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Polaris

ARC 095



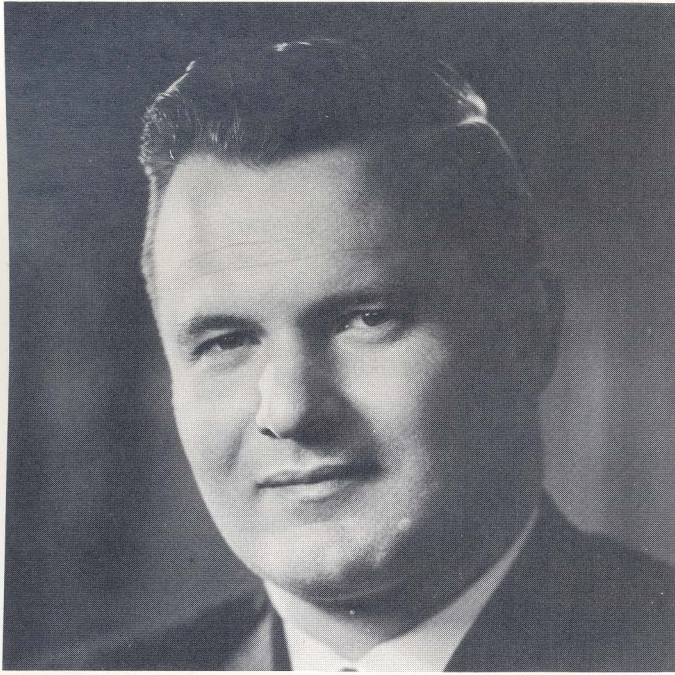




North Bay
Teachers' College

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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 graduates of the North Bay Teachers' College. During your course you will have received much excellent advice regarding the important work you are about to undertake, and it remains for me only to wish you every success in your chosen career.

To be successful you must be happy in your work, and I hope that you will find the happiness that comes from the consciousness of work well done and above all from the knowledge that you have helped your pupils to develop correct habits, worthy interests and high ideals which in years to come will — make this world a better place.

My best wishes go with you as you take up your new duties in September.

William G. Davis,
Minister of Education.

"A Message from the Principal"



As this portion of our yearbook is in preparation, we are being bombarded by the slogans of municipal politicians:

"We solicit your influence!"

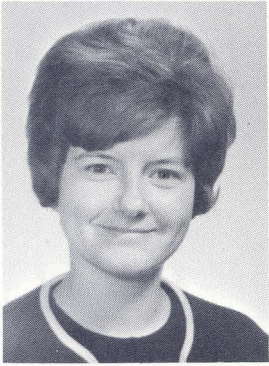
As a teacher, your word and influence will matter. Teaching aids can help you in the educational process but the heart of education will still be found in the personal influences within the school or classroom environment.

May I paraphrase the Pauline epistle:

For whatsoever things are true,
for whatsoever things are honest,
for whatsoever things are just,
for whatsoever things are pure,
for whatsoever things are lovely,
for whatsoever things are virtuous
and of good report,

I solicit your influence as a teacher.

J.D. Deyell, Principal



Valedictory Address

Everyone realizes what a difficult task it is to express your feelings and mine on this our Graduation Day. I am honoured in having been chosen by you to speak for you. I stand before you now with mixed emotions. We should be happy as we have come a long way in a short time; yet, it is with sadness that we realize that our year at this College is about to end.

For most of us, it has been a rewarding year. We came here with an immediate aim – that of passing our year. We were but students in September; however, as we prepare to leave we have grown into mature young men and women, dedicated to the noblest profession – teaching.

It is to you, Mr. Deyell, and your dedicated staff that we owe our deepest thanks. You, like the helmsman of a ship, guided us through the stormy weeks of practice teaching. Without this help, we would never have surmounted the numerous hurdles which loomed in our path. Your confidence in us has bolstered our morale during difficult times. Your hard work and sincere efforts will always be remembered as we endeavour to put into practice in September all that you have taught throughout the year.

To our practice teachers, thank you for giving us the opportunity of exploring your classrooms, questioning you endlessly and of trying new ideas and techniques. We have profited not only from these experiences but also from your understanding and helpful suggestions.

We also wish to thank our Religious Instructors who have given freely of their time to come each week. It is through them that we have been reminded that each child who sits before us has an immortal soul that is destined to live for all eternity. The knowledge we impart should be secondary to the characters we form.

So, we have achieved our immediate aim but what about our long-term aim? This year should be but a stepping stone to still greater things.

We have not reached the end; we are just beginning. A whole new world has been opened up before us. Therefore, it is our duty to take the initiative, and explore this vast world of teaching. Our biggest and most important task is yet ahead. In the words of Robert Frost, we have miles to go before we sleep.

Many true friendships will be broken when we say goodbye. Many of us may never meet again. As each goes his separate way, may he work hard and strive to be the best teacher. Then we can be proud to say we have come from the Graduation Class, 1963-1964, of North Bay Teachers' College.

Lois Miller

Editorial



You cannot judge a book by its cover. This is an old worn-out statement, but it has merit. It is what is contained within a book that is of real value.

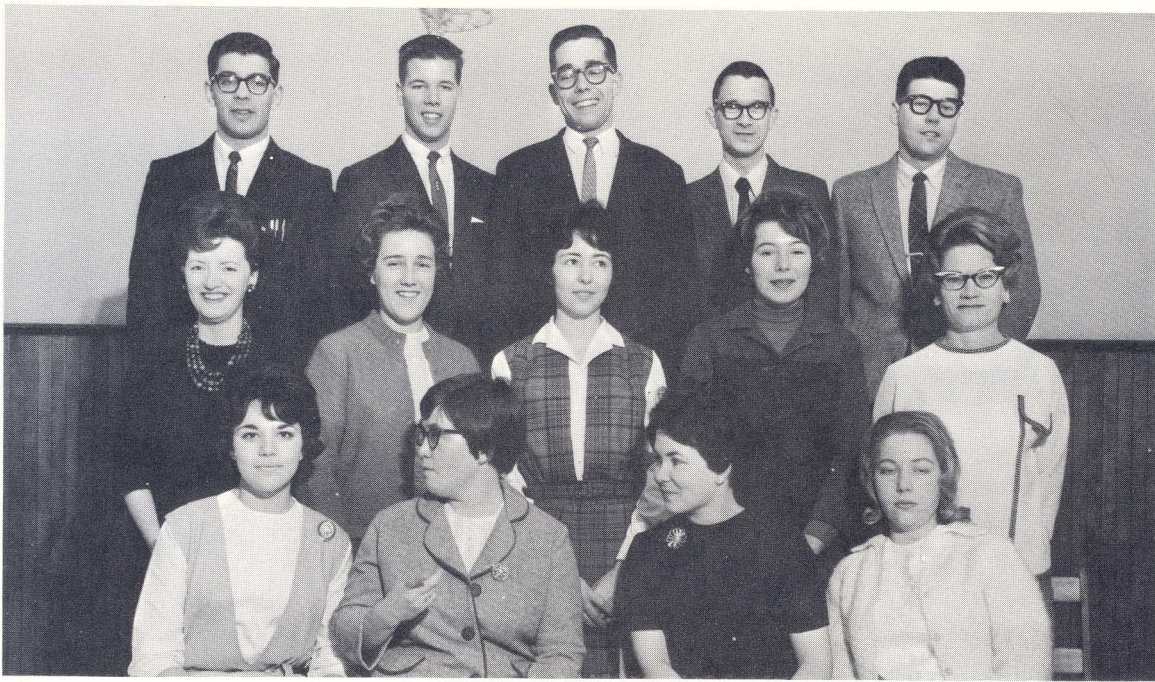
We, of the yearbook executive, have tried to compile a book of which you, the students, should be proud. It is our hope that you look at it in years to come and that it will recall to mind the many enjoyable experiences that took place during your year at N.B.T.C.

Actually, this is a history book. It tells of the year 63-64, the year you came to College as a student and left as a teacher.

The members of the executive owe a great debt to the masters for their patience, guidance and advice. Without their help such a book could never have been edited. I should, therefore, like to thank the masters and the students who put so much effort into your yearbook.

Georgia Pelletier – Editor

Patricia MacDonald – Co-Editor

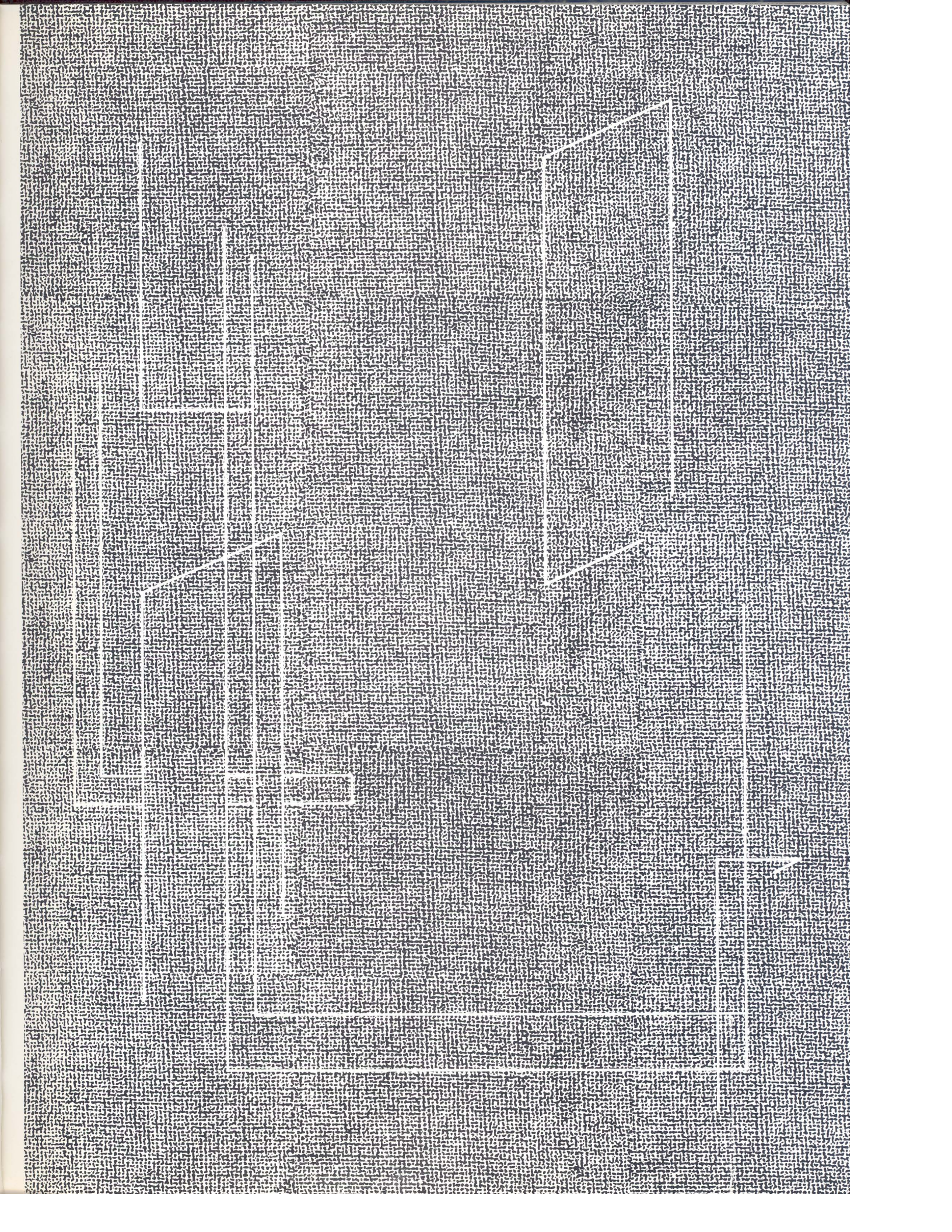


FIRST ROW: Al Buscemi, Roger Harris, Barry Frankham, Michael Romain, Mr. O. White.
SECOND ROW: Miss P. Allen, Nancy Miller, Barbara Stieh, Pat MacDonald, Miss E. Stevens.
THIRD ROW: Angela Orlando, Sylvia Battrick, Brenda Barringer, Georgia Pelletier.

The Polaris' Executive

The staff of your yearbook, Polaris, was elected from the different forms early in September, 1963. Leading the band was Georgia Pelletier, who, being editor, was mainly responsible for the success of the book. It was under her careful guidance that the rest frantically worked to meet the deadlines which crept up so quickly. Our man with the camera, Al Buscemi, could be seen slinking around at all our school activities, snapping photos for this yearbook. Articles about these pictures and any other school activities poured forth from the pen of Michael Romain. Sylvia Battrick was responsible for the organization of the graduation pictures and for placing all the names and quaint quotations under the correct photos. No yearbook can be complete without a sports section. For this, Barry Frankham covered the men's sports and Brenda Barringer reported those of the women. The designing of the division pages and other artistic flairs were produced on the drawingboards of Pat MacDonald and Angela Orlando. Roger Harris was responsible for the organization of the literary section. No book can survive on subscriptions alone and so Nancy Miller was in charge of advertising and other necessary correspondence. In order to eradicate all errors, our copy reader, Barbara Stieh burned the midnight oil reading all submitted pages and correcting mistakes.

The production of the Polaris was not done by students alone and for their time, help, and ideas, we sincerely thank Miss Allen, Miss Stevens and Mr. White.



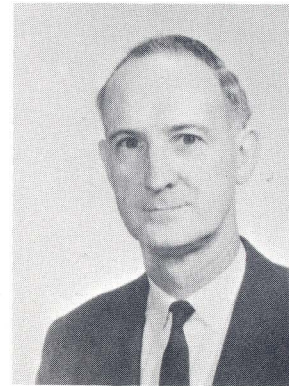
Staff



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



Miss C.I. McIntyre, B.A., M.Ed.
Dean of Women
Methodology



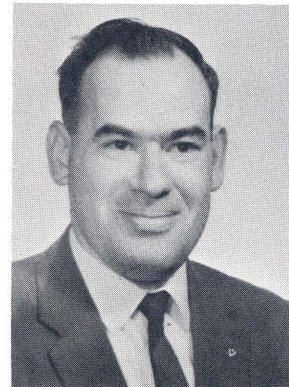
M.J. Curtis, B.A., B.Ed.
Vice-Principal
Director of Practice
Teaching
Music



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



Miss P. Allen, B.A., M.Ed.
English I



J.T. Angus, B.A., B.Ed.
Child Psychology
Science

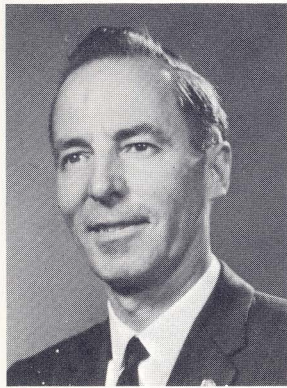


A.B. Reed, B.A.
Industrial Arts
Science



O. White, B.A., B.Ed.
Child Psychology

Staff



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



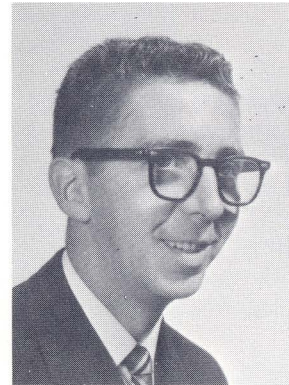
Miss K. Maloney
Home Economics
Library Methods



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



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



L.C. Van Dusen, B.A.
Methods in Social Studies
History



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



A.J. MacAskill, B.A.
English A
English B



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

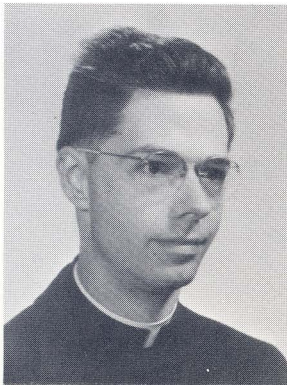
The Religious Instructors



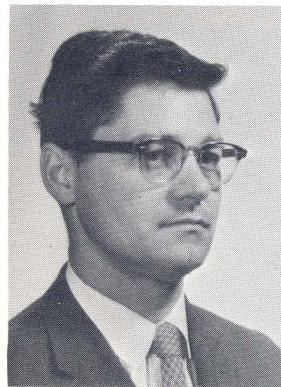
Rev. Canon C.F. Large



Rev. R.V. Wilson
B.A., B.D.



Rev. P. Goold
A.B.



Rev. G. Paul
B.A., B.D.



Rev. A.C. Young
B.A.



Rev. O.E. Raymer
B.A., Sc., B.D.

TO THE STUDENTS:



Rev. C.W. Cope,
North Bay and District,
Ministerial Association.

It is indeed a privilege to have this opportunity of contributing to the Yearbook in a message to the students. First, I should like to make this comment. It is of interest to note the changes that you undergo during your term at the College. Perhaps you have not noticed yourselves but we, as your instructors, have. For you come to the College fresh out of High School, and you leave the College young women and young men with a profession, and committed to one of the most important tasks in the world – education as it pertains to the elementary school students. That, in itself, is a task with a great responsibility, and yet the returns are so gratifying. A child comes to school for his first day – unable to read or write, spell or add. He is thrilled and bewildered by this new experience. But look at the same boy or girl as he or she is in Grade 8. What a change has come about in those few years! And the teacher has had a major part in bringing about that change.

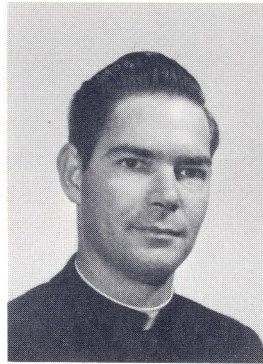
I am aware that I am writing this representing the Protestant clergy who have assumed responsibility, under the direction of the College, for assisting you in coming to an understanding of the Christian Faith, especially as it is related to the teaching of religion in the elementary schools. From time to time discussions are heard as to whether “religion” should be taught in the schools. Such discussions can be academic and fruitless, and at the same time can reflect a viewpoint that is both alarming and irrelevant. For the question is not whether “religion” is to be taught in the schools, but what “religion” and how. For “religion” has to do with our relationship to the world about us, to the universe in which we are an infinitesimal part, and to other men and women. Obviously, we cannot get away from teaching “religion”. So the question arises; what set of values are we going to bring to our students? What relationship are we going to suggest as the Ideal? Is it to be the religion of materialism, of Communism, of democracy or what? You can readily understand that this is a basic and important question!

During the school year, your instructors have endeavoured to bring to you an understanding of the Christian Faith, and its relevance to life as we experience it today. We do hope that it has become more meaningful for you.

One last word – I hope that all your problems will be little ones, and that you will have the joy of seeing those same little ones, your students, mature and grow in understanding of life, until years later when you meet them as young men and women you will be proud of them, and they will recognize the important role that you played in the formative years of their lives.

Rev. C. Wesley Cope.

TO THE STUDENTS:



Very Rev. Msgr. B.F. Pappin,
Pro-Cathedral of the Assumption.

My Dear Students:

Permit me to offer you my sincere congratulations on the success that you have achieved during the course of the past year. The preparation for the Teaching Profession is a real challenge and you have met this challenge with courage and determination. It is our hope that you will face life with the same spirit with which you have approached your time here at Teachers' College, and with the same effort and determination that you will continue to find success and the resulting reward of satisfaction in your work of teaching, developing and forming young minds.

The Teaching Profession is an exalted one, and we trust you will always maintain high ideals of this way of living, and that you will set very high standards for your own self in your daily living and in the work that is to be accomplished. To the degree that you approach the high ideals that have been set for you, and which you have accepted, will you find satisfaction in your work and accomplish the end and purpose of true education. Our interest and our hope will follow you wherever you may go.

May Christ, the greatest of all Teachers, be with you always to guide you, inspire you, and give you courage to meet the challenge that is yours in your chosen life's work.

Sincerely yours,

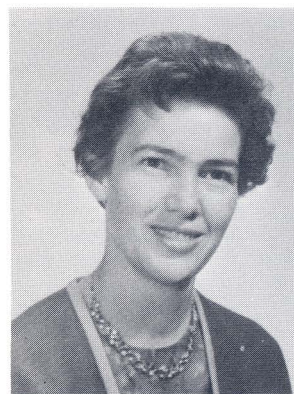
Very Rev. Msgr. B.F. Pappin.



Mrs. B. Kinniburgh



Mrs. K. Sullivan



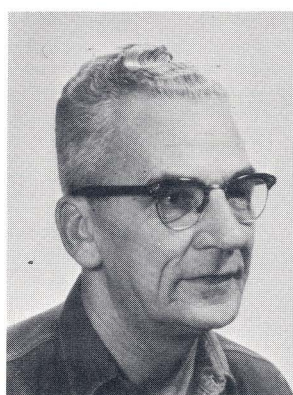
Mrs. Schmidt

A Word of Thanks To

our librarian, Mrs. Kinniburgh, who keeps the library organized in spite of four hundred students. Equally praiseworthy is Mrs. Schmidt of the secretarial staff. To Mrs. Sullivan who left the College to accept a new position go our best wishes for every success.



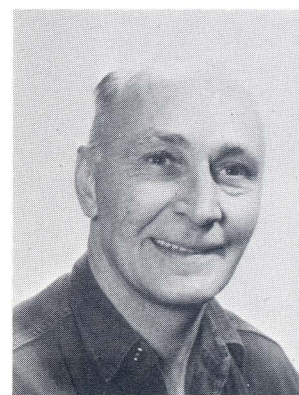
Miss G. Godin



Mr. J. Donaldson



Mrs. M. Durrant



Mr. A. Welin



Mr. L. Doucette

Our Appreciation

is also extended to our maintenance staff. Freshly shovelled walks, sparkling corridors and clean classrooms are but a few of the many proofs of their efforts.

'Enby Teecy'

Let's sing about the happy days we spend at Teachers' College The

fountain head of all North Bay's Pedagogic knowledge

Happy teachers we shall be, Future of the nation we,

Then we shall remember thee, Our dear old Teachers' College.

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)

G
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One Year Course

Form O-1



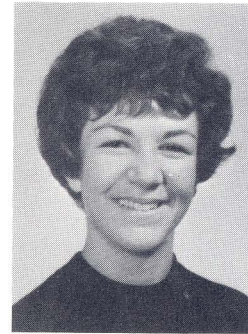
Sheila Agnew (Mrs.)
North Bay

Why are we here?
Where're we going?



Nancy Allen
Sault Ste. Marie

To be or not to be.



Patricia Allen
Bracebridge

You wan'na believe
it!



Beverley Bennard
Timmins

"What do you want
now, Gord?"



Ruth Angus
Lively

Did ya' mail my
letter?



Gordon Bennett
Timmins

Lend me a piece of
paper.



Ronald Arnold
Sudbury

It's not altitude that
counts but attitude.



Betty Ashick
Sudbury

Here we go Betty-
Lou.



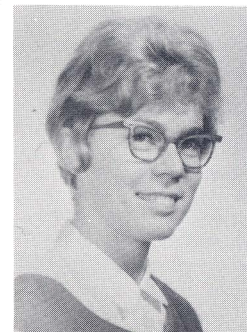
Robert Aubie
North Bay

Happy in love,
thought, and life.



Bruce Avery
North Bay

My skiis give me
wings.



Deirdre Baker
New Liskeard

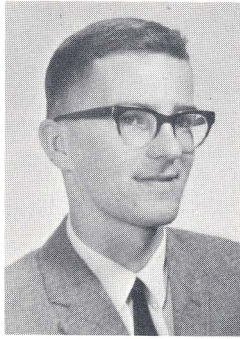
Here, Gerry, you
have 'My' seat!

One Year Course

Form 0-1



Jacquelyn Ball
Huntsville
"Si, Si, Senor!"



Randolph Barbeau
Sault Ste. Marie
"Sault City Soo on
the loose!"



Karen Beattie
North Bay
"Holy cow!"



Bonnie Andrews
North Bay
But I don't want to
smile!



Dianne Bodin
North Bay
Veni, vidi, victa
sum! Semper fidelis.



Peter Boyko
Porcupine
Life is....a measure
to be filled



Stephanie Boznar
Timmins
I try to succeed in
spite of myself.



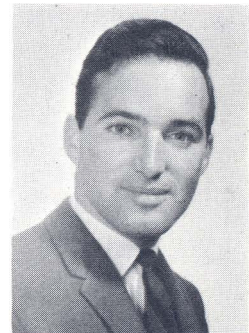
Shirley Bradley
Utterson
It's the little things
that count.



Anne Bragg
Levack
Such is life!



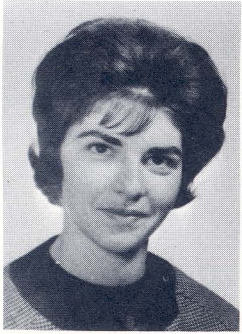
Diana Brenn
Parry Sound
"Laugh and be merry!"



Bernard Bridgman
Espanola
"C'est la silly vie!"

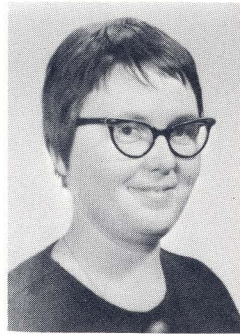
One Year Course

Form 0-1



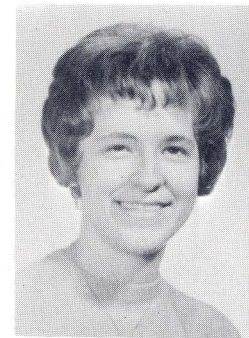
Judie Charlton
Manitoulin Island

I won't say a word.



Sylvia Battrick
Burk's Falls

Not I but you!



Esther Chamberlin
New Liskeard

Let's go to Toronto.



Vivien Campbell
Parry Sound

Wisdom? Wit? Wonderful!



Marilyn Baker
Sault Ste. Marie

Curfew will not ring tonight.



Brian Charbonneau
Sudbury

It's just a reflection.



Lenora Cecchetto
Sudbury

The happy wanderer.



Deidre Brill-Edwards
North Bay

Live and let live.



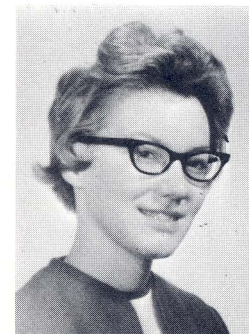
Cheryl Brown
New Liskeard

Cu-te!



Phyllis Carley
Kapuskasing

It's a long way home.



Pearl Brock
Burk's Falls

Drive you straight up a wall.



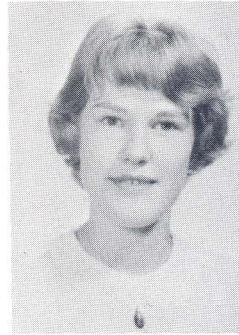
Joan Campbell
Trout Creek

Woe is me!



Barbara Bondar
Sault Ste. Marie

Words, words, words!



Marilyn Broad
Timmins

I love the highways.



Hazel Bannerman
Timmins

I'll never sew again.

Our Building

Formidable, defiant, intransigent, self-reliant
Our building stood.
Proud in tradition, cowardly in transition
She still stands.
Conservative, official, erudite, judicial
She will stand!

Sister Mary Joachim

One Year Course

Form 0-2



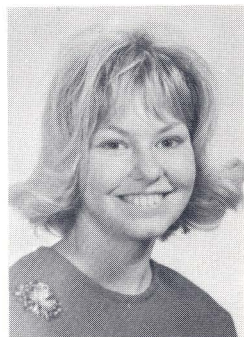
Betty Ann
Christenson
South Porcupine
Get serious!



Myrna Clarke
Sudbury
Smile and the world
smiles with you.



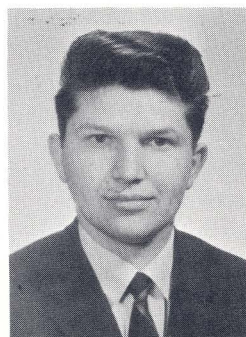
Sandra Clark (Mrs.)
North Bay
I do not teach; I
relate.



Gwynne Garrette
Sudbury
"Class, could I have
your attention?"



Lynn Cresswell
Coniston
Grin and "bear" it.



Dean Del Ben
Sudbury
To sin is human; to
judge is divine.



James Clarke
Kapuskasung
To strive, to seek
but not to yield.



Diane Cotnam
Timmins
I knew it!



Mary Cullen
Whitefish
Where there's no
solution, there's
no problem.



Roger Desjardins
North Bay
T'is better to try and
fail than to fail to try.



John De Fazio
Sault Ste. Marie
Life's a song; I'm
always singing.
20

One Year Course

Form 0-2



Karen Diotte
Sault Ste. Marie

Dark patches, green fields, and distant hills.



Beverly Drabick
(Mrs.)
Markstay

The unattainable is the most desirable.



Marie Dragicevic
Sault Ste. Marie

How am I? Just about like that.



Emil Dukovac
Timmins

Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.



Joan Earl
Huntsville

"Oh well, that's life!"



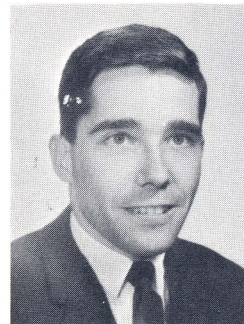
Drene Esau
Lively

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to sleep in or.....



Norman Fera
Sault Ste. Marie

Well, you've got a point.



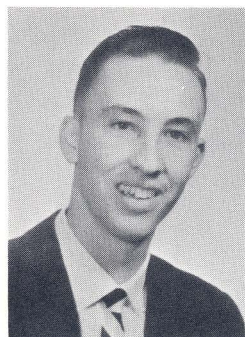
Barry Frankham
Temiskaming

"We feel that we are greater than we know."



Jo-Ann Fortais
Elliot Lake

What's life without week-ends and holidays?



Jack Furlong
Kirkland Lake

Live for today for tomorrow there may be no today.



Mary Lou Galinski
Nipissing Junction

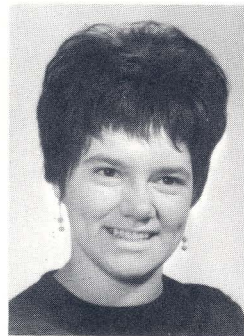
Live and let live!

One Year Course

Form 0-2



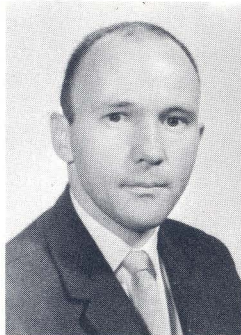
Brian Gilchrist
Parry Sound
Today the earth,
tomorrow, the bars.



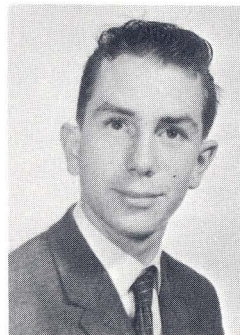
Susan Gaye
Gillespie
Thessalon
Locked out again!



Diane Goulter
Sudbury
"Get organized."



Clifford Gravelle
Sudbury
"Some rise by sin
and some fall by
virtue."
(Shakespeare)



Robert Grozelle
Haileybury
What? Me worry!!



William Gunn
Sudbury
Man is to work to
enjoy living.



Ranah Hall
Wawa
Get wisdom, get
understanding:
Forget it not.



Judith Hamilton
Renfrew
Do not neglect your
own to weed
another's field.



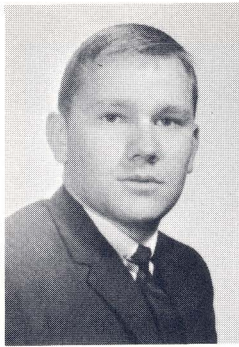
Myra Hamilton
Elliot Lake
Here we go again!!



Donna Hampel
Port Loring
Eat drink and be merry
for tomorrow you may teach.

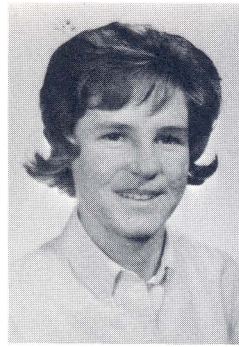


Ronald Hancock
Sudbury
To be or not to be.
That is the question.



Robert Harper
North Bay

Life is worth living.



Lorna Harris
Sault Ste. Marie

The law of the wise
is the fountain of life.

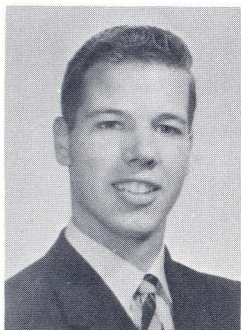
Blind Sight

Sight of darkness,
My sad soul to see
For me – true happiness
Can be,
Only
If my heavy heart
Do see,
My inner make believe.
Will it be –
Inward immaturity
Or reality?

Clifford Gravelle

One Year Course

Form O-3



Roger Harris
Sault Ste. Marie

Not even a castanet
clicks every time.



Frederick Henning
New Liskeard

By dog-sled or thumb,
that is the question.



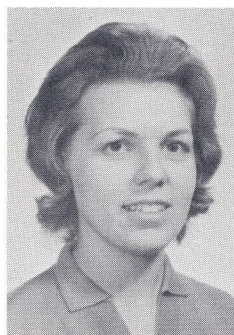
Carole Hermiston
Sault Ste. Marie

I'll never walk alone.



Wendie Hill
Sudbury

It is not how much
but how.



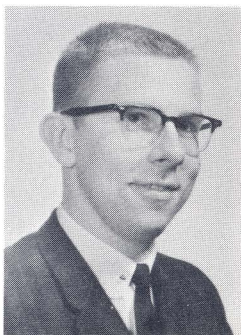
Eloise Hillman
Bracebridge

F.E. Now, don't get
snarly.



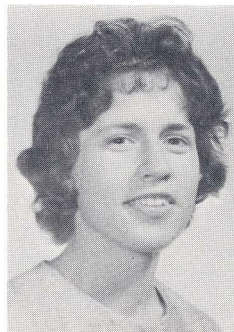
Nelson Ingram
Thessalon

The valiant never
tastes of death but
once.



Richard Hone
Estaire

Individuality is be-
coming a fad, so I
conform.



Mary Horchak
Hearst

My problem: To work
or not to work.



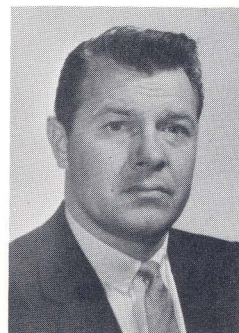
Louise Howerow
Kirkland Lake

Docendo Discimus.



Lois Hutchinson
Chelmsford

Strive and Accom-
plish. See!!



William Hutul
North Bay

Success work,
work, work wait,
wait, wait.

One Year Course

Form O-3



Marion Ingram
North Bay

Difficulties are opportunities.



Evelyne Jelly
New Liskeard

If there's a will,
there's a way.



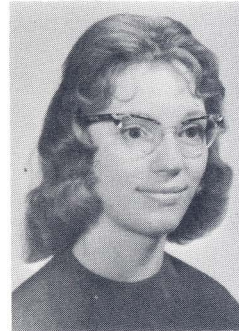
Scott Jessop
North Bay

Wisemen see their faults,
wisemen correct them.



Elizabeth John (Mrs.)
North Bay

To be great is to be
misunderstood.



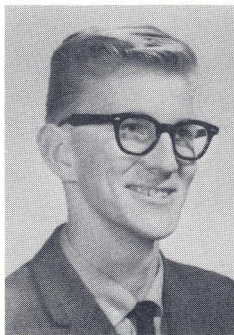
Sherran Johnson
Kapuskasing

Don't do things this
way at Kap.



Janice Johnston
Sault Ste. Marie

Make hay while the
sun shines.



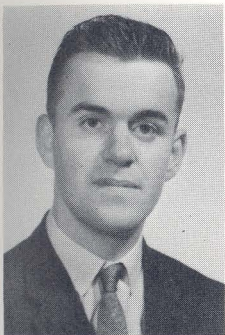
Wayne Kainola
Chelmsford

Long and lean, little
between (the ears).



Dianne Keir
Coniston

Smile and the world
smiles with you



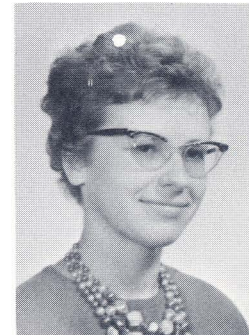
Ronald Kelly
Sudbury

Love makes the world
go round.



Judy Kemp
South Porcupine

For Pete's sake,
don't lock the door!!



Gloria Klem
Timmins

Life: art of drawing
without an eraser.

One Year Course

Form O-3



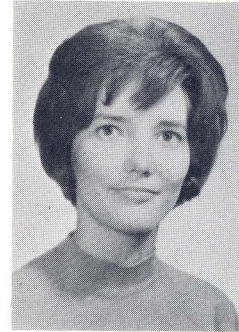
Geoffrey Knuff
Sudbury

Omnia vincit amore.



Douglas Koskela
Porcupine

The evil men do
lives after them.



Bette Koski
Kirkland Lake

Fishing is no good
unless you have a
good line.



Evelyn Kozak
Sudbury

Compassionate lis-
tenser worth more than
than sympathetic
speaker.



Irene Kyllonen
Sudbury

Today's work should
not be tomorrow's.



Carol Lafontaine
(Mrs.)

My first wish: Equal
rights for ALL.



Darryl Lalonde
Temagami

Never use preposi-
tions to end senten-
ces with.



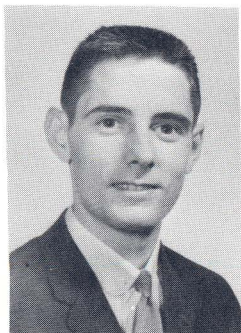
Margaret Leppanen
Garson

I came, I saw, and
now - I think I'll go.



Karen Levo
Sault Ste. Marie

When everything must
be right, something
isn't.



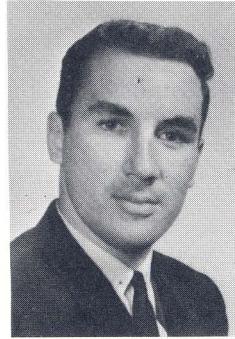
Donald Lidstone
Bracebridge

Strive to seek and
not to yield.



Susanne Logee
Kirkland Lake

There ought to be a
law against this.



Murray Londry
South Porcupine

To be single and free
is my destiny.



Doreen Harrison
Sundridge

Any dead fish can
float downstream.



Irene Hughes
Burk's Falls

Only the first step is
difficult.

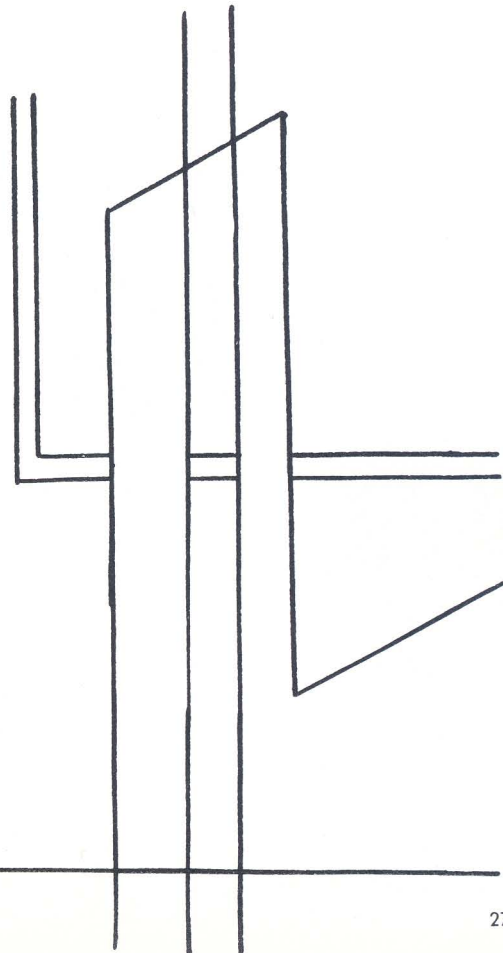
A Winter's Night

The winter's night is cold,
The snow is deep and bare.
Nothing breathes or moves,
In the moon's unblinking stare.

In sleep the children curled,
Each cot a silent mound,
But in their dreams they sense,
The cold world all around.

All night the silent chase
Continues in the sky,
Only the creaking pine
Sees the wild shapes go by.

Frederick Henning



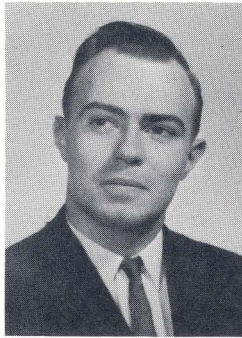
One Year Course

Form 0-4



Ellen Long
Copper Cliff

Much teaching doth
make thee mad.



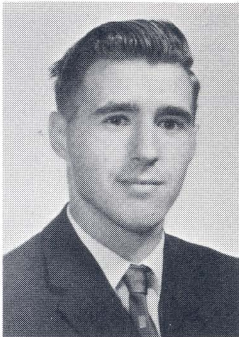
John Lowrey
Cane

Always be prepared.



Karen Luoma
Sudbury

Thoughts of youth
are long thoughts.



David MacDonald
North Bay

"Who's that girl in
S-2?"



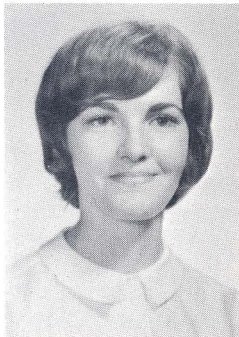
Patricia MacDonald
North Bay

Good things come to
him who waits.



Louis Moody
Sault Ste. Marie

Why work? There's
usually an easier
way.



Bonnie MacKay
Sault Ste. Marie

Never flinch, never
weary, never despair.



Lois MacKay
Loring

So little done, so
much to do.



Sharon Mailey
Sault Ste. Marie

Curly faces short
backs and leather boots.



Mary Marrin
Bracebridge

An effort a day
keeps failure away

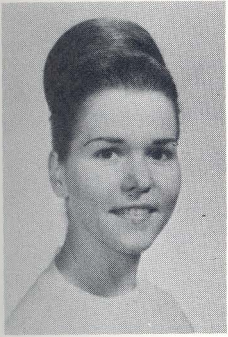


Wayne Maitland
Sudbury

Don't give up!
Begin rescue breathing.

One Year Course

Form O-4



Carol Martin
Sudbury
Motionless torrents!
Silent cataracts!



Carla Mattioli
Sault Ste. Marie
It's easier said than
done.



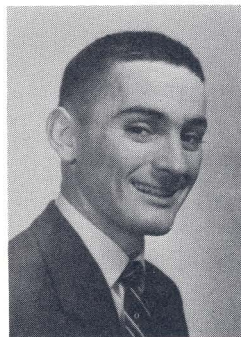
Donna Mattioli
Sault Ste. Marie
The early bird gets
the worm.



Dellma Maville
Webbwood
Birds of a feather
flock together.



Linda McDougall
Sudbury
The unexplored life
is not worth living.



Ron McDougall
Kincardine
A universal desire,
a silver dollar!



John McEwen
Sudbury
Nothing is won
without sacrifice.



Bette McIlvenna
(Mrs.)
North Bay
From here on down
it's all uphill.



Kay McLellan
Sudbury
He who treads
softly goes far.



Myrna McMullin
Sault Ste. Marie
No one is wise at
all times.



Margaret McTiernan
Kirkland Lake
Morning does not beget
profound thoughts.

One Year Course

Form 0-4



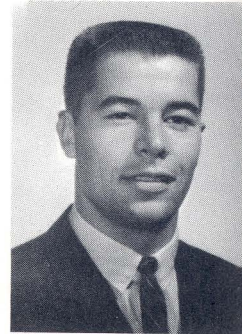
Janice McLachlan
Powassan

Silence is the best
ornament of a
woman.



Nancy Melanson
Sudbury

To thine ownself
be true.



Joseph Michlowski
Chelmsford

He is well paid,
who is well
satisfied.



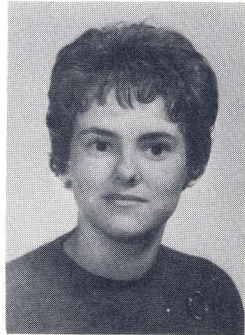
Janice Miller
Sault Ste. Marie

Blessings on her
who first discovered
sleep.



Lois Miller
Sudbury

Be a person and
respect others as
persons.



Penny Moore
North Bay

I will go anywhere
provided it is
forward.



Gladys Moreau
Sudbury

With just enough
learning to misquote.



Frank Moroso
Copper Cliff

Eat, drink, be
merry. Tomorrow
you die.



Grace Morrell
Evansville

A rolling stone
gathers momentum.



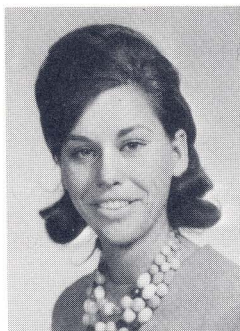
Patricia Morrow
New Liskeard

The secret of success
is constancy to purpose.



Monica Murphy
Sault Ste. Marie

So I said to myself
- "self."



Marja-Liisa
Martikainen

There's a time for
everything.



Ellen MacDougall
Manitowaning

Fools run in getting
the best seats.



Dorothy Murray
South Porcupine

A little learning is a
dangerous thing.

Shadows

Across my ceiling
Come and flee
Light and dark
Bring to me
Images

Last year's laughter
This year's pain
They quickly lapse
But return again

Old dreams
New dreams
Where do they come from?
Where do they go?

Lorraine Ushey

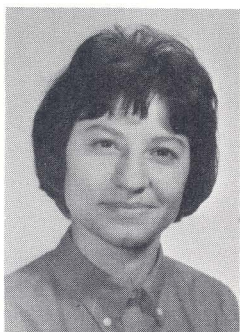
One Year Course

Form O-5



Susan Murray
Sault Ste. Marie

Keep those Irish
eyes smiling.



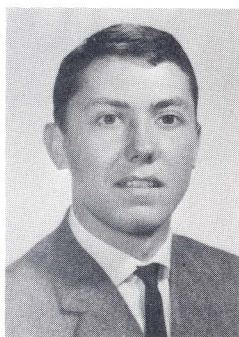
Karen Muscatello
Sault Ste. Marie

That wasn't nice —
but then you're not.



Merle Nichol
Sault Ste. Marie

Life is a merry-go-
round — one mad
whirl.



John Nychuk
Englehart

"You wanna believe
it!"



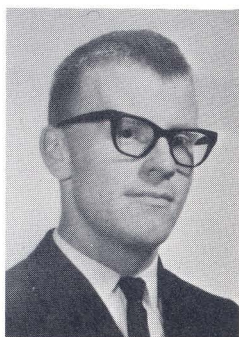
Patricia Oke
Huntsville

Guess it's time for
another sleep.



Robert Pickering
Parry Sound

Keep calm and try to
get along.



Joseph O'Neill
Elliot Lake

No man is an island
unto himself.



Helen Onieu
South Porcupine

Moderation — the
word of the day.



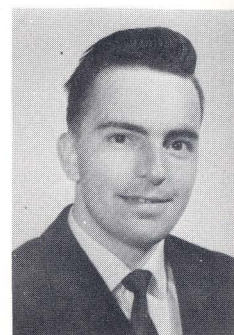
Anne Page
Ottawa

Silence is golden.



Howard Parker
North Bay

Strange things come
in the midnight sun.



George Pateman
Sault Ste. Marie

You are your uni-
verse.

One Year Course

Form O-5



Geraldine Pennarun
Garson

You never heard of
Garson?



Sarah Pessah
Kirkland Lake

Let's do the forward
roll again.



John Pianosi
Sudbury

Sudbury is better
than the Sault.



James Plant
Timmins

So quick in actions,
daring, cunning.



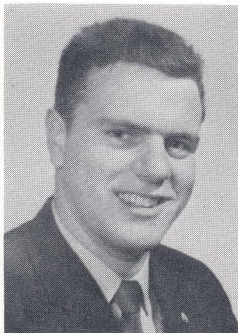
Daniel Prevost
Capreol

What's wrong with
Elvis?



Doreen Prout
Timmins

Absence will meet
you everywhere.



Maurice Quevillon
Ansonville

John - L's the name.



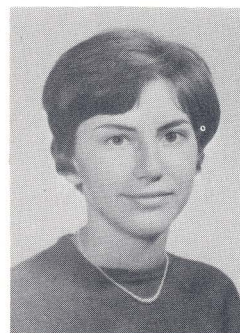
Esther Ramsey
Naughton

I'm glad I'm alive!
Aren't you?



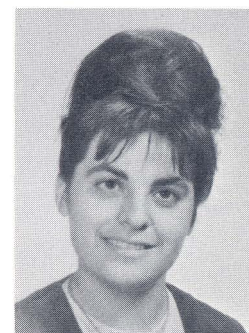
Lois Richards
New Liskeard

Teachers are keepers
of keep.



Mary Lou Riddell
Sudbury

Love makes the world
go round.



Guglielma Rinaldi
Sudbury

Hope is a better com-
panion than fear.

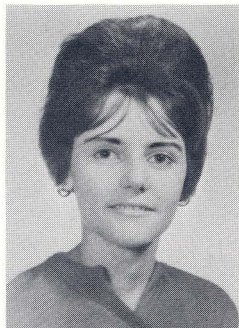
One Year Course

Form O-5



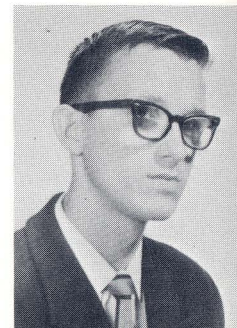
Heather Rintoul
Sault Ste. Marie

"Hardly – enough to
drive you off your
stick!"



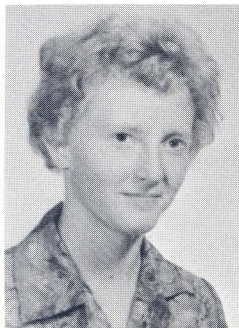
Shirley Robinson
Temistaming

From Quebec. Yes!
For the F.L.Q. No!



Michael Romain
Lively

Nothing is permanent
in life, except
change.



Carolyn Russell
North Bay

North Bay isn't such
a bad place!



Linda Rutherford
Copper Cliff

"Thanks for the
dances Hallowe'en
night, girls!"



Dennis St. Louis
North Bay

What's the caper?
Wine, women, or
what?



Romeo St. Onge
Kapuskasing

The Northern Boy –
Made in Kapuskasing.



Joan Saulnier
Sudbury

What will be left
when I'm gone?



Jean Schultze
Sudbury

Discretion is the
better part of valor.



Helen Seppala
Sudbury

What! No letter for
me again today.



Arlene Shymkiw
Sudbury

One smile is worth a
thousand frowns.



Leona Sheehan
Mrs.
Schreiber

Look thy last on all
things lovely.



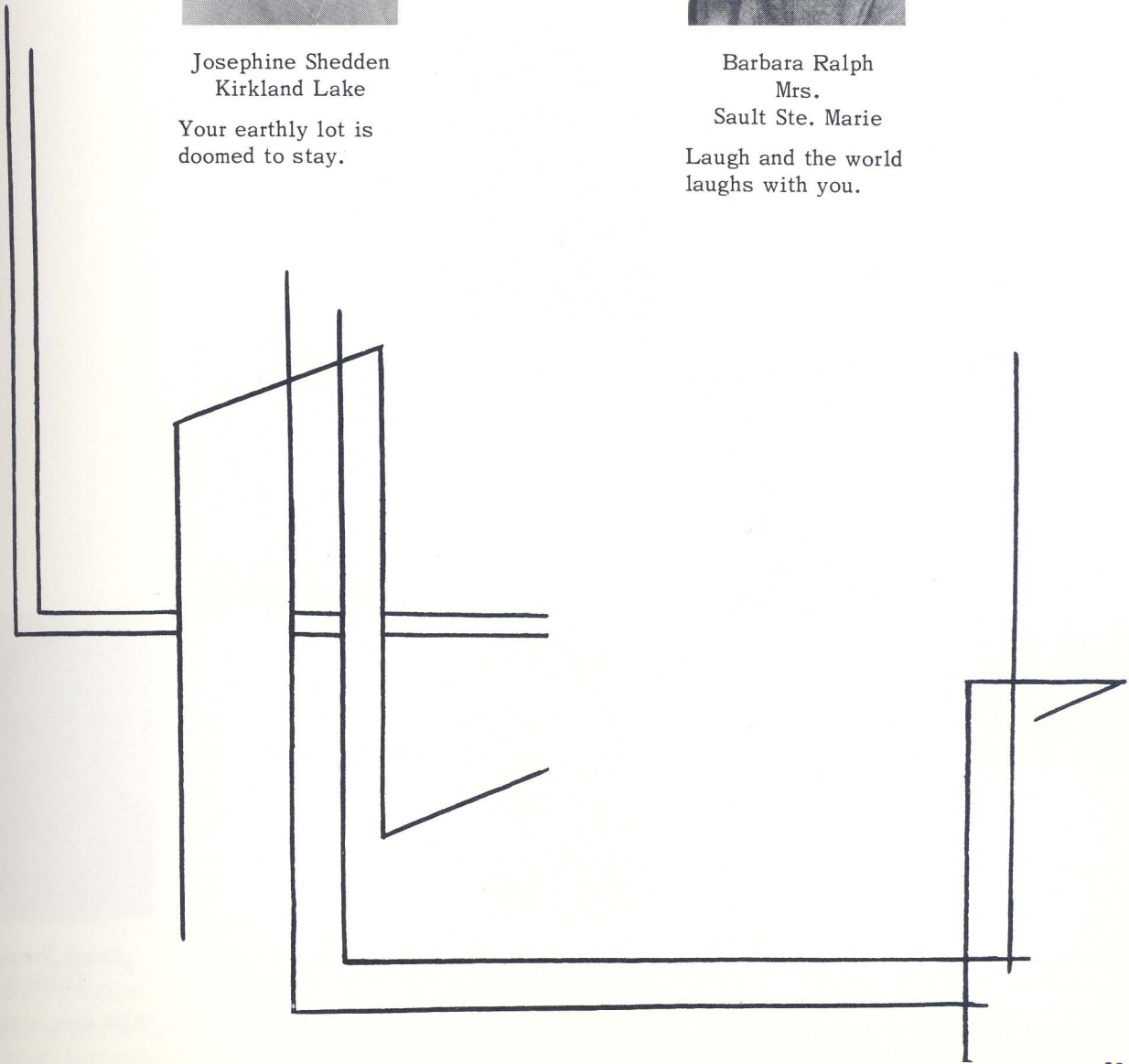
Josephine Shedden
Kirkland Lake

Your earthly lot is
doomed to stay.



Barbara Ralph
Mrs.
Sault Ste. Marie

Laugh and the world
laughs with you.



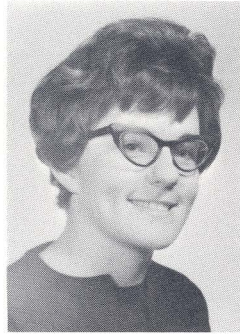
One Year Course

Form O-6



George Smith
North Bay

Probable destiny:
teaching little tots
hockey.



Mary Smith
Michipicoten Harbour

Sarcasm's the weap-
on of a weak teacher.



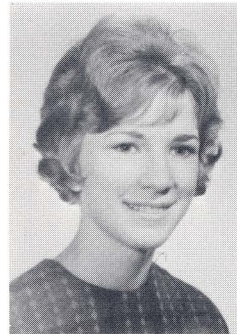
Isabella Spencer
(Mrs.)
North Bay

Time waits for no
man — or woman.



Barbara Stieh
Burk's Falls

If you can meet with
Triumph and Disas-
ter.



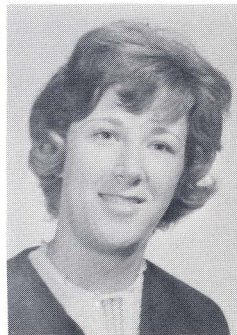
Marie Stillar
North Bay

Still waters run deep.



William Smith
Sault Ste. Marie

People have more
fun than anybody!



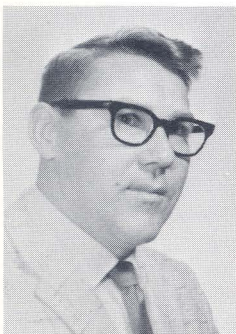
Elsa-May Stortroen
Porcupine

Depends on how you
look at it.



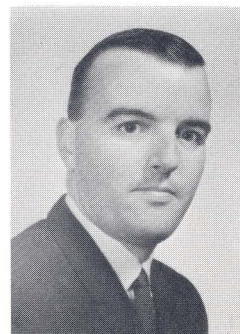
Stewart Thom
Espanola

Good grief, man!
What have you done?



John Thorne
Manitoba

An experienced
teacher from The
Pas.



Peter Tilston
Whitefish Falls

t.g.i.f.



Frank Trenouth
Timmins

'Allo dere worl.

One Year Course

Form 0-6



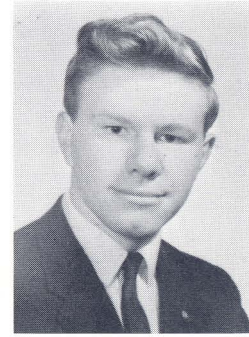
Patricia Smith
Sturgeon Falls

Education: choosing
one's company and
listening.



Diane Smith
Sault Ste. Marie

Where there's a will,
there's a way.



Clive Wilkinson
North Bay

Never look back and
you'll never regret
anything.



William Whitehouse
Sudbury

Resourcefulness:
making the most of
everything.



Lorraine Ushey
Sudbury

We cannot love any-
body at whom we
never laugh.



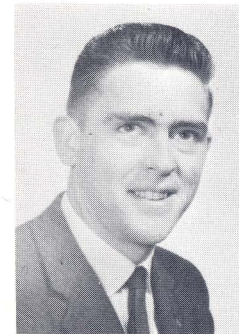
Tillie Stassen
Val-Caron

Success: the result
of long efforts.



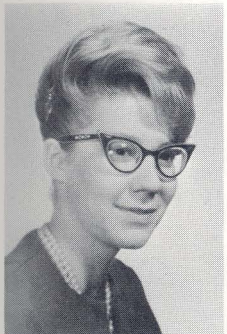
Elaine Simmons
Capreol

Work is the yeast
that rises the dough.



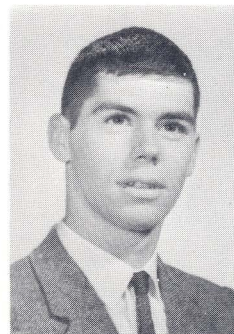
Garnett Vowels
McKellar

Being educated: to
prefer the best to all
else.



Meryl West, Mrs.
South Porcupine

Purpose of life is not
to be happy but to matter.



Warner West
Smooth Rock Falls

Love of learning sel-
dom unrequited



Joy Stevens
Huntsville

Anything worthwhile
is worth doing well.

One Year Course

Form 0-6



Stephen Vrbancic
Sudbury

We are such little men when the stars come out.



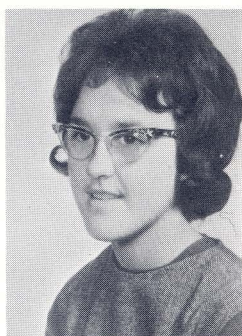
Marguerite Welch
Smooth Rock Falls

Education is the plough of life.



Gwen Simpson
Mrs.
North Bay

You are what you believe.



Jacqueline Trahan
Mattawa

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.



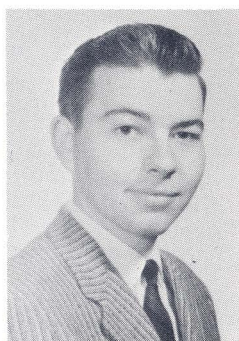
Andrew Trussler
Kirkland Lake

Never give up and you'll never be defeated.



Wynne Soule
Mrs.
North Bay

To thine ownself be true.



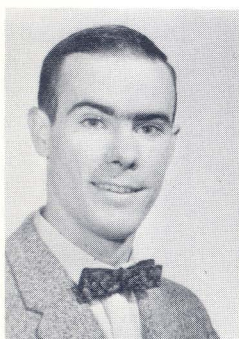
Richard Vallee
Sault Ste. Marie

Those frustrating weekends.



Jacqueline Tiffany
Timmins

Take things as they come and forget.



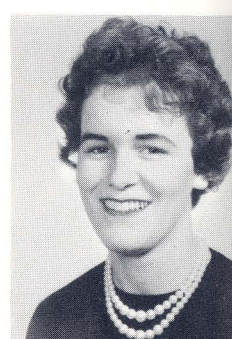
Ronald Zinkie
Copper Cliff

See everything, overlook a great deal, correct a little.



Meryl Warnock
Timmins

Laugh and the world laughs with you.



Violet Tonello
Mrs.
Monetville

Marriage is the only answer.

Anne Zemiari: The world owes us nothing. It was here first.

Enter In ...

"Enter the heart of a child knowing that God has been there before you."

Enter! Do not stand aloof merely associating the child's name with his face and place. Enter! Share his little joys – great joys to him.

"My puppy can beg for a biscuit!" he blurts while his tiny heart thunders.

"See, I can print my name. Do you like it?"

Can we as teachers ignore this innocent joy or thoughtlessly suppress it?

How shall we enter? Adventurous, exciting, constantly enlarging, filled with the realities of pets, dolls, tea parties, tin soldiers and dreams is the life of a child. All is wonderful and beautiful. Joy is plucked from the rainbow, the dancing shadow and "the boy who looks just like me" in the puddle.

This is the heart of the child. Innocent. Humble. So small and happy in the immense world of its surroundings. It knows little or no lasting sorrow or discouragement as it bounces merrily along like a sun-beam playing on rippling waters.

"That's Mommie, that's Daddy and that's ME."

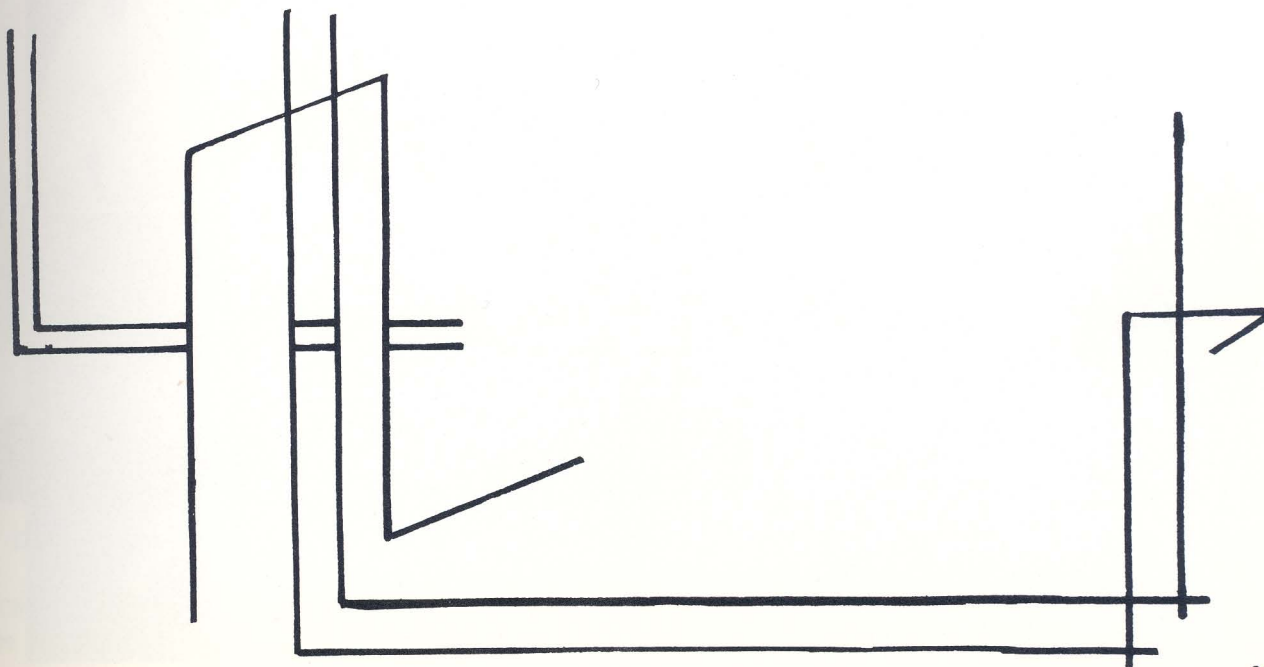
"And who is this in the corner of your picture?"

"That's you."

Repeatedly, the child's straightforwardness is expressed in his speech, word and play.

What pleasures shall be ours when we have learned to find our way into the hearts of children! Here we shall discover the happiness that we seek. The wonders of simplicity and love placed there by God will glisten before our eyes beckoning us to seek, to find and the yield to the greatness of these little ones.

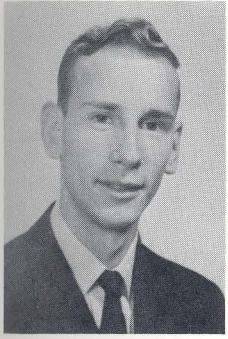
Sister Mary Arthur





Two Year Course-First Year

Form F-1



Bryan Adams
South Porcupine
Suzie's capable
demonstration
partner.



Lyle Addison
Silver Waters
Silver waters and
golden needles.



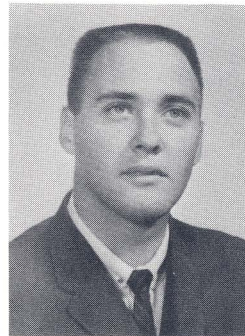
Gerry Alger
North Bay
Ambition: Kinder-
garten professor
Favorite saying:
Game over.



Sylvia Aro (Mrs.)
Callander
Thank goodness,
it's Friday.



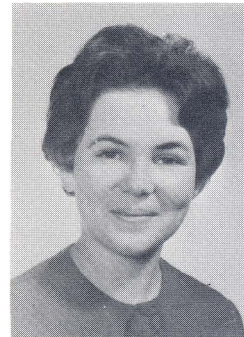
Eleanor Atkinson
Sudbury
I do know where I'm
going!



Jan Clarke
North Bay
May I "please"
have your attention.



Jerry Ballandies
Kapusksing
Still seeing one
side of the man.



Brenda Barringer
North Bay
Man's best friend;
a golf professional.



Doreen Barstead
Kirkland Lake
Champagne for me
in Kirkland to-night.



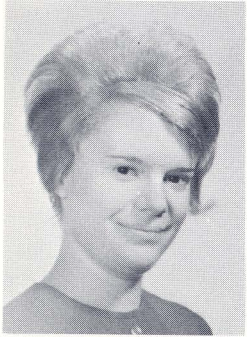
Richard Bartolucci
Sudbury
Slim and trim; always
wearing a grin.



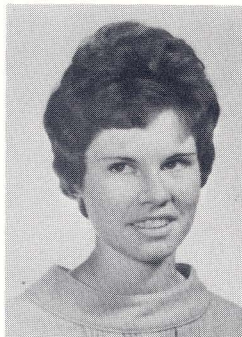
Jacqueline Belanger
Mattawa
I haven't any caption.

Two Year Course

Form F-1



Nancy Benjafield
Copper Cliff
"Hop a long
catastrophe."



Donna Brooks
Port Loring
Don'cha know where
Port Loring is?



Thomas Brooks
Bruce Mines
Interest: A special
Sault Ste. Marie
nurse. Favourite
Saying: Sh!



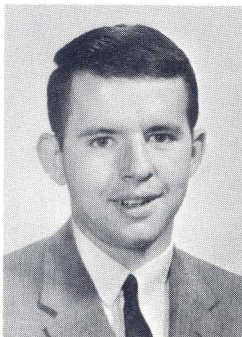
Iva Brown (Mrs.)
North Bay
A shoulder to lean
upon.



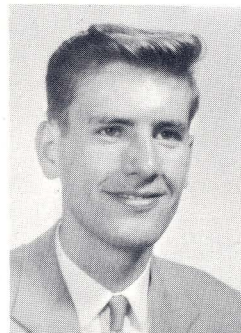
Robert Buell
Timmins
Einstein had brains.
I have hair.



Raymond Camirand
Hornepayne
She's not too bad
either.



William Church
North Bay
Brevity is the soul
of wit.



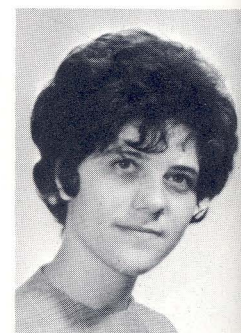
James Cockburn
Chapleau
What's really in the
briefcase Jim?



Sharon Crawford
Falconbridge
Ottawa has what
North Bay can't offer.



Betty Dawson
Bracebridge
Has a special home
interest in Bracebridge.



Amy De Monte
Sudbury
Like I mean, this
history sends me!

Two Year Course-First Year

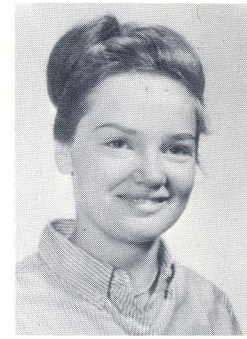
Form F-1



Barbara Descheno
North Bay
Old spice girl.



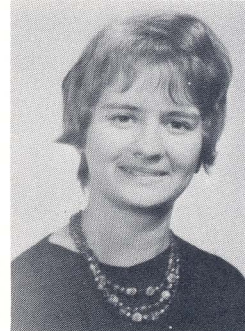
Fay Doxsee
Ansonville
"What a rogue and peasant slave am I!"



Joanne Doyle
Sudbury
"Nay, the time is not out of joint."



Mary Fink (Mrs.)
North Bay
"Anyone for coffee?" Asset:
determination with a smile.



Catherine Fraser
North Bay
Interest: likes
teaching in Sudbury



Sharon Frederick
Powassan
"Yep, Jimmy's coming up this week-end."



Brenda Gatenby
North Bay
Guess what---I've got the car to-night.



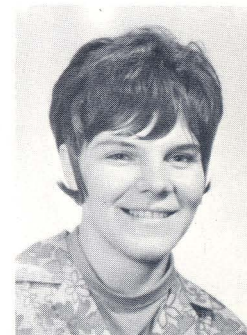
Charlene Goddard
Little Current
Possesses a gift for teaching---silent patience!



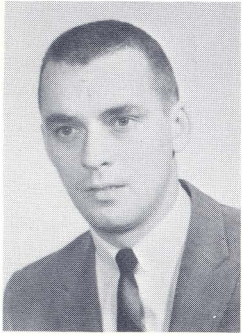
Robert Gauthier
Sturgeon Falls
Born with a hockey stick in hand.



John Gilbert
Copper Cliff
Drink to me only with thine eyes.



Gail Giusti
Markstay
"Jeepers," I'm confused again.



Leslie Field
North Bay

One of the seven
dwarfs. Sleepy.



Barbara Gervais
Chapleau

Back up, I can't see.



Elizabeth Gretsinger
Sturgeon Falls

Ambition: To get
her M.R.S.



Sandra Andrews
Chapleau

Let's go tenting to-
night. Come on!



Stanley Gordon
Sudbury

I'm going to straight-
en up this week.

T.V. Advertising

I can't help but wonder how nice it would be,
If we could do without sponsors in viewing T.V.
Their product, I'll wager would have far more effect,
If they'd treat us as adults, with some intellect.

Take the ad about those wonderful pills,
You only need two, to cure all your ills,
From grey sickness and headaches to post-nasal drip.
When I listen to this one, I just about flip.

The ad with the husband who showed no sign of romance,
Then he gave his wife roses, even asked her to dance.
We don't actually know just what was the cure,
'Cause only her hairdresser knows this for sure.

These sponsors butt in every five minutes or so,
Always at the most interesting part of the show.
Their manner of selling, I just can't abide;
One evening can change me from Jekyll to Hyde.

Lenora Cecchetto



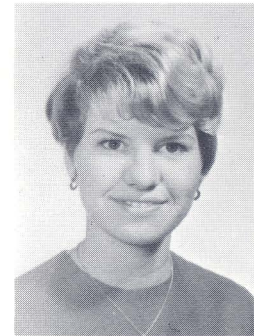
Nicole Griffin
Sudbury

What is money but
to spend?



Allan Haarala
Colbalt

I arrived, observed
indulged profited
and taught.



Erin Hart
North Bay

Brevity is the soul
of wit.



Floyd Heneberry
Kirkland Lake

Education: Choosing
one's company and
listening.



Carolyn Hernden
Sault Ste. Marie

"Show me the way to
to go home."



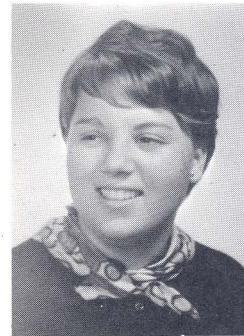
Marilyn Markle
Garson

Hide fear, share
thy courage with
everyone.



Eila Holopainen
Copper Cliff

Self-portraits are
usually coloured.



Bella Holowanky
Sudbury

"What can you say
in seven words?"



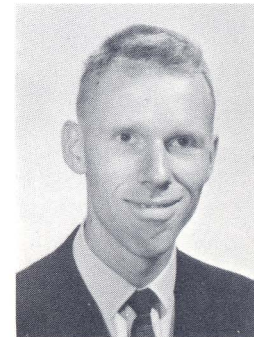
Barbara Houghtling
North Bay

"Oh happy days!"



Donna Huffman
Chelmsford

"Is that -- or what?"

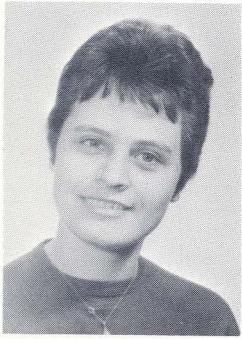


David Hulme
Sudbury

Hearing oftentimes the still
sad music of humanity.

Two Year Course-First Year

Form F-2



Gloria Huppalo
Garson

When everything
must be right,
something isn't.



Sherri Johns
Sudbury

This minute too is
part of eternity.



Sally Kelly
North Bay

I believe it because
it is impossible.



Karen-Anne Killoran
North Bay

Story? God bless
you! I have none.



Mary Koritko

Learn that you may
live.



Luella Kranz
Killaloe

Whatever will be,
will be.



Rochelle Le Boeuf
North Bay

T'is now the very
witching time of
night.



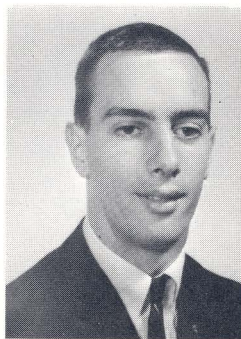
Lynda Lehrman
Kirkland Lake

Speech is silver;
silence is golden.



Brenda Londry
South Porcupine

Count your blessings
not your troubles.



Joseph Lone
South Porcupine

Was speech given to
conceal thoughts?

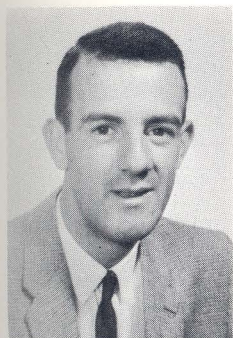


Dale Loyst
Sudbury

What's your problem?
You'll be all right.

Two Year Course-First Year

Form F-2



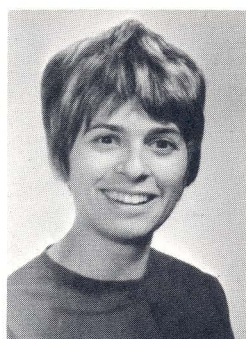
Ronald Luesby
North Bay
Call me Luesberrie.



Gordon Matchett
Falkenburg
Give everyone thine
ear; few thy voice.



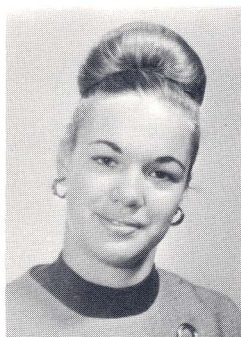
Sylvia Matthews
Loring
Love of learning is
seldom unrequited.



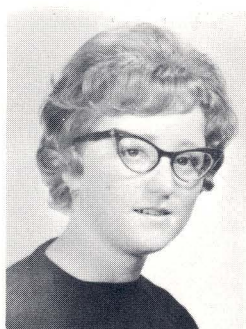
Bonnie McCreedy
Copper Cliff
Success is achieved
by hard work.



Linda McDonald
Gravenhurst
Gravenhurst is so
lovely (on week-
ends.)



Sally McKee
North Bay
Thou lie'st, thou
shag-haired villain.



Anita McLennan
Espanola
Espanola Eagles are
the best. Ask Anita.



Nancy Miller
North Bay
See everything,
overlook much,
correct only a little.



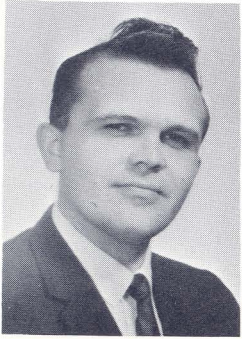
Joseph Montesi Jr.
Copper Cliff
A defeatist often-times
achieves his opposite goal.



Bonnie Morrow
Timmins
Half the fun of remem-
bering is rearranging.

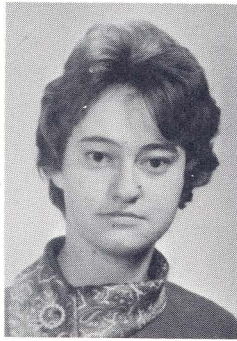


Sandra Muir
Garson
Smile and the world
smiles with you.



Michael Ondusko
Geraldton

Always take a positive approach.



Mary Novak
Kirkland Lake

Time is a dressmaker specializing in alterations.



William Nadeau
Cobalt

I love me. Don't you forget it.



Jean O'Brien
North Bay

Friends are gems.
Hold them fast.



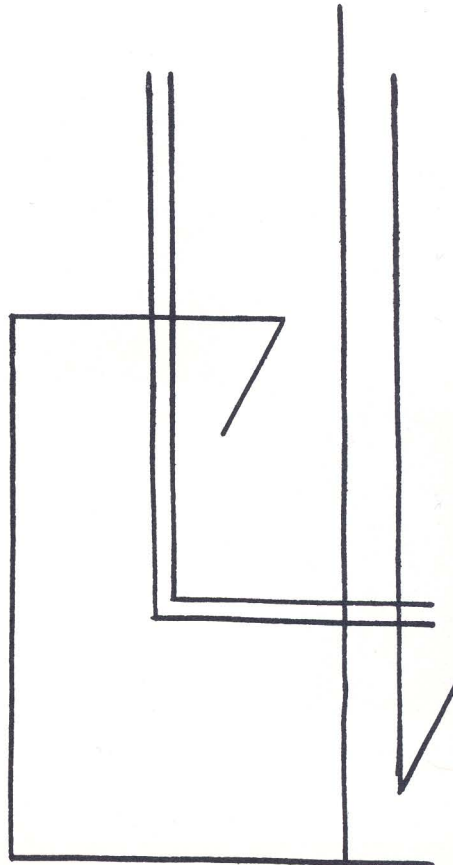
Joan Mayer
Capreol

We hadn't much time
to know you.

Disintegration

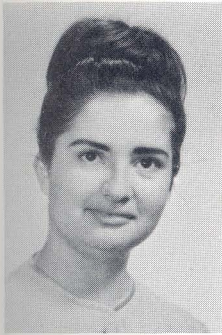
The very air charged with its
Frantic breathing, the pack presses.
Snarling, leering, hands clawing
Spasmodically, it torments sadistically
Its prey which cringes in fear
But also in disgust that this
Should be. The angry murmur
Rising to a rabid roar,
The hunted, man, is torn apart
Limb from limb. Satiated,
The pack recedes, murmuring
Guilty praise, "Thank God -
Another nigger dead."

Stewart Thom



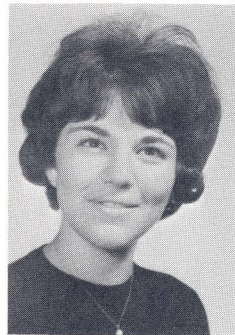
Two Year Course-First Year

Form F-3



Carole Orfankos
North Bay

"I haven't a clue,
really."



Angela Orlando
Sault Ste. Marie

"Just be thankful!"



Margaret Pancaro
Sudbury

Non è la barba che
fa il filosofo.



Joyanne Pellissero
Bracebridge

Don't wait for spring,
do it now!



Elizabeth Perdue
Capreol

"Want to join my fan
club?"



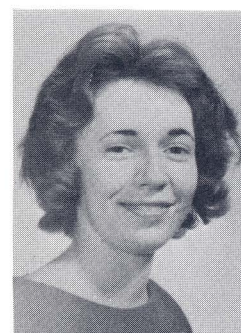
Norman Schmeler
North Bay

"My fellow Canadi-
ans."



Yvette Pigeau
North Bay

"Without a word,
without a groan!"



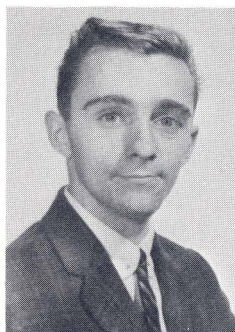
Marilyn Prior
Sundridge

Happy days with the
C.N.R.



Helen Puckalo
Iroquois Falls

If silence is golden,
poverty has struck.



Donald Porlier
Espanola

Happy teachers we
shall be.



Ann Rabichaud
Chalk River

Life is the constant
struggle towards our
goal.

Two Year Course-First Year

Form F-3



Gwendolynn Reid
North Bay

Learn that you may
live.



Veronica Ressel
Sudbury

'Tis an unweeded
garden. N.B.T.C.



Dora Lynn Savela
Sault Ste. Marie

A stitch in time
saves nine.



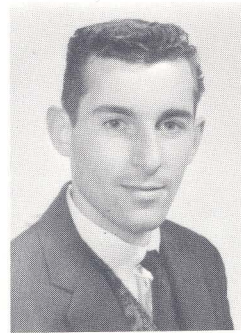
Yvette Riopelle
North Bay

Quiet lass of our
class.



Beatrice Savage
Callander

Here comes Bea, in
her little bug.



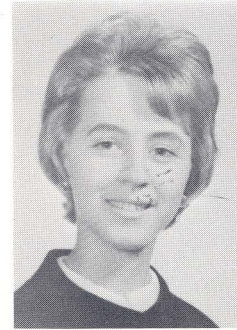
Patrick Reynolds
Mattawa

One of the boys -
named Dief.



Barbara Schmeler
Sundridge

If this is life give
me death.



Lynda Schoen
Massey

"Now class.."



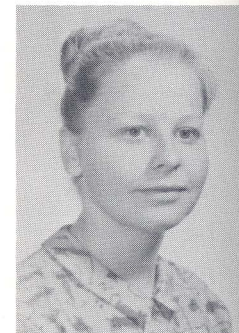
Diane Seli
Copper Cliff

What's so interesting
at 1104 Cassell
Street?



Janis Simms
Copper Cliff

F 3's mad pianist.

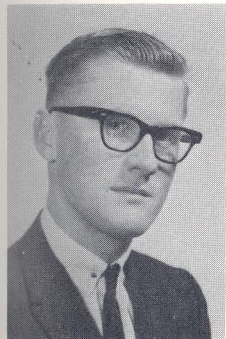


Barbara Smatlanek
Noranda

"My character needs
a whole page."

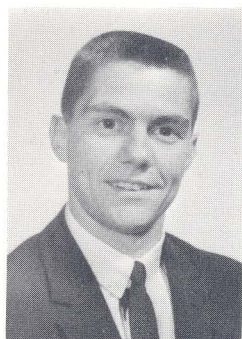
Two Year Course-First Year

Form F-3



Glenn Smethurst
Noranda

Love that broad smile with matching colour.



Robert Soroko
Timmins

Only "Beaver" in the world with dimples.



Marilyn Stilin
Sault Ste. Marie

We need more people like her.



Lynne Thomson
St. Jean

Don't do it now, let someone else.



Audrey Turcotte
Sudbury

A useless life is an early death.



Carole Turner
Falconbridge

I really am the shy retiring type.



Paul Vaillancourt
Timiscaming

I fear nothing but doing wrong.



Marlene Valiquette
North Bay

More than one is lots more fun.



Linda Valois
Mattawa

Our experienced teacher.



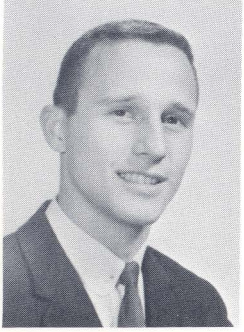
Michael Vernelli
Sault Ste. Marie

"See me worry!"



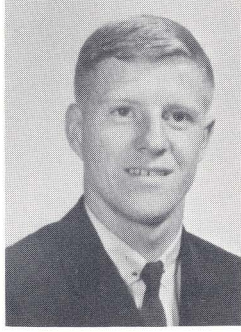
Brian Vrebosch
North Bay

Never say die, until you're dead.



Gerald Wallace
Kirkland Lake

Interest is sustained
by difference.



Denis Walsh
Haileybury

It is always there...
and yet.



Lois Weller
North Bay

Is rarely heard...
but one of the class.



Thomas Wilson
North Bay

Win or lose, you
drink the booze.



Carolyn Wiltsey
Noranda

Only five more days
'til train time.



Peter Zyma
Sudbury

That's enough to rot
your socks.

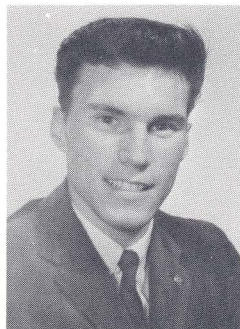
Second Year-Two Year Course

Form S-1



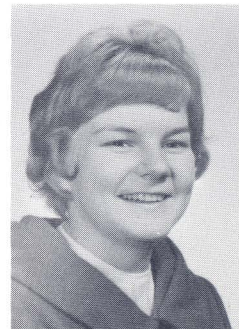
Myrna Alton
Sudbury

Tell your jokes to
her - she'll laugh.



Anthony Baxter
North Bay

Le professeur du
hockey et la musique.



Ruth Bertils
South Porcupine

Takes numerous rib-
bings from the mas-
ter(s).



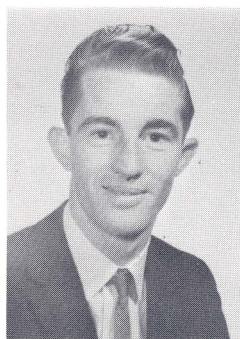
Marcel Bourdon
Timmins

Witty and wise, his
friendship a prize.



Lily Bremner
Iroquois Falls

"Gee, you look cute
today."



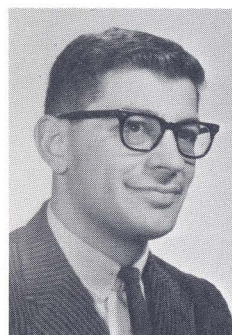
Charles Ketter
North Bay

"Speak the speech I
pray you."



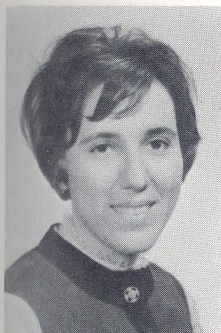
Joan Brooks
North Bay

"Tell me Graham
tell me."



Alphonse Buscemi
North Bay

"Perchance to
dream."



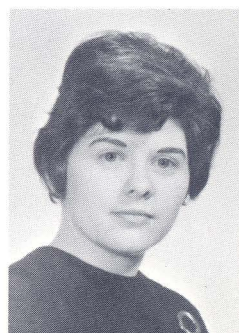
Rita Carbone
Sudbury

"Wait 'il I tell yuh."



Eddy Casonato
Timmins

"This time... it's
for real."

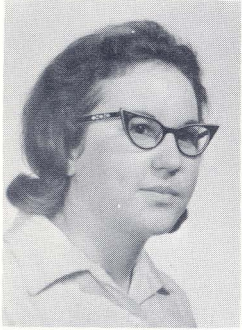


Sylvia Copeland
Timmins

"Decisions, deci-
sions to go home or
to stay."

Second Year-Two Year Course

Form S-1



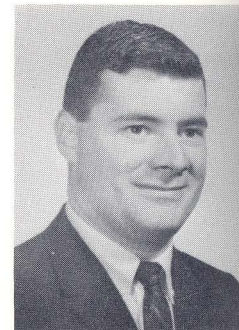
Caroline Coppo
Coniston

Future plans lead up
the aisle.



Sally Deacon
Lively

Looks forward to
"Lively" destina-
tion.



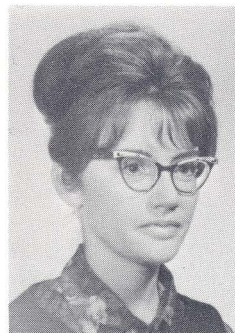
Roland DelGuidice
Mattawa

S-R Bond between S¹
and S².



Victoria Demarco
North Bay

Thou hast cleft my
heart in twain.



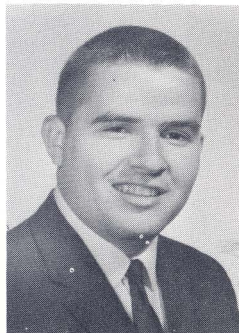
Marion Desormeau
Cochrane

"Daffy declares,"
Cochrane on 49th
parallel.



Brigitte Drapal
Elliot Lake

"Silence is a virtue."



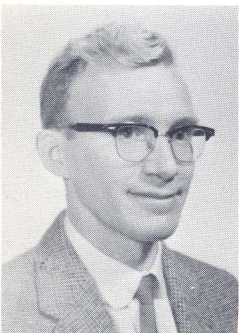
Wayne Edmonds
North Bay

Never judge a vol-
ume by its cover.



Lois Eldridge
Chelmsford

"We get stacks and
stacks of letters."



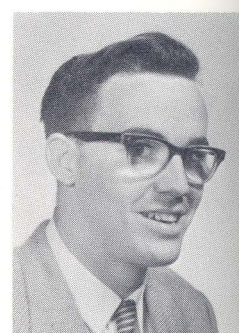
Graham Forth
Bracebridge

Listens intently to
Bennett's advice on
marriage.



Ann Gardner
South Porcupine

"Let's do the choo
choo twist!"



Donald Gillespie
South Porcupine

The evil men do
lives after them.

Two Year Course

Form S-1



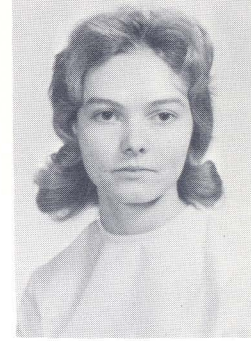
Marlene Mansell
North Bay

A blush is beautiful
but most inconven-
ient.



Karen Kopas
Matheson

Hey kids, have you
heard this one?



Lynne Ferris
North Bay

Little Miss Concrete
of 1964.



Kenneth Janveau
Mattawa

Coueurs de Bois de
Mattawa.



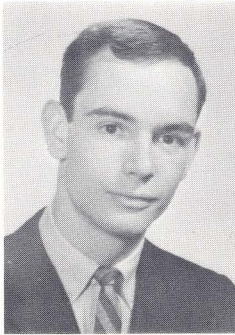
Terrence LeBoeuf
North Bay

"Neither a borrower
nor a lender be".



Judy Johnson
Bourkes

Quiet observation
and experimentation.



Robert Green
Sault Ste. Marie

—quick change man
of STEEL.



Barry Bourne

Better late than
never.



Gayle Girard
Creighton Mine

"Those weekend
trips to the O'Keefe
Centre".



Belinda Manze
North Bay

"Live and learn."



Mary Matthieu
Sudbury

"Seek and you shall
find."



Beverly Meilleur
Elliot Lake

"Il faut que nous
aimions travailler!"



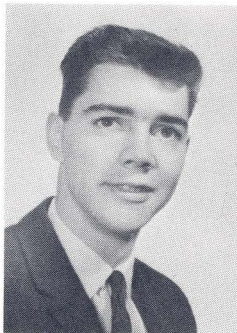
Kathleen Morrison
Azilda

"Deeds, not words."



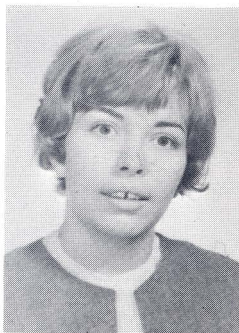
Virginia Nelson
North Bay

"Hitch your wagon
to a star."



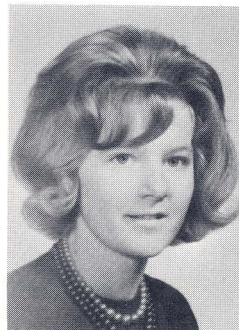
John Simmons
Timmins

"We teach; we learn."



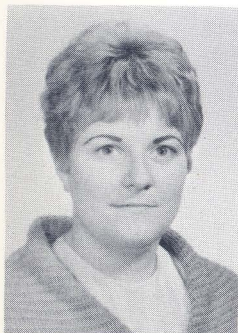
Agnes Noble
Sudbury

"Home is where the
heart is!"



Sandra Norman
North Bay

"What's life if you
don't live it?"



Sandra Palmer
Sudbury

"Ne kee; ne teh."



Robert Patterson
North Bay

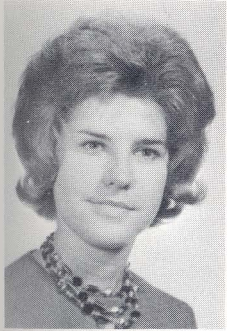
"We are sculptors of
the intangible future."



Georgia Pelletier
Port Carling

"Life plods hurriedly
towards a sunset."

Second Year-Two Year Course Form S-2



Diane Podlogar
Kirkland Lake

"Listen! Life is for today, but tomorrow ...!"



Gail Riddell
Kirkland Lake

I can't think of anything!
"tsch, tsch"



Isabel Robinson
Coniston

"Gee, I eat a lot."



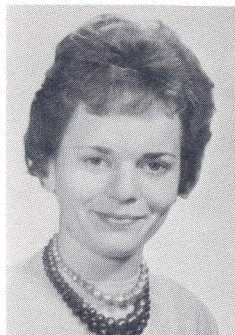
Edith Rollins
Webbwood

"Don't you know where Webbwood is?"



Clayton Rose
Rutherglen

"That is not what I mean, sir!"



Linda Rynard
North Bay



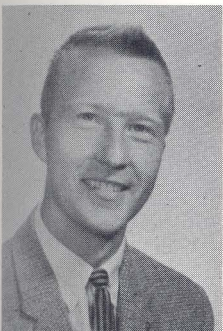
Clarence St. Eloi
Mattawa

"Kites rise highest against the wind."



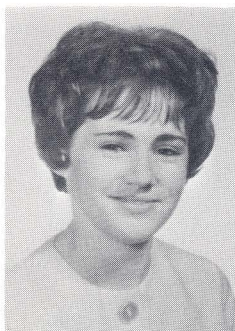
Delphine Schade
North Bay

My philosophy: "Do not overload your mind."



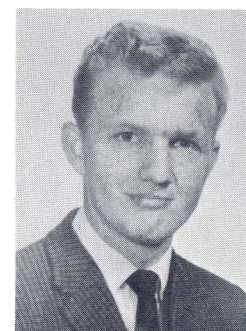
Edward Simms
North Bay

"Holy mackerel, this ain't the bus station."



Anne Sloan
Mattawa

"Oh, those glorious week-ends."



Bernard Sloan
Mattawa

"Where's the party?"

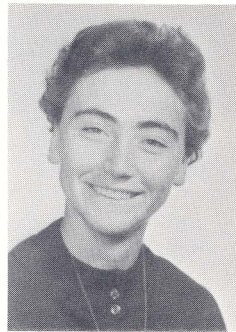
Second Year-Two Year Course

Form S-2



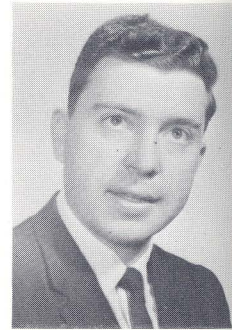
Phyllis South
Callander

"Something is miss-
ing."



Margaret Stephen
North Bay

"Geoff and sports
sure take up time."



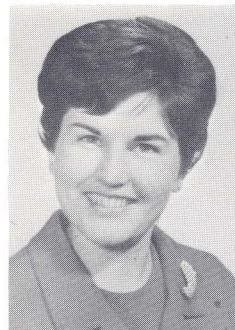
Philip Sweezey
North Bay

"Marriage and col-
lege are quite the
combination!"



Betty Sword
Utterson

"Bracebridge, here I
come!"



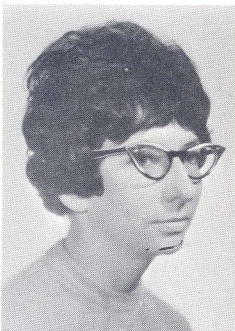
Susanne Pearson
(Mrs.)
Sudbury

That's my home town
you're laughin' at.



Alan Tennyson
Sudbury

"Oh, that this too
too solid flesh...!"



Patricia Thirkill
Sudbury

"Oh how I want to
go home!"



Mae Thorsen
North Bay

"Do it tomorrow
when there's time
today."



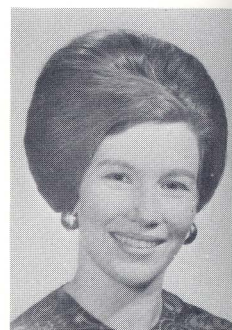
Judith Turner
Lively

"Funny, how I like
to go travelling!"



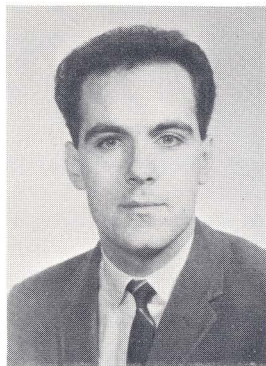
Teresa Varanese
Sudbury

"But sir don't you
think...?"



Shirley Ward (Mrs.)
Sturgeon Falls

"It is Mrs. -----?"



Richard O'Brien
Timmins

Be patient and you'll
be healthy.

Gifts I Love

Open faces, friendly smiles,
Deep red carpets, homeward miles
Hot coffee, warm bread
Cleansing rain, strawberry spread
Big brothers and little sisters, these I love.

Wide fireplaces, books is reams,
Leather covers, invisible seams
So many other things
Snowflakes, tall trees and birthstone rings
Big Sisters, little brothers, these I love.

Wild flowers, apples, mahogany stairs,
Solitary pearls, precious prayers
Ruby roses, the scent of spice
Babies' laughter, chicken and rice
All God's people, these I love.

Furry kittens, chattering squirrels,
Shepherd dogs and giggling girls
Rushing streams, simple pleasures
These my gifts, my precious treasures
But more than these gifts, the Giver I love.

Sister Mary Joachim

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

FORM O-1:

SISTER LOUIS MARIE: "Practice is the best of all instructors."

SISTER ROSELLA: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness."

SISTER M. JOACHIM: "Your gold is your heart. Your silver your speech."

FORM O-2:

SISTER MARY ALBERT: "To avoid criticism do nothing, say nothing, be nothing."

SISTER ST. BRENDAN: "Know thyself."

SISTER M. BRIAN JOSEPH: "Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace."

FORM O-3:

SISTER M. ANGELINA: "Little moments make the mighty ages of eternity."

FORM O-4:

SISTER ST. ALLAN: "Happiness multiplies as we divide it with others."

SISTER M. MICHAELA: "Heavenward lift thy soul's regard. God Himself is thy reward."

FORM O-6:

SISTER MARY ARTHUR: "Say what you like, but you thunder what you are."

FORM F-1:

SISTER ANTONINA: "Anyone who has never made a mistake has done nothing."

FORM F-2:

SISTER DANIEL JOSEPH: "Aim high because the goal is at the top."

FORM F-3:

SISTER M. ST. ARMAND: "To err is human, to forgive divine."

FORM S-1:

SISTER M. ROSARIO: "How wonderful is a pleasant manner and how it wins hearts."

SISTER BEATRICE MARIE: "A merry heart goes twice the way."

SISTER LINDA MARIE: "Success comes from hanging on after everyone has let go."

FORM S-2:

SISTER M. BENILDA: "Expect the best, prepare for the worst, take what comes."

ACTIVITY



N.B.T.C. Choir

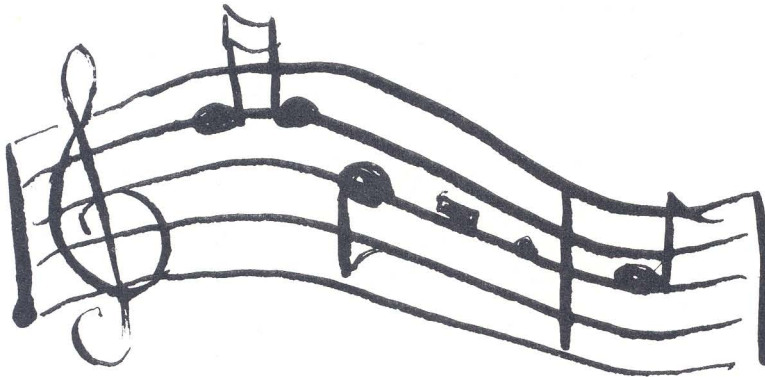
The choir this year had approximately ninety enthusiastic members. We held a practice each Monday from seven to nine p.m. with the exception of practice teaching weeks.

This years executive was: President, Romeo St. Onge; Vice-president, Ron Zinkie; Secretary-treasurer, Judy Turner; Librarian, Bette Koski; Accompanists, Diane Goulter and Janis Simms; and Attendance Secretary, Mrs. Sheila Agnew.

At the Christmas Assembly, the choir sang and led the school in some carols. We also sang at the Sudbury Festival – a mixed choir and a girls' choir.

A social event for the choir was held in January. Everyone enjoyed an evening of tobogganing followed by a party at the school.

It would be unfair not to mention the hardest-working member of our choir – our director, Mr. Curtis. Mr. Curtis had a very difficult task in directing eighty or ninety new members, but he brought us together and formed a working body out of those who once were strangers.





Students' Council

BACK ROW: Bill Smith, Charles Ketter, Nelson Ingram, Mr. Reed, Louis Moody, Mr. Davies.
MIDDLE ROW: Jan Clark, Bob Pickering, Norm Schmeler, Gord Bennett, Jack Simmons.
FRONT ROW: Marilyn Markle, Bev Meilleur, Miss McIntyre, Gwynne Garrett, Miss Maloney.

The two semesters, the fall of '63 and the spring of '64, were marked with much deliberation and consultation. The council acted effectively under the auspices of its counsellors.

The entire College took part in its own Remembrance Day Programme with the council leading the service. Our president represented the College at the Remembrance Day Service held the following Saturday in the city.

December 13, marked a gala event – Winter Whirl – which was one of the most important dances of the year. The auditorium was arrayed in vivid Christmas decorations and panel season scenes. Much praise and many thanks go to the art club and all those who participated in the decorating.

The reception line consisted of Mr. Curtis, Mr. Davies, and their charming wives. The highlight of the evening was the announcement of Miss Snow Queen, Deidre Brill-Edwards.

The council also managed the sales of rings, pins and Christmas cards. This year the sales have been more successful than in previous years.

The College can certainly boast of its variety of talent, imagination and sense of humour! The variety night, held on the night of March 5, offered opportunities for various expressions.

To bring a successful year to an end, our May Ball formal was held on May 14, 1964. Masters and students immensely enjoyed the dance which appropriately terminated the last in a series of academic and social activities.

A council, such as ours, can only work effectively for the benefit of the entire student body if there is co-operation on the part of other groups and organizations. The members of the student council wish to express their appreciation to all these groups for their co-operation so generously given throughout the year.



United Nations Club

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Mrs. R. Sheehan, Karen Luoma, Marguerite Welsh, Carol Turner, Mary Lou Galinski.

SECOND ROW: Mr. Deyell, Randy Barbeau, Eloise Hillman, Stan Gordon, Ted Simms.

THIRD ROW: Don Gillespie, David Hulms.

In the first four months of the school year, the United Nations Club provided many varied services for the student body. The club provided a film and speeches on United Nations Day, October 24, 1963. The United Nations Club has also presented films on the United Nation's work in other lands. The club collected money for UNICEF at Hallowe'en and later at Christmas by selling UNICEF cards.

On December 10, 1963, the fifteenth anniversary of the Declaration of Human Rights, two club members participated in a debate on "Human Rights" in a local secondary school. The club also brought to the College, the learned and well-known news commentator, Wilson Woodside, who gave a lecture concerning "Winds of Change at the United Nations".

During the second term the United Nations Club provided a topic for debate each week. In these and other various ways the United Nations Club continued to bring the students of Teachers' College opportunities to voice their ideas.





FIRST ROW: Bernie Bridgeman, Brian Vrebosch, Lois Miller, Pat Thirkill, Ron Luesby.
SECOND ROW: Steve Vrbancic, Roland Del Guidice, Ronald Hancock, Jerry Ballandies.
THIRD ROW: Mr. Husband, Dennis St. Louis, Doug Kaskela.

The Athletic Council

The Athletic Council with Mr. Husband as staff advisor consisted of eleven class representatives. Mr. Husband was chairman until Jan. 6 when Brian Vrebosch and Lois Miller were elected chairman and secretary-treasurer, respectively.

The council promoted athletic activities which enabled students, with or without much athletic ability, to participate. The point-per-player system for a trophy was in effect but now mass participation without fanfare was the byword.

Weekly badminton, basketball, bowling, curling, volleyball, and table-tennis tournaments were organized and scheduled.

This year the council initiated a folk dance evening. Mr. Husband directed an auditorium full of eager students through the figures of many enjoyable folk dances.



THIRD ROW: Mr. Angus, John Lowrey, Michael Ondusko, Roland Del Guidice, Ed Casonato, Charles Ketter.

SECOND ROW: Pat Oke, Nancy Benjafield, Meryl Warnock, Mrs. Soule, Bev Meilleur, Mrs. Carol Lafontaine, Karen Luoma.

FIRST ROW: Bill Whitehouse, Marion Desormeau, Isabel Robinson, Marcel Bourdon.

Science Club

Operating in its first year at N.B.T.C., the Science Club has proven to be most interesting.

Under the capable direction of Mr. Angus, the executive, Marcel Bourdon, Marion Desormeau, Isabel Robinson and Bill Whitehouse endeavoured to make this new club satisfactory to everyone concerned.

The programme of the Science Club was the following:

- November 4th – Star Night.
- November 25th – Visit to SAGE (Semi-Automatic Ground Environment).
- January 20th – Forest Conservation guest speaker and film.
- February 10th – Visit to Dupont.
- February 24th – Geology guest speaker.
- February 29th – A scheduled visit to Timmins Mine or Sudbury Mine.
- March – A visit to a sugar bush.
- April 13th – A visit to a Fish Hatchery.

The main project of the Science Club was a "School Science Day", which involved the entire school-body. This project truly displayed the sincere interest for science enthusiasts.

The future graduates from N.B.T.C. will send forth many teachers possessing a gifted enthusiasm for science which they will pass on to their students.



Hockey Club

FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Brian Charbonneau, Joe Michlowski, Bill Smith, Bob Harper, Ron Arnold, Captain; Denis Walsh.

BACK ROW: Cliff Gravelle, Manager; Tony Baxter, Peter Tilston, Garnett Vowells, Gerald Wallace, Donald Lidstone, George Smith, T.J. Harrington, Coach.

ABSENT: Thomas Wilson, Bob Soroko, Bob Gauthier.

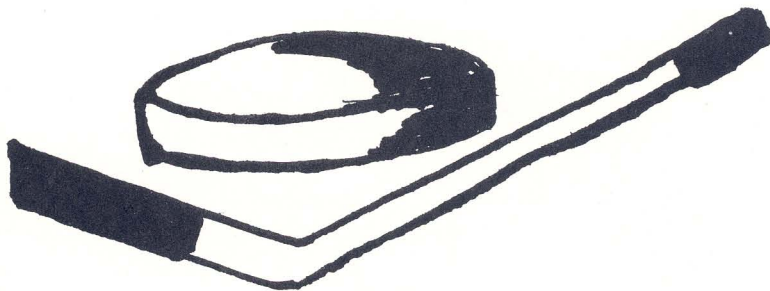
The North Bay Teachers' College Hockey team is presently (at the time of writing) having a very successful season. To date, the team has won five out of its seven games.

Although the team was not active in a regular league, we have played such teams as R.C.A.F. "Voodoos", Christensen Diamonds, Horton Motors, and on a trip to Sturgeon Falls we defeated the Vailant Inn team 8-2.

To Mr. Harrington, our coach, goes our special thanks. Mr. Harrington has demonstrated his hockey ability by developing in this team the will to win.

As a result of these elements, the N.B.T.C. team is one of the best in the area. We extend our thanks also to our hardworking manager, Mr. Cliff Gravelle.

Finally, we the team, wish to thank all the loyal fans and teachers who added their voice and moral support to each game.





Junior Red Cross

FIRST ROW: Lynne Ferris, Jacquelyn Ball, Myrna Clarke, Barbara Smatlanek, Ellen Long.
SECOND ROW: Romeo St. Onge, Carol Lafontaine, Mary Smith, Diane Podlogar, Joanne Doyle, Mr. Deyell.

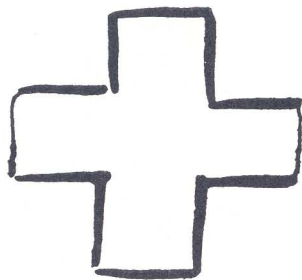
The Junior Red Cross is a world wide organization with which we are well acquainted. This group is founded upon the following aims: the promotion of the spirit of understanding among the younger set of the world; secondly, the promotion of health and care; thirdly, the service to others at home and abroad.

The Junior Red Cross is mainly organized for the youth of the nations so that they may contribute their aid to children of their own age. Thus, they feel a part of a worthwhile organization. Since the Junior Red Cross plays a major role in world affairs, children should be encouraged to have active meetings and programmes planned with the aims listed above in mind.

We as future teachers should also have an active interest in this club. The teacher must be fully aware of the aims and values of the organization so that he or she is able to stimulate the pupils and set up an efficient committee within the classroom.

We, the executive of the Junior Red Cross of 1964, endeavour to do our part to maintain the success of the Junior Red Cross.

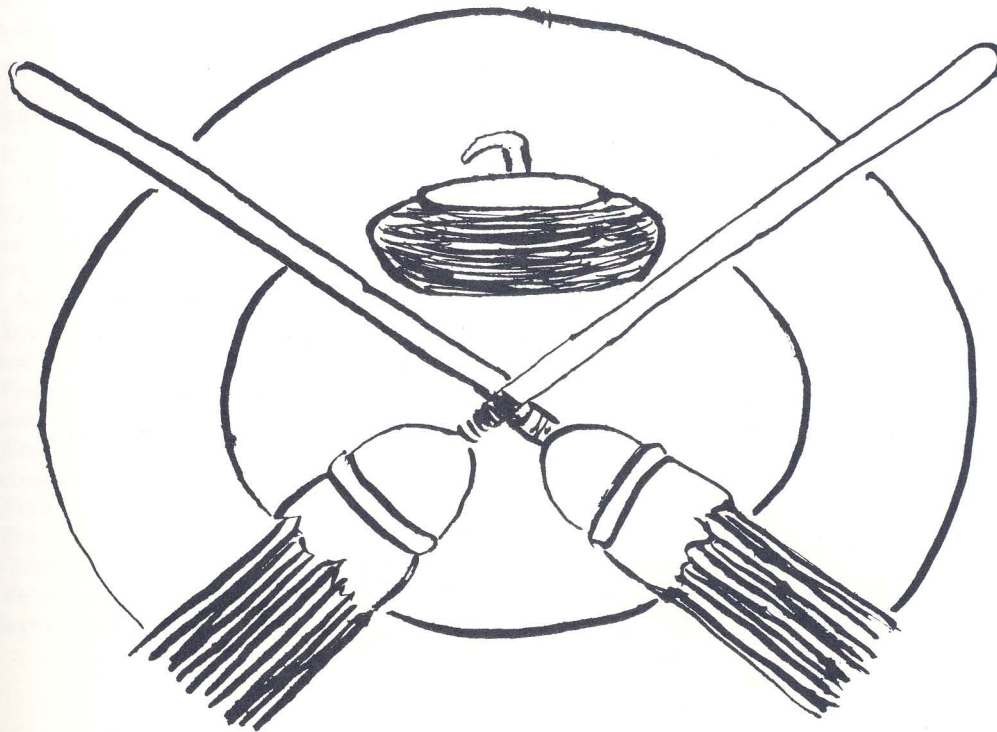
We are sure that each student of N.B.T.C. will encourage youngsters who have not already been exposed to this universal organization and help them to profit from this experience.





Curling Club

Curling, which began as a new venture this year, received an enthusiastic turn out. Under the capable guidance of a core of experienced players, the new curlers soon mastered the fundamentals of the game. Before long, everyone was delivering stones with the ease of a professional and having an enjoyable time.





BACK ROW, Left to Right: Beatrice Savage, Lois Richardson, Merle Warnock, Gwynne Garrett, Penny Moore.
FRONT ROW: Cliff Gravelle, Karen Diotte, Elsa-May Stortroen, Miss Stevens.

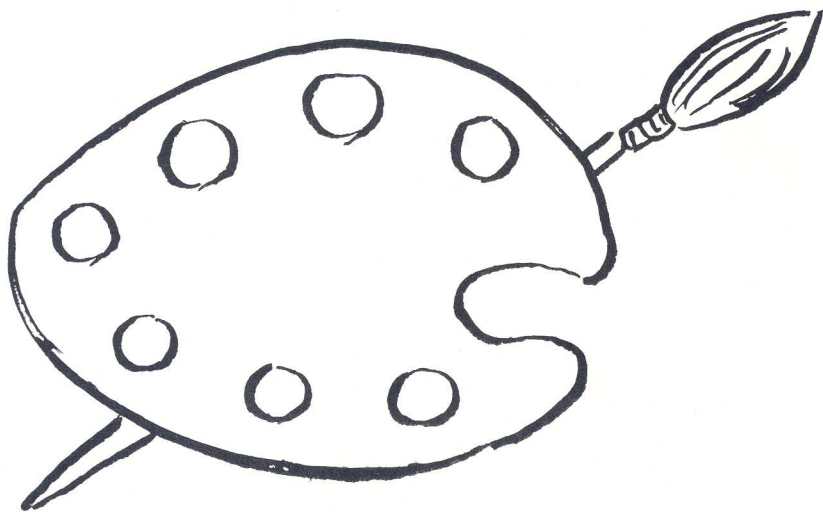
Art Club

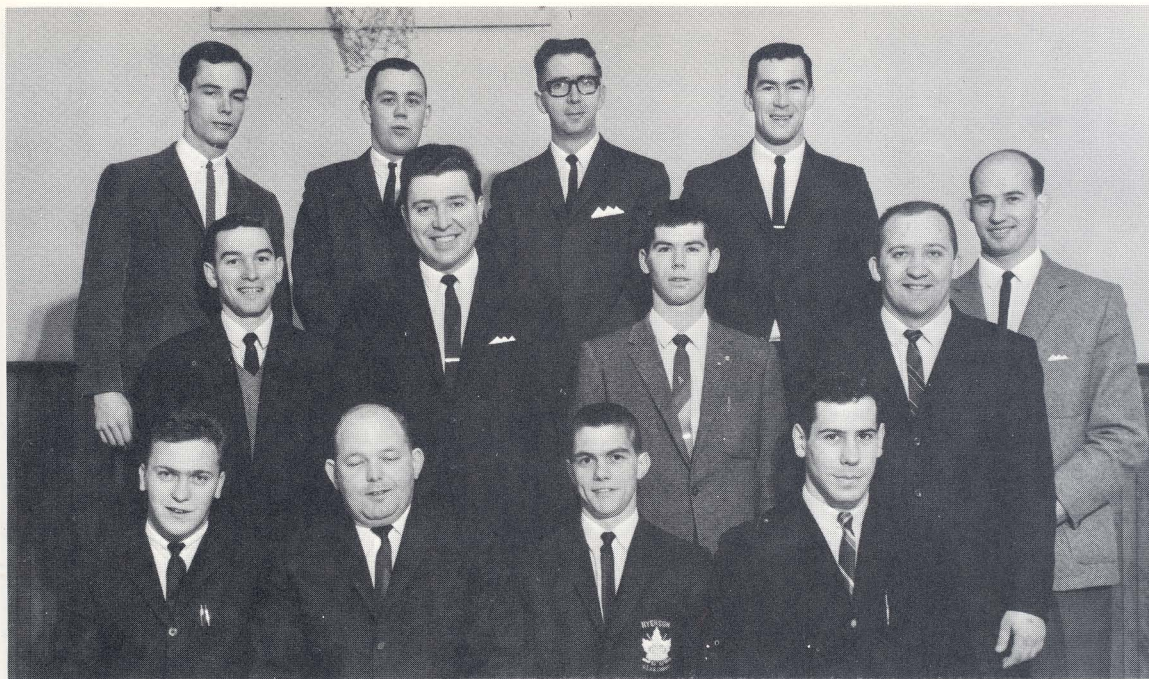
At their first meeting in September, the Art Club elected the following hard-working executive: President – Elsa-May Stortroen, Vice-president – Cliff Gravelle, Secretary – Karen Diotte. Although the membership varies in number, those who do make up this small club are energetic and enthusiastic.

With the help of Miss Stevens, the members have made posters for many school organizations and decorated for both the Hallowe'en and Christmas dances. For "Winter Whirl", the drab auditorium was transformed into a beautiful winter scene – with a mural, snowmen, a huge Christmas tree, and a sparkling crystal ball.

Thanks go out to everyone who helped with this dance.

Other activities included decorating for the graduation dance, and a puppet show, and many other crafts.





Men's Basketball Team

BACK ROW: Bob Green, Al Tennyson, Mr. Van Dusen, Dale Loyst.
 MIDDLE ROW: Ken Janveau, Bob Sweezy, Werner West, Frank Trenouth, Pete Boyko.
 FRONT ROW: Terry Le Boeuf, Bill Smith, Bob Soroko, Ed Casonato.

The year 1963-64 at N.B.T.C. has proven to quite successful for Mr. Van Dusen and his merry men.

When Al Tennyson moves gracefully down the floor one can't help notice that Al plays his position well, especially with his check.

Pete Boyko, our lanky centre may be short on "top" but long with his reach.

Ed Casonato plunges, digs in, and believe me, comes out first on any rush up the floor.

If you look carefully, you may find Bill Smith hiding behind his check. Although Bill lacks height, he plays with the best, and sets up the rest.

Mr. Basketball, Dale Loyst, has the style of Bob Coussey, a little of Bob Petit and at times realizes that there may be four other players with whom he must play.

"Little Bob Sweezy", always comes up with a rousing performance for his most ardent supporter, his charming wife.

Bob Soroka, backchecks, circles his check, and before the night is over has everyone quite confused.

Frank Trenouth, motion personified, likes to win, likes to coach and loves to express his innermost petup emotions upon anything or anyone wearing "black and white stripes".

Wearing the gold and wine colours, John Pianosi says little but, does more than his share in supporting our team.

From the Metropolis of Mattawa, Ken Janveau brings to us a little of the all round athlete.

Bob Green has been with us for two years, and from our seat, we may chance to say that Bob works hard, and plays hard.

We should feel proud of our men who have given us many hours of good ball. To the coach and players our congratulations on a successful year.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Husband, Lorna Harris, Bill Gunn.

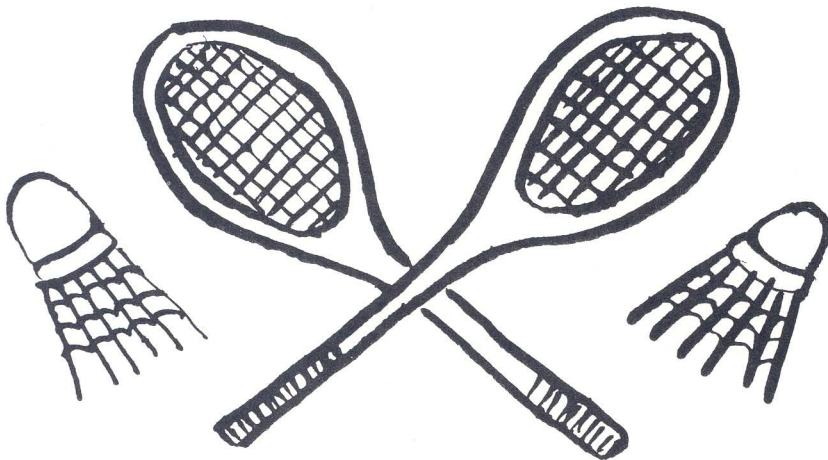
Badminton Club

At the first badminton meeting Mr. Husband, his angular frame supporting the stage, was smirking pitiously at some of the new recruits as they painfully gave their identification and experience to facilitate the elections.

The scene shifts to the first games in Chippewa gym Thursday night at 7:30. The president Bill Nadeau was lost in the crowd who clamored "Where, when and who do we play?", while the two executives Bill Gunn and Lorna Harris looked on hopelessly. But in the following games the players became accustomed to the routines and the nights usually progressed smoothly. Occasionally flying shoes have been seen to hurtle at birdies trapped in high places.

Each Thursday, Mr. Husband delights and impresses everyone as he executes difficult ballet manoeuvres on the court. Another familiar sight every Thursday is one impatient line of waiting players which is quite a change from the first meeting.

All in all, the club has been an excellent means of relaxation from the worries of school life.





FRONT ROW: Lois Miller, Marg Stephen, Capt.; Miss E. Stevens, Coach; Mary Matthieu.
BACK ROW Linda Rutherford, Sandra Norman, Marilyn Markle, Irene Kyllonen, Pat Thirkill.

Golds Basketball Team

Marg Steven hails from the Gateway City. In addition to being a hot-shot centre forward, Marg can whip back as guard and provide plenty of defence for our home basket. Marg is our capable captain.

Irene Kyllonen comes from Sudbury. Irene plays as though she were born with a basketball in her hands. Her passing is superb, and her shots never fail. Irene surpassed the "impossible" in this girl's game by gaining 47 points.

Marilyn Markle says she would love to learn more from the Globe Trotters, but we are finally convincing her that she would not be able to pass the medical.

Pat Thirkell, at times, has to be shown on what end of the court to play, but she knows whom to guard.

Lois Miller is size 12, yet she insists on wearing 22 bloomers. She plays guard and welcomes no opponent down in our end of the court.

Mary Mathiew, our laughing guard, is an asset to the team.

Linda Rutherford is one of those players who attempts a hook shot with her left hand while her eyes are closed. Not only does the audience remain mystified but also her teammates never fail to freeze with shock.

Sandra Norman, of North Bay, is another one of our forwards. Her pet peeve is dribbling.

These eight girls joined together to become what we call "The Golds". The girls were victorious in all the nine games they played during the North Bay Ladies' League and emerged as "Champions".

A big thanks goes out to Miss Stevens from all the "Golds", and also to Miss Maloney for accompanying us to Sudbury.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Bennett, Judith Hamilton, Carol Martin, Norm Fera.

Drama Club

The drama executive organized early in the fall season and decided to promote interest in drama by producing a school play and actively supporting drama in assembly programmes and in a variety night.

The Christmas closing programme was under the leadership of the drama club and a pantomime about Santa Claus was enjoyed by the assembly.

The school play is in the process of production as the yearbook goes to press. The direction and cast anticipate a good show. The play is Robertson Davies' **THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE**.

We wish to thank the many people who helped make our club successful.





Maroons' Basketball

BACK ROW: Sarah Pessah, Mary Horchak, Betty Christenson, Janice Johnston, Doreen Harrison.
FRONT ROW: Caroline Russell, Lorna Harris, Miss Maloney, Irene Hughes.

Irene Hughes: Irene manages to keep the opposing team baffled (not to mention this team) with her low impressive shots.

Doreen Harrison: The saying "good things come in small packages" really fits this little lady on or off the court.

Sarah Pessah: Keeps up our team's spirit with her jokes and keeps down the opposition's attack with her efficient guarding.

Mary Horchak: Mary has our opposition confused with her agile ability to play either guard or forward.

Janice Johnston: Our gal from the Sault plays forward or guard equally well. Her effective playing is appreciated by all her teammates.

Caroline Russell: This gal from the Gateway city is a real asset to our team with her very competent guarding.

Lorna Harris: "Our captain", regardless of sprains, breaks or bruises was our source of inspiration throughout each and every game.



Five-pin Bowling

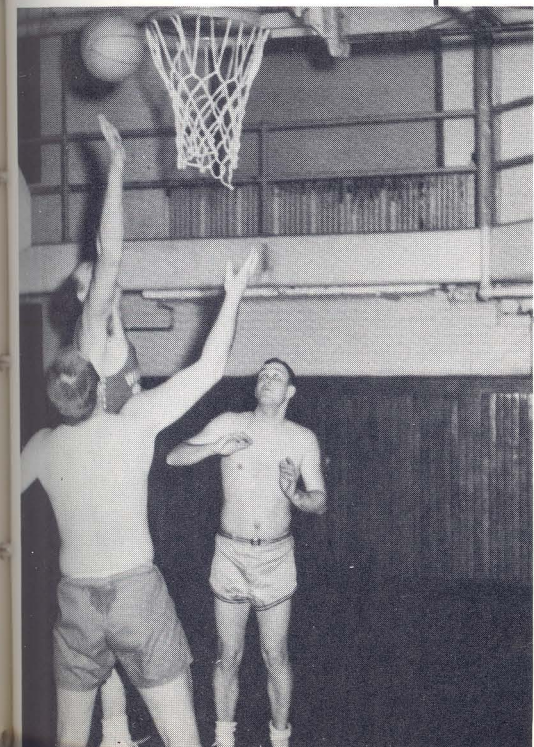
Bowling began this year in November with sixteen teams bowling every Tuesday after four at the Empire Bowl. The elected executive consisted of president, Frank Moroso; secretary, Marlene Mansell and treasurer, Eloise Hillman. The members of the league participated in an inter-school tournament. At the time this summary of our club was written, Rusty Sloan's team was in first place with twenty-three points.

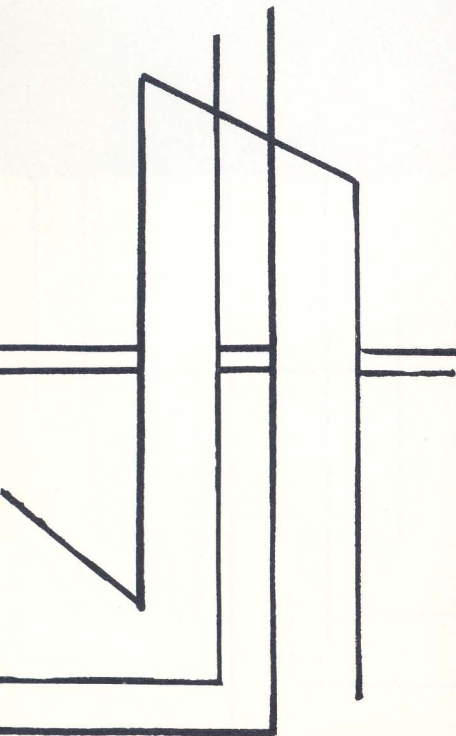
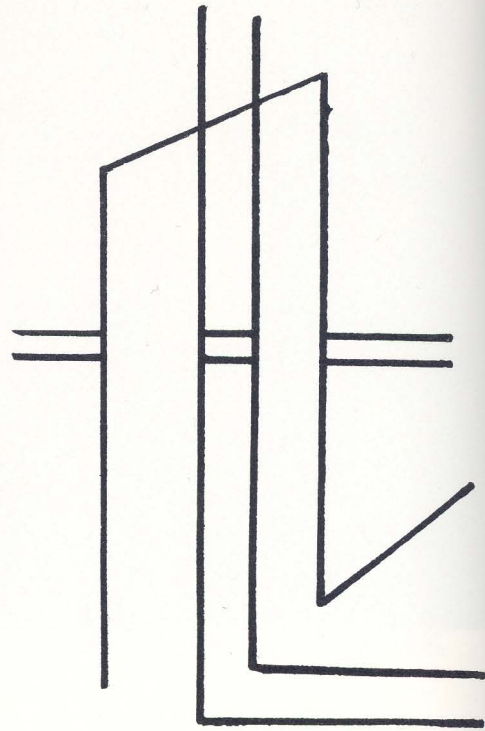
We should like to take this opportunity to thank our staff advisor, Mr. Husband, for the co-operation and assistance that he has given us this year.











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CASPER'S CAPERS

On Thursday, October 31, 1963, N.B.T.C. held a gala Hallowe'en dance. The college auditorium was festooned with the trimmings appropriate to Hallowe'en. An added attraction was the Ghost Walk which consisted, among other things, of having to step into a rather gooish mixture and being showered with raw spaghetti.

First class, music was provided by a well-known local band. By nine o'clock the auditorium was jammed with laughing and dancing creatures of every shape and colour. The auditorium shrieked with the hi-jinks of the ghosts and goblins.

Never have such a variety of unworldly creatures descended upon the College to shriek and shake in the traditional Hallowe'en manner. We hope that all the ghosts, ladies in disguise and assorted shapes and sizes will return to haunt us.





The Christmas Dance

On Friday, December 13, the auditorium of N.B.T.C. was the scene of our annual Christmas Dance which, this year, was entitled the "Winter Whirl". A huge Christmas tree, draped in tinsel and glowing with the traditional Christmas colours, stood in the centre of the auditorium. Bright red and green streamers added to the festive appearance of the surroundings. The varied music of the Dave Edwards Quintet added to the enjoyment of the evening. By ten o'clock the auditorium was resounding with the laughter of the several hundred present.

Refreshments of fruit cake and punch added to the sociability of the evening. The highlight of the evening was the crowning of Miss Snow Queen who this year was Miss Deidre Brill-Edwards. We are sure that all those who had the opportunity of attending the ball will cherish fond memories of it for years to come.



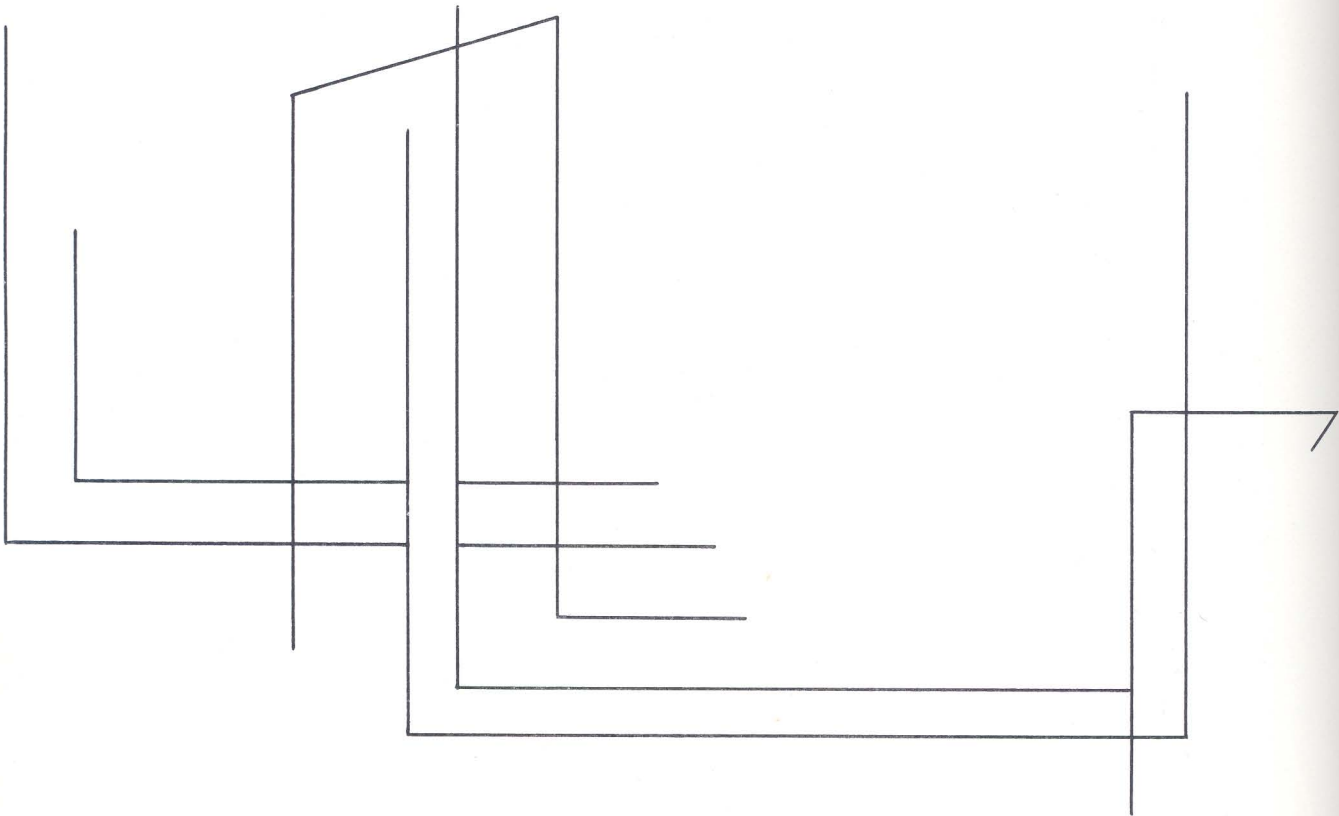
Skating Party

On Tuesday, February 11, N.B.T.C. held a skating frolic. The festivities began in the afternoon with a skating party at the Memorial Gardens. A most enjoyable hockey match was played for the amusement of those present.

A tasty dish had been prepared at the College but ... it was a delicious bean supper.

Afterwards an old fashioned sing-a-long, with the Gateway Three as guests, cheered everyone. Favourites were sung with vim and vigour by all.

The dance which followed the hootenanny was the perfect ending to a wonderful day.



Variety Night

On Wednesday, March 4, our annual Variety Night took place at the College. The varied acts which comprised the show provided an enjoyable programme. The entire student body was rewarded for its enthusiastic co-operation when it saw the culmination of its efforts. To all those who contributed their time in the production of this variety night, we would like to express our sincerest thanks.

The proceeds from Variety Night were donated to the Stothers' Foundation for Exceptional Children. This evening was one of the most successful this year.

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1963

Silver dome
red brick
running shoes
a glance
a laugh
tempera paint
children's eyes
a friend
whole numbers
fear
a boy named John
a thought
sunlight
a warm feeling.

Howard Parker



Terminal

Tenderly,
Solemnly,
Silently,
With Sheltering Shroud
Of comforting folds,
In the vales
And valleys of shadow—
In shades of shadow
Unrevealed...
In the depths of void...
Of dawn,
Delves
Death.

Merle Nichol

Encounter

So this was Herbie! Two black eyes darted from their customary hiding place beneath a fringe of red hair and defiantly met mine. Neat rows of freckles proudly marched over his nose and disappeared into the hollows of his cheeks only to reappear in greater profusion on his neck and arms. His jaws were set firmly, his fists clenched tightly. Everything about Herbie bespoke a "try and make me" attitude. Carefully I consolidated my position and minutely planned my strategy. Wellington would have been justly proud of my preparedness. Now — for the battle!

"You know why you are here, don't you, Herbert?"

"Yeah — I was fightin' and you always get sent to the principal for fighting?"

"And just why were you fighting?"

There was a long pause.

"You wouldn't understand. Nobody would — nobody!"

Suddenly I was not facing a formidable enemy in unrestricted warfare — I was looking at a very small boy struggling to uphold his manhood by hastily wiping away the tear that had inexplicably appeared on his cheek.

"You're gonna strap me aren't you? Go ahead! I don't care!" Somehow his voice lacked the conviction of his words and I hesitated, overcome by a vague uneasiness that I had been defeated by an eight-year old foe.

"Suppose you drop around tomorrow and we'll have a talk, Herbie." He nodded okay and fled from the office leaving me alone and strangely elated over my crushing defeat.

Sister Mary Joachim

Beat Generation

Emptiness yawns upward into nothingness,
Sprawling into the ribbon of life.
Along this lonely path they stumble,
 searching
 and hoping
 and loving.
Laughter wildly whirls
 round
 and round
 and round
ironically,
for every echo
betrays itself—
loneliness,
the wretched souls searching;
Hoping, that out of the vast abyss of life,
Will reach a helping hand.

Mrs. Shirley Ward

So Like Mine

I came to Canada for a change in scene and discovered a "him". Now, four years later, I am back in Canada to stay. The "him" used a bit of blarney to change this lassie's fine Scottish name to a much more lyrical French one. And what kind of name do the rest of you Canadians give me? Well, you people call me immigrant – a landed immigrant. Somehow I never fail to think it sounds like "landed ignorant".

Those of you who are less official call me tourist. Oh, how that title sets me aflame. My travel has always consisted of a long trip to and from some lonely, unfrequented spot in the forest where I stay for a month and become more familiar with that spot than do the Canadians whose national heritage it is. This is a tourist? But someday "Tourist" and "Immigrant" will cease to be me, and I will be as proud to call myself a Canadian as I am now to call myself an American. Meanwhile, I will try to remember that should you go to the United States, they would call you alien as well.

Our countries are very much alike, and yet each has a tangy flavor of its own. Not too long ago the Canadian people, in spite of recent skirmishes with the States, showed me exactly how they really felt. Never will I forget November 22nd, 1963, the day the president of my country was fatally shot. I was thousands of miles away, practice teaching in a two-room school, but I knew about Kennedy's death minutes after it happened. The other class was to have a radio lesson that day. Instead, the tragic bulletin shot through the air. At first, I wanted to be home with my family who would be feeling the sorrow very deeply, but then I discovered I was not alone – even out there in Nipissing Junction. The other three student teachers seemed to be just as stunned and unbelieving on our drive back to the college as was I. Perhaps there were more.

Newsboys were late making their rounds that night. The Nugget put a less startling headline away, and substituted another in four-inch, bright red letters. Radio and television stations cancelled all commercial advertising and brought every piece of information they found into my parlor. 'The President is dead. The President is dead.' How many times did they have to say that before my mind would let it be so? Canada's services filled my thirst for information for four days.

The next morning while buying a newspaper (and a magazine which ironically carried an exclusive story written a week before on John Jr's. life with his father, the President), a saleslady expressed the sentiment that was felt by every other Canadian I met. "He may have been the president of your country, but I am just as crushed by his death as any American."

I saw the saddened faces, tears in the eyes of some, and I heard the mournful voices. Americans in Canada were discovering the same thing all through the provinces that week. We were not alone in our sorrow. It was just as much "home" on this side of the border as it was on the other.

Mrs. Carol Lafontaine

The Green Years

Joy, Sorrow, Love, Hate, Peace, and Rebellion
These are my brothers.
I crawled, ran, fell, cried, and laughed with them,
They are my Life.

I loved the work at that first infant glimpse,
Although the world was full of hate.
Parents and Educators guide but do not cast my future roads
For the man I am I do not know.

I run and laugh now,
Hand and hand with Life.
Can this harmonious Companion change?
The day has come.

I rebel against those older,
I think them foolish and old fashioned.
I want to make my own mistakes.
Please, no rigid rules and laws.

Life is now so complex; but wait,
My body and mind are back together
And I arrive at that point
Where knowledge not ignorance makes life bearable.

So come by Brothers
For the man I am I do now know.
The day has come
And I arrive at that point,

That now I must wait more years to pass
And meditate the thought,
"Life now has left for me
More knowledge and Eternity."

Bob Harper

The Brook

Swirling, curling 'tween its banks,
Ferny greenery on its flanks,
Past the doe, the buck, the fawn,
Flowing onward dawn to dawn;
On a journey never ending,
In a silence ever pending;
'Tween its silent emerald edges,
'Tween its neatly scalloped hedges;
Slips the silent sapphire stream,
Sliding onward in a dream.

Mrs. Barbara Ralph

You Leave It, I'll Take It

After I receive my B.A., M.B., at the University of Toronto, I plan to enter the field of Social Welfare as a garbage collector. I have chosen this particular occupation because of the many opportunities for rapid promotion. For example, after twenty-five years of devoted service, one is considered eligible for the solicitous position of Chief Garbage Collector for any city in Northern Ontario.

Naturally the pecuniary grading would be in direct proportion to the ability and attitude of the person involved for advancement. However, man cannot live by specie alone. In this tenure, the highest ideals must be maintained. Yes, the BEAU IDEAL must be preserved at all times. Why? The answer is simple. The reward is plenary for those who labor and toil in the sanitary field; for one may become Superintendent for the Welfare and Maintenance of Local Garbage Handlers for Canada.

This field of employment intrigued me early in life. Once, in frolicing with playmates, I was accidentally stuffed into a garbage can – accidentally, I repeat. Naturally, as such, I became infected with the rancid odor of my immediate environment.

As a youth I spent my leisure in the pleasant surroundings of local yards, while other boys wasted their time with sports and girls. Still in my teens, I earned, for some reason, the nickname “B.O. Plenty”.

Now you know my secret ambition. A secret, yes, for few people in this age of prosperity would understand my choice in life; few people in this age of the status symbol would comprehend that I, in the words of Sydney Carton, say “It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done ...”

However, I am assured of your understanding in this matter. I am positive of your acknowledgment of the invigorating role that a garbage collector plays in the community.

Clifford Gravelle

Fear

In his attempt to appear calm, he gives himself away. He paces the floor in a smooth, rhythmic, but highly frustrated fashion. Pieces of paper in his hand gain his attention for seconds at a time, but he still seeks comfort by talking to those near him. His collar and tie must be straight, so he is continually checking them. We can see that his face is flushed as he stares out at us. His eyes are looking at individuals, but seeing only a mass of human bodies. Then that unwelcome sound is heard. Slowly he crosses the stage, lifts his head, and speaks.

“Good morning, Mr. Deyell, Masters, and fellow students ...”

Wayne Edmonds

Week One

Slowly you walk down the street. Your hair is sopping wet from a misty drizzle falling from a sombre grey sky. Under your arm are four sheets of precious bristol board and in the other hand is a suitcase bulging at the seams with a conglomeration of teaching aids and as few clothes as possible. At the corner you stop, put down the suitcase and shift the bristol board to the other arm and curse the publishers for making text books so heavy. Finally, after what seems an eternity, the yellow sign of the bus depot blinks through the gloom.

You look around at the sea of faces, hoping desperately to catch a glimpse of a familiar one, but your efforts are in vain. You plunk down your suitcase and squeeze in beside a fat old man who reeks of garlic and stale tobacco. You pray desperately that you will not have to sit beside him on the coach. Suddenly the loudspeaker crackles to life, "Attention, please, all passengers for the east bound coach to Coniston, Verner, Sturgeon Falls and North Bay will have to —." You know before he says it that the bus is late. It usually is; so it comes as no great surprise to you and you shift a little away from the fat old man. You look around you at the different people and you begin to wonder what kind of destinations they are heading for, whether it is a happy or sad one. The looks on their faces give away their feelings as you scrutinize each one. The skinny old lady in the faded navy blue coat, sitting opposite you, clutching her old tattered club bag, first meets your gaze. On her wrinkled face you see a look of total despair and you wonder through what private hell she is going. Down the bench is a slim good looking girl giggling excitedly with a young man in an ivy league sports coat and Italian shoes. Beside her on the floor are three pieces of expensive alligator luggage. Just some rich girl off for a week in Montreal. Then your gaze falls on the fat man beside you. His head is bobbing up and down and he drops off into a drunken slumber and occasionally his whole frame shudders. Probably a lumberman who floated into town for a weekend of wine, women and song and now is returning to the bush, flush for two more months.

The doors swing open and a driver in a grey uniform storms in, bringing with him the pungent odour of diesel fuel. "North Bay bus leaving platform four in five minutes," echoes in your ears as he saunters to the end of the room and disappears through a door. You gather up your belongings and allow yourself to be carried along outside by the milling throng of people. Your bag is grabbed by a sour looking man who flings it onto the rack but you clutch your bristol board as you climb aboard the bus. By this time most of the seats are either saved or taken and the only one you can see is the one beside the fat old man. You cram your bristol board up in the rack and drop yourself heavily into the seat. As you sit there in the gloom, you cease to think about anyone else's troubles and you ponder over your own. Is it really worth all this to be a teacher?

Louis Moody

The Sign of Nature

Softly blows now the sometimes raging wind,
Over the hills and into valleys below,
Carrying in its swaying arms,
Charms of undaunted nature!

In the active classroom,
Students scurry to and fro
Carrying in their tired arms,
Charms to entice young eager minds.

Long hours have been spent
Into the fresh early dawn
Preparing Friday's last lesson.
The week's end has finally come.

Longfellow's "My Lost Youth",
Is well underway
When an announcement to end all others
Smothers our hopes and prayers:

PRESIDENT KENNEDY HAS MET A VIOLENT DEATH
AT THE GUN OF AN ASSASSIN -

Harshly blows now the sometimes gentle wind
Over the hills and valleys below,
Carrying in its angry arms
Charms of destructive nature!

Beverly Meilleur

Washington March

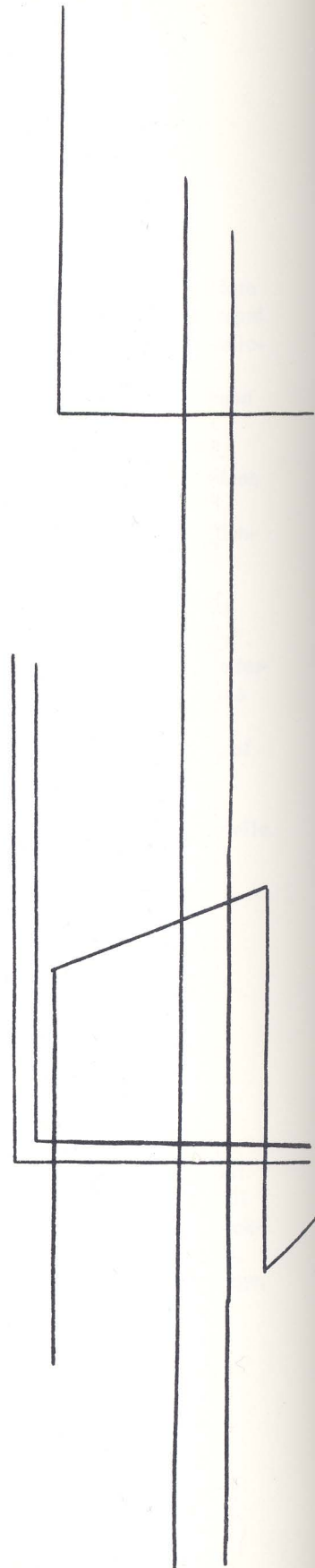
They came in song and prayer
In simple revolution
In freedom they asked
To be free.

The chains are gone,
The rust rings remain;
The lash is done,
The wounds still pain.

They came for their inheritance,
The legacy of Lincoln perfect
On parchment and in stone,
But denied because of a sin, skin deep.

Freedom filters through debate;
The time is long, and lives much longer
But time will move white paperweights.
The end is sure and will be stronger.

Bernard Bridgman



Them-The Enemy

I would like to state a few of my hard-won observations about the so-called weaker sex.

During the past thirty years of my life, I have come to the conclusion that there are two types of women. (This also proves that there is no fool like an old fool.) There are those who say "yes" and those who say "no". The latter class are prevaricators, and that is how you distinguish between the two statements.

This is the first observation. All females are interested in males. The crux is to know when the girl's "yes" means "yes" and when her "no" means "yes". The fault is when the male thinks that a "yes" and a "no" are equal in thought and design. This is not so, for when a female says "yes", she means "yes", and when she states "no", she means "no" – except when she means "yes". This logic is simple because women are complicated – in design and thought.

The second foremost characteristic is that all women know one basic psychological and physiological rule. It is obvious to women that men are quite helpless and useless without them. (I do not know if this is inborn or handed down from woman to woman.) Why men insist on proclaiming that they are the stronger sex is beyond comprehension. The first example of womanhood didn't hit Adam over the head with the tree to make him eat the apple – not to mention the apple sauce.

From the time little girls start giggling over boys, they are the scourge of a boy's life. When they reach womanhood, their trickery becomes much more subtle – not saying "yes" when you expect them to, saying "yes" when you don't expect it, paying attention to other egoistic males and many other methods, too numerous and embarrassing to mention.

However, we must not only face facts, we must accept them. Women will be women, (what else can I say?) and until something better comes along, men can't seem to get along without them.

If anything, we have our differences – thank goodness.

Clifford Gravelle

Remember

Please come with me for a walk,
All I want to do is talk.
I've noticed you for quite a while,
Come on friend, give with a smile!
That's better now, more like you.
You know, your smile is fresh as dew.
Please don't feel any alarm,
It's just because of your sweet charm.
You've sat up there a long time now,
Excuse me, please, if I should bow.
You have given me a new lease on life,
Because you've helped me forget my strife.

Time Out

“And,” continued the psychology master, “midadults between ages thirty-five and fifty, late adults from fifty to sixty-five, – after that – senescence.”

An incredulous glance at my notes revealed the startling evidence that I had passed from infancy through childhood, puberty, pre-adolescence, adolescence, young adulthood and midadulthood. Here I sat on the brink of late adulthood with one foot at the threshold of senescence and the other within the portals of Teachers' College. What madness had convinced me that I could become a teacher – unless the results of the Christmas exams would thrust me back into the world of teas and tranquilizers!

The voice of the lecturer faded away The year was nineteen hundred and twenty-one, – the year I started down the lonely country road to school, one hand clutching a lunch pail, the other wrapped around a slate.

On the first day we too were given readiness tests. Said the teacher, “Raise your right hands.” If five fingers waved in response, no other preliminaries were necessary. We were ready. The slates (minus pink lines), pieces of chalk and the back of our sleeves for a rub-off were all the equipment we needed. No weighty decisions relating to printing, joined print script or cursive writing furrowed the brow of the school ma'am. We wrote. The inability to accomplish perfect form was fanciful folly – unless of course our knuckles had been broken by a crack of the ruler. Our teacher had the frame of a female Sonny Liston and the face of an Ebenezer Scrooge. She dared us to ask for help. Praise was a word stored within the depths of the dictionary.

Social studies and the stories of the helpers would have been beyond comprehension. Everyone's father was a “helper”. When a barn went up in flames, the whole community assembled to form a bucket brigade. Figures rushed to and fro while the building and all its contents burned to the ground. Some weeks later these same fathers worked shoulder to shoulder as carpenters at the barn-raising. Plumbers were non-existent. Water didn't come in pipes. It was pumped from wells.

Science was a subject we lived every day. All our experiments were unvarnished fact. Apparatus? Several bushels of potatoes and a five acre field. Method? Cut up those potatoes and drop them into the ground. Observations? The roots grew down and the stems shot up. Conclusion? More potatoes. And we had the callouses to prove it. Electricity was just a dream. When night fell, coal-oil lamps shone from every window. Transportation was dependent upon a horse hitched to a buggy or a cutter depending on the season. So much for science.

Health was our physical nature. Our parents bought cod-liver oil by the gallon. All winter long the thick, loathsome liquid gurgled out of the bottles and oozed down our throats only to be replaced by sulphur and molasses come Spring. The germs fought a losing battle. The doctor was viewed with mysterious wonder. He only came to the house to deliver another brother or sister. No fooling us that storks brought the babies. The birds and the bees were left to their reasonable roles of making sweet music and honey.

Our school was heated by an enormous pot-bellied stove in the centre of the room. Around this fiery furnace circled an iron railing on which hung all the wet outer garments – and many inner ones as well. This added humidity, among other things, to the classroom. And that stove devoured cords of wood. Herein lay the undisguised legend of physical education, known in those days as P.W. – short for pile-the-wood. Daily we lined up and marched out to the woodshed where this introductory activity quickly turned into big muscle activity as the large logs were lugged into the schools. No free play graced our schedule. The teacher realized that ample free play was gained evenings at the milking stables. At noon and recess we played ball or “anti-anti” over the school house.

For rainy days the school board had been prevailed upon to install a crokinole board. Arithmetic was learned by dividing forty players into teams of two. We added, subtracted and cancelled our way all over that board. It was the only constructive illustrative material we ever had. (I'm convinced that Cuisenaire played crokinole!)

But the best part of school was the field trips. One a year we had – on the first day of May. We called it Arbour Day. In the morning the pupils gathered to clean up the yard. This was a privilege. When every stick and stone had been disposed of, when every fence had been mended and the shrubs had been trimmed, off we skipped with our lunch pails to the nearest woods. What a gay time we had gathering leeks, picking violets, chasing squirrels and getting wet in the fresh spring streams. School was a joyous time.

A bell rang The psychologist removed his spectacles, closed his book and dismissed the class. It is the year nineteen hundred and sixty-four. School is a joyous time.

Mrs. Isabella Spencer

Wishing

If I had one wish
Just one small wish,
I heard a child say,
I'd wish to be older and wiser,
and yet –
Do you think he'd be happy that way?

If I had one wish
Just one small wish,
I heard an adult say,
I'd wish to be younger and stronger,
and yet –
Do you think he'd be happy that way?

If I had one wish
Just one small wish,
It's so very easy to say.
But before you say it just stop
and think –
Are you wishing your life away?

Lois Richards

Practice Teaching

The room was in great confusion among the girls and boys;
The walls were violently shaking on account of all the noise.
Some pictures were on the blackboard (but more were on the floor),
And the college master came driving – slipping – sliding,
The college master came gliding,
Up to the schoolhouse door.

Over the pavement he clattered and clashed in the dark schoolyard,
And he came with pen and papers ready to mark me hard;
He heard the noise in the classroom and wondered what it could be.
And the terrified student teacher, I the student teacher,
Tried to calm the uproar
With good methodology.

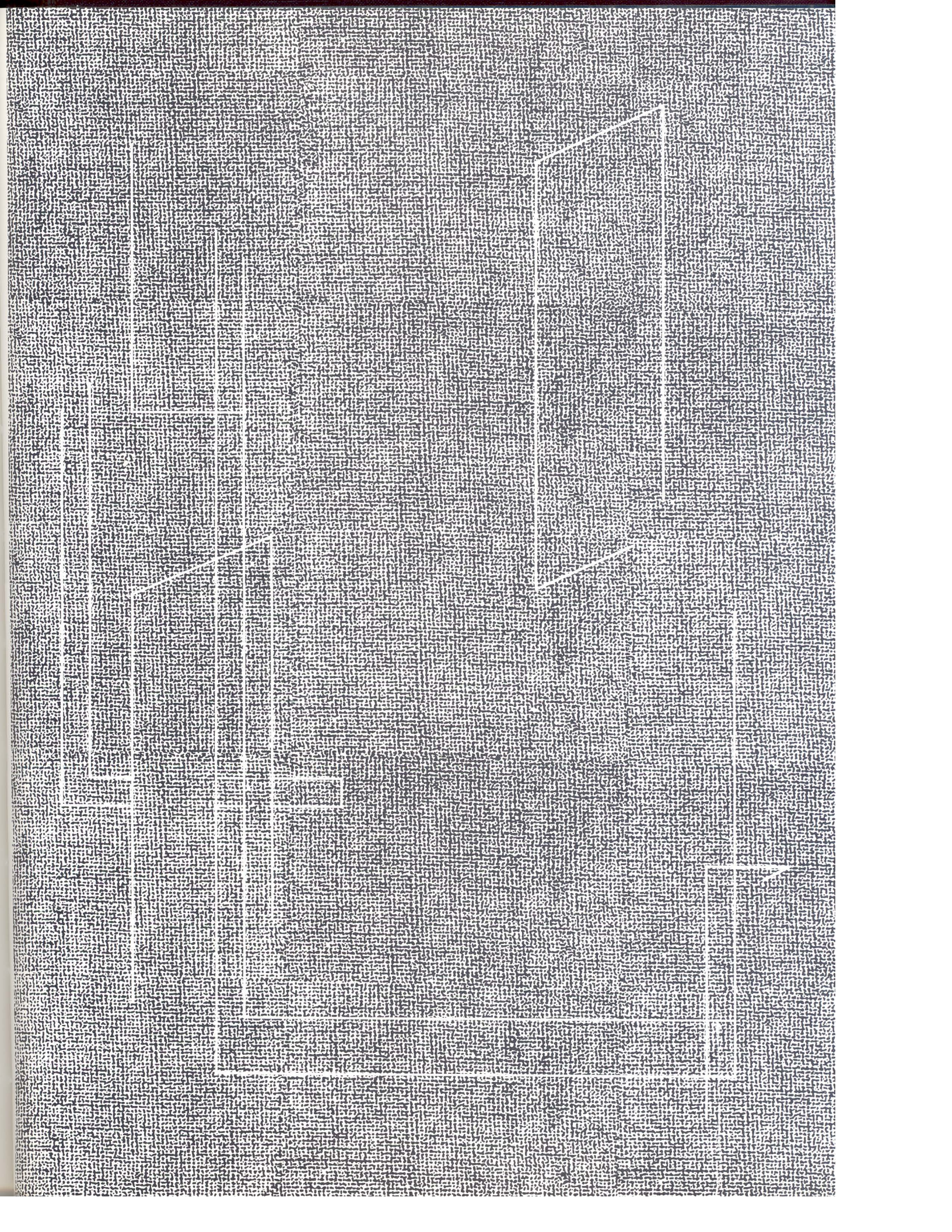
And back at the back of the classroom, the cloakroom door creaked,
Where the practice teacher listened; her face was white and peaked,
Her eyes were hollows of madness; her plans were all awry,
Her nerves were completely shattered.
Then she heard the master's cry –

“One moment, my dear student teacher, I'm after a mark to-day,”
(He's not doing this for nothing, he's getting pretty good pay).
He said, “No Concrete Material! What were you told in class?
I see no introduction. Where is your introduction?
You must have an introduction
If you ever want to pass.”

He sat there and watched me closely, seeing every little mistake.
I hoped that he would not notice that two boys were not awake.
Pupil participation! I didn't think of that.
And as for motivation, important motivation!
I didn't have motivation.
What do you think of that!

He led me out in the hallway, away from the view of the rest.
I thought I knew what was coming, but I still could hope for the best.
In a few brief words he told me. I heard my fate at last.
I don't know how he did it, I often wonder yet.
I don't know how it happened – But
I passed!

Cheryl Brown



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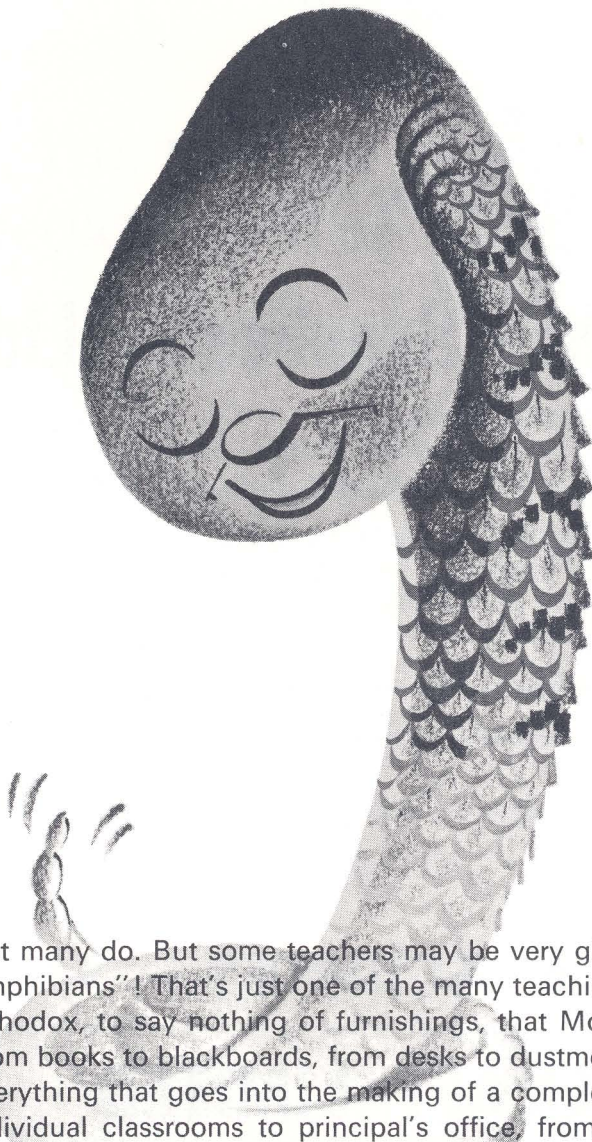
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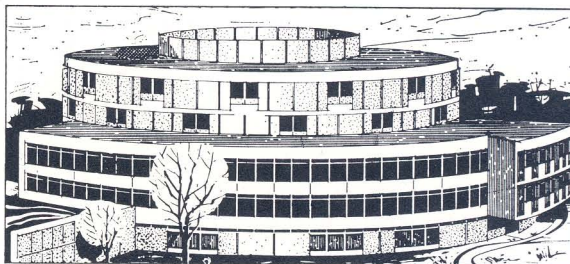
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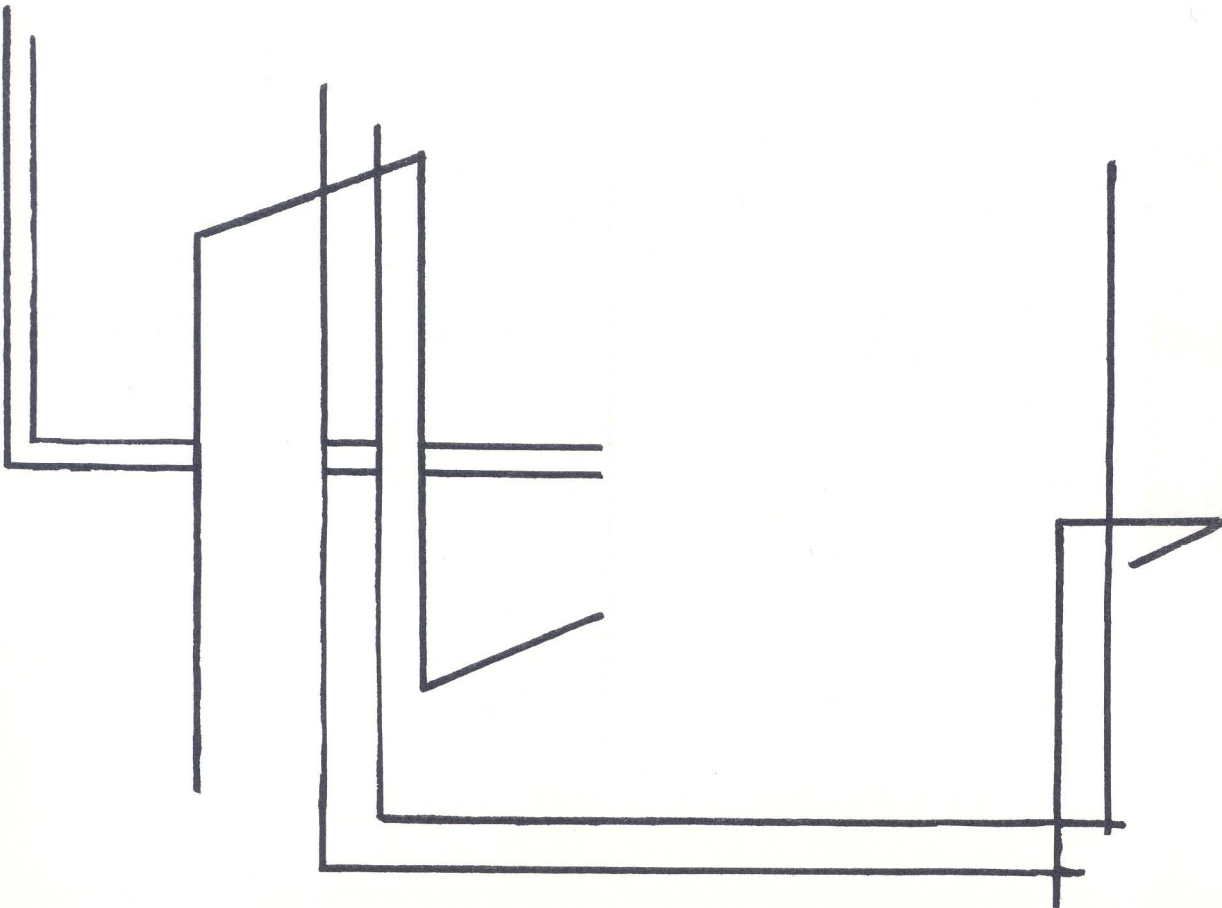
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