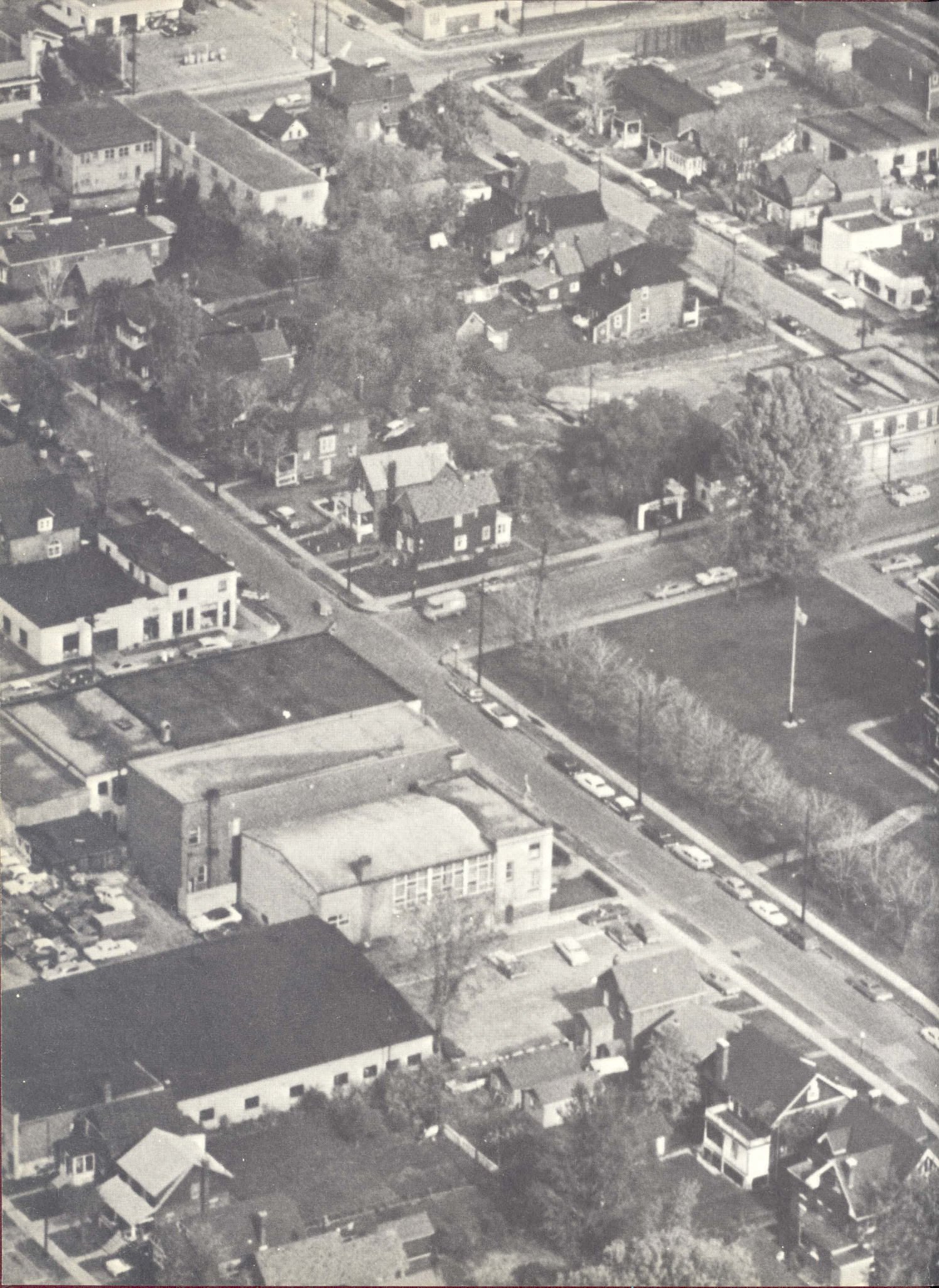


POLARIS 1965



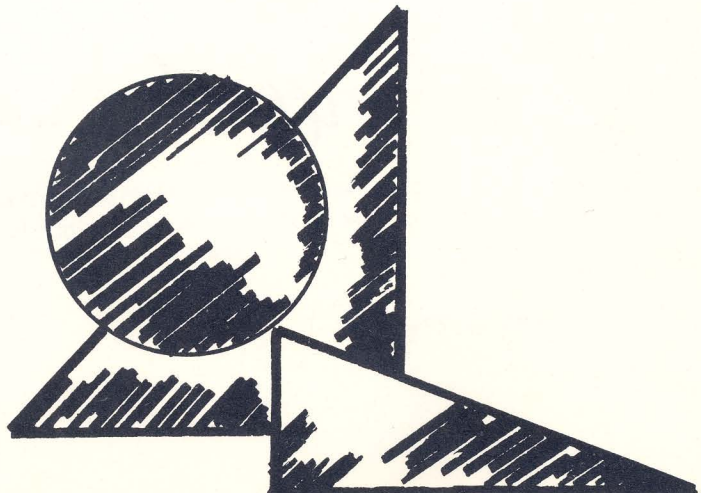




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North Bay

Teachers' College





Minister of Education

For nearly 120 years, our Teachers' Colleges, and before them our Normal Schools, have shown a marked ability to adapt to the changing needs of public education. During the past year you will have studied the uses of educational television, the values of programmed learning, and the possibilities of team teaching. These are innovations in teaching methods that were completely unknown even five or ten years ago.

This ability to keep up with modern trends indicates to me the strength and vigour of our teacher-training institutions, and I hope that you will graduate from the North Bay Teachers' College with your own share of strength and vigour which will enable you not only to teach effectively but to continue your own professional development.

As you take up your positions in the schools of Ontario, the best wishes of the Department of Education go with you.

William G. Davis

William G. Davis,
Minister of Education.



A Message from the Principal

"You can't change human nature!"

How often have you heard this expression, sometimes indicating our frustration when some of our pupils continue to show some of the faults of their forebearers, or our disillusionment when nations or societies continue their quarrelsome or war-like poses. It is one of those insidious quasi-truths which penetrates into our thinking without us being fully aware of it.

Admittedly there are often persistent traits of temperament which defy our efforts to dislodge them and there are noxious perennial habits which seriously impair the quality of our intellectual and spiritual harvest. Nevertheless as teachers, leaders, educators, and humanitarians, we must cling to our faith in the improbability of human personality, individually and collectively.

We can change human nature!

When insight, comprehension, or understanding occurs, we are never quite the same again, whether we are six and experiencing the thrill of "I can read" or we are eighteen and experiencing the thrill of "I can teach." One insight can lead to another and yet another as the horizons of our psychological worlds expand. Is there any limit to the expansion as we sharpen the focus and endeavour to make our image coincide more closely with the divine ideal?

As you lead your pupils patiently in their daily increments of change in skills, in attitudes, and in understandings, may you be conscious of your partnership in a great creative surge towards the manhood of humanity. May this long view hearten you daily for your task as a teacher.

J. D. Deyell, Principal.

Editorial



Each year the corridors of North Bay Teachers' College are filled with many new faces, while those students who have contributed much to the school in the past are gone. Another year of school life, dissolving into history, will leave as a record of its accomplishments - this "Polaris".

Realizing the importance of a yearbook to our school, we have tried our utmost to produce one worthy of the faculty and student bodies. However, this yearbook could not have materialized without the unselfish contributions of all those associated with its publication, either directly or indirectly.

I hope this has been a happy and successful year for everyone. The members of the "Polaris" staff have worked hard on your behalf, and I am proud to have worked with them.

John W. Cook (Editor).



STANDING: Sandra Baker, Claire Valiquette, Wayne Cooper, Michael Watkin, Brian Macartney, Barbara Smatlanek, Judy Nocioli.

SITTING: Heidi Graul, Barbara Gervais, John Cook, Mr. White, Doreen Gregorini, Karen-Anne Killoran.

Yearbook Executive

During the past ten months your POLARIS Yearbook Executive has tried to capture a number of the more significant events and phases of the school year. We have tried to create for you a book which you will treasure, and which will rekindle many memories in the years to come. The members of the Executive have spent many long hours working on this POLARIS and we feel we have accomplished something of which we can be proud. We hope that you also are proud of it.

I should like at this time to introduce the members of the Yearbook Executive to you.

John Cook
Doreen Gregorini
Sandra Baker
Wayne Cooper
Brian Macartney
Judy Nocioli
Michael Watkin
Heidi Graul
Claire Valiquette
Barbara Gervais
Karen-Anne Killoran
Barbara Smatlanek
Mr. O. White

Editor
Assistant Editor
Literary
Men's Sports
Graduates
Advertising
Graduates
Copy-Reader
Women's Sports
Special Events
Special Events
Art
Staff Advisor

Our sincere thanks to Mr. White for his encouragement and guidance throughout the year.
Good luck to all in the years to come!

Doreen Gregorini,
Assistant Editor.



Valedictory Address

To be chosen to stand before you and give the farewell address is truly a great honour. Yet, I find it a difficult task to perform, when your feelings, as well as mine, must be expressed on such a momentous day. Indeed, today we are happy and proud, for each of us realizes his own successes, his own advancements, his own achievements.

Permit me for the next few moments to act as an emissary of the past. No one can return the past to you - yet one may speak of it. As we look back the year was rewarding for us. We arrived in September, young and inexperienced, but eager to learn and hopeful of passing our year. Our interest and sense of responsibility grew as the months and weeks passed.

Dedication was exemplified throughout the year by Dr. Deyell and our helpful staff. We owe our deepest thanks to you. Thank you for piloting us through the weeks of practice teaching. Your constant encouragement and confidence lifted our morale, permitting us, the crew, to overcome the many discouragements and blows that occurred. Our thanks can best be expressed by remembering next fall your advice and wise words and putting them into practice.

To our practice teachers we give thanks also, for permitting us to examine their classrooms. They allowed us to experiment with new techniques and methods and offered helpful suggestions.

Let us not forget our Religious Instructors who gave their time to us freely and with all sincerity. They reminded us that all professions, particularly one which influences the minds as well as the souls of people, demand the spirit of God to be ever-present.

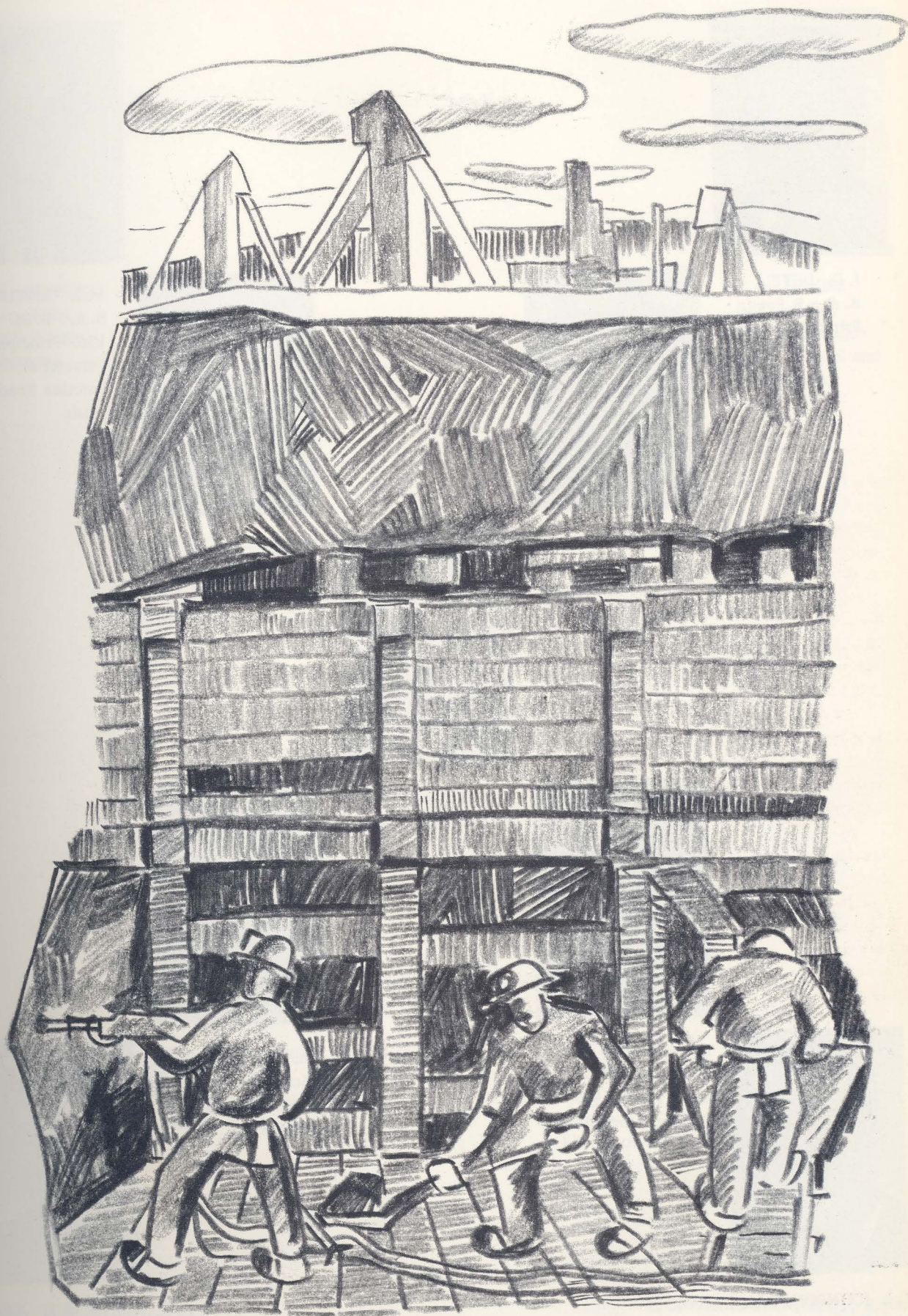
What about the future? Once the outcome lay in the hands of this College, its corridors, its classrooms, its teachers - but they leave for us that which is no longer theirs - the future. In departing, friendships and happy memories will not be broken or forgotten as we say good-bye, but stored in a reservoir to be remembered always. Let us acknowledge our responsibility and in every way attempt to live justly and righteously, performing our duty as teachers to the best of our ability. I charge you to remember that the children are the seeds and the care that we take to cultivate each will tell the kind of fruit that shall abound.

This day joins our Teachers' College days with our future teaching years. As we enter this future let us remember the inspiration of Kathleen Partridge:

"The past has its store of joys we remember,
The future is ours undefiled...
Let us carry our weight with the courage of men
But proceed with the trust of a child!"

Let us continue...

Marilyn Markle

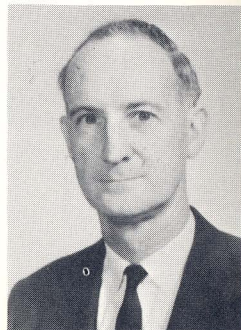




J. D. DEYELL
B. A., B. Paed.
Principal



MRS. L. E. HANSMAN
Acting Dean of Women
Children's Literature
Library Methods



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



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

Faculty



J. T. ANGUS, B. A., B. Ed.
Science
Child Psychology
General Methodology



A. B. REED, B. A.
Science
Audio-Visual
Education



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



O. A. WHITE, B. A., M. Ed.
Educational Psychology
History of Education



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



R.D. FOXCROFT, B.A.
School Management
Child Psychology
Mathematics



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



R. A. DAVIES
B. A., B. Ed.
School Manage-
ment, School and
Community



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



F. TATE, B.A.
Educational
Psychology
History of
Education



MISS E. THORN, M. A.
English in the Primary Division

MISS E. STEVENS
B. A., M. Ed.
Methods in Religious
Education Art



L. C. VAN DUSEN, B. A., B. Ed.
History
Social Studies

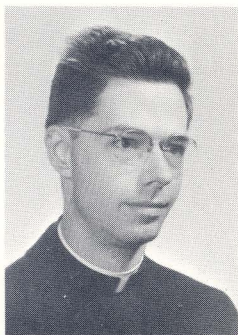
Religious Instructors



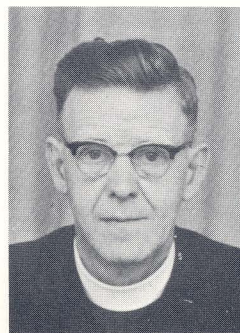
REV. W. COPE
B. A., B. D.



MRS. R. D. J.
FRABONI



REV. P. GOOLD
B. A.



FATHER KELLY
B. A.



REV. CANON C. F.
LARGE



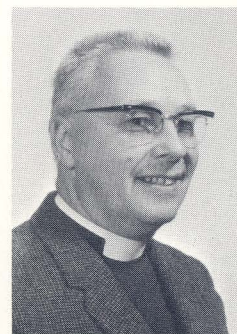
REV. ROBT. J. McCREA



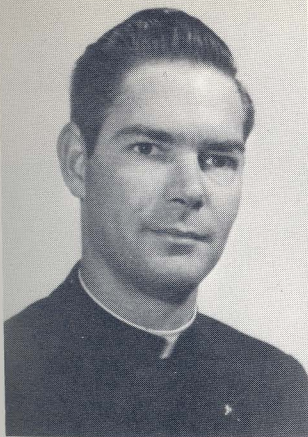
REV. P. N. SCRUTTON



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



REV. A. YOUNG
B. A.



My dear Graduates:

At the conclusion of this school year, I should like to extend very best wishes to all the graduates of North Bay Teachers' College.

Your success this past year is due in part to the instruction and guidance given by the staff of your school, for whom I have the highest regard, but mostly to your sincere efforts to prepare yourselves for the challenging responsibilities which lie ahead of you in the teaching profession.

If you continue to display the same interest and zeal in teaching as you have in your time of training, then we can look forward to seeing you accomplish so much in the formation of the minds and hearts of our young people. It has been a privilege to be associated with you.

May God guide you and inspire you in your most important work.

Monseigneur B.F. Pappin,
Pro-Cathedral of the Assumption.



WISDOM GIVETH LIFE

To the Students:

The very world in which we live is in a state of transition. It is to be expected therefore that education also is in a state of transition in the midst of "automation", "teaching machines", "programmed learning" and increased "leisure".

While many text books have come and gone, the fact remains that the Bible still provides the background for much that is significant in our contemporary culture in terms of music, literature and art.

Interesting too, in this nuclear age, is the fact that throughout the "Christian" world there seems to be a turning back to the Bible.

The words in Ecclesiastes 7:12 still have significance in our day even though they are old writings indeed:

"For wisdom is a defense and money is a defense,
but the excellency of knowledge is that wisdom giveth
life to them that have it."

As responsible leaders in the education of "the whole man" it is essential that you must seek and maintain that balance which will help you make a lasting contribution to society as a teacher and as a citizen.

I covet for you and your pupils throughout your life the "marks of an educated man or woman", -- the source of this quotation used below is unknown to me -

MARKS OF AN EDUCATED MAN

1. He keeps his mind open on every question until the evidence is all in.
2. He always listens to the man who knows.
3. He cross-examines his day-dreams.
4. He never laughs at new ideas.
5. He knows his strong point and plays it up.
6. He knows the value of good habits and how to form them.
7. He knows when to think and when to call in an expert to think for him.
8. He lives the forward-looking, outward-looking life.
9. He cultivates a love of the beautiful.
10. He cherishes a love of God.

May the highest purposes of education be realized in your lives in years to come.

Rev. Neil G. Price, B.A., B.C.L., B.D.
President, North Bay and District
Ministerial Association - 1964.



MRS. B.
KINNIBURGH



MRS. L.
SCHMIDT



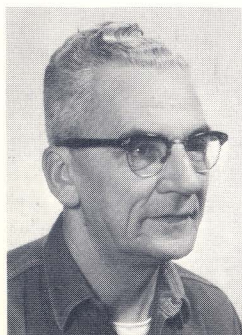
MRS. A.
CONLON



MRS. R.
RUSSELL

Where Would We Be Without--

Mrs. Kinniburgh, our librarian, who weathers our invasions of her domain in good spirit. Equally praiseworthy are Mrs. Schmidt, Mrs. Conlon and Mrs. Russell who spend their days typing and doing the other secretarial work for the Masters and the students.



MR. J.
DONALDSON



MISS G.
GODIN



MRS. M.
DURRANT



MR. A.
WELIN



MR. L.
DOUCETTE

Our Appreciation-

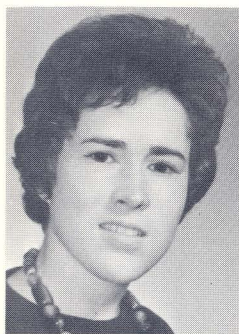
is also extended to the maintenance staff. The results of their labour are to be seen in the shovelled and sanded walks and the sparkling clean corridors and classrooms.



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Graduates

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Anne Agnew
Burk's Falls



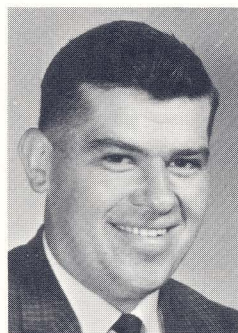
Harold Ahrbeck
Val Caron



Katriina Alanko
Garson



Barbara Allen
Renabie



Keith Anderson
Sudbury



John Andison
Bracebridge



Frederick Arnold
Sudbury



Linda Ashby
Huntsville



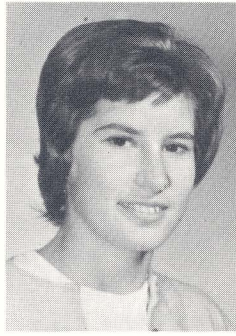
Sandra Baker
Huntsville



Verena Beaudry
Sudbury



Patrick Bentley
Webbwood



Carole Bills
Sudbury



Rose Anne Blackwell
Huntsville



Lorraine Blanchard
Sudbury



Barry Bolduc
Callander



Gordon Bolduc
Chapleau



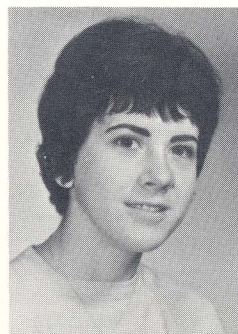
Gaelle Bone
Sault Ste. Marie



Ruth Anne Bott
Charlton



Dianne Boucher
Sudbury



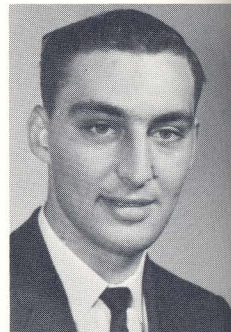
Rachel Boulet
Sudbury



Sandra Boyuk
Sudbury



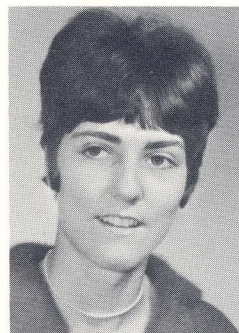
Audrey Bradley
Markstay



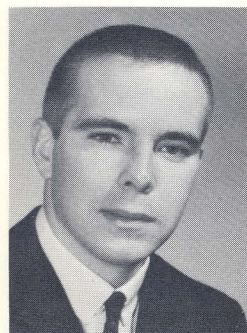
Kenneth Braumberger
Chapleau



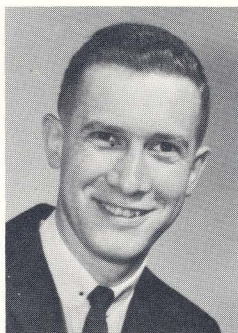
Diane Brereton
(Mrs.)
North Bay



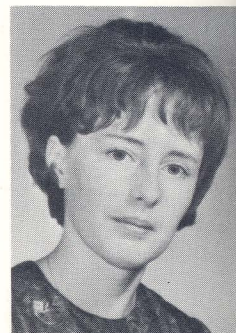
Betty-Lou Bresnahan
Sudbury



William Brownlee
North Bay



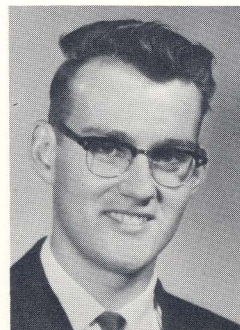
Robert Buell
Timmins



Sheila Burgoyne
Timmins



Leona Burns
Massey



David Burt
Cochrane



Diana Calford
Azilda



John Cameron
North Bay



Dianne Campbell
Bruce Mines



Esther Carlson
Kipling



Denise Carriere
Iroquois Falls



Marilyn Cedolia
Sault Ste. Marie



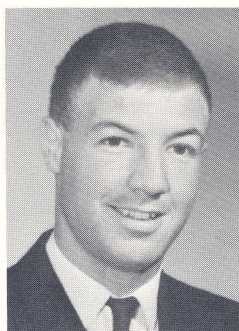
Diane Bulmer
Onaping



Mrs. Helen Burke
North Bay



Joyce Ceppetelli
Copper Cliff



Roger Chandler
Kirkland Lake



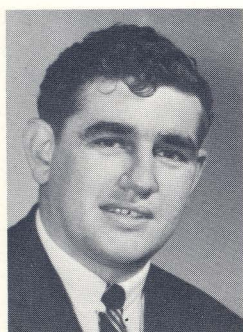
Eileen Chew
Sudbury



Elizabeth Chiappetta
Sault Ste. Marie



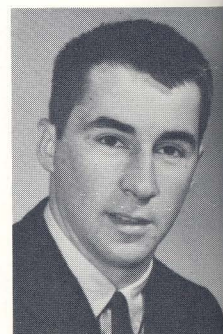
Nancy Christian
Gravenhurst



Thomas Conlin
Huntsville



Donald Constantineau
Sudbury



Wayne Cooper
Huntsville



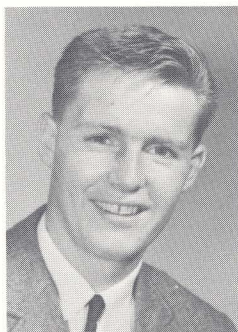
Rheta Cope
(Mrs.)
North Bay



Kathleen Cowen
Sault Ste. Marie



Lynda Cowper
North Bay



Clayton Creed
Connaught



Jane Crockford
North Bay



Diane Cuddy
Falconbridge



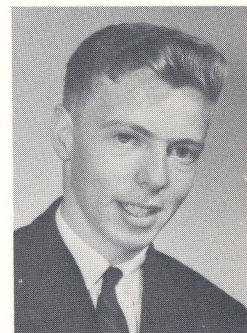
Allan Cunningham
South Porcupine



Glenna Cunningham
Sudbury



June Cunnington
Port Cunnington



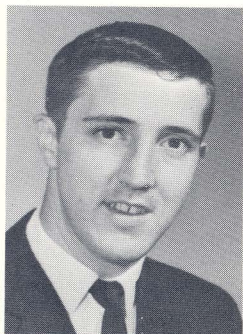
Gerald Dagenais
Timmins



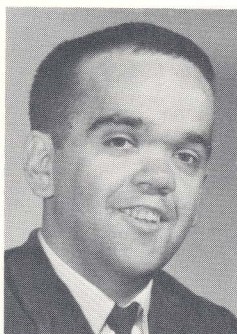
Teresa Delfrate
Sudbury



June Desilets
North Bay



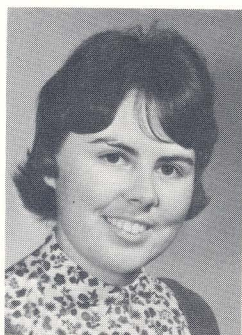
Leonard Desjardins
New Liskeard



Paul Devine
Sturgeon Falls



Betty DiSalle
Copper Cliff



Helen Dixon
Sudbury



Laura Dmitrienko
Timmins



Maureen Doan
Sault Ste. Marie



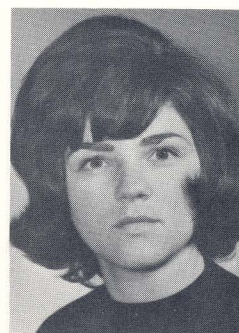
Kathleen Doyle
Garson



Judith Driver
Huntsville



Katharine Dunk
Temagami



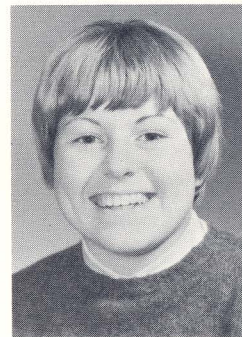
Helen Etula
Whitefish



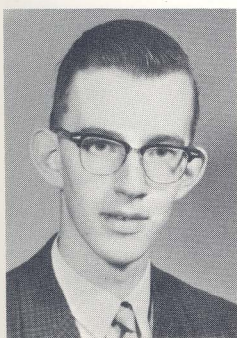
Connie Dennis
Oakville



Nancy Clark
Copper Cliff



Helen Clarke
Port Sydney



Gary Denniss
Bracebridge



Gervin Dobbin
Lavenham, Man.

Wind in the Reeds

Pan,
That green god,
That hispid beast
With cloven hoofs
And looks of love.
In jocose pleasures
He does seek
That idle riddle to eternal sleep,
That reed of life.

Clifford Gravelle 0-3



Danny Farmiloe
Haileybury



Carol Farstad
Bourkes



Georgina Ferguson
Sheguiandah



Leigh Ferguson
Sault Ste. Marie



Karen Ferrell
North Bay



Glenna Firth
South Porcupine



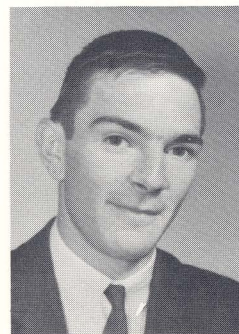
Lois Flynn
Utterson



Silvana Fragassi
Timmins



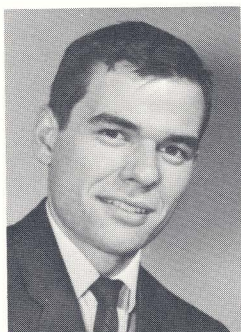
Marilyn Gibbons
Sudbury



Robert Gibbs
Bracebridge



Carol Gilruth
Burk's Falls



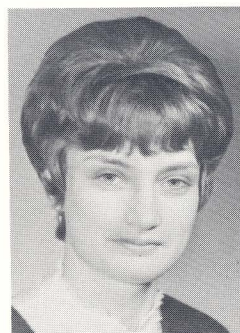
Terry Godin
Massey



Carol Green
Sudbury



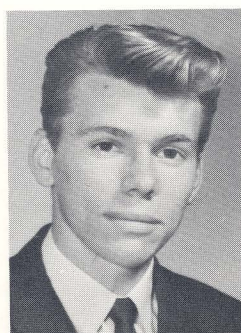
Doreen Gregorini
Sault Ste. Marie



Sandra Guacci
Schumacher



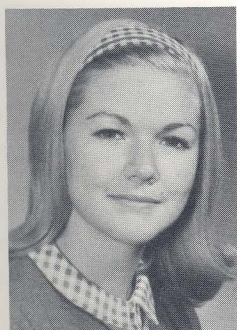
Reva Gurevitch
Schumacher



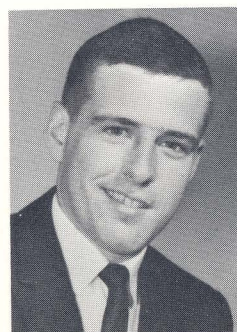
Kashmir Jakubiak
Cochrane



Sharon Hamm
Sundridge



Cheryl Hammell
Bracebridge



Robert Handford
Espanola



Pat Hartland
Espanola



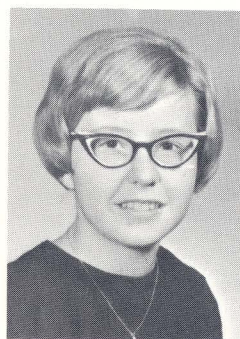
Carol Hayes
North Bay



Judy Haynes
North Bay



Elizabeth Hennessy
North Bay



Susan Holder
Sudbury



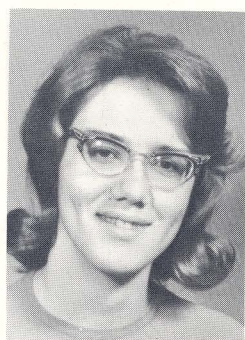
Reg Holdsworth
New Liskeard



Annie Horchak
Hearst



Richard House
Sault Ste. Marie



Elsi Facca
Timmins



Rosanne Glibota
Sault Ste. Marie



Clifford Gravelle
Sudbury



Linda Janke
Sudbury



June Germain
Hanmer

Friday Afternoon

As the persistent monotone droned on and on, the boy's mind began to wander. He glanced furtively through the window. The lawn outside was a fresh green, not the parched dusty green of summer, but new and just creeping through. It would be like that in the park where he was going to play baseball after school. He saw an overweight robin hopping around with exactly the self-satisfied air of the politician he had seen on television the night before. He wished they could talk politics in history instead of sitting and absorbing all these dry facts.

Looking around cautiously he saw the rest of the class staring blankly at their history texts, inert, motionless. Mary, the teacher's favourite, who sat in front of the boy, stared up at the teacher with rapt attention. She had dark hair braided in two long tails which hung down her back. He wished he dared to cut off the ends and start them unravelling. He hated Mary, with her fat conceited appearance and her large mouth.

A fly flew through the air. It landed on Mary's back, just below the third button on her blouse. It must have been very weak. Probably it had just crawled out of a crack, he thought to himself. It crawled slowly up her blouse...., past the third button... and then past the second. He stared, fascinated. The insect paused. Then, with an effort, it crept steadfastly onward. It passed the first button. Then it stepped over the bit of lace at the top and onto the back of Mary's neck. He hoped it would start to burrow down inside her blouse. The fly took a few steps. Mary shrugged her shoulders. He watched in breathless anticipation as it inched a bit further. Mary reached around. The wary housefly made a sudden take-off just as she scratched her neck!

The boy snickered. Roused by this unexpected noise, everyone turned.

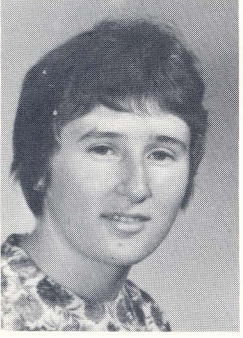
"Jones, was that you?" the teacher bleated. The sound of him was too much for Jones, who uttered an irrepressible snort of mirth. After mumbling some unintelligible threat, the teacher resumed his monotonous narration about David Thompson. Rebuked and threatened, Jones sank back in his seat. To pass the time he limply surveyed the variety of feet and legs to be seen from his desk midway up the row. Butch, almost sound asleep, wore a pair of evil-smelling old sneakers on the point of disintegration. Mary's legs, like the rest of her, were fat and smug-looking. The boy at the head of row three sported a sophisticated pair of Beatle-boots. Jones sighed in envy, comparing them to his own scruffy oxfords. The girl on the other side of him had lovely smooth legs encased in nylon stockings. They shone golden in the sunlight, and ended in a pair of blue canvas running shoes. Jones sighed again.

At the moment when Jones was regarding these beauties of nature, the bell rang. He stuffed his history book into his desk, neatly extracted his current paper-back about the American Revolution, and tensed his muscles to make a fast get-away.

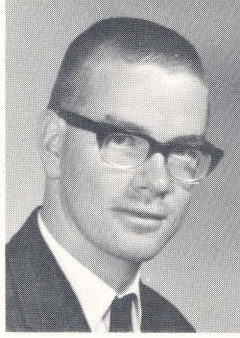
"The following people will remain after school", said the teacher, halting him in mid-air. With a dismay which turned to defiance he heard his own name, right at the top of the list.

"Give me liberty or give me death!" he intoned.

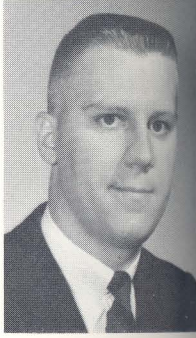
Con't on page 98



Patricia Junor
Sudbury



Arnold Kaitola
South Porcupine



Richard Kangas
Sudbury



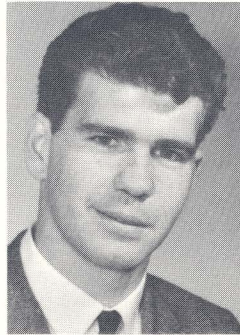
Shiela Kautiainen
Sudbury



Nancy Kidd
Sundridge



Judy King
South Porcupine



Keir Kitchen
North Bay



Faye Krattiger
Noranda, Que.



Ingrid Kreko
Sudbury



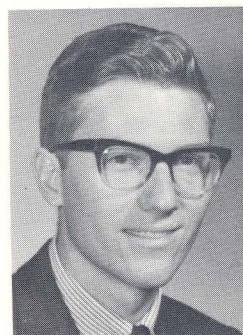
Diane Kritz
Sudbury



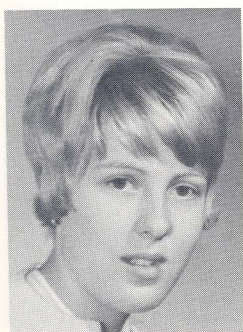
Helen Laari
Sudbury



Doreen Lance
Timmins



Kenneth Lane
Barrie Island



June Lang
Sudbury



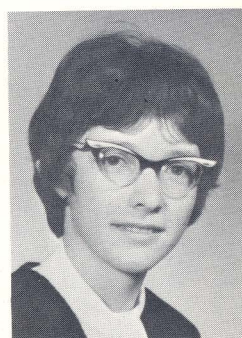
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Powassan



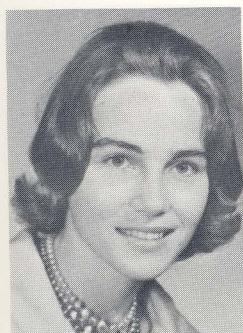
Douglas Lanktree
Providence Bay



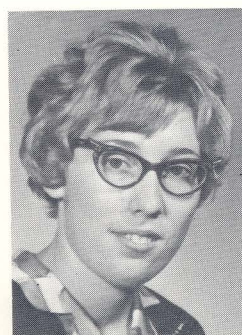
Terry Lawson
Kearney



Elaine Leeson
Manitowaning



Karen Linton
Kirkland Lake



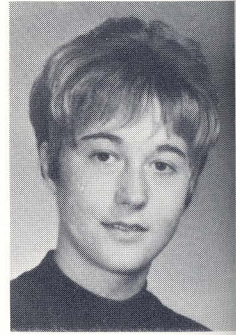
Gwen Livermore
Powassan



Brian Macartney
Espanola



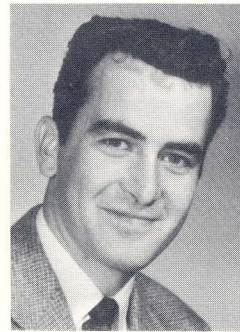
Mrs. Heather MacFarlane
North Bay



Nancy Jane Maki
Sault Ste. Marie



Anne Malnachuk
Burwash



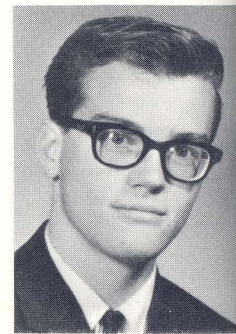
Danny Maloney
Elliot Lake



Fred Mansfield
Elliot Lake



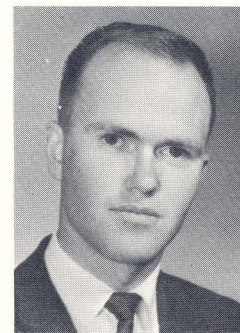
Margaret-Ann Marcotte
North Bay



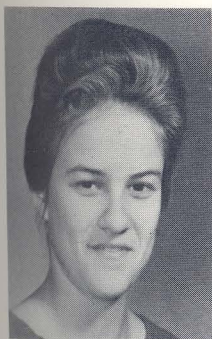
Russell Mason
Springdale, Nfld.



Gino Masotti
Sudbury



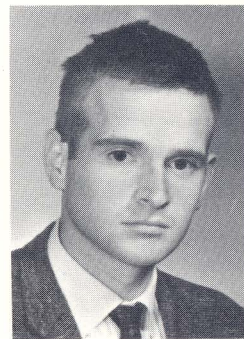
Edward Maynard
Emsdale



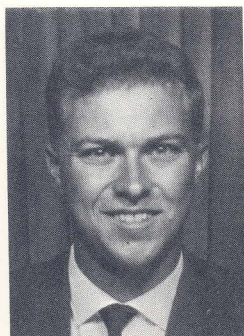
Bernice McDaniel
Powassan



Michael McEwan
Ansonville



Peter McGown
Parry Sound



Alfred Johns
Sault Ste. Marie



Joan Martin
Utterson

Ski Fever

The snow is soft; smooth is the ice;
The hills and bends call and entice.
On top I stop to stand and stare
At wondrous whiteness, lying there,
Presenting me a challenge!

My mind is set, my skis are sure;
I can't resist the tempting lure.
The hill awaits! At last I dare
To leap into the cold crisp air,
Embarking on adventure!

I glide and slide; I twist and twirl,
As through the snow and sky I hurl;
I swiftly sweep and deftly swerve,
Down from a rise, around a curve:
Then stop, my fever sated.

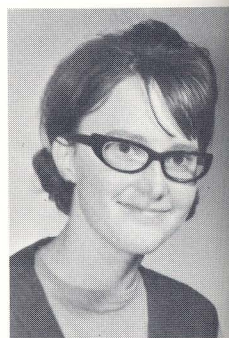
Doreen Gregorini O-3



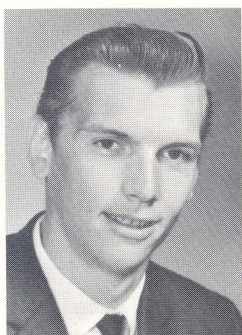
Murray McLachlan
Powassan



Terry Millard
North Bay



Landa Miller
Levack



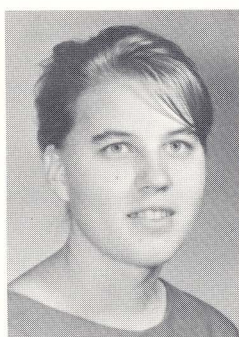
Ted Miller
Thessalon



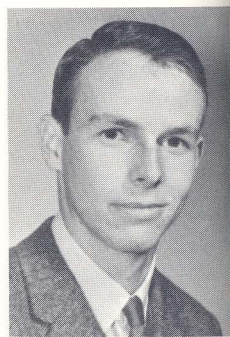
Cheryl Miskimins
New Liskeard



Sheila Mitchell
Burk's Falls



Kaija Mollari
Sault Ste. Marie



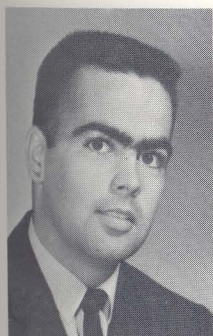
Tony Moor
Burk's Falls



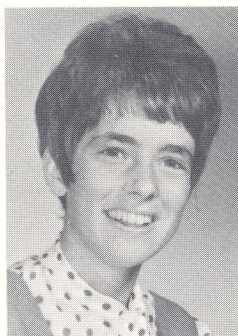
Sally Morin
Elliot Lake



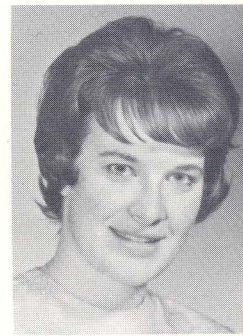
Irma Mudruk
South Porcupine



John Noble
Matagami



Judy Nocioli
Sault Ste. Marie



Marilyn O'Brien
Timmins



Joy Oxby
South Porcupine



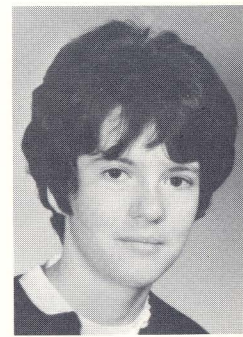
Pat Parnell
Timmins



Carol Ann Parnetta
Timmins



Cathy Paxy
Sudbury



Dianne Payne
Huntsville



Donna Pecore
South Porcupine



Rena Pettenuzzo
Sault Ste. Marie



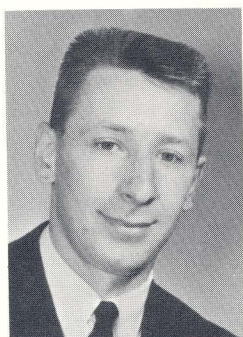
Jane Pollard
Desbarats



Nora Pulkinen
Kirkland Lake



Marilyn Pupich
Schumacher



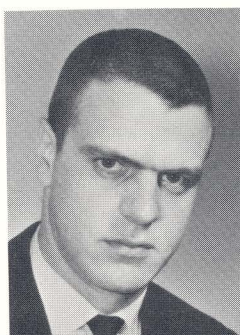
Charles Purich
Chapleau



Pat Purss
Elliot Lake



Katharina Putrycz
Sault Ste. Marie



Maurice Quevillon
Ansonville



Margaret Quick
Trout Creek



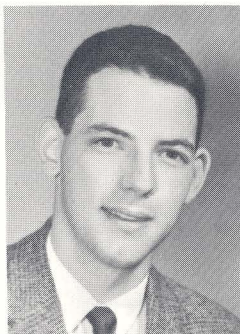
Sandra Rajacich
Schumacher



Noreen Ralph
Espanola



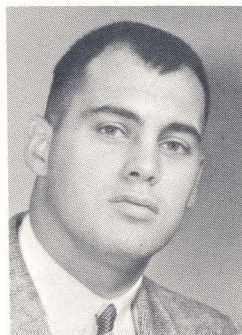
Jim Ramsay
Toronto



Guy Ranger
North Bay



Janet Roehl
Burk's Falls



Ken Ruddick
Vancouver, B. C.

"Ing"

Rollicking, scrambling, scampering cub,
Harder to catch than fish in a tub.
Poking and prying, watching and hearing,
Jumping and playing, running and leering.

Growling and groaning, hissing and snapping,
Slumbering, dozing, snoring and napping,
Chewing, grinding, tearing and gorging,
Such fun in the woodland, fun to be foraging.

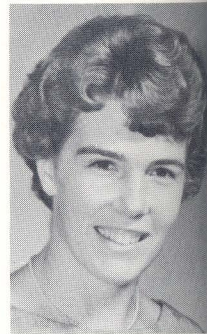
Danny Farmiloe O-3



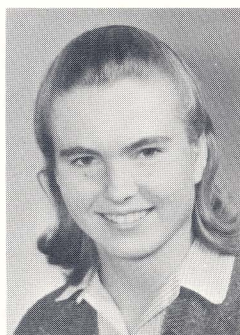
Elaine Scissons
Thessalon



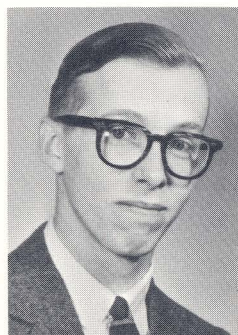
Marsha Scott
Desbarats



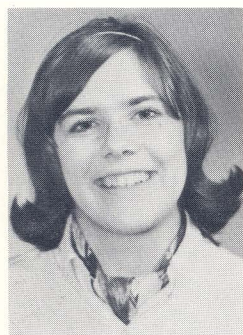
Myrna Scott
Desbarats



Gisela Seywerd
Waters Township



David Smith
Gravenhurst



Joyce Smith
Burwash



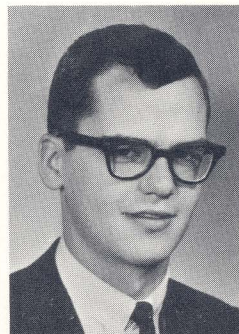
Sheila Smith
North Bay



Carol Snooks
Sault Ste. Marie



Sharon Snowden
Huntsville



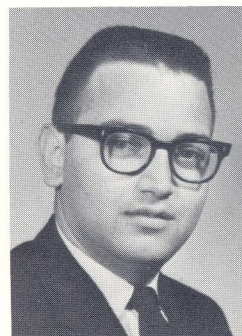
Michael Soltys
Sault Ste. Marie



Sharon Somers
Sudbury



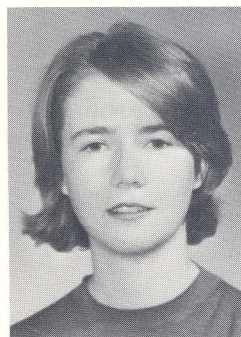
Patricia Switzer
Winnipeg, Man.



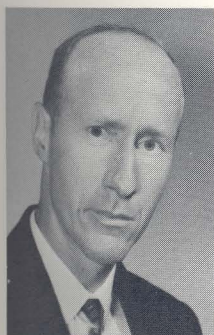
Carlo Tarini
Copper Cliff



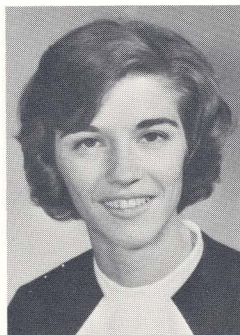
Anne Tennant
Parry Sound



Jennifer Thomas
Timmins



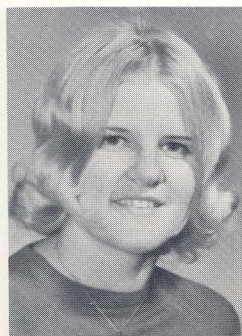
Allan Tough
South River



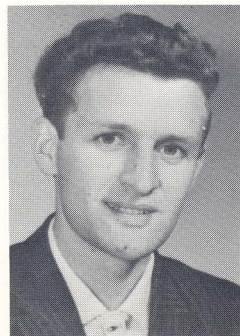
Geraldine Tremblay
Sudbury



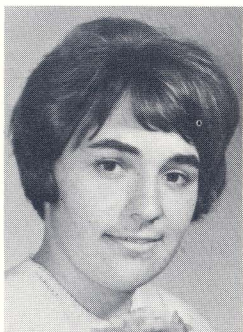
Clara Troietto
South Porcupine



Raija Vanhatalo
Sudbury



Edward Van Mierlo
Trout Creek



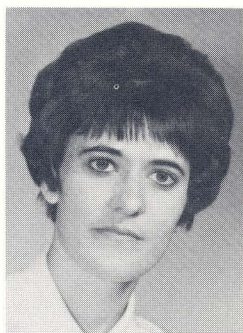
Theresa Vezeau
Blind River



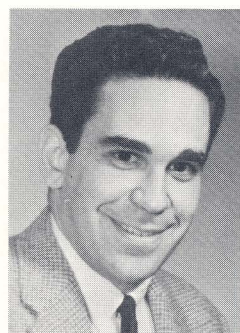
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New Liskeard



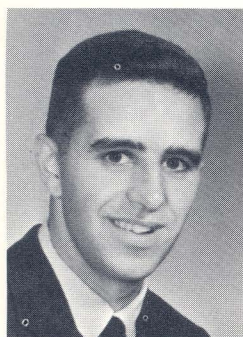
Shirley
Wasylenki
Garson



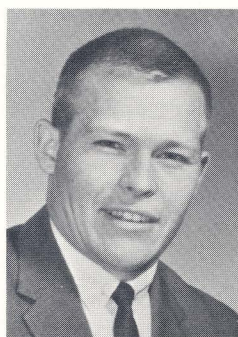
Nancy Waters
Huntsville



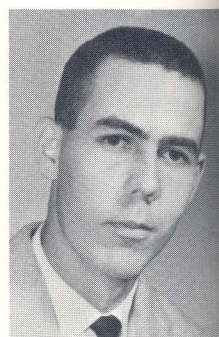
Michael Watkin
Timmins



James Weaver
Gravenhurst



Stan Webb
Englehart



Ron Wheeler
Parry Sound



Michael White
North Bay



Lorna Whitford
(Mrs.)
North Bay



Dianne Williams
Porcupine



Dianne Williamson
Whitefish Falls



Linda Winters
North Bay



Jo-Ann Yantha
Timmins



Jacqueline Yates
Powassan



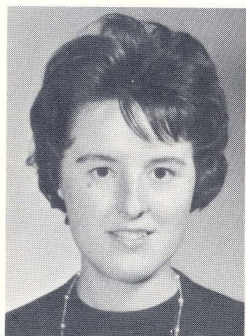
Gerard Zakrocki
Sudbury



Christine Samulak
Sudbury

Undergraduates

F-1



Joyce Armstrong
Manitoulin Island



Carmene Arsenault
Sudbury



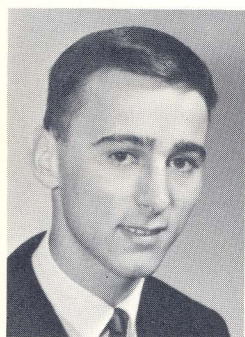
Joan Bainbridge
(Mrs.)
North Bay



Elaine Beebe
New Carlisle, P.Q.



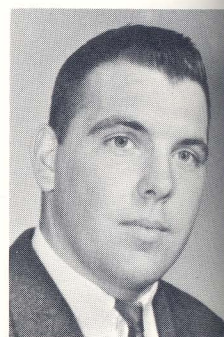
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Sault Ste. Marie



Frank Bignocollo
Chapleau



Ron Boucher
Chapleau



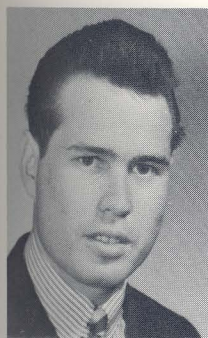
Ted Bugg
Lively



Douglas Burns
Noranda, Que.



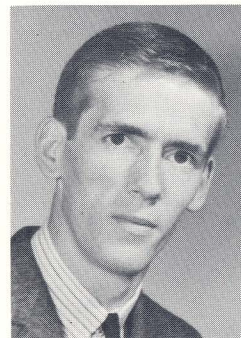
Diane Campbell
Bleazard Valley



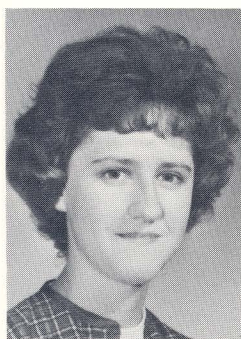
Don Caverley
Sudbury



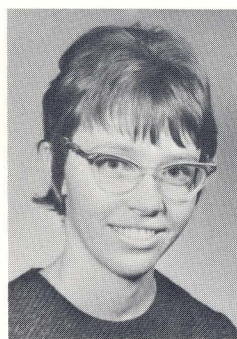
Brenda Cecchini
Timmins



Tom Chapeskie
Kirkland Lake



Diane Chetec
North Bay



Jane Christofferson
Sudbury



Janet Clark
Parry Sound



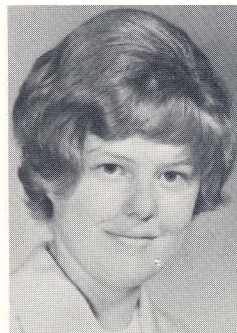
Mary Connolly
North Bay



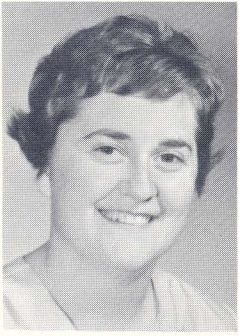
Stephen Conrad
Powassan



John Cook
Sudbury



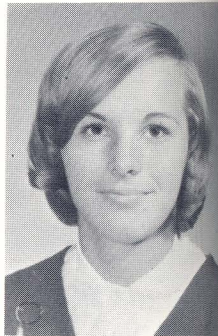
Bonnie Creasor
Ullswater



Evelyn Davis
Sudbury



Robert Denham
Sault Ste. Marie



Anne-Marie Derks
Sudbury



Gaston Desloges
New Liskeard



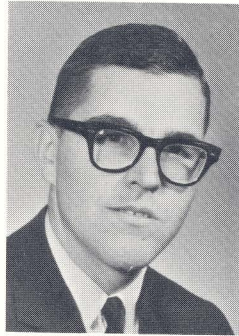
Carol Desormeau
Cochrane



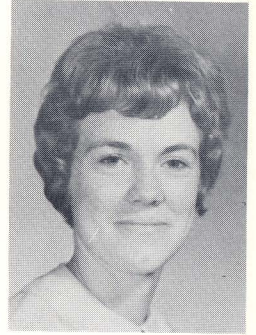
Sandra Devlin
Kirkland Lake



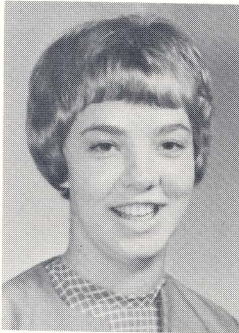
Patricia Dini
Sault Ste. Marie



Wayne Dugas
North Bay



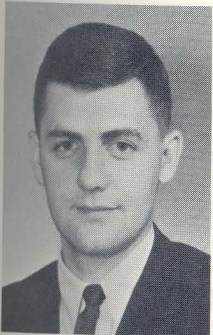
Loretta Duhaime
Mattawa



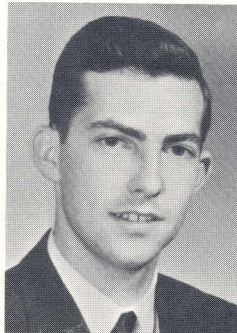
Terry Lynne Fitzpatrick
Sudbury



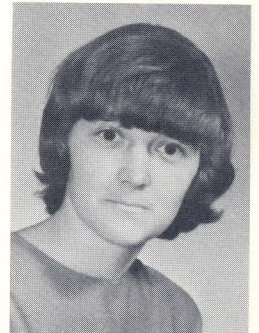
Connie Fletcher
Temiscaming, Que.



Don Folz
North Bay



Richard Folz
North Bay



Karen Forsberg
Temiscaming, Que.



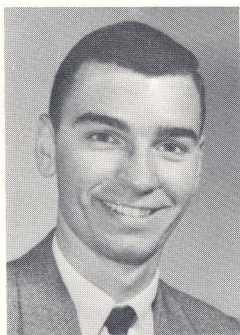
George Fraboni
Cobalt



Colleen French
Timmins



Theresa Gawalko
Sudbury



Dan Gobbo
Sudbury



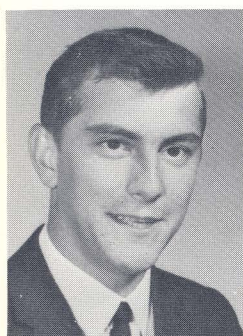
Heidi Graul
Elliot Lake



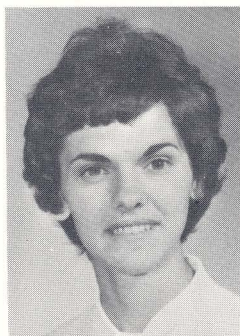
Aila Hakala
Copper Cliff



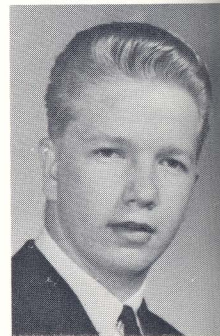
John Halet
North Bay



Tom Henderson
Englehart



Julie Kotyk
Schumacher



Bill Laamanen
South Porcupine



Lorna Lamb
Englehart



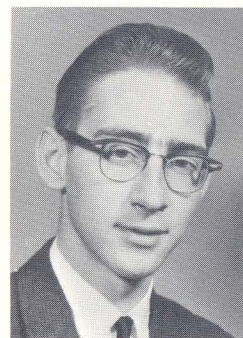
Anita Lang
Sudbury



Carol Lepage
Iroquois Falls



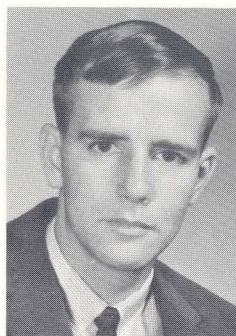
Mrs. Vera Libbey
Eau-Claire



Larry Liske
Sudbury



Larry McChesney
Sudbury



George McNabb
Sudbury



Mrs. Marjorie Mishibinijima
Wikwemikong



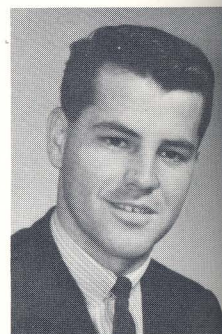
Marilyn Frederick
Oakville



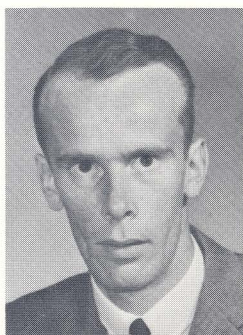
Lorraine Morrison
Sudbury



Valerie Netzke
Sudbury



Rick Peterson
North Bay



Jack Priest
North Bay



Nadine Prokopchuk
Kirkland Lake



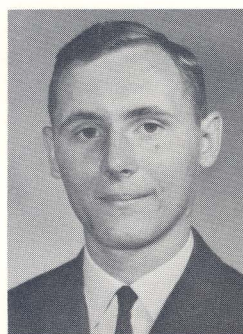
Loretta Protomanni
Timmins



David Reckzin
Chalk River



Marlene Saari
South Porcupine



Brian Serant
Sudbury



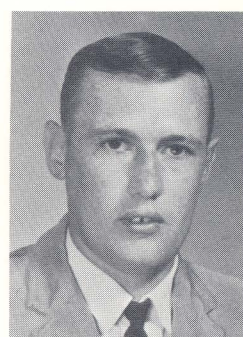
Joan Seyler
North Bay



Colleen Slattery
Sault Ste. Marie



Betty Anne Smith
Sturgeon Falls



Gordon Smith
Kirkland Lake



Donna Swainson
Rosseau



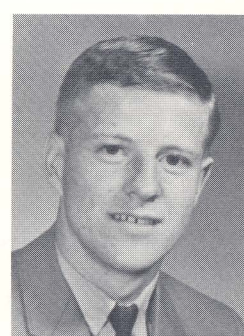
Margaret Tiffany
Timmins



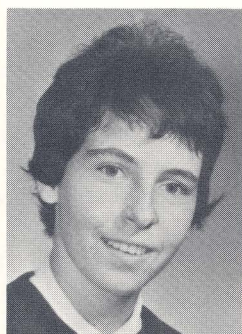
Claire Valiquette
Thessalon



Gillian Wallace
Nobel



Denis Walsh
Haileybury



Lana Walsh
Kirkland Lake



Patricia Walsh
Powassan



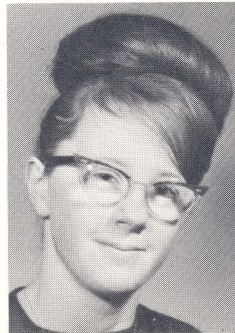
Ron Webb
Timmins



Sandra Willan
Sudbury



Veronica Morrissey
Temiscaming



Sandra Sutherland
Englehart

The Brave, The Courageous

The crowd was restless in the glare of the afternoon sun. Soon, soon it would begin. . . .

The air is hot and heavy; the darkness stifling. What is this uncertainty, this terrible foreboding, this overwhelming sense of...fear...destruction...death? At last, the gates are open; the afternoon sun blinds me - for a moment. The roar of a million tongues greets me - or does it greet the man, the man alone, alone there directly before me? He waves a cape, a cape alive before my eyes. Leave me be; leave me alone! Still he is there, and daring me, daring me to charge. . . .

I charge!

He moved! He swung the cape away!

Again I charge. Again I have missed. A new torment... darts of flame through my shoulders... burning deeper and deeper. I'll destroy him for what he does to me... He is coming toward me, the shaft of steel glinting in the sun - the pain, the pain - why is it becoming dark - the darkness is coming quickly - too quickly - the darkness. .

The brave and courageous matador lifted his bloody sword triumphantly. The crowd screamed its approval.

Sheila Kautiainen O-4

Graduates

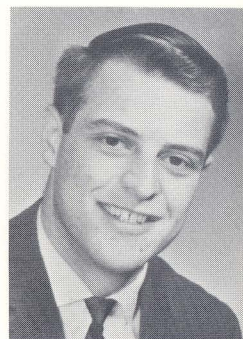
S-1



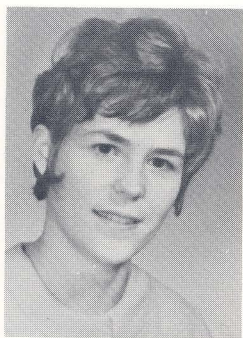
Bryan Adams
South Porcupine



Lyle Addison
Silver Water



Gerry Alger
North Bay



Sandi Andrews
Chapleau



Sylvia Aro
(Mrs.)
Callander



Eleanor Atkinson
Sudbury



Jerry Ballandies
Kapuskasing



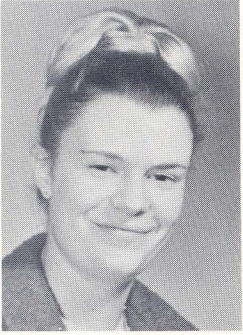
Brenda Barringer
North Bay



Doreen Barstead
Kirkland Lake



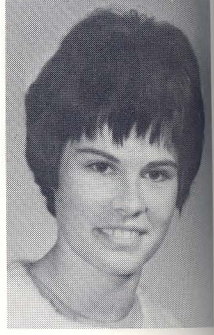
Rick Bartolucci
Sudbury



Nancy Benjafield
Copper Cliff



Carolynn Bennett
North Bay



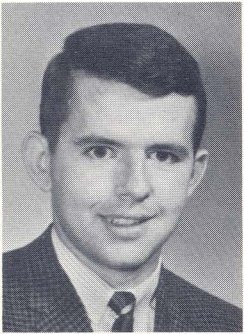
Donna Brooks
Port Loring



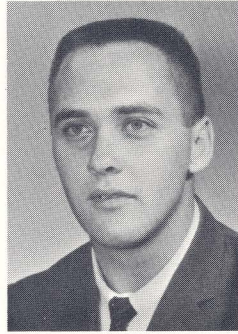
Tom Brooks
Bruce Mines



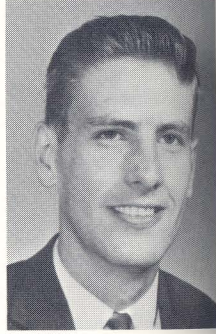
Iva Brown
(Mrs.)
North Bay



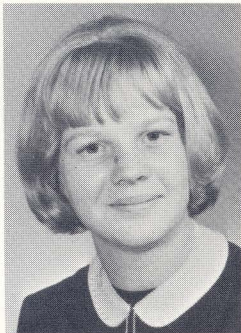
William Church
North Bay



Jan Clarke
North Bay



Jim Cockburn
Chapleau



Sharon Crawford
Falconbridge



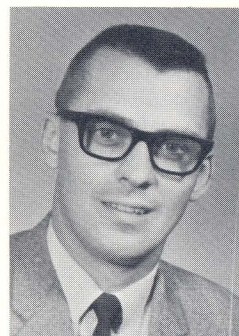
Betty Dawson
Bracebridge



Amy DeMonte
Sudbury



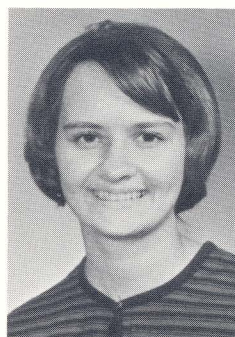
Fay Doxsee
Iroquois Falls



Les Field
North Bay



Mary Fink
(Mrs.)
Cochrane



Catherine Fraser
North Bay



Sharon Frederick
Powassan



Brenda Gatenby
North Bay



Bob Gauthier
Sturgeon Falls



Barbara Gervais
Chapleau



Gail Giusti
Markstay



Stan Gordon
Sudbury



Elizabeth Gretsinger
Kelowna, B. C.

Loneliness

Loneliness
is like a tomb
deep and empty,
a symbol of absence and solitude
of those who are far away.
a dull ache to the innermost soul.
paining, pounding.
its unbearable throb
to heart and mind.
leaving, as birds' flight in autumn,
stillness, desertion,
Loneliness.

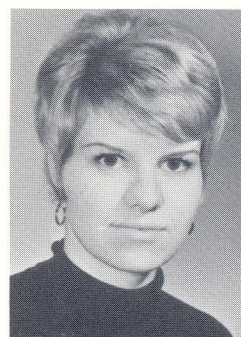
Cheryl Hammell O-3



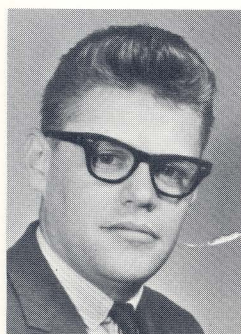
Nicole Griffin
Sudbury



Allan Haarala
Cobalt



Erin Hart
North Bay



Floyd Heneberry
Kirkland Lake



Carolyn Hernden
Sault Ste. Marie



Eila Holopainen
Copper Cliff



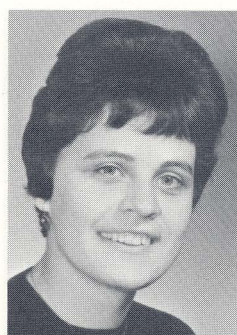
Bella Ann Holowanky
Sudbury



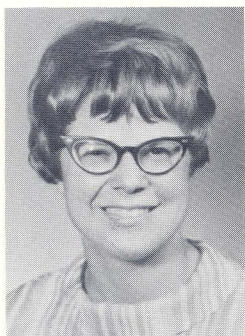
Barb Houghtling
North Bay



Donna Huffman
Chelmsford



Gloria Hupalo
Sudbury



Sherri Johns
Sudbury



Sally Kelly
North Bay



Karen-Anne Killoran
North Bay



Mary Koritko
Sudbury



Luella Kranz
Killaloe



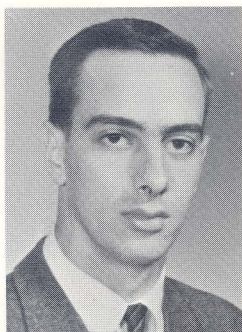
Rochelle LeBoeuf
North Bay



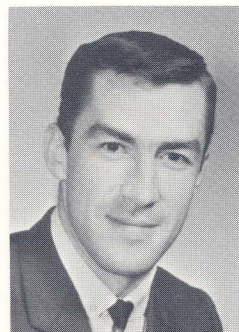
Lynda Lehrman
Kirkland Lake



Brenda Londry
South Porcupine



Joseph Lone
South Porcupine



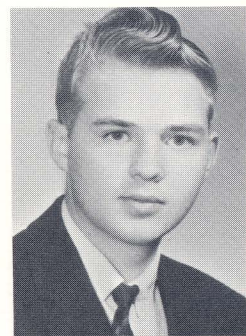
Dale Loyst
Sudbury



Julie Mahaffy
Cochrane



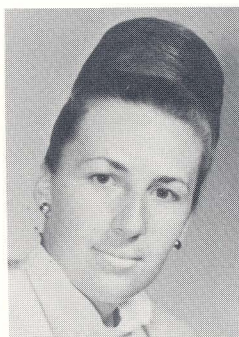
Marilyn Markle
Sudbury



Gord Matchett
Bracebridge



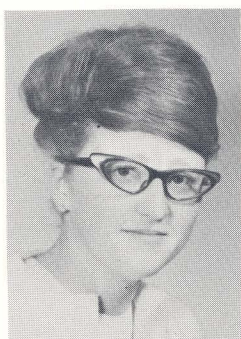
Sylvia Matthews
Loring



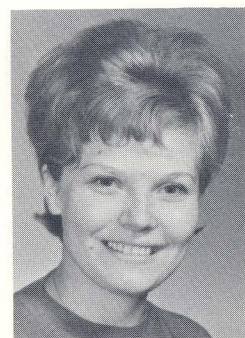
Joan Ann Mayer
Capreol



Bonnie McCreedy
Copper Cliff



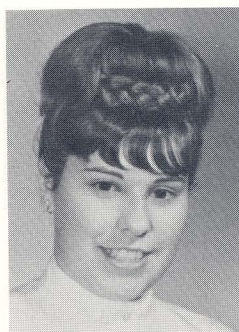
Anita McLennan
Espanola



Barbara Messenger
(Mrs.)
North Bay



Nancy Miller
North Bay



Bonnie Morrow
Timmins



Sandra Muir
Garson

To Teach

To instill a lifetime love of learning,
An unquenchable thirst after truth,
An awareness of nature's treasurehouse of knowledge,
TO TEACH.

An appreciation for the thoughts of others,
The beauty of their form of expression,
Whether in words, music or art,
TO TEACH.

To acquaint him with the drama of mankind,
Unfolded in the pages of life,
The feats, the defeats, the endless struggle,
TO TEACH.

An awareness of neighbour - his problems and needs,
A desire to help - out of love, not duty,
A giving - unselfish, complete, always,
TO TEACH.

Through example and action, more than lofty phrase,
Through personal guidance and patient understanding,
By living with love and loving life,
TO TEACH.

Sister Rebecca O-6



Sandra Muir
Garson

To Teach

To instill a lifetime love of learning,
An unquenchable thirst after truth,
An awareness of nature's treasurehouse of knowledge,
TO TEACH.

An appreciation for the thoughts of others,
The beauty of their form of expression,
Whether in words, music or art,
TO TEACH.

To acquaint him with the drama of mankind,
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Through example and action, more than lofty phrase,
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By living with love and loving life,
TO TEACH.

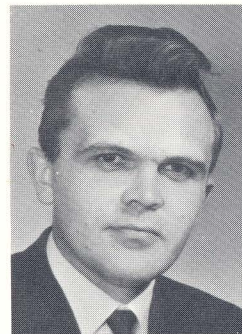
Sister Rebecca O-6



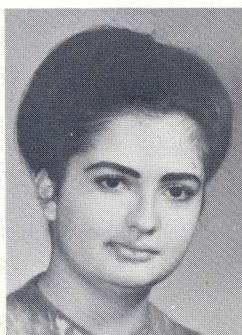
Mary Novak
Kirkland Lake



Jean O'Brien
North Bay



Mike Ondusko
Geraldton



Carole Orfankos
North Bay



Angela Orlando
Sault Ste. Marie



Joyanne Pelissero
Bracebridge



Betty Perdue
Capreol



Yvette Pigeau
North Bay



Marilyn Prior
Sundridge



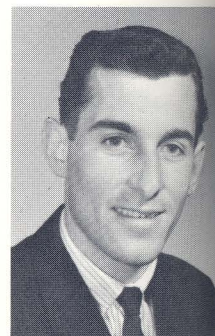
Helen Puckalo
Iroquois Falls



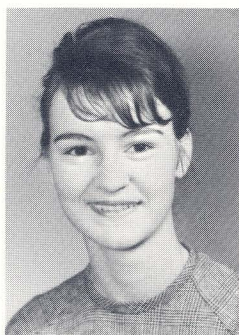
Ann Rabichaud
Chalk River



Veronica Ressel
Sudbury



Patrick Reynolds
Mattawa



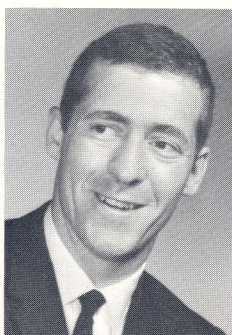
Ethel Russell
Ansonville



Beatrice Savage
East Ferris



Dora Lynn Savela
Sault Ste. Marie



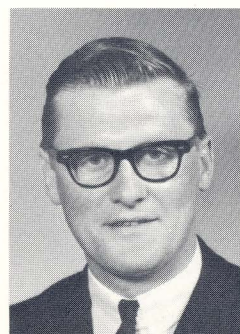
Norman Schmeler
North Bay



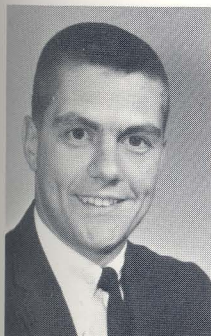
Janis Simms
Copper Cliff



Barbara Smatlanek
Copper Cliff



Glenn Smethurst
Noranda, P. Q.



Robert Soroko
Timmins



Marilyn Stilin
Sault Ste. Marie



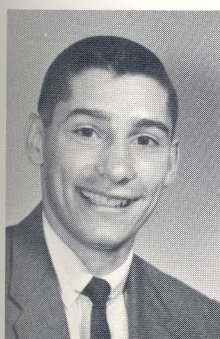
Audrey Turcotte
Sudbury



Paul Vaillancourt
Temiscaming, Que.



Marlene Valiquette
North Bay



Michael Vernelli
Sault Ste. Marie



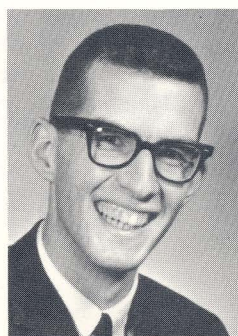
Brian Vrebosch
North Bay



Gerry Wallace
Kirkland Lake



Lois Weller
North Bay



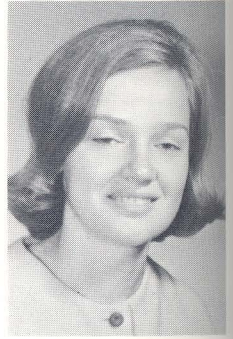
Tom Wilson
North Bay



Carole Turner
Falconbridge



Carolyn Wiltsey
Noranda, Que.



Mrs. Joanne Wisniewski
Sault Ste. Marie



Peter Zyma
Sudbury

Black

Sombre, stately,
In its deep dark depths,
Absorbing
The light from our hearts;
It grows
Into death,
Contrasting the absent glow
In her pale white cheeks.
Deeper,
It penetrates
The very soul.
Until,
With a gasp of wind,
It takes away life.

Helen Dixon O-2

Sisters of St. Joseph

Sister Corinne	-	02
Sister Loyola	-	02
Sister Ruth	-	05
Sister Rebecca	-	06
Sister Francis Paul	-	06
Sister Antonina	-	S1
Sister Daniel Joseph	-	S2
Sister M. St. Armand	-	S3

Success

Success is not achieved by sitting at home
And dreaming it will come,
But only through patience and continual toil
Is success and its glory won.

Gervin Dobbin 02

Lament

Rumours, like the poor, are always with us;
And though their value often is attacked-
When one persists for years - we must accept it-
The basis for that rumour must be fact.

The strongest fact - based rumour in our College
Is one that shakes her inmates to the soul!
They say they might tear down our Alma Mater,
And leave instead a deep, dark gaping hole.

"They wouldn't dare!" say all the student body.
The faculty say, "never! Have no fear!"
But still the ghostly rumour stays to haunt us.
Would they destroy these hallowed halls so dear?

Are we to lose our students' lounge so cozy,
Wherein we share our troubles and complaints:
While cheery odours - hair-oil, coughdrops, pepsi
Combine with baking radiator paints?

What of our gym where people come together-
Head-on, sometimes, in joyous B. M. A. :
And stare admiring as the agile Master
Leaps lightly, spritely, out of danger's way?

What could replace the classroom sound of shoe-soles
On cracker crumbs - the lively vital crunch!
And in the air remains the vivid mem'ry
Of egg and peanut butter left from lunch.

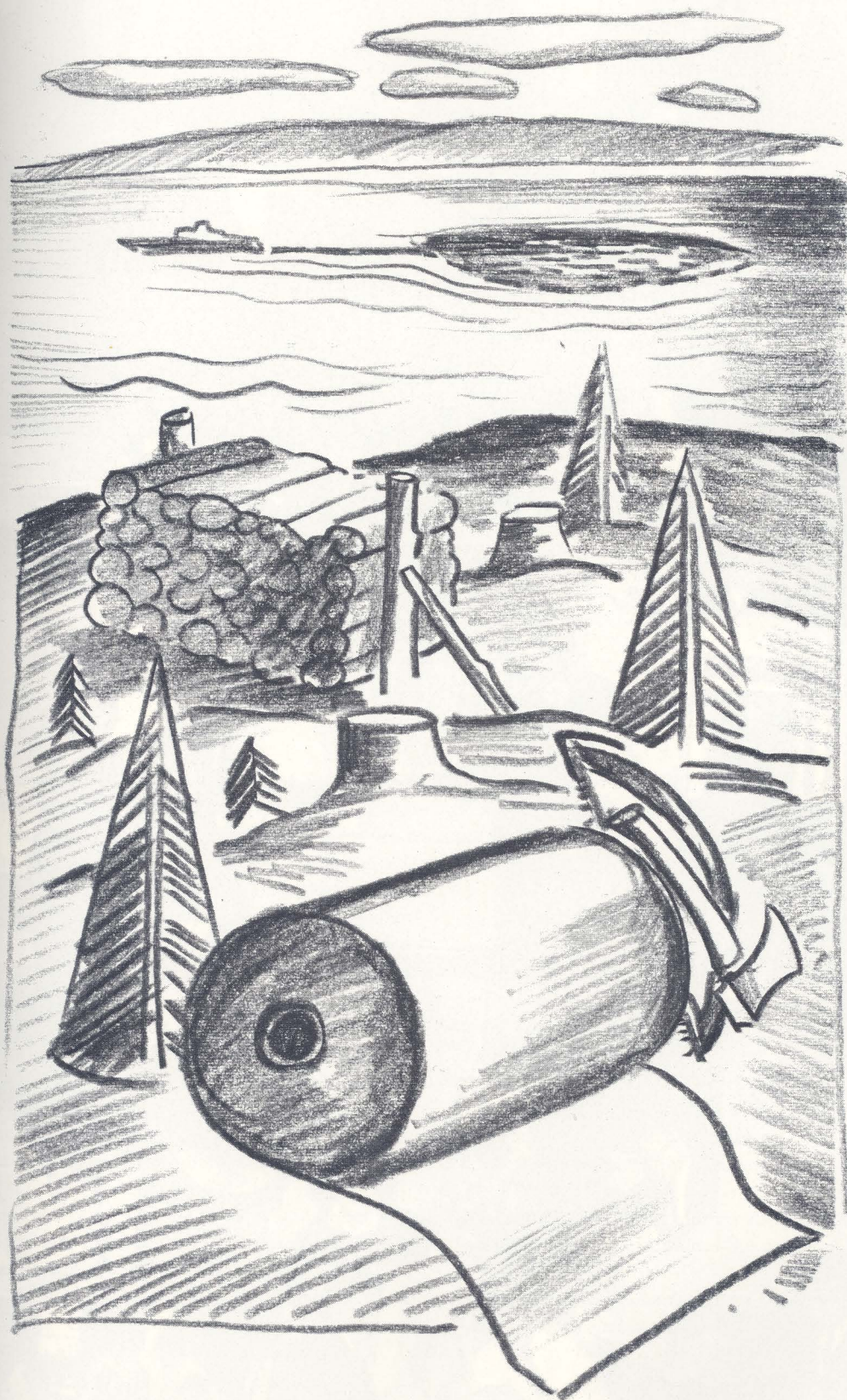
Who needs a cloakroom when we have our locker?
They help preserve each student's peace of mind.
We feel secure as locker doors are opened
And strike us - one before and one behind.

Our "little sisters" say that in their sanctum,
There drifts a very strange and special air.
And rumour says that each and every master
In staff-rooms owns one half a straight-back chair.

We love each melody of creaking floor-boards,
Each graceful crack that ornaments the wall.
And, though condemned, our lavish College ball-room
Might tremble but will never, ever fall.

We have no need for modern architecture,
For modern plumbing, ornamental gate.
We don't aspire to this - the March of Progress-
Because, this May, we hope, we graduate!

Iva Brown S1



ACTIVITIES





STANDING: Carole Bills, Tony Moor, Roger Chandler, John Halet, Tom Chapeskie, James Weaver, Rick Peterson, Richard House, Miss Stevens.

SITTING: Mr. Reed, Patricia Junor, Rick Bartolucci, Bob Soroko, Sandra Muir, Mr. Davies.

Students' Council

During the 1964-65 school year at North Bay Teachers' College the student parliament again played an important role. With numerous meetings and heated discussions, the Council initiated activities in the school which provided enjoyment and relaxation for the student body.

The Students' Council Executive consisted of Bob Soroko, president, Richard Bartolucci, vice-president; Sandra Muir, secretary; and Pat Junor, treasurer.

The first social event sponsored by the Students' Council was the highly successful and enjoyable Hallowe'en Dance.

On November 10th, a Remembrance Day Program led by the Council, for the students of the College took place in the auditorium. The president, representing the student body placed a wreath at the cenotaph the following day during the City's Remembrance Day Program.

"Winter Carnival" was the theme of our Christmas Dance this year. The auditorium became a shimmering Ice Palace in which every couple was a King and Queen. The Council would like to express its sincere thanks to those who made the dance the success it was.

The students were welcomed by Mr. Curtis, Mrs. Hansman, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Soroko, Mr. Bartolucci and their escorts. Miss Dianne Boucher was chosen from all the lovely ladies at the Teachers' College as Miss Carnival Queen of 1964-65.

Rings and pins, Christmas cards and crests were made available to the students by the Council.

Happy and successful students attended the Graduation Dance which terminated the academic and social year at the North Bay Teachers' College.

A school is like a small community. Each individual must help to make the community a success. We, on the Students' Council, feel that the past year has been a tremendous success and we would like to express our gratitude to all those who assisted us.



STANDING: Gloria Hupalo, Leslie Field, Maurice Quevillon, Mr. Husband, Richard Folz, Gordon Smith.

SITTING: Dianne Boucher, Raija Vanhatalo, June Lang, Annie Horchak, Eileen Chew, Elaine Beebe.

The Athletic Council

The meetings during '64 and '65 were flamboyant, exciting, and most fashionable as they were dominated by the fairer sex in the persons of Dianne Boucher 01, Treasurer; Eileen Chew 02, Secretary; Annie Horchak 03, June Lang 04, Raija Vanhatalo 06, Elaine Beebe F1, and Gloria Hupalo from S2. The brawn was provided by Maurice Quevillon 05, Richard Folz F2, Gordon Smith F3, Les Field S1, President; and Gerry Wallace S3.

Throughout the year, the council members encouraged full participation from the student body in the following sports: Basketball, hockey, badminton, and inter-form volleyball; with special mention going to curling which had tremendous success this year, and to bowling, which actually doubled last year's enrollment making bowling a two-night affair.

Highlights of this year's sports were welcomed in the forms of a frosty, frolicky sleigh ride, two ruckus-raising dances featuring both Canadian and foreign folk dancing, and a fun-filled in-door play-night.

A great deal of sincere thanks and appreciation go out to our advisor, Mr. Husband, for all his co-operation and assistance throughout the entire year.



The Choir

One of the largest and certainly the loudest groups at N. B. T. C. was Mr. Curtis' choir. Our constantly expanding repertoire of songs included everything from the solemn and beautiful "Holy City" to a modernized version of "Jingle Bells" and the ever-popular "Tea for Two".

This year, choir plans included such events as a trip to the Sudbury Music Festival, brief television appearances, and choir socials. A major highlight of the Christmas season was a performance at North Bay's annual Santa Fund programme at the Legion Hall.

Certainly, we have gained a very valuable experience in the choir for we have shared many good times and found a true sense of satisfaction in a year well spent.

Enby Teecy

1. Let's sing about the happy days
We spend at Teachers' College,
The fountainhead of all North Bay's
Pedagogic knowledge.

Refrain:

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.



STANDING: Janis Simms, Mr. Tate, Don Folz, Brian Vrebosch, Marilyn Pupich.

SITTING: Rick Bartolucci, Joan Seyler, Carol Turner, Helen Puckalo, Clifford Gravelle.

The United Nations Club

Unlike in previous years, membership in the United Nations Club was open to the whole student body. The aims of the club were varied: to act as focal point for many United Nations Association activities; secondly, to give the students the opportunity to voice their opinions on current events and their effects; thirdly, to present ideas for the use of United Nations clubs in the classroom.

The club started its activities selling pens for the Canadian Mysore Project. UNICEF was also supported by the College when the United Nations Club collected pennies at Hallowe'en and sold greeting cards at Christmas.

Throughout the year the club provided speakers and films on various aspects of U. N. work and set up displays of the U. N. at work in the classroom.

In November, the first of a series of open discussions was held. These discussions, on current issues, were held bi-weekly and the staff and students were invited to express their views.

The club completed the year by selling memberships in the National United Nations Association.

We are sure that all students profited by the activities of the club and that in years to come the youngsters in our schools will be encouraged to form organizations of their own.



STANDING: Mr. Angus, Mr. Reed, Tom Wilson, Ken Braumberger.
SITTING: Patricia Langford, Norman Schmeler.

The Science Club

The Science Club this year was an established fact! Since there were so many members - approximately fifty - it was necessary to divide the Club into various groups, each one meeting when it was most convenient for that division. The various groups were interested in Zoology, Botany, Astronomy, Geology, Oceanography, Archeology and Rocketry. Each one worked on its own projects throughout the year and the exhibits from these groups were put together in an effort to create an ideal Science room.

On October twenty-seventh and November twenty-sixth the Club presented programs dealing with Astronomy. On both nights there were two films and a discussion afterwards. The astronomical Society of North Bay has been very co-operative and helpful with these programs and with the future hopes to have a Star Night for the Club.

In January, the Club made a trip to Sudbury to tour a smelter. A tour of the Sage sight in North Bay, on February twenty-seventh, was arranged for the Club. Then in March, the groups presented their projects and exhibits to everyone in a program that was revealing and informative.

In the Spring, the Club had an overnight excursion to Toronto. The Museum, the University and the Observatory were some of the places visited. The trip, indeed, was a highlight of the year.

The Science Club, 1964 - 65, started off very successfully and, with its well planned schedule, it continued to be a functioning part of the Teachers' College.



STANDING: Elaine Scissons, Gaston Desloges, Don Folz, Guy Ranger, Danny Farmiloe, Miss Thorn.
SITTING: Gaele Bone, Catherine Fraser, Diane Cuddy, Lana Walsh, Karen Linton, Audrey Turcotte.

Junior Red Cross

More than sixty million school children around the world are members of the Junior Red Cross and subscribe to its purposes: 1. to promote health, 2. to serve others, 3. to increase international understanding.

The purpose of the Junior Red Cross committee of North Bay Teachers' College is to stimulate on the part of the student teachers, an awareness of the importance of Junior Red Cross as a classroom activity and to familiarize them with its organization.

A director of the Junior Red Cross visited the college and spoke to the assembled students. Questions directed to our guest by members of the committee helped to focus attention on the problems likely to be faced by a beginning teacher.

A successful Junior Red Cross organization provides a valuable learning experience for teacher and pupils. Active membership enables children to be of service to their community and to needy people around the world. Training in leadership and in organizing to serve others results from regular classroom meetings.

It is the hope of the Junior Red Cross committee that each N. B. T. C. graduate will strive to make Junior Red Cross a success.

Many thanks must go to Miss Thorn for her interest and co-operation this year.



Puppet Club

Puppets can be used purposefully and creatively to integrate many classroom activities. They provide wonderful possibilities for correlation with many subjects of the curriculum. In oral and written language the children may plan their "script" or express themselves spontaneously while using the puppets to act the parts. Pupils can realistically portray situations and characters found in poems and stories in the readers or in the social studies topics. Puppets can be employed effectively in the dramatization of common courtesy rules or health stories. They can be used occasionally in creative drama for improvisations or pantomimes.

Let's remember that the puppets which appear crudely constructed to the adult become real people in the imagination of the little child. Painstaking detail and sculptured naturalism only discourage little people and rob them of the pleasure that should be theirs. Puppets are fun!

With these thoughts in mind our group of students planned several puppet shows. We hope they helped to show how children can creatively express themselves in the making of puppets and puppet plays.

Our sincere thanks go to Miss Stevens for her time and encouragement.





STANDING: Sally Kelly, Mr. Bennett, Cliff Gravelle, Erin Hart.
SITTING: Sandra Guacci, Marilyn Markle.

The Drama Club

The N. B. T. C. Drama Club was organized under the direction of Mr. Bennett early in the fall.

The executive, after their inauguration, established a diverse programme of drama, musicals and skits. They also offered assistance for the Christmas and May closing programmes. As the Yearbook goes to press, the school play has been cast. The production is an adult comedy by Robertson Davies entitled: "Overlaid". The direction and cast anticipate a good show.

We wish to thank all the many people who contributed their time, energy and resourcefulness in helping to make our club successful.

President,
Marilyn Markle.



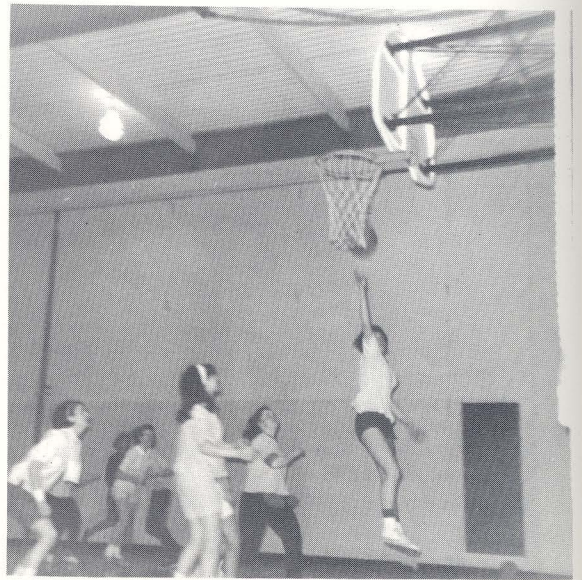
Girls' Basketball

Another College year has passed by, and also another basketball year, which was something different from the past.

Once a week, Chippewa High School was available and the girls put in their weekly exercise by forming teams and playing throughout the evening. A new idea called Round Robin Basketball was introduced in the second term to increase interform participation.

The girls were far from being future Globe Trotters, but showed great enthusiasm and spirit as they would move in a somewhat confused manner from one end of the floor to the other. Their agile ability to play either guard or forward, along with their many accurate shots, proved their real skill at the game.

Many thanks go to Mr. Husband for his encouragement and inspiration throughout the year. Despite sprains, breaks, and bruises, an enjoyable season was spent by all.



Mixed Volleyball

The Athletic Council has proven to be successful in another of its undertakings. This time, they organized a schedule for mixed volleyball games at noonhour every day. Each game was fifteen minutes in duration and two games were played per day. In total, twenty-five teams participated.

Two points were given to a winning team and one point was the reward for a tie. The final victory, however, was the receiving of the trophy by the team with the highest number of points at the end of the year.

These games were very thrilling and the players displayed much enthusiasm, team spirit and sense of competition, to the extent that spectators were drawn to watch the games.

Credit should rightfully be given to the Athletic Council for having organized this sport which proved to be so successful.



The Hockey Club



The N.B.T.C. Hockey Club of 1964-65 consisted of players from as far south as Huntsville and as far north as Kapuskasing. The team had six veterans from the 1963-64 team and saw ten new players in the line up.

From Christmas until the end of the hockey season in the spring, the Club played many exhibition games with the teams from local high schools and clubs from other districts. Due to the practice-teaching schedule, the Club played hockey every other week and therefore was unable to enter a regular league.

The team was blessed with a fine stock of goal-keeping talent and had three well balanced forward lines. The defence positions were held by four players including two veterans.

The members of the 1964-65 N.B.T.C. Hockey Club were:

GOAL: Tom Conlin, Gordon Smith, Robert Gauthier.

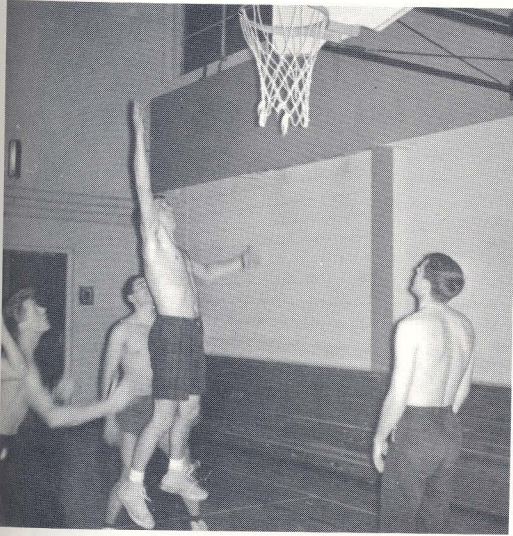
FORWARDS: Ron Webb, Charles Purich, Brian Macartney, Wayne Cooper, Pat Reynolds, Fred Arnold, Stephen Conrad, Joe Lone, Jerry Ballandies.

DEFENCE: Denis Walsh, Gerald Wallace, Tom Wilson, Maurice Quevillon.

Peter Zyma and Clifford Gravelle were in charge of equipment and Mr. T. J. Harrington coached the team. Mr. Harrington gave up many hours out of his mathematics lecturing schedule (both College lectures and several special outside lectures) to coach the team. Mr. Harrington deserves much credit for generously giving his interest, effort and valuable time to the sixteen fellows in the N.B.T.C. Hockey Club, 1964-65.



Men's Basketball



The male student response to basketball this year, 1964-65, was tremendous. Four intramural teams were formed: one team from O1, O2 and O3, a second from O4, O5 and O6, another from F1, F2 and F3, and another from S1, S2 and S3.

The teams played every Thursday evening throughout the school year at Chippewa High School gymnasium; two games were played each night so that all four teams participated every Thursday.

Friendly rivalry among the teams was something which seemed to boost school spirit and morale. Every Friday morning in assembly, the spokesmen of the previous night's victors would take the stage to arrogantly announce the results of the games, not forgetting to "put in" a few choice words describing their almighty teams. Of course, all this was done in fun and created even more interest in basketball and its schedule.

Men's basketball this year was a true success. The sport raised school spirit and helped condition (physically and mentally) our future teachers.

Many thanks must go to the staff advisor, Mr. Van Dusen, who both refereed games and advised the executive. Members of the executive were Dale Loyst, President; and Bob Soroko, Secretary.





STANDING: Ken Braumberger, Jim Cockburn, Mr. MacAskill.
KNEELING: John Cook.

Curling

This year, the enrollment of the curling club is sixty-four members. These members have been subdivided into sixteen teams who are, at present, engaged in a round-robin tournament. A point is earned for each end that is won, and three points are earned for the actual winning of each game. A trophy has been donated by the Four Seasons Curling Club, and this trophy will be presented to the team that has the greatest number of points at the end of competition.

The teams are as follows:

Team 1
Doreen Barstead
Linda Lehrman
Tom Chapeskie
Nadine Prokopchuk

Team 2
Jim Ramsay
Mike McEwan
Nancy Clark
Sheila Burgoyne

Team 3
Larry Liske
John Noble
Doreen Manse
Mary Connelly

Team 4
Ken Braumberger
Mr. MacAskill
Diane Boucher
Jerry Hallandies

Team 5
Jim Cockburn
Karen Linton
John Andison

Team 6
John Cook
Judy King
Julie Kotyk

Team 7
Dale Loyst
Mr. Angus
Erin Hart
Jo-Ann Yantha

Team 8
Mr. Tate
Diane Bulmer
Terry Lawson
Joan Seyler

Team 9
John Halet
Sharon Crawford
Wayne Dugas
Brenda Cecchini

Team 10
Guy Ranger
Ronnie Perdue
Pat Hartland
Don Constantineau

Team 11
Stan Gordon
Mr. Van Dusen
Dianne Payne
Brenda Londry

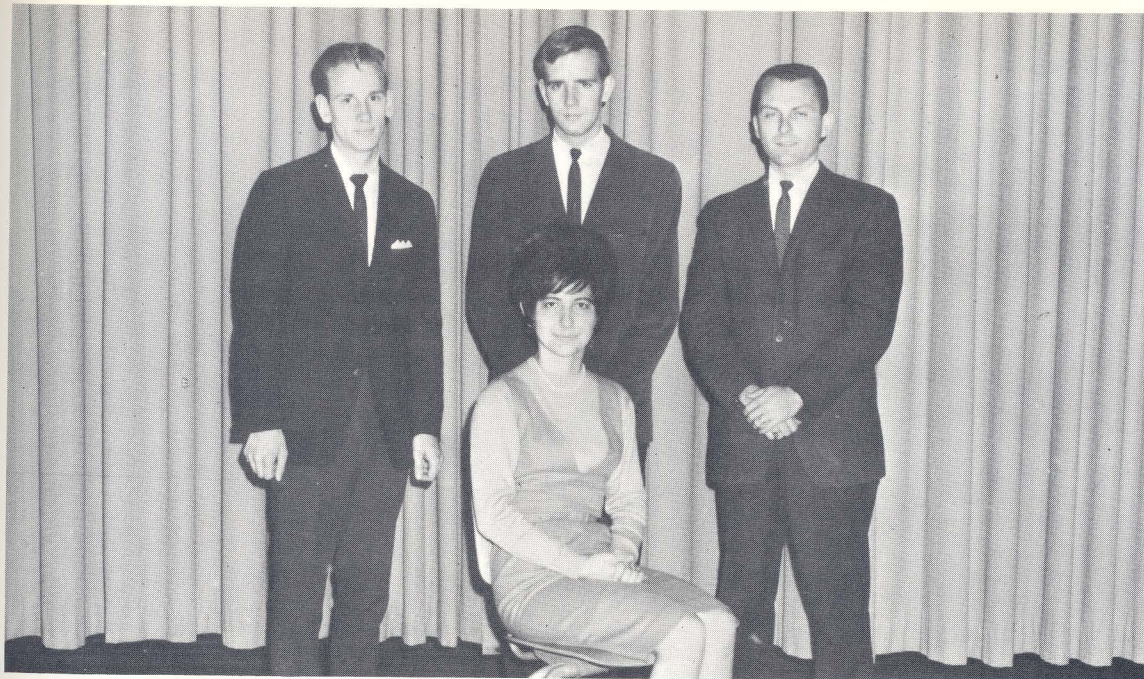
Team 12
Bill Laamanen
Robert Gibbs
Claire Valiquette
Grace Bell

Team 13
Gus Desloges
Dan Farmiloe
Marilyn O'Brien
Diane Chetec

Team 14
Pat Reynolds
J. Mayer
Rochelle LeBoeuf
Doug Lanktree

Team 15
Dan Maloney
Georgina Ferguson
Nancy Waters
George McNabb

Team 16
Glen Smethurst
Tom Henderson
Noreen Ralph
Nora Pulkinen



STANDING: Bryan Adams, George McNabb, Mr. Foxcroft.
SITTING: Mary Koritko.

Five-pin Bowling

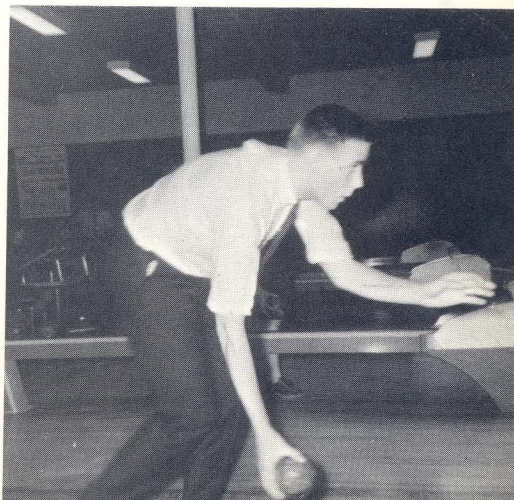
This year, the enrollment of the five-pin bowling club was overwhelming; therefore, two days, Tuesday and Wednesday, were needed to accommodate the students.

The bowling season began in the last week of September with sweep bowling, and continued for five weeks. It was based on individual effort. Each day, one girl and one boy who had the highest doubles were the winners. The winners received beautiful trophies for their achievement.

Later, 28 teams were formed. Fourteen teams played on Tuesday and the other fourteen played on Wednesday. The hours spent at the Empire Bowl were enjoyed by everyone.

The elected executive for the term consisted of Mary Koritko, George McNabb, and Bryan Adams.

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





STANDING: Paul Vaillancourt, Mr. Husband, Terry Lawson.
SITTING: Lois Flynn.

The Badminton Club

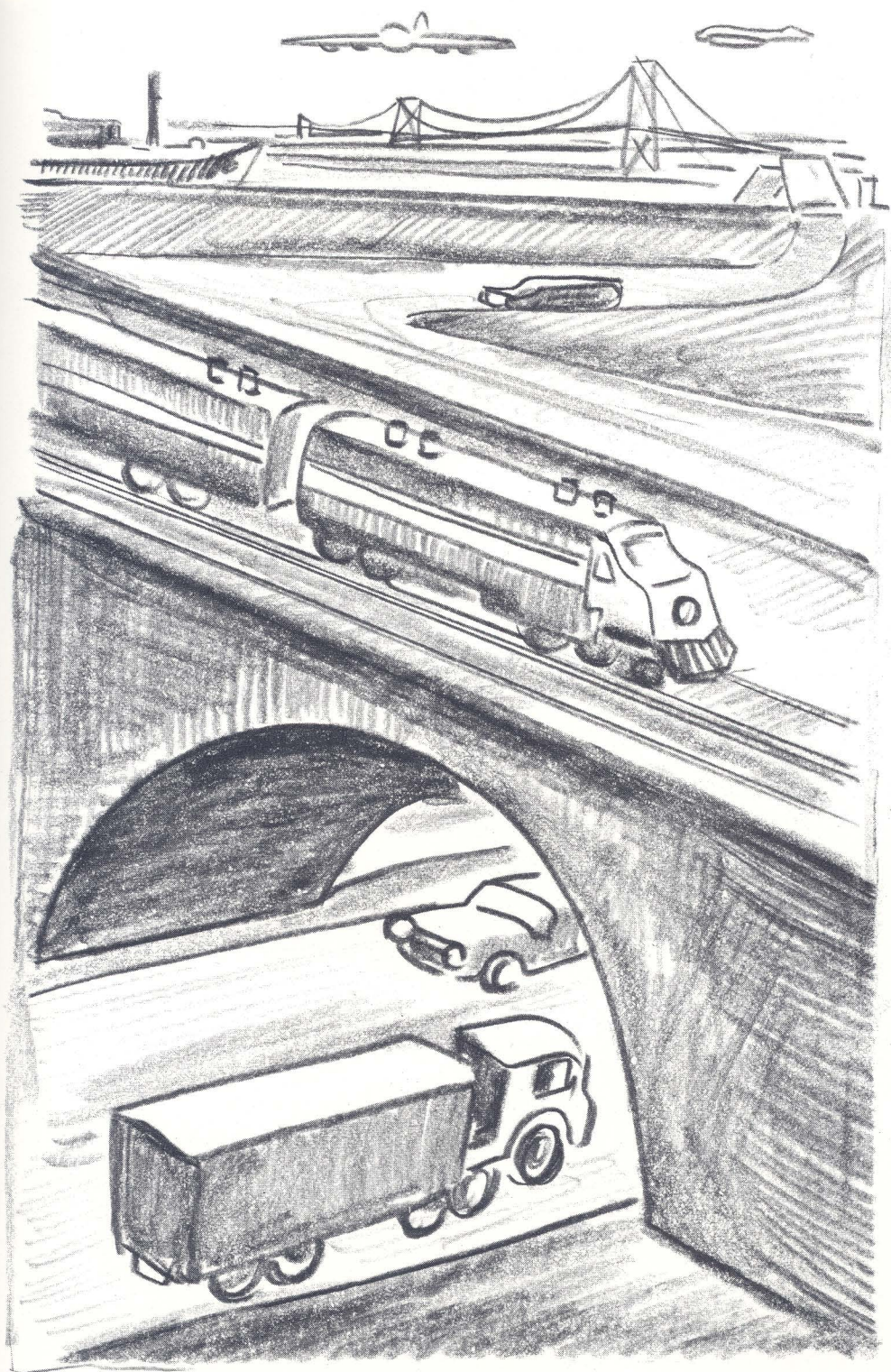
This year, 1964-65, N. B. T. C. badminton players put forth a great effort in order to make badminton one of the College's most important sports. Tremendous interest in the sport was displayed by the fifty steady members of the club who played throughout the year on Thursday evenings from 7:30 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. at Chippewa High School gymnasium.

Most of the club consisted of students who were new to the game of badminton. However, all seemed to learn the sport quickly and with a great deal of enthusiasm. The members who were more familiar with the game were always willing to give a few coaching points to those who were having difficulty. Mr. Husband, the staff advisor, found that he benefitted from this greatly.

Although Boys' Intramural Basketball was played on Thursday nights also, the number of enthusiastic members didn't seem to be affected. Furthermore, there were the few energetic souls who dragged themselves from the basketball floor onto the badminton courts after basketball games.

On November 5, elections for the badminton executive were held. Terry Lawson was elected President; Lois Flynn, Secretary; Paul Vaillancourt, the Member.

Much credit goes to Mr. David Husband whose interest and guidance in organizing the club led all members to feel that badminton for them, this year, was a true success.



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GHOST



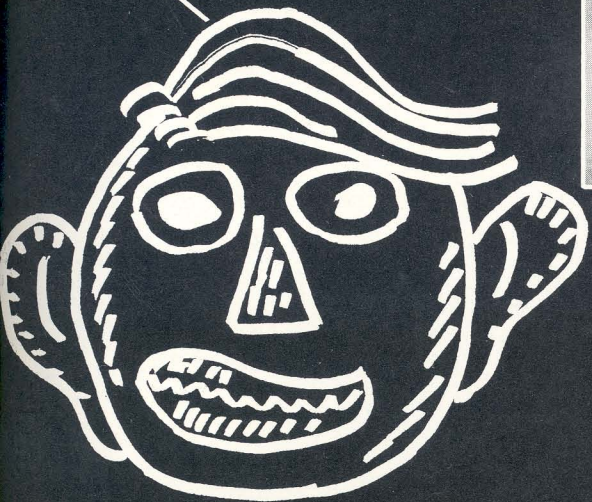
The "Skull" bid entry to all that came. Relieving themselves of their donations of food, the monsters, beatniks and Indians climbed up the creaky, dark staircase.

The disguised entered the dimly lit, weirdly decorated auditorium of N.B.T.C. It was the night of October 29th, and the students forgot all worries in the howls and hilarities of "All Hallows' Eve".

The Master of Ceremonies, B. Soroko, called upon Miss Stevens to judge the Pumpkin Carving Contest. The "Queens" of the N.B.T.C. Pumpkin Carving Contest were B. Messenger and B. Smatlanek who sculptured a fantastic pumpkin. Mr. Tate, Mr. Davies and Miss Stevens chose the most original costume which was designed by Miss C. Orfankos.

As the bewitching day neared midnight the ghosts, witches and cats stealthily stole through the ghost walk, and the "Skull" slyly winked a farewell to all.

WALK







CHRISTMAS



The echo of the last lingering bars of music drifted through the silent rooms of the North Bay Teachers' College.

The auditorium had been transformed into a winter spectacle where couples had danced to the music of Rip Barham. The silver stars, German bells and snowy pine had all towered over the heads of the couples and had lent an air of enchantment.

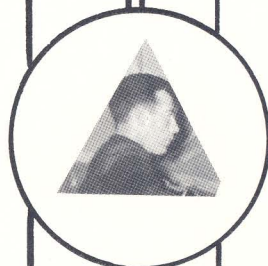
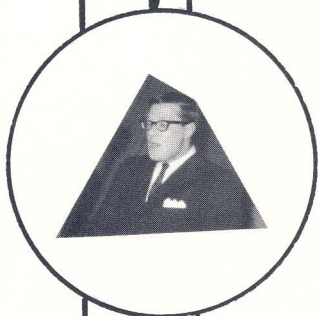
Further magic was added by the charm of the newly crowned queen Miss Dianne Boucher and her princesses Miss B. Gervais and Miss J. Nocioli.

Refreshments had been served and eaten in the relaxed surroundings of the gaily decorated room 31.

Those who had come thoroughly enjoyed themselves and now have happy memories of the "Winter Carnival of 1964".



PARTY

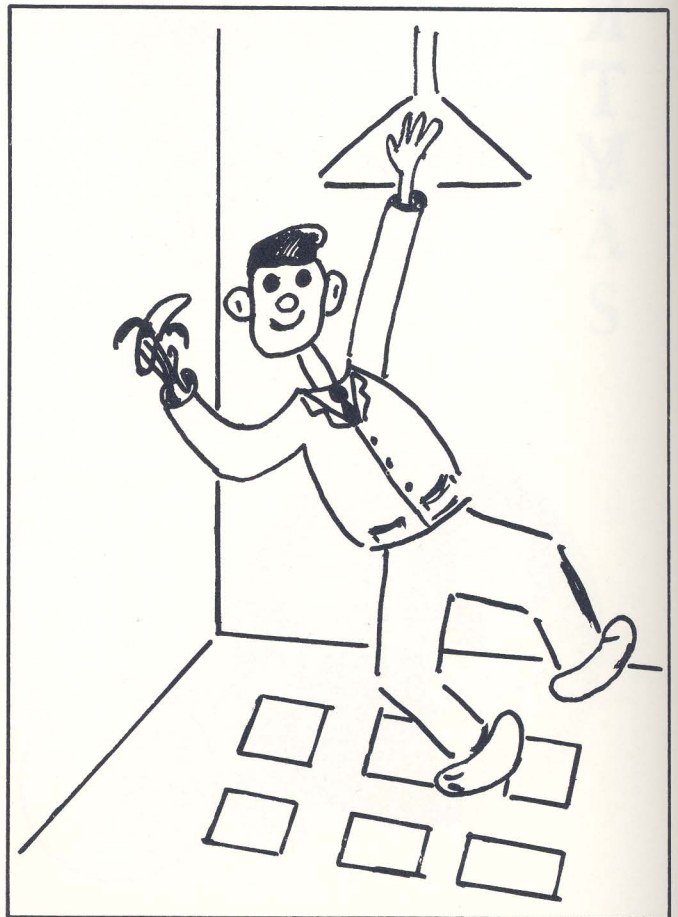




Agony in

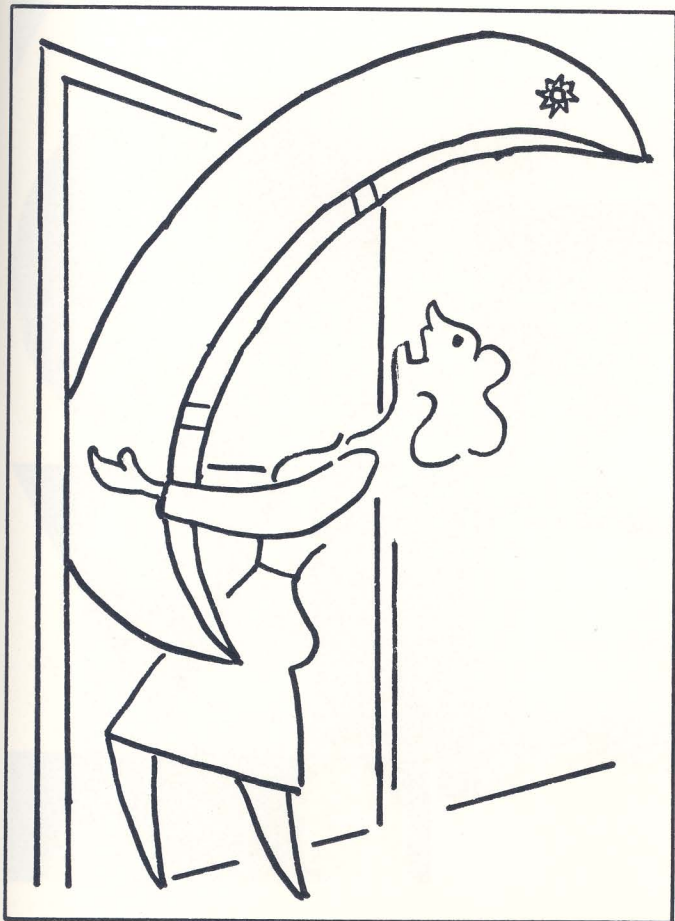
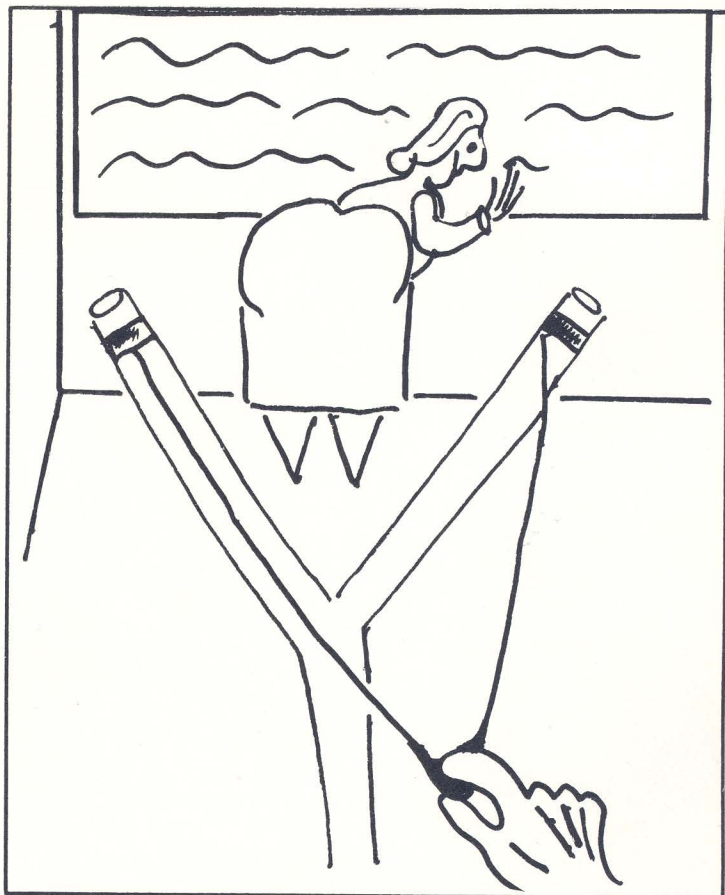
Oh! Look! See!

Guess what animal we are
going to talk about to-day?

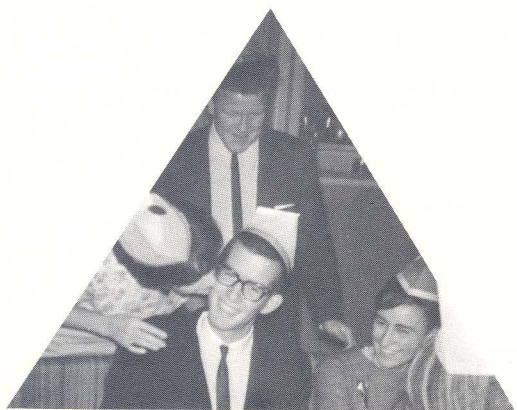


the Classroom

Stone, oh stone, found outside,
Hit your target there so wide.



Nothing like concrete material!



Special Events





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Jane's Saddest Hour

Forth from the College determined Jane went,
To teach her first class; she felt quite content
With her lesson well planned from books old and new
And the best of intentions to carry it through.

Like a queen through the door of the schoolroom she swept,
Into the lounge where the coats were all kept,
Surrounded by friends, she felt quite secure,
Why, she'd be the teacher in ten minutes more.

Down the long hall to the classroom she tripped,
Her arms were piled high with pictures she'd clipped,
With models and 'gimmicks', flash cards and such,
For "Concrete Material" is really a must.

Then buzzed the buzzer and in the class came,
Up on the blackboard Jane wrote her name.
Whatever had happened to her carefree air?
She gazed at the room with a blank, puzzled stare.

With a fumbling gesture she tugged at her ear,
"Who are these children and why am I here?"
She picked up her book and it crashed to the floor
She fought down an impulse to dash out the door.

Jane took a deep breath and lifted her chin,
The children were waiting for her to begin.
"What was it the Masters at College had said?"
"Relax! Don't be nervous! Just go ahead!"

At last it was over and she could sit down,
Her partner was grinning at her like a clown.
He walked to the front with a grace debonair
And breezed through his lesson with never a care.

Back to the College with head drooping low,
Discouraged, defeated, steps halting and slow,
But there in the hall her friends were all clustered
Jane straightened her shoulders, her courage she mustered.

Gay tales of triumphs and sad tales of woe,
Buzzed through the College up high and down low,
Jane's spirits lifted, her plight was not new,
She'd do better next time - and she did too!

Vera Libbey F-2



Most people think π is twenty-two sevenths,
And therefore the battle is won.
But I have some news for these poor folks:
Meet Mr. Harrington!

A sweet little Irishman he is;
You're in luck if he crosses your path,
Especially if your troubles lie
In his favourite field of math.

Irrationals are just the thing
To confuse every student here.
But our dear Mr. Harrington
Doesn't find $\sqrt{2}$ so queer.

If it doesn't repeat and it doesn't end,
You can't plot it on a line.
You know it's there but you don't know where,
So just believe everything is fine.

Confusion is not a part of his class,
But a heck of a load we must tow.
I firmly believe that you cannot find π
'Cause Mr. Harrington said so!

Audrey Bradley O-1

A Student Teacher's Demise

Someday when you're feeling important,
Someday when your ego's in bloom,
Someday when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room--

Sometime when you feel that your leaving
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow these simple instructions,
And see how it humbles your soul.

Take a basin and fill it with water,
Put your hand in up over your wrist,
Pull it out and the hole that's remaining
Is a measure of how you'll be missed.

You may splash all you please when you try it,
You can stir up the water some more,
But stop and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before.

The moral of this quaint test it--
Do just the best that you can,
Be proud of yourself but remember,
There is no indispensable man.

From Sea To Sea

We love our country, so we say,
But even then, we still delay
To try and create unity
Across our land, from sea to sea.

Ten provinces these seas enfold,
And forefathers proclaimed of old,
That with renown these ten should be
Unified from sea to sea.

Conversely, it appears today,
That unity just fades away
And patriotism seems to lag
With arguments about the flag.

The answer to the problem may
Lie in this flag which paves the way
To dedication which conceives
A white background and maple leaves.

So, let's endeavour to uphold
The words our fathers once foretold
And thus in patriot harmony
Support the bond from sea to sea.

Brian Vrebosch S-3

Dakota

The prairie! the prairie! the wild, wide prairie,
Waving to the blazing sky, coaxing for the rain.
The dry grass! the brown grass! the long, strong brown grass
Stretches far as eye can see - a broad, uncluttered plain.

The rain clouds! the rain clouds! the dark, stark rain clouds
Plough across the prairie sky, smelling damp and mean.
The thirsty lands! the praying lands! the starched, parched praying lands
Beseech the clouds to drop the rain, and make the prairie green.

A rain storm! a rain storm! a roaring, pouring rain storm
Comes hurtling to the shrivelled earth, defying beasts and men.
The glad earth! the sweet earth! the green, clean, sweet earth
Is grateful to the distant clouds. The prairie smiles again.

Mrs. Iva Brown S-1

Birth

I met a gypsy on the road,
Gnarled, withered, wrinkled, old.
"My son," she croaked, "you are in pain,
It's etched upon your face so plain."

"It's true," I did to her reply,
We walked along while time crept by.
"The doctors can find reason naught,
For these strange symptoms that I've got."

"Do you find you cannot sleep?"
"I have not done so for a week."
"Does the soul within you swell,
To burst your body's too small shell?"

"Ah mother, thou dost know it well.
Perhaps my sickness you can tell?
Or, better still, a cure prescribe,
That I may mend and stay alive?"

"No worldly cure, my heart-sick one,
I was once such, when I was young.
Your soul, in labour, makes you weep,
But love, once born, brings restful sleep."

Danny Farmiloe O-3

View From a Mountain Top

Alone
alone and lonely
alone and lonely on the mountain top
Silent
silent and thoughtful
silent and thoughtful he remembered
the climb...
slipping, sliding, on, ever on
up to the top
to the mountain top
to see the triumph, his triumph
the victory
his victory, so long denied....
But no!
No triumph, no victory
only more mountains
more mountains to climb.

Sheila Kautiainen O-4

The Whispers of Bragi

I give you with words -
My heart.
I give you with deeds -
My courage.
I give you with silence -
My soul.
For what I love
Is near at hand,
And passes with the time.

Clifford Gravelle O-3

"The Legend"

"And don't forget your skis! I'll pick you up tomorrow morning at nine. Okay? So long for now."

And the sound of the telephone as Robert Wingley hung up was a resolute and final 'click'. David Ainsworth had not really wanted to stay at Robert's camp for the weekend, but somehow, he hoped that the two days might provide a change of scenery and a respite from his humdrum, empty life. He buzzed his secretary into the office.

"Have I any last minute appointments for tomorrow, Helen?"

"No, sir. The Fullman job, as you know, has been postponed until next Thursday. It seems you'll have the whole day to yourself."

"Oh, all right," he answered disappointedly, "If anything important should arise, I'm afraid you'll have to use your own discretion, because I'll be out of contact. But there's no need to worry about it; I doubt that anything important will come up. By the way, if you should happen to have any shopping or such to do, take the afternoon off. The switchboard operator can take any calls. Besides," he finished warmly, "you deserve a rest."

"Why thank you, sir," she said, suprised. "Will there be anything else?"

"No, I don't think so. That'll be fine."

Helen turned to the elegant oak door, and slipped to the outer waiting room, closing the door soundlessly, leaving him alone with his thoughts.

Saturday morning dawned bright and sunny, and David found himself looking forward to the weekend of skiing after all. He washed, shaved and dressed methodically, but once he caught himself humming. He had just started his second cup of coffee when Robert arrived.

"Come on in. Would you like a cup of coffee with me, Bob?" he inquired pleasantly.

"I'm afraid we really don't have the time. At the very last minute yesterday afternoon, my boss told me that a very important client of his was coming to town today. I'm supposed to have lunch with him and discuss a few of the newer ideas that our firm has come up with. So I'll only have time to blaze a way through all the nasty old snow in my trusty jeep, get you there, see you settled and drive right back. After the luncheon, I can pick up some groceries, and we can have a nice, quiet evening."

"Well it hardly seems worth the bother then. I could just as easily go with you this afternoon," David finished.

"No, it's much better that you go this morning. You can look the place over and get somewhat used to it. Besides, this way, you can get in a little early skiing; the fresh air will do you good. I haven't been back to the place since last summer, so I don't know what condition it's in now. For all I know, the roof may have fallen in by now."

"Well if we're going, let's go," said David, setting his cup on the table. "I'm raring to see all this fresh air you brag about."

They settled in Robert Wingley's cold, but sturdy jeep. After they were out on the main highway, the conversation turned to legends.

"I never told you," said Robert, "but the camp has a legend attached to it. I've always wondered if it were true."

"Well, they say that most legends are based on reality, so there must be truth in the fable. How does it go?"

"I think it happened about fifty years ago. Two newlyweds named Margaret and Jonathan Carter decided to settle in the log cabin. They moved there permanently and seemed content for the first month. But then, for some reason or other, they began to bicker and fight. One cold, stormy night, they had another argument. Before Jonathan could stop her, Margaret had donned her Mackinaw and snowshoes, and saying that she hoped she never saw him again, sought refuge from his wrath in the fury of the storm. He never did find her. After waiting for five years for her return, he returned home to his parents and their newspaper business. Since then, the cabin has had several owners. Each of them swears that he has heard her voice on cold stormy nights, calling for Jonathan, but of course, that's absurd. I've never heard her voice, but I've only come here in the summertime, whereas she only appears in the wintertime. Weird, isn't it? But a weird legend always makes a lonely cabin more interesting. Do you still feel like staying without me?" he grinned slyly.

"Oh, you've got me fascinated in the old place already. I'm wondering what other little goodies you haven't told me about yet."

"I'm afraid that's all there is interesting in the old place, its legend." Both of them sat, quietly concentrating on the countryside, thinking their own thoughts.

The snow slept thick and beautiful at the camp. Not even one wild animal had disturbed its quiet rest. In the open area in front of the cabin, it formed small waves and minute ridges. But on the other sides of the camp, the snow wrapped itself around the sturdy trunks of the massive spruce trees, and formed pointed peaks like tiny white mountains on a white plain. The one, lone building stood like a single sentinel covered with a thick, white blanket of snow that rested waist high in the open porch. The whole scene seemed enchanted.

"Well, let's start shovelling if we're going to get into the cabin," said Robert, not altogether fascinated with the idea. Though there was a long path to shovel, the snow was light and unpacked and a trail lay bare in almost no time at all. The cabin door was unlocked and easy to open.

"Aren't you afraid someone might break in and leave you an empty cabin, or no cabin at all?"

"I've found that if someone wants to break in, he'll do it whether everything is locked or not. Besides, this place is about as far away from civilization as you can get nowadays. Then there's always the case of a lost hunter who may seek lodging to rest and get his bearings; one year, I returned to find a note and a ten-dollar bill thanking me for the use of the cabin and a few tins of food. Since then, I've always left the place unlocked."

The cabin was everything that a ski cabin should be. A beautiful cement floor was painted in bright colours set in out-spreading rectangles from the centre of the room. The furniture, old-fashioned but comfortable, consisted of two massive armchairs and a huge sofa. In the middle of the largest wall was a gigantic stand-in fireplace of finely polished quartz. The rest of the room was laid with animal skins and braided rugs. On one of the walls hung a huge bearskin, staring with unmoving, lifeless eyes. The opposite wall was lined with books; from the top of the wall to within three feet of the floor, were shelves of hardbacked books. On one of the tables stood an old picture frame with the faded face of a man inside.

"Do you think you have enough books?" David quipped, smiling.

"When Dad moved in, just the first two shelves were filled. After he and Mother spent more time here, they decided to add a few more; they finished with more like two hundred books. Well, will you look at that!" he exclaimed, picking up the picture. "I always thought you reminded me of someone I'd seen before. Now I know. Remember that fellow, Jonathan Carter, I told you about? Well, you and he could have been twins if you'd been born seventy-odd years ago. Are you any relation to him at all?"

"No" replied David, deep in thought. "At least I don't think so."

"Funny, isn't it?" He looked at his watch. "Well, say, I've got to run. There are a few cans of food in the kitchen over to the right, but you'll have to cut your own wood. I've just got to get going. See you around five o'clock!" he shouted, slamming the door shut.

David looked around him, feeling just a little bit alone. He finally decided to start the fire in the fireplace. He sought out an old pail used to carry out the ashes. He cleaned the fireplace quickly, found an axe outside in the small shed attached to the back of the cabin, and in less than an hour had a roaring fire to fill the cabin with a new, fragrant, warmth and enough wood left over for the rest of the day. After a meal of canned stew warmed in the huge cauldron over the fire, he set about to wax the skis that Robert had left on the open porch outside. He felt warm and comfortable, and relaxed in the huge armchair as he quickly puffed on his pipe and watched the rich, golden flames of the fire dancing on the newly applied ski wax.

The hills of this beautiful country were just high enough for him, an unpracticed skier. But after about an hour, David had travelled about two miles from the cabin by a circuitous route. But without any warning at all, clouds began to gather and thick white snow began to fall. Even as he turned back, David could feel a wind behind him, pushing him back to the cabin. The snow fell faster. The wind blew stronger. And the dull sky turned a frightening dark grey, with clouds of snow blotting out all of the sun. David found himself wishing that he were back at the cabin beside the warm, glowing fireplace, out of this cold, wet snow. Unconsciously, he turned up his collar and winced as a little snow slithered down his neck.

He pushed a little harder on his ski poles as he reached the hill high above the cabin. He literally flew over the wind-tossed snow. But there was a black object right in the middle of his path! He swerved to miss it and landed in the snow.

"Is that you, Jonathan?" a small, woman's voice cried above the wind. "Jonathan? Jonathan, I've turned my ankle; please help me."

David, dazed partly from his fall and partly from seeing anyone especially a young woman, this far from civilization, slowly stood up and brushed himself off.

"What do you think you're doing out here, lady?"

"Don't be angry with me, Jonathan. I've sprained my ankle on these darned snowshoes. Please help me to the house."

"My name's not Jonathan, it's David Ainsworth."

"I know you're angry with me, Jonathan, because of that silly quarrel we had, but I'm sorry now. Don't let's argue anymore."

"I don't know who or where your Jonathan is, but that's not important right now. We'll have to see to your ankle. Can you stand up? No? Well, take your snowshoes off so that I can put them on. That's funny; you're as light as a feather. And you're so cold! How long have you been here?"

"I feel as if I've been waiting an eternity for you. I thought you'd never come," she murmured into his shoulder.

"It's so difficult walking; if I didn't know I, myself, put snowshoes on, I'd swear I had none on." When he reached the cabin, he swung the door open and set her in the huge armchair in front of the cold fireplace. "I'll have it warm in here in no time. I'll just put these snowshoes outside on the porch. There."

"Why did you let the fire go out, Jonathan? It was nice and warm before I left. You must have known that I wouldn't go too far. It's just that you made me so angry. You do forgive me, don't you, Jonathan?" she pleaded.

"Poor woman," thought David. "She must have been out in the storm too long, and it's affected her mind. No matter the cost, I must keep her calm until Bob gets here."

"Of course, I forgive you, my dear, because there's nothing to forgive," he said warmly, seemingly intent on starting the fire.

"I really didn't mean to start that argument, Jonathan, but cooped up in this cabin, miles from civilization-- I'm not used to it. I like the city life. But when you brought in that horrible animal skin and insisted on hanging it on the wall--well it was too much. When I saw those dead lifeless eyes staring down at me, I just couldn't take it anymore!" With this, she began to sob.

"There, there, my dear. If you don't want it in the house, you don't have to have it. We'll take it out first thing in the morning, all right?" he assured her.

"I knew you'd understand, Jonathan. Thank you," she whispered. "Would you get my favourite book for me? No dear, the brown one way up on the top. That one? Thank you. Would you like to make me some hot chocolate? The fire has made me so tired."

"Of course," David answered, smiling. "Cocoa coming up!"

He walked into the kitchen to set water in the cauldron over the fire. "You know," he said, "I can't even see you from behind when you're sitting in that chair."

"Well Jonathan, you always wanted big furniture, you know."

Although startled, David said nothing. After the water had boiled, he added canned milk, cocoa, and sugar, and brought the steaming cups to her chair.

"Here you are.....!"

But she lay asleep with the light of the fire dancing over her unmoving features, and her hands firmly clasped over the book which was open, face down on her lap. He set her cup beside her and sat in the chair on the other side. In the quiet warmth of the room, he fell asleep.

He didn't know how long he'd been asleep when he was awakened by a bang at the door. He ran to open it.

"Well hurry up, man, before I fizzle down to an absolute nothing under this load," gasped Robert, loudly.

"Shhh. You'll wake her up. Here, give me this. Did you take care not to step on her snowshoes?" he questioned as he took a load of groceries and closed the door.

"Snowshoes? Whose snowshoes? And who will I wake up," he questioned loudly.

"Well, you've probably wakened her already. Let's see. They walked over to the chair. But it was empty! The only remembrance left was the book lying face down, and the cup of cold cocoa."

"But, she was here! Where did she go? Lady! Lady, where are you?" He wandered into the kitchen. "She's not here. Did you see her?"

"See her? See who?"

"The lady with the sprained ankle!" he shouted angrily.

"Now just a minute. Let's get this straight. You had a lady here with a sprained ankle?"

"Yes!" he shouted and walked to the chair and picked up the book. "And she said this was her favourite book, and she read it while I fixed some cocoa!"

"This book?" His voice held a note of disbelief. He opened it to the very first page. "Did she look anything like this?" he asked, pointing to a very old photograph, yellow and withered with the years.

"Yes, that's her. Who is she? Where did she go?"

Robert looked at him strangely. "That's Margaret Carter, the ghost of our cabin!"

Shirley Wasylenki O-6

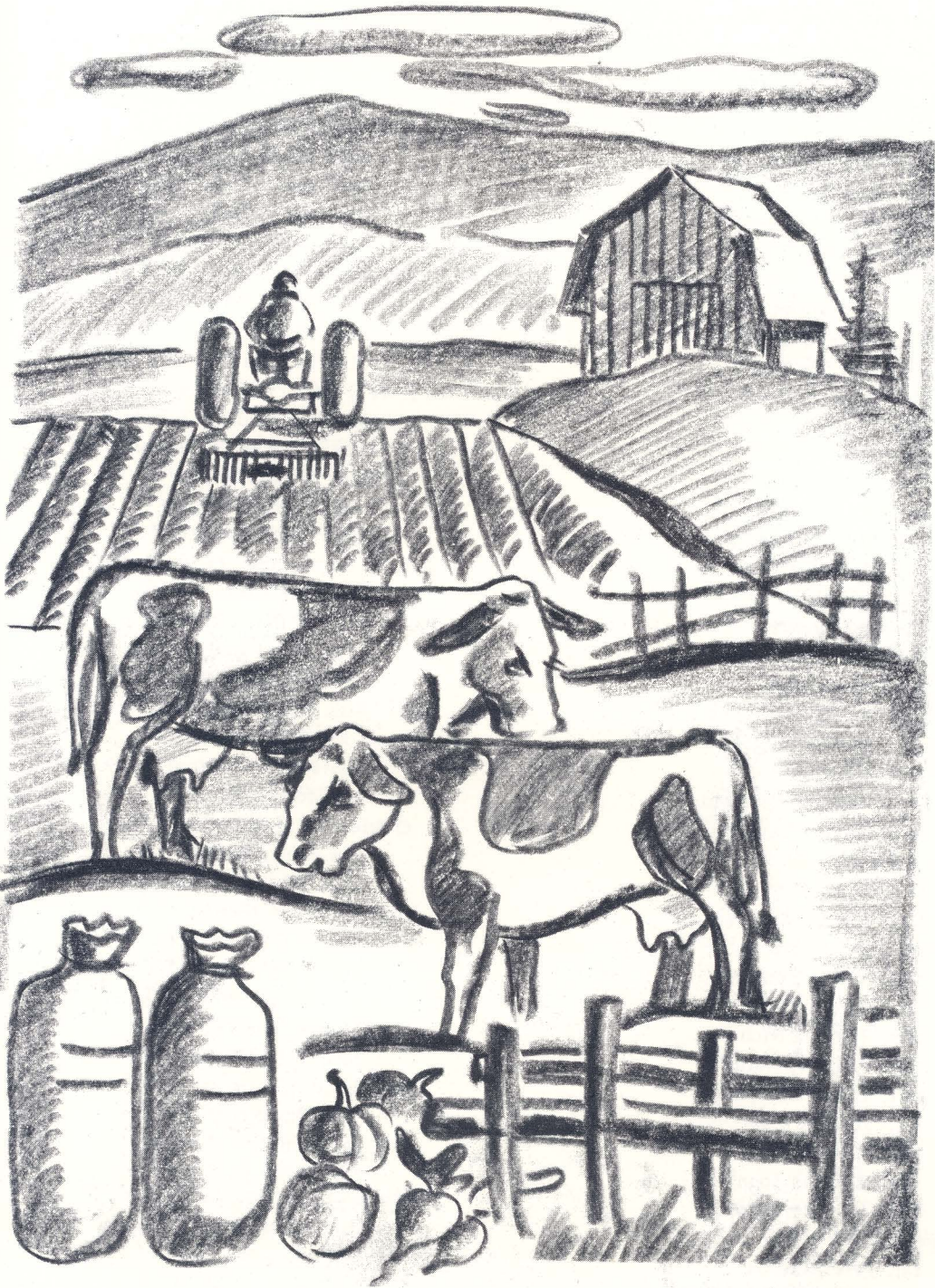
Con't from page 25

The class gasped in horrified admiration. Enraged, the teacher bellowed, "Who said that!"

The silence was so thick you could have cut it with a knife. Jones assumed his most guileless expression. "Patrick Henry," he replied aloud. He had not been reading American history for nothing.

Ruth Bott O-1

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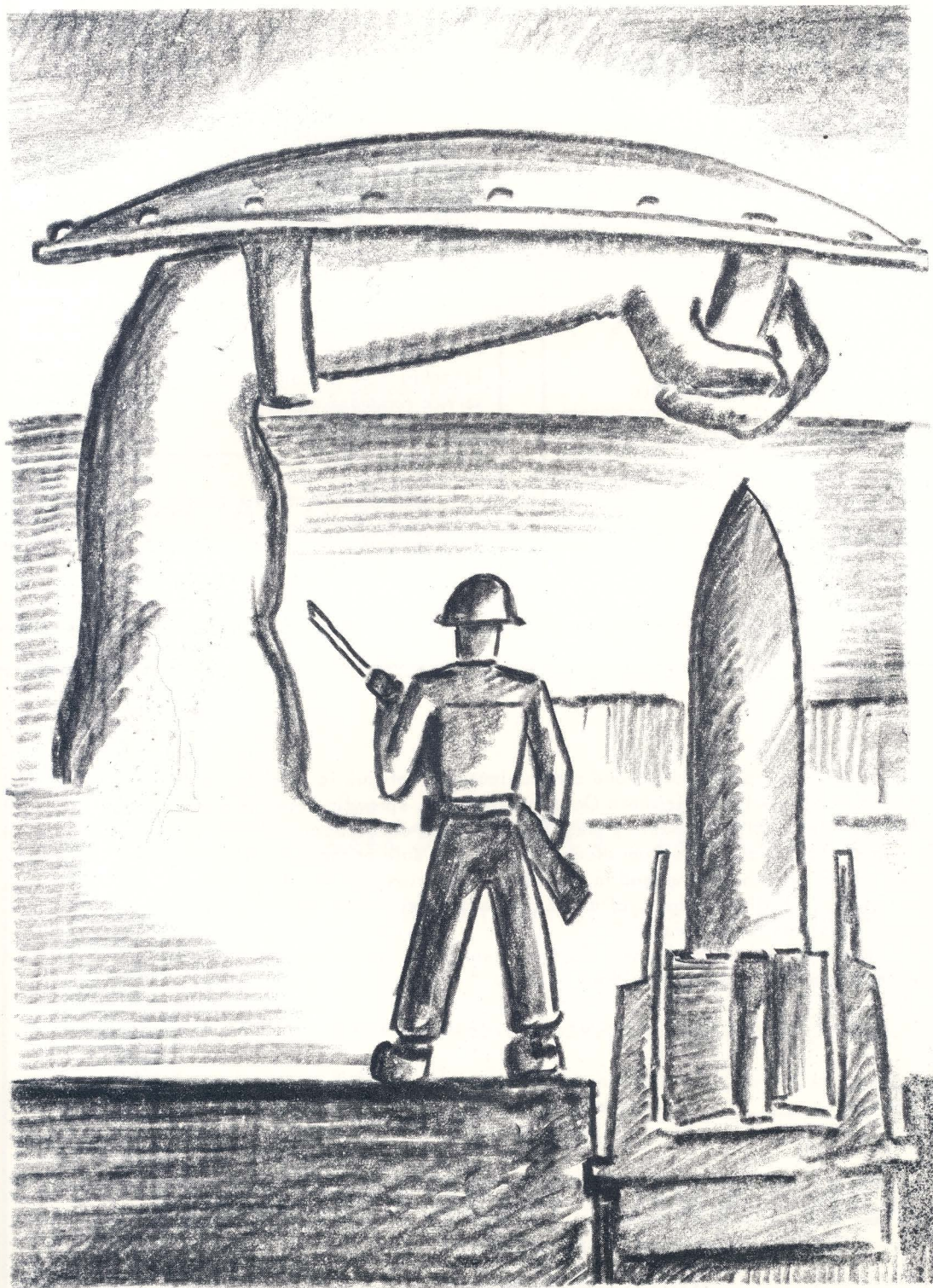
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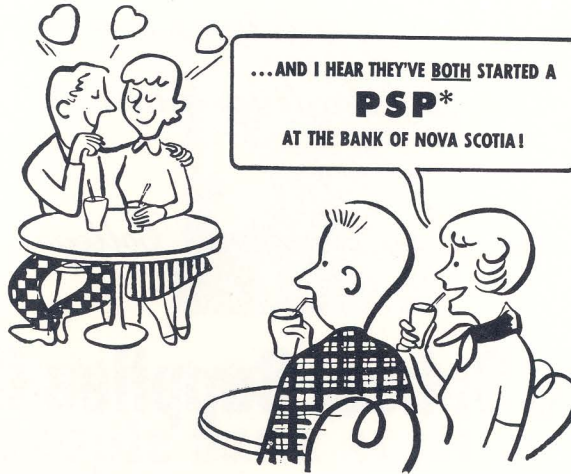
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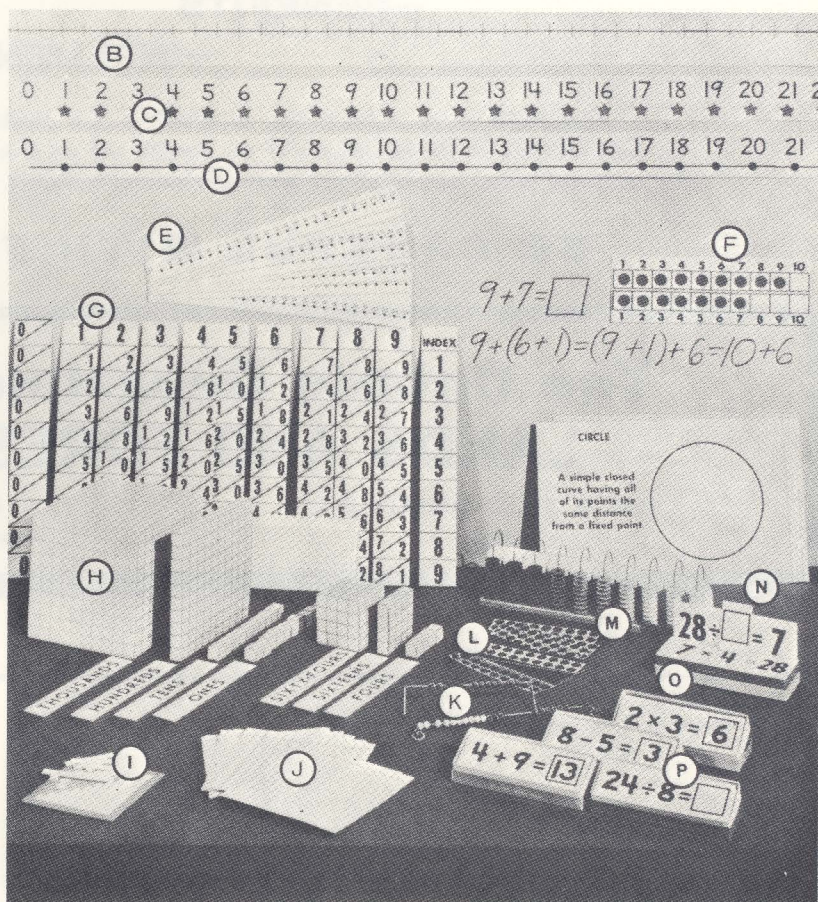
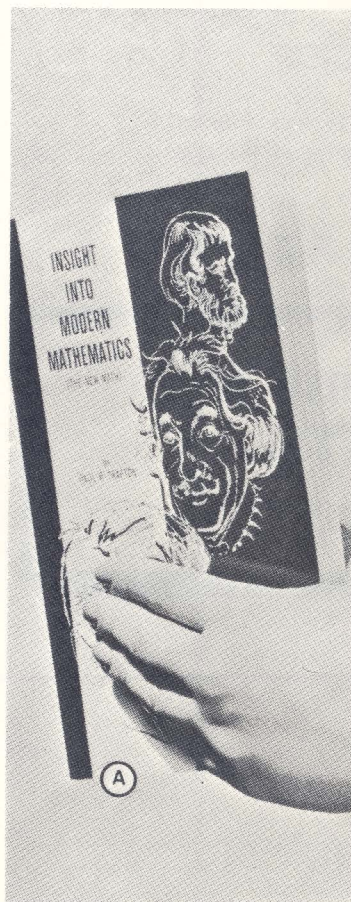
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