'62 Polaris

POLARIS

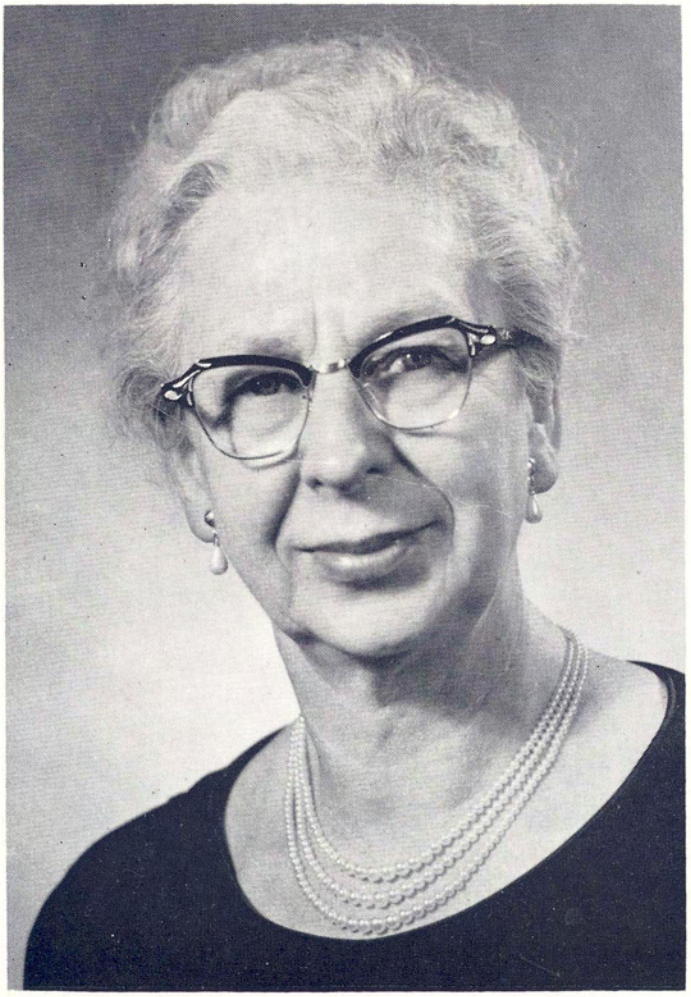
1961-1962



NORTH BAY TEACHERS' COLLEGE

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

SHAKESPEARE.

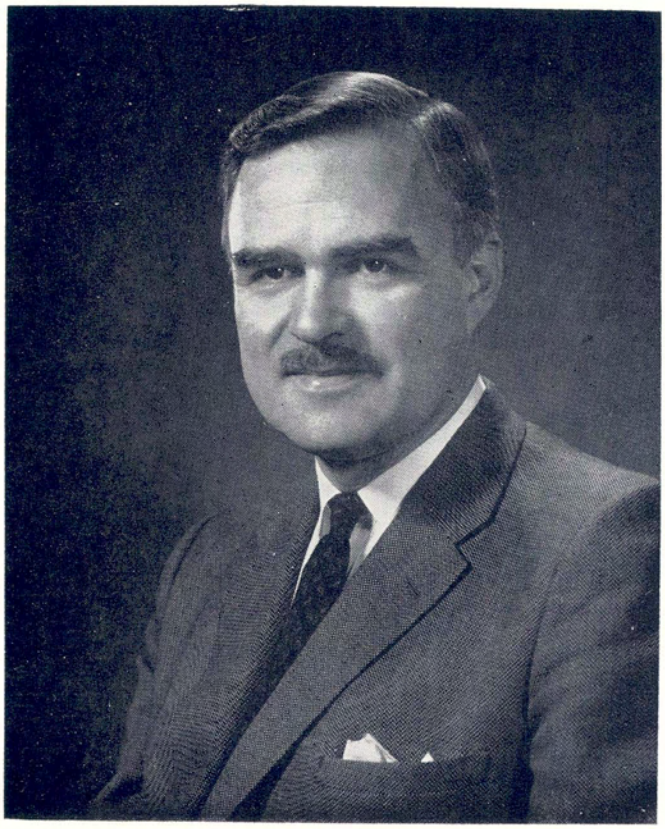


TO

MRS. JENNIE IRWIN, B.A., B.Paed.,

WHO HAS BEEN A GUIDE AND AN INSPIRATION
TO STUDENT TEACHERS AT NORTH BAY
FOR EIGHT AND TWENTY YEARS,
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

A Message From The Prime Minister Of Ontario



It is a pleasure for me, on behalf of the Government of Ontario and the Department of Education, to extend greetings to you, the students of the North Bay Teachers' College.

Those of you who graduate this year will be taking your place as important members of our educational system at a time which is perhaps the most challenging in our history. Ontario's population continues to expand. New industries are being developed and old industries are adopting new methods. Change is in the air, education has felt the stir, and every aspect of our school system is under close scrutiny.

Amid the rapid changes now taking place in our world, and the ever more sweeping changes that are yet to come, your chief responsibility will remain unchanged. As elementary school teachers it will always be your task to teach our children during their most impressionable years and, during those years, to help these children develop in body, mind and character.

You are entering a great profession, one in which it is possible to find abundant satisfaction and happiness. My best wishes go with you.

JOHN P. ROBARTS,
Prime Minister of Ontario
and Minister of Education.

Toronto, January 22, 1962.

North Bay Teachers' College



A Message For 1962

During the weeks when this book was in preparation, current events periods in our schools have been devoted to the achievement of an astronaut who girdled the globe three times in less than five hours. In many classrooms, charts have been prepared to compare this time with that of Magellan and the other circumnavigators — two years, eighty days, 11 days, 5 hours. Thus has the significance of the "fourth dimension" been brought vividly to our attention. The "fourth dimension" is time.

One of the great creative thinkers of this century has described mankind as a time-binding creature. By means of historical records in words and symbols, it has become possible for mankind to build upon the experiences of others who have gone before. We in turn can record our discoveries for posterity. The mastery of the languages of reading, writing, mathematics, and the other intellectual disciplines is a central core in our education. These are the tools which enable the human race to utilize the time dimension in social living.

As our pupils followed the reports of the astronaut, they were impressed with the fact that every ticking minute had its task for the space navigator. As we approach the responsibilities of teaching, we too, are conscious of developmental tasks, teachable moments, and learnings which must be acquired at each stage of our pupils' development if they are to be acquired economically and successfully.

We as teachers, must keep in mind the time dimension. The number of minutes taken by the astronaut for his trip nearly equals the number of minutes in one school day. As one of our School Management manuals suggests, "Every moment of the school day should give an educational account of itself."

Changes in methods of introducing reading, a couple of decades ago, reduced by many weeks the time required to reach the goal of independent reading in the primary grades. Experiments in teaching arithmetic have suggested that by better grade placement, the time taken to master important processes can be reduced from months to weeks. Experiments with the use of sound films show that social attitudes can be developed more quickly by the use of well-chosen sound films. The models used in recent television programmes to record the progress of the astronaut have conveyed quickly to millions of people much clearer concepts of such notions as international date line. In 1962 we can scarcely avoid giving greater attention to time in our educational planning.

In every generation, in every graduating class, the challenge of teaching has inspired those individuals who have glimpsed the potentialities of our profession. Year by year, these potentialities seem to increase. Higher levels of educational proficiency are being demanded in most vocations. Production of material needs now requires fewer hours of effort. Acceleration of social processes makes more urgent the early solution of important problems in the fields of human relations, science of government, and international relations. Time is one of the facts of life for us to consider in educational planning.

We, on the Teachers' College Staff, hope that your moments, your days, and your years in the teaching profession will be happy and satisfying to you and full of challenge and achievement for your pupils.

J. D. DEYELL, Principal.



YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Violet Cottrell, Mike Moore, Donna Smith, Mr. Johnson (Staff Adviser), Marilyn Smith.
Front Row—Judy Smith, Jack LeBreton, Sandra Gentile, Jim Darrach (Editor), Colleen Moodie, George Allan, Annette Gould.

Editorial

"Far better is it to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory or defeat."

We, as guides of the future, must usher in the day of teaching in an impressive and meaningful manner. We must not allow ourselves to be coerced by our coevals into the static life of "gray twilight". Our charge is to break this insouciance, fight against this cessation of creative thinking and expression. We must attempt to instill in our pupils an appreciation for the unique and unfeigned.

It is time for us to awaken from our cocoon of complacency, time to shed our chrysalis of passionate passiveness.



JIM DARRACH

We do not imply that eternity can be changed in seconds, but we pray that we might see the educational stress shift from the burdening of young minds with more or less isolated bits of information to the practical formation of moral and intellectual attitudes requisite for social purposes.

Our task shall be to nurture education in its embryonic stage, mould and guide it towards enthusiastic maturity. Our graduates should develop an epoch of new enlightenment.

* * *

I would like to express my gratitude and appreciation to the yearbook executive and those of the student body and staff who dedicated their time to the success of this book.

JIM DARRACH

North Bay Teachers' College

Staff



A. C. BENNETT, B.A., B.Ed.
Social Studies
Religious Education



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



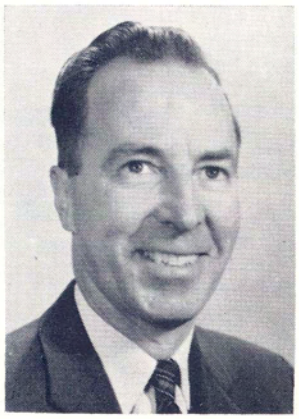
G. A. BROAD, B.A., B.Ed.
School Management
Science
Religious Education



R. A. DAVIES, B.A.
School Management
Mathematics
English II
School and Community
Principles and Practices



T. J. HARRINGTON, B.A.
Mathematics
Child Psychology



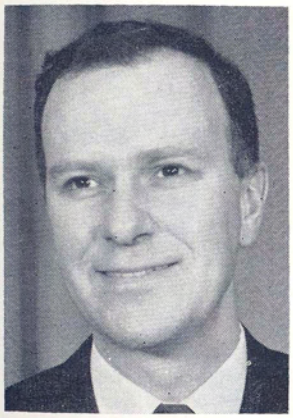
D. HUSBAND, B.A., B.Ed.
Physical Education
Health



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

North Bay Teachers' College

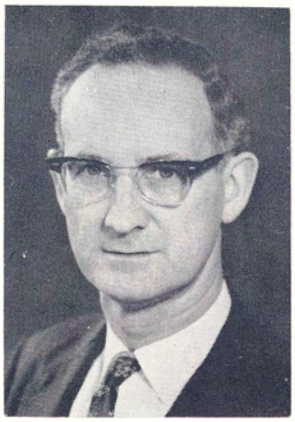
Staff



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



A. J. Mac ASKILL, B.A.
English A
English B



M. J. CURTIS, B.A., B.Ed.
Vice-Principal
Director of Practice Teaching
Music



Miss C. I. McINTYRE, B.A., M.Ed.
Educational Psychology
General Methodology
Audio-Visual Education



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



Miss A. M. JOHNSON, B.A.
Home Economics



Miss E. A. THORN, M.A.
English of Primary Division
Children's Literature



R. W. TIMMS, B.A., M.Ed.
Educational Psychology
Child Psychology
History of Education
Audio-Visual Education

North Bay Teachers' College



RELIGIOUS EDUCATION INSTRUCTORS

Back Row—Rev. O. Lapp, Rev. C. W. Cope, Canon C. F. Large, Rev. L. Pierce, Rev. D. Raymer, Father D. Murphy.
Front Row—Rev. G. Paul, Rev. A. Young, Rev. R. Wilson, Rev. M. Tipping, Rev. A. K. Kaellgren.

From The Religious Education Instructors

As another Year Book goes to press and another Graduating Class goes forth to teach, I would add a word of commendation for work well done and one of admonition for what lies ahead.

Graduation is not an end, but a beginning.

The Class of Sixty-two thus launches out upon a shoreless sea, an endless adventure of helping in the development of growing personalities.

So, humility must be the first credential of a good teacher. At first, the teacher learns more than his pupils from the teaching process.

With so many first-rate text books, visual aids, and other resources available to-day, a dull lesson is inexcusable.

It is rather curious that we usually think of education as a 'putting in' process, a filling of heads with ideas, whereas the Latin derivation of the word should give us a clue to its real meaning: a 'drawing forth' or a 'leading out' of what is already in the pupil.

To do this, what patience one must have! How often will the teacher have to repeat the simplest fact until it is fixed in the child's mind and becomes a habit of life!

Then, teacher, you will need love, not the sentimental love of the music-halls, but the out-going, determined willing of the good to those who least deserve it; the love described by Paul in I Cor. 13:7: "There is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, its endurance." (New English Bible)

All of which adds up to this: you cannot be a top-notch teacher unless you are a top-notch Christian for the very qualities necessary to meet the difficulties and frustrations of a teacher's lot come only from a deep and abiding faith in the Divine governance of the world.

(Rev.) R. WILSON.

It was many centuries ago that the Greek poet Pindar said that our chief duty in life consists in "becoming who we are". Nothing then is at once more important and yet more difficult than becoming a man.

To you as teachers this must connote a two fold task. On the one hand you must realize that the task of becoming who you are implies a continued self education which cannot terminate with the period of your formal education. And on the other hand you will now face the wonderful, yet awesome challenge of teaching children to become men.

As you then seek to educate not only yourselves but others as well, you cannot forget that the Creator and the ultimate end of man is God and God alone. To ignore this is to distort the picture and thus to become really less a man. To become a man is essentially to know and to love. The advance of knowledge has perhaps assured the former, but I pray God that the power to love will keep pace with it in the lives of each one of you.

With my sincere best wishes for your future vocation, I remain,

Sincerely in Christ,

(Rev.) DENNIS MURPHY.



Valedictory

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

Looking back upon the time we have spent here at Teachers' College in preparation for our chosen profession, I think we are able to visualize a parallel between our achievements and that of John Glenn. Faced with much training and many frustrations, he set out to conquer space — his goal. When success finally materialized for him John Glenn insisted more than ever upon the significance of his role in the attainment of that success. Only through the devoted efforts of the many scientists and technicians had he been able to make his achievement.

We too have had our training with many frustrating moments, but now, under the guidance of our instructors — Mr. Deyell and his staff — we have arrived at our goal. Our part in achieving success would appear no more than a farthing without the understanding and efforts of our technicians.

Now let us take a moment to ask ourselves a question. *Do we realize the enormity of our task?* Having now reached the day for which we have been striving, we must go out and help to prepare children for a useful life in society. This will not be possible unless we have something of ourselves to give. May God grant that our philosophy of life, our exemplary virtues, ideas, principles, and our interest in the individual child have a lasting influence, upon the lives of the children whom we teach. The late Dr. Sidney Smith once said, "If your goal is social prestige your life will be empty; if your goal is to serve society your life will be full."

An expression of thanks is extended to our efficient practice teachers. Without them we would never had had an opportunity to practise our ideas and techniques. Through their sincere understanding and helpful suggestions we have cultivated the background for our profession.

Many privileges have been extended to us through the year. Perhaps one of the most important was the teaching of the Religious Instructors. We must never forget that each child who sits before us has an immortal soul that is destined to live for all eternity.

As we reminisce we recall the many incidents we encountered throughout the year. We recall how we drifted together every morning at eight forty-five like a flock of sheep before scattering into the pastures. Most of us were present only physically, yet trying to look intelligent, and how warmly we greeted anyone or anything which might prolong our gathering! Undying friendships were formed through participation in extra-curricular activities. Badminton and volleyball tournaments provided opportunities for displaying our nimble talents. We were proud to have our hockey and basketball teams, who were almost undefeated, represent our school. Then there were the enthusiastic efforts of our cheerleaders who bellowed out the spirit felt by all of us. Much of our social development is due to the Students' Council whose efforts were responsible for the splendid Christmas and Graduation Dances. They have provided opportunities for the understanding of responsibility, for the enjoyment of amusements and for the meeting of many special people.

Soon we will be going our separate ways, but regardless of where we shall journey, we now shall have one bond in common — we shall be teachers. But what is a teacher? I once heard a great scholar say, "A teacher is a magical creature; she must like all children, especially yours; never let her own worries or problems interfere with her teaching; treat each child as an individual, with forty or more clamouring for attention; keep good discipline without blowing her top; smile when she would like to scream; scream when she would like to smile; and do with forty children what parents cannot accomplish with three or four! However, a teacher must have the patience of a saint, the understanding of Solomon, curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of Paul Bunyan, the enthusiasm of a fire cracker, the sense of humour of a comedian, the sense of fairness of a judge, and eyes in the back of her head."

Now I must fulfil my duty of saying the last words, but these are the hardest words. Many of us will keep in constant touch because the tie of friendship is too strong to break. Yet for others who may never meet again this is good-bye. It is indeed a sad thought; yet let us be grateful for being given the opportunity to make such fine acquaintances.

In the present age we as teachers face a generation of children that must be educated to achieve a level of personal satisfaction in living that transcends the challenges ever before faced by man. Our challenge is to attain a standard of excellence in education that will make a life of service and triumphant living possible for all.

The word *commencement* reminds us that this graduation is only a beginning — the beginning of a new life in the teaching profession. In closing may I leave you with this thought:

A teacher is like a candle. He shines brightest when he consumes himself in the service of others.

BRENDA KELLOW



MRS. K. SULLIVAN



MRS. E. KINNIBURGH



MRS. A. TURNBULL

To The Secretarial Staff

At this time we wish to extend our thanks to the Secretarial Staff and Librarian for the numerous tasks which they have performed during the year. Little did we realize at the time the vast amount of information which we obtained from the many sheets so neatly typed by Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Turnbull. And how utterly lost we would have been in our search for materials in our teaching weeks without Mrs. Kinniburgh. We, the students, certainly appreciate your able assistance.

To The Maintenance Staff

To you, who are most deserving of tribute, we would like to extend our thanks. We shall always remember the women who kept our Common Room clean and comfortable. The men shall always hold a position of respect in our memory, especially for the help given to the Yearbook Executive during a time of need. We would like to thank you on behalf of all other students that have benefited from your well done task.



MAINTENANCE STAFF

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

PERSONALITIES FROM 0-1

Cathy Ansara—Katy's sparkling personality shows that good things come in small packages.

Iris Appleyard—Yours is the gift of silence, but we've known you all along.

Ilene Barbour—Ilene is one of our pretty lasses, with the cutest dimples, who comes all the way from Virginiatown.

Nancy Barlow—Nancy's a member of our choir. She radiates a shining personality and shows a keen mind!

Lucy Bastiani—Lucy, a Sudbury girl, is one of many talents. She exceeds at sewing, art, and winning friends.

Marilyn Beaver—Her favourite expression is, "Oh, well, that's life." She is a good teacher who hopes to teach in Hamilton next year.

Ann Beilhartz—If there's a party, Ann will be there. Let's see those slacks again, Ann!

Diane Belsito—Diane from the Soo is a friend to all. Her good sense of humour is a real asset.

Sylvia Boekema—Sylvia is our "twister" from the Soo. Never a dull weekend, eh, Sylvia?

Rose Marie Bogue—She's another from the Nickel City and when she smiles, she lights up the world around her.

Elaine Booth—Elaine is our silent redhead, although at hockey games she can really be heard.

Carolyn Borden—A Wawbewawa lass, Carolyn is a basketball player, skier, and a singer, too. Versatility!

Zorina Boyuk—Zorina, a Sudbury girl, is a member of our choir, and never fails to contribute a worthy answer.

Bonnie Bridger—Her Mondays were usually pretty blue, but her happy smile began on Tuesday morning and kept us up all week.

Ann Marie Bumbacco—From the Soo comes this prize of a girl. Fun and games are favourite pastimes.

Sharon Burns—This is our candidate for "Daydreamer of the Year", and deserves an award for her sense of humour.

Doreen Byers—This little fireball is indeed the spirit of the class, and our Council "rep."

Bonnie Cairns—Bonnie is our singer from the Soo. Don't ever lose that giggle of yours.

Lois Charlton—Lois is an outstanding student; even her blush is unsurpassed.

June Clark—At sewing and knitting, this gal is tops, but her friendly smile and jokes are always welcome.

Sonja Clark—A great asset to the choir and to the basketball team, she does Huntsville proud.

Jo-Ann Brown—This sweet little miss from Sudbury is a real spot of beauty in our class.

Ursula Allen (Mrs.)—From Kirkland Lake "Chenette" she came, and goes away called "Allen". Some year!

Sharon Barry—She's an outstanding teacher with Puffy Hair. Her formula: thick hair x brush x patience.

Hugh Conlon—"Big Daddy" lives in the Bay, and worked with the basketball team.

Gerald Closs—Well read and much travelled, once said, "This being a pupil is a drag."

Joe Beaton—A member of the "Untouchables", Joe wonders why "everyone asks me questions".

Frank Antonini—A very capable manager of the basketball team, Frank drove the girls from Sudbury each week.

Bryan Barrett—Our high scoring basketball player, and "footballer", and able athlete.

Robert Barlow—The other half of the Barlow team, Bob plays a mean piano.

Bill Allen—Our six-footer from the basketball team made time to get married this term.

Hans Biemann—This was our only "Elvis". Hans can do a good job on those numbers.

Edwin Alexander—Says quiet Ed, "You name it, and I'll tame it."

Stephen Butland—Stevie has a pleasant smile and charm to spare. An asset to our class!

Gerald Christenson—Another redhead, Gerry disproves the old saying that redheads have real tempers.

Allan Cameron—This Nickel City man has a start on his degree, and a great future ahead.

George Allan—Mr. Activity! What with year book duties, a trip to the Science School, and excellent marks!

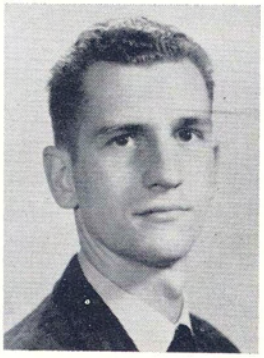
Paul Bertils—A real gentleman, even though he dislikes primary grades, and can't twist!

August Bettiol—Gus is a real asset: a hockey player, and we owe him all our class parties.

Gary Brooks—A late comer, Gary was welcomed and liked for his free and easy manner.



EDWIN ALEXANDER
IROQUOIS FALLS



GEORGE ALLAN
LIVELY



(MRS.) U. ALLAN
KIRKLAND LAKE



WILLIAM ALLEN
SAULT STE. MARIE



CATHERINE ANSARA
TIMMINS

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–1



FRANK ANTONINI
SUDBURY



IRIS APPLEYARD
BURKS FALLS



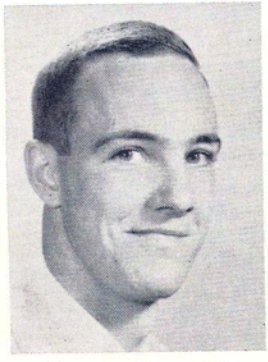
ILENE BARBOUR
VIRGINIATOWN



NANCY BARLOW
NEW LISKEARD



ROBERT BARLOW
NEW LISKEARD



BRYAN BARRETT
TIMMINS



SHARON BARRY
SUDBURY



LUCIANA BASTIANI
SUDBURY



JOSEPH BEATON
SOUTH PORCUPINE



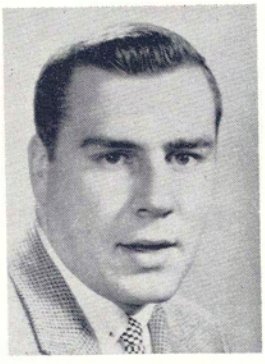
MARILYN BEAVER
SUDBURY



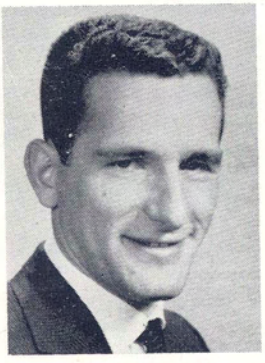
ANN BEILHARTZ
SAULT STE. MARIE



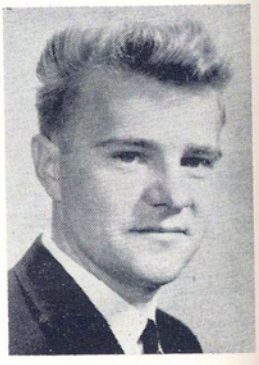
DIANE BELSITO
SAULT STE. MARIE



PAUL BERTILS
SOUTH PORCUPINE



AUGUST BETTIOL
SCHUMACHER



HANS BIEMANN
TIMMINS

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

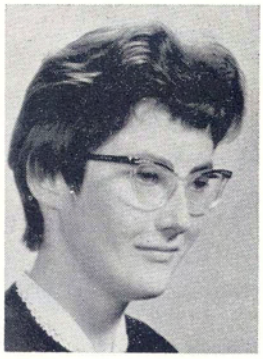
Form O–1



SIETSKE BOEKEMA
SAULT STE. MARIE



ROSE MARIE BOGUE
SUDBURY



ELAINE BOOTH
KIRKLAND LAKE



CAROLYN BORDEN
WAWBEWAWA



ZORINA BOYUK
SUDBURY



BONNIE BRIDGER
TIMMINS



GARY BROOKS
SOUTH PORCUPINE



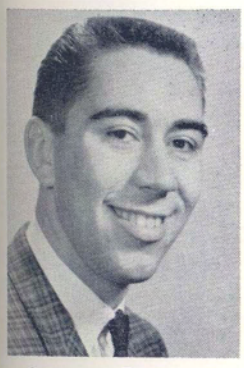
JO-ANNE BROWN
SUDBURY



ANNEMARIE BUMBACCO
SAULT STE. MARIE



SHARON BURNS
NORTH BAY



STEPHEN BUTLAND
SAULT STE. MARIE



DOREEN BYERS
SUDBURY



BONNIE CAIRNS
SAULT STE. MARIE



ALEN CAMERON
SUDBURY



LOIS CHARLTON
NORTH BAY

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–2



GERALD CHRISTENSON
SAULT STE. MARIE



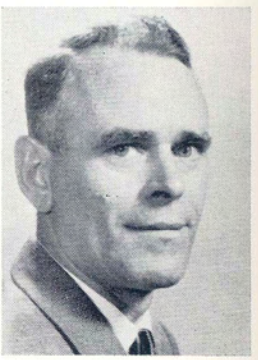
JUNE CLARK
HUNTSVILLE



SONJA CLARK
HUNTSVILLE



GERALD CLOSS
KIRKLAND LAKE



HUGH CONLON
NORTH BAY

FORM NOTES: O-2

A minute murmur has graduated to alarming proportions. Worriedly, **Marilyn Conway** peers out the door in answer to **Laird Cowell's** query: "Is he coming?"

Merrilee Fisher sits back, smiling contentedly — perhaps recalling how she kept her marriage a secret for two weeks. **Erna de Burger** blushes as **Bill Duffy** cries: "There she goes again! Catch her somebody!" **Sylvia Germaine** glares at him, muttering of his claim to fame. Over her shoulder, **Ross Earl,** the analytical mind, retorts brilliantly, "His fame to claim."

The President of the Club Regis, **Bob Gordon,** throws aside an imaginary hockey stick to gather his clan: **Dave "Duke" Daggett,** Vice-Pres., and **Bill "Muffin" Duffy,** the Social Convener — no doubt haggling over the exorbitant prices these days.

Over in the far corner, **John Greaves** tells **Barb Croteau** about the time he got locked out on the fire escape. **Lynita Emmerson** scurries over just in time to ask what **Mr. Deyell** had to do with it. **Sylvia Erickson** replies, "He was taking attendance." "Out on the fire escape?" cry **Libby Farquhar** and **Jo Glazier** in unison. They had been discussing Libby's winter beach party.

Annette "Frenchie" Desmarais laughs uproariously as **Linda Devine** evinces disappointment with the "hunting game".

The girls from Bracebridge, with the sunny smiles and even dispositions, **Pat Hawkins** and **Diane Hammell,** listen avidly as **Marg "Slim Jim" Ferguson** reports her latest tidbits.

Henry Frost shatters **Barb Fraser's** composure with a "Did you know that . . . ."

With half an ear bent to this conversation, **Carl "Bubs" Haavaldsrud** decides to try his wit on fellow seat-mate, **Dale "Daddy-O" Hammar** when the latter asks: "Don't you think my mustache is coming along?" Bub's reply: "I didn't know if it was coming, — or going!"

Ernie Gardi gives **Syl Fleece** enlightening pointers on raising a soccer team. **Brian Fielding** listens and remarks that 1 and 1 comes easily to a certain **John J. Gore.**

Wally "The Big Swede" Fenske, sagely discusses teacher-child relationships, **Bill Dunseath** occasionally disrupting the atmosphere with, "What was that again?"

Bonnie Doyle peeks at her watch, mentally calculating the difference between the 2nd floor and the 1st and how long it takes to get there.

Monica Gallagher critically surveys her work as **Evelyn Gallina,** smoothing back her silken tresses, asks: "What did **Wally** say?"

Flory Evans discusses "Escapist" policies with **Dorcas Cowie,** confidante.

Allan "Cuts" Cunningham converses quietly with **Irvin Graham. Paul "Deuce" Doucette,** displaying rows of pearly white teeth, teases **Dick Cunningham** that his flying days are not quite over, markwise.

Linda Dolcini shaking her pretty head, mumurs "I don't know why my marks weren't better." **Josie Girolametto** offers her advice; "If you stayed in occasionally, they might improve."

Some of the girls wish that **Brian Gill** would lose his inherent shyness.

Annette Gould, "Angel", darts in the door, greeted with, "Hello, stranger", and "Haven't we seen you some place before?"

All smiles and sallies are discontinued abruptly as, immediately behind her, **Mr. Deyell's** presence is noted, to explain **Mr. J.'s** absence.

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–2



MARILYN CONWAY
SAULT STE. MARIE



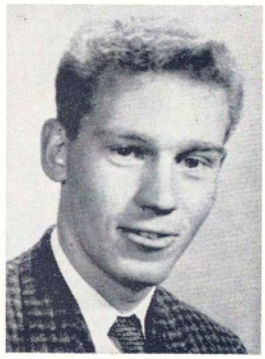
LAIRD COWELL
TIMMINS



DORCAS COWIE
SAULT STE. MARIE



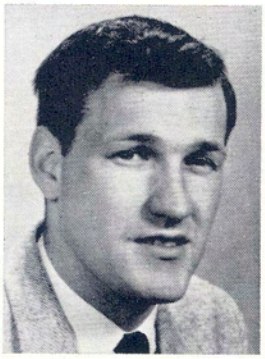
BARBARA CROTEAU
SUDBURY



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM
SOUTH PORCUPINE



RICHARD CUNNINGHAM
TEMISKAMING



DAVID DAGGETT
KAPUSKASING



ERNA DE BURGER
WHITEFISH



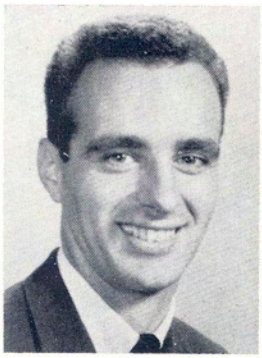
ANNETTE DESMARAIS
NORTH BAY



LINDA DEVINE
IROQUOIS FALLS



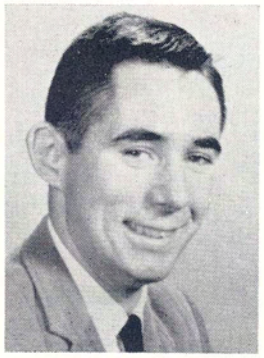
LINDA DOLCINI
GARSON



PAUL DUCETTE
SUDBURY



BONITA DOYLE
WAWA



WILLIAM DUFFY
COPPER CLIFF

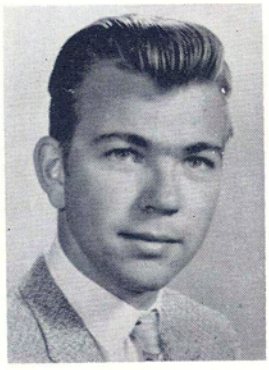


WILLIAM DUNSEATH
SAULT STE. MARIE

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ROSS EARL
HUNTSVILLE



LYNITA EMMERSON
SUDBURY



SYLVIA ERICKSON
TIMMINS



FLORENCE EVANS
SAULT STE. MARIE



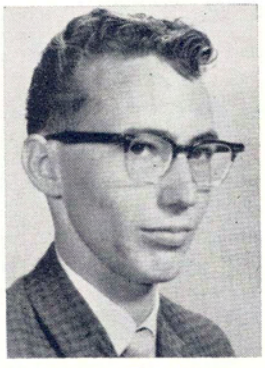
ELIZABETH FARQUHAR
NORTH BAY



WALLACE FENSKE
SUDBURY



MARGARET FERGUSON
PORT CARLING



BRIAN FIELDING
SUDBURY



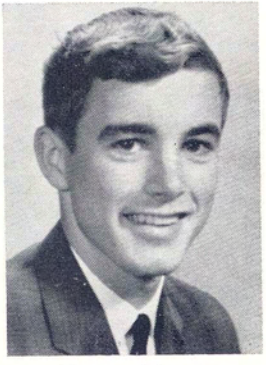
(MRS.) M. FISHER
HUNTSVILLE



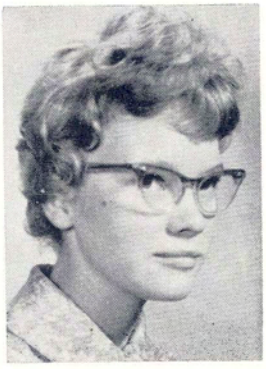
SYL FLEECE
KIRKLAND LAKE



BARBARA FRASER
NORTH BAY



HENRY FROST
TIMMINS



MONICA GALLAGHER
POWASSAN



EVELYN GALLINA
SAULT STE. MARIE



ERNEST GARDI
SAULT STE. MARIE

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–2



SYLVIA GERMAINE
SUDBURY



BRIAN GILL
KILWORTHY



J. GIROLAMETTO
COPPER CLIFF



(MRS.) J. GLAZIER
POWASSAN



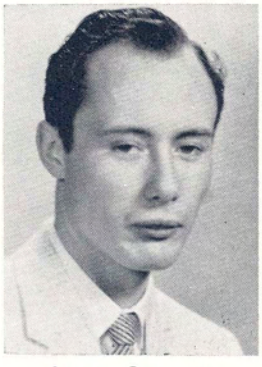
ROBERT GORDON
TIMMINS



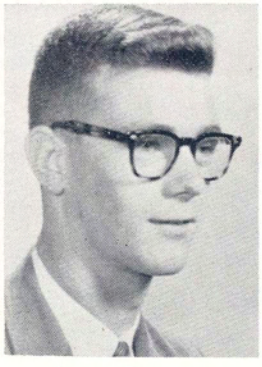
JOHN GORE
NORTH BAY



ANNETTE GOULD
SUDBURY



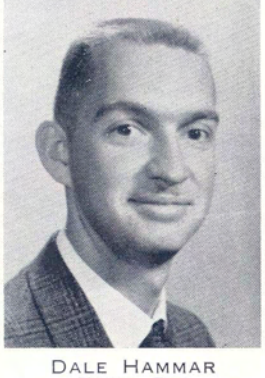
IRVIN GRAHAM
PORCUPINE



JOHN GREAVES
SAULT STE. MARIE



CARL HAAVALDSRUD
NORTH BAY



DALE HAMMAR
NORTH BAY



DIANNE HAMMELL
BRACEBRIDGE



PATRICIA HAWKINS
BRACEBRIDGE

FORM NOTES: 0-3

Lois Hazard—Lois comes from Cochrane. "Fire Hazard" would like to teach Grade 3 next year.

Bryan Healy—Bryan is a great asset to the Students' Council as Form Representative this year.

John Heino—Coming from Sudbury, John hopes to teach Grades 6, 7 and 8. His pet peeve — teaching primary grades.

Glenda Heiti—Glenda prefers the primary grades. Her favourite pastime is sleeping in.

June Henderson—This native of Novar hopes to teach in Muskoka. We wish her 'lots of luck'.

Victor Heppner—This boy, who hails from Lively, has a special interest in bonnetless cars. We know he will succeed in teaching.

Thais Hicks—Our representative on the Athletic Council, Thais comes to us from Sault Ste. Marie.

Pat Hill—Hailing from Toronto Teachers' College, Pat hopes to teach Grade 3 in North Bay. Her probable destiny is being a housewife.

Helen Hughes—Helen, who comes from Burks' Falls, hopes to teach Grade 4 but will probably end up as an instructress in a wrestling school.

Kathleen Hughes—"Tooty" comes from Kirkland Lake. Her main interest is playing basketball.

Coral Hume—This native of North Bay seems to be following in the steps of her sister.

Norma Hunnisett—Norma, who comes from Toronto, plans to return to the south to teach in Hamilton or London.

Linda Hutchins—Hailing from Kirkland Lake, Linda is active in the United Nations Club. She plans to teach in Kirkland next year.

Penny Hutt—Penny, who is also of Kirkland Lake, gets a "real kick out of life" and especially the masters.

Brian Jackson—Brian came to us from Laurentian University. He'll make a great teacher.

Elaine Jibb—Quiet and unassuming, Elaine hails from the northern community of New Liskeard. She plans to teach Grade three or four.

Bonnie Johns—This quiet lass from Timmins hopes to teach primary grades. Good luck, Bonnie!

Diane Jones—Diane, whose main hobby is homework, hails from Garson. She is another quieter member of O-3, except when she laughs.

Dilys Jones—Dilys, of Timmins, loves Chinese food and teaching, but her real ambition is to become an O.N.R. conductor.

Irene Keays—Irene hails from Huntsville, and hopes to teach there. SENIOR GRADES ONLY!

Anne Kennedy—Anne, on completing this year, hopes to teach in Sudbury, her home town. She prefers Grades two to six.

Marlyn Kelley—A Timmins lass, Marlyn is another of the quieter members of the class. She hopes to teach the senior grades.

Charles Kennedy—Charles, comes from Sudbury. We wish him best of luck in his teaching career.

Donald Kennedy—Don comes to us from Bracebridge and plans to teach in the Muskoka area.

Carol Kleven—Hoping to teach the senior grades in Timmins, Carol, we are sure, will be successful teaching in her hometown.

Diane Kleven—Our cheerleader from Timmins. We think Diane will be an excellent teacher.

Jack Jones—Jack, "God's gift to women", has completed a successful term of Basketball.

Nora Lachance—Nora plans to teach Grades four to six. Careful fellows, she is married.

Elaine Lahti—A true Sudbury blonde, Elaine dislikes the distance between "home and school".

Arlene Landry—Arlene comes to us from Espanola, where she hopes to teach. She is interested in swimming, bowling, skating and dancing.

Donna Lane—Donna, a former U. of T. student, hails from Manitoulin Island. She has taught one year in Burks' Falls and plans to teach in Sudbury.

Sharon Lapish—Sharon, who comes from Bar River, plans to attend Western University.

Charles Laver—Ambition: to become ugly so women will no longer bother him.

Jack LeBreton—Jack, a native of B.C., is a great asset to Canadian Tire, and this Yearbook also, as Business Manager. His pet-peeve is his 1932 Pontiac.

Maurice Lemire—If you peer in our room
See a lad well groomed,
You and I know - - -
That's Moe! (from Timmins)

Rene Leroux—"Yeegrek", as Rene is known, is another homebrew. This boy travels north and south each day to attend N.B.T.C.

Jennine Levesque—Jeannine would like to teach in the Sudbury district, or in Garson, from where she hails.

Martha Levo—Martha, the newspaper star, has one comment each week; "It's Friday, I can go home." "Where's home?" Sault Ste. Marie."

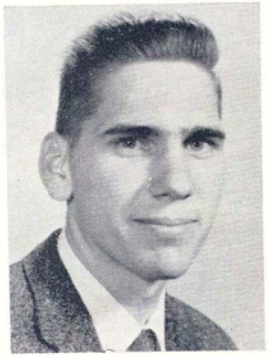
Maureen Lockman—This red-haired lass comes from the Nickel City. She hopes to teach Grade 4 there, then venture on to B.C.

Edith MacDonald—Having trouble getting up each Monday morning, Edie is an excellent teacher; but she will end up a twister at the "Last Chance".

John MacInnis—The only man from Quebec, John plans to teach a senior grade in North Bay. Psychology is his favourite subject.



LOIS HAZARD
COCHRANE



BRYAN HEALEY
SAULT STE. MARIE



JOHN HEINO
SUDBURY



GLENDA HEITI
SUDBURY

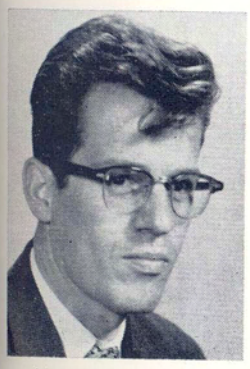


JUNE HENDERSON
NOVAR

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

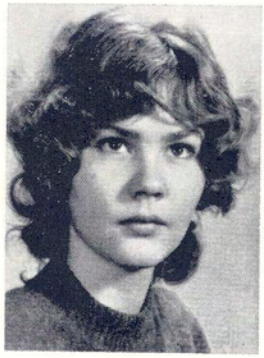
Form O–3



VICTOR HEPPNER
LIVELY



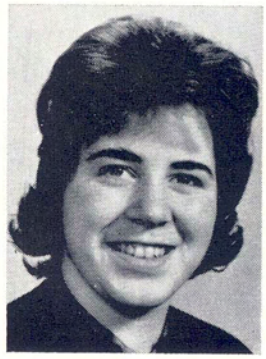
THAIS HICKS
SAULT STE. MARIE



PATRICIA HILL
TORONTO



HELEN HUGHES
BURKS FALLS



KATHLEEN HUGHES
KIRKLAND LAKE



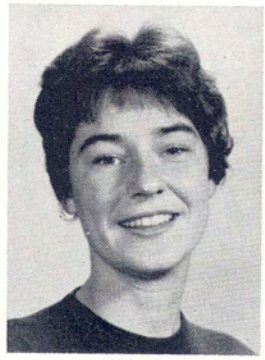
CORAL HUME
NORTH BAY



NORMA HUNNISETT
NORTH BAY



LINDA HUTCHINS
KIRKLAND LAKE



PENNY HUTT
SWASTIKA



BRIAN JACKSON
SUDBURY



ELAINE JIBB
NEW LISKEARD



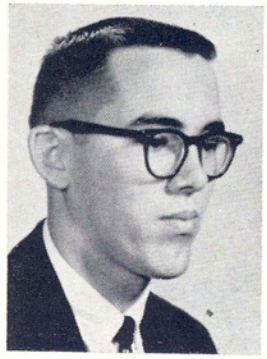
BONNIE JOHNS
TIMMINS



DIANE JONES
GARSON



DILYS JONES
TIMMINS



JACK JONES
NORTH BAY

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–3



IRENE KEAYS
HUNTSVILLE



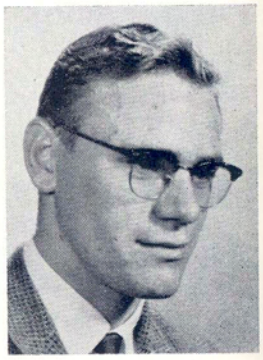
MARLYN KELLEY
TIMMINS



ANNE KENNEDY
SUDBURY



CHARLES KENNEDY
SUDBURY



DON KENNEDY
BRACEBRIDGE



CAROL KLEVEN
TIMMINS



DIANE KLEVEN
TIMMINS



(MRS.) N. LACHANCE
ELLIOT LAKE



ELAINE LAHTI
SUDBURY



ARLENE LANDRY
ESPANOLA



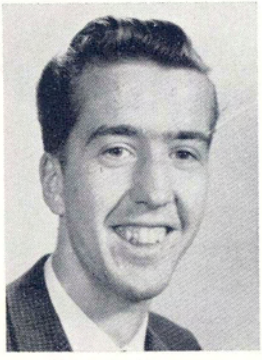
DONNA LANE
BARRIE ISLAND



SHARON LAPISH
BAR RIVER



CHARLES LAVER
POWASSAN



JACK LEBRETON
NORTH BAY

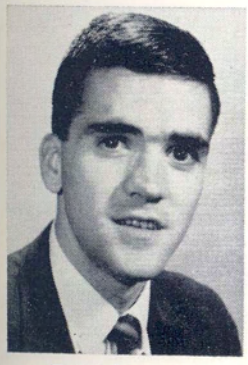


MAURICE LEMIRE
TIMMINS

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–3



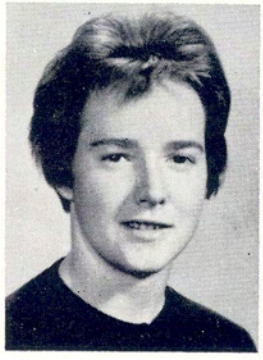
RENE LEROUX
NORTH BAY



JEANNINE LEVESQUE
GARSON



MARTHA LEVO
SAULT STE. MARIE



MAUREEN LOCKMAN
SUDBURY



EDITH MACDONALD
TIMMINS



JOHN MACINNIS
NORANDA, P.Q.

FORM NOTES: 0-4

We would like to tell you that O-4 is an assembly of brilliant individuals, so grouped because of our intelligence, wit and sparkling personalities. Alas! we cannot tell a lie. We are a conglomeration of aspiring teachers whose sole claim to unity last September was that our names fell into the "M" to "R" category of the One Year Course.

However, we have our moments. We are the only form to have the dubious distinction of discovering thirty-nine ways to stimulate conversation in a Grade I classroom. Now, if you'll all stop talking, I'll check the attendance.

Lloyd, who comes from New Liskeard, shares this home town with **Wendy,** our busy Class Representative; **Gerald,** our Keeper of the Ink and **Linda,** our brave Arithmetic teacher. **Gail Niemi** wants to go home to teach in Sprucedale which is close by our other **Gail's** hometown of Parry Sound. **Verla** is our authority on bus schedules to Bracebridge. **Ann's** topic of the day is "Bruce Mines was once larger than Sault Ste. Marie." **Sharon** maintains North Bay is still the best; and **Bonnie** just wants to go back to Capreol.

O-4's contributions to sports include **Aila,** our cheerleader; **Jim, Abbie** and **Pat,** our hockey players; and **Shirley,**—may she never have another black eye!

Ambitions include **Bruce's,** to win a gold medal in next year's Olympics; **Peter's,** to give a demonstration of Practical Methods of Discipline using his own concrete material; **Nick's,** to own his own printing press, and **Judy's** to repeat that experiment with the egg before a larger audience.

Did you know that **Gordie** did learn to write with his left hand, **Page** lost his halo after the pictures were taken, **Colleen** has her own class of four on which to inflict her lesson plans, and **Alana** has a running competition with the one-twenty bell?

We thank **Ted** for his fine musical arrangement at the Christmas Assembly, **Sheila** for her jokes, **Evelyn** for listening while the rest of us talk, **George Nippers** for his autographs, and **Gloria Rattle** for brightening **Mr. Husband's** year.

We hope **Ruth** sends us a postcard from Science school, **Robert's** lemon trees grow, **Gloria** finishes her chesterfield boots, **Bernice** finds a reader with "Columbus" in it, and **Ewart** lives happily ever after in Kapuskasing.

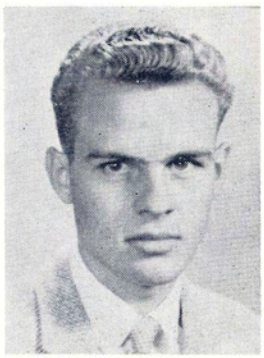
We'd like **Jim Morrison** to prove his statement that married women should not work; **Sylvio** to supply us with pictures of the moose who wandered the streets of Chapleau; **Wendy** to get a perfect cribbage hand; **Ron** to demonstrate the "Crested Hen" again and **Judy O'Halloran** to find a four-leafed shamrock.

Having established the climate of Medicine Hat, learned the phases of the moon, listed the harder addition facts and survived our weeks of practice teaching, we assemble our concrete material and venture forth.

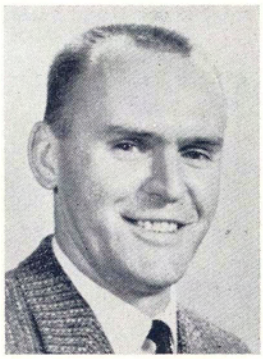
North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

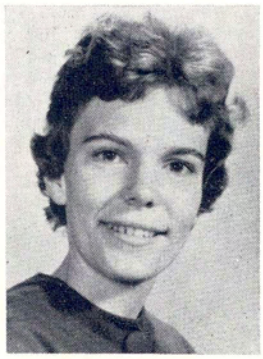
Form O–4



LLOYD MALES
NEW LISKEARD



BRUCE MARTIN
NORTH BAY



SHIRLEY MARTIN
NORTH BAY



AILA MARTTINEN
SUDBURY



NICK MATASICH
SCHUMACHER



PETER MAZEIKIS
TIMMINS



BONNIE MCLEISH
CAPREOL



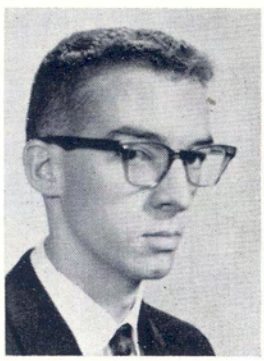
RUTH MCLELLAN
SAULT STE. MARIE



SHEILA MINOGUE
TIMMINS



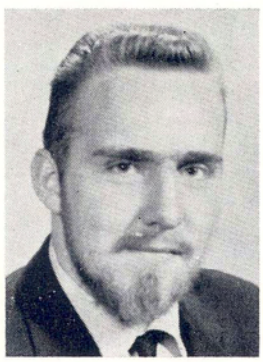
COLLEEN MOODIE
SAULT STE. MARIE



GERALD MOORE
NEW LISKEARD



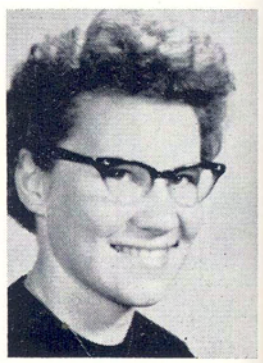
ALBERT MOREAU
SOUTH PORCUPINE



JAMES MORRISON
ATHENS



VERLA MORROW
BRACEBRIDGE

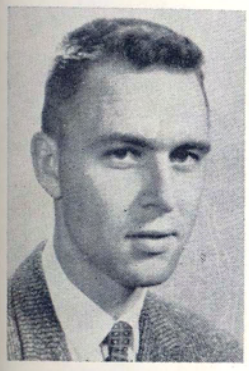


WENDY MORROW
NORTH BAY

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 4



ALEXANDER MURPHY
COCHRANE



JUDITH NELSON
KIRKLAND LAKE



LINDA NETHERTON
NEW LISKEARD



PAGE NICOLSON
SAULT STE. MARIE



GAIL NIEMI
SPRUCEDALE



GEORGE NIPPERS
TIMMINS



GAIL NORRIE
PARRY SOUND



EDWARD NOTT
SAULT STE. MARIE



GEORGE ODERKIRK
NORTH BAY



JUDY O'HALLORAN
NORTH BAY



EWART ORR
KAPUSKASING



EVELYN PELTIER
WIKWEMIKONG



GORDON PHILLIPS
SCHUMACHER



RONALD PICHE
ESPANOLA



ALANA PIERINI
ANSONVILLE

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

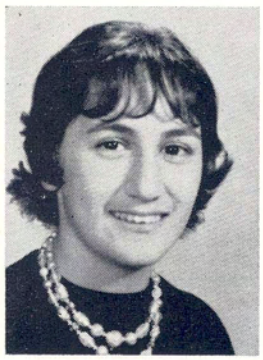
Form O-4



BERNICE PIGEON
SCHUMACHER



SILVIO PILON
CHAPLEAU



GLORIA PIROMALLI
SAULT STE. MARIE



ANN POLLARD
BRUCE MINES



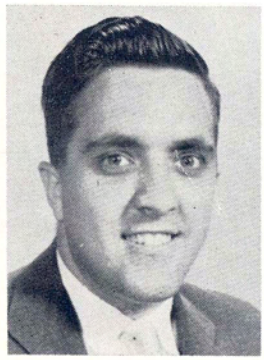
JAMES RANKIN
KIRKLAND LAKE



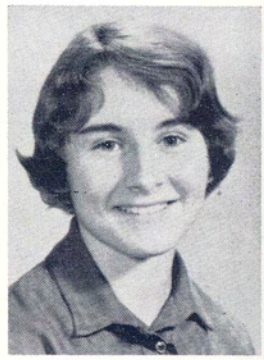
GLORIA RATTLE
ORO STATION



WENDY RIDLEY
NEW LISKEARD



ROBERT ROBICHAUD
SUDBURY



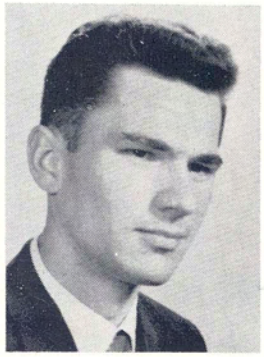
SHARON RODY
NORTH BAY

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O-5



CHRISTINE ROSS
NEW LISKEARD



DIETER SCHAETZLER
HAMILTON



JANICE SCHNEIDER
SUNDRIDGE



FRANCES SCHULTZ
HOYLE



WINNIFRED SHARPE
SAULT STE. MARIE

A CASE HISTORY

The "gang" phase is an important measure in the march to maturity. The gang has not only a rhythm of its own, but a tone and mood as well. The rhythm and mood may shift unexpectedly, but the tone and substance remain unchanged as the members' loyalty to the theme continues constant. Such a harmonious gang is rarely to be found, but we, in O-5, are fortunate. You see, we belong to one. Our "gang" falls into the set mould. Each of the members complements the entire group. Comradeship binds us together. We would like you to meet our gang.

The first to be presented is our "Leader" and "Organizer", **Dave Simmons,** who knows more about Eskimo life in the Hudson and James Bays region than anyone else at N.B.T.C.

The second in command, our "Adviser" and Student Council Representative, is **Marilyn Stevenson.**

Our "Attorney-at-Law", **Dieter Schaetzler** can confuse even Perry Mason in cross-examination.

Our "Orator", **Emil Zamiska,** can tell you that black is white, and make you believe it.

Our "Publicity Agent", **Lana Sheppard,** assisted by our "Campaign Manager", **Juanita Waite,** helps spread word of our activities.

Our "Professor", **Jim Vokes,** studied Honours Chemistry at Queen's University.

Jim Wheeler, the "Bookkeeper", keeps close records of group activities.

Representing the U.S.S.R. in the International set, we have **Art Urchuck.**

Our "Wit", **Eugene Tubman,** and our "Serious Humourist", **Linda Whittle,** never let our spirits sag.

The "Teacher", **Eric Simpson,** uses not only good methodology but good example as well.

Our "Oomph Girl", **Sandra Stratichuck,** infects us all with her bubbling enthusiasm.

The two "Musicians", **Marilyn Smith** and **Lorraine York,** probably know more about Tschaikowsky than his own father did.

Christine Ross, our "Dreamer", has her two feet firmly planted on the ground.

Our "Conscience", **Maureen Wilson,** blushes more readily than anyone else we know.

Lesley Slimmons, Emily Vovk and **Marilyn Somers,** our "Workers", are always ready to help.

Our "Confidants", **Norma Vinette** and **Tuula Tuira,** have their "listening ears" carefully attuned.

Our "Homebodies", **Violet Somers** and **Karen Stanyer,** are bodies that like to stay at home.

The "Athletes", **Jim Ward** and **Dave Wilson,** can't be beaten when it comes to the Yoga Head Stand.

Our "Small Town Girl", **Marie Wiseman,** wishes that someday Sundridge will become a big town.

Frances Schultz, the "Quiet One", has already survived one hazardous year of teaching.

The "Student", **Winnifred Sharpe,** is a good person to have on your team.

Our "Pillar of Sensibility", **Mrs. Dorothy Smith,** is always ready and willing to give her sage advice to anyone who should seek it.

Shirley Spencer, the "Domestic", is a student of Home Economics.

A fine singer, **Marilyn Spada,** helps the Altos hold their own.

Margaret Walt and **Alvin Runnals** - - - good sports deluxe! ! ! !

Our "Model", **Janice Schneider,** and our "Actress", **Judy Winton,** have the necessary qualifications for their professions.

Our "Poetess", **Cathy Sylvester,** has poetry in her heart, if not on her lips.

Jean Warzecha is the psychoanalyst who studies people and their actions and who probably enjoys reading Shakespeare more than anyone else in O-5.

Finally, we have the great "Charmer" himself, **Edward Zobetz.**

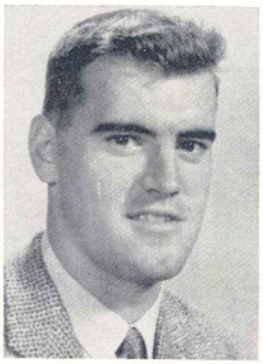
You have now met all the members of our gang and have had a glimpse into their individual personalities. These personalities are what give the gang its tone, its personality. Friendliness, congeniality, and enthusiasm are the by-words. Come and see for yourself!



LANA SHEPPARD
FALCONBRIDGE



DAVID SIMMONS
FORT GEORGE, P.Q.



ERIC SIMPSON
PARRY SOUND



LESLEY SLIMMON
CONISTON

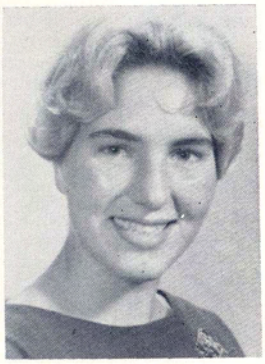


DOROTHY SMITH
BURKS FALLS

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O-5



MARILYN SMITH
ENGLEHART



MARILYN SOMERS
BRITT



VIOLET SOMERS
SUDBURY



MARILYN SPADA
SAULT STE. MARIE



SHIRLEY SPENCER
NEW LISKEARD



KAREN STANYER
NOVAR



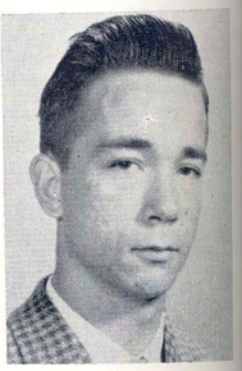
MARILYN STEVENSON
KIRKLAND LAKE



SANDRA STRATICHUK
SAULT STE. MARIE



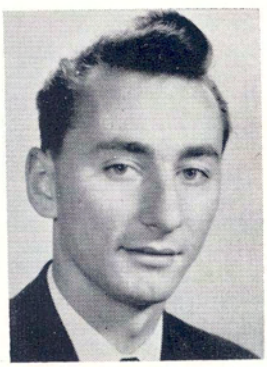
CATHERINE SYLVESTER
KIRKLAND LAKE



EUGENE TUBMAN
LIVELY



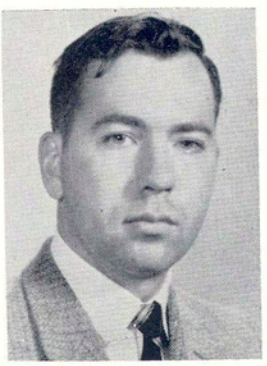
TUULA TUIRA
ECHO BAY



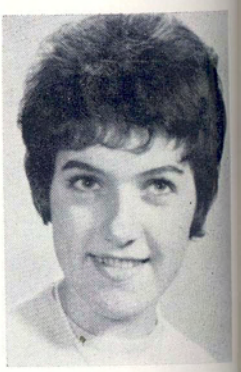
ARTHUR URCHUK
BRITT



NORMA VINETTE
SUDBURY



JAMES VOKES
SOUTH PORCUPINE



EMILY VOVK
SUDBURY

North Bay Teachers' College

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 5



JUANITA WAITE
SAULT STE. MARIE



MARGARET WALT
NOBEL



JAMES WARD
KIRKLAND LAKE



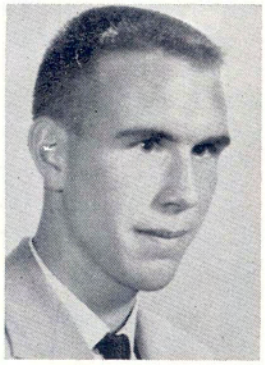
JEAN WARZECHA
SUDBURY



JAMES WHEELER
NORTH BAY



LINDA WHITTLE
ELLIOT LAKE



DAVID WILSON
NEW LISKEARD



MAUREEN WILSON
TIMMINS



JUDITH WINTON
NORTH BAY



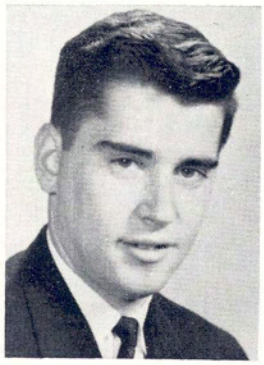
MARIE WISEMAN
SUNDRIDGE



LORRAINE YORK
NORTH BAY



EMIL ZAMISKA
CREIGHTON MINES



EDWARD ZOBETZ
TIMMINS



ALVIN RUNNALLS
BARRIE ISLAND

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 1



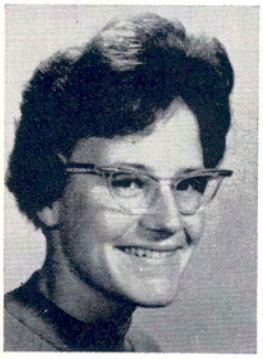
GARRY BURNS
ELLIOT LAKE



JEAN CAMPBELL
MASSEY



CAMILLO CEPPETELLI
COPPER CLIFF



DIANE CHERRY
NORTH BAY



JAMES DARRACH
SUDBURY



PATRICIA DOTTOR
SAULT STE. MARIE



ALINE DUPONT
HEARST



MARILYNNE DURKIN
ONAPING



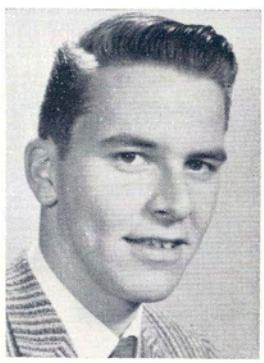
JOAN EHMAN
SOUTH PORCUPINE



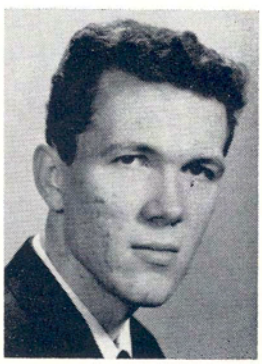
GAIL FORTIER
SUDBURY



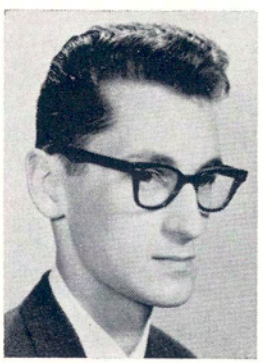
LOUIS FORTIN
CHAPLEAU



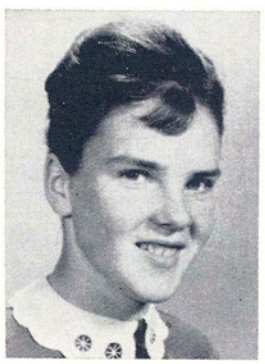
GARRY GERVIS
COPPER CLIFF



JERRY GRAY
KIRKLAND LAKE



GRANT GREASON
NORTH BAY



JUDITH HALL
PORCUPINE

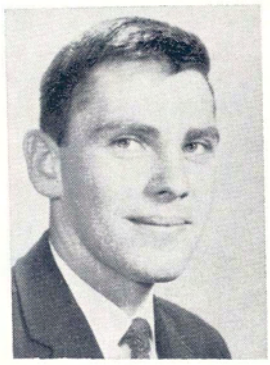
North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 1



GARRY HAMMOND
BRACEBRIDGE



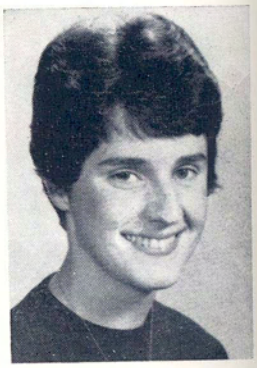
DOUGLAS HARTLEY
KIRKLAND LAKE



ARLENE HASLUND
SUDBURY



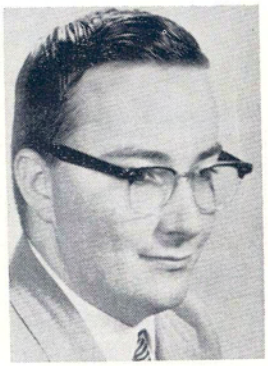
BRENDA HILLIS
NORTH BAY



MARILYN JACKSON
LEVACK



DAVID JACOBS
NORTH BAY



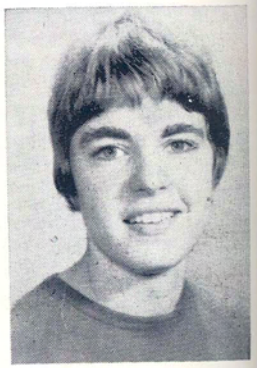
DONALD KERNOHAN
SUDBURY



CAROL KILBRIDE
WALLACEBURG



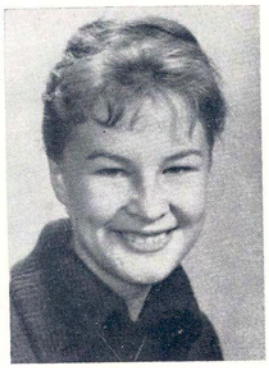
MICHAEL KURDELL
SUDBURY



KAREN KYRZAKOS
SUDBURY



MARLENE LEFEBVRE
LEVACK



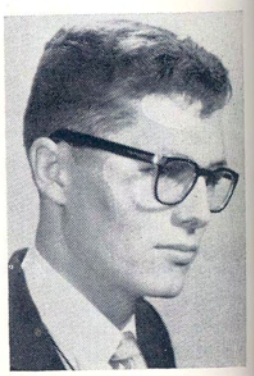
SALLY LINDBERG
SOUTH PORCUPINE



KAREN LIVINGSTONE
KIRKLAND LAKE



MYRNA MARTIN
RICHARDS LANDING



DANIEL MASSE
HORNEPAYNE

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 2



DOUGLAS MCCABE
KIRKLAND LAKE



CLAIRE MCCOOL
SUDBURY

FORM NOTES: F-2

Sister Mary Ethel—F-2's pianist, gives Mr. Harrington a run for his money in Psychology.

Sister Eugenie—still thinks women are superior despite Gary's protests to the contrary.

Donna McKechnie (Tiger)—demands good behaviour in the Phys. Ed. classes.

Doug MacDonald—the classroom Casanova, is a sure candidate for any parties or dances.

Gordon McKnight—New Liskeard's baseball star, is N.B.T.C.'s gift to basketball.

Sister Marie Paul—always has an opinion, especially in Psychology.

John McSweeney—is the Peter Janaro and Perry Como of F-2.

Gary Meehan—combines his Clown Club activities with basketball.

Sister Martha—has mastered and applied all the aims of Physical Education.

Paul Moffat—who also claims membership in the Clown Club, is goalie for the hockey team. How does he find time for both?

Mike Moore—spends his time imitating Elvis and looking for Latin derivatives.

Carole Morgan—our History student, takes all her work seriously.

Alan Neff—is our Student Council representative, as well as being the man behind all those unique dance decorations.

Marlene Newton—is our badminton champion.

Harmonie Nicoll—comes from Rexdale but considers Kirkland Lake home.

Andy Novotny—another member of the Clown Club, is another one of our hockey players.

Sonja Orlecki—brightens the day with her jokes.

Anne Purdie—is our studious musician.

Marilyn Phillips—is a quiet lass from Powassan.

Glenn Piccini—is always talking about Sudbury.

Roger Pitt—set a record by arriving late the first day.

Mona Pretty—doesn't believe in talking unless she has something worthwhile to say.

Allan Prodan—our representative to Science school, should be able to give Mr. Broad some broad hints next year.

Sandra Ranta's—marks are the fruits of her labours.

Joan Righton—personality plus, is the life of the class.

Diane Sarlo—is North Bay's unofficial welcoming committee.

Barb Shepherd—is our cheerleader.

Airi Sinkkonen—is looking forward to Graduation '63.

George Stefanic—takes great pride in his fabulous housekeeping.

Teresa Varanese—spends her leisure time on a bus between here and Sudbury.

Bev Welch—keeps busy here and at home in Cobalt.

Gail Willard—is our Red Cross representative.

Judy Pollock and **Marilyn Ward**—from Richard's Landing, are the instigators of most of the disturbances in the room.

Penny Schram—is our cardshark along the O.N.R.

Earl Scott—is F-2's answer to Chet Atkins.

Mary Scullino—comes from Timmins and is Ireland's gift to N.B.T.C.

Sharon Steele—is F-2's cute quiet blonde.

Carol Wanamaker—wants to find a substitute for the word "anchor".

Elva Storey—is our quiet Callander girl (pun).

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

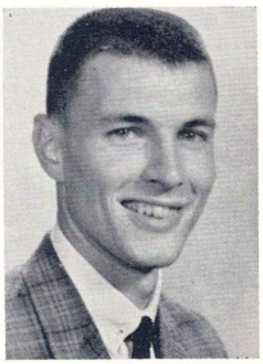
Form F – 2



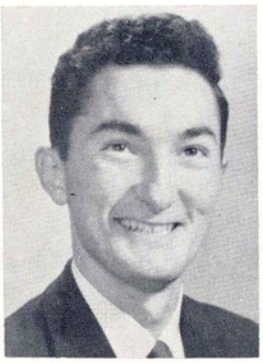
DOUG MCDONALD
SUNDRIDGE



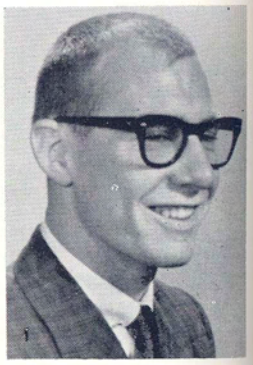
DONNA MCKECHNIE
STONECLIFFE



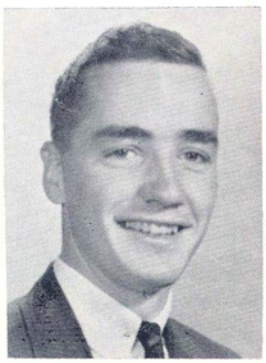
GORD MCKNIGHT
NEW LISKEARD



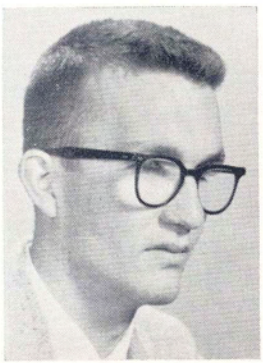
JOHN MCSWEENEY
KAPUSKASING



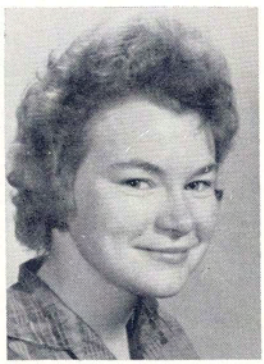
GARRY MEEHAN
NORTH BAY



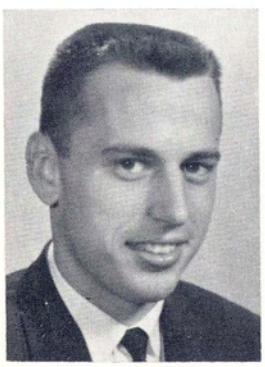
PAUL MOFFAT
NORTH BAY



MIKE MOORE
SAULT STE. MARIE



CAROL MORGAN
PORT ARTHUR



ALLEN NEFF
KIRKLAND LAKE



MARLENE NEWTON
SUDBURY



HARMONIE NICOLL
TORONTO



ANDY NOVOTNY
TIMMINS



SONYA ORLECKI
KIRKLAND LAKE



MARILYN PHILLIPS
POWASSAN



GAIL WILLARD
COBALT

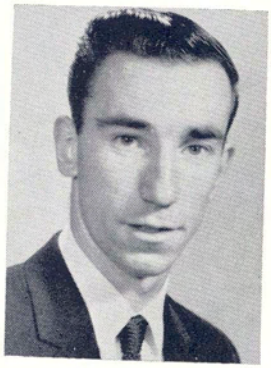
North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 2



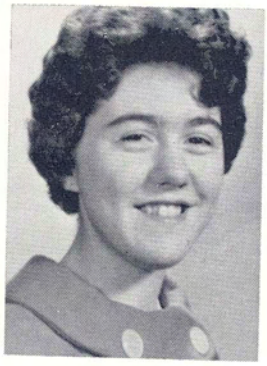
GLENN PICCINI
SUDBURY



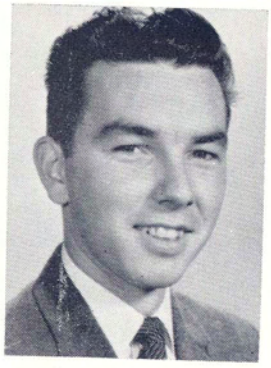
ROGER PITT
SCHUMACHER



JUDY POLLOCK
RICHARDS LANDING



MONA PRETTY
LEVACK



ALLEN PRODAN
ELLIOT LAKE



ANNE PURDIE
TIMMINS



SANDRA RANTA
SUDBURY



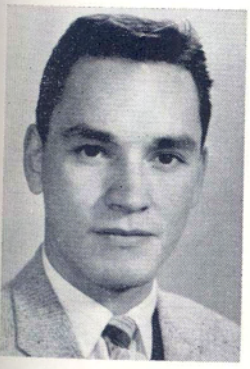
JOAN RIGHTON
IROQUOIS FALLS



DIANE SARLO
NORTH BAY



PENNY SCHRAM
KIRKLAND LAKE



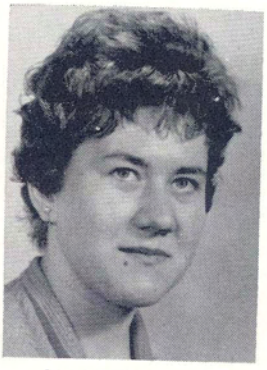
EARL SCOTT
KAPUSKASING



MARY SCULLINO
TIMMINS



BARB SHEPHERD
NORTH BAY



AIRI SINKKONEN
COCHRANE



SHARON STEELE
NORTH BAY

North Bay Teachers' College

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

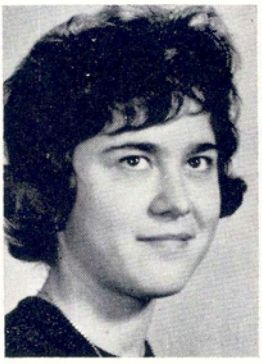
Form F – 3



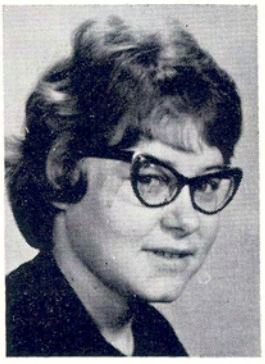
GEORGE STEFANIC
SCHUMACHER



ELVA STOREY
TROUT CREEK



TERESA VARANESE
SUDBURY



CAROL WANAMAKER
CALLANDER



MARILYN WARD
RICHARDS LANDING



BEVERLY WELCH
COBALT

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

Form S – 1



GRACE ASSINEWE
WEST BAY



SHIRLEY BECKER
SAULT STE. MARIE



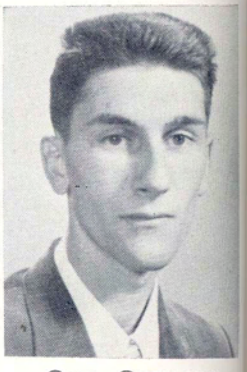
ROBERTA BIGGS
NORTH BAY



TERRY BROWN
RESTOULE



PRISCILLA CAVANAGH
HAILEYBURY



CARL CUDMORE
MATHESON

SLUSH !

Once again S-1 has received the 'Excellence Award' for outstanding social and extra-curricular activities. Although too modest to admit it, it has been said that the students of S-1 are bound to go a long way.

S-1 is composed of all kinds. You name it - - - we have it!

A poet, there is none other than **Kari "Safari" Laine,** an artist who will undoubtedly go down in history.

Priscilla Cavanagh is determined to keep us all chained to the straight and narrow.

In the field of "thinking", **Rolly Gauthier,** maintains that it hurts when he thinks, and that too much thinking is bad for the blood.

Only in S-1 could an individual like **Shirley Becker** be found. A real hometown girl who never misses an opportunity to spout off about Sault Ste. Marie, especially in **Mr. Bennett's** room.

Linda Grassi is our liaison officer between N.B.T.C. and the Greyhound Bus Lines.

Mel Jibb and **Carl Cudmore** are real actors; so good that some people think they should be on the stage . . . the next stage out of town.

"Wine, men, song, and dogs", is **Brenda Kellow's** philosophy of life. Although the wine is scarce, she has been successful in the man and dog department. She steals pens too!

S-1 has the best experienced party girls in the college. **Sandra (Zsa Zsa) Kehler, Diane Lepage,** and **Georgia (Georgie) Dube,** are right on the job to keep the parties and dances going.

Sister Patrice, who greets everyone with a smile, is invariably the only one who knows what homework has been assigned.

Joan Dwyer is, without a doubt, the marriageable type; that's why she keeps the boys on their toes.

In the musical field, **Roberta (Bobby) Biggs** has kept all in good spirits with her wonderful voice, accompanied by **Art Hutton's** Gene Autry guitar. **Art** still thinks that he is better than Duane Eddy, and S-1 agrees.

Our athlete of the year, **Sharon Donahue,** throws a mean curve in the bowling alley.

Who do you think keeps the Students' Council running so smoothly? It is none other than S-1's **Sandra Gentile,** who possesses the necessary charm to keep the President in line.

Grace Assinewe, Doris Gagnon, and **Linda Forsman** set a good example of ideal pupils. They don't speak out of turn, tell jokes in class, or scream, they listen to what is being said, answer and write complete notes.

Terry Brown, a gentleman and a scholar, keeps us all up on the latest jokes.

Louise Dawn and **Myrna Gordon** still don't know what to think of competition.

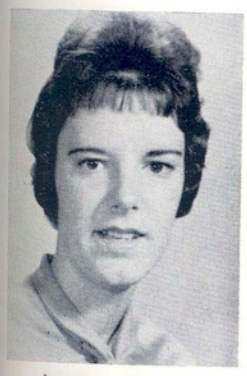
Shirley Leblanc has been doing an excellent job of tutoring Art. Or is it vica versa?

Lorene King plays poker in the common room every spare.

Gail Donahue, a hard working girl, has much to add to classroom discussion.

Mike Kennedy, our only married man, is kept busy opening and closing the windows in **Mr. Davies's** class, for the girls who forget to put on their heavy sweaters. Mike is a patient man! ! Just ask him.

The effervescent personality of S-1 will always shine through the annals of N.B.T.C. history.



LOUISE DAWN
KAPUSKASING



GAIL DONAHUE
COCHRANE



SHARON DONAHUE
LIVELY



GEORGINA DUBE
BRITT



JOAN DWYER
WAWA

North Bay Teachers' College

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

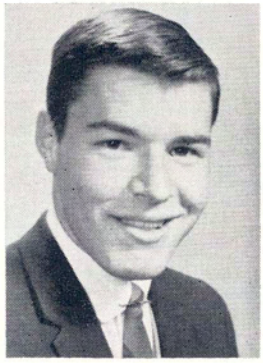
Form S – 1



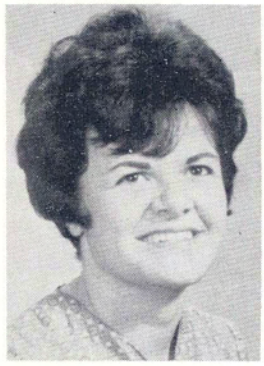
LINDA FORSMAN
GOLDEN VALLEY



DORIS GAGNON
LIVELY



ROLAND GAUTHIER
TIMMINS



SANDRA GENTILE
NORTH BAY



MYRNA GORDON
SUDBURY



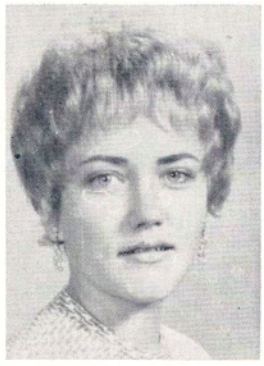
LYNDA GRASSI
NORTH BAY



ART HUTTON
LIVELY



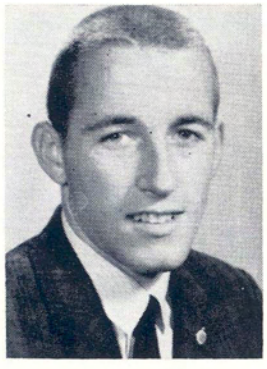
MELVILLE JIBB
THORNLOE



SANDRA KEHLER
LIVELY



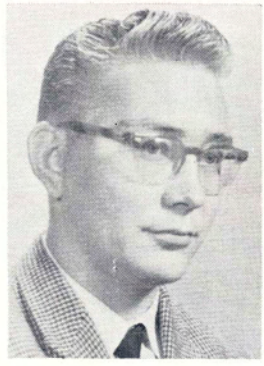
BRENDA KELLOW
SOUTH PORCUPINE



MICHAEL KENNEDY
NORTH BAY



LORENE KING
WAWA



KARI LAINE
TIMMINS



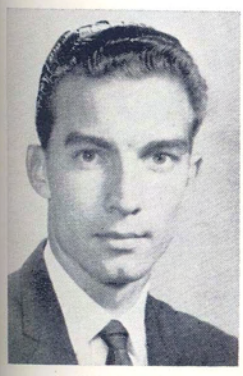
SHIRLEY LEBLANC
NORTH BAY



DIANE LEPAGE
SUDBURY

FORM NOTES: S-2

To-day is a typical day with S-2. From his favourite corner, the strains of **Frank Smith's** "How You Goin'a Keep Them Down on the Farm After They've Seen North Bay" competes with **Hugh's** twanging guitar. Paying no attention to it all we find the two Madame Dufarges, **Marg.** and **Ellen,** discussing the latest fashions in chesterfield boots. **George Simard** listens with an eager ear to catch any pointers he can on knitting. Profuse giggles emanate from **Gemma** and **Claudette** as they relate the latest Teachers' College jokes to each other. Not far from the scene we see **Jack,** our class psychologist, as he chants a rousing chorus of "Come To Me My Maladjusted Baby". Nearby **Peggy** sits in absent-minded bliss. **Sister Elaine** observes **Dennis** and **Ron,** as they plead for the class's attention. The active minds of **Ginny, Ruth,** and **Pat** vigorously plan "The New and Used Concrete Material Centre", the first of its kind in Canada. Over by the piano where **Pete** is playing, **GloryAnn** and **Helen V.** are discussing the ridiculous prices of long distance calls. **Sister St. Timothy,** sharing a corner of the same desk is hastily dashing off notes for her new book, "Psychoanalysis in Ten Easy Lessons". **Romeo** explains his intricate badminton shots of the previous night to the astonished **Mary Catherine** and **Sandra.** On one side of the door Terry and his side-kick **Willa** fervently explain to **Jane** the benefits and advantages of planning a future in Kirkland. On the other side of the door **"Diamond" Jim Smith** is trying to sell tickets to **Eleanor** and **Judy** to Friday's basketball game against the local Grade five champs. Completely enthralled, **Helen T., Marylin, Irene,** and **Sister Simone** give their fullest attention to **Sister Mary Carmel's** exciting version of "The Push Me Pull You". The final bell goes, and we clatter to our seats, as **Stella** slips in. Thus begins the class.



JACK LEWIS
SPRING BAY



MARGARET LINKE
KAPUSKASING



RUTH MALONEY
COBALT



VIRGINIA MCLEAN
ENGLEHART



GLORY ANN MERKLEY
GARSON

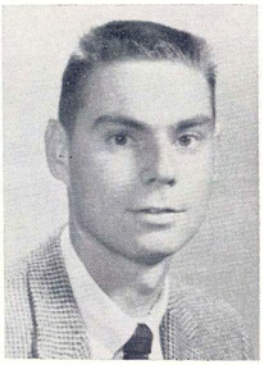
North Bay Teachers' College

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

Form S – 2



IRENE MIHALCIN
SUDBURY



DENIS NEWMAN
SOUTH PORCUPINE



JANE O'CONNOR
COPPER CLIFF



GEMMA OUELLET
CHAPLEAU



HUGH OWEN
NORTH BAY



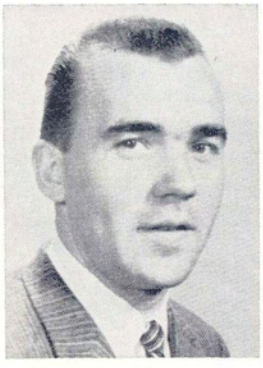
STELLA PICHE
CALLANDER



ELEANOR PRICE
SUDBURY



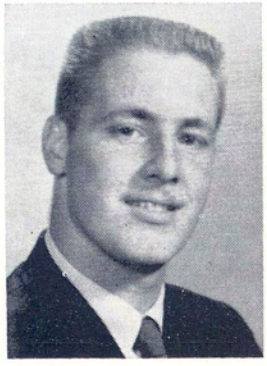
WILLA RHAMEY
DOBIE



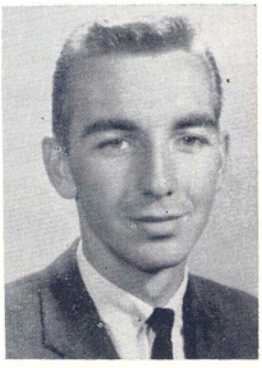
RONALD RHEAULT
CREIGHTON



ELLEN ROCKWOOD
GARSON



PETER SCHNEIDER
SUDBURY



TERRY SCHONFELDT
KIRKLAND LAKE



CLAUDETTE SEGUIN
NORTH BAY



GEORGE SIMARD
GARSON



M. SKAT-PETERSEN
HILLSIDE

North Bay Teachers' College

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

Form S – 2



FRANK SMITH
SUNDRIDGE



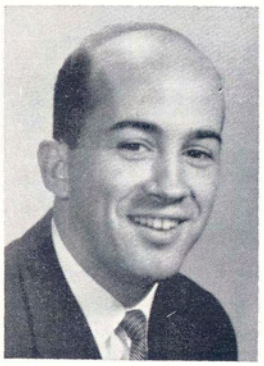
JAMES SMITH
SUDBURY



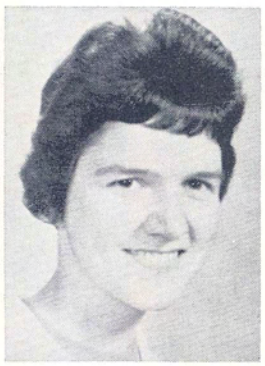
JUDY SMITH
SUDBURY



SANDRA TAYLOR
SUDBURY



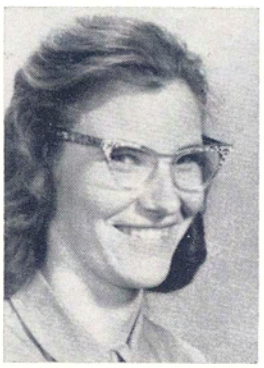
ROMEO THIBEAULT
COBALT



MARY THOMSON
SANDFIELD



PAT TILSTON
WHITEFISH FALLS



HELEN TOMLINSON
BAR RIVER



MARILYN VERBICK
SCHUMACHER



HELEN VLAAD
KAPUSKASING

FORM NOTES: C-1

On a cold, wet, rainy day in September, 1961, thirty-five lads and lasses were brought together; and thus, unforgettable C-1 blossomed forth. Never before has there been such a group. No one can tell **Helen** that 'pardon' doesn't come after 'one' in rote counting. **Vi Collver** gets tips in teaching from her husband. **Thais, Bertha, Mary Haddow,** and **Vi Cottrell** have come here to study hard. What would our girls' basketball teams do without **Lucille, Claire, Peggy, Helen** and **Barry Boal? Shirley** and **Shirley (Gervais** and **Grenier)** give **Mr. Timms** a hard time. **Miss D-O-B-B-S** enrolled late, but we learned to spell her name anyway. **Marlene** taught the Eskimo children for two years, and has a parka to prove it.

Rabid hockey fans are **Shirley Felesko** and **'Randy'**, while **Roger** and **Chuck** lead the way on the ice, managed by **Morley.** "Teaching is my life," says **Bonnie** emphatically. **Josie** had an operation and **Claude** showed great concern in the card we sent to her. Among the married women in C-1, you will find **Marion, Iris, Joan, Shirley, Carole, Violet, Claire, Darlene,** and **Barry Boal. Deanna** and **Mary Della-Santi** get along just fine. **Betty** knows all the answers, but when it comes to Indian sign language, **Allen** is the greatest. Don't let your size get you down, **Judy. Sister Mary Emma** tries to keep everyone straight in English, with enthusiastic aid from **Louis.** All our class are kept lively and spirited by these fine individuals.



(MRS.) D. AMELL
SOUTH RIVER



LUCILLE BACKER
PORT CARTIER, QUE.



BARRY BOAL
NORTH BAY



JUDY BOOTHBY
PORT CUNNINGTON



HELEN BOSNICK
HEARST

North Bay Teachers' College

COMPLETING COURSE

Form C–1



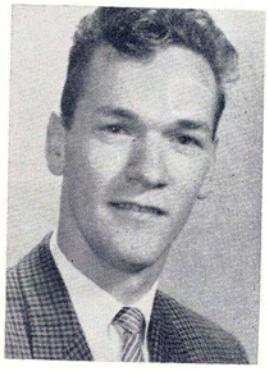
(MRS.) C. BURNS
SUDBURY



MORLEY CASSEL
KIRKLAND LAKE



JOSIE CINOTTI
SUDBURY



CLAUDE CLOUTHIER
PETAWAWA



(MRS.) V. COLLVER
THESSALON



VIOLET COTTRELL
SOUTH RIVER



MARGARET CROZIER
BRACEBRIDGE



MARY DELLA-SANTI
NORTH BAY



DEANNA DESJARDINS
NEW LISKEARD



ELSIE DOBBS
SUNDRIDGE



BONNIE DUNBAR
BLIND RIVER



(MRS.) C. DUPUIS
GARSON



BETH EADY
PEMBROKE



BERTHA EDWARDS
ENGLEHART



BETTY GALLSON
MATTAWA

North Bay Teachers' College

COMPLETING COURSE

Form C-1



(Mrs.) S. Felesko
Kirkland Lake



Roger Felesko
Kirkland Lake



Charles Gazzola
Timmins



Shirley Gervais
Deep River



Shirley Grenier
Nellie Lake



Louis Hacko
Kirkland Lake



Mary Haddow
Sudbury



Allen Hern
Thessalon



(Mrs.) J. Hill
Sault Ste. Marie



Marlene Knight
Cochrane



(Mrs.) M. Lamb
South River



Catherine Lonergan
South Porcupine



Thais MacDonald
Sudbury



(Mrs.) I. Martin
Espanola

FORM NOTES: C-2

C-2 played an important role in the school this year. Besides being last form on the role, it contained the following guiding lights for our country's children, half of whom belong to **Mr. Harrington** and **Forbes Stoodley. Forbes** is our class representative, who makes a good Englishman on stage. **Sister Suzanne** had the opportunity of teaching in the balmy Bahamas before coming to the College. **Sister St. George,** who has a ready smile for all, comes from the Nickel City. **Sister Alexine** is always willing to lend a hand to anyone in need. **Don Snider,** U.N. representative, keeps **Mr. Timms** hopping(?) in Psychology class. **Betty Thib** (Wiener?) enjoys Mr. Timm's interpretation of a dog biscuit. **Lucille Tadashore** knows the story of Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf. **Lorraine O'Hare** insists she's Irish, I wonder why? **Howard Saari** is "saari" he came to College. This is the first year he'll get all his income tax back!

Kay McLean, Tomstown's mayor, kindles the class with a lot of spirit. **Gail McLeod** helps **Kay** to keep us from dying. **Marlene Pitcaithly,** the Kirkland Lake joke-teller, has the happiest of dispositions. **Sherrill Tomchick,** so quiet and blond, enjoys recess in the lounge. **Ann Stark** does a magnificent forward roll terminating in an inside, step-over-leg tangle. **Wally Wiwchar,** our best cook, keeps hitting trees in the middle of the road. **Eileen Rowswell** is our class warbler. **Donna Smith,** the class artist, is on the Year Book Staff. **Della McAndrews,** from up Monteith way, enjoys North Bay's balmy temperatures. **Nancy Pytyl** does not like dog biscuits, not even those endorsed by Mr. Timms. What is behind **Betty Warren's** quiet, subtle smile? **Pat Ryan,** our class athlete, never misses a joke or a badminton bird. **Larry Murray** has all the answers in History. **Ellen Ruffo** enjoys basketball and a good time. **Ken Raaflaub** is one of our quiet, studious members. **Betty Yeoman** is our pretty Red Cross Representative. **Louise Roy** likes arguing with **Miss Thorn** and **Mr. Timms. Margaret Ross** likes matwork and the forward roll. **Margaret Rouble** is another good scholar. **Janet Sohm** and **Judy Tough** think that **Mr. Bennett** really does like South River. **Nancy Raynor** is very pleasant but refuses to give **Forbes** another quarter for school activities. **Ruth McKay** has first-hand knowledge of Child Psychology. **Marina Romain** keeps forgetting her gym whistle, but still teaches a good lesson.



DELLA MCANDREWS
MONTEITH



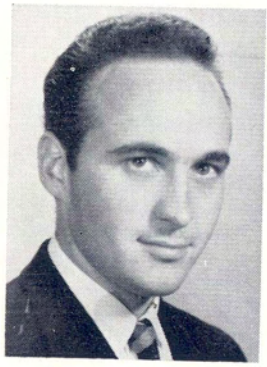
(MRS.) R. MCKAY
ELK LAKE



KATHERINE MCLEAN
TOMSTOWN



(MRS.) G. MCLEOD
NORTH BAY



LARRY MURRAY
NORTH BAY

North Bay Teachers' College

COMPLETING COURSE

Form C–2



LORRAINE O'HARE
HORNEPAYNE



MARLENE PITCAITHLEY
KIRKLAND LAKE



NANCY PYTYL
SOUTH PORCUPINE



KENNETH RAAFLAUB
MAGNETAWAN



NANCY RAYNOR
KEARNEY



MARINA ROMAIN
NORTH BAY



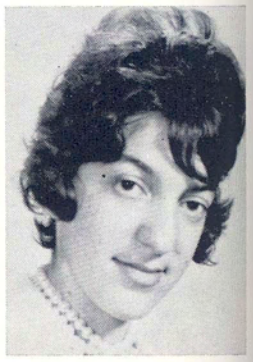
MARGARET ROSS
LEVACK



MARGARET ROUBLE
RENFREW



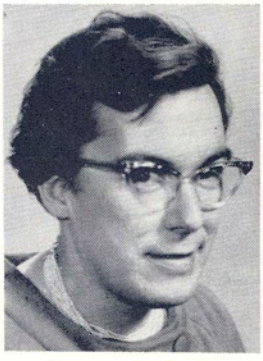
EILEEN ROWSWELL
SAULT STE. MARIE



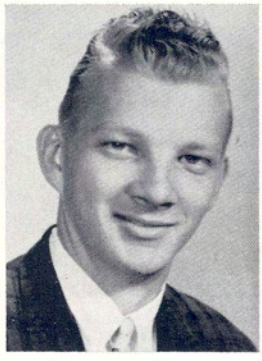
LOUISE ROY
BRITT



(MRS.) E. RUFFO
COPPER CLIFF



PATRICIA RYAN
BRACEBRIDGE



HOWARD SAARI
MATTAWA

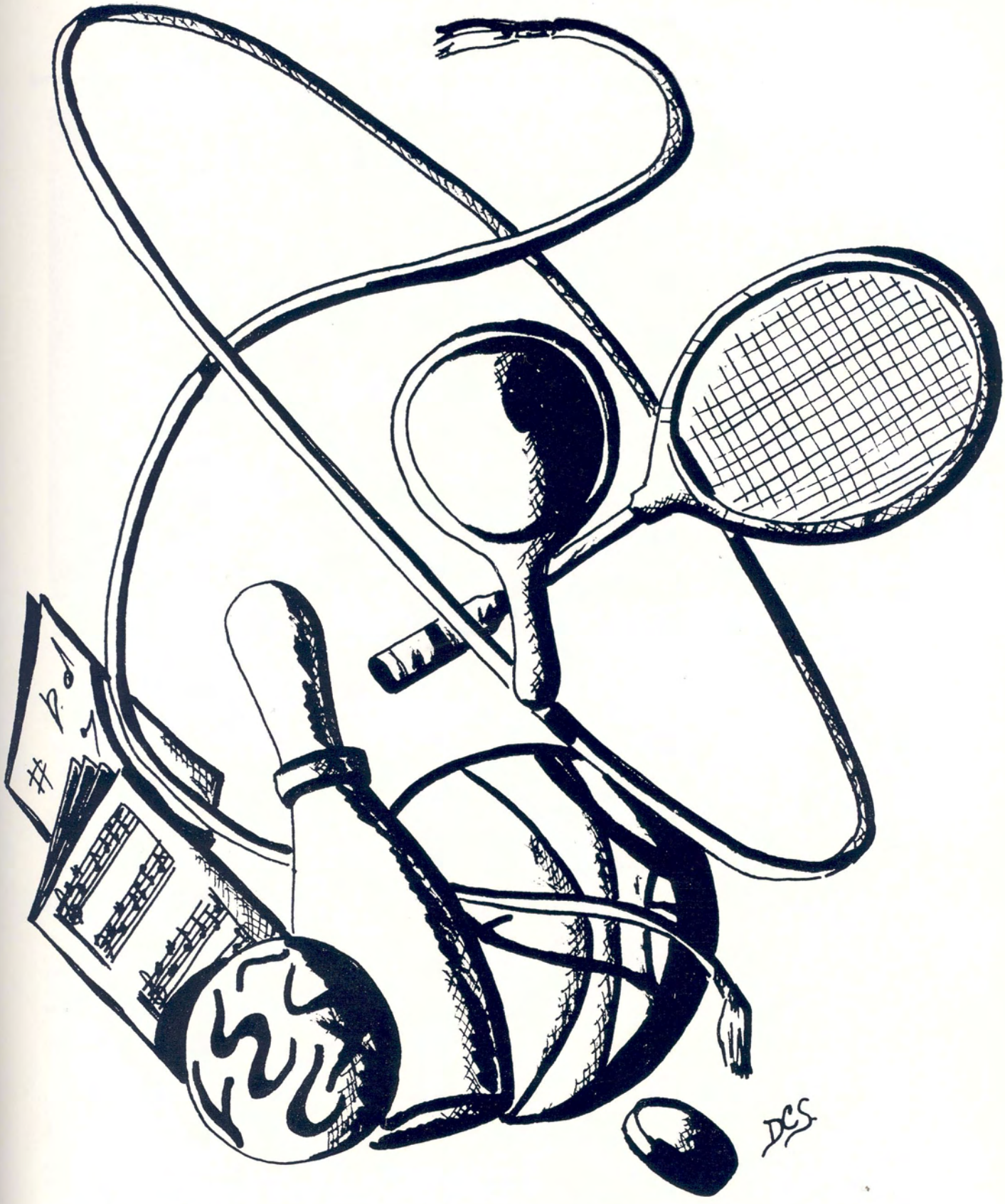


DONNA SMITH
GORE BAY



DONALD SNIDER
PORT CARLING





ACTIVITIES

North Bay Teachers' College



NORTH BAY TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHOIR

First Row—Beverly Welch, Georgina Dube, Judy Pollock, Sylvia Bumbacco, George Nippers, Larry Murray, Mr. Curtis, Dave Wilson, Bob Robichaud, Diane Hammell, Marlyn Kelley, Judy Hall, Dorothy Smith.

Second Row—Doreen Byers, Carolyn Borden, Erna de Burger, Ann Stark, Thais MacDonald, Marily Ward, George Stefanic, Forbes Stoodley, Don Snider, Margaret Skat-Petersen, Mary Scullino, Marilyn Stevenson, Jean Warzecha, Sylvia Germaine, Barbara Croteau, Marlene Lefebvre, Monica Gallagher, Nancy Barlow.

Third Row—Marilyn Smith, Frances Schultz, Helen Bosnick, Myrna Martin, Zorina Boyuk, Allen Prodan, John Greaves, Earl Scott, Terry Schonfeldt, Gerald Closs, Marilyn Spada, Shirley Gervais, Katherine Sylvester, Sonja Clark, Sally Lindberg, Carol Dupuis.

Fourth Row—Bonita Doyle, Marie Wiseman, Norma Vinette, Iris Appleyard, Gail Fortier, Emily Vovk, Lynnita Emmerson, Mary Haddow, Claire Burns, Shirley Feleskó, Bonnie Dunbar, Cathy Lonergan, Iris Martin, Jean Campbell, Claire McCool, Sandra Ranta, Ellen Ruffo.

Fifth Row—Sandra Stratichuk, Linda Netherton, Gail Neimi, Barbara Fraser, Joan Righton, Cathy Ansara, Mona Pretty, Marlene Newton, Janice Schneider, Diane Sarlow, Ellen Rockwood, Theresa Varnesse.

Sixth Row—Ernest Gardi, Dale Hammar, Robert Barlow, Daniel Masse.

CHOIR

"Mr. Curtis has an announcement." It was not merely 'an announcement', but quite a special one—the formation of N.B.T.C. choir.

At 4:00 that afternoon, one-quarter of the College enrollment gathered in the auditorium. The month that followed found us getting acquainted and generally 'tuning up' for a busy year ahead.

November 20 brought elections. To those who found their offices time-consuming, we extend our thanks and appreciation for a job well done.

Thais MacDonald, who struggled with bundles of music and complicated book work, became our Music Librarian.

Attendance Officer, Ellen Rockwood, we thank you for passing those attendance boards at every practice.

Our accompanists, Doreen Byers and Robert Barlow, spent the year popping from keyboard to vocal sections. We'll remember Miss Byers' relaxed smile as her fingers rippled over the keys.

We remember Mr. Barlow, our Secretary-Treasurer, as well. He overcame our possible bankruptcy by 'passing the hat'.

Larry Murray will agree with the writer that being a Vice-President and President are rather dubious necessities.

The choir made its debut in opening the Christmas assembly. Our last number, a catchy arrangement of 'Jingle Bells' by Ray Charles, appealed to the listeners so much that it became our encore as well. Bright new "62" began for us a new venture, bi-weekly practices in preparation for the Sudbury Music Festival. We think we "did the College proud" in acquiring 169 marks of the possible 200.

The 'fine performance except for the slip at the end', referred to by the adjudicator, was the slip down the stairs by the president as she proudly descended the stairs with our First Class Certificate. Several other public appearances highlighted a very successful year.

Our director not only made this an opportunity to "lift the voice in song", but also created an excellent learning situation. Incidental learning we call it!

To you, Mr. Curtis, our sincere gratitude for making N.B.T.C. Choir a memorable and beneficial experience. We think you enjoyed it too!

MARG PETERSEN



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row—Allan Neff, Dale Hammar, Mr. Davies, Miss Johnson, Mr. Reed, Forbes Stoodley.
Front Row—Doreen Byers, Doug Hartley (Treasurer), Brenda Kellow (Vice-President), Ron Rheault (President), Marilyn Stevenson (Secretary), Claude Clouthier, Wendy Ridley, Bryan Healy (not shown).

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The highlight of the programmes for the students during the first term was the Christmas Formal Dance sponsored by the Students' Council. The college auditorium was transformed for the occasion into a world of Christmas Fantasy with a variety of decorations. The large attendance made the evening a huge success. Other social programmes were the Get Acquainted Dance, Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance, and Sadie Hawkins Dance.

Projects undertaken by the Council included aiding in the administration of the library, and the ordering of Christmas Cards which were made available to the students.

The first term terminated with a Christmas Programme enjoyed by all. A visit from Santa Claus delighted the masters as they received our small tokens of appreciation.

During our second term, the Council, through its business-like administration, purchased rings, pins and crests.

A highlight of one of our special periods was The Tea Dance. A formal ceremony was carried out at the unveiling of our new record player.

We left on Thursday, May 10, for the Nations' Capital—Ottawa. The time spent there was occupied touring the Parliament Buildings, Art Gallery, the Mint, and checking up on the Federal Government.

Our closing exercises took place on Thursday, May 17. These exercises consisted of a graduation ceremony followed by the Spring Formal. The school year was brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne", at the end of the dance.

For all these past events, the greatest appreciation is extended to Miss Johnson, Mr. Davies and Mr. Reed, our indispensable staff advisers.

BRENDA KELLOW AND RON RHEAULT

DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS

The first dramatic production of the term was a United Nations Day Programme presented on United Nations Day, October 1962.

This United Nations Day Programme took the form of a stage play written by Jim Morrison of Form O-3. "Spotlight on the United Nations" took us on an interesting tour of United Nations. A mural of the United Nations Building in New York was the stage backdrop. This mural was completed by the students of Form C-2. The programme was presented on United Nations Day for the students of the College and again in the evening for the North Bay Branch of the United Nations Association in Canada.

A Remembrance Day Service was presented in the school auditorium on November 11. The programme was prepared by Form S1. The scripture reading was presented by Linda Forsman, and a Remembrance Day message was delivered by Gail Donahue. Ronald Rheault, Student Council President, laid a wreath in remembrance of the Unreturning Brave. The Last Post and the Reveille were played by Barry Boal.

At Christmas Time, form O-5 sponsored an interesting Christmas Programme. A Nativity Play was presented by the students of O-5. The choir sang four Christmas numbers, and the school assembly joined in the singing of Christmas Carols. Santa Claus paid his annual visit to the College and presented the Masters with Christmas gifts.

Several form plays are to be presented before the end of the term. The Dramatic Association looks forward to the winter and spring activities!

TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

The purpose of the Teachers' Christian Fellowship is for each one to know Christ and to make Him known. The group endeavours to provide spiritual fellowship, inspiration and guidance for its members. Those associated therein gain a firmer foundation in the Word of God and how it applies to life.

The club is inter-denominational and seeks to work harmoniously with all Christian organizations. Students are made to feel at home in the group so that they may be of help to one another, and together may be able to live for Jesus Christ. Emphasis is placed on growth in consistent Christian living, obtained through Bible study and prayer. The Fellowship also sets an atmosphere whereby one has a desire to witness for Christ.

The meetings are held for a half hour on Monday noons. The programme of each meeting ranges from special speakers to open discussions. Some of the speakers this year have been Rev. F. K. Gordon, Rev. W. L. Pierce, Rev. D. E. Raymer and Miss Clara Suchard who is a Public School Religious Education Instructor. The discussions are led by members of the group. Most of the services are informal.

The group appreciates very much the time donated by Mrs. Irwin, who is the staff representative for the fellowship.

While the membership in the organization is not great, we feel that it fills the need of those who truly want to be Christian.

A NOTE OF THANKS

The students of North Bay Teachers' College are grateful to Miss Grace Morgan, a former member of the North Bay Normal School staff, for the receipt of copies of the year books of the Normal School for three decades from the year 1918. The books are very welcome indeed and will find an honoured place in the Library of the Teachers' College. As the years pass, copies of the former year books become more and more valuable.

Students who have had an opportunity to examine former year books have benefited from the experience. They cannot escape an awareness of the tradition of the school and the challenge which that tradition places upon the student of today.

Admittedly, the first reaction of today's student to the older year books is a smile at the changes which fashion has brought about in matters of hair style and dress. Even this experience is salutary, however, when the thought is borne into the student's mind that the styles displayed in the present book will appear quaint in the years to come.

The books donated by Miss Morgan will be carefully treasured.

ROMAN CATHOLIC STUDENT TEACHERS' ORGANIZATION

In its first year of existence, the Catholic Student Teachers' Club provided many opportunities for the Roman Catholic Students of N.B.T.C. to get together for cultural, educational, social, and spiritual purposes.

The executive consisted of Romeo Thibeault, President; Sandra Gentile, Vice President; Marilyn Somers, Secretary; Judy O'Halloran, Treasurer. With the generous help of the individual members, these people successfully sponsored panel discussions, variety shows, socials and communion breakfasts.

TORONTO ISLAND SCIENCE SCHOOL

The students chosen by competition to attend the Science School in March were Lois Charlton, Ross Earl, Sharon Lapish, Ruth McLellan, Allen Prodan, Forbes Stoodley, George Allan, Dianne Hammell, Jim Darrach, Douglas Hartley, Anne Purdie, and Ann Stark.

Upon arrival at Science School were were taken on a guided tour of the Island in a jeep. Everything went smoothly on Monday morning until the children arrived at eleven o'clock. After that time our task was to try and supply the mother image to our group of twelve Grade Six children.

During the week the children learned about: Pond and Animals; Birds; Bees; Rocks; Minerals and Fossils; Weather; Map and Compass; Conservation; and Survival. Of course the school stressed and easily achieved social development.

Everyone from North Bay enjoyed his contribution to this novel experimental school, and left with feelings of having learned much more than he ever taught.

North Bay Teachers' College



TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Back Row—Mrs. Smith, Allen Hern, Sharon Lapish.

Front Row—Ewart Orr, Mrs. Irwin (Staff Adviser), Don Snider (President), Ruth McLellan, Ken Raaflaub.



CATHOLIC STUDENT TEACHERS' ORGANIZATION

Back Row—Marilyn Somers.

Sandra Gentile, Romeo Thibeault, Judy O'Halloran.

UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Early in the fall term students from the various forms elected representatives to N.B.T.C.'s United Nations Club. Shortly after, these delegates elected the executive of the club from among themselves as follows:

President: James Morrison
Vice-President: Dennis Newman
Secretary: Linda Hutchins
Treasurer: Edwin Alexander

The aim of the club as decided in its weekly meetings is as follows: "Our aim is to educate the student body so that its members will inform their own pupils as to the necessity of and benefits from the United Nations."

The club hoped to achieve its aim through various activities during the course of the school year.

The first of these activities, occurring on United Nations Day in the early part of the year, was a colourful and informative programme based on the internal workings of the U.N. Mr. Morrison acted as an "on- the- spot" reporter and interviewed national delegates from such countries as England, Nigeria, Sweden, and India, and representatives from the specialized agencies.

After this introduction the U.N. club conducted a series of programmes open to the public. Each guest speaker talked on a subject familiar to him, in its relation to the U.N. For example, Mr. A. J. Johnson spoke on "Education and the U.N." Reverend Gerald Paul discussed "Religion and the U.N." J. R. Garland, M.P., has agreed to speak later in the term.

With Hallowe'en came the sale of U.N.I.C.E.F. tags by members of the U.N. club. This tagging was preceded by the film "A Gift to Grow on" which depicted child life in Mexico, showing the work done by U.N.I.C.E.F.

The pre-Christmas weeks found U.N. club reps' in the hall taking orders for U.N.I.C.E.F. Christmas cards. Their varying modern and traditional designs brought the season's greetings to many people in different languages.

After the New Year the U.N. club resumed its activities during several special periods. Educational and thought-provoking films were shown on life in Ghana and South East Asia. These films were such as to make us aware of our good fortune and desirous of sharing it to greater extent with the peoples of the developing nations of the world.

The U.N. club also participated in the college's social events. This resulted in an entertaining masquerade extravaganza. Our comedy team would bring laughter anywhere and they certainly had the costumed peoples of various countries laughing on the night of March 1, 1962.

As this article is being written the college year is not yet over and plans for the future work of the U.N. club in which students will be able to participate are still being formed.

It is the hope of the student U.N. club that they have achieved in some part the aim of their organization— educating the student body in an awareness and realization of the necessity of an international body such as the United Nations.

LINDA HUTCHINS

JUNIOR RED CROSS

Do you know that the reciprocal of the flag of Denmark is admired and respected in all the free countries of the world? I speak of the flag of the Red Cross. The bright red cross on the pure white background has inspired millions to concern themselves with the needs of those less fortunate than themselves. To make children aware of the need for all available help, the Junior Red Cross Society has been established for school children. Its motto is, "I serve."

We, as prospective teachers, were interested in Junior Red Cross in the schools and organized our own club under the supervision of Miss Thorn. Our aim: to discover what Junior Red Cross is and how to supervise it in our own classrooms.

The form representatives were: Cam Ceppetelli, President; Lois Charlton, Vice-President; Priscilla Cavanagh, Secretary; Catherine Sylvester, Betty Yeoman, Dianne Hammell, Gail Willard, Shirley Martin, Dilys Jones, Mary Della-Santi and Margaret Skat-Petersen.

On February 14 the organization presented to the assembled student body a skit entitled "Why Have Junior Red Cross?" The use of large posters and an album previously received from Poland illustrated projects that could be undertaken by children.

On February 28, Mrs. O. C. Herrington, a guest speaker from Junior Red Cross headquarters, visited the college. Our meeting with her took the form of a panel discussion modelled on C.B.C. Inquiry. We are grateful to Mrs. Herrington for her informative contribution.

If we help our pupils next year to remember the Junior Red aims—promotion of health, service to others and the increase of international understanding—I believe their meetings will be most successful.

DIANNE HAMMELL



UNITED NATIONS CLUB

Back Row—Dieter Schaetzler, Mike Kennedy, Mrs. Joline Glazier, Don Snider.
Front Row—Edwin Alexander, Anne Purdie, Jim Morrison, Linda Hutchins, Denis Newman.
Missing—Mr. Deyell (Staff Adviser), Josie Cinotti, Sister St. Austin.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Back Row—Dilys Jones, Shirley Martin, Margaret Skat-Petersen, Miss Thorn (Staff Adviser), Betty Yeoman.
Front Row—Diane Hammell, Mary Della-Santi, Priscilla Cavanaugh, Cam Ceppetelli, Lois Charleton, Gail Willard, Catherine Sylvester.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL — GOLDS

Travelling, fouls, baskets, bruises! These the T.C. Golds have experienced this term. The combined efforts of the girls from the north, south, west, and from the city have provided strong opposition for the other teams. They may not have been the highest scorers, but they were one of the fastest units in the league.

The T.C. Golds wish to express their appreciation for the interest shown by Mr. Husband, their general manager, the undivided co-operation of Miss Higgs, the manager of the basketball league, the efforts of their coach Pat Ryan, and the competition of the other teams. In spite of the fact that victories were few, they have continually displayed good sportsmanship throughout the basketball season. The team will be remembered by these words:

"Good sportsmanship and sincerity
The T.C. Golds have displayed,
For it's not the thrill of a victory that counts,
But that of a game well played."

H. BOSNICK

GIRLS' BASKETBALL — MAROONS

Fun galore, but hard work too is the motto for the Maroons. Although we did not reach the top of the basketball league our girls made an extremely fine effort. Our faithful cheerleader, Mr. Husband, encouraged our team with his quiet remarks from the bleachers.

The most important asset that any team can have is good sportsmanship and good team spirit. This was without doubt displayed in every game that was played. The winning of the game is usually credited to the forwards, but our guards deserve as much credit for their terrific manoeuvring in keeping the ball out of the opponents' hands. Winning is important, but more important still is the way you play the game.

IRENE MIHALCIN

BADMINTON CLUB

Every Tuesday night the badminton enthusiasts of N.B.T.C. converged on the gymnasium of Chippewa High School. Some players were old hands but many beginners ventured out to master the fundamentals of the game. We are proud of the achievements of these new players. Mixed doubles were the main events of the evenings, while some singles were played by those more proficient at the game.

We received an invitation to compete in a tournament with Chippewa High School on January 20. We had a good turn-out and the keen competition kept the teachers hopping. Disappointing as it may seem, we were defeated but were determined to rally our defences for the next tournament.

One of the major events of the season found Mr. Husband battling it out against Mr. Timms. What happens when two forces meet? You may well imagine. Anyway, it was good food for the spectators.

All credit goes to Mr. Timms for donating his time and energy to make this year's Badminton Club a huge success.

DIANE LEPAGE AND ELEANOR PRICE

BOWLING

Again this year bowling has attracted a large number of students to its regular Tuesday and Wednesday competitions. During the weeks that the College was in session approximately one hundred and seventy students rushed to the bowling alley to enjoy this activity. High scores were posted weekly on our bulletin boards and were recorded on our house league chart.

The Executive was made up of Emil Zamiska, Aila Marttinen, and Louise Dawn and was under the direction of Mr. Broad. All worked hard to make bowling the success that it was.

The league schedule ended on March 21, the first day of spring. After checking and double-checking the records the Executive and Mr. Broad were able to announce the winners for the year. The following is a list of the champions.

Winning Team: Team 27 — Mike Kurdell (Captain); Frances Bouliane, Patricia Dottor, Shirley Martin, Ron Rheault.

Women's High Single: Lucille Backer 307
Men's High Single: Paul Doucette 338
Women's High Average: Shirley Martin 184
Men's High Average: George Oderkirk 222

North Bay Teachers' College



GIRLS' BASKETBALL — GOLDS

Back Row—Kathleen Hughes, Edith MacDonald, Wendy Morrow, Ellen Ruffo, Bonnie Bridger, Mr. Husband (Manager), Ann Stark, Sheila Minogue, Shirley Martin, Peggy Linke.
Front Row—Helen Bosnick, Pat Ryan (Coach, Captain), Peggy Crozier.



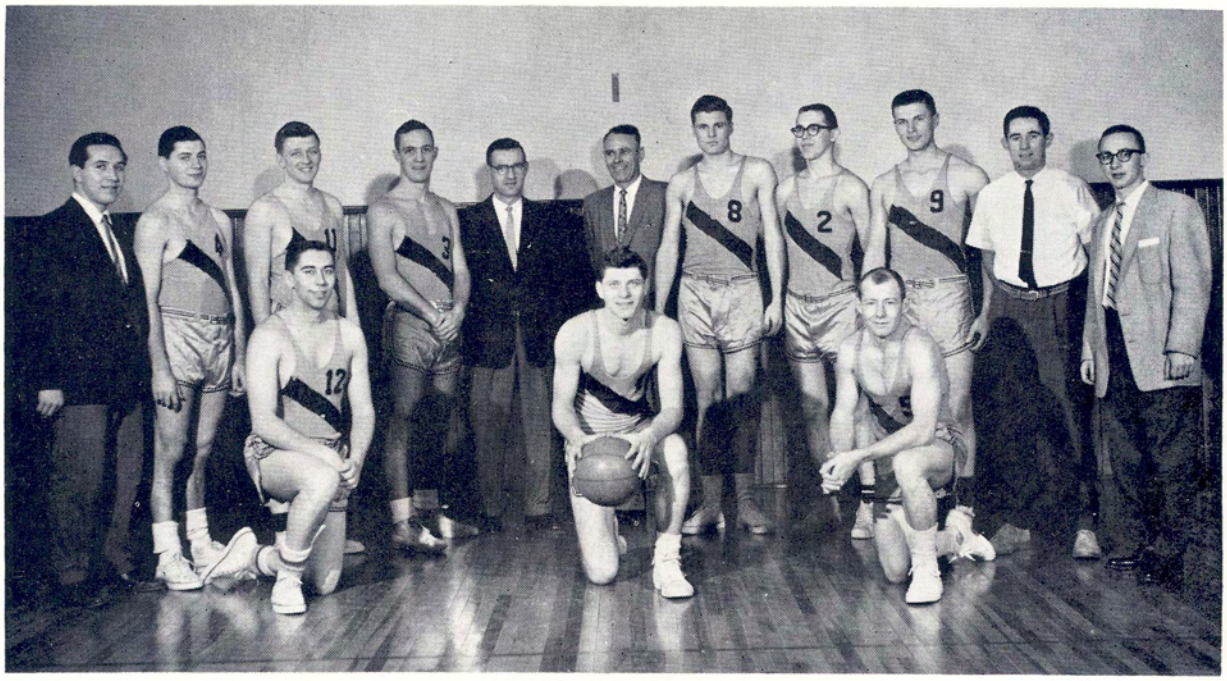
GIRLS' BASKETBALL — MAROONS

Back Row—Carolyn Borden, Sonja Clarke, Diane Cherry, Marilyn Jackson, Mr. Husband (General Manager), Donna McKechnie, Betty Thib, Lucille Backer, Sharon Donahue.
Front Row—Carol Morgan, Irene Mihalcin (Captain), Evelyn Gallina.



BOWLING EXECUTIVE

Left to Right—Louise Dawn, Emil Zamiska, Aila Marttinen.



MEN'S BASKETBALL

Back Row—Frank Antonini (Assistant Manager), Wally Wiwchar, Bill Dunseath, Bryan Barrett, Mr. A. J. MacAskill (Coach), Hugh Conlon (Assistant Coach), Bill Allen, Jack Jones, Gordon McKnight, Bill Duffy, Jim Smith (Manager).
Front Row—Steve Butland, Mike Kurdell (Captain), Gary Meehan.

MEN'S BASKETBALL

The basketball team this year is anything but a pushover; the men proved this when they captured the Consolation Championship of the Algonquin Composite School Invitational Basketball Tournament, in early December. At the time of this writing, the boys are in third place in the North Bay Basketball loop. To date we have lost only three games in regular play and these were all by small margins.

Mr. MacAskill, our hard-working coach, has done wonders in moulding a group of eleven "unco-ordinated" bodies into a very good contender for the League Championship. All the team members support me in saying that he is one of the best sportsmen in our league. Without his patience and perseverence where would we be?

Our success on the floor is mainly due to the combined efforts of our high-scoring trio of Meehan, Dunseath, and Barrett. Credit must be also given to the other regulars — Mike Kurdell, Gord McKnight, Jack Jones, Bill Allen, Wally Wiwchar, Bill Duffy, Steve Butland, and Wally Fenske.

In mid-winter the boys had matches against Kirkland Lake, Renfrew, The Teachers' College Masters, and the Hockey Team.

At this point the team managers, Jim Smith and Frank Antonini should be thanked for their time and energy in helping the team. Thanks are in order to the cheerleaders for giving their vocal support at our games. Best wishes are extended to future N.B.T.C. basketball teams in the hope that they will bear our banner high.

ODE TO OUR BASKETBALL TEAM:

Mike Kurdell—Our captain, the man with speed and agility,
He certainly adds to our team's stability.

Gary Meehan—Ball-stealing and fast breaks
Are a few of Gary's traits.

Jack Jones—When forward, centre, or guard is required,
Jones is the man who never gets tired.

Bill Dunseath—When our team is in need,
Bill's the first to show his speed.

Gord McKnight—When things aren't going right,
We have to call on Gord McKnight.

Bryan Barrett—Whenever our team is in a slump,
Bryan comes up with his big jump.

Wally Wiwchar—His work and speed,
Help us to succeed.

Bill Allen—When it's a rebound that we need,
Bill is there to do the deed.

Bill Duffy—Bill is our deluxe play-maker,
One look tells he's a great faker.

Steve Butland—Dependable and steady,
Steve is always 'on the ready.'

Wally Fenske—When our plays seem to fail,
Wally's the man that we hail.

Jim Smith—Jim always tries to make the rules,
Does he think that we are fools?

WALLY WIWCHAR



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Back Row—Jim Rankin, Gary Gervis, Mike Matasich, Diane Lepage, Eric Simpson, Emil Zamiska, Earl Scott.
Front Row—Helen Bosnick, Jim Smith, Lucille Backer, Romeo Thibeault, Dorcas Cowie, Howard Saari, Thais Hicks.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

The purpose of the Athletic Council is to establish a closer feeling among the students of N.B.T.C. through the promotion of athletic activities and to apportion financial aid to school teams. This year Romeo Thibeault was President and Dorcas Cowie was Secretary-Treasurer.

The entry fees for both the Girls' and Boys' Basketball teams were paid through the Athletic Council. Also, new badminton rackets for the Badminton Club and new bats and ping pong balls were purchased to replace the worn-out equipment.

Two successful skating parties were held in connection with hockey games.

Some of the activities are: bowling every Tuesday and Wednesday after school; badminton every Tuesday evening; and occasional volleyball tournaments on Thursday evenings.

Something new has been added to the first floor hall— a Calendar which was purchased by the Athletic Council. Sincere thanks are extended to Thais Hicks for her work in so capably keeping this calendar up to date.

Once again the House League has been set up by our President, who is kept busy keeping the standings up to date. This chart is posted in the Common Room.

Special thanks go to Mr. Husband, whose guidance was certainly valuable and very much appreciated.

DORCAS COWIE

THE KIRKLAND LAKE TRIP

One of the highlights of the basketball and hockey seasons was the fine exhibition of the men's teams in Kirkland Lake on February the 10th.

In the afternoon, the N.B.T.C. Men's Basketball team defeated the Kirkland Lake High School team 42 to 41; but it was a hard-fought victory. The score was 35-35 after regulation time. The game was still tied after the first overtime quarter—this time 38-38. Finally in the second overtime quarter Garry Meehan scored the winning basket for the team.

That evening our Hockey team played against the Kirkland Lake team. After three exciting periods, again we were victorious, having scored three goals to Kirkland Lake's two.

Avid fans at both games included: Mr. Broad, Mr. Davies, the splendid coaches — Mr. Harrington and Mr. MacAskill. They also kindly provided transportation for the teams. The student body of N.B.T.C. was well represented, and along with our cheerleaders helped to rouse the teams on to success.

A note of thanks is wished to all concerned with the planning of the trip and especially to those who billeted the team members.

Speaking for the cheerleaders, I believe that we, the students, and also the masters have reason to be proud of our Men's Basketball and Hockey teams., May this year stand out in the College records!

DIANE KLEVEN



N.B.T.C. HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Henry (Jack) Frost, Alex Murphy, Gary Hammond, Robert Gordon, Ab Moreau, Charles (Chuck) Gazzola, Joe Beaton, Terry Brown, Doug McDonald, Doug McCabe, Andy Novotny.

Front Row—Morley Cassel (Manager), Roger Felesko, Gus Bettiol, Paul Moffat, Jim Rankin (Captain), Louis Fortin, Mr. T. Harrington (Coach).

MEN'S HOCKEY

The 1961-62 hockey season will long be remembered in the minds of the cheering fans at our games. This year's team is the best yet, and at the time of this publication, has played nine games without a single loss or tie. Although we were not active in a regular league, we have defeated such teams as Algonquin and Chippewa High Schools, the Junior "B" Rangers, the Intermediate Continentals, the R.C.A.F. "Voodoos"; and on the trip to Kirkland Lake we edged an all-star Intermediate team 3-2.

The players are a terrific group of fellows to be connected with, both on the ice and off. There is a wealth of experience on the team; some of the boys having played Senior "A", Junior "A" and "B", College hockey and Juvenile. In goal, Paul Moffat had an excellent year. Forming a solid defensive wall were Gary Hammond, Ab Moreau, Terry Brown, Joe Beaton, Pat Murphy and Doug MacDonald. Up on the forward lines, Doug McCabe, Louis Fortin, Jim Rankin, Roger Felesko, Chuck Gazzola, Gus Bettiol, Andy Novotny, Henry Frost and Bob Gordon gave the opposing goalies more than their share of rubber, scoring an average of five goals per game. Ron Rheault helped us out near the end.

We wish to thank Mr. T. J. Harrington for an outstanding coaching and morale-boosting job; Morley Cassell for his ceaseless efforts as manager; and all the loyal fans who supported us.

Once again, we say there will never be another T.C. hockey team like this one.

JIM RANKIN



CHEERLEADERS

Aila Marttinen, Brenda Hillis, Diane Kleven, Karen Kyrzakos, Br enda Kellow, Barbara Shepherd, Lynne Durkin.

CHEERLEADING

As in the year past, the cheerleaders in their black and gold uniforms were out in full force to cheer our basketball and hockey games. We started off the year by holding a very successful pep rally on the morning of the first basketball game. If the students would just yell at the games as they did that morning our boys' and girls' teams would be sure to win every game they played.

In spite of the poor weather which prevailed throughout most of the basketball season, the cheerleaders managed to perform at practically every game, including those at the Air Force Base.

The highlight of the season was the trip to Kirkland Lake. A contribution to our selection of cheers was added by Mr. MacAskill. It chants as follows:

O Really,
O'Reilley
How Beastly,
How Jolly,
What Ho,
Good Show,
Teachers Thrice!

The cheerleaders comprising the group this year were Diane Kleven, Lynne Durkin, Aila Marttinen, Brenda Hillis, Barbara Shepherd, Karen Kyrzakos and Brenda Kellow.

I would like to tell all the girls who may be interested in cheerleading next year that they will not regret trying out. If they do make the grade, they are in store for some real fun, although it may be disguised at times under long and hard practices. Nevertheless, cheerleading is a wonderful experience, and any of the girls who have participated I'm sure will agree with me.

BRENDA KELLOW

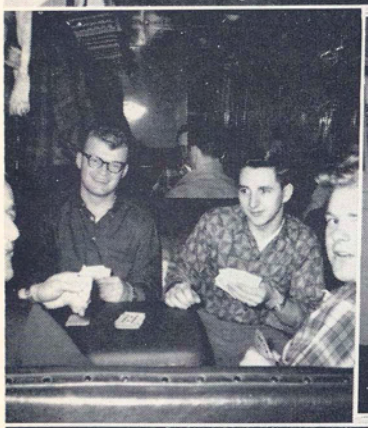




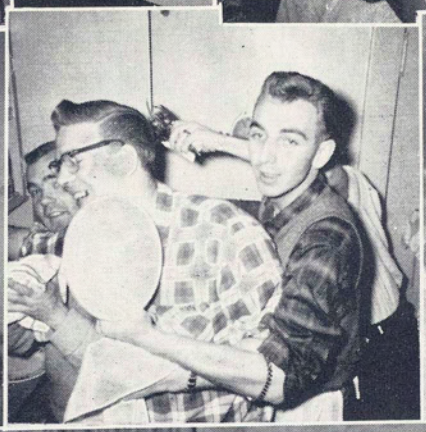





TARIO NORTHLAND
602
NO SMOKING





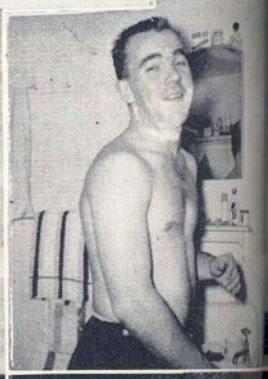


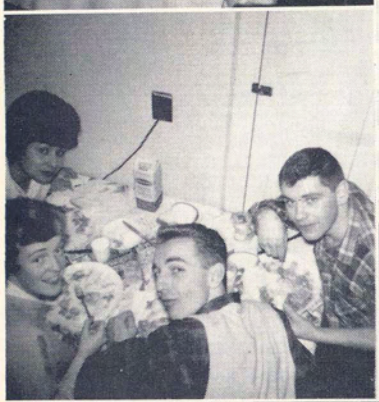





















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"Enby Teery"



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)



LITERARY

LOOKING BACK

When I am old and grey, I shall look back with fond memories on the happy days I spent at Teacher's College.

I will remember the first day, when people were scurrying here and there, somewhat in a haze among so many strangers and within an unfamiliar building. But I shall remember how soon I gained confidence as I met these people and learned how friendly they were; how it was impossible to walk down the halls without saying a pleasant "hi" or "how are you?" about fifty or so times before you reached your next classroom.

I will picture the students' lounge, smoke-filled and foggy, but closing its walls on a group of individuals displaying moods of excitement, happiness, or dismay by their interesting facial expressions. The pop-machine will enter my mind, especially when I think of all the times I had to chase all over the school to get change for a quarter because the stubborn contraption would take no more quarters and it was my luck never to have the correct change.

And how could I forget the stairs — those eternal stairs! There we were climbing, holding desperately to the railing, exhausted in our attempt to reach Miss McIntyre's room after we had started far below in Mr. Johnson's room. And at the ring of the bell, a discouraging thought arose as all glanced at one another and someone exclaimed, "All the way down again to Miss Thorn's room!" And so life went on, and the girls cheered up when the scale indicated '124' instead of '130'.

A warm feeling will fill my spirits when I think of those memorable morning assemblies. It was always good to see everyone again, fresh and eager to start a new day in contrast to my feeling that another six hours of sleep would do me no harm. But there were always the 'old faithfuls' who would awaken you with their humorous and sometimes hilarious comments, and very often the entire audience rose into an uproar of laughs. If this didn't reach your inner being, you couldn't resist singing along when Mr. Curtis led us in a light 'sing-song'. The moment of suspense came when the announcer stepped forward for the last time. Everyone waited anxiously — "Will it be 'The Queen' or 'O Canada'?" Whichever it was, everyone stood at attention and sang patriotically. Then, like busy little ants in an aimless hurry, four hundred and twenty people rushed to their classrooms.

When I think of sports, I will visualize that special 'N.B.T.C. Hockey Nite' when our special hero spent three-quarters of the game in the penalty box. When the high school gang boldly invaded our cheering section, we booed them out successfully with our cries of "Go home and do your homework!" or "Time to go to bed now!" All the masters were out to support the team, and they were so encouraging as they, too, bounced up and down, arms flying high, and cheering loud and clear. And how enjoyable was the skating party afterwards, even if you couldn't skate! You had twice as much fun laughing at your helpless predicament.

Most significant in my memories will be the unforgettable Christmas Dance! For weeks we worried over decorations, but the dance finally took place the night of December fifteen. Everyone was dressed fit for a ball! And I couldn't have had more fun at a ball! We danced heartily to the lovely music of the band who varied in their selections from a 'jive' to a 'tango'. And even if you couldn't 'cha-cha', you tried it anyway. I will especially remember that this was the first time I attempted to do the 'twist', and believe me, the name suits the dance! When you are finished, you really do feel 'twisted'! Very appropriately, the couples crowded into classrooms where they sang Christmas Carols after a tasty snack.

The fun ended much too soon. Now we faced the long-dreaded exams. Oh, I'll remember this well! "Study" became our motto: since we just had the week-end left before exams, we felt it was time to get serious. What a long week it was; you couldn't recognize anyone with the puffy bags under their eyes!

I'll remember how Friday came at last, and everyone rushed to the auditorium for the special Christmas assembly. I shall never forget this programme! It wasunbelievable to hear how well Mr. Curtis had trained the choir! I couldn't help but admire the effect of such harmonious singing on the audience; I was indeed proud of our College Choir! The rest of the programme was hilarious! Santa Claus arrived, and, of course, his petite female helper carried the heavy load of gifts. Mr. Harrington really did look 'cute' in that toque of his! And Mr. Deyell's watch was 'a riot'! I thought I would die laughing! The Christmas Assembly was indeed a happy event, and at this time everyone realized how wonderful our masters really were.

These, and many exciting moments, will leave me with a longing to return to the College, when I am old and grey!

★ ★ ★

SHARON BARRY

TO GRANDMOTHER

I knew her not in the bloom of youth;
Ne'er saw her in her early years.
The years of toil had left their mark
Upon her upright frame before I first set eyes on her,
And she on me.

The body once so proudly held erect
Had taken on a stoop, the shoulders sagged,
Her brow was wrinkled and her skin,
Once clear and smooth, had lost
Its youthful beauty.

Her husband long since gone, most old friends too,
All called before to dwell on High with our Creator;
Yet she lived on; surrounded by the noise
And hustle-bustle of our modern world. And I,
In my exuberance, thought surely there could be
No one so wonderful in all the earth as this dear lady,
Who had always time to tell me stories
Of a by-gone day.

How often have I seen her
In the grand old wicker rocker that she loved so well:
Her Bible on knee, her reading glasses in hand,
To see the precious words that dwelt among its pages:
Her countenance a picture of serenity and peace.
How often would I envy her, her simple way of life!

And now she's gone; and surely there's a little piece
Of me gone with her. Yet if there is,
'Tis measure small for that she left behind
Within the hearts of each of us who knew her,
And who miss the shuffle of her feet upon the floor;
Content to do the simple tasks and ever conscious
Of the thing that needed doing.

We honour her;
And thus commend her to our Maker.
We know that there she shall find rest
And greater peace among the ones she cherished
Long ago.

ALLEN HERN

FRIENDS IN NEED

The little girl with the long blond ponytail shook her head furiously. I watched from my window.

"I don't understand it! I just don't understand it!" she protested.

Her companion, a comely dark-haired girl named Wendy, wearily shrugged her shoulders.

"I can't find it," she declared. "In fact, I can't find anything in them."

Alice — that was the first little girl's name — threw aside the 'Loopy Toons' comic book she had been reading. "There must be some explanation for it. Why are the boys and girls of today reading these comics when they could be reading about us?"

"Yes, I know," replied Wendy. "There are only a few children left who have heard about my friends Peter Pan and Tinkerbell. Why, just the other day, Peter was telling me that things were getting so bad that Captain Hook was considering going straight. You can imagine what a terrible catastrophe that would be."

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Alice. "I'm going to invite some of our friends here for tea to-morrow. Maybe they will be able to solve our problem."

Then, before I could even blink my eyes tomorrow became today. I saw Alice and Wendy talking with a small group of people and as I looked more closely at the characters in the group I was able to recognize most of them. There was a tall, well-built young man, of about twenty-four, dressed in Lincoln green; an ugly man whose left hand had been replaced by a menacing hook; a rather plain girl of about eighteen, wearing a ball dress which bore an odd-looking patch where a hot coal had once eaten an embarrassing hole; a young Indian who wore about his neck the sign of the turtle; a rather dishevelled-looking ten-year old boy, whose patches on his pants outnumbered the freckles on his nose; a beautiful maiden once declared 'the fairest in all the land'; a tall, lanky man with a hawk-like nose and shrewd, piercing, grey eyes who appeared to wear his hat backwards; and many other too numerous to describe.

After tea had been served, a serious discussion began. Tom Sawyer asked if perhaps the boys and girls were no longer interested in the things he and Huck had done over a hundred years ago. Becky Thatcher blushingly assured him that she would always be interested in what he did. Uncas suggested that maybe the children of today wanted a different type of hero. Cora emphatically replied that a braver man than he did not exist.

And so, many suggestions were forthcoming, but each, in its turn, was refuted. Finally, Dumbo said, "I think the boys and girls are like me. I never knew I could fly until I tried and they don't know whether they'd like to read about us because they've never tried it."

Everyone nodded his head slowly in assent.

"But what can we do?" implored Wendy.

Tinkerbell urgently whispered something into Peter's ear. "Tinkerbell has part of the answer," he said brightly. "We can whisper it into the ears of children as they sleep."

That was all I remember. The next thing I knew Mother was telling me it was time to get up.

Ever since that night, there has been a change—one that both pleases and surprises my mother. You see, every night I fall asleep surrounded by my friends Peter and Tinkerbell and all the others who have become a part of me.

★ ★ ★

NORMA VINETTE

THE FREEDOM OF THE SKIES

It had been some months ago when he had first seen the great eagle. It had come from the mountain and had hung in the skies above the prison farm for a full hour. During that time he had not been able to take his eyes from its graceful form.

From then on the convict had watched every day for the eagle. He came to love the bird. For its very strength he loved it. He loved it for the effortless way it floated through a domain denied to him, and for the fierce, wild spirit that could hurl itself hundreds of feet through the air to land unerringly on its mark.

But most of all he loved it because it was free. What freedom could be more complete, more deliciously intoxicating than the freedom of the skies? The eagle had no bonds; he feared no creature; his horizons were limitless; he was a god.

Day by day the convict watched the eagle, and more and more he became obsessed with the desire to live as freely as it did. He began to plan with the exactness of a scientist, and when his chance for escape came, he took it without hesitation.

Now, on the morning following his escape, he stood on the mountain whence the eagle had come, glorying the feeling that now he too was free; he too could live the life of the eagle.

A flash of light from the cliff-face in front startled him back to reality. He looked closely at the spot, and saw the figure of a man climbing to the top of the cliff. Then he saw the reason. At the top of the cliff was the eagle's nest!

Anger welled inside the convict's brain, and simltaneously, as if in sympathy with his anger, a shrill cry split the air above him. The eagle had returned!

Again it screamed in fury, and then, like an avenging arrow, it dropped from the skies with incredible speed. But the invader had gained the summit, and swiftly he unslung something from his shoulder.

The eagle, a beautiful, majestic killing machine, neared its target.

A heavy charge tore through its breast and stopped its headlong plunge in mid-air. A few seconds later its ruined body struck the rocks below — food for scavengers.

The convict stared long and thoughtfully at the spot where the body had fallen. The eagle had not been free. It too had had its bonds, its ball and chain. It had not been invincible. Even now it lay stiffening on the rocks. It had lived by killing, and its life had ended in violence.

Decisively, the convict turned, and with a slow, steady stride began the long trek back down the mountain.

BRIAN GILL

NORTH FOR EXPERIENCE

"All aboard for Clute, Wurtell, Island Falls and points north," cried the conductor.

"Oh! My train!"

It was to carry me to my new job in the wilderness of Northern Ontario. My stop was Otter Rapids, a Hydro project on the Abitibi River, 93 miles north, half way to James Bay. The conductor's clear but mechanical voice snapped me out of my daydream.

"I'll bet he's been repeating those words every second day for the past twenty-five years."

With two large suitcases and a number of misgivings, I clambered aboard the Galloping Goose, the name given to this train which ran between Cochrane and Moosonee. In a few minutes I was settled and the train glided out of the station and began its journey north. I gazed out of the window and watched the countryside flash by. I slipped into another daydream and was carried back to the month of June, that month of weddings and examinations, brides and bursaries.

I had finished high school with no real ideas about my future and no money to go on to university. After working at home, I had applied for a position as a junior clerk with Hydro. I wanted the job because it paid well but, more important, it was a chance to be completely on my own. Also, the picture that I had conjured up in my mind of the rugged land, the barren tundra, the rough way of life, was enough to finally convince me that this was the chance of a lifetime. The whole picture was even now beginning to lose a bit of its colour. I was only away from my family for three hours and already I was so homesick that I wanted to cry.

I must have dozed off, for the next thing I knew I was being shaken.

"Come on, son, this is your stop — Otter Rapids."

With my earthly belongings gripped in each hand, I stepped from the coach, onto the platform. From where I stood, I could see the dam far below me on the other side of the tracks. In the months that followed I was to watch with ever-increasing interest the growth of this concrete giant. This, along with the whine of the Euclid trucks, the chatter of computers and the talk and laughter of the rough but amiable men, was to become a real part of my daily life.

But this looked no different from any other place in Northern Ontario. There were trees — spruce, jackpine, cedar, and grass and weeds, and birds. This was a typical Northern Ontario scene.

"Well," I chuckled, "So much for the barren wastes of Canada's North." The joke was on me. With that, I turned and made my way to the Main Office where I would be "documented", as my instructions stated.

The camp, with its total population of about one thousand people, was nestled in and around a shallow sandpit. It was made up of two communities, the huts and the colony.

The huts were prefabricated, of wood and corrugated tin. Each hut consisted of twenty-four rooms, each room accommodating two men. Two beds, a common table and two closets made up the furniture. Any shelves were made by the tenants. A common practice was to paper the walls, the paper usually coming from the centre section of a popular magazine. In the cold winter months that followed I found that beach scenes were most popular.

The colony consisted of some seventy trailers and twenty houses. Men who did not wish to be separated from loved ones had moved them to Otter Rapids and here they lived cosily and happily in these homes on wheels. A four-room school with grades one to eight was provided for the children.

As I think back, I find it strange that there, hundreds of miles from the greatest centres of population, I had my best look at a cross-section of Canada's people. In this small community, there were Italians, French, Hungarians, Germans, Slovaks, Finns and Norwegians, all living and working together. A great number of them were new Canadians, working hard and saving every cent that they might someday soon send for their families to join them here in Canada. They were very friendly but, on the whole, quite clannish for the common language, English, was still very much a problem.

Their interests were as varied as their origins. Photography proved to be the most popular hobby, and rightly so. This rugged land, with the river and its roaring, boiling rapids provided limitless opportunities for the avid shutter-bug. Other hobbies were the building of model airplanes, tape-recording, L.P. collecting and oil painting. It was hard to picture a man who, after wielding a shovel or vibrator for eight hours a day, could come to his room and paint the winter scene outside his window with strokes so delicate that one thought he was looking at a photograph.

Winter came, with its sub-zero temperatures and cold, biting winds. These conditions put restrictions on our already narrow social life. No longer were we able to go for a walk along the railway tracks or down along the river. No longer could we play baseball on our makeshift diamond on the airfield. However, the recreation committee came to our rescue and soon we were all engaged in a bowling league for two nights of every week. The remaining evenings could be spent playing pool or cards or reading in the quiet of our rooms.

However, one was not entirely safe or undisturbed even in his own room for through the corridors of every hut crept the animal known as the practical joker. Someone was always falling victim to this beast of prank who struck at any hour of the day or night, leaving in his path a trail of french beds, knotted shoelaces and unhinged doors. I swung out of bed one morning to find that I too had been visited, for as I stood and gazed about my room I slowly sank to my ankles in a tub of cold, white snow strategically placed at my bedside by this hyena of hi-jinks.

The cold weather created a number of problems. One was the problem of ice. Everything in and around the dam was heated with steam; consequently, on every ladder, cat-walk and staircase on the job there formed a clear, treacherous coating of ice. However, through the hard work of the safety officer and the common sense of the workers, there was not a serious accident all winter. An enviable record for such a large company.

For all its problems, though, winter brought its beauty too. At night as I stood and gazed at the scene below me, the dam, veiled in filmy clouds of water vapour and illuminated by the pale blue neon lamps, was transformed from the cold calculated thing that it was, planned on paper with slide rule and pencil and constructed with muscle and sweat, to some fairy queen's castle designed in the minds of her fairy wise men and created in the twinkling of an eye.

The dam was six hundred feet long and one hundred and twenty three feet above the rapids. It was established for the purpose of producing electric power for the industries of Southern Ontario, hundreds of miles away. When the project is fully completed, there will be six turbines in operation producing power. It is a great feat of engineering, worthy of the men who built it, from the learned engineers who made the plans to the men who laid the cement.

On June 30, I left Otter Rapids for the last time. Behind me was a year in which I had made innumerable friends with whom I had shared innumerable experiences. Ahead of me was my future, somewhat clearer now for I had had a year to think about it and friends with whom I had been able to discuss it. Otter Rapids — a place, a job, a year that I shall never forget.

BRYAN BARRETT

★ ★ ★

YOUR INSPIRATION

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show any human being . . .

Let me do it now. But let me not defer it or neglect it: For I shall not pass this way again."

You have taken children as your challenging field of endeavour, and in you, the **teacher,** children aspire to see a living representation of their secret dreams and hopes. For some reason or other, although they know they will be disillusioned, these youngsters envisage you — finite though you are — as almost the epitome of perfection: true love, understanding and sympathy incarnate. Why cannot more of their aspirations about you crystallize into reality? Why is it that, just knowing you, they do not learn to care about the important goals of life?

The memory of a teacher, and all she does or does **not** do, is fixed most indelibly on human minds. Will the memory of **you** be such that it will be cherished as an everlasting tribute to an assiduous worker dedicated to an absorbing cause?

In each class, **you** as the teacher will find thirty or forty individual personalities — fascinating, probing and unique personalities. These children whom you will teach desire to be taught charity as well as Arithmetic, and civilization of the heart as well as a study of proper decorum. Over and above these considerations, reflect on this truth: you will accomplish **nothing**, unless you enlist Divine aid — guidance from the Creator Who gave existence to these children. **He** understands them perfectly; **you** cannot even begin to comprehend their curious minds. Remember, too, that for any human being, the most effective teacher is **living** example — **truth** brought from the abstract and planted into a person whom he can know and admire and love. Such a teacher is an admiral who **commands,** and yet a leader who **guides.** He builds his pupils **up** and does **not** crush them down. Above all he is a vivified replica of authority garbed in robes of kindness.

Your classroom should be no place for a bigot, or a bombardment of verbal "gunfire" and brazen sarcasm, **nor** should it be a hateful hovel where a heartless wretch domineers enslaved victims. Again, it is true to say that a teacher **cannot** hope to lead the pupils of his classroom to a whole-hearted embrace of goodness, discipline and knowledge by the use of cynical and abusive language. Remember, true joy and serenity have a way of coming to the surface of a well disciplined **teacher,** and then of pervading the **classroom** he directs.

Why be a degrading influence? Can you not visualize a wondrous, resplendent teaching career ahead of you, if only you will evince an unabating, dedicated fervour? It is strange that teachers are not taken aback at the remarkable privileges and colossal responsibilities which fall to their lot. Teachers should be ablaze with devotion to a profession that respects the power of **personal** influence. **You,** then, must become adroit in handling and forming valiant characters. Besides, **yours** is the task requiring unremitting labour in promoting the assimilation of knowledge. Through their contact with **you,** the pupils are expected to attune their lives to proper religious, social and intellectual living. To them you can become the emblem of a well-directed and love-inspired avocation.

When **you** are actually in contact with the pupils who will be in your care, your heroism will be tested in the daily trials which determine the **worth** of a teacher. Every day consider that the true teacher **loves** each individual child, and **love,** which must express itself in sacrifice, is not easy. Therefore, the task ahead of you will not be light, but it will be most rewarding.

May you forever be inspired to live up to your great dignity, for these privileges and responsibilities are all **yours.** As each new day dawns may you be animated to begin **again** with renewed vigour because

"You shall not pass this way again."

SISTER M. EMMA

NEW PUPPY

He sat at the top of the porch steps,
Alert, ferocious and bold,
Defending his own from all strangers,
Shivering a bit — from the cold.
With his little black pointed ears cocked
He listened and watched as he sat;
And then, in his shrill puppy treble
He bravely challenged — a cat.
But all humans, the mailman, a peddler,
And especially any small boy
He greeted with frantic abandon,
Stubby, tail-wagging joy.

COLLEEN MOODIE

TEACHER'S IF

If I can help each child begin a search
For new horizons, wider fields than mine;
To see beyond the sum of four and four
Or letters printed neatly on the line;
If I can put a purpose in each day,
And show the wonder of earth's common things:
A seed that sprouts, the clouds, a flake of snow,
Then surely some will bear remembering.
If I can put my hand into a child's
To lead him forth with firm and steady pace,
And find in him the talent he was given,
I will have found full measure of life's grace.

COLLEEN MOODIE

★ ★ ★

ON SIMPLICITY

"The woods are lovely, dark and deep;
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep."

These inspired words of Robert Frost have perhaps covered a wider scope than was originally intended by the author. In the life of the late Tom Dooley we find them dominating his every action. Engraved upon his medal, these words became engraved upon his heart and reflected themselves throughout his fruitful life. They are easily applied to teachers.

"The woods are lovely . . . ."

Indeed they are! Life holds a multitude of pleasantries in its hand. Gaze upon the magnificent splendour of the sinking sun or the innumerable dainty flakes of snow as they flutter to their earthly place of rest. Stretch out your hand to touch the velvet of the rose petal and catch its tiny trickle of dew. These are the lovely woods made more wonderful when shared with other beings who also may become enthralled with the incomparable beauty.

No one appreciates beauty more than a child. And why should this be different? Everything is new to a child, everything exciting and enthralling. Clutching a pencil between stubby little mud-stained fingers is a thrill surpassed only by the intrinsically complicated design that is his creation.

Conserve these lovely woods, and render them fruitful for future generations.

". . . . dark and deep."

Yes! Push further into the woods and they shut out the glorious rays of sun-light. All is dark — quiet — lonely. The woods are lovely but darkness has over-shadowed the beauty.

Monday morning brings rain, muddy boots, restless pupils, tired teacher. Books and pencils drop continually through the morning and Peggy cries because Bobby is poking her. A major catastrophe occurs at twelve, as Johnny trips on Harry's foot and breaks his thermos bottle. Deeper and darker are the woods becoming.

At this point it is necessary to reflect on what is known but not seen. The sun is shining — the birds are singing — the woods are lovely. Sooner or later this fact will become clear and slight beams of light will penetrate through the forest thickness.

"But I have promises to keep . . . ."

Many, many promises are mine to keep, the great and the small. Promises are made to others to keep a secret, to do a job, to lend a helping hand. Promises are made to self to spend more time preparing lessons, to use more patience, to exert more energy. Shakespeare summarized this promise when he counselled: "To thine own self be true."

The biggest promises are made to the smallest people. To a small child, everything seems big. He lives on the promises of sunny weather, Sunday picnics, a new reader, a tricycle and a "Quick Draw Magraw" School Bag.

"And miles to go before I sleep."

How many miles? There is no signpost giving specific information. Perhaps the road ends at the next bend. Even now, a misplaced step may tumble life over a steep precipice. And then again, the road may stretch as far as eye can see and miles after that. Both sides of the road are lined with lives and events that are yet to come. Behind, fading in the distance, is part of the lovely woods and part of the deep, dark forests. But don't spend too much time looking back. The future holds out too much to the hand stretched forth to receive it.

Keep life full and watch the smiling faces gazing up into yours. Feel the grimy little fingers clutching yours. Taste the sweetness of service and hear the voice of innocence as it says, "Please, may I sharpen my pencil?"

SISTER M. ELAINE

HOME PLATE

"You're out!"

As the dust cleared, one extremely indignant player and one very officious umpire glared at each other across the plate.

"You must be blind! ! Anyone could see that the catcher fumbled the ball!"

"I can see as good as anybody."

"Wanna bet?"

Before anyone could say "Jackie Robinson" the whole field was in a state of confusion — fists flying, feet flaying.

A black-robed figure was seen hurrying towards the battle scene. The spectators who had gathered to watch the fight scattered at the sight of this lithe form.

"Boys, boys! Stop this fighting immediately. Danny O'Rourke! Not you again? How many times have I warned you about fighting? You know that you promised me you'd stay out of trouble."

Danny, momentarily startled by the sound of this voice, forgot himself and lowered his guard, allowing his opponent to get in a perfect right to the jaw. This blow succeeded in knocking Danny off balance, but only temporarily. However, before Danny could retaliate with one of his famous uppercuts, a firm hand intervened.

"Sister Bridget!" exclaimed Danny, as he glanced up into her disappointed face.

Sister Bridget was a member of the order of the Sisters of Charity, a branch of the Franciscans. She enjoyed watching the boys play baseball and often took an active part in their games. She frequently interceded on the boys' behalf and because of this, she was loved by all. She was tall and slender. She had clear blue eyes which mirrored the smile that played on her lips. Danny had once heard it said that the eyes were a window of the soul, and ever since then he had felt that Sister Bridget's soul must be very beautiful, even more beautiful than Mrs. Cottontail's little baby that was so white and so fluffy. Sister Bridget also possessed a voice which was usually soft and tender, but which could adequately express disapproval. At that moment, Danny was the recipient of an excellent example of the latter.

"What were you fighting about this time, Danny?"

"Well, gee, Sister. . ."

"Go on, Danny."

"He said I was out and I wasn't," asserted Danny, pointing an accusing finger at Joey Mitchell who now sported a magnificent shiner.

"You was out!"

"Wasn't."

"Was too."

At this point Sister Bridget interrupted the flow of protests.

"Don't you think you've both had enough fighting for one day? Now, who started this one?"

Although Danny's faults were many, lying was not one of them.

"I guess I did, Sister," confessed Danny rather reluctantly.

"All right, Joey, you may go."

After Joey had gone to join his companions, Sister Bridget reprimanded Danny for his behavior.

"Danny, Danny, will you ever learn to control your temper?"

Danny bowed his head dejectedly.

"I'm afraid that we shall have to go and see Sister St. Benedict."

"I promise I'll never do it again, but please don't make me go and see HER!" pleaded Danny.

"I feel it's my duty, both to my superior and to you." replied Sister Bridget with that certain note of finality which told Danny that any further protests would be in vain.

Side by side the two walked solemnly across the field, up the steps, through the main doors and down the long corridor.

As they walked along the dim-lit hall, Sister Bridget was reminded of the way in which this red-haired, blue-eyed, seven year old had come to them. He had been only three years old at the time his parents had been killed in an automobile accident. Since then, Danny had become one of her favourites although he continually found himself in hot water because of his equally hot temper.

Danny stopped abruptly in front of the door which bore the name "Sister St. Benedict". With fear in his heart, he tapped lightly on the glass and awaited a summons to enter. When a clear, crisp voice bade them, "Come in," Danny militantly presented himself with as much courage as he could muster at the moment.

Behind the desk sat Sister St. Benedict, under whose steady gaze, it was rumoured, the most loquacious became dumb. Danny and his friends held her in great awe. She always knew what was right. She was so very wise and God must love her very much because she never forgot to say her prayers at night as Danny sometimes did.

As she spoke, Danny cringed ever so little.

"Well, Sister. Whom do we have here? Not Danny O'Rourke again?"

"I'm afraid so, Sister."

"Danny! Look at your clothes. You've been fighting again." The latter was more a statement of fact than a question of Danny's behaviour.

"Ye . . . yes, Sister St. Benedict."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

HOME PLATE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69)

"What was it about this time?"

"He said I was, and I wasn't!" protested Danny.

Sister St. Benedict looked up at Sister Bridget inquiringly.

"They were playing baseball, Sister. There was some dispute as to whether or not the catcher had fumbled the ball."

"I see. Thank you, Sister. Well, Danny?" She refocused her gaze on a thoroughly frightened Danny O'Rourke.

Danny remained silent.

"Have you any reason for your behaviour, my young man?"

"No Sister. I guess not. But. . . . but he did fumble the ball."

"Was that a sufficient reason to brawl in the dust? Look how dirty your clothes are! Poor Sister Mary Martha will have to scrub and scrub to get them clean."

"I'm sorry, Sister."

"Nevertheless, this time you must be punished. Saturday, when Father Jim takes the other boys to the Big League game, you shall stay here and help Sister Veronica."

"Yes, Sister," murmured Danny dejectedly.

As Danny slowly retraced his steps down the long narrow hallway, he regretted his hasty actions of that morning. He had so wanted to see that game Saturday, but the catcher had fumbled the ball, and that was a magnificent shiner that Joey now sported. He was positive that Sister St. Benedict would never understand these thoughts and he suddenly felt very naughty for thinking such things.

Outside, sitting on the steps in front of the main entrance to the St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, Danny found his friend, companion and soul-mate, Kenneth.

Kenneth Lee was like to Danny as black is like to white. He was a shy, quiet boy of Chinese parentage, who preferred to cheer his team on to victory rather than to participate personally. What had first attracted Danny to Kenneth is known only to God, with whom even such intimate secrets as these are shared. But one day everyone suddenly seemed to realize that Danny and Kenneth had always been inseparable.

"What happened, Danny?" he queried. "I saw Sister Bridget too late to warn you."

"Oh, it's okay, but I can't go to the game on Saturday. I have to stay and help Sister Veronica," said Danny trying desperately to sound nonchalant.

"And Joe Dimaggio is playing too! You've always wanted to see him. Can't you . . . .?"

"Nope. I'll see him next time," said Danny bravely, trying hard not to let the threatening tears overflow. "Come on! Let's go see how Joey looks with that new shiner."

Danny didn't see his baseball game that Saturday, but he did make an important discovery. An old, bedraggled tomcat, whose moth-eaten coat, according to Danny, "looked like something the dogs dragged in", had found its way into the orphanage via a loose rail in the fence. Danny discovered it foraging in the rubbish pile, and this outcast of feline society touched and warmed his heart. He gathered it into his arms and christened it Mr. Smith. Danny felt sure that Sister St. Benedict wouldn't mind if he kept Mr. Smith as long as he was properly "baptized". The result was almost disastrous! But, nevertheless, Mr. Smith managed to salvage at least one of his nine lives, and Danny succeeded in his attempts to conceal Mr. Smith until shortly before Christmas, when Mr. Smith gave birth to five of the tiniest, most helpless little creatures Danny had ever seen. However, all's well that ends well. Sister St. Benedict didn't scold Danny, at least not too much, and even then it was a half-hearted effort. She even found homes for each of "Mr. Smith's" kittens. Danny thought that Sister Benedict had liked the kittens a little, or so it seemed. He could still recall how gently she had fondled them, and for a moment Danny thought she understood.

The next few days passed quickly by and Danny eagerly arose from his bed Christmas morning Around eleven o'clock, Sister Bridget called to him.

"Danny! Would you come here please?"

"Yes, Sister?" asked Danny breathlessly as he almost collided with two other boys.

"Sister St. Benedict would like to see you."

A bit frightened, Danny once again traversed the long hallway and entered Sister St. Benedict's office. There he met two very nice people, whom Sister introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery. They were kind, he thought, and good. They had to be good because Sister only liked people who were good. Maybe that's why Danny sometimes felt that she didn't like him because even he had to admit that he was naughty at times and rather mischievous. They talked with him for a while and then left, promising to return.

"Danny, do you like Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery?" asked Sister St. Benedict when the couple had left.

"Oh, yes! They're awfully nice," exclaimed Danny enthusiastically.

"I'm glad. You know, Danny, they would like to have you go and live with them."

"You mean I'd be like their very own son?" asked Danny, not daring to believe what he had heard.

"Yes, Danny, their very own son. Would you like that?"

"Oh boy! Would I? I . . . " Danny paused a moment. He had almost forgotten. "What. . . . what about Kenneth? Can he come too?"

"Well, Danny, you see. . . ." but Sister St. Benedict could go no further. How did one explain racial differences to a trusting seven-year old? How could one tell him that although it didn't matter to God or to Danny what colour Kenneth's skin was, that the rest of the world did care. How could one tell this little boy in front of her desk that Kenneth just wouldn't be accepted as Danny was.

"He can't come, can he?" cried Danny. "Why? Why?"

"Danny, the Montgomerys are only able to accept one child. I'm sorry."

"I love him. I won't leave him. You can't make me. You just can't." With that, Danny ran blindly out of the big office and out into the yard. There he found Mr. Smith, and clutching him desparately to his bosom, he wept as though his heart would break. When Danny had exhausted every tear in his body, a plan began to form in his mind.

That night, after everyone was in bed, Danny woke Kenneth and told him that they must leave. They must go away, far away, so that Sister St. Benedict would never find them. Kenneth dressed and trustingly followed Danny out into the night.

It seemed they had been walking for hours and strange, unfriendly sounds began to surround them.

"I'm frightened, . . . a little," whispered Kenneth.

"Oh, you've got nothing to worry about as long as I'm here," replied Danny boldly. Yet as he spoke, a little shiver ran up and down his back and tickled his ribs. But Danny didn't laugh. He had a job to do. He had to protect Kenneth. He had to do what was best for both of them. That's why he had run away. But for some reason which Danny couldn't understand, he began to wonder if he had done the right thing. It was just like the ball game. The catcher had fumbled the ball, yet Danny had been punished. But if he had gone to the Big League game to see Joe Dimaggio, he would not have found Mr. Smith and then Mr. Smith's babies would have been born in some dark alley where they might even have died. Everything had happened for the best and Sister St. Benedict had been right. Perhaps she was right this time too. They could never really separate Kenneth and him. Sister was closer to God than he was and therefore probably knew what was truly best.

Slowly, Danny turned toward Kenneth.

"Kenneth, let's, let's go . . . . home."

Kenneth smiled and nodded his assent. He had wanted to go back but he would never have been able to leave Danny alone. Hand in hand Danny and Kenneth slowly began to walk back the way they had come.

JEAN WARZECHA

★ ★ ★

ON ANNOYING ACQUAINTANCES

Let's face it; almost every acquaintance you meet has little habits or faults that annoy you, little idiosyncracies that, if repeated frequently enough, make you want to leap right out of your skin. But let's also face the fact that these acquaintances probably feel exactly the same way about you. Therefore you may search the crevices of your mind for these faults, and feel well assured that your own little defects are being aired elsewhere.

I am only one of millions of people, but certain actions of certain people really do, as the saying goes, "get my goat". One individual bothers me in particular: the person who borrows something of mine and then conveniently forgets to return it when I need it. This usually necessitates a hasty trip over to his residence to retrieve my belonging, and also serves as a reminder to never lend him anything again. But the next time my friend "just has to have" my typewriter, there's old soft-hearted me lending it again. Oh, well, I'll never learn.

Another type that annoys me is the snoopy one who must know everything about my family history, including the birthplace of my great-grandmother's mother-in-law. These questions don't concern him, and can be rather embarrassing to me. I have found that a good remedy for a situation like that is to look the snoop directly in the eye and say sweetly, "But I never do anything interesting. I'm much more interested in hearing about **you**," and hope the egotist in him takes over. If it doesn't, you're stuck, and the only thing you can do is try and avoid being alone with him after that.

Another annoying acquaintance, especially to the female sex, is the blonde beauty, or brunette or redhead, as the case may be, who is continually bragging about all her boyfriends, and about her latest admirer. Sound maddening? It certainly is, especially when you're just dying to tell all and sundry about your latest, and Glamour Girl got the floor first.

Another bore whom you will have no trouble recognizing is the father who can find nothing else to talk about except Junior. One gets the impression that proud Papa is harbouring a miniature Einstein by the way he carries on. And he's not satisfied with just talking about "Pride and Joy" for a little time, either; he keeps it up all evening, with a full repertoire of pictures and cute sayings. Feel your blood pressure rising? You and many others, myself included.

And what about the critical type, who can never find a complimentary thing to say about anybody? You may be sitting down with a group of friends, and somebody's name will come up. You may say something like, "Gee, I like So-and-So; he's a swell guy." Right away the critic leaps at you with a complete list of So-and-So's faults, foibles and bad features, and why he can't stand him. Sometimes it is a real job to keep from hitting the critic right between the eyes, especially if So-and-So is a good friend of yours.

Sometimes you may encounter the "spoiled brat" type, who always insists on getting his own way. This creature can be eight, eighteen, or eighty; it doesn't matter. If the gang doesn't go where he wants, there's trouble, and heaven help anyone who dares to stand up to him. This type can usually put on a display of temper that makes an explosion seem like nothing at all. After a while this becomes so annoying that the culprit finds himself friendless.

The list of annoying acquaintances could go on forever, I'm sure. But the main thing to remember about annoyers is that you don't become one yourself. Succeed, and you're doing the world and yourself a favour.

ELAINE BOOTH

EDUCATION OR UTOPIA?

I would like to outline my educational philosophy for four stages of the development of a boy, David, by name, keeping in mind all the while that the **net** result will be a pleasing one to his God and to the society in which he lives.

A baby is born without habits good or bad, but very soon he acquires some of each. The types of habits, attitudes, prejudices a child forms are those of his first circle of society. Therefore the parents' behaviour and attitudes are of the utmost importance.

The character-forming years are the first five or six years of David's life. From birth to approximately four years David's world consists of a mother and a father. The parents at this stage are the sole custodians and teachers of the boy. This stage is the most important, for David's personality will be moulded by them to a great degree. This is the stage of childhood where life is devoid of the cares and worries of the world and all is bright. I believe that the parents should capitalize to the full at this time on David's world of fantasy, makebelieve and goodwill. This is the time to encourage and demonstrate the virtues of kindness, generosity, and truth while the child is unaware of the vices. It is the time to encourage creativity, individuality, and imagination because they are inherent in the child. The one hundred and one questions David will ask every day about the fascinating world about him should be carefully answered. Most of his questions will pertain to the wonders of creation—raindrops, the wind, a baby chick. Answer them carefully, nourish his inquisitiveness and he will never lose it. Let him touch, feel, hear, taste and smell nature to the full. David will be made aware of his Creator.

Discipline at this age should be that of love and understanding. If corporal punishment is used David will realize his misdemeanour and learn by his mistakes.

At five years of age I would advocate the kindergarten, for two reasons. First, it is the initial step away from the parents and the beginning of social contacts, where he learns to share and to co-operate. Secondly, it is a good beginning for the formal education that is to come. The kindergarten should develop the basic attitudes of fairness, kindness, generosity, to the utmost.

The second stage of David's education, from five to twelve years is of great importance, for during this time it will be determined whether he will retain his good basic attitudes towards his fellows and learning or be lost in the mass of vague subject matter, that perhaps he cannot grasp, in the regimented classroom. Much will depend upon the personalities of the various teachers who will take part in this stage of David's education. The ideal classroom at this stage should consist of no more than fifteen pupils. This is necessary for close teacher-pupil relationships. I believe that each pupil should progress at his own level in each subject. Anything other than this is not truly teaching. The subjects taught at this stage should be a cross-section of everything, maths, science, language, music and so on, for this is the testing ground to find what area David will excel in later. It is vital that at the end of this stage David be fully aware of his capabilities and weaknesses. The basic attitudes will only be as firmly instilled as are the teachers'. Therefore, the personality of the teacher will either "make" or "break" a pupil. At the end of this stage, David should have realized his areas of success and failure. This is essential for success in the next stage.

From twelve to twenty years David will come to the realization that he excels in a particular field, let us say, either in the humanities or the sciences, and that his career will be in the engineering field. Now at the age of twelve he will enter high school, choosing a course that will consist only of the maths and sciences. This will lay the background for his future studies of engineering at the university level. He will not have to struggle with German, Latin, French, an area that has no appeal, that will not make him build a **better bridge** and that frustrates him to no end.

Discipline at this stage in most educational set-ups is a real problem. The trouble arises from pupil disinterest and frustration. Here is a boy of fifteen, forced to take history or perhaps languages, a field in which he has no ability. He meets repeated failure, sees no bright prospects for his future and turns into a classroom problem. If pupils had David's opportunity to be educated within the areas of their abilities, discipline would be no problem. This third stage should produce a person who has set himself a course to follow. He should be dedicated to his goal in life and pursue it with fire and vigor. David is now ready for the final stage, the higher education of his chosen career.

At the age of seventeen or eighteen years, David has come prepared with a background of maths and sciences to begin his engineering course. He has retained his initial zeal because he was allowed to pursue only his chosen field through high school. The net result of David's education should be a happy, well-adjusted, truly educated man, who will build a fine "bridge".

JAMES WHEELER

THE NORTHLAND

I love the Northland,
The wild rugged Northland,
With its jutting rocks hewn by the mighty sword
of God,
Glimmering, glistening, glaring in the sun.
The tall majestic pines, blue-green
Grow from the ragged rocks,
Perhaps unseen by man.
The shimmering lakes sleep —
Silently, lonely, peacefully
Among the hills of God.
Yellow, orange, red mass the summer hill-side,
The wind drifts through the trees like the sweet
breath of a child.
The wild game roams in the woods at will,
Untouched.

I love the Northland
When the snow streams gently down,
Covering rocks, trees, hills and lakes;
When the rain beats down in angry torrents,
Surging up the rivers and lakes,
When the sun shines warmly and friendly,
Bringing a rebirth of life.
Yes, I love the Northland,
This wild rugged Northland.

LOIS CHARLTON

THE MILL

Forlorn, abandoned, it stands
A reminder of the happy days
When the rushing waters
Thundered on the wooden blades —
When the great wheel
Turned round and round
Never ceasing, never failing —
When the menacing teeth
Of gigantic saws
Bit deep into the fragrance
Of logs, cut not long before.
The saws are rusty now,
The sawdust stale, the boards decaying.
The shacks which housed the men
Creak and tumble down.
Churned no more is the mountain stream
As it rushes onward past the lonely mill.
Unsheltered, but remembered it remains.

IRENE KEAYS

TO A HERO

'Tis not so long since he reigned supreme,
This monarch of rails, a master of steam.
His was the power that was called upon
When the going was tough and a job to be done.
He was proud of his speed, he was proud of his might,
As he thundered and whistled through the day and
the night.

The old order changeth, so he stands in Lee Park,
Without signs of steam, not even a spark.
But he'll not be forgotten, this king of the rails,
When the boys in the bar tell their railroading tales.

B. MARTIN

A LONG TRYING DAY

As I sauntered from the house on this dank, umbrageous morning, darkness still prevailed. And it was only natural because the time was a quarter to six in the morning.

While I trudged along the main thoroughfare of our town, burdened with a lunch pail under one arm and an immense pack-sack over my shoulder, many thoughts obscured my mind. That old proverb "the early bird gets the worm" came to mind repeatedly. However, I surmised that there could be no 'prize' for being up and active at this time of the morning — after all how many times had Mom said that I was a growing boy and I needed the proper amount of sleep every night!

Finally, I attained my destination — the bus-stand — where grizzled looking men sat around perched on lunch pails and edges of benches. A few glanced up as I happened into the stand, and sly, twisted smiles were noticeable on their faces. I tossed the load from my shoulder, and it struck the floor with a loud "ker-whoop". As I looked around to see their reaction, I noticed that everybody was now looking at me with a cold, sombre stare which developed into a shy, haunting smile.

I paid little attention to them and walked briskly to the ticket wicket. I stepped up to the wicket; I announced in a gruff voice, "A couple of tickets please." The 'bloke' in the wicket looked up from the Playboy magazine he was reading.

"Whadda you mean kid," he said. "Do you want two for two bits or ten fer a buck!"

These words caught me by surprise. I didn't know what to reply so I blurted out — "Ten tickets please."

As soon as I had deposited the tickets in my wallet, the ancient mine bus rumbled up in front of the bus-stand, and the miners started to clamber aboard. I clutched my pack-sack and lunch pail and raced for the bus. I stumbled under my heavy load, but still managed to mount the bus although I was the last one aboard. I plumped myself down on a front seat and piled my gear on the empty seat beside me. At that precise moment, the old bus with the grinding of gears to initiate forward motion began to rumble on its way to the mine. I sat there chewing on a wad of cent bubble gum trying to keep my eyes open but even at that I dozed off for a moment or two only to snap back into reality when the bus hit a bump.

The next thing I remember was the bus driver shaking me and screaming in a high-pitched voice, "End of the line, sonny boy; everybody out. This isn't any time for grabbing forty winks, it's time for work — hurry it up."

Rubbing my eyes with one hand, I snatched my gear with the other and struggled out of the bus. The first sight which my eyes beheld was the huge shaft house which towered high into the upper reaches of the morning mist. Through the hazy mist of the early morning, I could perceive a wide array of cables leading from openings at the top of the mine shaft to the hoistroom situated approximately two hundred feet to one side of the mine shaft. I stood in awe observing this sight or spectacle so familiar in Northern Ontario towns wondering what was in store for me that day.

The first phase, my preparation and journey to the mine, was now over, and I was anxiously waiting to tackle the second phase of the day. Without another moment's hesitation I grasped my equipment and marched briskly toward the miner's "dry" or changehouse. When I had transported my gear to my assigned locker, I proceeded to change into my sparkling mining clothes which proved to be a very vivid contrast with some other (noticeable) clothes that were very much in evidence throughout the locker room.

Then I strode to my shift boss's wicket and announced enthusiastically that I was ready for work. He chuckled to himself and ordered me to report to "Ace" Synder who was in charge of the "Happy Gang". I was dubious as to the meaning of "Happy Gang", and I wondered aloud what was in store for me. With the assurance that I would soon discover this, I hustled over to my foreman "Ace" Synder who assigned me my battery light. Then, he instructed me to sit down and relax for awhile because our cage would not descend underground for approximately ten minutes.

I eased myself down on the cold concrete floor beside a fellow miner. Before I was even comfortly seated on the damp floor, we were engaged in conversation regarding my status as a miner. He had guessed that this would be my first time underground, and I queried as to how he knew.

He replied with words to this effect. "Well, greenhorn, you look scared, awful scared and those clothes you're wearing, it looks like yer goin to a dance or something not three thousand feet below the surface".

The rest of our conversation considered the values of an education from a miner's viewpoint. He related how he had left school after grade ten to secure a labourer's job in one of the local mines. This miner was under the impression that he would work in the mines for two years at the most and then proceed to the west coast. Unfortunately, things had not worked out the way he had planned them. At a basic rate of $1.35 an hour, he hadn't amassed that fortune he had dreamed about since he had left school. "To put the cherry on the dumpling" so to speak, he was broke and still a single man. After I had learned this, I thought of the majority of the miners who were married and had families. These were the people who were relegated to work in "hell" for the rest of their lives because they had little or no education whatsoever. These were the people who were in constant debt and who would probably remain there for the greater part of their career.

As a follow-up to this discussion, we began to discuss how much education I had and what I planned to do. After I had related to him that I was planning to enter North Bay Teachers' College in the fall, he, a man whom I had known for ten minutes at the most, was strongly advising and almost begging me to further my education to the utmost and stay out of the "pit".

"Maybe someday you will be teaching my kids, greenhorn, you never know." In the midst of these words spoken by the miner "Ace" interrupted and growled that it was time to go under.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75)

A LONG TRYING DAY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74)

As the miners were lining up in preparation for their descent on to the cage, a type of steel elevator weighting approximately five tons and used for transporting the men below the surface and back up, I glanced up at the cable. I stood there frozen for a moment, absolutely astounded that this two inch cable was all that held the cage.

Soon, it was my turn to squeeze into the cage which already contained some forty men packed in like sardines. The cagetender gave the signal on a bell to indicate the mine level to which we were going. When the cage started to descend into the dark depths of the mine, it seemed as though the floor had fallen away from our feet and our hearts were in our mouths momentarily.

As we were on our way down I managed to blurt out "What would happen if that thin cable breaks?" I heard a few laughs, and then the audible voice of some smart aleck miner in the back of the cage. He laughed as he spoke these words, "Don't worry greenhorn, if she breaks, you won't know what hit ya — she'll hit the bottom of the shaft and then they'll bring us up in baskets. Ha, Ha!" Those words shut me up for awhile and set me thinking seriously about this mining business even for the summer.

In a matter of a few minutes, we had reached our level. I walked hesitatingly out of the cage not knowing exactly what to expect. Dark black rock and slate surrounded me on all sides; there was even water dripping down from various crevices between the rocks. We didn't have too much time to observe our surroundings or ponder the situation because "Ace" commanded us to choose one shovel and one pick each and follow him.

As I followed him down the drift or tunnel cut through solid rock, I was a mite worried about the rock falling down or caving in because it had no visible support. Then I began cogitating about Springhill disasters and other various cave-ins that had occurred right in our own camp.

"Dig right here, right down to the rock, greenhorn." These words snapped me back into reality.

I stared at him for a moment and implored — "What do you mean bare **rock**? It looks like it is all solid rock to me."

"You'll find out soon enough, just dig, dig, dig," and with these wise words of advice he strutted away to instruct the others. I glanced down at the rock surrounding me and proceeded "to dig ditch". It seemed like an eternity before lunch time arrived. This was quite an experience for me — eating lunch underground. No! sitting on a damp "two by six" with your lunch pail balanced on one knee and a thermos of hot coffee on the other knee doesn't compare to sitting at home in the warmth of your kitchen eating Mom's home-cooked meal. There is only one word I can think of to adequately describe eating lunch underground and that is — miserable.

The rest of the day went quite slowly with the only excitement being provided by a few caustic remarks that "Ace" happened to utter. However, the best assertion he chanced to state went something like this, "Lot easier pushing a pencil, eh, greenhorn, than toeing a shovel." The afternoon passed without an incident — no cave-ins, no rock slides, not a thing that proved to be exciting — just work and more work.

Soon the second phase of my first day at the mine — the underground work — was over. I was now in the midst of the third phase which involved my returning back to surface. I felt very weary, but I was a proud boy as I strode to the mine dry. Various curious miners inquired as to how the first day went underground. To some I answered merely, "Not too bad," "Could have been better," and to the younger miners I bragged that it was a "snap", no troubles at all.

After a hot shower and a change of clothes, I scurried to catch the mine bus. This time I didn't fall asleep but sat there discussing the intricacies of "digging ditches" with the experienced miners. I bade farewell to my fellow miners and assured them I would see them in the morning. Now I was one of the Boys.

When I arrived home, supper was on the table. However, I begged off and crawled off very wearily to bed where they tell me I was asleep in a matter of seconds. Here it was only four-thirty in the afternoon, and a long, trying day had come to a close — at least for me.

PAUL BERTILS

★ ★ ★

THE LIFE OF A STUDENT TEACHER

We've passed the test, we're on our way,
Leaving the Soo, we arrive in the Bay,
We've found good board and a place to stay,
Intent on a glorious profession.

We go to school, a mind to teach,
We meet the mayor and those who preach,
Our sights set high, we aim to reach,
The best of our intention.

The tasks were set, the lessons too,
We study hard, our best to do,
Sometimes we think from out the blue,
Our minds are in depression.

First from the book, then to the class;
The months roll by, we want to pass,
We face the masters, they are the brass,
Watching in contemplation.

September morn we're kids no more,
The children's minds we must explore,
The threshold's there, the open door,
A wonderful vocation!

JUANITA WAITE







PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS

Local Public Schools



NORTH BAY

Dr. Macdougall
Mr. Weller
Miss M. Forrest
Mrs. Landriault
Miss Sage
Miss Close
Mrs. O. Forrest
Mrs. Curran
Mrs. Price

King Edward
Mr. Grant
Mrs. Maclean
Miss Currie

Queen Victoria
Mr. Phillipps
Mrs. Thompson
Miss Runciman
Mrs. Rinaldo
Mrs. Ewen



Dr. Carruthers
Mr. McClements
Mrs. Saad
Miss Nichols
Miss Bamford
Mrs. Barringer
Miss Munns
Mr. Lockhart
Mr. Cummings



King George
Mr. MacKinnon
Mr. Osberg
Mrs. Pritchard
Miss Bolender
Mrs. Rutland
Mrs. O'Halloran
Miss Powell
Mrs. McNally
Mrs. Morningstar
Mr. Lehman

Laurentian
Mrs. Barker
Mrs. Clysdale
Miss Spong

Pinewood
Mr. McKee
Mr. Brownlee
Mr. Boehme
Mrs. Eyolfson
Miss Brightwell
Mrs. McLeod
Miss Mundy
Mrs. Haavaldsrud
Mrs. Maxted

WIDDIFIELD

J. W. Trusler
Mr. Botwright
Miss Moore
Mrs. Deyell
Mrs. Kroger

O'Brien P. S.
Mrs. Mooney
Mrs. Rosseter
Mrs. Beach
Mrs. Miller
Mr. Mitchell

FERRIS

Sunset Park
Mr. Hudson
Mrs. Pentland
Mrs. Souter

Tweedsmuir
Mrs. Loucks
Mrs. O'Neil
Mrs. Spalding
Mrs. Nichol
Mrs. Tyers
Mr. Locking
Miss Stevens

E. T. Carmichael
Mrs. Crewson
Miss Anderson
Mrs. Molineux
Mrs. Norman
Mrs. Stuart

Vincent Massey
Mrs. Ellesmere
Mrs. Lueck
Mrs. Jamieson
Mrs. Campbell



Paul Davoud (RCAF)
Mrs. Penner
Mrs. Mcquinty
Mr. Gasparetto
Mrs. Belanger
Miss Ryan
Mrs. Naughton
Mrs. Levis
Mrs. Irwin
Miss Schmelefske
Miss Murray



Callander P. S.
Mrs. Alkins
Mrs. Smith

Trout Mills P.S.
Mrs. Shortreed
Mrs. Desjardins
Mrs. Hillis

Nipissing Junction P.S.
Mrs. Graff
Miss McCallum

Riverbend P.S.
Miss Neily



D BROMLEY

North Bay Teachers' College

PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS

Out-of-Town Public Schools

COBALT

Mr. McGugan
Mrs. MacPherson
Mrs. Cotton

NEW LISKEARD

Mrs. Douglas
Mrs. Ninacs
Mrs. MacDougall
Mrs. Bray
Mrs. Kleven
Miss Burnett

POWASSAN

Mrs. Warner
Mrs. Anderson

TROUT CREEK

Mr. Lang
Mrs. Graham
Mrs. Schmelefske

SOUTH RIVER

Mr. Proudfoot
Mrs. Elliot
Mrs. Maeck
Mrs. Smith

HUNTSVILLE

Huntsville P.S.
Mr. Bolger
Mr. Yeo
Mrs. Kellock
Mrs. Cearns
Mrs. Brown

No. 6 Brunel
Mrs. Smith
Mrs. Oke

No. 1 South Chaffey
Mr. Manella
Mr. Seely

No. 1 North Chaffey
Mrs. Johns

Emsdale
Mrs. Gillett

Burks Falls
Mrs. Bell
Mrs. Boe
Mr. Crouse

SUDBURY

Churchill
Mr. Carscadden
Mrs. Paul
Mrs. Bennett
Mrs. Lefebvre

Gatchell
Mrs. Petch
Mrs. Roy
Mrs. McKibbon
Miss Menzies

King George
Mrs. Durant
Mrs. Beaudro
Miss Pyoli
Miss Gray

MacLeod
Mrs. Ouderkirk
Mrs. Walker
Mrs. Moreau
Mrs. Paul
Mrs. Wahamaa
Mrs. Doyle
Mrs. Gauthier
Mrs. Koski
Mr. Gillis

Carl A. Nesbitt
Mrs. Tyers
Mr. McKillop

Lansdowne
Miss Gibbons
Miss McNaughton
Mrs. Kirkby
Mrs. Zinn
Mrs. Ledger
Mr. Anderson

Prince Charles
Mrs. Hastie
Miss Menzies
Miss Barlow
Mrs. Logan
Mrs. Amos
Miss Brauen
Mr. Loyst
Miss Young
Mrs. Coburn
Mrs. Stuart
Mrs. Reid
Mr. Thom

Local Separate Schools

NORTH BAY

Corpus Christie
Sister Madeleine Joseph
Mrs. McDonald
Mrs. McEwan
Mrs. Chapman

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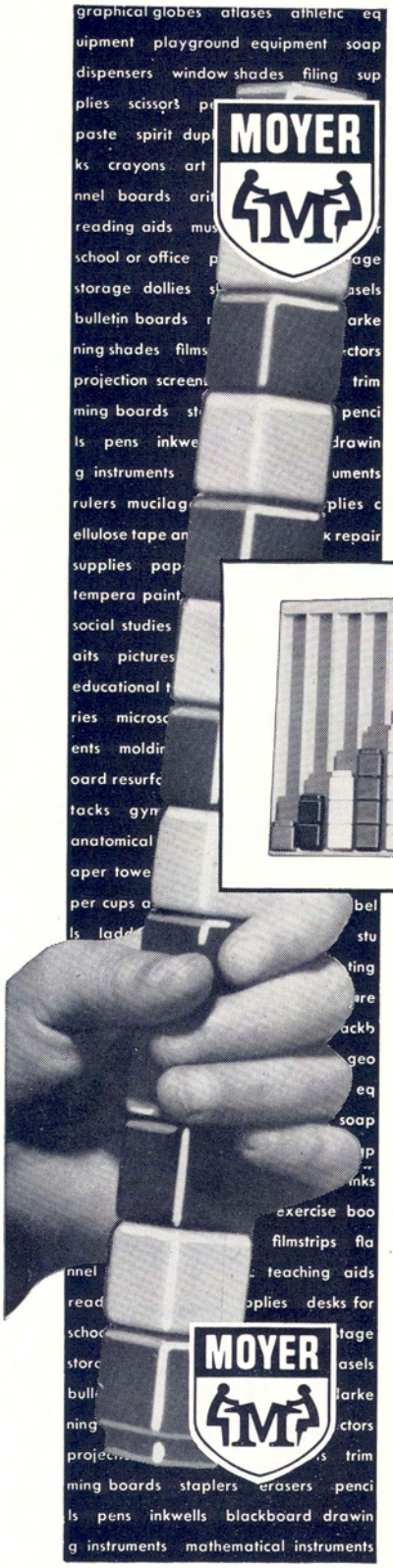
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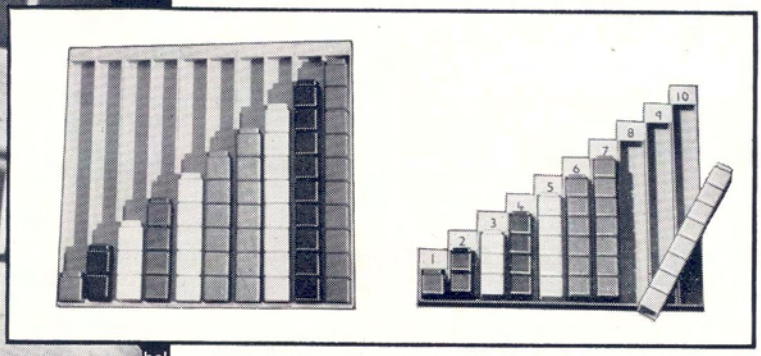
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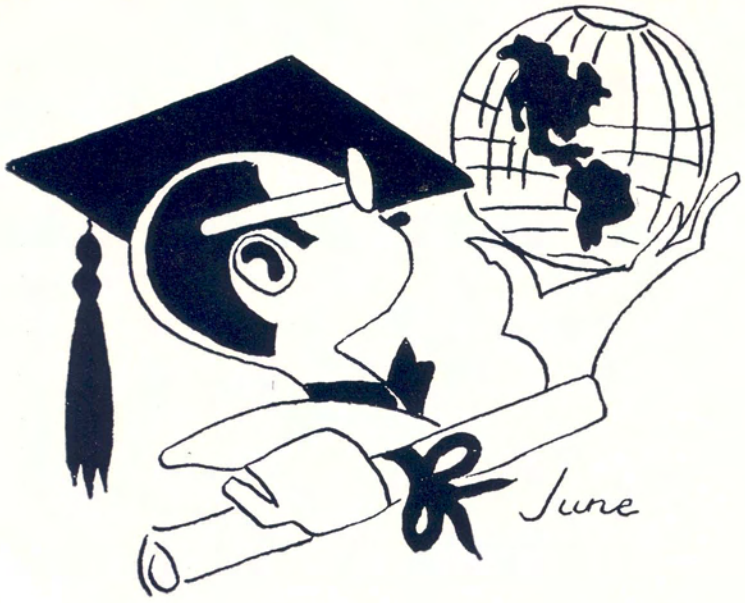
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