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# North Bay Teachers' College

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*North Bay Teachers' College*



# North Bay Teachers' College



## ***To The Students of North Bay Teachers' College***

These are stirring days when big things are being done. All about us we see expansion in population, commerce, and industry. But the biggest things of all may be the quiet

things that are taking place each day in the lives of children through the efforts of the home, the church, and the school.

*"Why build these cities glorious  
If man unbuilt goes?  
In vain we build the world, unless  
The builder also grows."*

Teaching is a building vocation, abounding in opportunities for developing the best in boys and girls. You will need all the teaching skill that you have acquired during the past year, as you face your first class next September, for there is hard work to be done. But you will also need understanding and a sense of fun, because classrooms should be cheerful as well as busy places.

I am confident that you will enjoy teaching, and for that reason it gives me pleasure, on behalf of the people of Ontario, to welcome you, the '57 class of the North Bay Teachers' College, to our schools. May abundant success and happiness be your lot in the years ahead.

W. J. DUNLOP,  
MINISTER OF EDUCATION



# North Bay Teachers' College



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

It is customary in a message at the end of a school year, to review the events that have transpired. You have found this, I am sure, a rewarding, satisfying period, wherein you have gained proficiency in a chosen vocation. The degree of that proficiency has been influenced by many factors such as your natural aptitude for the work and the extent to which you have endeavoured to take advantage of the training offered.

You leave this intensive stage of your professional training with the best equipment we can give you. You have reviewed much of the factual material which you must teach your pupils. You have learned a great deal about child development and about the way he develops through his learning abilities. You have studied the fundamentals of school organization and management and have taught children for considerable periods under the direction of successful, experienced teachers. You have, I trust, learned that every part of school procedure is for the benefit of the child.

It is natural for teachers to make comparisons with former years. The entire staff is unanimous in agreeing with me that this year's students compare most favourably with former years. We have found you to be, with few exceptions, intensely interested in your studies and you have given fine co-operation to all those concerned with your training. You have entered into all school activities with enthusiasm and profit to yourselves. You have been imbued with that professional spirit without which teaching can never attain that stature which is its due.

As you leave to take charge of your own schools, I would like you especially to remember certain things. One is that this College has a reputation for sending out resourceful teachers, who show initiative in situations that may be novel or difficult. Another point is that you are to teach children, not subjects, that you have living souls in your charge which lies plastic to your touch. The last is that we must remember that we can influence our pupils to live no better than we ourselves live. "All the lines of our carving will but reveal our own portraits."

And so, as you leave this College to which I welcomed you such a few months ago, I desire that you take with you my sincere wishes for success and happiness in the work that you have chosen.

E. C. BEACOM



# North Bay Teachers' College



## YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Mr. M. J. Curtis, Staff Advisor; Ian Kirkby; Nelson Auger; Ian Macrae, Editor-in-Chief; Doug Gauthier; Garfield Robertson; Boyce Connors; Mr. R. Surtees, Staff Advisor.  
Front Row—Joanne Hamilton; Pat Nesseth; Billie-Marie Williams; Joanne La Plante; Mary Campbell, Advertising Manager; Miss E. Mitchell, Staff Advisor; Joan Dundas; Velvie Jones; Rose Leschuk; Alice Pohrebny; Donna Miller.

## EDITORIAL

### TEMPUS FUGIT!

A school year! How long a time when looking forward, how short when looking back! Patience and perseverance on the part of our teachers have brought us to the final days of our short college life. It is now that we begin to appreciate fully the debt we owe to them and to Mr. Beacom for services rendered this past year.

We start upon our new venture furnished with those all important attributes — skills, knowledge and attitudes. On them depends our success in the veiled future. It behooves us to prove that the time spent in these classrooms has not been in vain.

Our ambition ought to be to play our part in the development of the girls and boys of this great country so that they may become true Canadian citizens with sound and cultivated minds in healthy bodies.

What is our task?

We, the new teachers, must leave to the sons and daughters of this nation not just as much as, but more than our fathers left to us. We, by our teaching, can improve social conditions, maintain the peace of the world and strengthen the pillars upon which our civilization rests.

Teaching is the most important profession in the world. No matter how small a part we play we are helping to mould personalities and even to shape history. Every engineer, every doctor, every statesman spends eight years of his life in the elementary schools.

The future is in our hands. What we shall do with it remains to be seen. Some will relinquish their hold and float along life's stream, accepting whatever life offers and looking at work only as a necessary evil. Others, by finding enjoyment in their work, will get the most out of life. One is bound to advance as his interest in his life work urges him to study and further his education.

"The wise man carries all his wealth within himself," says a great proverb.

These have been happy days spent among our many new friends at N.B.T.C. How keenly shall we realize this and with that wistful sighs shall we look back through the years, remembering all the worries and all the joys of college life?

Fond memories bring the light.  
Of other days around me.

IAN MACRAE



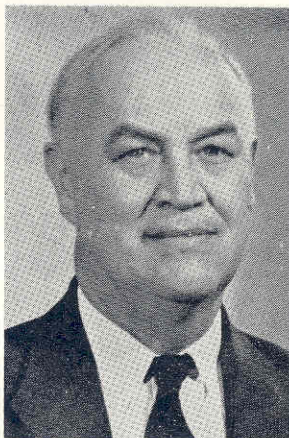
# North Bay Teachers' College

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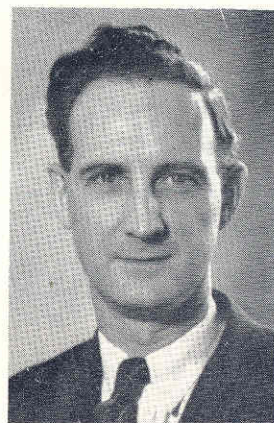
## STAFF



Mrs. M. BARR  
Home Economics  
Health



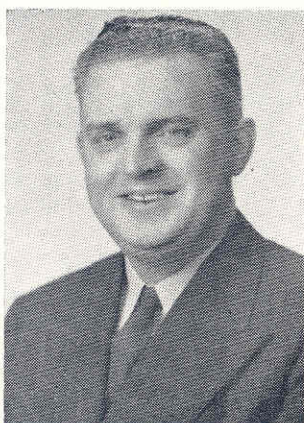
Mr. E. C. BEACOM, B.A., B.Paed.  
Principal  
School Management



Mr. M. J. CURTIS, B.A.  
Master  
Music, English B  
Audio-Visual Aids



Mr. D. HUSBAND, B.A. B.Ed.  
Master  
Physical Education  
Religious Education  
School and the Community



Mr. J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B. Paed.  
Master  
Educational Psychology  
Child Psychology



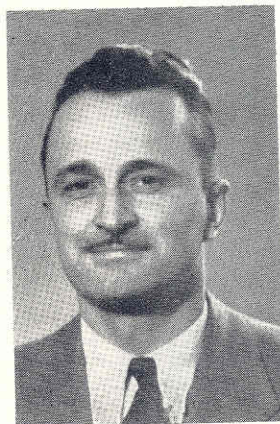
Mrs. J. IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed  
Master  
Social Studies  
Art



# North Bay Teachers' College



MISS A. JOHNSON  
Instructor  
Home Economics  
Health



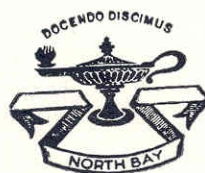
Mr. W. C. MCCLURE, B.A.  
Master  
General Methodology  
Arithmetic



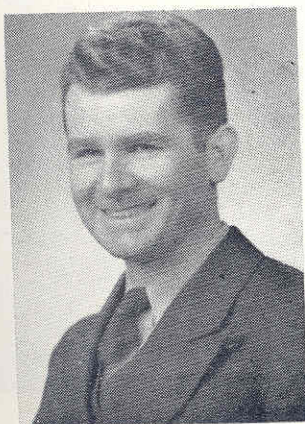
MISS K. McCUBBIN  
Secretary



MISS E. MITCHELL  
Mus. Bac., B.A., M.S.  
Librarian



MISS W. PAULI, B.A.  
Master  
English I  
History of Education



Mr. A. B. REED, B.A.  
Master  
Industrial Arts and Crafts  
Science



Mr. R. SURTEES, B.A., B.Ed.  
Master  
English II  
History



# North Bay Teachers' College



## RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS

Back Row—Rev. F. Devine, Rev. F. Stymiest, Rev. A. C. Young.  
Front Row—Rev. W. L. Pierce, Rev. C. Large, Rev. B. Hallett.  
Absent—Rev. G. Raap.

## To The Religious Instructors

The Students of N.B.T.C. wish to express their thanks to the Religious Education instructors for their guidance and thoughtful counsel throughout the year.

## To The Maintenance Staff

The students of North Bay Teachers' College would like to thank the maintenance staff for their co-operation throughout the year in all phases of our work.



## MAINTENANCE STAFF

Back Row—Mr. J. Donaldson, Mr. A. Welin.  
Front Row—Mrs. D. Avery, Miss G. Godin.



# North Bay Teachers' College

## Practice School Teachers

### King George (Harvey St.)

Mr. R. Lehman  
Miss D. White  
Miss D. Harvey  
Mrs. S. Demaine  
Mrs. E. Rutland  
Miss L. St. Louis  
Mrs. E. Burrows  
Miss H. Sheppard  
Mrs. A. Pritchard  
Mr. R. Campbell  
Mrs. E. McCubbin

### Dr. MacDougall (Brooke St.)

Mr. J. Nugent  
Mrs. S. Tayler  
Miss M. Thompson  
Miss M. Sage  
Mrs. H. Laundriault  
Miss M. Forrest  
Mr. H. McClements

### Dr. Carruthers

(McPhail St.)

Miss E. Munns  
Mrs. C. Barringer  
Miss H. Willoughby  
Miss S. Bamford  
Miss D. Nichols  
Mrs. M. Saad  
Mr. J. Barker

### Queen Victoria

(Worthington St.)

Mr. R. McKee  
Miss A. Runciman  
Miss B. Nelson  
Mrs. E. Thompson  
Mr. W. MacKinnon  
Mrs. K. Reid

### King Edward

(McIntyre St.)

Mr. L. Phillips  
Miss D. Hornibrook  
Mr. J. Weller

### Tweedsmuir (Ferris)

Miss E. Stevens  
Mrs. E. Haskins  
Mrs. E. Tyers  
Mr. D. Howie  
Mr. R. Edwards  
Mrs. L. Daly

### Sunset Park (Ferris)

Mr. W. Taylor  
Mrs. J. Leith  
Mrs. Y. White  
Mrs. V. Pentland

### J. W. Trusler

Mr. A. Schmidt  
Mrs. G. Deyell  
Mrs. C. Cangiano  
Mrs. D. Craymer

### O'Brien Street

Mrs. B. Mooney  
Mrs. I. Molineaux  
Mrs. S. Botwright  
Mr. R. Botwright

### Trout Creek

Mr. L. Lang

### Trout Lake

Mrs. V. Shortreed  
Mrs. A. Baillie  
Mrs. K. Clemmens

### St. Joseph's

Sr. Helen Marie  
Miss E. Linder  
Mrs. K. Dixon

### St. Mary's

Sr. Christina  
Mrs. M. O'Paleichuk  
Mrs. T. Vaillancourt  
Mrs. R. Tackney  
Mrs. L. Surtees

### St. Hubert's

Miss F. Hayes  
Sr. Mary Immaculate  
Mrs. N. Milligan  
Mrs. A. Harrington

### St. Rita's

Mrs. D. Chapman

### Emsdale

Mrs. M. Scott  
Mr. G. McLay

### St. Theresa's

Sr. M. Anastasia  
Miss D. Hanley  
Miss T. Dignan

### New Liskeard

Mrs. L. Barrett  
Miss D. Scott  
Mrs. J. MacDougall  
Mrs. S. Lawson  
Miss E. Pollock  
Mrs. M. Plaunt  
Mr. C. Blackwell  
Mr. L. Wilson

### Lansdowne (Sudbury)

Mr. W. Watt  
Mrs. A. Becirpasich  
Miss J. Gibbons  
Miss L. McNaughton  
Mrs. C. Christakos  
Mrs. D. Kirkby  
Mrs. M. Robb  
Mr. E. Hawthorne

### Prince Charles (Sudbury)

Miss P. Barlow  
Mrs. A. Campbell

### Charles McCrea

(McKim Twp.)

Mrs. F. Bailey  
Mr. I. McMaster  
Mrs. G. Murray

### McLeod (McKim Twp.)

Mr. G. Walford  
Mrs. I. Doyle  
Mrs. J. Koski

### Gatchell (McKim Twp.)

Mrs. V. Petch  
Mrs. M. Roy

### 1 S. Chaffey (Huntsville)

Mrs. M. Tipper  
Mrs. L. Manning

### 1 N. Chaffey (Huntsville)

Miss M. Hawkins

### South River

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

### Sundridge

Mr. G. Rennie  
Mrs. C. Anderson

### St. Alphonsus (Sudbury)

Sr. Mary Euphrasia  
Mrs. M. Melchior

### Paul Davoud

(R.C.A.F. Stn.)

Miss M. Ceresia  
Miss E. O'Hara  
Mrs. E. Roussy  
Mrs. K. Rafter  
Mr. R. Keetch  
Mrs. E. Penner

### Vincent Massey

Mrs. L. Ryan  
Miss J. Anderson

### Widdifield

Mrs. H. Miller  
Mrs. O. Lueck

### Thorne

Mrs. M. Munn  
Miss I. Henderson

### Chisholm Central

(Powassan)

Mrs. B. Anderson  
Mrs. E. Smith

### Callander

Mr. M. Davidson  
Mrs. J. Sajner  
Mrs. E. Smith

### Powassan

Mr. E. Liddle  
Miss E. Thorne  
Mr. M. Cheaney



# North Bay Teachers' College

## GROUP ONE

## ONE-YEAR COURSE



BARBARA ALLEN

Barbara Allen from Port Arthur came,  
To teach there next year is her aim.  
Something to see is Barb. on skates  
But yet in school, she really rates!  
"What! No letters?" her usual plea  
But she'll make out as you will see.



RAMONA BARALO

Ramona didn't stay here long  
First week-end came and she was gone  
I knew then, there must be attractions  
One short week, I learned all the facts in,  
Ansonville is a wonderful place,  
But that depends on where lies your taste!



NORMA BECKER

Norma Becker who's from the Soo,  
Plans to teach there next year too!  
A whiz on skates, this fair little lass  
Will surely do wonders in front of a class.  
She'll major in Arithmetic I'm sure,  
Because of our dear Mr. McClure.



BARBARA BOLAND

Skating and bowling and excelling in Art,  
Cupid has already stolen her heart,  
Twice already, she's lost her voice  
Hal turned out to be the one of her choice!



BEVERLEY BRENNAN

Bev's a black-haired smiling lass  
Who's always in danger of being late for class!  
She's a "soft shoe shuffler" and likes all sports  
That's very evident by the way she cavorts.  
From Timmins she hails, and back there she'll  
go  
For that fair land is home, you know!

BETTY AGNEW

From the Sault, Betty came,  
To learn to teach is her aim.  
In school she seems timid and shy,  
But outside she gives the boys an eye!  
Betty, on skates, is something to see  
But a good teacher she will be.



MURIEL AMM

Hailing from Huntsville is Muriel Amm,  
A musical, lively, sweet li'l lamb,  
Jiving and golfing and thinking of money  
Thinks cheese sandwiches really are crummy,  
Tho' aiming to teach in a Scarboro school  
Will probably end up driving a mule.



IRIS BEAN

Iris Bean is tall and fair,  
Her plaster cast is her despair,  
However this does not tinge the flame  
Of our pretty little brain.  
Her home is Iroquois Falls, you know,  
And back there to teach she's bound to go.



JUNE BLACKWELL

From Dwight comes this athletic lass,  
Who faithfully carries her books to class.  
Her main interest, it is said  
Next to school — is dear Ted!  
To teach in Huntsville is her aim,  
That she will succeed — is quite plain!



DORIS BRAZIER

There once was a girl,  
A poor little girl,  
Her marks were always A  
She tried and tried to get a D  
The poor thing never did succeed,  
So - - - she passed!



NOVA BRODIE

Nova is a cute brunette,  
But she sure can manage to forget,  
And then she screams with all her might,  
"I must remember to do that tonight!"





# North Bay Teachers' College



MARILYN BUCKLEY

*Marilyn is always happy and gay,  
Her home town is, of course, North Bay!  
Although teaching is her greatest desire  
Smitty may make this dream inspire.  
In dramatics and talking Marilyn excels  
But as for her future — only time will tell!*

LORETTA BURNS

*She sits beside me every day,  
Except the weeks when she's away,  
To try and make "those children" learn,  
Our professional teacher — Loretta Burns.*



COLLEEN CADDO

*The name is Colleen Caddo,  
Fort William is the town;  
But she has travelled eastward  
To win her teacher's gown.  
Piano playing, choir work, bowling and volley-  
ball  
Plus brains and personality — Grade 8 for her  
next fall.*

MARY CAMPBELL

*This red-headed gal hails from Chapleau, you  
know,  
Where she hopes to return to help knowledge  
grow,  
She's our "class rep." for Polaris and Jr. Red  
Cross,  
And in front of a class, they know she is boss!*



MAUREEN CARON

*Our gal from Fort William, Maureen by name  
To have short hair is not her aim!  
She leaves things around, caring not at all  
And without Dot she'd ne'er recall.  
A-teaching in schools she will kindle fires  
A Lincoln mauve fills her desires.*

DOROTHY CLARK

*Dot's our gal with the flaming hair,  
She hails from Copper Cliff — oh! to be there!  
A dramatic career is her special aim,  
But as a teacher she'll get fame.  
"Hullo missies — hey vot cooks?" —  
Is her pet saying in corner nooks.*



ALICE COOK

*Alice Cook is our high steppin' strutter,  
Rural schools don't make her shutter,  
Living on a farm most all of her life  
She'll probably end up a farmer's wife.*

CLAIRE CUNNINGHAM

*Claire's the type of girl you'll find  
To make a perfect chum.  
Shes gay and pleasant; yet sincere,  
And from Kipawa did come  
She has great talent at piano  
As well as in her class,  
And some school in North Bay  
Will win the lovely lass.*



LOIS DAY

*It's mighty hard to write this ditty  
On Lois Day from the Nickel City,  
This Miss Day is never seen blue  
And she prefers grades one and two!*

MAXINE DIROCCO

*A Sault Ste. Marie girl is Maxine,  
Find the air force — and she'll be seen  
As she just loves watching the hockey team!  
But don't mention Germany! She'll turn green.*



KAYE DONOVAN

*Kaye Donovan likes to sip her tea  
Where does she come from? Sault Ste. Marie.  
Along with tea she chews the fat  
Her favourite saying is "She's a cat".  
Her hubby and children are all alone,  
I bet that she'll be glad to get home!*

MARY DUDLEY

*Mary Dudley is a North Bay lass  
Wanting only to excel and pass  
She is always ready to help us all  
Whether short, fat, thin or tall.  
Honestly, this home-town gal  
Is simply a terrific pal!*





# North Bay Teachers' College

ELAINE DUFRESNE

*The girl beside me is called Elaine  
In all her lessons, she's a brain!  
From worry and care she's become quite thin  
For in June she will become Mrs. Kervin.*

GERALDINE DUQUETTE

*Geraldine, our Geraldton queen  
Has scholastic abilities too!  
She's quite a lass in front of a class  
And in the bowling alley too!  
Although she might be a terrible cook  
Her abilities show up on the front of this  
book!*

PATRICIA ECKERT

*Patricia Eckert in music does excel  
She can sing as well as she can spell,  
And as she hails from Timmins in the north—  
It's our Patty Ann for any kind of sport.*

HELEN EMMETT

*"Helen of Troy" her name should be  
For the children love her and so do we,  
But Helen, alas, ignores our plea  
As agriculture's her life to be.  
Creemore has really left its mark  
And made our Helen as gay as a lark.*

'FLIP' EYOLFSON

*"'Flip' Eyolfson presiding",  
Is what the minutes say,  
The head of our Student's Council,  
She's won her fame that way.  
A woman of many talents  
A nurse and technician too,  
And now a teacher's profession  
Will carry her highest hopes through!*

BARBARA FERGUSON

*Fergie hails from the Manitoulin Island,  
She gets plenty of mail, I hear,  
A fancy lotion (ugh) coats her hand —  
She'll be a teacher, I fear!  
All kidding aside, Barb, you're really swell  
Take it from your seating partner — El!*

JOAN DUNDAS

*Our year book "rep." hails from the North,  
Where's her home? Timmins, of course.  
"Oh Dink" is her favourite expression  
But she's careful not to use it in a lesson.  
This Miss is talented in bowling and art,  
In years to come, she'll sure do her part.*

SISTER KSENIA

*Sister Ksenia belongs to a modern Community  
The Missionary Sisters of Christian Charity.  
Many things her class will learn each day  
But Sister's favourite subject is teaching little  
hearts to pray.*

ALICE EDSTROM

*Alice Edstrom is her name  
She's from Fort William seeking fame.  
Music and drama are her arts  
Back to Fort William she plans to depart.  
We know we'll miss this dark haired beauty  
Who, no doubt, will take up kitchen duty!*

MARITA ERICKSON

*Marita comes from Port Arthur way,  
Pet saying is, "What, no letters today?"  
The seven hundred miles between her and  
home  
And shortness of week-ends makes "Mert"  
groan,  
To teach in Port Arthur is her aim,  
But only 'til Jim changes her name!*

ELEANOR EZACK

*From Fort William, El's her name  
She seeks honour teaching fame,  
"Well, yes" is her favourite saying  
In North Bay she may be staying.  
A black and white Merc. is to blame!*

LINDA FIACCONI

*There was a young lady named Linda  
Who often burned toast to a cinder,  
In Social Studies and Art  
She takes an unwilling part,  
The Soo lays claim to our Linda!*



# North Bay Teachers' College

## GROUP TWO



ART "THE VOICE" BENNETT

Favourite expression — "Well uh... I think!" He'd like to stay away from tumbling but he'd like moreso to be a teacher. Art is active in the Choir and probably will become a Beauty Salon Proprietor.



TONY "SQUAREHEAD" CENTA

Favourite expression — "Did you read about Dick Duff in the Hockey News?" Tony is interested in all sports (a great softball player), specializes in billiards and water skiing — was our Athletic Council rep. He hopes to obtain a certificate to teach woodworking and get out of the Bluebird section. Probable destiny — Commander of the Bluebirds.



MICKEY LEWIS "SWISH" CONTINI

His favourite expression is, "Oh, knock it off." His pet peeve — guys with cars. Mick hopes to obtain a B.A. in Latin but will probably end up selling hockey sticks in V-Town. He's active in all sports and was our Junior Red Cross rep.



SAM "PERRY" FERA

When irritated by trains at 8:40 Sam may burst out, "Typical!" His ambition is to get a Master's degree at U. of T. and probably will be successful. (There has to be one in Group 2). Mr. Fera is interested in bowling, dramatics, and ice-fishing. He was our fighting Treasurer of the First Term Council.



BOB "TEX" FORNERI

Bob bowls, plays basketball, volleyball, table tennis, and although peeved by dictation intends to persevere in the art of pedagogy now and forever. Probable destiny — teaching in a grain elevator.

GEORGE "FLAT TOP" BARICH

Is often heard stating, "Oh, I don't think so." His pet peeve — girls he's been out with. Activities — sports in general. Ambition — a degree in Physical Education via McMaster. Probable fate will be teaching ballet in Paris or coaching the Soo Hounds.



BILL "HUMPHREY" BROWNLEE

Usually caught saying, "Is that all you can do?" Pet peeve — anyone not from North Bay. Ambition — to get a B.A. from U. of T. Probable destiny — teaching in Sudbury. Bill is active in the Choir, basketball, and volleyball.



ROSS "TUBBY" CLAUSI

He has "N" expressions. His pet peeve — people who complain about his writing. His ambition — to be a Bachelor (of Arts), specializing in French. Ross is active in all the N.B.T.C. sports, also contributes to the Choir's effect and hopes to replace pitch-pipes with accordions.



HANS "THE ROCK" DIETER

His favourite expression is, "Now I learned it this way!" Hans is peeved by bad grammar and will become a teacher to improve it, but eventually may become a hermit. Activities — swimming, arguing, bowling, arguing, ping pong, arguing.



NILMA FLORA

Nilma claims Schumacher as her home town. Her main interests lie in sports and a North Bay lad. Nilma's ambition is to be able to teach somewhere where "Thunderbirds" are appreciated. (North Bay, perhaps!).



DONNA FOSTER  
Fort William, Ontario

This pert little girl is really agile. Her interests are travelling, music, and P.T. Her ambitions are to turn a somersault and to stand on her head. Her pet peeve — Art's wife!





# North Bay Teachers' College



ART "MOOSE" FRY

Favourite expression, "The wife's away, Donna, what are we going to do?" Art is peeved by the lack of igloos in the Bay and will probably be building dams along Moose River 20 years from now. Art was our Second Term Student Council rep. and efficiently conducted our assembly. Hobby — fishing and hunting moose.



MRS. GERAGHTY  
Oak Bay, P.Q.

Her interests are children, sports, stamp collecting and watching us in P.T. Pet peeve is inattention while talking. Favourite saying — Fine! And guess what — her ambition — teaching! Good Luck!



ETHEL GRAFF  
Haileybury, Ontario

Ethel is a quiet girl with a lovely singing voice. Interests are skating, swimming, and reading when she has time. Pet peeve — listening to someone complain about what might happen.



MARY GRAVES  
Orville, Ontario

Molly's interests include skating, swimming, and reading (historical novels). She has no ambition (so she says) and her pet peeve is waiting for people who are slow.



JUDY GREENWOOD

Judy, who hails from Sudbury, has one main ambition — to be 5' 2" (the eyes of blue are there). Judy plays on the N.B.T.C. basketball team and is an avid swimmer. The crystal ball tells us that somehow Judy will end up in Toronto (teaching or otherwise)!



ELSIE HADDEN  
Richards Landing, Ontario

Elsie likes to read, write letters, and sing in the bathtub. Hopes to teach at the Soo. Main ambition is to get out of N.B.T.C.

DOUG "INCO" GAUTHIER

His favourite expression — "Last night in the U.N. . . ." Doug also hopes to get a B.A. but may end up working underground. He is a leading light in the United Nations Club, the literary editor of the Year Book, and a member of the Choir.



GORD "RADISSON" GOW

Favourite expression, "Meanwhile, back at my cabin . . ." Gord would like to be a P.T. teacher but he'd make a great game-warden. He likes outdoor sports — hockey, hunting, fishing, and swimming.



DONALDA GRAHAM

Donalda, one of the quieter members of Group 2, hails from Fort William. Her interests are bowling, travelling, and the world in general. Donalda hopes to return to old Fort "Bill" to teach next year and the class that claims her will be mighty lucky. Good Luck, Donalda.



KATHERINE GRAY  
Virginiatown, Ontario

Kit or Kitty, as she is sometimes called, has many interests — curling, skating, fishing, etc. and especially her Red Cross work. (She and Mickey did a lot of extra work.) Her pet peeve is dates who come late.



BARRY "TYRONE" GROOM

Favourite expression — "She's mad about me!" Barry aims high, wants to be an inspector, but will likely become a zoo attendant. He's active in basketball, volleyball, ping pong, and stamp collecting.



SANDRA HALE  
Kapuskasing, Ontario

Sandy is the red-headed spark in our classroom. Her interests are ballet, tennis, and Nursery Rhyme dances. Her ambition is to complete her Home Ec. projects. She's also a whiz in Art.





# North Bay Teachers' College

SONIA HARLOW

This gal with the characteristic pony-tail, comes from Kirkland Lake. Interests include poetry, modern dancing, and dining at the Golden Dragon. Ambition is Europe in 1958 avec Sande et Mere-lin.

ELLEN HAZELWOOD

Mattawa, Ontario

Ellen is very interested in Home Economics. Hopes to take a course in this field. Likes skiing, fishing, and other sports — enjoys cooking as well. Ambition — to teach primary grades.

ELIZABETH HICKS

A very pleasant young lady who hails from Ferris. Interests include Russ, dancing, and bothering Irene. Pet peeve is climbing N.B.T.C. stairs. Ambition is to have good pupil participation.

CARLA ISNOR

Carla, who lives in Timmins, should make a dandy atomic power teacher. Her main ambition is to be able to get rid of the water on her knee and take P.T. at N.B.T.C. Interests of Carla run along two lines — swimming and "moose" meat. A favourite expression of Carla's that is heard every Thursday and Friday in the locker room is, "Guess who's coming this week-end!"

MARG KELLOCK

Marg is a good-natured gal who comes from Huntsville. Interests include all sports, Peter, and dancing. She was our Athletic rep. for '56 - '57. Pet peeve is Home Ec. classes. Main ambition is to teach in Toronto due to some special reason!

ED "ROARING" KOBE

Pet peeve — Timmins. Ed's favourite expression is "O - Kay", and he's active in all the College sports plus p-pool and mountain climbing. He also hopes to get a B.A. (specializing in Math.) but may become a he-man in the Barnum and Bailey Circus.

IRENE HARVIE

"Rene", one of our "western gals", hopes to complete her Music degree as well as complete the teaching course this year. She enjoys skating and dancing along with her Music but her main ambition right now is to leave N.B.T.C. in one year. Even though Port Arthur is miles away, I think a North Bay school will enjoy her company next year.

MONICA HEIS

Sheguiandah, Manitoulin Island  
Monica's interests include dancing, skating, music (another Chopin for Group 2), and shows. Manitoulin has "some" allure and will find Monica there again in '57-'58. Her pet peeve — people who don't laugh at her jokes.

MARIE HUGHES

Comes from Finland, Ontario. She is interested in men, all sports, and dancing. Her pet peeve is half-cooked vegetables. Her ambition is to travel which probably accounts for her gay nature.

KAY KALLIO

Kay, also from Timmins, is our exceptional dancer — especially in the N.B.T.C. gym. (Oh — those creative dances!!). Kay, who somehow can't get courage to leave Timmins for more than a year, will likely be found next year teaching some 35 Timmins' kiddies how to create and enjoy work. Maybe a dance or two will be stuck in now and again, eh Kay?

IAN "POLARIS" KIRKBY

"Polaris" would like to get to Western eventually but a more likely fate will be doing public relations for Burwash Industrial Farm. He's peeved by people who don't dig his jokes. He's active as our Year Book rep., a P.T. skipper, a basketball player, and member of the Ground Observer Corps.

MARY KOZMA

Mary, hailing from the Sault is very anxious to graduate from N.B.T.C. so she can make fast money to buy a "NASH". Mary is an all-round type, enjoys sports, and dancing, especially square dancing of late. At present she is debating whether to return to her "western" city or remain in the "Bay" next year. Somehow, we think the "Bay" will enjoy her presence.



# North Bay Teachers' College

## GROUP THREE



MARILYN LARSON

Home Town—Fort William.  
Pet Aversion—Masters !!!  
Pet Saying—"Sssh-boom!"  
Favourite Pastime—Listening to E. Presley.  
Ambition—Housewife.  
Probable Ambition—Old maid school teacher at S.S. No. 1, Neebing.  
Activities—Basketball, bowling, volleyball.



VERDA LeROY

Home Town—North Bay.  
Pet Saying—"Don't laugh, it could happen to you."  
Favourite Pastime—Trying to find time for a past time.  
Ambition—University.  
Probable Ambition—Primary teacher.  
Activities—Choir, movie club.



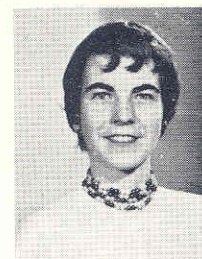
JOYCE LONGUL

Home Town—Sudbury.  
Pet Aversion—Toronto doesn't get enough weekends off.  
Pet Saying—"Oh schmozzle !!"  
Favourite Pastime—Writing letters to Fred.  
Ambition—High school teaching.  
Activities—Marionettes, first term students' council, basketball.



MARILYN LAUDON

Home Town—Kenora.  
Pet Aversion—Examinations.  
Pet Saying—"Cheerio."  
Favourite Pastime—Sketching.  
Ambition—Writing and illustrating children's books.  
Activities—Marionettes.



PAT MacKAY

Home Town—Sudbury.  
Pet Aversion—Leaving Sunday night.  
Pet Saying—"I can't afford it."  
Favourite Pastime—Watching the Wolves beat the Trappers.  
Ambition—To be a good teacher.  
Probable Ambition—To get the other ring.  
Activities—Red Cross, going back and forth to Sudbury.

MARY LADIKA

Home Town—South Porcupine.  
Pet Aversion—Arguments.  
Pet Saying—"Dollinks."  
Favourite Pastime—Getting letters, listening to rock-n'-roll.  
Ambition—Teacher ???  
Probable Ambition—Raising little railroaders.  
Activities—Bowling, volleyball, badminton, school basketball.



EILEEN LEHTO

Home Town—Port Arthur.  
Pet Aversion—T.V. and T.V. fiends.  
Pet Saying—"There just 'ain't' no justice."  
Favourite Pastime—Sleeping.  
Ambition—Teacher and housewife.  
Probable Ambition—Teacher !!!  
Activities—Sewing, knitting.



MARGARET LINDHOLM

Home Town—Port Arthur.  
Pet Aversion—Party lines and T.V.  
Pet Saying—"Oh corn!"  
Favourite Pastime—Talking to Ron.  
Ambition—To travel.  
Probable Ambition—Fourth grade teacher.  
Activities—Choir, marionettes, basketball, volleyball.



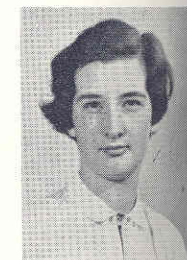
MARGARET LOONEY

Home Town—Fort William.  
Pet Aversion—No jets to go home on weekends.  
Pet Saying—"Now back in Fort William . . ."  
Favourite Pastime—Driving her roommate "buggy."  
Ambition—Work at CKGN.  
Probable Ambition—Teaching geography to jet pilots.  
Activities—Bowling, volleyball, basketball.



ROSALIE MacDONNELL

Home Town—Sudbury.  
Pet Aversion—Lunch time.  
Pet Saying—"Oh, Paddy, I have something to tell you!"  
Favourite Pastime—Going home on weekends.  
Ambition—To get to Queen's.  
Probable Ambition—Teacher !!!  
Activities—Keeping the car out of the garage.



PAT MAROOSIS

Home Town—North Bay.  
Pet Aversion—Tumbling and skipping.  
Pet Saying—"Let's Go Trappers."  
Favourite Pastime—Ballet exercises.  
Ambition—To get her B.Sc. and Mrs.  
Probable Destiny—Physical education supervisor.  
Activities—Music, golf, tennis, canoeing.





# North Bay Teachers' College



MARY MATASICH

Home Town—Schumacher.  
 Pet Aversion—Getting up in the morning.  
 Pet Saying—"I dunno."  
 Favourite Pastime—Sleeping.  
 Ambition—To make a robot to do her washing.  
 Probable Ambition—Go to the moon.  
 Activities—Basketball, volleyball, cutting out pictures.



MARG. McGEE ("MAGOO")

Home Town—Schumacher.  
 Pet Aversion—Dieting (Ha! Ha!).  
 Pet Saying—"Will you kids drop daid."  
 Favourite Pastime—Teaching dogs to lip read.  
 Probable Ambition—To get married and raise little Lloyds.  
 Activities—Basketball, volleyball, bowling, choir, movie club.



MARILYN McQUAID

Home Town—Haileybury.  
 Pet Aversion—Being quiet.  
 Pet Saying—"Seriously though . . ."  
 Favourite Pastime—Chatting.  
 Ambition—Primary teacher.  
 Probable Ambition—Music teacher.



DORA MERVYN

Home Town—Sault Ste. Marie.  
 Pet Aversion—Colds.  
 Pet Saying—"Isn't that ducky."  
 Favourite Pastime—Sleeping in.  
 Ambition—???  
 Probable Ambition—A & P, here I come.



DONNA MILLER

Home Town—North Bay.  
 Pet Aversion—Bill's fan club.  
 Pet Saying—"It's a colossal piece of unmitigated impudence."  
 Favourite Pastime—Sounding her horn.  
 Ambition—To get the most, to say the least, out of teaching.  
 Activities—Yearbook, puller of Young People's purse strings.

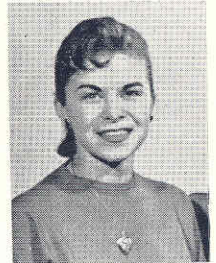


JACQUELINE NADEAU

Home Town—Cobalt.  
 Pet Aversion—Exams.  
 Pet Saying—"Well by George."  
 Favourite Pastime—Watching T.V.  
 Ambition—Teacher.  
 Probable Ambition—Plumber's wife.  
 Activities—Basketball, dancing, movies.

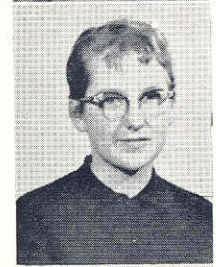
MAIRI McCLINTOCK

Home Town—North Bay.  
 Pat Aversion—Curing out-of-tunes in Group 3.  
 Pet Saying—"Hey kids, know what?"  
 Favourite Pastime—Keeping Roger company.  
 Ambition—To see the world.  
 Probable Ambition—To see the moon.  
 Activities—Movie club, choir.



EDITH McLEOD

Home Town—Leeburn.  
 Pet Aversion—Talky people.  
 Pet Saying—"Did you bring your Morton Marilyn?"  
 Favourite Pastime—Relaxing.  
 Ambition—Primary teacher.  
 Probable Ambition—Swimming in Hudson's Bay.  
 Activities—Movie club.



MARIE MELNICHUK

Home Town—South Porcupine.  
 Pet Aversion—Chewing gum.  
 Pet Saying—"huh?"  
 Ambition—Primary teacher.  
 Probable Ambition—Scrubwoman.  
 Activities—Basketball.



MARIE EMMA MERRIFIELD

Home Town—Copper Cliff.  
 Pet Aversion—Week-ends in North Bay.  
 Pet Saying—"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I . . ."  
 Favourite Pastime—Eating egg rolls at the "Dragon."  
 Ambition—To be a sixth grade reformer.  
 Probable Ambition—Social director on the Queen Mary.  
 Activities—"None—he got away."



ARLENE MURDY

Home Town—Emsdale.  
 Pet Aversion—Telling stories, writing poetry.  
 Pet Saying—"Oh well."  
 Favourite Pastime—Keeping Norm company.  
 Ambition—Primary teacher.  
 Probable Ambition—Housewife.  
 Activities—Cooking, housekeeping, dancing.



LILLIAN NATALINO

Home Town—Timmins.  
 Pat Aversion—"People who don't return borrowed things."  
 Pet Saying—"Who'd-a-think!"  
 Favourite Pastime—Listening to calypso music.  
 Ambition—Primary teacher.  
 Probable Ambition—Teaching in Kukatush.  
 Activities—Bowling.





# North Bay Teachers' College



DOROTHY ODORIZZI

Home Town—North Bay.  
Pet Aversion—Lateness.  
Pet Saying—"Let's Pussy-foot down town."  
Favourite Pastime—Dancing with a sargeant.  
Ambition—To travel.  
Probable Ambition—Teacher in a school on wheels.



MARIAN PERSIAN

Home Town—Sudbury.  
Pet Aversion—Her name spelled Marion.  
Pet Saying—"Where to now."  
Favourite Pastime—Sitting next to Merle.  
Ambition—To marry a millionaire.  
Probable Ambition—Teaching pinochle to elderly bachelors.  
Activities—Choir, etc. !!!



NORMA PORTER

Home Town—Sudbury.  
Pet Aversion—Slow mail carriers.  
Pet Saying—"Think I'll make a phone call."  
Favourite Pastime—Writing letters.  
Ambition—Teacher.  
Probable Ambition—Engineer's wife.  
Activities—Choir, secretary of athletic council, volleyball, bag carrier.



LILLIAN POZEG

Home Town—Huntsville.  
Pet Saying—"Good Heavens."  
Favourite Pastime—Dancing.  
Ambition—Primary teacher.  
Probable Ambition—Rock and roll dancer.  
Activities—Choir, bowling, basketball, students' council.



LOIS ROGIANI

Home Town—Kenora.  
Pet Aversion—The letter that isn't there.  
Pet Saying—"I nearly died."  
Favourite Pastime—Sports.  
Ambition—To study Psychology at Queen's.  
Probable Ambition—Marry a doctor and look after pills.  
Activities—Volleyball, basketball, students' council, Federation Convention.



HELEN SALFI

Home Town—Sudbury.  
Pet Aversion—Waiting for people.  
Pet Saying—"Cut it, eh?"  
Favourite Pastime—Writing letters.  
Ambition—To see the world.  
Probable Ambition—To become a domestic.  
Activities—Basketball.



MERLE ORENDORFF

Home Town—Coniston.  
Pet Aversion—Boring lectures.  
Pet Saying—"Here we go again."  
Favourite Pastime—Doing handiwork—knitting.  
Ambition—Europe.  
Probable Ambition—Travelling around Coniston.  
Activities—Choir, Red Cross, bowling.



ALICE POHREBNY

Home Town—Fort William.  
Pet Aversion—"You know what I need eh?"  
Favourite Pastime—Eating hamburgers.  
Ambition—To be a friendly undertaker.  
Probable Ambition—Housewife ???  
Activities—Basketball, volleyball, girls' ping pong champ, bowling, Yearbook - Girls Sports Editor.



DOROTHY POTTER

Home Town—Ferris.  
Pet Saying—"Let's see."  
Favourite Pastime—Writing letters.  
Ambition—Kindergarten teacher.  
Probable Ambition—Mrs. G. Smith.  
Activities—Marionette show.



GAYLE ANNE RASSEL

Home Town—Schumacher.  
Pet Aversion—Teasers.  
Pet Saying—"Eee Gads."  
Favourite Pastime—Day dreaming.  
Ambition—To marry a forester and raise little trees.  
Probable Ambition—To teach an ideal class.  
Activities—Choir, bowling, basketball.



SHERILL RYAN

Home Town—North Bay.  
Pet Aversion—Deadlines.  
Favourite Pastime—Knitting those blue socks and telling tales.  
Ambition—Holiday in Italy.  
Probable Ambition—Cooking Italian spaghetti.  
Activities—Secretary of Students' Council, basketball.



CORINNE SALVATORE

Home Town—Sudbury.  
Pet Aversion—Short weekends.  
Pet Saying—"That's for the birds."  
Favourite Pastime—Listening to E. P. records.  
Ambition—To travel.  
Probable Fate—To settle down in Sudbury.



# North Bay Teachers' College



MARY SCOTT

*Home Town—New Liskeard.  
Pet Aversion—Being a target for snowballs.  
Pet Saying—"Alrighty."  
Ambition—To see B. C.  
Probable Ambition—To stay at home.  
Activities—Knitting.*

GWEN SHORT

*Home Town—Massey.  
Pet Aversion—Screaming kids.  
Pet Saying—"That's for sure."  
Favourite Pastime—Playing the piano.  
Ambition—Primary school teacher (married).  
Probable Ambition—Primary school teacher (unmarried).*



## GROUP FOUR

PATRICK LACEY

*Another of the stalwarts from the Lakehead, he is active in basketball, volleyball, and ping pong. Pat is Vice-President of the second term Students' Council. The girl back home is the motivation of Pat's ambition—to prove two can live as cheaply as one.*



WILLIAM LEWIS

*A popular figure around the college is "Briefcase Bill." A graduate of the U. of T. who hails from Toronto, Bill's motto is "Meet the women of the north and live dangerously!" Bill's other interests include sports, geology and classical music.*

IAN MacRAE

*One of our few family men, Ian is from the Lakehead. Forcefulness and sincere interest in all his work have made him outstanding. Ian is Editor-in-Chief of our year-book and has been aptly chosen to deliver the valedictory.*



EDWARD MARTIN

*Ed's a little fellow with a big voice from Rosseau. He has three loves: square-dancing, hunting, and manual training. Motivated by a desire to attend O.C.E., Martin works conscientiously.*

DONALD McKILLOP

*Don comes to us from the Nickel City. He is a quiet, comical type (?), likes classical music and good books. Don is constantly wooing the girls with his good looks and good nature. He has a burning desire to further his studies and visit those far-away places.*

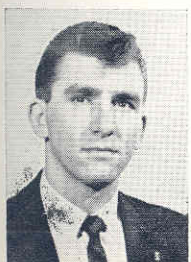


JOHN NESBITT

*John is the industrious one in our form. Whether collecting pictures or seat-work you can be sure he is finished first. He is a member of the choir and United Nations and is President of the Jr. Red Cross. Dryden can be very proud of him.*

ALLAN OERTON

*Allan is a conscientious student who hails from Timmins. He enjoys dancing and bowling and is a tenor in the choir. Allan will probably wind up teaching. His pet peeve seems to be — poor workers?*



EDWARD RATZA

*Kirkland Lake also sent Ed to join our throng. Our hot-headed Ed takes part in most sports and is a member of the Athletic Council. His pet peeve is work and a car that is difficult.*

GEORGE RENDALL

*George is another proud member of the Lakehead kids. He may seem quiet in class, but he can excite a class of any age. George likes sports and dancing and girls (Manitoulin variety). He is anxious to return to Fort William to begin his teaching career.*





# North Bay Teachers' College



DONALD ROBERTSON

Don is Group 4's go-getter from Fort William. He's free and easy and will lend a hand to any group or person. Writing, singing, and directing are some of Don's musical accomplishments. We know he will go far in his chosen profession.



DOROTHY SIMPKIN

Dot, who came to us from Englehart is interested in swimming, basketball and most sports including dating. She enjoys music and dancing but has developed an aversion to lesson plans. Ambition—to make some money so she won't be an old maid.



ELAINE SPENCER

One of our cute twins from Port Arthur. Elaine is interested in all sports, plays guard on the basketball team and sings in the choir. Her ambition is to teach Grade 4 in Japan and travel to South Africa.



SHIRLEY STANGHETTI

Shirl, with the sunny smile comes from the Soo. Her favourite diversion is dancing with Mr. Husband. Shirl wants to keep her ring and get married. Probable destiny—an old maid (well, hardly).



VERONICA SUSTAR

From outward appearances Veronica is the strong, silent type but beneath it all is a bubbling personality which makes itself known in such unusual places as partly decorated auditoriums, boarding houses and trains to Timmins.



MARGARET SUTTON

Our slim chick from New Liskeard is a canary in the school choir and an enthusiastic bowler. Marg. loves jazz and would like to work for C.B.C. She wants to teach in Toronto but her future ambition is to travel to Africa.

HALL SEELY

Hall is one of our week-end commuters from Huntsville. His real first name is Scott but he prefers a more distinguished handle. Hall recently received word of another scholarship. This is indicative of his work and we know he'll be a credit to the profession.



IRIS SMITH

Iris Smith hails from the Northern Ontario town of South Porcupine. She is an active member of the Teacher's Christian Fellowship Group. Her pastimes include music and art. Her destination—a successful teacher, of course. Best of luck to you, Iris.



KATHLEEN SPENCER

Kathy is a staunch Port Arthurite who has been active in all the college sports—especially the school basketball team. Kathy was athletic representative for us and is an ardent choir member. Ambition—tour Europe.



ALICE SCHORSE

Black hair, hazel eyes, 5' 4"—that's Alice. She comes from North Bay, loves teaching—especially Grade 3. One of her pastimes is knitting red socks—without getting caught doing so in Psychology. Alice will soon be Mrs. Millar and then comes three or four pupils of her own.



KENNETH SUTTON

Ken is tall, dark, handsome and married but still likes to play with dolls (marionettes, of course). Ken did a terrific job as M.C. for our musical. He intends to teach in Port Arthur and raise a small family (a baseball team, we think).



NORMA THOMAS

Our blonde bundle of joy from Timmins is also one of our "flappers." Norma hopes to teach Grade 2 or 3. She bowls and plays volleyball but is most interested in boys and airplanes.





# North Bay Teachers' College

LYNN TRUSLER

Lynn is from North Bay and is one of the "Trusler Series." She is a hard worker and it takes more than an operation to keep her away from school. She has many interests and seems to be up in the air quite often.

ANN VRAB

Ann came from Lockerby, is very musically inclined and blows a mena clarinet. She likes duets (both types). Main ambition is to take a trip around the world (chaperones needed).

BILL WALLACE

Bill, an amiable fellow whose favourite sport is football, hails from Schumacher. He spends a lot of time with a certain lass from the Lakehead and for some strange reason plans to teach there.

GAIL WEARMOUTH

This pretty little Fort William miss has been nick-named "Aunt Jemima" by a special ami. Her favourite pastimes are sewing, dancing—and Bill Wallace. "Those wedding bells . . . !"

HELEN WHITEHEAD

Potassan's personality plus! She will do well teaching children but her main ambition is sending children to school. Her favourite expression is—"what period is this?" Her favourite pastime is huck-weaving for her hope chest. We wonder at the size of it by now!

BARBARA WILLARD

Barb is from Dunchurch (that's near Parry Sound) and although she seems very quiet, she has her giggly spells like the rest of us (mostly at Mr. Husband's jokes). For some reason or other Barb has developed a dislike for I.Q. tests and dancing in Phys. Ed. Barb plans to teach in the north and we wish her the best.

SYLVIA UHRYN

To look at Miss Uhryn upon the eye's no pain.  
In any sport you'll name, she could go on to fame.  
Imagine our surprise to find she's mostly brain!  
She gives us all much joy, but, oh, it's sad my boy,  
For there's a rumour here that a certain Mountie's near.

JACKSON WADDELL

This amiable young man hails from Parry Sound. He is a natural wit!! but is quite modest. His pet saying used to be "O.K." His ambition is to be a successful teacher and we know he will be.

RONALD WALBERG

This unique gentleman from the Lakehead, takes part in the choir, puppets and most sports. He also likes pasting pictures of Princess Margaret in his royal scrapbook. Future—teacher in winter and beachcomber in summer.

DONALD WEIR

"Wire" comes to us from Sudbury. He adds his strong tenor to the choir and is also President of that organization. His main interests are music, basketball, and Dizzy. Don plans to be a music supervisor in the future.

AVIS WILKINS

If you want to know what our Avis from South Porcupine does in her spare time just watch her knitting before the T.V. set. We expect to see Avis teaching in Sudbury but her present ambition is to answer correctly in Social Studies class.

BILLIE MARIE WILLIAMS

Billie is a North Bay girl who is continually up to her neck in either plays or parties. Her interests include most sports, music, especially jazz, and dancing (Charleston perhaps?) Her pet dislikes are mimeographed sheets and dumb-funny jokes. Billie is on the Year Book Staff and will probably stay in the north country.



# North Bay Teachers' College



MARIE WILLIAMSON

Marie's hobbies are curling, cycling, leather work, choir,—Oh! what a list! She is Group 4's hard-working gal from New Liskeard who is on her way to fulfill her life's ambition—teaching the little angels. Best of luck, Marie.



DONALD WRIGHT

Don's main ambition is to be a big name band leader on earth and play second trumpet for Gabriel at the Pearly Gates. His pet peeve is room-mates who tuck bed-covers under the mattress. Pastimes: women! pool, ping pong, touring Quebec on Sat. night.

## GROUP FIVE



BEVERLY BEACH

With the added weight on Bev's left hand, she still manages to bowl a 'mean game', sing in the choir, and keep group five in stitches with her antics. We predict to find Bev. telling "bedtime?" stories to her happy brood, while hubby washes the dishes.



PHYLLIS CULLEN

Although an "Art" dent trapper fan, Phyllis also enjoys bowling every Tuesday and Thursday. After her first million, Phyl plans to settle down (?) in Paris.



EMILY ELVIN

Iroquois Falls loss is North Bay's gain. It is difficult to pin point Emily and 'Charlottes' conversations to one topic, but one could imagine that its argument over whose turn it is to cook supper. Thirty years from now?—Chief Dietitian at Burwash.

NELDA WILSON

Nelda comes from Iron Bridge and attended High School at Blind River. She likes to play ball, swim and skate, and her favourite pastime is reading. Nelda is a true daughter of the North and plans to teach there. Specially—getting A's.



PATRICIA YOUNG

Pat comes to us from Elliott Lake and certainly brightens up the back corner of our class. Pat is interested in most everything and is a real whiz with the ping pong bat. She is one of Group 4's member on the second term Student's Council. Pat plans to teach in Toronto and we know she'll be a success. By the way, Pat, how do you mix Plaster of Paris?



PAT AUBRY

A product of Nakina, who finds time to add her talents to N.B.T.C.'s choir, West house basketball team, and second term representative in the Student's Council. We expect great things from Pat—like starring as Cleopatra, in 1970 at Stratford's Festival.



VICTOR CICCI

Vic has quickly overcome his handicap (i.e. hailing from Schumacher) and become President of the A.A.—Athletic Association. When Luella Cole writes her second book on History of Education, we're sure to find Cici, as teacher of Kindergarten, giving Froebel competition in free expression.



MAUREEN CULLY

What time Maureen doesn't give to United Nations, is devoted to the Loring Hunt Club. This 'Hunt' club sounds intriguing. "Poor Canada" if Betty and Maureen ever teach together in the same school. Probable destination—they will!



JO-ANNE HAMILTON

Ramora may be very quiet during the week—but when Jo arrives every week-end . . . ? Much of Jo's time was spent representing our group on the yearbook. Probable destination? . . . still finishing the animated map . . . "avec Pat."





# North Bay Teachers' College



LORENE HILL

*As captain of the "Screwballs", Lorene sets a good example . . . not to follow! Seriously, fortunate the university graduate who wins Lorene . . . and a coloured T.V. Probable destination—Primary Specialist at Western.*



ROBERTA LOW

*"Bertie" has certainly put Killarney—home town—on the map since her attendance at N.B.T.C. Our 'bluebird', who warbles for our choir each week, also finds enjoyment in more rugged recreation, such as basketball and bowling. Probable destination—author of a book entitled, 'The Art of Disguising a Yawn—Your Second Year of the Two Year.'*



JOHN MAKARCHUK

*Another one lost to the cause—there must be something to the Industrial Art course—because John has suddenly developed a mania for constructing household articles. Probable destination—choir master for Fort Francis' girls choir. He has lost one ring, when will she have a set?*



EUNICE MCGRAW

*Week-end camps in the rain, are Eunice's pet peeve. As President of the bowling league, Eunice has quite a busy timetable. Destination—Phys. Ed. Master at Hamilton Teacher's College.*



BARBARA MOTT

*"When she's good, she's very, very good, but when she's bad—she's happy!" Although this intro. can be found in last year's magazine—is there anything else that describes our "Hot-Dog" more better!—unquote.*



BEVERLY NICHOLS

*"Diamonds are a girls best friend" Nichols is still finding time to lead her Scooter to victory in the bowling tournament. Probable destination—Flight Lieutenant for new "Baby Jet" pilots.*



EDWIN KAITOLA

*"A good egg if you liked them cracked." Group five owes many pleasant memories to Ed. (and his harem). Probable destination—a hermit studying "How to win Friends and Influence Masters."*



BETTY MacLACHLAN

*Between U.N., choir, and multi other activities, Bet manages to compete with the Bell Telephone company on certain employees of theirs. If you listen closely you will detect a slight impeachment in Betty's speech—especially when she mentions "Dwains," and her left hand.*



MARY MARSHALL

*Still waters run deep—they tell us. Isn't it amazing the glow one receives, just from a little old surprise—like someone coming home unexpected like ??? Thirty years hence—knitting socks—and not for Home Economics projects; because she uses Pond's. She's engaged!*



FRANCIS MORIN

*Between week-ends in Chelmsford and week days in North Bay, Fran leads a full life. As representative of our College at the Easter Convention, we know she will be a decided asset on any staff.*



PAT NESSETH

*Pat collects "male" the way people collect teacups! A going concern in the teaching field, Pat is going to be outstanding wherever she lights. Destination—assisting Eddy with writing of his book.*



CHARLOTTE NICHOLSON

*Between "Bill . . . ious" attacks of too many dishes, Charlotte finds time on her hands for dreaming up excuses to miss her turn at cooking supper. Thirty years . . . Assistant to the Assistant at Burwash.*



# North Bay Teachers' College



ANNA PURIFICATI

"It's nice to be natural . . . when you're naturally nice" (another quotation from last year's book and again well placed). Timmins loss is London's gain next year—so hang on to your hats Western—here comes your future 'Public Relation' advisor.



FRANK SMITH

Destiny—"They do it in the follies . . ." A representative on the council—never! we predict a top teacher in his field—What field you ask? Well there's . . . but then again there's . . . well . . . hmmm—that's a good question. Probable destiny—Doris teaching while Frank washes the diapers.



DONNA WOOD

Choir secretary, teaching—laughing, and Eddy, are Donna's chief activities. Port Arthur—a suburb of Fort William for the less learned—certainly will have to discard their attitude towards graduates of the Two Year Course, once Donna is teaching up there.

## GROUP SIX

## TWO - YEAR COURSE

### First Year

ED ARCURI

Ed comes from a place called Timmins which accounts for his actions. Ed is on the Athletic Association and a thriving member by the way. He's not a big man but tips the scales at 145 pounds when wet. He is also one of the jokers of our class and D.H. can vouch for that. That's our Ed.

JOHNEEN BEATON

This lass hails from Sudbury. She finds the far north rather interesting as do two of her other classmates. Johnneen takes an active part in the Red Cross.

AUDREY SHEPLEY

Much of Audrey's time is taken up with first term Student's Council and the Christian Fellowship Association. A definite clog to the One Year Course argument that "graduates from Fourth Form are not as mature . . ."

DORIS SOLMEN

Activities are too numerous to mention, excepting Frank of course. "Alright Miss Solmen . . . eyes front please, please!" Have you ever noticed the clash of pink and red when Doris and Frank are caught with their heads together? She uses Pond's too!

JANE ALEXANDER

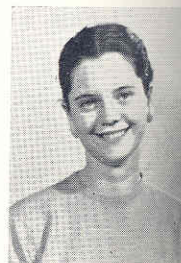
Jane hails from Gravenhurst. Badminton is her favourite sport. She is noted for her height, which is an asset when she goes out with a certain tall blond.

NELSON AUGER

This shutterbug comes from Timmins. He is very busy both in and out of school. He is an adept bowler and is noted for his knowledge of the sea. He is also a Red Cross worker.

HEATHER BEAUCHAMP

Our Heather comes from the nickel city, Sudbury. She has many interests but her main interest seems to centre around a "blond Bob" also from Sudbury. She has a pleasing personality and represented us on the second term council.





# North Bay Teachers' College



ADELAIDE BRADT

Ad hails from Sturgeon Falls. She spends her spare time writing letters home. Her favourite song is "Young Love" and when with her you may often hear her say, "Well that always helps." Her ambition is to get twelve hours' sleep in one night.



JOAN GATES

This petite miss is from the Soo. Joan's ambition is to teach in one of the cities of southern Ontario. Sports, especially bowling, is one of her many interests. Joan is planning a wonderful summer holiday. Happy sailing, Joan.



PAT GORDON

From Coniston comes this pert little blonde, who finds herself quite at home in front of a class. Pastime: Arguing she's right as well as trying to prove that group 6 is not retarded. Activities: First term council rep. Favourite enterprise: Planting trees in Coniston.



HAROLD JOHNSTON

Harold hails from Sudbury. He is known for his wonderful participation in the class of good old form 6. He has a wonderful personality and will go far in his teaching career. His favourite saying is "My girl back home . . ."



MARILYN KETT

Marilyn hails from Sudbury. Although she is here with us at N.B.T.C. her main interests are in Garson. Marilyn belongs to the choir and the United Nations. She likes dancing and sports, especially tennis.



ALICE KOSTELNIUK

Alice hails from Geraldton. She is known to us as "Al" and has won a host of friends with her vivacious personality. Her enthusiasm and genial manner has made her a top notch teacher. She excels in dancing in P.T. with her partner John. We have learned her main interests lie in a certain engineer at U. of T.



DALE BROMLEY

Dale came here from Sudbury with a paint brush in her hand. In her spare time she writes to the navy and sings "Cindy." Her favourite saying is "Why not?" And her ambition is to own a cadillac.



DORIS GILLESPIE

Doris hails from Englehart. Doris is an all round girl and will brighten up some classroom in the near future. A tall, dark male from the nickel city and hot Huntsville spaghetti are two of her many interests.



CAROL HARKNESS

Carol hails from the paper town of Iroquois Falls. Carol belongs to the United Nations group and the college choir. Carol idolizes her pet cat, Christopher.



MARJORIE KABONI

Marjorie, sometimes known as "Asparagus" comes from Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island. Full of vitality and ambition, Marjorie is one who likes to see results. She is very cheerful and is always ready to help anyone in need. Her favourite expression is "huh?" and her pastime is skating.



DELOIS KIRKWOOD

Delois came to us from Englehart. However, she is here in body but hardly in mind, due to a certain someone from Timmins who is also in form 6. Delois is one of the choir members.

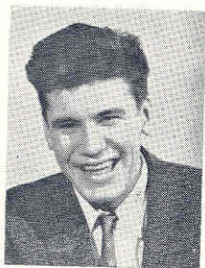


FRANK KRZNARICH

"Gutchy" hails from the "Eldorado" in Schumacher. This dashing lad, "King of the Polka" chases a certain blonde all day. As he pounds his chest, he yells his war cry "Haileybury."



# North Bay Teachers' College



MARTIN LAHTI

Martin comes to us from South Porcupine. "Mucker" is best known for his ability to become muddled in the presence of the fairer sex.



BOB MANSON

Bob hails from Algoma's friendly city, Sault Ste. Marie. Bob lives up to the city's reputation as he has a friendly personality and is a hard worker. Bob is treasurer of the second term's council and for some strange reason he now has plenty of spending money.



JOYCE McDONALD

Joyce is the shy little girl from Sudbury. It was proved otherwise when she almost removed a certain P.T. master's trousers in the process of doing a "flying angel." Joyce's time is spent mostly on her teaching but her frequent trips home indicate that Sudbury isn't all "sulphur."



MARLENE MITCHELL

Marlene is from Latchford and her pet aversion is N.B.T.C. in general. She enjoys going home on weekends. Her ambition is to graduate and marry. Future: Lone star of the Globetrotters 1975.



DEANNA NELSON

Deanna is our girl from Bloomfield who loves basketball. Her interests lie in both Northern Ontario and Quebec. What's the drawing card Deanna?



NANCY PELTIER

Nancy, with a sweet smile hails from Wikwemikong, Manitoulin Island. She is very cooperative, which will help her in becoming a good teacher. She seems quiet around but very talkative when you get to know her. She is especially good at telling jokes. In North Bay, she is sometimes known as "Cabbage."

JOANNE LaPLANTE

Jo comes from the belle of the north, Sault Ste. Marie. With rusty hair and a shining smile we find a personality that can't be beaten. She has been an ardent worker on the year book committee (poor book). A swell gal and a real pal.



JOYCE McDANIEL

Joyce hails from Powassan. Joyce loves music and is very ambitious when it comes to playing musical instruments. Joyce is lots of fun and gets along with everyone. She enjoys college life but don't let her shy appearance fool you.



LOIS McNAY

Lois is our friendly photographer from Burks Falls. She spends Saturday mornings participating in college sports when she isn't at home hunting squirrels. She hates motorcycles—I wonder why?



MARGARET MOUSSEAU

Marg hails from Espanola. Her favourite subject is Methodology and her pastime is thinking about a certain person from Temagami. She enjoys pork and beans and bologna and will probably end up a housewife. Marg enjoys skating, skiing and dancing. Favourite expression is "It bugs me."



JACK NEMCHIN

Jack hails from Timmins. He is one of our top notch students and is displaying the best of marks. He proved himself justly with his excellent performance "M.C.ing" our Christmas concert. His two pet peeves are Elvis and cats, therefore, he spends a great deal of time thinking up secret ways of disposing of these beings.



RUTH PRISKE

Ruth, our favourite Quebecer hails from Bourlamaque. She has brought to our class, typical of Quebecers, liveliness accompanied by a bit of devilment. Her main interests lie in underground novelties—we wonder why.





# North Bay Teachers' College



**EUNICE RAY**

Eunice, a quiet girl hails from Hornepayne. Her favourite subject is P.T. and her favourite saying is "Rats." She hopes to teach grades 5 or 6. Her pet peeve is men.



**ORA SALAVICH**

Ora hails from Dryden. She is a quiet girl but really nice to know. Ora is now practising cooking and living on letters from home. She plans on having cooking as a full time job in the future.



**LAURIE TOMNEY**

Laurie hails directly from Haileybury and indirectly from North Carolina. She is a well liked girl and full of fun and wit. Her main interests are No. 192, teaching grade 4, and making illustrative material in South River.



**GWLADYS WILLIAMS**

Gwladys is the gal with the cheerful disposition and an unlimited supply of energy. She sings in our school choir, belongs to the United Nations, and enjoys working as camp counsellor during the summer. We hear that Gwladys will make a very efficient teacher.

## GROUP SEVEN



**PAULINE BOURDON**  
Timmins, Ontario

Mr. Husband's favourite pest, we are sure she'll make a good teacher. She never knows which to attend — Red Cross or Marionette meetings. Favourite expression—"I'm so tired." Ambition—to boss the future husband.

**EVELYN REID**

Evelyn is our fair haired little Finn from Sudbury. Her plans are to remain with teachers until a certain university releases one man. Her favourite saying is "hilarious." In spite of her many interests, Evelyn promises to be an excellent, future teacher.



**JOHN SODEN**

John alias "Semi." Born in Midland and educated (if you can call it education) in Huntsville. He is five feet, eight inches tall, red and handsome. Weaknesses are Florida, etc. (etc. stands for girls).



**MABEL TRUDEAU**

Mabel, who comes from Walford, captures her classes with her happy laugh and enthusiasm. Mabel enjoys dancing and plays basketball. Her favourite expression "Where do we go next?" explains the change she finds at Teachers' College.



**MARLENE BEATON**

Sudbury, Ontario  
Marlene was our form representative on the first term Student Council. Her pet peeve is "complicated vocabulary". Favourite saying—"Sir, I don't understand this work we're taking." Ambition—to teach staggered classes so she can sleep in mornings.



**JOAN COOPER**  
Rydal Bank, Ontario

Joan hopes to teach grades three or four in the "Soo". She loves dancing, shoes and photography. Her pet peeve is writing letters. Favourite expression—"I dunno." Ambition—housewife.





# North Bay Teachers' College



**WILMA DOBSON**  
Dunchurch, Ontario

Lively and laughing on all days except Monday is our Wilma. She enjoys all classes, especially Physical Education, and choir after school. Pet peeve—lumbago in the back.



**RETA GIBSON**  
Gore Bay, Ontario

Reta intends to specialize in primary methods. She hopes to teach in the "Soo". Reta loves dancing and crocheting. Pet peeve—singing commercials in the morning. Her ambition is to be a housewife. Favourite expression—"Any mail to-day."



**VIVIAN HASLEHURST**  
Dunchurch, Ontario

This flaming redhead has a split personality—grouchy in the morning, lively in the evenings. She enjoys all classes, especially Physical Education. She looks forward to going home weekends to see "that certain party." Favourite expression—"I don't see why we have to do this."



**(MRS.) DOROTHY JAGO**  
Port Arthur, Ontario

Dorothy was vice-president of our first term Students' Council. She would like to continue her education in the field of guidance. Favourite expression—"Girls, we have to have a meeting." It's a pleasure to have such a friendly personality in our class.



**VELVIE JONES**  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

Velvie's cheery smile is a ray of sunshine in our room. She is artistic as well as poetic. Velvie is our "Polaris" representative. Favourite expression—"I'm going to have my ears trained." Pet peeve—getting B's and C's.



**RUTH KAAS**  
Rainy River, Ontario

Ruth's our best German singer. It's a pleasure to have her in our class as she has such a pleasant and friendly personality. Ruth's our Junior Red Cross representative. Favourite expression—"A - a - y, that's right, I forgot." Ambition—to combine marriage with teaching.

**BERNADETTE GERVAIS**  
Gogama, Ontario

This French lass is the song bird of form seven. She trains the "Bluebirds" every day at noon. Bernie is very calm and never becomes too excited, (except when she is telling the story about the skunk in "Tante Odette's Oven.") Pet saying—"I don't care."



**MARGARET GOLEC**  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

It's a pleasure to have Marg in our class because of her friendly, sparkling personality and the way she sports A's in everything. Marg is our Athletic Council and F.W.T.A.O. representative. Her favourite saying is "Let's see what Morton has to say about it." Ambition—to raise "little Engineers."



**SHIRLEY HUNTER**  
Manitoulin Island, Ontario

This fun loving girl plans to be married this summer and teach in Sudbury. Her hobbies are dancing and crocheting. Favourite expression—"I've got so much work to do."



**WILDA JOHNSTON**  
Englehart, Ontario

If you want to be Wilda's friend, don't ask her where Englehart is. Since she has taught all grades for two years she is ready for "come what may." Favourite expression—"Sorry, I don't dance."



**MARGARET JOYCE**  
Timmins, Ontario

Marg looks like a shy, quiet girl but don't let that fool you. Her favourite expression is—"What do we have next period?" Pet peeve—waiting for the 1:30 A.M. train to Timmins.



**RUTH KENNEDY**  
Utterson, Ontario

"Penny's" interests vary from choir to sports to food. Her ambitions are to finish Grade Thirteen and travel to Europe. Favourite expression—"I haven't 'brang' my lunch." Pet peeve—having her picture taken and men. A determined worker, we predict she'll go places.





# North Bay Teachers' College



ROSE LESCHUK  
Jack Fish, Ontario

*This petite blonde has a question for every master. She is our representative for "Polaris" and the O.E.A. meeting in Toronto. Other interests are bowling and choir. Ambition—to be a close second to Shakespeare. Favourite expression—"Hey girls, don't let me forget . . ." Pet peeve—getting up in the morning.*



(MRS.) BETTY McCLELLAND  
Elmsdale, Ontario

*Our "Star Dancer's" main interests are her two boys and travelling. Travelling now consists of weekly migration to "Dad's farm". "Bet" hopes to get her B.A. through correspondence. She also has the sense of humour of the class. Favourite expression — "Nuts! Why?"*



SISTER MARY GEORGE  
Parry Sound, Ontario

*Sister seems to have time for all the homework we have, especially history. She has a sunny, warm personality and always has time to offer a helpful hint on our problem lessons or such. Her ambition is to be the best primary teacher in Ontario. Favourite saying—"Oh, Heavens."*



SISTER SAINT DAVID  
North Bay, Ontario

*See Sister "If You Should Go To Venice". A good and willing worker, Sister strives for perfection—and gets it. She loves teaching the extremes, one or eight. Favourite saying—"You don't mean it?" Ambition—to lead souls to Christ.*

## GROUP EIGHT



BOYCE CONNORS

*The life of the party is our Boyce from Bracebridge. Boyce is on the year book staff and we might add very efficient in all respects. Ambition? "Who needs one?"*

SALLY LEWIS  
Garson, Ontario

*Sal's our little mischief maker. How could anyone be so guilty and look so innocent? ? She's our rep. for the second term Students' Council. Other interests are choir, bowling and puppets. Pet peeves—assignment upon assignment and long hair. Favourite expressions—"O.K., I mean all right" and "But, Sir . . ." Ambition—to see the world.*



JOAN MAQUIRE  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

*Joan is a firm believer of "look to the north." Her ambition is to have a junior class in the Steel City. With the efforts and interests of this girl, she will likely be a success. Pet peeve —falling out of chairs.*



VALENA MONKHOUSE  
Providence Bay, Ontario

*Valena enjoys most sports and as a result of her studies, hopes to teach in North Bay next year. I wonder why? ? Favourite saying—"Naturally I'm going home this weekend." Pet peeve—being called the wrong name.*



JOE ANSARA

*Joe comes to N.B.T.C. from Sudbury. Joe served faithfully as president of our first term student parliament. His ambition is to become a secondary school shop teacher after a year's training at O.C.E.*



DANIEL CLEARY

*Poor Dan was mixed up for a few weeks at College, but has finally found his group. Oh, Dan (sigh!) that bewitching smile and oh-h-h those brown eyes!*





# North Bay Teachers' College



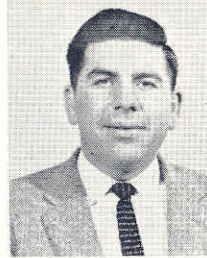
RONALD CROUSE

*A studious specimen from Larder Lake (We'd still like to know where that is.) Ron is everyone's friend. Good luck for next year old pal.*



LAVERN DEMPSTER

*Lavern is a real scholar hailing from Iron Bridge. An example of his handiwork—many of our yearbook dividers. Easy-going and pleasant Lavern believes in doing everything right including practice teaching (especially for a certain "Miss." in Sudbury.)*



CLARENCE LEWIS

*Little Current's charmer would like to be a good primary "Dadyo" someday. Clarence is the comedian of form VIII and has things the other boys haven't—GIRLS!*



ORVILLE McCREIGHT

*When you see this fellow with a far off look, it's not Laycock or Crow & Crow he's thinking about, but Western music and northern females. Don't let that fool you, Orville is enthusiastic, efficient, and an active member of the Student's Council.*



MARGERY MOORE

*Margery, "the alarm-clock", Moore's pet peeve is: not enough work to do. Her greatest ambition is to teach in New Liskeard.*



VIVIAN MUNCASTER

*The pride and joy of all concerned. Vivian likes broomball as an extra sport, especially out of town areas. Her ambition is to return to the "Soo" to apply the knowledge gained at N.B.T.C.*

HAROLD CUDDIHEY

*Harold is our "Hard Rock" miner from Timmins, Ontario. Form representative on the N.B.T.C. Student Council, second term. His ability to lead discussions and tell stories keeps the rest of us on our toes. Ambition—to travel and see the world.*



GLENN EWALD

*An extremely clever chap from Barwick, who wishes to change the entire curriculum. Glenn is very adept at answering questions, however, his most skilful feat is entertaining while riding on a broom. Remember Glenn?*



ROBERT MARCHANT

*Bob is our graceful dancer from the Lakehead. A very active member as form representative on the N.B.T.C. Students' Council, Second Term. He likes his "hollywood" mufflers. Ambition—to teach in his own home town, Fort William.*



PHYLLIS MONKMAN

*Phyllis comes to us from Smooth Rock Falls. Her ambition is to join the Military Academy in Quebec. She intends to graduate with a certificate (marriage that is).*



MAUREEN MOORE

*Maureen is from Cobalt to quote: "The only town in the North!" Maureen served on the Junior Red Cross Executive. This young lady does not believe in old maid school teachers—she has no reason to.*



RITA OMINIKA

*One of our "Manitoulinites" is Rita, but this one happens to be shy at times. Rita, the "Wise Bird" was champion jug bearer (liquid measure) for a whole week. Her favourite expression is: "What's goin' on in here?"*





# North Bay Teachers' College



FLORENCE PAGE

Serious, hard-working Florence doesn't say much, but we know her thoughts run deeply, particularly in the field of romance. Florence hails from scenic Temagami. Next year? Florence isn't saying.



CHARLES REEKIE

Our "little" Bluebird is Charles from Parry Sound. His ambition is to become a canary. Charles has personality plus, but beware girls—matrimony in June.



MARGARET SCARLETT

"As quiet as a daylight owl" seems to fit this gal from South River. We have no facts on how much she talks at night. Pembroke calls Margaret next September where she hopes to put into practice the best ideas learned at N.B.T.C.



MARY LOU SPENCER

This native Northerner from the Nickel City feels the pull of the South. Mary Lou is one of our gayest gals. Her zest for life is shared with all. Favourite comeback "m-m-hum!"



AUDREY STEPHENSON

Creighton Mines has wealth other than the mineral type as we found out from witty, humorous and good-looking Audrey. Audrey's ambition is to become a grade five school teacher near Manitoulin Island.



THERESE VanHEUKELOM

Terry is a student with a pleasing personality. She hits a high average in bowling. N.B.T.C. has fostered her hobby of collecting pictures. Ambition—to be a successful teacher.

EDITH PATEMAN

Edith is our "petite" Thessalonian. Critic Teachers often confuse her with their pupils. This, however, does not affect her ability to dramatize her work. We find her pleasant and likeable. Good luck, "Edie!"



GARFIELD ROBERTSON

Garfield hails from Dunchurch. His striking physique found him a place as male sports editor for "Polaris". He claims to be a nature lover and wishes to pursue this endeavour.



VIOLET SHAWANDA

Here is "Personality Plus" and "boy", can she blush—I wonder why? Vi's favourite subject is music—especially teaching it (Hum it again, please). Violet plans to teach in the Rainy River district.



RICHARD SPICER

Glenn's bodyguard, Richard, can always be depended upon for answers. Ambition: to own a portable ping pong table so he won't have to go to the College dances.



ELSIE TAYLOR

Elsie is a sports enthusiast. She drives a neat strike in softball. This native of Earleton wants to teach primary grades until she can find another fellow with a ring (engagement that is).



VERNA WHITE

Verna's greatest ambition is a trip to the altar. Huntsville gave us its "talkiest" daughter with Verna; she's into all discussions. Favourite expression—"Oh my gosh!"





# Activities





# North Bay Teachers' College



## FIRST TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row—Harold Johnston, Orville McCreight, Ed Kaitola.

Middle Row—Pat Gordon, Marlene Beaton, Audrey Shepley, Helen Emmett, Ann Vrab, Beverley Brennan,  
Lois Rogiani, Joyce Longul.

Seated—Mr. A. B. Reid, Dorothy Jago (Vice-President), Joe Ansara, (President), Monica Heis (Secretary), Sam Fera (Treasurer).



## SECOND TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row—Frank Smith, Harold Cuddihy, Robert Marchant, Mr. Reid, Staff Advisor; Florella Eyolfson, President;  
Sherrill Ryan, Secretary; Patrick Lacey, Vice-President; Bob Manson, Treasurer; Art Fry.

Seated—Sally Lewis, Patricia Young, Patricia Aubry, Betty McClelland, Lillian Pozeg, Dorothy Clark,  
Heathet Beauchamp, Sandra Hale.



# North Bay Teachers' College



## RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Standing—Mary Marshall, Mary Campbell, Alice Cook, Eunice McGraw, Ruth Kaus, Merle Orendorff, Pauline Bourdon, Patricia McKay, Shirley Stanghetti, Maureen Moore, Johnneen Beaton, Katherine Gray.  
Seated—Mickey Contini, Circulation Manager; Nelson Auger, Treasurer; John Nesbitt, President; Edith Pateman, Secretary; Miss W. Pauli.



## UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION

Helen Emmett, Vice-President; Betty MacLachlan, Representative to Branch Organization; Douglas Gauthier, President; Mr. Deyell, Staff Advisor; Alice Cook, Secretary.



# North Bay Teachers' College



## ATHLETIC COUNCIL EXECUTIVE

Standing—Mr. Husband, Staff Advisor; Ed Ratza, Kathy Spencer, Iris Bean, Tony Centa, Clarence Lewis.  
Seated—Mary Lou Spencer, Margaret Golec, Norma Porter, Secretary; Vic Cicci, President; Ed Arcuri, Treasurer;  
Margaret Kellock, Doris Solmen.



## TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP EXECUTIVE

Audrey Shepley, Missionary Secretary; Iris Smith, Publicity; Mary Marshall, President; Elsie Taylor, Treasurer;  
Marie Williamson, Secretary; Johnen Beaton, Vice-President.



# North Bay Teachers' College



## N.B.T.C. CHOIR

Back Row—Alice Cook, Pianist; Iris Bean, Donna Foster, Lois Day, Marian Persian, Eileen Lehto, Bernie Gervais, Rita Ominika, Margaret Joyce, Wilma Dobson.

Fifth Row—Violet Shawanda, Marie Melnichuk, Elaine Spencer, Beverley Beach, Delois Kirkwood, Margaret Lindholm, Shirley Hunter, Vivian Haslehurst, Carol Harkness, Gwladys Williams, Patricia Aubry, Maureen Caron.

Fourth Row—Merie Orendorff, Ann Vrab, Jane Alexander, Kathleen Spencer, Dorothy Clark, Lois McNay, Veronica Sustar, Kay Kallio, Marita Erickson, Alice Kostelniuk, Eleanor Ezack, Donna Miller, Betty McClelland.

Third Row—Nova Brodie, Barbara Ferguson, Joanne LaPlante, Norma Becker, Monica Heis, Dorothy Simpkin, Donna Wood, Marie Hughes, Phyllis Monkman, Lillian Pozeg, Margaret McGee, Mairi McClintock, Vivian Muncaster, Rose Leschuk, Betty MacLachlin, Nelda Wilson.

Second Row—Verda LeRoy, Penny Kennedy, Bill Brownlee, Don Weir, Ross Clausi, Jack Nesbitt, Ron Walberg, Bill Lewis, Allan Oerton, Nelson Auger, Ed Arcuri, George Rendall, Billie Williams, Valena Monkhouse, Mr. M. J. Curtis, Marie Williamson.

Front Row—Norma Porter, Fran Morin, Pauline Bourdon, Gwen Short, Jack Waddell, Don Wright, Doug Gauthier, Joe Ansara, Art Bennett, Roberta Low, Margaret Sutton, Ruth Kaus, Dorothy Jago.  
Pianists—Irene Harvie, Alice Edstrom.



## CHOIR EXECUTIVE

Left to Right—Don Weir, President; Don Wright, Vice President; Donna Wood, Secretary-Treasurer; Alice Cook, Pianist; Irene Harvey, Pianist; Alice Edstrom, Pianist; Mr. M. J. Curtis, Choir Director.



# North Bay Teachers' College

## FIRST TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

During their term of office, the 1956-57 Students' Council sponsored entertainment for the students on Friday evenings, and also discussed problems concerning the student body.

The highlights of all these programmes was the Christmas Formal Dance. About one hundred and fifty couples attended this dance at Scollard Hall, where the auditorium was decorated with snowmen for the event. Other social events of the term were a Hallowe'en Masquerade, Sock Hop, Christmas Carolling, Hard Time Party, and many Open Nights.

The council arranged for the Memorial Day service held in the college auditorium. Each group in the college assumed responsibility for other Friday assemblies.

Arrangements were completed during the term for ordering college Christmas cards, school rings, pins, and identification bracelets. As service projects the council donated the balance of the money allotted them toward a P. A. system for the college.

The First Term Students' Council wishes to express its thanks to both Miss Johnson and Mr. Reed, our staff advisors, and to all others who helped make our year at N.B.T.C. a profitable and memorable one.

—MONICA HEIS

## SECOND TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

It was a great day for N.B.T.C. on Wednesday, February 6 when the Second Term Students' Council officially took office. The new members left the council room after the first meeting, their heads popping with plans for a gay round of activity and business during the remainder of the school year.

One of these brilliant ideas culminated in the Valentine's Dance held February 15. Cupids, hearts and streamers adorned the hall for the party. Refreshments were served, and the guests were also provided with a wonderful stage show presented by top-notch entertainers from the student body.

Plans are being made for the Graduation Formal in May. This should prove to be very exciting. The Council will be working hard to make it the best yet!

—SHERRILL RYAN

## N.B.T.C. CHOIR

Will you ever forget the melodious sounds floating down from the auditorium every Monday at four o'clock to fill the school with music? Although few in number the male voices hold their own against the strong section of female voices and Mr. Curtis gives his very capable leadership so that we may learn some of the requirements of good choir singing.

Our choir executive includes Don Weir as president, Don Wright as vice-president, Donna Wood as secretary-treasurer, and Alice Cook, Alice Edstrom and Irene Harvie as choir pianists.

Our public appearances began with the Remembrance Day programme when we sang the Stanford arrangement of God Save the Queen. At the Christmas Programme we sang many selections from our repertoire. The valentine party for retarded children, held February 14th, presented an opportunity for us to sing some of our selections again.

During Education Week we made our first appearance on CKGN television, and plans are underway for future appearances, including the final programme on the closing day of college.

Every member of the North Bay Teachers' College Choir believes that the experience gained this year under the willing and capable direction of Mr. Curtis will be remembered long after "Happy Teachers we shall be" becomes a reality.

—DONNA WOOD

## ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The first meeting of the Athletic Council was held on Oct. 15, 1956. Members as elected from the student body were present at the meeting. The following executive was selected. President Joan Anderson, Secretary Norma Porter, Treasurer Ed. Arcuri. Each group from the school has a representative who attends regular meetings called by the President. Joan Anderson resigned her position and Frank Smith was elected as a new president. Later Frank was elected to the Students' Council and thus Vic Cicci will be the president for the remainder of the year.

For the purpose of House League sports the school teams were divided into four groups and given the names of East, West, North and South.

The first activity sponsored by the Council was a Ping Pong Tournament. This tournament was open to all students wishing to participate. The games were played during recess and at four o'clock according to the schedule.

House League activities commenced with the formation of volleyball, basketball and bowling leagues. It was hoped to have curling and badminton as well but this could not be arranged.

Nov. 2, 1956 a dance sponsored by the Council was held in the College. Novelty dances, prizes and refreshments added variety to the dance. A good crowd attended.

—NORMA PORTER

## INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

The inter-house volleyball started off with a "bang" in early October. The teams comprising both girls and boys were divided into their respective houses: East, West, Centre and South. Competition was keen and many games were won by slim margins. The West house team, the Wasps, finally emerged triumphant. The team members were Capt. Glenn Ewald, Richard Spicer, Alice Pohrebny, Rose Leschuk, George Rendall, Donna Foster, Ruth Kaus, Elaine Spencer and Eileen Lehto.

Many thanks go to Mr. Husband, without whose help success would have been impossible. In spite of the early hour of the beginning game each Saturday morning, Mr. Husband was on the spot offering encouragement and often officiating.

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Every Thursday night at the Collegiate in North Bay, you could see some fast shooting and thrilling basketball games. Off to a rousing start, the girls' team showed sportmanship and good basketball playing. As of yet the league is not over and a winner has not been decided.

Later in the year an all-star girls' team will be chosen to play against the collegiate here and later against the Teachers' College in Ottawa.

I wish to thank both the referees who gave so freely of their time and also Mr. Husband, whose untiring efforts were greatly appreciated.

## INTER-HOUSE BOWLING

The bowling league, held on Tuesdays and Thursdays, received perhaps the best support of all the sports. The mixed teams were divided into East, West, Centre and South teams.

A trophy is to go to the team with the highest average and individual cups to the boy and girl with the highest averages.

—ALICE POHREBNY



# North Bay Teachers' College

## JUNIOR RED CROSS

The N.B.T.C. branch of the Junior Red Cross held its first meeting on October 26, 1956, when the election of officers was held. Plans were immediately organized for the purchasing of First Aid Kits for the College.

A candy sale and a Deep Freeze Dance in November both proved to be huge successes. Proceeds were used to make up health kits for children in Hungary. Plastic containers were made by the girls, and articles such as towels, toothbrushes, and soap were placed in them.

On February 14, a Valentine Party was held at the college in aid of the retarded children's group of the St. Andrew's United Church. A sing song and games were enjoyed by the group. This was followed by lunch and the presentation of gifts to the children.

Plans are now being made for the coming Red Cross assembly. We hope to have Miss Thompson's class carry out a Red Cross meeting for this event.

—EDITH PATEMAN

## TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The Teachers' Christian Fellowship of North Bay Teachers' College was organized on November 19, 1956. The officers of the group are: President, Mary Marshall; Vice-president, Johnneen Beaton; Secretary, Marie Williamson; Treasurer, Elsie Taylor; Missionary Secretary, Audrey Shepley; Publicity, Iris Smith. The meetings are held each Monday at 12:30 o'clock, in Room 1, when the students are not out in the practice schools.

A happy half-hour of Bible study, discussion and prayer is led by various members of the group. This year the study is called, "Look at Life with the Apostle Peter."

Miss Audre Tourney, Director of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship for Northern Ontario, has been the guest of the group several times. Her enthusiasm, devotion and counsel have been an inspiration to all.

Miss Pauli graciously entertained the group at lunch in her home on February 11.

The motto of Teachers' Christian Fellowship is "To know Christ and to make Him known." With this high calling before us, we study that we may serve.

—MARIE WILLIAMSON

## N.B.T.C. UNITED NATIONS ORGANIZATION

The Teachers' College Branch of the United Nations was organized at a meeting in November, following a tour through the CKGN-TV station.

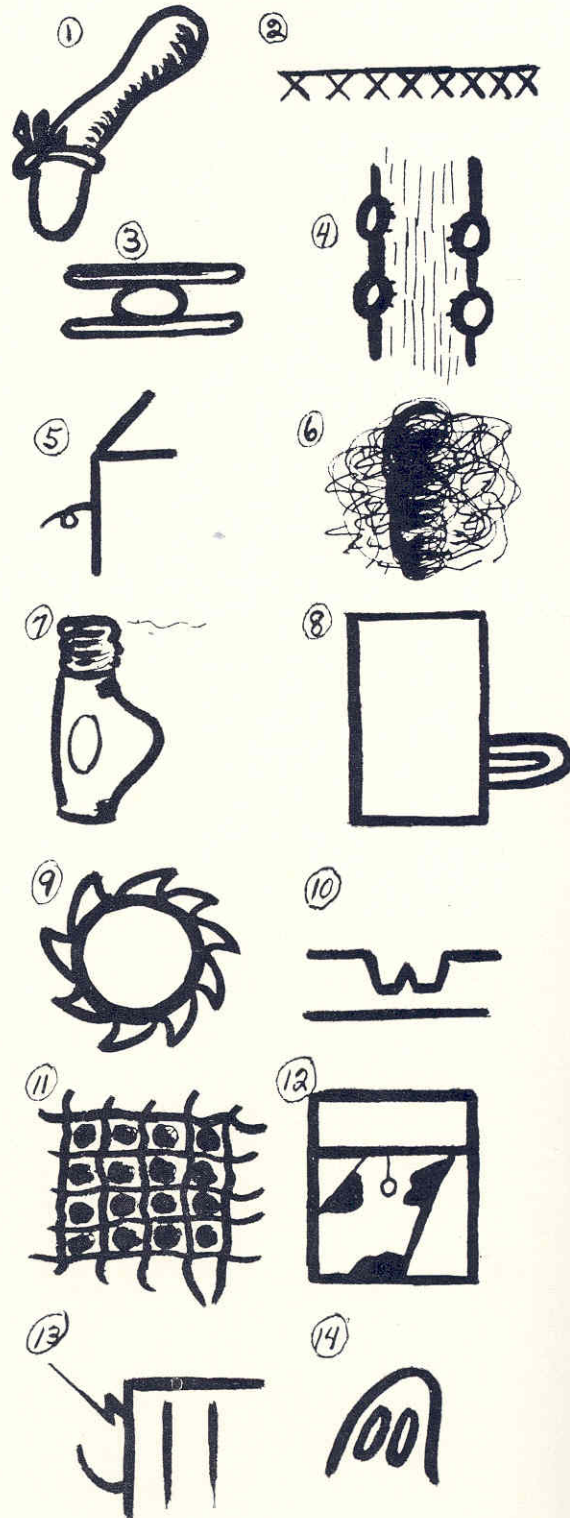
Many interesting meetings have been held with the North Bay Branch, at which panels and debates have been conducted. Some topics discussed were: The Refugee Questions and The Two Ways of Looking at the Arab-Israeli Situation.

The organization functioned under an able executive comprised of: President, Doug Gauthier; Vice-President, Helen Emmett; Secretary, Alice Cook; Treasurer, Don Robertson; Representative to the Branch Organization, Betty McLachlan.

The executive would like to thank all the members for their hard work and support, and especially Mr. Deyell for his great help, without which our success would not have been so great.

—ALICE COOK

## WHAT ARE THEY?



(See Answers on Page 43)



# North Bay Teachers' College

## *Valedictory Address*



As the representative of the forty-eighth graduating class of North Bay Teachers' College I have been entrusted with the very great privilege of expressing our farewell to our principal, to our teachers and to our college. This is indeed a great honour, but at the same time I sense the enormous responsibility thrust upon me by my fellow students.

It is with mixed feelings of happiness and sadness that we meet here at our last assembly in this college — happiness to think that soon we shall be journeying home to rejoin our families and sadness to think we shall be saying farewell to our new-found friends whom we first met such a short time ago.

To-day is a day of nostalgic memories — of our first arrival in North Bay, our first assembly in this auditorium, our first observation lesson, our first week of practice teaching. So many firsts — and now we have come to the last. The day to which we all have looked forward has arrived — our graduation.

But where is the elation we expected to feel on this day? Somehow it has been lost in the thoughts of what we are leaving behind.

We shall remember the companionship enjoyed at the Friday night informal dances, the bowling sessions after four, the preparation and presentation of the marionette show, the Monday night choir practice, the production of our year book, and the Red Cross with their most successful party for retarded children. These are but a few of the highlights; yet they are merely a part of the background for the more serious work which was the real purpose of our coming here.

It is unnecessary for me to speak of the progress that we have made under the tutelage of our masters, or to dwell on the changes made in us as individuals. All of us realize the differences that have come about within ourselves in attitudes, habits and skills. Many among us entered this college fresh from the high schools of the province, carefree and irresponsible. We now leave as young men and women ready to take our places in society as members of the noblest of professions. How inadequate we feel, leaving behind that sense of security which is a part of school life!

Now, as we prepare to take our places in the world, let us for a moment think of our classes of next September, of the responsibilities which will be ours. Let us remember that we shall be performing the most important service in the community, that of preparing the leaders and citizens of to-morrow. We must take pride in our profession, ever remembering that the future of civilization depends on the teacher.

Let us think of those who prepared us for this task and pay tribute to them. It is with a deep sense of gratitude that we take this opportunity of thanking all our teachers for their kindness, for their patience and for their guidance during the year. Their assistance and advice was of inestimable value as we progressed through each phase of the course. This will not be fully realized until we meet with the problems that lie before us. Each of the masters in his own way has prepared us for the difficulties which he knows will arise. As we apply ourselves with thoroughness and resourcefulness we shall remember how every master has played an important part in our development.

There are others to whom we are deeply indebted for assistance in our training. Much of our time has been spent in actual teaching under the supervision of the experienced practice teacher. Patiently and unselfishly these members of the critic staff have shown us the way by demonstration by pointing out our errors and by encouraging our endeavours generally.

Let us not forget also our religious instructors who each Monday morning at 11:15 met with us for a period of study. Their guidance and instruction has rounded and completed our training. To these people we are deeply grateful.

Now as the year comes to a close, our thoughts naturally turn to our classmates, some of whom we shall never meet again. Our school year here in North Bay — which for many of us started out to be so lonely — has been brightened by the new friends we have made during that year. These friendships illuminated our darkest hours; they will always be a bright spot in our hearts, for what is life without friends? Soon we shall be scattered far and wide with only the pleasant memories of happy times together to tie us to our college days.

Let us all as we go on our way keep this thought in our minds:

"This above all: to thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night, the day, thou can not then be false to any man."

On behalf of the graduating class of 1956-57 I bid farewell to this school, to you Mr. Beacom, and to you, the teaching staff. It is our sincere hope that one day we may meet again.

IAN MACRAE



# North Bay Teachers' College





# North Bay Teachers' College





# Literary





# North Bay Teachers' College

## THE GIFT

Amad scurried from the market place and threw himself down a narrow lane. In his hand was a piece of grey bread. The keeper, his face flushed, stopped at the entrance of the lane, cursed the thief heartily, and panted back to his bread.

At the other end of the lane, Amad waited until the echoes faded. Then he lay upon the damp earth near the wall and fondled his prize. Above, a shutter banged open. Refuse fell upon the half starved boy. Thoughtfully, Amad licked his wet arm and watched insects gather around the newest arrivals to the lane.

Then Amad remembered Kala, his baby sister. He had left her in the shade outside an American store. By the time he had returned to where she lay, the sun had shifted to beat full upon her. Flies crawled over her face and her sunken eyes were purple from crying. Amad picked her up. He dusted off the bread and put a piece in her mouth. The baby retched violently.

With a piece of old newspaper, Amad wiped the dirty face. It pained him to see her suffer so, but there was nothing he could do. He pressed her to him and smoothed the torn little shirt. Just then a man came from the store. In a loud voice he shouted for Amad to clean up the mess and "get away!" Amad got!

All day the boy wandered about the crowded streets, holding a bundle of rags. Kala no longer cried. She stared over Amad's shoulder, her fist in her mouth. That night the bread was eaten. He forced the baby to drink a little water.

Every day the sun grew hotter. The muddy puddles dried up and Amad could no longer wash his face or his sister. Even as the days grew worse, Amad worried more about Kala. She never cried any more but only stared with pitiful brown eyes. She would not eat or drink. When she was moved, she whimpered.

Amad could find little food and had no chance to steal any. It became customary, each morning, to start out with Kala and beg from door to door. Thus one day he came to the American house. A handsome servant answered the bell and let him in. Moments later a young woman arrived. She spoke briefly with the servant and smiled at Amad. The servant returned with a bowl of soup. It was soup fit for a king. But, Amad reflected, it would have tasted much better had Kala taken some.

While he was eating, he noticed the garden beyond the house. In the centre was a marble pool where sea urchins spouted water. From here, the grass flowered even and bright green. Flowers and vines were everywhere. Amad thought it looked like heaven. He had once heard about heaven from a man talking on a corner.

The servant dismissed Amad at the great iron gate. For several days he returned to the house for a bowl of soup. Each time he would sit down to admire the garden.

Then Kala died. Amad knew she was dead because her body became cold and her lips blue. For three days he tried to warm her, to awaken her. Sadly, he wrapped her in a paper he found blowing along the street. Amad was alone and he knew it. He had to bury Kala but he had no money, nor wood to build a box.

Suddenly, he thought of the American house and the lady who had smiled at him. He thought of the soup and the beautiful garden. All day he sat and planned. Finally he made up his mind.

Next night, he hurried to the house. It was not at all hard to climb over the fence. Stealthily he crept along the wall to the garden. Then he eased up to the marble pool. He wrapped Kala in his only blanket and gently placed her in the pool.

Amad would never come to the house again. But he knew the lady would accept his gift of thanks. He knew that Kala was in heaven. Quietly he left to search for a place to sleep.

—MARIAN PERSIAN

## WHAT ARE THEY? ANSWERS

1. A forgetful worm. 2. Centipede with legs crossed. 3. Tomato sandwich made by an impatient tomato sandwich maker. 4. Bear climbing tree on other side. 5. Pig going around corner of barn. 6. Worms eating spaghetti in a bedspring. 7. Camel cigarette. 8. Short man playing trombone in telephone booth. 9. Vicious circle. 10. Beaver biting into beaverboard. 11. Spaghetti and meat balls served by a neat waiter. 12. Giraffe going by a second storey window. 13. Soldier going past fence followed by dog. 14. Nose as seen by a rose.

## ONE STAR

The mid-day had been hot and dry.  
The sky,  
heat rippled, still, and burning blue,  
held secrets that no mortal knew.  
And then,  
on hovering wings of dusky hue  
came night.  
Most stars grew dim.

One told of Him  
in sweetly silent, shimmering light.

—SANDRA HALE



# North Bay Teachers' College

## A SUMMER AT THE GASHOUSE

The smelter at Copper Cliff Ontario is nicknamed by most Sudburians as "the Gashouse." I think the reason is obvious.

But a truer meaning can only be understood by working eight hours a day for two months. I had this experience.

It was a Saturday in June with the usual warm sunshine forming beads of sweat on my brow, that a group of students (myself included) approached the steel fence. Not a living blade of grass grew within a three hundred foot radius of the smelter works. The ground was covered with brown, uninteresting sand and gravel. The air quivered as the heat rose from the scorched earth. Yet far off in the horizon was the discernible green oasis which the pungent sulphur fumes had not reached. This tell-tale clue told me I was still on the planet Earth.

We passed through the usual inspection and continued to where we would work. I was sent "up over the top" to the converter building.

This building contains huge cylinders about sixty feet long which were raised about forty feet from the floor. Molten ore at a temperature of three thousand degrees Fahrenheit is poured into these cylinders. The ore (which contains nickel, copper, platinum, silver, gold, etc.) is processed in these cylinders, where the impurities are oxidized and go off as a gas.

I entered the six hundred foot building and gazed upward; my jaw dropped. I was handed a broom and shovel and told to "sweep". I stared and gaped for a week before I returned to my senses.

Everything was of giant size. The huge converter cylinders stretched the whole length of the building. In front of these was a long aisle. Overhead, five huge cranes rolled back and forth on tracks, one hundred feet above the ground. The cranes carried twenty ton pots into which were poured thirty tons of orange-red molten ore. These pots were suspended by hooks measuring ten feet high and three feet wide.

I was burned countless times by small flying molten pellets of ore. The sulphur burned and rasped my lungs. This sensation took three days to remove if the air was fresh. Many persons developed noses that bled like fountains. To prevent these discomforts the first aid department equipped us with special gas masks and protective clothing.

I think the most awesome sight was the billowing sulphur as it rose to the ceiling. This sulphur didn't go out the huge chimneys but through any exit it could find. The light from the bright lamps on the cranes shone like silver moonbeams. The sunlight invaded the perforated roof and pierced the cloud to the floor below. Then as the mouths of the converter cylinders rolled out into the open, the amber light added a final touch to the eternal sulphur cloud. It gave me the impression that the fire and brimstone in hell were right here in Sudbury, Ontario.

I learned much about prevailing winds in that short summer. If the wind blew from the north, we breathed thick clouds of sulphur. At a time such as this, it would be difficult to see four feet ahead. We certainly prayed for a westerly.

But westerly or not, I'll probably return for the summer to breathe the thick, pungent air again.

—DOUG GAUTHIER

## WHO GOES THERE?

Little children wend their way  
Off to studies each school day.  
Careless they of being late—  
More fun to procrastinate.  
So much to do; red leaves to feel  
And crunch, to prove that they are real.  
They should be crushed, or if just right,  
Carefully saved for Mother's sight.  
A jet plane passes over, high,  
Doodling its way across the sky.  
Little children stop to stare  
Then fly their fingers through the air.  
The neighbours' garbage on display  
Awaits collection for the day.  
It makes meanwhile a perfect place  
For little children playing chase.  
The day grows warm and the way seems long,  
But we must hear the wild goose song.  
The lunch pail makes a perfect chair.  
School? . . . Who goes there?

—MARY CAMPBELL

## GLIMPSE OF GLORY

He blundered on with head a-spinning,  
(Like gyroscope it whirled around;)  
His fellow student sat there grinning,  
The practice teacher's pencil ground.  
Oh, what will save our hero's face now?  
What will save him from despair?  
How can he take his seat with grace now?  
See how he twists and paws the air!  
Weird sounds come forth from down within him.  
He turns and jerks to get words out.  
He just decides it isn't in him,  
When suddenly he hears a shout—  
The pupils stand and cheer and roar.  
Our hero stands there quite befuddled;  
The practice teacher takes the floor,  
The pupils in their seats are huddled.  
"What did I do?" inquires our hero.  
How was their confidence so won?"  
"With all your twists and sounds so queer  
They thought that you were Elvis, son!"

—KEN SUTTON



# North Bay Teachers' College

## BEAUTY, EVER CHANGING, EVER NEW!

Have you ever stopped to consider the wealth of beauty which surrounds you? Few of us pause in our active pursuit of learning to observe and appreciate the splendour of nature. We are immersed in the cares of the little sphere in which we revolve. Like busy bees buzzing about with only one purpose, honey, we too blindly strive to attain our goal — a teacher's certificate — unmindful of our surroundings.

Pause for a moment! Are you, too an offender?

Our college itself is picturesque and stately. Flanked by a majestic line of beech and maple, she stands, the symbol of knowledge. A crown of snowy white, fringed with glistening, tinselled icicles adorns her head. On a cool, crisp morning she wears an ermine coat of filmy frost. These crystals flee when the glowing rays of the rising sun appear on the horizon.

The hushed, warm expectancy of a winter's day foretells a new snowfall. Soon, you delight to gaze on the downy flakes which float gracefully earthward. They kiss your upturned cheeks, and gently pass on. A fluffy blanket on the already frozen ground is swiftly formed.

Snowbanks sparkle with munificent beauty. Where'er you tread they form an arch, stiff and straight as soldiers. The out-strecher arms of our deciduous trees are bare of leaves, yet every twig is laden with pure, sparkling jewels.

Has not the snappy air caused a swift intake of breath, brushed drowsiness from your brain, and incited you to hurry? Simultaneously, the frost nips at your nose, bring roses to your cheeks and a radiance to your eyes. When your first step crunches on the snow, you expect zero weather.

I shall not attempt to describe the beauty of a winter's night bathed in pallid moonlight. The sheen on the snow, the tall buildings which form dark and fanciful silhouettes, are but a few of these.

Beauty is not confined to sight alone. The carefree, cheerful youth prove this. They enjoy to the fullest measure what we are too busy to see. Not content with seeing only, they must feel, tumble in, even taste this immaculate manna. Their happy voices ringing in the air bring a glow of pleasure to your heart, and revive nostalgic memories of your own childhood days.

I speak of winter; yet this marvel made for man by God is seasonless, timeless. Every scene, even the commonest, is wonderful to behold. We must live each moment, enjoy it while we may. Soon it will evade us, fleeing through the portals of time, ne'er to return.

Watch, the next time you are outdoors, whether it is the dazzling whiteness of winter, the multi-cloured grandeur of autumn, the glowing warmth of summer, or the budding green of spring. You will see, reflected in nature, the radiance of One Who is All Beautiful, All Perfect, and seeing, render homage and gratitude to the Divine Artist Whose brush paints these breath-taking pictures of beauty, ever changing, ever new.

—SISTER ST. DAVID

## MY FIRST LESSON

After weary hours of study,  
In my lonely little room,  
My heart was filled with gladness,  
For I knew that very soon  
I'd begin my practice teaching.  
Oh, the joy within my soul,  
At last to reach the climax  
Of facing my first goal.  
Too fast that day of triumph  
Rolled around, and very soon  
I was standing there quite bravely  
Within that little room.  
With thirty eyes upon me  
And the critic standing near,  
My knees began to weaken.  
And my heart was tight with fear.  
In vain I tried to think of  
The lesson I had planned,  
I thought it might be synonyms —  
But on the other hand  
It could have been the clauses  
I studied just last night,  
Or was it for the other grade —  
Oh, which of them was right?  
These children were the cause of this —  
(I'll bet they thought 'twas smart  
To see my paper trembling  
With the flutter of my heart.)  
They stood and said, "Good afternoon."  
I told them then to sit;  
Then all at once they smiled at me:  
My lesson was a "hit"!

—EDITH PATEMAN

## ANGELS

'Twould never do for God to live  
Across the street,  
Or in the house next door, where we  
Should daily meet;  
Yet in His wisdom and His love,  
He sometimes sends  
His angels kind to walk with us;  
We call them friends.  
  
When trouble comes, or loss, when grief  
Is ours to bear,  
They come, our friends, with words of cheer,  
Our load to share.  
How could we face defeat without  
A friend's caress?  
Had we no friends to praise, how bare  
Would be success!  
  
'Tis not God's plan that we should see  
Him face to face;  
Yet He would care for us with His  
Abounding grace,  
And so His messengers of love  
To earth He sends.  
They're angels, but we know it not;  
We call them Friends.

—PHYLLIS MONKMAN



# North Bay Teachers' College

## AN INTERVIEW WITH SATAN

"Welcome!" boomed the heavy, raucous voice as I gingerly made my way through the portals of hell. My editor had arranged the rather unusual interview—and with no little consternation I learned that I had drawn the assignment.

The caressing flames gave off an eerie, red glow; they provided the opening I was looking for as I stammered out my first inquiry, "What do you use for fuel, and do you find it suitable for your type of work?"

With a fiendish grin which sent chills tumbling over one another up and down my spine the answer came like a lightning bolt. "Powdered calcium and phosphorus eject a satisfying heat. The red glow is a result of a sprinkling of congealed blood in the mixture. Most satisfying, most satisfying indeed!"

"And what is your source of supply for these—ah—vital ingredients?"

"I knew your curiosity would be aroused," he hissed. "Each full moon I release my pet werewolves and vampires. For their freedom they in turn repay me with the — shall we say—necessities. Besides, there are always a few unsuspecting mortals who inadvertently come to me directly."

For some unexplainable reason I felt a lump

harden in my throat and the air was suddenly stifling. "After these essentials are obtained how do you process them?" I pondered.

"Come with me," he invited, "and see for yourself."

Meekly I followed him along a darkened corridor and soon we came to a tremendous door. "A mere precautionary measure," he explained as he noticed my puzzled frown.

With a nonchalant flip of the wrist he swung the door, revealing its secret. The shrieks of horror pierced my eardrums, and one sickening glance gave me my answer. There in a huge cavern his cohorts were calmly feeding the "fuel" into large bone-crushers.

I believe that I have enough details now for my articles," I wheezed. "Thank you and good-bye."

Making a hasty exit, I ran for my car and started back to the office in a cloud of dust. Suddenly my steering wheel seized. Frantically I fought to regain control, but to no avail. Then the edge of the cliff loomed ahead and I passed into oblivion—but not before I heard a heavy, raucous voice thunder:

"Welcome!"

—DON MCKILLOP

## SNOW

The snow fell softly to the ground,  
Gently, softly without a sound,  
Covering the brooks, the roofs, the trees,  
Fluttering gently upon the breeze,  
Protecting the earth with a blanket of white,  
Shielding the plants from the winter's blight,  
Gently, ever so gently.

I wondered as it clothed the land,  
Who in this wondrous way had planned  
To protect the earth and all its might.  
I looked about at the great sight  
And then I knew—a God of Love,  
Who looked down on it from above  
Gently, ever so gently.

—FRAN MORIN

## SEA DREAMS

Come down with me to the edge of the sea  
Where the pink conch lies and the sea-gull cries.  
Where, for a million years and more  
The restless waves have washed the shore,  
That blinding strand of shimmering sand,  
And left no trace of life on land.

Come down with me to the edge of the sea  
There to dream of the bold and the free —  
The swaggering Spaniard, lusty and loud  
Now wrapped in seaweed for his shroud —  
There to taste the cold salt spray  
And long, ah yes! for yesterday.  
I'm foolish — I cannot go down to the bay,  
My youth, a brief hour in life's long day —  
Is spent. I linger now and long  
For a billowing sail and a wild sea-song.  
Oh, it's king of a ship I'll always be  
In my dreams, as I gaze at the edge of the sea.

—SANDRA HALE



MISS K. McCUBBIN

## A Letter To Miss McCubbin

Dear Miss McCubbin;

For the past thirty-five years you have rendered great services to the student body of N.B.T.C.

Can you remember the throng that engulfed you as you posted our teaching results; and how you were hounded as we squeezed and shoved to purchase bristol board and practice teaching folders?

You will always be a part of our fond memories of Teachers' College. You will never know how much you are appreciated by us.

It is hard to say farewell but our fondest wishes go with you.

Yours respectfully,

THE STUDENT TEACHERS.



# North Bay Teachers' College

## THE LEGEND OF KWANJA LAKE

Near the southern tip of Manitoulin Island lies Kwanja Lake, named long ago by a tribe of Ottawas. The tale of how it received its name has been told time and time again.

Many moons ago a tribe of Ottawas was exiled by the whites in what is the present state of Wisconsin. With their lands sold, they gathered together to form one band. Since they had previously heard about a large and beautiful island, they were determined to find it for their home. During the long trip many hardships were encountered by the tribe; weariness, starvation, and death were their companions.

Travelling among them was a young maiden called Kwanja, whose beauty especially attracted the young braves. She was however already betrothed to the chief's son Wabik. Now Wabik because of his conceit and selfishness, was not loved in return by Kwanja. She preferred Bebamaset, a shy, kind-hearted youth. One evening the two lovers stole away from camp to escape Wabik's hand. Their attempt proved unsuccessful, for they were caught not far away. Bebamaset was punished by being banished. The chief and council decided that an older woman should stay with the girl for the remainder of the trip. Her fate would be decided when the Ottawas reached the island.

Then in late fall they caught sight of it. They were enthralled by its primeval beauty, numerous hilly groves and countless lakes. Immediately the Indians began to construct a village at Sagada at the mouth of a bay. The following week a pow-wow

was held, in which the people thanked the great spirit and begged for courage and hope to face the future years.

Meanwhile life did not seem the same any longer for Kwanja. Wabik tried in vain to speak to her but she never loosened her tongue. The day before her punishment was to be administered she wandered off into the woods. Kwanja was so grieved that she wept all through the night. The next morning, the chief sent out pursuers to search for her. They combed the nearby areas. Sundown found their search unsuccessful. Just as Wabik and his party were retreating to camp they heard the sob of a woman in distress. They looked where the sound was coming from but no one did they see. But there before them lay a clear, crystal lake and when they touched its waters they found them warm. Even when the wind sighed among the trees, there was not a ripple on the lake. The men were awe-stricken. For days they continued their search but all their efforts were fruitless. Every evening at sundown that same strange cry was heard, but always when they went to look at the lake the crying ceased.

The years went by and Kwanja was never found. But each day of those years the Indians took turns in keeping a vigil over the lake. That is how the lake got its name.

And if you should ever visit Kwanja Lake at the southern tip of Manitoulin perhaps you too will hear the wailing of the Indian maid just as the sun goes down.

—VIOLET SHAWANDA

## N.B.T.C. ENTERPRISE

Early in November  
The stations were assigned.  
At the initial meeting  
The problem was defined.  
We picked our leaders wisely—  
Brave souls who felt they knew  
The problems that concerned the task.  
(Oh, how those problems grew!)  
Campaigns were started early  
And they really were campaigns,  
From skits all filled with action  
To haunting sweet refrains.  
Pictures fresh from blackmail,  
Stories fresh from mind,  
Poems and jokes came pouring in.  
We really had a find!  
Sorting and deciding  
Took time and careful thought.  
In democratic vote we chose  
The cover for our "plot".  
Then, after final details  
College feelings to express,  
With proud deliberation  
"Polaris" went to press!

—VELVIE JONES

## FOREVER FRIENDS

Some friends we meet along the way,  
For just a little while;  
They steal across our heartstrings  
Like a warm and sunny smile.  
They walk with us a few short steps,  
And then their friendship ends.  
But how much sweeter is the love  
Of our forever Friends!

—PHYLLIS MONKMAN

## LEARNING ARITHMETIC

He was teaching her arithmetic,  
And said it was his mission,  
He kissed her once; he kissed her twice  
And said it was addition.  
They sat there giving smack for smack  
In silent satisfaction,  
Until she gave him one right back,  
And said it was subtraction.  
Then Pa appeared upon the scene  
And with a short decision,  
He kicked the poor young teacher out,  
And said it was division!

—FRANK L. SMITH



# North Bay Teachers' College

## CAN WE HEAR?

In a certain town there was a circus to which a group of children, some blind and some deaf, were taken. As the circus paraded around the big top, these handicapped children, as we would call them, acted like any others, jumping and squealing with glee. While the parade went by, first the prancing horses, then the elephants and their riders, then the wild animals in cages, one blind lad turned to his chum and said,

Those deaf children cannot hear the heavy tramp of the elephants, and the roars of the lions, and all the other wonderful, exciting sounds we can hear. I feel sorry for them!"

Those blind children would probably feel sorry for us too; for even with our facility for hearing, how many sounds we miss!

We arise early in the morning to the gradual awakening of the whole city. Perhaps the shunting of an early train, or the muffled hum of an occasional truck as it passes through the city may be the first sound to reach our ears. Soon the sounds come more frequently and more loudly until the clamour of the business world is at its peak. Do we hear this? Are we conscious of this awakening—the silence of sleep, the yawn and stretch of early day, and the vigorous pulsations of the fully aroused world? Or to us, is it only the usual jumble of noises that accompanies each morning of our lives?

The warmth of Indian summer may find us strolling along the lake shore, flicking the minute pebbles with our scuffed shoes. Do we hear the soft slosh of our lightly shuffling feet, the slap of the waves, now gentle, then emphatic, according to the mood of the autumn breeze? Or wrapped in our own narrow thoughts do we walk on, unaware of the melody and rhythm around us?

We wend our way into the woods, accompanied by the crisp crackle that only scuffed, fallen leaves can make. Pausing to rest, we recline on the cushion of autumn foliage and become suddenly aware of music—a strange type of music, created by the wind as it makes its winding trail amongst the trees and hills. The flute is the breeze playing in the pine tops; the oboe is the slow wind through the oak leaves; the bassoon the low moan of the wind as it passes through hollow logs and down the valleys; and the conductor is the Creator. We are awestruck by the the majesty of nature's symphony, and humbled by its simplicity.

Now the season is winter, and we walk out on a white world. It is not the usual sooty gray of the city, but the purity of a fresh snowfall that we see as it lies on the roads and countryside. The surrounding atmosphere is pregnant with a silence that reflects the serenity of the blanketed world. It is as though all the earth were snuggled in the folds of white, secure in nature's protective covering. Our anxieties and fears fade as we feel this peace and security that encompasses us.

As with all our senses, whenever we hear a sound—truly hear it—we respond with some feeling; and it is in this sensitive response to the world around us, of nature and of man, that we most truly live.

—NOVA BRODIE

## LESSONS

When I am sad of heart, and have no peace,  
When man's kind words cannot my troubles cease,  
Then melting snow upon my face and hands  
Helps me to know He always understands.  
He shows me in the midnight of the sky,  
He tells me in the mountain lion's cry,  
And when I seem to need his voice again  
He tells me in the patter of the rain.  
And now that he has shown me this one way  
Of clearing up the sorrow in my day,  
He's teaching me his lesson all anew,  
For I must search for Him in people too.

—ALICE EDSTROM

## CHILD'S PRAYER AT DUSK

The little birds have gone to sleep,  
Heads tucked beneath their wings,  
And children are all snuggled down  
To dream of golden things.  
The crickets sing the world to sleep;  
The wind is just a sigh,  
And angels, peeping through the stars,  
Whisper, "God is nigh."

—SANDRA HALE

## A FIRST LESSON

A sea of faces turned my way  
Waiting for what I had to say.  
What is that lesson I am to tell?  
(I thought I knew it all so well.)  
The Introduction dawns on me.  
Just hold the picture for all to see!  
Remember to catch their interest now,  
Ask them some questions—why and how.  
Well, on I go, I try to tell  
The facts I learned last night so well.  
I show the specimen to note  
Such things as size and feather coat.  
Remember the blackboard? Oh dear me!  
A fatal omission; it's easy to see  
That I'm a novice, and rather confused  
Since teacher's best tool must always be used.  
And now, Application, I'll show how I  
Modelled the bird. Now they must try.  
What creatures were fashioned! 'Twas fun to behold  
How children delight their birds to mould.  
The lesson is done, apprehension is turned.  
So many mistakes; so many things learned,  
If not by the pupils, at least by me,  
Who taught the lesson? The children, you see!

—MARIE WILLIAMSON



# North Bay Teachers' College

## MINE TO MOULD

The song of a meadowlark delights us. We are thrilled by the perfection of a rose. Enraptured by the celestial beauty of a glorious sunset, we forget time and place — but nothing captures a human heart so completely as does a little child.

Why is a child irresistible? The answer is simple — because goodness, innocence, faith, trust and simplicity are irresistible. A small child possesses all these. It is only when he comes in contact with our distrustful, unhappy adult world that a child loses some of his lovable qualities.

An artist transforms a dull canvas into an inspiring picture by the magic strokes of his brush. A sculptor chisels a block of marble and we are awed by the life-like statue that meets our gaze. But a teacher works not with brilliant paints or cold marble. A teacher moulds the character of a child. A painting, a statue may withstand centuries — the soul of a child lives eternally. Yes, a tremendous responsibility is our task of teaching, but, it is not without its compensations.

The happiness of a child is contagious. Watching him at his carefree play, we forget our own troubles and are happy with him. It has been said the violin is the musical instrument which most closely resembles the human voice. No violin, however, can produce the sweet music of a child's tinkling laugh.

A child is a little bundle of incessant activity and mischief, I hear you say. How very empty life would be without energetic, mischievous children! Have you never put your arm around a child when tear-filled eyes met yours and a quivering "I am sorry" followed a harmless misdemeanour. A work of encouragement and tears quickly gave way to a shy smile. Try to imagine a world without the warmth of a child's smile to brighten it.

The simple faith of a child is beautiful to behold. He questions nothing, accepts everything we say. His confidence in us is complete. I often wonder if we are worthy of the implicit trust of the child who eagerly thrusts his soft, chubby hand into ours to be lead wherever we will.

God made man a little less than angels — and it seems children a very little less than the angels. Look into the sparkling blue of a little child's eyes, and do we not see reflected there angelic innocence and beauty?

Yes, children are irresistible, but we are not the only ones who found them so. Many years ago, in the tranquil twilight of a very warm day, little children playfully clambered up on to the knees of a tired Teacher and lovingly gazed into His divine eyes. As He tenderly embraced them, they heard for the first time the blessed words which have re-echoed down the ages, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

—SISTER KSENIA

## WHITE TOADS

Down the hills and valleys,  
Down the streets and roads,  
Down into the alleys  
Come the little toads.  
Driven from the heavens,  
Driven from their sphere,  
Driven down in sevens  
See them all appear.  
Settle by the lamppost,  
Settle by the barn,  
Settle down in great host,  
Give the world a charm.  
Plug the roaring roadway,  
Plug the narrow street,  
Plug the sloping hillside  
And the children treat.  
Shovel down the pathway,  
Shovel down the road,  
Shovel, shovel all the day.  
Take away the load.  
Some will you a welcome;  
Some will you a smile;  
Some will you a look glum;  
Others you defile.  
But you come each season;  
But you never stay;  
But you give no reason;  
Why you want to play.  
Come you little white toads!  
Come you sprites in white!  
Come, for nothing ill bodes  
While the world is night.

—BOYCE CONNORS

## MY TASK

Before my class, alone I stand,  
Now ready to take full command.  
What should be done with bashful Joan,  
Or Fay who always plays alone?  
I look at every special case,  
Search past the bright and beaming face  
To find his deepest, inmost need  
To guide me in just how to lead.  
God give me strength from day to day,  
Wisdom in knowing what to say,  
Help me to guide each little mind  
That he the best in life may find.

—AUDREY SHEPLEY

## AUTUMN THOUGHTS

Clouds high  
Lift and fly.  
Geese arrow  
In the sky.  
Trees bleed,  
Poppies seed,  
Pods burst,  
Jays feed.  
Autumn time,  
Bells chime.  
Darn-it-all —  
School time!

—SANDRA HALE



# North Bay Teachers' College

## MYSTERY IN THE NORTH

There was nothing unusual about Charlie Sleaver. His friends and employers would agree with that. He was spoken of as a fine, solid sort, though a little lacking in imagination — "Good old Charlie."

Charlie had stayed close to business for over eighteen years. He had been employed as a clerk in a local bank, and his employers agreed that he was the most stable and reliable man they had. Although his income was never large, it had permitted considerable saving towards his retirement.

Almost overnight a boom had hit Sudbury in Northern Ontario. Nickel was the magic word on the lips of men. Along with the miners came cigar-smoking, side-of-the-mouth talking gentlemen, wise boys, gamblers, promoters. No one knew better than Charlie Sleaver what happened to the victim of such persons.

No wonder his friends, relatives and employers were taken aback when Charlie left his job, found access to mining equipment and prepared to leave for the Nickel City. Like many others he had succumbed to the intoxicating dream of easy wealth. Amid mild protests Charlie kissed his wife good-bye, promising to send for her as soon as possible.

At the junction station Charlie sat with a group of travellers, talking and smoking his pipe. The train to Sudbury was due in five minutes; the south bound was already clearing the track for the north bound train. Charlie had been talking to a boot salesman whose specialty was miners' boots. The men picked up their satchels and together crossed the hollow sounding platform and swung aboard the train. Sinking back into green plush seats, they continued their conversation. The train whistle blew and Number 17 started for Sudbury. It gradually gained momentum across the wilderness.

No one knew that the bridge spanning the Spanish River was on fire, and that it had been on fire for some time. The engineer pulled the brakes desperately, but already the train was headed towards disaster. With a sickening crash it plunged into the gulch below.

Jane Sleaver had sat up late, knitting by the oil lamp. The awesome grandfather clock on the wall struck ten. How often she had waited up for Charlie. At eleven o'clock she wound up her ball of yarn and put it away in her sewing box. She turned the oil lamp down low, and rocked gently back and forth in her rocking chair.

She did not know how long she had remained in that position. However, she roused when she heard clear, distinct footsteps coming down the street. She listened as they passed Nixons, then Hills, and then stopped in front of her home. She recognized the step on the porch, lighter perhaps and a little dragging, but it was Charlie's. She hurried to the door and slid back the bolt. In the dimness, he entered and stood by the old-fashioned hat rack in the hall. His hat was pulled far down, hiding his eyes. Slowly he turned to face her.

Jane's screams brought the neighbours. They found her crouched on the floor senseless from her fear and shock. The phone on the wall was ringing urgently, bringing the news of Charlie Sleaver's death. The next morning, Jane had recovered sufficiently to tell the doctor of the strange apparition she had seen. The doctor was very understanding and sympathetic.

"Sometimes when we have lived our lives together, we become so close to a person that we know immediately when something is going to happen to him."

The doctor gave her a strong sedative.

"She will need it," he remarked to Mr. Nixon, Jane's neighbour.

"Have they sent for Charlie's body?" Too bad it happened—poor old Charlie."

The doctor noticed Charlie's fedora on the hat rack. He commented, "He will never wear it again. The old coat, the umbrella, a pair of shoes; the true picture is there, but only his memory remains."

Casually he fondled the grey fedora, until he noticed the pink slip in the hat band. He looked at it closely. His ruddy countenance turned ashen grey. There was no mistake—the narrow train ticket with the list of stops down the side, each having the punch of the conductor—Train No. 17—Return—Sudbury, January 21, 1910.

—JOYCE LONGUL

## HARD ROCK

Every morning, sharp at five,  
The camp begins to look alive,  
As each man rises from his bed  
To face the sunless day ahead.  
Shifters, cagemen, all plod by  
Congregating in the dry  
To change their clothes and wait the bell,  
Which rings for their descent to hell.  
Swiftly down the miners fly  
"Was that twenty-six hundred we just passed by?"  
All too soon we reach our stope;  
I join my belt and lash my rope.  
And now begins a throbbing sound  
In this dark maze, underground.  
Muck and shovel, blast and drill—  
Oh! how time is standing still.  
Fill the car; shore up and timber,  
"Certainly, I am a member  
Of the crew which banked the drift."  
But no more now! Let's change the shift.  
Leave the raise, walk to the shaft,  
Water dripping, "What a draught!"  
Ascend the black arrow, leading from hell  
To call "One Up!" at the Double L.

—NELSON AUGER

## STUDENT TEACHER'S LAMENT

The lesson plan is started;  
The lights are burning low.  
'Tis an hour past my bedtime,  
Ideas come and go.  
How shall I introduce it?  
Is the Subject Matter done?  
With pupil participation  
I'll teach them — every one!  
With practice for the slow ones,  
And challenge for the "bright",  
I must organize the lesson,  
Using methods that are right.  
There are magazines around me,  
And pictures on the floor,  
And text books piled in layers,  
Almost blocking off the door.  
I'll be up half the night yet,  
I shouldn't be so slow.  
'Tis only Wednesday evening,  
There are still two days to go!  
But when the year is over,  
And I am home at last,  
With sadness I'll remember  
That my college days are past.

—IRIS SMITH



# North Bay Teachers' College

## ORVILLE'S GARDEN

Of all the tales of the North Country there is none to equal this one told to me by an old sourdough farmer who owned a spread on the outskirts of Thessalon. The story concerns a robust young man, the product of the health-giving sunny shores of the North Channel. Farming was this young giant's career. In the year 1952 he decided to try his hand at a small vegetable garden. It was simply a venture to stock the family larder and to fill the pickle barrel.

It was no problem to plant the garden. Standing with his back to the south wind, Orville gently tore a tiny hole in the sack of specially treated carrot seed. With a mighty heave the sack was sent hurtling through the air. Immediately the dust-like seeds began their charmed exodus from the sack and lined themselves up finger tip to finger tip along the entire three mile row. Before the bright northern sunset appeared that day, Orville had the complete garden seeded. There were corn and turnips for the cattle, pumpkins for those famous pies his mother made, cucumbers for the all-but-endless fall pickling, not to mention the acres of carrots, peas, beans and tomatoes.

That summer the sun was especially kind, and shone just the right amount each day. The Old Rainmaker charmed the clouds and allowed only the correct amount of rainfall in the proper places. The plants which got special attention—and in particular, plenty of liquid—were those of the pumpkin patch. In fact, they grew so well and so rapidly that the whole town became worried for fear they would take over the community. Orville, happily, managed to divert their runners towards the waters of the North Channel. Just when everyone felt certain that the octopus-like creeper had been conquered, a strange thing happened. The north-west breeze chose to blow steadily all that day. The crafty pumpkin vines increased the size of their leaves and stepped up their growth. By evening some had reached Drummond Island; others had established themselves firmly at Meldrum Bay on Manitoulin Island. Housewives quickly ran out and nipped off the growing ends, so saving the town from being overrun with mainland pumpkins. As the days drifted on, the sun and rain combined with the fertility of the soil caused the vines bridging the channel to twine and intertwine. Soon some opportunist thought of running a road across to the Island to carry freight and passengers. He was so successful, in fact, that that year the Manitoulin ferry almost went broke. It is still struggling to recover from its grave financial setback.

Another new event was hailed in the Channel that summer. The pumpkins hanging from the vines were wired for electricity by the Northern Hydro, so lighting the channel for the first time in history. To say the least, American tourists were flabbergasted to see lighted pumpkins hanging in the sky like Hallowe'en apparitions.

That fall the harvest from Orville's garden was simply fabulous. A rail line had to be put in to bring in some of the vegetables. At one point a whole carrot was loaded onto a flat car with a derrick. Smaller ones could be loaded by men using cant hooks. The most startling thing, however, was the cucumber crop. Naturally, all were to be made into pickles. Matters reached a sorry plight when every pickle jar and crock was filled, with half the crop still in the fields. Orville then decided the best thing to do was to turn the cellar into one huge pickle barrel. This was an excellent idea until one of his younger brothers fell into it. Skin divers had to be brought from Toronto to fish him out, half pickled. It took weeks to stop his hiccups.

The year after, the North ate well, for Orville was a generous man. He even sent a special plane to Aklavik. The North still remembers the wonderful garden with a chuckle and a sigh like that of a man who has just completed an eight course dinner with six desserts.

—BOYCE CONNORS

## GRAMMARIAN'S NIGHTMARE

Junior: I want to be read to.

Daddy: What book do you want to be read to from?

Junior: This is the book I want to be read to from out of.

Daddy: What are you saying "I want to be read to from out of" for?

MORAL: A preposition is the wrong word to end a sentence with.

## A PUPIL'S THOUGHTS

Sweet chewing gum, I hate to see

You thrown away too soon;

I know you have some flavour left,

For I bought you just at noon.

But rules are made by teachers stern

And your presence makes them roar.

I'll have to hide you here for now

And pick you up at four.

—FRANK L. SMITH



# North Bay Teachers' College

## THE BIG JOB

It was an ordinary looking house from the outside. It had the red brick sides, the large front porch, and the four short steps which most older residences have. Had anyone been able to visualize the tension which hung thick inside this house, he would have immediately changed his opinion of it.

The house was occupied by a lone man who sat nervously on the edge of his bed. He quickly glanced at his clock on the table. "Six o'clock," he moaned, "Won't this night ever end?" He had risen at four a.m., had shaved, dressed and had put his room in a semblance of tidiness. Now he waited. He took a long drag on his newly lighted cigarette and snuffed it out in the ashtray. The ashtray itself was overflowing with old butts which the man had discarded earlier in the morning. He remained in this position for some time and appeared to be deeply engrossed in thought.

The alarm clock which he had forgotten to shut off began to ring with an ear-shattering clamour. "Seven-thirty at last!" he exclaimed aloud. He rose from his bed and walked directly to his chest of drawers. He straightened his tie and adjusted his new suitcoat.

The man walked quickly to the hall and down the stairs to the kitchen. He proceeded to cook himself a breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast and coffee. He sat down to his meal at 8:00 o'clock. At 8:05 he was on his feet again. All he had been able to get down was his coffee, and even that did not give its usual satisfaction. He attempted to clean the dishes, but after dropping and breaking his cup and saucer he gave it up.

He walked rapidly to the front closet and took out his topcoat and fedora. He looked into the mirror as he straightened his hat low over his forehead and noticed the sharp eyes which peered out at him. "Good," he thought, "I need to be on my toes for the big job this morning." He took his large briefcase from the closet shelf and then he opened the front door.

It was 8:15 a.m. when he stepped outside onto the porch. He shut the door, and with a fierce look of determination on his face, went out to the sidewalk and headed north on Peter Street. He looked neither left nor right but continued up the street, with a purposeful stride.

After he had walked for twelve blocks he glanced at his watch again. Eight thirty. "I shall see it as soon as I come to the next corner," he thought. The building which he approached looked sombre and dull against the bright orange sky. He drew near and hesitated momentarily in front of the door. For the first time since he had left the house did he look sharply both ways. "Good, no one in sight," he whispered aloud.

He opened the door and entered the building quickly. He found himself in a large hall which had many doorways leading from it. You could tell that he was familiar with the building by the way he advanced to one door which was to the right of the main door. He entered the room, removed his hat and coat, and placed them in a closet. He paced the floor nervously. The time was 8:38. "Twenty-two minutes before zero hour," he mused. Numerous other thoughts raced through his fevered mind. "How did this happen to me? Why did I get myself into this jam? What shall I do when they come in?"

At last the nine o'clock bell rang and the new schaal teacher braced himself for the great task ahead.

—BOB FORNERI

## THE PRINCESS OF THE MISTS

Few visitors leave the Canadian Lakehead without viewing beautiful Kakabeka Falls, "The Niagara of the North."

This remarkable work of nature is truly something to marvel at, but the story of the heroism of a lovely Indian Princess is still more enchanting than the rushing, swirling water and the veil of mist rising endlessly from the great gorge.

White Bear, leader of the Ojibway encampment situated at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, was a peace-loving chief and interested only in the welfare of his people. The news that great numbers of the fierce, warlike Sioux were on their way to the camp, bent upon destruction of his tribe, caused him much distress.

Knowing that her father, because of his age, could not lead his people into battle against their enemies, Princess Green Mantle resolved upon a plan.

After taking leave of her father, she left the camp and paddled swiftly up the Kaministiquia, a river whose every curve and eddy was well known to her. Had not she and her brother gone on many long canoe rides on this very stream? Did she not know of the Great White Falls? At the foot of the falls she hid her canoe and ran swiftly along the bank until she was well above and away from the waterfall.

Princess Green Mantle went on into the heart of the Sioux camp, her tribe's bitterest enemies. At once she was taken prisoner. Pretending to have lost her way, she led them to believe she was very frightened, but the Sioux chieftains decreed death. Further bargaining took place, and at last she promised, if they would spare her life, to lead them to her father's camp. The Sioux were jubilant, thinking that at last the gods were favouring them!

The following morning the young Princess directed that all the canoes should be tied one behind the other, for, she said, "You might get lost." She herself occupied a place in the lead canoe. The war party paddled swiftly down the river, and, on turning the bend, all plunged headlong into the foaming chasm. None survived!

By giving up her own life, Princess Green Mantle had saved her people from the hands of the most dreaded Indian tribe.

The Great Manitou looked kindly down upon the brave Indian girl. To-day, those who stand below the falls on the river bank can hear the rumbling, angry voices of the Sioux, and in the mist see floating the spirit of Green Mantle, the maid who saved her tribe.

—DOROTHY JAGO



# North Bay Teachers' College



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# Neilson's ROLLS

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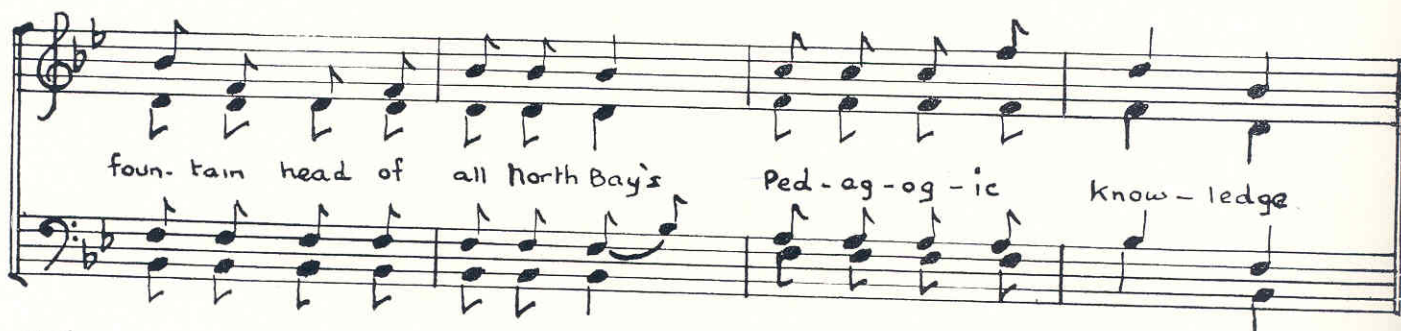
NS-157



# Enby Teery



1 Let's sing a-bout the hap py days we spend at Tea-chers' Co-llege, The



foun-tain head of all North Bay's Ped-ag-og-ic know-ledge

## Refrain:



Ha-ppy teach-ers we shall be, Fu-ture of the na-tion we,



Then we shall re-mem-ber thee, Our dear old Tea-chers' Co-llege.

2. 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)



# North Bay Teachers' College

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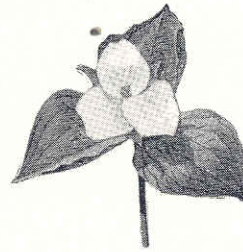
## Do You Know the Provincial Floral Emblems?



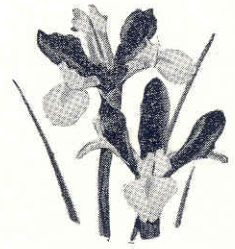
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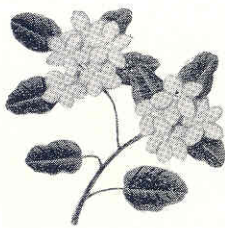
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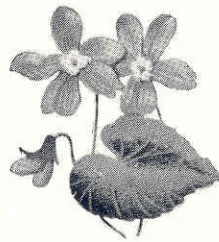
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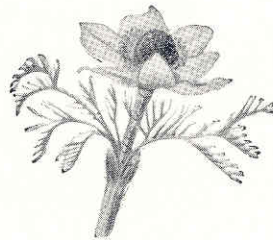
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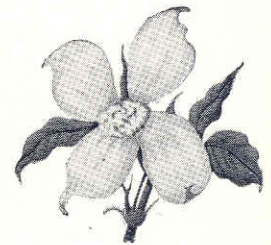
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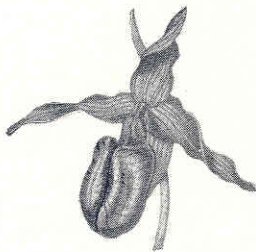
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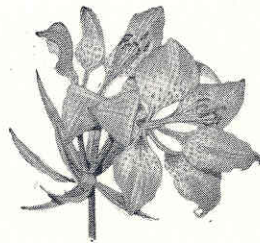
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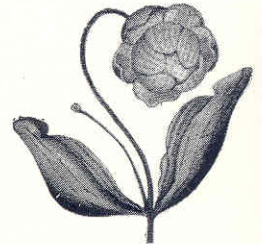
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9. \_\_\_\_\_



10. \_\_\_\_\_

### FLORAL EMBLEM QUIZ

In the space provided below each flower write in the name of the flower and the name of the province of which it is the floral emblem. Answers are at the right.

### ANSWERS

1. White Trillium - Ontario
2. Wild Iris - Quebec
3. Trailing Arbutus - N.S.
4. Purple Violet - N.B.
5. Pasque Flower - Man.
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Weighted down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s,  
Collapsed from the strain,  
Said her doctor, "It's plain  
You're killing yourself by degrees!"

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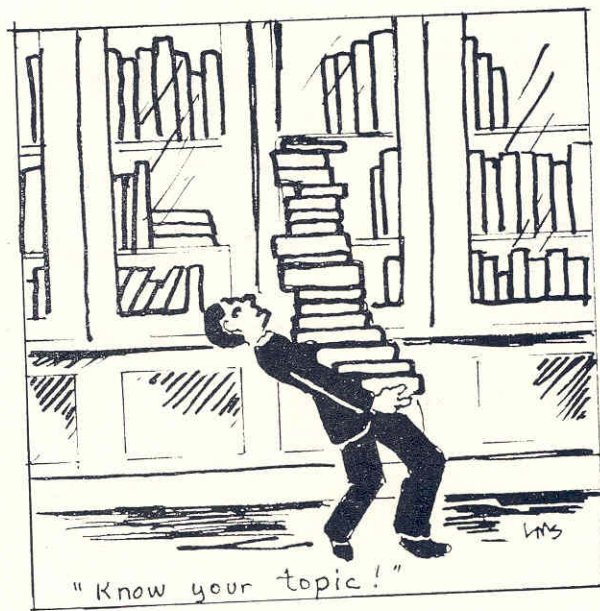
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