TOUGH



G. TULLOCH



L. VANETTI



W. WAITE



D. WALIMAKI



D. WALKER



G. WALLACE



R. WASYLENKO



A. WATSON



O. WATSYK



J. WEBKAMIGAD



B. WHITMELL



M. WIGGINS



D. WILLOUGHBY



E. WILSON



A. WOOD



M. WOODSIDE



J. WRIGHT



R. YONICK



M. ZAGAR



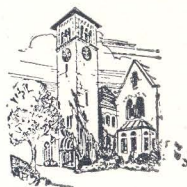
B. ZUFELT



<u>Name</u>	<u>Pet Song</u>	<u>Ambition</u>	<u>Probable Destination</u>	<u>Favourite Expression</u>
Jackie Shaw	Lawyers are high-minded	To be a game's supervisor	Supervising bubble gum contest at the Arc.	Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?
Myra Simpson	Sweet Madeline	To be a bareback rider	Taking tickets at a rodeo show.	I never said nothing
Steve Sipos	Lover	To bowl 395	Pin-setter at the Arcadian Bowling Alley.	She loves me
Joan Sommer	Bermuda	To play at Carnegie Hall	Succeeding Mr. Bamford at N.B.N.S.	Oh gosh!
Ed. Sprenger	Hair of Gold, Eyes of Blue	Librarian at National Congress	Mending books at Feronia	It's a cinch
Joan Stephen	A Good Man now-a-days is Hard to Find.	Teacher in the Royal Military College	President of Public School Federation	Golly gee!
Verda Storm	The North-west a nest and you dear	To be a teacher at Warren	A Warren housewife	I'm going to Warren this week-end
Lesley Strachan	Alouette	A teacher in Montreal	Taking a correspondence course (French)	Do you really think so.
Mary Szponarski	I'm a Big Girl Now	To reach the ripe age of 18	Superannuated at 20	Oh Ellen
Lillian Taft	We're in the Army Now	Mortician	Cutting grass in the cemetery	C'mon, let's
Elwood Taplin	Tell Me Why	Prof. at the U. of T.	Kapuskasing's champion huskie musher	C'mon (long whistle) Fido
Betty Taylor	Five Foot Two (and ½)	To grow about six inches so she can score more points for Brown Furs	Repairing rubber boots for Mr. Reed in crafts	You know
Dorothy Teague	I Bin Workin' on the Railroad	To cut the biggest tree in the North	Whittling toothpicks	I fix by Gar
Ron Thomas	That's My Girl (Bonfield Version)	To get a square meal	Seven feet	Hey! Duke!
Madleine Tokar	I Dream of Jimmie	Reap tobacco harvest	Chain smoker	Oh that Myra!
Joy Tough	I've Got That Joy, Joy, Joy in my Heart	To socialize the lumberjacks of Tough Lumber Co.	Joy Three!	It's not Tough. It's Tough (two).
Glenna Tulloch	Two Loves Have I	To deliver milk for Silverwoods	Chisolm	I really do.
Louise Vanetti	Beautiful Brown Eyes	Home Ec. teacher	Sewing patches. Where???	I've just got to do some work.
William Waite	I'm Heading for the Last Wind-up	Head of Visual Aids Dept.	Re-winding reels for the Dept. of Lands and Forests	I'm willing to work with you—if you'll only co-operate
Don Walimaki	May Mae Be Mine	Keep away from girls	Teacher in a girls college	Oh . . . I don't know!
Dorothy Walker	Gordie, my boy	Working in Eaton's	Chasing Gordie	Horrors
George Wallace	Jingel Bells	Raising rabbits in Mattawa	Head waterer in Mr. Deyell's class-room	Shock's still eating
Ray Wasylenki	Come up, dear breakfast, come up	Normal School Master	Slinging hash at Pats	Dear Coniston my home
Ann Watson	Cobbler's Song	To teach a reproductive story to Gr. 3	Exterminating felines for Dog Lovers of N. America	How do you explain it to Grade 3
Oris Watsyk	Little Old Lady	To play the "Flight of the Bumble Bee" in 30 seconds	Teaching at Chisholm	What's the meaning of this?
Josephine Webkamigad	Old Soldiers Never Die	To join the Wacs	K. P. Duty	Ye Gads
Bev. Whitmell	Waiting for the Train to come in.	To sleep on the train	Night-porter on the O.N.R.	I'm going to sleep on that train and if anyone wakes me up . . . For crumb's sake
Marilyn Wiggins	Chattinuga Shoe Shine Boy	To say "synthesize" without spluttering	Shoe Shine Gal	Will you Waite
Doreen Willoughby	Billy Boy	Share-owner in the film industry	Waiting around	I hope it doesn't snow on the week-end
Eldeen Wilson	Get down those stairs Monsieur	To be rescued by a Prince Charming	Living in a gasoline alley	Have you seen . . . ?
Alvera Wood	Let's take an old fashioned walk	To teach in a nursery of kindergarten	A nursery of her own	Where's Bev?
Marion Woodside	Blacksmith Blues	To have a team of huskies	Chopping wood side the house	Don't do that
Joan Wright	Teddy Bears Picnic	To do research work on the CNR ties in N. Bay	A Brownie leader	I like that
Rita Yonick	All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth	Coaching a certain football player	Water girl for Frank's Fleas	Well, you know what I mean
Mary Zagar	Laughing on the Outside	Radio announcer	Narrator for Sleeping Beauty at Normal	Oh Gee! . . . I don't know
Betty Zufelt	Oh where, tell me where is my scottish laddie gone	To study the Stuarts and Scots	Going down in history, making history	



# North Bay Normal School



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ONTARIO

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# STUDENT ACTIVITIES

The Mill

WMH



# North Bay Normal School



## STUDENT COUNCIL—FIRST TERM

Front Row—Rosemary Brooks (Treasurer), Joy Tough (Secretary), Arnold Bowers (President), Miss B. Dick (Staff Adviser), Della Fennessey (Vice-President).

Back Row—Luigi Battochio, Betty Bowman, Betty Taylor, Joan Sommer, Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff Adviser), Isobelle Plaunt, Irene Joron, Leila Luoma, Peter Petrick.



## STUDENT COUNCIL—SECOND TERM

Front Row—Murray Fleming (Treasurer), Miss B. Dick (Staff Adviser), Jim Pylypiw (President), Vivian McNeil (Vice-President), Jean Kirby (Secretary).

Back Row—Ron Thomas, Daphne McLellan, Sylvia Lee, Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff Adviser), Betty Zufelt, Mary Manore, Lily Fabello, Pat Hill, Fred Bell.



# ***North Bay Normal School***

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# ***North Bay Normal School***

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Darleen (In psychology class)—I was listening to you Mr. Kirk but I didn't hear the question and I don't think I know the answer anyway.

---

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THINGS

The Mill

WM



# North Bay Normal School

## WHAT SHAKESPEARE SAID ABOUT . . .

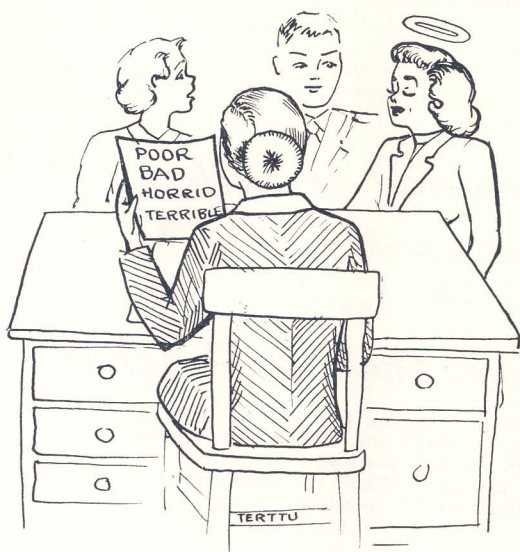
★

- Mr. Reed—"Well then, it now appears you need my help."  
Merchant of Venice
- Mr. Bamford—"Where should this music be i' the air or th' earth."  
Tempest
- Mr. Deyell—"While you here do snoring lie;  
Open-eyed conspiracy  
His time doth take."  
Tempest
- Mr. Kirk's Lectures to Group II:  
"You blocks! You stones! Your worse than senseless things!"  
Julius Caesar
- Miss Dick—"What are these  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire?"  
Macbeth
- Miss Mitchell—" . . . find delight writ there with beauty's pen  
Examine every several lineament."  
Romeo and Juliet
- Mrs. Irwin—"She comes no bigger than an agate-stone."  
Romeo and Juliet
- Mr. Beacom—"Doubt thou that the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun doth move,"  
Hamlet
- Miss Johnson's Hot Chocolate—"The drink, the drink:  
I am poison'd."  
Hamlet
- Maintenance Staff—"I am sent with broom before  
To sweep the dust behind the door."  
Midsummer Night's Dream
- School Inspector—"Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!"  
Hamlet
- Crafts—"The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,"  
Hamlet
- P.T.—"O! She is lame."  
Romeo and Juliet
- Movies in Assemblies—"For some watch, while some must sleep."  
Hamlet
- Handing in Assignments—"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."  
Macbeth
- Orals—" . . . it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing"  
Macbeth
- Open House—"There is a play to-night."  
Hamlet
- Normal School Pigeons—"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon a place beneath."  
Merchant of Venice
- Allowance—"Naught's had, all's spent"  
Macbeth
- Man Shortage at Normal—"He was a man,  
I shall not look upon his like again"  
Hamlet
- The Arc—"Unquiet meals make ill digestions."  
Comedy of Errors
- Four o'clock—"Sleep no more!"  
Macbeth
- Teaching Profession—"To grunt and sweat under a weary life."  
Hamlet
- First Lesson—"Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time."  
Macbeth
- Subject Matter—"Have more than thou showest  
Speak less than thou knowest."  
King Lear
- Questioning—"Seven times tried that judgment is,"  
Merchant of Venice
- Discipline Problem—"What is it she does now?"  
Macbeth
- Criticism—"If 'twere done when 'tis done,  
Then 'twere well done quickly."  
Macbeth
- After a Week's Teaching—"O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer!"  
The Tempest
- Writing Applications—"Who chooseth me must give  
and hazard all he hath"  
Merchant of Venice
- First days of Normal—"I am in blood  
Stepp'd in so far."  
Macbeth
- Last day of Normal—"Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom!"  
The Tempest
- Motto for Form II—"Now thou art so low,  
As one dead at the bottom of a tomb"  
Romeo and Juliet
- All Normal Students—"Sleep on you fat and greasy citizens"  
As You Like It

VALERIA HOLY  
ARLINE LAWSON  
AUDREY HILL  
ANN GOTLIE  
BERYL KIRK  
ROSE JAWORSKI



# North Bay Normal School



"Your lesson was very good"

Fred Bell: (In the middle of the night at Eau Claire) I can't find the matches.

Lou Bottochio: (Sleepily) Light the lamp and look for them.

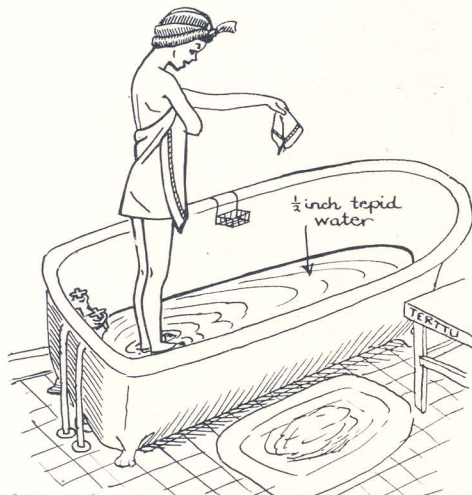
Johnny, having been absent one day, brought the following note to school: "Please excuse Johnny from school. He had a new baby brother. It was not his fault."

Mr. Kirk: "How far is it from Paris to New York?"

Sr. Alexis: "Oh Heavens!"

Mr. Kirk: "In miles, please."

The Boardinghouse Hot-water Situation



"I'm afraid to put in the washcloth—  
—It might soak up all the water!"

11148



"Well; ----- There was ONE good thing  
about your lesson --- it ended!"

Mr. Deyell: "What is the greatest setback to the peace conference in Korea?"

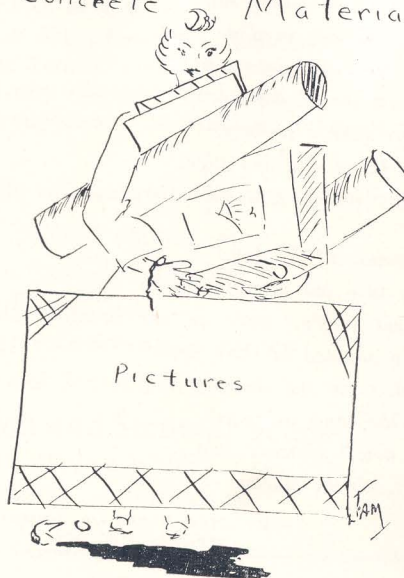
Clara: "The war!"

Royce Pilsworth, addressing the assembly, "You'll be seeing more of me up here, not that there will be more of me to see I hope."

Helen O.: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Ev. M.: "No, who teaches it?"

Practice Lessons  
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## I THOUGHT I SAW A RAINDROP . . . . . BUT !!!

The pigeons they fly high and wide,  
Dropping "things" on either side,  
Their aim is good they need no sight,  
They turn the red bricks into white.  
The jets are new we all agree  
These birds are here a century.  
They may not be so neat and slick,  
But "they" have the stuff to do the trick.

Billing and cooing all the day  
They hope to turn our attention away  
From the mess they've made on our beautiful Dome  
Which they've adopted as their home.  
In sleet, wind, snow and slush  
We still get the same old mush.  
"It's raining now," someone said.  
"You're crazy, it's the pigeons overhead."

—BY "THE KLEEN-UP KOMMITTEE"  
(SPECIAL BIRD GROUP)  
GROUP NUMBER THREE

Forty-two

## A NORTHERN TOWN

Some towns are big,  
Some towns are small,  
Some towns are smoky,  
But there's beauty in all.

The hills of Coniston  
Are rough and black,  
And many a house  
Looks like a shack.  
And all the tourists,  
As they travel by,  
Just take one look  
And utter a sigh.

But there is beauty  
High in the sky,  
As yellow smoke  
Goes floating high.  
The sun comes up  
From behind the hills,  
A crown of gold  
With many frills.

A tree in a forest  
Remains unseen,  
A tree in Coniston  
Makes a lovely scene.

—RAY WASYLENKI.



# North Bay Normal School

## NEW HORIZONS

*It happened not so long ago,  
The future seemed quite bright;  
Educators we would be —  
Men and women of foresight.*

*To these far halls of learning,  
We brought our inner urge,  
Hoping that by word and wit,  
As teachers would emerge.*

*We listened well I must confess  
To every uttered word,  
But when it came to practice  
We were sure we'd never heard.*

*Teaching in the city schools  
Always was a joy  
But somehow Normal methods  
We just did not employ.*

*We came to learn the value  
Of devices as teaching aids  
And there's nothing like concrete material  
It appeals to all the grades.*

*But there's an art to teaching  
And proudly we'll uphold  
The standards of our Normal School  
Their worth to all unfold.*

## NORTHERN LIGHTS

*Out of the deep, dark night they flash  
Suddenly, with wondrous light,  
Now white, now green, slowly  
Changing to brilliant hues of red.*

*Brightly coloured thus they come.  
Whispering, whispering, twisting, turning,  
Now creeping on, lightly  
Wandering, these gypsies of the sky.*

*Thro' the heavens, how they dance!  
Gaily with many steps,  
Now so bright, now faintly  
Dying, as if their search is done.*

*Out of the deep dark night they flash'd  
Suddenly with wondrous light,  
Now they have gone silently  
Leaving naught but the deep still gloom.*

—JOYCE MCBRIDE.

*The vastness of the youthful mind  
An awful charge implies  
To make or mar this is the task  
That now before us lies.*

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## THE CALL OF THE NORTH

*The West may give it's prairies,  
The South its fruit bring forth,  
The East has its many treasures  
But the call to my soul's the North.*

*The North with its winter beauty:  
The snow-clad valleys and steep;  
This land of majestic grandeur  
A place in my heart ever keeps.*

*The little log cabin and farmlands,  
The furrow just recently torn,  
The peaceful and quiet surroundings  
New hope to the settler has borne.*

*There are lakes and winding rivers,  
There's the lure of the woods in the fall,  
But the friendly northern people  
Are the greatest blessing of all.*

*Tho' some may crave the cities  
Of the South and the East and the West,  
The call to my soul keeps yearning  
For the North—the land that's best.*

—ROYCE PILSWORTH.

It really happened—

In a primary room after a 20 minute session on  
the construction of a bird's feeding station—

Please, Miss Kirby, you know what you're talking  
about, but we don't!

Battachio: "I wonder if something couldn't be  
done with my voice."

Mr. Bamford: "It might come in handy in case of  
fire."

Mr. Deyell: "What is a rhombus, Calvin?"  
Calvin: "It's a dance, Sir."

Criticism is something you can avoid by saying  
nothing, doing nothing and being nothing.

Now go to bed  
Ann and don't forget to say your prayer.  
Cheerleader Watson: God bless Ma, God bless Pa,  
God bless Cob—Rah, Rah, Rah!

Mr. Beacom: When you get your reports kindly  
pass out quietly.

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early today. Go down the halls quietly so you won't  
wake up the other classes.

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### ODE TO GROUP 3

Oh, dear group 3 from M to S  
Though others may think you quite a mess  
We want to say we love you all  
From McKinnon down to Calvin Shaule  
Our Toni Boy Wayne still lacks his curls  
But compensates with ink blot girls.  
While the front row blondes, all pretty and wacky  
Maurstead, Markiw, Marcus and Maki  
And Mary, direct in the line of attack  
Keeps all the questions from reaching the back  
The "Whinny family, Mac and Ma  
Provide horse laughs for the class, ha, ha!  
While the Joyces, Perry and McBride, and Red Cross  
McKenny  
Give 458 Worthington little peace, if any  
And Leona and Viv dey're from de Abitibi  
(That's funny, we thought 'twas the Academy)  
As for McLeod, McLellan and Minor  
No other form can produce finer  
And since we have Mae and the Morrow twins  
It's easy to see we're the form that wins  
Our N's are musical Nelder and Newman  
(The latter is competition for Margaret Truman).  
O'Reilly and Odd, to-gether they go  
From the latter's name their appearance you know.  
Palmer, Parker, Petrick and Pil,  
Of them this year we've had our fill.  
And two thorns at the back are Plaunt and Proulz  
The rose among them is Pylypiw  
There in the corner, enjoying a chat  
Are Elma and Wendell, chewing the fat.  
While, beside them those girls, Joan, Joan and Dot  
Really put Calvin on the spot.  
And so Group 3 from M to S  
We know you're really not a mess

### GROUP 1

*By Claire Courchesne and Sheila Brooks*

What would happen if—  
People stopped teasing Freda A. about driving a truck?  
Geneva Elvin tried playing ping pong with one bat  
instead of two?  
Marion Coles lost her voice?  
Arnold forgot to call Betty Bowman "Biceps" and  
Freda Akervall "Ankels"?  
Clara Cicci reached the auditorium before 8.44½ a.m.?  
Joanne Campbell lost her diamond?  
Katie Booth's baby brother didn't turn out to be a  
volley ball player at N.B.N.S.  
Marj. Baker lost that cold she has had for three years?  
Darleen Davis forgot how to draw?  
Arnold Bowers stopped making grammatical errors  
and disagreeing with teachers?  
Someone cut Joan Creery's hair?  
Della and her group at the back of the room didn't  
have at least one private conference each period?  
Lily Fabello forgot how to be a comedian?  
Luigi no longer wanted to throw out the English  
language and speak Italian instead?  
Sheila Brooks forgot how to play the piano?  
Garna Brown ever managed to make it to Ottawa  
for a weekend?  
Jackie Dennis and Claire Courchesne didn't look twice  
every time a Bell truck went by?  
Rosemary Brooks missed a chance to go to Kingston  
some weekend?

Though others don't think your talent rare  
It's because your company they don't share!

Most faithful fans,

—GROUP 3.

*Forty-seven*



# North Bay Normal School

## GROUP IV

"A" is for Ann our "cat killer" lamb,  
Also Alvera, our great bowling fan.

"B" is for Bettys one tall and one short,  
And Beverly who has a tall blonde escort.

"C" is for average, we're all about that,  
"D" is for our Dorothy who loves to chat.

With Don and Doreen, the rest of the set.  
"E" is for Elwood who about dog teams doth fret.

While Eldean and Ed listen in with regret  
"F" is for the failure which they try not to get.

"G" is for Glenna and George, who compare their  
"g's",  
(While the master is talking) with remarkable ease.

After H and I come our six famous "J's",  
The three petite Joans who us amaze.

Joy, Josephine and Jackie who bring us fun,  
But of "K's" we have not a one.

"L" is for Lillian so fair and so tall,  
Also for Leslie and for Louise so quiet and small.

"M" is for our two Marys who make quite a din,  
And Myra who rooms with Madeline.

Marion and Marilyn we must not forget,  
"N" is for Normal to whom we are all in debt.

"O" is for Oris clutching a straw,  
Mind your "P's" and "Q's" says the law.

"R" is for Ron our little Sonny boy,  
Also for Ray who loves to be coy.

Rita, too, our musician fair  
"S" is for Steve who girls love to ensnare.

We have no victims for "T" and "U"  
But "V" is for Verda from our group too.

"W" is for William everyone's friend Bill  
As for X, Y, Z they are nil.

## HIT PARADE

### Top 15 of '51 '52

Miss Johnson—If I'd Known You Were Comin' I'd  
Have Baked A Cake.

Miss Dick—C'mon A My House.

Mrs. Irwin—The Old Master Painter.

Miss Mitchell—We'll Be Close As Pages In A Book.

Mr. Kirk—Oh where, oh where, Has My Little Dog  
Gone.

Mr. Deyell—Smiling Through the Years.

Mr. Bamford—Music, Music, Music.

Mr. Beacom—Racing with the Moon.

Mr. Reid—Wood Choppers' Ball.

Miss Wilson—Skip To My Lou.

Pigeons—No Place Like Dome.

Miss Godin—New Broom Boogie.

Mrs. MacPherson—Roamin' In The Gloamin'.

Mr. Chambers—Cold, Cold, Heart.

Mr. Donaldson—Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.

## A SONNET OF SUCCESS

*With a hesitating gesture  
He raised the vessel to his lips;  
Still in doubt, he tasted it,  
And found it pleased him much.  
Swiftly like a swirling twister  
It came and wrapped him in its folds,  
And like a devil possessed he drank  
Until he lost all sense of reason  
He gulped until his mind was gone  
And soon he choked his final breath.*

*All should taste this drink — Success,  
But when you do, beware.  
For those who drink too deeply  
Are void of thought and care.*

—ARNOLD BOWERS.

## THE ARC

*We fight our way in through the gloom and dark,  
The time to be spent, the object to park,  
It's easy to see we've arrived at the Arc.*

*We enter the funereal atmosphere,  
And say to ourselves "wonder whose here?"  
The same old craning necks appear.*

*If we were actually to tell the truth  
The faces all are a bit uncouth.  
But our only interest is finding a booth.*

*So we shuffle in, in files,  
Here comes that red-head, where's the smile?  
"Now, girls, you know you can't stand in the aisles."*

*But, what do we care for the sunshine or showers,  
(I'll show them, I'm not the one who cowers  
I'll only sit here for three or four hours.)*

*What we order depends on the dough,  
If the money come through we're in for a blow,  
Otherwise, hot chocolate is good for a go.*

*It's quite obvious we've ordered cherry  
'Cause here she comes with a strawberry.  
Drink it down, let's all be merry.*

*You'd better sit down, we're not going yet  
We've still got time for another cigarette  
Suffocation in here is still a threat.*

*How are we going to get pass that lout?  
If we haven't a check he'll start to spout.  
It is easier to get in that it is to get out.*

*When we showed him, there are wonders still,  
Boy! Did we give him a thrill  
When we marched up and paid the bill.*

*Gosh! This place is an awful bore,  
We'd stay out if we knew the score,  
But here's the gang let's go in for more.*

Greaves: How many times a day does your Dad  
shave

Hampton: Oh, forty or fifty times

Greaves: Say, are you crazy?

Hampton: No, he's a barber.



# North Bay Normal School

## FIRE!

★ ★

The only light which entered the dark room came through the crack at the edge of the window blind. In the semi-darkness Harriet could make out her bureau of drawers, her little bedside table, and as she looked down at her bed, she could see the beautifully patterned quilt which she and her mother had stitched so carefully during the summer months. Harriet's face was pale and drawn. For weeks she had been ill with a very high fever and now she was just regaining her strength.

It was the year 1905. Harriet and her eight brothers and sisters lived in a pioneer farmhouse not far from Thornloe, a little village in Northern Ontario. Harriet had been only two years of age when her parents had decided to leave their rambling farmhouse in Quebec and come up into these woods as pioneers to set up a lumber camp.

The trip up was long and tedious. The family moved over bumpy roads, getting stuck in the soft mud many times. Finally they reached their destination. Logs were hewn down and for days the forest rang with the sound of axes as they thudded against the trees. Now after seven years, Harriet's mother had saved enough money to buy a few comforts for their home.

As Harriet lay in bed she suddenly sniffed. What was that strange smell? She called to her mother. When her mother came up she was not sure what the odour was. Suddenly it came to her. Smoke! Where was the odour of smoke coming from?

Immediately she realized that the smoke was coming from a fire somewhere near. Just then Johnny, Harriet's little brother, came in shouting, "Mommy, mommy, the roof is on fire!" What was she going to do? All the men were at a barn-raising in the community and would not return until dusk.

Quickly she wrapped the sick child in a blanket and carried her downstairs. She called Harriet's younger sister and told her to take Harriet and the youngest children up the hill to their Aunt Maggie's. Lucinda was also to send aid to her mother.

As the younger children were on their way up the hill, Harriet's mother was busy trying to save their little home. Snap! Crackle! The fire on the roof could be heard now. The young boys were carrying water to their mother in the attic. She was busy dashing the water on the fire. As quickly as the buckets were emptied the boys went quickly down the stairs for another pail.

Meanwhile Harriet's elder sister, Thirza, moved things out of the house. If they were unable to save the house, at least some of their possessions would be safe. Out the door went blankets, dishes, chairs, tables, and anything else which could be hauled out the door.

Back in the attic the mother was still throwing bucket after bucket of water on the fire. She was exhausted and tears glistened in her eyes as she pictured their little home in ruins. She continued bravely and her perseverance was rewarded. To her great delight she noticed that the fire seemed to be dying. All she could see now was the glowing embers. She took the last pail of water from John's hand, threw it on the remains of the fire and breathed a sign of relief as the glowing coals turned to smoking charcoal.

At dusk the men returned to find a weary but proud woman—proud that in her hour of need her children had stood by her.

BY GENEVA ELVIN.

## JOHNNY

★ ☆

Johnny is a little boy who lives in a big white house around which there is a white fence and a green lawn. He is the happiest, most mischievous little chap that you could ever hope to see. Everyone loves Johnny very much.

One day Johnny's daddy brought him a present. Johnny's little heart went, "pit-pat, pit-pat", when his daddy gave him the gift. Quickly he opened the box, and what do you suppose he saw? Well, Johnny saw a little black and white puppy who kept wagging his tail in the funniest way, and who barked very gaily. Johnny was so happy that all he could say was, "o-o-oh." Of course, Johnny and his dog Spot became the best of friends. One could see little Johnny laughing and playing every day. Down the street Spot and Johnny would go. "Ting-a-ling-a-ling", would sound the tricycle, "woof-woof-woof", would bark Spot.

Yes, everyone loved little Johnny, and soon everyone loved little Spot. If the day was sunny, the two friends would be found playing outside, but if it was raining then they would play indoors.

One beautiful Sunday morning Johnny's parents decided that they would spend the day in the country and have a picnic. So they prepared baskets of food and iced lemonade, and put all their belongings into the car, and away they drove. When they came to their destination, they decided to have their lunch beside the lake. Oh, what fun! Johnny and Spot played all morning and afternoon, while mommy and daddy rested. While playing beside the lake, Johnny slipped and "splash, splash", into the lake little Johnny fell. "Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow", little Spot cried and quickly he brought Johnny's parents to the scene of the accident. Of course Johnny was saved, and that very same day Johnny's daddy taught him how to swim. When it was finally time to go home, Johnny, his parents, and Spot agreed that it had been a very lovely day in spite of everything.

BY MARY ZAGAR.



# North Bay Normal School

## FORM 2

### By Form II

A is for Anne, someday Mrs. Bell  
Also for Arleen, a fan of Deyell

B is for Bill, just six feet three  
Also for Beryl, no talking does she

C is for Catherine, from Lively does hail  
D is for Darwin, our medical male

E is for Ev, athletic and keen  
Also for Ellen, a popular teen.

F is for Francis, whose love life is muddled.  
And for our Fronais, whose mind is befuddled.

G is for Gladstone, whose talk is all Mike

H is for Hill, the one Murray does like.  
We also have Hawke, spare moments has few  
While Rosie and Audrey wish money grew.  
Under H we have Hulme, our electrical brain  
Also Pat Handley who is laughing again.

I is for Irene, by bus comes each day.

J is for Jean so tall, laughing and gay.

K is for Kenny no lipstick wears she  
Also for Kreager so artful is he.  
Marg Kouhi plans her wedding in June.  
While Krienke at camp writes "Answer soon".

L is for Lang, attractive Sundridge lass.  
Also blonde Liz, whose hoping to pass.  
We also have Legary of Mattawa interest.  
And Janet Lund, the Minister's fairest.  
Under L we have Leila, so charming of voice.

M is McDonald is T.K.'s choice.

N and O stands for no other but we

P is for Perry, our poetess she.  
We also have Paul, who loves lots of fun

Q and R can stand for questions and run

S is for Shirley and Sylvia too  
Problems at Normal they always see through

T is for Terry, who's Don's little lass.

U is for us we let nothing pass.

V is for Valeria, so quiet she seems.

W, X, Y, Z exists in our dreams.

Fred "Hitchhike" Bell: (indicating poorly constructed paragraph that he had written on board)  
"What is the matter with this paragraph?"

Pupil: "The writing is terrible."

Lois: (introducing lesson on water) "What is God's greatest gift to man."

Boy: "Woman."

Mary Bonazza left the "a" off her name on Miss Dick's exam so she would put the A on it.

Ron Caulfield—Well well, I can see that you're a bright fellow—How high can you count?

Ray—One, two, three, four, five, six seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king.

Bill Waite—Every time I kiss you I'm a better man.

Doreen—Well, you don't have to try to get to Heaven in one night.

## ROOM FOR ARGUMENT

The school's top athletes are found in Form One.  
Besides gaining skill, we really have fun!  
The Sisters—our officials three,  
Timekeeper, scorer, and referee.  
The left-handed champ of our ping-pong bout  
Is Geneva Elvin with two bats out.  
Margaret and Shirley are certainly able  
To bat that ball across the table.  
Fred Bell at curling is very prone  
He has a head like a curling stone!  
Anderson also has curling as a sport  
Although it is curling of another sort.  
Claire Courchesne started the thing  
Now that we're bowling she's off on a fling.  
Sheila and Joanne have lots of nerve,  
Check that form, note that curve!  
If you want to watch someone who really bowls  
Look at that gal, "Nightingale Coles!"  
An addition to the form is Biceps Bowman  
In any team she wouldn't be low man!  
Jackie's skill in bowling is really grand  
But she wouldn't throw the ball overhand!  
When Joan gets up she gives a roar  
And lets the ball drop through the floor.  
Bonesy drags feet with reason and rhyme  
Just to give you a shocking time.  
That badminton game seems so absurd  
Now they want to pay for the bird!  
That means we send for money at home  
When there's lots of birds up in the dome!  
She bats, she misses, does she look silly  
You guessed it kids, that's our Lily!  
Now Clara swings and follows through  
Before you know it she's gone too!  
Marj. was sent down from above  
To count the score and found it's—love!  
Garna and Iris hit them high  
When they're out there birds do fly.  
Those who had the urge to volley  
Joined the field and met their folly  
Luigi sure can use that whistle  
When he blows in we're down like a thistle.  
Rosemary Brooks is our best bet  
But she should put the ball over the net.  
Spiking is one of Ron's pet likes,  
Are you sure it's just the ball he spikes?  
Helen bunts until she's red  
That's the only time she uses her head.  
Muscles Erickson hits the ball  
Look out boys! There goes the wall.  
Arnold has a lot of nerve  
When he shows us that Pabulum serve.  
Katie's serve is always fine  
But watch, her foot is over the lines!  
Audrey's personality is always split,  
One eye on the ball won't get a hit.  
Della Fennessey's in the net,  
We'll make a fish out of her yet (sucker).  
Darleen Davis should have died.  
She must be playing for the other side.  
When Aline Desjardins hits the ball,  
She really surprises one and all.  
Doris and Mary are always there,  
You'd never know it they've power to spare.  
Freda's turn to try her luck,  
Say's I could do it if I had a truck.  
In any league the title prize jerk  
Would go thumbs down to our friend ———.

ROSEMARY BROOKS

RON CAULFIELD

FREDA AKERVAL

ARNOLD BOWERS

LILY FABELLO

DELLA FENNESSEY



# North Bay Normal School

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### RIDING THE RAILS

Many a Friday night is cut short to run home for a suitcase at 12:15.

On the platform, tension mounts as students wait for the train, and then—

Age before beauty is prevalent as the students stampede for the air-conditioned car.

As the train pulls out, the fun begins with singing, joking, and card games.

Then the decision is made to sleep the rest of the journey,

But some joker like Sipos wakes us up with noise or snow.

Finally, the big moment comes at Englehart as Pilsworth disembarks

And now the train moves much easier and faster.

Swastika, the first grub stop.

Peace and quietness anticipated for the rest of the journey

As Sipos and cohorts leave.

Next stop, Monteith Prison Farm—two escapees (Brightwell and Storm) return for a shortstretch.

Train arrives at Porquis . . . . .

Back to Squaw (Iroquois) Falls for Whitmell

Second chance for a meal—coke?

All aboard for Pottsville, South End,

Schumacher, Timmins—end of the line,

All hobos off.

The joys of coming home

Get washing done, catch up on gossip, food and rest?

Sunday afternoon the train begins the undesirable trek

Back to the institution for another short spell.

What would the O.N.R. and conductors do without us?

Probably live in peace and quietness.

BY GEORGE WALLACE. STEVE SIPOS.

Mr. Beacom: "What are you laughing at, Isabel?"

Isabel: "I just thought of something."

### TO AN ALGOMA BREEZE

*Is it lonely the breeze,*

*As its drifts through the tree?*

*Does time lie heavy on its hands*

*As it floats o'er the lands?*

*Can you hear it sigh across the lake?*

*Is there only solitude,*

*A peace where no one dares intrude?*

*Or does the breeze*

*Whisper to the trees,*

*Gently lisp to laughing water,*

*Guide the robin with a murmur,*

*Whistle with the Northern snows,*

*Chuckle as it softly shores*

*The fox to rabbit's quivering nose?*

*Can you call the breeze forlorn?*

*It had friends ere you were born!*

—RON CAUFIELD.

*Fifty-one*



# North Bay Normal School

## GROUP "2"

By Fran Harkness

★ ★

### "Twenty Years From Now"

*And I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw a vision of "Form 2" and all the wonders it would be.*

Twenty years had rolled by, leaving some of us a little more worn than others. Nearly all of us had changed but little did I dream that some would have undergone such changes. Let us visualize Group 2 as the people in it will be. As I interviewed them one by one this is what I saw.

**Murray Fleming**—he is treasurer of the Men Teacher's Federation and by saving and pinching here and there, he is able to obtain a little pin money for cigarettes.

**Magdaline Fronais**—she is lecturing her teen-age daughter on staying out late at night and of course, using the familiar phrase—"When I was your age."

**Evelyn Gibson**—Doc has just become manager of the T. Eaton Co. and Evelyn has gone down town to get a new fur coat.

**Lorraine Gladstone**—Her husband, having died of fright, she is now back earning her own living teaching psychology in a mental hospital.

**Ann Gotlie**—Having taught Home Economics for several years, Ann is tired of cooking so she takes it easy in a rocking chair while Fred opens the cans for supper.

**Bill Greaves**—he finds that teaching music in Alaska does not pay enough money so he has taken up another profession—I met him as he was putting his tin cup and dark glasses aside after an evening on the street.

**Paul Hampton**—he is now principal of a one-room school in a travelling railroad car—by using the enterprise method he is able to sleep most of the time while his pupils work.

**Pat Handley**—she is a well-known instructor of gymnastics at a boys' college. She has written a book on "How to Improve the Body as Well as the Mind". She is also famous for concocting a new exercise which is positively guaranteed to remove triple chins.

**Frances Harkness**—By Kate Lang.

When she visited me, she had to sit down because her oxfords were killing her. After all, she needs good substantial shoes because not only does she pace the floor all day in school, she beats her way over to the A.A. every night—using her present hubby as concrete material.

**Pat Hawke**—she is married to a cowboy and lives out west on a ranch. When I interviewed her she was administering psychology with the palm of her hand to her youngest cowhand.

**Audrey Hill**—she is now operating a fish and chips stand after finding that teaching school did not pay enough money—food is so expensive!

**Pat Hill**—I met her wheeling a twin baby carriage, rushing down the street with her husband's lunch—it was so inconspicuous he had overlooked it in the morning rush hour.

**Valeria Holy**—I looked carefully behind a pile of examination papers and found Valeria carefully marking these. I hear that she is being bribed by the parents of her pupils and for each child who passes, she gets a dollar.

**Terry Howard**—She has just broken off her third engagement—this time to the janitor of her school. The reason for this is that the new inspector is so handsome!

**Bob Hulme**—he is applying for a school via short wave—his pupils informed me that they call him "Shock"—S.O.S.



# North Bay Normal School

- Rose Jaworski**—she is operating a tobacco and smoke shop—her specialty, cigars right next door to Audrey's restaurant — it is rumoured that a partnership may result.
- Darwin Johnson**—I couldn't talk to him for very long—his wife told him to hurry home to look after the little Johnson and to give him his piano lesson.
- Irene Joron**—she is now an inspector and in regard to education, the pendulum is going back instead of forward. It is rumoured that she visits certain male teachers regularly.
- Margaret Kenney**—when she opened the door to me, she was pulling spitballs out of her hair and I noticed that the four corners of the room were occupied.
- Jean Kirby**—she is teaching night classes in psychology and practicing it on her husband and family—her youngest (supposedly, the problem child of his grade) received the strap the day I interviewed her. He laughingly admitted he was "foolin'" around.
- Beryl Kirk**—she is wiping a large ink blot from the corner of her forehead and severely lecturing her class on the matter of ethics.
- Marg. Kouhi**—sorry to say, she left the teaching profession shortly after she entered it—she not only has one "Sonny" now but several little "sonnies" as well.
- Ross Kreager**—he operates his own art studio now and while I was there, several beautiful models waited patiently for their turn.
- Velda Krienke**—she is now a practice teacher and is severely rebuking a timid normal student for not being as strict as she should have been.
- Catherine Lane**—she is helping her youngest daughter do her arithmetic problems, using the eight system and getting her more confused than ever.
- Kate Lang**—she has now learned to play the piano with 2 fingers and she and her husband have a little orchestra all their own. It pays good dividends and they are living very comfortably (that is, with Kate's teaching.)
- Shirley Latimer**—she has just given her pupils a test and is feeling very elated—one of them actually passed. Last night she attended a Home and School meeting and the parents seem quite pleased with their youngsters' progress. To save time, she had marked "O" on all the report cards.
- Liz. Laurila**—Her husband is out of a job and so Liz is back at teaching—the only grade she could get was Grade 1 and already she has had complaints from mothers about the bruises on their children.
- Sylvia Lee**—her second husband is in the hospital as a result of food poisoning—Sylvia is seriously thinking of taking a cooking course.
- Joan Legary**—she married a multi-millionaire and when I arrived at her home, I was received by a butler and maid and Joan was entertaining her bridge club. Her husband was sleeping in the attic.
- Ellen Lindkvist**—she is teaching up in Moosonee so I didn't get a chance to interview her. From all reports, she is having lots of fun—with the Indian braves.
- Janet Lund**—she was entertaining the Women's Missionary Society because, as wife of a minister, she has many duties to perform. She is giving a talk on "How to Stop Living and Start Worrying."
- Leila Luoma**—She and her husband are teaching at Nipissing Junction—she is principal and really makes her husband toe the line.
- Pauline Macdonald**—She is just recuperating from her second divorce and tells me she thinks all men are cads and is thinking of joining the Foreign Legion.
- Mrs. Perry**—she was rocking in her rocking chair looking most content and tells me that one can live quite comfortably on superannuation.



# North Bay Normal School

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# North Bay Normal School

## THE LOST KNIFE

★ ★

Gros Cap is a small fishing village on the east coast of Lake Superior. On one side of the tiny village lies the great blue lake over which the noisy freighters push their way up to the head of the lakes. Beside the fishermen's white-washed cottages, with their neat gardens and their white picket fences, are tall grassy hills covered with evergreen trees. Lining the shores are grey bluffs of rock jutting out into the water. Most of the people who live here are Indians.

In one of these homes lives Benny, a little Indian boy, and his sister Joyce. They go to the school beside the church every day except on Saturdays and Sundays. On Saturday they like to go fishing with their father in his small boat called the Manitou. Father lets them steer the ship or help bring in the nets. When they get home at night they clean the fish for father to sell. One Saturday, Joyce and Benny went out for the day in the Manitou. After eating the dinner that Joyce had prepared they all put out their fishing lines and waited patiently for a trout or bass to bite. Benny was busy with his jackknife whittling a whistle from a smooth piece of wood. Suddenly his line jerked from between his knees. He jumped to rescue it before it could fall into the lake. In doing so his knife slipped and fell into the water. Benny watched it hit the surface then he spied a large pike which must have been biting at his line. He reached to grab his knife but it was too late. The fish had swallowed it in a flash and was swimming quickly away from the boat.

Benny felt very sorry about losing his knife but there was nothing he could do about it. Even when he caught two large bass, he could not feel very happy. When he was taking the last bass off his hook, he noticed Joyce's line being pulled very hard. She called for help because she could not hold it alone. Benny and his father helped bring in the catch. It was a huge pike about thirty-five inches long. Benny exclaimed, "That's the pike that stole my jackknife. I'm sure of it!"

"But Benny that fish would never come back here. He was too old and wise to be fooled again," replied his father.

"But I still think—" began Benny.

Joyce said, "This fish must weigh five pounds and none of it is jackknife. It's all fish!"

"Yes, I guess so," admitted Benny rather disappointed. He never really hoped to see his knife again but he did hope for a minute that it might be the right fish. "I guess it couldn't possibly be the same one," he said.

After the excitement, they fell back to quiet fishing again until the sun began to disappear in the sky when they started for home again.

When supper was over Mother asked Benny if he would clean the fish. But Benny couldn't help because he had unfortunately lost his knife.

His father said, "Well, Benny let's do it together with my knife." So Benny and his father started the job. Father was surprised when his knife hit something hard while he was cleaning Joyce's pike. He cut further, then a black object fell to the ground. Benny picked it up — it was his jackknife! His face lighted up with joy as he shouted to his Mother and Joyce to come and see his lost knife which was found again. What a strange journey it had had!

BY DOREEN WILLOUGHBY.

## CAMP LIFE

*A little camp  
Beside a lake,  
A holiday  
Folks like to take.*

*A cottage white  
Along the shore,  
A month to stay —  
A month or more!*

*Oars that swish,  
A boat called "Tim",  
Before our breakfast  
A morning swim.*

*A fishing jaunt —  
Two handsome bass.  
Against the boat  
The water splash.*

*A picnic gay  
For afternoon,  
Or picking berries —  
Supper soon!*

*And then at night,  
A campfire light  
Gleams o'er the bay  
With flame so bright.*

*My mother calls,  
The sun is gone.  
I dearly love  
My summer home.* — LESLEY STRACHAN.

Ed Sprenger—Did I ever tell you that King William struck my ancestor on the shoulder with his sword and made him a knight?

Wallace—Sitting Bull hit my grandfather on the head with a tomahawk and made him an angel.

Joy Tough—I hear that your grandfather is a little deaf. Is that true?

Dorothy—A little deaf! Why, yesterday he conducted family prayer kneeling on the family cat.

Katie—Have you forgotten that you owe me five dollars?

Leon—No, not yet. Give me time and I will.

Romantic Della: (quoting Pauline Johnson)

"And the moons will not be many  
'Ere she, in the red sunshine  
Will broider his buckskin mantle  
With the quills of the porcupine."

Practical Shirley: "What's that the Highwayman?"

Sister Mildred: "If we were visiting in Switzerland we would travel by electric train. There is no coal there as we have here. What would they need for an electric railroad?"

Grade 4 pupil: "A plug!"



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ONTARIO

## CONSOLATION

*T'was the twelfth of September*

*Nineteen fifty-one*

*We all unsuspecting*

*The ordeal begun*

*The future looked ominous*

*A scarcity of hominis (men)*

*Unknown names with unknown faces,*

*Hailing from unheard of places*

*Masters smiling through the gloom*

*Advocating impending doom*

*Now environment appears quite differently*

*For we have matured (have you??) sufficiently*

*Doing our duties quite proficiently*

*Through practice weeks we've worked so diligently.*

*Now we hate to think of leaving*

*To part with friends will mean much grieving*

*But looking back on fifty-two*

*We had a lot of fun, did you?*

*Through the years to come, our consolation,*

*In fifty years — superannuation.*

—DOROTHY TEAGUE, ORIS WATSYK.

*Fifty-eight*



Please reframe your question.

Boarder: "Madam, your steak is like the weather this evening, rather raw."

Landlady: "Indeed? Incidentally your bank account is like the weather too: unsettled."



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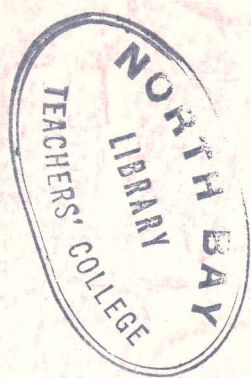
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