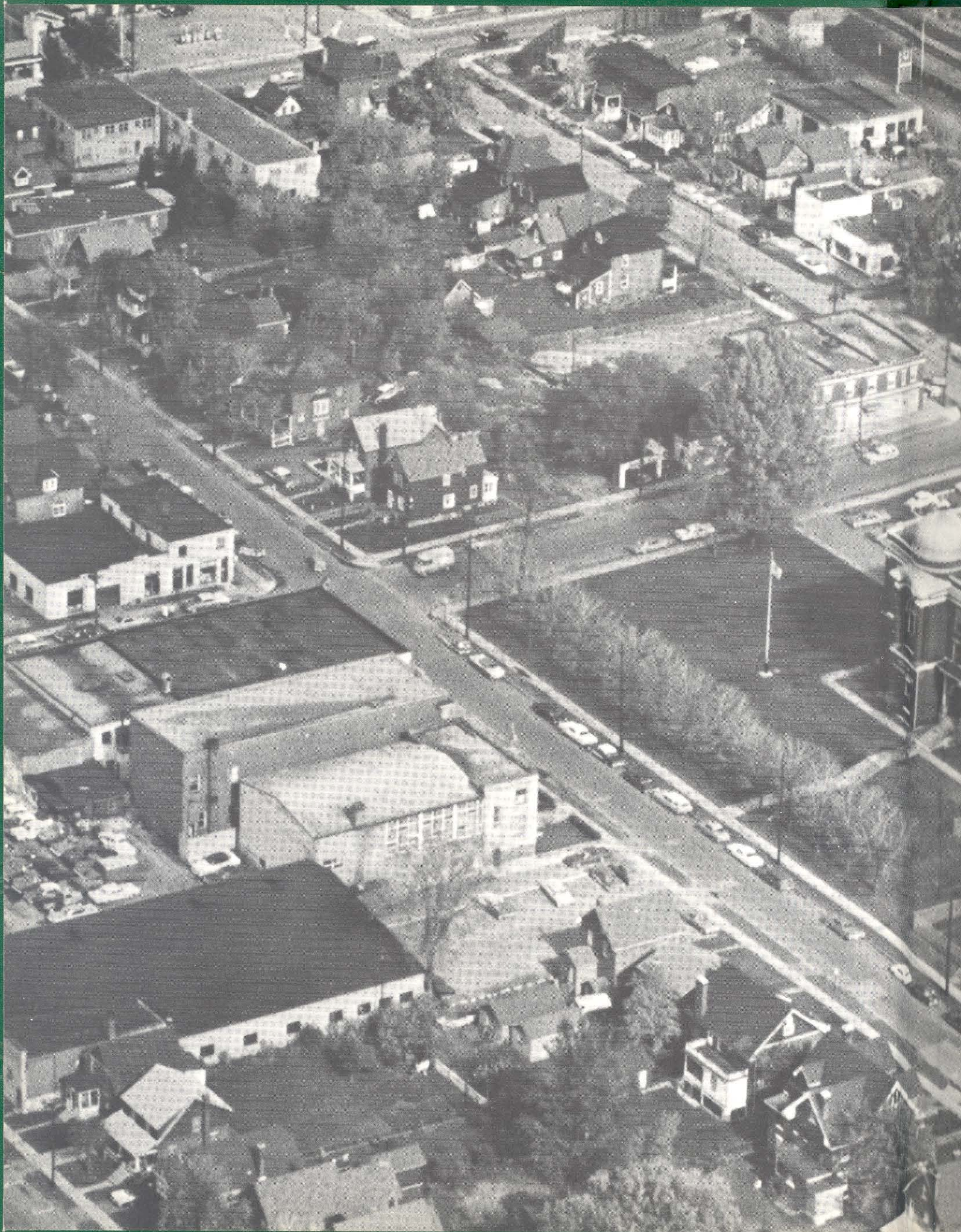
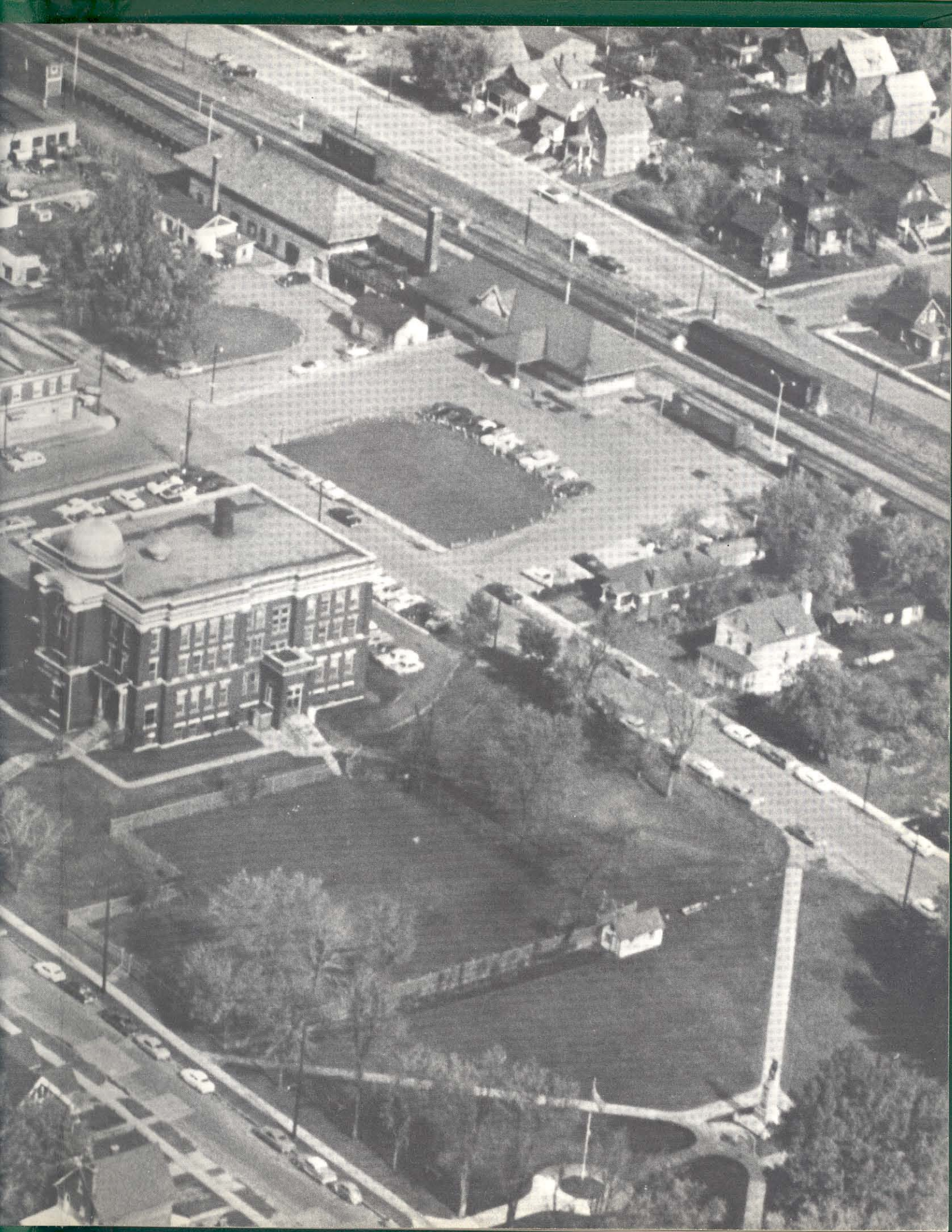


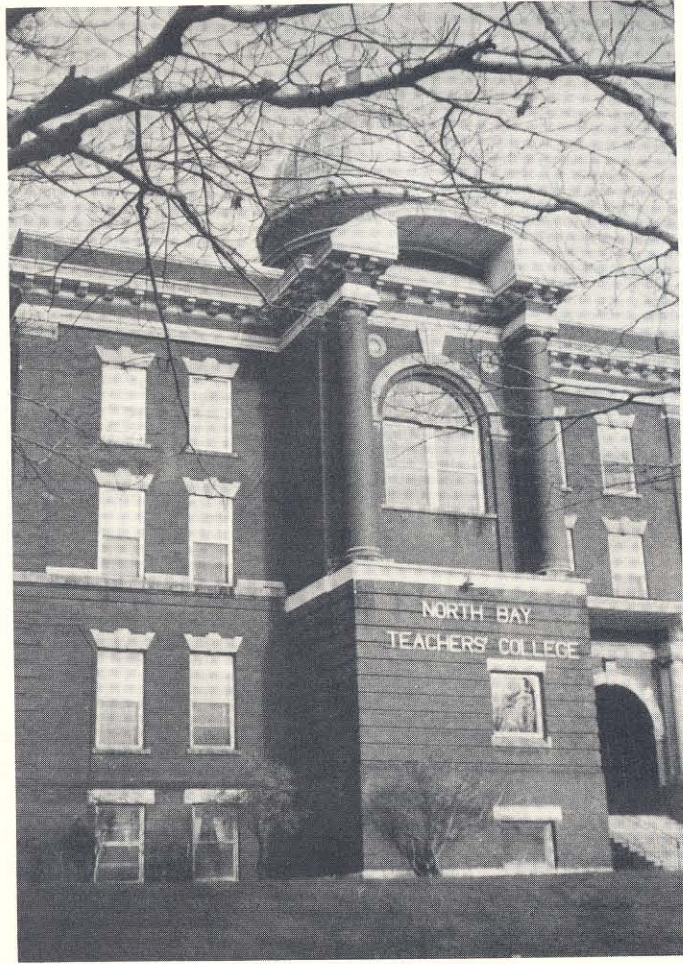
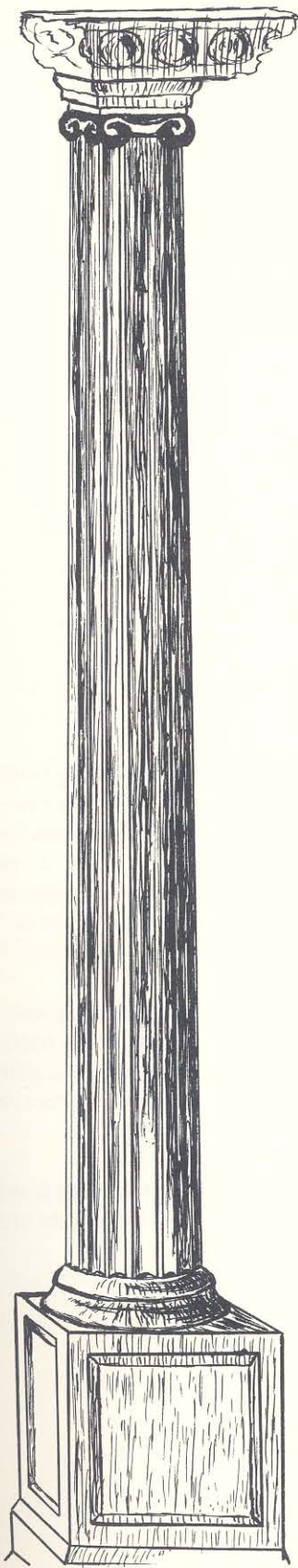


Polaris 1966









Polaris



Ashley-Crippen

Minister of Education

In company with people of all races and all creeds all over the world, the people of Ontario are showing, as perhaps never before, a keen interest in education and the product of our school system. In a large measure, the fulfilment of the hopes of our citizens depends upon you who will teach in the schools and prepare our children for their life in our modern technological world. What you teach will be important, but how you teach it, your professional competence, and your own character as a person will have equal importance. As one man phrased it, "Education without attention to the building of character will do nothing more than produce a race of clever robots".

Your responsibilities, as you take up your duties in our schools next September will be both exacting and difficult. You will not, however, be alone. You will have many allies, your colleagues, your board of trustees, the parents of your children and, when you have gained their confidence, your children themselves. You will have at your call the advice and assistance of your supervisors and the resources of the Department of Education. Do not hesitate to seek assistance when you need it.

After a year at Teachers' College, your professional training is behind you, your professional growth is still ahead. You carry with you the confidence of the Department of Education and the good will of the people of our Province as you begin your career. May your teaching days be happy and rewarding!

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "William Davis". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name and last name clearly distinguishable.

William G. Davis
Minister of Education

A Message from the Principal



On this Graduation Day, I extend congratulations and good wishes to the class of '66. May each of you derive personal satisfaction from the profession which you have chosen. May each of you become adequate for the challenging task ahead.

May I remind you that your year at Teachers' College is but a part of the on-going process of becoming a teacher. I hope that you will enjoy being a part of your own self-development in the profession. I hope that you will enjoy helping your pupils to become more adequate at whatever stage you find them.

The fully functioning teaching personality is essentially creative, adaptive, sensitive, and optimistic. In our creative role we recognize that creation as an intellectual process is still going on and we are part of it. As adaptive personalities we accept the challenge of change and accept our responsibility as teachers in guiding the directions of change. As individuals we are sensitive and open to learn from our own experiences and from the feelings, values and insights of others. As adequate teachers we are challenged to bring out the best in our pupils, helping to meet their present needs, and showing them an ever-ascending pathway for further becoming.

J. D. Deyell
Principal



Editor's Message

When I think of the hopes, ideals, happiness, fears, frustrations, and inspirations that I shared in 1965-66, I do not know of a better way to remember North Bay Teachers' College. If we can plant the roots of human compassion and practise what we believe, we, as students of humanity, cannot fail.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank, personally, the yearbook staff and all those who contributed inestimably to the production of this book.

The staff and myself of the "Polaris" hope this yearbook will be a pleasant reminder during your professional careers of the ideas and friends you shared at N. B. T. C.



STANDING, Left to Right: Sandy Sutherland, Zenon Humeniuk, Garry Smith, Anne Tucker, Sharon Mason, Judy Mitchell.

SITTING: Wendy Alexander, Mr. White, Tom Reid, Don Folz, Suzanne Dubé.

The Yearbook Executive

It is finished! We have done our best to make this year's Polaris the best ever; now it goes to you, the jury, for your decision. Mr. White, the taskmaster, has guided us throughout and it wouldn't be finished yet if he hadn't prodded us along.

Tom Reid headed the group as our editor and Wendy Alexander was his able assistant.

We couldn't exist without advertising and Anne Tucker obtained this for us. The responsibility for the art and the graduate pictures fell on the shoulders of Sandy Sutherland and Suzanne Dubé. Garry Smith and Zenon Humeniuk fell heir to the photography and special events. The sports scene was capably covered by Don Folz and Sharon Mason. Judy Mitchell produced the literary section using contributions from the student body. The job of proof-reading was the responsibility of Cam Demarce.

We all hope the final product meets with your approval.

DEDICATION

To A Child

He is Nature's fresh delight portrayed in water colours. His soul is a "not-tredden-upon blanket of snow", free from worldly observations. He kisses and loves everyone; when the sting of the hand is passed, he smiled forgivingly. His language is tears that express his necessity; his tools are his tongue and hands that never seem to tire. People laugh, sometimes, at his imagination, his innocence, his ecstasy-the jewels of his existence. As he grows older he comes a touch closer to God; he is the Christian's example and an old man's relapse. If only he could cast off his little coat, he would have Eternity without a burden and would have exchanged one Heaven for another.

f	Gg	Hh	Ii	Jj	Kk	Ll	Mm	Nn	Oo	Pp	Qq	Rr
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FACULTY



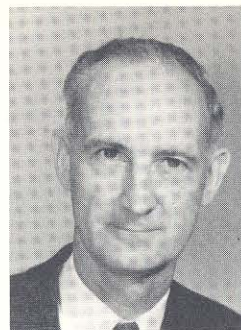
J. D. Deyell
B. A. , B. Paed.
Principal



A. B. Reed, B. A.
Science
Audio-Visual Educa-
tion



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



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

Faculty



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



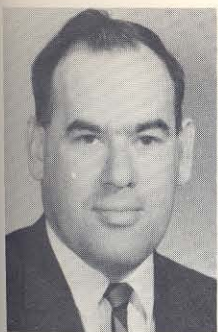
R. A. Davies, B. A. , B. Ed.
School Management



O. A. White, B. A. ,
M. Ed.
Educational Psychology



A. J. Johnson, B. A. , M. Ed.
Assistant Director of
Practice Teaching
English II



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



L. C. Van Dusen
B. A., B. Ed.
Social Studies
School and Community
Methods in Religious
Education



Miss E. Stevens
B. A., M. Ed.
Art
Social Studies



R. D. Foxcroft, B. A.
History and Philosophy
of Education



Miss E. Thorn, M. A.
English I



F. J. Bell, B. A.,
B. Ed.
Geography
Social Studies
Methods in
Religious Education



A. J. Schmidt, B. A.,
B. Ed.
Mathematics
Library Science



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



Miss F. M. Rawn, B. A.
Dean of Women
Educational Psychology
Children's Literature

Religious Instructors



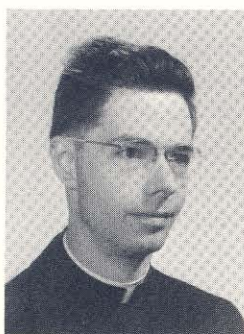
Rev. A. Young,
B. A.



Rev. P. Scrutton



Rev. C. Cope
B. A. , B. D.



Rev. P. Goold
B. A.



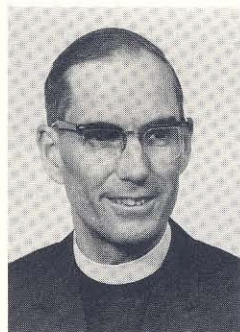
Rev. Canon C. F. Large



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



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



Dr. W. Kitto
M. A. , B. D. , Th. M. ,
D. D.

Rev. N. Price
B. A. , B. C. L. , B. D.

Sister St. Boniface



Rev. D. Murphy
B. A., S. P. L.



Rev. L. E. Peterson
B. A., Lth.
President of North Bay
Ministerial Assoc., 1965

The Witness of Your Life

"But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth." (Acts 1, 4)

The vocation of Christian existence is to witness to the person of Christ. There are two complimentary facets of Christian witness - one wherein we give witness to Christ by announcing Him to the world by word of mouth - the other wherein we give witness to Christ by proclaiming Him to the world by the word of our daily life. As to which is the more effective there can be no doubt. The world today is mistrustful of words, political propaganda, the deception of modern advertising, and the artificial flow of cocktail chatter - all of these have weakened the force and power of the human word. There remains however always one word which is free of ambiguity, of deceit, and of superficiality. This is the word that each of us speaks by his own personal existence. It is never spoken to the chance passer-by; but to those who know us, to those we meet each day, to those certainly whom we teach, it is the loudest and clearest word. It is the word our friends and students never forget though the eloquence and diction of our verbal urgings may long have faded from their memories.

The vocation of Christianity is then to speak of Christ. Christianity is basically the personal relationship that each of us enters into with Jesus Christ. When we witness to Christianity, therefore, we seek to introduce others to this person, Christ. I think it is fair to say that, particularly to your students, you will introduce only the Christ you have first known yourself. That word which you speak by all that you are, is your personal way of saying who Christ is. If you do not know Him then you will introduce to others a caricature of Christ.

What thus becomes clear is that to teach Christianity is not simply to mouth a series of truths - it is rather to announce the living presence and activity of Christ in the world today. Where He lives and acts in our world is however in the lives of His members, and really, therefore, it is here that He speaks the definitive word. When what we say is but an echo of what we are, then truly of us Christ can say "He who hears you hears me."

God has chosen you to work out His purposes and will for the world. The witness of your lips and life flowing from your inner relationship with God are the means of helping to build up the body of Christ - looking forward to the day when "we all attain to the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the son of God - to mature manhood, to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." (Eph. 4, 12-13)

May the power of God work in you to witness for Christ in your life.



Mrs. B. Kinniburgh



Mrs. R. Russell



Mrs. A. Conlon



Miss A. Borsi

We Sincerely Thank-

Mrs. Kinniburgh, our librarian, who lends a guiding hand to those in need. Equally praiseworthy are Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Conlon and Miss Borsi who laboriously fulfill each task for Masters and students.



Miss G. Godin



Mr. L. Doucette



Mrs. M. Durrant



Mr. J. Donaldson



Mr. A. Welin

Our Deepest Appreciation-

is extended to the maintenance staff. Our immaculate school and grounds are an ever-present testimonial to their competency.

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The privilege of saying the farewells -- our goodbyes to staff and to students alike -- has been given to me. For most of us, this year has been a successful one. Under the able and dedicated leadership of Mr. Deyell and his staff, and of our religious instructors, we have learned many of the skills and much of the knowledge we will need in our chosen profession; and not only have our Masters given every effort on our behalf but also those teachers who have watched, guided and, at times, even coerced us to strive towards perfection.

The short few months are past and we now acquire a new title, that of teacher. But are we teachers? I would suggest that we have just begun to earn this title. As in a relay race, the first lap is over. The baton has been passed to us. Before victory is ours we must strive even harder in order to earn the right to be called "teacher".

Teaching had its beginnings in the dawn of time when hard-won knowledge was handed down from Father to son and from Mother to daughter. In succeeding ages teaching became gradually more complex as man's knowledge increased. The aim then, as it is today, was to pass on knowledge. Now, however, we are at the beginning of a renaissance in teaching. We have a further and broader aim -- to teach with love for and an understanding of man. With these aims it is our hope, in the years to come, that we can look back on our efforts and see that those we have taught have "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man" and that all men enjoy the fruits of knowledge in peace and harmony.

We cannot do this work alone. Therefore, instead of saying goodbye to our school, to the staff and our friends, I would suggest that we say *au revoir*. As needs arise in the days ahead, we can then know that the guidance and friendship of these, our present mentors and companions, is close by. With their aid we may at last say we have gained victory. We are teachers!

Gordon Parker

GRADUATES





Judy Adaire
Copper Cliff



Carole Ainsworth
Copper Cliff



Wendy Alexander
Sault Ste. Marie



Barbara Alkins
Callander



Arlene Ambeault
Sault Ste. Marie



Nancy Archer
Bracebridge



Dorothy Arden
Timmins



Fred Arnold
Sudbury



Sigbritt Backstrom
Sault Ste. Marie



Brenda Brouse
Sudbury



Jean Bancroft
Noranda



Lona Bede
Garson



Sue Beland
North Bay



Rosemary Bell
Kemptville



Jacqueline Bessant
Sault Ste. Marie



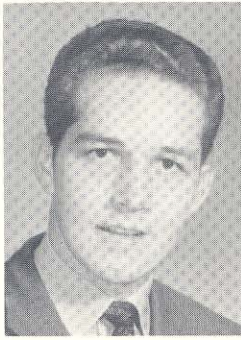
Beverley Blythe
North Bay



Daniel Boivin
North Bay



Louise Bourgeois
Sault Ste. Marie



Brian Ball
North Bay



Jane Brown
New Liskeard



Valerie Brown
Sudbury

People,
Funny little creatures,
Hurrying and scurrying,
But going nowhere.
Running blindly
Like rats in a maze.
Existing secretively,
Oblivious of others.
Toiling hopefully
To reach a peak.
Stampeding wildly.
Frightened.
What's that you say?
You're not afraid?
Good for you!
You must be different-
One of the few.
People,
Funny little creatures.

Wayne Minnett 06
Daryl Payette 07



Julie Buckley
North Bay



Gladys Bukowski
Kirkland Lake



Elizabeth Calaiezzi
North Bay



June Cameron
Kirkland Lake



Linda Cameron
North Bay



Donna Campbell
Iroquois Falls



Margaret Charles
Rosseau



Tim Clarke
North Bay



Barbara Conlon
North Bay



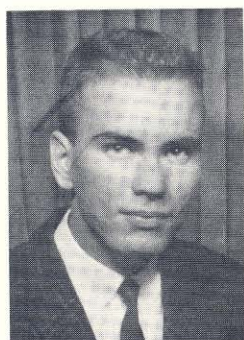
Diane Coughlin
South River



Shelagh Cowen
Sault Ste. Marie



Jane Currie
Sault Ste. Marie



Graham Dalziel
North Bay



Michael Day
Sault Ste. Marie



Michael Deadman
Hanmer



Marie Delavalle
Sault Ste. Marie



Lorraine Del Bel
Sault Ste. Marie



Judy Crigger
Sault Ste. Marie



Cam Demarce
North Bay



Jean DiPasquale
Sault Ste. Marie



Renate Dobszewicz
North Bay



Jo Anne Donoghue
New Liskeard



David Colquhoun
Sturgeon Falls



Myrna Doran
Kapuskasing



Jean Dubé
Sudbury



Suzanne Dubé
Wawa



Edna Duff (Mrs.)
North Bay



Hazel Eaton
Cochrane



Shirley Eckford
Powassan



Jean Edwards
Englehart



Karen Edwards
Corbeil



Elizabeth Elliott
North Bay



Joyce Eshkawkagan
Wikwemikong



Janice Farnsworth
Huntsville



Mary Fearnley
Englehart



Judith Ferguson (Mrs.)
North Bay



Pauline Fink
Noranda



Wendall Fisher
MacTier



Claire Fortin
Chapleau



Marlene Gagnon
Smooth Rock Falls



Christine Galardo
Sudbury



Clifford Gervais
North Bay



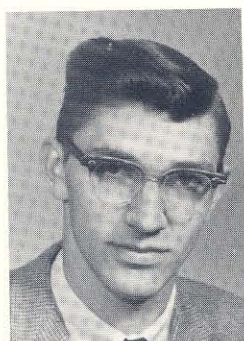
Karen Gilpin
Sudbury



Judith Graber
Parry Sound



Barbara Graham
Massey



Albert Grainger
Huntsville



Lynda Gramolini
Sudbury



Gertrude Gray (Mrs.)
North Bay



John Grime
Sault Ste. Marie



Diane Guppy
Kirkland Lake



Marilyn Hall
Sundridge



Elaine Harrison
Sundridge



Jane Harvey
Gravenhurst



John Haynes
Sudbury



Bernice Hazelwood
Mattawa



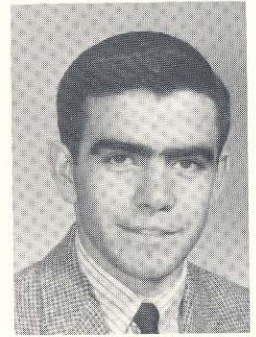
Donalda Hector (Mrs.)
North Bay



Margaret Holtz
Commanda



Don Hopkins
Sudbury



Joseph Houle
Massey



Lynda Houston
Cobalt



Carmen Hughes
Kirkland Lake



Zenon Humeniuk
Sault Ste. Marie



Helvi Ingman (Mrs.)
Sudbury



Jocelyne Irwin
Sudbury



Eleanor Jarvis
Thornloe



Gerald Killik
Desbarats



Joann Koehler
South Porcupine



Pirjo Kokkonen
South Porcupine



Candice Kosick
Timmins



Tamara Koszarny (Mrs.)
Sturgeon Falls



Mildred Kozak
Chelmsford



Irene Kozlowski
Espanola



Faye Krattiger
Noranda



Carmen Kulyski
Garson



Lorraine Kurki
Hearst



Judy Kyer
Richmond Hill



Sharon Lacasse
Kapuskasing



Marie Laframboise
North Bay



Lily Laituri
Garson



Janet Landriault
Chelmsford



Clifford Leishman
Lively



Gail Levert
Burwash



Sandra Loreto
Timmins



Mary Luczkiw
Kirkland Lake



Judy MacDonald
Sault Ste. Marie



Brenda MacKinnon
Kirkland Lake



Mary Mackler
Kirkland Lake



Edward MacLean
North Bay



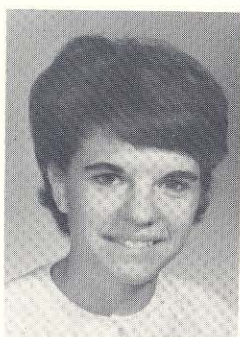
Ruth-Anne MacRae
Swift Current,
Saskatchewan



Margaret MacVittie
Cochrane



Sharon Magahay
Parry Sound



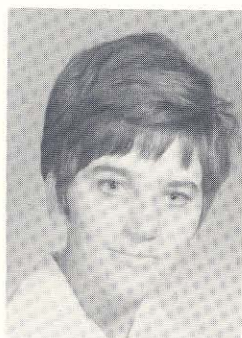
Bettyanne Mangotich
Schumacher



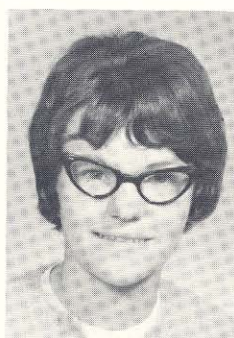
Marie Marshall
Sudbury



Rosemary Marshall
Kirkland Lake



Bonnie Marson
Timmins



Linda Martin
North Bay



Sharon Mason
Sudbury



Cindy Matthews
Burwash



Brenda McAdam
Sudbury



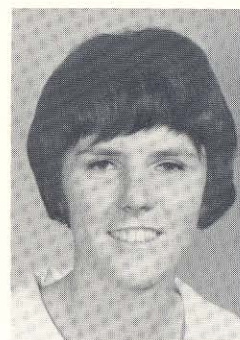
John McClintock
North Bay



Margaret McGregor
Sesekinika



Larry McIntyre
Sundridge



Brenda McMahon
Barrie



Rosalind McNeice
Gravenhurst



Sharon McNeil
Sault Ste. Marie



Marjatta Miettinen
Sudbury



Maureen Millaley
Kearney



Wayne Minnett
Englehart



Judy Miskiw
Sault Ste. Marie



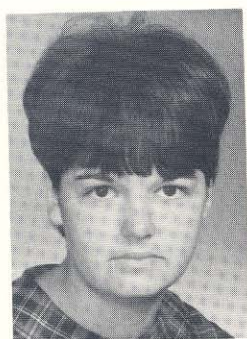
Judy Mitchell
Shumacher



Brenda Moline
Virginiatown



Suzanne Monohan
South Porcupine



Linda Montgomery
Kapuskasing



Gayle Mote
Callander



Agnes Neu (Mrs.)
North Bay



Elsie Neva
Huntsville



Tuula Nordberg
Sudbury



Mary Nowacki
Noranda



Hannahli Oberhansli
Sault Ste. Marie



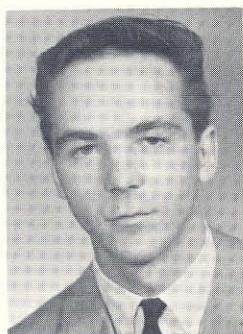
Virginia Ogle
North Bay



Rita McLean
South Porcupine



Jane Murray
Sault Ste. Marie



Brian O'Neil
Garson



Cathy Oreskovich
Chelmsford



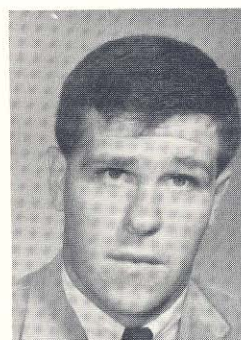
Jeanne Orlecki
Kirkland Lake



Marlie Panko (Mrs.)
Sudbury



Isadore Paolin
Sudbury



Don Parker
Mattawa



Gordon Parker
North Bay



Raymond Pavlove
Arelee, Sask.



Daryl Payette
South Porcupine



Joyce Pelletier
Sault Ste. Marie



Wendy Penhorwood
Sault Ste. Marie



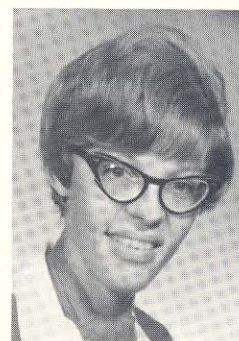
Benita Petersons
Sudbury



Darlene Phillipps
North Bay



Eva Podolski
Sault Ste. Marie



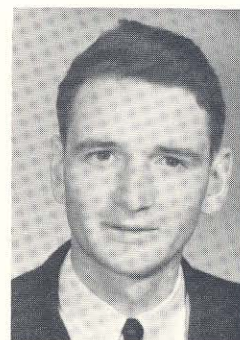
Marilyn Price
Kapuskasing



Lee Raaflaub
Magnetawan



Charlene Rachky
Ferris



Douglas Rankin
Sault Ste. Marie



Kathy Reed
North Bay



Donna Reid
Sault Ste. Marie



Tom Reid
Sault Ste. Marie



Loretta Reilly (Mrs.)
Chelmsford



Bob Richer
Sudbury



Shelva Rodgers
Charlton



Judy Pousette
Blind River



Linda Lee Rogers
Ansonville



Pam Ross
Kapuskasing



Cheryl Rotondo
Cochrane



Jo Ruttan
Ottawa



Joan St. Pierre
Sault Ste. Marie



Josie Scott
Sault Ste. Marie



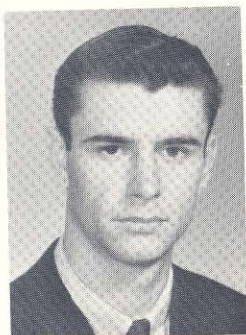
Lois Seymour
Larder Lake



Marilyn Shelleau
Sault Ste. Marie



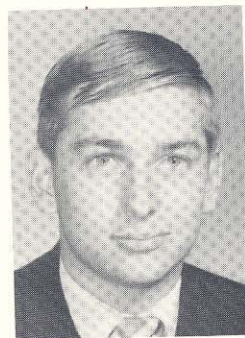
Edith Shuter (Mrs.)
North Bay



Bruce Smail
Sault Ste. Marie



Bonnie Smith
Goulais River



Garry Smith
Parry Sound



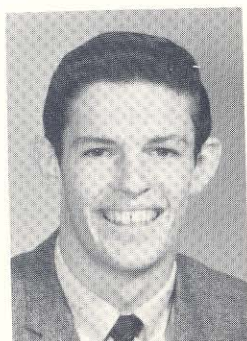
Janet Smith
Markstay



Wanda Stanislawski (Mrs.)
Elliot Lake



Ruth Stapley
North Bay



Bill Steele
North Bay



Sharon Stewart
Sault Ste. Marie



Wanda Stradomski
Sudbury



Jeannine Sabourin
North Bay



Colleen Rouselle (Mrs.)
Blind River



Victoria Roy
Ferris



Dianne Sawdon
Sudbury



Elizabeth Soutar
North Bay



Carol Sylvester
Kirkland Lake



Helena Tarasiuk
Sudbury



Roberta Theriault
Sault Ste. Marie



Pat Towne
Kapuskasing



Ken Trottier
Sudbury



Anne Tucker
Englehart



Maria Turkington
Sudbury



Jane Turner
Thessalon



Mary Turner
Kirkland Lake



Charles Vaillancourt
Sault Ste. Marie



James Van Meer
Sundridge



Brian Vezina
North Bay



Diane Vezina
Timmins



Christine Vipond
Tomstown



Ursula Von Holtendorff (Mrs.)
North Bay



Linda Watkins
Parry Sound



Diana Watts
Kearney



Marina Webster
Cochrane



Aileen Welsh
Markstay



Karen White
North Bay



Heather Wilke
Elliot Lake



Robert Willoughby
Englehart



Lila Wycichowski
Sault Ste. Marie



Betty Anne Yarlasky
Callander



Joan Bainbridge (Mrs.)
North Bay



Frank Bignucolo
Chapleau



Ted Bugg
Lively



Doug Burns
Noranda



Diane Campbell
Chelmsford



Brenda Cecchini
Timmins



Tom Chapeskie
Kirkland Lake



Diane Chetec
North Bay



Jean Christofferson
Sudbury



Louise Colley (Mrs.)
Callander



Mary Connolly
North Bay



John Cook
Sudbury



Bonnie Creasor
Utterson



Evelyn Davis
Sudbury



Anne Derks
Sudbury



Carol Desormeau
Cochrane



Helen Desormeaux
Peterborough



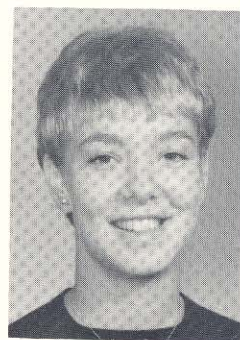
Sandy Devlin
Kirkland Lake



Patricia Dini
Sault Ste. Marie



Wayne Dugas
North Bay



Terry Lynne Fitzpatrick
Sudbury



Connie Fletcher
Temiscaming



Don Folz
North Bay



Richard Folz
North Bay



Karen Forsberg
Temiscaming



Marilyn Frederick
Oakville



Colleen French
Timmins



Joyce Armstrong
Gore Bay



Carmene Arseneault
Sudbury



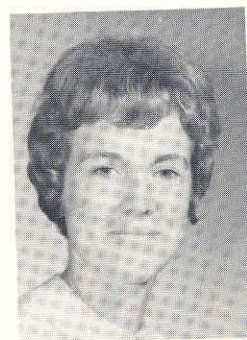
Elaine Beebe
New Carlisle



Janet Clark
Parry South



Robert Denham
Sault Ste. Marie



Loretta Duhaime
Mattawa



Theresa Gawalko
Sudbury



Heidi Graul
Elliot Lake



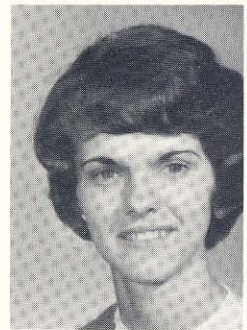
Aila Hakala
Copper Cliff



John Halet
North Bay



Tom Henderson
Englehart



Julie Kotyk
Shumacher



William Laamanen
South Porcupine



Lorna Lamb
Englehart



Anita Lang
Sudbury



Carol Lepage
Iroquois Falls



Vera Libbey (Mrs.)
North Bay



Larry Liske
Sudbury



Larry McChesney
Sudbury



Marjorie Mishibinijima (Mrs.)
Wikwemikong



Lorraine Morrison
Sudbury



Veronica Morrissey
North Bay



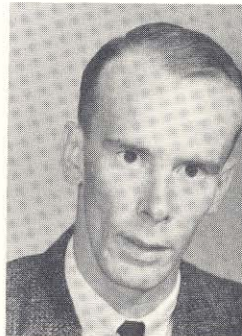
Virginia Nelson
North Bay



Valerie Netzke
Sudbury



Richard Peterson
North Bay



Jack Priest
North Bay



Nadine Prokopchuk
Kirkland Lake



Loretta Protomanni
Timmins



Brian Serant
Sudbury



Colleen Slattery
Sault Ste. Marie



Betty Anne Smith
Sturgeon Falls



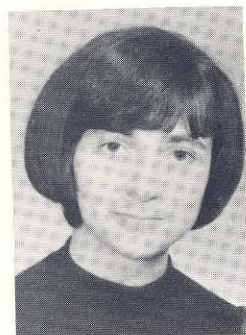
Gordon Smith
Virginiatown



Sandra Sutherland
Englehart



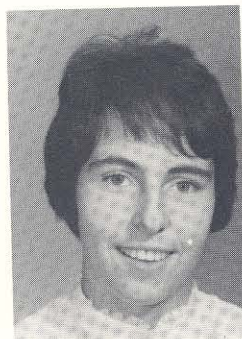
Dianne Trivett
South River



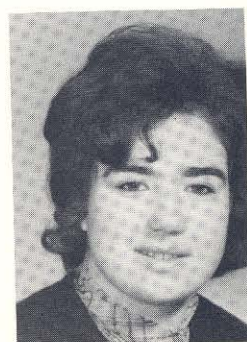
Claire Valiquette
Thessalon



Gillian Wallace
Nobel



Alanna Walsh
Kirkland Lake



Pat Walsh
Powassan



Ron Webb
Timmins



George McNabb
Sudbury

Sisters of St. Joseph

Sister Cecilia

Sister Alphonsus

Sister Mary Bruno

Sister Mary Damian

Sister Mary Dennis

Being

I am,

Only in relation to you.

If I have not met you,

I am not-

If I have only met you,

I am not much-

If my self has met your self,

We are,

To one another-

And may become a great deal more.

Sister Mary Dennis, 01



A Message from the Vice-Principal

North Bay Teachers' College has an enviable reputation for giving a vigorous course to its students and producing graduates who are, on the average, teachers of real worth. This reputation now lies in the hands of those who graduate in 1966. May it be maintained, and indeed enhanced, by your contributions to the teaching profession.

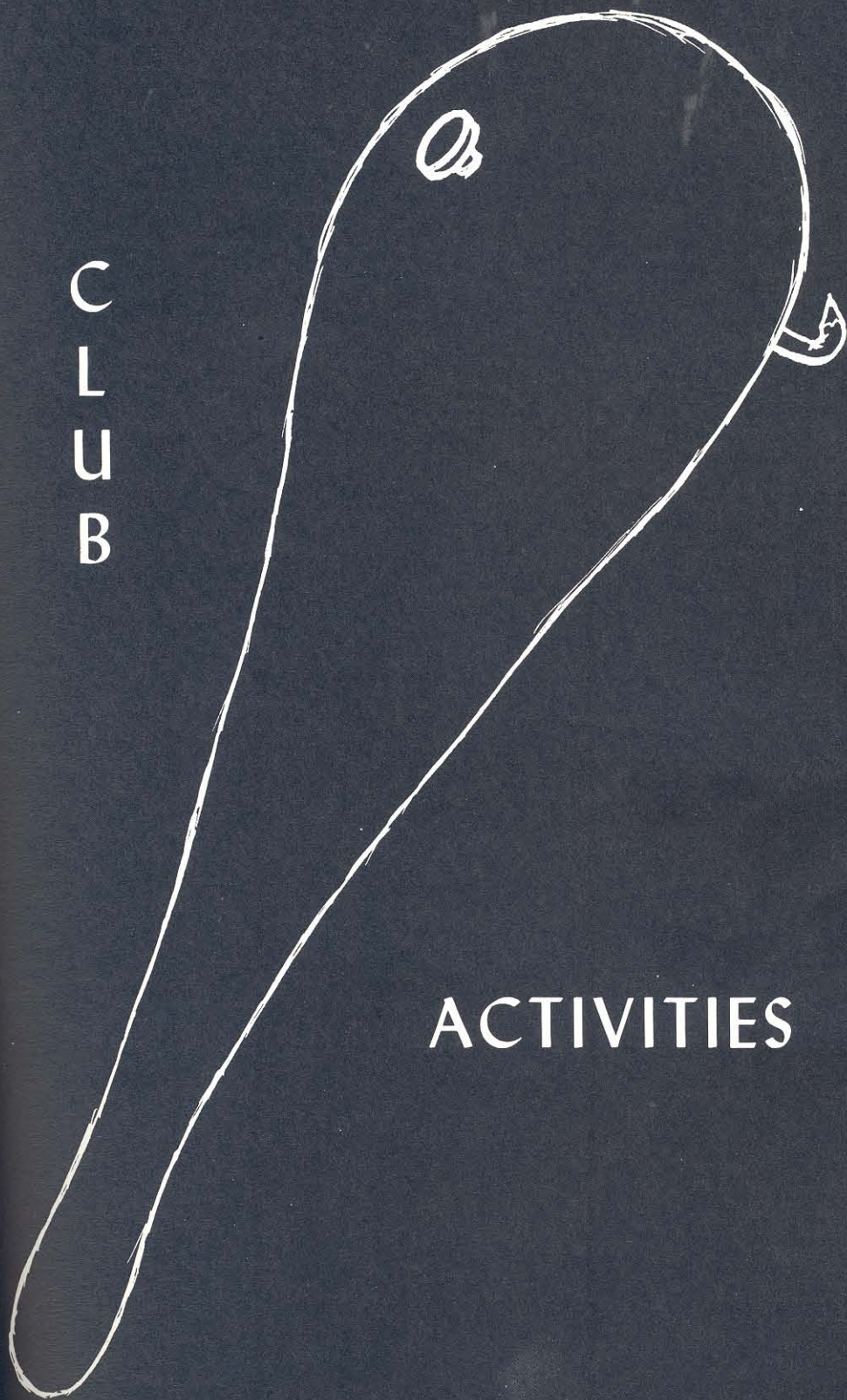
You are entering a rapidly-expanding field of employment. Never before have opportunities for advancement been so plentiful, and never before has the pathway to further education for a teacher been so easily available. I trust that you will seize upon these opportunities to better yourself and benefit our profession.

Ontario's population explosion is bringing about an education explosion as well. Concomitant with it is a further stirring up of education as new techniques, new curricula, and new administrative structures in education are being tried out. The 1966 graduate is being flung into the midst of a most exciting time in education. May you be radical enough to try out the new and retain the best of it, yet conservative enough to hold fast to the many things of solid worth which previous generations of educators have developed.

Good luck and God bless you!

M. J. Curtis,
Vice-Principal.

C
L
U
B



ACTIVITIES



STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: Bonnie Smith, Richard Folz, Mr. Davies, Miss Stevens, Bob Willoughby, Mike Day, Judy MacDonald.
SITTING: Diane Guppy, Brenda McMahon, Alanna Walsh, Kathy Reed, Lona Bede, Mary Fearnley.

Students' Council

The Students' Council of 1965-66 met faithfully throughout an active and successful year. The highlight of the first term was the Christmas Formal held on December tenth. The auditorium was transformed into a blue and silver "Wonderland by Night" where students danced to the fine music of Norm Mauro's orchestra.

November eleventh was marked by a solemn and impressive ceremony honouring the men who fought and died for their country.

The Students' Council aided the hockey team in the purchase of new uniforms by organizing a Fun Day. School was dismissed early and students gathered at the arena where they witnessed a magnificent effort by the masters, who trounced the newly outfitted school team. The game was followed by a skating party and an evening of folk singing led by the Gateway Three.

On December 22, provisions were made for Santa's arrival at the Christmas assembly.

A new year brought new life to the College, typified by a Winter Carnival. The Carnival included two days of exciting outdoor activities, including sleigh-riding, ice-sculpturing, snow-shoe racing and a moccasin dance. The weekend was climaxed by the crowning of a Snow Queen and a "Thawing Out Dance".

The biggest social event of the year was a gala Graduation Ball. An evening of festivities began with a sumptuous dinner where teachers anxious to enter a challenging profession gathered together for the last time. Dinner was followed by dancing in the gaily decorated auditorium, the perfect end to a successful year.



STANDING, Left to Right: John Grime, Ken Trottier, Don Parker, Bob Denham, George McNabb, Mr. Husband.

SITTING: Marie Laframboise, Hannahli Oberhansli, Jackie Bessant, Marlene Gagnon, Josephine Scott, June Cameron.

The Athletic Council

This council was elected to promote and direct athletic activities for all students at all levels of skill. The limited facilities in the College were used and in addition some space was rented in Chippewa gymnasium.

To encourage participation the Aggregate Trophy which has been awarded each year since 1954 was again up for competition among the forms. For each appearance in an approved game, one point for each individual was awarded. At the half-way mark Form 07 is leading but several months competition are still ahead. Considerable credit is due to the form representatives for their work in urging their classmates into competition.

Mixed basketball was tried and proved quite successful as an intramural sport. The first organized league in the fall was girls' volleyball played in the N. B. T. C. gym and organized by Lana Walsh.

Other events in the planning stages are mixed volleyball, paddleball and broomball. Another folk dance night similar to the successful ones of 1964-65 is also planned.

The executive as elected by the council was as follows:

President, Donald Parker,
Secretary, Hannahli Oberhansli,
Treasurer, George McNabb.

Meetings were held each week on Monday at 4:00 to record the scores of the previous week and plan for the week to come.



The Choir

After many diligent hours of practice, the N. B. T. C. Choir gave its first performance at the Ontario Hospital. Several Christmas tunes, including Fred Waring's delightful arrangement of "T'was the Night Before Christmas", were sung. A week later, at a special Christmas assembly, the choir once again performed for their fellow students and masters. In March, the choir travelled to Sudbury and sang successfully at the Sudbury Music Festival.

We, of the choir, are indebted to Mr. Curtis, our director, for the success and enjoyment of the choir work this year.

The choir executive for 1965-66 consisted of:

Marg MacVittie.....	President
Jane Murray.....	Vice-President
John Cook.....	Secretary-Treasurer
Mrs. E. Duff	Librarian
Brian Serant.....	Attendance-Secretary



STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: Anne Tucker, Marilyn Panko (Mrs.), Mr. Bell, Graham Dalziel, Betty Anne Smith, Ann Derks,
SITTING: Brenda Moline, Jean Dubé, Victoria Roy, Rosemary Bell, Gertrude Gray (Mrs.), Marie Laframboise.

United Nations Youth Organization

Dynamic presidential leadership, an interested staff advisor, and responsible class representatives, resulted in one of the most effective United Nations Youth Groups to be formed at N. B. T. C.

The effectiveness of this group was evidenced by the success of the Unicef Drive. Class competition was spiked by daily awarding a mascot to the class collecting the greatest sum. A unique trophy was awarded to Form 0-7 for its thirty-three dollar contribution. At week's end, the final tally sent to the Adult United Nations Group in North Bay was in excess of one hundred dollars.

A visit by Mr. Schatzky, national leader of United Nations Groups, sparked a firm resolution to actively participate in a "Twinning Programme." This programme involves direct correspondence, and cultural exchange with United Nations Youth Groups in foreign lands, such as Africa, China or South America.

"Human Rights Day," was observed at N. B. T. C. in an atmosphere of sincerity and meaning. On that day, national emblems were worn by all to symbolize that from diversity comes unity. A most appropriate film dealing with the rights and dignity of the Indian, was viewed by the student body.

United Nations Christmas Cards were attractively displayed and sold to interested parties.

A three member delegation from N. B. T. C attended an organizational meeting, and discussed the Mock Assembly to be held at Algonquin Composite School in May. Nine college students, chosen to attend this May meeting, spoke as members of Thailand, Sudan and Iceland.



STANDING, Left to Right; Mr. Angus, Mr. Reed.
SITTING; Larry McChesney, Bob Richer, Brian Ball, Marilyn Panko (Mrs.).

Science Club

The Science Club this year was a proven success. The first meeting was held in October with approximately fifty members attending. Because of this large number, the Club was divided into the various interest groups of Geology, Botany and Zoology, Astronomy, and the Physical Sciences. A chairman was appointed for each group with each one meeting when it was most convenient. Each group presented a programme, in its particular field of interest, to the rest of the members.

The culmination of months of hard work was the Science Fair in March. The members of the Club presented their various projects and exhibits to the student body.

A tour of the Sage Base was arranged for February. This certainly was one of the interesting and informative highlights of the year.

Other activities of the agenda were monthly Film Nights and a Star Night.

In the spring, the Club looked forward to an excursion to Toronto. The Museum, the University and the Observatory were some of the places visited. This trip was indeed an enjoyable one.

The Science Club, 1965-66, had a well-planned schedule thanks to a hard-working executive and the co-operation of all its members, especially Mr. Reed and Mr. Angus.



STANDING, Left to Right: Linda Martin, Joyce Armstrong, Miss Thorn, Lee Raaflaub.
SITTING: Elizabeth Elliott, Shelagh Cowen, Larry McChesney, Jane Murray, Linda Watkins.

Junior Red Cross

The Junior Red Cross has a world membership of sixty million young people in seventy-six different countries. With such a large membership furthering its aims: (1) the promotion of health, (2) service to others, (3) increased international understanding-the Junior Red Cross should continue to be a major influence in world affairs.

The purposes of our committee in the College is to make the student teachers aware of the organization as a classroom activity and of its role in teaching such important procedures as those involved in the election of officers and the conducting of a meeting. The Junior Red Cross meetings enable children to put this knowledge into practice in a classroom situation.

Membership in the organization can and should be an education and an interesting experience for the pupils and a valuable aid in social development. To focus attention on this aspect of the Junior Red Cross, a director of the organization spoke to the student body and gave them some idea of how to set up the Junior Red Cross in their own classrooms.

Membership cards and Red Cross buttons were distributed to the students. Bulletin board displays helped to educate the student body on the purpose of the organization.

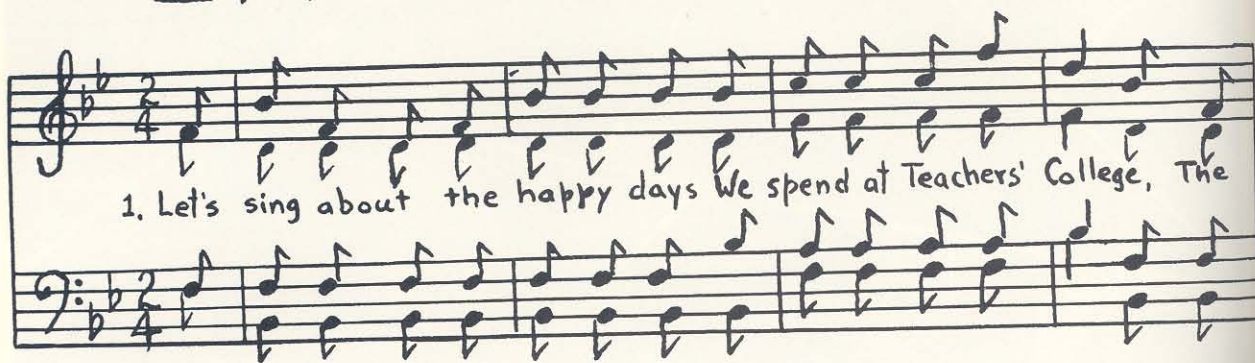
It is the hope of the committee that each N. B. T. C. graduate will strive to make the Junior Red Cross a success in his classroom.

We extend our thanks to Miss Thorn for her guidance and co-operation.





ENBY TEECY

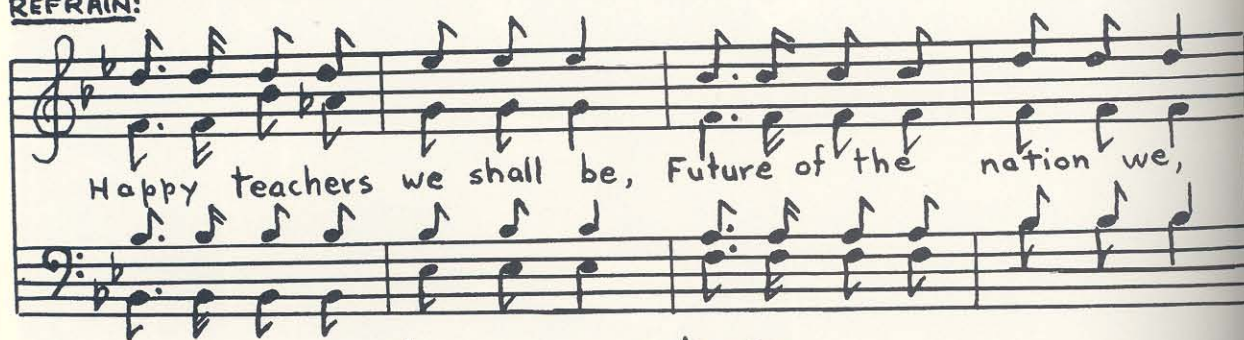


1. Let's sing about the happy days We spend at Teachers' College, The



fountain head of all North Bay's Pedagogic knowledge.

REFRAIN:



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

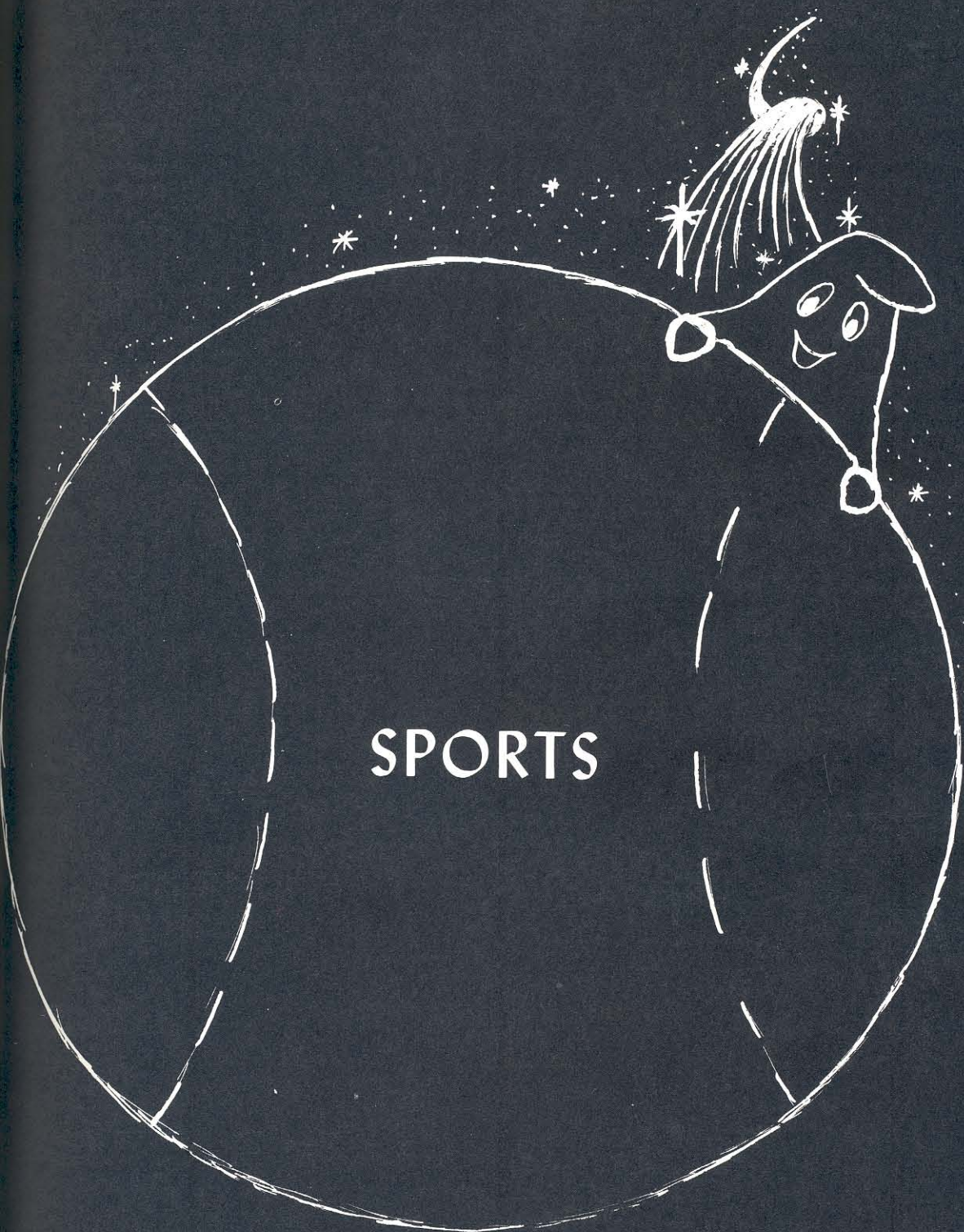


Then we shall remember thee, Our dear old Teachers' College.

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)

SPORTS



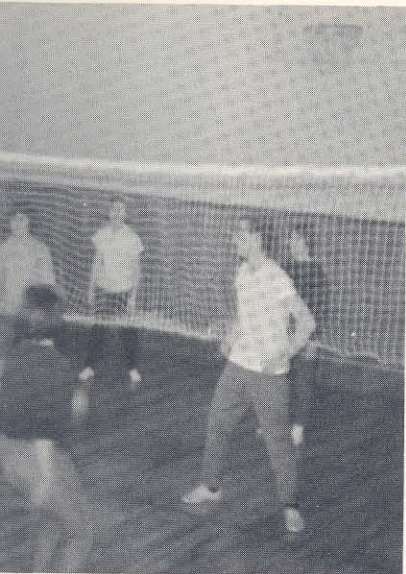


Mixed Basketball

This brainchild of the Intramural Athletic Committee proved very successful. The games were played on Tuesdays at Chippewa gym and were organized so that experience with many different players was possible.

Responsibility for co-ordinating men's and women's rules and keeping teams balanced was shared by Kenneth Trottier and Marlene Gagnon.



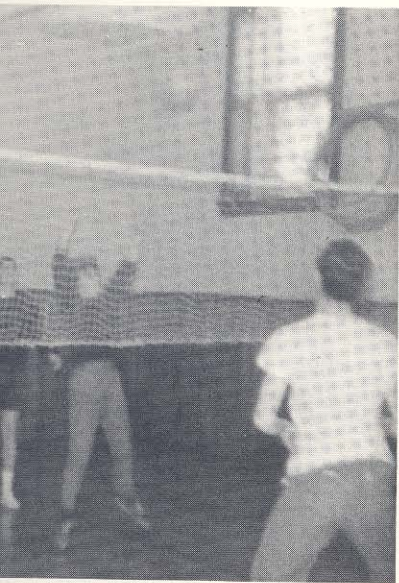


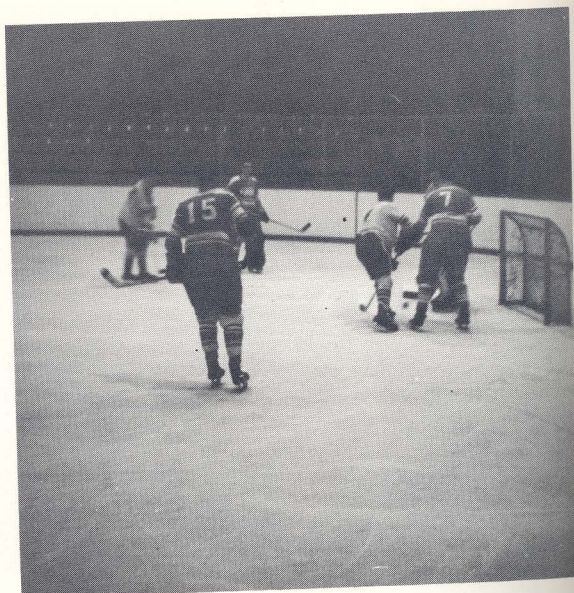
Volleyball

Another College year has passed by and also another volleyball year. At the beginning of the year, girls' volleyball was organized by interested individuals. Each game was twenty minutes long with four games played on each of three days per week.

Mixed volleyball was also successfully organized by the Athletic Council. The games were played on Mondays and Fridays. A compromise of girls' and boys' rules proved effective.

These games were very exciting and the players as well as the spectators displayed much enthusiasm.





The Hockey Team

One of the best seasons ever was experienced by the hockey team of 1965-66. Seventeen players from all areas of the North took part in the season's games. Only two players, Gord Smith and Ron Webb, were veterans of the 1964-65 team.

The highlight of the year came with the Masters vs. Students game. On Nov. 24th school was released early so that the student body was able to make its way to the arena to witness this game (??) A skating party followed in which many students took part. To conclude the activities, a Hootenanny-Dance was held at the College. These activities were held in order to defray costs of the new uniforms purchased this year.

During the year, a successful exhibition schedule was played with the high schools and other teams from the various leagues in the area. The team was blessed with fine goal-tending, strong skating defencemen and hard-checking forwards.

One of the most valuable assets of the team was our trainer, Don Folz. Much credit goes to him for his hard work throughout the year. Don was always on the job looking after the team during the season.

Of course, a team is not a team without a coach. Our coach, Mr. Harrington, was most valuable to the team this year. Time, effort and interest were given to the team by Mr. Harrington. Certainly without Mr. Harrington the team would not have been the strong representative of N. B. T. C. that it was.



FLASH

THE MIGHTY MASTERS TASTE VICTORY AS THEY DEFEAT THE FABULOUS FOURTEEN

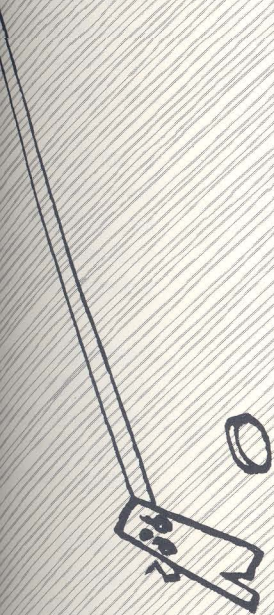
The stage was set for the game of the year. The N. B. T. C. hockey team challenged the Masters to make good their boast that age still reigns supreme over the vigours of youth. What the Masters didn't tell us was that they were to reinforce their ranks with teachers from the local schools!

Soon after the opening whistle, 'Flash' Angus showed us why the pros are looking closely at him. Streaking down the ice, he dumped the puck behind the baffled Gord Smith.

'Dimples' Davies was, without a doubt, the best-dressed player on the ice. His ensemble consisted of a pink shirt over green stockings, this being topped off with matching gloves and hat.

An import, Jim Rankin, scored the Masters' second goal. Then, as the game drew to a close, the reserves from both teams were thrown into the mêlée.

One must admit that the game, though not up to Olympic standards, was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.





STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. MacAskill, John Cook, Larry Liske, Claire Valiquette.

Curling

This year, 1965-66, N. B. T. C. curlers showed great interest and made curling an important sport within the College. Enthusiasm was displayed by the sixty-four steady members of the club who played throughout the year in a round-robin tournament on Thursdays from 4:30 to 6:30 p. m. at the Four Seasons Curling Club.

Trophies presented to the winning teams were donated by Martins' Men's Wear of Sudbury.

Much credit goes to Mr. MacAskill whose interest and guidance in organizing the club led all members to feel that curling was a true success.

The teams were as follows:

Team 1
John Halet
Jane Turner
Judy Mitchell
Darlene Phillips

Team 2
Charlie Vaillancourt
Judy MacDonald
Brian Ball
Nadine Prokopchuk

Team 3
Larry Liske
Elaine Harrison
Hazel Eaton

Team 4
Ray Pavlove
Sharon McNeil
Doug Burns
Jean Bankcroft

Team 5
John Cook
Marie Delavalle
Janice Farnsworth

Team 6
Shirley Eckford
Mr. MacAskill
Christine Galardo
Miss E. Stevens

Team 7
Brenda Moline
Mr. Van Dusen
Linda Gramolini
Larry MacIntyre

Team 8
Mary Nowacki
Mr. Schmidt
Suzanne Monahan
Roberta Theriault

Team 9
Mrs. D. Hector
Leone Raaflaub
Marilyn Price
Louise Bourgeois

Team 10
Wendall Fisher
Carmen Hughes
Mildred Kozak
Brenda McMahon

Team 11
Mary Turner
Sandra Sutherland
Julie Kotyk
Clifford Leishman

Team 12
Tom Chapeskie
Diane Coughlin
Karen Edwards
Helena Tarasiuk

Team 13
Larry McChesney
Judy Pousette
Marie Laframboise
Carol Ainsworth

Team 14
Cam Demarce
Mary Fearnley
Elaine Beebe
Candice Kosick

Team 15
Bill Laamanen
Betty Anne Mangotich
Dorothy Arden
Carol Desormeau

Team 16
Claire Valiquette
Mr. F. Bell
Judy Adair



STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT: George McNabb, Wayne Dugas, Mr. Foxcroft.
SITTING: Colleen French, Judy Crigger.

Bowling

1965-66 season of bowling began with five weeks of sweep bowling. Winners were:

Lynda Gramolini	414
Colleen French	386
Doug Burns	480
George McNabb	406
Catherine Oreskovich	576
Larry McChesney	410
Mildrid Kozak	339
Zenon Humeniuk	520
Linda Martin	394

The results of the sweep bowling ten regular teams were formed. The regular schedule took place Tuesday afternoon at 4 p.m. At the end of the season trophies and crests were awarded to the winning teams to those with the highest scores and averages. We would like to thank our staff advisor, Mr. Foxcroft, for his valuable assistance.



LEFT TO RIGHT: Mr. Husband, Pam Ross, Judy Miskiw, John Cook.

Badminton

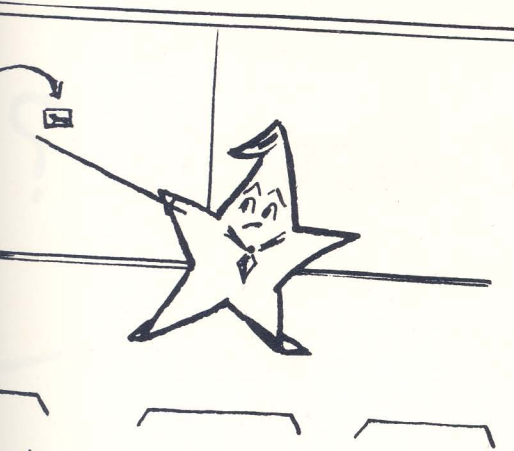
The 1965-1966 badminton season proved to be a very successful one in many respects. It proved a great deal of enjoyment as well as physical exercise for its large number of members. Through practice and informal instruction many members developed their skill as badminton players.

Every Thursday from 7:30 to 9:30 the group of enthusiastic badminton players, both experienced and inexperienced, gathered at Chippewa High School where they engaged in a couple of hours of serious yet enjoyable play.

Mr. Husband could be counted on for devising some unique methods of arranging tournaments. His skill in the game was an aid to many beginners. The Badminton Club would like to thank him for his part in making the Club the success that it was.





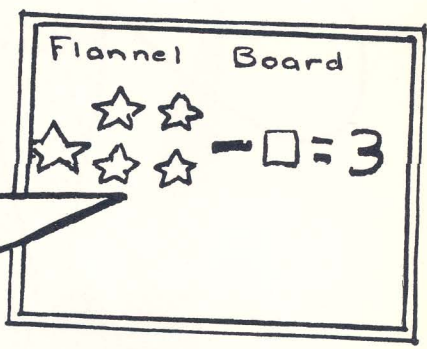
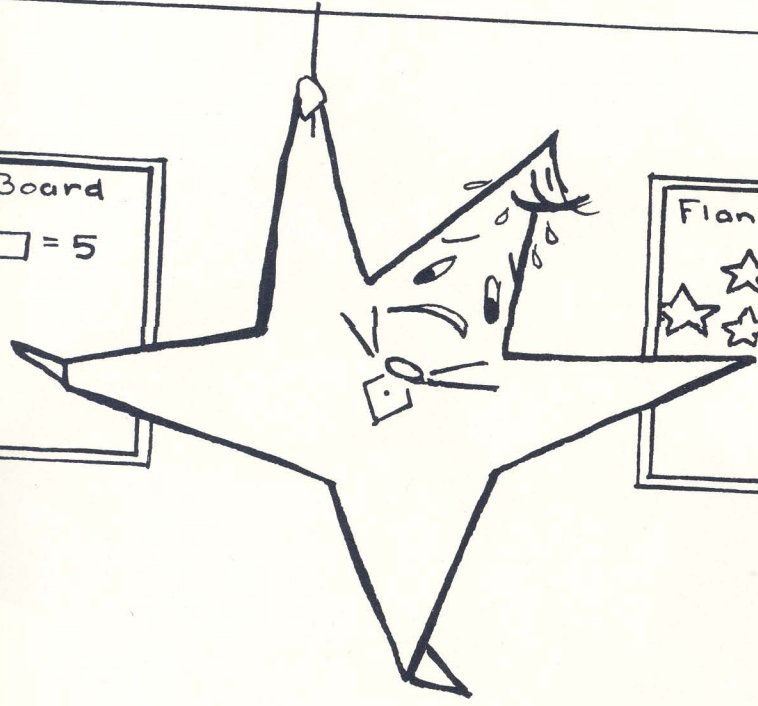
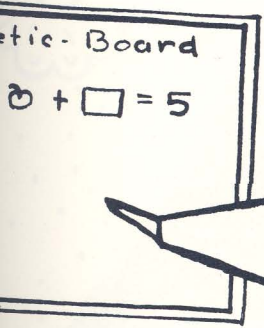
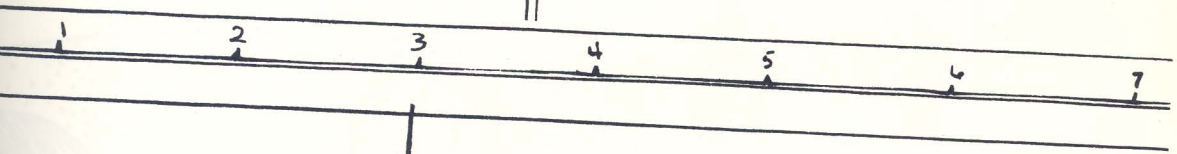


is a visual aid.
ht, class.... ASSOCIATE!!"



father
fat
first

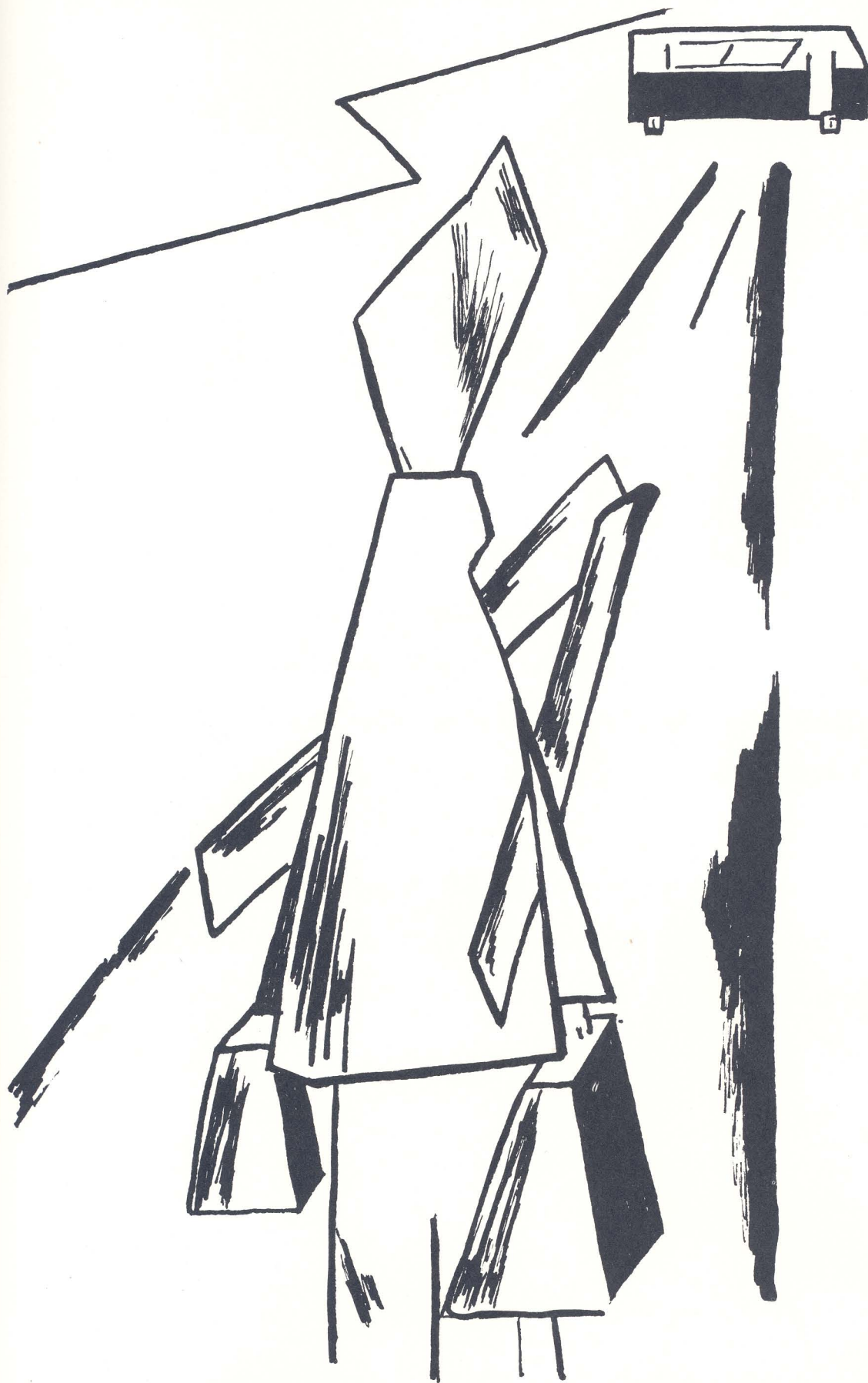
"Sir... Janie
said she likes
you."



"THE MASTER'S COMING!!!"

CONCEPTS ?





Are You--

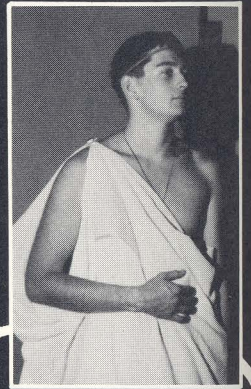
Incompetent, bored, overworked, nagged, intense, patient, esoteric, superstitious, uiscerotonic, half-baked, sincere, chic, subtle, suave, inflexible, capricious, copesthetic, youthful, ambitious, affluent, retarded, mesomorphic, psychotic, senile, hebephrenic, spastic, hypersensitive, introverted, schizoid, ectomorphic, neurotic, erratic, obstinate or extroverted, then visit your friendly psychiatrist, padre, inscrutable staff advisor, or we suggest that you leaf through this collection of the events of the 1965-66 year at North Bay Teachers' College.



**SPECIAL
EVENTS**



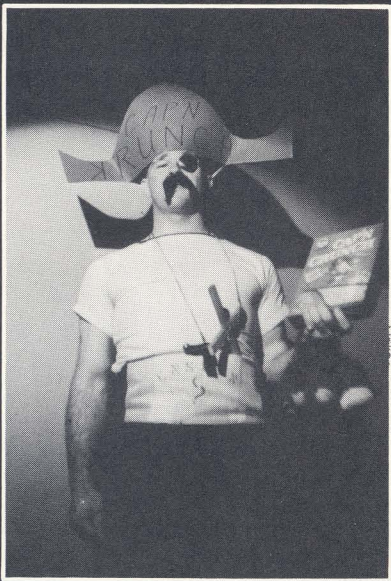
WITCHES'



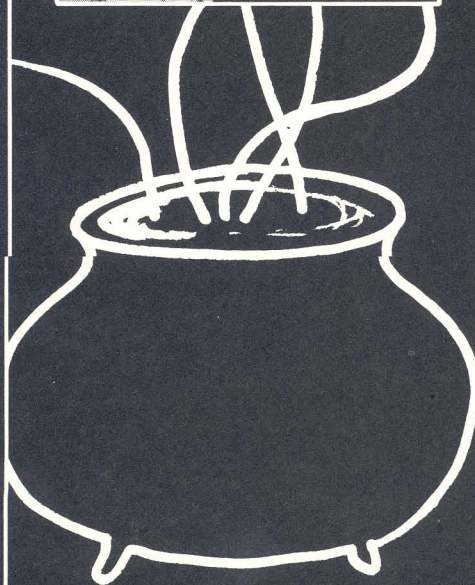
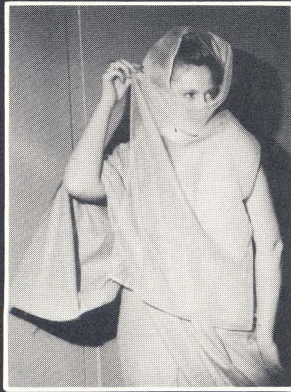
The disguised were piped aboard the quarterdeck and welcomed by the master of ceremonies for the evening, Capt'n Krunch (Don Parker), and his first mate, Carlyle (Bob Willoughby).

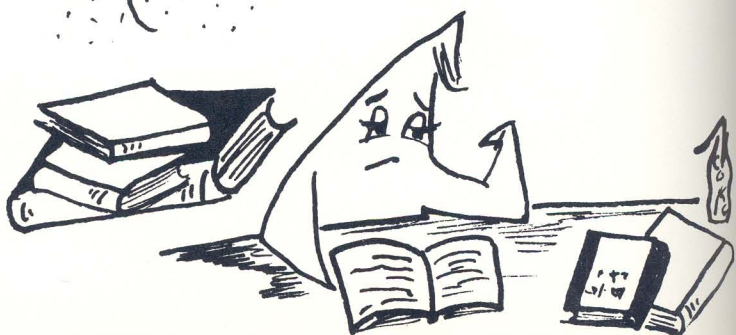
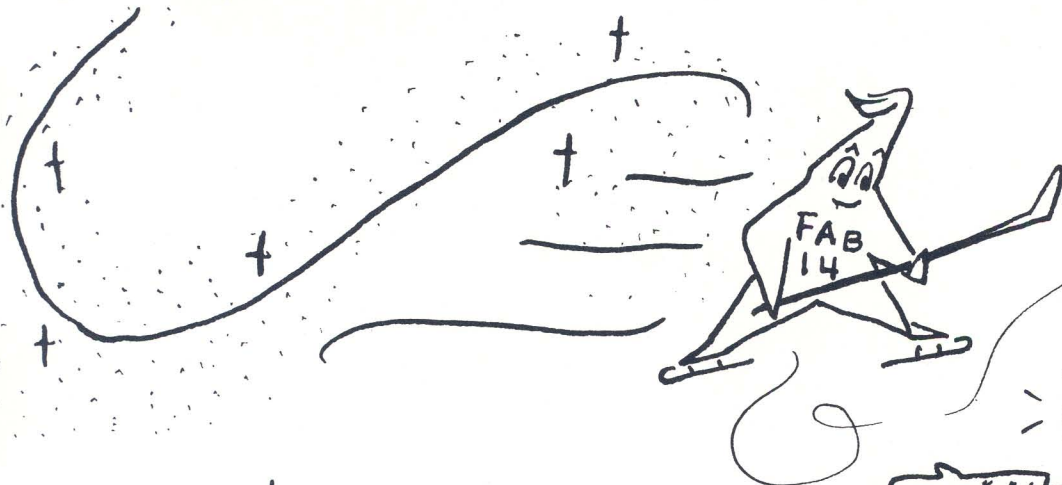
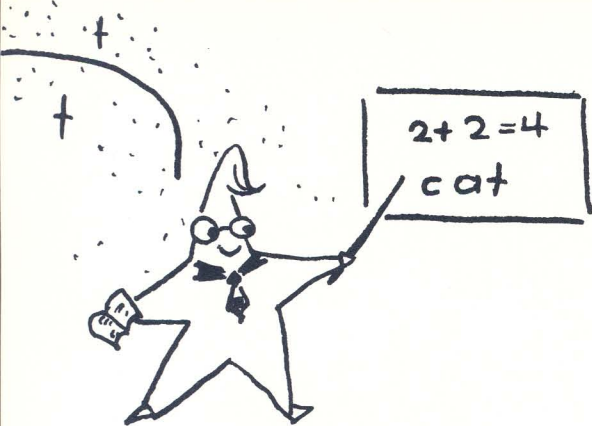
Leaving his inhibitions behind, everyone enjoyed dancing to the "top 40", the apple bobbing, and the poetry recitations of the master of ceremonies.

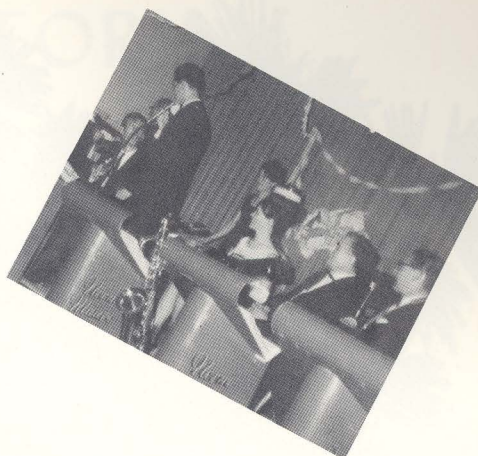
At the witching hour, the ghosts, goblins, and other sundry creatures crept off into their lairs and bid farewell to another Hallowe'en.



BREW

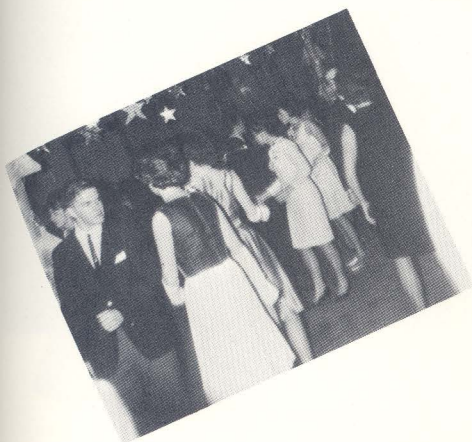
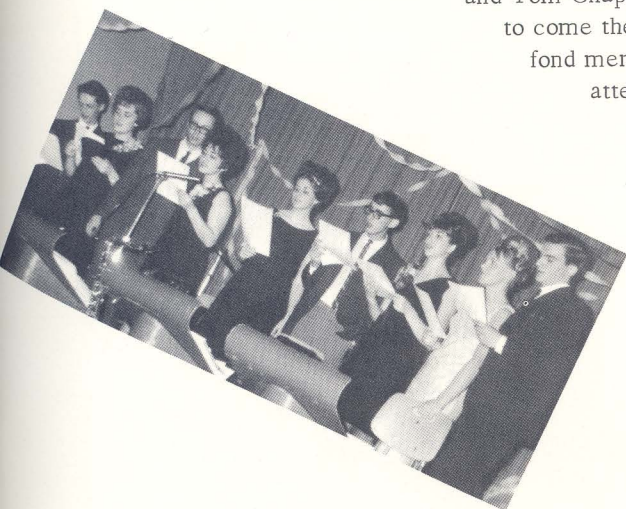






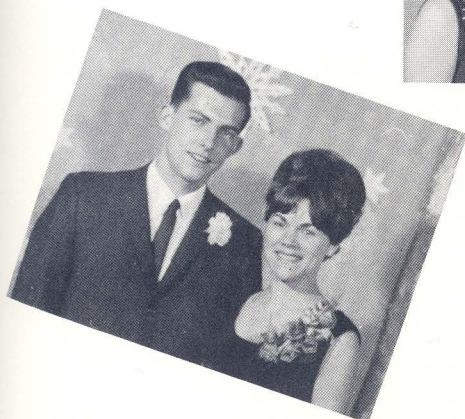
Wonderland by Night

The rhythmic notes of Norm Mauro and his band wafted the dancers through the "Wonderland by Night" with its glittering stars and airy streamers. The evenings highlight proved to be the selection of reigning couple, Diane Vezina and Tom Chapeskie, as queen and king. In the years to come the mere mention of this dance will stir fond memories in the minds of all those who attended.





CHRISTMAS FORMAL



Wenceslastlooked out
on his feet
UN E-E-E-VEN: STEPhen

& THE sno LAY Roundabout
DEEP & CRISP & EVEN

britely Sean the

MOON

thatnito

OnThEcRuStY NOW*SO*DEEP SNOH

KING GOOD leptinto the

fominge briney

and his little weenypage lept after
[in a fit of (servile) joi-de-vivre]

both were (unfortunately)

(yea-tragically)

drowned.

anon E. Mouse





Show me the snowflakes, falling
all around,
Show me the sculptures as they
rise up from the ground;
And I'll show you some young girls
with so many reasons why,
There but for Snow Queen will go
you and I--you and I.

Show me the Friday, the day it
will start.
Show me the students as they all
do their part;
And I'll show you some young girls
with so many reasons why,
There but for Snow Queen will be
you or I--you or I.

Show me the one girl with dreams
all around,
Show me the one girl with a vi-
sion of that crown--
Show me the Snow Queen with so
many reasons why
Here but by fortune and bursting
with pride . . .

(Jane Murray)

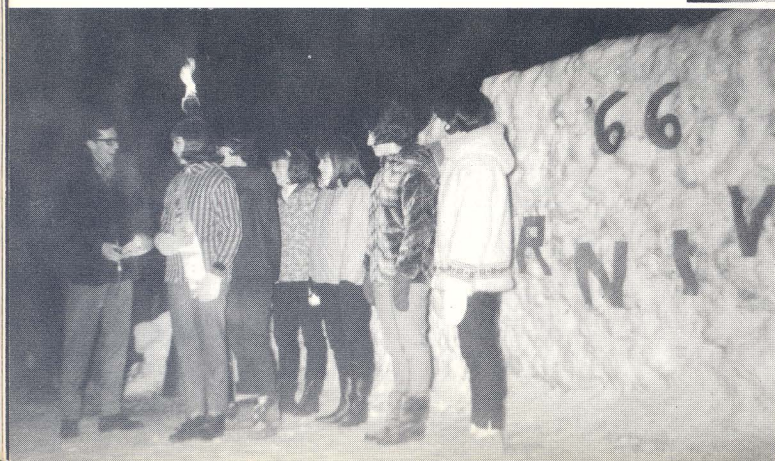
Winter Fantasy

SUCCESS! . . . SUCCESS! . . . SUCCESS!
-- the best word to describe NBTC's first annual
Winter Carnival.

Amid flaring fireworks, enthusiastic cheers, and
delight -- Miss Snow Queen on Campus was crowned.
Miss JANE MURRAY was chosen from five worthy
contestants -- Claire Valiquette, First Princess,
Elaine Harrison, Second Princess, Valerie Brown,
and Rosemary Marshall.

Events continued Saturday with a broomball
tournament, log-sawing contest, chariot races, five-
legged races, tug-of-war, an invigorating hay ride
and a "Thawing Out" dance.

Congratulations and thank you to our Student
Council organizers and to all the helping hands!



The Storm

The wind feels wild, the wind feels free-
Alone, I stand by the restless sea;
Now near, then far, my thoughts do roam-
Sightless, I gaze at the rolling foam.
Slowly the waves churn blue to grey,
And snatch the sand from where it lay;
Then toss it back with a fearful roar
Only to return for more, for more;
Suddenly grey is replaced by black
And still those waves come back, come back
To crash upon the helpless land;
Until at last, I cannot stand
The breakers' roar, the wind's wild scream,
And with a start, I end my dream.
The wind feels fresh, the wind feels free-
Alone, I walk from the restless sea.

Hannahli Oberhansli 0-6

A Swing Named Quigley

I guess the whole thing started when my parents bought one of those gym sets for my brother. Artie, that's my brother, is only eight years old and he really flipped when my dad put it up. Artie doesn't say much, but you could tell that he liked it right away by the way he looked at it. Especially that swing; actually it's called a "Ride Em Swing." It hangs down from the crossbar on the gym frame. It's a teeter-totter too, except one guy can ride it.

Anyway, my dad hardly finished putting the thing together--I would have helped but I smashed my thumb the day before playing baseball--when old Artie jumped on the swing and started to swing back and forth like a madman. Boy, how he loved that swing!

It's a funny thing. Artie doesn't play much with kids his age, not even in his grade at school. But once he got that gym set he practically LIVED out in that yard. Right after school he'd come home, change his pants - he had to wear blue jeans in the yard because my mother didn't want him wearing out the bottoms on a good pair--and he'd tear right out and climb up on that swing.

I used to watch him a lot; I could never understand what he saw in that swing. Sometimes he'd swing real hard, all hunched up like a jockey, and swing his arm like he had a whip and was riding in the Belmont Stakes. Other times he'd just kind of glide back and forth and drag his toes in the dust where the grass used to be and look straight ahead through the bars, like he was thinking or something.

After a while, I kind of forgot about the swing and all--I was busy with school and football - but one day I was coming through the backyard at lunch hour and I noticed the gym set. Someone had painted "Quigley" in real big letters on the side of the swing. It wasn't a very good job, but you could see it plain as day - "Q-U-I-G-L-E-Y."

I figured Artie must have painted it on (where he ever came up with a name like Quigley I'll never know). I asked him about it at lunch and he said that he had done it. I asked him why he wanted to ruin the gym set like that and he got kind of sore and said he didn't ruin it. He said that was the name of the swing. The way he said it made me wonder because he made it sound like the stupid thing really was named Quigley.

After that things got worse. Whenever my mother would ask Artie where he was going, he'd say that he was going out to play with Quigley. He wouldn't say, out to play ON Quigley, but, out to play WITH Quigley. By the end of fall, my parents were starting to worry about the kid. I swear I didn't know WHAT to think. Once the frost set in Artie would cover old Quigley with a blanket at night so he wouldn't get a cold.

Well, some friend of my mother's that she met at her bridge club heard about Artie - I mean by now the whole NEIGHBOURHOOD was talking about the kid! Anyway, she suggested that Artie be psycho-analysed and gave my mother the number of a psychiatrist on the north side of town.

My mother finally gave in. She was really getting SCARED by then. Artie was still riding that swing after the snow came. The first thing I knew about it was when I saw the gym set had been taken down and stored in the garage. My mother used to pick Artie up after school every day and take him to the doctor's office. She told me the doctor hoped to have Artie cured by Christmas and, sure enough, last week he came home after school everyday.

My mother and father haven't mentioned the gym set since then, but they never told me why. I sure was glad Artie was all right. Even though he is my brother it used to scare me to think of him in that doctor's office answering all those questions.

We had a real nice quiet Christmas yesterday. We had a late dinner, the four of us watched T. V., and then went to bed early. I walked by Artie's room to go to the bathroom and I swear that what I saw almost killed me. I gave him a big red fire truck for Christmas and he was sleeping with it beside him. I just can't figure that kid out. You know, he had "Fred" painted in big blue letters on the side of it. How about that kid!

Robert Denham S-1

A Bitter Winter Night

Such a night! Outside my window the wind howls his insidious challenge to the glib inconsequence of man. Biting frost wreaks caustic revenge on anything impertinent enough to cling to life. Above, the sky is clear, cold, and infinitely penetrable; though austere void of light, it is not dark. 'Tis cold-Lord, how cold-steel white cold that pierces cleanly to one's very soul! And from the warmth within stirs an insistent restlessness, a yearning to blow wild and free with the untamed wind. The futility of such a dream frustrates one beyond endurance but worse, far worse, is the cruel mockery of his jeering taunts; his damnable, smug, jeering taunts. Bitter is this night. How bitter!

Judy Mitchell O-6

Beyond Papa's Grip

Slipping, floating, falling, suddenly, then again floating aimlessly through space. Here I am, and Papa is calling, "Here darling Patra. I'm back again but I must leave soon!"

The clouds are so nice, all white and fleecy. Papa holds my hand so tightly. "I will stay with you Papa. Oh! Can you see the clouds?"

A woman is beckoning from a cloud. Does Papa see her?

"Oh see! She is so lovely. Is it Momma? Papa, tell me if it is my Momma. Oh it must be! Momma! Momma! I'm here! Wait for me!"

I must leave Papa now and I don't want to go. Oh, she is beckoning again. "Papa! Don't let me go. She's calling me. You're loosening your grip. Pull me back again to you! I don't want to leave
-----Pull me-----Pull me-----Papa, fare thee well."

The man was very white. The voice, a child's voice, had stopped calling abruptly. Loosening his grip, he let the small hand rest at last. He placed it on her chest. A sheet covered her face now.

"Goodbye my darling daughter. You are with Momma now, and I am so alone. Fare thee well."

John W. Cook S-I

Impromptu

..... and there he lay now, beneath the ground, a ton of earth squeezing the life out of him.

But, almost deliberately, he became conscious. "My God," he thought, "I'll never get out of here!"

"I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!"

Panic seized him. He tried to thrash about to loosen the earth around him; but it held him solidly.

"Be calm, be calm, be calm."

"Who said that?"

"Reach towards the sky."

"Am I hearing things? I must be crazy. Crazy ? Be calm. All right, I'll be calm. I won't panic. Now what?"

He began to move faintly. His muscles began to pull and push, wriggle and shake. He could hardly sense the movement, but he could feel his whole body straining on the earth, and he knew that something must give. But his motions were so imperceptible that not a grain or pebble would budge.

"Great oaks from acorns grow," or is it "Big acorns from great oaks grow ?"

"Why must I be here ?"

"I must try to get out I must try again."

His warm body, beneath the heavy jacket which he was wearing, heaved tremendously; grains of earth trickled away from beneath and above him. He did not care why or where it went - at last he could move! Joyfully, he lay back to rest his exhausted body. He knew that he wasn't out yet; but he was satisfied that he could move a little if he wanted to.

"If I get out of here" Suddenly he broke into tears. He sobbed aloud and his body shook in convulsions as he wept. He could see his parents and friends all standing mournfully at the lip of a deep, black hole, unable to help him. From the bottom of the hole looking up, he could see them, their heads lost in the distance.

"The day is young, and I am beautiful. O canary, my darling's pet with whom she is wont to play"

"Enough tears, you big sissy! Yes dear"

"Get busy and get yourself out of here! . . . Yes, dear."

"If only I can get . . ." he thought, and then one long slender arm poked out from underneath the jacket. Up it reached, burrowing through the earth. Pale, thin, and weak as it was, it had found new strength in the courage of its master, and now another followed it.

"And if only I can get . . ." he thought, and then two, pale, slender legs pushed out and strained against the earth, giving him footing to carry on with his struggle.

Slowly, but surely, he burrowed his way out. In the warm sunshine of a spring day, he yawned and stretched, smiling up at his mother, in whose branches the breeze rustled softly.

John W. Cook S-I

The Longest Day

She was a small girl, small in comparison to others of her twelve years, and today she was very tired. She did not know why she was so weary unless it was because she dreaded that bell at precisely eight o'clock. As she rounded the dusty corner on that momentous day, she felt a gentle breeze caress her freckled face, tantalizingly laden with the tang of burning leaves and crisp fall sounds. Oh, there was so much to do on such a day! But, there it was, that ugly, demanding jangle destroying her "aloneness". With pigtailed flying, Gwenie raced the final hundred yards to the wooden porch of the welcoming yet somehow menacing door of the schoolhouse.

"Gwendolyn, in future, please make a more arduous effort to arrive promptly, and as a lady would," Quickly Gwenie slid into her seat, and tried to cool her hot face which grew yet hotter in embarrassment as snickers arose here and there around the room.

"That is sufficient, class," the voice commanded.

That was it; that voice and that building embodied all that Gwenie loathed within the expanding circle of her hitherto uncluttered life. What were they trying to do to her, locking her up in a square wooden closet when she was unhappy anywhere but outdoors, running carefree and wild through the fields and woodlots? There was no doubt about it; Gwenie detested her first day of school already. She detested the school with its smelly, pot-bellied stove, the stiff implacable desks, and the narrow bare windows, and she detested the teacher. The Teacher! Gwenie studied her more closely.

"She called me 'Gwendolyn', and that was a bad start right off. She sure must be dumb, and a sissy, too! Look at them hands! White and soft as duck down, I bet. Must be close to twenty! Bet she'd sure hate to get them nicey-nice hands dirty, hrmph!"

Yes, Gwenie had made up her mind that she had not liked the idea of school. She did not like it, and she was never going to like it. Grudgingly, and wrinkling her pert nose to register obvious disgust, she gave her more or less complete attention to the teacher who was introducing herself to her very first class.

"Good morning, class. Welcome to your new school. My name is Miss Cupples, and I am to be your teacher."

As the noise died down--noise which ranged from the nervous titters of the seven-year-olds to the bold guffaws of the giants at the rear of the classroom--Miss Cupples outwardly carried on with her somewhat rehearsed opening remarks, while a heroic battle of the spirit raged within.

"Just look at the size of some of these children. Those youngsters at the back are at least ten inches taller than my five feet. But I must not let them think they can get the better of me. I must be severe at first, and I may be able to relax the regulations later, or will I be able to?" With a faint smile, she continued her speech in an increasingly strained tone, while her thoughts raced.

"Goodness, that little redheaded girl looks as though she is positively wishing me out of existence. She is going to be a problem! Such snapping green eyes and such a determined chin! She reminds one of an enraged Lucifer. I believe I shall concentrate on winning her sympathies, for she indeed has the most openly hostile face of any of these students. Let me think --- ah yes, Gwendolyn Lewis."

Almost as if reading Miss Cupples' mind, Gwenie scowled darkly, and her mouth curled down in an expression of pure undisguised contempt.

"She definitely does wish me far away. I must remember not to call her Gwendolyn," This last was added as an afterthought.

Thus, whether she consented or not, or even knew about it, Gwenie was singled out as the wedge with which Miss Cupples was just as determined to enter her pupils' select world as Gwenie was to exclude her.

The day crawled by, morning recess, noontime, and then back inside for the afternoon session. Gwenie had to admit to herself that perhaps Miss Cupples was not as hopeless as she had first determined.

"But I bet she's still too uppity and city-bred to really like it here. Anyway, all she talks about is book learning and arithmetic and stuff. She doesn't say anything about the real important things."

Gwenie's countenance took on a rapt expression of pure pleasure as she saw bubbling streams, waving trees, and friendly mooing cattle flicker past her wide eyes. Swiftly noting this change in her most difficult hurdle (for the other children had been quickly won by her very capable and pleasant methods) the teacher shrewdly decided to try her last enticement.

"Class, may I have your undivided attention here, please. I thought we might go outdoors for a while to study our lesson on how autumn changes under the best possible teacher, Mother Nature herself."

At this, Gwenie roused herself out of her state of semi-consciousness into a position of eager, yet unbelieving expectancy.

However, once outside and underway, Miss Cupples displayed such a knowledge of those things dear to her problem pupil's heart, that Gwenie's prefabricated analysis of her teacher's character was completely shattered.

"Now Gwen," Miss Cupples spoke, looking down at the beaming face, "perhaps you could collect some of the different kinds of leaves we have talked about this afternoon?" Swift agreement was immediately offered, and later, back inside the cheerful little schoolroom, Gwenie no longer felt consumed by her overwhelming desire to see the last of Miss Cupples.

"I guess the teacher's not too bad, Ma. She sure has nice hands. Maybe I'll try to keep mine a little bit cleaner!"

Virginia Ogle O-6

Forge Onward

Just as a man can't be judged by his clothes, one can't expect recognition as a teacher because one has a teaching certificate. It takes much time and effort to synthesize a true teacher. One must forge ahead constantly and to reap benefit from this action one must put forth his best effort. As Kipling put it:

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son."

Forge onward, despite the seemingly insurmountable obstacles; use every minute wisely, and your ideals will be realized. Then, you will deserve the title 'Teacher'!

Cam Demarce 0-2

Ugliness Personified

He was a man of unusually huge proportions. When one regarded him, one immediately thought of extreme clumsiness, like a sea turtle on land. His face, creased and folded with age, had all the characteristics of a topographical map. His eyes, which were extremely piercing, gave one the impression of dark, treacherous, swamp pools. The lines of his face, deeply set, reminded one of roads or river valleys cutting through the terrain. His nose - a great, huge, ugly specimen - had all the connotations of a large mountain with all the accompanying crags and crevices. His mouth, a monstrous cavity filled with decaying teeth, so resembled a gravel pit, that one expected him to spew out bits of stone and sand. For one man to harbour so many horrendous physical qualities affords some evidence to support the shady aspects of the supernatural, and I wondered what this man did to be so cursed in such a manner.

Doug Burns S-I

Repose

Death - the beautiful, silent, serene
Goddess of Freedom from Worldly Pain,
pure and unsullied by squalor-chained man-
waits . . .

She sits on a throne of unparalleled white
incomp'able even to fair Arctic's snows,
purer than white-gowned virgins, She
waits . . .

poor misguided mortals, we see Her as black
when She holds out to us the sweet balm of repose.
She smiles at spurned lenitive, passively
waits . . .

Mistress of All, Betrayer of None,
She offers to us who seek-placid repose.
etern'ly She lives in the aye of time
and She waits . . .

Garry M. Smith 0-8

Haiku To The Fish That Got Away

With silver sleekness
He streaks to impunity-
Where lurk bigger jaws.

Judy Mitchell 0-6

A clever man is like a straight pin . . .
his head keeps him from going too far.

Minds, like parachutes,
won't function unless opened.

Determination is what makes you go back
to conquer what got you before.

Blind Bill

It was a cheery but brisk November Sunday morning. There was a bright blue sky above and the warm sun was quickly melting away the first frosty layer of snow. I entered the Canadian National Institute for the Blind at 9:30 sharp as usual. I walked down a bright hall and turned right at the end. In a small lobby, crowded with hardbacked chairs, were several patrons of this fine Institute, all dressed to go to church. Among the men was a middle-aged disabled person we called Bill.

We were soon in the car and on our way to the church. I glanced up again at that big blue sky. Words failed me as I tried to describe it to Bill. He had been blind since birth and could never really visualize it. I struggled to appeal to all his remaining senses. But you can't smell blue. It might be described as the scent of spring flowers. It might feel like thick velvet. It might sound like the wind blowing through trees. But none of these descriptions was accurate enough. You can only see it and this he could never do.

When we arrived at the parking lot, Bill got out of the car by himself. He needed little aid to reach the side door of the church and to find the side pews reserved for us. With a reverent smile on his face he followed the Mass in his braille prayer book and answered the priest in Latin. His smile brightened and seemed to glow when he heard the bells. I only wish I could learn to be as thankful as he.

Ken Trottier 0-9

First Lesson

It was over. Quietly Marilyn returned to her place and seated herself. In her mind she relived the events of the past few weeks. Initially, there had been the excitement of moving away from home to be really on her own for the first time! This was followed by the tension leading up to today; but now it was all over. Yes, her first lesson had ended. Now, all that remained was the interview with the practice teacher.

The four o'clock bell rang and the teacher led Marilyn and her partners down the hall into a small room and firmly shut the door. He addressed his first remarks to her partners. All the while, Marilyn's nervousness grew.

Finally the teacher spoke to her. The lesson had been a success!

It was a victorious Marilyn who returned to class the next day to prepare herself for the next encounter with a class.

Valerie Netzke S-Z

N.B.T.C.'s Masters

There is a College in a town,
A northern town-North Bay.
A grand old place of fine renown-
Or so the people say.

The students come from miles around
To listen and learn to teach.
They listen well to every sound,
But can they learn to teach?

Mister Deyell, the principal:
"Assistance needed? - Just ring."
Mister Curtis, the Music Master,
Just pipes the pitch. "Class sing."

There are three ladies on the staff:
Miss Rawn is Dean of Women.
It's art at which Miss Stevens laughs,
And for Miss Thorn it's printing.

Misters MacAskill and Johnson
Are in charge of English II.
While Misters Schmidt and Harrington
Prove I and I are 2.

There is a double in the group,
Science and Psych, his task.
Mister Reed helps with the first,
Mister White with the last.

'How to manage parents' children,
They learn from Mister Davies.
With Mister Husband in Phys. Ed.,
Things really move like crazy!

The voyage through the past in three-
History, Geography, Philosophy.
Misters Bell and Van Dusen and
Foxcroft lead them doggedly.

There is a College in a town,
A northern town-North Bay.
A grand old place of fine renown-
Or so the people say.

The students came from miles around
To listen and learn to teach.
They listened well to every sound,
And finally learned to teach.

Requiem of A Mine Shaft

He sat on one of the jumbled piles of shoring timber that lay scattered sporadically about the property and stared down at his feet. His lungs took in short breaths to quell the rising swell of emotion building within himself. His eyes focussed on the rough, foot-thick timber beneath his feet that once stood within the 'guts' of the earth to hold back the unrelenting pressure of nature's protest against man's picking and probing. Man had no longer needed their service and they were ripped from the bowels of the earth to lie pinched, crippled, discoloured and discarded beneath the rays of the sun. His eyes travelled down the pile of timber and on down a slight knoll to fix themselves on the two cylinder-shaped mill drums perched precariously on their concrete legs; their steel ribs were twisted and broken by man in order to remove the vital organs to be transplanted in some other drum in some other place. Behind and to one side, dwarfed in the shadow of the mine shaft's super structure, sat the hoist-man's control building. His eyes found the two rectangular apertures in the wall facing the mine shaft that, in the past, had allowed the hoist-man's cables to climb to the top of the shaft, evoke a wincing squeal from the pulleys, and plummet thousands of feet into the earth on some cargo-carrying mission. His mind climbed from the depths and met his eyes on the mine shaft to contrast what was once a tower of strength standing proudly above its village of dependents with the skeleton of steel girders and its patches of blotched and blemished iron skin standing despondently before him. As he walked back to the car, his stimulated mind recalled with better understanding, Omar Khayyam's,

"The moving finger writes, and having writ
moves on; nor all your piety nor wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line."

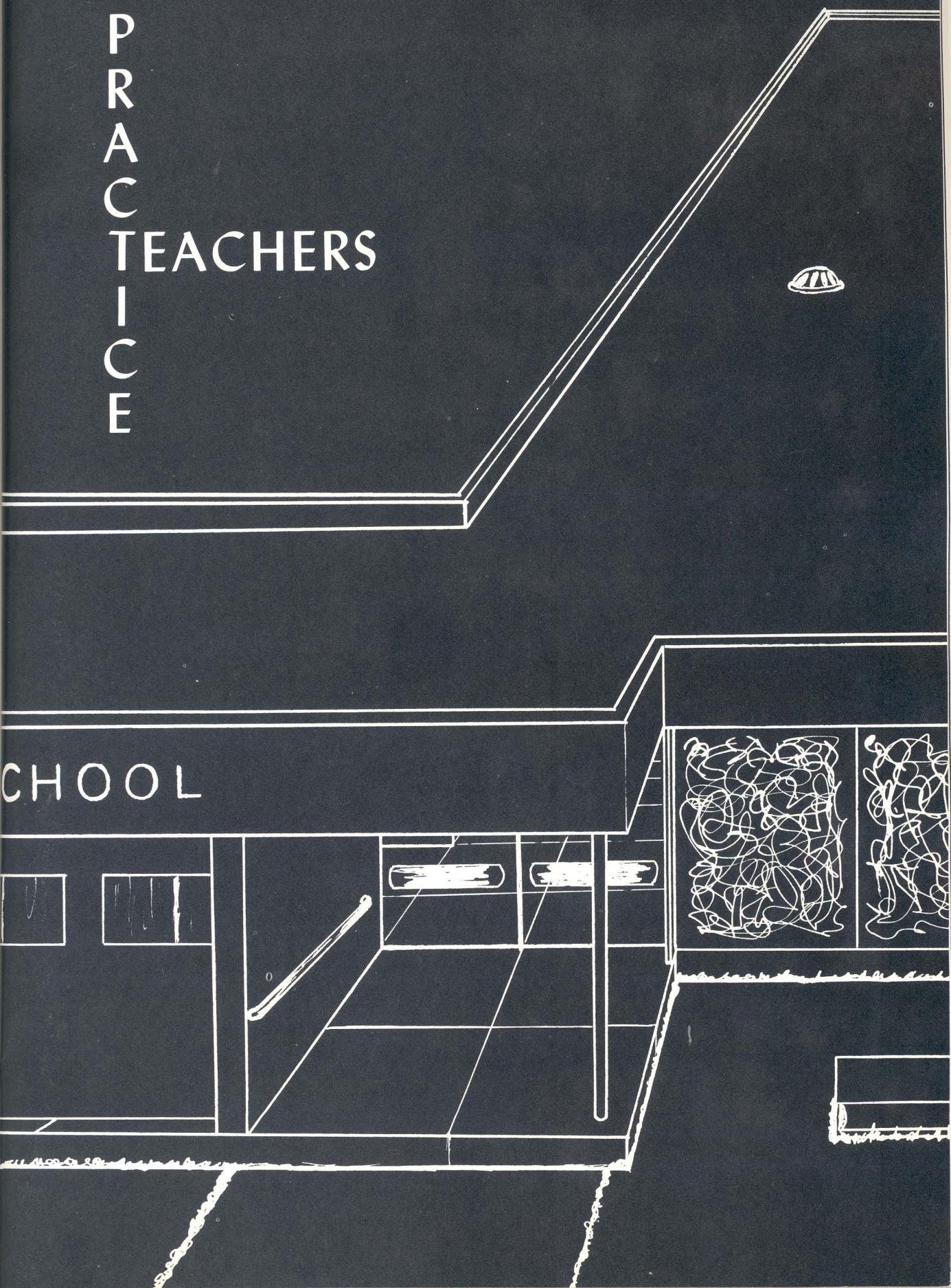
Tom Chapeskie S-1

Don't make the mistake of trying to push ahead by patting yourself on the back.

The fellow who tells little white lies sooner or later becomes colour blind.

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Mrs. Jessie Wilkinson
Mr. David Jacobs
Mrs. Florian Galbraith

Laurentian

Mr. Wayne Bailey
Mrs. Joan Davidson
Miss Glenda Beilhartz

King George

Mr. R. E. Osberg
Mrs. Paula Barber
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O'Brien (Widdifield)

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Mrs. Gladys Salidas

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Mrs. Sadie Brandt

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Corpus Christi
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Mrs. Dorothy Chapman
Mrs. Edna McEwen

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Mrs. Leone MacDonald
Mr. James Rankin
Mrs. Luella Surtees
Mrs. Camello Ceppetelli

St. Mary's
Mrs. Emma Reynolds
Mrs. Helen Petticrew

St. Alexander's
Sister Anastasia
Mrs. Della Groulx
Miss Diane Sarlo
Mrs. Lorraine Reid
Mrs. Norma Benoit
Mrs. Ann Harrington

St. Rita's
Mrs. Claire Gregory
Sister Virginia

St. Joseph's
Mrs. Sara Bucci

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Miss Gladys Murphy
Mrs. Rita Kraus
Mrs. Norma Hadlow
Mrs. Edith Marcotte

Pope John XXIII
Mrs. Linda Ceppetelli
Mr. Rene Leroux

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Sudbury

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Mr. Robert Hammond

St. Theresa
Mr. Bryan Gleason

St. David
Mrs. Brenda Doucette
Mrs. Lois Turcotte
Miss Norah Kelly

St. Thomas
Miss Jean Campbell

St. Alphonsus
Miss Vera Hrycenko
Mrs. Margaret Frey

St. Bernadette
Mrs. Frances Simeoni
Mrs. Ann Mei

St. Michael
Mrs. Sonja Dunn

St. Anthony
Mr. Wayne Reynolds
Mrs. Elva Pellerin

St. Albert
Mrs. Kathleen Beckett

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extend a very warm welcome to the women graduates of

Teachers' College

OUR AIMS

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

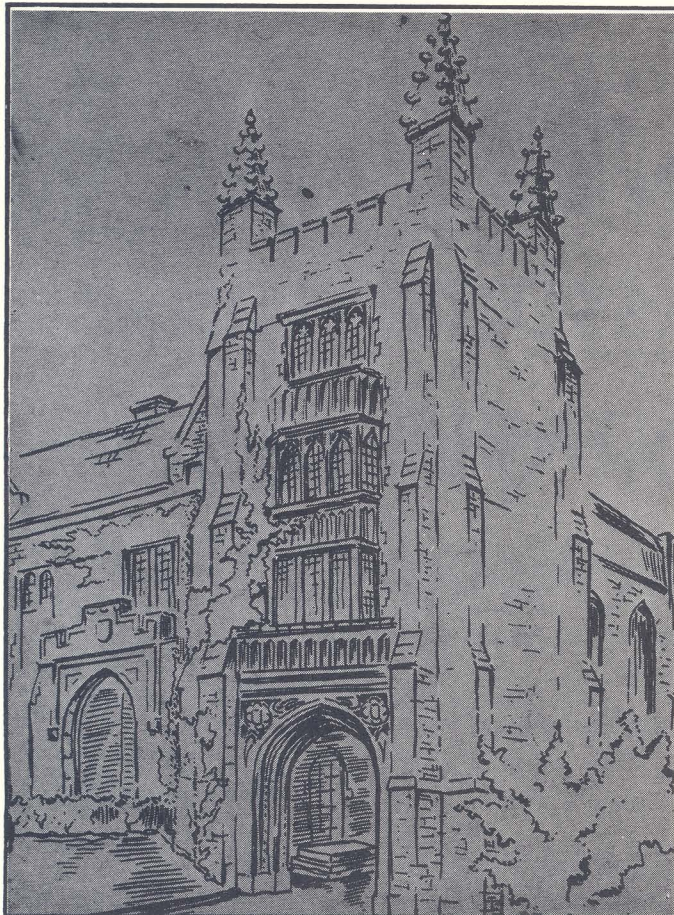
OUR SERVICES

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

YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES

- to strive to achieve and maintain a high degree of professional competence
- to endeavour to uphold the honour, the dignity and the ethical standards of your professional organization
- to participate actively in the work of the Federation which serves you

(Miss) Margaret J. Grant, B.A., Toronto
President



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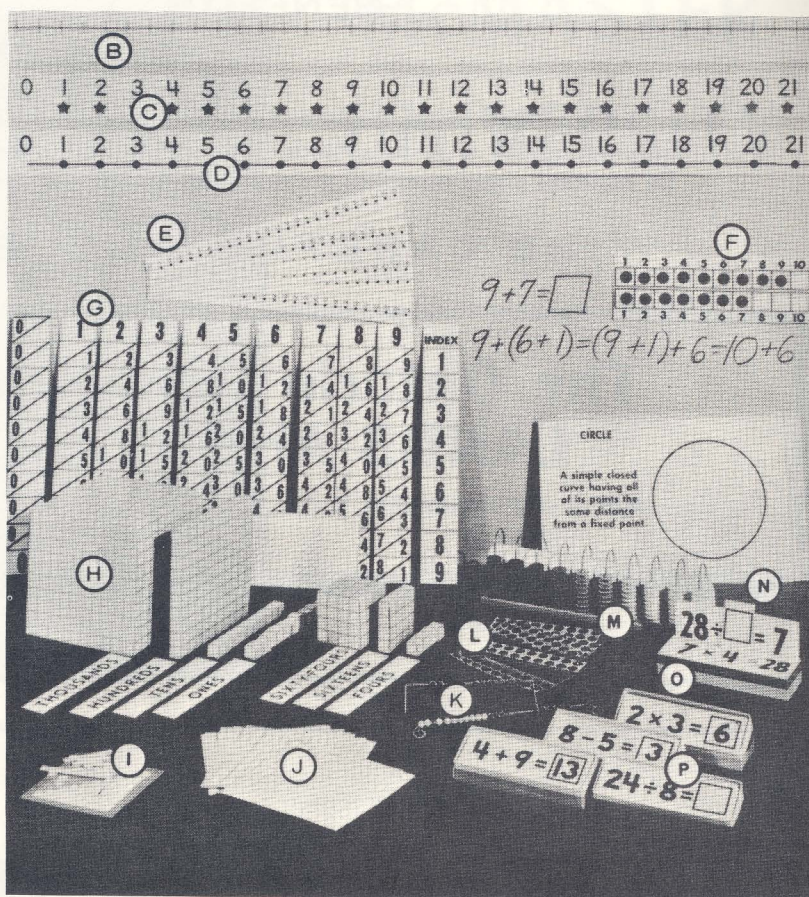
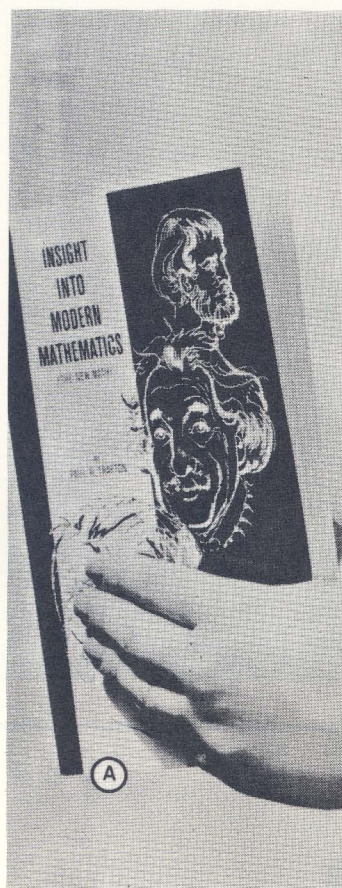


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ONTARIO PUBLIC SCHOOL MEN TEACHERS' FEDERATION



To our Associates in the Teachers' Colleges ---

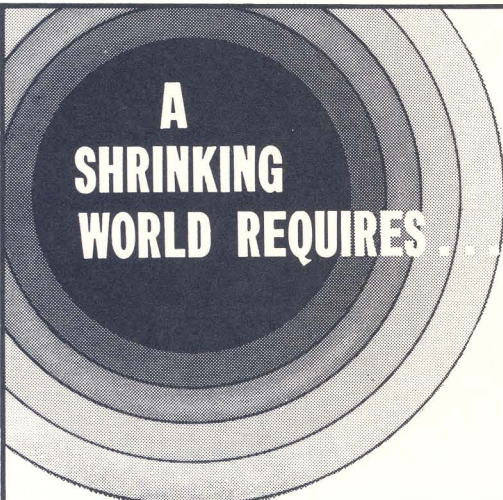
I expect that by the time this message reaches you, your year of Teacher Training will be nearly complete. Without a doubt, it will have been one of the busiest years of your life. Due to the brevity of your training, it will be unusual if you do not have a feeling that there are some questions concerning teaching still unanswered. In one year it is impossible to encompass all the boundaries of knowledge that are involved in teaching. The search for answers in education will absorb your whole career. I just hope that you persevere long enough to find some of them.

What are the opportunities for personal and professional growth in teaching? They are unprecedented. The danger is in staying too long in one place or in one grade. Be alert to the opportunities that come along. Be mobile in your first few years --- move around and get a breadth of experience. There will be time to specialize later.

In addition to fulfilling your own individual ambitions, I would encourage you to become an active member of your professional organization. Next Fall, if you are employed by a public school board, you automatically become a member of the Ontario Public School Men Teachers' Federation. Be an active member; attend your first Branch or District meeting in September. Only by personal involvement in your professional organization can you function as a truly professional person.

On behalf of the Ontario Public School Men Teachers' Federation, I extend to you best wishes for a successful year, and may you have a long and distinguished career as a member of the teaching profession.

L.H. Outram,
OPSMTF President.

A graphic consisting of several concentric circles of varying shades of gray, creating a tunnel-like effect. The text is centered within the innermost dark circle.

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