POLARIS

DOCENDO DISCIMUS



1959-1960

50TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

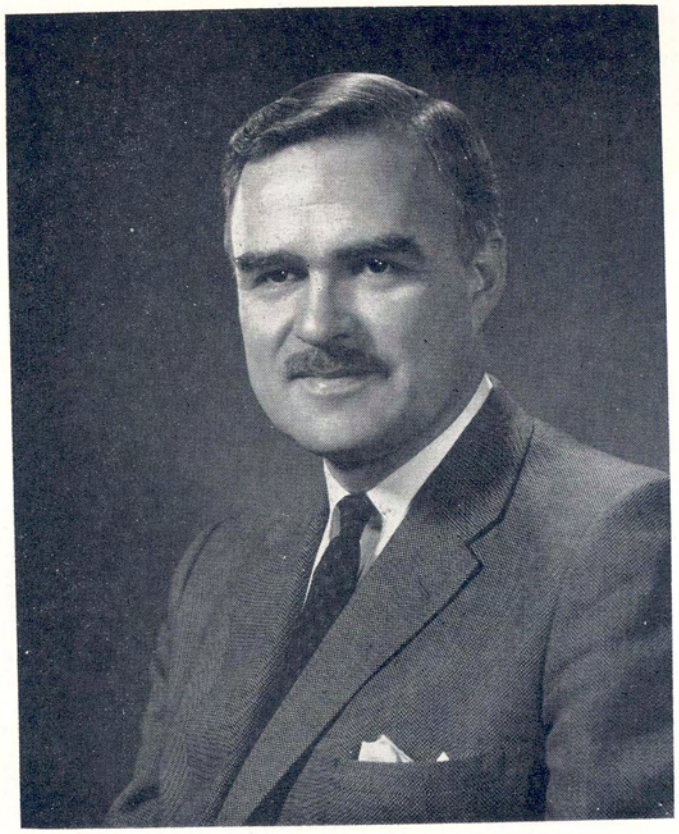
ARC

North Bay Teachers' College



North Bay Teachers' College

To The Students of North Bay Teachers' College

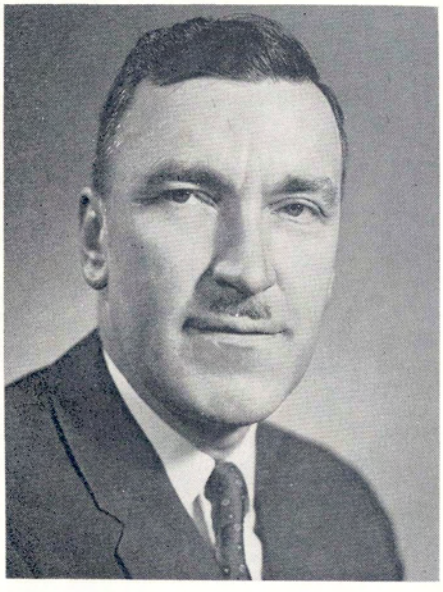


Golden Anniversaries are important occasions in the lives of people and institutions. The fact that your yearbook for 1959-60 celebrates the golden anniversary of the North Bay Teachers' College greatly interests me. Some thousands of young people have gone forth from your College to teach the boys and girls of Ontario since the year 1909, when your school first opened its doors. The members of its first class who made teaching their life work are now enjoying retirement; in their case the past fifty years have been rich in accomplishment. You who are students of the fifty-first year will wish to hold high the tradition of service established by that earliest group and by the graduates of succeeding years.

It is a pleasure for me as Minister of Education to convey greetings to you on behalf of the Government of Ontario. You are preparing yourself for service in a great profession and there are big tasks ahead. My sincere good wishes follow you as you begin work in classrooms of your own.

J. P. ROBARTS
MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

The Principal's Message . . .



Last autumn, several hundreds of our graduates gathered from all over Ontario to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of North Bay Teachers' College. Their presence was proof of a school spirit which has not waned over the years.

You who are about to graduate also have cause to be proud — of our School Choir and our Basketball Teams, of our Hockey and Drama Clubs, of the United Nations and the Red Cross Associations, of our Student Councils.

I should like to believe that school spirit at North Bay Teachers' College is an admixture of memories of fetes and frolics and festivals, together with a substantial respect for learning, and the satisfaction deriving from leading others to learn.

Thus in the daily classroom instruction and in the practice schools, school spirit may be engendered. For their part in this, you and I owe incalculable gratitude to the Masters of this College, to the Clergy, and to the Practice Teaching Staff.

There remains a continuing obligation. It is the obligation to twelve thousand young Canadians over whom you will have charge next year. If you create in your classrooms an atmosphere founded on challenging work and healthful play, you will have the school spirit which will ensure success.

M. B. PARNALL.



YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Back row, left to right: Mr. A. J. Johnson, (Staff Adviser); Robert Wilson, (Sub-Editor); Muriel Holland, (Art Editor); Kate Mundy, (Activities Editor); Donalda Dingwall, (Sub-Editor); Laurel Anyan, (Literary Editor); Carol Ralph, (Humour Editor); Ed. Riddock, (Biographies Editor); Mrs. W. C. McClure, (Staff Adviser).

Absent: Richard Moore, (Photography Editor); Richard Pentney, (Business Manager).

Seated: Pauline Fournier, (Editor-in-Chief).



Editorial . . .

The 1959-60 issue of Polaris is a book with two distinctions — it is the largest yearbook presented so far to the North Bay Teachers' College student body and it is the Golden Anniversary Edition commemorating the fiftieth year during which this College has been a teacher-education institution. Many hours of work have been devoted to its creation by a keen, industrious executive staff who have striven to produce a book of particular interest to you. They have been ably aided by the entire student body, and especially by a small hard-working group of volunteers. To all we extend a hearty thank you. But the tireless efforts of Mr. A. J. Johnson and Mr. W. C. McClure, staff advisers, were mainly responsible for the production of this book and to them we express appreciation and gratitude for their contributions.

For a half-century, student-teachers have published an account of their year of training here. In looking back through the former editions it is extremely interesting to observe the similarities and differences that are recorded. Every year has been noted for the great transformation from youth to adulthood that each student has undergone. All have described the bewilderment experienced in September, the terrors of the first formal lesson, the new friendships formed, morning Assemblies in the auditorium, plentiful projects and assignments, Christmas formals and a great variety of extra-curricular activities in sports, music and drama. Each Valedictorian in speaking for the graduates has looked forward to the years of teaching with mingled feelings of hope and apprehension, realizing the challenge presented by the future which he has to live. Do so many similarities indicate that the past fifty years were without progress? Certainly not! Instead they illustrate that basic human nature does not change.

But what of the differences? The students of past years seemed to have taken life more seriously: they advocated 'Causes' such as 'Woman Suffrage'; they experienced World Wars and Depression. Their style of dress was different as were their social customs and standards (no co-ed classes!). The young ladies wore uniforms to College, an army-sergeant taught Physical Training and the "scarce" young men mastered culinary arts.

Yet there was a common bond that existed to unite all student-teachers, past, present and future. That was their aim to devote themselves to doing good in this world and to preserve and improve society through education of the youth. Could there be a nobler, more important or more difficult task?

Presently we are the products of their efforts and, being at Teachers' College, the inheritors of their task. It is our turn to use the theory and methods gained at this College to fulfil the purpose of Education which is primarily to develop "the whole child". Simple words, perhaps, but tremendously significant. By them we are charged with guiding not only the development of the child's physical and social needs, but as well, leading him to the Truth which is the object of his intelligence and to Good which is the goal of his will.

So we enter the next decade as teachers. Ranged before us are the forces of materialism, atheism and indifference, the problems of a complex, transforming world, and perhaps thirty-five pupils who need to learn to cope with life. Do you find yourself quaking at this vision? We feel very inadequate even as we write it! Huxley said, "One of the best results of all education is the acquired power of making yourself do what you ought to do, when you ought to do it, whether you like it or not." This does not imply that we dislike teaching! but rather if at times we recall these words, we, who consider ourselves educated, may bear our responsibility successfully.

Perhaps this Yearbook will serve in the future as a source wherein youthful aims and ambitions may be renewed and old, happy memories revived.

Now it is presented to you for your immediate enjoyment, and with it, the entire Yearbook Executive extends their sincere wishes to you for a successful career in teaching.

PAULINE FOURNIER

North Bay Teachers' College

STAFF



J. T. ANGUS, B.A., B.Ed.
Master
School Management
Science



M. B. PARNALL, M.A., M.Ed.
Principal
English A



A. C. BENNETT, B.A., B.Ed.
Master
General Methodology
Social Studies



M. J. CURTIS, B.A., B.Ed.
Master
English A
Music



J. D. DEYELL, B.A., M.Ed.
Master
Director of Practice Teaching
Educational Psychology



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



Mrs. L. HANSMAN
Instructor
English II
Childrens' Literature
Library Methods



Mrs. J. IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed.
Master
Art
Geography

North Bay Teachers' College



Miss A. M. JOHNSON, B.A.
Master
Dean of Women
Home Economics, Health



A. J. JOHNSON, B.A., M.Ed.
Master
English II
History



A. J. MacASKILL, B.A.
Master
English I
History of Education
Methods in English



W. C. McCLURE, B.A.
Master
Mathematics
Audio-Visual Education



Miss C. I. McINTYRE, B.A., M.Ed.
Master
Child Psychology



A. B. REED, B.A.
Master
Science
Industrial Arts



Mrs. K. SULLIVAN
Secretary



Mrs. A. TURNBULL
Secretary



Mrs. E. KINNIBURGH
Librarian



RELIGIOUS EDUCATION INSTRUCTORS

Back Row—Msgr. F. P. Devine, Rev. S. Parkhouse, Rev. M. Tipping, Rev. P. Faris.

Seated—Rev. R. Wilson, Rev. A. Young, Rev. H. Kaellgren, Rev. L. Pierce.

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

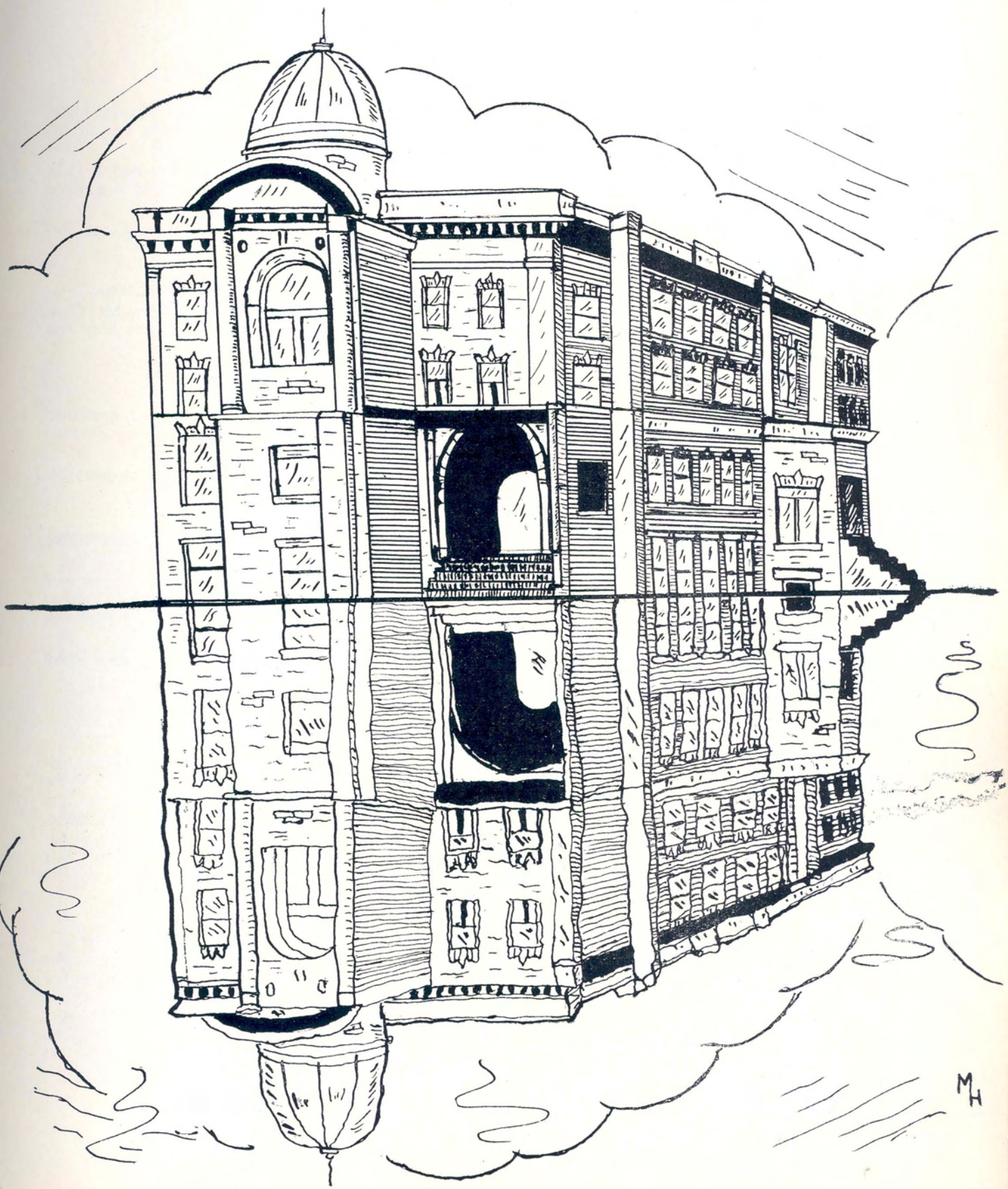
The Students of the College extend their thanks and appreciation to the maintenance staff for their co-operation throughout the year in all phases of our work



MAINTENANCE STAFF

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

REFLECTIONS



North Bay Teachers' College

N. B. N. S. - N. B. T. C.

1909 — 1959

"When the Ontario Government decided, a quarter century ago, to abolish most of the County Model Schools, and to increase the number of provincial Normal Schools, it was decided to establish one of the new schools in Northern Ontario.

"North Bay was chosen as the site and Mr. A. C. Casselman as principal when the school opened in 1909. It seemed a bold venture to place a large training school some hundreds of miles from any city and in a region so scarcely populated. Time has abundantly justified the faith of its founders.

"The success of the school has depended, in no small measure, upon the ability, faithfulness and far-sightedness of the man who guided its destinies until it passed its twenty-first birthday."

(Extract from article by Mr. J. C. Norris in 1930-31 Year Book)

In 1953 the name Normal School was replaced by the more appropriate term of Teachers' College.

In addition to Mr. Casselman, the first Staff consisted of Mr. J. C. Norris, Mr. W. J. Karr, Mr. Chas. Ramsey, Mr. Norman Eagleson, Mr. A. F. Hagerman, Mr. Wm. Bradley, Miss C. T. McCaig with Miss Ada McCaig as Secretary.

Changing Courses

Two Courses were given at first: the Model School Course, with twenty-five students enrolled, graduated at Christmas with a Third Class Certificate; the Normal School Course, with forty-four students, including three men, graduated in June with a Second Class Certificate, Type A or B.

The model School Course continued until 1918, graduating one hundred and thirty-nine students altogether, only five members in its last year.

The First Class Certificate was introduced here in 1927.

In 1933 an innovation was tried. After a five-year period of teaching in the schools, the teachers were required to return to Normal School for a second year. This course was discontinued in 1934.

In 1935 the Second Class Certificate was terminated and all holders of Second Class Certificates were required to obtain their Upper School and a First Class Certificate. The graduates of those years applied for every position advertised and gladly accepted the little red schoolhouse at the munificent salary of five hundred dollars.

In 1953 a Two-Year Course in the College was introduced for students holding the Secondary School Graduation Diploma of the General Course.

Practice Teaching

Practice Teaching too, has seen many changes over the years. During the first quarter-century the students taught one single lesson each week until the last one when they taught one-half day. In 1936-37 the students went to the practice schools for a full week, in addition to teaching single lessons. Later this was increased to two weeks in a school near the student's home, following the Christmas and Easter vacations. In time it was increased to four weeks, two rural and two urban. Now the students teach eight weeks in addition to the initial five single lessons. This provides a better opportunity to see the planning and continuity of the lessons from day to day, and it also enables the students to study the child, his personality and his problems.

Attendance

For the fifty years, 1909-1959, the total enrolment has been 7,402. For the first three or four years the number was small as all the students were from the Districts of Northern Ontario where there were few Secondary Schools. But when the Department of Education granted financial aid, eventually one dollar per day, to the students attending the North Bay Normal School, the attendance increased rapidly. Gananoque, Lindsay, Peterborough, Beamsville, Cornwall and Listowel were but a few of the places in the Counties from which the students came. The only stipulation was that those accepting aid must teach for at least two years in Northern Districts.

North Bay Teachers' College

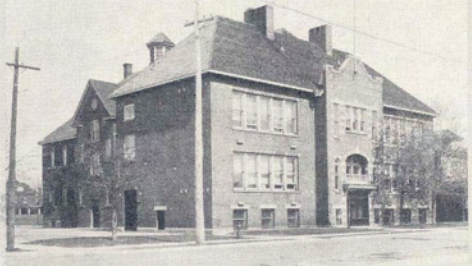


Model Schools



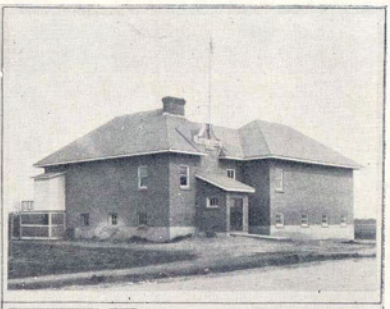
Feronia

McPhail St.



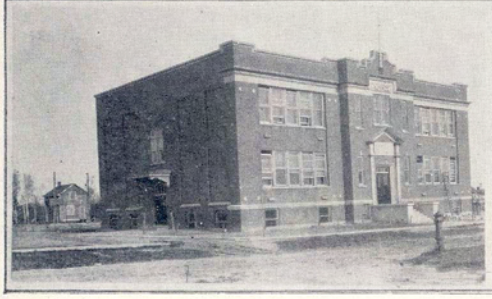
Worthington St.

North Bay



Ferris

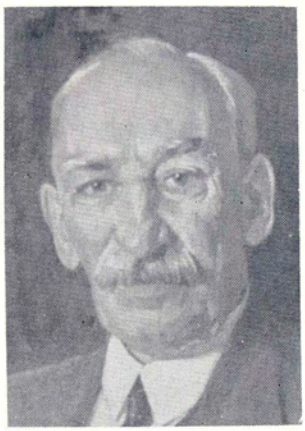
Harvey St.



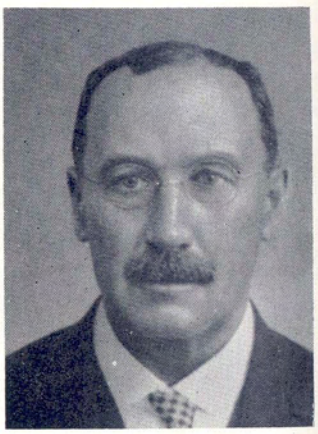


North Bay Teachers' College

The Principals of the School



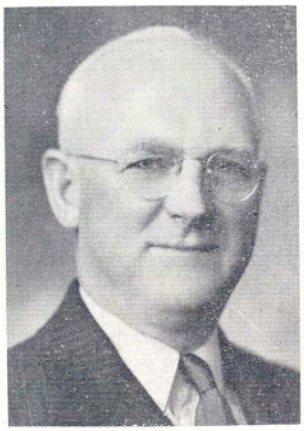
A. C. CASSELMAN



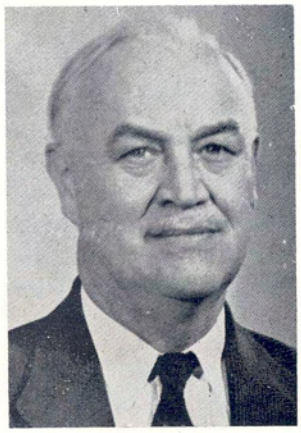
J. C. NORRIS
M.A., B.PAED.



H. E. RICKER
M.A., B.PAED.



J. A. PARTRIDGE
M.A., B.PAED.



E. C. BEACOM
B.A., B.PAED.



M. B. PARNALL
M.A., M.ED.

Mr. A. C. Casselman, 1909-30, enjoyed the longest tenure of office and was a most colourful Principal. He brought with him, from the Toronto Normal School, an excellent knowledge of pedagogy and he proved to be an able administrator. His stentorian commands could be heard throughout the school and they had to be obeyed promptly and implicitly. His mind was like an encyclopaedia, in its variety and breadth of culture. He had an excellent library, many books being first editions. When he died in 1940, the city flags were flown at half mast.

Mr. J. C. Norris, 1909-32, was Principal for only two years but will long be remembered as a Master on the Staff. He was a most skilful teacher of all the subjects that fell to his lot—Mathematics, School Management and Science of Education. He excelled in many sports, including tennis and baseball. Thousands of students had their lives enriched, their visions broadened, through their association with him.

Mr. H. E. Ricker, 1915-43, was a big man physically, intellectually and morally. His keen interest in Science kindled a similar interest among his students. He also had an extensive knowledge of music, often coaching students in their theory, and for many years he played the 'cello in the School Orchestra. His chief hobby was photography. His church followed closely behind the school in his time, interest, and efforts. He died in Toronto in January, 1952.

Mr. J. A. Partridge, 1943-47, another Science specialist with photography as a hobby, came to North Bay from the Hamilton Normal School where he had distinguished himself as a teacher and writer. He retired, in 1947, to head the Text-book division of the Thos. Allan Publishing Company.

Mr. E. C. Beacom, 1947-58, had a varied career in Education in the Elementary and Secondary schools, as an Inspector in the field, and as a Master in the Stratford Normal School. Mr. Beacom managed the school in an efficient, yet kindly, manner. The dignity of the profession was always uppermost in his mind so that dress and deportment were stressed together with schlastic ability and competence in teaching. He is enjoying a well-earned retirement.

Mr. M. B. Parnall, 1958-..., came to North Bay from a career of teaching in elementary school, high school, and Toronto Teachers' College. His scholarly, "friendly-but-firm" manner makes him eminently qualified to carry on the fine tradition set by his predecessors.

The Quarter-Century-or-Over Club

The longest record of service, 1910-46, was that of Mr. J. E. Chambers, a quiet, retiring man who taught Manual Training and Penmanship, as they were called in the early days. He set a high standard of technical skill; slip-shod, careless work was anathema to him. His own penmanship exhibited a copy-book degree of excellence that few could hope to achieve.

Miss Kate McCubbin, Secretary from 1922 to 1957 was efficiency personified. Unhurried and serene, soft-spoken and pleasant at all times, she accomplished an amazing amount of work, finding time to do many extras for Staff and students.

Miss Grace Morgan, 1922-50, made a deep impression on all her students. Her sparkling wit and dramatic gestures enhanced her interpretation of Literature. Her extra-curricular activities included the direction of many excellent plays and operettas, the latter with Mr. Bamford's able assistance. As Dean of Women, she gave much valuable advice to the girls, but she was also fond of "her boys".

Mr. Charles Ramsay, 1909-34, directed Art. Woe betide the student who was late for Art Class. Few will forget his charming chalk drawings which adorned the blackboard from time to time. His interest in Nature, especially birds, led to the start of the collection now in our halls.

Mrs. Jennie Irwin replaced Mr. Ramsay in 1934 and is still on the Staff.

Two other Staff members taught more than twenty years: Mr. H. L. Bamford, 1929-53, directed the Music activities, including operettas and weekly programmes. His ready wit endeared him to all the classes. His unexpected death was deeply regretted. Miss Elsie Preston, 1929-51, taught Home Ecoonmics and had the distinction of being a member of the first graduating class in 1910.

A number have been promoted to positions of great responsibility with the Department of Education. Dr. Karr served as Director of Professional Training from 1935-40. Dr. J. B. MacDougall, after whom one of the North Bay schools was named, did much for education in the North. He instituted the school cars, and served as Chief Assistant Inspector for Elementary Education for Northern Ontario.

In this group is Dr. F. S. Rivers, who left North Bay to become the Principal of the Ottawa Normal School, then Superintendent of Professional Training, and in 1956 Deputy Minister of Education.

Following is a list of past and present Staff members:

A. C. Casselman 1909-1930
J. C. Norris, M.A., B.Paed. 1909-1932
W. J. Karr, B.A., B.Paed 1909-1911
Charles Ramsay 1909-1934
Norman Eagleson, Mus. Bac. 1909-1912
A. F. Hagerman 1909-1910
Wm. Bradley 1909-1911
Miss C. T. McCraig 1909-1913
Miss Ada McCraig, Sec. 1909-1914
J. E. Chambers 1910-1946
J. B. MacDougall, B.A., D.Paed. 1911-1919
H. Wildgust, Mus. Bac. 1912-1922
Lieut. E. Shepherd 1913-1915
Miss Charlotte Green 1913-1915
Miss Hattie Beattie, Sec. 1914-1919
H. E. Ricker, M.A., B.Paed. 1915-1943
Miss Mayme Kay 1915-1923
H. G. Lockett, M.A. 1919-1920
Miss Ellen Ballard, Sec. 1919-1922
J. A. Bannister, B.A., D.Paed. 1920-1929
Miss Grace Morgan, B.A., B.Paed. 1922-1950
Mr. J. B. Gatenby, Mus. Bac. 1922-1929
Miss Kate McCubbin, Sec. 1922-1957
Miss D. Stephenson 1923-1929
Miss E. J. Johnston 1925-1928
B.A., (Mrs. Skuce) and 1929-1930
H. L. Bamford 1929-1953
Miss Elsie Preston 1929-1951
W. J. Neale, B.A. 1930-1941
F. S. Rivers, B.A., B.Paed. 1931-Dec. 1940 (except 1937-1938)
Miss H. B. Mitchell, B.A. 1932-Jan. 1943
P. W. Brown, B.A. 1933-1934
Mrs. Jennie Irwin, B.A., B.Paed. 1934-
Mrs. Pearl Black, B.A. 1940-1944
J. D. Deyell, B.A. B.Paed. 1941-
Miss E. S. Mitchell, Mus. Bac., B.A., M.L.S. Jan. 1943-1958
J. A. Partridge, M.A., B.Paed. 1943-1947
C. P. O'Neill, M.A. 1945-1946
Miss Jean Wilson 1945-1952
A. B. Reed, B.A. 1946-
E. C. Beacom, B.A., B.Paed. 1947-1958
Miss B. Dick, B.A., B.Paed. 1950-1953
J. D. Stennett, B.A. 1950-1951
W. H. Bulger, B.A. 1950-1951
Mrs. C. D. Milani, M.A. 1950-1951
W. Kirk, M.A. 1951-1952
Miss Agnes Johnson, B.A. 1951-
A. R. MacKinnon, M.A., Ph.D. ..... 1952-1954 and 1957-1959
Miss S. Stanley, B.A. 1952-1955
Mrs. G. Froud, B.A. 1953-1954
Miss E. Martin, M.A., B.Paed. 1953-1955
M. J. Curtis, B.A., B.Ed. 1954-
R. Surtees, B.A., B.Ed. 1954-1957
D. Husband, B.A., B.Ed. 1955-
W. C. McClure, B.A. 1955-
Miss W. Pauli, B.A. 1955-1958
Mrs. W. Barr 1956-1957
A. J. Johnson, B.A., M.Ed. 1957-
Miss C. Keiser, Sec. 1957-1958
M. B. Parnall, M.A., M.Ed. 1958-
A. J. MacAskill, B.A. 1958-
Mrs. K. Sullivan, Sec. 1958-
Mrs. L. Hansman 1958-
Mrs. E. Kinniburgh 1958-
Miss C. I. McIntyre, B.A., M.Ed. 1959-
J. T. Angus, B.A. 1959-
A. C. Bennett, B.A., B.Ed. 1959-

MAINTENANCE STAFF

Engineers

Jas. McCreight 1909-1922
F. Wharram 1922-1947
J. Donaldson 1947-
A. Welin 1959-

Caretakers

John Clark 1909-1927
H. Jackson 1927-1947
D. H. Chambers 1947-1956
A. Welin 1956-1959
L. Doucette 1959-

North Bay Teachers' College

GRADUATES

North Bay is proud of its graduates who have served education faithfully in its various aspects: its hundreds of teachers, supervisors, and principals of elementary and Secondary Schools, the Schools for the deaf, the blind, and the retarded; its many Inspectors; Teachers' College Staff; and Department Superintendents. So many have brought distinction to themselves and the school, that it is impossible to single out individuals for special mention.

Maintenance Staff

This history would not be complete without mention of those tireless workers who have kept our building comfortable and clean.

Mr. James McCreight, the first engineer, served untill 1922 and Mr. John Clark, the first janitor, until 1927. The latter was the bane of the tardy: "I want yez out of here right now, don't yez know it's five o'clock? Come out now!"

The second staff was composed of Mr. F. Wharram, engineer 1922-47, and Mr. H. Jackson, caretaker 1927-47. Mr. Wharram was one of the most versatile men one could imagine. There was practically nothing that he couldn't fix and his talents were utilized to the full by staff and students. When it came to making a speech, he could put the teaching staff on their mettle. Mr. Jackson was both efficient and obliging. His literary quotations, particularly Shakespeare and Ruskin, in his marked English accent, indicated his wide interests.

Since 1947 the engineer, Jim Donaldson, an ex-navy man, has kept everything ship-shape. The boiler-room, immaculate and glistening, could be a model for any housewife.

Mr. Harvey Chambers, caretaker from 1947-56, transferred to the Staff of the Ontario Hospital and Mr. A. Welin with his assistants, Miss Grace Godin and Mrs. Avery keep the whole building spotless and shining.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

"All work and no play" could never be said of N.B.N.S.-T.C. though many of the activities required as much energy and concentration as the most challenging teaching assignment.

The Literary Society, more recently known as The Students' Council, and Organizations such as the U.N., the Red Cross have afforded an excellent opportunity for developing executive experience. The programmes planned by these organizations provided opportunities for public speaking as well as inspiration for the group. The dramas, marionette and puppet shows, panel discussions, debates, and current events speeches at Assembly, have served a similar purpose, while the Orchestra, Glee Club, Choir, and Hobby Clubs have catered to the more specialized talents. The Year Book is a lasting monument to each class and gives a continuous picture of the school over the years.

Excursions within the Community — Nature Study, Science, Map Reading, Industries or Communications — will be recalled with pleasure by most students. But the highlight of many years was the excursion to Ottawa begun by Mr. Neale and continued by Mr. Partridge and Mr. Beacom.

The Athletic Club has contributed much to the physical growth of hundreds of students. Championships in Basketball, Volleyball, Baseball, Hockey, Tennis, Disking, Checkers and Ping Pong have loomed large in the events of the years.

And last, but by no means least, were the Social Events. The Staff Reception in the Fall, the Hallowe'en and Christmas Parties, Valentine Tea, informal Friday Night, Open-house, Sleigh rides, Skating Parties, and the big Formals, cemented many friendships that have endured to the present.

ATTENDANCE 1909-1959

Model School enrolment is second number for first 9 years:

1909 — 44 plus 25
1910 — 29 plus 11
1911 — 40 plus 13
1912 — 46 plus 14
1913 — 70 plus 16
1914 — 68 plus 13
1915 — 137 plus 11
1916 — 121 plus 16
1917 — 119 plus 16
1918 — 87 plus 5
1919 — 118
1920 — 115
1921 — 136
1922 — 229
1923 — 283
1924 — 288
1925 — 330
1926 — 266
1927 — 255
1928 — 148
1929 — 133
1930 — 164
1931 — 238
1932 — 218
1933 — 252
1934 — 187
1935 — 112
1936 — 91
1937 — 66
1938 — 75
1939 — 99
1940 — 82
1941 — 85
1942 — 66
1943 — 53
1944 — 58
1945 — 70
1946 — 114
1947 — 107
1948 — 89
1949 — 108
1950 — 143
1951 — 144
1952 — 133
1953 — 110
1954 — 214
1955 — 266
1956 — 270
1957 — 264
1958 — 322
1959 — 424

Through The Decades

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Sometimes to hear people talk one would think that when women get votes, every woman in the country will rush in to take up the work of a politician, magistrate and even ditch-digger. Such a statement needs no comment, for, while the world lasts, the majority of women will prefer the care of one man to the care of a nation. But as there are more women than men, we, who are in that minority, do not wish to be hampered in cur outlook upon the fields of labor, (sic) for we feel ourselves to be as capable as men in any of them.

Personally, I am in favor of peaceful methods of propaganda, though I do not censure the militants for the means they use. Knowing that the conditions of England differ so from those of America, we cannot judge fairly what we do not understand. Before we rail at them, let us remember that a man who meekly stands and petitions a stone wall to open and let him through cannot justly be blamed if he loses patience and takes a pickaxe to accomplish his end.

It has been said that chivalry will die with the birth of equal suffrage. Indeed, we have heard that men will no longer raise their hats to women upon the streets. Well, the men who raise their hats to us to appease us for our inability to vote can save themselves the trouble, for there is no comparison between the lot of being a citizen and that of being the recipient of such attention.

In conclusion, let me say that Woman Suffrage is a winning cause today, and must not be judged by the actions of some of its followers — every cause has its fanatics. It is a movement upwards which may not be arrested and women must soon stand in equal citizenship with men in the making and enforcing of our laws.

FROM THE 1912-1913 YEAR BOOK.

OUR DEBT TO THE SOLDIERS

While the arch of welcome is still green let us not forget those sons of Canada who have left all of their dearest and best at the call of the drum of war.

What did that call mean to them? And what did their answer mean to us? That call was to endure sufferings and hardships which we who live in safety can never imagine. Because they loved Honour more than they feared Death, they made the sacrifice unhesitatingly. Do we appreciate their sacrifices as we should? Let not the world go on, and these soldiers of ours be forgotten! We do not seem to realize what they have given for King, for country and for ideals. Thousands of our brave Canadians have gone forth. They were men from all walks of life—lumbermen, day labourers, clerks, teachers, ministers, lawyers and doctors. They were men of all ages—from the youth with the bright future in the distance to the veteran in the reserves.

All of them have had their weaknesses, just like any of ourselves but have we any right to criticize the returning soldiers? They were most generous in their sacrifices for us. Let us think before we utter an unkind word of those sightless eyes, those empty sleeves, those days and nights of terrible pain which our returned soldiers suffered for us.

Now our soldiers are marching home again, with faded uniforms and weary feet, but also bringing victory. We should be most strong in our utter condemnation of those individuals who would dare to mete out unkindness or injustice to any of them. As teachers let us instil into the hearts of the little children whom we teach these self-same sentiments. By so doing we will keep faith with our brave returning soldiers, as well as with their comrades who were left behind.

FROM THE 1918-1919 YEAR BOOK.

THE HALLOWE'EN SOCIAL

In October for one glorious night the common-place was forgotten. Middies and skirts were as yet unheard of, while dark blue suits were simply unknown. The school itself was a little wonderland, with canopies of orange and black, eerie pumpkin faces, and flaunting streamers. Gay caballeros thronged the halls, surrounded by gay court ladies, Spanish donnas, and impudent pierrettes. A little mystery and very much gaiety were the proportions into which the night was divided.

The promenade which preceded the dance kept the judges busy trying to choose the best costumes. The prizes were finally awarded to Miss Margaret Stephen, in a smart chevalier costume, and Miss Miriam McDonald in a charming Hawaiian habit.

After a very enjoyable luncheon games and dancing were provided. In the library one might see a caballero and an Elizabethan beauty indulging in a modern game of table tennis; in another corner a lively ballet dancer triumphed over her Spanish partner in checkers.

Modern dance tunes found charming old-fashioned ladies dancing with Spanish dons, handsome chevaliers leading off fragile, beautiful fairies, while gay and dashing figures danced in and out of the rainbow maze, with laughter and song.

When the hour of closing came, it brought with it a feeling of genuine regret; yet all were agreed that Normal School life, which gave occasion and opportunity for such real enjoyment, could not be the dull and dreary grind we had fondly imagined it would be.

FROM THE 1928-1929 YEAR BOOK.

North Bay Teachers' College

TO A HOT DOG

Dear juicy delectable morsel,
Fain would I sing thy praises;
When with mustard or relish you're garnished
You've a flavour that really amazes.

Sweet friend of my long idle hours,
Though you cost only one little nickel,
You lift me far out of the blues,
Served with half a small onion or pickle.

FROM THE 1938-1939 YEAR BOOK.

V-E DAY

At last! This was the hour ! The hour of Victory in Europe! To many — the hour of jubilation; to others — the darkest hour of all. Victory is the great accounting, and amidst our proud thanksgiving, it would be a kindness to remember the losers — those who lost husband or son, sweetheart or daughter. We remember in proud sorrow those who paid the supreme sacrifice so that we may look to the future, confident, hopeful and above all, free.

A world set free was celebrating. Crowds thronged the avenues, flags appeared as if by magic, horns tooted, whistles blew, bells rang! Bands and parades added to the world-wide rejoicing. Bursting fireworks flared brilliantly overhead for the first time in five wearisome years.

May he who maketh wars to cease
Give wisdom now to win the peace,
Lest we should not repay
The youths who, counting not the cost,
Confronted the aggressor host,
And came not back. Shall all be lost
For which they marched away?

FROM THE 1944-1945 YEAR BOOK.

CANADA AS A NATION

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

FROM THE 1950-1951 YEAR BOOK.



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

The Boarding house Hot-water Situation



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



Please reframe your question.

FROM THE 1951-1952 YEAR BOO

NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL IN 1920

Forty years is a long time, and strange as it may seem, much longer to look forward to than to look back upon.

In September 1919, when I entered North Bay Normal School for the first time, I was one of the smallest of 121 students, the largest class up to that time. Of that number 104 were girls and 17 were boys. Some of the boys were ex-service men, recently discharged. And there we were — putty to be moulded into teachers, and what teachers! by the expert, experienced hands, no to mention tongues, of the nine members of the Staff.

The subjects covered were much the same as in the present and modern Teachers' College. Social Studies was definitely History and Geography. Home Economics was Domestic Science. And for much longer than forty years I'll remember "The Garment" we had to stitch by hand, each one cut from the same pattern, be your size 32 or 46 and called a "Camisole". Then when some were tardy in handing them in to be marked, the Principal roared, "Each and every 'Casserole' must be in by 9 A.M. Tuesday." Oh yes, another subject stressed in 1920 was "Agriculture". I can still remember trying to identify seeds of wheat, oats, and barley, when the only oats I had ever seen were the rolled variety caller "Quaker". Then each and everyone of us had a turn in running downstairs to turn the eggs in the incubator in the hope that in 21 days or so, fluffy yellow chicks would appear. To the Agriculture Master's delighted amazement, and ours too, they did appear and many more than he expected. Many of the students went to Monteith that Summer for the five-weeks Agriculture course, and School gardens sprouted all across Northen Ontario.

Now let me recall that 8:45 A.M. climb up, up, up! Will I ever reach the top step? Oh yes, here we are at last — in the Auditorium. Why are we here? For Devotional Exercises. To passersby on many a calm, quiet, early morning the sounds reaching their ears from that Auditorium must have recalled to them, Joshua fighting the Battle of Jericho when the walls came tumbling down. It must have seemed like that, too, to the hapless one whose landlady had phoned "the office" to report his infringement of the rules. And, believe me, when I say those "rules". They could be likened only to the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Was that Auditorium used for anything else? Oh yes, indeed — there we held the meetings of the "Literary Society". A few of our students had been, perhaps happily, the victims of elocution lessons. At one of the Literary Society offerings, one of these would-be entertainers tripped on to the stage and in dulcet tones, with appropriate gestures, twittered, "The Fool" by Robert W. Service — "They called him a fool" — stop! She must have forgotten to have a prompter handy — for we never did find out why they called him such a nasty name.

When I hear about all the weeks of teaching students get nowadays, I wonder how we ever dared set foot in a class room of 43, 47 even 50 pupils. We taught one lesson a week and one half-day continuously in one room near the end of the term. Of course, our year didn't end until late June, as I remember writing exams on June 20, 1920. Then we waited until away on in August to hear whether we had been deemed worthy of receiving that paper marked "Second Class Certificate."

Oh, happy day! when it did arrive and how hopefully, I climbed on that train with that precious paper stowed carefully in my borrowed club-bag. How impatiently I waited for the Brakeman to shout, "Schreiber, Schreiber, next stop!" And how deflated I was when the portly member of the School Board said he didn't think I could possibly be a teacher — I looked about fourteen! But for better or worse, I was launched.

GLADYS WENT (nee Collings)
CLASS OF 1919-1920

HAVE TIMES REALLY CHANGED ?

1914-15—Observation is vexation,
Planning is twice as bad;
Teaching doth Perplex me,
And criticism drives me mad!

1918-19—The question of teachers' salaries has been discussed very fully during the last year or so, and it is generally concluded that teachers as a class are greatly underpaid.

1926-27—Miss Duff of the W.C.T.U. emphasized the necessity of teaching the children the disastrous effects of alcohol and tobacco, and pointed out that a grave responsibility rested upon teachers in this regard.

1930-31—At various intervals throughout the year the school was addressed in the assembly by committees or persons connected with educational federations.

1948-49—I am John.
I go to school.
I am Mary.
I go to school.
Mary and John go to Normal School.
The pigeons go to Normal School too.

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

FORM ONE



CAROL ADAM
LEVACK



CAROL ANN ALEXANDER
KIRKLAND LAKE



PATRICIA ALLEN
NORTH BAY



DAVID AMOS
NORTH BAY



NANCY ANDREWS
NORTH BAY



LAUREL ANYAN
ENGLEHART



GOLDIE BAINBRIDGE
HUNTSVILLE



ELEANOR BALDISERA
CONISTON



JACQUELINE BEAUDIN
NEW LISKEARD



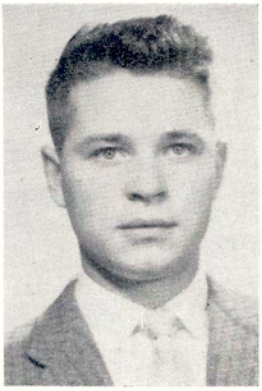
DIANE BEDDARD
TERRACE BAY



MARGARET BELL
SAULT STE. MARIE



ALLAN BEST
SAULT STE. MARIE



DAVID BIANCO
RED ROCK



IRIS BOYD
MINNOW LAKE



HELEN BOYUK
SUDBURY

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

FORM ONE



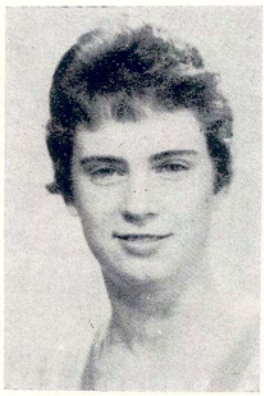
ANN BREADNER
PARRY SOUND



RUTH BRICKETT
PARRY SOUND



BARBARA BROOKS
CHATHAM



CAROLYN BROWN
TIMMINS



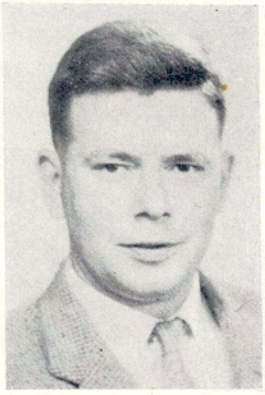
PHYLLIS BROWN
KENORA



ROBERTA CADIEU
FORT WILLIAM



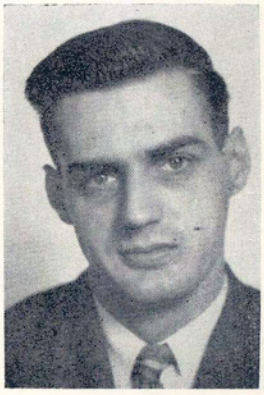
GEORGE CALDBICK
TIMMINS



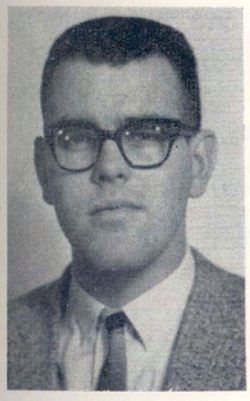
ROBERT CAMPBELL
PARRY SOUND



GUTHRIE CAVERS
SUDBURY



GEORGE CHASE
ORILLIA



MANSELL CHEZZI
CONISTON



SYLVIA CHRISTIANSON
NEW LISKEARD



DEANNA CICCI
TIMMINS



ALBERTA CLEIN
PORT ARTHUR



ELMA CLEIN
PORT ARTHUR

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

FORM ONE



SHIRLEY CLIFFORD
FERN GLEN



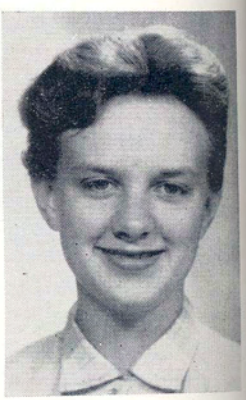
MARLENE CONLEY
LEVACK



LOIS CONSTANTINEAU
ESPANOLA



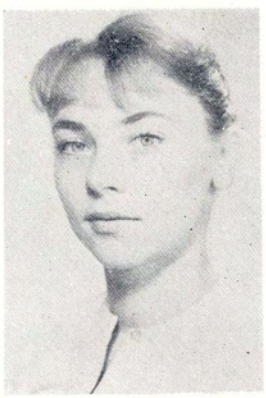
BETTY COSBY
SHEGUIANDAH



PATRICIA CURRIE
FORT WILLIAM



MARY DAMSTED
SAULT STE. MARIE



CAROLE DAVIDSON
KIRKLAND LAKE



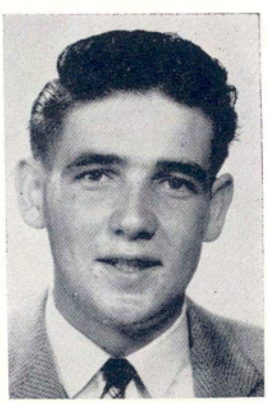
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SUDBURY



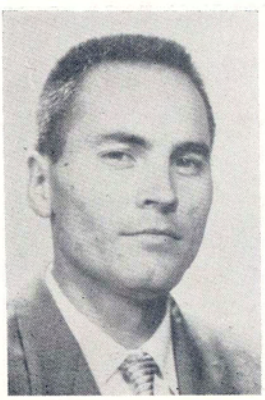
(MRS.) S. DAVISON
NORTH BAY



SYLVIA DE PIERO
FORT WILLIAM



TOM DOUGLAS
SAULT STE. MARIE



WAYNE DUNCAN
UPSALA

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

FORM TWO



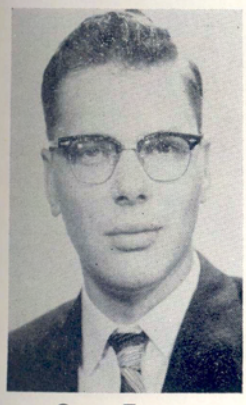
MARGARET EDWARDS
NORTH BAY



ROSS ELLIOTT
PORT ARTHUR



TERRY ELSTON
NORTH BAY



GARY EVANS
SAULT STE. MARIE



GORDON EWIN
COMMANDA



EDA FACCA
TIMMINS



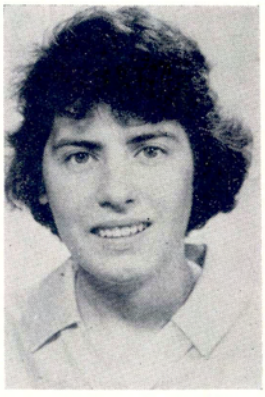
GAYE FAWCETT
CAPREOL



PHYLLIS FENG
FORT WILLIAM



CAROLE FETHERSTON
SAULT STE. MARIE



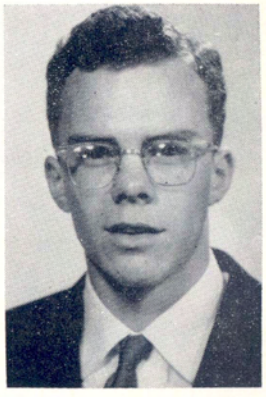
MYRNA FISHER
OXDRIFT



RUSSELL FLEMING
NORTH BAY



DOUGLAS FOREMAN
GATCHELL



LARRY FORESTER
SOUTH GILLIES

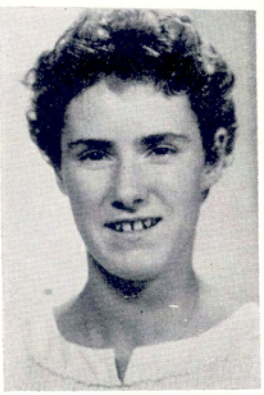
North Bay Teachers' College

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FORM TWO



PAULINE FOURNIER
ESPANOLA



CAROL FOWNES
MARATHON



(MRS.) J. FRAMPTON
NORTH BAY



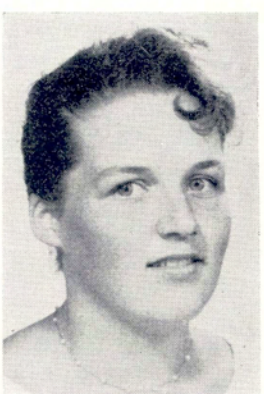
PATRICIA GAMBLE
CALLANDER



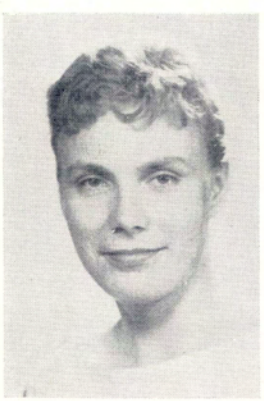
JACK GATES
FORT WILLIAM



GEORGINA GATZAMAN
FORT WILLIAM



MARNIE GIGG
BARRIE



DONJA HAMMERBERG
PORT ARTHUR



CAROLE HANSEN
SUDBURY



LINDA HEIND
SUDBURY



BEVERLEY HEWITT
LOCKERBY



MAUREEN HICKS
BRACEBRIDGE



JUDITH HILDERLEY
SAULT STE. MARIE



MARGARET HILL
SAULT STE. MARIE

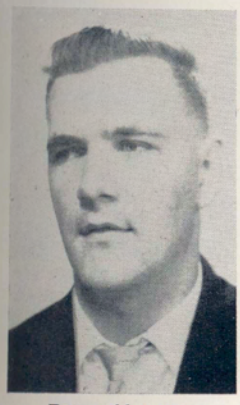


MARY-KRAITH HOPKINS
ESPANOLA

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

FORM TWO



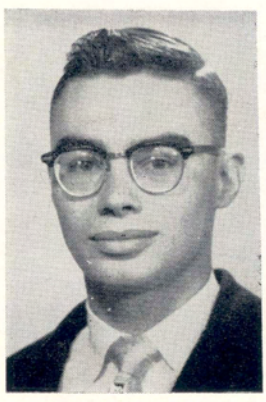
RUDY HULINA
FORT WILLIAM



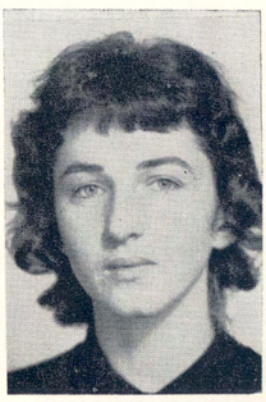
HEATHER HUME
NORTH BAY



CAROLE HURST
NORTH BAY



RAY HUSBAND
TERRACE BAY



MARTHA JACKSON
BRACEBRIDGE



VICTORIA JACOBSON
COPPER CLIFF



JOHN JAMES
SUDBURY



CHRIS JASTREBSKI
TIMMINS



MARLENE JUNCK
SUDBURY



DIANNE KAHLE
SAULT STE. MARIE



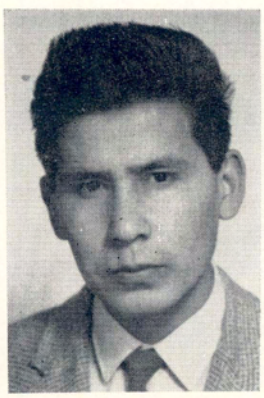
ALEX KAYZER
SCHUMACHER



JEAN KEARNS
CHARLTON



ROBERT KELLER
SOUTH PORCUPINE



JOHN KELLY
NESTOR FALLS



JUDITH KIEHNA
CHARLTON

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE



IRENE KIVESTO
SAULT STE. MARIE



LILA KIVIAHO
WHITEFISH



PATRICIA GRACE
HUNTSVILLE

FORM THREE



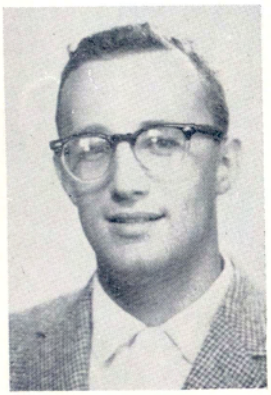
LARRY KNAPP
ENGLEHART



MARIANNE KOSABUSKI
KIRKLAND LAKE



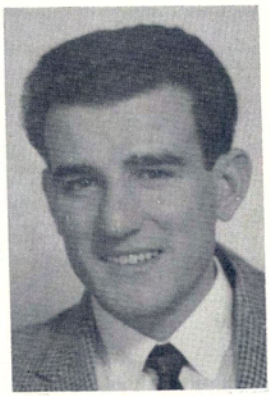
GLADYS KOSCIUSKO
SUDBURY



DONALD KRAJC
KIRKLAND LAKE



JOYCE KROPP
GERALDTON



RAYMOND LACHANCE
MASSEY



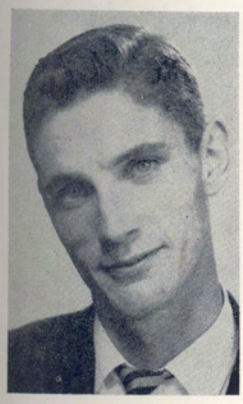
DIANE LARRETT
SUDBURY



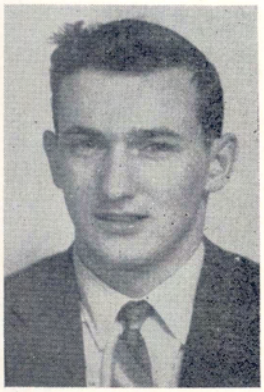
MARY LATHAM
SAULT STE. MARIE

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE — FORM THREE



WILLIAM LEMAY
PORT ARTHUR



GERALD LEVERT
SUDBURY



KENNETH LESSARD
SCHUMACHER



KATHRYN LEWIS
NORTH BAY



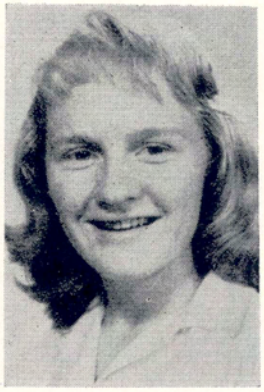
SANDRA LEYBURNE
NORTH BAY



JOHN LOCKIE
ELLIOT LAKE



STAPHANA LUCYK
SUDBURY



FLORENCE LUMMIS
KENORA



ENID MACDONALD
KIRKLAND LAKE



INA MACDONALD
KIRKLAND LAKE



JOHN MACFARLANE
SAULT STE. MARIE



DONNA MACLEOD
FORT WILLIAM



NEIL MACODRUM
GERALDTON



ELIZABETH MANDEVILLE
STURGEON FALLS



ELIE MARTEL
CAPREOL

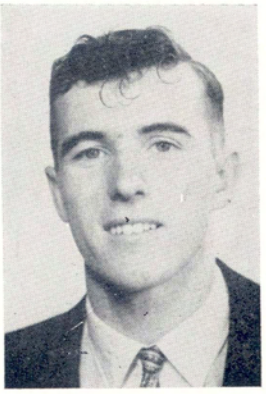
North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

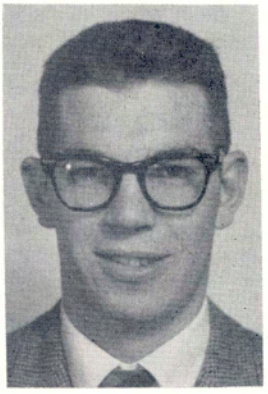
FORM THREE



GLADYS MARTYNIUK
PORT ARTHUR



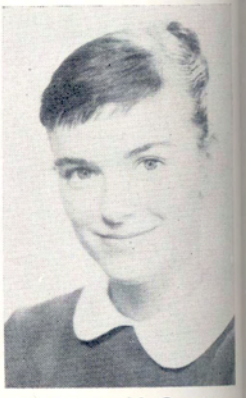
NORMAN MASON
BURKS FALLS



GERALD MAY
BURKS FALLS



LORETTA MCARTHUR
PORT ARTHUR



SUZANNE MCCALLUM
NORTH BAY



ERNEST MCDONALD
EMSDALE



EILENE MCKINLEY
CAPREOL



MAUREEN MCMILLAN
FORT WILLIAM



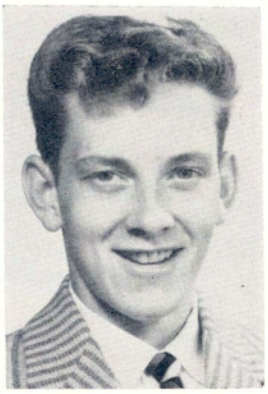
GWEN METHERAL
FORT WILLIAM



KENNETH MILLER
PETAWAWA



DON MITCHELL
SPANISH



RICHARD MOORE
SOUTH PORCUPINE



DAWNE MURPHY
PORT ARTHUR



FRANKLIN MURPHY
SAULT STE. MARIE

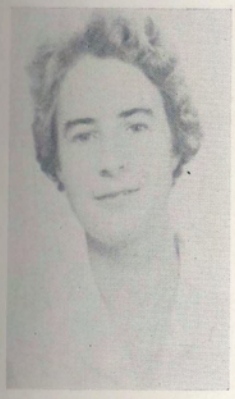


JOYCE NELSON
PORT ARTHUR

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

FORM THREE



LOIS NOBLE
KIRKLAND LAKE



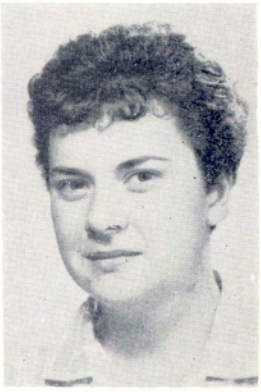
PATRICIA MORTON
KINGSTON



JOAN ONYETT
HUNTSVILLE



MARYANNE ORESKOVICH
CHELMSFORD



ELIZABETH PAGE
FORT WILLIAM



DOREENA PETERSEN
AZILDA



WILLIAM PIRIE
SOUTH PORCUPINE

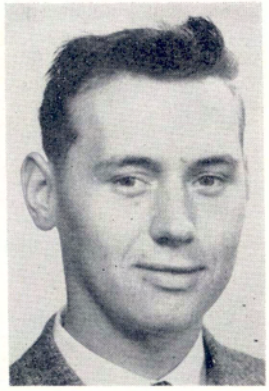


HELEN POKRYWKA
KIRKLAND LAKE

FORM FOUR



IRMA POLLARI
PORT ARTHUR



JERRY PONIKVAR
TIMMINS



WALTER POSHTAR
FORT WILLIAM



PAULA POWELL
NORTH BAY



LAURA POWLEY
TIMMINS

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

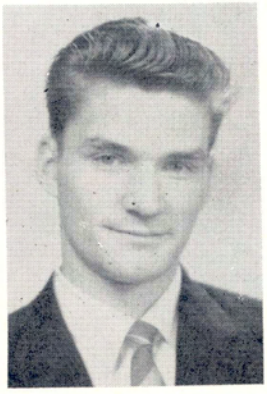
FORM FOUR



SARA WEBKAMIGAD
WIKWEMIKONG



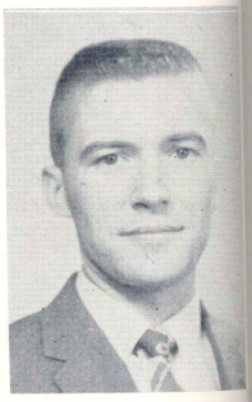
(MRS.) G. GERVASON
HALL'S HARBOUR, N.S.



DALE WILLOUGHBY
SCHREIBER



ELIZABETH WILSON
FORT WILLIAM



RONALD WISEMAN
EVANSVILLE



JOYCE WOHLGEMUTH
MASSEY



PAT WOODGATE
FORT WILLIAM



JEAN WOODRUFF
MAGNETEWAN



JUNE WRIGHT
BLIND RIVER



PAT WRIGHT
TIMMINS



HARRY YACULA
ANSONVILLE



C. VAILLANCOURT
LEVACK

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE FIRST YEAR

FORM FIVE



JANET ACTON
KIRKLAND LAKE



DONNA AUSTIN
SOUTH PORCUPINE



BRENDA BASFORD
PORT ARTHUR



CHARLES BELCHER
LEVACK



DONNA BILLINGSLEY
RED ROCK



JANICE BROWNLEE
POWASSAN



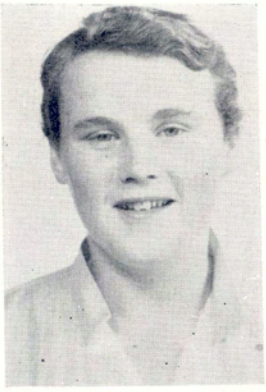
JO ANN CAMPBELL
SUDBURY



SHELDON CARROLL
CHAPUT HUGHES



DIANA CASSIE
PORT LORING



HARRIET CHAMBERS
CHAPLEAU



M. CHRISTIANSEN
PORT ARTHUR



ARLENE CLARK
KIRKLAND LAKE



WAYNE CONWAY
DANE

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

FORM FIVE



EMILY COOK
SUDBURY



CAROL COOPER
NORTH BAY



MYRNA CRANDLEMIRE
TERRACE BAY



DALE CURRIE
LORING



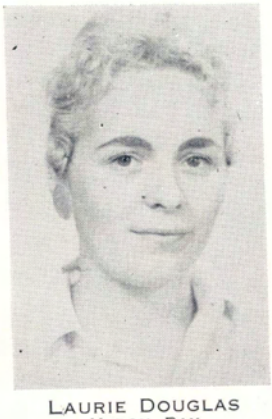
DARRYL DAVIS
KIRKLAND LAKE



DONALDA DINGWALL
COCHRANE



KATHERINE DOOLING
NORTH BAY



LAURIE DOUGLAS
HERON BAY



GEORGINA DUBE
BRITT



EILEEN ERICSON
PAGWA RIVER



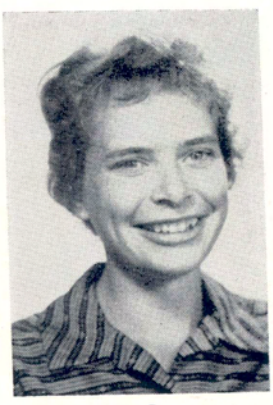
PAT EWING
ELLIOT LAKE



EDITH FURLONG
SUDBURY



DORIS GAGNON
MOOSONEE



COLETTE GAUTHIER
THORNE



ELAINE GERVAIS
GOGAMA

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

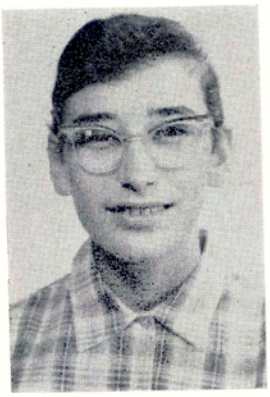
FORM FIVE



FRANCES GILJE
FALCONBRIDGE



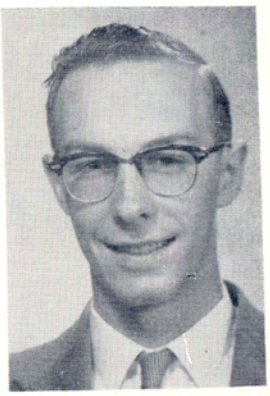
DOROTHY GIRARD
HEARST



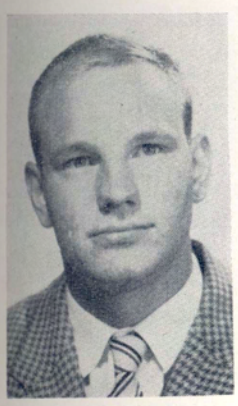
SHIRLEY GODON
LOCKERBY



ANNE M. GOLDSTEIN
CHAPLEAU



BEVERLEY GOLDTHORP
HUNTSVILLE



FRED GORDON
STURGEON FALLS



SYLVIA GRASSI
NORTH BAY



(MRS.) D. HARRISON
NORTH BAY



RONALD HARTLEY
KIRKLAND LAKE



KENTON HAWES
KAPUSKASING



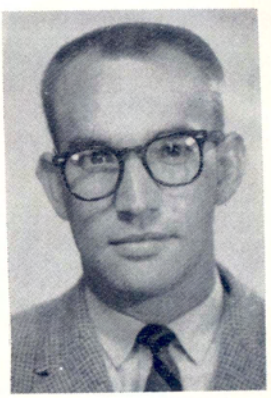
MARGARET HEMBRUFF
MATHESON



(MRS.) D. HENDERSON
NORTH BAY



EVELYN HENDERSON
LIVELY



JOHN HISCOCK
SUDBURY

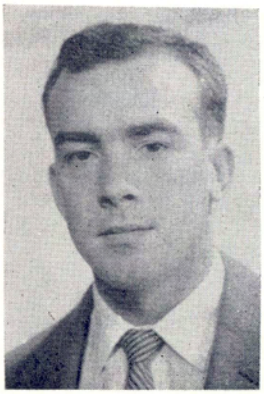
North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

FORM SIX



VERA HRYCENKO
SUDBURY



MAX JACKSON
PARRY SOUND



FRAN JOHNSON
SOUTH RIVER



VIVIAN KEEN
COBALT



ELIZABETH KNOOF
TEMISKAMING, QUE.



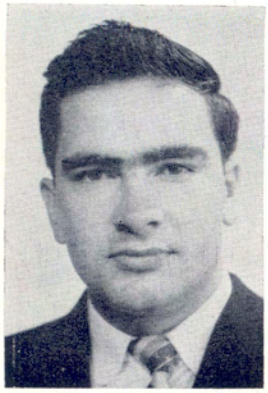
ROSE KOSOWAN
KAPUSKASING



LORRAINE LAPIERRE
FALCONBRIDGE



SANDRA LOCKING
TERRACE BAY



TONY LUKACH
KAPUSKASING



RAY LYONS
SUDBURY



DON BERLINGERI
KIRKLAND LAKE



ELSIE MAKI
TIMMINS



JOANNE MAZZA
GATCHELL

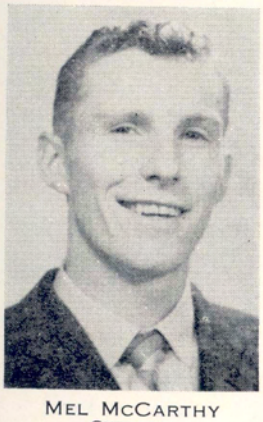
North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

FORM SIX



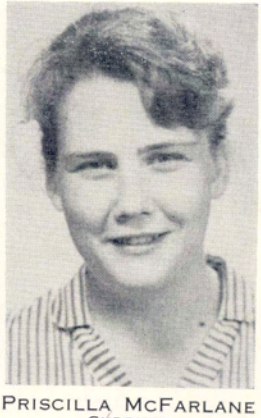
ARTHUR MCARTHUR
LANCASTER



MEL MCCARTHY
SUDBURY



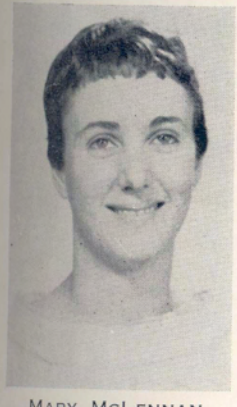
JANE MCCOLL
SAULT STE. MARIE



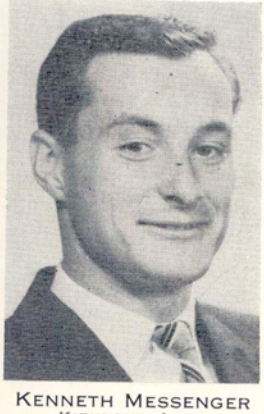
PRISCILLA MCFARLANE
SUDBURY



CLAIRE MCGILLIS
SUDBURY



MARY MCLENNAN
MANITOWANING



KENNETH MESSENGER
KIRKLAND LAKE



BETSI MILLER
HEARST



SY MONDOR
KAPUSKASING



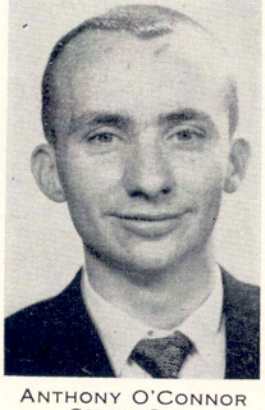
RUTH MORBIN
LIVELY



(MRS.) DORIS MOULDS
COPPER CLIFF



DIANE MURPHY
NORTH BAY



ANTHONY O'CONNOR
COPPER CLIFF



DOROTHY OSTER
FORT FRANCES



RINO OUELLETTE
BRITT

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

FORM SIX



ANDREW PALCIC
TIMMINS



STAN. PANGOWISH
WIKWEMIKONG



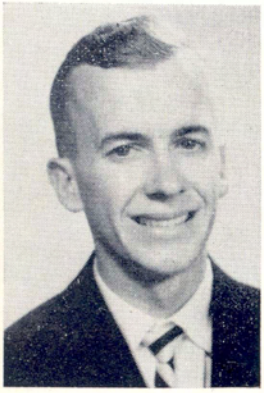
JOANNE PARKIN
KIRKLAND LAKE



CAROLYN PAUL
CAPREOL



BETTY PAUL
CHELMSFORD



RICHARD PENTNEY
CREIGHTON MINE



VASCO PICCININ
SUDBURY

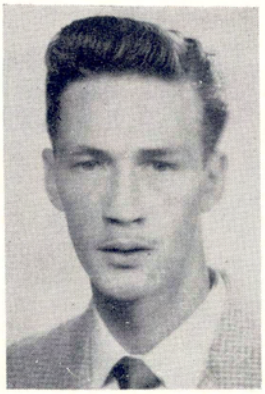


DOLORES PIGEAU
NORTH BAY

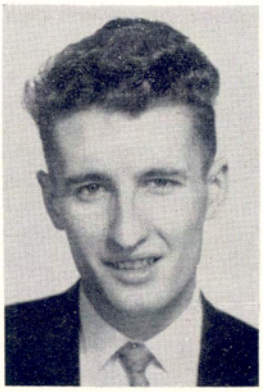


DALE PLANT
SOUTH PORCUPINE

FORM SEVEN



TED PLUMMER
MONTEITH



RICHARD PRICE
SUDBURY



RITA PUSKA
AZILDA

North Bay Teachers' College

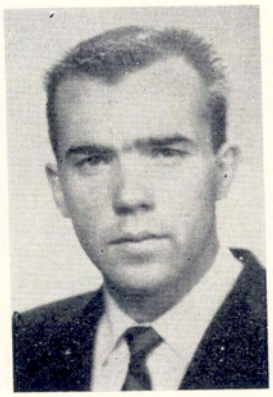
TWO YEAR COURSE — FORM SEVEN



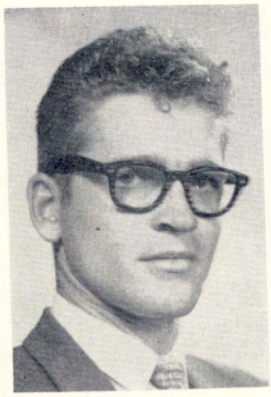
CARROL RALPH
PORT ARTHUR



GLORIA RANNEY
NORTH BAY



RONALD RHEAULT
CREIGHTON MINE



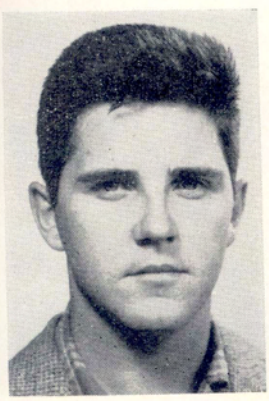
LAWRENCE RODGERS
CHARLTON



GARDA ROWE
MONTREAL, QUE.



RICHARD ROWSON
TERRACE BAY



ROBERT SABO
NORANDA, QUE.



MARY SENIOR
SUDBURY



ELEANOR SHAW
COPPER CLIFF



CATHY SHISKA
KENORA



HELEN SIMPSON
SUDBURY



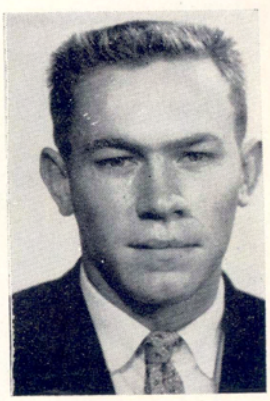
SAUNDRA SKYHAR
TIMMINS



JAMES SMITH
GATCHELL



NANCY SMITH
LITTLE CURRENT



RONALD SPECK
GERALDTON

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

FORM SEVEN



(MRS.) JOAN STEVENS
TIMMINS



JOANNA STUBINSKI
NORTH COBALT



GARY TEEPLE
KIRKLAND LAKE



AMY TERPSTRA
WARREN



MARY C. THOMSON
SANDFIELD



WANDA TOWNSON
SUDBURY



JUDY TRAER
PORT ARTHUR



CAROL TREWIN
PORT ARTHUR



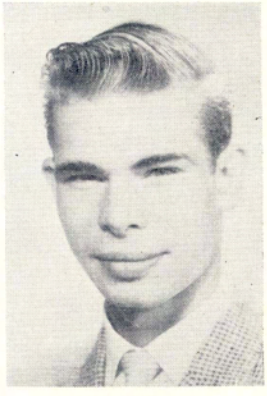
LINDA TURL
NORTH BAY



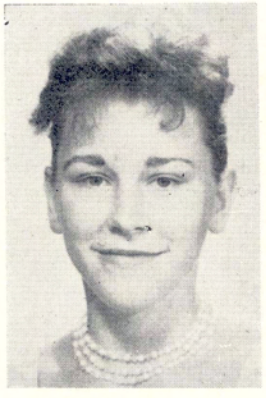
RAE VIENNEAU
SUDBURY



HELEN VLAAD
KAPUSKASING



JOHN WALLACE
COCHRANE



CAROLE WALTON
POWASSAN



ORYSIA WASYLENKI
CONISTON



(MRS.) PATRICIA WATT
NORTH BAY

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

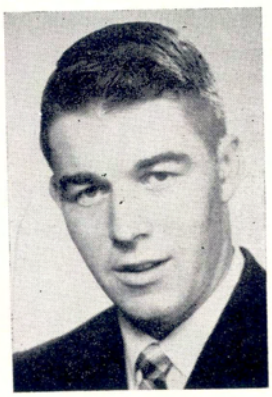
FORM EIGHT



BEVERLEY WENT
IROQUOIS FALLS



(MRS.) C. WHEELER
NORTH BAY



DONALD WHITE
ELLIOT LAKE



DORA WILSON
PORT ARTHUR



ESTHER WOODWARD
POINTE AU BARIL



SUSAN YANKOFF
MARATHON



ANNE YOUNG
MANITOWANING

TWO YEAR COURSE
SECOND YEAR
FORM EIGHT



MARION ANDERSON
POWASSAN



LYNN BARLOW
SUDBURY



MURIEL BERTRAND
SUDBURY



JOANNE BRADY
PARRY SOUND



DICK BROWNLEE
WINNIPEG, MAN.

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

FORM EIGH



BETTY BUSTRAEN
LARDER LAKE



HELEN ANNE COLLINS
SAULT STE. MARIE



JANET COPPS
SUDBURY



LOUISE DENES
SAULT STE. MARIE



MARVEL EDKINS
SUDBURY



AILEEN FEX
COPPER CLIFF



CAROL FLEMING
FORT FRANCES



BETTY GAVINE
BURKS FALLS



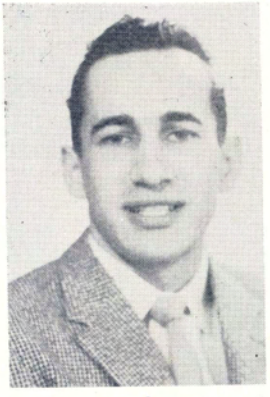
GAYLE HARRIS
TIMMINS



HELEN HASKELL
SUDBURY



JUNE HERMISTON
COBALT



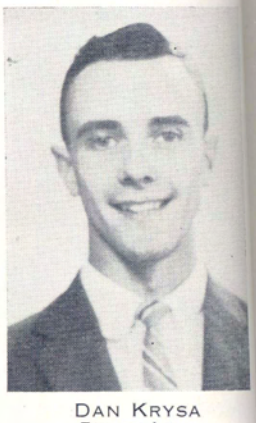
EDWARD ILERSICH
TIMMINS



DARLENE JACKSON
ELLIOT LAKE



JOANNE KRIPOTOS
NORTH BAY



DAN KRYSA
ELLIOT LAKE

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

FORM EIGHT



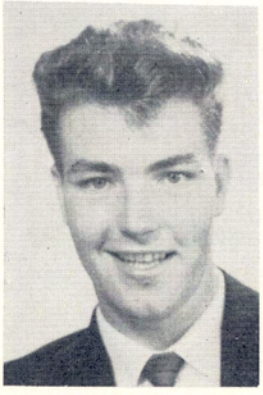
HEATHER LANGEVIN
BISCOTASING



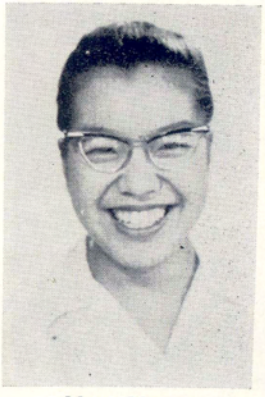
DAISY LASCHUK
SMOOTH ROCK FALLS



RITA LEACH
NORTH BAY



TED LINLEY
GORE BAY



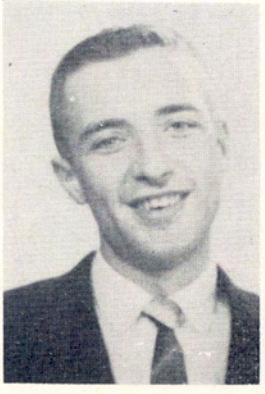
MIKI MAEBA
GERALDTON



KAREN MCDOWELL
NORTH BAY



PEGGY MCFARLANE
LIVELY



DAVID MCMILLAN
CHAPLEAU



CAROLE MERCHANT
NORANDA, QUE.



PATRICIA MILLAR
POWASSAN



ANNA MAY MILLS
MATACHEWAN



MARLENE MOORE
CREIGHTON MINE



KATE MUNDY
SMOOTH ROCK FALLS



OLGA PYSKLYWEC
KIRKLAND LAKE



ANN REYNOLDS
SUDBURY

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE

FORM EIGHT



DEANNA ROBBINS
COCHRANE



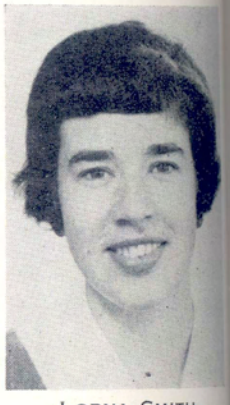
MARILYN RORISON
NORTH BAY



SHIRLEY RUSSELL
FORT FRANCES



DIANNE SMILEY
NORTH BAY



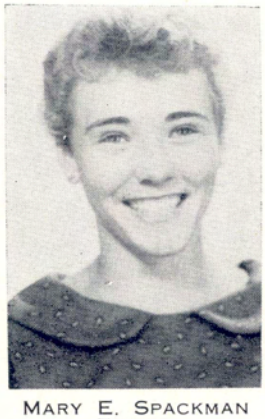
LORNA SMITH
PORT ARTHUR



(MRS.) M. SMITH
NORTH BAY



MILDRED SMUKAVICH
GATCHELL



MARY E. SPACKMAN
TIMMINS



MARILEE THOMPSON
BURKS FALLS



CAROL VERNON
COCHRANE



ARLENE WING
FALCONBRIDGE



PEGGY WRIGHT
LEVACK



(MRS.) S. WILKINSON
HAILEYBURY

North Bay Teachers' College

COMPLETING COURSE

FORM NINE



(Mrs.) Evelyn Ahola
North Bay



Penny Andersen
Wabigoon



Julia Baranowski
Emo



Daniel Bouvier
Red Rock



Barbara Brown
Sault Ste. Marie



Maureen Carmier
Kirkland Lake



Clara Doi
Geraldton



Barbara Flayer
Ignace



Mary Foreman
Fort William



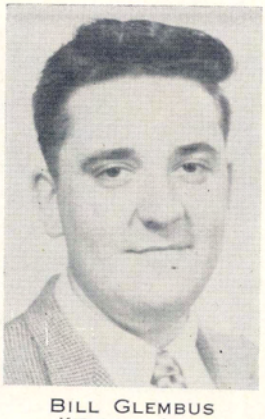
Ardelle Forsyth
Rainy River



Elizabeth Fox
Espanola



Sheila Fraser
Gravenhurst



Bill Glembus
Kirkland Lake



Margaret Gowan
Port Arthur



Maureen Gowan
Port Arthur

North Bay Teachers' College

COMPLETING COURSE — FORM NINE



NORMA HAMILTON
EMO



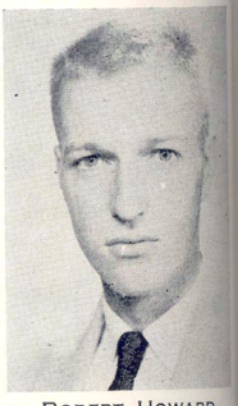
TERRY HARKINS
IROQUOIS FALLS



HELEN HARTWICK
WALFORD STATION



MURIEL HOLLAND
EMO



ROBERT HOWARD
MATTAWA



PHILLIP JARVIS
RAINY RIVER



MARCIA KING
FORT FRANCES



(MRS.) J. BOUCHER
PORT ARTHUR



DOREEN LACKO
FORT WILLIAM



ANNE LAMBERTUS
KIRKLAND LAKE



JOAN MAROIS
KIRKLAND LAKE



EILEEN MASON
SIOUX LOOKOUT



SHIRLEY MCDANIEL
MATHESON



JEANNINE MOLODY
ACTON



MARY MONAHAN
MATHESON

North Bay Teachers' College

COMPLETING COURSE

FORM NINE



NANCY NEFF
KIRKLAND LAKE



NORMA PAUL
WAWA



GLYN ROUSE
GOULAIS RIVER



GERALD SAUMUR
PAMOUR



HELEN SAUMUR
PAMOUR



DONALDA SCHNEIDER
SUNDRIDGE



JANE SHELSWELL
MASSEY



JOHN SHIP
SOUTH PORCUPINE



ANN THOMS
BOURKES



EVELYN ZAGRODNEY
KAPUSKASING

FORM TEN



SR. M. DOMINICA
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



SR. ST. GREGORY
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE



(MRS.) L. SDRAULIG
PORT ARTHUR

North Bay Teachers' College

COMPLETING COURSE

FORM TEN



ARLENE BISSET
SUDBURY



IRENE BODAK
GERALDTON



CHARLES BROWN
BRUCE MINES



SHIRLEY BUDD
TIMMINS



(MRS.) E. BUSWA
NORTH BAY



CELIA CURRIE
LORING



LOIS DAWKINS
TIMMINS



LORRAINE DOUPE
THORNLOE



BETTY ANNE GILLESPIE
THESSALON



(MRS.) I. MACLEAY
FORT WILLIAM



ESTELLE MARMINO
NORTH BAY



RUBY ORR
GORDON LAKE



ALONIA RIVET
RUTHERGLEN



CAROLINE ROBERTS
NORTH BAY



MARILYN ROGERS
BRUCE MINES

North Bay Teachers' College

COMPLETING COURSE — FORM TEN



MARGARET SHEEDY
BISSETT



MARILYN SMITH
SPANISH



NINA STEVENSON
RYDAL BANK



LORRAINE SULLIVAN
KIRKLAND LAKE



MARVIN VIEHBECK
EMO



MONICA WHALEN
WALFORD STATION



ROBERT WILSON
WEBBWOOD

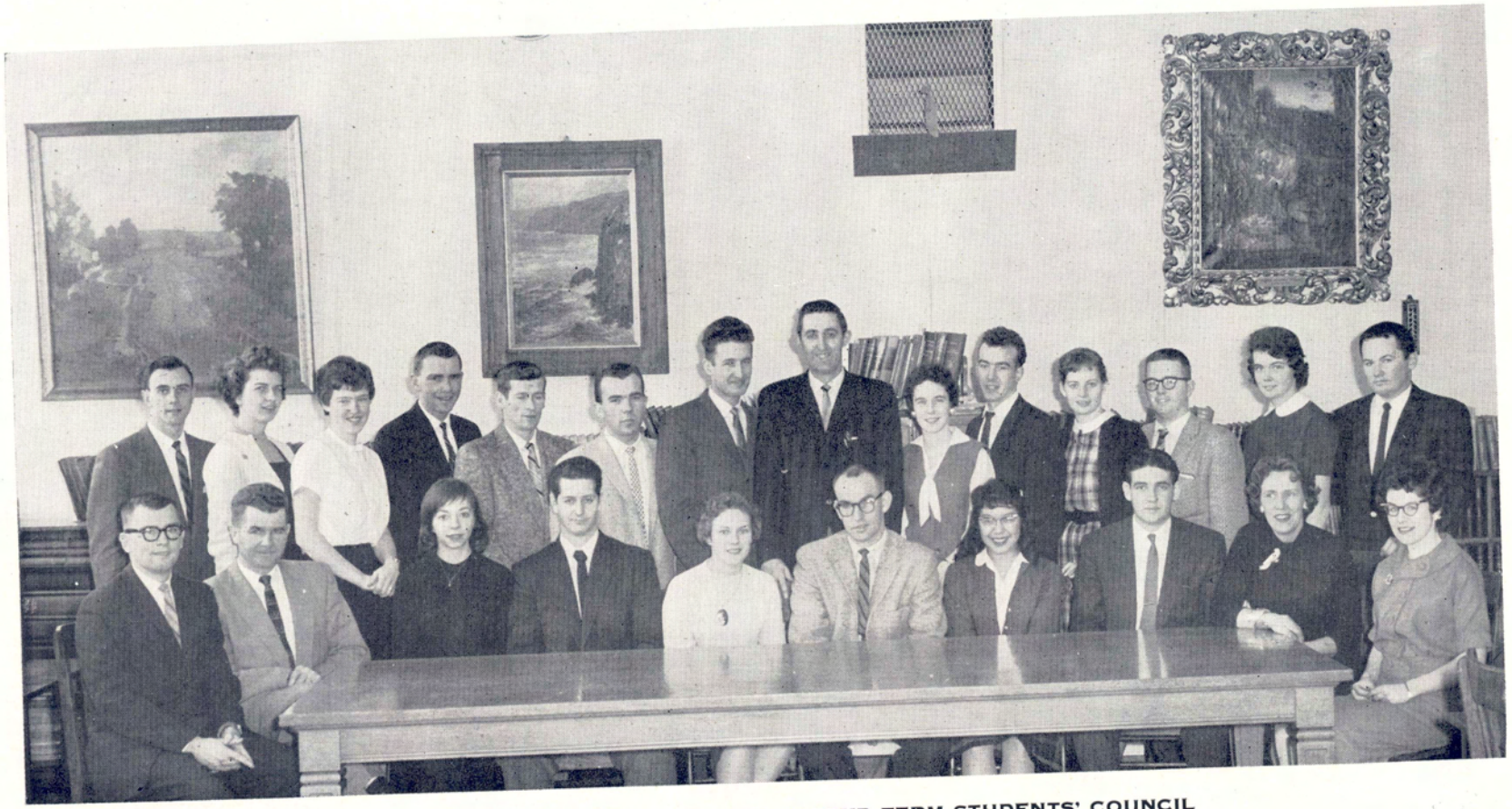


(MRS.) HELEN CARR
IROQUOIS FALLS







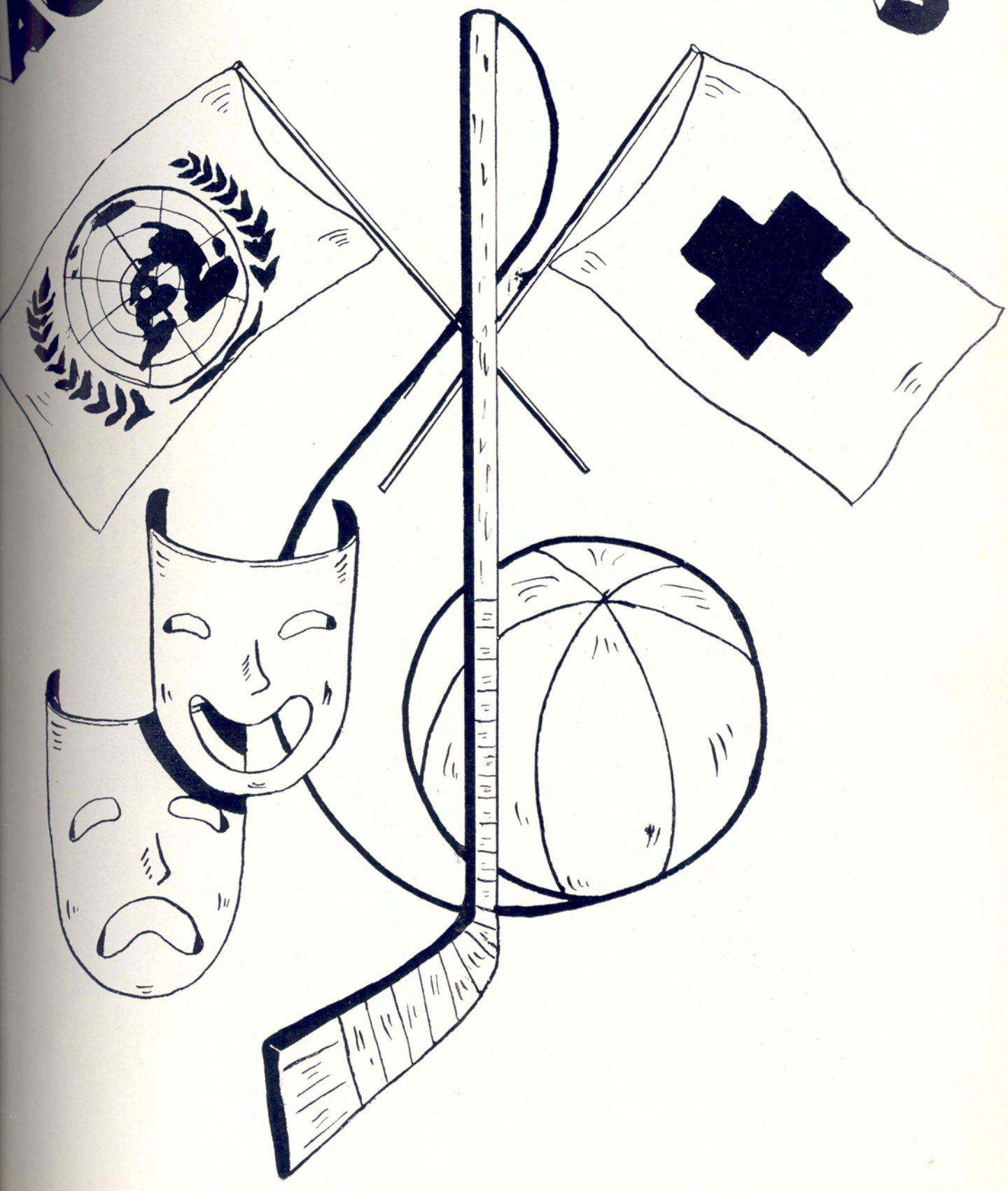


FIRST TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL AND SECOND TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row (left to right)—Dan Krysa, Myrna Crandlemire, Ron Hartley, Charlie Brown, Ron Rheault, Richard Price, Elie Martel, Mary Foreman, Max Jackson, Carol Fleming, Neil Macodrum, Judy Hilderley, Brian Richards.

Seated (left tc right)—Allan Best, Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff Adviser), Jane McColl, Dan Bouvier, Marilyn Smith (President), John Hiscock (President), Miki Maeba, Tom Douglas, Miss A. M. Johnson (Staff Adviser), Gail Tackney.

ACTIVITIES





NORTH BAY TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHOIR

Fifth Row—L. Forester, N. Macodrum, G. Saumur, R. Hulina, R. Rowson, A. Best, G. May, D. White, P. Currie, N. Paul, M. Damsted, J. Baranowski, B. Glembus.

Fourth Row—M. Hill, A. Clark, E. Cook, T. Elston, D. Krysa, C. Jastrebski, C. Hurst, A. Clein, M. Crandlemire, M. Junck, K. Mundy, Mr. M. J. Curtis.

Third Row—E. Zagrodney, P. Morton, B. Brooks, R. Brickett, E. Gervais, M. King, O. Wasylenki, F. Gilje, J. Gates, L. Knapp, R. Wiseman, J. McFarlane, D. Krajc, D. Peterson, U. MacDonald, F. Lummis, D. Hammerberg, A. Breadner, J. Woodruff, S. Clifford, E. Baldisera, L. Ray, L. Kiviaho.

Second Row—P. Woodgate, B. Went, P. Wright, M. McMillan, D. Kahle, J. Hilderley, D. Willoughby, S. Woodrow, J. Ship, N. Smith, S. Lucyk, P. Smith, P. Brown.

First Row—J. Davison, D. Moulds, F. Johnson, S. Skyhar, M. Latham, A. Lambertus, F. Murphy, J. James, M. Carmier, E. MacDonald, B. Brown, K. Lewis. M. Moore (at piano).



DRAMA GROUP

Back Row—Walter Poshtar, Mr. A. C. Bennett (Staff Adviser), Tom Douglas, Ken Miller.
Front Row—Maureen McMillan, Maureen Hicks.



JUNIOR RED CROSS SOCIETY

Mrs. Doris Moulds, Margaret Hill, Lorna Smith (President), Joyce Nelson, Shirley Clifford, Helen Saumur, Miss A. M. Johnson (Staff Adviser), Stewart Woodrow, Betty Anne Gillespie.

North Bay Teachers' College



MEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—Mr. A. J. MacAskill (Coach), Bob Campbell, Ted Plummer, Norm Mason, Alex Kayzer, Mel McCarthy, Gerry May, Jerry Ponikvar.
Front Row—John Lockie (Manager), Jack McFarlane, Richard Price, Don Krajc, George Chase, Kenn Lessard (Manager).



UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION

Back Row—Mr. A. J. Johnson (Staff Adviser), Franklin Murphy, Paula Powell, Patricia Gamble, Mrs. Jacqueline Frampton, Katherine Dooling, Allan Salo, Ross Elliott, Mr. J. D. Deyell (Staff Adviser).

Front Row—Maureen McMillan, Clara Doi, Mrs. W. D. Tucker (U.N. Representative), William LeMay (President), Gail Tackney, Sylvia Grassi.



TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Evelyn Ahola, Kathryn Lewis, Mr. M. J. Curtis (Staff Adviser), Doug Foreman, Margaret Hill, Ray Husband, Evelyn Zagrodney, Shirley McDaniel.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Back Row—Mr. D. Husband (Staff Adviser), Glyn Rouse, Kenn Lessard, Allen Best, George Caldbick, Charles Belcher.
Middle Row—Karen McDowell, James Smith, Ron Hartley, Arlene Bisset, Deanna Robbins, Rudy Hulina.
Front Row—Dawne Murphy, Gloria Stimac, Carole Fetherston, Nancy Andrews.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL (GOLDS)

Back Row—Daisy Laschuk, Caroline Brown, Nancy Andrews, Shirley Clifford, Ann Breadner.
Middle Row—Sara Webkamigad, Deanna Robbins, Joan Onyett.
Front Row—Dorothy Girard, Joan Rummery, Laurel Anyan.

North Bay Teachers' College



GIRLS' BASKETBALL (MAROONS)

Back Row—Myrna Crandlemire, Helen Boyuk, Vera Hrycenko, Frances Gilje, Pat Currie.
Middle Row—Marg. Bell, Carol Fownes, Millie Smukavich, Gwen Metheral, Roberta Cadieu.
Front Row—Carol Hansen, Sylvia DePiero, Judy Hilderley.



MEN'S HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Andy Palcic, Dan Bouvier, Ron Speck, Gary Teeple, Dave Amos, Dale Plant, Gerry Saumur, Ray Lyons, Gordon Ewin, Tony Lukach.
Front Row—Chris Jastrebski (Manager), Charlie Brown, Ron Rheault, Bill Pirie (Playing Coach), Mr. J. T. Angus (Coach), Doug. Foreman, James Smith.

North Bay Teachers' College

FIRST TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The immediate and remote aim of the first term Students' Council — to organize and aid activities for the enjoyment and benefit of the student body — was successfully accomplished through various events.

Let us give credit where credit is due: to the hardy efforts of the council members, the enthusiastic support of the student body and the discreet supervision from our able masters.

The "Horror Hall" at the Hallowe'en Dance started the social events rolling. A more subtle and formal evening, thoroughly enjoyed by all, was the Christmas formal with its colourful canopy of red, white and green streamers. The gayest and most congenial evening was spent skating, tobogganing, dancing, and eating Mrs. Marmino's famous spaghetti and meatballs — an unforgettable event! Remember the "Chinese Auction"? With the sale of the old records the purchasing of thirteen new L.P.'s was made possible.

Through the businesslike administration school pins, rings, crests, and Christmas cards were readily available to the students.

For all these past events, the greatest appreciation is given to Miss Johnson and Miss M. McIntyre — our indispensable staff advisers. It was with their wise guidance that the school year was a success.

MIKI MAEBA

CHOIR

"Follow your saint. Follow with accents sweet . . ."

With breathless anticipation, the entire choir of the North Bay Teachers' College awaited the adjudicator's remarks, following the singing of the festival song at the Sudbury Music Festival. Finally, the long-awaited moment arrived. We had received 86 marks and won the coveted "Choir Trophy". With happy hearts and minds, we boarded the bus and headed back to North Bay.

This triumph of the N.B.T.C. Choir had its beginning early last fall. Voice tests were given and only the best singers were selected to form our choir.

Mr. M. J. Curtis, the choir master, gave a great deal of time and effort to mould this selection of singers into an organized, effective choral group. During our first practice, a selection of officers for our executive was held. The following have been the people in the executive:

Choir leader — Mr. M. J. Curtis; President — John James; Vice-President — Marlene Moore; Secretary-Treasurer — Maureen Cormier; Attendance Secretary — Anne Lambertus; Librarian — Frank Murphy; Pianists — Marlene Moore, Carol Vernon, Mary Latham, Enid MacDonald.

Some of the many songs learned and sung were: National Anthem, Follow Your Saint, Excelsior, Foggy, Foggy Dew, Roumanian Rhapsody, and Chiapenecas.

Although singing in the assembly before the entire student body was very exciting, the two main events that will always be remembered by the choir members were the Music Festival and the successful C.K.G.N. Television show.

Our thanks go to Mr. Curtis and the executive for a musical year that will always be remembered.

JOHN SHIP

SECOND TERM STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The second term Students' Council took office in February with Marilyn Smith as President, Allan Best as Vice-president, Jane McColl as Treasurer, and Danny Bouvier as Secretary.

Our final pre-lenten party was held on Friday, February 26, in the form of an "Olympics Night." A schedule of games was set up, and aspiring athletes competed until exhausted; a series of novelty dances then took place in the auditorium.

We left North Bay on May 5, Thursday, for the Nation's Capital — Ottawa. The week-end spent there was occupied touring the Parliament Buildings, the Mint, and checking up on the Federal Government.

Our closing exercises took place on Thursday, May 12. These exercises consisted of a Graduation ceremony, followed by the Spring Formal. The school year was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," at the end of the dance.

The Second Term Students' Council would like to take this opportunity to give a sincere "Thank you" to our advisers, Miss Johnson, Miss McIntyre and Mr. Reed who gave us so much help in carrying out our activities. A special bouquet is also offered to you, the student body, for giving us your fine support in all of our undertakings.

C. FLEMING

DRAMA CLUB REPORT

The newly formed drama club got well underway this year under the direction of Mr. Bennett. The first play, an act from "A Midsummer Night's Dream", was a huge success.

Tom Douglas and Fred Gordon gave splendid portrayals of Bottom and Quince. Special consideration is due also to the boys who played the other comic characters and to Maureen Hicks as Titania.

The play was presented in the auditorium to the Student Body in January. The ovation received was enough proof that the Drama Club should be continued and enlarged.

The Dramatis Personnae included:

Fred Gordon	Quince
Tom Douglas	Bottom
Ken Miller	Flute
Ross Smith	Snout
Larry Knapp	Starveling
Larry Rogers	Snug
Maureen Hicks	Titania
Miki Maeba	Puck
Shirley McDaniel	Peaseblossom
Daisy Laschuk	Cobweb
Lynn Barlow	Mustardseed
Peggy Wright	Moth
David Bianco	Theseus
Anne Reynolds	Lysander
Joyce Kropp	Hippolyta
Enid MacDonald	Demetrius

Backstage:

Prompter — Maureen McMillan
Properties — Walter Poshtar and committee
Scenery — Marg Christiansen
Stage Manager — Carol Vernon

Special thanks are extended to Mrs. Irwin and to Mr. Reed for their contributions to the play.

Without Mr. Bennett's expert guidance our production would have been impossible, and we thank him. We are hoping to see the Drama Club continued in the future years.

LYNN BARLOW

JUNIOR RED CROSS ORGANIZATION

The purpose of the Junior Red Cross Organization at the Teachers' College is to establish a training centre for the student body, giving them a general idea about organizing, conducting, and executing a Junior Red Cross programme in their own classes.

Among our activities we sponsored a Blood Donor's Campaign to assist the local Blood Bank. Our term was highlighted by a visit from Mrs. Foote, a representative from the headquarters of the Junior Red Cross in Toronto. The student body was enlightened by her informative messages, colourful slides, and pictures and articles from the Junior Red Cross International Art Collection. Terminating this three day visit the Grade Seven class from King Edward demonstrated a typical Junior Red Cross Programme.

We hope that our programme has contributed to the student body a better knowledge and understanding of the importance and functions of Junior Red Cross.

LORNA SMITH AND HELEN SAUMUR

MEN'S BASKETBALL

How do you describe the performance of a team too fabulous for words? I don't know where to start with this year's men's basketball team. However, I shall try my humble best.

Early in September it all began with a group of young men who made an appearance at the first practice. There we met Mr. MacAskill, our coach. From this time on we spent many hours practising together. This year Mr. MacAskill was chosen All-Star coach of the City League. They could not have picked a better man. I am sure that the rest of the players on the team support me when I say that Mr. MacAskill is more than a coach. He seems a member of the team for he has guided us with a firm but just hand and has shown us how to take the good with the bad. I say hats off to Mr. MacAskill for his efforts.

Now I would like to tell you a little about our year's record. In the beginning we lost our first game but we went on to take first place in the league at the end of the schedule. During that time we lost only two games. We defeated Garland Pepsis in two straight games. This was the best of two out of three games for the semi-finals and this set us up for the finals against Chippewa High School. With a bit of luck and much fine playing we captured the championship and the cup.

Now for our individual players. Here is a great group of sportmen who have created a high team spirit. This fact has helped maintain high morale and good feelings between them. Jerry May, an outstanding player whose specialties include rebounds, play-making and defensive work; Norm Mason, one of our top scorers and a member of the All-Star Team; Bob Campbell, specialist at jump shots; John MacFarlane, a good defensive man; Don Krajc, our hardest working humourist; Jerry Ponikvar, another keen member of the team; Alex Kayzer, the tallest of the group and a good man on rebounds; Ted Plummer, accurate on fast breaks and a member of the second All-Star Team; Mel McCarthy, fiery point-getter and a valuable player on the All-Star Team; George Chase, a good ball handler; Dick Price, yours truly, also played basketball.

At this point I would like to mention our team managers, John Lockie and Kenn Lessard, and thank them for their time and energy in helping the team. Our best wishes go out to future N.B.T.C. basketball teams, that they will uphold our winning standard.

DICK PRICE

LADIES' BASKETBALL

Was it the sporting of the new maroon and gold uniforms that lead one of our sharp-shooting teams on to victory? Perhaps it was, but the brilliant teamwork of all the girls on the team was the biggest contributing factor. The Maroons owe much of their success to the skillful coaching by Mildred Smukavich who led the team on to victory. These girls, originating from Sault Ste. Marie, Sudbury and the Lakehead regions, exhibited their clever basketball skills to show that it was not really important whether you won or lost but how you played the game.

Congratulations girls, for the wonderful effort displayed and the winning of the championship.

We must, however, not forget the unfailing effort shown by the other Teachers' College team — the Golds. Under the coaching of Mrs. Levis the team came quite near to reaching the top. We are proud and happy that one Teachers' College team was so successful and hope that in future the girls will continue to record victories and championships.

DAISY LASCHUK

HOCKEY

Hockey returned to the Teachers' College after an absence of nearly twenty-five years! Contributing a large part to sport thrills during the year, the newly organized N.B.T.C. hockey team completed the regular season in first place in the Scholastic Hockey League.

Preliminary difficulties including lack of funds and insufficient equipment were overcome with cash aid from the Students' Council and with support of the student body at dances sponsored for the team.

A twelve game schedule was played by hard-working, fast-skating players who had to contend with injuries and player shortages during teaching weeks, yet, who still provided exciting hockey for loyal fans and cheerleaders. The play-off series with the A.C.S. Trojans was superbly played, though the College team did not emerge the victor. The team's outstanding play and spirit of good sportsmanship which it displayed at all times won the admiration of the entire student body and respect of all opponents.

Credit for this successful showing is due to many people, including the playing-coach Bill Pirie, whose efforts and intense interest in the organization never slackened; Chris Jastrebski and Jim Smith, the hard-working managers, who faithfully saw to the needs of the players; the fans and the cheerleaders who provided loud support; and especially, Mr. J. T. Angus, staff adviser, who was responsible for the early organization of the team and who gave so much of his time for its welfare. A great deal of appreciation is due him for his contribution.

Above all, recognition belongs to the players themselves who so ably represented the Teachers' College and who provided fine calibre hockey. It is hoped that this year's excitement, success and enthusiasm will be equalled or bettered in the years to come.

CHRIS JASTREBSKI

THE UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Our activities during the course of the year were many and varied.

In October our members sold "Shell Out" tags to the Teachers' College students to aid the U.N.I.C.E.F.

By special invitation the members of the U. N. club at North Bay Teachers' College were invited by the Canadian Club to listen to a brilliant talk by Willson Woodside, National Director of the United Nations Association in Canada.

At Christmas, greeting cards were sold to the students again to aid the U.N.I.C.E.F. fund.

During the course of the year films were shown to the Teachers' College students as well as members of the North Bay Branch of the U.N. These included a series of slides illustrating the Declaration of Human Rights, and a film starring Danny Kaye in suport of the U.N.I.C.E.F. campaign.

One of the most enlightening speakers througout the year was Mrs. W. D. Tucker from Toronto who gave the students of the Teachers' College as well as the Chippewa High School students an eye opening talk.

Many other activities took place throughout the year such as foreign correspondence, discussions and debates. Inspired by Mr. A. J. Johnson and the members of the North Bay Association Branch, the debates and discussions were a tremendous success.

Now that we are about to leave and take our place as teachers in various communities in Ontario we expect to carry out activities introduced to us by the U. N. Club. We know the new members of the Teachers' College U. N. club in years to come, inspired and encouraged by the leadership of Mr. J. D. Deyell, will continue to put forth great effort to bring about the achievement of the United Nations.

An editorial appearing in the January edition ot Maclean's magazine quoted a University student as saying "There are no great causes for a young person to join. We haven't anything we can believe in. Nothing seems to be more than half true nowadays."

What finer cause can there be for a thoughtful young person aspiring to be a teacher than the great adventure in world cooperation now being undertaken in Our United Nations?

WM. LEMAY

TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The Teachers' Christian Fellowship, a branch of the International Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, is an organization of teachers and teachers-to-be who meet together in order to better "know Christ and make Christ known."

The executive of this year's group is as follows:

President	Doug Foreman
Vice-President	Fern Minor
Secretary-Treasurer	Marg Hill
Publicity Secretary	Kay Lewis
Missionary Minute Secretary	Evelyn Ahola
Pianist	Ray Husband
Social Conveners	Shirley McDaniel, Evelyn Zagrodney

Meetings were held Thursday at 12:30 in Room Four, and have taken the form of Bible studies, student conducted, interspersed with visits from local or visiting clergymen and from our local area director, Bernie Smith. Our group has been responsible for some of the Thursday religious assemblies and, on one or two occasions, for service in some of the local churches.

MARGARET HILL

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The chief aim of the Council was to provide and organize a variety of physical activities for the enjoyment of all. The second aim was to support any sports group, financially or otherwise.

Although it possessed only limited funds, the Council paid the entry fees for the North Bay Basketball League of the Boys' and Girls' Basketball Teams and for the Hockey Team. The girls' Basketball Team received a donation with which it purchased new Maroon and Gold uniforms.

The Council was also responsible for the many activities in which the student body participated during the year.

On Thursday evenings from 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. Game Nights were held at the College. On these evenings, students were free to play ping-pong, volleyball, shuffleboard, and badminton.

For Volleyball, the participants were divided into teams representing the four different districts: East, West, Centre and South Houses. By the end of the first term, only six teams remained of the original eleven. Using the point system which was drawn up by this year's Council, East House stands at the top of the Volleyball League. The points won by the end of the first term were: East House 150, West House 102, South House 72, Centre House 132.

The point system which was set up by the Council ran as follows:

win (play or default) — 12 points

playing a lost game — 6 points

losing by default — 0.

On Tuesdays, organized bowling was played. Because of the great interest in bowling, it was necessary to organize a schedule for twenty-nine teams. All players arrived each night on time which made the games interesting and successful. A few of our top scorers were Marcia King, Mildred Smukavich, Arlene Bisset, Doreen Lacko, Norma Paul, and Carol Paul. These people participated in a bowling tournament and to our pleasure came away with the cup.

Curling was also organized but because of insufficient interest, the programme was cancelled.

This year, the cheerleaders were able to make a successful beginning under the Council. There were both basketball and hockey cheerleaders, with gay, attractive outfits.

At the outset of the basketball season, a Pep Rally was held in the auditorium. The cheerleaders in their outfits, led the entire student body in College cheers. Enthusiasm and interest were aroused, and good moral support was given by all at the games.

Matters would not have progressed so smoothly had it not been for Mr. Husband, who was present at all meetings. His willingness to give advice or a helping hand whenever needed was appreciated by all.

DAWNE MURPHY. FORM 3.

AN APPRECIATION

It seems it is given to athletes or politicians to receive immediate public acclaim for their colourful deeds and accomplishments. Yet others "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." Such an individual is **Mrs. Jennie Irwin,** Art Master, who justly deserves a salute in recognition of her achievement—twenty-six continuous years devoted to the practice of her profession at North Bay Teachers' College. Indeed this is a noteworthy record!

Before this accomplishment was realized, years of preparation and training were experienced. Mrs. Irwin's girlhood, spent in Lancaster, Ontario, as an only sister to four brothers, provided much practice in learning independence, co-operation, patience and resourcefulness. On completion of her secondary schooling, Mrs. Irwin attended Queen's University where she graduated with an Honours Bachelor of Arts degree in English and History. Following a year's training at the Edmonton Normal School, she taught for five years in Alberta as Principal of a Continuation School. Then she married and became the mother of two children. Five years later, after her husband's untimely death, she returned to teaching.

Being generously talented in Art, Mrs. Irwin furthered her professional qualifications at the College of Education in Toronto, there obtaining a High School Assistant's Certificate, a Specialist's Certificate in Art and, afterwards, the degree of Bachelor of Paedagogy. After a ten-week teaching period at the Toronto Normal School, Mrs. Irwin came to North Bay in 1934.

It was written of her then, "Art to the average individual has always been a source of constant despair; but it has taken on new life and interest under Mrs. Irwin's cheerful guidance, even for the hopelessly inartistic."

During the summers, Mrs. Irwin did post-graduate work in Art at Columbia University. For the first seventeen years in North Bay, she held the additional position of Art Supervisor in the Public Schools. Thus at the time of the revision of the Elementary School Art Curriculum, when the encouragement of creative self-expression was emphasized, Mrs. Irwin was able to pioneer the new aims in both the Normal and Public Schools.

Later, Social Studies, Academic Geography and History became part of her teaching timetable; now, because of increased numbers, this taxing schedule has been reduced to include only Art and Geography.

Through these years, many student-teachers in small classes and larger groups, experienced memorable hours in her classroom. They witnessed an illuminating teacher who opened their eyes to realize that life has loveliness to be found in it if only they would seek it; a teacher who was full of vitality and imagination; a teacher whose classroom organization and routine were stream-lined and time-saving; a teacher who was completely fair.

They witnessed a sensitive artist who was keenly aware of the world about her; an artist with desire to have Art appreciated and with the ability to guide others in expressing themselves creatively. Always, her aim was to elicit the best from each individual according to his capabliity, and on that basis only was he judged.

What are the rewards of such unceasing effort? Mrs. Irwin feels they are intangibles—a child's face "holding wonder like a cup", a student's delight in accomplishment, or a flicker of new awareness kindled in an individual. As well, there is reward in seeing former pupils achieve positions of prominence in education as hers have done in becoming Ontario Department of Education officials, Teachers' College Masters, High School teachers, Inspectors, Principals and classroom teachers in the elementary schools.

These years of teaching have been conducted by Mrs. Irwin in the spirit of this biblical text, "And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." For to teach is to love, and only by giving all of one's self can this end be fulfilled.

Mrs. Irwin's achievements serve as excellent inspiration to new teachers going into the field. In her example is found the application of what they have been taught and what they hope to accomplish.

Congratulations are extended to Mrs. Irwin as are sincere wishes for many more rich, rewarding and successful years wherein she may "shine in use," sure in the knowledge that hers is a vital task.

PAULINE FOURNIER, FORM 2.

North Bay Teachers' College







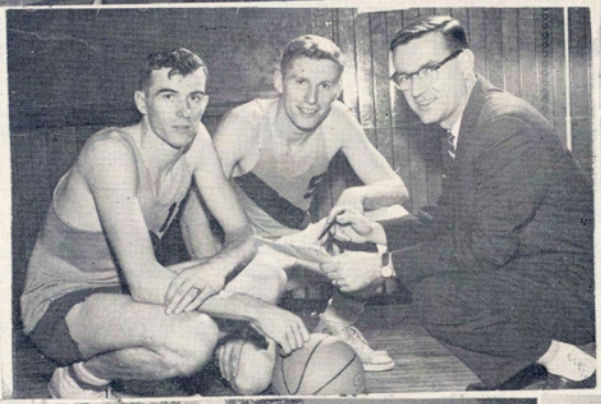



















North Bay Teachers' College



VALEDICTORY

Mr. Parnall, honoured guests, Masters and fellow graduates:

As I sat down to prepare this farewell address, I was aware of the great honour conferred upon me and of the great responsibility entrusted to me for expressing the feelings of the entire student body. In leafing through the Valedictory Addresses of former years and recalling others I had heard, I observed that everyone of them generally expressed the same ideas. At first, this bothered me; I wanted my speech to be unique! Then, I came to realize that as I delivered this oration, I would be reflecting the exact thoughts of countless other graduating classes of innumerable commencements. The surroundings may be different but the feelings at the time of graduation surely are the same feelings of pride, gratitude and nostalgia! And so if you remember this speech as sounding vaguely like others you have heard before, I will feel that I have succeeded in expressing the feelings of the graduates of 1959 — 1960.

As we recall the events of the past nine months, many different pictures flash across our minds. We think of the first few days and weeks at Teachers' College. Some of us came here wondering how it could take a whole year to learn how to teach elementary school; others felt frightened at the thought of facing a class of thirty-five or forty active children and still others, who had taught before, calmly prepared to take it in stride. All of us, no matter which of the three groups we may have been in, have matured a great deal. It is true that at times our behaviour was far from that which is expected of professional teachers, but I feel we have succeeded in coming up to the professional standards as the months quickly slipped by.

Indeed, our outlook has broadened considerably. Some of us who not many years ago frowned upon any type of dancing, now happily slipstep and skip through "Looby Loo" and 'Little Bo Peep" with the best of them. We have learned to carry out such operations as "Good King Wenceslas looked out ———BOING!" with a straight face. We outnumbered males, who are quick to sidestep anything degrading to the stronger sex, now, without a qualm, ask enthusiastically "Do you think Little Red Riding Hood was wise to stop and pick the flowers?"

We, in the One-Year course at least, learned, a new reading skill at the Easter examinations———how to read questions on an exam paper placed face down on our desks.

As we reminisce, we recall the extra-curricular activities in which we participated and the undying friendships we made. Never has there been an Institution in which the atmosphere of comradeship was warmer or the people better prepared to befriend others. We remember the Friday night dances, the Christmas formal, the trip to Ottawa and all the informal gatherings during the year. These are only a few of the varied activities and experiences we call to mind tonight.

For all the memories we take with us, there are many people to whom we are indebted. To you, Mr. Parnall, to the members of the Staff and to the Practice Teachers go our heartfelt thanks. With the aid of your guidance, we avoided many pitfalls and climbed unscathed from others. Each one of us at one time or other, became slightly discouraged and by the precept and example of our teachers, most of us have managed to see things through. Surely no one here at this time can say that it wasn't worth the effort.

We would also like to thank our religious instructors for adding to our training. Through them, we have come to realize that all our talents, skills and abilities have been entrusted to us for our lifetime, to be used in the service of the Divine Power.

Now, we stand on the brink of a new future. This is the moment towards which we have been working for months. Yet, this important event is overcome somewhat by a strange ache deep inside us. Going out to start a new role in life unfortunately necessitates making sacrifices. Looking around us, we realize that many faces we will never see again once our year at N.B.T.C. comes to an end. Many times in the future, the memories of those to whom we now bid farewell will be the bridge spanning the gap of time back to our happy College days.

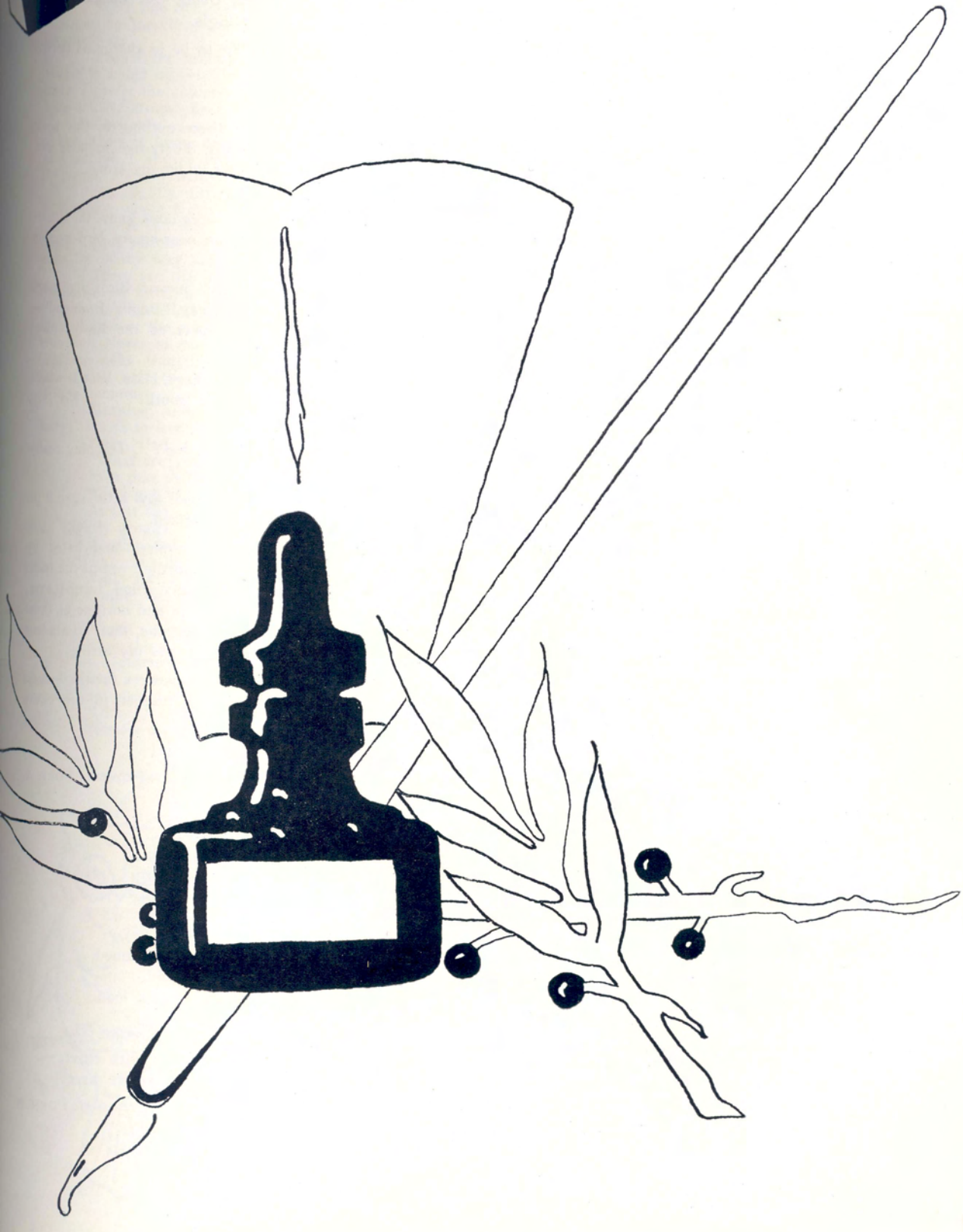
As we step out of North Bay Teachers' College for the last time, we go out with the knowledge that our obligations in the future are unprecedented. Ours is a world constantly on the move. Progress and expansion surround us here in Canada. Tensions and uncertainties. We, the class of 1959-1960 are determined that in this task, we shall not be found wanting.

And so, we are gathered here to bid farewell to our teachers and classmates. To some, this might seem the end of the time spent in learning to teach. Most of us, however, realize that this is only the beginning———our learning will go on as long as we remain in the teaching profession. Actually, we have reached another plateau in our quest for education. Our goal is much closer than it was in September but most of us still have to conquer the peaks of university and further profesional education. I am sure I speak for each individual here as I wish everyone of the Class of 1959-1960 success in the years to come.

Now we are preparing to leave, but our places will be filled shortly by others just as anxious and determined to succeed as we were. May they enjoy all the delightful and valued experiences that were ours and, when they leave, may they be as sorry to go as we are and just as proud as we to be numbered among the graduates of North Bay Teachers' College.

TOM DOUGLAS, FORM 1.

LITERARY



FAILURE !

Teaching — my hope and dream for years! Now I was about to plan my first lesson on "Birds that fly South". How I was dreading it! Imagine talking for thirty minutes on a topic like that! How could she give me an assignment like this! If this is an indication of teaching, I'm through!

In a dazed, disorderly state of mind, I headed toward the library. Now where could I find something about birds? After unsuccessfully searching through **The Rural School Teacher, Using Our Language,** and **Jolly Numbers,** I timidly asked the librarian where I could find some books about birds.

"Right in front of you," she cheerfully replied, thinking, "And she is going to be in charge of thirty-five little children some day!"

I looked up in embarrassment to see hundreds of books about birds.

"I'm saved," I thought, as I greedily clutched the first book I saw. Was there nothing in this book about birds flying south? Oh well, probably all the rest of the books are about this. Forty-five minutes and fifty books later, I gave up, carrying only a well-worn pamphlet and one single book under my arm.

My optimism returned a little as I spied the picture file.

"At least I'll have plenty of pictures to show," I thought. Would a Grade Three class know the difference between a British Water Fowl and a Canada Goose? I hoped not, for now the near-empty bird section contained nothing but penguins, ostriches and a snowy owl.

The next few days were undescribable misery. What could "Subject Matter" mean? Birds fly south in the winter. What else could I possibly say? Oh well, it probably isn't important anyway. "Pupils' Problem" — Now what problem could there possibly be about birds flying south? A ridiculous part of the lesson plan! Introduction — that is a problem!

"We all know that birds fly. Where do they fly?" . . . No . . . "I have a bird here, class. Watch where it flies when I let it out of the cage. Out the window? Yes, and we all know that is south?" . . . No . . . Presentation.

"Where do birds go in the winter? South. Good. That's all for today, class!" . . . No . . . Teaching really can't be like this! This is impossible!

Three hectic days later I was prepared. My lesson plan was neatly printed and my little speech to Mr. Parnall about how sorry I was that I wasn't suited to teaching was carefully memorized.

I entered the classroom and miserably waited for my turn to be ridiculed, despised and hated by thirty-five little children and one practice teacher. I could see myself walk gracefully up to the front of the room and fall flat on my face over the leg of a chair. I could imagine the deadly silence as my mind turned over, trying to remember my introduction. I could picture thirty-five little children sitting there and not one of them knowing what I was talking about, a master walking in and expelling me in front of everyone, the two student teachers screaming in gales of hysterical laughter as my lesson progressed. And then it was my turn!

In a terrified stupor, I asked ridiculous questions and responded to ridiculous answers for the longest and most miserable thirty minutes of my life. Broken-hearted, I, the poorest student teacher in the entire College, walked back to my seat and numbly picked up my lesson plan book.

"A very good lesson. You're going to be a successful teacher!" I was on my way!

PAULA POWELL, FORM 4.

★ ★ ★

MOTIVATION FOR TEACHERS

Supper over, homework done,
I looked at my watch, a quarter past one.
Into bed, fast asleep,
House is quiet, not a peep.
Soon comes seven and through the chill,
I rush upstairs feeling somewhat ill.
I face the mirror with a look forlorn,
And tell myself it's a happy morn.
My face bears a smile which is quite unique,
It will be all right if I do not speak.

Breakfast is over; I begin my day,
Taxi is late, forgot his way.
Suffering cold and bitter wind,
I stand there wondering where I sinned.
A passer-by with a heart of gold,
Gives me a ride though she has a load.
I arrive at last when full of joy,
Up to the front comes a little boy.
Whose words can fill your heart with cheer,
With, "Golly, teacher, I'm glad you're here!"

PEGGY WRIGHT, FORM 8.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ULLYSES PHINEAS BARNES

Barnes is the name, Ullyses Phineas Barnes — distinguished diplomat, explorer and deep-thinking personality who revels in night life. Some say I am cruel, but to be specific, I get what I want.

Have you seen the country in the North West Territories? Crisp, cool, brilliant and exciting are only a few of the words that might describe it. This is my home, although, like many restless people, I prefer to move southward in winter; not to mingle with the sightseers but to observe, to study and to profit by my nightly raids.

When one is blessed with keen sight and perception, nothing is too small to miss observation. Many unsuspecting travellers are surprised by the sudden thrills I have given them. Here I sit, planning my vacation for next year.

People are talking about progress. They say we will be observing this even as far as North Bay. I believe it would be very interesting and educational to visit this part of Canada. I understand it is not too warm there. I prefer the colder climates since my wardrobe is suitable to the North West Territories. Since this Dew Line activity around here, I find I have a hunger for worldly news.

Christmas is over and all my family duties are completed. I shall make my flight at night. I do so dislike others to know of my movements. This is so satisfying; the calm is just right, the stars — so clear and so beautiful. I always have been interested in Astronomy; mustn't delay reserving one of the first flights to the moon. These new inventions can prove quite interesting.

It's slightly difficult to find accommodation for the stop-overs on my flight. This looks just wonderful, a penthouse where I can see all around and I do enjoy preparing my own meals — especially wild fowl.

Ah! A full day to relax and feel as stuffed as my old grandfather who sits in a parlour of a tourist home. . . no parlour for me, thanks, too many interesting people and things to see. No more dreaming, I must be on my way.

There are the lights of the airport. This must be North Bay. The trees are different here, bushier, wonderful for birds, a virtual paradise for the hunter and fisherman. "Tourist accommodation." There are signs all around. Oh well, I'll just select a one-room apartment near the "Gateway to the North" where I can view the activities of the area. The sky looks the same as at home, and what an expanse of ice! How white and beautiful! Never in my travels have I seen such grandeur as a Lake Nipissing sunset. The glory and splendour hold me quite transfixed. It's gone now, but I shall always remember this scene. Night closes in and I am not familiar with the night spots around here. I'll just browse around a while. This looks like a good eating spot — hmmm — Rabbit, a specialty.

Morning, and anyone knows that this is the best time to sleep; but what a noise. "Bang! Bang! Bang!" I love to live dangerously and high, but this — I do believe that nasty boy has punctured my wing.

"Hey, Dad. I think I got him! He swayed."

"What are you shooting at?"

"See that owl up there? I'll get him."

"You get away from there. You shouldn't shoot at a poor, old owl."

At last the culprits leave. 'Owl" he calls me — Ullyses Phineas Barnes — an "old owl" at that! I do feel slightly groggy. I'll just sit very still and perhaps the world will stop swimming around me.

Another day has passed and no one has bothered me. Many people keep staring at me, but I'm sure if I just sit very still everything will be quite successful.

Night has arrived already! I must eat. I see a mouse — it will have to do for now. Such pain, I can't move my wing. Oh dear, surely I won't starve to death up here. My perch is shaking. What is that beside me? I'll move it!

"Ouch" cries my latest intruder. "Can't let him die, but I feel like it after a bite like that!"

Next thing I know I'm all wound up in something soft and warm, and I'm not ashamed to admit I'm a bit frightened. My next move is into a box with a grating on the front — how I hate being confined, but the food is good. Here comes another dish . . . it smells . . . I feel dizzy . . . my grandfather dances around me when he's in someone's parlour — stuffed . . . There's that man again!

"Okay, Jack? How's old Barney? Did you get the bullet out? Why did you bother?"

"That's my job," says Jack. "He's a fine bird and helps us keep down pests. He's a fighter, too!"

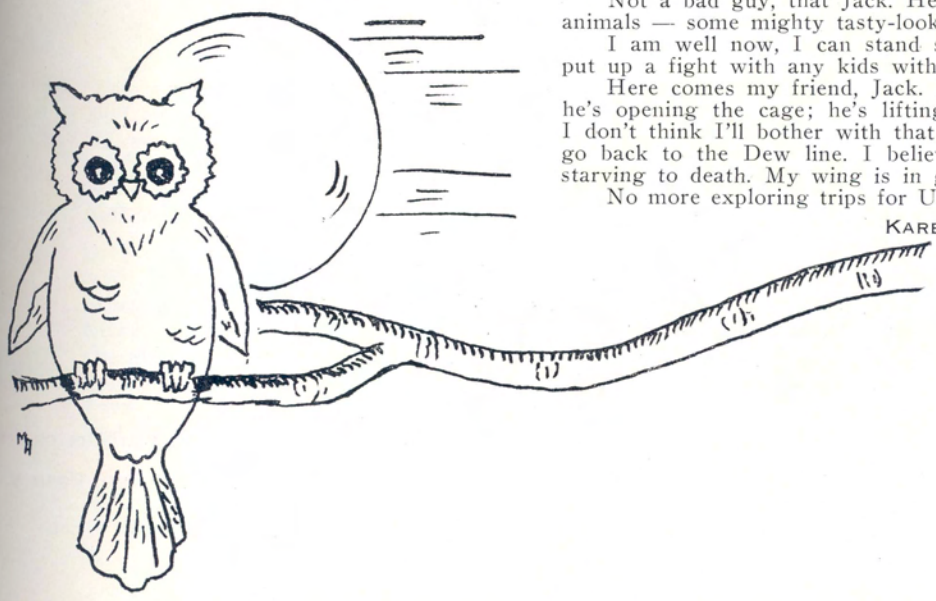
Not a bad guy, that Jack. He has a hospital here for animals — some mighty tasty-looking ones, too.

I am well now, I can stand steadily, and I sure can put up a fight with any kids with guns.

Here comes my friend, Jack. He's taking me outside; he's opening the cage; he's lifting me high into the air. I don't think I'll bother with that gun-toting lad. I'll just go back to the Dew line. I believe Jack saved me from starving to death. My wing is in great shape now.

No more exploring trips for Ullyses Phineas Barnes.

KAREN MCDOWELL, FORM 8.



THE END OF A TEACHER'S DAY

Four o'clock! And the teacher's work
Was done for another day!
She gave a sort of tired sigh
And put her books away,

Then sat for a moment and bowed her head
Over her large, old desk,
"I wonder," she said to herself,
"Am I really doing my best?"

Perhaps I could have begun the day
With a brighter, cheerier smile
And helped each child — "Right away"
Instead of "After a while."

And I might have listened with sweeter grace,
To the story of Susan's woes;
She may be suffering more, perhaps,
More than anyone knows.

And I might have refrained from frowning,
Although I was busy then
When that frail little girl, with sad blue eyes,
Began to cry again.

And I might have spoken a kindlier word,
To the heart of that restless boy,
And stopped a moment to help him find
The missing part of his toy.

Or perhaps little John for another one
Just needed a gentler touch;
There are many things I might have done
And it wouldn't have taken much.

She sighed again and brushed a tear,
Then whispered—praying low,
'My God, how can You accept this day,
When it was lacking so?"

And God looked down—He heard the sigh,
He saw the shining tear;
Then sent His Angel Messenger,
To whisper in her ear — — —

"You could have done better today,
But, oh! the Omnipotent One,
Seeing your faults, does not forget
The many good things you have done."

"He knows, young teacher, you love your work
In this life of pain and sorrow,
So gladly forgives the lack of today,
For you will do better tomorrow."

The teacher looked up with a grateful smile,
"Tomorrow, I'll make it right;
I'll lend a hand to each little child,
After I rest tonight."

LOIS DAWKINS, FORM 10.

★ ★ ★

THE AGE OF REASON

In the beginning I wanted to be a singer.
I sang all the time.
But everyone told me I was "unrealistic",
Most singers never got anywhere.
I gave it up.

Then I took to writing poetry.
I did it day and night.
I loved writing poetry.
But everyone told me I was "unrealistic",
Most poets died "broke."
I gave it up.

Later on I developed a passion for painting.
I painted every minute of the day.
But everyone told me I was "unrealistic",
It took years to make painting pay off.
I gave it up.

Now I am a teacher.
But I sing to myself in the shower and write poetry in my head on the bus and read articles on art in the Sunday papers. Everyone says I am a realist.

ARTHUR MCARTHUR, FORM 6.

ON SMOKING

The bluish-grey, ominous fumes listlessly curled throughout the gloomy cubicle and ponderously settled on everything within it. From the depths of these vapours slowly materialized a score or more of sullen creatures who turned lugubriously and peered at me through tormented eyes. What had I stumbled upon? Was it a Nazi mass execution in the cursed gas chambers? Or perhaps a secret proscription meeting of Lucifer and his henchmen in the sulphurous depths? Fearfully I turned and fled — my only thought being to put distance between this horrible scene and myself.

Still absorbed in fear-crazed thought, I staggered down several flights of squeaky stairs and hastily pushed my way through the nearest exit. Instantly, I was numbed by a blast of freezing air and stifled by the same choking odour that had overwhelmed me earlier. Looking up in mortal fear, I was confronted with the same bone-chilling sight as before. However, the wretches herded into this stall bore an extra burden. The cold air had given them a faint blue tinge! From somewhere in my fear-clutched mind, I heard the sharp ringing of a bell. Suddenly, each of these creatures, as if controlled by one mind, made a grinding motion with one foot and began walking dilatorily towards me!

Sometime later, as I regained my senses, I was to learn that I had had my first run-in with smoking at N. B. T. C. It had been my misfortune to witness the ritual in both the Common Room and the "Refrigerator Room" at the boys' entrance. It was this terrifying experience which prompted me to delve into the complex problem characterized by the inhaling and exhaling of clouds of useless, lung-clogging vapourized nicotine.

This money-consuming habit, which has engulfed everyone from the neighbour's ten-year-old to Mammy Yokum, is by no means a product of our civilization. Indeed, when Columbus first set foot on the shores of the West Indies, he was greeted by an almost-overpowering cloud of tobacco smoke. Surely, if he could have foreseen the effects this weed would have on the people of the twentieth century, he would have weighed anchor and sailed quickly to Spain — conceding to the fellows of the "old school" that the earth was flat as they had stated — thereby saving his fellow man form eternal slavery.

The subject of smoking brings to mind another notable figure of history. Legend has it that Sir Walter Raleigh was a habitual smoker. I vaguely recall that the weed had a peculiar effect on him. Under its spell, he cast his coat over a mud puddle to protect the dainty foot of England's Elizabeth I. Legend also has it that Sir Walter later "lost his head" over this woman — but that is another story.

Now and then, the tobacco industry has received much publicity from famous people. For instance, how many pictures of Sir Winston Churchill can you recall seeing, in which he was not in possession of an obese black cigar? Another brilliant Englishman, Rudyard Kipling, is credited with this thought-provoking statement, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke!"

Recently, the public has been assailed by statements telling of the damage done to one's health by cigarettes. However, these reports in most cases have been taken rather lightly. People now laughingly refer to these teeth-staining, speech-impeding, breath-spoiling instruments as "cancer sticks" and "coffin nails" without thinking just how close to the truth they could be.

We, as future teachers, must take it upon ourselves to make the children aware of the bad effects of tobacco. Already, I have witnessed this being done — unfortunately, with poor results. The eloquent grade seven teacher had just delivered a fine oration on the evils of smoking and the room was so hushed that the proverbial pin would have clanged like a bell as it hit the floor. With some pride of accomplishment, the man stuck his thumbs in his belt. This movement necessitated the opening of his coat and to my dismay and the utter delight of the class, there, faintly gleaming through his shirt pocket, nestled a package of Players!

I could go on writing about the ill effects of smoking for quite some time, but I must lay down my pen now as my pipe just went out and I **must** get some tobacco before the store closes!

THOMAS M. DOUGLAS, FORM 1.

★ ★ ★

TEACHING AIDS

"Concrete material,"
So I am told,
"Is worth to the student
Much more than gold,
For marks, motivation,
And praises untold."

So I with wide
And innocent eyes,
Strut into the class
In hunter's guise.
Or, racking my brain
For some surprise
Turn classroom to kitchen
And think myself wise.

I sit at night,
I cut and paste.
I paste and cut.
It seems a waste.
My pen lies idle.
My brain is numb.
I think and think.
But no thoughts come.

I arise at dawn
And pack my gear,
I struggle to school
And my pupils dear.
I compose myself
As best I can.
Oh! Something is missing—
My lesson plan! !

F. LUMMIS, FORM 3.

WHAT?

The darkening future holds
Nothing?
Or is it that this pendant, yet onward-racing, life
Hides answers, replies to questions
Tumbled together throughout youth's thoughts?
The present dies.
The future threatens.
The past denies.
But we must seek the Light
That ever guides through life's turmoil
Or surely we shall die and pass
Unknown—
Unseen—
Unheard—
To worlds below, the victims of despair.
Despair—
Disgrace
—Comrades.
Arm in arm they go, leading youth to death.
Shall we live thusly, "Angry young men",
Seeking nothing, finding less?
Or shall we onward stride
Guided, guiding, helped and helping,
Finding the way to glory and to life
Showing it to fellow men?
Light is there!
It must be heeded.
Follow!
For only by this Light will you be led
To peacefulness and rest.

RICHARD MOORE. FORM 3.

★ ★ ★

GUARDIAN OF THE LAKE

Cradled in the arms of her guardian,
The lake shimmered in the sunlight.
Wavelets creamed across her row on row
And crept up her glistening shores.
The gentle breezes darted through the trees,
And made the leaves rustle and flutter gaily
As though they were trying to whisper secrets
To each other at the same time.
The mountain, stately and serene,
Showed his form proudly against the azure sky,
His head crowned with white, lovingly
Watching over his beautiful charge.
The lake of a blue so deep
Yet as clear as a sapphire,
Sparkling like diamonds,
Resting yet not sleeping,
Spread her waters o'er the face of the earth,
The image of her foster father
Reflected in her cloud-flecked face.
They belonged together, the lake and the mountain.
Something more than friendship
Would bind these two together eternally.

BARBARA BROOKS. FORM 1.

THE SNOWFLAKE

One day, I saw a snowflake
That had journeyed from afar;
God's mighty hand had touched it,
And fringed it like a star.

It floated down from heaven
Like a feather on the air;
And nestled in a snowdrift
Like a soul without a care.

The moon came out and bathed it
In a pool of silvery light;
And like a starry diamond,
It twinkled through the night.

The morning sun peeked o'er the hills,
And shone upon it there;
And took it back to heaven,
Into God's great loving care.

SHIRLEY A. RUSSELL. FORM 8.

THE TEACHING PROFESSION

Among the numerous professions open to both men and women is that of teaching. Previously at the mention of the word "teaching" a picture flashed into our mind of a sedate old "school marm" primly seated behind a huge old-fashioned desk, one hand holding an arithmetic book and the other conveniently free to reach for the hickory stick, while the rigid pupils peered out from under their copy-books for "Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace the day's disasters in his morning face".

A sigh of relief escapes us as we walk into a modern classroom and find a very human being seated behind the desk. Yes—the teacher now differs vastly in many respects from the one of a century ago, but there is one thing which has not changed and that is the field in which she works — education.

For years now the leaders of this province have knitted their brows over the short-comings of our schools; at least that is the impression one gets from newspapers and periodicals. The business of most teachers and parents is not education but teaching. Teaching is something that can be provided for, changed or stopped. It is good or bad, brilliant or stupid, plentiful or scarce. Education on the other hand, is obviously something else, something intangible, unpredictable. Education comes from within; it is a man's own doing, or rather it happens to him, sometimes because of the teaching he has had, sometimes in spite of it. No man says of another, "I educated him." This would be offensive to the learner. But it is a proud thing to say, "I taught him" — and a wise one not to specify what. You cannot, for example, teach democracy, or citizenship or a happy married life. I do not say that these virtues and benefits are not somehow connected with good teaching. They are, but they occur as by-products. They come not from a course, but from a teacher; not from a curriculum, but from a human soul.

This brings us back to the teacher again and her importance in the educational scheme. Despite all the talk recently about the installation of television sets in classrooms and audio-visual aids, it is evident to the clear thinker that in any type of teaching, be it the formal lesson, lecturing or discussion, the effective agent is the living person. We know just what these gadgets can do: they aid teaching by bringing to the classroom irreplaceable subject matter or illustrations of it. The record brings the music class a whole symphony and a film can bring Chinese Agriculture to students in Toronto, but they lack the special spirit and the delicate peculiarities of the subject which come only from the sympathy of mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent and the manner, in casual expressions thrown off at the moment and the unstudied terms of familiar conversation.

No mechanical device can cope adequately with the classroom situation. Only a human being, and a very live one at that, can break down the resistance of the pupil whose mind is like some wonderfully tough rubber which you can stretch a little by pulling hard but which snaps back into place the moment you let it go. "Here I am," he thinks, "with my mind nicely organized, with everything, if not in its place, at least where I can find it, and you come along with a new and strange item which you want to force into my previous arrangement." At any stage in learning this dialogue goes on and should go on. The teacher must persist, and in the act of teaching raise the ghost of an object, idea or fact, and while holding it in full view before the class, make it come to life. The student must see the point, must recreate Sir John A. MacDonald, must feel like John McCrea on the battlefields of Flanders, must visualize the pressure of the atmosphere on a column of mercury. In other words, the teacher must turn the student — by nature a little copy-cat — into an independent, self-propelling creature, who cannot merely learn, but can also think.

There are many things that could be said about this exalted profession. The teacher must speak like an angel and above all, look like one. There will always be those who are scandalized to learn that teachers play golf, tennis, watch football games, marry and have children, laugh and cry and have appendicitis in a thoroughly normal way.

There may be few Shakespeares and Einsteins, but you rest assured there will never be a scarcity of those pupils who make you understand perfectly what a dynamo feels like when it is discharging into a non-conductor. There has never been a teacher yet who at the end of the week has not said, "Thank goodness it's Friday."

Salaries will be low; parents will expect you to guarantee results; inspectors, school-boards, and in fact all superiors will expect you to make the City of God out of S.S. No. 26. You may influence indelibly the souls of others, but in most cases such influence will be unrecognized. The faint-hearted grow discouraged at such a picture. Surely, though, there are still the courageous hearts ready —

> "So to address their spirits to the height
> And so attune them to the valiant whole,
> *That the great light be clearer for their light,*
> And the great soul be stronger for their soul.
> To have done this is to have lived, though fame
> Remembers them with no familiar name."

PATRICIA WATT, FORM 7.

MONUMENT OF THE PAST

One of our Canadian traditions appears to be forgotten by many people. I refer to the "little red school house".

In my case the school was not red but an uninspiring yellow-brown. It stood alone in the open country and survived fire, wind, cold, and heat. The roof sloped inward from both ends, however, as though it admitted defeat to the storms and buffets of many years. The front porch seemed to be sinking into the ground—and it was. The back end was sinking more quickly than the front and it gave a lopsided effect to the whole picture. There were a few buildings crouching in the rear and a rusty pump to one side.

The dominating feature indoors was a huge, iron boxstove. It smoked and crackled from nine to four in a vain attempt to heat the one room into which breezes blew through every crack in the wall. There was a metal guard about the outside and on the top an open metal pan. It was dutifully filled with water in the summer and with snow in the winter when the pump froze.

The desks which had been carved by previous generations were a delight to study. If you looked hard enough you could find your father's initials and perhaps even an aunt's or uncle's. These desks had suffered from many abuses in the days when dances were held but their sturdy construction still demanded respect.

The two book cases stood in the back corner near the wood box. From there a stuffed model of a snowy owl glared down at the school room. His ancient form was held in considerable respect by all the pupils and with awe by those of the primary grades. He was never touched or moved but managed to develop a run-down appearance anyway. The most amazing thing about him was that no one could explain where he came from.

I have briefly described the main features of my old school as I remember it. It no longer exists and this probably must be considered a good thing. Progress is an inevitable quality of a country which is to continue to survive.

Our memory of the one-room country schools, however, should never be one but that of respect. They had a purpose to fulfil and they made an excellent job of it. They produced many fine, independent students who possessed more ambition than those who were pampered.

These schools were in many cases the heart of a busy, enthusiastic community—the centre of its social life and interest. When that heart ceased to function, some of the community's life seemed to drain away. "That big, new school" was everyone's and not "our school".

Children who attended these schools learned to amuse themselves. That is not a very startling statement until you stop to consider its significance. It concerns a lost art. What did they do? They made up games and played them without supervision. They fought sometimes and enjoyed life without questioning it but they never asked what they could do. Consider the television-fed, parent-fed, teacher-fed child that is common today. Yes, there is a great difference!

However many faults the old schoolhouses had, they had many compensating characteristics. That is why I think we should be grateful to them and remember them with respect.

A charge has been well kept. To all little red schools, I now show my respect. My little yellow school, I salute you!

JUDY KIEHNA, FORM 2.



WHY THE BIRCH TREE BARK IS SCARRED

One of the many Indian legends Grandfather used to tell us was of how the birch tree got its scars. He would always begin by reminding us about Nanabush, the personage who occupies the principal part in these myths. He was a queer fellow and, being superior to other people, he could change himself to any form he liked, but most often appeared as a strong young Indian hunter. As his temper was very uncertain, he sometimes caused trouble and injured the appearance of things which were once more beautiful than they are now. However, in general he was the friend of our race and worked changes that were for our benefit. This is one of Nanabush's many adventures as Grandfather would tell it.

"One day as Nanabush was walking along a sandy shore he felt very hungry. As he wandered on, he saw an object moving toward him. He had not long to wait before he saw that it was a great black bear. He pulled up a young tree by the roots and hid himself behind it, preparing to kill bear when he should come near. As the bear came by, Nanabush made a great jump out of his hiding place and killed the bear with one blow. Then he built a big fire, and having singed all the hair off the bear, he cut him up and nicely roasted him. When the meat was cooked Nanabush cut it up into fine pieces for he intended to enjoy his feast by eating leisurely.

"While he was busy preparing his feast he was annoyed by a strange sound among the tree tops that rubbed together when the wind blew. Nanabush was very quick-tempered and as the noise continued he determined to stop it. He left his feast on the ground and climbed up one of those trees to the spot where the other pressed against it. He was endeavouring to pull the two great trees apart when one of his hands became caught firmly between them. While struggling to get loose he heard a pack of wolves racing toward his bear meat. This made him struggle the harder to get his hand free.The fierce wolves soon scented the food and had a good time devouring it, in spite of the shoutings of Nanabush.

"When Nanabush finally got his hand free and came down, he found nothing left of his feast but the skull of the bear. He was very angry, not only at the wolves but also at the trees that had gripped him so tightly. As the wolves had run away, he could not at present gain revenge upon them. However, he resolved he would so punish these great trees that they would never give him such a squeeze again. So he prepared a great whip and with it he severely thrashed the trees. Until this time the birch had been the most beautiful of trees. Its great trunk was of the purest white without any blemish or blotch upon it. But ever since Nanabush's thrashing, the tree has had to carry the marks of that terrible whipping. That is why the white birch tree is so covered with scars."

MRS. ERNESTINE BUSWA. FORM 10.

★ ★ ★

NANABIJOU, THE SLEEPING GIANT

The chilly autumn wind swept across the northern shores of Lake Superior and the tang of the oncoming winter was present in the evening air. With majestic grandeur the setting sun illuminated the wide expanse of azure which was dotted with frosty clouds.

Despite the apparent crispness of nightfall, a place of warmth could be found inside a ramshackle cabin where three men could be seen having a warm, friendly get-together. The innocent appearance of this gathering would not have given any onlooker justification for suspicions. An Indian warrior talking to two white men was a common occurrence in Ojibway country because they frequently had trading transactions with one another.

About one hour later things had taken a drastic change for the worse. The white men had brandished a bottle of "fire water". The fact that they had given Nanabijou, the Ojibway warrior, a drink of liquor was, in itself, illegal, but this was irrelevant to the fact that foul play was present. No white man ever drank with an Indian unless there was an ulterior motive. What could these men want from Nanabijou? Any Indian from the Ojibway tribe could easily have answered that question. The men could only want one thing — to find out the secret of the silver mine.

Even though no one was around to notice these strange goings-on, the thunder birds of Mount McKay were watching Nanabijou's lips. Suddenly the thunder birds began to flap their enormous wings. The lake waters dashed far up on the shores. Thunder resounded across the bay while lightning bolted from the birds' eyes. Awakened by the disturbance the Ojibways cowered in the corners of their dwellings. Who had angered the great Manitou? What had awakened the thunder birds?

After the uproar had subsided, the Indians gazed across the bay. With astonished eyes, they saw Nanabijou, who had been turned to stone, sleeping dreamlessly in his present bed in the waters of Thunder Bay, where he still keeps a lonely vigil on the silver mine.

Despite Nanabijou's unforgivable sin of revealing the secret, he has managed to redeem himself in the eyes of everyone. For many years, he has managed to keep his lips sealed while smoke clouds from the boats billow around his face and up his nostrils.

CAROL TREWIN. FORM 7.

DILEMMA

Hard found the phrases fill the page.
Flushed with fervour, shoulders bent,
He struggles, moulding thought to word
Oft not the missile of intent,

But close enough for general gist.
The teacher's stabbing eye lays bare
The twisted vowels, the homonym
Misused. But lo, unheralded there

Behold, the pedagogue perceives
A grasp at thought just out of hold,
A phraseology a step
Above the usual "big" or "old".

What course adopt, he asks, (and we),
To chide re form, reform,depress,
Commend, inspire image and fault,
Or compromise. Which way success?

JOHN JAMES, FORM 2.

THE TASK

We are the few
To carry to youth the seeds of wisdom.
Ours is the job to plant,
And watch grow new sprouts from knowledge.
The task is ours.
The moulding of young minds
Makes the youth of today
The changed men of tomorrow.
Hope lies within us.
Can we succeed?
Do we fail
Striving to do justice to what we believe?
The seed is sown.
The sprouts have long appeared
And grown till the time of harvest.
In our minds are the thoughts of many.
What now?

ROBERT WILSON, FORM 10.

★ ★ ★

DRIVER IN DILEMMA

As I have the dubious honour of being the official chauffeur for a bumper-shocked mother and two vivacious sisters, I feel more than qualified to write on the subject of back-seat driving. Any fellow male who is forced to drive with an eagle-eyed criticizer (commonly known as a wife) holds a one-third appreciation of my dilemma. My first mistake was the purchasing of a driver's licence when I only needed a steerer's licence. I merely direct the vehicle; the feminine ferines do the driving.

However, their navigation methods are by no means lackadaisical. They closely approach being scientific, and are similar to those used by the R.C.A.F. My mother is of the highest rank, being the most experienced of the three. She occupies the seat next to me, known to safety-driving experts as the "death seat". The very thought of this puts "toys of desperation" in my mind, but my psychiatrist has advised against any such venture. She has had a wide and varied career, from being Henry Ford's back-seat driver for the first Model "T", to being the forgotten woman of that memorial day at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. In the latter case, she still claims that if it hadn't been for her back-seat flying, the Wright brothers would never have been able to stay off the ground for fifty-nine seconds. To-day, although semi-retired, she serves as first ground observer on our voyages. In this capacity she is thoroughly convinced that I have no better than 10-20 vision as she shouts out like a Parisian autobus driver the names of all nearing objects; the colour of all nearing lights; and the acuteness of all nearing curves.

My older sister serves as a second ground observer, verifying all statements made by the first ground observer, and calling out the names of any obstacles missed by her superior in their preview coverage of the government path.

My younger sister, being only eight years of age, is ranked as a speedometer hawk. Her job is to keep a constant watch on the speedometer, and the second the needle passes sixty, she releases a piercing scream. The first ground observer, on hearing this scream, firmly assures me that all she demands in my driving is 100% efficiency, and if I can't attain that standard, my privilege of driving the family car will have to be relinquished.

Keeping the mood of the R.C.A.F., the back-seat drivers wear bright-yellow crash-helmets and inflated life preservers. I am not supplied with either of these necessities, because, I am informed, if I crash into a tractor-trailer or overshoot a bridge, it would be owing to my own foolishness, and I should suffer the consequences. They, on the other hand, should be prepared for such a catastrophe, having absolutely nothing to do with the manipulation of the automobile.

NORM MASON, FORM 3.

ON LOAFING

Have you ever tried loafing? "Of course," you may say, "Who hasn't?" You may even go on to decry the entire western civilization which, we are told, is becoming decadent with loafing, wealth and easy living. Before you go any further, let me define the term "loafing". I do not mean simply relaxing or purposely wasting time in an effort to 'put off' an unpleasant chore. I mean unadulterated, down-to-earth loafing, in its purest form. To illustrate further — the main aim is that the individual do nothing constructive. He must not build anything, repair anything, decide anything or learn anything.

This is a fast disappearing art in our modern, materialistic world, especially in the professions. As a result, we sometimes become nervous, irritable, and generally hard to get along with. Any office worker worth her salt can stretch a coffee break, but the executives and professional people often have trouble doing even this.

To get to the origin of the problem, let us go to the beginning. The baby is brought home and is immediately surrounded by fond relations urging him to smile, chuckle, reach for something or even cry. He may do anything so long as he doesn't just lie there! Later, the small child is sent to school where he is taught in the ideal situation, how to use his time to best advantage. At this point it appears our cause is lost. But wait! The ability to loaf is about to make a comeback. He now becomes a teen-ager and soon becomes quite proficient at loafing. He can manage it with very little effort but is so concerned with perfection that he practises daily, much to the concern of his parents and other interested adults. However, this "phase" passes and we now find a young man setting out to conquer the world. He has more leisure time than any of his predecessors, but is any of it used for really worth-while loafing? I should say not. He repairs things. He grows a garden. He goes down into the basement and builds an end-table or a combination cribbage-board-coffee-table. In any event, he doesn't loaf. It is a pity.

I have gone on to some great length to point out this sad lack in our society, but I don't wish to criticize without giving some constructive advice. Perhaps you are now firmly convinced that loafing is for you, but you just do not know how to start. Since it is important that you begin correctly in order that you do not cultivate any bad habits, you may hesitate to begin on your own. Friend, you are in luck! I have tried many methods, and, although I do not claim to be an expert, I can certainly help you to get started. I have already mentioned the most important rule, that of not learning anything. My other helpful hints are chiefly concerned with points of procedure. First, take off your shoes and sprawl on a sofa or bed. You may have food and a radio with you, but be sure the radio is not carrying a programme which may have some slight educational value. To combat this possible problem you may read some uneducational book at the same time. In this way, one cancels out the other and you can be reasonably sure of absorbing nothing.

If you persevere in this activity, you will find you are becoming more relaxed, and better able to meet the problems of the day. You will also have acquired a profitable hobby which you can participate in at any time, and at any age.

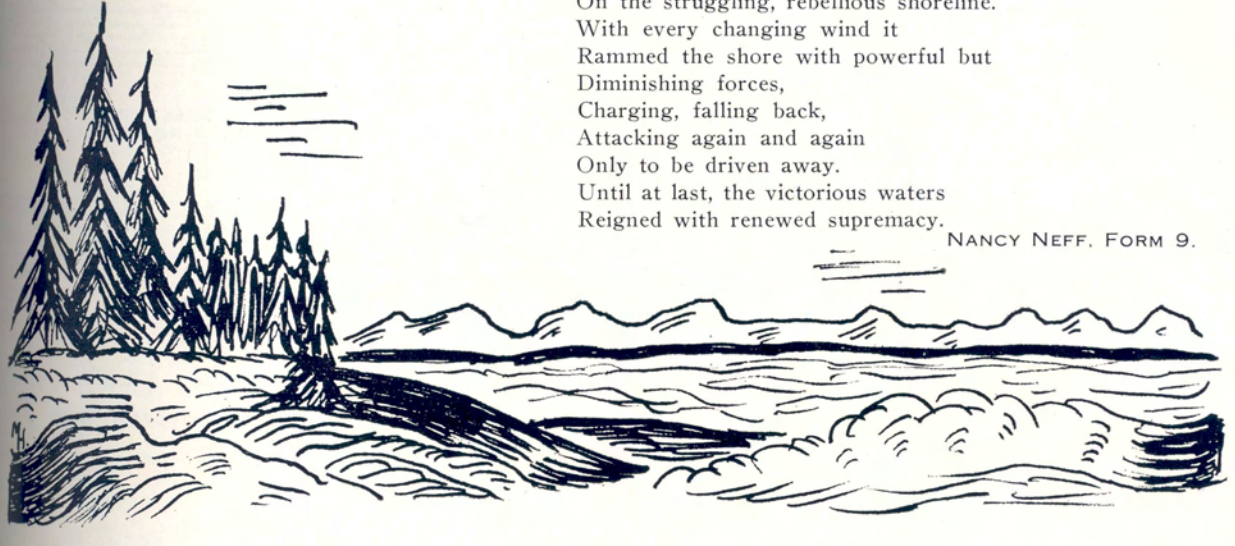
LARRY FORESTER, FORM 2.

★ ★ ★

BREAKUP

The struggle had begun, and now
The inevitable must follow.
But not without reluctance did
The icy giant relinquish his grip
On the struggling, rebellious shoreline.
With every changing wind it
Rammed the shore with powerful but
Diminishing forces,
Charging, falling back,
Attacking again and again
Only to be driven away.
Until at last, the victorious waters
Reigned with renewed supremacy.

NANCY NEFF, FORM 9.



IT COULD BE VERSE

For years I swung an axe or hook,
And watched the great trees fall,
But now with automation
There's no job for me at all.

I have to change my profession,
And teaching suits me fine.
They say you can get a B. A. degree
With an I. Q. of sixty-nine.

"You say you're going to college,"
(My partner sprang from his bed)
'You've been acting sort of crazy
Since that horse kicked your head."

I'm off on my journey southward
An honour mark to win;
If only I get through Cobalt
Without it caving in.

On the day that College opened
I was accosted by a cute young thing
Who whispered, "If you're the janitor
Turn on the air conditioning."

From the "flesh-pots of Egypt"
Our guardian delves us out.
He seems to see with his glasses
As well as he sees without.

We have a class in dramatics.
The plane flies across and back.
I hope he doesn't take my bald spot
For a strip of tarmac.

Who trained the apothecary
To weigh out potions exact,
To acquire the delicate balance
With two clips, a pin and a tack?

Such wonderful adjective phrases
I've never seen examples so fine,
But I can't give you any marks for them—
There's no period at the end of the line.

I tried some finger painting
With a smear, a splash, and a squirt,
And finally got an honour mark
By handing in my shirt.

Two of us older creatures
To a country school did roam.
"You don't look like student teachers,
This is not the Old Folks Home."

The practice teacher soon told me
I wasn't doing so fine —
My high intelligent fore-head
He mistook for a receding hair-line.

Poor writing makes him angry,
A master told us so;
But we had to write like sixty,
So my mark is sixty below.

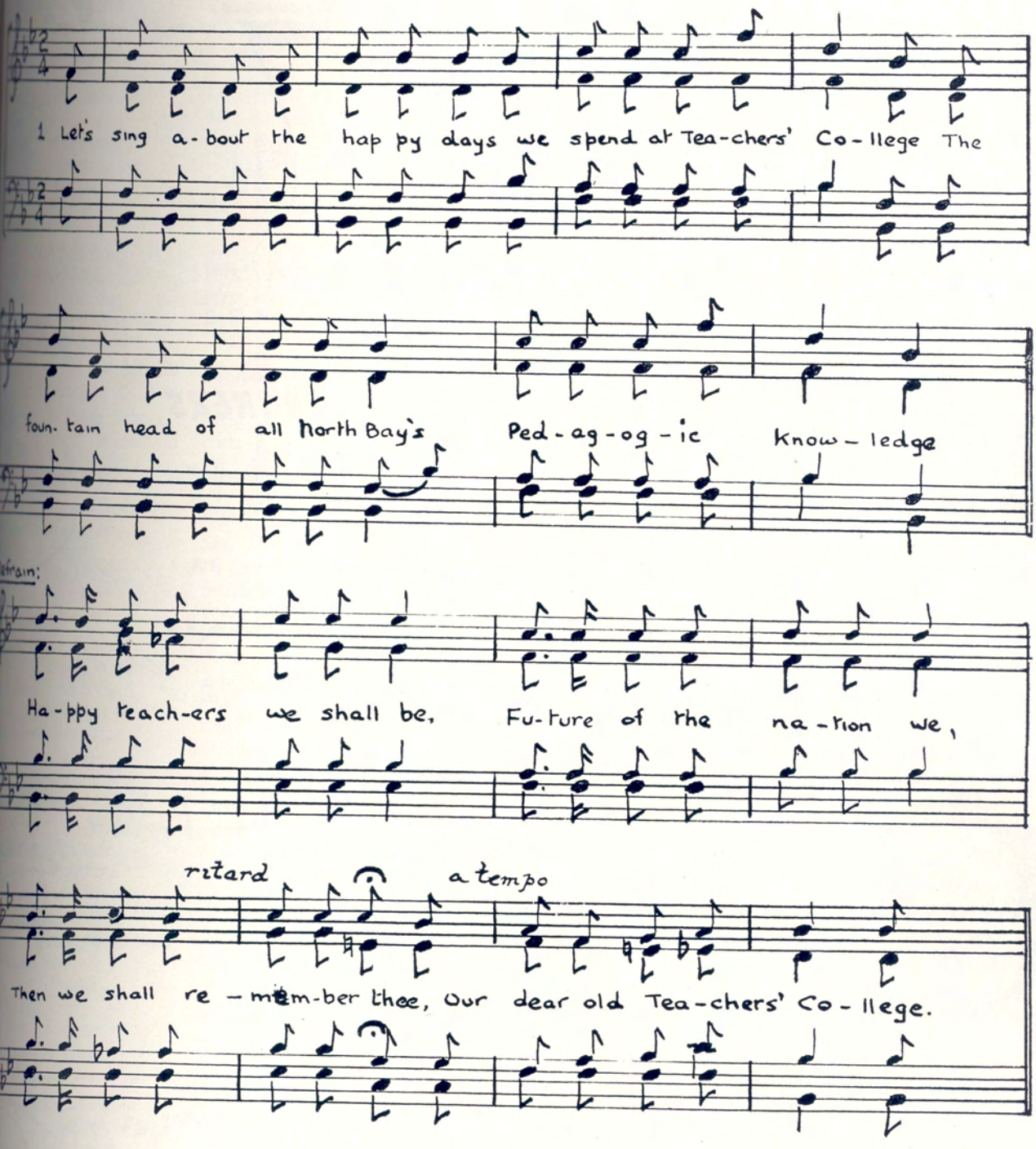
What are those masters doing?
They're all out of their chairs.
They're busy marking papers
By tossing them down the stairs.

At last the long year is over.
The final exams are done,
And I on a letter of permit
Teach in the land of the "midnight sun".

There is no strain in this northern land,
And I love that inspector of mine,
For he failed his practice teaching
In the class of 1909.

JAMES REED. FORM 4.

Enby Teery



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)







PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS



Dr. Carruthers, North Bay

Mr. T. C. Cummings
Mr. Harry J. McClements
Mrs. Mary Saad
Mrs. Laura Smith
Miss Doris H. Nichols
Miss Sheila Bamford
Miss Helen Willoughby
Mrs. Genevieve Barringer
Miss Edith Munns

Dr. MacDougall, North Bay

Mr. J. Osgoode Nugent
Mr. John P. Weller
Miss May Forrest
Miss Maud Sage
Mrs. Oressa Forrest
Mrs. Diane Fleming
Mrs. Shirley Tayler



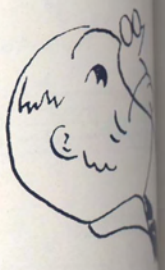
King Edward School, North Bay

Mrs. R. K. Grant, B.A.
Mrs. Violet MacLean
Miss Florence Bolender
Miss Carolyn Troke



King George School, North Bay

Mr. R. Wayne MacKinnon
Mr. Roy E. Osberg
Mrs. Ann Pritchard
Mrs. Katherine Thomson
Miss Dorothy Odorizzi
Miss Lucy St. Louis
Mrs. Elizabeth Rutland
Mrs. Patricia McNally
Mrs. Joan O'Halloran
Mrs. Florella Eyolfson
Mrs. Doris Toswell

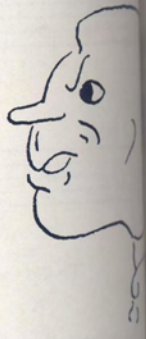


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Mr. John M. Barker, B.A.
Mrs. Joy Clysdale
Miss Verda LeRoy
Mrs. Frances Swann, B.A.

Pinewood School, North Bay

Mr. Robert H. McKee
Mr. Richard C. Boehme
Miss Marilyn P. Buckley
Mrs. Anne C. Cunik
Mrs. Florence E. Galbraith
Miss Sylvia Stein



Queen Victoria School, North Bay

Mrs. Luella Surtees
(Classes in Carter Bldg.)
Mrs. Rose Tackney
(Classes in Carter Bldg.)
Miss Rochelle Brown
Mrs. Edna McEwen
Mrs. Norma Milligan
Miss Claire Cunningham
Mrs. Dorothy Chapman
Mrs. Dorothy Bethune



St. Hubert's Separate School, North Bay

Sister M. Immaculate
Mrs. Ann Harrington
Miss Carole Rody
Mrs. Gertrude Brennan
Mrs. Catherine Kelly

St. Joseph's Separate School, North Bay

Miss Eve Ann Linder
Mrs. Moyra O'Paleichuk
Mrs. Theresa Vaillancourt
Sr. St. Edmund

D BROMLEY

North Bay Teachers' College

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Mrs. Ethel Penner
Miss Sally McNally
Mrs. Katie Rafter
Mrs. Leila Johnston
Miss Betty Oliver
Miss Joan Barnes
Miss Connie Aiken
Miss Sherill Ryan
Mrs. Helen Steinburgh, B.A.
Miss Marion McConnell
Mrs. Mary Levis
Mrs. Elena Naughton

Feronia Public School, Widdifield
Mr. Robert Botwright

J. W. Trusler Public School, Widdifield
Mr. Allan J. Schmidt
Mrs. Angeline Hicks
Mrs. Margaret Chambers
Mrs. Doriel Craymer
Mrs. Joyce Smyth
Miss Maureen Moore
Mrs. Lorene Kroger
Mrs. Gladys Deyell

O'Brien Street Public School, Widdifield
Mrs. Beulah Mooney
Mr. Kenneth Sutton
Mrs. Winnie Rossetter
Mrs. Lillias Beach
Mrs. Isabel Molineaux

Trout Mills Public School, Widdifield
Mrs. Violet Shortreed
Miss Nancy Coathup
Mrs. Katharine Clemmens

Vincent Massey Public School, Widdifield
Mrs. Lorna Ryan
Mrs. Enola Ellsmere
Mrs. Olive Lueck
Miss Joan Anderson

Widdifield School
Mrs. Lucille Alderson

Wyssing Junction Public School, Ferris
Mrs. Shirley MacLeod

Riverbend Public School, Ferris
Mr. Garfield Robertson
Mrs. Ilene Souter

Sunset Park Public School, Ferris
Mr. Peter Hudson
Mrs. Vivian Pentland
Mrs. Yvonne White
Mrs. Johanna Leith

Tweedsmuir Public School, Ferris
Miss Edna Stevens, B.A., B.Ed.
Mrs. Leslie Daly, B.A.
Mr. Ronald E. Edwards
Mrs. Reta Hunt
Mrs. Edith Tyers
Mrs. Thelma Nichol
Mrs. Diane Campbell
Miss Anita Boyes
Mrs. Lillian O'Neil
Mrs. Joan Boehme
Mrs. Helen Loucks

S. S. No. 4, East Ferris
Miss Deanna Dailey

Sacred Heart Separate School, Widdifield
Miss Maureen Dignan
Mrs. Norma Hadlow
Mrs. Claire Duchene
Miss Frances Clare Hayes
Mr. Archie O'Connor

Ste. Theresa's Separate School, Ferris
Sister St. Henry
Sister Anastasia

St. Francis de Sales Separate School, Ferris
Mr. Ralph Fraboni

Powassan Public School, Powassan
Mrs. E. J. Liddle
Mrs. Mary Kelly
Mrs. Dorothy Miller
Miss Joyce McDaniel
Mrs. Helen Warner

Chisolm Central Public School, Powassan
Miss Caulleen Tremblay
Miss Norma McMartin

South River Public School, South River
Mr. Jas. G. Proudfoot
Mrs. Winnifred Elliot
Mrs. Ethel Maeck
Mrs. Charlotte Smith

Trout Creek Public School, Trout Creek
Mr. Leonard Lang
Mrs. Jeannette Schmelefske

Sundridge Consolidated Public School, Sundridge
Mr. Gordon Rennie
Mr. Ivan Percival
Mrs. Elaine Hall
Mrs. Nancy Rogers
Mrs. Colleen Anderson

Burk's Fall Public School, Burk's Fall
Mrs. Alice Bell
Mrs. Alma Boe

Perry Central Public School, Emsdale
Mrs. Della Gillet
Mrs. Marion Scott

Kearney Public School, Kearney
Mrs. Alma Harvey

S. S. No. 6, Brunel School, Huntsville
Mrs. Edith Smith
Mrs. Edna Oke

Huntsville Public School, Huntsville
Mr. Melvyn Yeo
Mrs. Isabel Kellock
Mrs. June Cearns
Miss Lois Miller
Mrs. Keitha Brown
(Huntsville West Ward P.S.)

Cobalt Public School, Cobalt
Mr. Donald C. McGugan
Mrs. Dorothy MacPherson
Mrs. Signe Kangas
Mrs. Mary Cotton
Mrs. Sybrontie Svekers

New Liskeard Public School, New Liskeard
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Mr. Lloyd Wilson
Mrs. Mary Plaunt
Miss Evelyn Pollock
Mrs. Jean MacDougall
Mrs. Catharine Bray
Mrs. Anne Ninacs
Mrs. Lillian Barrett
Mrs. Dorothy Fowler

St. Patrick's Separate School, Cobalt
Miss Gladys Murphy
Miss Jacqueline Nadeau

Alexander School, Sudbury
Mr. A. T. Grieve
Miss Isabel Hyndman
Miss Marguerite Barlow
Mrs. Mildred MacDonald
Mrs. Marjorie Roseborough
Mrs. Martha Harper

Arthur Robinson Public School, McKim Township
Mr. George Reid
Mrs. Florence Bailey

Lansdowne Public School, Sudbury
Mr. William E. Watt
Mrs. Mabel Robb, B.A.
Mrs. Catherine Christakos
Miss Lola McNaughton
Mrs. Dorothy Kirkby
Miss Jessie Gibbons
Miss Margaret Barclay
Miss Maida Elliott
Mrs. Anne Becirpasich

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Mr. Gerald E. Walford, B.A.
Mrs. Jean Koski
Mrs. Pauline Gauthier
Mrs. Isabel Doyle
Mrs. Bernadette Walker

Prince Charles Public School, Sudbury
Mrs. Clara Marett, B.A.
Mrs. Doris Reid
Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart
Mr. Raymond Wasylenki

R. L. Beattie Public School, McKim Township
Mr. T. Ronald Tallon
Mrs. H. Buchanan

Wm. MacMillan Public School, McKim Township
Mr. Albert E. Treff

Wembley School, Sudbury
Miss Margaret Stephen
Miss Norma Porter
Mr. W. P. Kedey

Gatchell Public School, McKim Township
Mrs. Muriel Roy
Mrs. Vera Petch

Our Lady of Mercy Seperate School, Coniston
Miss Veronica Drohan
Mrs. Monica McKenna
Miss Angela O'Shaughnessy
Mrs. Shirley Basso
Mrs. Jean McNair

St. David Separate School, Sudbury
Mrs. Eileen Downer
Miss Mary Edmunds
Rev. Sister Anna Marie

St. Michael Separate School, Sudbury
Mrs. Merle Soucie
Miss Lena Visentin
Mrs. Marion Normandeau

FORM ONE

Sister Mary Norah—
An Irish lass with lots of pep,
With smile and cheer and jaunty step.

Sister M. St. Bernard—
Little children are her pets,
When trouble strikes she never frets.

Sister St. Clare—
Her art and music and teaching are best.
Personality is filled with zest.

Carol Adam—
Letters seem to be her flair,
But tell his name, we wouldn't dare.

Carol Ann Alexander—
This northern gal with fiery hair.
Grade eight has set her in despair.

Pat Allen—
At bowling she has quite an eye,
But in the trumpet her interests lie.

David Amos—
At hockey he is quite a star.
His blue eyes give you quite a jar.

Nancy Andrews—
At basketball she knows the ropes.
In Kingston lie her fondest hopes.

Laurel Anyan—
Her favourite song is "Farmer in the Dell".
Maybe next year he'll ring the bell.

Goldie Bainbridge—
Petite, quiet, always on the go.
As for teaching she's really in the know.

Eleanor Baldisera—
The Mona Lisa of Form One,
Aspiring to teach from sun to sun.

Jacqueline Beaudin—
Answers are her claim to fame,
But bowling and drama note her name.

Diane Beddard—
Blonde and pretty, O what a wit,
Her laughter sends us into a fit..

Margaret Bell—
At basketball, she is our star,
We hope her teaching takes her far.

Allen Best—
The Sault seems farther away each day,
But on week-ends our vice-pres. finds his way.

David Bianco—
Drama and Students' Council all fall.
His handling of discipline tops us all.

Iris Boyd—
Quiet, understanding, tops in the class,
A pat on the back for this conscientious lass.

Helen Boyuk—
You can see our Helen everywhere you go,
At sports and activities she's sure not slow.

Ann Breadner—
A member of the choir and Gold B.B. team,
A certain mechanic really makes her beam.

Ruth Brickett—
Her happy heart is in P.E.I.,
Teaching juniors beats you or I.

Barbara Brooks—
Choir and bowling keep her quite busy,
While active friends keep her in a tizzy.

Carolyn Brown—
An active guard who packs Gold's tricks,
With the teaching profession she always sticks.

Phyllis Brown—
The keenest sewer of all Form One,
Is always the first to have her projects done.

Roberta Cadieu—
Basketball and bowling are in her line,
She and Pat, they really shine.

George Caldbick—
The distinguished gentleman of our class,
In dancing another George helps him pass.

Robert Campbell—
At basketball he's really in,
While on his face leers a happy grin.

Guthrie Cavers—
You see him with his pipe and case,
There's nary a smile upon his face.

George Chase—
A busy man with lots to do.
But with a smile comes shining through.

Mansel Chezzi—
Phys. Ed. is his claim to fame.
All the girls sure know his name.

Sylvia Christianson—
She is an avid hockey fan,
For in the net she sees her man.

Deanna Cicci—
Blonde and quiet, with a voice so small,
She is a friend of one and all.

Alberta Clein—
Choir and bowling are her best,
Her singing's filled with lots of zest.

Elma Clein—
Dark and short, she's lots of fun,
Of the two, she's the older one.

Shirley Clifford—
Tall and dark, a basketball Gold;
On teaching she is firmly sold.

Marlene Conley—
Already practical — but in Form I
She gives the students quite a run.

Lois Constantineau—
This hockey cheerleader may be quite small,
But her booming voice tops them all.

Betty Cosby—
Cosby not Crosby as many do say,
Her teaching outshines many each day.

Patria Currie—
Outstanding guard of champion Maroons,
She plays the piano while everyone croons.

Mary Damsted—
A promising singer from the 'Arms'
Is there displaying her musical charms.

Mrs. Dashney—
When having discussion she fits in well,
What no-one else knows she will tell.

Carole Davidson—
Wedding bells on August sixth,
A hope-chest full of Home-Ec tricks.

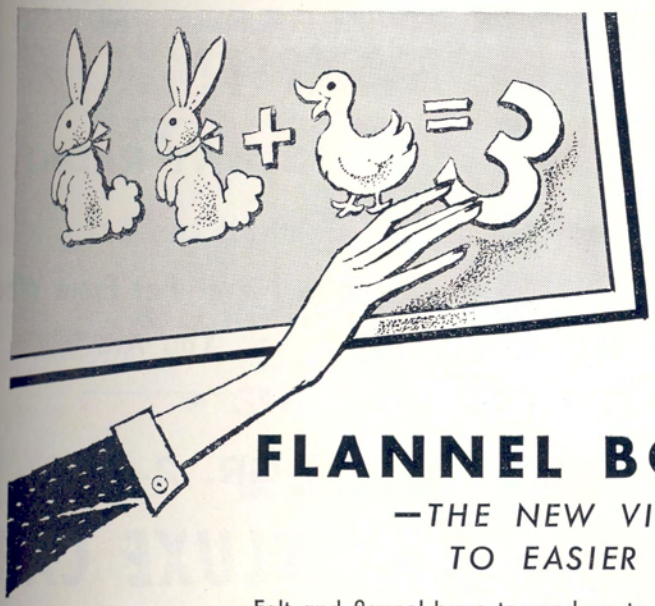
Joyce Davison—
A pert brunette who's full of pep,
Cheers the teams with every step.

Mrs. Shirley Davison—
Already a mother — a teacher to be.
Maybe next year, she'll have the Grade Three.

Sylvia De Piero—
She is a whiz at basketball,
Her eyes are just for someone tall.

Tom Douglas—
Student Council rep. and newfound actor,
His radio and camera are necessary factors.

Wayne Duncan—
The "quiet one" who comes and goes.
In Primary English he really glows.





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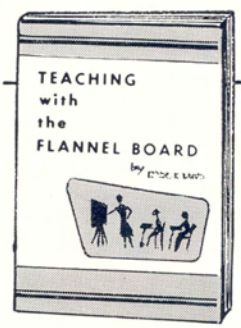
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FORM TWO

Margaret Edwards—Who is always looking her way?
Ross Elliot—Haven't heard from her in two days!
Terry Elston—What would you do in a case like this, Mr. Elston?
Gary Evans—No vices?
Gord Ewin—Beardless youth makes good.
Eda Facca—What have you got against Timmins, Carole?
Gaye Fawcett—The girl with the sparkler on her finger.
Phyllis Feng—Yes, I'm moving again. This place is really terrific, really!
Carole Fetherson—I didn't know I had one (a man) 'til Valentine's Day!
Myrna Fisher—I've got an urge to teach in Fort Frances.
Russell Fleming—Well, uh, in the last edition of the, uh, Time, ...
Douglas Foreman—Another Gatchell hockey hustler!
Larry Forester—The lad with the Kahleflower — —
Pauline Fournier—May I have your attention for more than a moment, please?
Carol Fownes—Miss Fownes, would you like to leave the room?
Mrs. J. Frampton—Form Two's only Mrs.—a title the rest of us wishes!
Patricia Gamble—Who? Oh, we're just good friends—very good friends!
Jack Gates—Who bounced the B-ball off the phonograph?
Georgina Gatzaman—She gets stacks and stacks of letters!
Marnie Gigg—And Mr. H. asks, "Are you experienced at twirling these disks?"
Patricia Grace—A charming addition to Form Two.
Donja Hammerberg—He didn't write! Oh, well, Mother still loves me!
Carole Hansen—When you're feeling low, GINO!
Linda Heino—One of our cutest lasses sings basso-profundo in Mr. C.'s classes.
Beverly Hewitt—That's no mouse—it's an elephant! I'm staying on top of the table.
Maureen Hicks—Remember your grass skirts for rehearsals, fellows!
Judy Hilderly—Oh, man, what a week-end!
Margaret Hill—Soft eyes, soft voice — Attractive? Mmmmmm!
Mary-Kraith Hopkins—It must be fate-Kraith has learned to skate!
Rudy Hulina—The Cubic Kid
Heather Hume—Oh, Rudy, why don't you bring your own candy?
Carole Hurst—Yes, Mr. McClure, I signed **The Book.**
Ray Husband—You know, Mr. Husband, you're a married man!
Martha Jackson—Martha says, "I do my assignments on the very last day."
Vicky Jacobson—Smoke gets in her eyes.
John James—"What you can do m'boy . . ."
Chris Jastrebski—We want your support; we need your support!
Marlene Junck—The Maroon's only fan—she's the coach's room-mate!
Diane Kahle—Who's her favourite partner in P. E. class?
Alex Kayzer—Shades of the Friendly Giant!
Jean Kearns—Artistic talent, fashion flare, she'll be successful anywhere.
Robert Keller—N.B.T.C.'s Big B-ball Booster.
John Kelly—"Read in a high voice!" "How high?"
Judith Kiehna—Form Three's loss, **our gain.**
Irene Kivesto—One in the Bay? What about the one in the Sault?
Laila Kiviaho—Like snap, snap, I really dig this place.

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FORM THREE

Larry Knapp—Art, choir, variety night, T.V.,; any time for school?

Marianne Kosabuski—Spends her time waiting for weekends (O. N. R.).

Gladys Kosciusko—She's a Freudian scholar (analyses bad dreams).

Don Krajc—The masters don't know that funny boy's name is KRITES.

Joyce Kropp—A Peter Slade fanatic. How are the bowling and scholastic averages?

Raymond Lachance—He bowls, plays badminton, and takes an interest in Massey.

Diane Larrett—This perfect young lady enjoys hockey games. She has intriguing blue eyes.

Mary Latham—She's the backbone of our music classes. Musically, you name it, she's in it.

Bill Lemay—Bill's the president of our U. N. club here, and lives in THE apartment.

John Lockie—Happy-Go is a real athlete in Phys. Ed.; manages the basketball team.

Ken Lessard—Big Ken co-manages the men's b.b. team when not en route to Timmins.

Gerry Levert—His main interests are psychology problems and buses from Sudbury.

Kay Lewis—Calm, cool, collected, describes Form 3's red head. A real whiz at Home Ec. Why???

Sandra Leyburn—What makes Sandra smile, Suzanne? Our cheerful gal is liked by all.

Staphana Lucyk—"Stevie" is another budding primary teacher. Favourite pastime—tumbling.

Flo Lummis—Our blonde lass, sings in the triple trio, enjoys jaunts to Port Hope.

John MacFarlane—Jack revels in curling as well as basketball and bowling (but not tumbling).

Donna MacLeod—This lassie substitutes her accordion for bagpipes.

Neil Macodrum—Neil portrays quite a Santa! Our new Student Council Representative.

Elizabeth Mandeville—Beth's quiet, rides in from Sturgeon Falls every morning.

Elie Martel—Cigar-man has had all problems.

Gladys Martyniuk—Can always be seen with Loretta. Does she let you sleep, Gladys?

Norman Mason—He's good at handling books as well as basketballs.

Gerald May—Adores basketball and bowling; abhors teaching in the "Nickel City."

Loretta McArthur—Lotty's quiet in class, but doesn't believe in sleeping at night.

Suzanne McCallum—Her chief interest lies in Hamilton Cubs.

Ernest McDonald—"I disagree!" Bowls and plays volleyball against the teachers.

Eileen McKinley—Does her share of answering in class, and goes home every weekend.

Maureen McMillan—This member of the triple trio finds her music lessons easy to teach.

Gwen Metheral—"Giggles" keeps Grey Coach Lines and Belle's Lunch in business.

Kenneth Miller—"Colonel" Miller never gets anything done in the morning.

Richard Moore—Dick is our yearbook representative. Always has an answer.

Dawne Murphy—Miss N. W. Ontario is our athletic representative.

Franklin Murphy—"Smiley" is in the choir, U. N. Club and likes Sudbury's climate.

Joyce Nelson—Josie's always got a ready smile. She is our Red Cross Rep.

Lois Noble—She enjoys teaching music lessons to the utmost.

Pat Morton—This friendly newcomer from Kingston (Pen?) is in our champion choir.

Joan Onyett—"Slugger" seems bashful, sometimes. She's got a wicked left.

Maryanne Oreskevich—This dog-team driver is busy counting the days until December 26.

Elizabeth Page—Liz is a fun-lover, and, if dared, will do anything nonsensical.

Doreena Petersen—Her interests lie in uniforms and finger-painting.

William Pirie—When it comes to hockey, he's our boy. Will be teaching his daughter soon.

Helen Pokrywka—Very, very quiet, but sympathetic with fellow travellers on the O. N. R.

Enid MacDonald—Both our twins are musically-minded and fun-loving. Real dolls.

Ina MacDonald—"Drummer" is the gal sans the glasses who won us all with her friendly smile.

Don Mitchell—Well, for one thing, the trip to Toronto is shorter in an Olds.

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FORM FOUR

Irma Pollari—Give the class a modulator drill, Miss Pollari!
Walter Poshtar—Let me tell you how to smash up a car!
Gerry Ponikvar—All the gym needs is a 36 inch basket!
Paula Powell—North Bay does have its good points!
Laura Powley—We do too have a book-store! The nerve!
Anne Pozeg—But I live on 11 South, you Dutchman!
Lynne Ray—Athletic! Oh, yes, we canoe every summer!
James Reed—Our class philosopher and ancient poet, Dear Ole Jamie's our Farley Mowat.
Carol Reid—Man, that Spaghetti and Meatballs hit it, eh?
Brian Richards—Hoi, MacTavish! Get yer kilt on there!
Ed Riddoch—Mister Man! What a form to contribute!
Mrs. Newsham Rock—To lead the students to a realization of . . .
Don Rosengren—Would Wee Donnie please change seats.
Joan Rummery—Have I got a brother?
Allan Salo—Well, I won't go as far as saying black is white.
Anne Semevan—Pretty good bowler, you bet!
Lee Shea—Don't go to sleep on me, John.
Al Shreeve—Now we'll have the story of the Three Bears.
Helen Sim—Look to Imperial for the best.
Pauline Smith—How long did you spend on your assignment, Miss Smith?
Ross Smith—Up, chink! Not just a brick, but a whole stone wall!
Betty Anne Soini—Where's Upsala? Why, just west of the Lakehead!
Ross Staples—Now I'll demonstrate a body-check!
Sam Stasiuk—No bout-a-dout it, if you like that sort of thing.
Bill Steers—You might call me an Adverse Psychologist.
Gloria Stimac—Upside down or downside up, she can pick a bean-bag up!
Gail Tackney—They're really good pictures. Would you bring your money as soon as possible?
Joanne Turcotte—Our Model Town even has bluebirds!
George Tuskovich—Can't read! Sore throat, you know
Kees Van Geem—Foggy day in London Town.
Joanne Van Rassel—Sir, may I take next Monday off?
Geraldine Virgo—Just put it, Max, Parry Sound and Grade I.
Ken Walduck—What's this about too much competition?
Victoria Waters—I brought this book back, Ken.
Shirley Watkinson—Said to be a going concern out of class.
Sara Webkamigad—Well, I tried!
Mrs. Gladys Gervason—Come Fly With Me!
Dale Willoughby—Buy your own cigars!
Ron Wiseman—But honey, I need the car to-day!
Elizabeth Wilson—Oh, give me a Dome car where nobody rides.
Joyce Wohlgemuth—Big dance at Lee Valley Hall to-night.
Pat Woodgate—I didn't catch on. What's the joke?
Stewart Woodrow—I'd like to dispute that point if I may.
Jean Woodruff—Sit down! Stand up! What a P.E. class!
Pat Wright—Good things come in small packages.
June Wright—Look me up at Isaac's Inn!
Harry Yacula—Hey Larry! All around!
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Johnny: "But Mommy couldn't find mine so she put Peter's on."

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Jan Acton:
Form Five's skiing enthusiast.

Donna Austin:
A pretty lass
Dreamy at home but alert in class.

Brenda Basford:
Hazel-eyed or are they green?
Likes Britannia so it seems.

Charles Belcher:
A handsome guy,
A ready wit and roving eye.

Donna Billingsley:
A brown-eyed girl from Red Rock
With interests in Britannia.

Janice Brownlee:
She makes the noon-hour worthwhile
With her pleasant smile.

Jo Ann Campbell:
Her mind is set
On Montreal where her man is yet.

Sheldon Carroll:
From Kirkland Lake,
A teacher for the North he'll make.

Diana Cassie:
Her cheery smile and laughing eyes
Always make the day worthwhile.

Harriet Chambers:
The smiling one.

Margaret Christiansen:
Hailing from the twin cities,
Spending time on drama properties.

Arlene Clark:
An intelligent lass,
Always answering masters in class.

Wayne Conway:
I'll give you train tickets and a place
to stay. Har! Har!

Emily Cook:
A quiet wee lady with many pleasanteries.

Carol Cooper:
Is a North Bay gal
One whom Form Five knows well.

Myrna Crandlemire:
Bound to set your head afire.

Dale Currie:
Because we did not see
We didn't know that Dale was a she!

Darryl Davis:
Oh! Kirkland did send
His interests, skiis and a girlfriend.

Donalda Dingwall:
Our tall, red-haired and efficient
amateur librarian!

Kathy Dooling:
Really a pet
Never will she let you down
That's a bet!

Laurie Douglas:
Enjoys a hearty laugh in this our class.

Eileen Ericson:
Slow and easy wins the race.

Pat Ewing:
Bound to teach all A.B.C.'s.

Edith Furlong:
Is noted for her tiny hands and quiet
classroom manner.

Doris Gagnon:
Keeps lovely notes
From which to study and to quote.

Colette Gauthier:
A happy sprite is she.

Elaine Gervais:
Has many artistic qualities,
Drawing faces is her specialty.

Frances Gilje:
Who keeps the college singing gaily?
Why, Fran and her ukelele.

Dorothy Girard:
A really good basketball player.

Shirley Godon:
Is quite a girl,
At every subject is a whirl.

Fred Gordon:
Our own flash, and in the Drama Club too-Wot!

Anne Marie Goldstein:
From the rugged North, Chapleau
She comes to win the hearts of the little ones.

Beverly Goldthorp:
Bev's a he
Nicknamed Goldie.

Sylvia Grassi:
Who is Sylvia? What is she?
A perfect lass, we all agree.

Mrs. Doris Harrison:
A merry English lass is she
Ready for a spot of tea?

Ronald Hartley:
Another K.L. man with a keen sense of fun.

Kenton Hawes:
Surprised us all one February day.

Margaret Hembruff:
Our quiet, friendly one.

Mrs. Drusilla Henderson:
Is a favourite lass,
Who seems to excel in music class.

Evelyn Henderson:
Confusing as it may be.
It's Miss you see.

John Hiscock:
A mind now strong, a back now bent,
John was Council's President!

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MORTGAGES

FORM SIX

Vera Hrycenko:
Vera is our classroom blonde,
Excels in marks, of sports is fond.

Max Jackson:
Max, as our first term rep,
Was terrific in keeping us all in step.

Fran Johnson:
In our class, you are queen
Because you're quick, noisy and keen.

Vivian Keen:
Vivian Keen is a real queen,
But we think she should redeem.

Elizabeth Knoof:
A quiet girl, I must confess.
Has personality? I must say yes!

Rose Kosowan:
A quiet, young lady from Kapuskasing,
But boys, beware . . . .

Lorraine Lapierre:
Bright and gay, and winning smile,
Puts her ahead by a solid mile.

Sandra Locking:
Sandy is not from North Bay,
But it is here she wants to stay.

Tony Lukach:
Tony is our hockey star,
On ice and chair he makes a bang.

Ray Lyons:
A hockey player is our Ray,
And very amorous, so they say.

Elsie Maki:
Elsie Maki is one lass
Who certainly has a lot of class.

Joanne Mazza:
Glance upon our dark-haired gal,
A friend in need, a real true pal.

Arthur McArthur:
Arthur's not really the best,
He's simply better than all the rest.

Mel McCarthy:
Tall, red-headed Mel is built for speed,
He's just what the basketball team will need.

Jane McColl:
Note the pixie of our crew,
Wide-eyed, inquisitive, personality too.

Priscilla McFarlane:
She's tops in class
This good-natured lass.

Claire McGillis:
Her jokes just kill us
But we love her anyway.

Mary McLennan:
Quiet and efficient is our Mary,
Up to date, she's not one to tarry.

Ken Messenger:
Ken's always ready with a gag,
Laughter with him need never lag.

Betsi Miller:
A pretty girl, from Hearst she's found.
Very quiet when she's around.

Sylvio Mondor:
Sy has difficulties convincing the masters
He was a Mr., not a Miss.

Ruth Morbin:
Ruth is earnest, Ruth is bright,
Ruth will be a guiding light.

Mrs. Doris Moulds:
Soft and quiet in her ways,
We wish for her the best of days.

Diane Murphy:
We think a lot of our little Dot,
She's a girl we're glad we've got.

Anthony O'Connor:
Irish eyes has this Irish lad,
Gleaming bright and gay, never sad.

Dorothy Oster:
Here we have our classroom doll,
Dark and charming I recall.

Rino Oullette:
Here's our boy with all the girls,
All the charm and all the curls.

Andy Palcic:
Quiet and shy in class, but watch him at the Gardens— He's Teacher's speedy centre.

Stan Pangowish:
Tall and quiet is our Stan,
A very dark and likeable man.

Joanne Parkin:
A girl with a friendly grin.
Standing with you thro' thick and thin.

Carolyn Paul:
As a gay, giggling student
She has an army of interests.

Betty Paul:
A little lass is Betty Paul,
But in her teaching she's very tall.

Richard Pentney:
Richard is always on the go
Does he ever stop? I don't think so.

Vasco Piccinin:
Vasco, as we all know,
Is another spelling for Romeo.

Dolores Pigeau:
We are proud of our petite Pigeau,
A bundle of energy on the go.

Dale Plant:
Our most colorful character is Dale,
At hockey, hustling or football, he'll never fail.

Donald Berlingeri:
A true friend who is always merry
Is he! Don Berlingeri.

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FORM SEVEN

Ted Plummer—Asset to basketball team. Another sleepless weekend?
Richard Price—Form representative, active in all activities. Just wait till I get a pair of scissors.
Rita Puska—Liked by everyone. I don't care how I get home, but I'm going!
Carrol Ralph—Pony-tailed favourite, yearbook representative, interested in the piano and hockey.
Gloria Ranney—Red-headed wit, likes music, especially ballet.
Ronald Rheault—Form representative, Form Seven's quiet man, necessary to hockey team.
Larry Rodgers—Drama Club member. Well I reckon you're right.
Garda Rowe—Life of sorority house. Silence is Golden?
Richard Rowson—University man, sings in choir, badminton champ and bowling enthusiast.
Robert Sabo—Always does the unexpected. Army, here I come.
Mary Senior—Always on the move. Her main interest is getting home on weekends.
Eleanor Shaw—Easy to get along with. I'm late! I'm late!
Cathy Shiska—The girl from the frontier, interested in all sports.
Helen Simpson—Secretary of A.Y.P.A., sports enthusiast. Only three more days left.
Saundra Skyhar—Dances, sings in choir, plays piano, another sorority gal.
James Smith—Keeps the hockey team going. Not another broken one.
Nancy Smith—Sings in choir, cheerleader for hockey team.
Ronald Speck—President of the Athletic Council, plays hockey, excellent curler, likes golf.
Mrs. Joan Stevens—Very quiet, anxiously waits for weekends so that she can see her daughter again.
Joanne Stubinski—Plays piano. Another I'm going home gal from the North.
Gary Teeple—Another hockey star to add to Form Seven's credit. Enjoys all sports.
Amy Terpstra—Our gal from the land of the wooden shoes.
Mary Catherine Thomson—Active in church groups. Worships the Island.
Wanda Townson—The girl with the "doe" eyes, variety show representative.
Judy Traer—Enjoys figure skating. It is so the best city!
Carol Trewin—Says a prayer every night for the new college. Do you think I should ask Mr. McClure?
Linda Turl—She's the mysterious quiet girl from England.
Rae Vienneau—Keeps her interests a secret. I'm not being much help, am I?
Helen Vlaad—Travelling miss from Kap. Wants to teach music and French in High School.
John Wallace—Has an obsession for golf. The man with the Metropolitan bug.
Carole Walton—Has her heart set on teaching farther North.
Orysia Wasylenki—Sings in choir, plays organ and piano.
Mrs. Pat Watt—Enjoys bowling and curling, doing a fine job of teaching three of her own.
Beverley Went—Sings in church choir. Has developed an interest in little cars.
Mrs. Claudette Wheeler—Connoisseur of Italian food, loves hockey. Sorry, I'm married.
Donald White—Sings in choir, member of hockey team.
Dora Wilson—Basketball enthusiast, likes horseback riding.
Esther Woodward—Likes to bowl, studies life history of prehistoric animals.
Susan Yankoff—Comes from Berlin, loves hockey, swimming, operas and the North.
Anne Young—She isn't lazy. It's just that she enjoys driving, likes to ski.

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FORM NINE

Mrs. Evelyn Ahola:
Evelyn studies for a happy life,
And makes Henry a very good wife.

Penny Anderson:
Smiling Penny makes everyone swoon,
She hails from the big city of Wabigoon.

Julia Baranowski:
Although appearing both sincere and serene,
She sometimes really can be a scream.

Daniel Bouvier:
Besides attending college this year
Dan has his hands full at home.

Barbara Brown:
Her musical ability surpasses Pat Boone.
She's to be a new bride come next June.

Maureen Carmier:
"Moe" can dance and sing and bake.
She comes to us from Kirkland Lake.

Clara Doi:
Clara is a very pretty lass.
We're glad we've got her in this class.

Barbara Flayer:
Although firm in class,
Barb has a very pleasant manner.

Mary Forman:
The quiz kid in Geography
Comes from Fort William.

Ardelle Forsythe:
Oh, Ardelle, now don't you shiver,
You'll soon go back to Rainy River.

Elizabeth Fox:
Paper mills and teaching
Are her chief interests in life.

Elizabeth Fraser:
She's a very quiet young lass
And a promising asset to our class.

Bill Glembus:
Wee Willy is his name.
Completing assignments is his fame.

Margaret Gowan:
When looking for "Peggy" you surely will find
That her sister Maureen is quite close behind.

Maureen Gowan:
Maureen usually gets "Reen" instead.
She comes to us from the Lakehead.

Norma Hamilton:
A quiet, studious girl
And an asset to the teaching profession.

Terry Harkins:
Terry, my boy, I hate to state,
Has his mind centered on Kate in Form Eight.

Helen Hartwick:
She's always ready with an explanation
Home to her is Walford Station.

Muriel Holland:
The "Rembrandt" of Form Nine.
But thoughts of "Emo" make her pine.

Robert Howard:
The "Cannonball" of Highway 17,
To Mattawa to see his queen.

Philip Jarvis:
"Phil" is a shy and quiet guy.
But at four to Marlene he really does fly.

Marcia King:
From Fort Frances she did hail,
She thinks college is like a jail.

Josephine Kopchik:
(Mrs. J. Boucher)
Before our joy and pride
Now a blushing Christmas bride.

Doreen Lacko:
Although Fort William is her home,
Her ambition is to teach in Rome.

Anne Lambertus:
A home with Leo I will make,
Way up north in Kirkland Lake.

Joan Marois:
Kirkland Lake is her home town.
Never a worry and never a frown.

Eileen Mason:
Eileen is a girl we all think swell
And in her subjects she is doing well.

Shirley McDaniel:
From Matheson she did depart
To come here to be with Art.

Jeanine Molody:
Jenny, my girl, I hate to say,
But Acton sure isn't that way.

Mary Monahan:
Mary is from Matheson,
But her heart is already won.

Nancy Neff:
Sleep, Nancy, and don't awake
Until you return to Kirkland Lake.

Norma Paul:
To Wawa this June she must depart.
A lucky fellow who wins her heart.

Glynn Rouse:
"Glenn's" shyness makes girls shiver,
He comes to us from Goulais River.

Gerald Saumur:
Jerry is from the Porcupine,
While on the ice he does recline.

Helen Saumur:
Helen's beauty and her smile,
Make Form Nine's life seem worthwhile.

Donalda Schneider:
Donny's the girl from the farm.
She certainly has a lot of charm.

Jane Shelswell:
Jane turns west at the Massey sign,
The quietest girl in all Form Nine.

John Ship:
Home is way up in South Porcupine.
He tries very hard which is a good sign.

Ann Thoms:
Ann is from the village of Bourkes,
She thinks all the boys are a bunch of jerks.

Evelyn Zagrodney:
As Mr. Bennett studies his map,
He asks Evelyn "How is Kap?"

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Sister M. Dominica:
Sister Dominica tops our class
There is no doubt that she will pass.

Sister Moyra:
Sure and begorrah!
It's our own Sister Moyra.

Sister St. Gregory:
Sister St. Gregory will surely be
An expert in the primary.

Livia Babudro:
(Mrs. Livia Sdraulig)
Livia Babudro an inquisitive one
Puzzling teachers is her fun.

Arlene Bisset:
Arlene Bisset our athletic rep.
Is fun at parties and lots of pep.

Irene Bodak:
Irene Bodak from the Lakehead came
To Teachers' College to win her fame.

Charles Brown:
Our form rep. Charlie Brown
Is never seen wearing a frown.

Shirley Budd:
Shirley Budd our smiling one
Is raring to go and lots of fun.

Mrs. Ernestine Buswa:
Ernestine Buswa, a pro at grammar
Is full of cheer and mild of manner.

Celia Currie:
Celia Currie is a quiet sort
But our form knows she's quite a sport.

Lois Dawkins:
A real hockey fan
Keeps close tab on one certain man.

Lorraine Doupe:
Lorraine Doupe is from the north
A gallant teacher budding forth.

Betty Ann Gillespie:
Thessalon's girl, Miss Gillespie
Spends her spare time saving recipes.

Mrs. Irene MacLeay:
Irene MacLeay our Scottish lass
In Highland dancing leads the class.

Estelle Marmino:
She did provide our spaghetti
So we in turn shall supply the confetti.

Ruby Orr:
A quiet girl is Ruby Orr
And as a teacher makes quite a score.

Alonia Rivet:
Alonia Rivet our French lass
Will lire en francais in Shakespeare class.

Caroline Roberts:
Miss Roberts has her eye to the east
She'll be happy, to say the least.

Marilyn Rogers:
Marilyn Rogers loves to roam
To Bruce Mines which is her home.

Margaret Sheedy:
Miss Sheedy wisely christened Margaret
Why is Bissett always your target?

Marilyn Smith:
Marilyn Smith was in a flurry
When made the president in a hurry.

Nina Stevenson:
Good luck to you, in your future career,
We've really enjoyed your presence this year.

Lorraine Sullivan:
Lorraine Sullivan is quite a dear,
When on the ice she gives a cheer.

Marvin Viehbeck:
Marvin Viehbeck known as Red,
Is always happy when well fed.

Monica Whalen:
Walford is Monica's stamping ground,
Every week-end she's homeward bound.

Robert Wilson:
Bob Wilson is surely erudite
Which means he is very bright.

Mrs. Helen Carr:
Mrs. Carr came somewhat late
Yet seldom in history misses a date.

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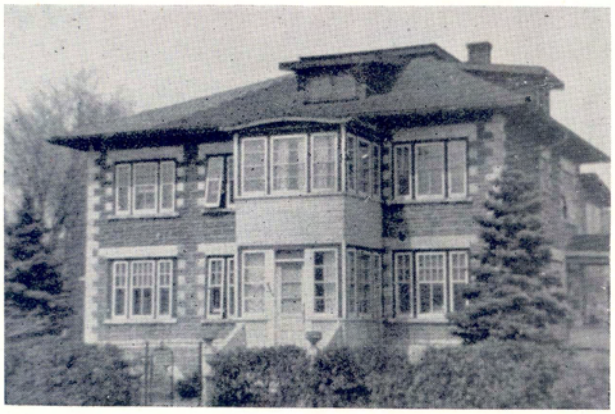
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Autographs



FORM EIGHT

Marion Anderson:
Always happy, always gay,
Marion has a smile every day.

Lynn Barlow:
She's into this and into that . . .
Life for her sure isn't flat.

Muriel Bertrand:
Tired of all other jobs—
Teaching beats them all.

Joanne Brady:
Quiet, but oh, so pleasant.

Dick Brownlee:
Dick is handsome and very blond,
Of him the girls are very fond.

Betty Bustraen:
Monday — —
How many more days until the weekend?

Helen Collins:
Still waters run deep.

Janet Copps:
Janet lends a helping hand,
To anyone whenever she can.

Louise Denes:
Hard working Louise always wears a smile.

Marvel Edkins:
Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Marvel's theories come from afar.

Aileen Fex:
Hard working, pleasant personality.

Carol Fleming:
Wit, humour and practical sense—
She's also gifted with intelligence.

Betty Gavine:
Her voice, though faint, often expresses
Wishes of hope for future successes.

Gayle Harris:
Pleasant to have in class.

Helen Haskell:
Helen is a Beatnik fan.
She belongs to the engaged clan.

June Hermiston:
Her sincere, quiet manner is no
Handicap to good teaching.

Ed Ilersich:
Ed will make a good professor.
His discipline is to the measure.

Darlene Jackson:
Sombre, serious, giddy, gay,
That is the typical teacher's way.

Joanne Kripotos:
Rings are to be worn and shown.

Dan Krysa:
Danny is a handsome lad,
He's our class rep. and we are glad.

Laurel Langevin:
Wherever she goes there is a pleasant atmosphere

Daisy Laschuk:
Daisy is seldom serious
And when she is it's really hilarious.

Rita Leach:
Rita is our little French lass,
She works so hard she surely will pass.

Ted Linley:
Ted hails from the Island dear,
And here he hopes to teach next year.

Miki Maeba:
Few people are the fascinating kind—
Miki is, but we don't mind.

Karen McDowell:
Karen is so very petite,
But with enthusiasm, accomplishes any man-sized feat.

Peggy McFarlane:
Quiet is as quiet does,
From Peggy, not one little buzz.

David McMillan:
His good nature is enjoyed by all.

Carole Merchant:
A credit to our form is she.
If only like her we all could be.

Pat Millar:
Blond and witty, that's for sure.
Pat is our Powassan girl.

Anna May Mills:
Anna May does work pronto
To be ready for Toronto.

Marlene Moore:
Marlene is a changing girl,
And her music will make her whirl.

Kate Mundy:
Katy does her work on time,
To be ready for her dates at nine.

Olga Pysklywec:
A delight to others in her ways,
Princess makes the brightest days.

Ann Reynolds:
Ann Marie's work is to the letter,
But her jokes are much, much better!

Deanna Robbins:
Deanna is a sparkling lass,
A definite asset to our class.

Marilyn Rorison:
Marilyn, our girl from North Bay,
What homework did we have to-day?

Shirley Russell:
A late comer to our class,
Shirley is a cheerful lass.

Dianne Smiley:
Dianne is a charming lady,
And her marks are far from shady.

Lorna Smith:
Lorna is our Red Cross Rep.,
Full of vigor, vim and pep.

Mrs. Margaret Smith:
Marg was long our only Mrs.,
But with marks she seldom misses.

Mildred Smukavich:
Millie, Millie, she's a dilly,
With her the children never act silly.

Mary Ellen Spackman:
Mary Ellen loves grade five,
With her the pupils look alive.

Marilee Thompson:
Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow
Is Marilee's philosophy for the present
And for the morrow.

Carol Vernon:
Carol a music supervisor will be,
And none of her pupils will sing out of key.

Arlene Wing:
Arlene would like to teach grade three,
And a very good teacher she will be.

Mrs. Sheila Wilkinson:
Always ready with a smile,
Sheila's happy all the while.

Peggy Wright:
Peggy can talk in class as you see,
A top-notch teacher she has chosen to be.