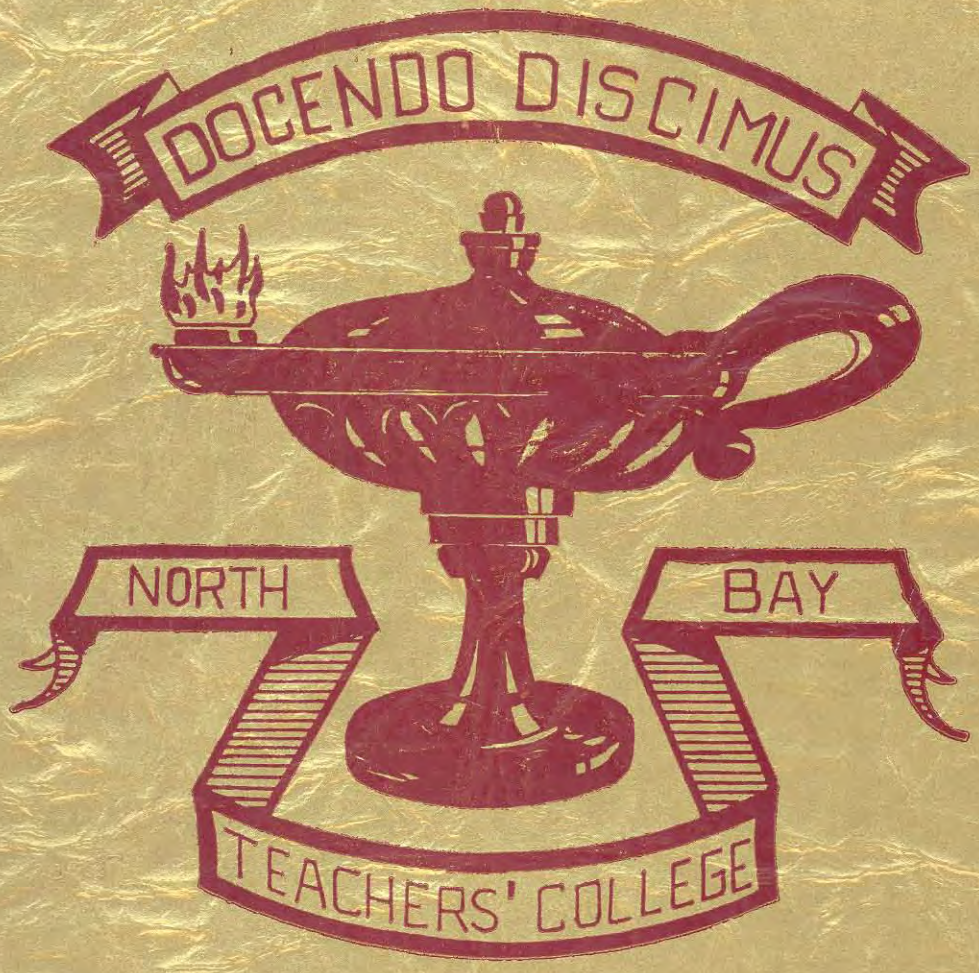
NORTH ... DISTRICT ... TEACHERS' COLLEGE

# POLARIS




## 1960-1961

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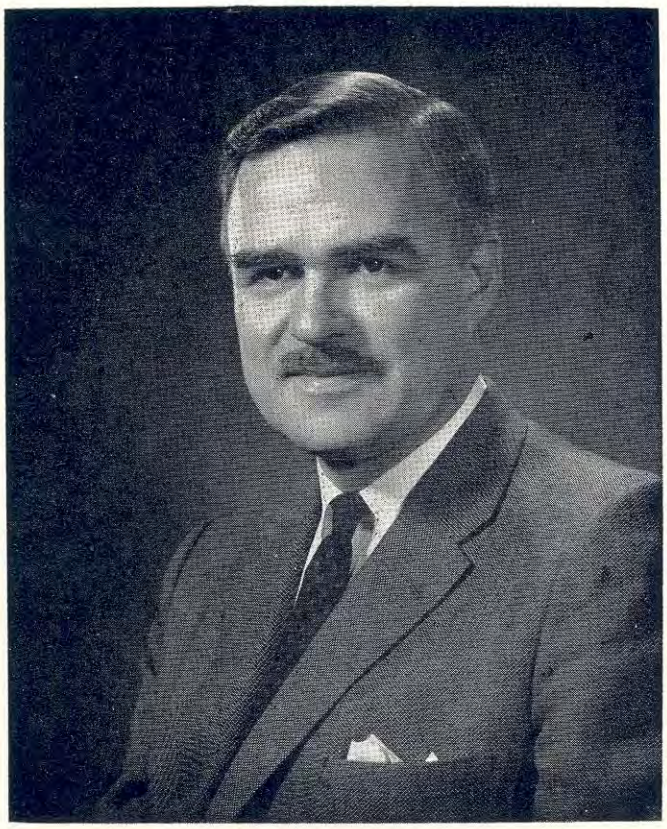
# North Bay Teachers' College

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*North Bay Teachers' College*

## Greetings From The Minister Of Education



Once again it is a pleasure for me, on behalf of the Government of Ontario, to extend greetings to the students of the North Bay Teachers' College through the pages of your year book. In this publication you will find a record of the personalities and events that have made the past few months memorable to you. My opportunities of meeting student-teachers during their course are somewhat limited, but I can assure you of my keen and personal interest in your transition from high school graduate to elementary-school teacher.

It has been said that what the best and wisest parent wants for his own child, the community must want for all its children. There is little doubt that a good and wise parent could wish for his child a competent, resourceful, and kindly teacher. And that is precisely what each community in this Province wants for all its children.

Those of you who are graduating from The Teachers' College this June will be taking charge of classes of Ontario pupils in September. May you carry to your classrooms sound learning, shrewd common-sense, and a wealth of understanding, and may you continue through the years to grow in knowledge and teaching skill. You have my best wishes for abundant success.

JOHN P. ROBARTS,
Minister of Education.

Toronto, January 31, 1961.

# The Principal's Message . . .



A recent writer in the field of psychology has emphasized the influence upon ourselves of the ways in which we construe our own roles. During this year you have been learning to become skilful in ways of presenting lessons, you have been gaining insights into the possibilities of school subjects as educational media, and, most important of all, you have been coming to a clearer notion of what it means to be a teacher.

Do you see yourself as the purveyor of knowledge? You should. The information you convey should be the most accurate and the most reliable that you can ascertain. Do you see yourself as the missionary, arousing enthusiasm for learning, engendering appreciation for things of enduring value, planting ideals which will flourish in future conduct? You should. These also are part of the teacher's job.

"What I am to be, I am now becoming," said a great statesman. The teacher you are to be, you have been becoming. What you continue to become depends largely upon your own concept of your role as a teacher. That role should include the notion of guidance, for what teachers are, the schools and the pupils are becoming.

Your guides on the staff of the Teachers' College wish you happiness, satisfaction, success, and opportunity for continued "becoming" in your chosen profession.



**YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE**

Back Row—Mr. W. C. McClure (Staff Adviser), Sister Mary of Lourdes (Recording Secretary), Priscilla Cavanagh (Biographies and Social Editor), Max Jackson (Editor-in-Chief), Mrs. Loreen Ramey (Business Manager), Jane MacNeill (Humour Editor), Mr. A. J. Johnson (Staff Adviser).

Front Row—Evelyn Watkins (Art Editor), Marlene Kallio (Literary Editor), Sharon Markusson (Activities Editor), Diana Dudley (Literary Editor), Wanda Townson (Photography Editor).



# *Editorial . . .*

Alas, I fear it would be sheer folly to make any attempt at being didactic with so many pedagogues as my audience but I will submerge my fears and succumb to the temptation.

We entered — aspirants to the Teaching Profession. The changes that we were about to undergo were buried in the enigma that is the future. We had vague preconceived ideas of what being a teacher entailed, but by this time, these ideas have either been dispelled or hardened into usable practical knowledge. Whatever our preconceptions, we must realize by now that teaching and the teaching profession do not hold for us the sacrosanctity of an ivory tower but instead hard work and constant demands upon the initiative nature of the builders of an aristocracy. For in essence, there is a natural aristocracy of the educated and that, I would hope, is what we as teachers of human beings are attempting. This, to me, is a feat never quite to be accomplished but to be forever sought.

We, everyone of us, are possessed of two basic aims or drives, these being to learn and to earn. It follows that we must first learn how to teach before we garner the prestige and profits held forth by the Teaching Profession. Profits are not only the gleanings of the salary at the end of the month, but the smiles or gratitude and friendship on **Our** pupils' faces.

To say the pen is mightier than the sword is true, but it is also true that the need is mightier than the pen. In effect, to instill a desire in children to learn has more importance and a more enduring effect than the subject matter you teach. For, what we teach can be forgotten and probably will be; but if the desire to learn lives on, then society lives on, because a society is only as good as its education.

I hope that all who have come to N.B.T.C. in 1960 and have gone in 1961, have experienced ignorance. The first rung on the ladder to learning must be the realization that one knows very little and must, to be successful, climb the intermediate rungs to knowledge.

I would like on your behalf to vow that the 1961 graduates of N.B.T.C., shall do all in their power to assist in the development of the whole of every child whom they will have under their guidance. This is our duty.

The future belongs to us and we belong to the future.

I would like to express gratitude and appreciation to the Masters of our College, who worked with the overcrowded classes and with what must have seemed insurmountable obstacles to turn out a group of teachers possessed with a desire to teach children knowledge. I would like to thank the yearbook executive and the student body for their time and efforts which went into this book. To Mr. McClure and Mr. Johnson, our staff advisers, I would like to extend a special thanks on behalf of the executive.

MAX JACKSON

# North Bay Teachers' College

## Staff



MISS A. M. JOHNSON, B.A.
Dean of Women
Home Economics



MRS. A. HANSMAN, R.M.T.
Music
Children's Literature
Library Methods



J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.Paed.
Principal
Educational Psychology
General Methodology



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



D. HUSBAND, B.A., B.Ed.
Physical Education and Health
The School and The Community



A. C. BENNETT, B.A., B.Ed.
Social Studies
History of Education

## 1960–1961



MRS. J. IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed.
Art
Geography

# North Bay Teachers' College

## Staff



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



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



M. J. CURTIS, B.A., B.Ed.
Vice-Principal
Director of Practice Teaching
General Methodology
Methods in Religious Education



A. J. MacASKILL, B.A.
English "B"
English II



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



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

## 1960–1961



Miss E. A. THORN, M.A.
English I
Child Psychology

# Two Open Letters



J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.PAED.

*Dear Mr. Deyell:*

*When we arrived here at N.B.T.C. we found ourselves in a new situation and you did too. You had moved into a new office in the main hall and on your door was the sign Principal.*

*As Principal of a school of over four hundred future teachers, you have done an excellent job and have set a fine example for those who will some day step into principalships in the Public and Separate Schools of the Province.*

*We shall always remember the happy days spent at N.B.T.C. under your guidance and we hope you will look back on that opening assembly in the 1960-61 school year and many other occasions with fond memories as the beginning of a succession of memorable years as Principal of North Bay's "good old Teachers' College".*

*Sincerely,*

THE CLASSES OF 1960-61.



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

*Dear Mr. Parnall:*

*We have just completed a small-scale gallup poll among the second year students of North Bay Tachers' College. Since you, sir, had the "good fortune" to be responsible for our first year teacher training, we thought you might like to know how you rated.*

*Quoth the students:*

*"an English Specialist—I really learned grammar in his classes."*

*"he made poetry live; I'll never forget 'The Shark' and the 'Ice-Cart!."*

*"has musical talent plus—remember the expert way he directed the N.B.T.C. Choir when the Music Director was ill."*

*"friendly, firm and fair."*

*"he tried to make us realize the 'must" of improving our future educational qualifications."*

*In short, Mr. Parnall, we feel that we profited greatly in our initial training, and we wish you success in your new position.*

*Yours sincerely,*

THE SECOND YEAR CLASSES.

# North Bay Teachers' College



**RELIGIOUS EDUCATION INSTRUCTORS**

Back Row—Rev. R. Wilson, Rev. A. K. Kaellgren, Rev. S. Parkhouse, Rev. D. Raymer, Rev. O. Lapp.
Front Row —Rev. G. Paul, Rev. M. Tipping, Msgr. F. P. Devine, Rev. A. Young, Canon C. F. Large.

## To The Students . . .

Greetings and best wishes to the 1961 graduates ! You have chosen an honourable and important vocation, that of moulding minds of the next generation. Do not dare to undertake this mighty task alone ! Remember this: "the Christian teacher is a better teacher". May His Word always remain the lamp unto your feet and the light unto your path.

REV. ORLEN W. LAPP

* * *

"It is not what you teach, but what you teach the other fellow, that counts." No matter what your subject is, your object is to instill in your pupils an eager love of learning and a desire to put it into practice.

REV. R. V. WILSON

* * *

We bid you farewell in the words of the theme of our studies in the Acts: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:8.

REV. D. E. RAYMER

* * *

The art of the teacher is a delicate and serious one since the teacher deals with the formation and development of the human spirit. The thirst of the intellect to know and the desire of the will for good must be satisfied by the art of the teacher. It is your challenge for the future. In reacting to this challenge of teaching we trust that you will find the fullness of the satisfaction of the teaching art.

MONSIGNOR F. P. DEVINE

* * *

Einstein once wrote that the fairest thing one can experience is the mysterious.

"He who knows it not and can no longer wonder, no longer feel enjoyment, is as good as dead, a snuffed out candle."

The teacher who is to educate well must keep his store of knowledge open at both ends. The bottom will be open as an exit for false ideas; the top will be open as an entrance for new truths.

Man's pride tends to shut the doors of learning when he shuts the school door for the last time. Wonder alone will keep the doors open all the time.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,

How I wonder what you are ?" was the nursery rhyme. The teacher who throughout his life finds this child's question has new relevance for him will grace his profession and bless his students forever.

REV. G. W. PAUL

## To The Religious Instructors . . .

The students of N.B.T.C. would like to express their appreciation to the clergy of North Bay and District for the fellowship and instruction they have given in their classes each Monday morning. To join with others of the same denomination to hear a thought-provoking lecture has been of great value. Your time spent here at the College has been much appreciated.



MRS. K. SULLIVAN
SECRETARY



MRS. E. KINNIBURGH
LIBRARIAN



MRS. A. TURNBULL
SECRETARY

## To The Secretarial Staff . . .

At this time we wish to extend our thanks to the Secretarial Staff for the numerous tasks which it has performed throughout the year. Little did we realize at the time the vast amount of information which we obtained from those many neatly-typed sheets. And how utterly lost we would have been in our search for materials in our teaching weeks. We, the students, certainly appreciate your able assistance.

## To The Maintenance Staff . . .

In this space in our Year Book, we would like to pay tribute to our Maintenance Staff. What would we do without you? The school is always spotless from top to bottom. The ladies who clean and tidy the Common Room deserve special credit. Since the drink dispensers were installed their work has doubled and still we hear no words of complaint. They empty ash-tray after ash-tray and return time after time always to find more work. Whether we show it or not, we really appreciate your endeavours and could not get along without you.



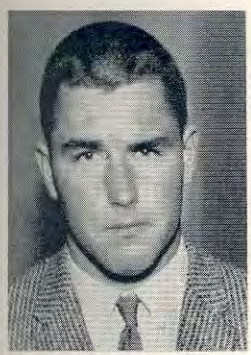
**MAINTENANCE STAFF**

Back Row—Mr. L. Doucette, Mr. A. Welin, Mr. J. Donaldson.
Front Row—Miss G. Godin, Mrs. M. Durrant.

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O – 1



TAISTO AALTONEN
SOUTH PORCUPINE



BEVERLEY ADAMS
SOUTH PORCUPINE



JUDITH ALLEN
ONAPING



HELEN ANDERSON
NORTH BAY



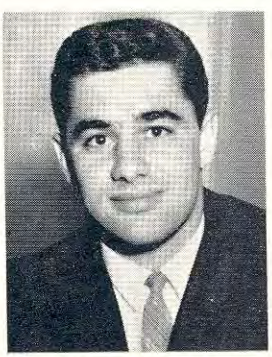
MARY J. ARMSTRONG
SWASTIKA



JOANNA BAGORDO
SCHUMACHER



JOY BAKER
EVANSVILLE



JAMES BARONE
SAULT STE. MARIE



JEANNINE BEACH
SUDBURY



PETER BEATTIE
TIMMINS



MARY BELLON
KIRKLAND LAKE



EDGAR BOLTON
BURK'S FALLS



NOREEN BOOKER
SPANISH



MARGARET BOWEN
SUDBURY



NORA BRADY
KIRKLAND LAKE

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O-



BONNIE BRAGG
LEVACK



GARY BROOKS
SOUTH PORCUPINE



VERLYN BROWN
COCHRANE



BETTY ANN BRYLINSKI
KIRKLAND LAKE



DAVID BUCHANAN
NORTH BAY



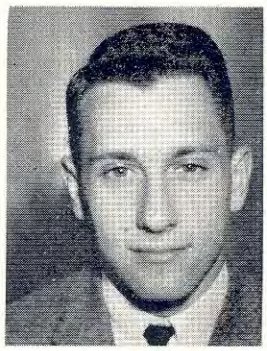
PAT BUFFAM
NEW LISKEARD



MARLENE BUNN
BENT RIVER



RONALD BURDENUK
SUDBURY



TOM BUTKOVICH
SAULT STE. MARIE



MAE CAMPBELL
SAULT STE. MARIE



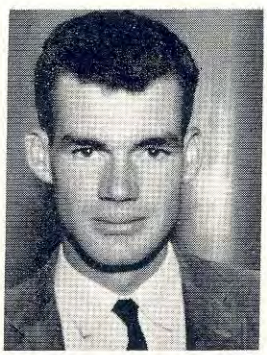
TERENCE CANT
NORANDA



DIANE CEPURAN
SCHUMACHER



MARGARET CHAPELL
SAULT STE. MARIE



BARRY CLARK
BURWASH



CAROL CLARKE
SCHUMACHER

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O – 1



KATHLEEN CLINTON
SUDBURY



MARILYN COGHLAN
KIRKLAND LAKE



BETTY CONLEY
LEVACK



WILLIAM CONWAY
SAULT STE. MARIE



DIANE CREED
CONNAUGHT



CATHERINE CROWDER
SAULT STE. MARIE



DAVID DAGGETT
KAPUSKASING



PATRICIA DENMAN
SAULT STE. MARIE



BOB DEWAR
TIMMINS



VIVIAN DEWAR
PROVIDENCE BAY



MARILYN DIX
KIRKLAND LAKE



ANN DONALDSON
NORTH BAY



BRIAN DONNELLY
KAPUSKASING



DIANA DUDLEY
NORTH BAY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O – 2



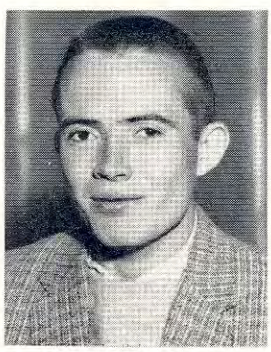
ROSS BEATTIE
TIMMINS



DOREEN DUKES
SAULT STE. MARIE



JOSEPH DUKOVAC
SOUTH PORCUPINE



GARY EDMONDS
NORTH BAY



MARILYN EGGLESFIELD
SAULT STE. MARIE



PETER ESTE
TIMMINS



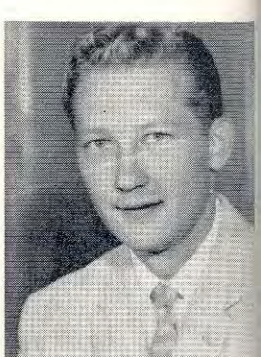
ANNE FARNEL
FALCONBRIDGE



SUSAN FINAN
SOUTH PORCUPINE



MARIE FLEMING
BRUCE MINES



GERALD FORSELL
ELLIOT LAKE



CAROL FREDRICKSON
KIRKLAND LAKE



BETTY GARSON
SAULT STE. MARIE



(MRS.) M. GERBER
KIRKLAND LAKE



CLAIRE GERVAIS
BURWASH



ANN GIBSON
NORTH BAY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O – 2



JANE GRAHAM
SUDBURY



GARY GRAY
SUDBURY



WILMA GRAY
EMSDALE



GEORGE GRBICH
KIRKLAND LAKE



CATHERINE GROSS
SUDBURY



DALE HAMMOND
BRACEBRIDGE



JOHN HANES
UTTERSON



SHIRLEY HARDY
BRACEBRIDGE



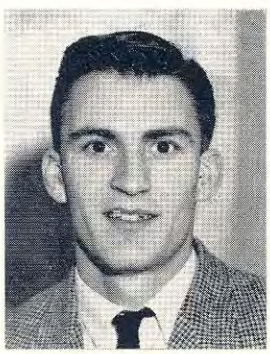
LOIS HARRISON
SUDBURY



SYLVIA HIGGINS
ESPANOLA



PETER HILL
NORTH BAY



JOHN HODDER
TEMISKAMING



CHARLES HOPKINS
ESPANOLA



DOREEN HORNE
SUDBURY



LYNNE HUESTON
LIVELY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O-



MALCOLM HUGHES
SCHUMACHER



KENT HUTCHINSON
DANE



NANCY IRWIN
SAULT STE. MARIE



DANIEL JAMES
ENGLEHART



RUTH JUHOLA
SUDBURY



MARLENE KALLIO
SOUTH PORCUPINE



BETH KEAYS
NEW LISKEARD



DORA KENESKY
SOUTH PORCUPINE



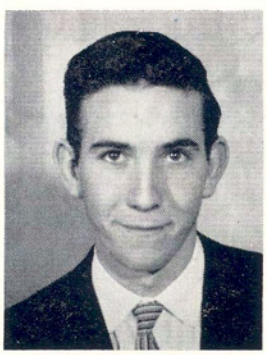
VIRGINIA KRAKANA
SOUTH PORCUPINE



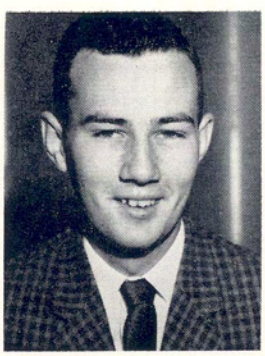
LORAINE KRMPOTICH
SAULT STE. MARIE



EDWARD LACELLE
HAWK JUNCTION



RICHARD LEBREUX
SAULT STE. MARIE



DENNIS LEFAVE
SAULT STE. MARIE



DONALD KRAJC
KIRKLAND LAKE

# FORM O-1

*It's in this form they call O-1*
*That the work is all begun,*
*That the masters all turn grey*
*Teaching things they hope we'll say.*

Our class is one of versatility indeed! In the sports field, some of the bright lights in girls' basketball are: Marg Chapell, Ann Donaldson, Marlene Bunn, Jeannine Beach and Nora Brady who is the league's top scorer. Our lone basketball player for the boys' team is Edgar Bolton. We are proud of our skaters in the personality of Margaret Bowen and Verlyn Brown. Someone who feels strongly about school spirit is Helen Anderson, O-1's cheerleader.

The star in the dramatic field is our own Bob Dewar not to be outdone by Ron Burdenuk.

We are very proud of Dave "Scotty" Buchanan who has entertained the entire school with his bagpipes "Hoot mon, very goot!" Also musically inclined is Joanna Bagordo who sings soprano in the Triple Trio. Diane Cepuran, who sings second soprano, is also in this fine select group.

Typical of almost every class is the class clown. Thus Carole Clark and Tom Butkovich keep our class lively and in good spirits.

Taisto Aaltonen, Gary Brooks, Bill Conway and Dave Daggett appear to be shy and debonair but we know in their so-called extra-curricular activities they are the charming casanovas. So too, Mary Joan Armstrong and Mary Bellon can be classified as girl-casanovas.

Sister Ursula who is constantly smiling and chuckling keeps our class in good humour.

Noreen Booker, the inquisitive girl, many times not only solved her own problems by questioning the masters but ours too.

Very close friends who hail from the northern Sudbury area are Bonnie Bragg and Betty Conley.

Marilyn Dix, Diane Creed, Marilyn Coghlan, Betty Ann Brylinski and Pat Buffam, better known as the northern belles, are tempting many southern boys to go north to teach.

Brian Donnelly who already comes from the north thinks there is no better place to take up his profession.

Thanks to our representative in the various clubs and organizations, form O-1 is well-voiced. They are as follows:

Terry Cant ..... Student Council
Barry Clark ..... Athletic Council
Patricia Denman ..... United Nations Club
Mae Campbell ..... Red Cross
Diane Dudley ..... Year Book Committee

Thus you can see our form is well represented by students from all over Northeastern Ontario. Some will return home, others to new towns and cities; but no matter where in Ontario we go, we will fulfil the duties of capable teachers and help to build the future of the nation.

---

# FORM O-2

Today Mrs. Gerber read us a story.

We met many friends in our story.

Dan was our big friend. Cathy was our little friend.

George and Chuck were jolly friends. Funny, funny friends!

Two friends had red hair. They were Jane and Pete.

Lynn and Malcolm were our bad friends. They always fought.

Marlene and Beth were bad too. They talked all day.

But Loraine and Ed were quiet partners.

We met other children too — Ross, Marie, Shirley, Ruth, and Virginia.

Sylvia wanted to learn. She asked many good questions.

Don came late for school. He tried to answer her.

Ann has a friend in another class. Kent has one too.

Doreen, Marilyn, Anne, and Lois had friends **f-a-a-r** away.

They liked to visit these friends.

One friend played a "song". His name was Gary.

Susan helped Gary. She played the piano for him.

Some friends danced. They were Carol, Betty, Nancy, and Gerry.

Doreen and John played "Mary and Joseph".

Our friends had a big ball.

Claire, Dale, Joe, and Pete liked to throw the ball.

John had an accident. He broke his arm. But nurse Dora fixed it.

Rick and Dennis were good friends.

The teacher sometimes mixed them up.

Our Grays — Wilma and Gary — were mixed up too.

Others thought they were sister and brother.

"Our New Friends" want to be teachers.

Funny, funny teachers ! ! !

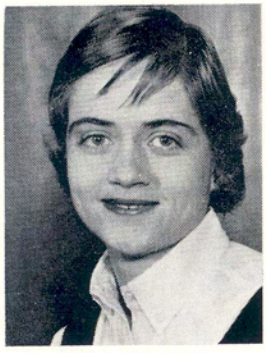
# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O-3



FABIAN LEMIEUX
COCHRANE



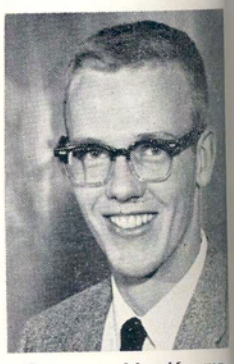
GAIL LOWERY
NORTH BAY



JOHN MACKAY
FALCONBRIDGE



IAN MACDONALD
NORTH BAY



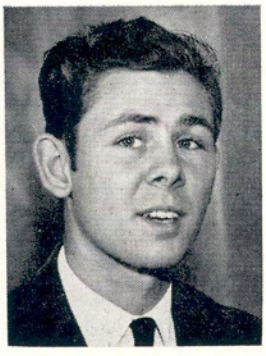
GORDON MACKENZIE
NEW LISKEARD



SHARON MARKUSSON
SUDBURY



DENISE MCALPINE
SAULT STE. MARIE



WILLIAM MCBRIDE
KAPUSKASING



SHEILA MCCANS
ROSSEAU



CONNIE MCCOLEMAN
SUDBURY



DOREEN MCDONOUGH
TIMMINS



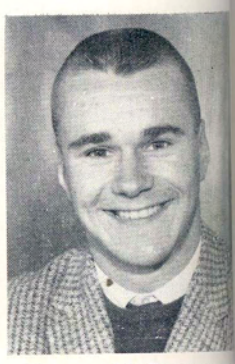
JUDITH MCLELLEN
NORTH BAY



ROBERT MCNEIL
SOUTH PORCUPINE



JOHN MCNEILL
SUDBURY



WAYNE MCPARLAND
NORTH BAY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O – 3



SHIRLEY MILLER
TIMMINS



PAT MORELLATO
SCHUMACHER



GWEN MORGAN
KIRKLAND LAKE



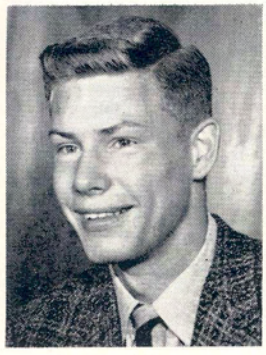
MARY MORRISSEY
NORTH BAY



ELEANOR MURNAGHAN
KIRKLAND LAKE



MARY ANN MURPHY
SOUTH PORCUPINE



FRANK MUSICO
SUDBURY



PAULA MYERS
SOUTH PORCUPINE



SOINTU MYLLYPERKIO
SOUTH PORCUPINE



WILLIAM NAPIER
NORTH BAY



CATHERINE NEELANDS
HAILEYBURY



KEN NEWMAN
KIRKLAND LAKE



LYNNE OLDHAM
NORTH BAY



GEORGINA OLIVER
KIRKLAND LAKE



LORAINE OLSON
SUDBURY

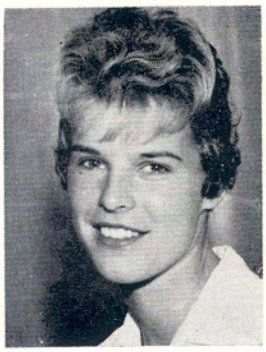
# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O-3



DAVID O'NEIL
NORTH BAY



LINDA ORR
SWASTIKA



NANCY PARR
BURWASH



MARILYN PARSONS
BURK'S FALLS



NORMA PELLERIN
SUDBURY



ALLAN PETERSON
SAULT STE. MARIE



RICHARD POCOCK
KEARNEY



DAVID PORTER
SAULT STE. MARIE



MARCIA POWELL
NORTH BAY



JOYCELYN QUINN
TIMMINS



MURIEL RAAFLAUB
BURK'S FALLS



BETTE RADSKE
SCHUMACHER



LARRY RAHN
SAULT STE. MARIE



JOHN RAUH
SCHUMACHER



DENNIS REED
NORTH BAY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

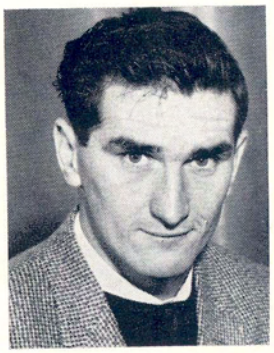
## Form O – 4



(Mrs.) A. Proudfoot
Chelmsford



Roger Reid
Sudbury



Wayne Reynolds
North Bay



Laura Richards
New Liskeard



Ruth Ross
North Bay



Alvin Runnalls
Barrie Island



Leena Sandblom
Sudbury



Diona Sawchenko
Wawa



June Schaeffer
Selkirk



Mervyn Sheppard
Connaught



Pamela Shier
Bracebridge



Nancy Singleton
Sault Ste. Marie



Robert Sissons
Sudbury

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

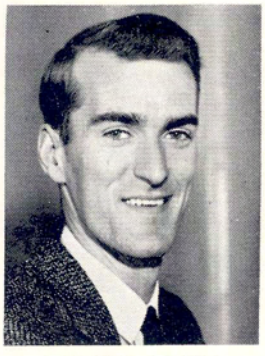
## Form O-4



FRANCIS SLOAN
TIMMINS



LORNA SMITH
DAYTON



RONALD SMITH
THESSALON



PATRICIA SOLESKI
SOUTH PORCUPINE



(MRS.) I. SOMERVILLE
SUDBURY



KEITH STROMBERG
TORRANCE



(MRS.) L. SWORD
SMOOTH ROCK FALLS



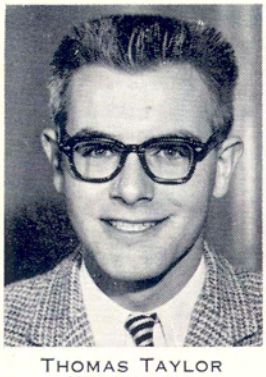
LILLIAN SYWAK
SIMCOE



MARGARET TAHTINEN
SAULT STE. MARIE



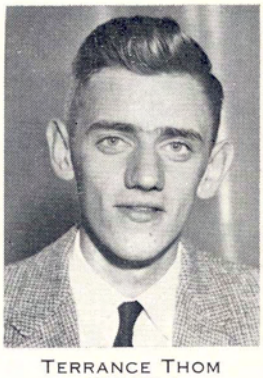
JUDY TAMMI
SUDBURY



THOMAS TAYLOR
KAPUSKASING



(MRS.) RUTH THIB
NORTH BAY



TERRANCE THOM
ESPANOLA



GORDON THOMAS
SAULT STE. MARIE



ROBERT THURSTON
SMOOTH ROCK FALLS

# North Bay Teachers' College

## ONE YEAR COURSE

## Form O – 4



MARLENE TOPPARI
SOUTH PORCUPINE



LENA TRUANT
TIMMINS



DAVID TRUSSLER
NORTH BAY



NANCY TUOMINEN
SOUTH PORCUPINE



MRS. H. VAILLANCOURT
NORTH BAY



RICHARD VIRENE, B.A.
SAULT STE. MARIE



HEATHER WALKER
KIRKLAND LAKE



EVELYN WATKINS
SUDBURY



ELAINE WILLIAMS
NOBEL



BEVERLY WILSON
BALSAM CREEK



NANCY WOODROFFE
MACTIER



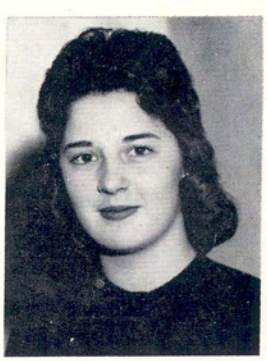
JOYCE WRIGHT
ISLAND FALLS



MARY WRIGHT
PARRY SOUND



VIRGINIA YANNI
SAULT STE. MARIE



BARBARA YEOMANS
SAULT STE. MARIE

# FORM O-3

It was raining the opening day of N.B.T.C. Through that downpour we trudged, all four hundred and more of us, to begin our college life. On that first day we were divided into ten classes. Thus O-3 was born with forty-eight members. However, this did not last long. About a week later the heads of the college decided to make four classes out of the five in the one-year course. Once the change was made we were reduced to forty-six in number.

A month passed and still some members of the class did not know all of the others. So a class get-acquainted party was planned. Almost the entire class went to the party and a great deal of fun was had by all. The evening was spent in dancing and singing. As a result of the party the class members got to know each other very well. Since then O-3 has developed the reputation of being the most spirited class in the school.

We shall now tell you a little about some of the more active members of our class, who help to make it what it is. John McNeill is our organizer and vocalist. It was largely through his efforts that our class party was such a success.

Another vocalist in our class is Bette Radske. She is one young lady who has constantly surprised us this year with her many hair shades and shapes.

In the instrumental section of the music world we have our share of performers. Ken (Alfred) is our real cool clarinet and sax boy. Dave, and John and Gord handle the drums with ease. On the trumpet Frank manages to keep us well entertained.

We must also give credit to those students who help give the choir that special sound. Then, too, there are those who tried to bring out the best in Shakespeare's **The Merchant of Venice.**

Then there's our intellect — Dick Pocock. Our first impressions of him and his ability to use our language made him our Students' Council choice. He still is amazing us with his remarks concerning psychology and retroactive curves.

As for sports — well, just look at the hockey team! Count and name the top players. Of course you will say, "Bob, Bill, and John." Some of our girls are on the basketball teams, and others make a fine showing as the tops in the cheerleading squad.

You will notice at the games that O-3 is doing most of the yelling. (They may not be yelling the right cheer but they are yelling.) Also you will observe at the dances (at the Manor) that the students who are making the best use of the facilities and the music are the students from O-3.

We can only conclude from all these merits that O-3 is the best form in the school because of the personality and the spirit it has shown throughout the year.

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# FORM O-4

Thoughts of form O-4 will always bring a smile to our faces and a feeling of personal pride to our hearts. We chuckle as we remember the day Bob Sissons asked Mr. Bennett a question and he received the reply, "Will you please repeat the question while I think about the answer." Or the day Keith Stromberg blankly informed Mr. Husband that "Home is where you make it." I am sure that we have all tried to imitate the graceful rhythmic movements of Mr. Husband's dancing and Wayne Reynolds has undoubtedly achieved this goal. Didn't Gordie Thomas make a wonderful grandmother in "Mrs. Hansman Presents!"?

Here is something else of which we can boast. Our own Pamela Shier was accidently entered on the list for the Men's Badminton Singles. Despite the "razzing" she received, Pam did show up and when the tournament was over she was the new "men's champion". However our modest Pam would not let this be announced at assembly (much to the relief of the men) so we had to keep our victory to ourselves.

However we do not want to give the impression that our men are lacking in sportsmanship abilities — far from it! Bob Thurston, Gordie Thomas, Mervyn Sheppard, Wayne Reynolds, Ron Smith and many of the others represented us in all aspects of the sports field including basketball, badminton and hockey.

Musical talent is not lacking in form O-4. Judy Tammi, our blonde singer, has brought us fame through her active participation in the Triple Trio, and her cheerful humming may be heard during any lull in classroom activities. Laura Richards, too, surprised most of us at the Christian Fellowship Assembly when she enhanced the programme with a beautiful religious song. We also contribute generously to the music at the morning assembly with such piano artists as Mrs. Thib, Mrs. Vaillancourt, Ruth Ross, Mary Wright and Ron Smith.

Two active members of our class that we will never forget are Mrs. Sword and Mrs. Somerville. Their keen sense of humour and vivacious personalities added much to each day of our school year. Mary Wright will also be remembered in this category.

Another of our distinctions is the fact that Leena Sandblom is the only girl on the Students' Council. Frank Sloan is the president of the Roman Catholic Discussion Group, Terrance Thom, the United Nations representative, Laura Richards, from the Red Cross Society and Evelyn Watkins, Art Editor of the yearbook.

In future years our paths will diverge and as the hands of time tick on our year at College will become but a memory to us. However the people we have met this year in the persons of clasmates and masters, will remain as life-long memories and strike a feeling of warmth and of pride in our hearts. Our hats off to N.B.T.C.!

# North Bay Teachers' College

## TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

## Form F – 1



GRACE ASSINEWE
LITTLE CURRENT



(MRS.) J. MAHAFFY
TIMMINS

SHIRLEY BECKER
SAULT STE. MARIE



ROBERTA BIGGS
NORTH BAY



TERRY BROWN



PRISCILLA CAVANAGH
HAILEYBURY



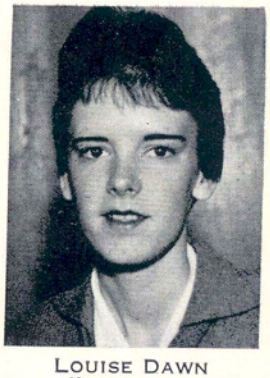
NANCY CELESTINI
CREIGHTON MINE



CARL CUDMORE
MATHESON



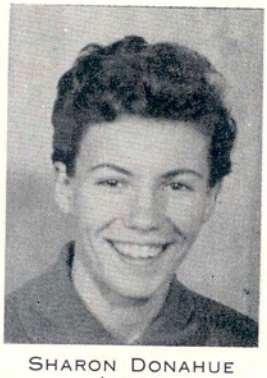
DARRYL DAVIS
KIRKLAND LAKE



LOUISE DAWN
KAPUSKASING



GAIL DONAHUE
COCHRANE



SHARON DONAHUE
LIVELY



GEORGINA DUBÉ
BRITT



JOAN DWYER
WAWA



MARILYN FIELDING
GATCHELL

# North Bay Teachers' College

## TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

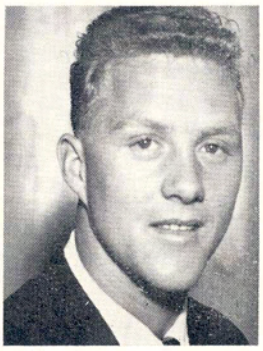
## Form F-



DOUGLAS FISHER
SUDBURY



LINDA FORSMAN
GOLDEN VALLEY



GERALD FOX
TIMMINS



DORIS GAGNON
LIVELY



ROLAND GAUTHIER
TIMMINS



SANDRA GENTILE
NORTH BAY



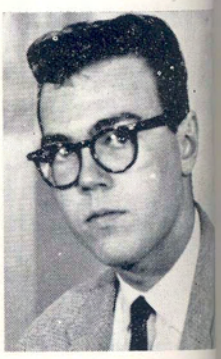
MYRNA GORDON
SUDBURY



LYNDA GRASSI
NORTH BAY



(MRS.) JEAN HIGGINS
ESPANOLA



ART HUTTON
LIVELY



MELVILLE JIBB
THORNLOE



RONALD JOHNSON
IROQUOIS FALLS



SANDRA KEHLER
LIVELY



BRENDA KELLOW
DOME MINES



MICHAEL KENNEDY
NORTH BAY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

## Form F – 1



LORENE KING
WAWA



MICHAEL KURDELL
SUDBURY



KARI LAINE
TIMMINS

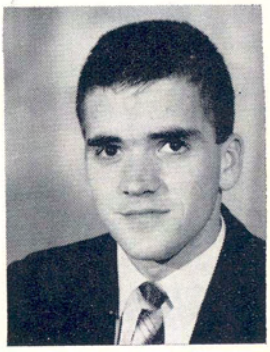


SHIRLEY LEBLANC
NORTH BAY



DIANE LEPAGE
SUDBURY

## Form F – 2



RENE LEROUX
NORTH BAY



JACK LEWIS
SPRING BAY



MARGARET ANN LINKE
KAPUSKASING



ANTHONY LUKACH
KAPUSKASING



JANE MACNEILL
SAULT STE. MARIE



RUTH MALONEY
COBALT

# North Bay Teachers' College

## TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F-2



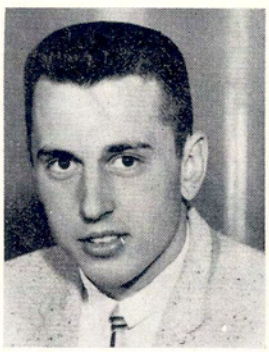
VIRGINIA McLEAN
ENGLEHART



GLORY ANN MERKLEY
SUDBURY



IRENE MIHALCIN
SUDBURY



ALLEN NEFF
KIRKLAND LAKE



DENIS NEWMAN
SOUTH PORCUPINE



JANE O'CONNOR
COPPER CLIFF



GEMMA OUELLET
CHAPLEAU



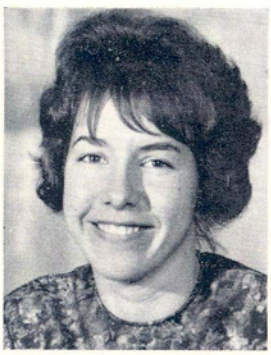
HUGH OWEN
NORTH BAY



(MRS.) S. PICHE
CALLANDER



ELEANOR PRICE
SUDBURY



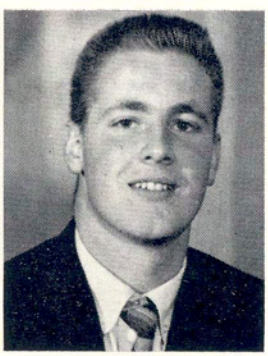
WILLA RHAMEY
DOBIE



RONALD RHEAULT
CREIGHTON MINE



ELLEN ROCKWOOD
GARSON



PETER SCHNEIDER
SUDBURY



TERRY SCHONFELDT
KIRKLAND LAKE

# North Bay Teachers' College

## TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

## Form F – 2



CLAUDETTE SEGUIN
NORTH BAY



M. SKAT-PETERSEN
HILLSIDE



FRANKLIN SMITH
SUNDRIDGE



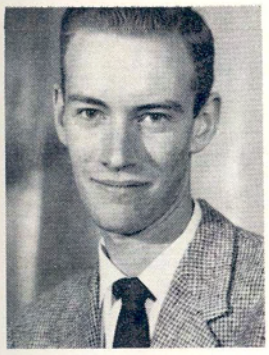
JAMES SMITH
SUDBURY



JUDITH SMITH
SUDBURY



BONNIE SNIDER
TIMMINS



DOUGLAS STUBBS
ELLIOT LAKE

SANDRA TAYLOR
SUDBURY



ROMEO THIBEAULT
COBALT



MARY C. THOMSON
MANITOULIN



PAT TILSTON
WHITEFISH FALLS



HELEN TOMLINSON
BAR RIVER



LILY TRTANY
LARDER LAKE



MARILYN VERBIK
SCHUMACHER



DON WYLIE
SUDBURY

# FORM F-1

"When class F-1 was shot into space where did it go?"

Although I could suggest a possible solution to the problem, I decided to accept the invitation to visit F-1 on planet Gorf. On arriving I was greeted with sweet songs from two primary grades, conducted by Roberta Biggs and Kari Laine. I was guided to the school, conducted entirely by F-1 teachers, by Sharon Donahue's track and field team. Principal Darryl Davis informed me it was enterprise week, ending with a concert on Friday.

The first class I entered was in the gym where Mel Jibb was demonstrating push-ups to the Grade Eight girls, Roland Gauthier was practising the "Twinkle Toes Ballet" with the boys, and Diane Lepage and Mike Kurdell were supervising lay-up shots. From there I went to the Home Economics class, where Julie Mahaffy was sampling a cake, baked by one of her students, Terry Brown, who was recently engaged. Decorations for the concert were well underway in the art room. When I asked Joan Dwyer, Linda Grassi and Sister M. Cecily what the theme was, they said they wouldn't know until they finished. Organization plus!! Across the hall was the French class conducted by Sandra Gentile. She was very pleased with the progress of her class. Everyone could finally pronounce her name correctly. I then went into Art Hutton's Grade Eight class. His motto was "Aid suffering, take a Bufferin". I was entertained by a fast playing hockey game coached by Jerry Fox and Carl Cudmore. After lunch, I went to the music room, where the project of drawing to music was taking place. Nancy Celestine played the record player, Ron Johnson conducted the class, and Sister Patrice encouraged the children with her friendly smile. During the week I visited most of the classes, witnessing Jean Higgins' advanced course in English, Priscilla Cavanagh's history class, and Louise Dawn's class who were learning to bowl in ten easy lessons.

The day of the concert arrived with much confusion. The leading boy fell and sprained his ankle. However Gail Donahue used her experience in nursing and put a quick cast on his leg. Some of the acts were Linda Forsman's class demonstrating the techniques of farming in Golden Valley, Marlyn Fielding's class dramatizing a trip in the country and Sandra Kehler's class demonstrating the exercises on how to stay slim. A play called "The Little People" was acted out by Shirley Leblanc's class. The programme ended with Grace Assinewe's cheerleading squad. I noticed there had been a few omissions from the programme. When I asked I was told that Doug Fisher had given his class a holiday and Mike Kennedy had used child psychology on his class and they all got stage-fright. After the concert patient Shirley Becker, Georgina Dubé and Doris Gagnon removed make-up, wiped noses and buttoned coats, getting the children ready for home.

All too soon my visit came to an end. I was directed to my space ship by Lorene King and Myrna Gordon. We discussed the new method of teaching phonics and its difficulties. As I left planet Gorf I bade the teachers of F-1 the best of luck.

---

# FORM F-2

Day after day I see the same class-mates and watch their solemn or happy faces as they pull their limbs along and walk down the halls. Some of us may not be in the same class next year for we are divided into two groups. One group comes to prepare for the future, the other to keep the seat warm.

Speaking of keeping the seat warm . . . upon his arrival in our English class, one of our more active weekenders, Terry Schonfeldt, put his head on his desk while Miss Thorn tried to teach him primary English. He was in a different world, dreaming of his glorious weekend and caring little about schoolwork, However the bell quickly awakened him and, alas, he had to come back to reality.

I remember the day when Ellen Rockwood was busy cleaning out her notebook in class. Mr. MacAskill stopped talking and there was a dead silence except for the rustle of paper being crunched and crumpled. She turned a bright cherry-red as Mr. MacAskill calmly spoke to her.

Remember this . . .

We sat down gingerly with great satisfaction that the perfect night for our moonlight excursion had arrived. Overhead the sky was a star-studded dome which stretched out in perfect roundness to the fir-tipped hills which surrounded us. Yes indeed, this was our class sleigh ride.

"May I have your attention please!" This is a favourite expression of none other than Denis Newman our Students' Council representative as he is about to make another of his most welcome announcements.

This remark was made by Mr. Angus in science class. "We have five players on the hockey team and Mr. Rheault is just there to make up the rest of the team." This isn't true of course because, along with Ron, Tony Lukach also makes a fine showing.

Apparently Claudette Seguin didn't want to disturb the class one day for she took off her shoes and quietly tiptoed out of the room to get a drink of water.

Such are the things which keep our gay class in stitches. As Thomas Carlyle once said, "All work is as seed sown, it grows and spreads, and sows itself anew." So may it be with this "Our Class".

# North Bay Teachers' College

## SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE — Form S–1



JANET ACTON
KIRKLAND LAKE



DONNA AUSTIN
SOUTH PORCUPINE



CHARLES BELCHER
LEVACK



DONALD BERLINGERI
KIRKLAND LAKE



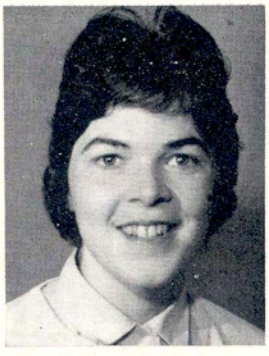
JANICE BROWNLEE
POWASSAN



JO ANN CAMPBELL
SUDBURY



SHELDON CARROLL
CHAPUT HUGHES



DIANA CASSIE
PORT LORING



ARLENE CLARK
KIRKLAND LAKE



EMILY COOK
SUDBURY



CAROL COOPER
NORTH BAY



DALE CURRIE
LORING



DONALDA DINGWALL
COCHRANE



KATHERINE DOOLING
NORTH BAY



LAURETTA DOUGLAS
HERON BAY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

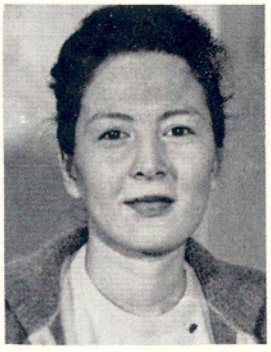
Form S-



EILEEN ERICSON
PAGWA RIVER



EDITH FURLONG
SUDBURY



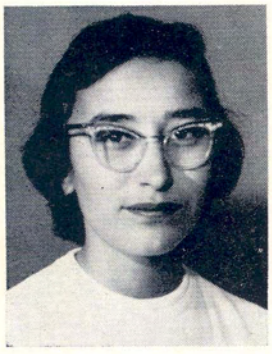
DORIS GAGNON
MOOSONEE



COLLETTE GAUTHIER
THORNE



FRAN. GILJE
SUDBURY



SHIRLEY GODON
SUDBURY



ANNE M. GOLDSTEIN
CHAPLEAU



BEVERLEY GOLDTHORP
HUNTSVILLE



SYLVIA GRASSI
NORTH BAY



KENT HAWES
KAPUSKASING



MARGARET HEMBRUFF
MATHESON



(MRS.) D. HENDERSON
NORTH BAY



JOHN HISCOCK
NORTH BAY



(MRS.) E. HORNER
NORTH BAY



VERA HRYCENKO
SUDBURY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

## Form S–1



MAX JACKSON
PARRY SOUND



FRAN. JOHNSON
SOUTH RIVER



VIVIAN KEEN
COBALT



ELIZABETH KNOOF
THORNE



ROSE MARIE KOSOWAN
KAPUSKASING



LORRAINE LAPIERRE
FALCONBRIDGE



RAYMOND LYONS
SUDBURY



ELSIE MAKI
TIMMINS



JOANNE MAZZA
SUDBURY



ARTHUR MCARTHUR
LANCASTER



MEL MCCARTHY
SUDBURY



JANE MCCOLL
SAULT STE. MARIE



PRISCILLA MCFARLANE
SUDBURY



CLAIRE MCGILLIS
SUDBURY



JANET BURTON
IROQUOIS FALLS

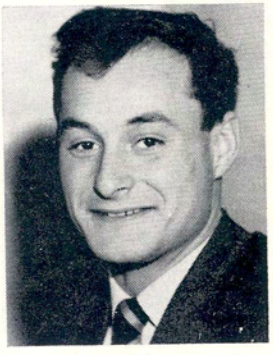
# North Bay Teachers' College

## SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

Form S-



MARY MCLENNAN
MANITOWANING



KENNETH MESSENGER
KIRKLAND LAKE



RUTH MORBIN
LIVELY



(MRS.) DORIS MOULDS
ORRVILLE



DIANE MURPHY
NORTH BAY



ANTHONY O'CONNOR
COPPER CLIFF



RINO OUELLETTE
BRITT



ANDREW PALCIC
TIMMINS



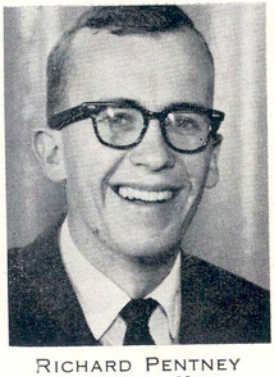
JOANNE PARKIN
KIRKLAND LAKE



CAROLYN PAUL
CAPREOL



BETTY PAUL
MALARTIC



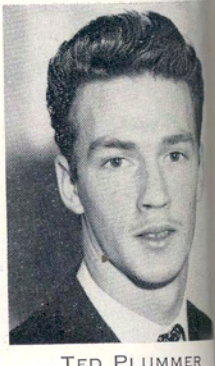
RICHARD PENTNEY
CREIGHTON MINE



VASCO PICCININ
SUDBURY



DOLORES PIGEAU
NORTH BAY



TED PLUMMER
MONTEITH

# North Bay Teachers' College

## SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

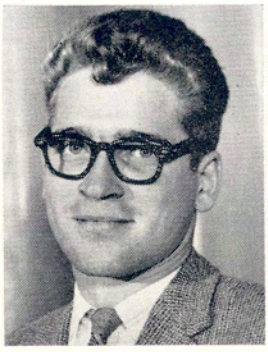
## Form S–2



RICHARD PRICE
SUDBURY



GLORIA RANNEY
NORTH BAY



LAWRENCE RODGERS
CHARLTON



GARDA ROWE
CHATEAU GUAY



MARY SENIOR
SUDBURY



ELEANOR SHAW
COPPER CLIFF



HELEN SIMPSON
SUDBURY



SAUNDRA SKYHAR
TIMMINS



NANCY SMITH
LITTLE CURRENT



(MRS.) JOAN STEVENS
TIMMINS



GARY TEEPLE
KIRKLAND LAKE



AMY TERPSTRA
WARREN



WANDA TOWNSON
SUDBURY



JUDY TRAER
PORT ARTHUR



LINDA TURL
NORTH BAY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

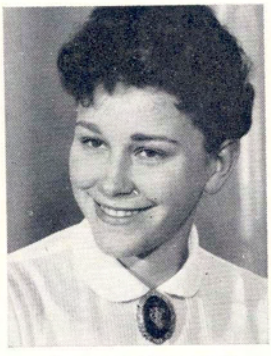
Form S-2



RAE VIENNEAU
SUDBURY



HELEN VLAAD
KAPUSKASING



CAROLE WALTON
POWASSAN



ORYSIA WASYLENKI
CONISTON



(MRS.) PATRICIA WAT
NORTH BAY



BEVERLEY WENT
IROQUOIS FALLS



(MRS.) C. WHEELER
NORTH BAY



DONALD WHITE
ELLIOT LAKE



ESTHER WOODWARD
POINTE AU BARIL



SUSANNA YANKOFF
MARATHON



ANNE YOUNG
MANITOWANING

# FORM S-1

We, the students of S-1, being of sound mind, and in the presence of two witnesses, on this day, the last Friday of May, in the year of Our Lord 1961, hereby give and bequeath:

To those who follow us, our ambition and our boundless capacity for hard work.

To all who possess verbal inability, Max's flair for words and high sounding explanations.

To those who have the ill luck to forget their text books, Claire's reliable excuses, topped only once by this master gem, "I forgot my book; it's in my locker; my locker's at home, and anyway I loaned it to my roommate."

To those who fail to see the humour in trite situations, Laurie's chuckling appreciation of any and all jokes.

To all who have any speech difficulties we leave, as a model, Sylvia Grassi's mellow voice, recorded on tape for posterity.

To the basketball players of the future, Mel's secret formula for high scoring, with the admonition that it must be kept in N.B.T.C. for future generations.

To the next Geography class, our maps, with the warning that they must be kept as neatly as it has been our pleasure to keep them.

To all who are interested in foreign animals, Arthur's Dromedary, with the caution that they must keep the canary caged.

To those who have difficulty in studying, our ability to cram on the eve of examinations, and our love for burning the midnight oil in the pursuit of knowledge.

To the masters, pointers in firmness in refusing to postpone the due date of projects, whatever the plea.

Now that we have disposed of our priceless effects, we pause to change the metre, and to look back with nostalgia on the past two years. Good comradeship and cooperation have been the watchwords of S-1.

The Curtain of Time is about to be drawn on our final exit. This drama in which we have played our role, under the careful and constant guidance of the masters, has had its introduction, its climax, and now we must present its denouement.

We have reached an important milestone on life's journey. We now go forth to work in our chosen field. Into our hands has been placed the priceless trust of moulding young minds. Let us always be worthy of this trust.

In the years to come, may the precepts of kindness, love, and understanding, instilled in us at N.B.T.C., bear good fruit.

As we go about our daily tasks, let us recall the words of the immortal Henry Longfellow.

*Lives of great men all remind us*
*We can make our lives sublime,*
*And, departing, leave behind us*
*Footprints on the sands of time.*

# FORM S-2

"May I have your attention, please?" Dick Pentney, President of the Students' Council, walks with steps of authority to the front of the class.

"I have just volunteered S-2 to clear the auditorium of chairs, put on a programme for next week's assembly, and sponsor a dance on Friday night."

A groan of protest arises.

"We always have to do everything around here! Why can't some of the other forms do something for a change?"

Of course this is all in fun. We always end up doing this "volunteer work".

"I think that wherever I go after death will be a place of dogs and hockey players. I like dogs and hockey players. What do you think, Mrs. Watt?"

"I don't want to go to the same place as you, sir!"

This is just a sample of the many incidents which occur in the daily routine of S-2. No doubt I shall have occasion to mention more.

Perhaps, before I go any further, I should explain the meaning of that ominous number — S-2. It simply means the second year of the two year course. Immediately you think, " Aha, they're old-timers!" You are not the only ones who have this train of thought. Our practice teachers think the same thing. Draw your own conclusions! I am digressing.

Years from now, we shall sit down and look through our yearbooks. There is Ken Messenger, our band leader; Wanda Townson, our T.V. personality; Dick Price, the "I have to recopy it, sir" student; Helen Simpson, our "Call Simpson the Mover" girl; Gloria Ranney, our reader of poetry with commentary by Garda Rowe; and all those other familiar faces. How can we help but get that feeling of nostalgia when we leaf through our memory-packed books, which actually contain two years of our lives? Yes, we have been together for two years. Doesn't time fly? It seems only yesterday that we entered this cold, dark building known as North Bay Teachers' College. The days passed into weeks, the weeks into months, and months into this final year. Come next June, we shall clutch in our hands that hard-earned piece of paper known as the Interim Certificate. We have worked hard and played hard, but the simple fact remains that it was worth it. "School days are the best years of your life," is an over-worked phrase, but is so very appropriate for our two years at N.B.T.C.

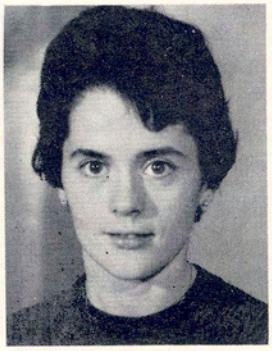
When in a reminiscent mood why not pick up your yearbook and relive those wonderful years at North Bay Teachers' College?

## COMPLETING COURSE

Form C-



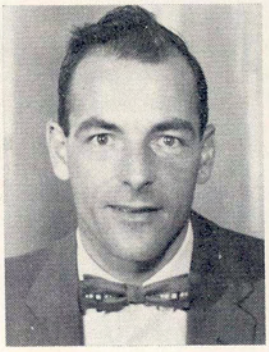
JULIEN CHAPERON
ANSONVILLE



(MRS.) J. CHAPMAN
TIMMINS



FLORENCE FITZGERALD
COPPER CLIFF



KEITH GILLAN
GRAVENHURST



EDNA GLAZIER
TIMMINS



STELLA HNATCHUK
ESPANOLA



ROBERT HOOD
BARRIE



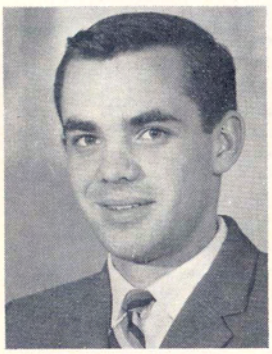
(MRS.) H. HOWARD
NORTH BAY



ROMEO JANVEAU
MATTAWA



DOREEN JONES
ELLIOT LAKE



BEREK KADIKOFF
SMOOTH ROCK FALLS



BETTY RAE KENSHOL
SAULT STE. MARIE



ELAINE LOWE
KILLARNEY



MARGARET MCPHEE
OPHIR



SR. MARY OF LOURDES
ST. MARY'S ACADEMY
NORTH BAY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## COMPLETING COURSE

## Form C–1



(Mrs.) S. Moore
Loring



Joan Morrison
Sundridge



Helen Murray
Burk's Falls



(Mrs.) M. Niskanen
North Bay



Carolyne Olar
Glendale



Ruth Olmstead
Thessalon



Alice Porter
Hilton Beach



Anne Pye
Timmins



Toivo Saari
Mattawa



(Mrs.) M. Schmidt
Sundridge



Hugh Seaton
Port Loring



Sr. Marina
St. Mary's Academy
North Bay



June Solomon
Echo Bay



Carolyn Stack
Timmins



Beverly Thomson
Timmins

## COMPLETING COURSE

## Form C-



ANITA VALIQUETTE
LITTLE CURRENT



JACQUELIN VANCLIEF
DWIGHT



MARION YOCUM
MAGNETAWAN



(MRS.) E. BUDGE
ESPANOLA

## Form C–2



JANE ANDERSON
POWASSAN



GAIL BIGGS
SUDBURY



DONNA BISHOP
SAULT STE. MARIE



SR. M. BERNARD
ST. MARY'S ACADEMY
NORTH BAY



LAURA CAMERON
KIRKLAND LAKE



(MRS.) L. CEPESK
THORNLOE

# North Bay Teachers' College

## COMPLETING COURSE

## Form C–2



LOIS ERVEN
SOUTH RIVER



STEPHEN FELLOS
ANSONVILLE



GLENDA GALLAGHER
MACKEY



(MRS.) H. GILLETT
KIRKLAND LAKE



LILLIAN GILLIS
GARSON



ELWOOD HALL
SUNDRIDGE



MOYRA HAYES
NORTH BAY



JAMES HOLLETT
WHITNEY



JUNE HUMPHREY
TEMAGAMI



(MRS.) M. HUNTER
SUDBURY



(MRS.) A. HUGHES
RUTHERGLEN



KATHLEEN KENEMY
LARDER LAKE



(MRS.) L. KENNEDY
ELLIOT LAKE



SHARON NICOLSON
SUDBURY



BARRY OLIVIER
CONISTON

# North Bay Teachers' College

## COMPLETING COURSE

Form C-



NANCY PELTIER
MANITOULIN



SONJA PETERSEN
NORTH BAY



(MRS.) N. PIQUETTE
SUDBURY



JOSIE PISKUR
KIRKLAND LAKE



LINDA PUNSTEL
SUDBURY



(MRS.) L. RAMEY
NEW LISKEARD



SYLVIA RICCI
NORTH BAY



TERESA VALOIS
MATTAWA



DOUGLAS WORTH
PAMOUR







# North Bay Teachers' College

## FORM C-1

No, we are not the class taking History; our specialty is Geography. We do have a very co-operative class spirit, at least in our opinion. We are proud of the ease with which the seven gentlemen in our group mingle with the twenty-seven ladies. However, Mr. Julien Chaperon has taken quite a teasing since he had his named changed to Julie on the nominal roll.

Mr. Kadikoff, the "brain" of our class, keeps our interest aroused in Psychology class when he holds forth with his "why's". He finds scope for his intelligence in Geography classes also.

To all the girls who have had sparklers put on the third finger of the left hand we wish sincere best wishes for happiness.

It is very hard to say which class we enjoy the most here at N.B.T.C. We find Geography very much to our liking now that we have "found our bearings". English is a healing balm for all the problems of our past two years. Science experiments are loads of fun and very valuable too. Psychology gives us a broader and deeper understanding of those young souls we will mould in future years. Art helps us to express those creative ideas lying dormant within us. Music and Physical Education help us relax and we do enjoy "Looby Loo". Mathematics has helped us to become more precise thinkers.

As our days at Teachers' College draw to a close we find that we have many pleasant gems in the storehouse of memories of C-1. We shall never forget the many pleasant smiles that greet us from our classmates and the friendly interest shown by all to make OUR CLASS the CO-OPERATIVE ONE.

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## FORM C-2

In Form C-2 we have twenty-five ladies and five men. Accustomed as the fair sex is to having the final word, it may seem strange that these lines should come from one of the men. Perhaps it proves what a congenial group we are.

For many "Completers", this year at N.B.T.C. has meant a renewing of friendship begun at Summer School. The first day was like the beginning of "Old Home Week" as friends discovered each other.

On that thirteenth day of September the months ahead appeared to stretch far into the distance. Some were faced with lengthy separations from home and family but the urgency of our tasks left no time for self-pity.

Ours is a jolly group, and many a joke or tid-bit of family gossip has been shared. We have enjoyed some interesting discussions. One day in psychology class, during a warm debate on discipline, one of our girls remarked that this session would be remembered years later, when we have children of our own. I would dearly love to be able to peek in on us in ten years' time. Whatever may lie ahead, the events of these months will provide us with many heart-warming memories.

One event that we shall not forget soon is the "Play Day". Never did I see so many people work so hard and have so much fun. Most of us almost split our sides, but there was at least one who went further. On that day we discovered muscles that we had been unaware of, but which are now in better shape.

One of our ladies decided to use the Christmas vacation for "Operation Change Over". She changed her name from James to Hughes. We were pleased to be allowed in on the secret, and were happy to present her with a small gift with our wishes for her happiness. We could not help noticing some other "flashers" following Christmas, but we have been assured that the wearers intend to pursue a single course at least till summer.

We have been well and truly represented in all branches of student activities, and we are grateful to those who have laboured so valiantly on our behalf.

For us this has been a year of opportunity and high privilege, opportunity to tap great sources of knowledge and information, privilege to meet many fine people — in the College, in the schools and in the community generally.

Much has been taught, and I earnestly hope much has been learned. Both the taught and the caught will increase our efficiencies as challengers of young minds, and will add to our statures as men and women.

I find it difficult to think of teachers without thinking of builders, and Longfellow's words seem very fitting.

### THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.



**STUDENTS' COUNCIL**

Back Row—Darryl Davis, Miss A. M. Johnson (Staff Adviser), Barry Olivier (Treasurer), Richard Pentney (President), Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff Adviser), Miss C. I. McIntyre (Staff Adviser), Gary Edmonds.

Front Row—Berck Kadikoff, Denis Newman, Donald Berlingeri (Vice-President), Leena Sandblom (Secretary), Richard Pocock, Terence Cant.

# ACTIVITIES



# North Bay Teachers' College



**NORTH BAY TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHOIR**

Back Row—John McNeill, Gary Edmonds, Berek Kadikoff, Fabian Lemieux, Barry Olivier, Romeo Janveau.

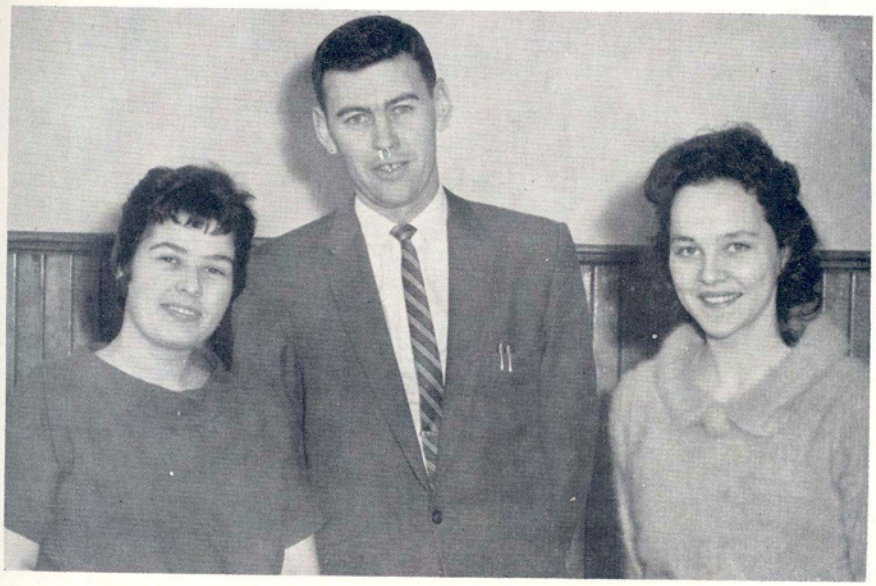
Middle Row—Mrs. Marlene Gerber, Lois Erven, Muriel Raaflaub, Marilyn Parsons, Nancy Parr, Mrs. A. Hansman (Staff Director), Margaret Skat-Petersen, Jane Anderson, Roberta Biggs, Elsie Maki (President).

Front Row—Ruth Ross (Pianist), Heather Walker, Beverley Thomson, Margaret Bowen, Georgina Dubé, Ruth Ann Olmstead, Donna Bishop, Moyra Hayes, Gail Lowery (Pianist).



**TRIPLE TRIO**

Back Row—Ruth Ross (Pianist), Doris Moulds, Saundra Skyhar, Bette Radske, Judy Tammi, Jane Anderson.
Front Row—Joanna Bagordo, Carole Walton, Mr. M. J. Curtis (Staff Director), Orysia Wasylenki, Diane Cepuran.



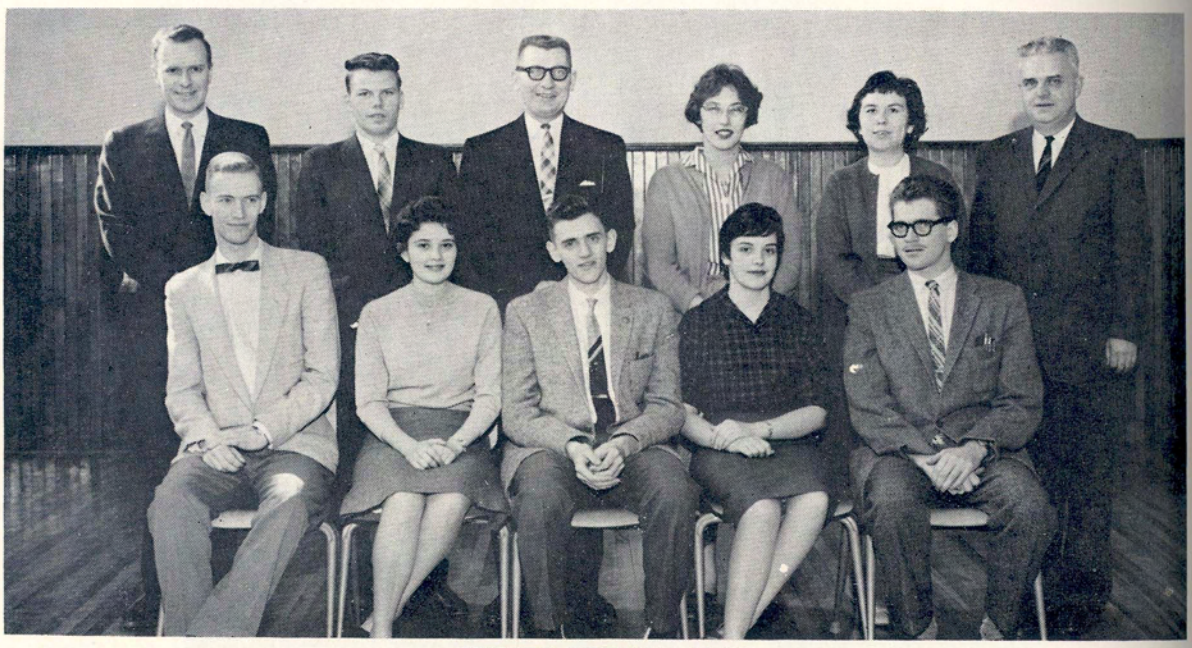
**ROMAN CATHOLIC DISCUSSION GROUP EXECUTIVE**

Mrs. Loreen Ramey, Frank Sloan, Eleanor Murnaghan.



**TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP**

Back Row—Mr. M. J. Curtis (Staff Adviser), Elwood Hall (President).
Front Row—Joanne Parkin, Amy Terpstra (Secretary), Sonja Petersen, Ruth Morbin.



**UNITED NATIONS CLUB**

Back Row—Mr. A. J. Johnson (Staff Adviser), Dave O'Neil, Mr. A. C. Bennett (Staff Adviser), Doreen Jones, Pat Denman, Mr. J. D. Deyell (Staff Adviser).
Front Row—Doug Stubbs (Vice-President), Loraine Krmpotich, Terrance Thom (President), June Humphrey (Secretary), Larry Rodgers (Treasurer).
Absent—Marlyn Fielding, Melville Jibb, Jane McColl.

# North Bay Teachers' College



**RED CROSS EXECUTIVE**

Back Row—Laura Richards, Ann Gibson, Miss E. A. Thorn (Staff Adviser), Vera Hrycenko.
Front Row—Gail Lowery, Mrs. Doris Moulds, Lois Erven (Secretary-Treasurer), Mae Campbell, Marion Yocum.
Absent—Sister Patrice, Sister St. Timothy (President).



**DRAMA GROUP**

Back Row—Mr. A. C. Bennett (Staff Adviser), Bob Dewar, Larry Rodgers, Fabian Lemieux.
Front Row—Carole Walton, Doreen Horne, Eleanor Murnaghan.

# North Bay Teachers' College

## STUDENTS' COUNCIL

It has often been said that progress and change in techniques are never ending. This past year too has seen a change in the tradition of North Bay Teachers' College. In lieu of the First Term and Second Term Students' Councils of past years, a single Council has held office for the entire year. The venture has met with no less than great success. It is at this time, then, that the opportunity presents itself to commend the many persons who worked tirelessly to guarantee an organized and fruitful year for the student body.

A "Meet the Council Party" began the whirl of social events. This party differed from an ordinary dance in that it not only included dancing but also singing, playing games, and, as the name implies, an introduction to the council.

Hallowe'en came next on the calendar and the two Completing Forms successfully planned the "eerie" decorating theme for the masquerade.

And who could forget the occasion when probably more marriages were performed in one night than had ever been done before — The Sadie Hawkins dance! A committee comprised entirely of ladies planned the dance on a "Dogpatch" theme, complete with Marryin' Sam.

The Christmas season soon rolled around and with it came the sale of school Christmas cards.

Finally, the biggest social event of the term was the Christmas formal. We will always remember dancing under the blue and silver streamers to the dreamy music of Charlie Brister and his orchestra.

Thus our first term at the college was completed.

The spring term opened with a campaign for the sale of school rings, pins and crests.

May 12 saw many Teachers' College students boarding a C.N.R. train headed for the nation's capital, the event being the annual Ottawa trip.

At the end of the term the closing exercises took place. At this time students of the college gathered to hear the valedictory address and see the presentation of many coveted awards. The formal dance brought with it the end of another school year at North Bay Teachers' College.

We wish to give a nod of acknowledgement to those who worked so diligently — each of the council members; our fine staff sponsors, Miss Johnson, Miss McIntyre and Mr. Reed; and the whole student body without whose cooperation and support our work would never have been possible.

LEENA SANDBLOM

## CHOIR

The choir made its first appearance at the special Remembrance Day Programme held in the auditorium. The atmosphere of reverence and patriotism was enhanced by the singing of "Land of Hope and Glory". To mark the closing of the first term and the beginning of the Christmas festivities the choir participated in the closing assembly. Many familiar carols including "Jesus Ahatonhia", a Huron Indian carol, "When Christ was Born of Mary Free", and "Carol of the Birds" were presented by the choir. Choir practices were held every Monday at four o'clock when other selections for future programmes were rehearsed. Our College contributed to Education Week by presenting two broadcasts on Television. Members of our Choir who participated as soloists were Mr. John McNeill, Miss Roberta Biggs, and Mr. Frank Musico. The accompanists were Miss Orysia Wasylenki and Mrs. Hansman.

Our special thanks go to Mrs. Hansman, a competent musician, who was our director.

ELSIE MAKI

## TRIPLE TRIO

An industrious group — of which the school did not see enough — was the Triple Trio. Every morning recess was reserved for serious practice in preparation for our various activities.

During the fall, we performed as a Double Trio on C.K.G.N. television. The selection sung was "A Perfect Day".

At intervals during the year we presented some of our songs to the student body during assembly periods.

Special thanks go to Mr. Curtis for his valuable guidance and never-ending patience. Without his leadership, our Triple Trio could never have neared success.

JUDY TAMMI

## CATHOLIC DISCUSSION GROUP

This year the enrolment of Roman Catholic students at Teachers' College was one hundred and thirty-four — an all-time high. Because of this high enrolment it was decided that activities should be provided specifically for the Roman Catholic group.

Sponsored by the Students' Praesidium of the Legion of Mary, which itself is a Catholic Action Group, the Catholic students met to form the Catholic Discussion Group.

The Catholic Discussion Group met once a week to discuss problems that have arisen in our society. During the year the group undertook such problems as 'The Population Explosion: Myth or Menace?", "The Catholic Teacher's Position in Society", and "Mixed Marriages".

The members themselves suggested topics and the Executive, in consultation with a priest, met, located suitable information on the topic, and presented it to the group. The group subdivided; the subjects were discussed following guided questions; and the findings were recorded. Each discussion group had a secretary who read the group findings to the general membership. Answers were summed up and meetings ended with a question period in which the priest answered any problems which had arisen.

FRANK SLOAN

## TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

"To know Christ and to make Him Known" is the main objective of the Teachers' Christian Fellowship organization, which is a branch of the International Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship.

During the past year Mr. Curtis has been our staff adviser, with Elwood Hall as President, and Amy Terpstra as Secretary. The meetings were held every Thursday at 12:45, in Room B2. These meetings took the form of Bible studies conducted by various members of the group, discussions of matters concerning proper Christian living, and from time to time guest speakers such as our local area director and local clergymen.

On the evening of February 1, the T.C.F. group were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis to hear a talk by our local area director, Mr. P. Klassen. Games and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

Later in the year the T.C.F. group staged a programme in the auditorium to acquaint everyone with the purpose of the Teachers' Christian Fellowship organization.

ELWOOD HALL

# North Bay Teachers' College

## UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Shortly after United Nations Day the student body elected its form representatives to the North Bay Teachers' College United Nations Club. The organizational meeting of the executive was held October 28. It was decided that all meetings would be held on Wednesdays at 12.15.

In spite of a late start, the club conducted a successful tag day for U.N.I.C.E.F. in the College on October 31. Proceeds of the tag day amounted to $50.19. These funds were supplemented by $3.15 collected at a "male auction" at the Sadie Hawkins dance.

One of the highlights of the year was an address to the student body by Miss Josephine Meeker of Hamilton who had attended a U.N.E.S.C.O. seminar in New York. Interested students were given an opportunity to meet and converse with Miss Meeker at an informal tea held in the home economics room at the close of the assembly.

January 23-27 saw a lively campaign carried out which encouraged approximately fifty students to take out memberships in the United Nations Association in Canada, a voluntary organization of Canadian citizens dedicated to promoting understanding and support for the U.N. and helping to build a more friendly and cooperative world through the work of its various agencies.

At the time this report was written, plans were underway for a U.N.E.S.C.O. gift stamp sales campaign to be conducted February 20-24. By means of this campaign funds are sent to aid educational programmes and to help provide technical assistance to underdeveloped countries. In past years the Teachers' College contributions have been sent to the Japanese Peace Library in Hiroshima and to help establish teachers' colleges in Korea.

Throughout the year the U.N. Club has made a sincere effort through special periods, mimeographed material, and brief talks in the morning assembly to present the student body with information about the United Nations and its various organizations.

The U.N. Club executive wishes to thank the staff and students for their support throughout the year which made the club's activities profitable.

TERRANCE THOM

## THE ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The Athletic Council is the hub of the sports activities of the school. This council consists of members elected from each form and representatives of the various sports. Members attend regular meetings called by the President Gordon Thomas. Jan Acton is the Secretary-Treasurer who keeps events on record and an account of the budget.

This energetic group supplies recreation for approximately four hundred students three out of five evenings a week. These events are well organized and produce fine sportsmen. In February a gala skating party was held. This event was a success and loads of fun for all.

This year the hockey and basketball teams are high ranking in the leagues while bowling can boast of its great number of participants. Badminton and volleyball players have had several successful tournaments showing the enthusiasm of the students. All in all, this year has proven to be a successful one for all the sports.

Our special thanks go to Mr. Husband who has been our constant guide and consultant.

FLORENCE FITZGERALD

## DRAMA CLUB

The N.B.T.C. Drama Club once again can look back upon an active year.

The first play of the year was an excerpt from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice". The trial scene from this play was handled by the following cast: Duke — Larry Rodgers; Shylock — Max Jackson; Antonio — Bob Dewar; Bassanio — Fabian Lemieux; Gratiano — John McNeill; Salerio — Ron Burdenuk; Nerissa — Carole Walton; Clerk — Cathy Neelands; Portia — Eleanor Murnaghan.

Special thanks for a successful production must go to our Producer, Gail Lowrey, and our very capable Director, Mr. A. Bennett, who spend long hours urging us on and giving us much help. In charge of make-up was Donalda Dingwall, while Doreen Horne did a fine job as Prompter.

The Drama Club this year has assisted with special programmes in the auditorium. A United Nations programme was presented as well as a Remembrance Day Service. The Nativity Play was presented at a special Christmas service.

Plans for the year include a junior play and an historical play.

The club has attempted to present drama on an adult level as well as drama on an elementary level, to foster a desire in the club members to promote drama in their elementary teaching.

LARRY RODGERS

## JUNIOR RED CROSS

During the school year the Junior Red Cross Society presented a variety of activities to make the student body more aware of the role this organization plays in the lives of Canadian school children. The three purposes of Junior Red Cross — Health, Service, International Relationships were emphasized.

Early in January we were honoured to have Mrs. D. L. Kenny, Supervisor of Junior Red Cross in Ontario, address the assembly. Mrs. Kenny spoke of the great work to be accomplished both at home and abroad and reminded us of our obligations to assist in furthering the endeavours of Junior Red Cross. She illustrated her talk with pictures of Moroccan refugee camps.

After reading the handbooks generously supplied by Junior Red Cross, the executive, encouraged by what they read, prepared attractive bulletin board displays. The main board was transformed into a veritable League of Nations as each day the handicraft of a different country was exhibited. We gazed admiringly at exquisite tapestry work from Peru, ivory tusks from India and an album of collections from Korea. In return, plans were made to prepare an album from N.B.T.C.

The model meeting met with an enthusiastic welcome. The student body witnessed a strange phenomenon as the members of the executive turned back the hands of time and became typical Grade Five pupils once more. They conducted their meeting with true parliamentary procedure and provided an opportunity for a first hand view of Junior Red Cross in action. The practical value of Junior Red Cross was clearly illustrated by the five guest speakers: Patricia Paus from Mexico, Jutta Krause from Germany, Harriet Conroy representing Canada, Heather Robins from Pakistan, Joan Bussenius from Haiti and Maria Teresa Boin from Italy. The young ladies from St. Joseph's College all helped to further our understanding of how Junior Red Cross helps the peoples of other lands. Their enthusiastic recommendations left us fired with a desire to do our part in fostering international good-will.

SISTER ST. TIMOTHY



**ATHLETIC COUNCIL**

Back Row—Vasco Piccinin, Romeo Thibeault, Dennis Reed, Mervyn Sheppard, Don Wylie, Mr. David Husband (Staff Adviser), Charles Hopkins, Barry Clark, Rene Leroux, Stephen Fellos, Jim Smith.

Front Row—Mary Senior, Gail Donahue, Florence Fitzgerald, Janet Acton, Gordon Thomas, Pat Morellato, Mrs. Pat Watt, Pamela Shier.



**GIRLS' BASKETBALL (GOLDS)**

Back Row—Pat Morellato (Coach), Dale Hammond, Margaret Linke, Joanna Bagordo, Judy McLellan, Nancy Tuominen, Doreen Jones, Marilyn Verbik (Coach).

Front Row—Jacquie Vanclief, Linda Orr, Nora Brady, Cathy Neelands, Shirley Miller, Lena Truant.



**GIRLS' BASKETBALL (MAROONS)**

Back Row—Diane LePage, Norma Pellerin, Lillian Gillis, Pamela Shier (Coach), Connie McColeman, Betty Garson, Sharon Donahue.

Front Row—Sharon Markusson, Jeannine Beach, Irene Mihalcin, Margaret Chapell.

# North Bay Teachers' College



**MEN'S HOCKEY TEAM**

Back Row—Romeo Janveau, Romeo Thibeault (Manager), Bill Napier, Jim Smith (Manager), Ray Lyons, Doug Worth, Andy Palcic, Bob McNeil, Ron Rheault.
Middle Row—Mr. J. T. Angus (Coach), Sheldon Carroll, Dick Price, Dick Lebreux, Jerry Fox.
Front Row—Don White, Tony Lukach, John MacKay (Playing Coach).
Absent from Photograph—Gerry Fox.



**MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM**

Back Row—Mr. A. J. MacAskill (Coach), Bob Thurston, Dan James, Mel McCarthy, Ed Bolton, Don Wylie (Manager).
Front Row—John Hanes (Manager), Peter Este, Mike Kurdell, Ted Plummer, Joe Dukovac.

# North Bay Teachers' College

## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Timmins, Huntsville, Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie and areas both between and beyond have sent their best women basketball players to congregate at North Bay Teachers' College. From this wide area we have formed two teams, the Golds and the Maroons. True to their name the Golds have shone their way to the top of the city league. Our student teacher coaches, Pam Shier, Ann Gibson, Marilyn Verbik, and Pat Morellato deserve credit for their worthy efforts. They gave up their opportunities to play in order to coach their peers — a difficult task indeed. Thanks to these coaches our teams were transformed from regular little ruffians to skilful basketball players. The fun that resulted from our season of basketball can be summed up in the famous quotation:

"It is not whether you win or lose, but how you played the game."

JEANNINE BEACH

## CHEERLEADERS

This year the cheerleaders with new uniforms of black and gold set out to spur the Teachers' College teams on to victory. Immediately after the school opened for the winter term, Janet Acton arranged a meeting for tryouts. At this meeting, the girls who in High School had previously cheered on opposing teams now discovered themselves united with one aim, that being to lead the N.B.T.C. teams on to greater success.

One of the highlights of the season occurred when the cheerleaders were invited to attend the basketball tournament in Kirkland Lake in order to boost the team's spirit. After a long train ride the weary girls arrived at the game. However all fatigue was soon forgotten in the excitement of the play.

The girls, numbering only six and working independently, put forth a splendid effort making what could have been a chore, a pleasure.

Many thanks go to Janet Acton and Mr. Husband for their much appreciated guidance and advice.

CATHY NEELANDS AND SHARON MARKUSSON

## MEN'S HOCKEY

Thrills of N.B.T.C.'s hockey season provided some "moments to remember". One of these "moments" occurred when Lebreux — who really does like referees — managed to tear the trousers of the official in charge of the game. Another was Rheault's spectacular victory dance over a goal which everyone but he knew had not been scored.

Veterans Palcic (Captain), Lyons (Assistant), White, Lukach, Carroll and Rheault combined with newcomers Worth, Brown, Janveau, Fox, Napier, MacNeil, MacKay, Reynolds, Lebreux, and Price to make an effective team. Outstanding forwards were Fox (Centre), and Rheault (Right Wing). Lukach, a hard working defenseman, made himself memorable by scoring four goals in one game. Napier and McNeil could always be counted upon as penalty killers. Butch Carrol capably attended nets for the Teachers, having more than one shut-out to his credit. Thanks are extended to playing coach John MacKay, managers Jim Smith and Romeo Thibeault and to those fans who faithfully supported the team.

To Mr. J. T. Angus, staff adviser, and our loyal and constant supporters, we, the team and the school, "tip out hats".

Recognition and credit are given to the team, coach, managers and Mr. Angus for a hockey season that will be remembered for many years to come.

ANN GIBSON

## BADMINTON CLUB

The Badminton Club has been very active this year. Each alternate Thursday evening, the club has the use of the auditorium. At these sessions both singles and doubles, mixed, men's and ladies' games have been played.

There are approximately thirty enthusiastic members. Most of these members are all-round sportsmen, being active in other sports both inside and outside school.

Chippewa High School invited the team to a tournament at their school on January 28. Of course North Bay Teachers' College was victorious, with Pam Shier being the high scorer for the girls and Mervyn Sheppard the high scorer for the men.

Throughout the year Pam Shier has been the top player. Very few players have been able to conquer Pam's accurate and bullet-like smashes.

Credit for arousing interest in, and organizing the Badminton Club is given to Mr. David Husband.

MARY SENIOR

## MEN'S BASKETBALL

An era of basketball supremacy has begun at N.B.T.C. Last year our team won the City Championship; this year our "stars" carried the team to within one victory of city honours.

One might think that the term "stars" is somewhat facetious, but the team must be seen to be appreciated. Never before, in the history of Teachers' College basketball, has such a group been assembled including such all-star selected players as Joe Dukovac, Pete Este and Mel McCarthy. These are the front line men who are backed up by the heavy artillery of Ted Plummer, Bob Thurston, Jerry May and Ed Bolton. One cannot forget the inside fighters Dan James and Norm Mason. These two infiltrate behind the main battle area and raise utter chaos with quick decisive baskets when least expected.

Our team has not gone through the season totally unscathed. We permanently lost Mike Kurdell, Doug Fisher, and Frank Musico. Ted Plummer was lost temporarily but returned to the front lines with the rest of the force.

Hidden behind the noise and the glare of battle we find Don Wylie charting the team's methods of attack and defence. This information is in turn handed to Mr. MacAskill who guides the team through the trouble spot and is constantly driving higher.

MEL MCCARTHY

## BOWLING

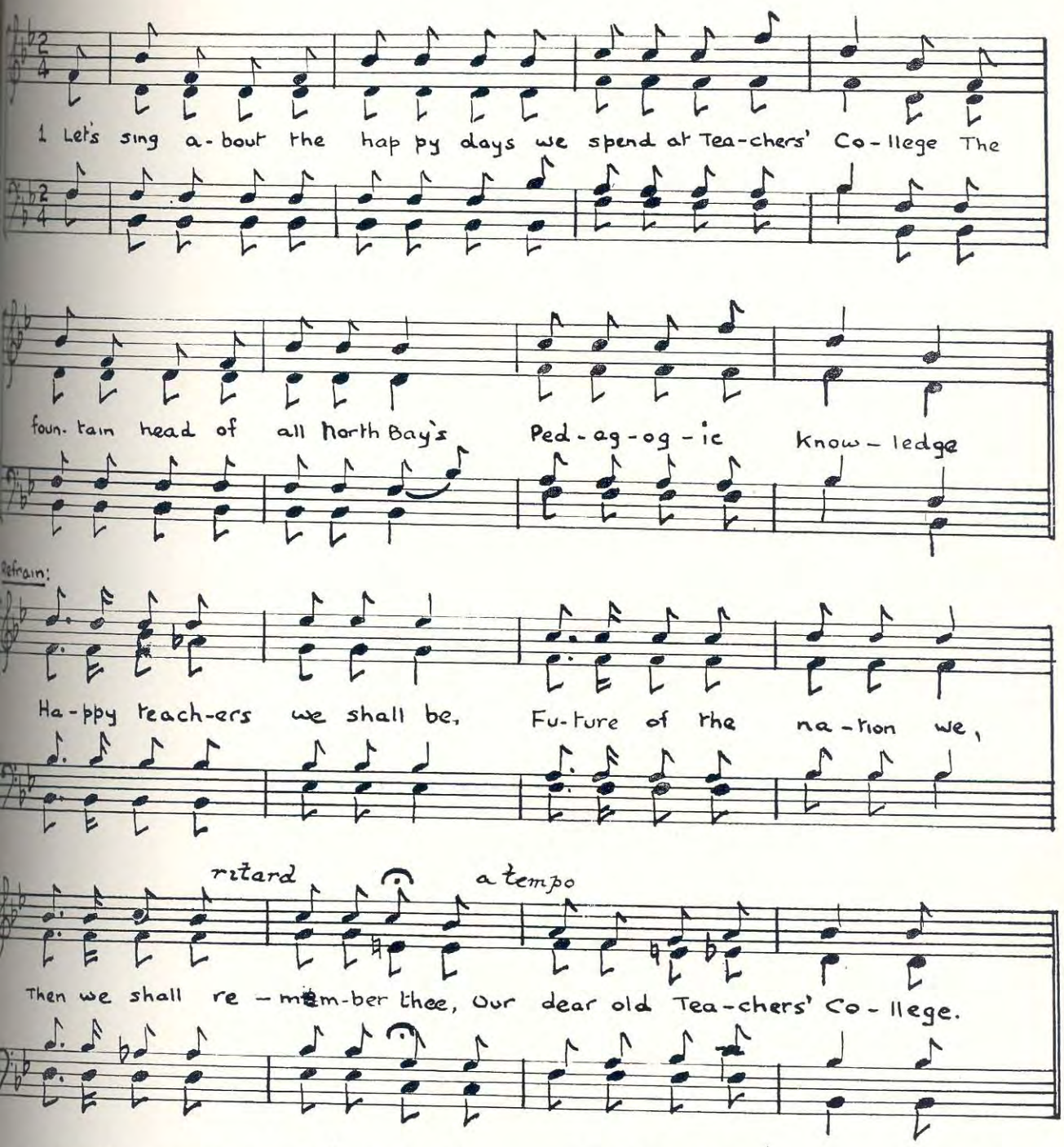
The bowling season this year was divided into two sections both of which were made up of twenty-four teams of enthusiastic bowlers from N.B.T.C. The first part of the season began in November and ended with the Christmas holidays. Because of the success of the 1960 season an invitation was extended to reactivate the league and again the league was successful, culminating with play-offs on April 17 and 18. The college's high bowling standard was upheld at these play-offs by two men's teams, two ladies' teams and four mixed teams.

The people possessing the high singles scores, both men and ladies, were rewarded each week with the presentation of Lady Hamilton silver plated spoons which had N.B.T.C. engraved on the handle.

We would like to express our thanks and appreciation to Mr. David Husband who helped in the organization and carrying out of our successful schedule.

PATRICIA WATT

# Enby Teery




2. We gladly mind our P's and Q's
And study motivation;
We are disciples of the Muse
Of Primary Education. (Refrain)

3. With phonics, films, and fancies free
Bewildering our classes,
We try our teaching artistry
On little lads and lasses.
(Refrain)

# North Bay Teachers' College



# North Bay Teachers' College



# VALEDICTORY

Mr. Deyell, Distinguished Guests, Masters and Fellow Students:

*The sculptor carves his marble and his work*
*Through night and day of weary toil and strife*
*Produces masterpieces of his art,*
*And yet the gleaming marble has no life.*
*But oh, the sacred power that is thine*
*To work with human souls, with hearts and minds*
*That speak and live—Oh, could there ever be*
*A task more noble, where the artist finds*
*His toil rewarded—and perhaps repaid*
*In being reproduced from day to day;*
*For oft the inspiration of his life*
*Fills other lives that touch his on the way*
*Then oh ! what tribute can we give you,*
*Oh wondrous sculptor of the human mind ?*
*Yours is the task, O teacher, yours the power*
*To mold the hearts and lives of all mankind !*

These lofty thoughts epitomized in sixteen brief lines, summarize the goal of the four hundred and twenty-nine young men and women who have been the 1960-61 student body of North Bay Teachers' College.

It is my honoured privilege to speak on their behalf what each of them would wish to say to-day.

Our deep gratitude is sincerely extended to you, Mr. Deyell, our dedicated Principal and your Faculty. We gleaned much not only from your effective teaching but from your example in self-sacrifice and your personal interest in each student. In the years to come when we look back to this memorable year, I feel sure that is what will loom largest in memory's love. Without your continual encouragement and guidance we might not have survived the perilous hurdles which oft confronted us. Those first weeks of lesson plans and teaching assignments were like dreaded ogres. Yet we all survived and actually began to look forward to those same plans and assignments.

The patient Practice Teachers, who gave so generously of their time and experience, were an inspiration and revelation to us.

Our zealous religious instructors, in their weekly visits, reminded us of our duty to the growing citizens of to-morrow. It will be our privilege and responsibility to see that our pupils are prepared to face the future as worthy men and women cognizant of their purpose and goal in life. I would like to quote Mr. B. C. Diltz of Toronto, well-known Professor of English, who has said to his teacher-students at the Ontario College of Education, "Never forget that each child who sits before you in a classroom has an immortal soul that is destined to live for all eternity". Then we, as teachers, must put into the minds of our pupils, equipment which they need never discard, never outgrow. What a sublime challenge is ours!

Our versatile companions were always an encouragement and incentive to follow their lead in initiative and achievement. The United Nations Club has been active and helped to kindle that keen interest we should all have for current events. Our Drama Club has not only entertained us with their productions but has been instrumental in bringing out some latent talent. We have been proud of the efforts of the Junior Red Cross Club. If we can bring to our own classes in September some of their interest and enthusiasm we shall be helping even in a small way to enhance the idea of the "brotherhood of man".

Music, ever old and ever new, has played its part to lift our spirits when they might have been weighed down by term tests and formidable examinations. Our choir was able to respond to our various moods but happily their repertoire majored in lilting melodies.

Before many weeks had slipped away last fall we were amazed at the many opportunities for "get-togethers" through the various sports. Badminton and volleyball tournaments provided opportunities for displaying outstanding agility. Our basketball and hockey teams were almost undefeated and we were proud of their efforts and success up to the final games. As teachers we have been taught the physical and spiritual value of athletics. What patience, charity, co-operation and zeal for a goal are engendered by sports!

Having gazed in retrospect over our year we now look forward to the future. It must be uppermost in our minds that the knowledge we impart to others should be secondary to the characters we form. This will not be possible unless we first have something of ourselves to give. We must be above reproach in character, attitudes and methods of dealing with our pupils. May God grant that our philosophy of life, our exemplary virtues, ideals, principles and our interest in the individual child may have a lasting influence on the lives of the children whom we teach.

The various teachers' federations have been introduced to us and within a few short months it will be our privilege to be connected with one of the five federation groups. We must respect the task which has been accomplished since the inception of the Ontario Teachers' Federation in 1944 and be ready to become active and zealous members, armed with an appreciation of the true value of education and the skills to achieve our aim.

But now we must bid farewell to our teachers and friends. We have reached another milestone or step in our educational journey. The word "graduation" is derived from "gradus" which means "step". So this Graduation for us is just another stepping-stone to further study. Our exalted profession requires that we keep aboard the Ship of Education. May we have blue skies, calm waters, safe sailing and a happy landing.

SISTER M. URSULA

# LITERARY



# North Bay Teachers' College

## TEACHING AS A CAREER

Somewhere in a school room to-day, under the care of an unknown teacher is a child who in his own time, grown to maturity, will lead the world away from war and strife, and toward harmony, justice and peace. For the kind of world we live in tomorrow depends not partially but entirely upon the type and quality of the education of our children to-day.

Is this not a challenge to the young man or young woman, who, at the end of his or her High School Course, stands on the threshold of the future and gazes down the avenues, careers, the different paths ahead?

As we study in each the opportunity for self-improvement, the opportunity for adventure, the opportunity to project ourselves into some great masterpiece, it seems to me that teaching offers all this and more.

It offers an opportunity for self-improvement for if we would lead others to the heights, we ourselves must first scale them.

It is an opportunity for adventure. Every child is interesting because his eyes open to a world never dreamed about. Looking upon each one is like viewing the unfolding of a mystery. What treasures the loving, patient, zealous teacher may unearth, and 'trade with" — till the flower of youth is unfolded and developed into the man or woman who, in his or her own sphere, will remake the world!

What canvas, screen or mortar could be more challenging to the career-seeker?

Here then, is a golden opportunity for the young aspirant to make an impression on the stage of life — the impression of his ideals, principles and virtues perpetuated by his pupils in their various walks of life.

True, the teacher's life has its times of trial, disappointment, discouragement and ingratitude. But what are these compared with the happiness experienced by one, who, after years of such labour, sees those for whom he has laboured in the persons of priests, doctors, lawyers, statesmen, nurses and, last but not least, fathers and mothers, guiding with love, sincerity and faith the destinies of others?

The teacher knows that he lives in other beings, and such knowledge fills him with ineffable love and gratitude. It counterbalances all the drudgery, the heartache, and the sacrifices which are a part of every worthwhile profession.

MRS. MYRNA HUNTER, C-2.

## MY FIRST LESSON

How could it be possible? Why would this teacher give me such an easy assignment? All other students I had spoken to were struggling with unteachable topics like "Henry Cabot's First Voyage" or "What Makes Things Move". I had a Memory Gem — what could be simpler?

As I searched my assignment sheet for the title of the poem, three horrible words struck my eyes — "Your own choice." This could not mean **my** own choice. I had no idea where to find a poem suitable for a Grade Two class. Then I saw something else which made me open my eyes wider — "preferably your own choice of the Post Office or Winter". This shed new light on the subject. I should have no trouble finding a poem about one of these topics.

I decided to visit the College Library before everyone else cleared the shelves. Never before had I seen a room so packed with rushing, mumbling people!

I fought my way to the poetry section and found myself looking at the loneliest shelf in the entire room. I was sure that not every other student in the College had been assigned a poem to teach. Frantically, I snatched up the first two books that seemed at all suitable and spent the next five minutes trying to sign the books out and find the door to the hall.

Too soon! I discovered that there was not one poem about Winter or the Post Office in either book. Another trip to the school and one to the Public Library both proved fruitless.

I slept uneasily that night and made a fresh start the following day. I finally found a poem in — of all places — my Science text! I had very little trouble writing up the lesson plan until I reached the Introduction. I had to find some initial motivation. Maybe I could bring in an icicle — the thought of cold water dripping down my arm made me discard this idea. I finally decided that a picture would have to do.

The Presentation also presented difficulties. My model plan for teaching a Memory Gem said that the poem should be written on the blackboard. I knew that a Grade Two class would not be familiar with such words as **icicle, shined** and **tongue.** I had not time to find another poem now. I racked my brain and decided I would have to rely on concrete material alone.

Pictures, pictures, pictures! Why did magazines print no pictures of icicles hanging on red brick walls, the sun shining down, or a child crying? I would have to draw them myself.

The day arrived and I was sitting at the back of the bright, colourful classroom waiting for the first student teacher to end her excellent lesson. Before I realized it, I was standing at the front of the room, looking down at a sea of smiling seven-year old faces. The words poured automatically from my mouth and soon began to pour from the children's mouths as well. They laughed at the pictures and gasped when I removed them one at a time. Wondrously, the children knew the poem perfectly and my time was just running out.

I moved, exhausted, back to my desk and, relieved, but hating myself, waited for the teacher's criticisms. Her words almost made me faint, — "Your lesson was very successful. Both the pupils and I enjoyed it."

MARCIA POWELL, O-3.

## ON ENCOURAGING THE POET IN A CHILD

What is Poetry? What comes to your mind at the word — the picture of a group of words set in column, arranged in neat, repetitive measure, with a neat, repetitive rhyme pattern? Is this the essence of poetry, this form? I suggest that the elementary school child probably decides that it is. Many dozens of metered, rhyming things are presented to him under the label "poetry". When he is asked to write a poem, it is demanded or taken for granted that it will be writing of this form. So he learns that "poetry" is this little isolated business of artificial expression, having not much to do with everyday speech.

I say poetry is more than this accidental form. It is speaking one's own world, trying to tell the subtlety of personal vision, loving words and the music in their telling, but knowing the final helplessness of words, and so knowing what not to try to tell. This is poetry whether it be written or spoken in paragraphs, or verses, or a phrase, or a word.

Poetry is an everyday thing. Is the person growing in both sensitivity of living and sensitivity to words? He handles a word carefully, savours it, each word a miracle carved in sound, able to carry meaning between people. His common speech is poetry inasmuch as the piquancy of his experience is found in his speech. For the real poem is in life, not in words. It is in the awareness of a person and the words but try to witness to it. It seems commonly thought that a man whose speech is telling has a great skill with words. But it is more a matter of delicacy of perception. If the feeling, the experience, the seeing is keen, the words will come by listening for them. Both the poet and his hearers listen.

We are all poets. Each of us speaks of what of the world comes to him and has some concern for grace and fitness in the telling, but we differ in emphasis. Are we teachers-to-be tending the poet of ourselves? Are we opening ourselves to our experience, trying to put words carefully to it, studying to be more facile and knowledgeable with words? How often do we look into a dictionary or thesaurus?

Are we giving and receiving the poet's gift with those we know? This is the gift of keeping the world fresh for each other, where each tells the part he knows. One knows and tells the lambent sunlight on snow, or the crunch of walking on it, another the sweetness of lying in it. Together we keep our sensing alive and changing.

As teachers we are workers with words. We must not take language for granted because we use it constantly. We are in a position to help; it is our duty to help children develop richly in the language. To have some right to this word we must intensely know that the use of words is an art and a serious one. We should take delight and care in practising it.

Let us babble fewer commonplaces. To love words is also to love the silence between them. Let us be slower, listening to our speech, trying to find words that say what we feel or see more truly than the banalities we often mouth.

The little child is very much poet. He knows his world pungently, and he bursts to tell it with his singing words. If he cannot find a word to fit he may well make one. A day or two ago I passed two boys lustily hurling snow at each other with branches, and heard one shout gaily about this "thrower-snower".

The child urges to tell the shape of the world he sees, and if his attempts are cherished, he will continue, as he grows, to look closely at his experience, to develop his knowledge of words, to have grace in his speaking. For he has pleasure in the roll and melody of words. Before he can use them, he delights in rhythmical nonsense sounds, and, growing older, he will keep loving the sound of real words, the dance of them in his throat and on his tongue, if they are loved by his teachers and others around him.

Read the metered verses to school children, especially the littlest ones. There is a basic, pulsing response to these. But be alert to their own spontaneous, poetic speech. Have them repeat and enjoy things their own classmates say. Discuss with them the fitness and charm of names and descriptions that they may offer. And do not trample with the tyrant of grammar their efforts to speak directly and vitally. Let language know some strong, free growth before inhibiting it.

Keep the older children in touch with the speech of the younger ones. Let them know that the charm and freshness of the little child's speech is precious and not to be lost. Have them listen and bring to class examples of good talk from their younger brothers and sisters.

At any time during the school day be ready to examine a word's meaning in a dictionary, to turn to a thesaurus to find a better word than the one being used.

Perhaps have the children keep little books in which they write when they feel they have a good verse or phrase. Encourage them to listen for the rhythm of what they write. There is no need for this rhythm to be regular, only to be pleasing and fit to the thought.

Work to have children feel that poetry, as I speak of it, is important always, and we may be able to improve a society's speech that is too often a babbling, unpleasant to the ear and to the understanding.

R. VIRENE, O-4.

## TURBULENCE

The water
Grey and angry
Leaps and jumps
Frothing, foaming
Clutching
At the roots of cedars
Who stand
Embedded in the earth,
But protesting
With angry jerks
Of their arms.
The wind screams
And tears
At the water and trees
In raging choler.
The rain slashes
Into the river
In cutting sheets.
Howling, roaring
In wild wrath,
The wind and the river
Whipped into senseless fury
Wear themselves
Into exhaustion.
The wind moans
And dies.
The river slides
Shamedly past.
The rain falls
Gently, sadly,
And the trees
Cry.

MARION YOCUM, C-1.

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## SILENT SUPPLICATION

High on a hill the pine tree waved,
And in silent benediction prayed.
Her boughs upstretched beseeched the sky,
Lifting her prayers to God on high.

She prayed for the life of man, the nation,
For everything of God's creation,
Birds, trees, and animals, ships on the sea;
Nothing she missed in her litany.

Her gnarled old branches touched the sky,
And brushed the clouds that scudded by.
Deep in her aged heart she knew
Her prayers were heard and answered too.

PAM SHIER, O-4.

## LACE

What lace so rare —
What lace can compare —
With the lace of a perfect snowflake?
Or the lace cast by shadows of lilacs?
Or the lace of a rainbowy cobweb —
Or the lacework of age
On a tired old face?
God made no finer lace!

ELAINE WILLIAMS, O-4.

## THREE WEEKS WITH AN ARTIST

The summer was past — September had caught up with us, and we began to make plans for the usual fall activities. No one in our household was aware that we were to have a thrilling and memorable experience which would bestir us from our pre-autumnal lethargy. Yes, on an ordinary morning the mailman delivered a neatly-addressed envelope, and scanning the pages therein, we were delighted to discover our roof was to shelter a real, live artist for three whole weeks!

Immediately the house was transformed into a beehive of industry as the family was caught up into a whirl of excitement. All hands turned in to make the place a meet abode for our beloved friend. The day of arrival dawned bright and clear and all was in readiness.

George Thomson, O.S.A., stepped from his unpretentious, well-travelled car. Greetings and friendly pleasantries were exchanged as we helped him unload his cargo. A small bag containing his personal needs was thrown clear — not too important — anyone could look after that! All eyes were turned on the equipment which must accompany the working artist. Willing hands were proffered to carry the easel, the paint-box, the brush container and the camp chair.

The man himself? One was struck by the neat, upright figure—one which would command respect in any company. This gentle man had reached and passed the promised three score years and ten, but still his step had spring and purpose. His clean-cut face was one which could serve as an artist's study—broad, understanding smile, clear eyes which were trained to see beyond the physical, and which gave one the sense of warm friendliness. A healthy glow of countenance bespoke days spent in the great outdoors.

We cannot look on the man without seeing something of his great personality. The words he chooses to make audible his thoughts, the expression of thoughtful consideration as revealed in his movements, the understanding eyes and sensitive, delicate hands all combined to portray the true artist.

The sun arose next morning to find our friend already in command of his day's work. Arising early he had prepared himself and his equipment for activity. He left the house in expectant mood, not knowing just where he would find the appropriate scene to transplant onto canvas. His quest was not in vain, for that evening he returned, bearing, perhaps a little proudly, two scenes which he set on the mantle to dry.

We caught our breath as we contemplated his works of art! Our glowing attributes sounded hollow in our ears but were accepted in a gracious manner by the creator. This area is famous for the panorama of colour of lakes and woodlands in all their autumn glory. Under the skilled hand of the artist that certain something, which is hard to describe, had come alive, been caught and moulded into the pictures before us. Could it be that part of the artist himself had been poured into the oils? One saw in the scenes not only the colouring in which Nature had garbed the landscape, but one saw life, and vitality and love.

The first week passed uneventfully. Every evening saw the day's quota of two paintings added to the collection. Weather had nothing to do with the output, except to change the moods of the scenes — bright days, cloudy days, dull days, even rainy days were utilized. "Early to bed and early to rise" was the maxim of the household. Lazy evenings were spent sitting around the fireplace listening to stories recounted by our friend. We discovered he was a master of the English language as well — and there in the twilight, this artist gave us word-pictures of his life. Born on a farm in Claremont, Ontario he took his place, working along with his brothers and sisters at menial tasks. Later he studied law and acquired his degree at the University of Washington. Joining an artists' colony in New Haven, Connecticut, at forty years of age, he decided to make art his life work. Feeling and responding to the call of his native land, he came back to Canada and settled in Owen Sound.

It was the second week of his sojourn which saw action. At this time World War II was in progress and seven miles from our town a large munitions plant was geared to maximum output. George Thomson had been sighted in several strategic positions, innocently painting. His only interest was the scenery of Georgian Bay — but it so happened he had set up his easel along the only railway into the plant! To make matters worse, his garb consisted of khaki shirt, trousers and putties! Who was to know he was any other than a spy? We were not surprised to get several urgent calls from authorities having the country's welfare at heart! This experience added a bit of colour — albeit sombre — to the week's activities. There was no harm done that proper credentials could not rectify, however, and it was not long till we were again established as loyal citizens of the Commonwealth.

The third week was uneventful and we noticed traces of unadmitted fatigue as hard work took its toll. The week culminated in an exhibition when the public was invited to view familiar landscapes on canvas. Many hearts caught the warmth from the pictures and lives were enriched as folk were able to see at first hand the artist's output, as well as converse with the gifted one.

It was with regret and a sense of loss that we bade our guest 'au revoir' the next day. He — profuse in his acknowledgement of our hospitality, and we — left wondering just who was indebted to whom.

This man now ninety-two years of age is still painting and exhibiting. He has long been recognized for his studies of Ontario landscapes and his work hangs in the National Gallery of Canada. His home is a veritable haven for lovers of art, for the welcome mat is always out. As for us, we will ever respond to the memory of those three weeks with George Thomson, O.S.A., the Artist in every sense of the word.

MARY WRIGHT, O-4.

## AGE

He was an old man — incredibly old. His tired warped frame darkened the doorway. A gnarled hand clutched a cane desperately, as he methodically picked his way along the well-beaten path. He stopped, retired to a nearby chair, and stared, seeing nothing, deeply engrossed in thought.

He paused now, to take out his pipe and fill it with tobacco from the ancient pouch which he procured from an inner pocket. Falteringly, he lit it, inhaled deeply, and exhaled a thin wisp of smoke which was followed by a deep sigh of satisfaction. He was happy. His thin lips curled about the pipe. An old man, he was physically spent, crippled; yet, here was a strong spirit of the dauntless past, a spirit neither crippled nor broken by the tyranny of life.

Having finished with his pipe, he pocketed it, paused, and stood up, dependent once more upon the cane. Turning slowly, almost painfully, he shuffled to the path, turned again, and laboriously made his way to the house. Visible for a few moments on the step, he disappeared leaving a shadowed doorway and a courageous, ageless spirit, almost miraculous in its triumph over time.

SAUNDRA SKYHAR. S-2.

## MY MEMORY

Beyond the far horizons, I sail my ship of dreams,
To journey into distant places, sail up newer streams;
And I alone am captain, the first mate and the crew,
Thus no one gives me orders, and tells me what to do.
And when the impulse takes me, I raise anchor and away
To where my heart is longing, to where some venture lay.
And often in that dreaming I see scenes so very dear,
Scenes I've seen in many lands, I see them now so clear,
The palm-trees of Hawaii, the temples of Siam,
The Taj Mahal at Agra, the cathedral at Milan,
The waterfront or Zanzibar, the ruins of Angkor,
And the crossroads of the East, the streets of Singapore.
On and on I wander, thanking God for giving me
The richest thing I could possess, a priceless memory.

GEORGE GRBICH. O-2.

## SUMMERTIME

The tall yellow-tasseled grass swished against my legs and tinked faintly as it struck the empty berry-pail. The sun poured down and suddenly the semi-shade of the bush was very cool and desirable. After a moment of searching for the almost unnoticeable trail, I found it leading through a bit of marsh to the base of the hill.

Here there was a hot, dry stillness; the roots of the tag-alders, usually in a scummy water, were exposed, and clutched at my ankles as I hurried on. The silence and lack of even insect life was eerie and somehow frightening, and I choked down an impulse to run.

Then I was climbing up the wooded slope, digging my feet into the leaf-mould as the grade became steeper. The sun's rays reached through the birches and picked out the delicate tracery of the fern against weathered rock, the flat, soft leaves of dogwood and the grey-green, spongy moss.

A flash of blue tugged at me, and I worked my way up to the first blueberry patch. The berries seemed to drop eagerly into my pail, and I settled down to the rhythm of picking and moving, picking and moving. Time was meaningless as I lost myself and my thoughts in contentment. The leaves rustled from a faint breeze; a grasshopper grated out its timeless song, and the occasional bird fluted. I could smell the pines, the berries and crushed bracken on the air — an essence of the bush.

The pail filled only too quickly, and I climbed to the top of the hill. The brilliant red of the sumac blazed against the sombre granite; here and there a crystal of quartz flashed its mirror in the sun. Lichens, pale green, silver, gray and black, felt crisp and rough to my fingers. Leaves fluttered madly in the wind, and the pines murmured low in their boughs.

I looked to the north, at the untidy, dead trees in a swamp, and the hazy hills beyond it. I drank in its beauty and its strength, and felt its unimaginable antiquity. It was wild and untroubled by men, and as I turned to go back down the hill, I felt peaceful and reassured.

SYLVIA HIGGINS. O-2.

## JAZZ: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT

There can be no doubt at this date that Jazz has firmly established itself as a distinct American art form. Many attempts have been made to define this music, most centring around the idea of creative self-expression. The ideas of soul and syncopation seem to be synonymous with jazz music.

Generally speaking, the Negro in the United States has been credited with the early introduction of music in the jazz idiom through the late Eighteen-nineties and early Nineteen-hundreds. The fusion of French and Negro cultures in New Orleans gave birth to a new and distinctive kind of music. The music was based on what musicians call a "blues" progression of chords and this set the pattern for the early Dixieland or traditional music as it is called by to-day's modernists. New Orleans gave rise to Storyville, a negro ghetto. In this atmosphere of poverty and decadence, jazz found a home. Names like Jelly Roll Morton, Bessie Smith, King Oliver, and "Leadbelly" Smith are among those considered to be the greatest exponents of early traditional jazz. All early Dixieland music was characterized by collective improvisation on the parts of the musicians. Recordings of these early jazz greats are very rare and the few that are to be found to-day serve to remind one how involved is the course that jazz has followed.

As the First World War came to an end, New Orleans found Storyville closed and with it came a migration of many Negroes and their music up the Mississippi River. Chicago was the first city to feel the massed impact of this new music and contributed its own distinctive touch to Dixieland music. It was called Chicago jazz. The white musicians remembered to-day for their early efforts in Dixieland include Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols, Eddie Condon, and Jack Teagarden.

As American life gained momentum, the Roaring Twenties or the Jazz Age came into being. It was a happy era and produced happy music. The commercialization or tinting of jazz was very evident in this era and many of the salon orchestras had their own pallid offerings of this new jazz music. Indeed the figure who was labelled the "King of Jazz", Paul Whiteman, had a large ensemble playing written music with only the occasional jazz solo. Rudy Vallee played at many a "thé dansant" with his megaphone and his "Connecticut Yankees", and was typical of the popular sweet music of the Twenties.

With the crash and the Depression of 1929 and also the effects of Prohibition, the jazz movement entered a period of equilibrium. The Depression created a new era, often called the "Hungry Thirties", and ballroom owners became conscious of the general public's desire for something more soothing in music. Competition became very keen and rival ballrooms began to hire bigger and sweeter dance orchestras, Chicago slowed down to the tempo of a waltz with Wayne King. Guy Lombardo and his somewhat nervous sounding saxophones set the style that was to predominate in popular music for many years.

Early big band jazz put down its roots in the early Nineteen-thirties. Bands such as Duke Elington's and Count Basie's cast a shadow of what was to come in the Swing era. Basically, the idea behind a large band playing jazz has been to create the close cohesion and spontaneity of a small group in a much larger group of players.

Benny Goodman was the first white man to lead a large jazz band and find a mass audience. Goodman made the 'big-time' playing jazz-flavoured dance music. This was in 1936 and by 1939 the Swing era was full upon us. The rising popularity of other white bands, such as Artie Shaw's, Tommy Dorsey's and Glen Miller's, brought jazz soloists very much into the public eye through the medium of dancing. It is interesting to note that the Swing fad brought a greater number of people to listen to jazz than any other phase.

After 1940, sweet music once again became the vogue with public acceptance of the bands of Sammy Kaye, Kay Kyser, and Horace Heidt. Underneath this heap of bands, a quiet revolution was taking place in jazz which finally crystallized in the bop movement of the late Forties.

Sometime during World War II, "sing" began to replace "swing", and the vocalists who were once the secondary attraction of the band began to replace their former bosses. Outstanding here is the Cinderella story of Frank Sinatra from a sideman with Tommy Dorsey to a bobby-sox idol in 1945. As the band era died jazz once again turned to the small group formation.

Bop music which came into focus in 1949 was the culmination of the revolutionary jazz ideas of Charlie Parker or "Bird", and John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie. This form of jazz had no connection with dancing nor did its complex rhythmic concepts and complicated harmonies appeal to the masses as Swing music had.

After bop came progressive jazz. This movement was heralded by the success, both commercially and artistically, of the Dave Brubeck Quartet in 1954. The chief characteristic of this music is its calm, intellectual approach to jazz. Progressive jazz musicians avoid the frantic type of music, hence the word "cool" to describe their own playing.

Where will jazz go from here? At present there seems to be a reactionary movement. Young jazz musicians are advocating a return to the more down-to-earth blues which is where jazz began.

KEN NEWMAN, O-3.

## THE TRAPPER

The sun had dropped behind a cloud, the snow began to fall,
And as the night came quickly on, the wind blew up a squall.
And through the ever-darkening swamp a trapper made his way,
He knew he'd have to reach his shack without the light of day.
The snow whipped hard against his face, the trees began to moan,
But several miles still lay between the trapper and his home.
His head was bowed against the storm, his eyes were slits of red,
And as he plodded slowly on he cursed the trail ahead.
He wound along a frozen brook and crossed a beaver dam,
While in the darkness far behind, wolves caught the scent of man.
Then from the gloomy forest, he heard their dismal wail,
And fear crept through his body for he knew they'd found his trail.
His furs were growing heavy, his breath was coming fast,
But the trapper's life's a hard one, and he knew that he could last.
So he swung along more swiftly, against the driving cold,
And once again behind him, heard the wolves howl loud and bold.
But now the wind had lessened for he'd reached the sheltering pines,
And etched against the dingy sky, he saw the cabin's lines.
And now a fire was roaring as he cooked his meal alone,
The howling wolves gave up the trail, the trapper was at home.

ED BOLTON, O.1.

## ATTACK

*This is a true story. It took place about forty miles north of North Bay on January 12, 1961.*

From the concealment of the dense underbrush the hungry eyes watched as he left the car and strapped on his snowshoes. They waited patiently as he began his journey back to the little log shelter.

Suddenly, blood-curdling howls shredded the frozen air! The hunter's blood froze in his veins. Swiftly they began to close in. The hunter reacted quickly. Two shots rang out and two fell. Then, as one sprang at him the rifle jammed! Quickly he drew his knife and buried it in the cruel heart.

Discouraged by the fate of their comrades the rest of the wolf-pack faded into the forest in search of easier prey.

D. JAMES, O.2.



## IN ANSWER TO A PRAYER

Mario, the nine year old Italian boy, stepped down from the train platform with the assistance of Miss Lane, his present guardian. Mrs. White and I walked over to greet the new arrivals. "How do you do, Miss Lane? I am Mrs. White and this is Miss Solomon, my assistant. We hope you have had a nice trip."

"Yes, thank you, and this is Mario. Say, how-do-you-do-to the ladies, dear," she said. Mario's sad eyes lifted to meet ours, but stared past us.

"How-do-you-do, ladies?" replied Mario. His beautiful accent made us smile, even though we realized how hard it was for him to speak as he held back the tears that made his eyes sparkle.

"We are very glad you have come to visit us, Mario. But I'll bet you're tired after the long trip. Are you hungry?" I asked.

"No, thank you," he answered. We looked at Miss Lane only to find the lost look in her eyes and shrug of her shoulders. It was evident that Mario had not been anxious to leave home.

I put my arm around the boy's shoulder and tried again. "I know what you would like! How about a big pizza?" The restaurant across the street was famous for its Italian food. "We can meet Miss Lane and Mrs. White at home later."

Mario managed a smile from his lips, but his eyes remained silent and still very sad. "Yes, maybe," he said, trying to be the brave boy we hoped he would be.

His little hand gripped mine very tightly as I led him toward the street. Miss Lane and Mrs. White would join us at home after picking up the luggage. They were having tea and discussing our new visitor when we arrived.

During the long ride home, Mario and I had struck up quite a friendship. With only some language difficulty, he had spoken freely about his home, his family, and his friends. He had been very good company until we reached our destination. It was not until then that he remembered he would not see his home, his family or his friends for some time. He became very quiet as Mrs. White told him about his new home.

"Miss Solomon will show you to your room now. You must be very tired and tomorrow we have a busy day. You will share Tony's room. Good night Mario."

"Thank you," was all he could say as the tears welled in his eyes once again. But he straightened his shoulders and held out his tiny hand.

"Will you stay with me after my prayers and I sleep, please?" he asked.

I listened quietly while the polite little immigrant prayed in his foreign tongue.

"And bless Miss Solomon and my new friends, too. Amen," he finished.

"Thank you, Mario," I said, my own voice now weak with withheld tears. Minutes later he lay very quietly. He had had a busy day. He **was** tired.

That night, I also added a few lines to my prayers.

The next morning I could feel only good was going to happen, and as I walked up to the room shared by Tony and Mario, I knew my prayer had been answered. I could hear laughter and happy voices coming from the other side of the door. Mrs. White walked up behind me and we peeked into the room. There they were, white teeth contrasting against their dark skin, all smiles and laughter, sitting in one bed. Mario had found a friend from his own country who spoke his language. Mrs. White smiled and winked at me and we walked quietly down the hall. We did not know what the boys had been enjoying or what they were saying, but we did know one thing. Mario was going to be happy at the "Lodgewood Home for Blind Children."

JUNE SOLOMON. C-1.

## MOOD BY MOONLIGHT

The moon-beams filtering through the large window bathed the entire room with a romantic, shimmering light. The largest of rays focussed itself upon the room's sole occupants, a charming couple, she with her smooth cheeks pressed against his rough, rugged countenance.

The two had never met before that morning. Very early she had descended the stairs to find him sitting in the living room in the company of her parents. How her heart had leaped as they graciously presented him to her! Without losing view of each other, they passed the whole day.

Now, as they remained motionless, her arms clasped tightly around him, she thought of joyous times to be had tomorrow and all other tomorrows. She gave him another lingering embrace. How lucky she was to have found such a warm, charming companion. The moon slipped slowly from view behind silvery clouds, only to reappear again in a minute with all its cold, regal majesty. She gazed lovingly into his eyes; he was most handsome. Oh, the envy that her girl friends would show tomorrow! As she passed her slender hand caressingly through his blond hair, she thought how lucky she was. After all, not every four-year-old gets a "Punkinhead" teddy-bear for Christmas!

ANN GIBSON. O-2.

## IN DEFENCE OF LEFT-HANDED PEOPLE

Everyone has heard the joke about the left-handed monkey wrench, and knows there is no such tool. But few people realize that one can buy a right-handed frying-pan. These pans have handles that are grooved to fit the fingers of the hand—the right hand. Not only are some cooking utensils moulded for the right hand but so are most scissors. If a left-hander uses such a pair of scissors for very long, there are red grooves in his skin where the sharp edges of the handles pressed. Although few girls knit nowadays, a left-handed girl has to learn all the steps and motions backwards.

In the world of sports, two instances come to mind where left-handed players are useful. One is the left-handed hardball pitcher, and the other is the first base-man on the same team. Even so, right-hand ball gloves are hard to buy in many stores. Another sport is hunting. Many say that a bolt-action is more accurate and more dependable than a lever-action. Bolt-action guns are built for right-handed people. That is, up until last summer when Savage Arms, makers of fine rifles, manufactured a first in gun history. They put out a rifle with the bolt on the left side for left-handed hunters. This would seem to be a personalized rifle; that is, right-handers would have trouble with it.

Many left-handed people find it difficult to learn to shift gears in a car with the right hand. Actually I think this is better for a 'lefty" than for a 'righty'. When a right-handed person shifts, his strong hand is used, leaving his weaker hand on the wheel. A left-hander has his strong hand on the wheel all the time.

When a child writes with his left hand, the light (invariably from the left in a classroom) is blocked by the pupil's hand. If he writes with any curl at all in his wrist, his fingers smear the ink. (That is why I write with a ball-point.) Many schools and universities use one-piece desks, which have an armrest on the right side, but none on the left. Where does this leave the left-hander? He must turn until at least part of his arm is on the desk. It does not take long to become uncomfortable.

Last but not least of the plagues of left-handers is the use of the words "left" and "right". In English, "right" can also mean "correct", whereas "left" often means "radical", as in leftist party. In French, "right" (droit) also means "direct, upright or honest". Left (gauche) means "warped, clumsy, or awkward". In Spanish right (derecha) means "right, straight", and left (torpe, gurdo) means "stupid, clumsy or slow." Two other words used for 'left-handed' are 'malicioso, insincero'. Notice the similarity to certain English words. In Italian, right (destra) also means skilful, and left (sinistra) need not be translated.

Other languages parallel this. The reason for this is that, several hundred years ago, left-handed people were considered radicals, devils, idiots, witches, sneaks, and other assorted ne'er-do-wells. This idea crept into the language and persists even today.

It is about time that 'south-paws' (opposite of north-paws) were afforded equal rights. I think that left-handers have been scorned and downtrodden for too long. Now is the time to fight for equality in the eyes of the public!

RONALD G. SMITH, O-4.

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## THAT DAY!

At eight forty-five,
The doors open wide;
And all eager students,
Rush quickly inside.

They take their places,
Within the great hall;
Listening to speeches,
Announcements and all.

Now, in the classroom,
We sit straight and eager;
Half an hour later,
We are limper and weaker.

Time crawls along,
And the lessons flow
Into the minds
Of each one in the row.

But John in the corner,
I suddenly spied;
Sleeping so soundly
With mouth open wide.

All of a sudden,
The students all scatter;
At the sound of the bell
We know what's the matter.

We hurry outside,
To the air crisp and clear;
I knew it, I knew it,
That fire chief's here.

G. LOWERY, O-3.

## R. S. V. P.

R is for Rating,
One, two or three.
The Masters know
But won't tell me.

S is for Suspense,
That thickens each day.
Wish they'd get them posted
'Stead of stalling this way!

V is for Vulnerable,
I thought I'd done so well,
Until they took the answers up —
But the **marks** they will not tell!

P is for self-Pity,
For "three's" am I slated?
So I'll scowl at all the Masters,
'Till the marks are tabulated.

(MRS.) LENORA SWORD, O-4.

## FORTY YEARS HENCE!

It seems like only yesterday,
But it must be longer than that,
Since I left the Teachers' College
To the chorus — "Well, that's that!"
I was filled with apprehensions,
And hosts of haunting fears.
How could I ever remember
All I'd learned in the past two years?

Never ask, "How many?"
Never, no, never, use slang.
But will someone tell me what one does
When a pop-gun goes off with a bang?
Strive for comprehension;
Be not satisfied with less.
Be careful of your questioning,
Don't let your students guess.

**Meaningful!** Ah, that famous word
Reminds me of Mr. McClure, —
"Bad teaching can ruin a child's future in Math."
As I ponder . . . . I'm not very sure
That the methods I used were always the best,
That I taught as was **his** intent.
I'm sure he'd have groaned if he could have seen
Those lessons on finding per cent.

**Dramatization.** Mr. Bennett acclaimed,
Then quoted Peter Slade.
I used this technique again and again,
But sometimes it left me dismayed.
I wondered — what was wrong with the class,
Was this how they **really** felt?
They seemed to enjoy the sadistic and cruel.
Could I make these attitudes melt?

Mr. Angus always said,
"Don't strap unless you must."
I didn't forget, but I must confess,
Mine did not gather much dust.
I tried to be consistent,
Made resolutions by the score.
But after forty years, I'm afraid,
I just couldn't make any more.

Most of the students were well behaved,
And on the whole this applies.
But there's always an imp in every class,
Who can make your temperature rise.
Johnny Flynn was just like that.
He knew all the tricks of the trade.
Each teacher promoted him year after year,
Just to get him out of her grade.

"I don't know anything," Socrates said.
Plato's world was ideal.
But now I'm convinced of the bronze in my veins
And my philosophy's real.
For I've acted unwisely at times, I know.
Still, I hope there's a chance for me,
To explain to St. Peter how hard I tried
To help teach humanity.

Then, maybe he'll give me an ideal class,
Where all the pupils say "Please."
And little boys will not like snakes,
Or toads, or lizards or fleas.
And I'll have all the time I want,
To do all the things I should.
Then perhaps when I'm bored to death,
I'll know that life was good.

P. WATT, S-2.

## OUR DAYS AT TEACHERS' COLLEGE

From nine till four, we have our classes,
This is the place of learning.
We travel round from room to room
Our heads are full of yearning.

Our days at Teachers' College,
Oh, they are filled with plans,
Of all the things that we shall do
With fifty on our hands.

They teach us methods here at school,
Our days are filled with classes.
**"Spares"** — we have no time for them,
Our only aims are passes.
We take psychology and things
They say will help us teach
The subjects such as Science and Health,
That are within our reach.

We want to be successful,
Future teachers is our aim.
We will imitate the Master,
Great and glorious is His Name.
We will model life on Him,
And we will achieve our goal,
If we only keep in mind
That we have charge of every soul.

SISTER MARY OF LOURDES, C-1.







# PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS

## Local Public Schools



**Dr. Carruthers P.S.**

Mr. McClements
Mrs. Saad
Mrs. Smith
Miss Nichols
Miss Bamford
Miss Willoughby
Miss Munns
Mrs. Barringer
Miss K. Sage
Miss Fulcher

**King Edward P.S.**

Mr. Grant
Miss Sheppard
Mrs. Maclean



**King George P.S.**

Mr. McKinnon
Mr. Osberg
Mrs. Pritchard
Miss St. Louis
Mrs. Rutland
Mrs. McNally
Mrs. O'Halloran
Mrs. Toswell



**Dr. MacDougall P.S.**

Mr. Nugent
Mr. Weller
Miss M. Forrest
Mrs. Landriault
Miss Close
Mrs. O. Forrest
Mrs. Harvey
Mrs. Curran
Miss M. Sage

**Sunset Park P.S.**

Mr. Hudson
Mrs. Pentland
Mrs. White
Mrs. Leith

**Callander P.S.**

Miss Marmina
Mrs. Hamilton

**Laurentian P.S.**

Mr. Barker
Mrs. Clysdale
Mrs. Swann

**Pinewood P.S.**

Mr. McKee
Mr. Boehme
Mr. Brownlee
Mrs. Eyolfson
Miss Brightwell
Mrs. McLeod

**Queen Victoria P.S.**

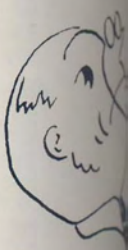
Mr. Phillipps
Mrs. Thompson
Mrs. Kemp
Miss Runciman

**Carmichael P.S.**

Mrs. Stuart
Mrs. Smyth
Mrs. Molineux

**J. W. Trusler P.S.**

Mr. Botwright
Mrs. Hicks
Miss Moore
Mrs. Deyell
Mrs. Chambers

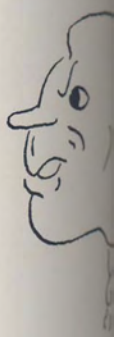


**Tweedsmuir P.S.**

Miss Stevens
Mr. Edwards
Mr. Gray
Mrs. Tyers
Mrs. Spalding
Mrs. Loucks
Mrs. O'Neill
Mrs. Boehme

**Paul Davoud RCAF Dependent's School**

Mrs. Penner
Miss McNally
Mrs. Rafter
Miss Oliver
Mrs. Irwin
Miss Aiken
Miss Ryan
Mrs. Grosso
Mrs. Levis
Mrs. Naughton



**Riverbend P.S.**

Miss Neilly
Mrs. Souter

**Nipissing Junction P.S.**

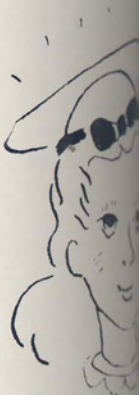
Mrs. Graff

**S.S. No. 4 East Ferris P.S.**

Mrs. Hillis

**O'Brien P.S.**

Mrs. Miller
Mrs. Rosseter
Mrs. Beach



D BROMLEY

# North Bay Teachers' College

## PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS

### Local Separate Schools

**Corpus Christi S.S.**
Mrs. McEwen
Mrs. Chapman

**St. Joseph S.S.**
Miss Linder
Mrs. Curry
Mrs. O'Paleichuk
Mrs. McDonald
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On Friday, September 16, 1960, at 3 P.M. a welcoming tea was held at N.B.T.C. To open the informal tea the various clergy were asked to be present and to introduce themselves and the groups which they represented. These were the men who were to give us our regular religious classes each Monday morning. After preliminary remarks from each of them the student body played host to the religious instructors, the Masters, their wives and to each other. We then introduced ourselves to our fellow students and new friends.

Miss Johnson and her committee replenished the dainty cookie trays and the punch glasses. Everyone enjoyed the event and we felt after this first informal get-to-gether we would be more at home with our new-found friends at N.B.T.C.

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★ ★

Oo-o, oo-o ! 'twas the night of Hallowe'en
Oo-o, oo-o ! many goblins could be seen
Dancing and prancing along the floor.
Tiptoeing shadows lurked near the door.
Oo-o, oo-o ! 'twas the night of Hallowe'en.

This described the scene of the Hallowe'en Masquerade held on Friday, October Twenty-Eighth at N.B.T.C. As the costumed figures entered the eerie ghost hall through the curtain of orange and black streamers, a fascinating sight greeted them. Behold, on the stage three witches were brewing a magic potion in their black cauldron from which rising smoke cast a mystic spell on the entire scene. In the gloomy surroundings flitted a pixie chased by a tall red-bearded beatnik. Two green gnomes attracted the attention of all present creating an air of mystery as to their identity. Across the room "Big Julie" and his wife frowned on this outward show of merriment. A petite teddy bear and her red and white poodle companion added to the list of distinguished guests. Our gathering was not without class—thanks to our true-blooded Scotsman in full attire. In addition there were clowns, ghosts, farmers, and many "hard timers". Alas ! a crowd of beatniks invaded our festivities.

Even in this remote spot the characters danced the well-loved Troika.

As the evening drew to a close, the judges, Mrs. Irwin, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Curtis, awarded prizes for the funniest, most original, most seasonal, best male, best female, and most attractive couple costumes.

At the bewitching hour of midnight the masks were unveiled and identities revealed. Thus our Hallowe'en Masquerade was brought to an end.

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She'd make a corsage — vegetables, you know !
Some lucky man would wear that mass
Only to eat it as cows eat grass.

II

The time of the "Kick" had come at last
Some appeared from old Dog Patch.
Daisy Mae and Abner too
Clung to the pillars o'er me and you.
The Pig Girl relaxed upon the stage,
Her pigs and piglets the very rage.
Marryin' Sam in the corner stood
Promoting marriage as he should.

III

We also had Gail and Fabian there,
Gail a long pig-tail in her hair.
The auctioneer had "men" to sell
Two Dicks and a Ray and little Mel.
They sold for a price — two bits it was
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IV

We'll always remember that night in the fall
The long, the short and the fat or tall.
Next year if it's Timmins or southward you be
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**AIMS:** Canadian History includes much that can be fully understood only in relation to its geographical environment. Topics such as early explorations, the spread of settlement, the development of trade and transportation routes, the drawing of boundary lines and the waging of wars can be studied with maximum effect against the background provided by this volume.

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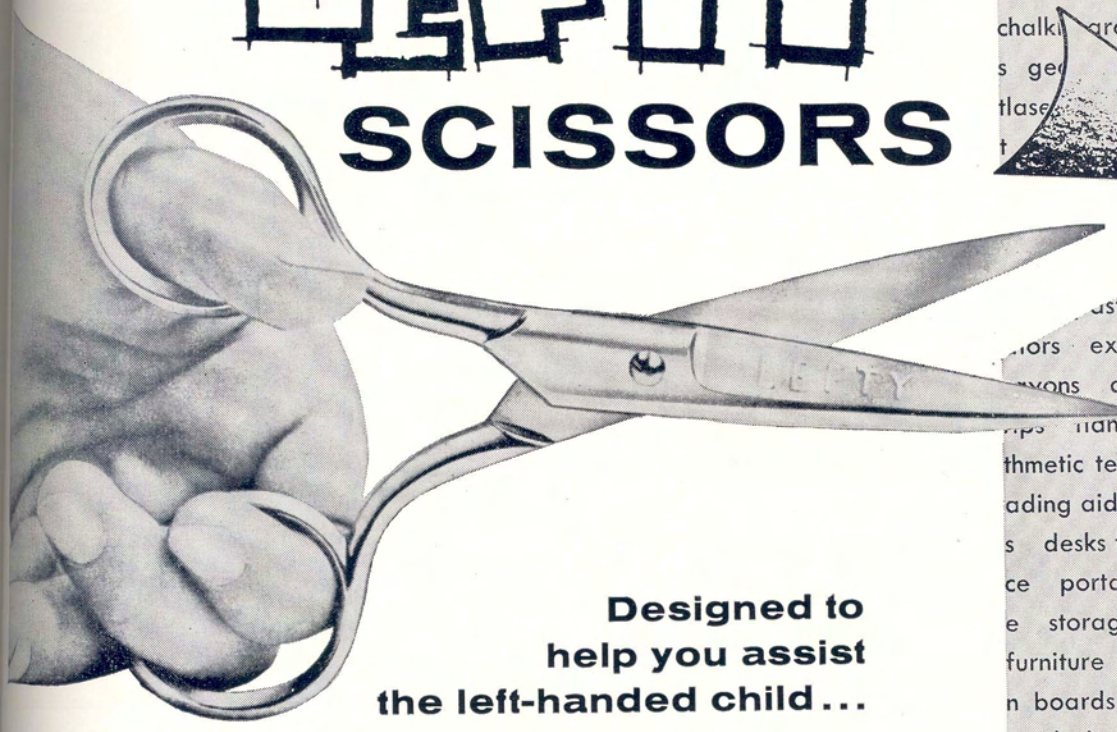
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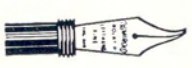
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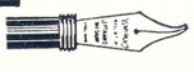
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## WOMEN TEACHERS' FEDERATION CONFERENCE

Friday afternoon, November 19, 1960, three students left from the C.N.R. Station. Our destination? The Women Teachers' Federation Conference for Student Teachers to be held in Toronto. Miss Jeannine Beach, Miss Sonja Peterson, and myself were to represent North Bay Teachers' College at this eagerly anticipated function. Just as excited as we was Miss Helen Sheppard, a section head for the Federation and a past president as well.

Upon arriving in Toronto, we were allowed the luxuries of taking a cab to our hotel, the Park Plaza, where we were registered. Soon we were making new friends as we met other representatives from other Ontario Teachers' Colleges. Later in the evening we were invited to a reception in the suite of Miss Ruth Marlow, the Provincial Convener of the Conference. Following this, the inevitable sport of "room-hopping" took place and, when too tired to continue further fun, each group wearily sought its own spacious rooms of the Park Plaza.

Saturday was an eventful day from start to finish. Included in the programme were the colourful Santa Claus Parade, a coffee hour, a welcome from the heads of Federation, a question and answer period regarding the work of Federation, a buffet luncheon in the Plaza Room, a skit, an address from Mr. H. E. Elborn, representing the Department of Education, and an address from Mr. C. W. Tisdall, the Public Relations representative. The late afternoon found us touring the modern and interesting offices of Federation House.

Climaxing the day was dinner at the well-known Swiss Chalet. Intermingled with our food was laughter, discussion, and autograph signing on table mats. We could not help but think that we would meet these girls again when, as qualified teachers, we would be working together for our Federation. Each one of us is a member. Each one of us must take part. This was realized even more so as we took part in discussion groups, the last on our schedule. How little time we had to learn, but it was not wasted. All three of us will remember this trip, a trip every teacher should take.

Riding home on the train we smiled. It had been a valuable experience. Too few of us know our Federation. It exists to benefit us; we must help it.

WANDA TOWNSON

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## OTTAWA TRIP

Excitement and anticipation were in the air when approximately two hundred college students boarded a C.N.R. train that night of May 11. Our destination ? The nation's capital and the occasion, of course, the annual Ottawa trip.

The evening beforehand was spent at the college where dancing and entertainment had been provided until train time. (2 a.m.)

We arrived in Ottawa at approximately 7:00 Friday morning and, after eating breakfast and checking in at the Chateau Laurier and Lord Elgin Hotels, we began the whirl of tours and activities.

For some of us our first stop was the Centre Block of the Parliament Buildings. Sitting in the Spectators' Gallery we saw the Orders of the Day in the House of Commons. We then proceeded to a large committee room where we met with members of parliament.

During this time other groups were touring the Royal Mint, the Archives and the Canadian War Museum. Those interested toured the E.B. Eddy Match Co. in Hull. The rest of Friday afternoon and evening was free time.

After gathering at the Chateau Laurier for breakfast on Saturday we began an extensive bus tour of the city. We will always remember seeing the many embassy buildings, the War Memorial, beautiful Lansdowne Park, Dow's Lake, the Experimental Farm the Champlain bridge, the Dominion Observatory, the National Museum of Canada, the Rideau Canal, Rideau Hall, the official residence of his Excellency the Right Honourable George Vanier, and many more of Ottawa's famous landmarks.

Saturday afternoon and evening were again free time and it was then that many took advantage of the opportunity to visit the National Museum of Canada and the National Art Gallery. At 11 p.m. Saturday night, a weary group of students boarded the train once more to return to North Bay. The trip was over for another year. It was indeed one to remember.

LEENA SANDBLOM

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## A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOL MEN TEACHERS' FEDERATION

On behalf of the seven thousand three hundred members of the Ontario Public School Men Teachers' Federation, I extend to all Associate Members sincere best wishes for success in your studies at Teachers' College and continued success and happiness in your chosen profession.

O.P.S.M.T.F. desires to be an important and enjoyable part of the interesting, challenging, and rewarding career that lies ahead. By participating actively in Federation and its professional activities, I know you will find a source of inspiration and countless opportunities for self-development.

The members of O.P.S.M.T.F. are looking forward to greeting you personally at their Federation Meetings next year.

G. H. WALDRUM,
O.P.S.M.T.F. President.

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## PLAYDAY

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The annual "Playday" at N.B.T.C. was held September 23. The entire student body was divided into teams. Each squad was made up of a captain, who was a Second Year student, and ten others. A group of strange faces assembled at a designated point. Introductions were made when the teams met to compete. In this manner a student was formally introduced to one half of the student body. The organization of the teams and events was done by the Second Year students under the guidance of Mr David Husband, Master of Physical Education and Health. Events were arranged in an orderly fashion on the campus grounds. These events were intended to develop a spirit of relaxation and enjoyment, and as a result much laughter rang forth during the afternoon. The highlight of the afternoon came with presentation of ice-cream bars to all. The winning teams, Dodges and Mercury, were made up of Arlene Clarke, Ted Plummer, Jeannine Beach, Marlene Gerber, Charles Hopkins, Sointu Myllyperkio, Evelyn Watkins, Robert Sissons, Glory Merkley, Judy Traer, Laura Cameron, Keith Gillan,, and Beverley Goldthorp, Claire McGillis, Diane Cepuran, Nancy Irwin, John MacKay, Muriel Raaflaub, Beverly Brown, William Turff, Orysia Wasylenki, Edna Glazier, Sharon Nicolson, Vera Hrycenko, respectively. They received the most points and received congratulations from the Staff and the student body with overwhelming applause. Many new friends were made and the play-day helped the students to feel more at home in their new surroundings.

DARRYL DAVIS

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