

# The A. C. GATEWAY



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TRURO, N. S.


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*Mid-year Edition*

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J. M. Trueman, B. S. A., LL. D.

## A Message to the Students

From Principal J. M. Trueman



**A**LTHOUGH the work has been going on for several weeks, I extend a hearty welcome to the students who have come to the Nova Scotia College of Agriculture for the school year 1929-30. I am always intensely interested in the motives and ambitions that actuate every boy who decides to go to college. I want to know what has moved him; what is he thinking; what he hopes to accomplish.

In the old days college life was available only to the few. To-day great numbers of young people fill the class rooms of numerous colleges all over the land. We have been taught that education is power; that the trained man has an advantage over the untrained. The man who boasts that he is "self-made" is met less frequently

as time goes on. In pre-scientific days when hard knocks trained a man to hold his own among men who dealt with the simpler forms of gaining a livelihood, the self-made man, that is the man without a special school education, had a good chance to win in the struggle. I would not minimize the value of such training to-day, but in our more complex modern life, where we must deal with the big problems of competition among nations, with complicated and expensive machinery, with innumerable pests and diseases among plants and animals, and where we must take our place among men who have had special training, some time may well be spent in scientific study under competent teachers.

Therefor we have established and maintain technical colleges of all kinds. The Agricultural College has two major objects in view. One is to give the information and training necessary to start the student safely on the way to becoming an expert in farm operations. The other is to produce a man and a citizen who has a wide, sympathetic vision toward life and toward his fellow men.

So I ask you who are students to check up on your attitude toward college life and college opportunities. Why are you here? What is your aim? If you seek information that is good, but if that only, it is not enough. A man who knows facts but has not a soul alive to all the wonderful fellowships possible with nature and with his fellow men is not truly educated. The Great Teacher told His generation that He came that they "might have life and have it more abundantly." I hope you may find that abundant life that comes from a knowledge of the laws of nature and a feeling of kinship with all life and with God the source of life.

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## Editorial

**W**HILE recognizing the fact that changing the name of a college paper or magazine annually adds little to the prestige and social standing of such a publication, it has been felt that this move is again necessary. We have had the Maritime Students' Agriculturist, the A. C. Mike, and the N. S. A. C. News. Of these the last two have enjoyed only one year of publicity each. We hope for a longer life for the A. C. Gateway.

To the student who proposes to study scientific agriculture the N. S. Agricultural College forms the gateway to such knowledge. It forms the gateway to fields of learning which are yet closed to so many of our people. It forms the gateway to the larger, degree conferring, institutions of Canada and of the United States. Is it not appropriate then that the student publication of such an institution should bear a name symbolic of

the important position which our college holds in the Maritimes. Hence the A. C. Gateway.

A student publication is generally regarded as representative of the literary attainments of that group. In it are embodied student opinion, activity and ambition. It serves as a stimulant to latent ability, and as an outlet for gems of thought. In fact, the very spirit of the institution is awakened, brought into play, and presented in material form through such a publication.

The A. C. Gateway may not excel as a literary magazine. Its articles may be somewhat localized and commonplace. However, when our small student body is considered, and the fact that we claim no great literary ability than that of Freshmen and Sophomores following Science courses in other colleges, we feel justified in our attempt.

But apart from the impetus given such endeavor there is another phase which must not be lost to sight. It is a source of gratification to note the splendid spirit of cooperation which has prevailed in getting out this magazine. Every student seemed to realize that his help was necessary to its success, and acted accordingly. Such a spirit must be recognized not only to-day but in later life as the destinies of our nation are being moulded.



## The Experimental Farm System and Its Value to Nova Scotia Agriculture

—o—

**T**HE present system of Experimental Farms in Canada was started in 1886 when a Central Experimental Farm was established at Ottawa, together with four branch farms throughout the Dominion. Much credit is due to Dr. William Saunders for his thorough observations on experimental work in the United States and Europe. By the year 1911 the total number of farms, had increased to nine. Then came a period of which extension in this work was very marked, the number reaching twenty in 1920.

In that year Dr. J. H. Grisdale was succeeded as director by the present director, Dr. E. S. Archibald. The conditions caused by the World War and its effects, hindered the establishment of many new branch farms, but a large number of illustration stations have been added. Thus at the present time the system is composed of thirty-three farms and stations, besides one hundred forty-nine illustration stations, distributed throughout the Dominion.

The purpose of this system is to conduct experimental work, and determine through scientific means, practices that will benefit the Dominion farmer. Work with cattle, crops and fertilizers is carried on; diseases and insects of plants and animals are studied, for the purpose of determining preventatives and remedies.

Here I shall try to give a brief outline of the two farms in Nova Scotia--Nappan and Kentville.

The Experimental Farm at Nappan was one of the five original farms started in 1886. At this branch, experimental work is being carried on with many classes of live stock, fruits, vegetables and grain. At present experiments with alfalfa are being conducted. Alfalfa for many reasons is a desirable crop for the Nova Scotia agriculturist. The average yield for 1917 to 1927 in Canada was over two and one half tons per acre. This hay

contains a very high percentage of protein, a high-priced constituent of feeds, thus great interest should be taken in the development of this crop.

The production of a variety of Swede turnips, resistant to Club Root, is an achievement of this farm, and the seed is available at a low price.

There has been installed at Nappan a community grain cleaning machine. Here is an opportunity available to farmers far and near to get seed grain cleaned at a small cost.

A very creditable grade herd of Ayrshires and Holsteins has been produced at this farm, from scrub cows and pure bred bulls; a good quantity and quality of milk being given by the females of this herd.

Other studies include: One of fertilizer formulae for potatoes—various brands of slag and other sources of phosphoric acid comparisons of different soil corrections; also testing some of the newer complete fertilizers which are on the market under trade names.

The other Nova Scotia Experimental Station is at Kentville, the centre of the Annapolis Valley, purchased in 1912. This farm is essentially a horticultural station, interested in fruit production, and the control of plant diseases. In addition to this, they have a fine herd of dual-purpose Shorthorns, while their vegetable and ornamental gardens are among the finest in the East. At this station there is a well equipped laboratory for the study of plant diseases. Extensive study of the value of lime in agriculture, different brands of slag and other sources of Phosphoric Acid are among the experiments being conducted at this station.

What is the value of this system to the Nova Scotia farmer ?

1—Each year an annual report is published, giving results of experiments, and general recommendations for use on ordinary farms.

2—From time to time press articles are prepared and released to the papers for publication.

3—Members of the staff are available as speakers at agricultural meetings, community clubs, etc. bringing information direct to the farmer.

4—Exhibits are prepared for the leading exhibitions, showing specimens of improved varieties, and giving general recommendations for sound agricultural practises.

5—Farmers' Clubs, as well as individual farmers visit the farm from time to time, looking into the various experiments and discussing problems with the staff.

Thus in these ways we see the system of Experimental Farms and Stations is a benefit to Nova Scotia agriculture

J. L. F. '31

## Winter

—o—

With all its storms and glorious splendor,  
A great many joys can winter render.  
Sportsmen and trappers everyone,  
Think this is just the time for fun,  
Skating and sleighing and snowshoeing too,  
Can all be enjoyed to the full right through.

Woodsmen and trappers can now find time  
To go to the woods for the same old line;  
The logs are hauled to the river bank  
The trapper's returns are sent to his bank.  
Each in his turn on each winters' night,  
The progress he's made checks up with delight.

But we in our turn look back o'er the time  
And wonder how much we've done in our line,  
When quickly we feel we've one more year  
To take up the things folks s'pose are here,  
After all there's naught as I can see,  
Quite like a winter at old A. C

R. E. W. '31

## Yellow

—o—

TED Browning sat with his chum Harry Statler in their room at Seton College. Ted was sitting staring out the window which overlooked the college campus. He was thinking of the calling down he had received that afternoon from Broadbent, the Seton College foot-ball coach. The coach's words kept ringing in

his ears, "Browning, you're yellow, you're not fit to carry the name of Browning." Ted thought of these words, "not fit to carry the name of Browning." His father's and his brothers' names were famous at Seton. They had been the old war-horses, yes, the back-bone of their foot-ball teams which had won the intercollegiate championships because of their aggressiveness. Yes, it might well be said the name of Browning was sacred at Seton. He also remembered the parting words of his father before he left for college, "Son, I am looking to you to keep up the family tradition."

The coach's words and those of his dad kept ringing in his ears. What would his old dad say when he found out he had been thrown off the team because the coach thought he was yellow. Yellow? He laughed bitterly. He was a long ways from being yellow—but there was Harry—for three years Statler had turned out for practice; for three years he had worked hard for his letter and now, with that coveted "S" almost in sight, Ted had been shoved in at flying quarter experimentally and had played as if it was his natural position.

Ted had too much pride to tell the coach his real reason for slackening up. He couldn't play a poor game naturally and Broadbent jumped to the conclusion that he was yellow. But he would never forget the look of disappointment on Harry's face when he saw his letter was slipping, slipping—

Harry dropped the book he was reading and seeing his chum so dejected went over to him.

"Buck up, buddy it's tough that we play the same position and I got the break. But I've looked forward to this for three years and Oh! Ted, at last my dream is coming true. I'm going to get my letter.

Ted smiled and shook his chum's hand. "I wish you luck old man and I hope you bring the bacon home for Seton once again."

Harry started for the door, "Coming down town?" he asked. "Not for a few minutes" he answered. Again the feeling of dejection came over him.

What would Aileen think of him when the coach, who was her brother, would tell her how yellow he had been at practice. Next to his dad, Aileen had been the one person in his life from the day he started college.

He turned out his light and started across the campus, carefully avoiding any students he chanced to see, lest he should be jeered at.

When he arrived at the Broadbent home, Aileen did not greet him in the old familiar way, but seemed to despise the very sight of him.

"Ted" said Aileen after an awkward pause, "I'm sorry to tell you, but I couldn't go around with one who gets the name of being yellow."

Hearing this and knowing that he wasn't wanted, Ted took his leave. He was already reaping the reward of his folly. Despised by his girl now, to-morrow by his father. He went immediately to bed but couldn't sleep. He kept thinking of to-morrow, the day of the big game between Braxton and Seton, and he, a Brown-ing, would not be in the game, because the coach thought he was yellow. What would his father say? He had received a letter that day from his dad, saying that he was coming down to the game. Finally he fell asleep, but it was not the healthy, peaceful sleep of an athlete. He rolled and tossed all night.

Morning dawned clear and cool. It was an ideal day for a foot-ball game. All day and all the night before thousands had swarmed the town of Hampden to witness the great annual struggle.

Somehow, Ted felt he could not face his father, and early in the morning he had slipped away to avoid meeting him.

The hour of the big game arrived and the stands

were packed by thousands of enthusiastic supporters. The teams had already taken their positions. Braxton had won the toss and was preparing to kick off.

The referee blew his whistle and the big game was on. It could readily be seen that Braxton has the superior team. After twenty-five minutes of play, Joyce, captain of the Braxton fifteen and a dangerous man, secured the ball and went over for a touchdown. The day was windy and, since the kick was against the wind, the attempt to convert failed, leaving the score three to nothing in favor of Braxton.

The play zig-zagged back and forth for the next few minutes and finally the period came to an end.

The second half started with Braxton in the lead. The Seton fans were on their feet calling for a score and the team tried hard. The tables seemed reversed and the stands were in an uproar. But only for a minute and then Braxton again started their irresistible drive down the field. Time and time again they threatened to score, but a brilliant piece of tackling or a snap kick cleared for the moment.

Another savage drive by Braxton and once more the ball was within a few inches of going over. Suddenly the whistle blew shrilly and it was apparent something was wrong. One of the boys was injured and shortly after he was carried off the field.

Broadbent was struck dumb. Statler, a huge mountain of brawn, slow, but with the strength of a giant and the last man one would ever expect to be injured. Statler was out. There wasn't a substitute who could take his place and play the position with any degree of success. Except Browning! In a second he was running toward the stands and, seizing a cheer-leader by the arm cried "Yell for Browning."

Browning had been unable to stay from the game,

and, as he heard his name being called, he could hardly believe his ears. He tore madly from the obscure corner of the stands where he was, and at the coach's terse orders, made for the dressing room and made a lightening change into his uniform.

Broadbent met him as he come out, "Get in there, Yellow" he cried, and try to do something."

Yellow! yellow! he'd show them.

A scrim is formed, the ball is put in play, it comes out, a Seton player has it, it is Browning. He speeds toward the Braxton goal, forty yards away. He ducks and passes everybody, only the fullback remains.

The fullback dives for Browning's legs and misses and amid the frantic cheers of thousands of fans, Browning places the ball over the Braxton line. The score is tie. He carries the ball to attempt convert. Silence reigns supreme over the stadium. The quarter-back holds the ball, and Browning steps and at the referee's whistle, with a seemingly gentle kick, places the ball over the bar.

Seton wins and once more the Browning tradition is upheld. The crowd rushes to the field to honor their hero. His old dad, who had watched the game all the afternoon with keen disappointment rushes up to him and with tears of joy in his eyes, says, "I'm proud of you Ted, you're a true Browning."

After the mob has dispersed, Ted starts for the dressing room, he meets a silent figure standing near the doorway of the dressing room, with tears in her eyes.

He stops, the only words audible, "I'm sorry Ted." Smiling he answered, "Aw forget it, see you later."

C. H. '31



## Our Boarding House.

—o—

Our boarding house on College Road  
With eight bad boys carries quite a load;  
When all are in to science seek,  
A noise begins and then some—eeks.

In number two Doc. Walsh hibernates  
And often bedtime stories relates;  
And when he's down to the old rink skating  
To most girls surely he is heart-breaking.

We have our "Henry" from Moore's Mills,  
Who always wakes us with his thrills;  
Down near the Arena when they are chasing the puck  
More often you'll find him eating Betty's doughnuts

Old "Aristotle" our lankiest man  
Happened along from sunny Nappan:  
He is rather shy and does what he can  
When anyone mentions the little "Dutchman"

In death cell five little Willie survives,  
And enthuses the boys with his tail-spin dives:  
After Iggy, Doctor and old Paunch Payne,  
And warns certain Normals of deadly ptomaine.

"Petits Garcons" said old Paunch Payne,  
"This ice cream is delicious"  
"Perhaps that's why" they said to themselves  
That his snoring is so vicious.

We cannot of course omit "Jolly Major"  
Who entrances the boys with his Kriss Kross Razor  
Major, your hair is of such golden hue,  
I cannot blame Alice for loving you.

And next we have in number six,  
 Is "Pop" Bremner who is often sick;  
 But plays the piano every noon,  
 And goes to sleep humming "Carolina Moon."  
 His lanky room-mate "Iggy" Hallett,  
 Escaped from the Booby-hatch with a mallett;  
 And with the leap he sang a carrol,  
 And made away with Mosher's wheelbarrow,  
 Now all our boarders we've tried to describe,  
 But from our landlady there's another side.  
 For when bedclothes go walking in the night;  
 She says, good readers it's a ghostly sight.  
 Our Gang.

## The Maritime Winter Fair

—o—

THE 26th Annual Maritime Winter Fair was held in Amherst, N. S. from Nov 9th to 14th, 1929. The attendance was larger than on any previous occasion and the livestock exhibits were said to be the finest ever shown in the Maritimes.

The judging in the arena was very closely followed by enthusiastic spectators, especially by the boy and girl members of the various clubs throughout the Provinces.

A number of the students of the Agricultural College attended the Fair. There were, among them several who entered the judging competitions and showed marked ability. The following students are to be congratulated on their outstanding success:

### Individual Judging Competition

Dairy Cattle—1st Jack Stothart

3rd, Miss L. S. Austin

Sheep—2nd, Miss L. S. Austin

5th, Edgar Hilton

Swine—2nd, Miss L. S. Austin

Poultry—1st, Edgar Hilton

Jack Bremner and his team mate, representing the Chatham Jersey Club, also judged very creditably. C. Kirkpatrick of the Hoyt Wirral team is to be highly congratulated on his success in cattle judging at Amherst and the Royal. His success at the latter entitles him to a trip to Great Britain this year to judge at the Royal Agricultural Show.

Mr. F. L. Fuller of the College Staff, was in charge of the display staged by the Department of Natural Resources. Among the exhibits was a model of the farm, buildings, grounds, etc. of the Agricultural College. This miniature representation was skilfully constructed by Mr. Fuller and was much admired, especially by the students.

The annual fair is a source of education and interest to the present and future farmers, and should do much toward furthering agriculture in the Maritimes. It is to be hoped that it will continue in the future to progress as rapidly as it has in the past few years.

H. J. G. '30

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## Solemnly Dedicated to Lanky

—o—

The moon is full  
The fields are white  
Let's take a walk  
Said Lank one night.

His lady fair  
She loved her Jack  
How could she dare  
To answer back?

But my dear lad  
I cannot go  
I know my dad  
Would say go slow.

She handed him  
A winsome smile  
She said instead  
Just for awhile

You know I love  
To walk and dream  
If you hug me  
I'll not scream.

O Jack don't blush  
I know poor dear  
You don't like mush  
But never fear.

I mean it all,  
The moon's so bright  
It's made me fall  
For you this night.

He liked it not  
This crack he threw  
'Oh I'm not caught  
I'm wise to you.

He turned away  
And left her there  
How cruel he was  
To his lady fair.

## Bridge Painting and How

—o—

I LANDED in Cleveland one cold May morning in 1926 with eleven dollars in my pocket and without a friend in the city. The city looked mighty good to me, with its maple lined streets in the residential sections, and its broad, busy thoroughfares in the business area. I didn't waste any time looking around but started out on the same old weary round. Everything was the same here as in other cities. Here were the same old employment offices, and the same old question asked in the same old way "What can you do?" Well, what could I do? Nothing! So I received the same old weary repetition "Nothing to-day come back to-morrow" For a whole week I got up at six in the morning, had a twenty cent breakfast in a hash joint and then tramped wearily around from office to office, from factory to factory, from Berea to Ashatabula and back to Cleveland. It was always the same "No help wanted."

It isn't a pleasant sensation to know you are friendless, jobless and almost broke when you're over a thousand miles from home. The city didn't seem so beautiful now, for behind those tree-lined avenues were the dirty, dingy factories, and around them the quite-as-dirty living quarters of the poorer classes.

I struck it lucky on my eighth day and got a job digging ditches for 50 cents an hour. It cost me my last two dollars to get that job. I hung to it for a month while my fellow workmen came and went.

Every nationality in Europe was represented by them. Most of them were floaters and at the end of June I was the only one left of the original gang who had started work. They didn't take favorably to the

idea of working eighteen straight hours, feeding the hungry maw of a concrete mixer with stone.

Eventually the superintendent of the job noticed me and, to my joy took me away from the ditches and started me painting bridges with the paint crew. These bridges were high, steel, overhead crossings of the Pennsylvania railroad. The work was simple and not dangerous, and there were many dark recesses and arches where one could crawl back into a corner unobserved and go to sleep. I did have, however, one or two thrilling experiences, or so they seemed to me.

On one bridge in particular, which crossed Woodworth Avenue, each of the crew was placed in an arch by means of ladders and left there for the morning to paint it. I was unlucky enough to be placed directly beneath the rails, and the terrible roar and reverberation of sound from a dozen ore freights and other freights and trains nearly drove me crazy. I was shaken considerably when I was eventually taken down.

On another occasion I was placed in a cubby hole directly above the trolley wire used by the street-cars. I finished the job and, knowing I wouldn't be called for until noon, I settled back as comfortable as I could for a sleep. Then something went wrong. For over an hour every street car that went by lost its trolley pole just when it was under the arch just where I was, and I was forced to crawl back into the farthest corner, white and nerveless, as the great steel poles whanged up and banged around me. I saw death a dozen times as the poles barely missed my face or brushed my clothes in passing. No one noticed that anything was wrong and my frantic signals went unheeded. At last noon came and I can assure you it was a very thankful lad that crawled down the ladder.

Once a red hot coal from a stoker engine, hauling

an ore freight, fell onto my neck and slipped down my back burning terribly as it did so. Many an old lady was shocked to see an apparently insane painter rip off his shirt and tear savagely at his underclothing.

Once I worked when it was 99 degrees in the shade. Moreover I worked in the sun and the steel girders and plates threw back the heat in suffocating waves. I drank ice water by the quart and was laid out for two hours with agonizing cramps.

At another time, I was painting, singing away merrily while I swung my legs out over busy 79th street when my attention was attracted by a little knot of people who seemed anxious to attract my attention. Presently I understood what they wanted and hastily drew up my legs. I had been swinging my feet within a fraction of an inch of a trolley wire charged with its hundreds of volts of electricity,

The greatest thrill of the summer came one day as I stood on the top-most rail of the bridge and watched six-hundred stalwarts of the Toronto Scottish Regiment marching proudly along to the tune of "Cock o' the North" played with the bagpipes and fifes. It was Canada-Cleveland day and I was mighty proud to be a Canadian. It seemed one day when one could boast of one's nationality and get away with it.

I saw another parade which was at once awe-inspiring and amusing. A great national negro association held a convention in Cleveland and the city seemed to change overnight from white to black. Over fifty thousand marched on parade one afternoon. There were floats and thousands of dollars worth of flowers, but the most gorgeous sight of all was the uniforms worn by the representative bodies from different cities. Some were purple and gold; some were green and yellow; some were

pure white, but most of them had a certain amount of purple on display. It was bizarre, yet beautiful.

Two more small jobs to do and then we were through. The long, hot days of August had given way to the slightly cooler ones of September and it was much more comfortable for working. Most of the gang had departed. They had opened their pay envelopes one night and found a little pink time-slip along with their money and they did not need a fortune teller to tell them they were through.

One of the jobs had to be tackled from above and I was left to do it. To get to the arch which I wished to paint, I had to slip between an iron bar and a plated railing. I wasn't quite sure I could make it and I didn't. I was caught at the waist and couldn't free myself. I couldn't catch anything with my hands to pull myself up and my feet didn't touch the bottom of the arch by a good foot. To make matters worse it started to rain and I got soaked through and through from the hips up, but remained perfectly dry below that. So there I hung suspended until two obliging trainmen came along and pulled me up.

All good jobs must come to an end and this was no exception. Two of us were kept on to finish one railing. It consisted of three rails and was about one hundred yards long. It should have been finished in two days. At the end of the ninth day the boss came to us and told us we would have to finish it within the next two days, and sorrowfully we did so. I think I grew to love that little fence as I never will another.

Shortly after that we were given our time. I did not mind, because where I had started with a mere fifty cents I had quit with three hundred and fifty dollars



saved in less than five months. I started once more on the road and this time I picked Detroit. My adventures there however, are another story.

A. E. McC. '31

## The Conference of the Student's Christian Movement at Mount Allison.

—o—

THE Winter Conference of the Students Christian Movement was held from December 30th to January 3rd at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B. There were in attendance one hundred and ten people including leaders, students and other delegates. It was one of the best conferences the Movement has ever had and was greatly enjoyed by all. The only regrets were when the last day came and we had to say good-bye to new made friends (for everyone present was a friend) but memories and inspirations, gained in those five days, will linger long in the minds of all who attended.

The Conference Committee was indeed fortunate in securing such leaders as Dr. Bruce Curry, of Union Theological Seminary, New York; Dr. W. J. Rose, of Dartmouth University; Mr. C. F. Andrews, of India; Mrs. Kim, of Korea, and others, including Dr. Patterson, of Acadia University, all of whom were so capable of discussing the theme of the conference which was: "The Meaning of Life to Me."

The program for each day was announced at the breakfast hour and was very well arranged by the committee. At seven forty-five morning prayer; breakfast at eight; from nine to ten-thirty we had a study period with Dr. Bruce Curry on the theme of the conference,

"The Meaning of Life to Me" During the first period he discussed the subject "Life" under several headings, and announced a group of subjects for the following three days, his topics being:

"The Way to the Kingdom of God." This was discussed under the three following headings:

First day, "The New Proposal of Jesus."

Second day, "The Way of the Cross."

Third day, "Continuing Fellowship"

In all these talks he very masterfully pointed the way to a better, fuller life.

The next period from eleven to twelve was a discussion period under the leadership of Miss Rutherford, in which students discussed questions that had arisen from the addresses of the leaders or our own individual or college problems.

Then from twelve to one we had a lecture by an appointed leader. At one o'clock we always had a session which was regularly attended by all—the dinner hour.

From two to three o'clock we were divided into two study groups, one under the leadership of Mr. C. P. Andrews, the other under Dr. W. J. Rose.

Mr. Andrews in his study group outlined the conditions in India as compared to the West. In his first talk he compared the East and West with the story of Martha and Mary, saying that we in the West were trying too hard just to make a show, and forgetting the deeper things of life, and that all our growth seemed mechanical. He did not mean that we were not to strive to keep ourselves advancing, nor that we should lower our standard of living, but is it right that our country should have more of this world's riches, while people of other countries suffer? He pointed out two

ways by which conditions in the East could be bettered. First, by more Universities to educate the people; secondly, by the church, where they would learn the way to higher ideals and thus improve their standards of living. These questions were discussed by Mr. Andrews and members of his group.

From three o'clock until six we had a period of recreation, which was always very well arranged by our committee. The most enjoyable day was that of the sleigh drive, in which over fifty of us went for a two hours drive. The following day we were arranged in groups and made a tour of the Mount Allison College buildings. In the evening from seven-thirty to nine o'clock we had a lecture which was open to the public and was always very well attended.

The lecture by Mr. C. F. Andrews, in which he further told us of the conditions as he found them in India during his thirty years experience there, was an inspiration in itself. He was a very close friend of Gandhi and he says of him; "Gandhi is the most Christ-like man I ever knew, and no other man lives as near like Jesus as Gandhi" He also says that had it not been for Gandhi, nothing would have withheld the uprising or revolt, of which India was, and still is on the verge. He thinks that is the reason why the Indians are so rebellious is that Great Britain is trying too hard to enforce laws and thus keeping the young life of India held down to almost no freedom at all.

Mrs. Kim's very pleasing address on the conditions in Korea was enjoyed by all. She told of her early life and her struggle to get an education. Since the women in her country are supposed to be a negative quantity, nothing is provided in any way for them, not even a common school education. As she was determined to

have an education and there being no girl's school, it was necessary for her to dress as a boy and go to a boy's school, until she was twelve years old. By that time missionaries had opened a school for girls and she completed her education there. She also told of the other work the missionaries have done to better the conditions in Korea, one outstanding fact about the people of Korea was the readiness with which they accepted the teachings of christianity; she said that one out of every twenty persons was a christian.

The addresses by Dr. W. J. Rose and Dr. Patterson were just as inspiring as the others, for they all helped to shatter some of our old worldly thoughts and to kindle a new desire within us; to strive to live more as God would have us live. So it was not but with regret that we listened to Dr. Trueman pronounce the benediction after the closing address by Miss Rutherford. Each one of us left the conference with a new outlook on life that will not soon fade, with a desire to go back to college and try and live so that others may catch some of the inspiration we received.

R. C. L. '31

## Iggy's Plight

—o—

Iggy Hallett returned one night  
To find his room in a sorrowful plight,  
After spending the evening not far away,  
Nothing remained for him to wear next day.

His trunk and clothes all were gone,  
And everything that to him belonged.

A week later the paper showed  
That a trunk had been found on the Halifax road.

As soon as classes next day were over,  
He borrowed a wheelbarrow from Miss Mo-er,  
And toiling then for two hours more,  
Succeeded in fixing his room as before.

Hallett still wonders how it got there,  
But to blame anyone he doesn't dare;  
To find out who did it he hadn't a chance.  
Though at McGibbon he throws the odd glance.

J. C. B. '30

## The Island is Leading the Way.

—o—

**P**RINCE Edward Island, cradled in the waves of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in the crescent made by shores of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, is a garden of vegetation, surpassed by few countries on this continent. As time goes, it is only some hours distant from such centres as Montreal and Boston. Its distance from the mainland is less than nine miles and a car ferry taking full train operates regularly. "The Island" as it is called, has been known for years on account of its in-

tense cultivation and for its contented and prosperous population. Its wealth is distributed among its people, and there are no millionaires, there are no paupers. Within the last two decades, the Island has become known the world over for an industry that has been established here and now ranks with the highest class of successful enterprises the world has ever seen. The ranching of silver foxes reads like a dream, but to realize its importance a visit to this Garden of the Gulf is necessary. It has brought millions of dollars to its 90,000 inhabitants, now leading and instructing the world in this easy mode of gathering riches.

In the way of attractions, we have much to offer the summer visitor. A rolling country equalled in beauty in few places in the world, glorious sunrises and sunsets; wonderful drives over red winding roads, practically always in sight of the sea, a dazzling blue sky rivalling that of sunny Italy and always fanned by gentle summer breezes. Visit the Island and be convinced.

L. Yeo '30

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### Pat

—o—

He is a little red-headed lad  
Who hails from Windsor town,  
That boy you'll find is never sad  
And he's doing things up brown.

'Is this water fit to drink?'  
He wants to know one day,  
The teacher says "what do you think"  
And Pat knows not what to say.

When he goes to town at night  
To see a certain mademoiselle,  
He never gets home till the morrow's light  
Is creeping o'er the distant dell.

He likes to go to the chemistry lab.  
And make peroxide there  
'It comes in handy' he claims  
If you wish to bleach your hair.

His one ambition is to grow  
And be about six foot tall  
It would be an advantage you know  
When he's playing basketball.

Should anyone who reads this(?)  
This lad would like to meet  
Just come up to N. S. A. C.  
And you'll agree that he's a treat.

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## The Fur Trade

—o—

**I**N the exploration of Canada we find that furs were the loadstone which drew the adventurers to our shores in ever-increasing number. It was this lure of furs which enticed the French and English traders and trappers further and further into the unknown regions which lay beyond the Atlantic coastline and on over prairies and Rockies.

The first men to penetrate the rich forests bordering the great waterways of the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and the Hudson Bay, called themselves explorers, but by instinct and inclination they were fur traders.

All the large cities of North America were at one time nothing more than fur trading posts, where the chief exports were furs of beaver, mink, fox and other fur-bearing animals.

The general fur trade of the world when considered from the standpoint of employment given and dollars turned over, stands sixth of all great commercial enter-

prizes. In America it even reaches higher than sixth.

Canada was at one time a treasure trove of fur animal life, but so destructive have been "sporting instincts" of transient visitors, residents, pioneers, and even to-day's citizens, that many of the fine fur bearing animals were almost wiped out and became practically extinct.

Gratitude of the fur trade, however, is due to some wise men who provided game laws and saved for Canada in particular and the fur trade in general, martin, beaver muskrat, otter, mink, ermine, etc. While the game laws preserved the above mentioned fur bearers, conservation held for the trade "Silver Fox" and the Alaska Seal.

At the present time we find the use of fur as an article of clothing, as well as for ornamental purposes, is greater than ever before. The demand has so much increased that we find all tricks are being used to supply the demand, some of which are not as honest as they might be.

J. E. H. '30

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## The Meeting of Junior Degree Executive.

—o—

**T**HE executive of the Junior Quilting Team met in the tower room of the pavilion on Friday evening last at seven-thirty sharp. Mr. McCollom acting as chairman and seated on a two legged milking stool, was heroically trying to keep his equilibrium and call the roll at the same time. He also tried to look wise which proved even more difficult. In dragging his watch from his coat pocket, as it in some way got caught and the alarm started ringing. Having quieted this disturbance, he was able to tell by his own intelligence, and a prompt from Pat, that it was exactly seven-thirty.



He then braced the door with his fountain pen which by the way was new at Christmas, and taking his pencil from its "dizzy" perch on his left ear, he proceeded to call the roll. Mr. Howatt was present, though unable to answer to his name when called. Pat was there too. In fact every part of the Maritimes, even the Tropics, was represented

MacGregor was there of course, he being the champion snore-proof quilt maker of the college. Quilt making among other things, such as Forsyth, is one of our specialties. We sell them and buy cigarettes for Hilton and Wetmore. Having called the roll Mr. McCollom, still going into a variety of contortions, in trying to look wise, managed to get the book away in the medicine drawer, whose hinges squeak every time it is opened, and put the pencil back to his right ear, which is situated directly opposite his left one.

The members are now asked if they have any business on hand that they would like to discuss. Hilton said he might talk business, only he had left his money home in his other pants. Weaver said he was stone broke too except for some magnesium wire he had pinched from the "lab." Willie White also couldn't seem to find any small change. At this time Payne became unruly and we had to resort to our "big boy" John Smith, who threw Payne out the window; thus we were rid of two "paynes" at the same time and Mr. Smith resumed his posture as fresh and unruffled as the daisy in Howatt's buttonhole.

Layton and MacGregor were also having their difficulties. When your correspondent first noticed them they were rolling around on the sawdust floor, pulling each others hair, and Layton was yelling 'No! I'm going to be treasurer.'

A knock at the door and Pat, who was acting as bar-

tender, pulled away the bar only to have Drakes and Leefe walk in, followed closely by Grant who seemed a bit unsteady of step. When asked to explain his tardiness, he merely replied: "Actions speak louder than words."

The meeting was called to order again by McCollom, when Wetmore moved that a petition be sent to the financial secretary for a reduction in the price of boot and shoe leather. This was eagerly seconded by Wood. We were just going to take a vote on this measure, when MacGregor started singing and the meeting broke up rather hurriedly.

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## The Autobiography of a Cabbage Maggot.

—o—

**I** AM a little white, headless, footless Cabbage Maggot, whose family always lived very happily until a man by the name of Dr. W. H. Brittain came along. He had devised a method of poisoning us, if he can tempt us with his treat.

Cabbage and cauliflower are the two vegetables which I prefer to eat, although I can make a very satisfactory meal on radish or a similar crop.

The living is very good and safe where I am at present, burrowed into the root of a cabbage. I feel much alone though, as my mother and father died before I was two weeks old and practically all of my brothers and sisters were poisoned or killed by our enemies.

I am told that last summer my father and mother were little maggots like me. During the autumn months they came to the surface of the ground to pupate, by shrinking and forming into a puparium, which retained all the larval structures. They could have pupated in

the soil or cabbage root, therefore, I see where I save myself trouble and do not move when I am to change my winter coat.

I do not resemble my parents at all, because they appeared out in the spring in fly form, having six great long three jointed legs, large wings and large head. Mother was decidedly larger than father maggot, for though he was older he was very short and stubby. No wonder that they were said to resemble Mutt and Jeff.

The nice warm sunny days about June 1st, or the first blossoming of the shade trees were the days father and mother chose to appear out, father arriving a few days earlier. When mother came she immediately began to lay nice little white ribbed eggs in and on the surface of the soil around the cabbage and cauliflower plants, until she had laid more than one hundred eggs.

Weather conditions being favorable a little white family of maggots would be expected within the next three to thirteen days. We, however arrived the fifth day. What a glorious time we had, eating the tiny little cabbage and cauliflower plants off just below the surface of the soil.

We were getting along very happily when our parents told us that we would have to look out for ourselves from now on, as their time to leave this world had come. Before departing from us they said: "Hurry up little whities and grow big like us, then you can lay eggs and have a family of maggots before the first quarter of July is past, then probably grand maggots before the latter part of August."

As children we were getting along nicely until Farmer Harrison began to complain that his cabbage and cauliflower plants, were beginning to wilt and topple over. He complained so terribly that Dr. W. H. Brittain

Provincial Entomologist, was notified. He came to inspect the plants and I overheard him discussing our family as they stood out in the garden. Dr. Brittain said; "Maynard Harrison, I know what affects your plants, the cabbage maggots are eating them off right and left."

He further proceeded to say, "For many years these maggots have been a most harmful pest; therefore I decided to experiment. This experiment which I carried on for a period of ten years, proved satisfactory. I found that this maggot pupates in the fall and remains in that form for the winter months. It appears out in the spring in fly form, when it lays eggs around the plants. In less than one week there are many white maggots. Then there are a second and third generation, which come in July and August but these never amount to much, as likely you have noticed once the plants have developed a strong root system, their growth is only slightly affected.

The remedy for this pest is to water the plants with corrosive sublimate solution, 1 oz. to 10 gallons of water at the rate of about two-fifth pint per plant, more if the soil is hard and dry, less if moist and loose. The first application is made just after the eggs are laid. A second application should follow the first in seven days time. To be perfectly safe a third application, after a similar interval, is recommended by some.

It is important to be able to recognize the eggs of this pest, Mr. Harrison, as in case of early plantings, the plants may be out for some time before this takes place. I shall leave you this bulletin which I have published on this maggot and trust you may be able to eliminate them from your garden."

Imagine my feelings on hearing this. Maynard lost no time in applying his poison. My brothers and sis-

ters could not resist the temptation of his treat and died shortly as a result. I feel quite safe where I am for a month or more. This fall I shall pupate and next spring I will hatch out a wise family to fool Farmer Harrison.

In conclusion, I feel compelled to state that I and all my relatives bitterly resent Dr. Brittain's interference into our hitherto peaceful lives. I have no kind words to say about this man who is ruthlessly destroying us, and I for one, after overhearing the conversation between he and Mr. Harrison, bear him a personal grudge that I shall never overcome.

L. S. A. '30

## Initiation

—o—

**W**HEN the A. C. Freshies breezed into town on Oct. 30th their chins hung so low they tripped over them. They looked as if they were thinking of "The girl they left behind;" but lacked that cheerful attitude of love 'em, leave 'em and get another.

The Sophs fortunately had a cure for this morbid state of affairs, and two days later came the awful summons from the Grand Khan;

"Come ye and gather in the gym the evening."

Countersigned

Signed

The Dirty Half Dozen.

The Grand Khan

For once the freshies did not fight to be first out. By 7.30 all were gathered in the gym. The motly crowd was divided as follows:

Room One—Fallen Arches Archibald

Quack Drakes

Half Pint O'Brien

Spider Woods.

Room Two—Ol' Sure Shot White

Si. Weaver

Slab Foot Payne

Spare Ribs Forsyth.

Room Three—Methusela McGregor

Dangerous Curves McCollom

Canary Hilton

Israel MacKinnon

Room Four—Lousie Leefe

Bed Bug Layton

Sun Shine Grant.

Room Five—Tropics Hollis

Allwet Wetmore

Spuds Howatt

Grampy Duplisse

In groups of four the victims were dragged before the Grand Khan and his six Coffin Fillers to answer the following questions;

G. K.—Your name fresh?

Victim—(generally knew his own name)

G. K.—Your occupation ?

Answer—(generally) Inefficiency expert

G. K.—We are about to amputate your head. Have you any reason for wanting it ?

Victim very often answered—Yes sir, it's as good as new. I never used it.

G. K.—Will you have death now or have it sent ?

Victim—By attorney please.

G. K.—Gentlemen proceed.

One by one they were hurried up a step ladder with the help of a barrel stave now and then. A shake of the ladder sent them spinning like nobody's business into a horse blanket and then gracefully aloft to make an organized investigation into the music of the spheres. After

a complete survey of this phenomena they were hazed blindfolded over fallen chairs, ropes and tubs of water.

Such violent exercise seemed to give the freshies an appetite, so to appease their hunger they were handed out a balanced ration of sugared raw clams, worms in the form of macaroni and a glass of salt saturated water.

This formal introduction of freshies and sophs was supplemented by instructions for the following week. They were:

1. Any freshie talking to a lady on the sidewalk must forward a half peck of apples to the Grand Khan.
2. No freshie shall shave for the following week.
3. No freshie shall comb his hair for the following week.
4. Any freshie with false teeth shall leave them at home for the following week.
5. All freshies shall press their pants with the crease down the side.
6. All freshies shall wear their coats inside their pants, and pants to be held up by a cord over one shoulder.
7. All freshies shall carry a slate for the following week.
8. All freshies must look intelligent.

In all except the last named the freshies proved themselves real sportsmen, and in that one last thing they failed completely.

Anon

## Entertainment

—o—

**W**EEKENDS are generally looked forward to as periods of diversion, from the regular routine of college life. But Saturday evening, December 14 brought forth something different when the students of both senior and junior classes accepted the invitation of Prof. and Mrs. Harlow to a delightful entertainment at their home.

Games and songs were indulged in, to the enjoyment of all.

Then came the lunch followed by a generous supply of ice cream, with which even the Major expressed himself as being highly satisfied.

A spelling competition was then held between the senior and junior classes. R. E. Jones '30, showed his marked ability in this direction, winning over all comers, and thus capturing the special prize offered by Prof. Harlow.

After the appreciation and thanks of the student body were extended to Prof. and Mrs. Harlow by Jack Stothart, followed by singing "For they are jolly good fellows" a happy group dispersed, loud in their praise of the enjoyable evening spent.

D. R. MacD. '30



## Social Events

—o—

THE Social side of college life seems to be kept well to the fore during the present term. Shortly after getting back here plans were inaugurated for the first dance of the year, so on Nov. 8th the initial social event was held. Everything went with a bang. The gymnasium was artistically decorated for the occasion, while Johnson's orchestra supplied the music. The novelty dances and Paul Jones' deserve special mention.

The chaperones were Mrs. Trueman and Mrs. Longley.

Following up the usual custom, a second dance was held on the eve of our Christmas vacation. Johnson's orchestra again supplied "peppy" music. The gymnasium, although not as elaborately decorated as in the case of the first dance, looked very attractive.

Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Creighton acted as chaperones for the evening. This dance proved a grand success in every respect, and a good time was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

As a means of ushering in the social season for the New Year, a very enjoyable dance was held on January 17th. The chaperones for this occasion were Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Landry.

The social committee, which is composed of Miss Matheson and Messrs Burgess, Howatt and Hollis, is to be commended on the business like manner in which these dances have been conducted. It merits well the success which has been achieved.

J. C. B. '30

## Faculty Entertains Students.

—o—

THE official welcome of the faculty to new students of the farm and degree classes was given in the form of a reception in the science building on the evening of January 8th.

Dr. and Mrs. Trueman received the students with a very hearty welcome.

Prof. Bird acted to perfection the part of chairman. A well prepared program of readings, vocal and instrumental solos, games and contests were carried out. Jack Walsh, President of the Student's Council, extended greetings to the new students on behalf of the senior members. Among these of the form classes who captured prizes in the contests were Alex. Beaton, Pius Campbell, and J. W. Barry.

Delicious refreshments were served and a very enjoyable evening was brought to a close with the singing of "God Save the King."

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## The Sport Page

By "Bus"

THE writer of this column deeply regrets that there is not more to report in this important branch of college life, not that he is particularly fond of voicing his opinion in the public press, but because it is very lamentable that there is not more athletic activity in this college.

There is no reason why sports should be such a re-

cessive factor in our college life. We will admit that we lack the numbers of which other Maritime colleges can boast, but the quality is here. However the spirit is weak in this case, not the flesh.

### BASKETBALL

In Basketball, although we have lost, through graduation, such stars as D. R. MacDonald, Max Street, John Murphy, Ray Webber, Benny Pitman, and others, we have acquired new luminaries in the persons of MacCollom, Forsyth, Wood, and Archibald. The addition of these men, and the fact that some of last year's Junior Degree and Junior Farm players have greatly improved, augers well for the welfare of basketball in this college for the remainder of this year. Stothart is even better than last year. The appearance of the sensational Stothart always adds great color to any contest, and we are indeed fortunate in having such an athlete in our midst. "Lanky" sure knows his basketball, and this year is acting as both player and coach, and the way he is putting the boys through their paces is a treat to watch. Lord and Riordon of last year's Junior Degree Class have improved tremendously since last year and now work with machine-like precision on the floor. Davis too, has become one of our most formidable players, and D. R. MacDonald (better known as Dangerous Dan) who has only recently taken the game seriously, is coming ahead by leaps and bounds. Keep an eye on Dangerous Dan.

Compton and Babin, Senior Farm men, are also playing brilliantly and Knox keeps steadily improving.

Space will not permit a complete discussion of all these men, but it is sufficient to say that we have an abundance of basketball material. The regrettable thing is that, up to the present, no use has been made of this talent as far as actual games are concerned, but it is

pleasing to know that the town basketball league has been formed, in which N.S.A.C. will be represented.

### THE TRURO BASKETBALL LEAGUE

This league will consist of four teams: Y.M.C.A. Bankers, Academy and N.S.A.C. Two games will be played every Thursday night, and there are twenty-four games in the schedule. We look forward optimistically to the chances of our team in this league.

The lineup of the N.S.A.C. team has not yet been definitely announced but it is a certainty that it will be drawn from the following; Stothart, Lord, Riordon, McCollom, Davis, Compton, Wood and MacDonald.

### HOCKEY

Enough has been said about basketball. A word about Hockey.

Last year N.S.A.C. was represented in the Truro Intermediate Hockey League, and this year it was considered inadvisable to enter a team. Whether this decision was wise or foolish is debateable, for after only one practice the N.S.A.C. hockey team recently defeated the Eastern Shirtmakers in an exhibition game, the only game that our team has played this year, so far.

### N.S.A.C. 3—EASTERN 2

This game took place on Wednesday night, January 14th. Because of the lateness of the hour the spectators were not numerous, but those who did witness this struggle were rewarded by seeing a good, fast, clean game. It took three fifteen minute periods and a five minute overtime period to decide the issue, the A. C. finally bringing home the bacon by a 3-2 score.

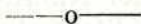
In the first period both teams scored one goal, Forsyth doing the trick for N.S.A.C. The second period ended 2-1 for the college, Stothart sagging the twines this time on one of his many brilliant rushes. The Shirtmakers came back strong in the third and evened the score making it read 2-2, and an overtime period was then played. It was anybody's game until Stothart grabbed the puck back by his own goal and dashed down the whole length of the ice, going through everything, to score the deciding goal.

Art Dickie refereed satisfactorily and, as the game was clean, handed out very few penalties. What ones there were were drawn by the Shirtmakers. The game was featured by the fine work of both goalies. Babin for N.S.A.C. was very affective, while Riordon and Forsyth also shone. As usual Stothard was the most dangerous man on the ice.

The line up for the N.S.A.C. was: goal, Wood; defence, Forsyth, Stothart; centre, Babin; wings, Hallet, Riorden; Subs, Archibald and MacCullough.

J. Leslie Forsyth acted in the capacity of playing manager.

## Changes in the Faculty



THE appointment of Mrs. W. V. Longley to the position vacated by Mr. H. J. Fraser, as Head of the Department of English, has been received with universal satisfaction. Mrs. Longley is a graduate in Arts of Minnesota University and has had considerable teaching experience in the High Schools of that State. Students here take this opportunity of welcoming Mrs. Longley and assure her their most hearty cooperation.

The N. S. Agricultural College welcomes to its Faculty Mr. A. D. Pickett as Instructor of Economic Entomology. Mr. Pickett is a native of Tootleton, N. B., and graduated from here in 1925. Following his graduation from MacDonald College last year he was appointed Provincial Entomologist for this province. His career thus far has been a notable one and we predict great things for his future.

It was with a feeling mingled with both satisfaction and regret that students here learned that Prof. H. J. Fraser had severed his connections with this institution. Although Professor of English here for several years, his interest part time was shared as local representative of the Continental Life Insurance Company. It was to the position of New Brunswick manager for this company that he was appointed last June. His head office is St. John.

The news of his promotion was received as but a fitting reward for his labors in that field.

Mr. Fraser's absence will be keenly felt here. Perhaps no other professor at the college enjoyed more fully the admiration and esteem of the student body than

he. Nor was it confined to the student body. Fellow members of the Faculty and friends in the town of Truro gave conclusive evidence of this fact at a banquet tendered him at the Scotia Hotel on the eve of his departure.

The best wishes of the A. C. students are extended to him in this important position.

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### Alumni Notes



Earl Illsley '07 is still operating the Creamery at Somerset, Kings Co., N. S.

Robt. F. Newcomb '08, is on one of the best farms in Kings Co., at Port Williams, and has recently put up a large two-storey hen house and is doing well with hens.

W. H. Porter '09 is editor of the Farmer's Advocate.

F. C. Gilliat '10 has lately been promoted in his work in Entomology. His address is Annapolis Royal.

C. M. Dickie '12 is head agent for P. E. I. for the International Harvester Company, with headquarters at Charlottetown.

R. Schafheitlin '14 Canning, Manager of the Canard Fruit Company is receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

P. G. MacDonald '15 and Mrs. MacDonald, of Lower Canard, Kings County, are spending the winter in the south. Their two sons are at K. C. S. Windsor.

M. F. Anderson '18 Chapman Settlement, Cumberland County, was a visitor at the A. C. a few months ago.

R. R. Hurst '18 is getting on very well, and has recently been appointed Pathologist at the Charlottetown Laboratory.

W. J. Kenty '18 is doing insurance work in Halifax.

Clyde MacDougall '18 is an Agricultural representative with the N. B. Department.

Gordon Parker '18 is travelling agent for the DeLaval Co., selling milkers.

D. D. Arsenault '18 of the Federal Dairy and Cold Storage Branch, Ottawa, visited the college a short time ago,

We have heard that Philip Bishop '19 last summer took unto himself a wife. If we had any official notice we would offer him congratulations. Try his honey—he's a beekeeper.

H. C. Burbige '19 is farming at Canard, and has now two of a family.

Cenith H. Thomas '19 Ex-General Secretary, is studying Institutional Management at MacDonald College.

Cecil Selfridge '20 is heard occasionally over the radio.

Clarence FitzRandolph '21 Bridgetown, divides his time and land between fruit and foxes.

A. W. MacKenzie '21 Agricultural Representative for Cumberland County, has been appointed Superintendent of Colonization and Agriculture for the Maritimes for the Canadian National Railways. His headquarters will be at Moncton.



K. A. Harrison '22 is working for his Ph. D. at Toronto University. He is holder of the T. Eaton Fellowship.

Ellsworth Lewis '22 Upper Economy, is Secretary of the newly formed Colchester County Farmers' Association.

Donald White '26 Berwick, is Secretary of the Kings County Farmers' Association which has recently been re-organized,

Austin Scales '11, Freetown is a grower and shipper of seed potatoes, specializing in Cobblers and Mountains,

C. H. Buttimer, is with the Geo. Eddy Lumber Co. at Dalhousie, N. B. and is also studying building and contracting.

M. P. Harrison '28 is in his last year at O. A. C.

Logan, McLeod, McVicar, Cameron, Munroe and Longley '28 in last year at Macdonald.

Ed. McPhee '29 is in junior year at O.A.C.

F. W. T. Lucas '29, sailed for England shortly before Christmas for a few month's visit.

Lionel Alexis, '29 is now studying at East Anglican Institute of Agriculture, Chelmsford, Essex, England.

Don Blair, Ray Webber, Boyle, Woodworth, Atwood, Cripps. are at Macdonald.

John Murphy '29 is at present with his father in the dry goods business in Halifax.

D. R. F. MacDonald '29 worked with the Depart-

ment of Natural Resources during the summer months, and at present is at his home in Glendale.

We hear that Nichols '29 has been married, and Chas. Smith, last year student, is to be married soon. Congratulations and good luck.

Fred Hyatt, '29 Mill Cove, N. B. is doing experimental work on strawberries.

### Jokes

—o—

First Normalite—It's something fierce the way the A. C. boys neglect us this year.

Second Normalite--Yeah, they seem to lack principle.

Hank—What's your flame kicking about now?

Lank—Ah, I dunno, she would kick if she was in swimming.

Dot—Say Alice what's wrong with the Major lately?

Alice—Ahi'm sore on him, you know the other night he asked me if I could whistle.

Dot—Why girlie, that's nothing to get sore about.

Alice—Aint it, the mean thing, when I got my mouth all puckered up to whistle, he just let me whistle.

Normalite—(Standing by side of black and white cow in college barn) Drakes what kind of a cow is this?

Forsyth--(a little way off) Oh, that's a Plymouth Rock.

Prof. Barteaux — Now Pat, What is an Irishman's viewpoint of an inclined plane?

Pat—Pushing a wheel-barrow up a hill.

1st A. C.—What's that noise in the attic?

2nd A. C.—Oh, that is Hallett singing

3rd A. C.—He must have found his trunk

Yeo—Riordon, see this scar on my face?

Riordon—Yes, How did you get it?

Yeo—Through a woman's lie

Riordon—How's that?

Yeo—She said he husband was in Halifax and he wasn't

Weaver—Drakes what kind of hard wood trees do they have back home?

Drakes—Back 'ome we have the helm, the hash and the hoak.

Big crowds gathered in the halls, shouts were heard all through the college. Pat—What is it?

Archibald—Leaf agreed with a professor.

Hilton to Professor Barteaux—Please sir, how could you calculate the horse power of a donkey engine?

Baldy—Judas Priest! I haven't had a letter from Annapolis since yesterday.

McCallum—Clarry, what do you call your girl?

Howatt—Honey

McCallum—Why honey?

Howatt—She's so sweet.

#### Latest Song Hits

I used to Walk-(h)er up and down—by Archibald.

Oh, Wood you—by Jones.

Gee, but I'd like to be tall—by Pat.

#### Knows His Gunmen !!!

Prof. Trueman—(to juniors waiting for astronomy) A man is 'holding up' Professor Eaton up in his office. He will be with you in a minute.

Payne—How long was Forsyth in the bath tub?

Willie—6 ft. 10 in.

Stella—Jack dear, What is Genetics?

Hallett—I can't really explain, we haven't enough yet to know. (We hope he will know by the end of the term)

Walsh—Hallett, your face is very clean, but how it the devil did you get such dirty hands.

Hallett—Washing my face.

Major—Have you seen my hair lotion?

Bremner—Oh, Ab. Dwyer borrowed it for horse liniment.

### Things We Want to Know

—o—

Who is Hooples Tailor (Taylor)

What Yeo means by dairy sows

If it was for the same reason that Davis missed his train at Windsor that Griffiths came back a day earlier.

Why H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub> didn't have any effect on Pats red hair.

D.d Drakes sell his wrist watch to buy an alarm clock.

What happened to the garbage of the gulf when college opened after Xmas.

Why Payne eats so much ice cream at McLaughlins

Why McGibbon likes doughnuts.

If Howatt's hens laid for him at Xmas.

Why Stothart's name should not be mentioned in certain places.

Why Willie White goes to church regularly.

Who is it in the farm class that sleeps during classes.

What happened to Hallett's trunk.

Why Bremner blushes when Prof. Longley speaks of Ryan's Store.

If it is right for Yeo to wink in church.

What meaning Major takes from "Unexpectedly"

Why Major went through McGivenney on his way home at Xmas.

Why Forsyth has a weakness to study Geology on moonlight nights.

Why Hollis didn't let anyone dance with his girl at the tennis club dance.

Why Weaver likes walking in the park on Sunday afternoons.

Why Bremner insists on singing "Carolina Moon"

Whose dog chased Payne home at 1 in the morning.

What Forsyth means by stringing the Dutchman.

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