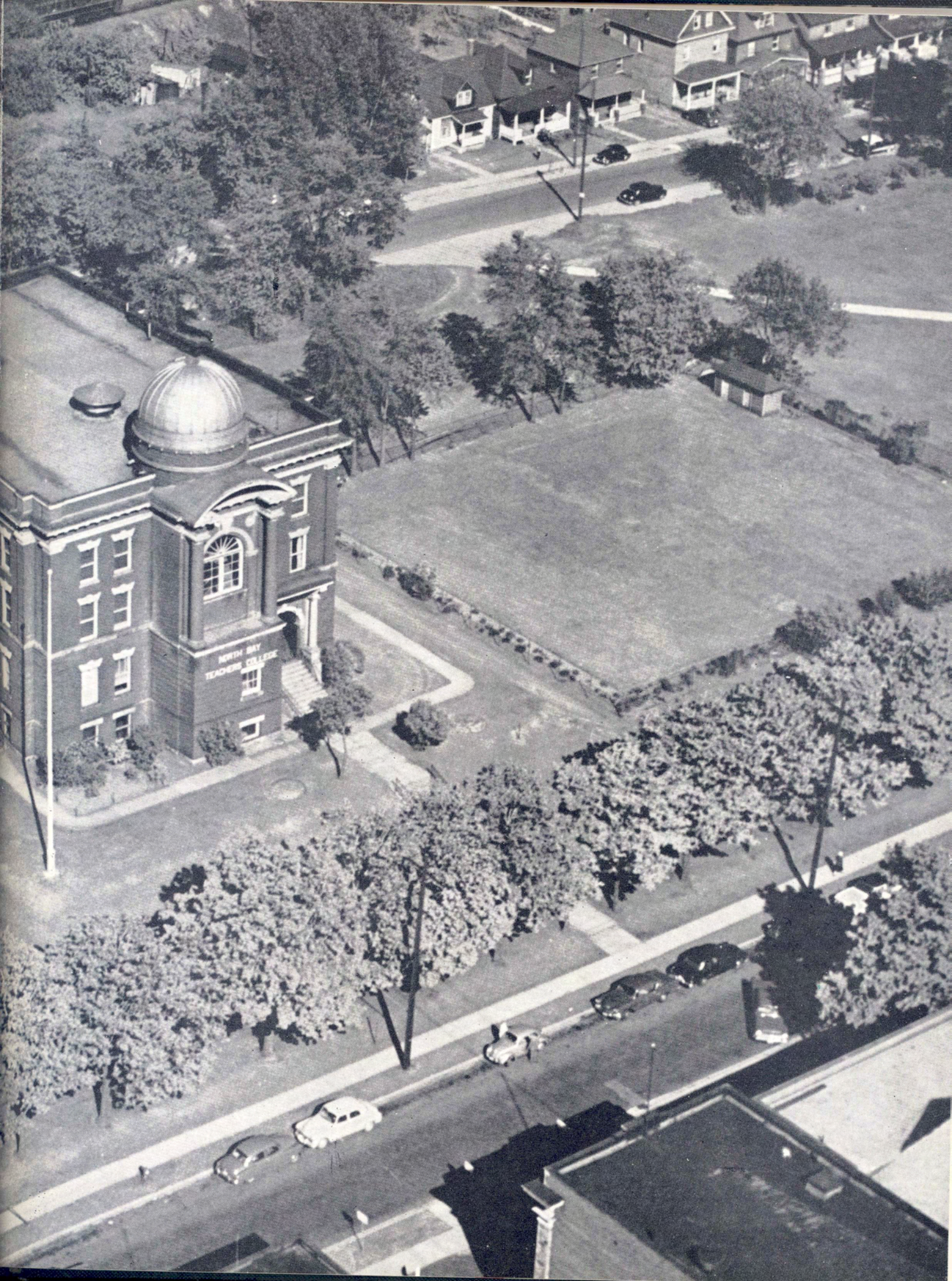
'63 Polaris




NORTH BAY
TEACHERS COLLEGE



POLARIS

North Bay Teachers' College



ASHLEY & CRIPPEN

A Message From The Minister Of Education

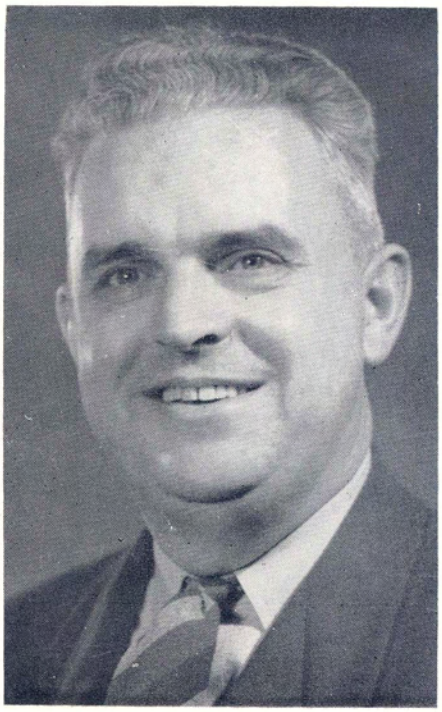
It is a pleasure for me as Minister of Education to convey greetings and good wishes on behalf of the Government of Ontario to you, the students in attendance at the North Bay Teachers' College. The year has been a busy one, presenting challenges quite different from those of secondary school, but I know that you have worked well and faithfully and that those of you who are graduating this June will take up your duties with zeal and competence.

The teaching profession demands the best from its members, and to advance in your chosen work you, yourselves, must continue to grow intellectually and professionally. May you approach your dual task of teaching and learning with the vigour, the enthusiasm, and the fresh outlook of youth.

WILLIAM G. DAVIS,
Minister of Education.

Toronto, January 28, 1963.

A Message From The Principal



Throughout your year at Teachers' College, you have become familiar with the emphasis which has been given to originality and initiative as desirable characteristics of teachers. Some of your earlier efforts to display such originality or initiative may have missed the mark or met with rebuff from supervisor or practice teacher. Such rebuffs, however, are merely the normal hazards of a genuine learning situation.

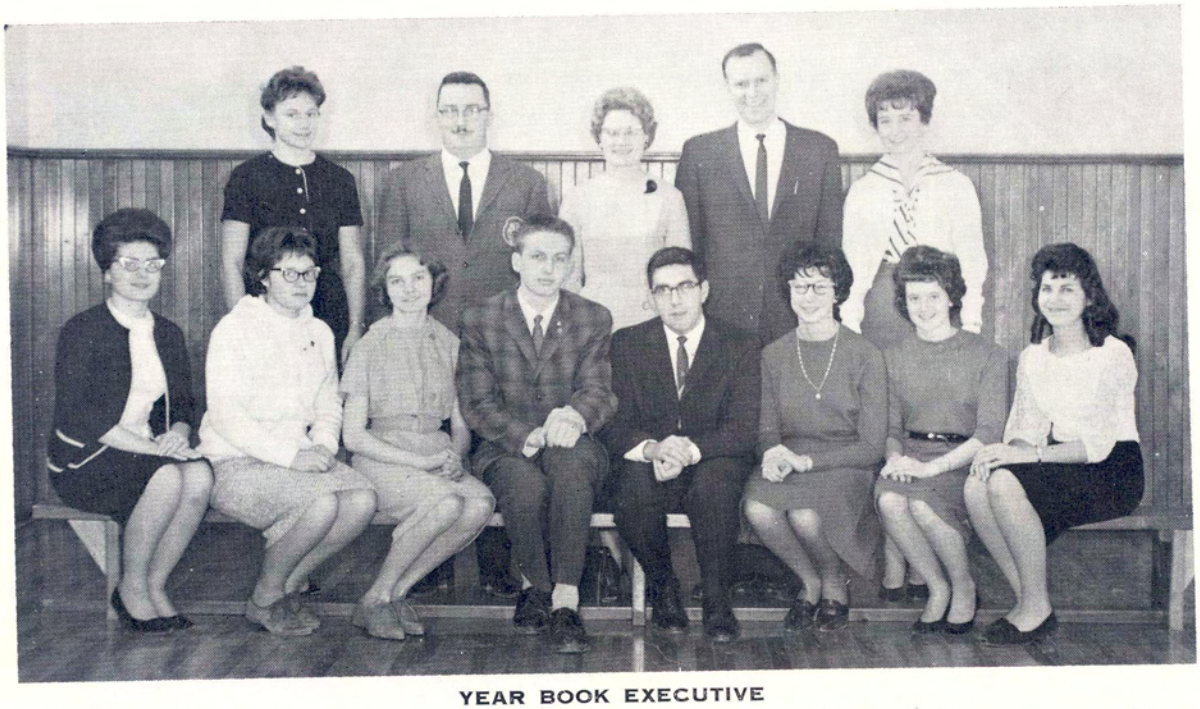
Contrary to popular belief, originality does not necessarily mean something completely or wildly new. Voltaire pointed out in an earlier century that much originality is judicious imitation. He said, "The instruction we find in books is like fire. We fetch it from our neighbour's, kindle it at home, communicate it to others, and it becomes the property of all." Carlyle has reminded us that the merit of originality is not novelty, but sincerity. We must make great ideas our own.

As society becomes more complex, and as educational administrative procedures become more highly organized, it may be felt that the scope for individual initiative by a teacher becomes more and more restricted. But it is still true that if better methods are to be implemented in the classroom, if more consideration is to be given to individual characteristics and to the needs of pupils, if the learning climate of the classroom is to be made more favourable, most of the enthusiasm, initiative, and drive to do it must come from the classroom teacher. Teachers must be self-starters.

As teachers and citizens you will have opportunities to take initiative in bettering your local communities. Initiatives are badly needed in the continuing effort to bring about world peace. New patterns of co-operation need to be originated in the area of international relations. Someone has said that originality requires a pair of fresh eyes, eyes to see the world made new every morning, eyes to see the potentialities in thirty young minds.

We, of the Teachers' College Staff, hope that you will continue for many years to use your powers of initiative and originality in the best interests of the children under your care.

J. D. DEYELL, Principal.



YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Back row: Vivian Grawbarger (Literary Editor), Don Kernohan (Photographic Editor), Miss E. Stevens, Mr. A. J. Johnson (Staff Advisers), Iris MacMillan.

Front row: Hazel Madore (Art Editor), Carol Wanamaker (Social Editor), Lynne Ferris, Dennis Bjerstedt (Editor), Bob Tuck (Business Manager), Patricia Thirkill, Ann McMillan, Selma Campbell.

ON THE YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

This year's year book executive was so enthusiastic and hard working that the editor felt he was little needed. As in the past, each main section of the book had a separate editor. This year the literary section was edited most capably by Vivian Grawbarger with the assistance of Ann MacMillan. The activities section was edited by Carol Wanamaker. Our business manager, Robert Tuck, and our art editor, Hazel Madore, worked very hard with Mr. Johnson, the literary editor, and others to produce the literary section.

With so many editors around the other people on the executive were kept very busy. These people included Iris MacMillan, Selma Campbell, Don Kernohan, Patricia Thirkill, and Lynne Ferris, as well as many others who were interested in the year book and worked on articles, lay-outs, art, typing, form notes, and so on and so on.

Without the guidance and great amount of time and work given to the book by Mr. Johnson, Miss Stevens and the rest of the staff it is doubtful that this year book could have been a success.

EDITORIAL

A year book is a measure of the worth of the school in two main ways. On first glance the book may be judged by its appearance. The appearance of the book will be determined by a small part of the members of the school — the year book executive. Any meaningful and lasting impression given a year book will, however, be determined by the quality of material and thought expressed on its pages. In this way a year book is a reflection of the school as a whole.

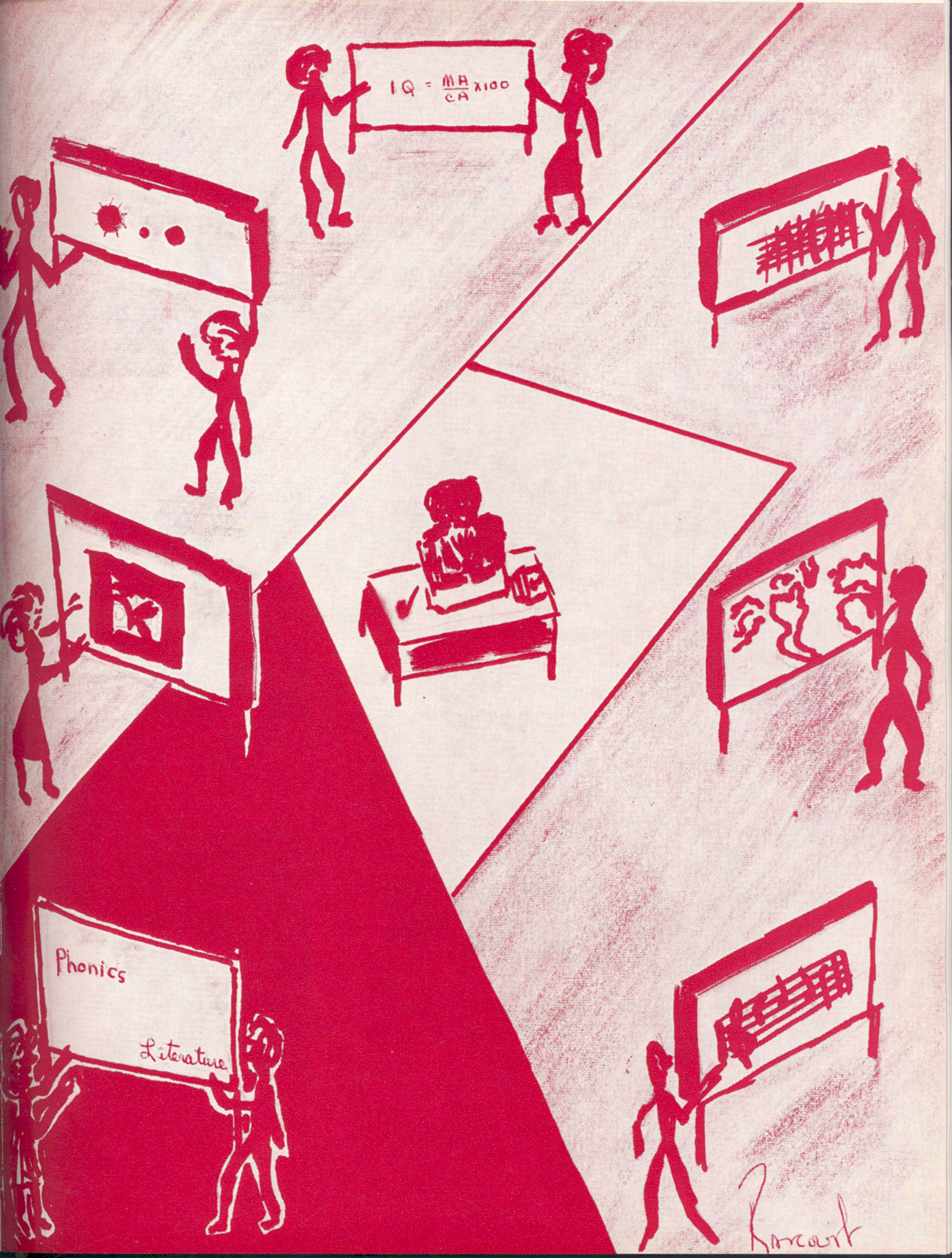


We on the executive have tried to give the book a pleasing appearance. I am sure that as you read this book you will find the ability of the students and teachers well reflected by the quality of material presented.

We, the students, owe a great deal to our teachers in this regard, Without their guidance and help we could not have reached in the short space of one year the level of ability we now possess.

I would therefore like to express my gratitude to the masters and students who have worked to make this book and indeed this past year a success.

DENNIS BJERSTEDT


IQ = MA/CA x100
Phonics
Literature

Staff



J. T. ANGUS, B.A., B. Ed.
Science
Audio-Visual Education
Child Psychology



A. C. BENNETT, B.A., B.Ed.
Social Studies
Geography



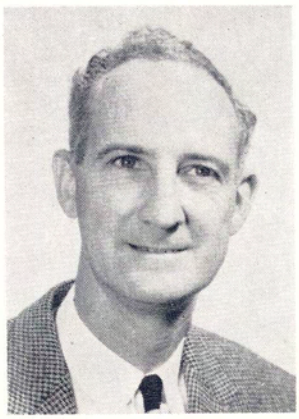
J. D. DEYELL, B.A., B.Paed.
Principal



R. A. DAVIES, B.A., B.Ed.
School Management
School and Community



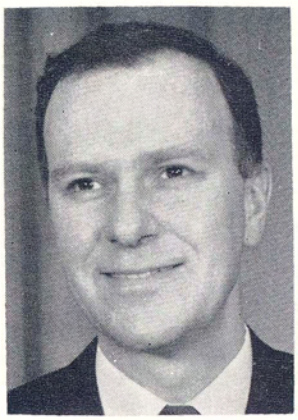
T. J. HARRINGTON, B.A., B.Ed.
Mathematics



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

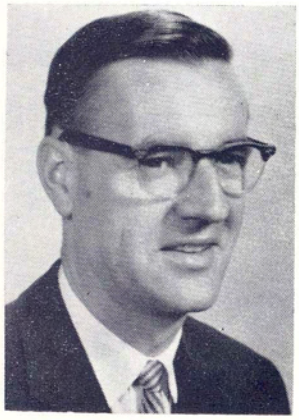


D. HUSBAND, B.A., B.Ed.
Physical Education
Health



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

Staff



A. J. MacASKILL, B.A.
English A
English B



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



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



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



Miss E. STEVENS, B.A., M.Ed.
Art
Religious Education



R. W. TIMMS, B.A., M.Ed.
Educational Psychology
History of Education
Methodology



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



L. C. VAN DUSEN, B.A.
Methods in Social Studies
History

Religious Education Instructors



REV. C. WESLEY COPE,
B.A., B.D.



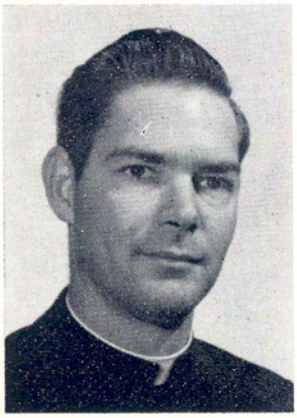
REV. P. GOOLD,
A.B.



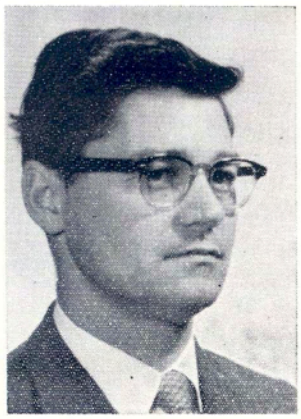
REV. A. K. KAELLGREN,
A.B., M.C.L.C.



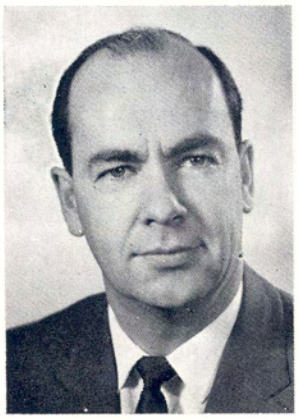
REV. CANON C F. LARGE



REV. B. F. PAPPIN,
B.A., S.T.L., (Rector)



REV. G. PAUL,
B.A., B.D.



REV. W. L. PIERCE,
B.A., B.D.



REV. O. E. RAYMER,
B.A., Sc., B.D.



REV. R. V. WILSON,
B.A., B.D.



REV. A. C. YOUNG,
B.A.

FROM THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION INSTRUCTORS

As this is being written the year is rapidly drawing to a close. It seems difficult to realize that so many weeks have passed. I recall the assembly on September the 14th, when you were introduced to the Mayor of North Bay and to a number of the clergymen who would be giving instruction. At that time I said, "You have come here for training into one of the most important professions — if not the most important. You will be training for your future life's work. What important work that is. You will have the opportunity to make or break the lives of boys and girls committed to your care. You will have the privilege of taking young lives and shaping them for the future. And the way you do the shaping will often be the determining factor in the contribution they will make to society throughout the whole of their lives. Upon your shoulders will rest this terrible and yet challenging responsibility. Take every advantage of every opportunity that presents itself to prepare yourself."

Now the day to which you were looking forward then is very near. You are soon to go out as graduates of the North Bay Teachers' College. In September, you will be starting your practice in a profession that has had a noble history, can boast of great accomplishments, and whose future is going to be dependent upon you and the graduates from other training colleges. You have an important task before you.

We, who have been responsible for giving instruction in religious education, hope that throughout your teaching career you will be able to attain the high standard set forth for teachers by the Statutes of the Province of Ontario — "It shall be the duty of every teacher to teach diligently and faithfully the subjects in the public school course of study as prescribed by the regulations, to maintain proper order and discipline in the school, to encourage the pupils in the pursuit of learning, and to inculcate by precept and example respect for religion and the principles of Christian morality and the highest regard for truth, justice, loyalty, love of country, humanity, benevolence, sobriety, industry, frugality, purity, temperance and all other virtues."

REVEREND C. WESLEY COPE, President,
North Bay and District Ministerial Association

It is the role of an Educator to inform and to form a pupil in such a way that the Student is thereby prepared to accomplish a given purpose. It is the purpose of each individual person to live a happy and successful life in this world, and, through the living of a good life, in accordance with the Laws of God, to find eternal happiness with Him in Heaven. True education, therefore, must equip the Student for the accomplishment of this two-fold goal — to have sufficient Academic training to fulfill a useful purpose during this earthly life and, most important, to have sufficient religious formation to ensure the attainment of Heaven.

It is a wonderful privilege that you have as a Teacher but the privilege brings with it heavy responsibilities. The lives of so many people will depend upon the way in which you live your own life and how you accomplish your purpose as a Teacher. It is our hope that you will put into practice the things you have learned through the course of your Training and that you will find great satisfaction, and just reward, for the time, effort, and sacrifices that you will put into the formation of the little ones committed to your care.

REVEREND B. F. PAPPIN, Rector,
Pro-Cathedral of the Assumption.



MRS. K. SULLIVAN



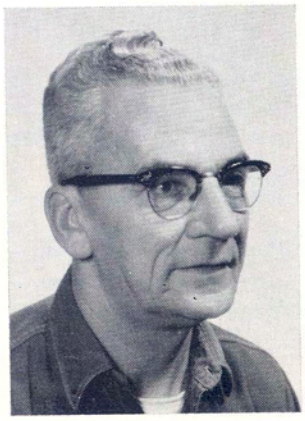
MRS. B. KINNIBURGH



MRS. A. TURNBULL

To The Secretarial and Library Staff

Our sincere appreciation for all help throughout the year goes to Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Schmidt and to our patient librarian Mrs. Kinniburgh who calmly ended futile searches of many students.



MR. J. DONALDSON



MR. A. WELIN



MR. L. DOUCETTE



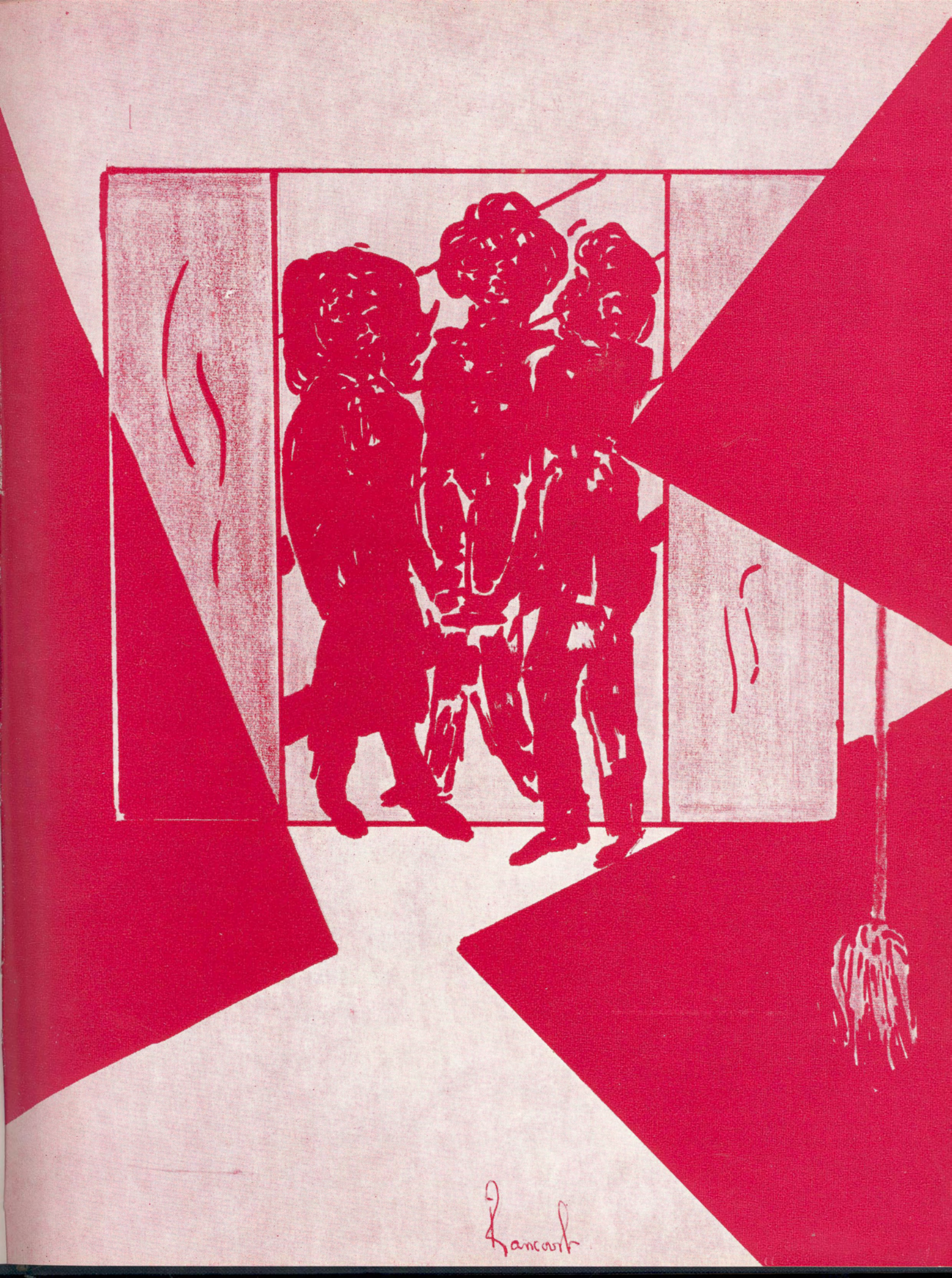
MISS G. GODIN

To The Maintenance Staff

For all efforts on our behalf — whether in the Lounge, on stage or in the parking lot — our sincere thanks.



MRS. M. DURANT





CAM CEPPETELLI

Valedictory

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

As I sat down to prepare this speech some time ago, I realized then, as I do now, the enormity of the task that has been thrust upon me by my fellow students. This task is one of trying to express the sentiments of all who are graduating at this time. Despite this, however, I am honoured and grateful for being given the privilege to speak today on your behalf what each of you would wish to say.

There are, no doubt, feelings both of joy and of sadness as we meet here in assembly today. There is joy that we are graduating and stepping forth to meet the challenge of our chosen profession. There is sadness in that we will soon be going our separate ways, leaving behind the many new and dear friends we have made and all that which has become a familiar part of us.

To you, Mr. Deyell, and to the members of the staff, we extend our sincere gratitude and appreciation. From your diligent efforts as true teachers we have gained much. You have lent us a guiding hand, warned us of pitfalls and assisted us when we fell. Your kind, sympathetic understanding has encouraged us when we felt depressed and through your examples and high ideals we have striven for greater achievements. We shall never forget you!

With much of our school year spent in practice teaching, we have been able to experiment with the various methods and techniques put before us. It is only fitting, therefore, that we remember the teachers of the practice teaching staff who have given invaluable time and assistance to us in our training as teachers. Their praise and encouragement have been heartening to us and their criticisms have inspired us to put forth a greater endeavour. Surely no one here can say it was not worth the effort.

We would also like to thank the members of the clergy — our religious instructors — for their regular visits throughout the year. They have been sources of inspiration to us in our work and have instilled in our minds the reality that our task is a continuation of the work of Christ.

To the people of North Bay, who have opened their homes to us and to all those I have failed to mention, goes a hearty word of thanks. We shall not forget the warmth and generosity of their friendship in the years that lie ahead.

Today is indeed a day of memories. As we recall the events of the past school year, there is no doubt that several different pictures flash through our minds. Our year is over; yet it seems only yesterday that we entered this building, met in our first assembly, observed our first class, taught our first lesson. Only yesterday and all 'firsts' but now we have come to a last—the moment to which we have all been working.

We can indeed say that we have all matured and broadened our outlook during our stay at Teachers' College. As we reminisce further we recall the ways in which we learned to work together as teams in preparation for our chosen profession. We recall the numerous activities through which we made several friends, and we enjoyed the warmth and companionship of these friendships. These memories and many more shall never be forgotten in spite of our parting today and they will in the future be looked upon with fondness.

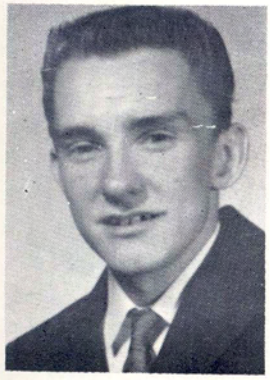
In leaving today let us bear in mind that we are now standing on the threshold of a new world, a scientific world wherein change is rapid and man is apprehensive of these changes. As the future teachers of our generation we have a challenging task before us. May we see our way clear to meet this challenge diligently as true teachers endeavouring with sincerity to fulfill our obligations to mankind. Let us also remember that we have progressed but one step further in our own education for as we enter the teaching profession our education is only now beginning. Let us not fool ourselves by neglecting what we as teachers have set forth to do.

Now, as this assembly draws quickly to a close, I must fulfill my duty as your valedictorian by saying these last difficult words. Many of us, in spite of our parting today, will strive to keep our ties of friendship strong and lasting; while for others who may never meet again this is goodbye. This is indeed a sad thought; yet let us be truly thankful that we have been given the opportunity to make these wonderful acquaintances. In closing, I myself should like to say farewell, good luck, and God bless you, everyone!

CAM CEPPETELLI

ONE YEAR COURSE

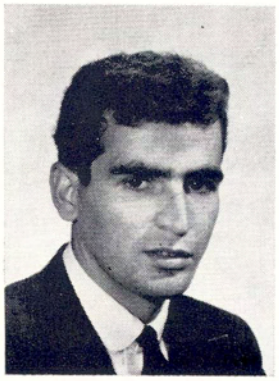
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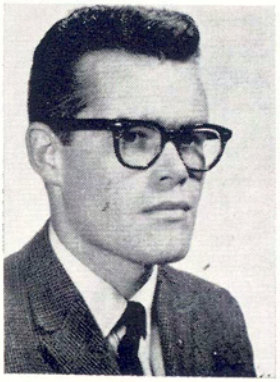
ROBERT AALTONEN
SAULT STE. MARIE



DAVID ABLESON
BAR RIVER



VICTOR ADAMO
NORTH BAY



KENNETH ALEXANDER
SUDBURY



DIANE ALLEN
SAULT STE. MARIE



BARBARA AMES
CAPREOL



MARJORIE BAKER
EVANSVILLE



WENDYLYN BALL
HUNTSVILLE



CHERYL BANNERMAN
ELLIOT LAKE



ROBERT BARON
DOWLING



LEONA BEAUDRY
SUDBURY



DENNIS BJERSTEDT
NORTH BAY

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–1



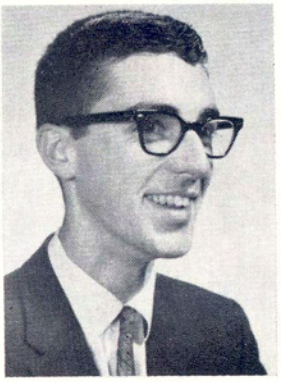
(Mrs.) Gwen Blunt
North Bay



Colleen Boland
Kirkland Lake



Mary Lynne Bolger
North Bay



Franklyn Bowie
New Liskeard



Dorothy Boyuk
Sudbury



Louise Brazeau
Smiths Falls



Phyllis Brooks
Bracebridge



Raymond Brunette
North Bay



Anne Bull
Sudbury



Margaret Burt
Cochrane



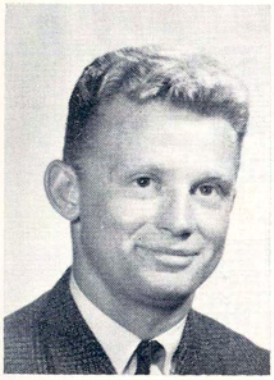
Edwin Butt
Kirkland Lake



Maureen Callaghan
Levack

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 1



JAMES CAMERON
LEVACK



MARY CAMERON
DAYTON



PAMELA CARTWRIGHT
SUDBURY



ANN CHAPMAN
BLIND RIVER



HELENE CHARBONNEAU
WAWA



JAMES CHENIER
SCHUMACHER



BETTY CHRISTIANSON
NEW LISKEARD



BRIAN COMMONS
CAPREOL



GLENN CONRAD
KIRKLAND LAKE



CAROL CREASOR
ULLSWATER



PATRICIA CZOP
SAULT STE. MARIE



ROSEMARY DALE
SUDBURY

FORM NOTES O-1

Robert Aaltonen—Skiing— something learned through innumerable sittings.

David Ableson—Car sickness— the feeling you get when the monthly instalment comes due.

Victor Adamo—Fountain Pen— an instrument that writes and having writ, blots.

Kenneth Alexander—has a magnanimous art of overlooking shortcomings.

Diane Allen—A Good Neighbour— a person who smiles over the back fence but doesn't climb over it.
—ARTHUR BOER

Barbara Ames—"The whole of government consists in the art of being honest." —THOMAS JEFFERSON

Marjorie Baker—Remember Marj— Hay is only grass a la mode.

Wendylyn Ball—"The heart of the fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart."
—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Cheryl Bannerman—"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."

Robert Baron—Successful Man— One who can earn more than his wife can spend.

Leona Beaudry—"With malice toward none."

Dennis Bjerstedt—"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."
—ANONYMOUS

Mrs. Blunt—Friend— one who knows all about you and loves you just the same. —ELBERT HUBBARD

Colleen Boland—Blushing is virtue's colour.
—ENGLISH PROVERB

Mary Lynne Bolger—Reason and judgment are the qualities of a leader.

Dorothy Boyuk—"Distance leads enchantment to the view." —T. CAMPBELL

Louise Brazeau—"Yesterday— One evil less and one memory more." —ELBERT HUBBARD

Phyllis Brooks—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Raymond Brunette—"I never think of the future,
It comes soon enough."
—ALBERT EINSTEIN

Anne Bull—The Girl Who Likes To Cook—Cauliflower: nothing but cabbage with a college education.
—MARK TWAIN

Margaret Burt—"Seek and you shall find."

Edwin Butt—"Beware the fury of a patient man."
—JOHN DRYDEN

Maureen Callaghan—"Virtue is its own reward."

James Cameron—"Blessings on him who first invented sleep."

Mary Cameron—"He that does a good turn never loses."
—ANONYMOUS

Pamela Cartwright—"While seated one day at the organ." —FROM "THE LOST CHORD"

Ann Chapman—"I'm not denyin' that women are foolish.
The Almighty made 'em to match the men." —GEORGE ELIOT

Helene Charbonneau—"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

James Chenier—Enthusiasm— "Unmistakable evidence that you're in love with your work."

Betty Christianson—"If to her shall some female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all." —ALEXANDER POPE

Brian Commons—"Make haste slowly."
—EMPEROR AUGUSTUS

Glenn Conrad—"Experience is a good teacher but a hard one. She gives the test first and the lesson afterwards." —CHANGING TIMES

Carol Creasor—"Knowledge is power."

Patricia Czop—"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
—J. B. MASSIEU

Rosemary Dale—"Oh, make us happy and you make us good." —ROBERT BROWNING

FORM NOTES O-2

May we live to see:

Branko Danicich—stop practising flexing movements on the way home from basketball games.

Doug. Dawber—laugh at Mr. Bennett's jokes.

Diana-Lynne Day—play at the O'Keefe Centre.

Linda Dever—get caught while imitating Mr. Bennett in his classes.

Roger Dezordo—stop getting his hockey spirit from—.

Kathy Dinwoodie—use her resources in Science class.

Anne Dorey—in her Home Ec. classes.

Graham Ducker—when he has no fingernails to admire.

Roy Faulkner—mayor of Iroquois Falls.

Ruth Ferguson—wear her Home Ec. slacks.

Winona Fiegehen—acquire a simple name such as Feegan.

Ruth Fraser—be anything but quiet.

Elizabeth Freeland—run for membership on the school board of Capreol.

Maureen Gallagher—win an argument with Miss Thorn.

Carole Gibson—teach music to the beat of a golf club.

Diane Gibson—top the College again in English 2.

(Mrs.) Marie Godfrey—teach Gr. 8 Math.

Margaret Godin—get her own record player.

Sloba Golubovich—lead the Social Credit to victory.

Jean Gordon—become principal of King George Public School.

Anne Gornik—learn how to spell **toe.**

James Gougeon—put it back on the shelf and forget that one for the road.

Vivian Grawbarger—renounce Restoule.

Sandra Greaves—tower over her Grade 8 boys.

Lina Grenier—pronounce her **th**'s.

Nataline Hachkowski—keep that lovely first name in the family.

Robert Hammond—get his M.D. and examine the masters for pensions.

Lynda Henderson—attempt another formal.

Joyce Hendry—always keep her dimples.

Lester Hill—install traffic signals on the rear stairs.

Lorraine Hill—teach the number concept 365 to her Grade 1 class.

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 2



RUTH FRASER
GRAVENHURST



ELIZABETH FREELAND
CAPREOL



MAUREEN GALLAGHER
COPPER CLIFF



CAROLE GIBSON
TROUT CREEK



DIANE GIBSON
NORTH BAY



(MRS.) MARIE GODFREY
KAPUSKASING



MARGARET GODIN
MASSEY



SLOBA GOLUBOVICH
SUDBURY



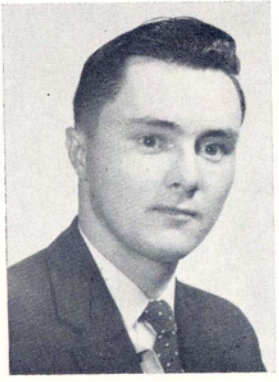
JEAN GORDON
TIMMINS



ANNE GORNIK
TIMMINS



JAMES GOUGEON
SUDBURY



GARY GRAHAM
PORCUPINE

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 2



VIVIAN GRAWBARGER
RESTOULE



SANDRA GREAVES
CAPREOL



LINA GRENIER
VAL GAGNE



NATALINE HACHKOWSKI
COMMANDA TWP.



ROBERT HAMMOND
SUDBURY



JOHN HANNA
BRACEBRIDGE



LYNDA HENDERSON
NORTH BAY



JOYCE HENDRY
PORQUIS



LESTER HILL
TIMMINS



LORRAINE HILL
GRAVENHURST

FORM NOTES O-3

Gloria Hinett—"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."
—ALFRED TENNYSON

Mrs. Shirley Howard—"Master of human destinies am I! Fame, love and fortunes on my footsteps wait."
—JOHN JAMES INGALS

Faye Huber—"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, comfort and command."

Margaret Hunter—"How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep!
O gentle sleep!"
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Terry Jackson—"Life, I challenge you to try me."
—JEAN NETTE

Tiina Jager—"If music be the food of love, play on."
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Beatrice Joncas—"The one worthwhile is the one who will smile."
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

James Johnson—"I am not in the role of common men."

Tom Johnston—"Give to the world the best that you have
And the best comes back to you."

Barbara Jeffrey—"I am not hampered by yesterday;
Room for the spirit of youth; make way"
—BERTON BRADLEY

Mrs. Jean Jull—"Whosoever would be a man must be a non-conformist."

Ruth Kelm—"A merry heart goes twice the way
That tries a sad one."
—ELLEN F. FOWLER

Sharon Kennelly—"Four be the things I can't do without
Love, curiosity, liberty and doubt."

Liisa Koskella—Slowly but surely.

Leona Laframboise—"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Estelle Lajoie—"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Robert Lamothe—"Men of thought be up and stirring."
—CHARLES MACKEY

Carol Lazarovitch—"As full of spirit as the month of May."

Linda Lazure—"So little done, so much to do."

Eugene Lefebvre—"Be glad and your friends are many."
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Joyce Lindsay—"Steadiness is the foundation of all virtue."

Murray Lion—"There will always be need for a manly breed
And men unafraid to fight."
—EDGAR A. GUEST

Mary Little—"Not to see what dimly lies ahead, but to do what clearly lies at hand."

Gwen Locke—"All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own."
—EDWIN MARKHAM

Anita Lovin—"'Tis good nature only wins the heart."

Kevin MacDonell—"Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years."

Rosemary MacDonell—"To sum it all up, be merry I advise
And as we're merry, may we still be wise."

Hazel Madore—"The great were once as you."
—EDGAR A. GUEST

Gloria Maki—"How far that little candle throws his beams."
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

George Mann—"To take things as they be
That's my philosophy.
No use to holler, mope, or cuss
If they was changed they might be wuss."
—JOHN K. BANGS

Claire Marcolini—"I'm glad to be living;
Aren't you?"
—GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Carol Mason—"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Marion McBride—"The reward of a thing well done is to have it done."

Harold McCarthy—"To that dauntless temper of his mind he hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour to act in safety."
—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Carol McCusker—"Make merry! Though the day be gray
Forget the clouds and let's be gay."
—W. FOLEY

Sister Judith—"Nothing is so highly to be prized as the value of each day."
—GOETHE

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–3



GLORIA HINETT
NORTH BAY



(MRS.) SHIRLEY HOWARD
ENGLEHART



FAYE HUBER
SUDBURY



MARGARET HUNTER
BURKS FALLS



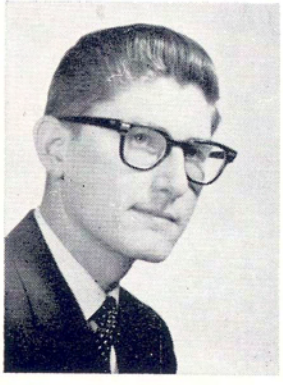
TERRY JACKSON
NORTH BAY



TIINA JAGER
NORTH BAY



BARBARA ANN JEFFREY
NORANDA, QUE.



THOMAS JOHNSTON
SUDBURY



BEATRICE JONCAS
SPANISH



(MRS.) JEAN JULL
SUNDRIDGE



RUTH KELM
HANMER



SHARON KENNELLY
TIMMINS

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O-3



LIISA KOSKELLA
RENABIE



LEONA LAFRAMBOISE
NORTH BAY



ESTELLE LAJOIE
GARSON



ROBERT LAMOTHE
NORTH BAY



CAROL LAZAROVITCH
ESPANOLA



LINDA LAZURE
SAULT STE. MARIE



EUGENE LEFEBVRE
VAL ALBERT



JOYCE LINDSAY
NORTH BAY



MURRAY LION
SAULT STE. MARIE



MARY LITTLE
NORTH BAY



GWENDOLYN LOCKE
HUNTSVILLE



ANITA LOVIN
SUDBURY

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 3



KEVIN MACDONELL
NEW LISKEARD



ROSEMARY MACDONELL
NORTH BAY



HAZEL MADORE
TORONTO



GLORIA MAKI
LEVACK



GEORGE MANN
BALA



CLAIRE MARCOLINI
SUDBURY



CAROL MASON
LEVACK



MARION MCBRIDE
SUDBURY



HAROLD MCCARTHY
ESPANOLA



CAROL MCCUSKER
TIMMINS



JAMES JOHNSON
FORT WILLIAM

FORM NOTES O-4

PROPHECIES

Pauline Partidge—Will one day survive in a room with an open window.

Gloria Pinnell—Will learn how to dance the Troika.

Tony Petrilli—Somehow will surpass Lina.

Winston Shalton—Will one day convince Miss Thorn that he reads Children's Literature.

Richard Metcalfe—Will become the next Minister of Education.

Phillip Nicholls—One day may discover that rubbing his hands together will cause fire.

Jacqueline Noel—Will one day resort to corporal punishment.

Chris Rijlaarsdam—Will carry his knowledge into the jungles of the world.

Rino Moretti—Will one day speak clearly enough so that the rest of the class will hear him in private conversation with a certain . . .

INTERVIEWS

Stella Novak—Pet Peeve— Midgets
Favourite Pastime— Those Delmar Meetings.
Destination— Way up North . . .

Lois McGregor—Pet Peeve— "Don't write that down, Miss McGregor."
Assets— Ohhh. . .
Destination— Fort Knox.

Richard Rancourt—Favourite Saying— "Gee, but it's great after staying out late. . ."
Favourite Pastime— Those late, late nights with his hamsters.
Destination— Any grade 8.

Judy Pearson—Favourite Saying— "Maybe next time, Uncle Les."
Assets—Unlimited.
Destination— Algoma Public Schools.

Ed Pupich—Pet Peeve— All those riders to K.L.!
Destination— Way up North with S; J; A;

Joe Rivers—Favourite Saying— "You better believe it!"
Pet Peeve— Loyalists and anti-Montreal Canadien fans.
Destination— Way up North.

Mary Ogrodnick—Favourite Pastime— Those Delmar Meetings!
Assets— Good things come in small packages.
Pet Peeve— Engagement rings!

Carman Robinson—Favourite Pastime— Meetings with a certain Miss S.
Assets— You name it!
Destination— Stoney Creek Public.

Blanche Prier—Favourite Saying— Thank heaven for Friday!
Favourite Pastime— Going home to see Jack.
Assets— Dr. Zorba's assistant.

Jim Sheehan—Pet Peeve— Long engagements.
Favourite Pastime— All kinds of highly motivated endeavours.
Destination— Some school board — anywhere.

Lina Petrilli—Favourite Pastime— Doing neck-springs for Mr. H.
Pet Peeve— All those who disagree with corporal punishment.
Saying— Oh, Boy!

Al Rogers—Pet Peeve— right-handedness.
Favourite Pastime— Practice Teaching!
Destination— Big City.

QUOTATIONS

Mr. Peltier: "Quiet! Man at work!"

Joe Rivers: "Cure the disease and kill the patient."

Ed Pupich: "O, fie, Miss — you must not kiss and tell."

Anu Rainurm: "Eat, drink and be merry, tomorrow we teach."

Pat O'Brien: "To change the name and not the letter is a change for the worse and not for the better."

Murray Neil: "Daisy, Daisy give me your answer do."

Mary Neil: "A man is as old as he feels.
"A woman is as old as she looks."

Ann McMillan: "Silence is the virtue of fools."

Lucy: "That's the reason they're called lessons because they lessen from day to day."

Miriam Pajala: "Teaching is one per cent inspiration and 99% perspiration."

Bill McKetsy: "Youth is a blunder, manhood, a struggle, old age — a regret."

Art Palanuk: "That school girl complexion!"

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 4



LOIS MCGREGOR
NORTH BAY



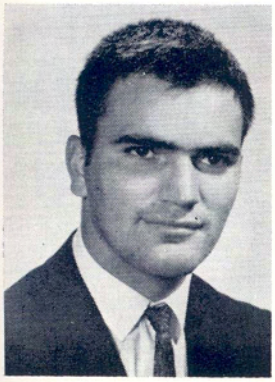
WILLIAM MCKETSY
SUDBURY



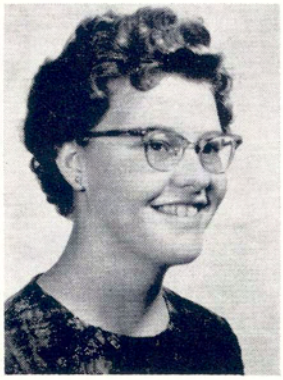
ANN MCMILLAN
ESPANOLA



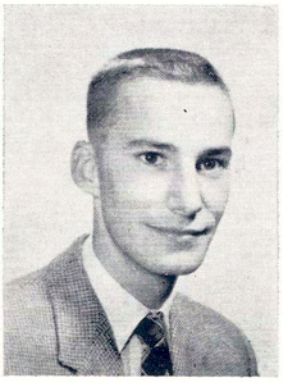
RICHARD METCALFE
SAULT STE. MARIE



RINO MORETTI
TIMMINS



MARY NEIL
SAULT STE. MARIE



MURRAY NEIL
NORTH BAY



PHILIP NICHOLLS
CREIGHTON MINE



JACQUELINE NOEL
SPANISH



STELLA NOVAK
KAPUSKASING



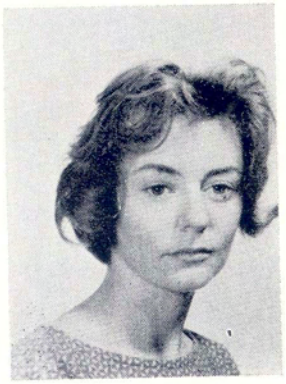
PATRICIA O'BRIEN
NORTH BAY



MARY OGRODNICK
CREIGHTON MINE

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 4



LUCILLE OLESKEVICH
SMOOTH ROCK FALLS



MIRIAM PAJALA
SUDBURY



ARTHUR PALANUK, B.A.
SAULT STE. MARIE



PAULINE PARTRIDGE
SAULT STE. MARIE



JUDITH PEARSON
SPRING BAY



ALPHONSE PELLETIER
NORTH BAY



ANTHONY PETRILLI
SUDBURY



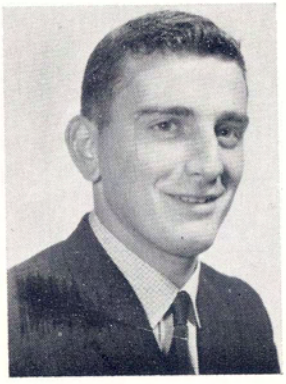
LINA PETRILLI
SUDBURY



GLORIA PINNELL
SAULT STE. MARIE



BLANCHE PRIER, R.N.
KIRKLAND LAKE



EDWARD PUPICH
SCHUMACHER



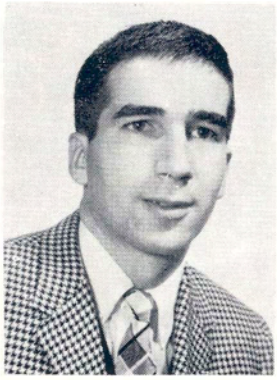
HEATHER PUTTEE
POINTE CLAIRE, QUE.

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O – 4



ANU RAINURM
ELLIOT LAKE



DICK RANCOURT
SUDBURY



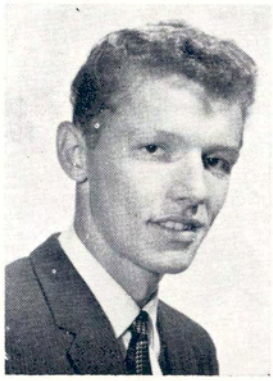
WENDY RIDDELL
KIRKLAND LAKE



CHRIS RIJLAARSDAM
SUDBURY



JOSEPH RIVERS
SUDBURY



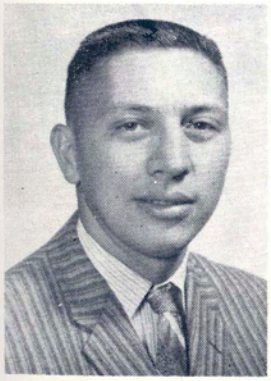
CARMAN ROBINSON
TEMISKAMING, QUE.



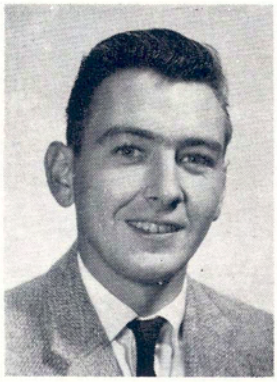
ALLAN ROGERS
ELLIOT LAKE



DIANA RYCHLO
SUDBURY



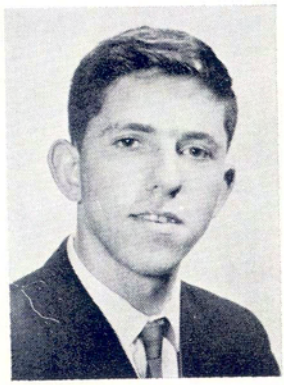
WINSTON SHALTON
TIMMINS



JAMES SHEEHAN
SAULT STE. MARIE

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–5



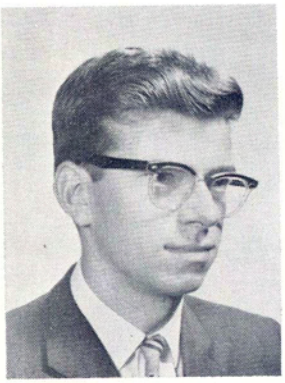
DAVID SHIELDS
RUTHERGLEN



BRENDA SHIER
COCHRANE



HELEN SILLANPAA
SUDBURY



NEIL SIMMIE
SUDBURY



SHEILA SIMPSON
MANITOULIN ISLAND



LUCY SKARZYNSKI
SCHUMACHER



BARBARA SMITH
NORTH BAY



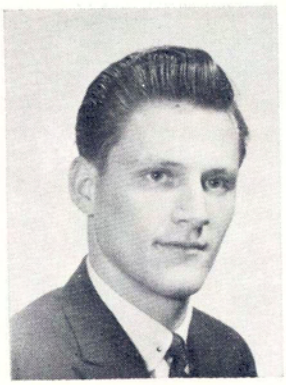
(MRS.) LUCILLE SMITH
SAULT STE. MARIE



JUDITH ANNE STEVENSON
HAILEYBURY



JOYCE TAYLOR
COPPER CLIFF



ROBERT TESSIER
ONAPING



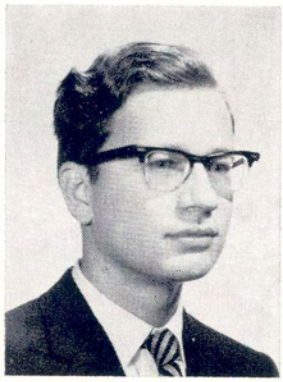
JUDITH THOMAS
SAULT STE. MARIE

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O–5



DIANE THORNE
EMSDALE



URPO TIENHAARA
SOUTH PORCUPINE



NORMA TOMCHICK
NEW LISKEARD



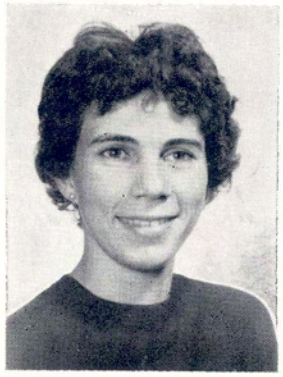
REJEAN TREMBLAY
TIMMINS



REMO TROIETTO
SOUTH PORCUPINE



ROBERT TUCK
SAULT STE. MARIE



SANDRA TURNBULL
HUNTSVILLE



TERRENCE TURNER
MOOSONEE



RONALD UHRYN
KIRKLAND LAKE



BETTY ANN VANCE
SPANISH



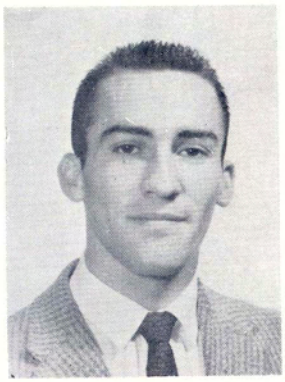
NORMA VANCLIEF
BURWASH



ANGELA VERNELLI
SAULT STE. MARIE

ONE YEAR COURSE

Form O-5



CHARLES VOLLICKS
BLIND RIVER



CAROL WALTON
SAULT STE. MARIE



VALERIE WELLS
SUDBURY



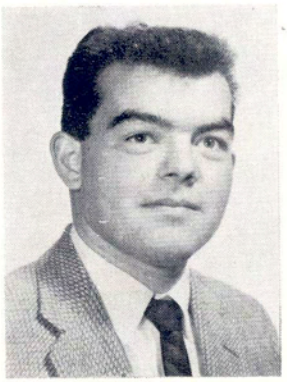
SHIRLEY WIGHTMAN
SAULT STE. MARIE



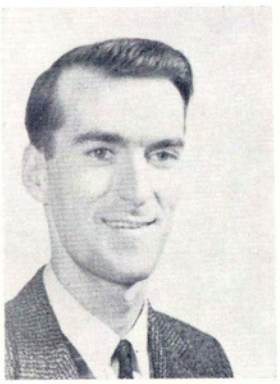
ANN WRIGHT
MATHESON



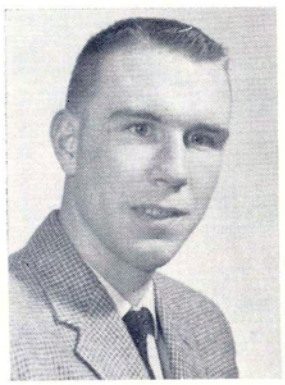
FRANK YORK, B.SC.PHM.
NORTH BAY



JAMES YOUNG
SUDBURY



RONALD SMITH
THESSALON



DAVID WILSON
NEW LISKEARD

FORM NOTES O-5

Dave Shields—A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

Brenda Shier—I am that I am.

Helen Silanpaa—The million dollar look.

Neil Simmie—A very gentle beast, and a good conscience.

Sheila Simpson—It's love that makes the world go round.

Lucy Skarzynski—Knowledge comes, wisdom lingers.

Barbara Smith—Still waters run deep.

Lucille Smith—Love conquers all.

Ron Smith—Our Friends—The Enemy.

Judy Stevenson—So little done, so much to do.

Joyce Taylor—And where shall we go?

Judy Thomas—In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Diane Thorne—What little town?

Urpo Tienhaara—He who can does, he who can't, teaches.

Norma Tomchick—Kind, cheerful, merry.

Remo Troietto—I am out of ladies' company, like a fish out of water.

Reg Tremblay—Think nothing done while ought remains to do.

Bob Tuck—I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy.

Sandra Turnbull—Letter writing, the most delightful way of wasting time.

Terry Turner—Brevity is the soul of wit.

Ron Uhryn—Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

Betty Vance—How many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding.

Norma Vanclief—In two words: im - possible.

Angela Vernelli—Beauty is altogether in the eye of the beholder.

Shirley Wightman—The height of cleverness is to be able to conceal it.

Valerie Wells—Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Ann Wright—I like this poor little one-horse town.

Dave Wilson—Give them the cold steel, boys.

Charles Vollicks—Being a husband is a full time job.

Frank York—Every man loves what he is good at.

Jim Young—A man after his own heart.

Carol Walton—The Golden Rule is that there are no golden rules.

FORM NOTES F-1

Myrna Alton—Can't keep away from Crescent Finance. What's the attraction, Myrna?

Tony Baxter—The Hidden Talent Boy— writer, composer, knuckle-cracker, etc.

Carolyn Bennett—Our mystery woman who is here today, gone tomorrow.

Ruth Bertils—Why do you always rate mentioning in Mr. Harrington's class?

Marcel Bourdon—He is known for his wild parties on the choochoo. Remember Marcel.

Lily Bremner—Lil is our soft-spoken, bashful, Red Cross rep. Blood collection is her business.

Joan Brooks—settles for nothing less than an honor week.

Al Buscemi—Alphonse enjoys recording the high points of his wild parties for Joe in Comp. class.

Rita Carbone—can't stand everyone mispronouncing her last name, let alone her first, eh, Ritz?

Eddy Casonato—His favorite topic is "Why I like myself".

Sylvia Copeland—Our shy little doll who comes from Timmins.

Carolyn Coppo—F-1's future bride-to-be. Keep that Sudbury rock shining.

Marion Desormeau—The flirtatious ponytailed Athletic Rep. hails from Cochrane and her main ambition is to coach the boys' basketball team.

Sister Rosario—Whom the class can always depend on to keep us smiling.

Sally Deacon—is torn between Massey and Lively.

Rolly Del Guidice—Rolly keeps a-readin' and Mr. Van Dusen keeps him failin'.

Victoria Demarco—doesn't like writing Science so she gives up her expanding metals.

Sister Linda Marie—is shy, intellectual, friend of all.

Brigitte Drapal—sports a masculine ring on one finger and a pearl on the other.

Wayne Edmonds—Wayne's favorite pastime is bowling, bowling, and more bowling.

Lois Eldridge—our blushing, blue-eyed blonde whose mind is constantly turned westward at least 80 miles.

Lynne Ferris—Chief babysitter and dedicated to the teaching profession.

Graham Forth—Fifth's chauffeur service is always available.

Ann Gardner—F-1's go-getter when it comes to class support. Keep up the good work, Ann.

Don Gillespie—our twisting boy from Porcupine.

Gayle Girard—Gail keeps up our good name as U. N. Rep. Keep F-1 laughing, Gayle.

Bob Green—Watch that hidden personality, Greeny. It's revealing.

Spencer Hill—Hilly is our Spencer of all trades and our master of none.

Ken Janveaux—Such a long way to come in search of the teaching profession,— but every morning?

Judy Johnson—Our girl who is seen but not heard, eh, Mr. Angus?

Charles Ketter—Charlie is Mr. Van Dusen's pride and joy.

Karen Kopas—My heart is in the Navy so I have to go home.

Luella Kranz—Our master of the keys, piano keys that is.

Terry LeBoeuf—'Beef' is F-1's contribution to the fashion world. Look, but don't touch.

Sister Beatrice Marie—is hard-working and ever-smiling.

Fred Malleau—No change in this boy and HE went to boarding school.

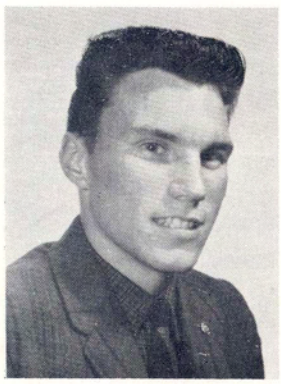
Marlene Mansell—Another nail in Mr. Timms's coffin.

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 1



MYRNA ALTON
SUDBURY



ANTHONY BAXTER
NORTH BAY



CAROLYN BENNETT
NORTH BAY



RUTH BERTILS
SOUTH PORCUPINE



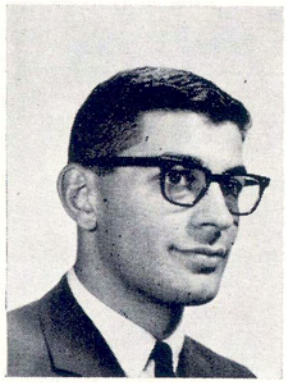
MARCEL BOURDON
TIMMINS



LILY BREMNER
IROQUOIS FALLS



JOAN BROOKS
NORTH BAY



ALPHONSE BUSCEMI
NORTH BAY



RITA CARBONE
SUDBURY



EDDY CASONATO
TIMMINS



SYLVIA COPELAND
TIMMINS



CAROLINE COPPO
CONISTON

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 1



SALLY DEACON
LIVELY



ROLAND DEL GUIDICE
MATTAWA



VICTORIA DEMARCO
NORTH BAY



MARION DESORMEAU
COCHRANE



BRIGITTE DRAPAL
ELLIOTT LAKE



WAYNE EDMONDS
NORTH BAY



LOIS ELDRIDGE
CHELMSFORD



LYNNE FERRIS
NORTH BAY



GRAHAM FORTH
BRACEBRIDGE



ANN GARDNER
SOUTH PORCUPINE



DONALD GILLESPIE
SOUTH PORCUPINE



GAYLE GIRARD
CREIGHTON MINE

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

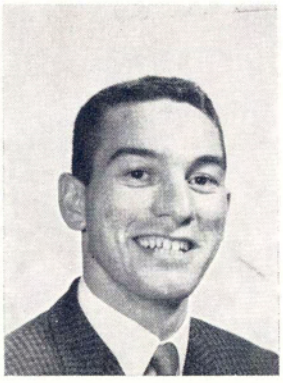
Form F – 1



ROBERT GREEN
SAULT STE. MARIE



SPENCER HILL
NORTH BAY



KENNETH JANVEAUX
MATTAWA



JUDY JOHNSON
BOURKES



CHARLES KETTER
NORTH BAY



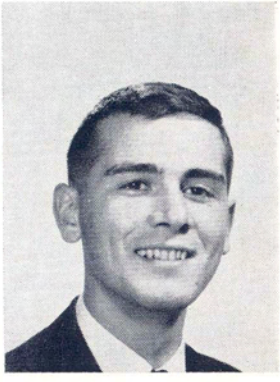
KAREN KOPAS
MATHESON



LUELLA KRANZ
KILLALOE



TERRY LEBOEUF
NORTH BAY



FREDERICK MALLEAU
MASSEY



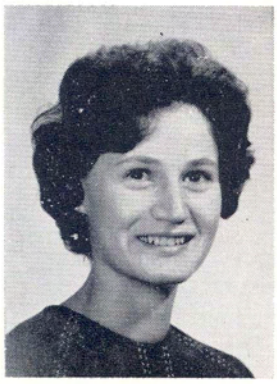
MARLENE MANSELL
NORTH BAY

FORM NOTES F-2

Look, look **Belinda** is away again . . . . Oh see **Mary** blush, she is listening to Belinda's jokes . . . . **Jo-Ann** has left us . . . . Look at **Beverley,** she knows her 13 Biology . . . . Oh Puff, see **Kathy** jump . . . . To Azilda . . . . Next to **Kate** sits **Virginia** — she is quiet . . . . Look, look, here is **Senga,** see see Senga . . . . Oh look, look at the bows in **Sandra's** hair . . . . See **Richard** twist, oh, oh, funny, funny Richard . . . . **Dick** says to **Pat,** where is **David,** where is funny David . . . . **Sandi** likes to play. She plays in and out the apartment window . . . . Everyone wants "To be **Bobby's** Girl" but Bobby has his girl . . . . Look, see, **Georgia** — she is paying the phone bill this month . . . . Look and see **Judy** — she is riding home in her little "Wagon" . . . . **Spot** says, "See our friend — **Sister Mary Benilda** . . . . Since **Diane** has begun school she has many activities — she likes these activities . . . . See Funny **Jack,** he likes to play teacher. Especially in **Mr. MacAskill's** room — funny, funny Jack . . . . Look, see poor **Del,** she sits beside funny Jack . . . . Comment ça va, **Monsieur St. Eloi** . . . . See the funny girl, her name is **Gail,** funny, funny Gail . . . . Knock, knock! Who's there? **Isabelle.** Isabelle who? Is a belle necessary on a bike? . . . . **Edith** is quiet, she never talks . . . . See **Gordon** play! He is the leader of our rhythm band. He has got the beat! . . . . Look, look at **Linda.** She is minding somebody else's business again. Bad Linda! . . . . Oh, Look! There is **Rusty.** He has a little sister **Anne,** and many, many cute freckles . . . . Oh, look! There is **Vern.** He has a new friend. She is blond. Vern likes his new friend . . . . Poor **Sweezey**. He has a problem. He cannot understand **Mr. Timms** . . . . Look, see **Ted.** Why is his hand in the air? . . . . Look, see little **Anne** — maybe she knows why Mr. Timms' hand is in the air? . . . . **Phyllis** has a new hair cut — she looks cute . . . . **Mary** likes to ski, play ball and many other games . . . . "I'll say, Paysano," **Teresa** tells the boys . . . . I know how to spell my name; it is **M - A - E** not M-A-Y . . . . I am **Judith Turner.** I walk straight and tall into History class . . . . **Coles'** Notes and **Al Tennyson** are friends, we get along very well . . . . **Suzanne** also has many activities. Does she like her new activities? . . . . The end has come, now we will read the next primer . . . .

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 2



BELINDA MANZE
NORTH BAY



MARY MATTHIEU
SUDBURY



JOAN ANN MAYER
CAPREOL



BEVERLY MEILLEUR
ELLIOTT LAKE



KATHLEEN MORRISON
AZILDA



VIRGINIA NELSON
POWASSON



AGNES NOBLE
SUDBURY



SANDRA NORMAN
NORTH BAY



RICHARD O'BRIEN
TIMMINS



SANDRA PALMER
SUDBURY



ROBERT PATTERSON
BRACEBRIDGE



GEORGIA PELLETIER
PORT CARLING

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 2



DIANE PODLOGAR
KIRKLAND LAKE



JUDITH PRINGLE
HAILEYBURY



GAIL RIDDELL
KIRKLAND LAKE



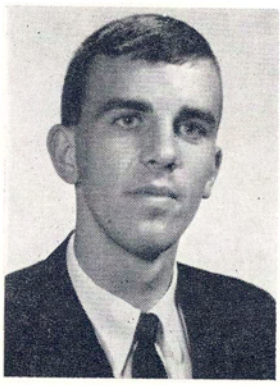
ISABEL ROBINSON
CONISTON



EDITH ROLLINS
WEBBWOOD



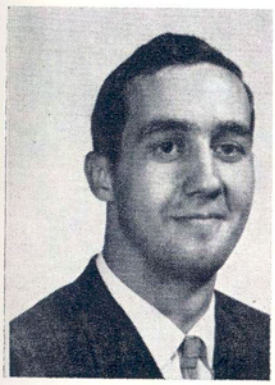
CLAYTON ROSE
RUTHERGLEN



GORDON RUTLEDGE
NORTH BAY



LINDA RYNARD
NORTH BAY



CLARENCE ST. ELOI
MATTAWA



DELPHINE SCHADE
NORTH BAY



JOHN SIMMONS
TIMMINS



EDWARD SIMMS
NORTH BAY

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

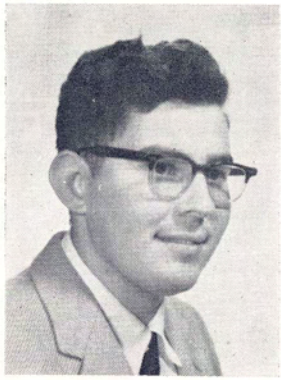
Form F – 2



ANNE SLOAN
MATTAWA



BERNARD SLOAN
MATTAWA



DAVID SMITH
SUDBURY



PHYLLIS SOUTH
CALLANDER



MARGARET STEPHEN
NORTH BAY



ROBERT SWEEZEY
NORTH BAY



BETTY SWORD
UTTERSON



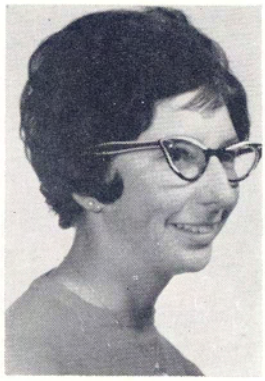
VERNON TELFORD
NORTH BAY



SUSANNE TEMPLE
SUDBURY



ALAN TENNYSON
SUDBURY



PATRICIA THIRKILL
SUDBURY



MAE THORSEN
NORTH BAY

TWO YEAR COURSE – FIRST YEAR

Form F – 2



JUDITH TURNER
LIVELY



TERESA VARANESE
SUDBURY

FORM NOTES S-1

Karen Alexander—"I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." —GRANT

Brian Barkell—"Great souls are harmonious." —ROUX

Donna Becks—"My thought and I were of another world." —JOHNSON

Frances Boulaine—"Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?" —SHAKESPEARE

Sylvia Bumbacco—"A woman is easily governed, if a man takes her in hand." —LA BRUYERE

Garry Burns—"Birds are the world's happy children." —DUFFIELD

Jean Campbell—"Women especially are to be talked to as below men and above children." —LORD CHESTERFIELD

Cam Ceppetelli—"Too much of a good thing." —SHAKESPEARE

Diane Cherry—"Three may keep a secret, if two of them are dead." —FRANKLIN

James Darrach—"Act out your genius, nothing else avails." —ALCOTT

Patricia Dottor—"Neither rhyme nor reason." —SHAKESPEARE

Aline Dupont—"Gentle words, quiet words are, after all, the most powerful words." —GLADDEN

Joan Ehman—"One tongue is sufficient for a woman." —MILTON

Gail Fortier—"Take my word for it, it is no laughing matter." —MIDDLETON

Louis Fortin—"This is very midsummer madness." —SHAKESPEARE

Garry Gervis—"A silent, great soul: he was one of those who cannot but be in earnest; whom Nature herself has appointed to be sincere." —CARLYLE

Jerry Gray—"Silence is more eloquent than words." —CARLYLE

Grant Greason—"I drink no more than a sponge." —RABELAIS

Judy Hall—"Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir." —CUNNING

Garry Hammond—"Work is for the living." —CARLYLE

Douglas Hartley—"God never made anything else so beautiful as man." —BEECHER

Arlene Haslund—"Patience, persistence and power to do are only acquired by work." —HOLLAND

Brenda Hillis—"Better a blush in the face than a blot in the heart." —QUIXOTE

Marilyn Jackson—"Rest is for the dead." —CARLYLE

David Jacobs—"His wit run him out of money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wit." —CONGREVE

Don Kernohan—"God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man." —SHAKESPEARE

Carol Kilbride—"Success never needs an excuse." —LYTTON

Michael Kurdell—"And I pray you let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." —SHAKESPEARE

Marlene Lefebvre—"Nature has given women so much power that the law has very wisely given them little." —JOHNSON

Karen Kyrzakos—"Quarrelling with occasion." —SHAKESPEARE

Sally Lindberg—"Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet." —EMERSON

Karen Livingstone—"Love makes fools of us, big and little." —THACKERAY

Myrna Martin—"Where women are, the better things are implied if not spoken." —ALCOTT

Dan Masse—"Patience, and shuffle the cards." —CERVANTES

Douglas McCabe—"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married." —SHAKESPEARE

Claire McCool—"However rare true love is, true friendship is rarer." —LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

Form S – 1



KAREN ALEXANDER
CALLANDER



BRIAN BARKELL
KIRKLAND LAKE



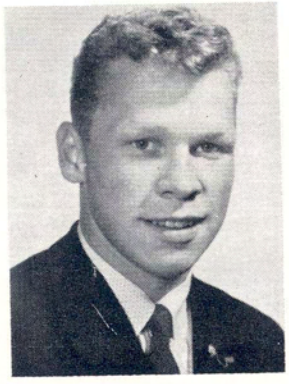
DONNA BECKS
COPPER CLIFF



FRANCES BOULIANE
SAULT STE. MARIE



SYLVIA BUMBACCO
SAULT STE. MARIE



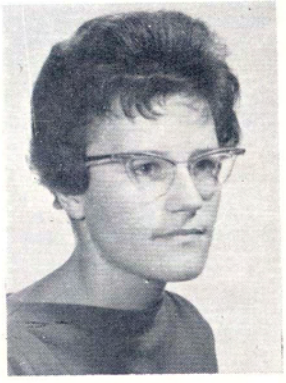
GARRY BURNS
ELLIOT LAKE



JEAN CAMPBELL
MASSEY



CAM CEPPETELLI
COPPER CLIFF



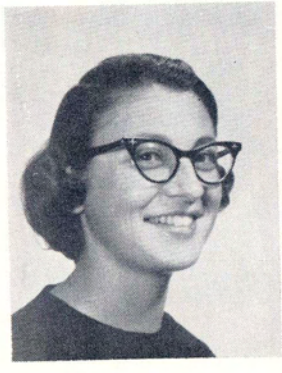
DIANE CHERRY
NORTH BAY



JAMES DARRACH
SUDBURY



PATRICIA DOTTOR
SAULT STE. MARIE



ALINE DUPONT
HEARST

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

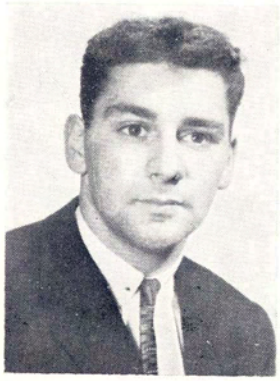
Form S – 1



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



GARRY HAMMOND
BRACEBRIDGE



DOUGLAS HARTLEY
KIRKLAND LAKE



ARLENE HASLUND
SUDBURY



BRENDA HILLIS
NORTH BAY



MARILYN JACKSON
LEVACK

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

Form S – 1



DAVID JACOBS
NORTH BAY



DONALD KERNOHAN
SUDBURY



CAROL KILBRIDE
WALLACEBURG



MICHAEL KURDELL
SUDBURY



KAREN KYRZAKOS
SUDBURY



MARLENE LEFEBVRE
LEVACK



SALLY LINDBERG
SOUTH PORCUPINE



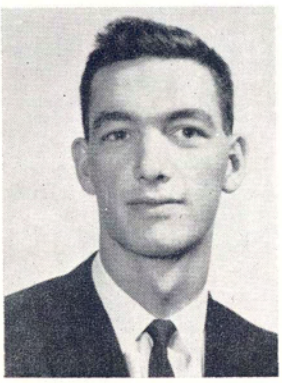
KAREN LIVINGSTONE
KIRKLAND LAKE



MYRNA MARTIN
WESTON



DANIEL MASSE
HORNEPAYNE



DOUGLAS MCCABE
KIRKLAND LAKE



CLAIRE MCCOOL
SUDBURY

FORM NOTES S-2

Sister Mary Ethel: Believes in making Mr. Bennett tell good jokes.

Sister Eugenie: doesn't seem to have so much trouble with her name since Mr. Broad's departure.

Sister Martha: quiet at first, but lots of fun later on.

Sister Marie Paul: What would Mr. Bennett do without her to giggle at his jokes?

Doug McDonald: A Liberal from the word go - - - especially where girls are concerned.

Donna McKechnie: A pro teacher, so we hear, and a bundle of laughs besides.

Gord McKnight: Our married man is a real master of child psychology.

John McSweeney: S-2's contribution to the entertainment world, whether he knows it or not.

Garry Meehan: We hear that Mr. Harrington belongs to the Garry Meehan Fan Club.

Paul Moffat: Paul's favourite pastime is playing crib with Garry in the Common Room.

Mike Moore: Our Student Council Representative. Mike also entertains at dances with his **wonderful** voice.

Allen Neff: Al is an ART man. He works on the art committee of the yearbook.

Marlene Newton: A pro badminton player as well as being so much fun.

Harmonie Nicholl: As our Athletic Council rep. Harm has been overwhelmed by our terrific class spirit.

Andy Novotny: "My name Jose even!" A constant fan of Huckelberry Hound. Future of the nation? ? ?

Sonya Orlecki: Considered a pal by the class and a nut by the masters. You can't win them all.

Marilyn Phillips: Our one and only redhead - - - but no temper.

Glenn Piccini: Glenn is a hard worker and it pays off for her. Another yearbook worker.

Roger Pitt: Dave Jacob's playing partner. A good guitarist as well as a good teacher.

Judy Pollock: Judy loves to carry the attendance sheet. She is a very organized person. Just ask Mr. Bennett.

Mona Pretty: Mona has the biggest brown cow eyes in the class.

Allen Prodan: Our U.N. rep. and President of the club.

Anne Purdie: Anne works hard for her top marks.

Sandra Ranta: Sandra got engaged this year. Congratulations!

Joan Righton: Life of any party. Joanie's a terrific teacher too.

Diane Sarlo: According to Mr. Bennett, Diane works in a Fruit Market on the weekends - - We've heard other stories.

Penny Schram: Wedding bells will ring in June for the secretary of the bowling club.

Mary Scullino: S-2's music expert.

Barb Sheppard: Our rep to the Women's Federation and our Red Cross Representative.

Airi Sinkkonen: Airi comes from Cochrane. We wish her luck in her teaching.

Sharron Steele: A local student and a natural blonde. Wedding bells should be ringing soon for Sharron too.

George Stefanic: Stef is a gentleman, a scholar and a terrific cook - - - according to the women masters.

Elva Storey: Elva doesn't want to teach in a rural school. Ask her and see.

Mary Thompson: Although new to our class, it didn't take Mary long to make friends.

Carol Wanamaker: Our rep to the yearbook. She wants to marry a farmer who skis.

Bev Welch: Always trying to get a ride home for the weekend.

Gail Willard: Our girl with a smile and a ready joke.

Bonnie Young: Our only Mrs., Bonnie really enjoys her lunch hours over at Jim's.

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

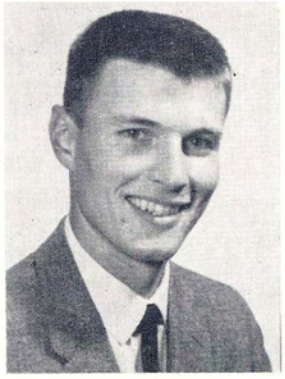
Form S – 2



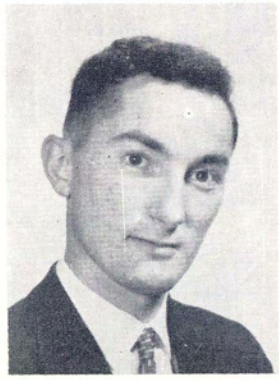
DOUGLAS MCDONALD
SUNDRIDGE



DONNA MCKECHNIE
STONECLIFFE



GORDON MCKNIGHT
NEW LISKEARD



JOHN MCSWEENEY
KAPUSKASING



GARRY MEEHAN
NORTH BAY



PAUL MOFFAT
TORONTO



MICHAEL MOORE
SAULT STE. MARIE



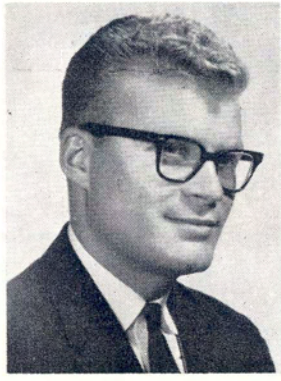
ALLEN NEFF
KIRKLAND LAKE



MARLENE NEWTON
SUDBURY



HARMONIE NICOLL
REXDALE



ANDREW NOVOTNY
TIMMINS



SONYA ORLECKI
KIRKLAND LAKE

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

Form S – 2



MARILYN PHILLIPS
POWASSAN



GLENN PICCINI
SUDBURY



ROGER PITT
SCHUMACHER



JUDY POLLOCK
RICHARD'S LANDING



MONA PRETTY
LEVACK



ALLEN PRODAN
ELLIOT LAKE



ANNE PURDIE
TIMMINS



SANDRA RANTA
SUDBURY



JOAN RIGHTON
IROQUOIS FALLS



DIANE SARLO
NORTH BAY



PENELOPE SCHRAM
KIRKLAND LAKE



MARY SCULLINO
TIMMINS

SECOND YEAR – TWO YEAR COURSE

Form S – 2



BARBARA SHEPHERD
NORTH BAY



AIRI SINKKONEN
COCHRANE



SHARON STEELE
NORTH BAY



GEORGE STEFANIC
SCHUMACHER



ELVA STOREY
TROUT CREEK



MARY THOMSON
SANDFIELD



CAROL WANAMAKER
CALLANDER



BEVERLEY WELCH
COBALT



GAIL WILLARD
NORTH COBALT



(MRS.) BONNIE YOUNG
TIMMINS

OH, TO BE IN C-1

A class discussion is being held in C-1. It is one of those informal buzz sessions where the master is not present.

"Well, kids," says **Ilene,** "I taught all by myself last week. My partner quit. I don't know whether he did it after he'd seen my name on the list. Any way, **Mary Andrews,** what would you do if you had a class like mine? They simply would not pay attention."

Mary missed the morning class and she is just entering the room. "If you tell me, then each of us will know the answer," Mary yawns and sits down with a sigh.

A small but distinct voice now takes the limelight. "A child's physical and psychological needs must be taken into consideration before you can derive satisfactory results in the class, you know."

"Yes, **Betty,** that is correct," adds **Peggy** with her arms waving back and forth, "but we can't be running around making sure that everyone has the proper food, sufficient sleep and love. We have to be practical!"

"Yah, real practical," yells **Allan** from his lofty standing position on a near-by chair. "Take me for an example. Yah know what! I'd say, all right kids, line up right here' and I'd pull out the strap and pow, pow, pow . . . . They'd pay attention."

After this profound statement the class breaks out into a series of "Oh, Allan!" and then everyone tries to look intelligent by opening a book. Earnest work begins.

"Hey, **John,** what do you think the stage of that painting Number 28 is?" asks **Alfio** in a loud whisper.

"Aw, gee, that was realistic. Anybody could see that."

"Now look, John, I'm not anybody, and by the way, there was nothing real in that scribble. I think it was symbolic, as symbolic as it could be."

"It was not . . . " John bangs his fist on the desk and calmly **Ruth** turns around.

"I don't know why you're so concerned. It's just a scrawl." Then there is silence again. After a while **Suzanne's** voice is heard: "Hey, **Jutta,** do we have phys. ed. today?"

"Ya, because all periods are put ahead," she replies loudly and continues to write.

"Oh, don't mention that word," **Mary Lachapelle** puts in. "I have to teach a dance and, so help me, my feet haven't learned it yet."

"Don't worry," answers Jutta. "I've waited since Christmas to teach mine. Every week my butterflies got giddy for nothing until just the other day. So you'll probably have a couple of weeks yet to get excited."

"I don't know whether I can afford the chance or not," says Suzanne. "And come to think of it, I'm sure I'm coming down with the 'flu or something."

"Oh, oh, there goes the bell. Is everyone here?" It's my week for taking the attendance and I'm keeping a real close check," explains **Eda** as she taps each person on the head and adds: "I never could count unless I touched the concrete thing you know. Hey, someone is missing! It's **Sister Mary Philip.** Where is she? Is she coming, **Sister Mary Bryan**?"

"Sister started out with the rest of us . . . . oh, here she comes now."

"Where is little **Joey Bishop**? Is he here today?" asks **Glenda** with concern in her voice.

"That's him at the piano, isn't it?" put in **Sharron,** "If he could really play you wouldn't mind, would you?"

"I hear you talking about me," grumbles Joe as he takes his place beside Glenda. "Gee, you people almost make me have an inferiority complex. Everybody picks on poor little old me."

Ann Marie stands, walks to the front of the class and says, "You see we have had . . . . ah . . . . two very happy occasions in our class this year and . . . . ah . . . . we would like to make . . . ah . . . a presentation."

Dorothy and **Wayne** walk to the front holding a congratulation card and begin to say together —

"We are here to extend our congratulations twice.
To two different people who we think are very nice.
One of them is **Leo**
Who has received a new bundle of glee.
The other is **Selma**
Who is now a bride-to-be.
We wish you both the very, very best.
In each and every way
And may your joy and happiness
Increase with each new day."

The class then breaks into applause. From the back of the room comes the voice of a master as he enters the door.

"Now, really, class, I didn't know you cared so deeply."

COMPLETING COURSE

Form C – 1



MARY ANDREWS
SOUTH PORCUPINE



WAYNE BAILEY
EVANSVILLE



GLENDA BEILHARTZ
NORTH BAY



JOSEPH BISHOP
SPANISH



SELMA CAMPBELL
WAWA



ALLAN CAVERLEY
GARSON



RUTH CLARK
NORTH BAY



(MRS.) S. COURCHESNE
TIMMINS



DOROTHY DEGAGNE
IRON BRIDGE



(MRS.) A. M. GALLAGHER
BLIND RIVER



JOHN GALLOP
SOUTH PORCUPINE



ALFIO GASPARELLI
SAULT STE. MARIE

COMPLETING COURSE

Form C – 1



EDA GAZZOLA
SOUTH PORCUPINE



(MRS.) M. A. GREGORINI
SAULT STE. MARIE



ILENE GRENIER
NELLIE LAKE



(MRS.) ELIZABETH HOTTE
CALLANDER



JUTTA KUEHNE
SCHUMACHER



(MRS.) M. LACHAPELLE
KIRKLAND LAKE



SUZANNE LEGAULT
PAMOUR



LEO KANE
WESTPORT

FORM NOTES C-2

Iris MacMillan—"It must have been love. Well, at least I think so!"

Sharon Tomchick—"But, Jack . . . . I don't like Chinese food!"

Judy Proulx—"How so? How so?"

Larry McNally—"So I said to the guy . . . . guy?"

Mervyn Mills—"But my wife just won't let me!"

Joan Posta—"Hey you guys, where's your badge?"

Terry Martindale—"Around and around, and up and down we go."

Murielle Minor—"That alarm clock just doesn't work too well."

Ron Marion—"I'm afraid, Miss McIntyre, I don't agree. Mine don't anyway . . . . but maybe they're advanced."

Carol Morin—"What? A revolution? Where?"

Norman Morrell—"Oh no, not a gymnasium — in Gore Bay."

Connie McAndrews—Silence is golden.

Paul Rowe—"Oh yes, she has a sister."

Noreen Marshall—"A deputy already!"

Beth Reed—"Doh, a deer, a female deer,
Ray, a drop of golden sun."

Margaret McMahon—"Can't stop loving that man of mine."

Iva Reid—"Mrs. Reid, what is your opinion?"

Irene Plymtree—"Hit the road, Jack."

Gayle Wallace—"Live better, electrically."

Shirley Drumm—"When the red, red robin,
Comes drum, drum, drumming along."

Ellen Ruffo—"Well, it's this way . . . ."

Shirley Vincent—"Woof — woof."

Joan Sutton—"Somewhere, beyond the sea . . . ."

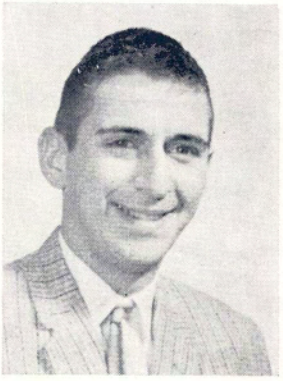
Sister Francis Louise—"Mr. McNally . . . . really!"

COMPLETING COURSE

Form C – 2



IRIS MACMILLAN
TIMMINS



RONALD MARION
KING KIRKLAND



NOREEN MARSHALL
PICKEREL



TERENCE MARTINDALE
TOMSTOWN



CONNIE MCANDREWS
MONTEITH



(MRS.) M. MCMAHON
ELK LAKE



LARRY MCNALLY
SAULT STE. MARIE



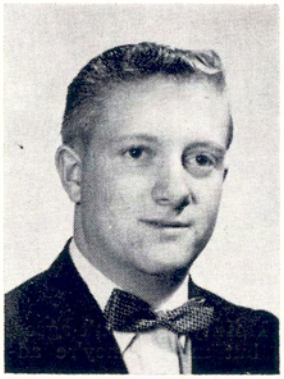
MERVYN MILLS
ENGLEHART



MURIELLE MINOR
MATTAWA



CAROL MORIN
TIMMINS



NORMAN MORRELL
EVANSVILLE



ELAINE PAQUETTE
HYNDFORD

COMPLETING COURSE

Form C – 2



IRENE PLYMTREE
HOYLE



JOAN POETA
NORTH BAY



JUDITH PROULX
SOUTH PORCUPINE



BETH REED
IRONBRIDGE



(MRS.) IVA REID
IRONBRIDGE



(MRS.) SHIRLEY DRUMM
STEENBURG



(MRS.) SHIRLEY VINCENT
BRACEBRIDGE



PAUL ROWE
ICE LAKE



JOAN SUTTON
NEW LISKEARD



SHARON TOMCHICK
TIMMINS



GAYLE WALLACE
ENGLEHART



(MRS.) ELLEN RUFFO
SUDBURY

"Enby Teery"



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

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





NORTH BAY TEACHERS' COLLEGE CHOIR

First Row—Faye Huber, Maureen Callaghan, Mary Neil, Carol Creasor, Graham Ducker, Mr. Curtis, Danny Masse, Pam Cartwright Norma Tomchick, Ruth Ferguson, Gloria Maki, Rosemary Macdonnell.

Second Row—Marilyn Phillips, Lucy Oleskevich, Marjorie Baker, Betty Vance, Lina Grenier, Frank York, John McSweeney, Ruth Clark, Margaret Burt, Carol Lazarovitch, Gwen Locke.

Third Row—Tiina Jager, Ann Gornik, Claire McCool, Beverly Welsh, Myrna Alton, Ken Alexander, Allan Caverly, Ruth Kelm, Diane Sarlo, Hazel Madore, Mary Scullino, Miriam Pajala, Margaret Hunter.

Fourth Row—Gayle Wallace, Gayle Girard, Beatrice Joncas, Jim Chenier, Joe Bishop, George Stefanic, Glenn Conrad.

THE CHOIR

This year's choir made its debut at the Christmas assembly. After many weeks of practice under the skillful direction of Mr. Curtis our cheerful voices drifted among the pillars of this ancient fortress of education. Our Christmas repertoire ended on the high note of Richard Kountz's "The Sleigh". This song I am sure, expressed the feelings of all the students as we embarked on our Christmas holidays.

Regular choir practices were called for 6:59 sharp, Monday evenings. But as the Sudbury Music Festival drew near we rushed through our lunches to allow for extra rehearsals.

This kept Margaret Burt on her toes, hauling quantities of music and books up and down the endless stairs.

These extra practices also meant more work for Mary Neil, our attendance secretary. Next year Mary should be able to keep an accurate register after all the work she has put in already.

Our three pianists, Pam Cartwright, Carole Lazarovitch, and Lucille Oleskevich faithfully kept up to Mr. Curtis as he put us through our paces. They include the two battlers who courageously marched through "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". We often wondered who would "Steal Away" with Lucy.

As well as being pianist, Pam was also secretary-treasurer. She was always sharp with her correspondence but never flat when dealing with our financial problems.

Glenn Conrad managed to hold down the post as vice-president.

As this goes to print, the N.B.T.C. choir is about to reach the peak of its career. We hope to do the college proud by our performance at the Sudbury Music Festival and also with our St. Patrick's Day television programme.

Without the guiding hand and the conducting gestures of Mr. Curtis, all this would not have been possible. We are very grateful to him for the enjoyable times we had together as well as for the extra knowledge that we acquired. All this we will be able to put to use when working with our own youthful singers next year. "Thank you, Mr. Curtis!"

DAN MASSE



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Back Row—Mr. R. A. Davies (Staff Adviser), Terry LeBoeuf, Robert Lamothe, Michael Moore, Mr. A. Reed (Staff Adviser), Peggy Gregorini, Miss A. Johnson (Staff Adviser).

Front Row—Beverly Meilleur, Louis Fortin (Treasurer), Jim Gougeon (President), Frank York (Vice-President), Joan Sutton (Secretary), Bill McKetsey.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The Students' Council 1962-1963 had an active and successful year.

The students, through the Council, placed a wreath at the Cenotaph on Remembrance Day and donated to the North Bay Santa Claus Fund.

As in former years, Christmas cards, crests, rings and pins were made available to the student body. A microphone was purchased to provide a public address system for the dances and records were added to the existing collection.

Dances at Hallowe'en, Sadie Hawkins Day and Christmas when the theme was a "Winter Wonderland", were sponsored and organized by the Council. Other school dances were organized by the various forms and provided an additional respite from academic study.

A new method for assigning library duty was instituted; this proved to be a more efficient system than that used in former years.

The Council planned a Variety Night in which talented students from all forms took part. One of the biggest tasks of the Students' Council during the latter part of the year was the organization of the Graduation Dance.

I would like to thank both the students for their participation in Council activities and the Council members for their excellent efforts and support throughout the year. On behalf of the entire student body, a sincere and special "Thank you" goes out to the Students' Council Staff Advisers, Miss Johnson, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Reed.

JIM GOUGEON

Federation Of Women Teachers' Associations Of Ontario

The Professional Organization of the Public School Women Teachers

Extends a very warm welcome to the women graduates of

NORTH BAY TEACHERS' COLLEGE

OUR AIMS

- ★ to promote and advance the cause of education
- ★ to raise the status of the teaching profession
- ★ to promote and advance the interests of teachers and to secure the best possible conditions for professional service
- ★ to arouse and increase public interest in educational affairs
- ★ to co-operate with other teachers' organizations throughout the world, having the same or like objectives

OUR SERVICES

- ★ provide in-service training for professional growth
- ★ provide bursaries, scholarships and fellowships to assist your professional training
- ★ provide conferences to promote leadership and acceptance of responsibility
- ★ provide special funds for financial help to teachers
- ★ provide counsel in cases of professional difficulty
- ★ provide direction and assistance in salary negotiations
- ★ provide help to improve superannuation benefits
- ★ provide opportunities to join group income protection and supplementary hospital plans

OLA REITH, B.A., ST. THOMAS
President

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MEN TEACHERS' FEDERATION

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GREETINGS

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its Associate Members in Teachers' Colleges. OPSMTF stands ready to be of service to all its Members and to advance the cause of Education. Your professional organization anticipates your active support. Keep in touch with it.

W. E. SPARKS, President.

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ENROL NOW!



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Back Row—David Jacobs, Mr. D. Husband (Staff Adviser), Harmonie Nicoll, John Gallop, Terry Martindale.
Front Row—Raymond Faulkner, Mae Thorsen, Murray Lion (Treasurer), Garry Gervis (President), Phyllis Brooks (Secretary), Ron Uhryn, Marion Desormeau, Rino Moretti.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

1962-63 has been a very successful year as far as sports are concerned for the school. The Athletic Council consisted of eleven elected representatives from the forms along with representatives from the major sporting activities. Every Monday the Council met with Garry Gervis presiding. Phyllis Brooks, our secretary, kept a complete account of our meetings while Murray Lion, our treasurer, kept an accurate account of our yearly budget.

The successes of the Athletic Council such as the volleyball tournament, "sweep bowling" tournament and playnights reached a high point with our skating party and dance which was enjoyed tremendously by all.

This year our limited finances took a deep drop with the purchase of a new portable ping-pong table for the school.

Under the guidance of Mr. Timms the badminton tournaments enjoyed great success while Marlene Mansell looked after our five-pin bowling league with equal success.

Ten-pin bowling was added to our list of activities this year with Dave Jacobs as convenor.

The girls' basketball team remained undefeated throughout the schedule of games. The boys' basketball team had a relatively successful year also.

We would like to take this opportunity to express our thanks and appreciation to Mr. Husband for his guiding hand throughout the year.

GARRY GERVIS

THE BADMINTON CLUB

Through the year, on Tuesday nights, members of the Badminton Club ventured to Chippewa Gym to participate in this sport. Some of the players were experienced while others were new at the game. In all, approximately thirty enthusiasts played in mixed doubles and singles.

Our executive, who arranged these games were as follows: Shirley Wightman, Claire Marcolini, Paul Moffat, and Jim Chenier.

Under the capable guidance and direction of Mr. Timms all who attended thoroughly enjoyed this opportunity of whirling the bird across the net and will always remember these exciting evenings "well spent".

MARLENE NEWTON

THE UNITED NATIONS CLUB

One representative was elected from each of the eleven forms to the United Nations Club with Mr. Van Dusen as our staff adviser. These eleven members planned a programme of activities that the club could embark upon in the school term.

Our first task was to prepare for United Nations Day, October 24, 1962. Under the direction of Mr. Bennett the eleven form representatives prepared a "Close-up on the United Nations". With Allen Prodan acting as chairman, a panel consisting of Norma Tomchick, Wayne Bailey, Terry Jackson, Gayle Girard, Paul Rowe, and Judy Pearson discussed the purpose and the various branches of the United Nations.

The second part of the programme was the presenting of the supposed views of certain member nations of the United Nations Organization. Mrs. Marie Godfrey gave the views of neutral South Africa; the view-point of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was forcefully stated by Mary Lynne Bolger; the position of Cuba was explained to us by David Jacobs; and Vernon Telford, in the defense of the United States, replied to the accusations made by Cuba and Russia.

The residents of North Bay as well as the Teachers' College students were invited to the programme at the College. Reverend G. A. Paul formally accepted the Presidency of the North Bay branch of the United Nations Club. A film "Overture" was introduced by Mr. Johnson and viewed by the audience. The guest speaker of the evening was Mr. Goulet, a local businessman.

An opportunity was provided for those interested to purchase membership cards, UNICEF stamps and United Nations Christmas cards on the night of the programme as well as the next few weeks at the Teachers' College.

On November 26 an open discussion was held for the students on the topic "Should Canada Accept Nuclear Arms?" We found that it was a success as we had a small but enthusiastic crowd. We followed up with several other discussion groups, mostly held at noon-hours in which the students could express their views and learn those of fellow students. Some of the topics were: "Is World Disarmament Possible", "Is Canada Becoming Too Americanized", "Pearson's Stand on Nuclear Arms, as of Jan. 1963".

The year is not yet over and we hope to conduct more such discussion and perhaps undertake other new projects.

It is our hope that we have made the United Nations Organization more meaningful to the students of this term, 1962-1963, at North Bay Teachers' College.

JUDY PEARSON,
SECRETARY

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS COMMITTEE

The Junior Red Cross is an organization of school children with some sixty million members in more than seventy-six countries of the world. Over twenty million of these members are found in the United States, ten million in the U.S.S.R., six million in Italy, four million in the Philippines and approximately two million in India, Yugoslavia, Poland and Canada. With such a large membership promoting its aims: (1) to promote health, (2) to serve others, (3) to increase international understanding — the Junior Red Cross should continue to play a major role in world affairs.

What should the Junior Red Cross mean to elementary school pupils? Being working members means that they can help the needy near and far, learn more about other peoples, and be of some service to their community and country. Membership in the Junior Red Cross should be and can be an educational and interesting experience for the pupils, a valuable aid in their social development.

To stimulate interest in the Junior Red Cross was this committee's main purpose. A Junior Red Cross day was held and buttons and memberships were distributed to the students. Various bulletin board displays explained the purpose and history of the Junior Red Cross. Sample primary and intermediate meetings were presented in an assembly programme. Mr. Wendeborn, from Junior Red Cross headquarters spoke in another special period and outlined for the students the work of the society.

The success of the Junior Red Cross is important to the future of this country and the world; it is the hope of the 1963 Junior Red Cross executive that each N.B.T.C. graduate will do everything possible to make it a success.

GORDON RUTLEDGE
PRESIDENT



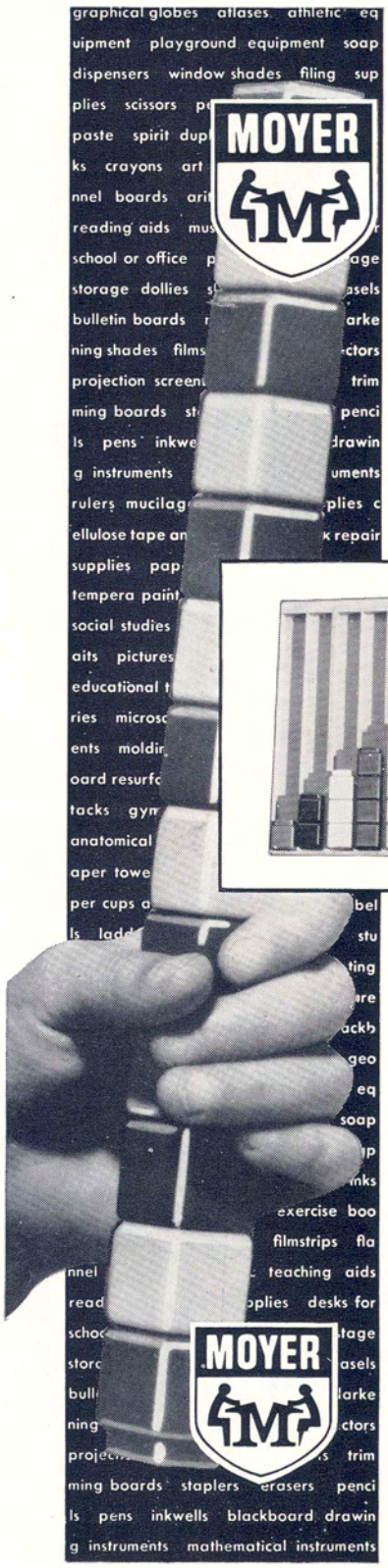
UNITED NATIONS COMMITTEE

Back Row—David Jacobs, Wayne Bailey, Norma Tomchick, Miss E. Stevens, Mr. L. C. VanDusen (Staff Adviser), Paul Rowe.
Front Row—Gayle Girard, Terry Jackson, Mrs. Marie Godfrey, Allen Prodan (President), Judy Pearson (Secretary), Vernon Telford, Mary Lynne Bolger.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

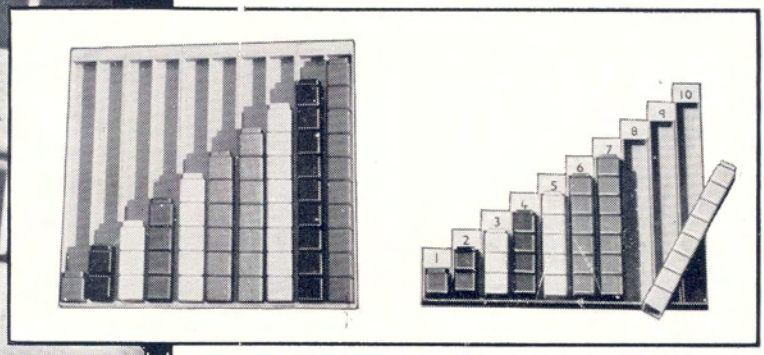
Back Row—Barbara Shepherd, Miss E. Thorn (Staff Adviser), Pamela Cartwright, Jean Campbell.
Front Row—Mrs. Jull, Winona Fiegehan, Lily Bremner (Vice-President), Gordon Rutledge (President), Susan Legault (Secretary-Treasurer), Stella Novak, Joan Poeta.



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BOWLING EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Mr. D. Husband, Pat Dotter (Treasurer, 10-pin), Rejean Tremblay.

Front Row—Marlene Mansell (Secretary-Treasurer, 5-pin), Ronald Marion (President, 5-pin), David Jacobs (President, 10-pin), Penny Schram (Secretary, 10-pin).

FIVE-PIN BOWLING

Five-pin bowling was a great success this year. The league contained ten teams composed of six players each. Every Tuesday the enthusiasts rushed to the alleys for an hour of fun and frustration.

The executive consisted of Marlene Mansell as secretary and Ron Marion as president. Mr. Husband gave his able assistance to start the league. Marlene Mansell worked very hard to keep the league active.

Trophies were given to the high single, high double, and high average in the men's and ladies' competition. Each member of the winning team also received a trophy.

With a month left in the schedule the leaders were:

High single, Ron Marion — Kay Morrison.

High double, Ron Marion — Kay Morrison.

High Average, Carmen Robinson — Marlene Mansell

The leading team was captained by Gloria Maki.

RON MARION

TEN-PIN BOWLING

Operating in its first year at N.B.T.C., this sport has proven to be a major attraction to some one hundred and thirty teachers every Wednesday and Thursday night. During the course of the year, team standings and individual high games were posted on the bulletin board in the student lounge. In mid-February, a tournament was held with Chippewa Secondary School and Algonquin Composite School in which N.B.T.C. captured almost every title in sight.

Under the capable direction of Mr. Husband, the executive, consisting of David Jacobs, Pat Dotter, and Penny Schram, endeavoured to make this new sport satisfactory to everyone concerned.

This year marked the beginning of the "175" club for girls and the "225" club for boys. Among those in this select group were Heather Puttee, Harmonie Nicoll, Judy Hall, Caroline Coppo, and Marg Stephen.

If credit is to be given it goes to you, the student body, for the tireless effort shown throughout the year and the huge amount of support given by you each week of bowling.

DAVID JACOBS



CATHOLIC STUDENT TEACHERS' ORGANIZATION

Left to Right—Mr. A. J. MacAskill (Staff Adviser), Diane Sarlo (Vice-President), Mike Moore (President), Claire McCool (Secretary), Larry McNally (Treasurer).

THE ASSOCIATION OF CATHOLIC STUDENT TEACHERS

The Association of Catholic Student Teachers was organized early in the school year under the capable direction of Father Pappin, Rector of the Pro-Cathedral in North Bay.

The purpose of our club is to provide religious, social and cultural activity for its members and to broaden their knowledge on the teaching of Christian Doctrine.

We would like to thank Father Pappin for his able assistance throughout the year and thank all of our members who faithfully attended our meetings to make our club a success.

MIKE MOORE

LADIES' BASKETBALL

Well, believe it or not, the girls' basketball team went through this year's schedule without a defeat! This was not an easy task because we met some difficult competition. One of the teams, Chippewa Secondary School, went as far as the S.N.O.S.S.A. finals this year against the best high school teams in the north.

The team received some high scoring from Marg Stephen and Heather Puttee, but we must not forget the excellent work of our guards such as Marney Jackson and Diane Cherry who backed us up all the way.

Many thanks go to our coach Miss Stevens who was a loyal supported at all our games and who gave us some much needed help. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely this year and we all looked forward to every game.

Some of our scores this year were:

Teachers' College	61	Chippewa	55
Teachers' College	45	Grads	25
Teachers' College	48	Y.M.C.A.	29
Teachers' College	47	Algonquin	23

Best of luck next year, girls.

HEATHER PUTTEE

MEN'S BASKETBALL

Mike Kurdell—Our Captain, a man who always looks
Instead of gaining possible satisfaction
from fancy hooks.

Gary Meehan—Fast, not tall
But always on the ball.

Gord McKnight—A fellow who gives the passer
satisfaction
Since the ball usually carries out
its climactic action (with the
help of Gord.).

Branko Danicich—Open the head of the key
Swish! — you'll see.

Vic Adamo—Against a tight zone,
This man slips through and dips the
stone.

Al Tennyson—Pass in the corner, followed by a
screen
A perception of deadness is seen.

Larry McNally—Defensively back on time and sometimes steals
Offensively — creator of a play,
oh! how it feels.

Bob Sweezey—Under the hoop, once he's up,
Opposition out of luck.

Terry LeBeouf—A man for the job, our pal
With his slippers . . . boosts our
morale.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



LADIES' BASKETBALL

Back Row—Diane Cherry, Sandra Norman, Marilyn Jackson, Ann Rainurm, Eda Gazzola, Margaret Stephen, Miss Stevens (Coach).
Front Row—Mary Matthieu, Heather Puttee (Captain), Pat Thirkill.



MEN'S BASKETBALL

Back Row—Doug Hartley (Manager), Gordon McKnight, Bob Sweezy, Mr. L. VanDusen (Coach), Vic Adamo, Branko Danicich.
Front Row—Larry McNally, Alan Tennyson, Mike Kurdell (Captain), Garry Meehan, Terry LeBoeuf.

TORONTO ISLAND SCIENCE SCHOOL

Last fall, the students of the college were given an opportunity to attend this unique school for one week. Those chosen by competition included Frank York, Al Prodan, Anne Purdie, David Jacobs, Marg Stephen, Rosemary Dale, Gord Rutledge, Ken Alexander, Phyllis Brooks, Pam Cartwright, Robert Hammond, and Joan Sutton.

"Parental care" seems to be the best phrase to sum up the activities which we engaged in during the week. Such activities included giving showers to the children, feeding them, entertaining them, and leading them from class to class all over the island.

During the week the children became acquainted with such topics as Map and Compass, Rocks and Minerals, Pond Animals, Bees, Fossils, Weather, Farm Animals, and Student Teachers.

This experience has been of great value to us and will prove to be priceless in our future years of teaching.

DAVID JACOBS

THANKS

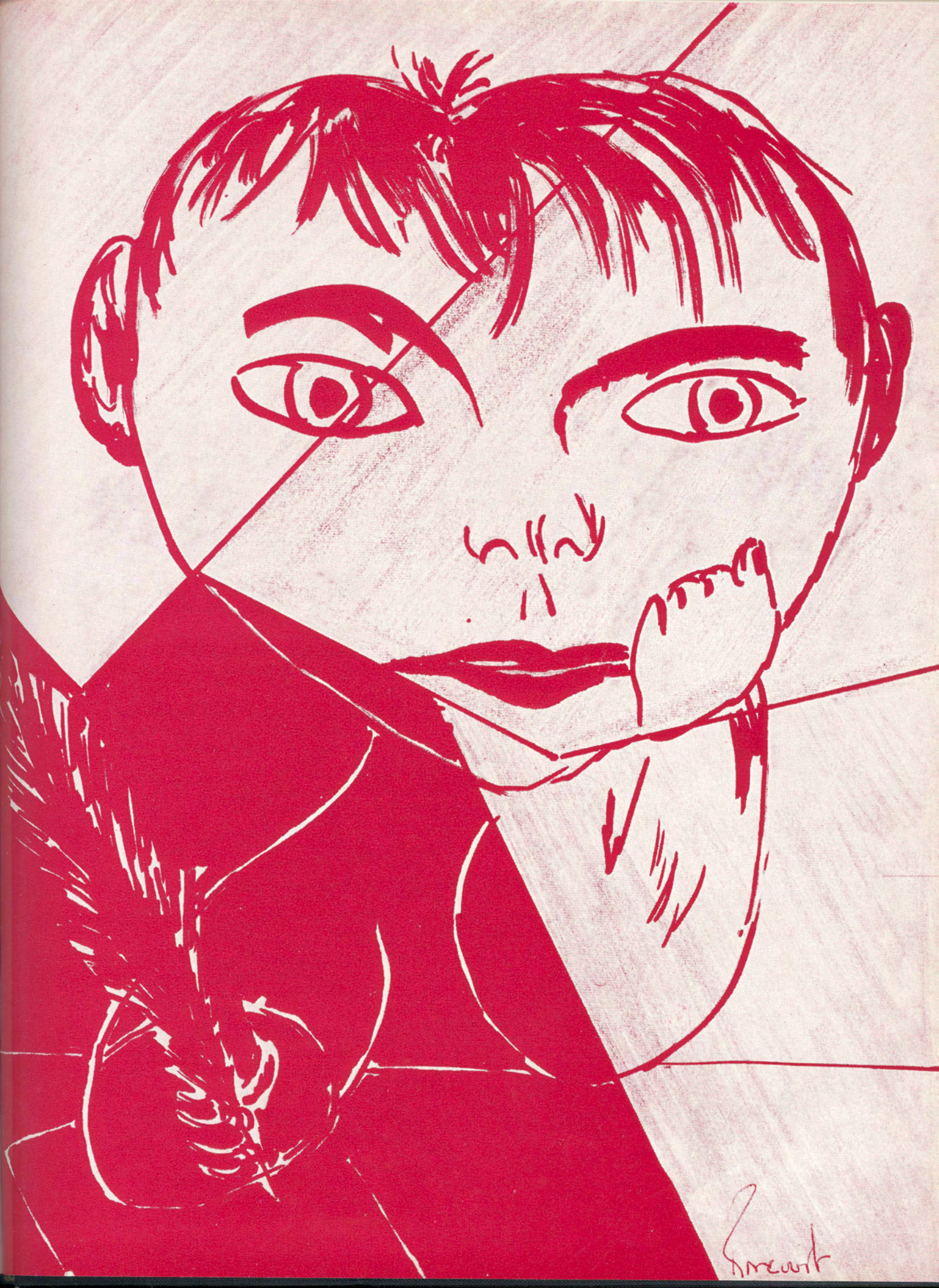
The staff and students of North Bay Teachers' College wish to thank Mr. John Stanfeld of North Bay TV Service for providing television sets for the occasions upon which the school made use of CBC educational television programs.

Our Heartiest Congratulations are extended to
The Graduating Class
of the
North Bay Teachers' College

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MAY WE BE OF SERVICE TO YOU IN THE FUTURE
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THE NIPISSING CHRONICLES

Now it came to pass that in ancient days the elders and wise men of Ont took counsel amongst themselves saying, "We must take heed lest our children and our children's children grow up in ignorance. Our people must work the land and toil by day, and so cannot instruct their young. Therefore must we make provision that they shall be taught, and shall not grow up into illiterates."

When there were many schools, all small and red, they again took counsel murmuring one to another, "Whence shall we find staff for our schools, small and red, for many they are and exceed in number those who can teach?" Then the wisest one of all said, "Let us make for ourselves a school for teachers that we may have enough and to spare for every schoolhouse small and red."

This they did and called it Normal School. So well did the teachers teach that more and more citizens of Ont cried out saying, "We want teachers," and so they built more and more Normal schools. And in the fullness of time a Normal School was built at Enn Bee that it might provide teachers for the true north strong and free, to teach in their schoolhouses small and red.

Now the people of Ont were lovers of the truth, and when they saw what they had done they sorrowed saying, "We can no longer lift up our heads if we call them Normal schools—let us therefore call them henceforth Teachers' Colleges—lest an enemy may say we do not love the truth." And it was so.

There was sent to the Teachers' College at Enn Bee one so great that none might speak his name and he was referred to by his initials, D. L., that his stature might not be diminished by students' loose tongues. To help him change the rude and scoffing, in the shortest time, into likeable and erudite, he had a certain Ker Tiz who was known far and wide as a maker of musick. And much he made sweet moan—or so it seemed. These and many others did teach the multitudes by divers means. And the others were called masters; yea, even the females; for the people of Ont loved respectability even as they loved the truth.

They taught them, and tested them, and gave unto them many and various assignments and projects. The students going forth into the byways and hedges brought in leaves and buds, and the fruits of the earth. Other some did build for themselves idols of papier mâché, and likenesses of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. These they handed in crying, "May it be pleasing unto thee, O Master." Then again they were sent forth, their masters saying, "Get ye hence even unto the uttermost ends of Ont and teach the little ones, and we shall oversee thee and show ye the errors of thy ways."

But when all were tried and found not wanting D. L. spoke to the assembly and said, "There will come amongst you this day those seeking whom they may hire. Speak ye with them and make your contracts. And having made them, keep them at least till the year's end."

And they arose and made them each their bargains, and did scatter even to the northernmost and southernmost parts of Ont and did not return. Their masters seeing them go said one to another, "Now thank we all our God that they are gone. Let us take our respite while we may, for in a little time more will come." And it was so.

MRS. G. BLUNT

THE COMPLETING COURSE

As another year draws to a close, the North Bay Teachers' College will say farewell for the last time to that controversial group of students known as the "Completers".

Those of us belonging to the course will look back upon 1963 as a milestone, not only in our own personal careers, but also in the field of education. We are the end of an era—an era in which men and women, who somehow found their way into the teaching profession, learned by trial and error the principles involved in educating the youth of today.

Teachers' College has had a very special meaningfor all of us. Here we have had to examine many of the habits and practices we so heartily believed in two years ago. We have learned to accept many methods and ideas that we have not always agreed with, but having adjusted our ways of thinking we have realized their value.

So, as we go again into the classrooms of tomorrow, it will not be without a great deal of determination that we, as teachers once more, will keep the lamp of learning burning brightly.

JOAN SUTTON

IN BLACK AND WHITE

Gusts of wind
heeling dust
and tombstone-clouds
and torrents rushing
race-car fast
and flashes of streaking silver
step down the dark . . .
A hand
silences the wind and rain
paints a sun
and drops a rainbow
clearing waters
and blueing the skies
making trees shed joy-tears
The air is fresh
giving wings to birds
and blood-life
in nature's veins.

REG TREMBLAY

ES - - - CAPE

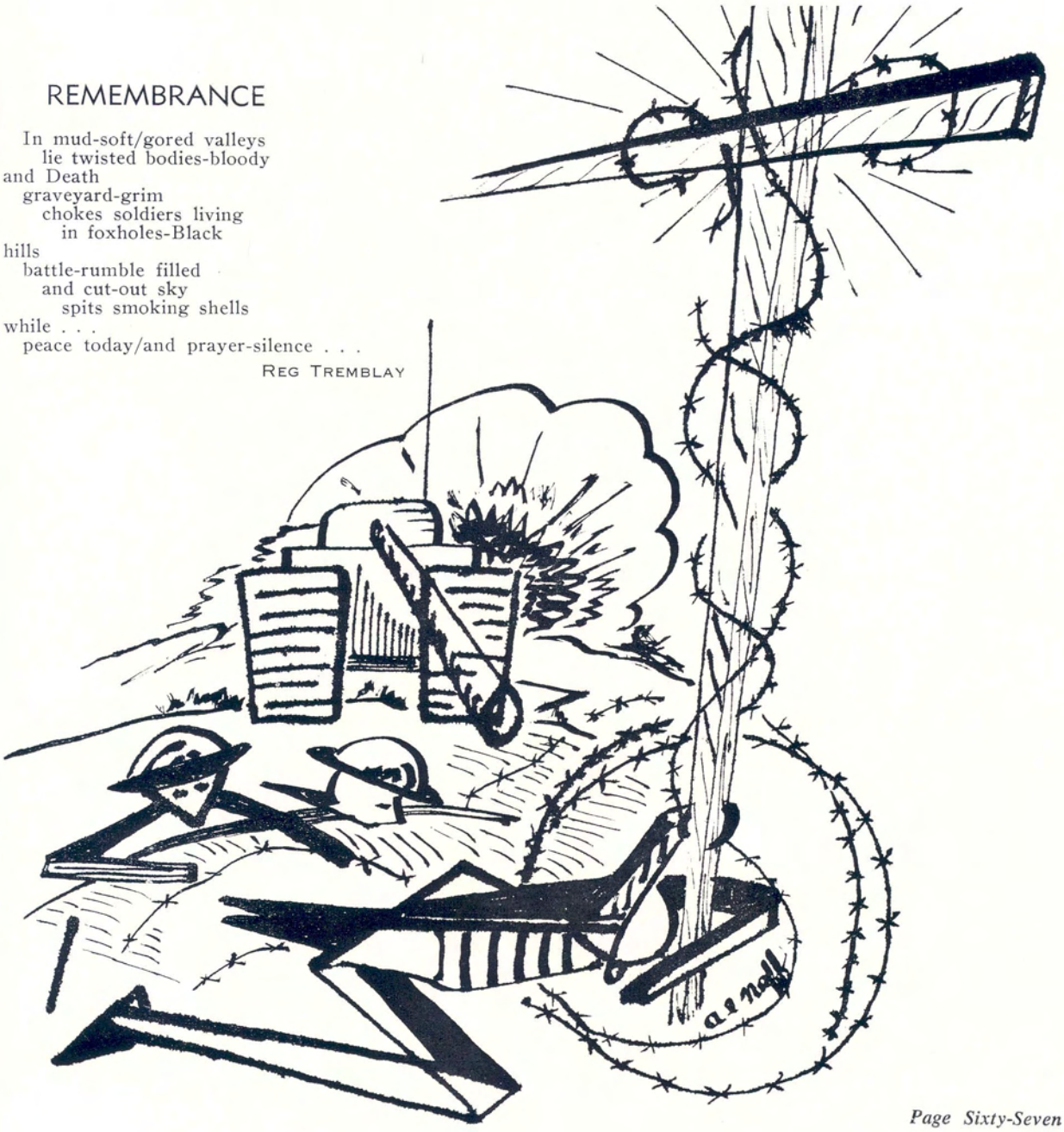
On a day springing of sun—
  when kiss-soft heat-fingers
  sink in your school-bench back
and birds
  —sharp-up in their latest feathers—
  'top their mornings'
  in a cereal-crisp song
when christmas-cards scenes of tinsel-roofs
  and cotton-candied streets
  sugar away . . .
and gargling waters
  —champagne-clear—
  zig-zag the countryside
  —in dew-drop tears—
where dollar-$-green grass-blades
  snap at your heels—
  you're high-flying on dream-wings.

REG TREMBLAY

REMEMBRANCE

In mud-soft/gored valleys
  lie twisted bodies-bloody
and Death
  graveyard-grim
    chokes soldiers living
      in foxholes-Black
hills
  battle-rumble filled
    and cut-out sky
      spits smoking shells
while . . .
  peace today/and prayer-silence . . .

REG TREMBLAY



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A FLAGON OF BEAUTY

A hushed silence fell over the auditorium as the gentle voice of the poet cast its spell. Often will the memory of these moments return, as we pass along to our pupils a freshly kindled love for poetry.

The autumn colours took on a new meaning as he showed us through the "wine-rooms of October". When next we see the "poplar's champagne" or the "maple's scarlet wine" his words will remind us that

"Only the poor man keepeth sober
In the wine-room of October."

His love for little children and their love for him was evident in the charming "Whist-a-Wee". Not many remained dry-eyed as his great loneliness was expressed in the last lines of the poem:

"Little Brown Dee
Sleeps here by the sea."

Sadness is soon dispelled by the humorous "Song of the Deaf Chicken". He is not a stranger to the South, and his amusing dialogue of the Negro "Abe" and "Old Judge Deeks" sent a ripple of laughter through the auditorium.

The next moment cold shrivers ran up and down our spines as we heard the tale of "Upton Wood". The eerie thought of four ghosts dancing on the air was intensified with shock at the use of the young daughter as retribution for the Sheriff's fault.

He struck a chord in the hearts of all who love the north with "The Song of the Ski". How easy to capture the interest of our students with the rythmic

"I'll ride the air
With a dauntless dare
That only a child of the north can know."

His amazing versatility again delighted us as Grandma Doyle and Grandma Blake took the stage.

"She's eighty-one and losing sight and smell;
And I am only eighty years, so I must guard her well."

We were unable longer to "hold the leash of the runaway hours in our hands". This great Canadian poet will continue to fire our imaginations with the rich treasury of his writings. His passionate love for Canada, and especially the north, is portrayed in such poems as "The Song of the Prairie Land", "The Song of the Snow Shoe Tramp," and these lines from "In Johannesburg":

Johannesburg, Johannesburg, your skies are high and fair,
But oh, the cool Muskoka skies, and oh, the northern air!
And oh, the laugh of the silver birch against the gloom of pine!
And shall I pass and never see this blessed land of mine?"

His yearning for truth and beauty, and his deep reverence for the Creator are echoed in many of his poems and ballads.

"Red are my hands from the brambles,
Torn are my feet from the quest,
From the quest of the essence of beauty."

Wilson MacDonald is now eighty-two, but his erect carriage and the animation in his dark eyes show a spirit still young and alert to all that is beautiful in this world. It has been said that, "His works are for men and women who understand and love the untamed acres of the north, the bold beauty of the Rockies, the bitter-sweet fragrance of the primeval forests. But more than this, he is a poet for every heart."

His own words about Bliss Carman may well be sung of him:

"From Halifax to shining English Bay
The echoes of his passing to and fro
Are still like music in our northern air."

ROSEMARY MACDONELL

LONELINESS

She was dressed in striking black. A matching lace shawl was worn carelessly over her shoulders. The young sophisticate appeared in the open doorway; there was something about her which belied her true state. Her eyes, dark and cold, penetrated through the smoke-filled room to the crowd. Those same penetrating eyes rested on her hostess, who took her shawl and introduced her to the other guests.

She had not felt like coming to this party, but she did feel that it was better that sitting alone in her quiet apartment. Somehow, she just couldn't have faced those four impending walls. They held her there night after night like a prison.

Gradually she made her way through the crowd after accepting a martini from her host. She laughed and joked with a few mere acquaintances even though she didn't feel in a party mood. She kept moving — stopping occasionally. Finally she found herself in the corner — once more, alone.

All around the laughter and merriment bubbled over but it never reached out and took her in. She knew she had been wrong to come. She wasn't one of them; she didn't share their common interests; she didn't belong to this crowd; she was a misfit among them. How many times had she thought the same thing in other crowds!

She sat for some time in her own cold, undiscovered world, surveying the people through the haze of smoke. It all seemed like a dream before her . . . one in which she was not included. The tall dark man was boisterous; the blonde at his side was rejected and very much intoxicated; the actress — the dashing red-head — was still playing an imaginary role from an imaginary play while the stubby bald man in the striped suit was obviously her slave who looked with adoring eyes at his red bombshell. They're fickle and shallow, she thought.

However, she had to admit that even in their own little undaunted worlds they knew happiness. Maybe not true happiness but happiness as it was to them . . . while . . . she was alone. Even in a crowd she was alone. She knew the fears and qualms of loneliness.

LORRAINE HILL

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HECTOR SEGUIN



A long time ago, dere was born one man;
'Twas Louis Cyr from Canada-Lan'.
He was big like giant, smart like fox;
With his bare fist he break ten tousan' rocks.
Dere was 'nother French Canadien though—
Ah, oui—hes name was Johnny Courteau.
Both of dem, dey were strong an' so brave—
Dere deeds are remembered; dere legends are save.
Dere stories, you hear dem, time and again,
But who here has heard of Hector Seguin?
"Who's he?" You do say with lots of surprise.
"The poet he's telling us little white lies?"
Ah non, mes amis, I don't do dat ting
I speak de trut' about Hector Seguin.
Hector Seguin, he was born on a farm;
Hes back was all muscle, an' so was hes arm.
He was not so big like Johnny or Lou
But he's solid steel muscle through and through.
He work like ten men, an' don't stop at all;
Don't need no horses—he pushes hes plough.
He run down de field, turn, den run back—
Don't take so long when he working like dat.
When Hector he's finish with helping hes folks
He go to de river for work on hes boats,
When he be finish, he go see hes frien'
He paddle canoe like twenty-five men.
One day he be gone—far out in de lake
He hear a big noise—the dam—She is break!
The distance from him to de dam is five mile—
Hector he look—he tink—an' he smile.
He dip in hes paddle an' he race for de dam
Look—he go fast like a Superman!
The water behind hes little canoe
Is rough and white, not clear and blue!
The water she rumble when hes paddle go under
She make so much noise, you tink she is tunder.
The soun' is so big, she break your ear,
But Hector Seguin—he show no fear.
De paddle's so hot it burn hes han'
But Hector keep going—dat brave little man!
Pretty soon de paddle she broke;
Hector uses hes hand faster he stroke—
He go so fast, he start to fly,
Dat strong little man—dat wonderful guy.
He paddle two hands—he going much faster—
If he don't stop soon, he'll get one disaster.
Just about now he reaches the shore—
He hit so hard, through the sky he soar.
He stretch out hes han' for a tree so tall—
De tree leaves the ground—trunk, roots and all.
The dam is held back by a concrete wall.
Dere's a hole dere too—she's not very small.
De hole in de dam she's not getting stronger,
He don't tink dat she hold out much longer.
He t'rows de whole tree into de hole
It lan' so hard—in two it fol'.
Den Hector push agains' a hill—
'If dis don't stop it—nothing will!"
He puff and pant and push more harder
De hill she move—Hector get tireder.
He plug de hole—the water she stop.
Poor Hector, he's too pooped to pop,
But he make sure she break no more—
He put more san'—jus't' make sure.
He run back home—back to de farm;
Hes back she's sore—so's hes arm
But he feel good, oui, he feel fine—
"It's something to do in my spare time!"
Nex' time you tink of some hero
Like Louis Cyr an' Johnny Courteau—
Tink of a small, brave, little man
Who work like heck to stop a dam
From hurting all his many frien'—
His name? Hector, Hector Seguin!

ROGER PITT

LOVE

Love is like a sailing ship
Upon a glassy sea,
The wind is calm, the waves are still,
There's God, and you and me.

Then somehow, somewhere, something's said—
And suddenly it's wrong. . .
The ship at sea is tossed about
The wind and waves are strong.

The sails are torn, the mast gives way,
The deck is swamped, and tossed
Against some rugged, far-off shore. . .
And love, my love, is lost.

GLORIA PINNELL

FOUR SEASONS

The swollen streams that burst their banks
The fresh clean smell of life's new days,
The wobbly young, and new green buds—
A joyous time in many ways!

The long warm days of steady growth,
When friendly trees provide the shade
To ease the heat of lofty sun,
Whose vital strength now soon will fade.

"The time of young ducks flying up,"
To use the ancient Indian name,
Foretells this season of the year,
When maples turn the hills to flame.

The snarling gusts of angry wind,
The icy gloom of leaden sky,
The cold that chills the very bones;
That winter's here, all testify.

RAY FAULKNER

DEFINITION

Lesson plans
Five a night!
Stoop to will
Of practice teachers;
Master's word is law.
Assigned to small town—
Partner is unknown.
In the classroom
Alert- - - -?
Though morning light
Did grace the darkness.
Arms bend under weight
Of concrete material,
Frantically found.
A pupil squirms—
You squash him,
Though later you wish
You hadn't!
Lesson carefully prepared,
But brilliant pupil
Raises hand
And introduction and presentation
Are lost; motivation gone.
Thus—are students teachers.

JEAN GORDON

TEACHING SCHOOL CAN BE ADVENTUROUS

The first day of school was, of course, hectic. Each pupil had to be provided with books, papers and pencils and work had to be assigned and corrected.

During the morning recess, a chubby first grader, Sherry, stumbled and scraped her knees. What howling noises her quivering mouth sent into the stillness of the classroom as she came towards me! Her smeared face and her running nose called for a handkerchief but her upset shaking body wanted sympathy and consolation. At noon I had to send Mary home again because she had not yet reached the ripe age of six years. Her little heart was broken, and with pleading tears in her wondrous brown eyes, she repeatedly insisted, "I don't wanna go home."

In the afternoon, Johnny, a grade eight pupil, felt that he had had enough of school already to last the term. During my social studies lesson he amused himself by throwing spitballs at the girl with the long pony tail. Then there was six-year old Patsy's too late, "May I leave the room, please?" While I came to the rescue there, a forceful knock caused the door to open suddenly. A tall man with a bulging briefcase came into my little one room school and announced cheerfully: "Good afternoon, Miss Kuehne; I am Mr. Lawless, your inspector."

The days after that were relatively calm. However, when winter moved into the north country and brought with it its painfully cold weather, there came also a series of bone-chilling events.

In the centre of the classroom was enthroned an antique wood and coal stove. It usually required a lot of coaxing before it parted with any of its heat and it was impossible to keep the fire going all night unless someone added fuel in the evening. As a result the inside temperature was frequently below the freezing point in the morning. Can you deduce what this did to the large ink and glue bottles which were stored on the top shelf at the back? Well, early one Tuesday there was a pop, pop, pop and crack, crack and crack, and down trickled the ink; right after it came the glue, trying to erase the blue trail. Then a few pieces of ice tumbled from above and finally the bottle bottoms and parts of the sides followed. The cold mess smeared the books on the other shelves and then impressed the floor with its colour and stickiness.

After having cleaned this up, I wanted to wash my hands and I asked Jim to go to the pump, which was located in the yard. Furiously he tried to draw water to the surface. The machine was on strike. Every thing was frozen. From that day on, we melted snow in a little basin and the tedious job had to be repeated several times a day.

Suddenly it was time for the Christmas concert. I think this is the time of the year at which most teachers of one room country schools wonder if it is not too late to resign. It was the day before the night of the concert and already it was ten o'clock but Linda, Brenda and Billy, all members of the same family had not arrived for the rehearsal. If mother slept in, three of my eight grades were missing. It was a welcome switch to face five grades one morning instead of eight, but on that day I needed the children for the play. . . With a grand total of thirteen pupils, one does not have much choice to pick star performers and there can be made no provision for understudies. The hours passed. We had a health lesson and reading lesson; we rehearsed without them. Then, it was lunchtime — they still had not come.

That evening we did the best we could but it certainly was a pathetic performance. The chairman of the school board takes up a collection at each concert for sports equipment for the children, but this year he did not have the courage to go around with his plate. And I? I would have loved to leave when Santa did but I did not even have reindeer!

In spite of the cold weather we enjoyed games outside during our noon hours. School marms just aren't what they used to be! This one went sliding down the hill with her pupils. Why she even helped them build a large snowman and a fort!

Very reluctantly spring came. The long road to the school turned muddy and pussy willows peeked from under their brown caps. The sky looked bluer, the hills fresher and when we were very quiet we could even hear the chirping of an early bird . . .

When May blossomed in Northern Ontario, our school prepared for Arbour Day. That Friday afternoon we cleaned the yard of papers, rocks, sticks, and weeds. Dried pale grass was also gathered and piled into the far corner of the school section. John, the spitball thrower, suggested that we burn the grass since that was the way by which all farmers in the area treated their trash. Carefully we placed four wet boards around the pile of grass. The stack was far enough away from the wire fence and we all stood behind the pieces of lumber. I struck the match. Lustily the little flame stretched and ate into the dry stems. The fire grew bigger and bigger as it greedily moved further into the heap. Then the wind rose. Wildly the blazes danced to its music as it lifted one of them up and carried it all the way to the fence. Suddenly the withered grasses behind the fence joined in the game and before another minute had passed, several square yards of field stood in bright, devestating flames. Stunned, I stood still. Then I screamed orders at the children: "Pick up the boards, beat the flames, get water; little ones, go and play at the other end of the yard."

(continued on Page 74)

1848-1963

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TEACHING SCHOOL CAN BE ADVENTUROUS

(continued from Page 73)

The older children and I then fought the fire. Now the flames were only a few inches high because the grass in the field was short but approximately fifty yards there was a forest and the wind was rising steadily.

"It must be a nightmare," I mumbled while perspiration streamed down my face, one finger-nail after another broke and the old broom, with which I attacked the treacherous tongues, tore my nylon stockings. In a very resigned manner, John eventually suggested: "You should let it burn, Miss. My dad lets it burn all the time." But I did not let it burn and after several more minutes of determined beating from my broom, the fire was out.

After Arbour Day there was a weekend to relax but then the schedule became heavy with term tests and report cards. The hot, sunny days increased and very soon it was June, the last day of school. We invited the parents on a picnic. The children played games, won prizes and had a marvelous time until I hard as I tried I could not count more than eleven. Of course the last day was hectic too, but number twelve and thirteen had only gone for a walk in the woods.

JUTTA KUEHNE

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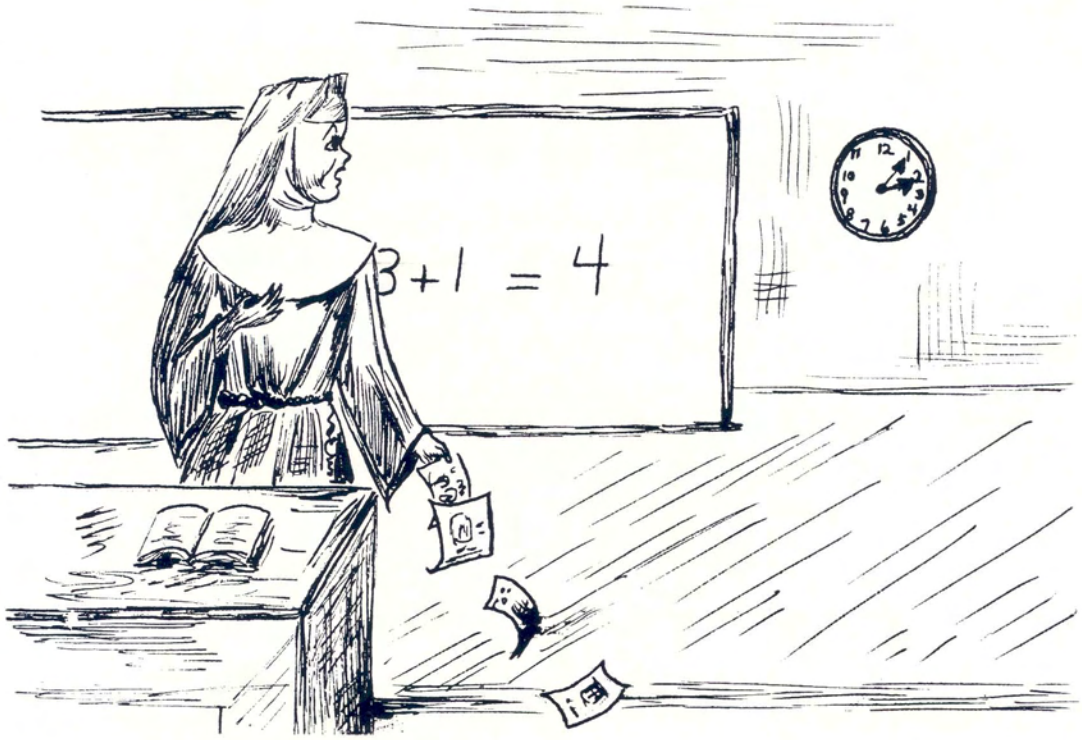
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AVEC TOUTE VITESSE

My feet turned to jelly,
And my heart had turned to dread
As the teacher called, "You're next, Miss",
(How I wished I'd stayed in bed!)

The pupils started giggling,
And my tongue just wouldn't sound,
So I gulped and grinned and grimaced
As the teacher marked this down.

I began my Introduction
With a mighty flare of gall,
When a wave from my dear partner
Told me, "Someone's in the hall!"

So I leaped into the Problem,
(Which I wasn't sure I knew)
When my partner gave another wave,
"It's Mr. Deyell too!"

Presentation was my next step.
While Miss X was at the door,
I whispered, "This is how you do it,
And the answer, class, is four."

As we breezed through the Summary
Mr. Deyell took a chair,
And I smiled most confidently,
As if he wasn't there.

"Now, class, the Application
Is right here on this page."
At this Mr. Deyell beckoned
To compliment me, so I gauged.

"Did your lesson start at two?" he murmured,
As he pointed to the clock.
"Horrors, Sir! It's just five after!"
I gasped — with quite a shock.

Mr. Deyell shook his head
As he strode towards the door.
"One good thing about your lesson:
They knew the answer four."

SISTER FRANCIS LOUISE

THE GLAMOUR OF A STUDENT TEACHER

Glamour, success, wealth, and fame
Are words that enhance an actor's name.
The road of an actor is long and rough,
But a student teacher's is really tough.

The theatre is the star's domain;
To student teachers, the school's the same.
A trip to New York to try Broadway,
Or a week in Sudbury without pay.

A wealthy producer backs the play,
The student teacher's parents pay.
Shaw or Shakespeare, which is best?
To student and actor, each is a test.

On Broadway, he must study the play,
While student teacher writes plans for next day.
The actor is tired from memorization.
The student's fatigued from brain taxation.

The stage is the actor's only goal,
But the classroom is in the teacher's soul.
The footlights are bright and the curtain drawn,
Both actor and teacher are called to go on.

An actor's props are at his command
Whether set on stage or in his hand.
To keep a lesson far from dull,
A teacher has concrete material.

Will the audience smile, or maybe hiss?
An actor's fame depends on this.
In school, the pupils watch each day,
As student teacher acts his play.

The critics watch the play and then
Can make success with a well-trained pen.
The Masters are the critics here.
They give student teachers much to fear.

The critics and audience cry encore.
They pin a star on the actor's door.
The stars a student teacher seeks
Are marks to give him honour weeks.

A star is born, he's made his pitch.
The play's a success and he is rich.
The teacher's wealth is of other kinds;
He aids the growth of keen, young minds.

GRANT GREASON

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Every path you know.

Climb every mountain;
Follow every stream;
Follow every rainbow,
Till you find your dream.

Basing his address to the students on Opening Day on the words of the above song, one of the clergy compared our year at Teachers' College to climbing a mountain which would challenge our endurance and test our spirits. We were warned that at times the ascent would be so steep and arduous that we would be tempted to take our eyes from the gleaming heights and return to the shadows of the foot-hills, and the abandonment of our hopes. On the other hand we were encouraged to begin courageously and to persevere steadfastly in the assurance of reaching our dream.

So we began to "search high and low". The library became our second home. Teachers who had known us for years were surprised at our sudden interest in their methods and practices. Discarded magazines piled up in all corners of our rooms. We developed a belated taste for colouring books and pencils. Cartons and bristol board, scissors and paste, needle and thumb tack fairly shouted their possibilities as the search got under way.

By October it had led us to practice teaching — first, single lessons and later the "weeks". What we had read or been told about teaching had relatively small impact when compared with our first classroom experiences.

We found that teaching a class is as far removed from the study of pedagogy as driving a car is from reading a road manual. But what a challenge these individual children with their various abilities, environments, and temperaments presented ! Though we found the going exhausting, the sense of accomplishment was a thrilling experience.

Occasionally, however, our "royal road" narrowed to path-like proportions, and again we were tempted to turn back. Who has not known the heartaches of an unsuccessful lesson in spite of long hours of preparation ? Who has not been strained to the breaking point by the pressure of the examination schedule ? Who has not been appalled at the prospect of a seemingly impossible number of assignments and projects ? Who has not balanced the worth of one good night's sleep against the whole year ? Who will say that it did not require courage to "follow every path we knew" ?

But we were not left to tread our path alone. Like a rainbow after a storm came words of praise and encouragement from our understanding masters, who advised us to put our failures behind, and to look forward to future successes, the means of attaining which were suggested in sympathetic and personal interviews. Our teaching companions were not less helpful. Ideas and materials became common property. "Accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative," might well have been the slogan of every teaching group. The value of an encouraging smile or nod from the back of the room rescued many a frightened student from panic. Planned social activities, parties, play-day, singing, hockey, basketball, and skating provided the play which kept every Jack and Jill from becoming dull.

Paths and highways, valleys and streams, mountains and rainbows lie behind us and our dream is realized. But from this height our view is clearer — our horizon wider. Beyond and below with faces turned expectantly toward us are the children "who will need all the love we can give, every day of our lives for as long as we live."

SISTER MARY ETHEL

SCARRED

The sun reflected off the hard, crisp snow turning to ice crystals into sparkling diamonds. The dark pines bowed under the weight of snow and the birches were charcoal etchings against the azure sky. From our view on top of the slope we could see the lake laid below us like a magic carpet.

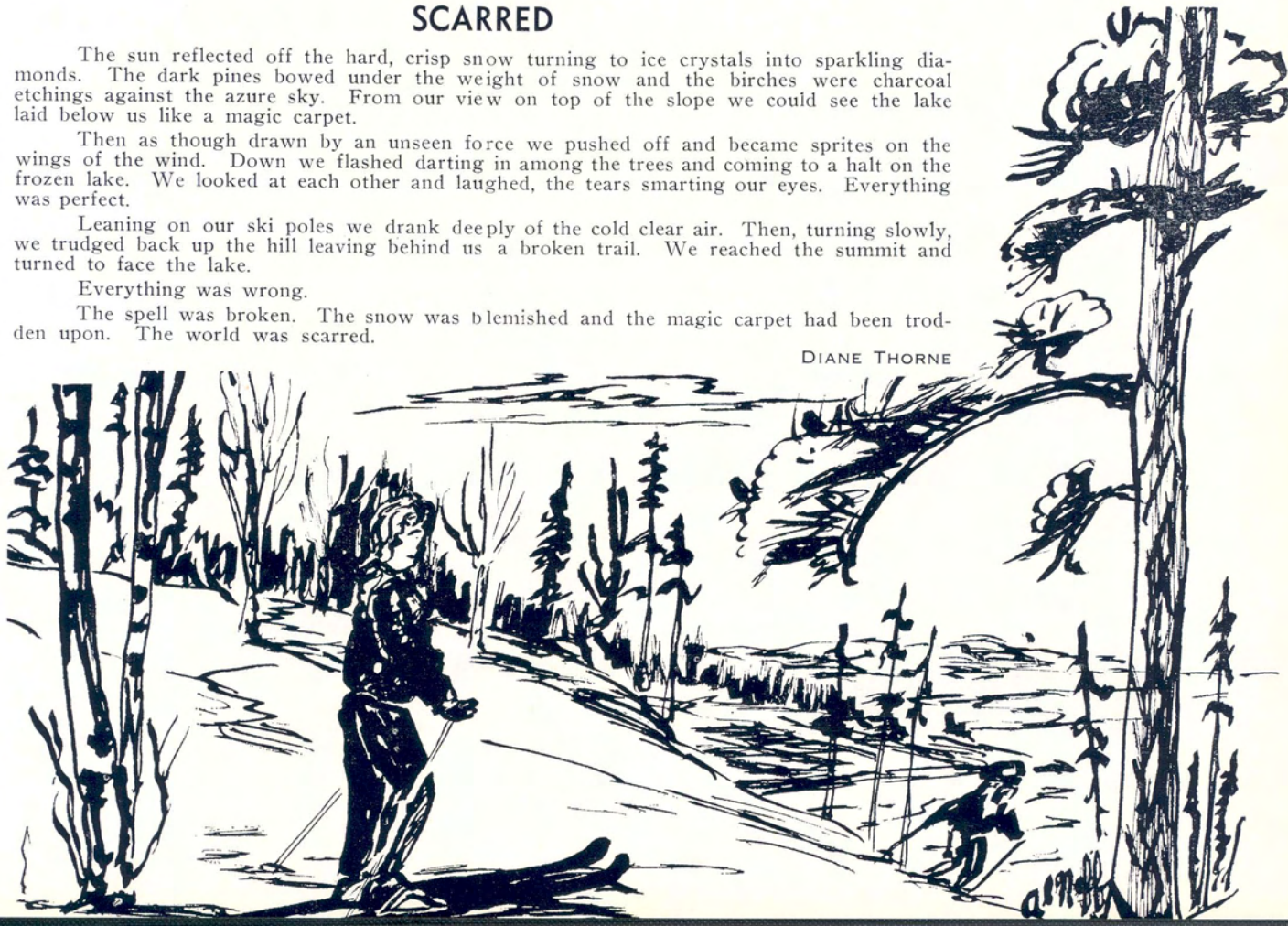
Then as though drawn by an unseen force we pushed off and became sprites on the wings of the wind. Down we flashed darting in among the trees and coming to a halt on the frozen lake. We looked at each other and laughed, the tears smarting our eyes. Everything was perfect.

Leaning on our ski poles we drank deeply of the cold clear air. Then, turning slowly, we trudged back up the hill leaving behind us a broken trail. We reached the summit and turned to face the lake.

Everything was wrong.

The spell was broken. The snow was blemished and the magic carpet had been trodden upon. The world was scarred.

DIANE THORNE



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Department of Extension
Queen's University at Kingston

WITH APOLOGIES TO WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

I shall arise and go now, and go to Teachers' College,
And a small career carve there, of toil and worry made.
Nine months shall I slave there, and age and age and age,
While hopes of passing fade.

And I shall have no peace there, for peace is not for me,
I'll work and worry and study from 'four' till morning light;
The midnight's oil shall glimmer, my 'noons' I'll never see,
In evening with lesson plans I'll fight.

I shall arise and leave now, and always night and day
I'll hear critic teachers talking in low tones by the door.
While I stand on the threshold, or on the pavements grey
I'll hear those acid comments in my deep heart's core.

ANN CHAPMAN



FRIDAY

The anticipated bell
Quiet, apprehensive glances,
An approving nod.
Zip, rustle, bang.
Shuffling, scraping leather soles.
Slam.
Thump-thump, clickity-clack.
Pillaged steel sentinels
Rejected paraphernalia.
A dash, a shout.
Struggling, shoving, settling down.
A whining starter . . .
And smooth highway ahead.

MURRAY LION

ON BEING A TWO-YEAR STUDENT

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Deyell, Masters, and Fellow Students." These words echo the halls of the auditorium of North Bay Teachers' College every morning at 8:45. Some students hear it 126 times, but, being a two-year student, I hear it 252 times.

"Rrriiinnnggg-Rrriiinnnggg" is another common sound that is heard throughout the halls of our ancient school every day. Some students hear it 3,530 times, but, being a two-year student, I hear it 7,060 times.

"Cccrrreeekkk-Cccrrreeekkk" go the 52 steps of our building as the pupils scurry up and down to their classrooms. When we multiply the number of steps by the number of pupils by the number of periods, we can see that some students hear this sound 155,760 times a day, but being a two-year student, I hear it . . . well, you figure it out.

GARRY MEEHAN

NORTH BAY: THE GATEWAY TO THE NORTH

There was not much the people of North Bay could do about it. History, geography and terrain combined to turn their few thousand acres on the northeastern corner of Lake Nipissing into a continental cross-roads, funneling traffic from the four points of the compass.

North Bay sits astride a narrow neck of land between Trout Lake and Lake Nipissing. This neck of land forms the watershed for this corner of the continent. Trout Lake flows east into the Ottawa River flowing on to Montreal. Lake Nipissing empties westward into Georgian Bay and the Great Lakes. The first travellers, moving by canoe, followed the natural waterways, portaging through North Bay. Later, railway builders followed along these waterways to take advantage of the natural grades they established. As lines were projected north and south, the route over the North Bay crest was the only way to avoid major water barriers. Following the railways came the telegraph lines, telephone lines, highways, airlines, micro-wave lines and pipelines.

The first "tourists" to the North Bay area were the stone-age cavemen. Archeologists confirmed this in 1954 when working near the mouth of the French River they found campsite litter dating back to 850 B.C. Later came travellers of the pottery age leaving their shards behind them.

Eighteen-year-old Etienne Brûlé was the first white man to visit North Bay. That was in 1610. Among the fur traders, trappers and explorers who followed him were Champlain, Nicolet, the Jesuit Fathers, Radisson and Groseillers, Jolliet, Marquette, DuLhut, McGill and Alexander Mackenzie.

Thus in the course of just over a century, travellers moving through North Bay had pushed on to lay claim to the Pacific Coast, the Arctic Coast, and the Mississippi Basin.

The first "Cadillac" appeared in North Bay in 1694. His name was Antoine. He was on his way to take command of a fur trading post. He later founded Detroit, and finally served as Governor of Louisiana with headquarters "at a place called New Orleans".

When the market for beaver hats slumped in the early 1800's, so did traffic through North Bay. A few generations later lumbermen pushed up the Ottawa and finally edged their way to Lake Nipissing. However, traffic never measured up to what it had been in the good old days.

Builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway found the old fur trade route to the west was the best. They built a water tower at North Bay and a village bloomed in the fertile soil around it. In 1886 a new chapter in the Gateway opened when the first train from Montreal to Vancouver stopped at North Bay, blocking traffic at the Golf Street level crossing. At this time it was decided that an overpass was needed. That decision is still on the books. This is progress!

The country was opening up. In 1902 sod was turned to commence construction of the Ontario Northland Railway. North Bay had regained its eminence as crossroads of the nation and rail traffic moved from north, south, east and west. Telegraph messages clattered through the "Gateway" to the four corners of the country.

With World War 1 over, North Bay continued to make history. Another "Cadillac" appeared in North Bay shod with rubber tires in place of moccasins. Highways were hacked out of the bush linking Toronto with the Arctic lowlands, and Montreal with the lakehead and the west. Again North Bay was the cross-roads.

Following the route of the explorers of old, the first long distance telephone call over an all-Canadian route from Montreal to Winnipeg filtered through North Bay in 1928.

North Bay's next red-letter day was July 15, 1932, when the first regular train service was inaugurated to Moosonee.

Coast-to-coast broadcasts were next and then scheduled airline service came in. The east-to-west micro-wave network was another indication of North Bay's control of the traffic route.

Today, with North Bay's situation as a natural gateway, it was selected as site of Air Defence headquarters for the northeastern perimeter of the continent.

The French never found it necessary to fortify North Bay. Progress has . . . with a squadron of Voodoos and Bomarcs. This is another historical "first" for North Bay.

The year 1963 will see another important milestone in the story of North Bay as the cross-roads of the nation. At that time, Ontario Northland Communications will complete construction of a micro-wave link to James Bay. Canada will then be girded from north to south and east to west and the knot will be at North Bay.

A preview of future happenings indicate that history is not finished with North Bay yet.

MURRAY NEIL

Much of the information presented here comes from an article by Mr. Len Parker in "The Quarterly", published by the O.N.R.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING

Snow melting slowly,
Rushing down the streams;
Patches of brown appearing,
Spring is here — it seems.

The timid groundhog ventures
From his winter home below.
The familiar "caw" confirming,
Spring is here — I know.



Barren branches budding,
Bursting forth anew;
Vibrant colours blooming,
Spring is here — it's true!

GWEN LOCKE

LIFE AT N.B.T.C.

On the outskirts of Powassan
Stands the village of North Bay,
Where four hundred extra humans,
For ten short months come to stay.
They flock up from Toronto
And down from Moosonee,
For some pedagogic knowledge
On the concept "twenty-three".

The building stands quite stately,
Where it has for fifty years.
We enter it in oneness
With neither hopes nor fears.
There are fifty-two steps to climb
From the basement to floor three.
They sag a bit and squeak and creak
Quite melodiously.
Reference books and bristol board,
Methods to be contrived,
Tolerating landlords—
The student teachers have arrived.

The practice teachers round the place
Await us ignorant fools
To mess up all the routines
In their elementary schools.
The masters, on the other hand,
Await us hopefully.
Perhaps this year they will succeed
To make one nut a tree.

Lights on way past midnight. . .
(That late movie was quite good)
Student teachers right at work,
Doing what they should.

And as the end approaches
We think back through the year—
Not of all the work we've done
Nor of all the joy and fear,
But of all the time we've wasted,
The things we could have done,
The little tots we could have helped,
The points we could have won.

RUTH FRASER

WE LERN A TEECH

For long time I work in industree
Den I say school is place for me.
To teach de kids is de ting I say
So I go to college in ole Nord Baie.

In world I often hear, "Oh gee!"
But never hear of mudologee.
Phicologee is anoder ting
We must all lern before de spring.

In school I lern de pray-de-cat.
You know de place de verb is at.
I try so hard, but I can't see
Why to pray to cat is good for me!

De peoples here are darn good bunch.
We have lots fun when we eat lunch.
Dat's de place we really learn
What make de practice teacher burn.

Et must be hard to teech to us
But de masters never make a fuss.
Dey try an try to reach our mind
Den try again at exam time.

To teach de kids their a, b, c,
We work like horse and get a three.
But come de spring I know for sure,
We get de chance to teach next year
I pray to Lord
We all be hired by de school board!

BOB LAMOTHE

McMaster University

Department of University Extension

As a graduate of Teachers' College you may be interested in finding out what is available for your further education through work at a university. McMaster University will welcome your inquiry and the opportunity to help you in any way possible. Please address your mail to:

Department of Extension (NTC)
McMaster University,
Hamilton, Ontario

What's in the cards for your future?



There are, perhaps, better ways of selecting a career than by reading cards. But if the signs suggest banking, you'd do well to explore the possibilities, especially at The Bank of Nova Scotia. Here's why:

Real opportunity for advancement. Scotiabank is a fast-growing organization, constantly in need of young men and women to fill new positions.

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Travel opportunities. Scotiabank training includes a chance to learn banking in various parts of Canada—sometimes in the U.S., London or the Caribbean.

Community standing. As a responsible citizen, you enjoy your neighbours' confidence and respect.

Drop in and discuss a banking career at Scotiabank—any time. Just ask for the manager.

ScotiaBANK
THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA









To The Practice Teachers

We invaded your classrooms and you relinquished your posts to us. While you patiently and helplessly looked on we taught your pupils heresies quite confidently and convincingly. This burdened you with the extra task of remedial teaching.

By accepting us, you sacrificed precious time and effort making out our lesson assignments, filling out our reports and counseling us.

Your criticisms have helped us to eliminate our faults and improve ourselves. Thus we want to express our gratitude and sincere appreciation.

Local Public Schools

NORTH BAY

Dr. Carruthers
Mr. Clements
Mr. Lockhart
Mrs. Smith
Mrs. Saad
Mrs. Curran
Miss Bamford
Miss Willoughby
Mrs. Barringer

King George
Mr. MacKinnon
Mr. Osberg
Mrs. Pritchard
Mrs. Barber
Mrs. Rutland
Mrs. O'Halloran
Miss Bolender

Laurentian
Mr. Barker
Miss Spong
Miss Petersen

Pinewood
Mr. McKee
Mr. Brownlee
Mr. Boehme
Miss Brightwell
Mrs. Haavaldsrud
Miss McDowell

Dr. MacDougall
Mr. Weller
Miss Forrest
Mrs. Landriault
Miss Sage
Mrs. Price
Mrs. Forrest
Mrs. Davison
Mrs. Perron

Queen Victoria
Mr. Phillipps
Mrs. Thompson
Mrs. Davison
Mrs. Smith
Miss Runciman

King Edward
Mr. Grant
Mrs. Maclean
Mrs. Frederick

WIDDIFIELD

Vincent Massey
Mrs. Lueck
Mrs. Ellsmere
Mrs. Baillie
Mr. Allen

O'Brien
Mrs. Mooney
Mrs. Rosseter
Mrs. Miller

Trout Mills
Mrs. Shortreed
Mrs. Hillis
Mrs. Desjardins
Mrs. Alderson

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

E. T. Carmichael
Mrs. Crewson
Mrs. Phillips
Mrs. Rose
Mrs. Molineux
Mrs. Norman
Mrs. Shields

FERRIS

Tweedsmuir
Mrs. Pentland
Mr. Locking
Mrs. Nicol
Mrs. Tyers
Mrs. Spalding
Mrs. O'Neil
Miss McCallum
Miss Hermiston

Sunset Park
Mr. Hudson
Mrs. Souter

Riverbend
Miss Neily

Nipissing Junction
Mrs. Graff

Paul Davoud
Mrs. Penner
Mrs. McGuinty
Mr. Gasparetto
Mrs. Belanger
Miss Schnelefske
Mrs. Naughton
Mrs. Levis

Callander
Mrs. Alkins
Mrs. Hamilton

Practice Teachers

Local Separate Schools

NORTH BAY

Corpus Christi
Sr. Madelaine Joseph
Mrs. MacDonald
Mrs. McEwen
Mrs. Chapman
Miss Giroux

St. Alexander's
Mr. Dufresne
Mrs. Surtees
Mrs. Benoit
Miss Daly
Mrs. Harrington
Mrs. Sullivan
Mrs. Lapierre
Sr. Anastasia
Mrs. Corbett

St. Hubert's
Sr. Mary Immaculate
Mrs. Harrington
Mrs. Brennan

St. Joseph's
Mrs. O'Paleichuk
Mrs. Vaillancourt
Sr. St. Edmund
Mrs. Bethune
Mrs. Pinkerton

St. Mary's
Mrs. Tackney
Miss Linder

St. Rita's
Mrs. Lepage
Mrs. Gregory

FERRIS

St. Theresa's
Mr. Howard
Sr. St. Richard
Sr. Roberta Ann

Our Lady of Fatima
Mr. Fraboni
Mrs. Howard
Miss Ranney

WIDDIFIELD

Sacred Heart
Mr. O'Connor
Mrs. Hadlow
Miss Hayes
Mrs. Henderson
Miss Humphrey
Miss Leach

St. Francis
Miss Saumur

Out-of-Town Public Schools

SOUTH CHAFFEY
Mr. Manella
Mr. Seely

BURK'S FALLS
Mrs. Bell
Mrs. Boe

HUNTSVILLE
Mr. Bolger
Mr. Yeo
Mrs. Kellock
Mrs. Brown
Mrs. Churchill

POWASSAN
Mr. Young
Mr. Cheaney
Mrs. Warner
Mrs. Anderson

TROUT CREEK
Mr. Lang
Mrs. Schmelefske

SOUTH RIVER
Mr. Proudfoot
Mrs. Elliot
Mrs. Maeck
Mrs. Smith

COBALT
Mr. McGugan
Mrs. Cotton
Mrs. MacPherson

SUDBURY

Adamsdale
Mrs. Snow
Mrs. Beall
Mrs. Munro
Mr. Wiseman

Alexander
Mr. Campbell
Miss Hyndman
Miss Barlow
Mrs. Roseborough
Miss Jamieson

R. L. Beattie
Mrs. Buchanan
Miss Reid
Miss Menzies
Miss Williams
Mr. James

MacMillan
Mrs. McMaster
Mrs. Tushingham
Miss Graham
Mr. Amos

Princess Anne
Miss Stevenson
Mr. MacDonald
Mrs. Draper
Miss Bradley
Mrs. Eastick

Wembley
Mr. Pawson
Miss Stephen
Mrs. Grant
Miss Reynolds
Mrs. Leigh
Mrs. Cook
Mrs. MacDonald

Gemmell
Mrs. Cranston
Mrs. Moores
Mr. Sandblom

Out-of-Town Separate Schools

COBALT

St. Patrick's
Miss Murphy
Mrs. St. Laurent

SUDBURY

Corpus Christi
Mr. Cameletti
Mrs. Dube
Mrs. Montroy

Holy Redeemer
Mrs. Healy

Pius XII
Mrs. Beland
Mrs. Dunn

St. Anthony
Mrs. Robillard
Mrs. Bellay
Mrs. Moroso
Mrs. Pellerin

St. David
Mrs. Downer
Miss Edmunds
Miss Kelly
Mrs. Turcotte

St. Gabriel
Sr. M. St. Matthew
Mrs. Cole

St. Hubert
Mrs. Hopkins
Sr. Moyra

St. Jerome
Mr. Tarini
Mrs. Kinoshameg

St. Paul
Mrs. Kendel
Miss Fox

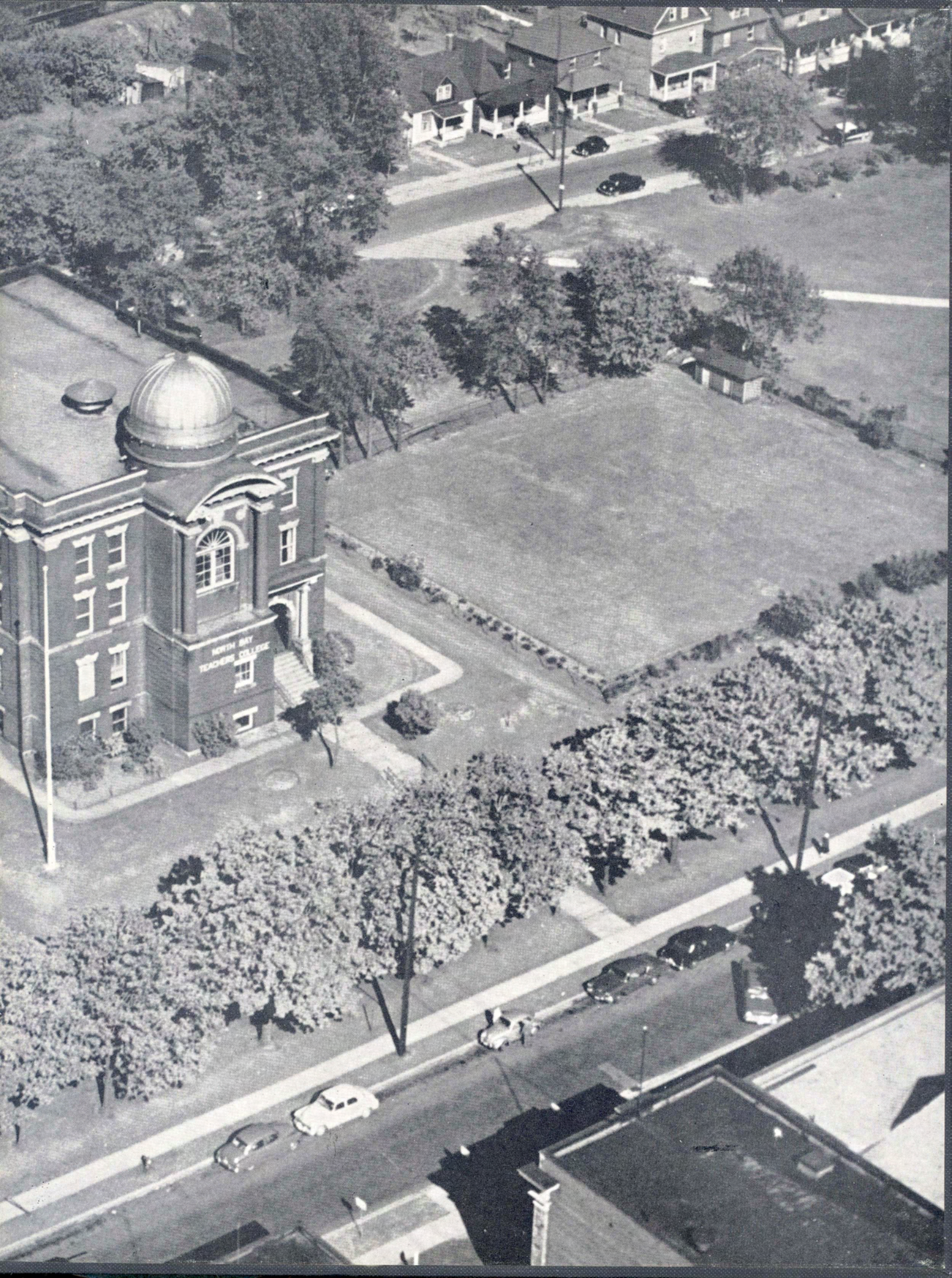
St. Theresa
Miss Pidutti

Notes

Notes

Autographs




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TEACHERS COLLEGE