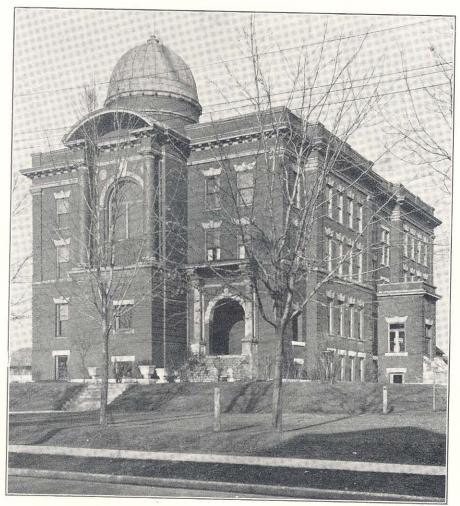






FORTY-SIXTH ANNUAL YEAR-BOOK Prepared by the Students of North Bay Teachers' College May, 1955



North Bay Teachers' College

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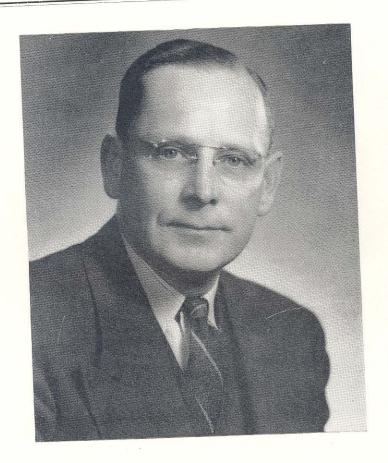
Greetings from The Minister Of Education

Most gratifying it is to me to know that there are in the Teachers' Colleges of Ontario this year nearly 2,700 prospective teachers, an increase of more than 1,000 over last year's enrolment. To me that is a clear indication that young men and women are beginning to realize, more than ever before, the opportunities for rendering public service which the

teaching profession provides for its members. Of course, our profession offers other advantages in these modern times, as for example, good salaries, security, and an enjoyable life. _This year I have had a good many reports to the effect that the students in our Teachers' Colleges are, on the whole, more responsible, more enthusiastic, and more buoyant than was the case years ago. That is gratifying, too, and may be due, as I think it is, to the new status and the greater prestige now enjoyed by the members of our profession. I hope you will face your new task next September cheerfully and happily in order that you may be able to perform your duties efficiently. A certain Service Club admonishes its members in this sentence: "Be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind". Perhaps we cannot always carry out this admonition fully but it is a good idea to try to do so. Nor will you be carried away, I hope, with any of the so-called "new" and unsound ideas regarding education because, in this old world, there are certain fundamental principles which never change, never have changed, and never will change. Of course, we make progress but always "we hold fast that which is good". We must provide a good basic education which will help the pupils of to-day for the duties of adult life which means that they must learn to work hard while they are in school; enjoy play when play is in order; and become accustomed to good firm discipline at all times.

To the members of the staff of the North Bay Teachers' College and to all the students of that great institution, I send my personal good wishes for abundant success in all that you undertake.

W. J. DUNLOP, Minister of Education.



ECHOES

One of the four pillars supporting the Speaker's gallery in the Ontario Legislative Chamber bears the inscription, Spectemur acendo — "Let us be viewed by our actions". For teachers, here is a thought at once inspiring and chastening — inspiring as it encourages us to act as we would wish our pupils to act; chastening as it requires us to assess our individual shortcomings.

Your actions as a teacher will be reflected over and over again in the interests and attitudes developed by the boys and girls in your classroom. May you strive constantly to provide, in all that you do, a worthy example for the children in your care. Then, indeed, will your echoes

" roll from soul to soul And grow forever and forever".

To each of you I extend all good wishes for success and happiness.

F. S. RIVERS, Superintendent of Professional Training



The Principal's Message . . .

The current year in many ways has been a most memorable one in the history of the North Bay Teachers' College. The enrolment has been the largest since the session of 1933-34, at which period many teachers were required to return for a second year of training. The current enrolment is almost twice that of the previous year, and is accounted for, in part at least, by the additional courses now being offered for the first time in this Province.

One such course is the Second Year of the Two-Year Course. When, over twenty years ago, a two-year course was given for a few years, the two years of training were not consecutive. Our experience, during the past two years of having a group of students for two successive years, has been most interesting and it is felt that this experiment has been very successful and should be a permanent feature of the teacher-training programme. We are confident that these students will show by the calibre of their work as teachers, the benefits of the additional year of training.

Another innovation this year has been the admission of the first group who have taken two summer courses and taught for two years. These students have introduced an element of maturity which has been of great value to the whole student body. Their previous teaching experience has enabled them to realize the problems inherent in a teacher's work and they have made a sincere effort to achieve the best possible preparation for again meeting those problems. This combination of teaching experience and training will, we feel, enable these students to render very valuable service in the schools.

The increased enrolment and changed courses has made many demands on the staff but this has been largely offset by the fine co-operation given by the students in the many phases of their training. Most students have made a commendable effort to secure the maximum benefit from the instruction offered and have shown a remarkable growth in that maturity so necessary to those who will direct the future of our next generation of citizens.

The hope of the entire staff is, that every graduate will ever be mindful of the grave responsibilities that will be theirs as teachers and that they will exercise wisdom and tact in the discharge of those duties. That all will meet with every success, is the sincere wish of each member of the staff.

E.C. BEACOM



Standing—Mr. M. J. Curtis (Staff Advisor), Gwen Leeder, Patricia Wong, Anne Wassmer, Joyce Kiiskila, John Wells, Jean Baldisera, Michael Fulmer, Frances-Clare Hayes, Robert Griffin, Joan Bowman, Robert Botwright, Mary Jarc, Sheila Donahue, Mr. R. M. Surtees (Staff Advisor).

Seated—Miss E. Mitchell (Staff Advisor), Gordon Peterson, (Assistant Editor), Rina Lenti (Editor-in-Chief), Edward Welsh (Art Editor), Leo Mitchell (Advertising Manager).

EDITORIAL

As you no doubt have noticed, this issue of the yearbook has a strong northern flavour. We are proud of the fact that we come from the North; we have tried to show our feelings in the stories and poems of Northern Ontario on these pages. The very name we have chosen — "Aurora Borealis" or the northern lights — indicates the accent on the northern scene. Indeed we could even flatter ourselves that our college provides light for the North in the form of the learning which emanates hence to every elementary school in Northern Ontario.

"So little done — so much to do." The end of the year, so subtly come upon us, finds us with these thoughts in mind. We had so much planned; we have accomplished a little, but we still have a great deal to attain. We are awed by the fact that we have now completed our education as teachers and are soon to take our place as respected and progressive leaders of the community.

We marvel at the ignorance with which we entered Teachers' College. We have come a long way since September and yet we have taken a pitifully small step toward the achievement of our goals. We are just beginning to realize the immensity of our responsibilities.

Our numerous and stimulating experiences this year have been as varied as the colours of the rainbow. The Yearbook Staff found it impossible to record everything from our treasury of memories, but could capture only the highlights of this unforgettable year. By recording these highlights in what we hope will be a lasting souvenir, the yearbook staff have gained a greater knowledge and understanding of co-operation and human relationships. We would not have achieved any measure of success without the dauntless efforts of our staff advisors, Miss Mitchell, Mr. Surtees and Mr. Curtis. A word of appreciation must also go to all who have contributed in any way to the success of the yearbook.

In our chosen profession, we now face the world not only with pride but with new responsibilties. Just as we remember the words and actions of teachers under whose influence we have passed, so will our words and actions remain in the minds of our pupils for an immeasurable length of time. Sir William Osler spoke wisely when he said, "No bubble is so irridescent or floats longer than that blown by a successful teacher." Aided by our youth, enthusiasm, and energy we must take the greatest advantage of our opportunity to guide Canada's youth into happy and responsible adult life.

Many will be our trials, worries and frustrations, but these will be surpassed by heartwarming experiences and worthwhile rewards. The sea will not always be smooth, and when we feel an overwhelming weight of responsibility we may remember these words by Ralph Waldo Emerson:

> So nigh is grandeur to our dust, So near is God to man, When Duty whispers low, Thou must, The youth replies, I can.

Staff



MISS E. MARTIN, M.A., B.Paed.

Master

Primary Methods

History of Education



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



MRS. J. IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed. Master Art, Social Studies, History



MR. M. J. CURTIS, B.A.

Master

Music, English

Audio-Visual Aids





MR. J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.Paed.

Master

General Methodology

Psychology



MISS S. STANLEY, B.A.
Master
Physical Education, Health,
School and Community,
Religious Education







MR. A. B. REED, Instructor Crafts, Science

MISS A. JOHNSON, Instructor Home Economics





MISS E. MITCHELL Mus. Bac., B.A., M.S. Librarian School Library Service Children's Literature

MISS K. McCUBBIN Secretary





RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS

Rev. F. Devine, Rev. F. Stymiest,
Rev. A. Hancock, Rev. C. Large, Dr. J. Semple.

Rev. A. Hancock, Rev. C. Large, Dr. J. Semp Absent—Rev. H. Bridge, Rev. Geo. Raap.



MAINTENANCE STAFF
Mr. H. Chambers, Mr. J. Donaldson,
Mrs. D. Avery, Miss G. Godin.

TO THE MAINTENANCE STAFF

The 1954-55 students of the Teachers' College appreciate the co-operation of the Maintenance Staff. They have worked hard all year keeping us warm and comfortable and keeping our classrooms spotlessly clean.

Practice School Teachers

Dr. Carruthers (McPhail St.)

Mrs. G. Barringer Miss E. Munns Miss S. Bamford Miss H. Willoughby Mrs. M. Abbott Miss D. Nichols Miss K. Sage Mrs. M. Saad Mr. J. M. Barker

Queen Victoria (Worthington St.)

Miss A. Runciman Miss G. Tulloch Miss J. Vernon Mr. J. Weller Mr. R. McKee

King George (Harvey St.)

Miss Doreen White Mrs. E. McCubbin Miss K. Shields Miss D. Langille Miss D. Davis Miss L. St. Louis Miss H. Sheppard Mrs. F. Wallace Mrs. A. Pritchard Mr. R. Grant Mr. R. Lehman

Dr. MacDougall (Brooke St.)

Miss M. Thompson Miss M. Sage Miss M. Forrest Mr. H. McClements Mr. J. O. Nugent

King Edward (McIntyre St.)

Miss D. Gile Mr. W. C. Waite Mrs. E. Thompson Mr. L. Phillips

Burk's Falls

Mrs. H. Caldwell Mrs. M. McDonald Mr. L. Kay

Paul Dayoud (Air Port)

Miss M. Ceresia Miss E. O'Hara Miss A. Murphy Miss J. Murr Mr. A. Bowers

Sunset Park (Ferris)

Mrs. J. Weller Mrs. V. Pentland Mrs. Y. White

Tweedsmuir (Ferris)

Mrs. M. Beardsall Mrs. H. Loucks Miss B. Campbell Mr. E. Mills Miss E. Stevens

Mattawa

Mrs. P. McLachlan Mr. G. Weaver

South River

Mrs. C. Smith Mrs. E. Maeck Mr. J. Proudfoot

Callander

Miss M. Hill Mrs. Lois Adams Mr. M. Davidson

Huntsville

Mrs. L. Kellock Mrs. I. Kellock

Sudbury (Wembley)

Miss M. Guthrie Miss M. van Nostrand Mrs. O. Leigh Miss G. Solomon Mrs. K. Elliott Mr. R. Wasylenki Mrs. M. Thornton Mr. G. Bergh

O'Brien Street

Mrs. G. Deyell Mrs. C. Cangiano Mrs. B. Mooney Mr. A. Schmidt

Sudbury (College)

Miss B. McIvor Miss I. Koivula Miss J. Hannon Miss B. Hunt Mr. L. McCluskie

Sudbury (Princess Anne)

Miss P. Hawke Mrs. A. Stefani Miss T. Bradley Mr. T. Cullis

Separate Schools

Mrs. M. Milligan Mrs. M. McNulty Mrs. D. White Mrs. L. Surtees Sr. St. Boniface Sr. Helen Marie Sr. Paschal Sr. Pauline Sr. Anastasia Sr. Mary Clare

Rural Schools

Mrs. V. Shortreed
Mrs. K. Clemmens
Mrs. G. A. Robinson
Mrs. Lorna Ryan
Mrs. I. Molineux
Mrs. O. Lueck
Miss M. White
Mrs. Leila lohnston
Miss Joan Summers
Mrs. Clara Hanson
Mrs. Marion Scott
Mrs. B. Brazeau
Mr. Leonard Lang
Miss B. Gagnon
Miss M. Gordon

ONE-YEAR **COURSE**

GROUP ONE



JOAN ANDERSON

Joan Anderson is from Powassan. Her "Specific Aim" is to garden and farm in the summer and to teach all winter. She also intends to lead a Red Cross Drive against Student Teacher Mumps. She spends the long, cold winter nights skating.

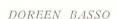
RUTH AVERY

Our Ruth Avery is a Dorset lassie noted for her smiles. Her hobbies are trees and rocks. Whatever her destiny, she will always be an interesting and friendly person.



JOHN BAGACKI

Hailing from the West, namely, Fort Frances, John is seeking his fortune in the teaching profession. Common-ly heard is, "Now let me tell you a little story", but Miss Mitchell never gives him a chance. His never-ending variety of discussions are frustrating and could drive you off on a tangent.



Little "Dodee" Basso comes from Gatchell, near Sudbury. She hopes to teach in Lively next year and prefers an intermediate grade. She is a top student and we all love her breathless way of talking.



SANTO BATTACHIO

Santo (Sam) Battachio is from Schumacher. He worked and worried on the Junior Red Cross Executive. On July 1 he will join the realm of married men. We'll have to throw a shower. He hopes to teach in Timmins.

BETTY BELL

Our Mattawa "Bell", Betty, supports the Colonial Coach Lines to such an extent that the company wants her to be their "travelling teacher" next year. She was secretary of the Junior Red Cross. Her hobbies are music, hockey (to watch), and swimming.



SUE BENNETT

Sue Bennett advertises South Porcupine. She not only tops the class but also excels in sports, as evident by her presence on the basketball team. Her concrete material is something to behold and smell - a dead fish included. University is ahead.

JOYCE BENNIE

Jo Bennie is from Kirkland Lake and is as proud of it as it is of her. She will always be remembered for her menagerie — the Dicky Bird, the Rat, and the slushy Schumacher Schmoo. She excells in art, music, and laughter. University will see this girl struggling through a Maths course.



VIOLETTE BERTRAND

Violette Bertrand from Potter, which is up near Cochrane, is better known as "Vi" or "Blue Eyes". She enjoys bowling and all outdoor sports. Her ambition is to teach near home.

DOROTHY BLACK

Known to us as "Dot", comes from Cobalt, a small? mining town north of here. Dot, who enjoys skating and all other outdoor activities, is particularly interested in teaching near home.



MAURICE BLACK

Coming from the little-known city of Barwick, "Moe" sets teaching as his primary goal. His interests include sports, art, drama and music. To pat each little child on the head and smile is one ambition. A quizzical "per-haps" can often be heard even after a fairy tale is related in the library.

SYLVIA BODNAR

This gal, who answers to the name of "Milly", comes from Fort William. She is interested in acting and through it initiated the expression, "I never do nothing but I always get the blame." Her main ambition is to originate a twenty-five hour day so she can find time to get everything done. Will such a day ever come?

FRED BRINGLESON

"Fritz" whose home town is Sault Ste. Marie, hopes to teach back home next year. His favourite sports are fishing and skiing, and he can't wait for trout season to begin. His ambition is to become a public school inspector in the Algoma district but he will probably end up teaching a twelve-pupil school somewhere in the wilds of Northern Ontario.

LEN BROUSE

Len Brouse is a North Bay lad. Len's interests are in the senior grades as he says he doesn't feel quite at home in the junior ones. The class which gets him next year should consider themselves fortunate.

BRUCE BUCKLEY

Bruce Buckley may some day set a record if he speeds up. Although he may be slightly slow, Bruce usually manages to arrive just as the last bell rings. Quiet and thoughtful, Bruce comes from Fort William.

RON CAMPBELL

"Duncan" hails from the northern town of Englehart. He would like to teach in Kirkland Lake next year. He was a stalwart member of the N.B.T.C. United Nations group and took part in many activities. He hopes to be an inspector some day or at least a high school principal.

ANN CEPURAN

Ann Cepuran is our athletic Schumacher belle. She starred on the bas-ketball team. We'll always remember her lovely honey-coloured hair and her superb dancing. She was a chicken-pox victim this year - that was her enterprise!





















SYLVIA BOYKO

Port Arthur claims this dark-haired girl whose interests lie in U. of T. Letters are her favourite pastime with her favourite saying, "Any mail for me?"

JUNE BRODIE

June Brodie hails from the Sault and will be an asset to any class-room. Though quiet, June is always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in need.

UNA BRUCE

Along with her friend June, she claims the Sault for her home. Una is always ready with a question or an answer. She is fondly remembered in her role as Mary for our Christmas programme.

AL BYERS

Al Byers of Sault Ste. Marie thoroughly enjoys fishing and skiing and would like to spend more time on each. Next year he hopes to teach in the Sault.

MRS. SEIJA CASEY

Casev is a Mrs. who is interested in every aspect of teaching. Mrs. Casey comes from Sudbury, and as such is a member of the Famous Three. She is remembered for her able direction of the Christmas concert.

CAROL CLEMMENS

This gal hails from North Bay. She has had a lot of success this year and hopes to teach at home next year. She likes movies and music for entertainment.

CLARA DALE CLERMONT

Clara Dale is forever faced with the conflict "Assignment or Young Peoples"? Her indecisions will vanish this summer when she begins to combine teaching and missionary work at Moose Fort,

ANITA CONTI

From Cobalt comes Anita Conti and to teach near her home is her ambition. She enjoys reading, music, and outdoor sports. She will always be remembered as the dark and quiet lass.

LOUISE CORBEIL

Louise Corbeil is a North Bayite. She hopes to teach primary grades in La Tuque next year. She plays badminton and reads in her spare time.

ERMA CRITCHLEY

Erma Critchley is from the O.N.R.'s favourite stop, Swastika, which is, according to her, just a mite too far from Trinity College in Toronto. Her favourite pastime is Robin' banks but as this doesn't provide much income, she has decided that it will be wise to teach next year too.

ANDREE DIXON

Andrée Dixon is full of fun. She's from Timmins and hopes to return there to work. Wherever she goes, Lil will be with her no doubt. She gets a big kick out of Phys. Ed. Shall we ever forget her exclamation when she got that A?

SHEILA DONAHUE

Sheila recognizes Cochrane as her home. Fond of swimming and reading she looks forward to teaching grades one and two next year.

























NORAH COLLINS

Norah Collins hails from Kenora, and it's "Going Back to Where I Come From" for her. Girl guiding has taken her to the "Chalet" in Switzerland, and has motivated in her the ultimate desire of visiting Europe again in the near future.

CAROL COOKE

Carol Cooke is a Geraldtonian from the far, far north. Next year she will be going back to teach the very timiest tots, she hopes. She collects china and wooden figurines and these are a constant strain on her pocket book.

SHEILA CORBETT

She goes by the name of Sheila Corbett and her home town is the same as that which boasts this renowned Teachers' College, North Bay. She hopes to find a vacant class in this city next year and proceed to spend a few happy years teaching a primary grade.

JOAN CULHANE

The centre of the Porcupine is where Joan Culhane resides. A tall, blue-eyed brunette, her favourite expression is, "Next joke". Her hobbies are driving and swimming and her pet peeves include study and sleep. The ambition this girl has is to be an auxiliary class teacher.

GEORGINA DOAN

Georgina "Pat" Doan comes from the Sault. Her ambition is to teach Art or Home Economics although her probable destination is to teach in a rural school.

BERTELAINE DUNN

Bertelaine Dunn comes from the Soo. Although she's petite, she can wallop a basketball from here to Timbuktoo. She is definitely the class worrier and scurrier.

BEVERLEY DUNNE

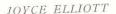
From Ontario's Algonquin Park and its wild life comes our Beverley Dunne, She looks quiet but when you know her she is really a lot of fun. She is being trained not only for a teacher but also as a storekeeper's wife.





ETHEL DYRLAND

Ethel Dyrland, from Fort Francis, wants to teach west of North Bay at least five hundred miles west. She would eventually like to teach in Australia. Ethel likes reading, softball and swimming. She dislikes people who do not answer letters.



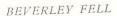
Joyce Elliott, from Fort Frances, wants to travel to the west coast in 1956. She will be teaching somewhere Western Ontario. Joyce in North likes anything that is blue.





MURIEL ELLIOTT

Muriel Elliott should be a shareholder in the O.N.R. with her weekly trots home. She's got quite a flair for art and jokes. She keeps the back of the room in stitches — and speaking of stitches, Home Ec. is her pet peeve. She is an expert on Mount Everest.



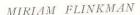
Bev. Fell is a basketball bombshell from South Porcupine. She sees University ahead and will likely major in Phys. Ed. You can't speak to her for two minutes without her saying "like you know?" at least ten times.





THERESA FLEURY

Theresa Fleury is from Temiskaming, Quebec. She has a favourite saying, "No". Her chief likes are curling, music and jets.



Miriam Flinkman is from Long Lac but favours the Sault as her second home. Her room-mates say that she wilfully stole all their nylons to stuff her lamb. Oh well, all's fair between room-mates and stuffed animals.





PHYLLIS FORREST

Phyllis Forrest comes from New Liskeard. She is looking forward to teaching French after obtaining her B.A. at Queen's. She enjoys basketball and teletype work.

SHIRLEY ANNE FORSTROM

Commonly called "Shan", she is from Kenora. During the summer she enjoys kenora. During the summer she enjoys being receptionist in her local Tourist Bureau. Her ambition is to buy a car — Chevrolet — when she becomes a rich teacher. Shan's favourite expression is, "Tonight, I'm going to phone home." phone home.





VERLIE FRANCK

Verlie Franke is our Phys. Ed. guinea pig and does very well. She was a sparkle on the basketball team. She was always ready for a doubtful "But why?" in every class. Al was her omnipresent pal.

ELSIE FRY

"Moe" comes from New Liskeard. She always has a bright smile for everyone. As a member of our Junior Red Cross Executive, she worked hard. Next year she hopes to teach in the Primary Grades.





MICHAEL FULMER

Midget Mike hails from Hoyle. "Where's that?" you say. Why up North of course, where he wants to teach next year. His favourite pastimes are sleeping and eating bacon and

GROUP TWO



MARILYN GENTILE

Marilyn's record is the best, She is a schoolboard's dream; With helping hand and friendly smile She's really "on the beam".

LILLIAS GIBBINS

Lillias is our quiet little girl Whose name no one can spell; She plays the piano like Levant, And does her work as well.



FRED GOODFELLOW

Basketball and typing
Keep our Frederick on the run.
With his wit and humour
He's a friend to everyone.



Marilyn's home is Marathon, She is a diligent lass; Marilyn sits up at the front In each and every class.



GAIL GRAHAM

Gail our gal from Copper Cliff, Has everything down pat; A person to "look up" to, She's always with her Matt.



With hammer and chisel and plane, In the workshop seeking fame, Our Don vainly tries; And when failing he cries, His tools he thinks are to blame.



BOB GRIFFIN

He is our year book representative, Bob Griffin is his name, His golden tenor voice Has brought to him, in college, fame.

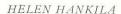


Norma is a bonny lass, In sewing class we see Always has an extra needle For either you or me.



BARBARA HANES

Barbara Hanes, a smiling lass, Likes to tickle piano keys, Puppets too, she can create, In choir she sings high C's.



Helen from South Porcupine Does knitting with a smile, Likes the hockey games back home And movies, once in a while.



DOROTHY HANLEY

Dorothy, redhead of Group Two, Anything can make; With oils or leather, cloth or paint, She really takes the cake.

ELIZABETH ANNE HARVEY

"Lizzie" is the name we give her Instead of 'Lizabeth Ann; For piano, singing or a laugh, Lizzie is our man.



A first term Students' Council rep, A credit to Group Two; "Ambition?" says she, full of pep, "A home Ec. teacher will do".

GLENYS HUNTER

Glenys plays her basketball With grace and expert hands; Whenever there's a hockey game She's there among the fans.

SALLY JAMES

Sally is our quiet girl, Hard work she doesn't mind; A nicer girl than she You couldn't hope to find.

VILMA KEMP

Vilma, head of Student Council, Is pretty, blonde and sweet; With basketball and piano, She's really hard to beat.

MATTI KINNARI

If you want to know something on baseball,

Matti is the boy to consult.

Some fellows have tried to quiz and confuse him,

But in the end they usually strike "out".



























DIANE HILL

Diane is fond of basketball; An excellent game she plays; Soon she'll rteurn to Dryden To live till after-days.

DOUGLAS HOWIE

I give you Doug Howie, a Man of

The Editor-in-Chief is his big attraction.

Recorders or lights he can rig up in a minute

For Doug, a good picture must have Rina in it.

ANDREW ILERSICH

Andrew I. Ilersich, tell me I pray, How do you keep looking so handsome and gay?

The answer is simple, just do as I say, To look handsome and neat, shave three times a day.

MARGARET JONES

This fall a girl from England came, Margaret Jones was her name. For concrete material she has quite a flair,

But the U.N. and choir take their share.

JOYCE KIISKILA

This light brunette let's others know She's proud to come from P.A. Her specialty is long distance calls. And asking, "Watt did you say?"

FAY KRIENKE

Young People's choir boys and pianists Are favourites of our Fay. She is high up on Fort Frances' lists So helpful and so gay.

LILLIAN KUZIK

Lil, our tall dynamic blond, Is always ready for a laugh; Her and Andree's joint ambition Is to join the Timmins staff.

ILONA LAINE

With Anita she's often confused; Spends most of her time with the trio:

Finds week-ends in Schreiber not used To advantage with one day or less-o.

RINA LENTI

This dark haired girl from Timmins To plenty to do as editor. From time to sing in the choir, too; For this we surely must credit her.

WAYNE LIDSTONE

Wayne, our basketball player, Puts them in with ease; A great guy from the Soo, Everyone agrees.

ANITA LUNDBERG

Confusion great she seems to cause The people always have to pause. Eileen? Ilona? Laineberg? Laine? No. Anita Lundberg is her name.

EDITH MacMILLAN

This lass with dark brown, curly hair For knitting and sewing has no flair. Her printing's neat, just right, pre-Our Edith, too, is just as nice.



























AUNE LAHTI

Aune, from the Porcupine Camp, Is a knitting and sewing champ; Who will support the O.N.R. When "week-end" Aune buys a car.

LEON LANDRY

Laundry or Landry I do not know, But whatever it is He's still a good Joe.

GRETA LETT

She's loads of fun and has lots of pep, To Teachers' Federation, she was our rep.

In time of trouble, in time of need, Just call on Greta, she'll take the lead.

MARLENE LINDSTROM

Marlene's dainty and very small, Concrete material is not her pitfall; She works hard and does her best, And is quite likely to exceed the rest.

EILEEN LUNDBERG

The favourite pal of Fay Is always pleasant and pleasing. She likes "Down By the Riverside", But what magician is she teasing??

NANCY MARCUS

Nancy's a cute curly top, Who has a great flair for art. She keeps men guessing all the time Some gals think she's smart.

FLORA MAWDSLEY

Flor's our girl from Gravenhurst In every class she's nearly first. The primary grades suit her well, We think Flora is really swell.



He was a runner of great renown,
In the city of old Fort Bill.
And during our Sports Day he went
to town,

To prove he still had the skill.

ANDERSON McKEE

"Tex" McKee is the boy's name, With his "Tarzen Yell" he won his

He has no tree from which to swing, But compensates by trying to sing.

JILL McLENNAN

Jill is our gal from Sudbury.
For everyone, she has a smile;
With her bright blue twinkling eyes,
She makes classroom life worth while.

MARGARET MIHALY

From Sudbury City Margaret hails; To Sudbury again she is setting her sails.

She is quite a violinist, so we hear. In the choir, too, she does appear.

JANET MULLEN

Janet's a girl who day-dreams quite a lot

Of her weekends out Sudbury way. Tho' letter-writing takes much of her

She works hard when she's here any-

























IAMES MAXWELL

Scotty is a little man He comes from Kapaskasing. Every time one sees him on the street, Vilma is the girl he's chasing.

DONALD McGUGAN

McGugan is a teacher, Better than you or me; If anyone wants information, Don is the man to see.

AUDREY McLELLAN

Audrey always persists the fact That McLellan is her name. She's small and dark and full of joy; Claims Geraldton has the fame.

SANDRA McLURE

Falconbridge sent us this tiny teacher
Of blue eyes and shiny black hair.
She's always willing to lend you a
hand,

And in Home Ec. she's much better than fair.

MARILYN MOORE

Marilyn so bright and cheery, A fan of Sarah Vaughn, As poet and Brownie Leader, Marilyn has shone.

BETTY NELSON

This quiet little girl from Parry Sound Is thoughtful, bright and merry.

A fine ambition she has found,
To be a missionary.

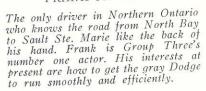
GROUP THREE



JUNE OLSON

June is the girl who just can't decide whether she lives in Port Arthur or Caramat, but whichever city gets her, schoolmarm Olson will be a boon to the community. Of late, June has taken a profound interest in jets, especially ones that "Busz".

FRANK ORLANDO







GEORGE PAPPAS

A North Bay boy and Group Three's own Louis Riel. He is an industrious and enthusiastic member of the class whose interests lie mainly in skiing, radio, and a small but famous gold mining town in Northern Ontario.

JACQUELINE PEARSON

Jackie is one of the girls who taught before coming to T.C. Noted for getting assignments done early and also noted for picking a particular interest from Group 3. Found often with Marion.





GORDON PETERSON

The male with the subtle character; quiet and carefree, yet popular with the class; enjoys soda cracker snacks and finds his immediate aim to be a walk down the aisle.

TRILBY PIERCE

Trilby entered College with a mis-chievous smile, twinkle, and a bag full of old sayings; It's Bliss! Hi Doll! which have been contagious in the school. All in all, Tril's a level-headed gal, happy, cute as a button, and great to have in our class.





HARRY POLOWY

One can always hear this tall gentle man singing, "Going Home This Week-end?" His interests lie in teaching, fishing and sleeping. His famous last words are, "I love them all!" He is this year's president of the Athletic Society.

DOLORES PORLIER

We have not discovered whether Dolores is the scholarly type but we do know that she is the instructor type. We cannot rightfully say that her virtues surpass the etceteras in the "Statutes" but the present virtues are running a close second.







LAWRENCE PROULX

The tall quiet personality from Group Three who looks best in dramatic roles which he has portrayed in assembly. Noted for his artistic ability. Ambition - to remain a bachelor?

JO-ANNE RHUDE

From Kirkland Lake comes our "Jo" who is always cheerful and willing to lend a helping hand. Her interests are varied and it is her ambition to become a missionary or kindergarten teacher. Her cheery "Good Morning" helps to begin the day right for many.





JOY RUTTAN

Her home town is Matachewan, and she would like to teach in a country school. As her name implies and her laugh verifies, she is always bubbling over with joy.

SHEILA E. RYAN

The Fort Frances flame. She is a jovial, cheery personality who seems to have avid interests in young Italians \ Sheila will always be remembered by the Class of '55.

GLORIA SANTI

From Copper Cliff hails this lass. A bustling mixed-up gal with hopes of some day getting unmixed. With a theme song of "What'll I do," perhaps the right one will "unmix" her. Sudbury?

HARVEY SCHUBERT

One of Group Three's strong silent men. Known for a ready smile and willingness to help others at any time, he is liked by all. His favourite pastime is calling, writing or phoning to one from Group 3. We wish you all the luck, Harvey!

DOROTHY SHAVE

Our girl from the Far North, Kapuskasing, Dorothy loves basketball and "Bob". She was treasurer of our Students' Council and one of the bright stars of Group 3. Sure to make the best teacher when she goes back home.

MARIAN SINCLAIR

Hailing from the good old north, "Cochrane", Marian sends streams of laughter down your spine. Besides being comically talented, she plays her role in life with excitement and will no doubt prove to be an excellent child educator. "I say Charlie," is constantly on her lips and who knows, Chaplin may some day appear. Good luck to you!

BERNARD SKULA

Bernard paves his way with an easy grin. He loves travelling and hopes to reach South America and Hawaii. His interests include both teaching and geography. Perhaps he will combine the two. Good luck to you, Bernie!

























SHEILA H. RYAN

A North Bay gal who exists on the slogan "Live fast, be merry, and die young!" Attractive Sheila H. Ryan is interested in teaching in the Toronto district due to circumstances beyond her control. There is never a dull moment in this young girl's life.

AUDREY SAUNDERS

Blond, blue-eyed and brainy is this lass from Fort William. As a contemporary of Chopin, Aud. is tops at the keyboard, even when indulging in Western swing. Her sunny smile and willingness to help make her a friend to all. Audrey will make a success of anything she tackles in life.

MARION SHAMESS

Better known as "Our Tumbler", hails from Parry Sound. With her ready smile, she makes friends easily. Her interests at present are food and Duncan. She is sure to make one of our most successful teachers.

CAROL SHERLOCK

Carol, one of the famous (or is it infamous?) laughing girls of Port Arthur, keeps herself profitably occupied ably directing our class play, exemplifying her natural proficiency in her chosen profession. Interested in choir and volleyball.

LADISTON SKUBE

He likes to think he is a different person. Perhaps that is true. His name is different anyway; it is in its entirety, Ladiston Maxmillion Skube, better known to Marilyn as Laddie. Incidentally, he is a whiz at the polka, with a paint brush and his thumb with destination T.O.

MRS. DIANNE SMITH

Mrs. Dianne Smith has a love for discussion, panel meetings and art of any sort. She believes you must psychoanalyse the opposition before trying to over argue them. Main ambition is to outwit her major opponent.

JOAN SMITH

This bright, lively lass hails from Fort William. Joan's friendly smile, pleasant personality, and willingness to cooperate have won her many friends in the Bay. She is an accomplished pianist and athlete. Excellent marks also show she will achieve her goal in getting her B.A. A sure success wherever she goes.

SONIA SOBCHUK

Sonia is Group Three's gal of western song. Her height is her outstand-ing characteristic. With a lively personality full of harmless laughter and a one desire of having enough time to do all her assignments, she made Group Three a lot brighter.

ANICE STEPHENSON

Janice hails from Levack and never tires relating its merits. The only thing it lacks, she admits, is a certain B.B. — and that doesn't mean her black book.

PAMELA TIPPETT

A true Northerner, "Pam" comes from the "gold town" of Kirkland Lake. She is a lover of good music and a Chopin fan. Her favourite pastime is figuring out how much money she will have left over at the end of this vear.

GRACE TOMCHICK

Grace Tomchick is very quiet in class but actually loves excitement and adventure. Grace's one main ambition is to get to bed before sunrise on week-ends. May success be hers as a teacher.

JOAN TOPPS

Joan Topps is quiet in manner, generous in deed. Joan's smile is her outstanding characteristic. In her, Group Three has found a sincere friend.

























SALLY SMITH

Her main interests are curling, swimming, and writing to Chuck who is at Universitay in South Carolina. She plays the violin well and her favourite song is "Mr. Sandman". Her first teaching week was in a rural schoo!, hence, "Oh, Shucks!"

HELEN STEMEROWICZ

Helen is our merry lass from Kenora, Her cheerful smile and ready laughter is a boon to any school. A starring forward on our basketball team, Helen's athletic and leadership abilities linked with her original ideas, mark her as one of our better students.

ARLENE SULLIVAN

Our Irish Miss from the Bay. Arlene is admired by her fellow class-mates and also by ?. Her secret ambition is to become a private tutor. (To whom?)

SHIRLEY TOMAC

Shirley is a quiet conscientious person. Her outside activities include reading and movies. She plans to return to Sault Ste. Marie to teach.

PATRICIA TOMLINSON

Another Schumacher Miss who thinks a lot of North Bay males — especially a "certain" one. Pat rates as Group Three's number one social studies student. She is a good athlete as well as student. Pat should be tops as a teacher.

DOREEN TOWLE

Doreen loves to putter around in the garden and hates to be hurried. Some day she hopes to travel abroad. Her favourite saying, "I'd like to kick a hole in something," and on occasion has.

ELIZABETH TOWLE

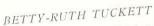
Elizabeth Towle has a specific aim to globe trot. Her greatest problem is that folding stuff. Her favourite question is, "Where did it go?" (meaning her last dollar). She likes men who are tall, dark, and handsome, equipped with water skis, boat and car.





KATE TUCKER

A gay and witty member of Group Three with a warm heart and a generous nature. Kate is a willing worker who enjoys literary work, especially poetry. Her other interests lie mainly in thoughts of home.



Betty-Ruth is a happy girl but still a diligent worker. She lists her hobbics as reading, and "outside interests"— a wide margin! We wish her the same success in teaching as she has had in bowling.





STAN BRADSHAW

Stan is a Huntsville product who is Group Three's new-comer. We have already figured him out to be "quiet and deep." He enjoys the song, "I'm All Alone, Playing Solitaire," in addition to the stimulating company of a certain lady teacher.

AUGUSTA VAN DOOREN

Augusta "Gus" who hails from Falconbridge is not as quiet as she pretends to be. If you sat near her in class you would soon learn that her mind functions continually and succeeds in making you laugh. "You can't tell a book by its cover."





JEAN VINCENT

Jean is a girl with a dynamic personality. She is one of those girls whose smile and laughter can lift one out of the depths of despair. Jean hails from Espanola and seems to be very intent upon spending next year there.



Jane, from the beginning of the year, has been known to be always bubbling over with mischief and laughter. Jane is a top-rate student with a flare for keeping herself profitably occupied, especially during those long winter evenings.





MAE WARD

Mae is an attractive little Miss from Group Three who spends most of her time wishing she were in Toronto. Vivacious and carefree, Mae has won herself many friends who will long remember her.

EDWARD WELSH

Ed was born with a flair for art and a feeling that the world is mad. He is Group Three's "Laughing Boy" who is full of mischief and wit, yet is a willing worker. He staunchly refuses to be swayed by the devotion of his admirers.





PATRICIA WONG

She is a Schumacher girl with the "mostest" on the ball. Pat has a pleasant voice and manner which win her admiration as a teacher. She is also known to have strong likes and dislikes, especially burnt toast. Her ultimate aim is a B.A.

TWO-YEAR COURSE

GROUP Four



BOB BOTWRIGHT

The North Bay lad in our class Has vim and vigour not surpassed. He works well with us every day, Bob does his best in every way.

JOAN BOWMAN

From Thornloe comes this smiling lass Who near there wants a rural class, As teacher, student, on yearbook executive,

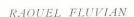
Joan gives the best that she is able.



KATHLEEN CROZIER

Dark, pretty "Cathy" hails from Burks Falls, Original, effective, she's where duty calls,

She has no trouble in getting A's, Success will follow her all her days.



Vivacious smile and dark brown eyes, A student's friend and teacher's prize, Story telling and dancing too, Are some of the things Raquel can do.



GEORGE HILL

Head and shoulders above us all, He's the camera man, always on call. Full of wisdom, ready to share, He and Michael sure make a pair.

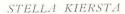


To be a teacher is her aim, And in this task to bring her fame. O'er the country she may roam, Tho' yet she calls Burks Falls her home,



BETTY JAMES

Betty is our dancing lass, Quiet and helpful in her class. She does her work well every day, And teaches in her very best way.



Wit and wisdom made her name, Quality will bring her fame. We wish her luck where're she goes, For Stella's the girl that really knows.



SHIRLEY LECLAIR

Shirley comes to us from Coniston, Group Four has found her full of fun. On Student Council she did well, She'll make a teacher, we can tell.

CLAIRE LEE

From Callander this young lass hails, Of talking cats she spins us tales, We wish her luck in her endeavour, And hope that it will last forever.



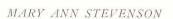
GWEN LEEDER

Vim and vigour has this lass, Who's a worthy addition to our class, From Toronto she did come, Gwen has shown us what they've done.

SHIRLEY MARSH

Shirley Marsh, briefly defined. A nicer person no one can find. Lucky are the pupils who'll learn their division.

Under Shirley's close supervision.



Mary Ann Stevenson, short and sweet, Hails from the town of South River, The T.C. standards she knows how to meet,

She'll take all the knowledge with her.

YVONNE TRUDEAU

Laughing eyes, sunny smile, We're proud of her company, all the zohile

A school near home is what she wants, On Tuesday nights, the Council room she haunts.

BARBARA ANN ARTHUR

Barbara Ann Arthur from Sudbury came:

To be a teacher is her aim.

She works so hard and takes such pains.

We hope that she'll achieve her aims.

CATHY BURNS

Cathy Burns, our girl from the Sault, Has dark eyes and black hair too, She laughs and giggles all day long; "Let the sun shine in" is her favourite song.

NORMA CAMPAGNOLA

Now South Porcupine brings to our

Norma Campagnola, a lively lass, She likes them tall; she likes them

And in our class she is a spark.







NORMA PROTOMANNI

This dark pretty girl from Timmins

At teaching, she will never fail. On Athletic Council, she did her part, She does everything with all her heart.

THERESA STUMP

Tall and blond, and oh, so merry, She is commonly known as 'Terry". Reading, writing, school and community.

She's one who ne'er shirks her duty.



GROUP FIVE











PATRICIA BOOK

From Port Loring comes our brain; She doesn't like travelling by train; Each week-end sees Pat Book at home;

Far from here she likes to roam.

JANET BURTON

Janet Burton, from Iroquois Falls, Long distance often calls: Her telephone bills pile up very high, And then she sits and wonders why.

CAROLYN CHRISTIE

Carolyn Christie, our Geraldton lass, Is the riot of our class, She tears around in a busy way, And is all worn out at the end of the day.

JANCIS DESORMEAUX

Jancis Desormeaux is a girl from the Bay,
Who knows her stuff the musical way:

Quiet as a "lamb" is she, And interested in a certain "he".



A Timmins lass is Betty Drew, Quiet, pleasant, yet lots of fun too; Light brown hair, short and slim, She keeps herself as neat as a pin.

DONELDA FRANCIS

Donelda Francis is a quiet one But she still adds to our general fun; Home to Sudbury she does go; Is an interest there? We don't know.

DIANNE HARVEY

From North Bay comes another lass, The history brain of our class; Dianne Harvey is her name; We hope that teaching will bring her fame.

BERNA HILL

Berna Hill from Englehart, Though small and quiet does her part; She's very kind but also "frank", A place on the council she did rank.

LULU JEAN KERR

From Timmins comes Lulu Jean Kerr, Rendering solos is for her, Pupils in her class will find She's very considerate and kind.

























SHIRLEY DONALDCHUK

Shirley Donaldchuk, though she's small,

With Geraldton charm showers us all, Big brown eyes and turned up nose, With cheeks of red just like a rose.

SHIRLEY EADIE

Little Current sent this gal, Shirley Eadie, to be our pal; Manitoulin to her calls But she'd rather go to Whitefish Falls.

JAMES GRIST

Another from Timmins is James Grist, On perfection he does insist; His interests lie in radio and birds, He also knows how to use big words.

NANCY HUNTER

Nancy Hunter is short and sweet And her appearance is always neat, Though Burks Falls is her home town In North Bay she settles down.

MARY JARC

Mary Jarc from Timmins hails, Through her subjects she always sails, A member of the Year Book staff, Some of her jokes will make you laugh.

ISABELLE KILPATRICK

Suzie Kilpatrick, the athletic type, Basketball is her delight, In Sudbury now she's seldom found Since someone else came "Bob"bing around.

MRS. THELMA MENTIS

The married lady of our class
Is Thelma Mentis, a Garson lass,
A little daughter she has at home
So far from there she doesn't roam.





LEO MITCHELL

Leo Mitchell, the little boy,

Who makes our class a real joy,

History and dates are his delight,

Does he study them every night?

WILMA PILGER

Wilma Pilger, our girl from Commanda,

Home to the farm each week-end goes.

When school's over in June next year Will she go teaching far from here?





 $BILL\ PITT$

Bill Pitt is a real swell guy, And in Sudbury his interests lie; A grade eight class he'd like to own; In higher grades he's more at home.

FRANK SMITH

To North Bay from Kapuskasing Comes Frank Smith, a boy with patience;

His interests lie within Group Five; To be a teacher he does strive.





MARJORIE WALDEN

Marjorie Walden, our girl from the Bay,

Will sooner or later make music pay, We wish her luck and much success And hope that she'll find happiness.

JACK WELLS

Jack Wells, our married man, Returns to Sudbury when he can, He relishes grades higher than four "I like them," he says, "because they know more."





COLINE WHITEHEAD

On Falconbridge, her home town, Coline Whitehead doesn't frown, Tall and dark and lots of fun, She keeps the whole class on the run.

VISITORS

This year we were privileged to have many distinguished visitors at our morning assemblies. The first of these was Miss Marjory Wilkinson from the Red Cross, who gave us a background of its organization and work. Miss Chatwyn, visiting us on January 26, directed a panel discussion on interschool and intramural sports in the elementary school. During the discussion, there was some confusion between "Mr." and Mrs. Smith. She also observed a few of the physical education classes. The next morning, Miss Nora Hodgins, the secretary-treasurer of the Ontario Teachers' Federation, spoke to us about the Women Teachers' Federation, its history and present benefits. This was especially interesting to the girls. Dr. Laycock, the author of one of our psychology books, gave us a very enlightening talk on February 3, concerning parents and teachers in relation to the child. Those interested in art education enjoyed Dr. Gaitskell's address on February 9 very much. He discussed mostly the problems which the adolescent encounters in art. Mr. C. Mustard from the Department of Education also paid a brief visit to the school. Each group in the school had three extremely interesting and informative class periods with Mr. Armstrong from the staff of the Hamilton Teachers' College. The problem of alcohol became clearer through discussion and lecture under Dr. Armstrong's able supervision.

We enjoyed these talks very much and appreciate the time these guests gave to help us with our future profession.

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COMPLETING COURSE

GROUP SIX



ANJA ANTTILA

Anja is an ambitious girl, Her head must sometimes be in a whirl. With Choir, Council and Volleyball, You can see that she takes part in all.



DOROTHY BAKER

Dorothy is our short, dark lass, A very hard worker in our class, She says that Ice Lake is her home, The pupils will want her all for their



JEAN BALDISERA

From Coniston hails this pretty gal, To everyone she's a wonderful pal. Always cheerful, gay and keen, This successful teacher from the completing team.



From South Porcupine hails this gal, Into this group, she's the jolliest sal. So when you hear her laugh and see a smile, You may be sure it's Pat Belisle.

BETTY BURNS

Bright blue eyes and shiny blond hair,

She likes them handsome but not fair.

Small in stature, not in mind,

A friendlicr lass you'll never find.



BETTY BUGERA

Our Betty is a Schumacher girl For teaching children, she's a pearl, Snow, sleet or rain, You'll find her on the Friday night train.



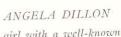
ALFREDA BURT

Here's an attractive little lass, In the second row of the Group Six Class. Gore Bay is her "home" they say, But her interests lie another way.



MARIE DOUPE

Marie is a happy school marm, Who comes from a Tomstown farm. "That's for sure," is the favourite Of the girl who likes reading, baseball and skiing.



She's a girl with a well-known name, From Sioux Lookout she came; Her interests in Fort Frances lay, Angela will go there at the end of May.



HELEN ELIOT

Helen Eliot from Timmins hails, For an answer in class she never fails. Small and cute, full of pep, Teaching is an important step.

RENE DUQUETTE

Our only lad is from Eau Claire, He's one out of twenty-nine so fair. With the best of disposition He can conquer any mission.

JOAN FRECHETTE

She brightens up the room like the sun.

Always helpful and full of fun, She always knows just what to do, That Joan Frechette from the Sault.





MRS. MAVIS HAMILTON

Toronto is the home Of one girl in our class; Her name is Mavis Hamilton, A clever teaching lass.

FRANCES-CLARE HAYES

Frances-Clare is this gal's name, With "De Stop Him Short" she fast made fame;

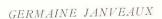
A lot of vitality and humour too, This tiny one, full of fun, the whole day through.





MRS. HELEN IRVING

She is always, always trying To get her assignments up to date, And keeps her house in tip-top shape; How does she keep on smiling?



There is a girl whom we all know, Smart, and bright, and never slow, Before I even tell her name You will recognize Germaine.





CATHERINE KELKKA

When there's work required, Cathy's almost never tired; She's the teacher who'll always be there. Willing to do more than her share.



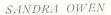
From Englehart hails Jean so tall, In teaching has great powers, Smiles she brings to all Group Six, Just like the springtime flowers.





ELSIE MONTY

Elsie, who's so quiet and serene, Is a member of the completing team, She hails from a place far away, This northland teacher of Vermillion Bay.



This cute little lass is from Sault Ste. Marie,

Her methods in teaching are unique you will see,

New ideas, and materials she gains, She manages too, to get paid for her pains.





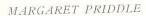


HELEN PAJALA

From Sudbury hails this little blond lass.

In an art lesson she's sure to pass; She may seem quiet to those who just glance,

But don't be misled, just give her a chance.



Marg. Priddle is quite a riddle 'Cause she''s always on the run. Lessons, assignments and long essays Keep her like the rising sun.





BETTY SCHULTZ

Betty's the quiet blonde lass, Who sits at the back of the class; Her work's always done to perfection And for this she's sure to pass.

BRENDA STILES

Our blue-eyed Brenda is a pal, She certainly is a clever gal, Teaching is her goal in mind, An excellent class is hers, we'll find.

SHIRLEY VIVIAN

This pretty girl hails from the Sault, Her teaching all the whole year through,

Has proved how Shirley is so keen; She'll be a good teacher is what we mean.

JOAN WELLER

MacTier sends Joan to Group Six, To prove red hair and temper just don't mix,

A wonderful friend, a good teacher too,

The best of luck we wish to you.

OLGA WORONCHAK

Olga is our Athletic Rep. Because she is always full of pep, Tall, straight, bright and gay, Successful teaching is on its way.







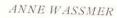


ELAINE STRACHAN

From Port Arthur hails this pretty miss,

Whose brains and sports you must not miss,

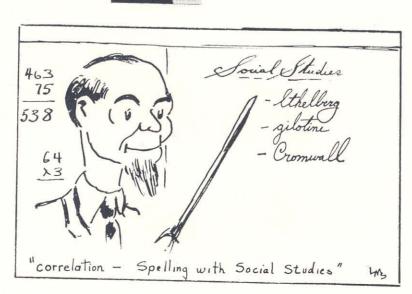
What is her name you will exclaim? This clever teacher is our "Elaine"



Our clever Anne is on her way, All her subjects earn an A; Keen and bright, happy all day, "A perfect teacher," is what we say.

HELEN WILLIAMSON

In our room there are Helen's three, This one's busy as a bee, For she's our Council Rep you see, And hails from the town of Lively.







FIRST TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Standing—Elaine Strachan, Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff Advisor), Anja Antilla, Douglas Howie, Mary Anne Stevenson, Alwyn Byers,
George Pappas, Ruth Avery, Arlene Sullivan, Berna Hill, William Pitt, Rosemary Hill, Stella Kiersta. Seated—Dorothy Shave (Treas.), Greta Lett (Secretary), Ladiston Skube (President), Robert Botwright (Vice-President), Miss G. Johnson (Staff Advisor).





SECOND TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Standing—Helen Williamson, Nancy Hunter, Angela Dillon, Norah Collins, Robert McCall, Marilyn Gentile, Mr. A. B. Reed, Shirley Leclaire, Frank Smith, Shirley Anne Forstrom, Sheila E. Ryan, Yvonne Trudeau, Dolores Porlier. Seated-Leon Landry (Treas.); Verlie Franck (Secretary), Vilma Kemp (President), Catherine Kelkka (Vice-President), Miss A. Johnson (Staff Advisor).



JUNIOR RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Standing—Andrew Hersich, Donalda Francis, Patricia Wong, Elsie Fry, Betty James, Betty Bugera. Seated-Matti Kinnari (Treas.), Joan Weller (Vice-Pres.), Joan Anderson (President), Santo Battochio (Circulation Manager), Miss E. Martin (Staff Advisor).

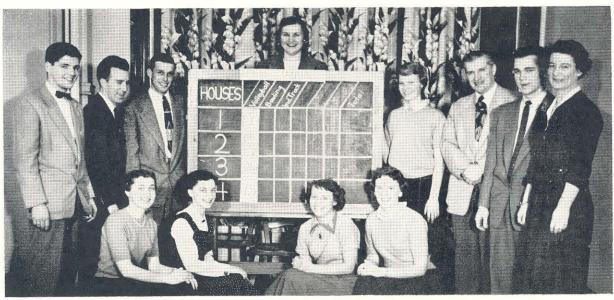




UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

Standing-Mr. D. Deyell, Miss E. Martin, Mr. R. Surtees.

Seated-Frances-Clare Hayes (Treas.), Patricia Belisle (Sec'y.), George Pappas (Pres.), Catherine Kelkka (Vice-Pres.).



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Back Row—Rene Duquette, John Wells, Leonard Brouse (Treas.), Anne Cepuran (Vice-Pres.), Isabel Kilpatrick, Fred Goodfellow, Harry Polowy (Pres.), Miss S. Stanley.

Front Row-Joyce Kiiskila, Norma Protomanni (Sec'y.), Helen Stemerowicz, Olga Woronchak.





GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Elizabeth Towle, Helen Pajala, Diane Hill, James Maxwell (Coach), Phyllis Forrest, Glenys Hunter, Vilma Kemp. Elaine Strachan.

Front Row—Isabelle Kilpatrick (Capt.), Beverley Fell, Bertelaine Dunne, Helen Stemerowicz, Dorothy Shave, Verlie Franck, Susan Bennett.



THE CHOIR

Front Row—Betty Burns, Joan Frechette, Marg Priddle, Anita Conti, M. Curtis, James Grist, Una Bruce, Nora Collins,
June Brodie, Betty Tuckett.

Second Row—Audrey McLellan, Sylvia Boyko, Erma Critchley, M. iorie Walden, Margaret Jones, Marilyn Gentile, Louise Corbeil,
Helen Stemerowicz, Carol Clemmens, Mrs. D. Smith.

Third Row—Joyce Kiiskila, Elizabeth Anne Harvey, Joan Bowman, Theresa Fleury, Pat Tomlinson, Sally Smith, Joan Weller,
Barbara Hanes, Raquel Fluvian.

Fourth Row—Shirley Vivian, Jill McLennan, Sheila Corbett, Rina Lenti, Glenys Hunter, Anita Lundberg, Brenda Stiles,
Sylvia Bodnar, Mrs. Seija Casey.

Fifth Row—Dorothy Black, Augusta Van Dooren, Margaret Mihaly, Janice Stephenson, Olga Woronchak, Stella Kiersta, Shirley Forstrom, Jancis Desormeaux, Dolores Porlier.

Sixth Row—Carol Sherlock, June Olson, Anja Anttila, Verlie Franck.





CHOIR EXECUTIVE

Brenda Stiles, Sheila H. Ryan, Stella Kiersta, Patricia Tomlinson, Mr. M. J. Curtis (Staff Advisor).

FIRST TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The highlight of the programmes for the students during the first term was the Christmas Formal Dance, sponsored by the Students' Council. The college auditorium was transformed for the occasion into a Christmas Toy Shop with a variety of decorations. The largest crowd in many years was in attendance. Other social programmes of the term were a Hallowe'en Masquerade, Sadie Hawkins Night, Open House, Games Night, Sweater Hop, Skating Party, and a sleigh-ride.

The Council planned and presented the first assembly programme of the year. After this each group was asked to assume responsibility for the literary

Arrangements were completed during the term for ordering college Christmas cards, school rings, pins, identification bracelets, and crests. In addition the council donated a number of new records for social programmes.

As service projects, the council purchased floor lamps and card tables, and also assisted in the making of drapes for the common room.

Nine regular meetings were held during the term.

MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC.

Early in the year the Teachers' College students under the competent leadership of Mr. Curtis formed a choir, naming itself the Curtis Choralaires in honour of the conductor. Miss Anja Anttila, an accomplished pianist, became the accompanist.

Every Monday after four the strains of Fantasy on Nursery Rhymes, Homing, Prince Igor and many other melodies poured forth from the practices in the auditorium. Besides the personal satisfaction to the choir members in their accomplishments, there was also the praise and approval of the masters and the student body.

At Christmas time the Choralaires sang Christmas music for their fellow students and led them in favourite carols. During Education Week a tape was made by the choir, which could then hear itself

in a broadcast over CFCH.

On March 11th, after many weeks of practice, the Choralaires left by chartered bus for the Sudbury festival. We gathered at Murray's Restaurant for supper and then adjourned to the Legion Hall. After a brief last-minute "brush-up" downstairs we assembled in the auditorium and sang "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land" by Sir Edward Elgar. As a result of each member's utmost effort we were given 82 marks by adjudicator Gordon Clinton.

A few of his remarks were as follows: "Your tone is warm. Get away from syllabic singing. Good discipline; good tone. Accurate work with good

under parts.

At ten o'clock we entered into finals against three other first-place choirs. Although we did not win, we improved our performance and were content to know that we all had done our best.

Although we carried home no trophy, we all felt that the experience we gained in the preparation and performance was a far richer treasure than either a certificate or trophy could ever be.

At the time of going to press, the choir is enthusiastically digging into four new pieces in preparation for a special treat to be given to the student body late in May.

SECOND TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

During their short term of office, the 1955 Students' Council sponsored entertainment for the students on Friday evenings, literary programmes for Friday afternoon assemblies, and also discussed problems concerning the student body.

On February 11 they sponsored a Games Evening after the basketball game and served refreshments.

A Mardi Gras Masquerade dance was held on the evening of February 18. Refreshments were served in the gaily decorated auditorium.

On March 11 the students enjoyed a Tournament Night which consisted of tournaments in chess, checkers, table tennis, crokinole and cribbage, amusing prizes being presented to the winners.

The council is now discussing plans for more events after Easter; these will include a Spring Formal Dance and Graduation Exercises. The highlights of discussion now is the possibility of having a class reunion for the 1954-55 class in about three years' time. It sounds like fun!

A vote of thanks is extended to Miss Johnson, our staff advisor, and to all others who helped make our year at N.B.T.C. a profitable and memorable one.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Thumbs Up Branch of the Junior Red Cross started this year's programme with an organization meeting on November 4th, with all members present.

In order to become a branch we had to send in a registration fee of \$5.00.

Our first project was an attempt to raise funds for the Hurricane Hazel Relief Fund. This money was used to help clothe children who were left homeless after the disaster. A box was placed at the entrance to the auditorium the night of the Sadie Hawkins Dance and also in the hall during the following week.

Miss Fry was chairman of the candy sale. candy was made in the Home Economics Room with much help from Miss Johnson. It was sold on all floors of the school one Friday during consultation period.

Our circulation manager has ordered the "Junior" magazine for the months from Januar to May.

The Head Office in Toronto has sent us four copies of the Handbook, which have been placed in the library for the convenience of all the students. Much of the information for our Red Cross programme was obtained from this book. Miss Weller was chairman for this programme, which outlined various health rules, duties of the officers, and the history of the organization.

Our last project was an art exhibition which was displayed in the common room for two weeks. pictures were painted by elementary pupils from all over the world. In correlation with this project, a film named, "Great Also in Peace" was shown.

UNITED NATIONS STUDENT TEACHERS' GROUP

The United Nations Student Teachers' Group held its first meeting on January 18th, 1955. The group has undertaken a project in connection with U.N.E.S.C.O. by which they are endeavouring to donate fifty dollars to assist a Teachers' College in Korea through the sale of U.N. stamps.

On the evening of February 28th, in the auditorium of the Teachers' College, a panel discussion was held with Frances-Clare Hayes, Ladiston Skube and Catherine Kelkke representing the U.N. Student Teachers' Group, and Graham Mount and John Gould representing the North Bay Collegiate. The topic discussed was "Red China and the United Nations". A one-act play directed by Mrs. Casey was presented as well.

Many films have been shown to the student body such as: "This is The Challenge", "The Danish Children Build a Greek School", and many others.

It is the hope of the U.N. Student Teachers' Group that the students will join the local United Nations Group in the vicinities in which they will be teaching next year. As teachers it is our duty to see that we contribute our share towards world peace.

THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The Athletic Council began their year by having a volleyball tournament. The teams in the tournament came from the four houses into which the school is divided. House 1 was the winner of the tournament.

Bowling was next on the programme and the final house winner hasn't been determined at the time of writing.

A very successful indoor track and field meet was held. Group three did the planning but it was sponsored by the Athletic Council. House III was triumphant.

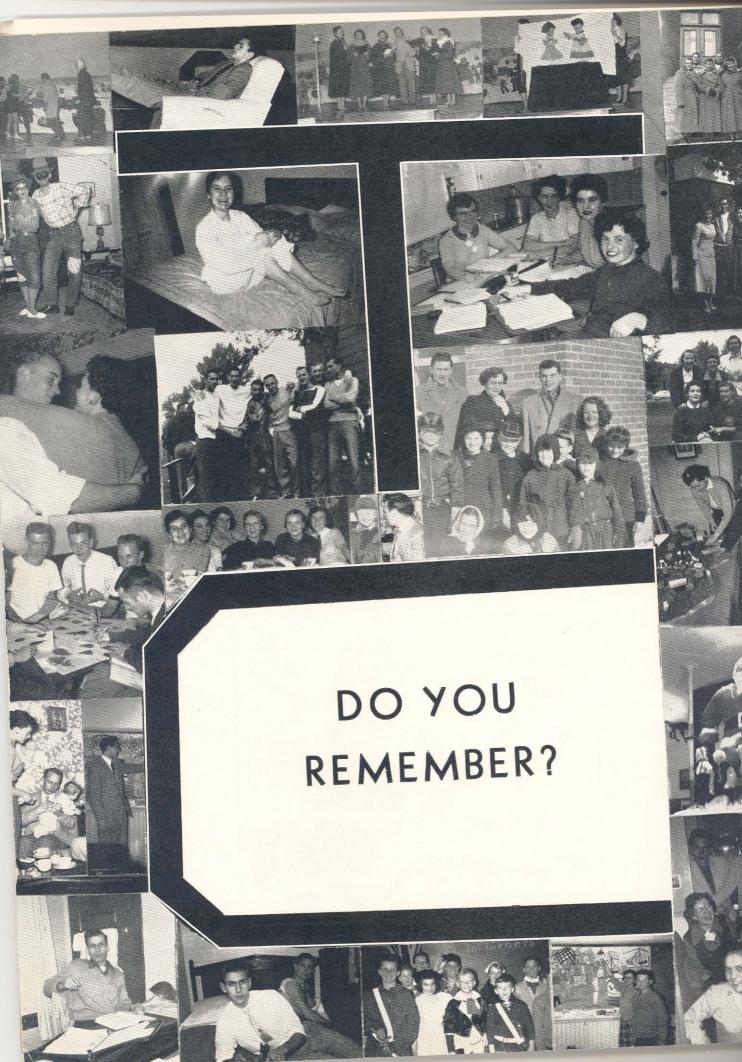
These were the main activities carried on by the Athletic Council.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Early in the year, many girls grouped together to form a Teachers' College Basketball Team, with Jim Maxwell acting as coach. As time progressed, the group diminished from about thirty people to fifteen. These fifteen were kept as the team. Sue Bennett was elected representative to the City Athletic Council. She entered the team in the League to play against Pitman Motorettes and Brown's Furs. The entry fee was paid by the Students' Council and the basketball team. Games and practices were very frequent and victorious for our strong team. Out of twelve games played, the Teachers won seven to put them at the top of the League. However, in the play-offs against Brown's Furs, they were defeated twice, thus putting an end to the basketball season.



TORONTONIAN'S IMPRESSION OF NORTH BAY

















Valedictory Address

Mr. Beacom, Members of the Staff, and Fellow Students:

"Slavery is but half abolished, emancipation is but half completed while millions of free men with votes in their hands are left without education." With this idea half formulated in our minds as motivation, only ten short months ago we first entered our Dome and assembled in this same hall in which we are seated to-day. Expressions of curiosity, ambition and intelligence were upon our faces as we received a hearty welcome from our principal, Mr. Beacom. Throughout the year we have worked hard together and have completed the course which has been given to us; we are now ready to step into our puzzled world to help the peoples of all nations to bring about "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." We have come together thus far as a group, and we have been looking forward together to this time as the happiest in our lives, forgetting, however, that it was also going to mean a time of parting. Now this reality is suddenly thrust upon us, and in spite of the triumph this day holds for us, it bears a note of sadness. Wherever each of us may be, though miles apart, let us keep in our hearts the words of the Old Testament:

"Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable unto him, A new friend is like a wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure."

For a few moments in this our last assembly let us recall a number of incidents about our year at Teachers' College which will remain as unforgettable memories in the years to come. First, let us look upon our assemblies. How we drifted together every morning at eight forty-five like a flock of sheep before scattering into the pastures! Most of us were present only physically, yet trying to look intelligent, and how warmly we greeted anyone or anything which might prolong our gathering! Then, who of us will ever forget our first lesson? Through our minds went these words of Macbeth:

"Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had lived a blessed time."

Remember, too, the gay times and decorations at our formal dances and social evenings. It was here that most of us met for the first time, and it was here also that were formed some "until death do us part" attachments — congratulations!

Lesson plans, concrete material — these are unforgettable, and let me warn you — do not forget your weeks out of town, because in most cases the town will never forget you. Let us conclude these few memories with a rule of the masters:

"Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest!"

To the masters, who have trained us with endless patience, we are very grateful, not only for their guidance but even more for drawing from us whatever qualities of intellect and leadership we may possess. We, the students, hopefully trust that the years to follow may demonstrate to their satisfaction, as well as to our own, that this period under their guidance was indeed the basis for our success.

My last words are directed to you, my fellow classmates. You may hear people say that they would like to be chosen to express these last words; however, in my estimation these seem the hardest of all words to say, and I'd rather that someone else would be the one to say them. For those last words must be to many, if not to all of us, "Good-bye and good luck!"

Let us all, as we now take our separate ways, keep in mind the words Lord Brougham used before the House of Commons in 1828:

"The Schoolmaster is abroad! And I trust more to him, armed with his primer, than I do the soldier in full military array, for upholding and extending the liberties of his country."

Therefore I say unto every one of you — take care how your present actions may affect posterity.



M. JONES

I COME TO THE NORTH

On the 26th of July, 1954, I set sail from Southampton, England aboard the S.S. Atlantic, bound for Canada.

Canada! What was it like? What was the future in store for me? Having many Canadian friends in England, my family and I had been both warned of and encouraged in coming to Canada.

The thought of our journey to Canada first came at Christmas, 1953, but no definite plans were made until June 24th, 1954, leaving us just one month to pack up and leave. From Christmas to July, all I could think of were the wonders of coming to Canada and the disadvantages of staying in England. I am afraid these where the wonders of coming to Canada and the disadvantages of staying in England. I am arraid these thoughts were changed, however, on July 26th, as the S.S. Atlantic slipped away from the dockside, and we waved goodbye to all our friends and relations, maybe forever! I can still hear the strains now of the songs they sang as we cruised into the estuary: "Now Is The Hour When We Must Say Goodbye" and "Auld Lang

As we journeyed across the Atlantic we had mixed thoughts. Our Canadian friends had told us many things about Canada and especially about Sudbury, our final destination. I remember, among other things, they had told us that it was so cold in Sudbury the birds had to go to Iceland to keep warm. They had also told us of the mode of transportation — dog sled — and of how the sidewalks were always taken in at night. (Incidentally, none of our friends had ever been to Sudbury.) I remember, as we talked to some of the other Canadians, we would tell them of our proposed journey to their home, and they would reply, "How wonderful! To what province are you going?"

"Ontario".

"Ontario, that is a really beautiful province. But to what town in Ontario?"

As we answered, "Sudbury" a blank expression would appear on their faces and the reply would be a Yes, as we journeyed across the Atlantic we certainly had mixed thoughts.

We arrived in Quebec on August 1st, 1954, and after a very rough crossing we were met by pouring rain. The weather certainly made us feel at home. I think this was probably the worst part of the journey. It seemed that everyone on board knew someone on the wharf except us. There was not one friendly face to greet us. However, so much happened as we docked that our minds were very soon full of other thoughts.

As we entered the railway station to board the train for Montreal, we were given our first view of a Canadian train. So tall! So long! So comfortable and so clean! Perhaps I should add, so different from the English trains! It was marvellous to be able to move a seat into a comfortable angle, instead of having to sit rigidly in one position for hours.

Stepping from the train in Montreal, we were met by confusion and bewilderment. I wonder if anyone can imagine how a person who comes from a house one and a half miles from the nearest village or main highway must feel on being put into the middle of one of the largest cities in Canada, with traffic moving at breakneck speed and on the wrong side of the road, too. If it is possible to imagine, that was the feeling I had. However, our week's stay in Montreal was one of the best weeks I have ever spent.

We left Montreal on the following weekend and travelled to Sudbury. As we neared Sudbury, the train slowed down and the Jones family looked eagerly out of the window to have a glimpse of our new home town. Unfortunately, we looked out of the window just as the train neared Coniston, a town just near Sudbury. From the train the scene was desolate, barren and very unwelcoming. If anyone had offered us a ride back to England just at that moment, I think I would have taken it gladly. Much to our relief, however, the train passed on. We arrived in Sudbury at seven o'clock in the morning and we were once again met by pourweek in August to dig up the road and lay down new pipes. Now there was no evidence of either road or sidewalk, and I began to wonder if Sudbury really did take in its sidewalks at night!

Within two or three days we were very fortunate in finding a comfortable apartment. After settling in had our first opportunity to breathe since Christmas, 1953. Travelling around Sudbury on the first day, we had our first opportunity to breathe since Christmas, 1953. we were impressed by many things, the buses, the clothes and shoes, the cars and the restaurants. I think the things that impressed me more than anything else were the wonderful food stores. I had never seen so much food all in one place. Meat had been rationed in England up until the Wednesday before we sailed, and here was meat all for the asking. It seemed so strange to pick up each piece, all wrapped so beautifully, and choose the one desired instead of being told what to buy, as had been the case in England. In England, we were sold food by assistants who stood behind a counter, and it was necessary to visit four or five different stores for products which can be bought in one store in Canada. Money of course was very strange to us and even now, after being here for almost six months, I feel that a one dollar bill still has not the same value as its equivalent of seven shillings.

As I have said, I have been here almost six months now, and I really love Canada. I have seen so many wonderful things, visited so many wonderful places, and met so many wonderful people that I have never once regretted leaving my homeland. And how proud I feel to be able to join in the singing of "O Canada, our home and native land."

RHUMBA ON THE SNOW

You say you love to hear the swish of snow beneath your flying skis? Not I! I much prefer the creak and champ of snowshoes as they clump laboriously over the snow.

It is a comparatively simple matter to learn to snowshoe — except that you must have certain peculiar sical characteristics. Your legs must be slightly bowed and yet be long enough to stride forward. You physical characteristics. should also have an extended torso, so that you will be able to touch, not your own toes, but the ground in front of the toes of the snowshoes whenever necessary.

The first step in earning to snowshoe is, of course, motivation. You simply must motivate yourself. Tell yourself how much you'd love to get out your snowshoes again. Don't, on any account, let yourself think of your initial attempt on them last year. When you have worked up sufficient enthusiasm, take out your snowshoes, place them on the snow, and tie yourself into them. Now you are ready to move forward. Poise yourself, raise one leg into the air, swing it away to the side, and bring it down and forward in a wide are — a somewhat clarified thumbs attached. in a wide arc - a somewhat glorified rhumba step.

You're away! Strike out across the nearest field. If there isn't much snow, don't let it bother you. It gives you a sense of power to mash the little plants beneath your feet. Then, of course, there is the inevitable fence. You say you develop wonderful balance on skis? Let me assure you that there is no better balance exercise than climbing a fence on snowshoes, for it involves balancing on the round toe of one snowshoe and on the pointed tail of the other, while trying to hold yourself erect enough to be clear of the fence.

On skis you might go faster down hill, but on snowshoes you go faster up hill. I find a way may be developed to beat the skier down hill also. You simply dig in your toes and pitch forward to the foot, rolling all the way.

It is best to develop a certain bold pride and if possible a slight swagger as you snowshoe; at least look as if you are enjoying yourself. This will help to carry you over many embarrassing situations.

You will love the intricate patterns you create in the snow, and the firmness of each foot-print made. The trail will pack hard, so that you may pick up your snowshoes and walk home on it, if you so desire.

Don't give up. Be optimistic. Lean back in your chair, pinch some colour into your pallid cheeks, draw back your lips in what you hope is a grin, and with all the strength you can muster say, "My, what an invigorating experience!"

-UNA BRUCE

THE SPELL OF THE NORTH

It was pure enchantment! A fairy's jewel-studded wand had touched me, and suddenly I was in the midst of a conjured dream.

Mere words could not express my feelings, as I stood poised on the crest of a Laurentian hill on a moon-light night. I gazed as a sovereign on the kingdom spread before me. My ski pants and thick habitant jacket were changed to robes of purple velvet pile; my cumbersome ski boots fitted snugly into the stirrups of a saddled, brown hickory steed.

The steep slope beneath spread gently into a shallow basin before it was swallowed up by ermine-coated The trees were stalwart sentinels, whose hearts held mystery and age-old lore. They stood apart and aloof from shivering hazel bushes, whose heavy snow hats had made them giant umbrellas.

Yonder, like the packed bleachers of a stadium, a steep hill arose in a sea of dark-coated trees. Silently it dared my skill. Challenged in the expectant silence, I pushed off.

My skiis leaped forward, breasting the brilliant crust, curving smoothly round guardian trees which sought to halt my intruding journey into the mysterious valley. Soft snow streaked from beneath the quickening wood and sprayed past my ankles. I was exuberant with confidence as I glided along the basin floor. No longer an intruder, I was but a shadow filtering through the pregnant silence. Slowly I turned to gaze whence I had come. The smooth trail was as though carved from silver, already part of an ancient past. I lingered, scarcely daring to breathe in the fragile stillness.

Past thicket and tree I laboured up the hill until I stood upon its summit. In the horizon, the city's rosy glow penetrated the cold heavens. Its twinkling lights were an earthly Milky Way. To the right lay the club house, from which a thin, curling column of grey smoke crumbled incessantly in vainly-attempted ascent. It was as if standing on the brink of two worlds — one of bustling, struggling humankind, the other of peace, safety and beauty.

The spell was broken! I had no choice now but to return, and I glided reluctantly to the clubhouse. What has man ever created to equal nature — its beauty, its stillness, its depths? Roused from my reverie by shouting companions, I joined them before a blazing hearth.

I had one consolation. At last, I had found that which quenched my thirst. A taste of forbidden wine, steeped with immortality, a trespassed sanctuary - an earthly paradise. -KATHY CROZIER

THE SONG OF THE NORTH

BY ELIZABETH ANNE HARVEY

"Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the inward places of the soul." — Plato.

How well this might have been the philosophy of my dear music teacher, the late Mrs. Ruby Dunn Wathen! For a quarter of a century she initiated the youngsters of New Liskeard into music, held them up during their first struggling steps, and praised them when their efforts culminated in success.

Taking music from her was much more than learning to sing or play the piano. It was a lesson in co-operative living, in sharing, and above all else, in good humour. Mrs. Wathen's studio was always a beehive of activity. One or two people would be at the piano, another one or two doing harmony at the dining table, still another group occupying some small corner testing one another in history, and perhaps a fourth group learning the names of notes in the kitchen. Mrs. Wathen herself would be helping the people at the piano, often being disturbed by a member from another group. If you arrived early for your lesson, you were soon engaged in helping someone learn notes or in marking a harmony paper.

For all her boundless energy, Mrs. Wathen was a small woman and was not well much of the time. However, she drove herself to the limit every day and was always ready to help any group in its musical endeavours.

When it was your turn at the piano, you received lessons rarely forgotten. If you had a good lesson you were commended; if it was poor you received a rebuke, but it was always administered with a twinkle in the eye. How could anyone not strive to please her?

As a result of her untiring efforts and the response and co-operation of the townspeople, New Liskeard became the musical centre of the north. When she came to our community the musical talent was lying dormant. She went to work, and before long her choral group presented such light operas as "The Red Mill" and "The Mikado". Her church choir, sometimes augmented by singers from other churches, Catholic or Protestants (such differences were not noted) gave renditions of works such as Handel's "Messiah".

Of all the musical groups, the New Liskeard Ladies' Philharmonic Choir deserves the highest mention. This choir was begun by eight girls who gathered at Mrs. Wathen's home on Saturday evening to sing together for an hour. To-day the choir has a membership of over fifty. They toured the North, giving concerts and making radio appearances. Their crowning glory was winning the Lincoln Memorial Trophy for the best ladies' choir in all of Canada in 1952. Choirs from Halifax to Vancouver competed but "our girls" came first. The only requisites for membership were that you had to be between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five and that you should love to sing. The latter requirement was not hard to fill, for anyone singing under Mrs. Wathen's direction automatically loved singing.

You will not hear of the New Liskeard Ladies' Philharmonic Choir any more, for, after Mrs. Wathen's death in 1953, they changed their name to "The Ruby Dunn Wathen Memorial Choir." They travelled to Toronto again this year and won first prize at the Kiwanis Festival.

As so often happens to persons of this type, their physical strength cannot keep pace with the interest and enthusiasm of the spirit, and our dear lady with the soul full of music, died of cancer. I received one of the last lessons she ever gave, and, even though her body was trembling from pain and weakness, I was given a reprimand delivered in her usual way, ending with her brown eyes twinkling.

Mrs. Wathen, who was thankful, as she frequently remarked, for her curly hair, her sense of humour and her rhythm, was truly a great teacher. She taught without thought of gain or wealth for herself. Her main idea was to open the door of music to every child who expressed a desire to learn. She taught because she loved children and youth, seeming to believe that harmony and rhythm could redeem all life. She worked tirelessly for all those who needed her, from the one room rural school to the choir she made famous.

"In the still air the music lies unheard; In the rough marble beauty lies unseen; To wake the music and the beauty need The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen."

-HORATIUS BONAR.

NORTHERN AUTUMN

Boldly the Artist has spilled His paints in a torrent of brilliant colours. He has stained the birches with yellow, brightening sometimes to orange or fading to green. He has splashed the hills with the red of the sumac, and the rich gold-brown of the oak. Beyond, the dark pines stand aloof, and blue-tinged spruce blend their sombre shades into a fitting background for the riot of colour. The sun, bloody with the smoke of distant fires, sets. A blue haze drifts over the hills, dimming their brilliance. The wind whips a few stray leaves before it, and then, in a violent fury, lifts a shower of golden coins from the trees. As it strips away the glory of the trees it seems to take with it the gaity of our souls. We are oppressed by a sense of the melancholy of autumn — autumn, with its swift blaze of colour, so soon to pass away.

-PHYLLIS FORREST

LUCKY STRIKE

You haven't lived long in the North before it hits you. People show chunks of rock to you, or ask what stocks you like, or talk about a forty dollar geiger making you a millionaire. Phrases such as "The Mile of Gold" and the Golden Stairway" fire your imagination. You know that under the very ground whereon you walk run long tunnels where men spend their days and nights digging for gold, in some places a mile down into the most ancient of the continent's rock.

Whether you go picking blueberries, hunting, or merely strolling in the woods, you feel the urge to strip the rocks, moss, and over-burdening soil from the land, and expose the twisted, complex rock formations below. Possibly there may be a fortune in gold, uranium, or some hitherto unheard-of metal that will one day prove useful to a machine-hungry world. A short distance ahead you may find an abandoned mine shaft, prospector's hut or ancient glory hole — evidence that someone before you has seen the end of a dream. You are not discouraged, remembering that in 1910 Reuben Deigle sank a small shaft near the Hollinger and missed a two hundred million dollar mine by a few feet. You reflect that you are not a geologist or assayer, but then Lady Luck, the Queen of the North, has never reserved her favours for the mineralogist or the savant. Whimsically she has showered her greatest treasures on wandering "pan and shovel" men like Bennie Hollinger and Sandy McIntyre. Even now she may be smiling enigmatically, waiting for a potential Uranium King of the North to shout "Bingo!" she may be smiling enigmatically, waiting for a potential Uranium King of the North to shout "Bingo!"

Hastily you adjust the geiger counter, standard equipment of all woodsmen, and listen feverishly for its k. You are uncertain whether it is your heart or the machine that is producing the noise. Not quite sure what the sound would be like anyway, you decide that the effort is justified and dig up as many pieces of rock as you can reasonably carry home. Forgotten are the blueberries, the partridge, the trailing arbutus or whatever vagary of fancy led you to the woods. Your thoughts, your senses, your dreams are concentrated on the pile of rocks which you carry on your back and which, with the geiger counter, you sheepishly try to hide from a fellow wanderer whom you meet in the woods. Dreams gradually lose their efficacy to lighten the weight of the rocks during the last mile. You are wondering about the specific gravity of uranium as you stumble up the front steps of your cottage. Examining the rocks in the glow of the electric light after supper, you sleepily decide that it is too late to see an assayer to-night, and at any rate there is not that much of a rush. As you sit nodding in your chair, it seems that the small sounds of the night about you are suspiciously like the sounds which you thought came from the geiger counter.

In the dim gray light of your room next morning you stub your toe and remark, "I must remember to throw out those darn rocks!"

-GWEN LEEDER

LITTLE JOE

Once there was an Indian boy who roamed the forests of the north country.

Early in the morning he would come out of his wigwam, pick up his bow and arrow, and start off down the narrow winding trail.

Little Joe was a good hunter, one of the finest in his tribe. Because he was only a little boy, this skill was looked upon as a gift from the great Manitou.

It was a familiar sight to see Joe come home with his deer, surrounded by children who had gone to meet him. His tribe had never been hungry since Joe had learned to hunt.

At last the time came when Little Joe was allowed to go along with the older men to trap furs in the winter. The nights were long, and many moons passed before word came from the men. News arrived at last, but it was an unhappyy day for the tribe. Little Joe would not be back; he had been lost.

That night Joe's mother climbed the high mountain at the back of the encampment. She knew where her small son had gone. The great Manitou had taken him back to the happy hunting ground.

Through the dark, still night came the voice of the great Spirit to her. "Your tribe shall never go hungry, and you shall be blest with good fortune." The wind blew softly, "Jo-ee-ee! Jo-ee-ee!"

Always when the wind blows in the north country, whether it tosses the clouds or lulls the pines, you can hear in the breeze the name of the little boy Joe, whose sad fate brought good hunting to his tribe forever after.

-THERESA STUMP

A WISH

I wish I were a teacher, But not the kind you know; I'd like to do my teaching On skis in powder snow.

And here in clean surroundings, I'd make my pupils learn, To do with smooth precision, A perfect "tempo" turn.

I'd teach them how to master, The necessary skills — "Gelandesprung" and "christie" Upon the steepest hills.

I wouldn't need to motivate, Or fill the class with dread. With skis all pointing downwards They'd surely get ahead!

-BRUCE BUCKLEY

"BOXCAR ANNIE"

Most towns and cities have their strange sights and unforgettable characters — and Port Arthur is no exception. Our "town character" is a woman named "Boxcar Anne," her home, habits, and particularly her size, all being very well expressed in her name.

Living down on the waterfront, she is a constant source of amazement to all who come in contact with her. She is possibly most noted for her unbelievable strength and agility at handling a bucksaw. In the winter, she makes the rounds of all the winter carnivals and here pits her strength and speed against men all women alike in log-sawing contests. Surely the men by this time know better than to compete against her for their efforts are in vain. "Boxcar Annie" invariably finishes long before the quickest man. Not without mention must be her husband, a very small man who stands by with two bottles of ginger ale, which Boxcar Annie downs in a few quick gulps as soon as she has finished sawing her log.

It has become an established fact that as soon as the contest is over, Boxcar is asked to say a few words to the audience. Her "few words" consist of exactly the same thing each year and that is, that "if you want muscles like Boxcar, you must eat Cream of Wheat for breakfast." To prove her point, she calls her husband up to the microphone and threatens the audience that they will be small like him if they don't follow her advice. This, of course, causes gales of laughter, which fact serves to make Boxcar even more vehement in her actions and speech.

Being a frank person and having a very candid mind, she usually takes it upon herself to entertain the people on the bus on her way home. She seems to have no difficulty whatsoever in acquiring the attention of her audience, although some of her topics are rather embarrassing. Often she will break off in the middle of a sentence after realizing that she is several bus stops past her own.

Whatever your impression of Boxcar may be after this short description, let me say that her ideas and ideals may well be summed up in these two lines from one of John Masefield's poems:

"Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song, Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong."

-ELAINE STRACHAN

MY KITTEN

I had a little kitten; She was a ball of fluff, And everytime I'd play with her She was very, very, rough. She'd roll about in anger And use her claws to scratch, And everytime we'd play together We'd have a boxing match.

-NORMA CAMPAGNOLA

THOSE FRIDAY ASSEMBLIES

They say variety is the spice of life; our Christmas programme certainly bore out this fact. Many long hours of hard work and practice were put into this fine programme and it was thoroughly enjoyed by all the students in the school.

One of the outstanding highlights of the year was the assembly put on by Group Two. They chose marionettes for their project, presenting this in the form of an Indian play. The script, props, and marionettes were all prepared by the students under the excellent supervision of Mrs. Irwin.

Group Three, for their assembly, presented highlights from the life of Louis Riel. Various members of the group very ably presented the play while the remaining members co-operated on the scripts and props.

Another interesting assembly was the one by Group Six. This was also a play, this time presented with hand puppets. The puppets, handled by the students, portrayed a number of scenes in the life of Cortez.

—Sheila Donahue

"Know your topic!"

66 Enby Teecy"

THE COLLEGE SONG

Let's sing about the happy days
 We spend at Teachers' College,
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Refrain:

Happy teachers we shall be, Future of the nation we;

Rit. Then we shall remember thee . . .
Tempo Our dear old Teachers' College!

- We gladly mind our P's and Q's And study motivation;
 We are disciples of the Muse Of Primary Education. (Refrain)
- 3. With phonics, films and fancies free Bewildering our classes, We try our teaching artistry On little lads and lasses. (Refrain).





Teacher: "Will somebody give me a sentence with an object in it?"

Joe: "My teacher is beautiful."

Teacher: "What is the object in your sentence?"

Joe: "High marks!"

Father: "What did you learn at school today" Son: "We learned all about 'gusintas'".

The father, much confused, phoned the teacher, but she could offer no explanation.

On returning to school in the afternoon, the teacher asked the child what he meant by "gusintas", and was told: "Oh, you know — two gusinta four twice!"

+ *

Teacher: (Unfastening with difficulty the coat of a kindergarten pupil) "Did your mother hook it for you?"

Pupil: "No, she bought it."

t *

Professor: "Give me a definition of a vacuum."

Student: "I have it in my head, but I can't express it."

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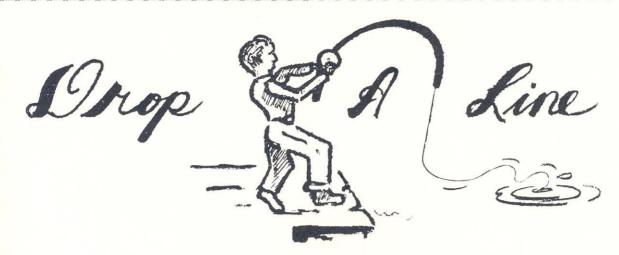
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Tomlinson, Patricia, 68 Fourth Ave., Schumacher.

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Towle, Elizabeth, South River.

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Arthur, Barbara Ann, 275 Walnut St., Sudbury.

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Burt, Alfreda, Gore Bay.

Dillon, Angela, Sioux Lookout.



Doupe, Marie, Tomstown.

Duquette, Rene, Eau Claire.

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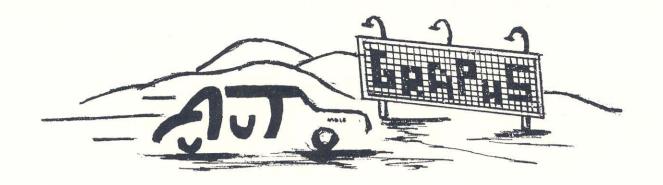
Vivian, Shirley, RR 3, Sault Ste. Marie.

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QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON

ONTARIO

SUMMER SCHOOL

- AND -

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Registration date for the spring term extramural courses is April 10, and for the fall term is September 17.

BACHELOR OF ARTS degree (General) may be obtained from Queen's University through Correspondence and Summer School Courses.

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Courses for degree credit that may be completed by mail include English, Latin, French, Spanish, German, Philosophy, Politics, Economics, Commerce, Psychology, History and Mathematics.

SUMMER SCHOOL: Courses requiring attendance at Summer School include Biology, Chemistry, Geology, Geography, Sociology and Drama.

SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS (July 4 to August 12)—Courses available include Drama, Painting, Children's Painting (for teachers and students), Choir directing (school and church choirs), Ballet and Puppetry, Children's Painting (for teachers, July 18 - 29) for children, July 4 - 15 and August 1 - 12.

Fur further information and bulletin please write:

Department of Extension
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

