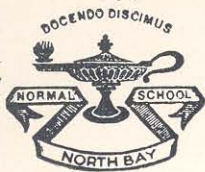


POLARIS



1952-53



POLARIS

THE
FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL
YEAR-BOOK

PREPARED BY THE

STUDENTS OF THE

North Bay Normal School

MAY, 1953

With Our Yearbook
The 1953 Class Wish To
Commemorate The Coronation
of
Her Most Gracious Majesty
Queen Elizabeth 2nd
June the Second, 1953

North Bay Normal School



The Principal's Message . . .

Even as the present year has been a most important one to each of you, so has it been a most notable one in the larger sphere of world events. The year 1066 is known as the year of the Norman Conquest and 1215 as the year of Magna Charta. The current year may similarly be designated as Coronation Year and this year's students as the Coronation Class.

Almost four hundred years ago, Elizabeth I ascended the English throne at a time when the country was beset by enemies without and rent with inner schisms and unrest. Yet this reign was destined to be one of the greatest in English history and produced such men as Raleigh, Davis, Frobenius, Drake and Shakespeare, whose names are written deep in the annals of British history.

May not there be an analogy during the current period as Elizabeth II comes to the throne. Recent years have been trying and difficult ones for the British people yet they have faced them with outstanding courage and determination. Already many signs of resurgence are apparent in the national life of these tenacious people, and it may well be that the splendours of the days of the first Elizabeth will be duplicated in the achievements of the reign of her namesake.

Elizabeth II has already given every indication of the possession of those qualities that make for greatness — devotion to duty, singlemindedness of purpose, unswerving loyalty, fixed determination and firm trust in her Creator. Even as these qualities are needful for the discharge of the heavy responsibilities that are hers, so are they required in the field which you have selected for your labours. The cultivation and exemplification of those qualities are earnestly commended to you.

E. C. BEACOM.

North Bay Normal School



GREETINGS FROM THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION

To tell you that I am particularly interested in your progress and in your success in the teaching profession is, of course a truism because I have a special interest in the welfare of the children of this Province and am most anxious that they should have the very best of instruction. You will, I hope, provide that instruction and I have every confidence that this hope of mine is well-founded.

Permit me to say to you, first of all, that we must all resist the idea, which some people seem to be trying to promote with much vigour, that hard work is no longer an essential for success. Let me assure you that in this new country, this Dominion of Canada, we are all obligated to work as hard as we can to fulfil our duties as citizens and to display our grati-

tude for the privilege of living and working in the finest and freest country in the whole world. It is plain, simple hard work which leads to achievement and to a happy life. Of course, we need to play and we need to have fun and we must have relaxation but the emphasis must always be on our work.

There are people who say, and there seems to be some basis for what they say, that religion is being neglected by an increasing number of our citizens. I hope that no such neglect can be charged to the students in our Normal Schools because they know that no country can prosper for long if its people do not practise their religion, whatever that religion may be. You will be called upon to give Religious Instruction in your schools when you become teachers and I hope that you will give attention to that particular subject.

Change is not always progress and new ideas are not necessarily good ideas. Let me impress upon you the necessity and desirability for stressing in the Elementary Schools of this Province of Ontario the basic fundamental subjects of instruction such as Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, History and Geography. There are other subjects on the curriculum, subjects that are desirable, interesting and necessary but none of the so-called newer subjects should ever be permitted to encroach upon the time and attention that must be given to the old traditional subjects in which every citizen should be proficient. In our schools we must produce intelligent, religious, loyal citizens who are able to do their own thinking and to form their own opinions.

I wish you the very best of success and enjoyment in your teaching careers and I hope that you will all be buoyant, enthusiastic, happy teachers working in the cheerful atmosphere of your classrooms.

W. J. DUNLOP,
Minister of Education.

North Bay Normal School



HEAD, HEART AND HAND

"To all those who with head, heart, and hand toiled in the construction of this monument to the public service, this is inscribed." Such is the "thank you" that appears on the walls of a great building on this continent. As I followed the inscription, I lingered on the words: **head, heart, and hand**. Classes of school children rose in my mind's eye — boys and girls so different in their abilities and interests, yet so alike in their need of wise guidance in the home and at school. The education of head and hand requires information and skill; the education of the heart needs something more. As Arthur Guiterman has written:

*No printed page nor spoken plea
May teach young hearts what men should be —
Not all the books on all the shelves,
But what the teachers are themselves.*

I am confident that you, the members of this year's class at the North Bay Normal School, will prove equal to the task that lies before you. To each of you I extend all good wishes for success and happiness.

F. S. RIVERS,
Superintendent of Professional Training.

North Bay Normal School

Staff



MISS B. DICK, B.A., B.Paed.

Master
Literature, Reading,
Speech Correction,
Religious Education,
Mathematics (in part).



MR. E. C. BEACOM, B.A., B.Paed.

Principal
Science, School Management.



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

Master
Art, Social Studies, Writing.



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

Master
Agriculture,
General Methodology,
Mathematics (in part).



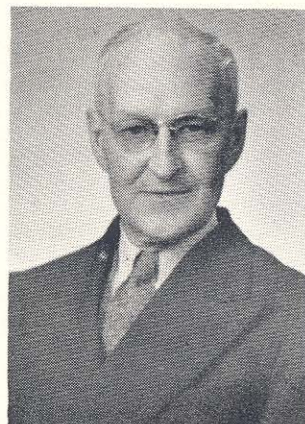
MR. A. R. MacKINNON, M.A.

Master
Child Study,
Mental Health,
Composition, Grammar,
Spelling.

North Bay Normal School



MISS E. MITCHELL, B.A.,
Mus. Bac., M.S.,
Librarian
School Library Service,
Children's Literature.



MR. H. L. BAMFORD, A.T.C.M.,
Instructor
Music.



MR. A. B. REED,
Instructor
Crafts.



MISS AGNES JOHNSON,
Instructor
Home Economics.



MISS S. STANLEY, B.A.,
Master
Health,
Physical Education.



MISS K. McCUBBIN,
Secretary.

North Bay Normal School



Rev. H. Bridge, Dr. J. Semple, Rev. F. Stymiest, Rev. A. Hancock,
Rev. P. Cavanagh, Rev. C. Large, Rev. G. Herbst.

A Final Word . . .

"The future of little children is in your hands, God bless you in your efforts."

REV. C. F. LARGE.

"On behalf of the Presbyterian Church it has been a pleasure to be giving religious instruction to the students."

REV. A. R. HANCOCK.

"Learn well, teach well, live well, and life will be full."

REV. H. E. BRIDGE.

"A renowned teacher once said, 'The great use of life is to spend it for something that will outlast it.' So, may none of you cheat yourselves out of heaven's blessing."

REV. F. L. STYMIEST.

"In order to think or speak clearly, it is necessary to have at one's command sharply defined, forceful and elegant words. To be effective, words like other tools must be kept clean and sharp."

DOCTOR J. SEMPLE.

"It is my prayer that you Graduates of the North Bay Normal School will be teachers who are fully aware of your tremendous responsibilities, and who will contribute to the strengthening of our civilization by restoring to it the Christian and classical ideals upon which it was founded."

REV. CAVANAGH.

"True wisdom embraces two parts: to be able to attain it and impart it to others."

REV. G. HERBST.

MESSAGE TO OUR RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTORS

The students of the North Bay Normal School wish to express their appreciation to the ministers and priests of the North Bay Churches. With their guidance we may now go to our classrooms with the ability to explain and teach the Word of God. Thanks also is given for their counsel and friendship throughout the year.

North Bay Normal School

Practice School Teachers

URBAN

Miss A. Runciman
Miss E. Durrell
Miss E. Munns
Mrs. C. Deyell
Mrs. C. Barringer
Mrs. E. Pigott
Miss Hilda Menzies
Miss L. St. Louis
Miss H. Willoughby
Miss M. Thompson
Miss Helen Joyce
Miss Betty McIvor
Miss N. Deneau
Mrs. M. Barber
Mrs. Marie Cook
Miss L. McNaughton

Miss D. Nichols
Miss M. Sage
Miss H. Sheppard
Miss M. Stephen
Mrs. Alice McDonald
Miss K. Sage
Miss C. Lett
Miss M. Forrest
Mrs. D. Curran
Mrs. A. Pritchard
Miss M. Barlow
Mr. R. Keetch
Miss E. Butler
Mrs. F. Wallace
Mr. R. L. Newman
Mrs. Ethel Thompson

Miss Ella Thompson
Mr. R. J. Lehman
Miss E. Stevens
Mr. J. Weller
Mr. M. T. Davidson
Mrs. L. Daly, B.A.
Mr. A. Schmidt
Mr. Morley Barnes
Mr. L. H. Phillipps
Mr. J. O. Nugent
Mr. R. McKee
Mrs. Edith Devine
Miss S. Farrell
Mrs. T. Vaillancourt
Miss D. Leflar
Miss H. Brown

RURAL

Mrs. K. Gaudaur
Mrs. A. Parks
Miss E. Lynett
Miss B. Cagnon
Mrs. D. Johnston

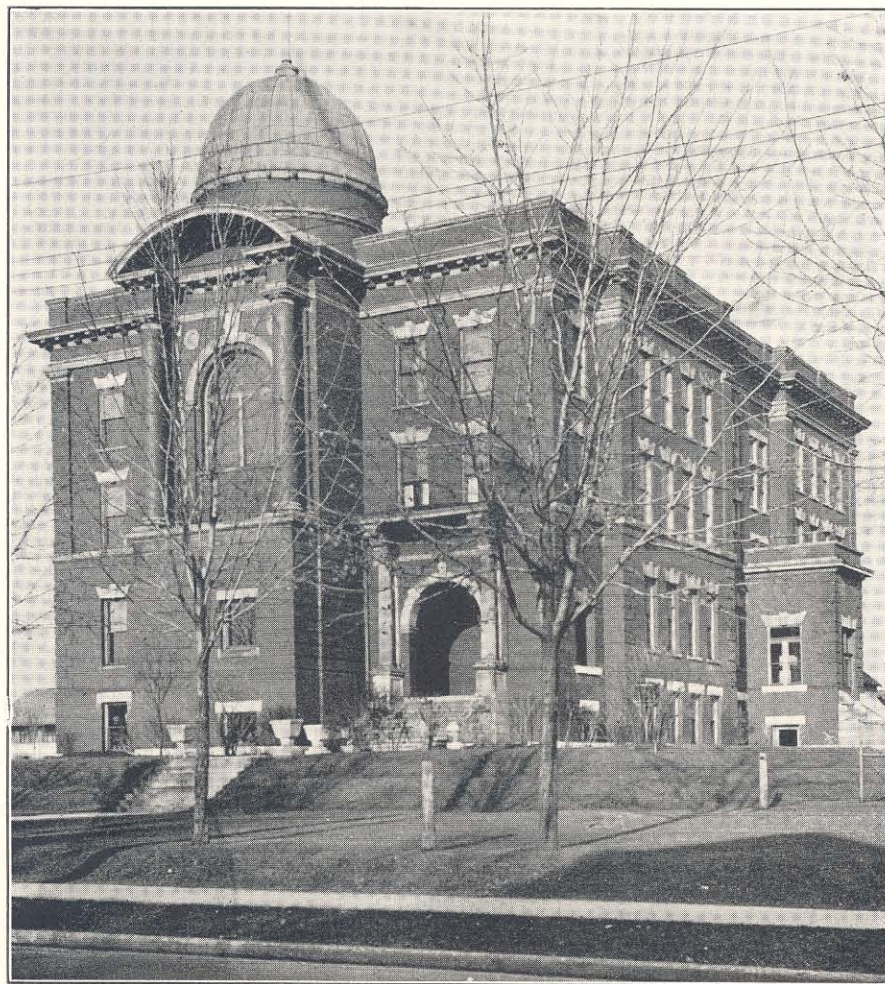
Mrs. B. Latimer
Miss M. McCabe
Miss S. Dahm
Mrs. V. Shortreed
Mr. G. Weaver

Mrs. H. Weaver
Mr. W. Taylor
Mrs. Y. White
Sister Jeannette
Sister Anastasia

TO THE PRACTICE SCHOOL TEACHERS

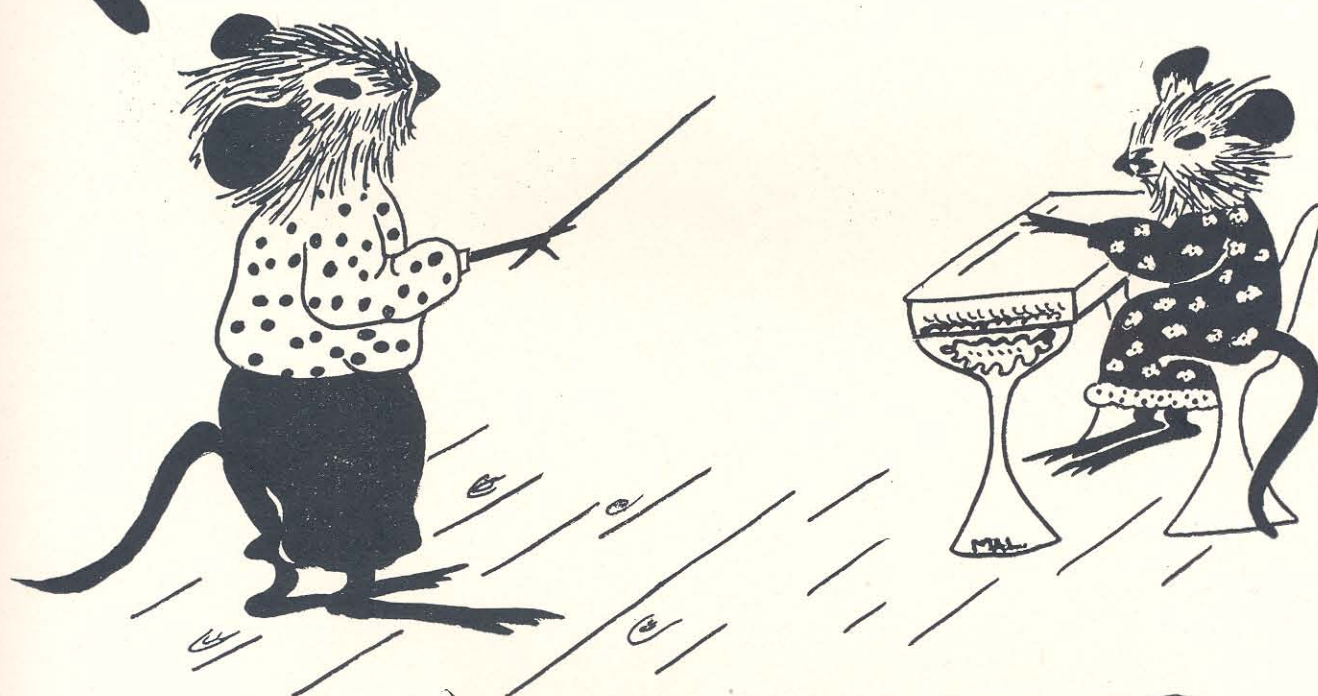
With sincere appreciation, we add a note of thanks to the Practice School Teachers. Without their kind and considerate co-operation, our gradual development into tomorrow's teachers would have been impossible.

North Bay Normal School



NORTH BAY NORMAL SCHOOL

PORTRAIT OF A



TEACHER

North Bay Normal School



YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Ken McLarty, Don Ingram, Ellen Torina, Nestor Chehowy.

Middle Row—Donna Forbes, Pat Mahoney, Jean Thompson, Dianne Barber, Eila Siren, Jane Keenahan.

Front Row—Marilyn Ledrew (Art Ed.), Miss E. Mitchell (Staff Advisor), Ron Tallon (Editor-in-Chief), Mr. A. R. MacKinnon (Staff Advisor), Mildred Gowan, Ned Brownlee (Bus. Mgr.).

"The old order changeth yielding place to new."—TENNYSON.

This, the year 1953, is an important year of changes. We have seen ourselves change in a multitude of ways as we prepared for the teaching profession. We shall see also another change, since our home for the past year, the North Bay Normal School, will become the North Bay Teachers' College in July, 1953. As we begin our new roles next year, what new role will our school have with its new name?

The building was constructed in 1909 to serve the needs of a then pioneer community — Northern Ontario. From that date, North Bay Normal School has undergone many aspects of change. It lived through the tensions prior to the First World War. It sent many of its graduates into the trenches of Flanders Field. Many failed to return. Through the twenties, the school grew with the booming North and sent its students all over Ontario. It survived the depression period and the tensions preliminary to a Second World War. Again in the second conflict many North Bay Normal School graduates went to war. Again many failed to return. Now, in the contemporary period, our school survives the Cold War. In its time it has seen hundreds of young, eager students enter its portals and leave as mature, eager teachers. Principals, Masters and Instructors were welcomed and given sad farewells through the years. And last but not least, the curriculum has varied all the way from the formal "Three R's" to "Progressive Education". The new name of North Bay Teachers' College is only another phase of change.

It has been said that one cannot remain stationary—he must either go forward or regress, and this is most true of the educational profession. We must continue to learn from the example of our school, treasuring the values that have been tried and found good in the past and yet maintain a keen interest for new ideas that are necessary for progress. Like the North Bay Normal School we should yield to change and be mindful of what Tennyson said:

*"I am part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move."*

With this we place in your hands the North Bay Normal School Year Book of 1953. It records the change in our lives during the year, in the form of that familiar old lesson plan—will you ever forget it?

—RON TALLON,
Editor-In-Chief.

North Bay Normal School

Subject Matter

IOLA ADDISON

Our Burk's Falls Girl is in a whirl. She's responsible for the running of elections on a democratic basis and the sparkling assemblies.



ROMA AUSTIN

This little bundle from "Nowhere" became form representative by holding the attendance slip over our heads.



CARL BALLSTADT

Master puppeteer from the Soo, has always something in store for you.



SHIRLEY BARRETT

Really throws her "Waite" around and has advanced far in the teaching profession.



LOIS BLACKBURN

She's a big wheel — comes from the hub of the north — Kirkland Lake.



GWEN BRICKETT

Parry Sound is her research laboratory for meaningful devices.



JIM AMM

Hails from Huntsville — a place of renown, and is still reigning over us (at least in height).



SHIRLEY BACON

Comes from McMaster and is a "master" at singing and fulfilling presidential duties.



DIANNE BARBER

A lively gal from Porcassan. Why is it that she can really make "time" now?



JACOB BLACK

From Barwick — adept at a jig saw and a side of bacon — founder of the famous footbath.



STAN BRADSHAW

Came from Huntsville to set up housekeeping. Spanish rice is one of his specialties.



EDWARD BROWNLEE

A distinctive member of the student body. A business manager donated by North Bay and vicinity.



North Bay Normal School

MYRA BRUCE

From Desbarats she comes — at our activities to hum.

LEO BRUZAS

Fort William's contribution to the Forbes Motor Company. He's quite the basketball player we hear.

DONNA BULL

Our accomplished poetess. Her only interest is the Combines and Jonesy.

MARY BURNETTE

Why is it this Haileybury girl is so down on men — always "just friends". She's quite the gal for humour.

IRENE CARLSON

Comes from Blind River. She could easily give up the teaching profession and take up the fishing industry.

NESTOR CHEHOWY

How does this athlete manage to get along so well with the teachers? Possibly the same way he hits it off so well with our group as the "live wire".



HELEN BRUETSCH

From Waldhof to participate in our Rhythm on the Range.

HEATHER BRYDGE

Comes to us from Kirkland Lake. Her talent lies in art. Green looks lovely with her hair.

JEANNE BULLIED

Our thanks to Emo from whence she hails. Helps keep up our spirits with her many tales.

PAT CAMPBELL

This Rainy River gal likes to warble Irish songs. Why does Pat like to spend weekends at Novar?

FRED CARTER

Fred's ability with us, as his fingers was not entirely developed in school. He's strictly a Continental man. He's Cochrane's contribution to us.

ISABEL CHRISTILAW

A talented singer from Blind River. Her friendly manner makes our Chris popular with all.

North Bay Normal School

SARAH COGHLAN

Fort William is the home town of this sparkling-eyed girl who keeps the class alive with her witty remarks.



YVONNE CONROY

Huntsville hasn't as much attraction for Yvonne as the west has. "Teaching is better in the west," so she says.



MARGARET CRACK

Why does the Soo always remain over the week-end at the places she teaches?



LILLIAN CROZIER

Lillian shouldn't have much trouble detecting absentees in her classroom next September since she had the responsibility of the attendance sheet all year. She represented the northern town of Chapleau very aptly.



RHONA CURRIE

When it comes to singing "Shanty Town" and "MacNamara's Band", Rhona's our choice. Her main ambition is to be musical supervisor at Dayton.



DAVID DUNHILL

According to Mr. "D" there is only one city in Canada. His favourite saying of course, "Now, back in Port Arthur we have . . . !"



RITA CONNELLY

This little girl from Fort William is very quiet but has North Bay interests far from Normal.



DALMER COWDEN

This "slow-down" kid from Schumacher loves to sing the latest hits from Nipissing Junction.



JAMES CRAIG

If there weren't so many "vegetables" in Normal, possibly Jim would enjoy himself more.



ORMA CUNNINGHAM

One of our Normal School's basketball players, she is an all round good sport, and proved a great help to "Honest" John Zupancic's bowling team.



THERESA DANEFF

She added zip and zest to our school parties, and our class life as well. She was superb as "Queen of Hearts."



BOB FASANO

"Buzz" is the name and "busy" is the nature. This fellow has dramatic ability along the "caterpillar" lines. His goal is to get a strike in bowling.



North Bay Normal School

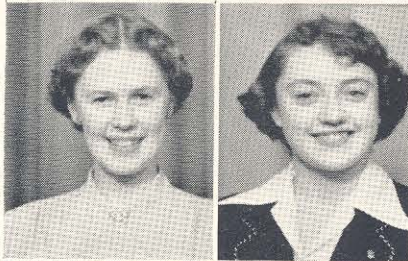
DONNA FORBES

Donna hails from the Soo, is Polaris representative, has done some acting (Little Running Deer) and hopes to teach at the Lakehead.



JOAN GEMMELL

Joanie plans to teach Normal Students the ways of attaining enthusiasm in the classroom. She can often be heard praising Academy life and food. When she exclaims "Oh yes," she means it.



JEAN GOEBEL

Bagpipes and music. Queen's and Normal, keeps this fair lass well occupied. She plans to be president of the "Blackbirds" "next" year.



MILDRED GOWAN

This lady stormed into North Bay from the "Wild North" — Port Arthur! Millie was helpful in all school activities.



LORETTA HUGHES

It's Academy life for her! But, she's going back to Kirkland Lake for a year. We like her for her laughs and her favourite saying "forget it."



RUBY HURLEY

Our hard-working girl from the Sault, Ruby can usually be heard singing about the school in her pleasant alto voice. Ruby plans to teach in a rural school.



MARY GATHERUM

Mary enjoys life. She has the ability to smile throughout the week and we know that her pupils will gain much from her influence.



NORMA GILLIES

An attractive girl who laughs at everybody's jokes. She is like a beam of sunshine on a rainy day and is willing to help in any way.



MARGARET GORDON

The girl with the constant smile, Marg's ambition is to become a teacher but as a clerk in Woolworth's she is unexcelled. She claims that she can bowl — she did win the booby prize.



KENDALL HOUSE

A willing leader in all the goings-on, Ken gets things done with much merry-making. Affectionately known as "Shack", Ken is a good-natured entertainer, Sudbury Style.



LOIS HUNT

Espanola's pride and joy. Her constant smile and twinkle will help her to realize her high ambitions.



DONALD INGRAM

This Soo gentleman contributed much to the publication of "Polaris", besides playing an excellent sleepy door-mouse in Alice in Wonderland — "Twinkle! Twinkle! Twinkle!"



North Bay Normal School

HELEN JENKINS

She plans to return to the old home town, Matachewan for that summer-wedding and then a future career of teaching (for a few years). She's the gal who is the whiz in the shop and spends half her time telling us what and how to do woodwork.

JANE KEENAHAN

Our "Little Alice in Wonderland". She is also a wonder in music, singing, and in teaching. Future ambition is to teach until superannuated.

CLAIRE LANGLOIS

Time flies for "Puts". Her favourite expression is none other than "Slow Down". This short, dark haired Miss from Schumacher is the life of the party in class or out.

MARILYN LEDREW

A native of the North-west and in art she proves to be the best. She always makes a "strike" even if it is in bowling.

WILMA LEITERMAN

This gal finds music class a complete mystery, but ask her anything about a general store and she's an expert. She's pretty handy as a make-up artist, too.

MARGARET LINEHAM

Marg is Copper Cliff's gift to us. She is quite active in school and is forever saying, "You're not just whistlin' Dixie".



LEONARD KAY

Leonard is Group II's able Junior Red Cross representative. He displayed great ability as the Mad Hatter in "Alice in Wonderland".

EILA LAITINEN

Besides being Frog Footman, she is a legend-writer of Wahnapiac. Her aim is to be successful next year in Sudbury.

MURIEL LAWRENCE

Muriel is Englehart's representative to Group II. Her ambition is to reach a height of five feet. Her favourite expression is "Oh!" (followed by a hearty laugh.)

CECILIA LEDYIT

This "Three of Diamonds" did a good job of "reddening the white roses in "Alice in Wonderland". Her ambition is to teach high school mathematics.

BETTY LETENDRE

Our baby-faced gal from the metropolis of Geraldton. Her favourite expression — "Oh, y'know what happened?" Her pet ambition, — the same as any other girl's in Normal.

DOROTHY LLOYD

This pert little Miss comes to us from Timmins but her main ambition is to teach in the North Bay area. Dorothy ably represented Group II in the First Term Students' Council.

North Bay Normal School

GRACE MacDONALD

Grace came to us in the middle of the term from Group Three. Her ready smile and hard work certainly gave our group a boost.

JEAN MACKLER

"Cadillacs are just for people who can't afford an International," says Jean. Her only grudge against the Bay is the curfew at the Academy.

SOPHIE MacPHAIL

Sophie is one girl who can't be tied down. Besides all her homework, she finds time to keep up with her choir work and Sunday School teaching.

FRANK MANELLA

Frank is learning two jobs during his year at Normal. Even if he doesn't stick with teaching, he can always fall back on his cooking, eh Stan?

JOYCE MARIGOLD

After two years at Queen's, Joyce decided it was time for a rest so she came to us. Having to carry a cast after an unfortunate skating accident failed to dampen her spirits.

KEN McLARTY

Our goodlooking classmate whose favourite hobby is teasing Group III girls, but since he has winning ways he is usually forgiven. Ken is the Yearbook representative.



GWEN MACKERETH

Number one in Group III, and number one to somebody else. Her present dilemma is how to develop a "House" from a "shack".

DOROTHY MacLEOD

Our favourite sport in Group III, she's tops in all she attempts and especially excels in basketball and efficient teaching.

PAT MAHONEY

Our group representative of the fairer sex, Pat is short, blond and really cute. Tough luck though lads, therein lies a very deep interest in Queen's "Bonnie Prince Charlie".

THERESE MARCEAU

Therese was head of the first term Literary Society Food Committee. One of North Bay's own daughters, Therese lays out the welcome mat for all.

BARBARA McKINNON

Has a strange attraction for jungle animals especially "Lyons". Perhaps her year's experience at Queen's has heightened her interest in such zoological species.

ROBERTA McLAUGHLIN

Group Three's curvacious Literary representative who some day will make her home at Sunset Park. Roberta's pleasant and willing attitude is an asset in all group activities.

North Bay Normal School

ALBERT MORASSUTTI

He came like a flash from O.E.C. with his B.S. and fitted into our group perfectly.

JOHN NAGLE

This "NOEL COWARD" will willingly produce, act or direct anything that comes his way. A life of adventure has been his — childhood in India, Cambridge graduate, officer in the R.A.F. and a penal officer in Burwash.

LEILA NURMI

Leila is a shining example of Kirkland Lake's product, and is just as precious as gold. She is a hard worker — full of fun and always ready with a smile and a helping hand.

HELEN PAISLEY

Pretty lass with dark hair and bright brown eyes which charm all males. Helen is a broomball enthusiast.

PAT PASKALUK

Pat is looking forward to her return to Port Arthur next year. With her, she will take valuable Red Cross experience since she was Vice-President of the Junior Red Cross Society.

CEBEA PEARSON

Like several others of our members, she's had a year at Queen's. Cebeca leads us to believe that all Normalites from the North are happy-go-lucky, pretty, attractive and helpful.



VELMA MORTON

This quiet little lass is Dryden's contribution to North Bay Normal this year. If "Silence is Golden", as they say, Velma must be worth plenty.

ARLENE NOEL

If you're feeling blue, the quickest thing to cheer you up is Arlene's smile. She carries it with her wherever she goes. Fort Frances is Arlene's home town.

EDWARD OLSON

Mr. Beacom may be able to stick the rest of us on Science but not Ed. When it comes to Science period, Ed's right on his toes with all the answers.

RUTH PARSONS

We used to wonder why Ruth spent so much time gazing into the sky, but after finding that she's spent some time up there flying around, it's no longer a mystery.

DIANE PEARCE

Diane hails from South Porcupine, but for some strange reason or other, she seems to be looking forward to a little change — a little further west, maybe?

PAULINE PHILLIPS

A girl with athletic prowess, Pauline played for one of the teams in the city basketball loop, and can hold her own in any athletic events around the school.

North Bay Normal School

ELIZABETH PLUTE

Elizabeth is another of the North's contributions to Group III. Although she doesn't say much, she is always ready and willing to do her part.



MARGUERITE RICCUITO

In Mr. Reed's class when a lively chuckle is heard, we all know Marguerite has just told another of her jokes. She will make a humorous as well as beautiful and talented addition to the Met in years to come.



EVELYENE ROBINSON

Evelylene is another of South Porcupine's gifts to Group Three. She takes everything in her stride without complaint and will make a valuable addition to the profession.



EILEEN ROY

If you hear a little giggling from the back of the room, don't let it bother you. It's just Eileen and Marguerite having a gay time.



HELEN RUNNALLS

Without "Sak" as a partner, Helen would be lost. If there's any room for argument in a remark made by one of the Masters, our Helen can be counted on to find it.



RUTH SAKALUK

Ruth and her sidekick, Helen, keep things popping at the back of the room. "Sak" doesn't have too much to say but when she has it's always good for a laugh.



BARRY PRICE

Reads his latest copy of "Time" over a cup of coffee in the Royal. With his deep interest in machinery, Price is another name to watch for in the field of invention.



ROSEMOND RINN

Rosemond was a late arrival in our midst. Through no fault of ours she was placed in Group IV, but is still a friend of all. (Signed—Group III).



VIRGINIA ROSE

Her pleasant but quiet ways make Virginia popular with her classmates. She hails from Powassan so she is well acquainted with North Bay.



BILL RUDIAK

Phone calls seem to be one of good-looking Bill's favourite pastimes. Bill is a pianist and an all-around sport.



MARGARET RYMAN

Alias "Sleepytime Gal"; next to sleeping and other things????, her favourite pastime is collecting poetry for Miss Dick.



BETTY SALE

This girl hails from Parry Sound. Her ambition is to be a professional square-dancer.



North Bay Normal School

EILEEN SCHUTTE

With a keen grasp of the educational world, Eileen's ambition is to be a critic teacher at 2A Widdifield. What's wrong with Fort William?

IRIS SHEEDY

Our quiet girl from New Liskeard isn't quite so quiet when a certain basketball team comes to play in North Bay. Wonder why?

BERNICE SHIP

Our A One teacher with the sparkling eyes and flashing smile, Bernice just loves organizing things and is particularly good at it.

YVONNE SINCLAIR

This redhead is the girl who keeps moaning. "Gee, I wish I was at home". She loves to tease but in general gets along with everyone. Her song is "Wish You Were Here".

SHIRLEY SNIDER

Her interest is in Kingston. Shirley made a big hit when Group IV put on a programme of folk dances.

JEANNINE SWANSON

A lovely singer, Jeannine is a member of the Glee Club and also our representative for the Student's Council. Her blonde hair is the envy of all.



LILLIAN SELMAN

An excellent artist, Lily is a product of Brentha. She rarely says anything but when she does it means something.



WILLIAM SHERIDAN

Commonly known as Bill, he was our group representative for the Junior Red Cross. His favourite song is "UNDECIDED."



ERMA SIMPSON

"What's cooking kid?" — that is often what we wonder about Erma, but she is a lot of fun. Erma hails from Deep River.



EILA SIREN

The artist in our group, Eila is Associate-Art-Editor of our Yearbook. She nearly went grey supervising the painting of the mural by our group.



JOSEPHINE STANGA

"Joe" is a very hard worker and helped to organize a dance group in our form. She hails from the North and hopes to return there to teach.



RON TALLON

He's lovely, he's engaged and he's terrific as the Editor-in-Chief. Ron hails from the great metropolis of Espanola. Main ambition — to set the world on fire with his mania for teaching.

North Bay Normal School

JEAN THOMPSON

One of Huntsville's prize donations, Jean warbled her way through Normal School. She is planning to teach primary grades.



BETTY TROTTER

We wonder why Betty is so quiet and shy. Betty is also from Espanola where she goes nearly every Friday. What's the attraction there Betty?



MARILYN WALLACE

A vivacious redhead, Marilyn has winning ways. She hails from Cochran and attended Queen's last year. Her ambition is to be a Home Ec. Teacher.



RON WALLACE

Very sportsminded, Ron manages most of the school sports. He is tall, dark and handsome which makes him "popular" with the boys.



MARY WERSTIUK

One of the "Belles of St. Mary's". Mary's passion for poetry has certainly increased since she began collecting poems for Miss Dick's class.



MAY WHYTE

May states she could be emotionally immature because she doesn't have an interest in the opposite sex. However she loves those trips she takes.



ELLEN TORMA

Fort William claims this bundle of friendliness and we wish her good luck in her hopes of teaching at the head of the lakes.



JOAN TULLOCK

In her quiet manner Joan excels as the most conscientious student in Group IV. Although she is quiet she is a wonderful teacher.



MARY WALLACE

Mary's home town is Sault Ste. Marie. Her quiet way seems to win her many friends both male and female.



PHYLLIS WELLS

This cutie nearly goes grey trying to keep her sport schedules running smoothly. Phyl is dying to make a trip to Niagara Falls to see the "Falls"?



MARGARET WHITE

A wonderful volleyball player, so we hear from House 1A. Mary's favourite song is "You'd Be Surprised".



MARIE WIELER

Our representative in the Students' Council, Marie is about as big as a minute but her pep and vitality make up for her size.



North Bay Normal School

BARBARA WILSON

The old married woman in our group, Barb really gets excited when she knows she'll be seeing her best guy.



WILMA WILSON

This gal hails from Gatchel. "Wilhemina" appears to be quiet on the surface but her interests seem to be centered on a University in the States.

JUNE WING

This quiet (sometimes) gal comes from the head of the lakes. The saying "Good things come in small packages" certainly applies to June.



DAVE WITTICK

Known as "the guy with the Ford", Dave comes from Burks Falls. His two loves are music and sports.

MARIAN ZASTAWNY

"Mousy" has achieved great feats in arm circling. Her only wish is to have a carpenter for her Industrial Arts next year.



JOHN ZUPANCIC

"Honest" John was treasurer of the first term Literary Society and thus was able to keep the Marine Room in business.

Aim

THE TEACHER MUST HAVE:

The education of a college president.
 The executive ability of a financier.
 The humility of a deacon.
 The adaptability of a chameleon.
 The hope of an optimist.
 The courage of a hero.
 The wisdom of a serpent.
 The gentleness of a dove.
 The patience of Job.
 The grace of God
 and
 The persistence of the devil.

(TEACHER'S FEDERATION)

North Bay Normal School

Introduction

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF NORMAL SCHOOL

We walked into an assembly hall full of craning necks and staring eyes. With gasps, we withered. It was like standing on the edge of a high girder in such a position that the next step would determine life or death. Bracing ourselves we stretched out tentative, investigating feet. Alas! they caught and propelled us headlong toward the lonely chairs. Our hearts pounded. We slithered down and almost hid behind the chairs in front of us. What a din! Gathering courage we ventured peeks over the chairs in front. Then with phenomenal audacity we stole glances from left to right. By this time all the seats were filled. Some tall, short, portly, and slim men and women filed on to the stage and we held our breath as the man with the moustache began to speak. So commenced our first assembly at North Bay Normal School.

Later we prospective teachers were introduced to our Masters and Instructors. Every Master began by saying, "This won't mean much to you right now, but . . ." and down our gaping mouths packed involved data on, "General Methods and Objectives", "New Trends in Teaching" and "Social Changes that Led to the Revised Curriculum". How right they were! It meant nothing. Nothing worked smoothly — not even the lockers. Especially were we tortured after every point by the recurring reminder that we'd better remember this, for in two weeks we'd have to do it ourselves.

Then — something happened. Everything began to make sense. Our every move had meaning. We had looked back long enough; we turned and defied the future.

—DOROTHY MACLEOD

WELCOMING TEA

Will any of us ever forget that Friday afternoon of the twelfth day of September? That afternoon, we, the students of North Bay Normal School, laboriously mounted the three slippery and highly polished flights of stairs to the auditorium. What! Don't you remember? That was the day we were being officially welcomed to the Normal School and to the city of North Bay.

During the first week, we had been briefed during a Home Economics lecture, on the proper etiquette to be followed at a tea. Oh how we longed for a pocket volume of Emily Post! Would we ever survive this ordeal without too many serious, glaring breaches of etiquette?

We sat very prim and proper in our "teachery-looking" clothes — high heels for the girls, suits for the boys. What a change from our garb of high school days! Dressed in this unfamiliar attire, we listened to a varied musical programme presented by some of our talented colleagues. Later we were introduced to Mayor Beattie and to the clergy of the various denominations. These gentlemen welcomed us to the city and placed before us the facilities to which the citizens are entitled.

Following the actual programme, the students milled around the Assembly Hall introducing themselves and promptly forgetting names. Would we ever remember the names? In the meantime, the staff scurried about with trays laden with tea cups and dainty cookies. This will certainly be remembered as a most enjoyable part of the afternoon. School was never like this before! Previously we had been forbidden to eat in school; now, as prospective teachers, we were being invited to have tea!

Throughout the afternoon, meaningless introductions continued, for the prime purpose of striking up a conversation—after all, a teacher must be well-developed socially!

With the Masters playing hosts, at this, our first of a flurry of social events, we were officially initiated into the profession of our choice. We were the Normalites of '52 and '53.

—PAT CAMPBELL.

North Bay Normal School

FIRST LESSON

Who can forget that initial tingling fear, zig-zagging absurdly up and down your spine, the squeezing and pulling of clammy hands and the frequent dropping of one of the numerous beads swimming on your brow. Of course you remember! As I said, who could forget? This was the first lesson.

Occasionally from the multitude you sense the searching stare of perhaps a former acquaintance, or, more likely, just a "show-off" seeking your approval of his disorderly antics. Unerringly you ignore the display, secretly withholding a slight smile of amusement. You are interrupted from your writing by several muffled whispers. Upon searching the class for the disturbance, you observe a group of wiggling heads, giggling and tittering and the occasional finger-pointing . . . at you. Gracious, did I forget to put on one stocking . . . aren't my shoes mates? After a nervous self-survey you conclude that they are laughing at your toeless shoes. My what a strange, impolite, little creatures!

Finally the drifting droll subsides and realizing your teacher comrade has completed her lesson, you wobble robot-like, to the head of the class. Vaguely you gaze at the sea of pallid saucers, some upholding toothless grins, while others indicate no emotion whatsoever. A blank stare creeps over your face and mechanically you commence to recite. Like the routine of a swinging pendulum, your opening and shutting mouth volleys forth a flow of carefully selected information, though your mind remains numb and blank.

Deperately you endeavour to hurl the correct names at the corresponding face, which of course, in your unnerved condition is next to impossible. Many times you call forth a name, and while waiting patiently for an answer, you hurriedly rack your brain for the succeeding question. Suddenly you regain consciousness because of hilarious laughter thundering throughout the room. Yes, that individual moved three months ago, or he's absent today. Perhaps you unwittingly "cracked" this uproarious joke by mispronouncing the name.

Heavens, look at the time! Where is that "pile" of illustrative material you so laboriously dragged to school. The abacus, the model castle, the huge picture book, the enormous pictures, in their folders, of course, that continually slipped, drooped and flapped and seemed to intentionally test your patience. You know how you dash to the back, grab the pile and halfway through your breathless statement, "Now I have here a picture of . . ." and naturally, it's missing. Suddenly a new flash from your mind steals forth . . . "a blackboard summary". Viciously you scribble on a jumble of words which no one can read, including yourself, but you feel so relieved. The summary is on the blackboard.

Abruptly you decide the lesson must end and end it does. The critic-teacher is kind and gentle as she hesitantly attempts to show you the blackboard summary resembled a Chinese newspaper and your discipline was nil . . . Slowly your sinking heart bounces on the utter depth of disallusion, but after all, this was the first lesson.

—DIANE PEARCE

Procedure

A "NORMAL" DAY

Brr . . . ing goes the alarm! Seven-thirty . . . should get up . . . but oh — just a few minutes more.

Rap-a-tap-tap. "Are you girls going to school this morning?" our landlady asks.

"Oh sure, we're up and dressed already." Our voices are muffled under the bed clothes.

Within the next fifteen minutes there is a mad scramble in and out of the bedroom. There is a hastily made bed and a clamour of footsteps down the stairs for breakfast. This is eaten in a most unhearty manner, while gazing across the table at our room-mate — one eye closed and the other partly opened. Then we make another dash up the stairs and give a quick glance at the timetable for the day. We snatch a coat, gloves and some books.

We start off at a brisk pace, aided along by that famous, always present, never-failing wind that has made North Bay famous. Finally we arrive at the Normal School and begin another rush up the stairs, into our lockers, out again, up another flight and into the Home Economics room with our endurance tests for Miss Johnson. Madly we dash for our seats in the Assembly hall, reaching our places as the last bell rings. For fifteen to twenty minutes the whole school participates in hymns, Bible readings, and announcements.

Then begins the hustle and bustle of the morning classes . . . Down we go to Mr. Deyell's to learn some meaningful steps in Arithmetic, further down to Miss Dick's to check modern approaches in reading, and then back up to Mrs. Irwin's to learn the latest trends in Social Studies. We retrace our steps down again to Mr. Beacom to struggle with School Management.

Noon here at last! We return to our boarding house, our steps somewhat slower than in the morning. Oh, I almost forgot — there's a special meeting at noon. We must hurry back. And so the afternoon begins in a whirl-wind.

First period finds us heading eagerly to Mr. MacKinnon's class with "Sorenson" tucked underneath our arms. In the second period we saunter towards Mr. Bamford's and try to reach high "doh" on a bass clef. With a song in our hearts we head for a double period with Mr. Reed, who tries desperately to teach us how to square a piece of stock.

The four o'clock bell — another day gone! But no — there's a special meeting, or library duty, or a Social Studies project. Anyway, we must all leave by five o'clock, but only to return at seven for Square Dancing under Miss Stanley's capable direction.

It is nine-thirty and our footsteps drag along the way trying to convey our weary bodies home. Our minds cannot rest for we must think of the test on Friday — or what must be done for to-morrow. But to-morrow is another Normal day.

—LOIS HUNT.

North Bay Normal School



It Isn't Meaningful !

I've gone to North Bay Normal now
For six or seven months or more;
And there's been something bothering me
Since I first walked in through the door.
—I've had all my speech faults
Corrected by Miss Dick,
And Mr. Reed has taught me how
To make a lamp from just a stick!
Mr. Bamford's taught me how
To find low "doh" in any key,
And Mr. Beacom has explained
How all the planets work, for me.
Miss Johnson's taught me how to sew
The very straightest seam;
And from Miss Mitchell I have learned
To find a book on any theme;
And if frustrated I become,
Or maybe even schizophrenic,
Mr. MacKinnon can recommend
The cure, or some good mental clinic.

From Mr. Deyell this year I've learned
How to diagnose mistakes;
Now I can tell where Joe's gone wrong
On any error that he makes.
I've learned of Marco Polo's trips
In Mrs. Irwin's history;
But after all this time's been spent,
Yet, there is still one mystery??
For almost one whole happy year
This Normal School has been my home,
And still I sit and can't decide
Just why the builders put that dome
On top of North Bay Normal School.
Perhaps there were some scraps left over,—
—Or is it an old-age pigeon's home
Erected by some fine bird man?
I've thought so much of that big dome
That sits upon our "Teachers' College."
My one conclusion on it is —
I guess it is our bump of knowledge.

—DONNA BULL.

MAKING NORMAL SCHOOL SUBJECTS MEANINGFUL!

Library — Being able to judge a good book and then evade Miss Mitchell's fastidious scrutiny in leaving the library.

Science — Mr. Beacom's attempt to prove that the world is capable of movement without the aid of love.

Psychology — Trying to set a norm applicable to our own idiosyncrasies.

General Methodology — A myriad of major meaningful methods used in handling minor misdemeanors.

Arithmetic — A scrap paper drive that is "meaningful".

School Management — Realizing that a school is more easily managed than one problem child.

Reading — Listening to the Russell of leaves.

Music — Learning the difference between a rest and falling asleep on the job.

Social Studies — The subject without a text-book.

Physical Health Education — Stretching and groaning to music.

English — An art of communication that too often lacks colour.

Home Economics — Learning what the now extinct ideal spouse could do.

Manual Training — Realizing that Mr. Reed is the hardest substance from which marks may be chiselled.

Writing — A controlled use of hen scratches.

Religious Education — Being appalled by our ignorance of the Bible.

Art — Developing a centre of interest instead of being one.

Agriculture — One of our stable subjects.

—J. C. AMM



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North Bay Normal School

TO THOSE WHO WILL FOLLOW IN OUR FOOTSTEPS IN THE YEARS TO COME

Enter our auditorium, alone, one quiet evening, when the sun's rays are flickering through the western windows; pause awhile. Can you hear the lilt of our voices, our laughter, our gay chatter? Happiness once created cannot be destroyed. It is forevermore flung out into time and the echo is heard in the evening's stillness.

There is a look of serenity on your face. You must be listening to *Adeste Fidelis*. That carol gave us pleasure too. The glee club sang it at the Christmas party. On Wednesdays, during our first term, carols and lunch used to go together, a strange but happy combination. At times we should hesitate to call the noise we made singing but it helped our digestion. Why do you smile? You are overhearing a confidential conversation. Really we are ashamed of you, paying attention to morning assembly gossip. "Oh, so that is the reason she . . . look that poor girl is going to drop the Bible! She is shaking like a leaf . . . did you hear about . . . will introduce . . . we have with us this morning . . . pull down the blinds . . . off with his head . . . "Now don't get flustered, they did not treat us that badly. Would it be the Queen of Hearts? Brilliant, you are obviously going to be an A teacher. Yes that is a choir you can hear, singing the final refrain of 'Alice in Wonderland'. Good isn't it? This production was the drama club's contribution to the second term's chaos. The acting and the singing were of a high standard and it was all very light and gay. Laughter and smiling faces were the only rewards but who could want more?

There goes the last bell. You had better hurry if you do not want to get shut in. We might bore you if you had to listen to us all night. Not at all, it was a pleasure. Another evening perhaps. Good, until then, *Au Revoir*.

—JOHN NAGLE.

THE ENTERPRISE

*What is this word
So often heard
Within these walls
And through the halls —
This "Enterprise"?
Why, can it be
You did not see
Those wonders wrought
When students taught
By "Enterprise"?
Egypt to-day,
Music so gay,
Building a nation
Or land conservation
Is "Enterprise".
But heed advice;
Though it is nice
To teach this way
Throughout the day,
There must be work.
You dare not shirk.
But work well done
Can bring much fun
In "Enterprise".*

—ISABEL CHRISTILAW.



"Stop being silly and come back into the house... the bathroom is empty now. The girls have gone to the Normal School."

STUDENT



ACTIVITIES

North Bay Normal School



FIRST TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—Ron Wallace, Dave Wittick, Ken House, Barry Price.

Middle Row—Jim Amm, Therese Marceau, Dorothy Lloyd, Isabel Christilaw, Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff Advisor).

Front Row—John Zupancic (Treas.), John Nagle (Vice-Pres.), Miss A. Johnson (Staff Advisor), Shirley Bacon (Pres.), Jean Mackler (Sec.).

LITERARY SOCIETY—FIRST TERM

The first term Literary Society was ushered in amidst the excitement of a keenly-competitive election campaign. Each member of the executive fulfilled his election promises and greatly contributed to every undertaking of the term.

At the Hallowe'en and Sadie Hawkin's Day Dances, as well as the various Sport and Games nights held, late fees were collected to bring everyone out on time.

It was a treat to hear the Glee Club perform at the Christmas Ball which was the highlight event of the term.

After Christmas, the Drama Club replaced the Glee Club and the talented performers pooled their efforts in the production of "Alice in Wonderland".

A merry sleigh-ride brought to a close the various activities of the term.

A vote of thanks goes to the staff and student body and especially to Miss Johnson for the wonderful way in which they co-operated to make this first term one of the best that North Bay Normal School has ever seen.

—JEAN MACKLER.

North Bay Normal School



SECOND TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

Back Row—Bob Fasano, Theresa Daneff, Jeannine Swanson, Roma Austin, Roberta McLaughlin, Cehea Pearson,
Mary Burnette, Mr. A. B. Reed (Staff Advisor).

Front Row—Leo Bruzas (Treas.), Rhona Currie (Vice-Pres.), Miss A. Johnson (Staff Advisor), Rosemond Rinn (Pres.),
Mary Wallace (Sec.), Marie Wieler.

LITERARY SOCIETY—SECOND TERM

The activities of the second term executive were ushered in with a clash of cymbals, the ringing of bells, the tinkle of triangles and the rattling of tambourines. It was the novel announcement of our first social gathering — "The Indoor Carnival". This gigantic advertising campaign heralded almost every social event of the second term Literary Society.

Included among our many and diverse affairs were the Indoor Carnival, the skating party, a theatre party and a recreational evening. Each party in itself was a huge success and a good time was had by all.

There was also keen participation in the square dancing and bowling provided for the students.

The May formal, our last undertaking, completed a full and successful programme.

Under the able guidance of Miss Johnson and with the co-operation of the staff and students, our year at Normal School proved to be both enjoyable and profitable.

—MARY WALLACE

North Bay Normal School



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Back Row—Bill Sheridan, Carl Ballstadt, Leila Nurmi, Marilyn Wallace, Jean Goebel, Jim Craig, Leonard Kay.
Front Row—Nestor Chchowy (Circ. Mgr.), Donna Bull (Sec.), Pat Paskaluk (Vice-Pres.), Lois Blackburn (Pres.),
Mr. J. D. Deyell (Staff Advisor), Jake Black (Treas.).

THE CANADIAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

The North Bay Normal School Branch of the Canadian Junior Red Cross for 1952-1953 was formed early in November after Miss Wilkinson, Canadian Junior Red Cross representative, addressed the teachers-in-training of the school.

The "Thumbs Up" Branch was formed to help prepare us, teachers-in-training, for organizing Junior Red Cross branches in our own classrooms in future years. For this purpose, a meeting was held Friday afternoon, January 23rd in the auditorium. The executive informed the student body of the duties of the Junior Red Cross members. Suggestions were given for Junior Red Cross activities for our own classrooms. At this meeting the health cards, Junior Red Cross pins and Teacher's Guide Books were distributed.

The major accomplishment of our branch for 1952-53 was the raising of funds for the relief of the European flood victims on February, 1953. The Branch was informed by Miss Herrington, director of the Junior Red Cross, that this money was used in aiding to pay for a shipment of shoes for the flood victims.

It is the hope of the executive that each student teacher will see, as a result of our efforts, the value of an active Red Cross Branch, and will organize one in his or her own classroom.

—DONNA BULL.

North Bay Normal School



INTER-SCHOLASTIC CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Back Row—Iola Addison, Joan Tulloch, Isabel Christilaw, Irene Carlson (Sec.)
Front Row—Shirley Bacon (Vice-Pres.), Mr. E. C. Beacom (Staff Advisor),
Pauline Phillips (Pres.).

TEACHERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

This year our Teacher's Christian Fellowship group, under the sponsorship of Miss Evelyn Taylor, has been meeting every week in the study room at the Normal School. Our study has been centred around the Book of Peter. Although the membership is small, high group spirit has been maintained. The central idea is learning more about the Bible and Jesus' teachings. All will be related to next year when we, as teachers, will find it necessary to help children to discover the Bible.

It has been the practice to have the group discussion in the hands of one person who conducts the meeting for that day. As a result, many interesting discussions have been carried on and many ideas confirmed.

Throughout the year we have had visits from Miss Joan Frewing, our district supervisor and helper. On the afternoon of March the twelfth, we had as a guest speaker at our meeting, Miss Katie Scroggie, who has travelled through Canada working with Christian Fellowship groups. She gave us a very interesting account of these groups. Other activities have been the executive meetings held at Miss Taylor's where plans have been discussed and new ideas brought out.

—PAULINE PHILLIPS.

North Bay Normal School

GROUP ONE—ACCORDING TO THE COURSE OF STUDY

Arithmetic:

- Meaning of pounds and ounces — Roma Austin.
- Units of length — Jim Amm.
- Cancellation (of days that is) — Helen Bruetch.
- Checking bills for family groceries — Yvonne Conroy.
- Telling time to nearest five minute intervals — Mary Burnette.
- Measuring and estimating in half-pints — Rita Connelly.
- Subtraction of tickets from trips — Heather Brydge.
- Mental nuts to crack — "Chick" Chehowy.
- Is it Meaningful? — Gwen Brickett.

Social Studies:

- The movement westward — Jeanne Bullied.
- Freedom of speech — Ed. Brownlee.
- Travelling to and from home — places of interest along the way — Dianne Barber.

Science:

- Science in the kitchen; drying dishes, tea towels and absorption of water — Stan Bradshaw.
- Recognition of birds — grachel and crow—Sarah Coghlan.
- Winter and summer care of "Chicks" — Lois Blackburn.

Manual Training:

- Science in the workshop: Saw: Kind? jig, operation and care (of finger) — "Chris" Christilaw.
- Making good use of glue for repairs — (sure saves a lot of extra work doesn't it?) — Irene Carlson.

Enterprise:

- The enterprise in theory and practice — especially Indians — How! Ugh! — Leo Bruzas.

Music:

- Incidental learning of music (no thanks to Jim) — Jake Black.
- Developing the art of quiet listening — Dalmar Cowden.
- More interesting results expected — Shirley Barrett.
- Songs in the minor mode — harmonic(a) that is — Myra Bruce.
- Singing of easy? melodies from (and for) the staff — Shirley Bacon.

English:

- Verse making: appropriateness to theme — could it be hockey? — Donna Bull.
- Making a Golden Treasury — (not poems either) — Iola Addison.

Health:

- Communicable diseases—(giggles)—Marg Crack.
- Physical activity: expression of natural love of activity — running, jumping, climbing — Jim Craig.

Art:

- Colour: use of small area of bright colour to contrast large area of dull—blushing of course — Pat Campbell.
- Establishing a centre of interest — Carl Ballstadt.
- Making book jackets for library books — Fred Carter.

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES

Time: 1:15

Place: Mr. Deyell's Room, North Bay Normal School.

State of Affairs: Utter confusion.

Why: The reason is quite obvious, the dignified members of Group II have just entered class.

Lillian Crozier: "Will everyone please sit down so I can mark the attendance sheet?"

Theresa Daneff: "All right! settle down, I have an announcement to make! Who's not doing anything tonight?"

Leonard Kay: "I have an announcement too! Don't forget to bring your money for the Red Cross Magazines!"

Rhona Currie: "Yes, and there's a meeting after four for those working on the house!"

Donna: "Mr. Deyell, may I make one more announcement, it will only take a minute. Well, I mean —. There's a lot of work to be done on the Year Book as yet, and I can't do it all myself, and I don't think Jane should have to do it all. So who wants to come after four to proof-read?"

Mr. Deyell: "Is that all now?"

Buz: (rushing in): "There's bowling tonight. Don't forget to look on the bulletin board to see where you play."

Time: 1:40

Mr. Deyell: "First, are there any questions?"

Loretta Hughes: "In what kind of soil do we plant potatoes?"

Cecilia Ledyit: "Well, back home —."

Ken House: "Well sir, isn't it like this?"

Dave Dunnhill: "I don't agree sir!"

Mary Gatherum: (dead silence).

Mr. Deyell: "Mr. Ingram has something interesting to tell us about his last week of teaching —."

Marilyn Ledrew: "I found this to be very effective —."

Dorothy Lloyd: "When Willie and I were teaching together —."

Jean Goebel: "The funniest thing happened —."

Mr. Deyell: "Well, now, there are a few helpful suggestions which should prove more meaningful to the pupils. Thank you."

Time: 2:00

The bell rings.

The dignified members of Group II scramble madly out of the door!

—Group Two.

North Bay Normal School

THE ALPHABET FROM "M" TO "S"

Gwen Mackereth:

In personality, she does not lack
If she fails at teaching, she still has a "Shack".

Jean Mackler:

Jean was Secretary of Council and her marks are high,

She's interested in hockey, we wonder why?

Dorothy McLeod:

This girl from the North plays basketball,
Her qualities of leadership are the envy of all.

Sophie McPhail:

Her singing and teaching surely will
Bring her success in old Fort Bill.

Pat Mahoney:

An Academy girl who comes from the Soo
Pat has personality plus and intelligence too!

Frank Manella:

As a waiter in drama, Frank was a star,
A second Arthur Murray, he will go far.

Therese Marceau:

This school marm is our former class rep
She's a party loving girl with a lot of pep.

Joyce Marigold:

This young lady is a girl of that sort
That can charm the boys in every port.

Barbara McKinnon:

She comes from Cochrane town so far,
At the bowling alley, she's our great star.

Ken McLarty:

Our Ken is such a jolly lad,
In Miss Dick's class, he's quite the fad.

Roberta McLaughlin:

"Little Bobby" is her name,
In the teaching profession, she'll gain fame.

Velma Morton:

This young lass seldom utters a peep
But it has been said "Still waters run deep."

John Nagle:

A future schoolmaster is our Englishman
He can quote Shakespeare like no one can.

Arlene Noel:

Losing things is this girl's passtime
Let's hope she's lost things for the last time.

Leila Nurmi:

From Kirkland Lake comes this fair maid,
Her personality will never fade.

Edward Olson:

Our quiet friend who has brains galore,
Who always has plenty of answers in store.

Helen Paisley:

She made a quick contact and got herself a contract,
Her definite opinions are a known fact.

Ruth Parsons:

Ruth's only worry is how to live from meal to meal,

And teaching in an Indian School, to her, has strong appeal.

Pat Paskaluk:

Seems to be always getting mixed up with "prices",
But in her lessons she uses all the devices.

Diane Pearce:

Very attractive in 1906 P.T. uniform,
And is the joker in our form!

Cebea Pearson:

"Organize everything" is her cry,
Anything's possible if you try.

Pauline Phillips:

From Liskeard comes our dear old Paul,
She sets the pace in basketball.

Betty Plute:

Original seatwork is her plea;
Highly improbable, can't she see?

Barry Price:

Vocal gymnastics break his heart;
A painter, both in speech and art.

Marguerite Ricciuto:

She sings, she plays, she fools around;
A more clever girl will never be found.

Evelyene Robinson:

She goes to South Porcupine, way up north,
Is it the gold that calls her forth?

Virginia Rose:

Virginia hails from Powassan town,
And she won't let anything get her down.

Eileen Roy:

Energy plus, this girl has got,
She can put you right on the spot.

Helen Runnalls:

Little children will be her support,
In a kindergarten she will hold her fort.

Margaret Ryman:

She's happy to sit without much fuss,
Pondering the answers given by us.

Ruth Sakaluk:

Here is a question from all Sak's friends,
"What does she do on her weekends?"

—GWEN MACKERETH,
HELEN PAISLEY,
BETTY PLUTE,
HELEN RUNNALLS,
RUTH SAKALUK.

AMUSING INCIDENT

On occasion of one of the Practice Weeks of continuous teaching the student teacher was explaining to the pupils. "You had better be on your toes tomorrow, Miss — is coming?" The child replied, "Who is Miss —?" The student teacher answered, "She is one of the Masters from the Normal School." The child then looked up and said, "Then You had better be on Your toes!" and walked away.

(Those kids aren't so naive.)

—THERESA DANEFF.

AMUSING EXPERIENCES

A teacher hearing that the father of one of her third graders was ill remarked to the little girl:

"I'm sorry to hear your father has the Catarrh."

The little girl replied:

"Oh my father doesn't have a guitar. He plays the violin."

During the week before Christmas, Jimmy, a small first grader was asked to tell what the Wise Men brought to Jesus. His reply was: "Frankincense, myrrh and insects."

North Bay Normal School

TEN YEARS HENCE FOR GROUP FOUR

129 First Ave W.,
Calgary, Alberta,
January 25, 1963.

Dear Ellen,

I was very happy to receive your latest letter asking us to come and visit you and your husband in Duluth. I have only been there once before but enjoyed it so much that I am looking forward to it.

I was sorry that you could not get to Florida for the class reunion of our old Normal School chums. We all had a wonderful time. Everyone has changed so much. I want to tell you what they are doing.

Eila Siren is just back from a singing tour where she was entertaining our troops over in Siberia.

Shirley Snider and Josephine Stanga became so interested in cattle that they now have gone into the ranching business.

Marilyn Wallace is the top Junior Red Cross Magazine saleswoman and is resting after a strenuous sales tour in Siam. I wish you could have seen her tan!

Phyllis Wells is one of the best stars at M.G.M. She is slated for an "Oscar" for her latest film which is based on a play that Group Four put on in one of the afternoon assemblies. Remember?

John Zupancic is the National Treasurer of the Teachers' Confederation. They have more "googals" of money now than they can use.

Mary Werstiuk has joined the Department of Reforestation and is now planting trees in Coniston.

Barbara Wilson is the leading lady in Hydro Society and has promised to give her Normal pals a reduced rate.

Marie Wieler has just won the World's Championship in Men's badminton.

Mary Wallace is teaching in Alaska and is soon leaving for the still colder regions where she will conduct experiments to see if Eskimos know about square inches.

Rosamond Rinn is excavating in Egypt to see the amount of top soil there is in that country.

Marian Zastawny gave us a special treat. Her Circus Train was in town and she was able to have her pet monkey show at the reunion.

Ron Wallace is now the leading scorer in the N.H.L.

Joan Tulloch, Wilma Wilson, Margaret White and Betty Trotter have set up a school for backward Normal School students.

Bernice Ship is an important figure in the U.N. agenda.

May White is leaving shortly for England where she will lecture about the values of soil.

June Wing has left the teaching profession and has joined the stage with her famous dogs.

Lillian Selman is an outstanding art teacher at Columbia University.

Dave Wittick teaches but also has a Taxi Service.

Erma Simpson has earned millions of dollars with her new technique of glass blowing.

Bill Sheridan, who is training a new square dance group for a tour is left without one couple because the "Tallons" are having too many repairs to make on their house.

Eileen Schutte has returned to the Lakehead and has renovated the F. W. C. I. into a scholars' paradise.

Betty Sale has started teaching in South America and spends her spare time flying a new "jet".

Iris Sheedy has founded a Retired Teachers Rest Home in the hills of North Bay.

Jean Thompson and Jeannine Swanson are now singing at the Metropolitan Opera.

I hope I haven't left anyone out. The babies just woke up so I must give them their bottles. Quintuplets are such a handful. My work is never done. I guess I shouldn't complain though because you must have to work awfully hard with your pets.

Good-bye for now, Ellen,

Sincerely,

Yvonne.

—ELLEN TORMA AND YVONNE SINCLAIR.

1952-53 (NORMALLY SPEAKING)

*September the first, the second, and then
The ninth rolled around. I recall
Feeling frustrated, reluctant, and shy
As I entered the Normal assembly hall.*

*At the end of October, my report I looked over.
I overlooked it too well. Now I see
What that friend meant when she asked, "Excellent?"
And I replied, "End also starts with an 'E'".*

*I was told we were reaching continuous teaching.
I shivered and shook, I remember.
Believe it! I couldn't. I didn't. I wouldn't.
But I did, the third week in November.*

*By the end of November and the first of December
After more practice teaching, I admit
I wrote home with such force, said I hated the course,
When the holidays came I would quit.*

*On January the fourth when the train from the North
Was to head for the "Bay", I maintain
I had meant what I said, but my friends were most glad
When I boarded that nine-thirty train.
February came, and teaching continued
And life became brighter. I guess
That was the result of having a critic
Who labeled my week "A success".*

*Now March is here and April is near
And holidays too. I regret
That May is so near, for I've enjoyed the year
But we've still got one fifth to go yet.*

*What yet is to come, could be worse than what's gone.
But, if so, the end must be close, I think.
For when a boat that has floundered has been ship-
wrecked and grounded
Does it float on the water or sink?*

—LILLIAN SELMAN.

North Bay Normal School



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North Bay Normal School

THE FOUNDING OF THE PORCUPINE

Shortly after the turn of the century, when Cobalt, Ontario, was a booming mining town, railway tracks were laid bringing the Iron Horse due north from New Liskeard. This railway was a subsidiary of the Canadian National Railway called the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. The latter was renamed the Ontario Northland Railway.

Why was the railway being built into the wilderness which had no towns and very few people? The reason for this lifeline soon was on everybody's lips—gold, the most sought after metal, which can drive men mad.

Claims were recorded rapidly. "The Porcupine" became the main topic of conversation in the northern mining towns. Dome Mines began operation, soon followed by other concerns, but when Sandy McIntyre made his stake, it changed the course of the lives of many people. The sample was one of the richest that had been found in two decades. McIntyre Mines soon started sinking a shaft and the gold rush was on.

The railway was making progress and people came by the hundreds to the end of the line, then went on by foot, dog sled, or by horse. Soon little cabins started dotting the wilderness and South Porcupine was born, followed later by Timmins. The town of Timmins was named after Jules Timmins, one of the north's earliest prospectors. Other men, who had a prominent part in the history of Timmins, were rugged men like Jack Dalton, who started with a livery stable and gradually built up a bus system, which he runs in Timmins today. The late Leo Mascioli became a millionaire with his business genius in construction, and in the hotel and theatre businesses. He owns most of the movie theatres of the North, half a dozen large hotels, one of which is the Empire Hotel chain. The Mascioli Construction Company is well known to the Northerners. The Feldan brothers also were important cogs in the ever rolling wheel of the north; they entered the lumbering and wholesale businesses.

While Timmins began to grow around the Hollinger Gold Mines, named after the founder Benny Hollinger, the little town of Schumacher soon took form. It was named after Frederick Schumacher, who was always addressed Mr. Schumacher, because people looked up to and respected him. He was to become a millionaire with his huge shares in McIntyre and other mines. Before reaching middle age, Mr. Schumacher had possessed a fortune in stocks.

The railway, by this time slowly crept into the Porcupine Camp. Timmins became the end of the line. The camp soon swelled like an overflowing river in the spring. By the time the twenties rolled around, Timmins, Schumacher, and South Porcupine became well known in mining circles. During the depression years of the thirties, work went on and hundreds came from all parts of the country seeking work and a home. Today the Porcupine boasts a population of fifty thousand fed by the gold mining industry.

We shall always remember them in our sentiments as the men who were founders of a new North—the Porcupine.

—JOHN ZUPANCIC.

TWILIGHT SPEAKS

*The sun has crept across the pale blue skies.
The still of night steals softly o'er the hill
And Mother Nature seems to say to me
In whispering tone, "Good night, my child, be still".*

*Forget your cares, they're not all life, you know.
The thought of God's great love should spur you on.
Remember, each horizon, each new day,
Will be to you a fresh and brighter dawn.*

*"Now, go to bed and dream a restful dream
Of all the beauty you beheld today.
Your cares will vanish, be as soft as clouds,
Your home will be a palace, where you'll stay".*

—RUBY HURLEY.

TO A SNOWFLAKE

*It drifted gently, lazily down
From the hidden, heavenly home,
Then danced to a merry fairy's tune
When the wind began to roam.*

*With the little elves up in the air,
It played merrily hide and seek;
I saw it round a big tree peek,
Wink, smile, and tip-toe by.*

*Ere long its little dance was done,
And the elves, in turn, were gone.
In my garden, by the wall,
I saw it pirouette and fall.*

—DOROTHY MACLEOD.

North Bay Normal School

LEGEND OF RAINY LAKE

In awesome beauty stand the ageless pines, monarchs and sentinels of the blue Rainy Lake. Oh, what tales they could tell, had they but lips to speak . . .

Many, many moons ago, when our vast Canada was unknown by the white man and redskins trod its woodland paths and paddled its sparkling waters, a tribe of Algonquins made its home on the banks of the blue lake, now called "Rainy Lake" but then called "The Lake of Sky Blue Waters."

The chief, as strong as the mighty oak, was named "Watchagoomi".

Now, this chief had a daughter, a maiden of rare beauty and unsurpassed sweetness. Her glossy waist-length tresses were black as the raven's wing, her eyes were woodland pools with dancing golden flecks, as of sunlight sparkling on water through gaps in the overhanging branches, and her fine doeskin dress fitted a form of matchless beauty.

The whole tribe adored "Minnahotomi", the beautiful daughter of Watchagoomi. The strong young braves, tried to do feats of great daring to win the admiration and, more sought after still, the love of the princess. The princess, in turn, loved all her father's tribe, but none of the braves made her heart beat any faster. But, one day, dark clouds obscured the sky, and deep-voiced thunder rolled.

"This is an evil augury from the mighty Gitchi Manitou," quoth Watchagoomi. Indeed it was, for, before the golden sun set that day, a band of the dreaded Iroquois attacked, pillaging wigwams and destroying what they could. Then, suddenly as they had come, they disappeared into the dense forests. But with them they had taken the happiness of the whole tribe, the fair Minnahotomi.

Great was the sorrow of the tribe, and, as the days passed, they missed her more and more. At last, goaded on by grief, Watchagoomi, and some of his bravest warriors set out to bring Minnahotomi back to her home and restore happiness to the tribe.

At first, fair Minnahotomi grieved for her home and people, but the warring Iroquois treated her kindly, and soon she became accustomed to her new life.

Then, something happened to Minnahotomi. It was like the lightning in suddenness, like the sunshine on "Lake of Sky Blue Waters" in beauty—Minnahotomi was in love, and loved in return, by the strongest, most daring young Iroquois brave of the tribe.

The sky was an azure blue, and the song of birds seemed incredibly sweet on the day the tribe congregated for the wedding of fair Minnahotomi.

Suddenly, over the hill, rode ominous doom. A cloud of horsemen swarmed into the midst of the festivities, uttering guttural cries and reddening war hatchets with Iroquoian lifeblood.

Watchagoomi was the first to reach the bride, and, snatching her upon his horse with one hand, his hatchet split the skull of the groom. Then, followed by his braves, he rode away to his lakeside home.

Day after day, moon after moon, Minnahotomi sat by the blue lake, her head resting against the trunk of a pine, and tears bedewed her young cheeks. Day after day she mourned for her lover. And Gitchi Manitou, seeing the sorrow of his lovely creation, was broken hearted, and wept great tears. His tears fell as rain upon the lake. From that day to this, the rain falling on Rainy Lake shows Gitchi Manitou is sorrowful for the unhappy Minnahotomi.

In awesome beauty the ageless pines stand, monarchs and sentinels of the blue Rainy Lake. Oh, what tales they could tell, had they but lips to speak.

SHE SITS SO STILL

—JANE KEENAHAN.

For six long days the small group of Indian braves had travelled. Still they had not found what they were looking for—a place, quiet and peaceful, where the enemy war cry could no longer haunt them.

Then, one night while the other Indians were sleeping soundly, the chief heard the Wind Spirits in the distance. Nearer and nearer they crept. They howled through the trees, first mournfully, then suddenly changing their cry to a shout of joy! "Yes," thought the Indian chief, "the Wind Spirits are bringing us good news. Tomorrow we shall find the place for which we are searching."

They did. The next day, the Indian braves came to a beautiful little river with a high hill rising from the opposite bank. This would be their stopping place. This would be their home.

When they had pitched their tent, the Indians sat down to admire their surroundings. The chief looked to the top of the high hill. Astounded, he looked again. "See! up there!" he exclaimed. "On the top of that hill sits an old lady. We are not alone here." Indeed it was someone—a bent old lady with a large shawl drooping over her shoulders and one hand outstretched. There she sat, and, oh, so motionless! She seemed unable to move, as on and on she sat. As though in a trance the great chief arose, and slowly began to make his way toward the mysterious mountain. The others followed, for they feared that some evil might befall their leader. They crossed the river, then started up the hill.

The braves climbed for a long time, because the hill was high and steep, and then — suddenly the top appeared before them. There sat the gruesome old woman her gnarled hand still outstretched, her large shawl still drooping over her shoulders.

But why did she sit so motionless? Why did she not move? She would never move. She would sit there forever and ever, just as still as she sat there now.

The Indians became reverent as they marvelled. "The Mighty One has set this stone goddess upon this hill as a sign for us. This gift says that we are to stay at this place and make our home here. We must call this new home 'Wahnapiatae'."

The site ever since has been known as Wahnapiatae, which is the Indian term for "old woman sitting on a hill". From the top of that high hill, beside that lovely little river, this firm old woman still keeps her never-ceasing vigil over her village below.

—EILA LAITINEN.

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THE SLEEPING GIANT

"If this secret is told to the white man, I shall be turned to stone and the Ojibway tribe will perish." These were the words of warning of Nanna Bijou, the spirit of the Deep Sea Water.

On an island just outside Thunder Bay, now known as "Isle Royale" there once lived a great tribe of Ojibway Indians who loyalty to their gods was to be rewarded, for one day Nanna Bijou called their chief to his great Thunder Temple on the Mountain and revealed a secret. However, the chief had to promise never to tell it to the White man. The Great Spirit told him to go to the highest point on Thunder Cape and there he would find the entrance to a tunnel that leads to the centre of a rich silver mine, now known as "Silver Islet."

The chief and his people found this mine and from then possessed many beautiful silver ornaments which puzzled the Sioux warriors. They attempted many times to force the Ojibways to disclose their secret. But the gallant tribe would not relent and so their rivals had to devise a new plan. A Sioux scout was to enter the Ojibway camp disguised as one of them, and discover the secret. In a few days he succeeded and, going to the mine, he found the gleaming silver pieces of the precious metal. To prove his discovery to the chief, the scout took several pieces of silver.

The Sioux scout never returned to his chief. On his way back to his tribe the scout stopped at a white trader's post to purchase food. Finding himself with no furs the scout resorted to his newly discovered silver. Upon seeing this gleaming stone and wanting to make themselves fabulously rich, the white men filled the Indian with firewater and persuaded him to take them to the mine. On the way to the "Silver Islet" a terrific storm broke out over the Cape and the white men drowned while the Indian, in a crazed condition, floated aimlessly in his canoe. However, the most extraordinary thing that happened during the storm remained to be seen.

In the wide opening of the bay lay a great land formation and it required no imagination to see that this distinctive form resembled the sleeping body of a giant with his arms folded across his chest. Truly the Great Spirit's warning had been fulfilled — he was turned to stone.

Today as one stands on the shore of the Twin Cities of Fort William and Port Arthur at the head of the Great Lake Superior, one can see, on looking out across the waters of Thunder Bay this mysterious and legendary "Sleeping Giant".

—MARIAN ZASTAWNY.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

Long ago, in the northern regions, where the summer nights are lighted by the midnight sun, there lived a great chief. He was tall and straight like the slender birch that stood by the stream where he and his braves hunted, and he was as strong as the great white bear that frequented his hunting grounds. This great chief was known to his people as White Bear and he was loved dearly by them all.

All summer long, Chief White Bear and his braves fished in the stream and hunted along its banks, so that when the long winter night began and it was impossible to hunt because of the darkness, there was food for his people. Then one summer, although they hunted and fished day and night, they could find little game and that winter many of his people died because there was not enough food for all. Chief White Bear, himself, became very ill and although his people cared for him faithfully it soon became plain that their beloved chief was about to die and they were very sad.

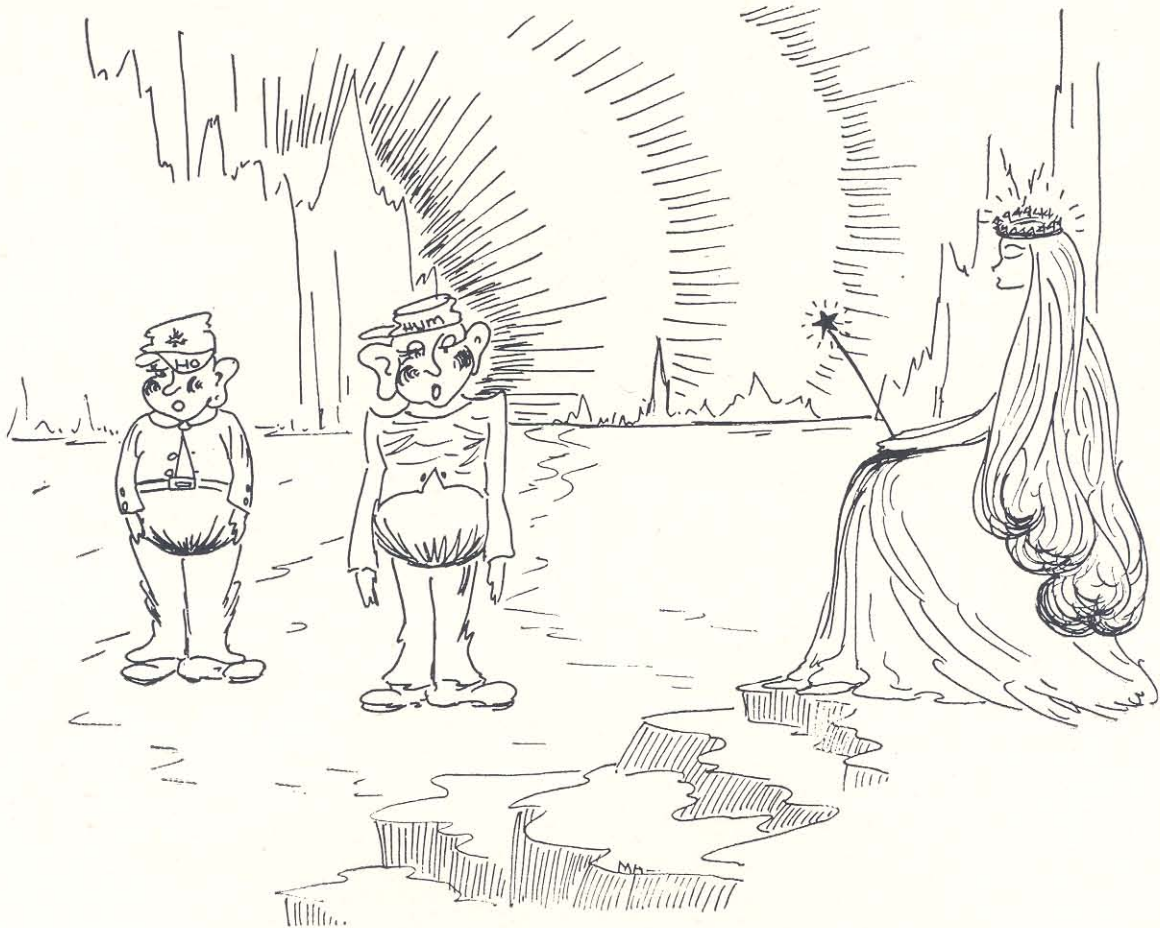
One night, when there was no food left in the village, the chief bade two of his strongest braves carry him to the edge of his stream and lay him on the ground while they hunted for food for his people. When they would have questioned him, he signalled them to make haste and, loyal as they were, they obeyed, although all before them was darkness. Suddenly a mysterious light showed them abundant game and in a short time they had food enough for all. When they returned for their chief, they could not find him, but, looking up, they saw the source of the strange light and they understood.

That night there was great rejoicing in the village and as the people feasted they gazed in awe and wonder at their immortal chief.

Now, when the Northern Lights shimmer in the Polar skies, a phantom village may be seen arise out of the icy wilderness and phantom figures rejoice as their beloved White Bear smiles down at his people.

—LILLIAN SELMAN.

North Bay Normal School



HO AND HUM

All was quiet in the far North Woods. It was quiet because all the creatures who lived there were waiting for the Snow Queen to awaken. She would change their woods into a winter fairyland, and spread a warm blanket of snow everywhere. But they had to wait a little longer.

Then, one still night, the North Wind pushed open his door and stamped outside. He puffed out his fat cheeks and blew a mighty breath all over the North Woods. The Snow Queen gently stirred in her sleep as she heard the knock-knocking of the North Wind on the door of the Snow Castle.

Wake up, Snow Queen, wake up, it's wintertime!"

With a happy cry, she sprang out of bed and rang the big snow bell which brought all the Frosties to her. (Just in case you do not know, Frosties are northern fairies.) In tumbled the Frosties, some rubbing their sleepy eyes and others blinking rapidly to keep awake.

"Is everyone here?" asked the Snow Queen. No one said a word. Then Icicle, a bold little Frostie said, "No, Your Highness, those lazy twins, Ho and Hum, are not here."

The Snow Queen was annoyed with Icicle for being a tattletale, and angry with Ho and Hum for being lazy, and so she said, "Icicle, go and awaken Ho and Hum, and then go to your room."

Poor Icicle! This was indeed punishment, for he would miss the fun of the first winter night. He knew better than to disobey the Snow Queen, however, and so he meekly left.

A little later, Ho and Hum shuffled into the room. The Snow Queen tried to look cross, but a tiny smile jumped across her face from dimple to dimple. (YOU would smile too if you could have seen them). Ho's snow cap was down over one eye and the other eye was half closed with sleep; Hum had his snow jacket on backwards so that he looked as if he were going instead of coming.

North Bay Normal School

"Wake up, Ho and Hum, it's wintertime," said the Snow Queen. The twins tried, but they still looked very, very sleepy.

The Snow Queen rose from her blue and silver throne and said, "To-night, Frosties, we must change the land of the boys and girls into the magic sparkling land of wintertime. Each one go and pick up a pillowcase of snowflakes feathers, and return to me."

Later, as the Frosties marched past, the Snow Queen touched each pillowcase with her North Star wand. Immediately all the snowflake feathers inside began to sparkle like millions of diamonds.

Outside, the North Wind was blowing about, waiting for the Frosties, who soon came tumbling out of the Snow Castle. They climbed on the North Wind's back and woosh—! were out of sight. Ho and Hum nearly fell off several times for they were still very, very sleepy.

"We're here!" cried Snowball, a chubby little Frostie. Each Frostie emptied his pillowcase over the land of the boys and girls. What a change there was! The brown land was now covered with whipped snow drifts and the big trees had big gobs of snowcream on every branch, and everywhere the diamonds sparkled.

"Hurry," shouted the North Wind, "it's time to go back to the Snow Castle." Ho and Hum felt the cold breath of the North Wind down their necks, and jumped up from the branch where they had been sleeping. They climbed on to the North Wind's back, just in time, Whoosh!—they were all out of sight.

Back at the Snow Castle, the Frosties lined up in front of the Snow Queen to report on their night's work. Every Frostie had done his duty except two,—yes, that's right—except Ho and Hum. There was a great silence in the Snow Castle. Then the Snow Queen said, "We need only Frosties who are willing to work hard, for there is much to do in the wintertime."

She took her North Star wand and touched Ho and Hum three times and said, "Because you are always sleepy, you will go to the land of the boys and girls. When darkness falls, you will be there to help send them into Dreamland." Whoosh!—they were off.

And that is why, boys and girls, you yawn and stretch your arms and say, "Ho, hum," when you are sleepy. "Ho, hum," — I'm sleepy now, are you?

—SHIRLEY BACON.

KAKABEKA FALLS

"Kakabeka Falls — what an unusual name!"

"Yes, but do you know how these falls acquired their name?"

Greenmantle was a beautiful Indian princess, betrothed to an old brave, but loving another.

The Indian chief, father of Greenmantle, discovered her secret. Cruelly, he condemned her young lover to die. The courageous brave was placed, bound hand and foot, in a canoe which was sent hurtling down the Kaministiquia River, toward the falls.

With thoughts only for her Indian warrior, Greenmantle seized another canoe and paddled desperately after him. The thunderous roar of the falls grew louder and louder as Greenmantle neared her lover. Before she could reach his canoe, it vanished over the brink of the falls. Rather than be separated from him, she let the current suck her canoe over the falls, into the seething cauldron below. Thus the two perished, united in death.

Kakabeka is an Indian term, — "Maid of Mist" — and on clear days, it is said that the figure of Greenmantle is seen in the mist above the falls.

"An odd name? Perhaps, but a meaningful one."

—WILMA LEITERMAN

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WANA'S WISH

One sunny day in July, Brian decided to go fishing in the sparkling stream not far from his home. This was his favourite spot. He loved to spend an afternoon there.

Soon Brian was sitting contentedly on the bank of the stream with his line in the water. He watched the ripples on the water. The sun beat down on his head. Before long he was lying on the soft cushion of green grass fast asleep.

Suddenly Brian saw the woods as it might have been hundreds of years before. An Indian village nestled near the banks of the stream. There were many teepees. The people worked busily around them. Their chief, Wana, was a wise and just man. Wana knew all the needs of his people. He knew what was happening among them. They were a happy tribe although they had to work hard to have food and clothing for all their people.

As Brian watched, a party of hunters returned. The people quickly gathered around them.

"Wana! Wana!" cried one of the hunters, "look at what we have found!"

"It is a heavy box which we found in the woods," continued another. "We have carried it a great distance."

"Open it quickly, Wana. We wish to have our great chief open the box," added still a third.

"Wait my people," began the chief. "I feel this box will bring us no good. It may be an evil spirit sent to trick us." Wana looked very worried. He sensed great danger.

"I will not wait," cried an angry hunter. "We have carried this heavy load a great distance. We will not have it left here." With this he lifted his tomahawk and split the lid of the box.

Before the people lay the box filled with beautiful stones. The colours of the stones matched all the colours of a rainbow seen after a fresh spring rain.

Immediately a great quarrel arose. "I saw the box first. It is mine." "We carried the box through the woods. It is ours." "We all found the box. It should be given to all the hunters." "It should go to all the people." The quarrelling continued.

"Be silent, my people!" commanded Wana. "Already the box has brought evil to us. Go to your teepees. We shall see about the box tomorrow." The people went slowly away. Wana took the box to his teepee. He hoped to solve the problem before morning. Who was going to get the treasure? From whence had it come? What was he going to do?

At that moment the Great Spirit called to him, "Wana — Wana! Your tribe have let loose the evil spirit which was in the box. They must pay for their foolishness. The whole tribe will perish. I will grant you one wish to carry the memory of your people throughout the centuries." With this the voice ceased.

At first the people became very angry when Wana told them what the Great Spirit had said. Soon they became calm. They realized that their foolishness had caused their end.

One of the braves stepped forward. "Wana has always been a wise chief. We know he will make a wise wish. Wana, please make the wish."

After standing for a long while Wana turned to his people and said, "We shall turn evil into good. My wish is this. These beautiful stones shall be turned into the beautiful colours of nature. This place shall be a little different from any other part of the country."

Just then Brian was awakened suddenly by the tugging of his line. He took the fish off his line and began to think. "That is why this is a special spot to me. It has the beautiful colours of those stones of long ago. The green in the leaves on the trees is a little brighter and gayer than on ordinary trees. The purple on the hills is a bit softer. The sapphire blue of the water sparkles brighter. The yellow of the sun at noonday and the orange of the setting sun is a little warmer from here. The blood red of the rose buds on the opposite bank is just the colour of the stones in the box. Truly this is a special spot.

Wana must have been a great man to have made such a wise wish. Even today the memory of his people lives in this spot."

—MARY GATHERUM.

One pupil in Grade One in repeating the Lord's Prayer was heard to say,
"Our Father which art in Heaven,
Harold by Thy name."

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said Miss Johnson as she erased the board.

Miss Johnson: "What is this?"

Cebea: "It's bean soup."

Miss Johnson: "I don't care what it's been; what is it now?"

Jim: "Are you Hungary?"

Margeurite: "Alaska."

McLarty: "Yes, Siam."

Helen: "All right, we'll Fiji."

Margeurite: "Don't want to Russia."

McLarty: "I'll have Turkey, but no Greece."

Jim: "Egypt us both."

Voice on telephone: "My son has a sore throat and won't be in school today."

Teacher: "Who is calling?"

Voice: "This is my father speaking."

Dad: To look at this report card, you must be the laziest boy in school.

Son: I don't know.

Dad: Well, when all the others are busy who just sits there instead of working?

Son: The teacher.

Mr. Deyell: What's an octopus?

Buzz: It's an eight-sided cat.

A fanatic is one who can't change his mind and won't change the subject. — Churchill.

A real diplomat is one who can cut his neighbour's throat without having the neighbour notice it — Trygve Lie.

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THE GOALTENDER

Loud cheers arose from the crowd. Bill Lynnworth led his Falcons on to the ice. As usual, he dropped the puck to the ice and shot it haphazardly at the net. However, Bill was having a problem. Was this to be his last period in professional hockey? Yes, was Bill Lynnworth, the veteran goaltender of the Falcons, nearing the end of a long and glorious trail in hockey?

During the season, Bill had shown signs of losing the speed and agility which had made him the league's leading goaltender for many seasons. He had allowed some seventy-five pucks to slip by him in twenty games this season. This may not seem too important to some people, but the league's best defencemen were in front of Bill. To add to his miseries, the Falcons called up Jack Matthews, a young netminder from their North City Farm Club for a three-game trial. Jack had proved his worth by allowing only four goals during the tryout. Coach Williamson was now giving Bill his last chance to hold his job.

Bill allowed two goals in the first two periods while handling twenty-two shots. The Falcons scored twice on fourteen shots. The referee blew his whistle. John Markson, a Falcon defenceman skated up to Bill.

"Keep up the good work, Bill."

"I'll try," he replied.

Bill's muscles became tense as the players took their positions. From the faceoff, the Lions' centre flipped the puck to his leftwinger. He skated to the Falcon blueline. Markson dumped him, and the puck slid into the Falcon zone. The Lions' centre quickly recovered the puck and fired it at Bill. It bounded off his pads to the Lions' rightwinger — another shot! The Falcon netminder dropped to the ice and smothered the rubber disc. The fans roared their approval.

After two minutes of fast hockey, Vic Milton, the Falcon centre, grabbed the puck, swung around the Lions' defence, pulled the goaltender out, and flipped the disc into the twine. The fans went wild. The Falcons led 3-2. Would Bill be able to hold off the Lions' onslaught?

From the next faceoff, the puck was shot into Falcon territory. Five players scrambled for the puck behind the net. A Lion centred it out. The rightwinger fired a shot at Bill. He kicked it aside. The leftwinger returned the rebound which Bill caught and held. Play remained in Falcon territory for no less than two minutes before shifting to the Lion zone.

At the five-minute mark, the Lion centre broke loose in the clear. The crowd stood up. The centre rocketed across the blueline. He drilled the puck at the lower left-hand corner of the net. Bill grabbed the puck just in time. The fans gave the veteran goalie a tremendous ovation.

As time ticked by, play see-sawed back and forth. There was never a dull moment for either goaltender.

At 18:10 of the period, a Falcon forward drew a penalty for hooking. The Falcons were leading by one goal, but were one man short. The Falcon defence held off the Lions' attack for about fifty seconds.

A Lion forward shot at Bill from just inside the blueline. Bill cleared the puck to the corner. There was a great rush to the valuable piece of rubber. The puck was centred out in front of the net. A Lion defenceman lifted a shot which Bill caught on his chest. At this point, the Lions replaced their goaltender with another forward. Bill handled three more shots before holding the puck in the mesh.

Ten seconds remained. All the Lions were playing up. The faceoff went to the Lion centre who rifled the puck at Bill. He kicked it aside. There was a mad scramble in front of the net. Finally the puck came out of a maze of legs. Bill cleared it to the corner. A tremendous roar came up from the crowd. The game was over! The Falcons won 3-2!

Bill's teammates mobbed him in the dressing room. Coach Williamson broke through the circle around Bill.

"It looks like you'll have a job for the rest of the season, Bill," he announced.

"Thanks just the same coach, but these pads belong on Jack Matthews. He's young and has a great career ahead of him. I'm retiring as of now."

Bill shook hands with the boy who might be the greatest goaltender of all time.

—DON INGRAM.

PASTORAL

*The sighing of the forest, the cascading fall,
The morning's light in its Eastern train,
The rain bathed in Autumn's fall,
These give us pleasure again.*

*The woodland flowers and the birds' song,
The whip-poor-will with its sad refrain,
The squirrels aloft in playful throng,
These give us strength again.
Restore for us a needed truth,
And teach us afresh our lessons of youth.*

—JOHN NAGLE.

AWAKENING

*Oh little flower,
Dainty and sweet,
Pushing your head above the earth.
You stretch your arms toward the sky.
Your petals yawn as breezes sigh.
The smiling sun warms your fragile stem.
He's glad to have you back again.
He melted away your winter robe.
His beckoning beams the dead earth probe,
Wakening again from your sound sleep,
You, little flower, dainty and sweet.*

—ROBERTA McLAUGHLIN

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THE BEAVER AND THE SPANISH PRINCESS

★ ★

Grandpap rocked a bit in his chair and puffed once or twice on his buffalo-headed pipe. Evening was settling over the Turbine farm and with it came the old man's story time.

"Y'know lads, you b'ys playin' down there on the crick t'day 'minds me o' the great days o' the steam-boats on the Spanish River."

"I never knew there were any steamers on the Spanish River, Mr. Clement," said Harvey, my playmate.

Gramp chuckled. "By jingo, I tell you the Spanish seen a bit of river traffic 'tween Espanola and Spanish Mills in her day! Forty years ago the roads in these parts warn't nawthin' like they is now. 'N' t' git yer stuff t' market ye use t'er have the steamboats pick it up at yer landin' and take it down to Spanish Mills. The big lake boats 'd take it south from there. Use t'er be good farms along there then. Lots of 'em too. Not like now."

Grandpap gazed across his farm at Uncle Jim slouching along the road from the neighbour's.

"Were you ever a river-man, Grandpap?" I asked, knowing this was the kind of trigger needed to send him off on a good tale. We didn't have long to wait, either, as the old gentleman absently puffed away and gathered up the threads of his memory.

"There was two real steamboatin' families on the river then. The Chellews had the biggest boat I guess, a twin funnelled sternwheeler turned out from the Blind River yards. Old Tom Smart had the next biggest, one he and his lads built themselves. They bought Ches Diggon's old saw-mill and driv a set o' sidewheels with the engine 'n' gears. Dangdest thing I ever seed! Them gears 'd howl so loud the farmers would gather at their docks afore she even came 'round the bend. But she wuz fast! They both were o' course, but nobody knew which wuz fastest, 'cause when one wuz up the river, the other wuz down. They never had no chance t'all to settle it till the spring o' '14, I guess t'wuz. It was the Queen's Birthday and a big day was planned at Booth's Landin' since they wuz a good beach thar. Both steamboat families said they'd bring the crowd down from Espanola fer ten cents a head and the town council agreed. That's how 't was that the "Beaver" and the "Spanish Princess" got t' settlin' which were fastest."

It was dark now and Uncle Jim brought a lamp out. Neither Howard nor I spoke in case we broke the train of thought. Presently, Grandpap continued.

"I recall the next day I ne'er seed so many carriages 'n' people since I went to Sudbury. They must ha' come for miles around an' by ten o'clock both steamers had all they could carry. Old Tom gave a blast on the whistle and set his gears a-growlin'. Ruben 'n' Jake pitched th ewood into her an' y' could see they wuz set to win this here race. Bink Chellew let a roar out'n our whistle that shook every tooth in yore head. Bink made it hisself and might proud o' it he wuz too. I helped erect it, me being the "Princess's" Chief Engineer. Old Bink 'n' me got along fine.

"Ben," he'd said, "we gotta win. It means a lot fer business if 'n we beat the "Beaver". So full stoke 'er, Ben, all the way down the river. It don't matter how much pine them b'ilers burn!"

"By the time we reached Higgins' Crick thar warn't ten feet difference a'tween us. In mind lookin' across at the "Beaver" as she roared along a-side o' us and seein' her wheels thrashin' the water around an' her square bow pilin' up the river in front. I mind sayin' to meself too, that Rube 'n' Jake must sure be pushin' her 'cause I ain't never heerd her gears take on so afore.

"How that old "Beaver" stayed a-side o' us I don't know! Our b'iler deck banged 'n' thumped with the pumps 'n' roared 'n' glowed with the fires like never a-fore. I ain't never heerd her engines thunkety-clunk more'n twenty-three times a minnit. To-day she was up to thirty-two an' the heat in thar 'nuff t'kill a man. 'T warn't all open like the boiler room."

"We come 'pon Rinta's Narrers so quick I dropped me pipe over the side. She was wide 'nuff fer both o' us, I reckon, but y' couldn't always tell whar the shoalin' banks ended. Neither o' us slacked off. In fack, Bink clanged on the bell pulls fer full ahead! We wuz all excited, I guess, as she'd been runnin' that way fer twelve miles now. However, I picked up a big pipe wrench, casual like, an' hung it on the safety-valve arm. That'd give us a few more pounds o' steam an' a couple o' more turns o' the wheel I calc'lated. Ned 'n' Claude had sich a fire on that the pound o' our pitmans picked up directly. Rufe seen me do it an' shook his fist at me, not thirty feet away. I smiled, knowin' their safety wuz prob'ly screwed right down.

"The "Beaver" wuz so close now that the scream of them gears drowned out the passengers, the water, the fires 'n' everything' else. No wonder them Smarts fit so much on shore! They war danged near crazy from that engine-room. Waal sir, we two steam-boats went through them Narrers less'n twenty feet apart. Smart had to watch his paddle-wheel so he couldn't crowd us. Bink knowed it too an' kept out from shore.

"Jake Smart, black from head t' foot with ile 'n' soot, stood at his railing swearin at me as we crept slowly ahead o' them. Finally he grabbed a bar off'n the boiler up-takes 'n' flang it at me. Sure was riled, Jake wuz.

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"Suddenly, he turned 'n' stared at the paddle-wheel beside him. She wuz bringin' up mud! The "Beaver" slowed 'n' fell behinds, her wheels a-rolling up the muck as she scraped along. But the "Spanish Princess" steamed right on by, her great wheel sendin' the river back on itself. (It sounded as if Gramp had told this before.) We wuz a hunnert feet away afore I seed whut happened next. The wash from out stern-wheel had shoved the "Beaver's" bow around an' her la' board wheel stuck good. Almost right away her b'iler deck disappeared in a cloud o' steam and a big "boom".

"The passingers on deck sed whut havent too an' set t' crying' 'n' hollerin'. Binks seed too, 'n' afore y' could say "Jack Robinson" we wuz aroud 'n' back at the "Beaver."

"Them as could o' the "Beaver's" passingers waded ashore or climbed aboard the "Princess". Every-body wuz yellin' 'n' crying' 'n' carryin' on so! Rube 'n' Jake had blowed the ends out'n their b'iler which had broke down the front o' the cabin an' set her afire.

"Waal sir, that war th' end o' the race fer the "Beaver". We stayed there fer a while then took the crowd back to Espanola. Warn't no picnic that day, nobody felt much like it after the explosion. Old Tom, Jake 'n' Rube war kilt and some others from up the line too.

"Never did race again after that. Nobody had no stomach fer it. But the old "Spanish Princess" kept on plyin' the river, up 'n' down, up 'n' down fer twenty years more. She wuz still thar too, last times I seed her, sittin' on a mud bank whar the flood left her in '38 when the dam broke at Espanola. Maybe we'll drop aroud 'n' see her afore you git back t' school."

Gramp rocked back and forth slightly, his old pipe burbling and sizzling to itself. We watched, our minds full of the deep bass voices of the steamboats and the glamour and excitement that had surrounded them, forty years ago.

—BARRY PRICE.

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CHIEF FLAT BILL

Chief Flat Bill was a wise and very brave warrior. For many returns of the kitchoo bird, he had ruled his peaceful tribe of Chippewa with kindness, sagacity, and love. Never was there a quarrel, never was there a war, and never had they angered the gods.

"Little Ant Hill" was the Chief's son, who was like his father, — brave, strong, and wise. He always helped his tribal brothers on their hunting trips, taught them how to shoot straight, run quickly, and have courage.

As time went by, "Great Thunder Cap", god of Lake Superior, was angered, for practically all the fish were being caught and didn't tickle his back in the Lake any longer. Great Thunder Cap, gigantic and fierce, roared at the little tribe and sent huge waves against the shores where Chief Flat Bill and his people lived.

"Go to the mountain my brave brothers," cried Chief Flat Bill. "Make your home there, while I find what irks Great Thunder Cap."

For three whole days and nights, Chief Flat Bill paddled his light birch-bark canoe towards the island where Great Thunder Cap resided. It was useless. Great Thunder Cap pushed back the canoe with every wave and finally battered the canoe on the rocky shore.

Chief Flat Bill called Little Ant Hill.

"Son, you must help our brave brothers keep together and live with courage in peace. I am too old to carry on with you. Great Thunder Cap will kill us if we do not kill him first."

"I will call my brothers together and plan to end the menace," whispered Little Ant Hill.

For several moons, the tom-toms beat. Around a great fire, in a ring, sat Little Ant Hill with his braves, while some old warriors leaped about in the traditional war dance.

"My braves," exclaimed the new Chief, "we must act quickly for Great Thunder Cap is angry and will slay us all. I have a plan but need your help."

Shouts and war cries soon resounded over the mountain and then all was quiet.

For two days the entire tribe worked ceaselessly. The hunters sought the animals in the forest, the squaws cooked the meat and retained the fat from each bit of cooking. Shortly, barrels of grease were turned over and the mountain side was covered with this slippery fat.

On the third day at the very peak of the mountain stood Little Ant Hill. With a loud, clear voice he shouted across the Lake.

"Great Thunder Cap, we challenge you to get us, we do not fear you, we do not fear you!" The sounds echoed below and everything stood still.

Suddenly a thunderous crash was heard, and in the midst of the Lake a gigantic monster arose slowly. His head was made of stone, his eyes had fire in them and his body towered high above the waters. The sky darkened and flashes of lightening darted over the lake. Waves lashed the shores. Thunder crashes shook the mountain.

Yet, above the clamour and confusion, Little Ant Hill stood up bravely and beckoned the giant to approach.

With a few strides, Great Thunder Cap neared Little Ant Hill, growing taller and broader. Then his foot hit the side of the mountain. He slipped, fell backward, and rolled into the Lake. A loud splash was heard. A wave of water soared into the air and soon swallowed up the giant as he sank deeper into the Lake.

To-day he lies in the midst of the Lake, quiet and peaceful, as was Chief Flat Bill. They call him the "Sleeping Giant".

Chief Flat Bill—Fort William
Little Ant Hill—Port Arthur
Lake—Lake Superior
Thunder Cap—Cape of Thunder Bay
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—NESTOR CHEHOWY.

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Teacher: Dumber than I.

Student: All right then, he's dumber than both of us.

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I faced the class with a sickly grin. At least my introduction was simple — just one thought-provoking question. With complete confidence I voiced the question clearly, "What is God's greatest gift to man and which man cannot do without?"

I looked at the sea of faces in front of me hoping to choose an intelligent pupil to answer my question. Then I saw him, his brown eyes sparkling intelligently. "Yes, Johnny?" I said. He jumped to his feet with an eager smile, "Women"! I stood dazed, unable to absorb the idea that this boy had given me a most thoughtful and most provoking answer to my "Thought-provoking" question.

—DIANNE BARBER

* * *

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"Well that's what I put on my exam today."

—ERMA SIMPSON.

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John was out in the yard saying to a rabbit "2+2?", then he'd shake the rabbit. This kept on for quite a while and finally his mother said: "What are you doing John?" "The teacher said rabbits multiplied quickly, and this stupid thing can't even add."

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Barwick.
Blackburn, Lois,
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Waldhof.
Bruzus, Leo,
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Bull, Donna,
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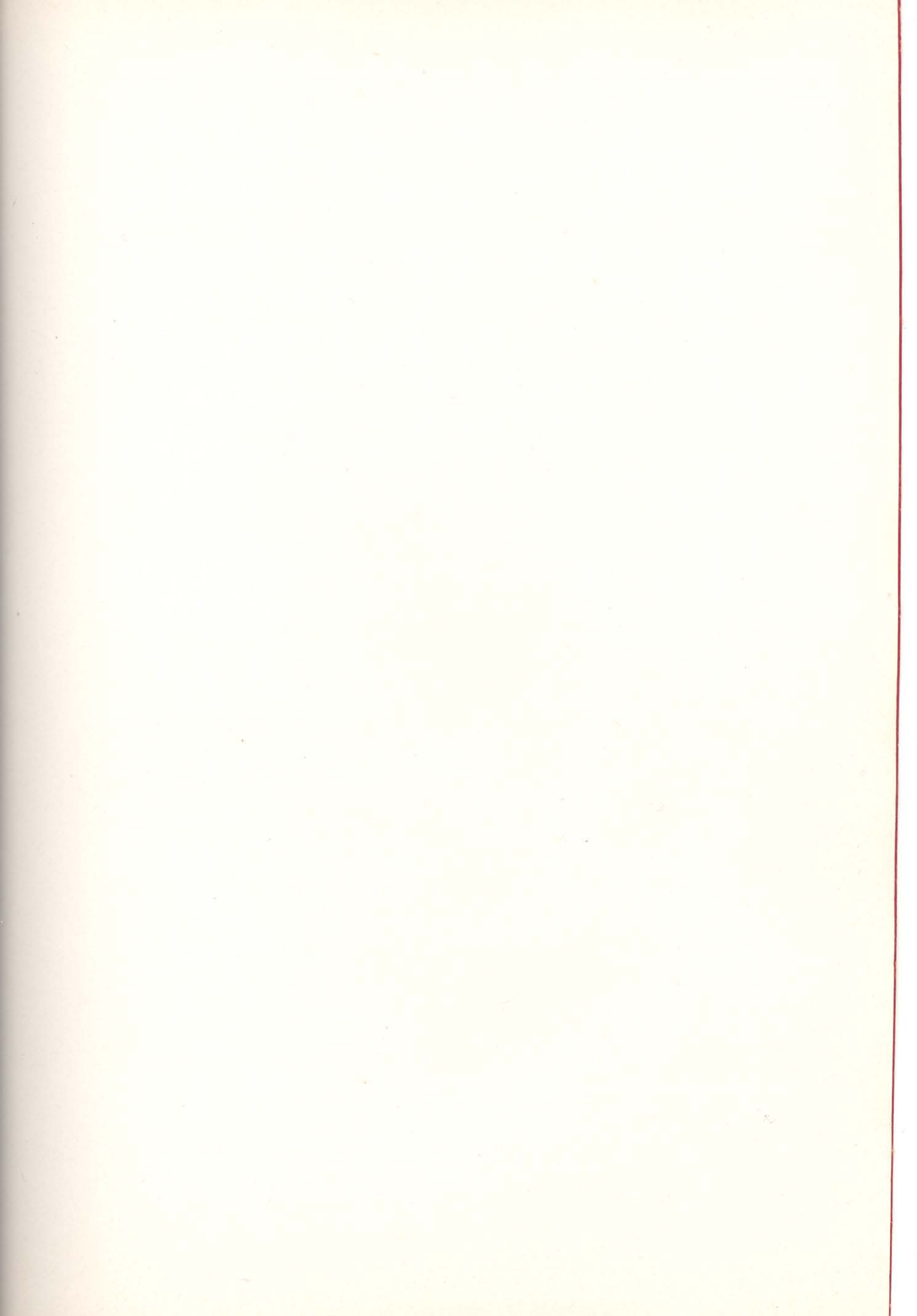
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52 Logan Ave., Gatchell.
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