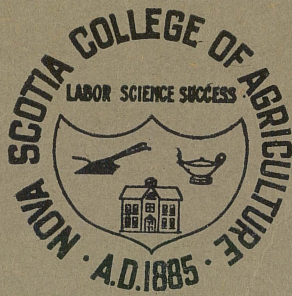


The
Agricultural College



"GATEWAY"

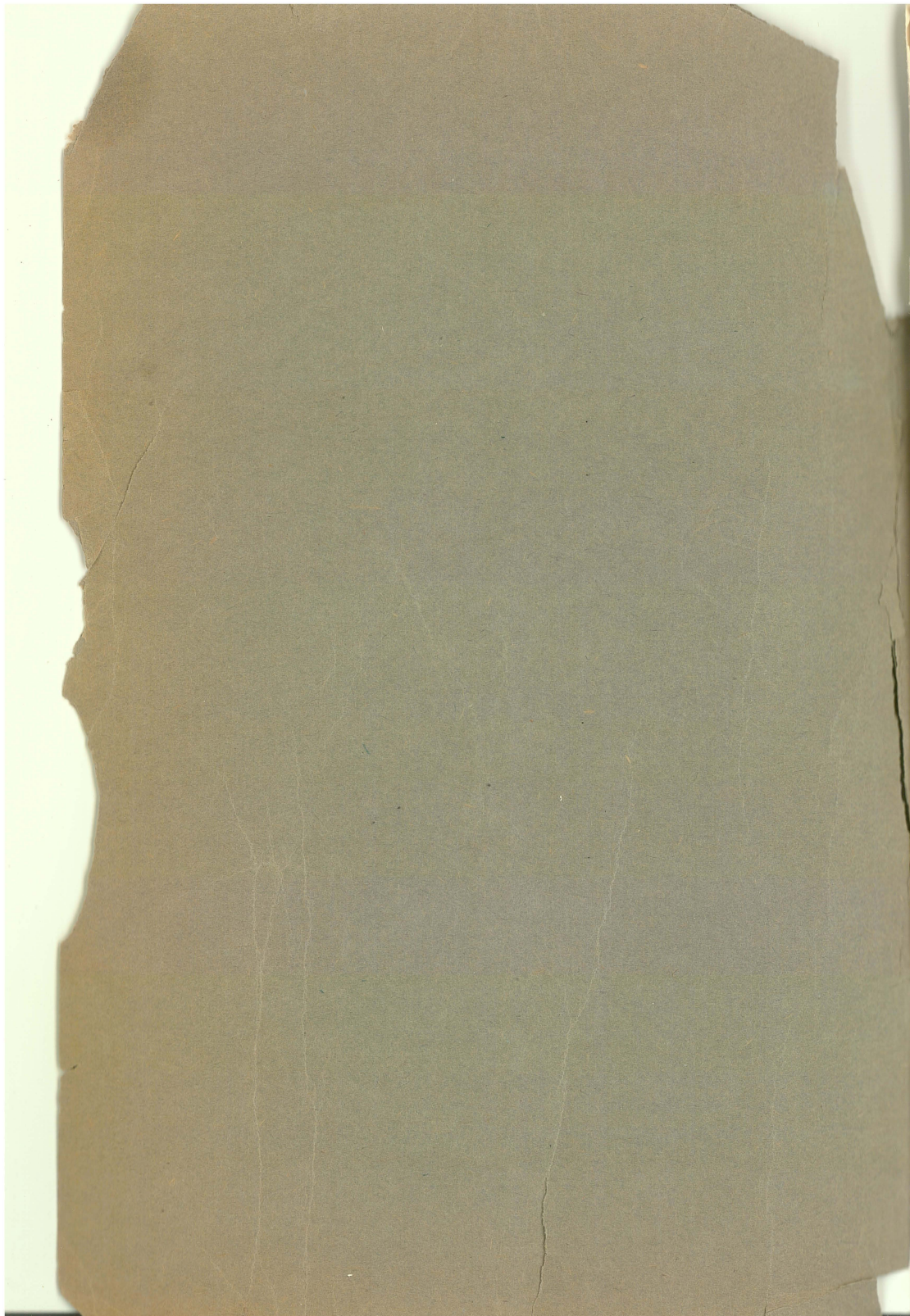
Vol. xxiv.

APRIL, 1933

No. 2

GRADUATION
ISSUE

Nova Scotia Agricultural
College



AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

The Nova Scotia Agricultural College located at Truro offers opportunities to young men and women to obtain training in Agriculture and Home Economics. Former graduates to whom this magazine may come are urged to do all they can to interest the young people of their acquaintance, who expect to live and work in the country, in the courses offered.

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3. Three weeks course for young women in Home Economics.
4. Correspondence Courses in Home Economics.
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 - c. Horticulture.
 - d. Animal Husbandry.
 - e. Poultry Husbandry.
 - f. Cooperative Marketing.
 - g. Agriculture.

For further information, write to the Principal, Agricultural College, Truro, N. S.

“Patronize those who patronize us”

GREEK TO ME

I'LL quite frankly admit that I know very little about agriculture I couldn't, on a bet, tell you the value of and demonstrate that value in the use of more lime to get a greater yield of fodder nor could I suggest or advise how you could increase the revenue per acre of a farm....but...I can certainly tell you about the fit, finish and value of men's clothes...that's my business and I'm conceited enough to think I know it.

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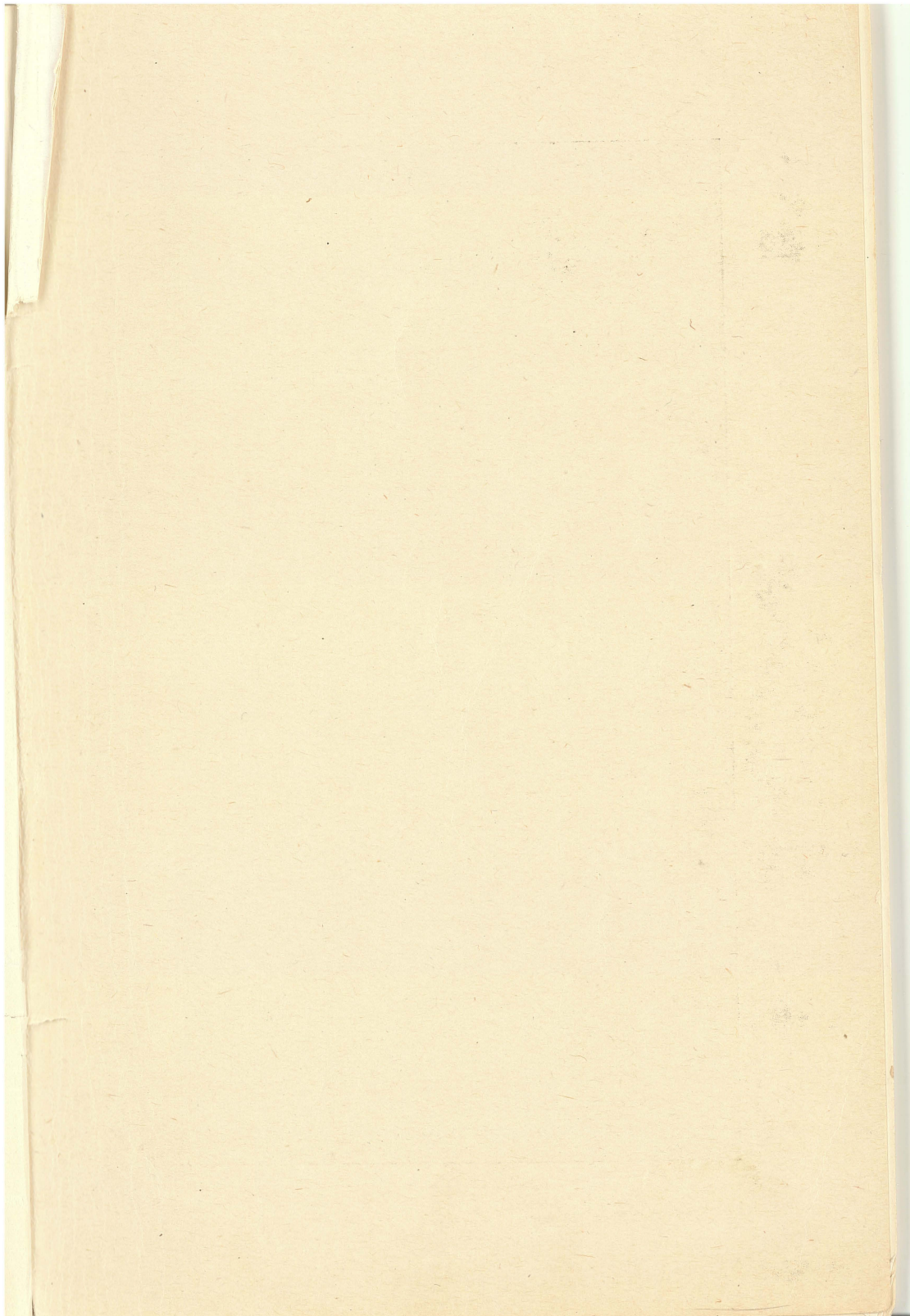
TRURO,

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Nova Scotia

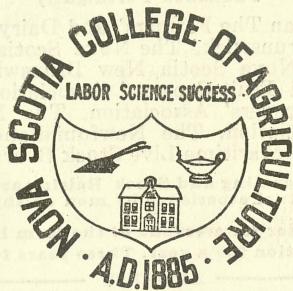
"Patronize those who patronize us."





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Back row left to right: G. Longley, Adv. Mgr.; M. Archibald, Asst. Circ. Mgr.; G. Johnson, Ass't. Adv. Mgr.; C. Thompson, Circ. Mgr.; R. Hilton, Alumni and Exchange.
Front row left to right: H. J. Fraser, B. A., Adviser; N. Tait, Ass't. Editor; F. Lacey, Editor-in-chief; S. Wilmshurst, Business Mgr.; M. Jenkins, Ass't. Business Mgr.



VOL. XXV

APRIL 1933

NO. 2

The
Agricultural College
"GATEWAY"

THE STAFF

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AU REVOIR

For most people life goes on day after day in more or less of a sober routine. This monotony of work tends to cause a lack of appreciation of the importance of each day. We do our work in a perfunctory manner looking forward to the time when something special or wonderful will happen, and frequently the special days come and find us unprepared. The Great Teacher said "Take no thought for the morrow." Back of that is the idea of taking special thought for today. Certainly in one sense if today's work is done there is no need of thinking about tomorrow. The student who does his work thoroughly each day need not worry about examinations. The fact that today's work has been properly done, ensures that the right preparation has been made for tomorrow. The farmer who cultivates the soil thoroughly today is ready to seed tomorrow and when the seeding is done properly today the harvest will come in due time. It is today that is important.

Preparation for life, then, consists in living each day to the full. Just now the outlook for young people is not so bright and encouraging as it has been at some other times. Does that mean that you need not do the work today? Far from it. We cannot tell what is ahead and therefore it becomes doubly important to do the work of today thoroughly in order to be prepared for whatever may come. I cannot envisage a world in which character and skill will not be needed. In fact as I try to see into the future it seems to me these qualities will be needed more than ever.

Today a class graduates from a set period of instruction. Tomorrow a new period begins. New days come rapidly and they always bring their obligations and opportunities. I can only hope and wish for the graduating class, as well as for all others, that each day will find you at your task doing it earnestly and courageously. If this is done tomorrow will take care of itself.

DR. J. M. Trueman

THE HIGH COST OF LOW PRODUCTION

The title is used because of the inability to find one more suitable. It is intended to mention that low production and low standards for production increase the costs of farm produce. The Nova Scotia farmers' complaints are "no markets and prices too low". There is very little said by farmers about methods. The fact is, there is a ready market for farm produce in Nova Scotia at prices equal to or above Canadian averages. It is difficult to reconcile farmers to the fact that there is a market in Nova Scotia and that in order to feed the population, quantities of farm products must be imported. Each year a huge sum of money must be sent from Nova Scotia to pay for imported food stuffs. The high cost of production in Nova Scotia is the handicap to an increased production.

The cash which must be sent from the province to pay for food stuffs is lost for local trade. In times of depression the diminished sales of lumber, coal and fish makes it extremely difficult to earn the cash to pay for the imported food. The money, or a greater part would remain in the province if the food required to live was produced in Nova Scotia. Also we would increase the value of the revenue by the value of the increase in production. The farmers would have more cash to spend.

The food and farm produce imports to Nova Scotia includes approximately an equal amount of creamery butter to that now manufactured in Nova Scotia, all the factory cheese consumed, quantities of poultry products, beef, pork and canned goods, fresh early vegetables and fruits, flour and mill feeds, also there must be added a large number of horses. The exports include apples, small quantities of potatoes, strawberries and blueberries and a few lambs.

The large acreage of occupied land not producing any surplus farm products for sale is an outstanding condition in Nova Scotia. It would appear correct to say this occupied farm land with barns, live stock and implements, should produce the food requirements for Nova Scotia or at least a large proportion of the present imports. A large number of farmers in Nova Scotia produce a saleable quantity only in the "pasture" months.

The occupied land not producing a surplus for sale is a serious handicap to farmers who are anxious to increase their income by better farming methods. This can be illustrated by a farmer living in a district where production is extremely low desiring to increase production on his own farm. The costs of handling and marketing in low producing districts is much too high to allow the farmer a margin of profit. The purchase of pure bred breeding stock cannot be carried on as a community organization. The progressive farmer must alone pay the costs. Cooperative purchasing and selling cannot be carried on successfully without production. A farmer who has nothing to sell cannot buy. Also the farmer who produces the surplus for sale must pay more than a reasonable share of taxes, church, school and community expenses. Why? Because the farmer who produces products for sale is the man with the cash. The man not producing saleable products has no cash. The extremely small volume of farm products produced is one of the chief causes for high costs of production. When all occupied land is producing a saleable surplus, the burden of costs will be more evenly distributed and will at least partially remove the handicap of high cost of production.

It cannot be expected that all the occupied land will be producing in the near future. The problem is more complicated than might at first be anticipated. The increase in the production of farm products in Nova Scotia is complicated by the attitude of the people who now occupy unproductive land. It is difficult and sometimes it appears almost impossible to increase production in some districts. The first requirement must be a desire to improve methods by those who occupy the land. Farming is a skilled occupation, the more unproductive the soil the more skill and experience required to make such soil produce crops. The actual situation is a paradox because the land which requires the most skill to make it produce is occupied by those who are the least interested in Agriculture. If the desire is developed the results of the attempts to make soil produce are handicapped by the inability and the lack of experience. The very disappointing results which often result from inexperience have discouraged those who have attempted to improve land. The conditions now associated with unproductive land are not favourable to any rapid improvement in Agriculture.

The matter of an economical distribution is important but extremely difficult where production is small. Let it be assumed a farmer previously occupying unproductive land becomes interested in general farming and with other products raises hogs. In the fall this farmer has ten or fifteen hogs on his hands. The local market is over supplied by those who raise only one hog for sale. What can a farmer do with ten or fifteen hogs with no local market and the abattoir or wholesale market for live hogs fifty or more miles from his farm. The cost of moving ten or fifteen hogs to an abattoir is too much per hog. The value of the hogs will not stand the expense. If all the occupied land in a district produced hogs, transportation could be arranged at a minimum cost. What can progressive farmers do in a backward district? Must they wait for their neighbours to become interested in Agriculture? The high cost of the low production of hogs prohibits progress.

The lack of an economical cost of distribution of farm products is not the only cause for low production. This can be shown by the slow progress made in producing cream. There is available to practically all farmers in Nova Scotia, a cash market for unlimited quantities of cream. Practically every district in Nova Scotia is served by cream trucks. The Nova Scotia creameries will collect and pay cash monthly for any quantity of cream at a price above the Canadian average creamery prices paid for butterfat. Notwithstanding this available cash market, much occupied land does not produce a surplus of cream except in the few weeks when pastures are at the best. This shows there are other than the distribution factors responsible for retarding an increase in production of farm produce, more especially so, when it is realized many who occupy land not producing are in need of cash. This condition can only be explained by the lack of ability and lack of the desire to grow feed on the land occupied.

The economical production of all farm products must be the result of growing feed on the land. All farm produce is feed in a marketable form. In Nova Scotia production must depend on feed from pastures, clover hay, turnips and many mixed grains, in some districts corn and alfalfa can be grown. Mill feeds can be purchased to supplement home grown feeds. Mill feeds cannot be economically purchased

if it must be the basis of the feed. Mill feed can only be used profitably as a supplementary feed. The increase in home grown feed must be by improved methods of cultivation. In Nova Scotia there are many acres of land which can be improved by better cultivation methods and by making use of conditions available without expense e.g. natural drainage, use of marl, clean seed and better conserving of manure. Soil improvement must be the basis for an economical increase in the production of farm products. Other improvements must be secondary.

The serious handicap of low production will retard agricultural progress in Nova Scotia especially in the backward districts. It can be expected that production will show greater progress in districts where production is now comparatively high and farmers are progressive. In every district in Nova Scotia there can be found one or more outstanding farmers producing a surplus of products for sale. These progressive farmers demonstrate the possibilities of what can be done under the great handicaps caused by the surrounding non-productive land and other economic conditions not directly controlled by the farmers.

Nova Scotia will have more cash to exchange within the province when the food required for the population can be produced on the farms within the province. Those who look to the farm for a living cannot expect to earn extravagant incomes. There will be no opportunities to accumulate wealth in money. A farm with tillable soil, well managed, will provide a good home and the uncertainty of the necessities for living will not be a constant worry to disturb the peace of mind.

W. J. Bird

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies:
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! How soon he dies—Johnson.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behaviour to their inferiors.—Fuller.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest—Syrus.

LEEUWENHOEK

Antony Leeuwenhoek was born in 1632 amid the blue windmills, low streets and high canals of Delft, Holland. His family were burghers of an intensely respectable kind, engaged in basket making and brewing.

Leeuwenhoek's father died early and his mother sent him to school to learn to be a government official, but he left school at sixteen to be an apprentice in a dry goods store in Amsterdam, which was his University.

At the age of twenty-one he left the dry goods store, went back to Delft, married and set up a dry goods store of his own there. For the next twenty years little is known about him, except that he developed a most idiotic love for grinding lenses. He had heard that if you very carefully ground tiny lenses out of clear glass, and looked at small objects through such lenses, these objects looked much bigger than they appeared to the unaided eye.

During the twenty years of his obscurity he went to spectacle-makers and got the rudiments of lens grinding; he even visited alchemists and soon learned their secret ways of getting metals from ores, and a little later he mastered the craft of gold and silversmiths. Leeuwenhoek was a most pernicky man and was not satisfied with grinding lenses as good as those of the best lens-grinder in Holland; they had to be better than the best, and then he would fuss over them for long hours. Next he mounted these little lenses in tubes of copper, silver or gold which he had extracted himself over hot fires, among strange smells and fumes.

Now this self-satisfied dry goods dealer began to turn his lenses on everything he could get hold of, including the skin of a whale, the scales of his own skin, ox eyes, wool of sheep, the hair of various animals and the legs, etc. of insects.

Leeuwenhoek seldom said anything about what he saw through his lenses, he never made a drawing until hundreds of peeps showed him that, under given conditions, he would always see exactly the same thing. He spent more time than anyone can believe making such observations, but Leeuwenhoek did so with much pleasure and took no

notice of his neighbors who laughed at him and those who said, "why take so much trouble and what good is it?" His idea was not to cater to such people, but to the philosophical. He worked for twenty years under such circumstances and without an audience.

About this time, in the middle of the seventeenth century, great things were astir in the world. Here and there in England, France and Italy, rare men were very skeptical about anything that passed for knowledge. They would no longer take Aristotle's say-so, but would trust only the perpetually repeated observations of their own eyes and the careful weighings of their scales; consequently in England a few of these revolutionists started a society called "The Invisible College". One member of this College was Robert Boyle; another was Isaac Newton. In the reign of Charles II this College changed its name to the Royal Society of England, and its members were Antony Leeuwenhoek's first audience.

There was one man in Delft who did not laugh at Antony Leeuwenhoek, and that was Regnier de Graaf, whom the Lords and Gentlemen of the Royal Society had made a corresponding member because he had written them of interesting things he had found in the human ovary.

Although Leeuwenhoek was rather surly and suspected everybody, he let de Graaf peep through those magic eyes of his, those little lenses, the equal of which did not exist in Europe or the whole world for that matter. What de Graaf saw through those microscopes made him ashamed of his own fame and he wrote to the Royal Society telling them of Leeuwenhoek. Shortly after this Leeuwenhoek had a letter from the Royal Society asking him to tell them of his discoveries. He answered this letter with all the confidence of an ignorant man who fails to realize the profound wisdom of the philosophers he addresses. The title of this letter was "A Specimen of Some Observations made by a Microscope Contrived by Mr. Leeuwenhoek, concerning Mould upon the Skin, Flesh, etc.; the Sting of a Bee, etc." The Royal Society was amazed, the sophisticated and learned gentlemen were astounded by the marvellous things Leeuwenhoek told them he could see through his new lenses. The secretary of the Royal Society thanked Leeuwenhoek and told

him he hoped his first communication would be followed by others. It was, by hundreds of others over a period of fifty years.

Later, Leeuwenhoek turned his attention to water; one day he placed a few drops of water under his lens and great was his excitement when he saw little animals swimming and playing around in the water. Leeuwenhoek's day of days had come! Just imagine peeping into a fantastic sub-visible world of little things, at creatures that had lived, had bred, had battled, had died, completely hidden from and unknown to all men from the beginning of time.

Did Leeuwenhoek write to the Royal Society to tell them of his discovery? Not yet! He turned his lens on all kinds of water, but found that pure rain water was free from such animals. However, on keeping pure rain water in a container for four days, these little animals began to appear.

Leeuwenhoek's letter to the learned skeptics of England describing his discovery, was received with great enthusiasm; they wrote back to him, begging him to write them in detail the way he had made his microscope, and his method of observing. Leeuwenhoek explained his measurements, his calculations, etc. and soon the day came when the Royal Society had a microscope with which they could also view the sub-visible world.

That was a great day for Leeuwenhoek. A little later the Royal Society made him a Fellow, sending him a gorgeous diploma of membership in a silver case with the coat of arms of the society on the cover. "I will serve you faithfully during the rest of my life" he wrote them. He was as good as his word, for he mailed them those conversational mixtures of gossip and science till he died at the age of ninety.

Of all the causes that conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools—Pope.



: EDITORIAL :

This college year of 1932-33 may, or may not, be different from preceding years. This being our first experience, we cannot say definitely. Of one thing we are certain, however, the same procedure has been followed in selecting a victim from the verdant Juniors to write an editorial. Truth to tell, the writer would feel more at home in a high chair, than in this unaccustomed seat. So to satisfy our thirst for vengeance, our theme will be the high and mighty (?) Seniors. Because we are greatly outnumbered, we realize that we must proceed with caution.

In college life there always seems to be the inevitable line of demarcation between the Seniors and Juniors, but in the A. C. this year we feel that this has been reduced to the vanishing point. The Seniors have generously shared with us their joys and sorrows—and girls. The chief joy, was of course, the Saturday night hops and what could our mammoth and common sorrow be but a chemistry test?

Of course there is a dark side to every picture, but knowing that "Discretion is the better part of valor", we will let that severely alone. Jolly good fellows, every one of them, nor will their fathers ever have to write them as a man who was travelling in Europe wrote his boy:

"Dear Son:

I visited a rock today, from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children.

Wish you were here,

Dad."

The depression has struck our Library shelves. They look like Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The thief called Time has entered and left a dreary waste behind him.

Surely we are entitled to a library of good books. Reading is the finest kind of recreation. It turns a poor man into a millionaire, for the time being. He can travel abroad and reap the benefit thereof. His soul soars up and away

on the wings of fiction, poetry, travel, while his body rests at home. Reading history is but going in reverse. So, if the Governmental millions are not otherwise engaged, we should like a hand-out to take away the reproach of our empty shelves.

Wilbur D. Nesbit puts the benefits of reading in a striking light:

“Who Hath a Book”

Who hath a book
Has friends at hand,
And gold and gear
At his command.

And rich estates,
If he but look,
Are held by him
Who hath a book.

Who hath a book
Has but to read,
And he may be
A king indeed.

His kingdom is
His inglenook,
All this is his
Who hath a book.

Of all marvellous things, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man—Colton.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more—Byron.

Egotism is the tongue of vanity—Chamfort.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

**Read by R. J. Hilton at the Commencement Exercises
on April 26, 1933.**

The first thing which I would like to do, is to thank you, the members of the graduating class, for selecting me as valedictorian of your class. I feel that it is an honor which I do not deserve and with which I realize my inability to cope. I am glad, however, to have the opportunity to express my own feelings (in part) and to have the sanction of my classmates in what I say.

My friends, there is one thing about our little agricultural college here which, to my mind, is one of the greatest factors in making the atmosphere of the college life, the cheery companionable type that it is. This is the very smallness of the college. No doubt, the larger universities include advantages in many ways over institutions such as our own, but they are disadvantageous in many ways as well. Here, with our small classes we learn to know each other—not merely as classmates and by name, but to really know each other as friends and comrades.

At this juncture I would like to speak briefly to the Junior Class.

Juniors, your class is small in numbers, but as we have seen by examination results, you are not lacking in intellect. The situation was doubtless reversed at Graduation Day last year when we as a Junior Class were nearly thirty strong, but with no intellectual wizards among our ranks.

You have come through your premier term in good standing and no doubt you are already looking forward to the fall of 1933 when you will be grave old Seniors. You have not an easy, entirely carefree row to hoe, if you would gain the most from the course, but I can assure you that the course is not the bugbear popularly supposed, and that, under diligent application to your studies, the difficulties seem to dissolve away, leaving a pleasant glow in their stead.

The Agricultural College offers you, first of all, an interesting and instructive course, in the first two years of scientific agricultural training. But that is not all it offers.

It is splendidly equipped, for a small institution, for sports and literary work and you will do well to avail yourselves of the advantages of the Gym and Library.

In the adjoining College Farm you have an opportunity to watch the application in a practical way of the principles which you are taught.

As Seniors, next year, remember that you have responsibilities which should be taken seriously and disposed of to the credit of the College. Be sure that you profit by our mistakes and benefit by our successes.

Members of the Faculty, we are concluding an association of two years which I personally am loath to conclude; and I feel that in expressing my sentiments here, I am speaking for the class as a whole.

For two years, I say, you have been our guiding star. You have followed with interest our progress through this College. To you we are just another graduating class, with whom, we hope, you have had pleasant associations.

But it is the faculty which constitute the College. The associations on which we will look back in retrospect, will be linked with memories of the different classrooms, and their respective professors. For example, I expect the majority of us will always associate the Chemistry lab. and classroom with Professor Harlow, and vice versa. I cannot imagine why!

And so, in completing our connections with you as our instructors we would humbly crave pardon for any misdemeanors or annoyance we may have caused. May we express the sincere wish that, although you are no longer our instructors, you will always remain as staunch and esteemed friends as you have shown yourselves to be in the foregoing College terms.

This farewell address (if indeed it may be so termed), would be far from complete, if no mention were to be made of our social friends in Bible Hill and Truro. We have all made many friends during our sojourn here and these may be divided into two distinct classes. These are the "Locals" and "Others".

By "locals" I mean of course, those who have permanent residence here and on behalf of the graduating class I would like to express our sincere appreciation of the thoughtfulness and kindness which seem to be inherent qualities in those who dwell in Truro and the surrounding suburbs.

By "others" I refer to our many friends who, like ourselves, are merely transient visitors in this town and who, also like ourselves, are here in the great interests of knowledge and education. Not wishing to presume too much, I will leave it to each individual classmate of mine to express his own feelings on the subject to them, under more appropriate circumstances.

Fellow classmates, I have thought it more fitting to leave the reference to our disbanding until the last of these few thought expressions.

This is commencement! We should have a new outlook on the world, as we go out to fill whatever corners are being reserved for us in our varying situations. It is not only a commencement or beginning, but it is also an end, an end to the pleasant scholastic and social associations with which we have been surrounded during our college life here.

Most of us are already laying plans for continuing our college work at some other institution and I sincerely hope that many of us will be together in some college in the future.

We have had a lot of work to do in the past two years and I am sure we all have enjoyed doing it. We have had many good times together and have, I trust, enjoyed college life to the full. Some there are who excel in sports particularly, some who are poets of note, a chemist or two, and an occasional poultry expert, and so on. The majority of us, however, excel in nothing particularly and participate to some extent in everything.

And so, classmates, as the time for parting arrives, let us go out to face what is coming with heads held high and with the assurance that our two years of college life together have not been wasted but that they count as a helpful and unforgettable factor in enabling each of us to attain his ultimate goal.

LIST OF GRADUATES

Albert R. Anderson

“A good laugh is worth a thousand groans
in any market”

Anderson, better known as Andy, blew in from the breezy Tantramar and has become a well-known personage about the college and the neighboring town.

He graduated from Sackville High School where he took a prominent part in athletics, being on the Hockey, Football and Track teams. After leaving Sackville High, he spent a year at Mount Allison Academy, where he delved deeply into the mysteries of commerce, but the call of things agricultural proved too strong for Andy, so the fall of 1931 found him at the N. S. A. C.

During his sojourn at this institution he has made a place for himself both in the college and in the hearts of his classmates. Andy has a fund of droll humor which is the delight of all who know him. He has also taken a prominent part in athletics, being manager of the hockey team and also a valiant supporter of the soft-ball nine that never were defeated.

We feel sure that Andy will be successful in his future work, whether it be beef-raising on the Tantramars or Professor of English in some classical institution.

The best of luck Andy!

William Clyde Brown

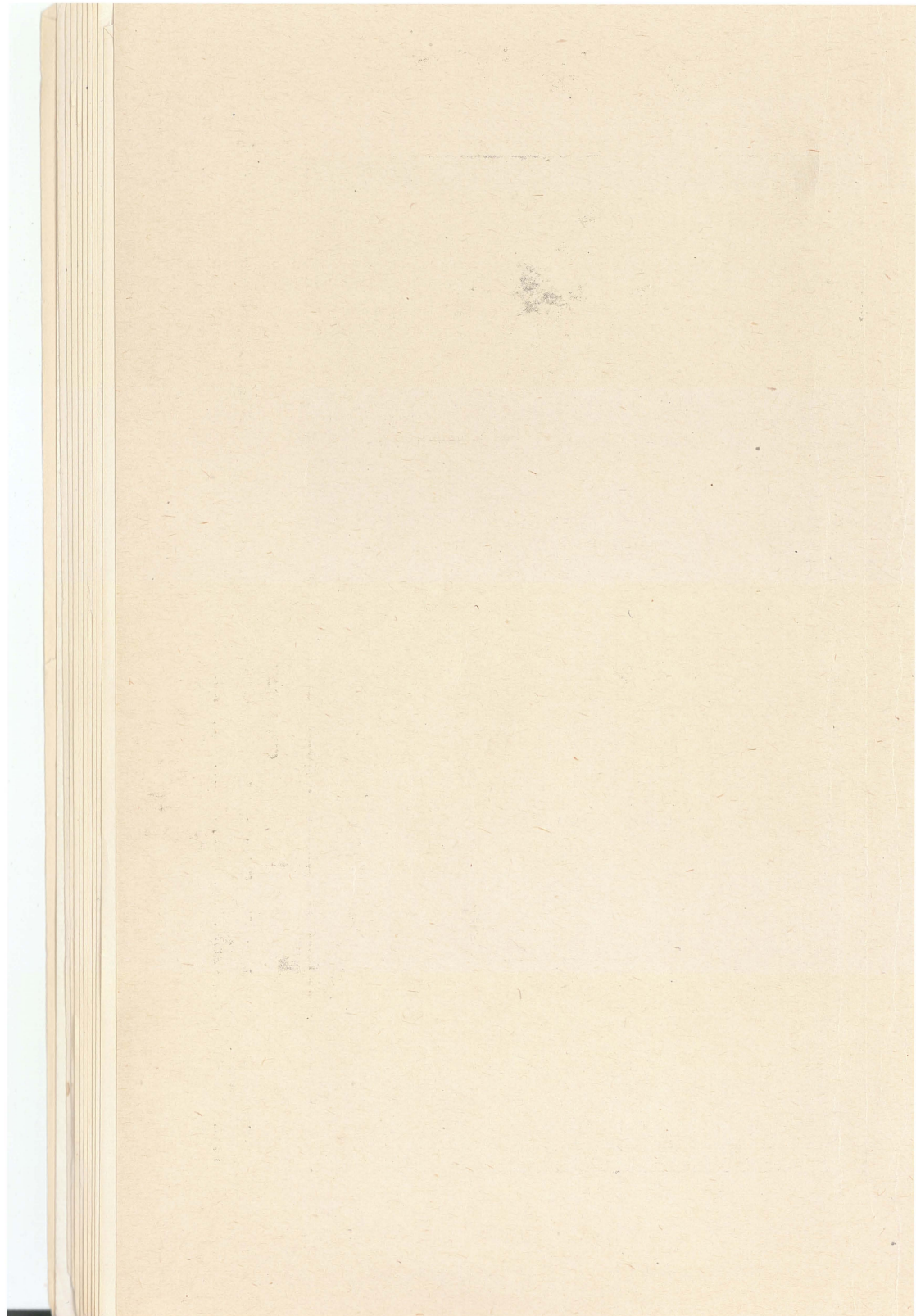
“Be not the first by whom the new is tried
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.”

Clyde is a product of Newcastle, N. B., and shows that the grounding obtained in high school work at Harkins' High School is by no means slight.



GRADUATION CLASS

Left to right: Back Row:—T. C. Chiasson, F. Lacey (Vice-Pres.), C. S. Reid, R. J. Hilton, G. L. Cook, G. Longley (Pres.)
Second Row: A. R. Anderson, L.R. Burrell, A. T. Macnab, (Sec.), Chas. Douglas, F. D. Crosby, S. Wilmshurst.
Front Row:—H. A. Mac Donald, C. E. Thompson, D. Nairn, Dr. J. M. Trueman (Prin.) W. C. Brown, R. D. Gilbert, N. MacPherson.



He graduated from this High School in 1931 and that fall saw him in Truro attending N. S. A. C.

In the two years here, Clyde has distinguished himself in studies, taking a particular and almost fiendish delight in chemistry. In this, as in several other subjects, his name appears at the top of the list.

Clyde is further distinguished by being the youngest member of our graduating class. He is now making plans to attend Macdonald College in the near future with but one purpose in mind. This purpose is neither wine nor women but—Chemistry.

Good luck Clyde!

Lawrence R. Burrell

“Let not your friendship be like the rose to sever;
But, like the evergreen, may it last forever.”

This blonde youth hails from Carleton, a pretty little village in the fair county of Yarmouth. This county has in the years gone by produced many able men and Lawrence does his bit towards maintaining the high standard.

Although a good conscientious student his “forte” is athletics and along this line he has distinguished himself. As Captain of the basket-ball squad he has led his comrades to many a hard fought victory by his superlative playing at “center.” He is also one of the mainstays of the Hockey and Softball teams and is an all round good sport.

His biography would be by no means complete if we were to omit the part he plays in our Saturday night socials where he is a prime favorite with the ladies both for his inherent good looks and his dancing ability. His habit of flitting like a butterfly from flower to fair flower has been the cause of many broken hearts among the “Normals.”

During his two years at this college Lawrence has made many fast friends and we wish him every success in his future life.

Good luck, old boy.

Thomas Charles Chiasson

“A little body often harbors a great soul”

Tommy, as he is familiarly known to us all, finished his High School education at St. Joseph de Moine, C. B. in the spring of 1930. Desiring to continue his education he came to the Nova Scotia Agricultural College and graduated from the Farm Class in 1931. The same year Tommy returned to take up degree work and is well up in the list of this year's graduating class.

Tommy shows keen interest in all student activities and his cherry smile is the life of the student body.

Tommy intends completing his course at Macdonald College, Quebec, and his many friends at N.S.A.C. wish him every success.

GEORGE COOK

“Be kind to all; be intimate with few;
And may the few be well chosen.”

Our sturdy friend George hails from Milford, N. S. Born in 1913, he received his primary education at his district school and later attended Colchester County Academy. The call for further knowledge in scientific agriculture led George to enrol at the N.S.A.C. in the fall of 1931.

During his stay in Truro George has shown himself to be a man of sober habits and a diligent student. We have benefitted greatly by his immense amount of practical knowledge of poultry husbandry and apiculture.

In leaving us, George, our best wishes will always follow you in whatever path you choose.

Frank D. Crosby

“Red headed but serene.”

Crosby comes to us from Brenton, Yarmouth County. Having graduated from high school of that place he has further distinguished himself since coming to the A. C.

Frank has earned a place for himself on the basketball team where his ability to be in the right place at the right time is a constant threat and source of annoyance to his opponents.

In completing this sketch we cannot fail to call attention to the fact that he is a great favorite Saturday nights where his curly, red hair and dancing prowess, is in constant demand, and, we fear, has been the cause of his frequent excursions to Smith's Avenue.

So long and good luck!

Charles A. Douglas

"Every fault is forgiven
the man of perfect candor"

From Scotsburn, N. S., the outstanding dairy district of the province, comes this bonnie lad.

Charlie received his High School education at Pictou Academy, graduating from there in 1928. That fall he made a trip to the Canadian West where he worked in the harvest fields. Upon returning home he worked in the lumber woods until the spring of 1929, when he entered the Scotsburn creamery, where he was employed until the fall of 1931, when he came to the N. S. A. C.

Here he has been an industrious student, popular and well liked. He takes a special interest in the social events, being always present at the Saturday evening socials and other dances. One always knows him there, for he is the fellow who does not dance the last waltz. He says he got in that pickle once, and now steers clear of it. Charlie takes no active part in sports. To those who really know him he is perhaps the most humorous and witty student on the campus.

Charlie has always been an industrious student, paying strict attention to his work. Dairying is the chosen option of this ambitious fellow which he intends to further pursue at O.A.C.

We extend to him the best of wishes for success in his future work.

Reginald Gilbert

“The man with the smile
Is the man worth while.”

From Gagetown, N. B., comes Reg, who first saw the light of dawn in 1913. After completing his High School education at Gagetown Grammar School, from which he graduated in 1931, Reg enrolled as a member of the degree class at the N. S. A. C.

Reg was not long among us till we found him to be a diligent student, taking pride in doing everything as efficiently as possible, with the result that he is now numbered among the best students of the class of '33.

Reg's ability and interest in athletics led to his appointment as a member of the Sports Committee. His pleasant disposition won for him a host of friends, who were, by no means, limited to students and faculty. We must confess, however, that his greatest interest was found within the college walls. All who have had the opportunity of knowing Reg, cannot forget the pleasing manner in which he did G—R—E—T—A person on any occasion.

In leaving us, Reg, you have our very best wishes for success in your future work.

Robert James Hilton

“A tower of strength that stands foursquare to
every wind that blows.”

Bob, our Valedictorian, hails from Carleton, Yarmouth County. He landed at Truro in the fall of '31, bringing with him a matriculation certificate from Carleton Academy, considerable farm experience, and a wealth of general knowledge.

During his sojourn here, his scholastic ability has been shown by his success in the examination room, and as a debater. He was one of the three chosen to represent the College in outside debates. His athletic ability was displayed on the softball diamond both years and as Center

on the basketball team in his senior year, while his executive ability made the Exchange and Alumni departments of our magazine outstandingly successful. It will suffice to say that his manly grace and dry humor won him many friends on both sides of the river.

We have every reason to believe that Bob will make a record. He leaves with the best wishes of the class of '33.

Frank Lacey

“He is a presence to be felt and known.”

During the past two years the old A. C. has seen much of Frank for since his arrival in the fall of '31, he has played a prominent and active part in the life of the college.

Frank was born at Tracadie, P. E. I., and after receiving his primary education at Glenaladale he entered St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, in 1925. While there Frank proved himself to be a diligent student and there also he gained experience in college activities from which we have derived so much benefit. He graduated in the spring of 1930 and from there he proceeded to Halifax where he became a student of theology until shortly before he joined the other juniors of '31 on commencement day.

Frank has been very popular among his classmates and was elected vice-president of the class in '31, a position which he has continued to fill during his senior year. Frank took a keen interest in the college magazine as sub-editor and this year he has been responsible, as editor, for its success. In our debating society he has played a prominent role, taking part in inter-class debates in an able manner. He has given much of his spare time to the social enterprises of the college and his place will be hard to fill.

H. G. Longley

“The world knows nothing of its greatest men.”

Paradise was the birthplace of this budding genius. While receiving his early education there he was prominent in club work, and won a trip to the Royal Winter Fair in 1930.

Ambitious for knowledge he wandered into the N. S. A. C. Halls in the fall of '31, with a determined look on his face. Graham has made many friends since coming to Truro. As a member of the Social Committee, he has been active in making the dances a success. His chief recreation has been basketball, and he has been our mainstay on guard. Graham plans to prosecute his studies at Macdonald next year.

Good luck, Graham, and may you continue the good work!

Harry A. MacDonald

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

This ambitious fellow comes from Scotsburn, Pictou County, the home of men.

Harry is one of those fellows who believes in working and earning all he gets. He is by nature quiet and reserved. His opinions when given are well worth pondering upon. He has made good in all his undertakings. In club work in which he takes much interest, he was on the team representing Nova Scotia at Toronto in 1927 where he made a good showing.

He completed his early education in the spring of 1927. Desiring to broaden his travels still further in the summer of 1928, he decided to take a trip to the Canadian West. After working in the harvest fields for a few months he returned home. For three years following he has worked on the home farm.

Coming to the N. S. A. C. in the fall of 1931 he has proven to be a good student, popular not only among the A. C. students, but also among the Normalites especially of '32, although taking no part in sports, claiming that he was here to study, not play.

We wish this sedate youth every success in all his future undertakings, and feel sure that a man of his character, ambition and broadmindness will always win.

Alexander Taylor Macnab

"We shall not soon see his like again."

'Twas a portentous occasion when, in the fall of '31, Alex first breezed through the portals of our institution. He is a graduate of Mt. Allison Academy and for the past four or five years has called the little town of Wallace his permanent residence. The earlier part of his education he obtained in Haiifax, Montreal, Calgary, Blairmore (Alta.) and in South America, having been born in the town of Truro, N. S.

Our group is far from complete when Alex is absent and his curly head is a requisite both at the ball games and the dances. He is an industrious student and is prominent in all of our sports, being one of the snappiest forwards on the first basketball line we have had for years. He is well known also, on the hockey team and is the Captain of our redoubtable softball team. Since the departure of our star guard, John Copinger-Hill, Alex has served in the capacity of manager of the basketball squad.

We will long remember his debating by virtue of the humor and blushes which characterized it.

No Saturday evening social would be complete without Alex and he is known to be not averse to the down-town walk which so often follows these social evenings.

His many sincere friends and classmates will be hoping to hear from him in the future from time to time as he is secretary of the Graduating Class. We also wish him best of luck in his undertakings both on his farm at Wallace and in advanced work.

Cheerio, Alex!

Norman MacPherson

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Mac hails from Prince Edward Island, that pretty Garden of the Gulf. He learned his A. B. C's in a little school-house near Cardigan. Not satisfied with this rudimentary knowledge he entered Prince of Wales College in the fall of 1929. Hearing the call of agriculture urging him, the fall of 1931 saw him struggling along with the rest of us.

Mac has shown himself a good sport at all times. He was a valuable and enthusiastic member of the softball team.

There's one unpardonable fault in Mac, he seems to have a weakness for blondes, and at our socials we could see him enjoying the company of one of those fair ones.

We hear that he intends to go to Guelph next year and specialize in Horticulture. Whatever he attempts we feel sure that his charming personality and his determination will see him there.

Good luck, Mac! And don't forget the old friends at our dear A. C.

Dorothea Nairn

"A voice gentle and low, an excellent thing in women."

To Truro goes the distinction of being the birthplace of the only girl of the class of '33. Dorothea who was born in the eventful year of 1914, obtained her primary education at Willow Street School, where she spent five successful years, going then to Ayrshire, Scotland, where she continued her quest for knowledge at West Ardrossan Academy. She returned to Canada in 1930, when she enrolled at the N. S.A.C.

Since coming to the Agricultural College she has not only proven herself a clever and diligent student, but also a jovial and amiable comrade to all who have sought her companionship. Being a true lover of nature she was deeply absorbed in her studies and at the same time highly interested in the various college activities. Dorothea's outstanding ability as a debater and writer won for her much well-merited praise. The A. C. Gateway, our College magazine, is greatly indebted to her for many contributions.

Concerning her future we are not in a position to say anything, except that, judging from her progress at the A.C. success will surely crown her efforts in any position she may choose.

Clayton Reid**“Bene Fac Quod Facies”**

Clayton, who is, in no sense of the word, the shortest member of our graduating class, comes from Gagetown, N. B. His High School education was obtained at Gagetown Grammar School, from which he graduated with honors in 1930. An urgent desire for further knowledge caused him to enrol as a degree student of the N. S. A. C. in 1931.

Since coming to the college, Clayton has shown himself to be a man of character—a man who believes in doing his duty regardless of what others may say. Clayton is truly as good as his word. His motto, “whatever you do, do well” accounts for his constant improvement in his various studies.

Clayton’s pleasing disposition as well as his ability to meet people is manifested by the fact that he has been an active member of the Social Committee for the past two years. His many appealing qualities made him a centre of interest with many charming Normalites. Clayton, however, believes in undivided friendship and often speaks of MARION in the near future.

As to what Clayton really intends to do, we cannot say, but we feel confident that, with his pleasing personality and sterling character, he will surmount all difficulties and attain unlimited success.

Claude E. Thompson**“May His Tribe Increase”**

Claude was born at Oxford, N. S., where he grew up among the woollen mills, and learned how to spin yarns by the yard. After completing his school work at Oxford he went to the Provincial Normal College, and at the conclusion of the term at Normal he attended Summer School at Sackville, N. B.

In the fall of 1927 he began teaching school but gave it up in 1931 to join the boys at the A. C. where he quickly

came to the fore. In his junior year he was President of his class, Captain of the basketball team and an active participant in all of the college activities.

In his senior year he held the position of President of the Students' Council and took part in all that went on, especially basketball, debating and softball.

Claude's lusty "Hold on there" has won for him a lasting place in the memory of Prof. Barteaux and his Math. class.

He is still interested in the Normal College, as we are all aware from his occasional conversations with Dr. Davis.

Economics is the hobby and aim of this illustrious youth and when it comes to "Economy" what Claude knows is nobody's business.

Best of luck, Claude, in your chosen profession.

Stanley Wilmshurst

"To know; to esteem, to love and then to part
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

Born at Herefordshire, England, in 1910, our friend "Pat," as he is commonly called, came to Canada in 1915, when, with his parents, he settled near the City of Halifax, where he remained till 1920 when he moved to Newport, Nova Scotia.

Of worthy mention is the "Bailey Farm" of which the Wilmshursts are the owners. This farm is today a centre of interest as a fruit and dairy farm. The fine herd of Jersey cattle to be seen on the property reflects much credit on the owners.

Returning to our subject, "Pat," after graduation from High School in 1928, entered the Royal Bank of Canada, where he made rapid advancement. Despite all success, however, his desire for the acquisition of scientific knowledge relative to the agricultural industry, compelled him to resign his position as banker and he enrolled at the N. S. A. C. in the fall of 1931.

Since his entrance to the college, as a degree student, he has proven himself to be an unwavering student and a gentleman in every respect. His honest ability is manifested by the fact that he was chosen as Secretary Treasurer of the Students Council and Business Manager of the Magazine Staff—positions which he capably filled. His distinguished personality won for him a wide circle of friends during his stay in Truro.

While we are not in a position to say just what "Pat's" plans for the future may be, we feel that his departure from the college means an entrance to something greater.

AN IDYLL OF YOUTH

Have you my friend e'er felt the glory,
Romance of a summer eve;
Ever gazed and read the story,
Only true love can perceive,
In the eyes of one that loves you,
While you clasp her closely pressed,
And the fair hair you adore so,
Resting lightly on your breast,
Enboldened by the night about you,
Whisper love lore in her ear,
Words that of the world around you
She and she alone may hear.
And the beauty of the moment,
When she lifts lips to thine;
And about her soft warm body,
More closely doth thine arms entwine.
And gaze into her face uplifted;
Gaze into her deep, dark eyes;
Eyes reflecting back the beauty,
Romance of those summer skies.
Here my friend I'll go and leave you,
Leave you in the arms of fate;
With the parting strict injunction,
Be sure and don't stay out too late.

—Anon.

FARM COURSE 1933

The 1933 Farm Course opened on January 4th. Altho the number registered was not large, it was made up of an earnest, diligent group of young men, who were anxious to make good use of their time.

This course gives plain detailed information concerning the principles and practise of managing a farm.

The following men were at the College for three months and received certificates on March 30th.

H. Bernely Cann, R. R. 3, Yarmouth, N. S.

Burnham G. Cox, Stewiacke, N. S.

Lester Davidson, R. R. 5, Truro, N. S.

James R. Hornbrook, R. R. 1, Sussex, N. B.

S. G. Kirkpatrick, Shubenacadie, N. S.

Harold N. Lingley, Truro, N. S.

Robert Manuel, Halifax, N. S.

Lloyd Manuel, Halifax, N. S.

Lawson McConnell, R. R. 1, Tatamagouche, N. S.

Malcolm H. MacLeod, Loch Lomond, N. S.

D. S. Parlee, Lower Millstream, N. B.

James Potter, Shubenacadie, N. S.

Kenneth Barteaux, Annapolis Royal, and C. C. McNamara, Kentville, attended during the month of January for special work in Soils and Horticulture, and Hudson Jackson, Lorneville, Cumberland County, attended in March for special work in Animal Husbandry and Agronomy.

SPRING

When Spring's sweet spell has broken Winter's hold
And warm spring suns have banished frost and cold;
Tis then the breath of air brings vibrant life,
And youth and love hold rein o'er wars and strife.

When fields that have so long lain brown and sere,
Gleam faintly emerald in the warm sun's cheer;
The landscape is awake with cheery song
Of the carefree birds that twitter all day long.

The trees again are decked in vestment green,
The lakes calm surface is a silver sheen,
The very breath of spring floats on the breeze
And wakes to whispering the silent trees.

—Frank D. Crosby '33.

NATURE'S AWAKENING!

A lovely phrase read years ago, "We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision," is one which I have always carried in my soul. The food of a dreamer is made up of poems, sunsets, moonlight and the song of Spring; threads of rose and gold and silver mist woven into the charm of magic pictures hanging in the inner sanctum of the soul. They lift one out of the drab life of today to a higher plane where the things worth while are possible. They enable one to contemplate the scenes of beauty around us, the light of the moon casting a soft mantle over the most rugged scene will stir the soul to awakening. The whisper of the wind in the trees and the lonely cry of a loon out on a lake will bring a certain peace. How many of us can really see through our eyes the world of beauty that unfolds before us, the beauty of the bud as it bursts open to let the sunshine into its heart; the happy quiver of a bird's throat as it pours out its song of ecstasy, the vista of dreams in colorful array as the first blossoms appear, the musical tinkle of running water in the nearby brook.

The actual loveliness is always present but rarely perceived. The unseen melody—the rhythm of life and nature—as though all life moves to an exquisite sense of time. If we could see things as they really are we should fling ourselves into life with a glorious abandonment knowing that our wildest enthusiasm cannot more than brush lightly the hem of the real beauty and joy that is always there. Happiness, the elusive, is here before our very eyes at this season of Spring, surging up to our feet, lapping against our hearts; but we, alas, know not how to let it in.

As the new life stirs beneath the surface of the warming earth so also new faith, new trust and new hope stirs our hearts. Easter brings a sense of joy in a reviving earth. Its implications are of victory gained through trial and suffering and adversity. We find them in our hearts at Easter and are happy to sense them again, like strayed children finding the way back to safety and to familiar chartings and well-known landmarks. Mellowing experience teaches us how little we know of life. There is a new feeling in the air. Men's heads are lifted; there is a springiness in their step and they are eager to be off on the road that leads to somewhere. The mists, the gray days of uncertainty are behind us!

Two roads stretch out, and only two, to where the path-way ends; the one lies charted, broad and clear, across the hills that make the year; the other twists and bends! "Two voices whisper—two alone, to every human heart; the one says, 'Wait! The hills are high! a cloud hangs down across the sky!' The other whispers, 'Start!' Two roads—two hearts—a goal to reach, before the year is done; step out upon that beaten way; beyond the hill a brighter day, behind the cloud—the sun!"

SHORE REVERIE

One night I stood by the ocean,
And gazed on the limitless blue,
While the wind was keening o'er me
And hissing the spray jets flew.

I stood on the staunch breakwater,
Which extends from Maitland's shore;
Which has sheltered the ships of the sailor,
For a hundred years and more.

Through the gloom of the autumn twilight,
From the south the black clouds poured;
While o'er the reefs of a dangerous coast,
The thundering breakers roared.

Wild, tumultuous, rolled the waves,
As far as the eye could reach,
Pounding, pounding never ceasing,
On the sea-wall of the beach.

A feeling of insignificance,
Such as I never felt before;
As the ceaseless waves rolled inward,
With their never ceasing roar,

Came o'er me and appalled me,
With might fearful yet sublime,
As when one tries to measure
The infinity of time.

And I thought how the mighty elements,
Unless checked by a Master's hand,
Could break man's puny armour
And wipe him from the land.

Frank Crosby '33.

A TRICK OF FATE

The landlord tapped lightly on the door of No. 11. He had a duty to perform, an unpleasant one, to be sure, but one which, nevertheless, had to be carried out. Entering the apartment in answer to a voice he found the tenant slumped deep in a chair with his head held low in his hands.

"Mr. Rogers," he began slowly, "I have come about—"

"Yes, I know, Slade," the figure interrupted. "You have come about my bill. I am sorry, I can't pay it. I shall move out today and will pay you as soon as I get work."

"There is no hurry about that, Mr. Rogers, only I have a party who wishes to rent this place."

"I'll be out in an hour, Slade."

"Thank you, sir," said the landlord, and hastily left the room.

Gathering his few belongings together, young Dick Rogers considered this new phase of life. A few months ago he had been one of Detroit's gay, wealthy set. He had whiled away his days with tennis, golf and yachting; his nights had been a continuous search for pleasure in the numerous night clubs and theatres. Then he had met Cecilia and had fallen deeply in love. He would always remember the scene with his father when he had told him of his engagement to this girl—a worker in the Public Library. How that aristocratic old gentleman had stormed at the idea of a Rogers marrying a working girl, one so much below their station in life, regardless of how lovely she might be. Finally he had told Dick that if he continued to defy him under his own roof he could leave at once and remain away until he had come to his senses and given up all thoughts of such a marriage. Taking him at his word Dick had walked out.

He had tried hard to get a job but there were few openings in these days of depression and none for one untrained in business matters as he was. Now he was without funds and in the street and the future looked dark indeed.

Late that night, tired and discouraged, he sat on a bench in the Square. Suddenly a low voice broke in upon his solitude:

“What is the matter, buddy?”

Glancing at his companion, of whose presence he had been hitherto unaware, Dick perceived him to be a true “knight of the road.” He was familiar with the type, as he often had been waylaid by one of them with a plea for a hand-out, “Enough for a cup of coffee,” they had termed the request. Now he was on the same level with one of these and life held nothing for him.

“I am in the same position as yourself,” Dick replied, “Broke and hungry.”

The tramp stared at him for a moment, his pale blue eyes sticking out, ugly, terror-shot, like one patch of color in the ghastly, yellow face. Dick saw that he was greatly excited and in a state of collapse. He kept putting his hands in his pockets to hide their shaking, taking them out again and twisting them wildly and at the same time glancing over his shoulders like a fugitive. Suddenly he clutched at Dick’s coat and with a half-whimpering, half-whispering voice, said:

“I am mighty glad you came along, buddy. I’ve been up and down this continent for over twenty years, from the Canadian north-west to Panama. I’ve done about everything there is and never a fear to cross my mind until tonight.”

He stopped for a moment and mopped his heavy, colorless face.

“Do you know P. J. Newbury?” he continued. “Yeah, the rich guy with the big house on the drive. Well, that’s my brother. Hard to believe, ain’t it? We both had the same start in life. Now he is a big shot and I’m just a bum. Today I got a letter from Farker, his lawyer. He wants me to come to his office in the morning. My brother, who never would have anything to do with me, is going to give me a lot of dough so I can live like a gentleman.”

He broke off with a harsh, nervous laugh ending with a half-choke, then continued aimlessly:

“And I’m scared, see? Yeah, scared I won’t get there. Something might happen to me; I might die tonight. After all these years Bill Newbury knows fear in his heart at last, can ya beat that?”

Here was something which Dick had never encountered before. The irony of Fate; that he—Dick Rogers—who had never wanted for anything before, should find himself in reversed position with a common tramp. Here was a man who had wandered through the world penniless for years until his very name had been forgotten by his friends. All his life Bill Newbury had envied those who were more fortunate than he, while he had begged for his living, and now that the chance came to settle down and live a comfortable life he was afraid—afraid of what? Here was an opportunity for him to blot out the story of his life so completely that his soul should not remember a single line of it. As the red moon dipped into the dark clouds yonder so this man's past could be engulfed by the tide of months and stamp out even the will to reckon or to remember. The sun would shine tomorrow but his own life as he had chosen it had been lived and never more would the fever of living burn in his veins and now the mocking voice of hope was ringing in his ears. The suspense was almost unbearable to this care-free soul who seemed to entrust his secret so readily to a stranger.

The tramp breathed heavily as a man who must face an issue.

"Stay with me, friend," he begged, "Stay with me tonight and come to the office with me in the morning."

"Don't be scared; nothing is going to happen to you," Dick assured him. "I will stay with you."

Sitting there on the bench that night, with his coat collar buttoned up about him, and watching the fitful and uneasy slumber of his new friend, Dick mused on the strangeness of life. Money to him meant marriage to Cecilia, the comforts and necessities of life. Money to Bill Newbury meant fear; the fear that it would be taken away from him or that it might prove to be a deception after all. From his boyhood Dick had lived in an atmosphere of unrestraint, a Bohemian, as it were, without ties, care-free, the whim of the moment his only guide. Somehow he envied this tramp who was soon to step into comfortable circumstances while he would take up the threads of life and strive to achieve a fair success as best he knew how with Cecilia as his goal.

It was dawn when Dick's long vigil was succeeded by an overpowering slumber and he was not aware that his friend stirred until the streaming sunshine awakened him. An exquisite melancholy seemed to hang over the landscape and dream amid the pink tinted clouds. It was just another day to Dick but to Bill Newbury it meant a new lease on life and his anxiety of the previous night had not quite left him for his heart was heavy with the vivid recollection of it. Overcome with weariness Dick did not choose to discuss the matter with Bill at once and as it was so early in the morning, and the offices would not open until nine, they sat and talked of commonplace things, each affecting an air of indifference.

As the great clock in the tower struck nine Dick rose and, with a significant toss of his head, invited his friend to follow and they started on the way to the lawyer's office. Dick knew it well as the same firm handled his father's affairs. The tramp shuffled along beside him, a deadly fear in his heart. Was it all a lie, a fraud, a trick? Suddenly he seemed to lose the strength to stand and he sat for a moment in front of a store. After some time he was able to pull himself together and continued under the encouraging remarks of his new found friend.

It was with a faltering step that Bill Newbury followed Dick into the offices of Parker, Fowler & Parker, Barristers & Solicitors, shortly after nine o'clock. They were greeted by Mr. Parker, senior member of the firm, who very courteously ushered them into his private office. Newbury sank wearily into a chair, his tattered cap in his hand, while Dick stood by the window staring into the street below.

Mr. Parker fumbled with his letter file for a few moments, then turning to Bill he said:

"I am sorry, Mr. Newbury, but your brother has reconsidered his plans for you and wishes you to know that he will do nothing for you. We had no way of reaching you in time to let you know before coming here."

Bill Newbury's nerves were raw. He flung back at the lawyer:

"You can tell my brother for me, Mr. Parker, that he can keep his money. I don't want any of it. Just the thought of it brought me the only unhappy night I have ever known."

He rose with a deep sigh of relief and as he turned to leave, Dick noticed that his eyes no longer held that haunted, fearful look. His head was held high and a look of calm peace stole over his weather-beaten features. He left the office with the step of new found youth.

As Dick turned to follow him, Mr. Parker stopped him abruptly.

“Just a moment, Mr. Rogers. I am glad you came in. We have been looking for you. Your father has forgiven you and wants you to come home and marry the girl of your choice. We were instructed to find you and advise you accordingly. Congratulations, my boy!”

But Dick did not hear this last for he was already hurrying down the stairs on his way home, and to Cecilia.

A. M. W.

Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them—Publius Syrus.

Calamity is man's true touchstone—Fletcher.

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—Abraham Lincoln.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn—Burns.

I love everything that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine—Goldsmith.

Oft times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right,
Well managed—Milton.

THE MODEL FARMER

(We suggest that this be sent to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for production)

Waking up with the dawn,
Getting up with a yawn,
And wishing the chores were all done;
Rushing out to the barn,
With a pail on his arm,
Oh! hasn't the farmer got fun!

And she kicked like a mule,
As he said good-bye to the bucket;
Though his temper was even
We can hardly perceive him,
Saying, "Well, I was ready to chuck it."

Now the horses were fed,
And he felt nearly dead,
As back to the house he did shamble;
His wife saw him come,
And he looked pretty glum,
So she told all the children to scramble.

The kettle was hot,
But the porridge was not,
The coffee he threw down the sink;
He said not a word,
That was fit to be heard,
But, oh, what that poor man did think.

He said to his wife,
"I'm sick of this life,
From now on I'm farming by science;
They say there's nothing to it
You've just got to go and do it
With each new-fangled fad and appliance."

He packed up his wares,
And his wife said her prayers,
For she hoped that no harm would befall him;
A spectacular sight,
He walked day and night,
For he had no fine buggy to haul him.

With a horse, in the saddle
Singing, "Heigh-diddle-daddle,"
And a rooster tucked under his arm;
A cow by the tail
Creeping on like a snail,
He set out for the old College Farm.
J. M. & E. C. '34.

THE NATION OF THE PORRIDGE BOWL

From the generous distribution of Scots throughout the world it is not unreasonable to surmise that Scotland has been deserted by her progeny, but this is not the case, for though it is truly said that the sun never sets on the Scots, it is customary for him to rise cheerfully, at least once in four days, and beam benevolently on the homeland of this wandering race as though desiring to convey his warm admiration to the many Scots there dwelling.

Scotland has a unique atmosphere, being at one and the same time frank, friendly and inviting, yet markedly reticent, as though hiding some treasured secret behind a shy, almost defiant reserve, akin to the veil of mist which so often shrouds her with a damp ardent fervour, while the sea surges joyously on her coasts, dashing against the rocks and booming uproariously on sandy beaches like some gigantic pup almost overwhelming his mistress with an unrestrained display of affection. Such is Scotland, a land of sunshine and mist, irregular and erratic hills and glens, rivers and burns, cultivated fields hedged off by hawthorn or stone dykes bearing a marked resemblance to a checkerboard when viewed from the lofty bens, purple with heather in blossom.

The houses are of stone, strong and durable, their sombre severity being somewhat relieved by clambering ivy. These sober dwellings contrast oddly with the quaint charm of the thatched roofed cottages, which nestle cosily in sheltered nooks throughout the land, their whitewashed exteriors beautified by climbing roses that pause at the white curtained windows to peep in at the simplicity and homeliness of the inner region.

The hills are sullenly protecting and the glens, sheltered and enticing, offer to all shady retreat, beside the rippling burn that dances through the midst of scattered trees and

blooming flowers, hugging the soft banks gayly carpeted with yellow primroses. Books could not describe accurately the true beauty of this land though written by the most Scottish Scot.

The Scots possess the qualities of their famed ancestors; they are cautious, yet courageous and daring, dogged and persevering, having a remarkable outward control of emotion, hiding with a cloak of politeness, the bright glow from inward fires of loyalty to their country, their kinsmen and immediate family. Why are Scots so outstanding? It is natural to search for the answer among lofty ideals, in age old ruins or beautiful gardens, everywhere, I am sure, but in the porridge bowl where the secret is hidden, for just as life and death are dependent on trifling incidents, so is the great nation of Scots closely allied with the porridge bowl.

Each morning the Scot sits down to a bowl of rolled oats and pours around it molasses or milk or perhaps dips it into buttermilk, according to the time-honoured custom of his family. Grandfathers still sprinkle the top liberally with salt, but the new generation, if allowed any option, invariably elect sugar. At the age of six months the young Scot is first introduced to the porridge bowl and before three months have elapsed it is the sole component of his solid diet, morning, noon and night. But after the first wisdom of extreme youth has taken wings the young Scot is apt to detest his porridge, so each day he begins with a victory, for without a doubt every unwanted spoonful sent in the right direction is an undisputed victory. The victor is strengthened and ready for whatever the day may bring forth and to those who abhor it, come what will the worst part of the day is over. So the playgrounds of Scotland are still bewilderingly gay with bright tartans blending or clashing, tartans which encase the young of the porridge eating race, strong, husky youngsters full of fun and ambition.

Why Scotland elected porridge as her national food is a question much disputed. Some claim it was the cheapness, others put it down to the wisdom of the Scot. Which it was I am not prepared to say, but I have a strong suspicion that both factors entered in. England is famed for puddings, wet, doughy masses, heavy and soggy, which are responsible for the wink snatching habit of their consumers, after the

mid-day repast. Ireland has a far reaching reputation for Irish Stew, which seems to be the meeting place of odds and ends. This dish, due no doubt to the thrifty principle, is almost as great a favorite with the Scots, but undoubtedly as a national standby, Scotland long ago selected the most nourishing of all foods.

My own earliest recollections are of diligently plying a silver spoon through mountains and valleys of porridge with milky rivers and streams racing to occupy the latest scoop. The kindly inquiry, "Where's the little dog this morning?" helped the spoonfuls down for thus early in my life it distressed me to think of the extreme discomfort suffered by the boys, girls and dogs buried under the porridge mountain. So each morning I set out on a rescue expedition taking a spark of comfort from my martyrdom to a noble cause. Had it not been for those gay dwellers of the porridge bowl I might have rebelled more strenuously and more frequently, for I was not influenced in the right direction when informed that there were far across the sea hundreds of young starving Russians who would give anything for my porridge, but instead of falling to with a will eating my porridge and counting my blessings, I desired my porridge to be sent to them at once. Perhaps refrigeration was not so far advanced in those late war days—at any rate it always ended with me eating my porridge after all appetizing qualities had become a minus quantity due to the cooling effect of the atmosphere during my futile objections.

But as with all other Scots the dislike, if ever developed, is only temporary and so great a stranger is the youth to his old age that I should not be surprised to find myself at ninety odd years putting on the porridge pot three times a day.

Everyone should eat porridge. On that point I am firmly convinced. It is a heat producer, strengthens the body and stimulates the brain. All famous people have been consumers of porridge, Carlyle, Burns, Stevenson, Robert Bruce, John Knox, Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald.

In Scotland the porridge pot is still the constant companion of the tea kettle and it would be well if other nations would take a leaf from Scotland's book and banish from the porridge bowl intruding substitutes.

A Lesser Scot '33.

APPLES AND APPLESAUCE**A Radio Talk**

Hello Everybody!

The apple has enlarged its scope of welfare work. It has been keeping the doctor away from the door, but now it is also keeping the wolf away. I received a note from a doctor today in which he said: "I am surprised at the announcement that you intend to discuss apples over the radio. I have lost patience with apples." I, too, am surprised because I was under the impression that green apples supplied physicians with patients.

There is an ancient Hindu proverb that runs something like this:

God ripens the apple,
The farmer shakes the tree;
God cures the patient
The doctor takes the fee."

So, after all, it seems that the medical profession has no kick coming. When I started to look into this question of apples I was pretty much up a tree. There seemed to be so many branches to study. Then, too, I was without the advantage of a college background. If I had had such a ground I might have been able to cultivate my mind, and thus bring a riper approach to the subject. But my parents refused to send me to college. They said that four years was a pretty big loaf and it would take a lot of dough. So they insisted that I could spend my time to better advantage by staying right at home and getting an education. That, at the time, seemed to me to be pure apple sauce! However, as the years go on and I see so many college boys struggling to get through life by degrees, I wonder if the old folks weren't pretty sensible after all.

Every day some one is telling me that business has turned the corner. So every day I go around the corner looking for it. But instead of finding business I see apples. And almost every person is munching away, leading a hand to mouth existence. So I think that maybe all this talk of prosperity is apple sauce!

I saw an intelligent looking man selling apples so I bought one for a nickel and got a quarter's worth of conversation with it.

"Yes," he said, "I sure did get a tough break!" "How come," I asked. "Well," he replied with great bitterness, "last year I bought lemons on the New York Stock Exchange, so this year I have to sell apples on the curb." I said that it sure was bad business. "BAD BUSINESS!" he exclaimed. "I'll tell the world it's bad business. Why, do you know that the apple has been the symbol of bad business since the days of the Garden of Eden?"

Well, I hadn't thought of it, but I could see that despite the zero weather my friend was getting hot under the collar. So I began to edge away. Some men never begin to thaw until the waiter brings the cracked ice. But this man seemed to be able to easily warm to his subject. And I realized that a debate usually develops more heat than light, so I said good-bye. But he had to have the last word. And as a parting shot he fired this at me: "That Wickersham report should have had a silencer! It was like the Scotchman, tight and sober at the same time."

After leaving him the thought occurred to me that perhaps it would be a good idea to have the Wickersham Commission investigate the apple, because I am firmly convinced that it must be inhabited by spirits. That's the only way I can account for the Whoopee the apple has made as it has gone careening wildly down the corridors of time upsetting the plans of the human race.

Believe me the apple is some Pippin!

Do you know that the apple solved the first unemployment situation? That it created the first labor organization? That it brought about the fall of man? Do you know that the apple originated the first beauty contest? That it brought about the Trojan War? That it influenced the discovery of the Law of Gravitation? Do you know that it selects husbands? That it tells you whether you are to be blessed with children? Have you ever heard that the apple prevents senility? That it retards old age? That it inspired a certain marksman with such skill that his name has gone down through the ages? And whisper it

.....it has even broken the 18th Amendment! Truly the most amazing and interesting phenomena in the history of fruit!

You can't trust an apple by its looks. Even when it has rosy cheeks and carries with it an outward appearance of wholesomeness it may be rotten to the core. On the shores of the Dead Sea they used to have apples growing that looked beautiful and inviting to the appetite, but when opened they were just so much dead fruit.

Now all these things are susceptible of proof. Adam and Eve had nothing to do. Eve became restless; women like change. So when the snake came along with his persuasive ways and high-powered sales talk he sold Eve the idea of going into the apple business.....and she took her husband in, too. Well it was just too bad. As a result of that business venture Adam lost his standing and thus came about the fall of man. Then Adam had to go to work. And from that day to this every one of us has to work ourselves to death to live.

You have all heard of the Apple of Discord. Well, it all came about this way. Once upon a time there was a catty goddess named Eris. She was forever upsetting the apple cart. In fact she herself was such a sour apple that she was called the Goddess of Discord. One day she noticed three attractive goddesses talking to a very personable god named Paris. They were discussing whether skirts should be worn or not; that life seemed a trial to Clara Bow, and so on and so forth; just about the same kind of conversation that is the vogue today. Then Eris threw an apple into their midst and suggested to Paris to hand it on to the most beautiful of the three goddesses. Well, only a goof would take a job like that. Even in our modern Beauty Contests it takes the Mayor of the town, the head of the Chamber of Commerce, Flo Ziegfeld, the publisher of the local newspaper, a couple of artists and at least one movie actor to take the choice. But Paris was green (I wonder if Paris green is named after him), so he chose Aphrodite, who handed him a good looking line. I am not sure whether she was called Miss Olympus, probably Miss Universe..... In those days the poor goddess couldn't cash with tabloids or movies but at least she got her name in history. As a result of that incident Paris became involved with Helen of Troy and then there was war!

An atheist doesn't have to look because he has no future! But it's different with young women. So on Hallowe'en night trusting girls remove a peel from an apple in one long strip, throw it over their shoulder and in the elusive curves and twists they discover the name of their future husband. Believe it or not! In case of an error it is only a step from courtship to court. In Montenegro the bride attempts to throw an apple over the roof of her husband's home; if successful, children will bless their union. That's why girls in Montenegro join baseball teams when they go in training for matrimony. The Norsemen used the apple to ward off old age, while the Arabs considered its health-giving qualities as a blessing. William Tell had a story that's been told all through the ages.....

Much more could be told of the conflicting influences, for good and evil upon the destinies of the human race. But at least I have told you sufficient to whet your appetite for more apples and apple sauce. At the present moment this adventurous apple is engaged upon another great adventurestemming the tide of depression. That the apple will win out I have no doubt.....Already money, which runs to cover like a bathing girl at first sign of a storm, is now crawling out of its hiding place and beginning to circulate among the haunts of men. Unemployment is keeping the Republican party pretty busy, but it looks as if the clouds are lifting and everybody will soon be working. I only hope that Europe with twenty million under arms is not getting ready to fight the whole world into another depression just as we are working ourselves out of this one.

In the meantime my hat is off to the apple.....the most romantic figure of the ages.....and that's no apple sauce.

A couplet of verse, a period of prose, may cling to the rock of ages as a shell that survives the deluge—Bulwer.

Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise—Thomson.

True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd—Pope.

THE DEPRESSION

No sooner had the report of the disastrous Halifax explosion reached the ears of the people of the Maritime Provinces than an announcement was made to the effect that a more calamitous one would immediately follow. Fortunately, it did not come as expected. But has something not occurred since then in theoretical justification of that apparent rumor? Have we not experienced another explosion—an explosion felt not only by the people of the Maritime Provinces but by the whole world? I refer to the bursting of the tawdry bubble of 1929, which, although unaccompanied by sudden or violent report, will characterize the history of the world through future generations.

The continuation of a period of such immoderate prosperity as existed in 1929 was impossible. No super reason on the part of mankind was required to, at least, expect a change in the economic condition of the industrial world. A change did come—the depression—concerning which a great deal has been said, during the past three years. So much, in fact, has been said that people are more anxious about the end rather than the cause of this great calamity. Nevertheless, we still question ourselves at times: What has caused the depression? Who has been instrumental in bursting the bubble? Probably not one of us can truthfully say, "I have not helped." When we mention the Great War, over-production, under-consumption and the unappropriateness of the present economic order to modern conditions, we feel that the main factors responsible for the existing depression are included. Combining all four, probably no person will disagree with us for such factors have apparently played no secondary part. While the result of concentration of thought seems to indicate that the causes are by no means few and that all mankind in general is partially responsible, it is self-evident that the present depression, as well as all previous ones, has been greatly accentuated by illegitimate speculation and systems of credit. A realization of this fact on the part of those concerned may perhaps be one of the most important lessons to be derived from such a period of universal affliction. A small proportion of such persons have no doubt accumulated considerable wealth, but the great majority of them have surely learned their lesson at an immense cost—a cost inestimable in money—

the cost of life. Many are the homes that are fatherless today on account of speculation. Such homes, although perhaps not enduring nearly so much financial suffering as many others, are indeed the objects of sincere sympathy. Far greater in number, however, are the homes, and perhaps communities, which, through no immediate fault of their own, are really in need.

No one who finds himself so fortunately situated as to be in a position where he can contribute towards the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow man need wander far from home in order to put into practice his inherent Christian principles. Here lies a wonderful opportunity for those who have accumulated vast treasures at the expense of others. Great work is indeed being done in this respect through the organization of charitable institutions in all Christian countries. Governments, although ridiculously accused of having plunged us into our present depressed condition, have done and still continue to do, their part towards the betterment of the needy public by applying various measures of relief. It is entirely absurd to blame the governments and hold them responsible. It is equally as absurd to expect the governments to at once apply a remedy, for as yet no remedy seems applicable. To the economists rather than to the governments, we may look for a remedy, the discovery of which has proven to be no easy task. We must not then expect them to work miracles. The case with which they have to deal is what may be called a new one, not because depressions have never occurred in the past, for history tells us there has been many of them, but rather because of the nature of the present one. In fact, with the rapid change of conditions, it would be too much to expect a remedy applicable in the past to be equally as appropriate at present. While we may hopefully expect great accomplishments on the part of our present day economists, a little cooperation on the part of the people in general would not be amiss. It is their duty to cooperate, for it is they who have brought the depression upon themselves. The cultivation of that spirit of mutual trust, which, during the past few years, has been choked out by the weed of suspicion and greed, would yield abundant fruits. The person who, during this present period of trying depression, succeeds in making "ends meet" has no reason for complaint. Perhaps one of the greatest barriers to the improvement of conditions is the existence of

the idea that man's success is measured in money. The complete abolishment of such an antiquated idea would be an important step toward the restoration of a perturbed world to normal conditions.

—Frank Lacey '33.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society—Blair.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop
Not to outspout discretion—Shakespeare.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things—Wordsworth.

Absence of occupation is not a rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd—Cowper.

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines—Young.

Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few—Shenstone.

Happy is he who has laid up in his youth, and held fast
in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love for reading.—
Choate.

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do—Watts.

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is
the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.
—Webster.

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.—Gold-
smith.

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

SOCIAL EVENTS

This issue of the college magazine would not be complete without some mention being made of our social activities which have been so successfully conducted under the direction of Clayton Reid, Graham Longley, McG. Archibald and Jean Cribb.

Besides the Saturday evening social, which have been the source of much amusement for the Normal students as well as the A. C.'s, the mid-year dance has been the outstanding event. On this occasion the College Gym was very elaborately decorated with streamers of blue and gold, variously colored balloons, banners and other effects. On a specially constructed and artistically designed stand, Ted Cannon and his orchestra furnished music for some twenty snappy numbers.

All guests were cordially welcomed by Mrs. J. M. Trueman, Mrs. L. C. Harlow and Mrs. J. P. Landry.

Another enjoyable evening was spent on March 24 when the graduation dance for the students of the short course was held. Although no elaborate preparation was made for this event, a real memorable time was had by all and especially by those young men who went forth to take their places in the agricultural industry. The music on this occasion was ably rendered by our college orchestra, assisted by Truro talent.

Mrs. J. M. Trueman and Mrs. C. Marshall acted as chaperones.

Clayton Reid.

BASKETBALL

The basketball season has finally come to a close. We have been able to develop a team that, I feel safe in saying, is one of the best in many years. Speed and flashes of brilliant team work far superior to that exhibited by last year's team, and on which we pride ourselves, has been the means of bringing us out on top in many hard fought battles.

The season just closed brings us a record of thirteen victories out of eighteen games played and never being beaten by more than six points. This is a record of which we are justly proud, considering the limitations against which we were forced to contend. Of the games lost were three with the Truro Y.M.C.A. by score of (15-9), (12-10) and (18-13), one with Pine Hill Divinity College (16-14) and one with Nova Scotia Technical College (19-14).

The game with Pine Hill Divinity College was played in Halifax in the Dalhousie gymnasium, which put us at a great disadvantage due to the size of the floor and the arrangement of the baskets. It was not until the second period that we finally found ourselves, but it was too late, after managing to bring the score level, the Pine Hill boys sank a long shot in the closing second of play to forge ahead. It was a hard game to lose, but a better one to win.

The Nova Scotia Technical College game was played in our own gym, but, outplayed at nearly every turn by a faster, superior team, we were forced to resort to strictly defensive measures, which with a little luck on our side, kept the score to the low mark it was (19-14).

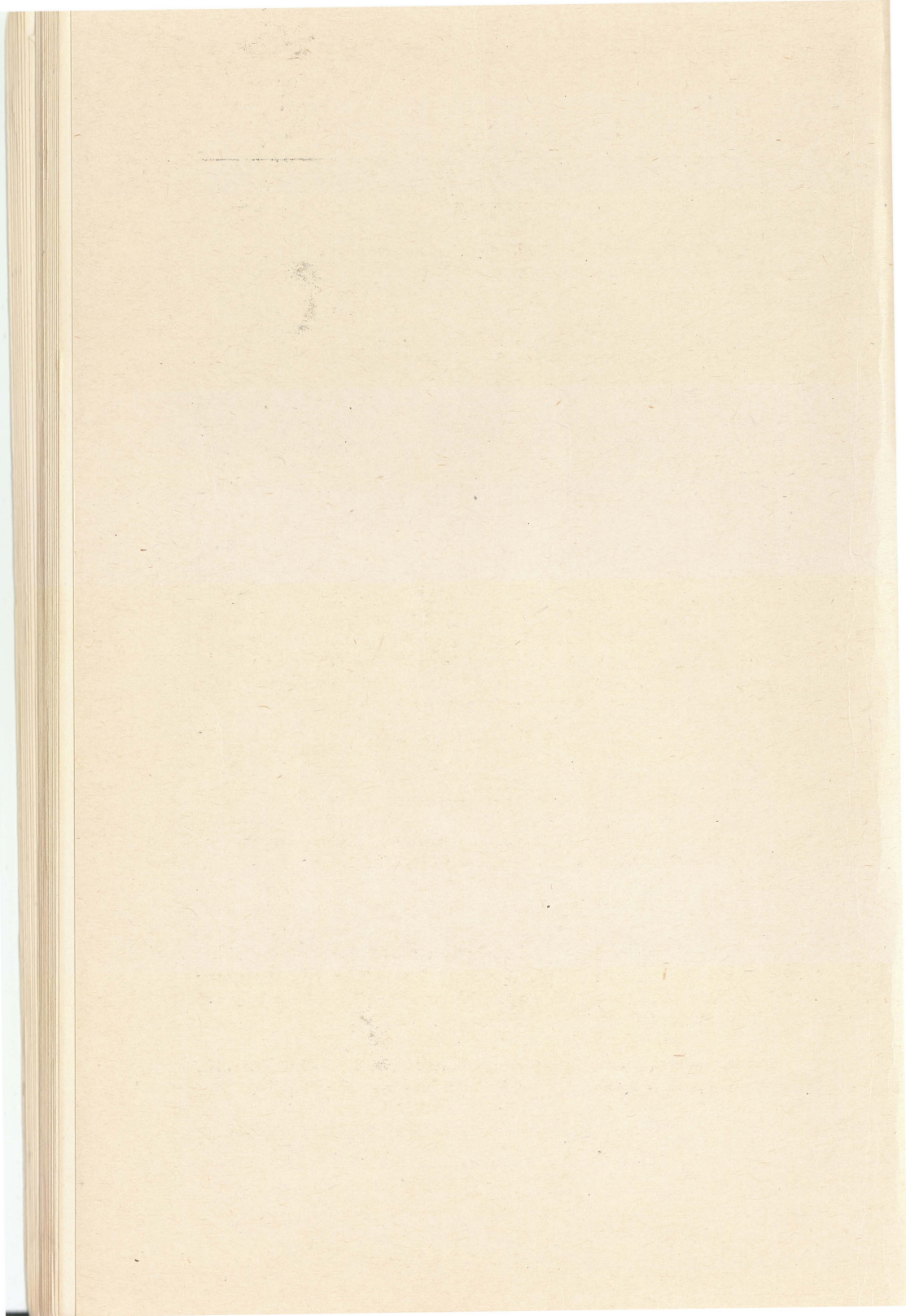
The Seniors this year were successful in winning the inter-class series played for the Harlow Cup, by taking the games three straight. We did not, however, have everything our own way, as the Juniors put up a stiff battle and stubbornly fought every foot of the way, but were finally put down by superior shooting and team work. The Juniors showed themselves no mean players and a power to be reckoned with in the future and we as the members of the outgoing Senior team wish them every success for the coming year.

—Laurence R. Burrell '33 Captain



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row: R. J. H. Hon (C), C. V. Marshall (Coach), R. McG. Archibald (G).
Sitting: F. D. Crosby (F), A. T. Macnab (F), L. R. Burrell (C), (Capt.) C. E. Thompson (F).
Front Row: O. N. Huggard (G), H. G. Longley (G).



HOCKEY

Considering the burden of studies under which the would be wielders of stick and puck laboured, a most successful season was enjoyed by the team.

With a comparatively green team save for one or two veterans around whom the team was moulded, and due to the untiring efforts of the players, we were able to present a team that could give a good account of itself against any organization. During the season games were played against the Normal College, Colchester County Academy and numerous teams from Truro; in some we were successful in bringing home the bacon, and in no case were we defeated by more than one goal.

The fine showing made by the team was largely due to the efforts of the manager Albert (Andy) Anderson, who gave unsparingly of his time and ability for the success of the team. Every member of the team performed well. Taken all in all, hockey has had a very successful year at N.S.A.C. and so as spring appears around the corner we hang up our skates and bid au revoir to the good old game with the best of luck to the team of 1934.

—J. H. MacNevin.

SOFTBALL

Due to lateness of the season no softball games have been played up to the date of this article going to press.

However, we have had two good practices. All last year's men are on duty except our catcher, Jerry Byers, who left us through the winter. Lawrence Burrell has come in to take his place and is showing up well in his new position and some of the Juniors are trying for shortstop and show good style and we hope to fill it soon.

From current talk there is no doubt that we will be able to give a good account of ourselves before the close of the term.

Alex. T. Macnab, (Capt.)

BASEBALL AND TRACK

No baseball games have been arranged as yet. Some of the members of the class are rather anxious to have a game or two but by the way exams are shaping themselves and due to the loss of so many students, we have not much hope for a game.

There has also been some talk of an inter-faculty track meet. Some of the boys are turning out for practice each morning and it is to be hoped that we do have the meet before the close of the term.

Alex. T. Macnab.

THE DEBATING CLUB

As this magazine goes to press, we feel that we should again call your attention to the good work of the College Debating Society, and express the hope that this constructive work be carried on in the future A. C. Student circles. One cannot begin to estimate the invaluable experience gained by the various students who voluntarily take part in the debates.

Shortly after the inter-class debate, mentioned in the mid-year issue, we received a challenge from the Normal College Debating Club, which was readily accepted by the A. C. team. After several postponements on the part of the Normal team, the debate was finally cancelled. However, the First United Church Young Peoples' Society took the place of the Normals, and the work of preparation of our debaters was not lost.

The Debate was held in the College Auditorium April seventh, before a large audience. The United Church team took the negative of the argument, "Resolved, that complete disarmament is the most effective way of securing world peace," and received a two to one decision from the judges Dr. Longley, Judge Putnam, and W. D. Armstrong. Professor Fraser, as chairman of the evening, introduced the speakers, Miss Mabel Johnson, Allen Beveridge, and Percy Kennedy for the United Church Club; and Frank Lacey, Robert Hilton, and Claude Thompson for the N.S.A.C.

After the Debate, Eric Boulden, Asst. Director of Extension Service, gave a pleasing and constructive criticism of the different debaters. Dr. Trueman then added a few words, calling the attention of the audience to the value of such friendly debates. The evening was closed with the National Anthem.

In closing, we wish to express our sincere appreciation to Professor Fraser for the sacrifices he has made at various times in order to attend the regular debates, and we trust that his efforts have not been in vain.

—Claude E. Thompson '33.

Every man, however, wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life—Plautus.

To become an able man in any profession, there are three things necessary—nature, study and practice—Aristotle.

Faith is the pencil of the soul
That pictures heavenly things—Burbidge.

But O! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!—Tennyson.

THE COBEQUIDS

It is indeed difficult to say at what season of the year the Cobequids are most beautiful. They are panoramic in their changeability.

The Red Maple is the first emblem of Spring, as it is the flaming banner of Autumn.

“Scarlet when the April vanguard
Bugles up the laggard Spring,
Scarlet when the bannered Autumn
Marches by unwavering.”

Soon long, lacey white plumes of Wild Plum, white masses of Wild Cherry and the unrivalled rose of the wild apple trees contrast sharply with the dark coniferous background. Later, the soft green of the newly unfolded leaves, and the young grass of the intervalles present a monochromatic color-scheme not easily rivalled.

These greens deepen and darken through the summer to a drab olive, the monotony of which makes the brilliant hues of the autumn leaves more intense. Gay daubs of vivid orange and sprays of scarlet maple—breath-taking in their audacious beauty—no wonder Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman so love the autumnal season of the year.

Again the season changes, and we awake to the first snowfall. Dense white masses burden the branches of the coniferous trees and cloak the scarred old earth. Dark clouds intensify the solemn hush of the woods. Then comes a night when the moon is struggling to shine through softly falling showflakes—these flakes causing the trees and buildings to seem faintly etched. The ethereal beauty of such a scene awes one.

A sleet storm can, overnight, turn the Cobequids into a twinkling fairyland. Even poets cannot do justice to the beauty of this scene, when each tiny branch of birch and maple are encased in ice, which gleam like chip diamonds when the sun shines.

Another scene? Ah, yes! A white frost. Fragile beauty, this, like rare old lace.

Thus spring, summer, autumn, winter—each brings its own particular type of beauty, and at each season of the year we find ourselves exclaiming. “I love the Cobequids best at this time of the year!”

—Claude Thompson '33

N. S. A. C. ALUMNI NOTES

Harold Bate '17 has been developing large green houses in Bathurst, N. B., as well as growing an extensive acreage of potatoes.

Murry Forsyth '17, is fruit farming at his home in Greenwich, Kings County.

John Irvin '17, is farming at his home in Upper Point de Bute, N. B.

Allison Proffitt '17, is farming at Freetown, P. E. I. He is also Maritime Fieldman for the Holstein-Friesian Association.

Philip Bishop '18, has the distinction of being the largest producing apiarist in Nova Scotia. His apiary is located at Greenwich, Kings County.

Maurice Watson '18, is engaged in mixed farming at his home in Baddeck, Victoria County.

Lee Payne '19, from West Bathurst, N. B. is a spray specialist whose work at present is in New York State.

Ned Eaton '19 of Lower Canard, Kings County, is working for the Walter Baker Chocolate Company, located at Boston, U. S. A.

Harold Clay '19, is Secretary of the P. E. I. Swine Breeders Association and also Swine Promoter for Prince Edward Island.

Fred Annis '21, is on the staff of the Federal Fish Hatchery, located in Yarmouth County at Lake George.

Walter Ricketson '20, from Bridgetown, N. S. is apiarist at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Fredericton, N. B.

Harold Geddes '21, Great Village, N. S. is farming and has an excellent herd of pure bred Guernseys.

William Stewart '21, is teaching in Beamsville, Ont.

Roscoe Elliott '23, is farming at Middleton, Annapolis County.

Tom Winter '23, is farming at his old homestead in Brenton, Yarmouth County.

Dan Burrell '28, is working at Dearborn's Dairy in New Glasgow, N. S.

Bruce Cann '29 is at his home in Yarmouth North.

J. C. Bremner '30, is in the Potato Inspection Service at Fredericton Experimental Farm.

Among those who graduated from Macdonald in the spring of 1932 were:

W. B. McCullough '30, Plant Pathology.

W. H. McGibbon '30 Poultry.

Janie B. Matheson '30, Horticulture.

H. A. Riordon '30.

A. J. MacDonald '30.

Jack Stothart '30.

At Guelph, Lloyd Yeo '30, is continuing his studies along agricultural lines. O. L. Davis '30 and Jack Hallet' 30 are also continuing studies at O. A. C.

Arnold Travis '32 is taking the intermediate year at O. A. C.

W. J. White '31 is a commercial poultryman at Moore's Mills, New Brunswick.

Clinton Payne '31 is farming at West Bathurst, N. B.

John Leefe '31 is studying Plant Pathology at Macdonald College.

J. E. C. Smith '31 is studying Economics and Leslie Forsyth, Agronomy, at Macdonald.

R. W. E. Wetmore '31 is taking Field Husbandry at Guelph. Others at Guelph are: L. O. Weaver and Fenwick Wood.



: : EXCHANGES : :

Throughout the winter months many publications have been coming in from other institutions which the "A. C. Gateway" would like to acknowledge with thanks.

"The Tech Flash"

The only new college magazine to come in since our last issue was "The Tech Flash." In view of our recent pleasant associations with the Halifax Technical College when their Basketball Team came here, we are delighted to receive this magazine in our library. It is, we have found, an excellent publication and very well assembled.

A publication not heretofore seen on our tables is the Mount Allison Record of which we have received the Dec.-Jan. issue. This is published by the Mt. Allison Alumni and Alumnae Societies and contains much interesting material. Particularly noteworthy is the Review of Charles Bruce's New Book of Poetry, by Theodore Goodrich Roberts. It is an interesting review, and capably illustrates Roberts' inimitable style.

Of the other publications, space permits little to be said. We are indebted to these magazines for much interesting reading material and we trust that we have been able to glean some helpful suggestions for improving our little publication.

Special mention must be given to the following:

- "The Acadia Athenaeum"
- "The Argosy Weekly"
- "The Dalhousie Gazette"
- "The Kings College Record"
- "The Voice of the Y.C.A."

—R. Hilton, '33.

: JOKES :

“Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man in days of yore
Could say when he had told a joke,
‘I’ve heard that one before.’”

Normalite (On D.A.R.): “Is this supposed to be a fast train?”

Crosby: “Yes.”

Normalite: “I thought so but what is it fast to?”

* * * * *

Miggie: “What a pity it is that handsome men are always conceited.”

Bob: “Not always, I’m not.”

* * * * *

Bernely: “Do you think I’ll ever be able to do anything with my voice?”

Eleanor: “Well, it might come in handy at a fire drill.”

* * * * *

Prof.: “How many people in the country?”

Burrell: “Er-rr-rr.”

Prof.: “Hurry! Hurry! Every minute you dilly-dally the number grows larger.

* * * * *

Boy: “I just saw you kiss my sister.”

Robert: “Here, keep still, put this half-dollar in your pocket.”

Boy: “Here’s a quarter change. One price to all is the way I do business.”

* * * * *

Hilton (overheard at Christmas): “Will you always love me, dear?”

Normalite: “I’ll love you for the present, anyway, honey.”

* * * * *

Graham: “There’s something about you I don’t like.”

Waitress: “I’m sorry, but it will have to stay on. We are in the Pine Hill residence, not the Garden of Eden.”

* * * * *

Prof. Harlow: "How can I make anti-freeze?"

Sleeping student: "Hide her woollen pajamas."

* * * * *

Prof. Fraser (to barber): "You're sure you can recommend this hair restorer?"

Barber: "Yes, sur. Burrell removed the cork with his teeth and after 20 minutes he had a moustache."

* * * * *

Junior: "How long could I live without brains?"

Senior: "I don't know, time will tell."

* * * * *

Andy: "I don't care what anybody says. N.S.A.C. is the best college to go to after all."

Norman: "After all?"

Andy: "Yep. After all the other colleges."

* * * * *

Chiasson: "I would like to dance like this forever."

Normalite: "Don't you want to improve?"

* * * * *

Tait: "You should place your hand over your mouth when you yawn, Coburn."

Coburn: "What, and get bitten?"

* * * * *

Reggie: "Why did you leave your girl's house so early last night?"

Reid: "Oh, she turned the lights out and I didn't want to sit in the dark."

* * * * *

Alex (in restaurant): "Hey there, pal."

Waiter: "Yes sir, how'll you have it?"

* * * * *

Andy: "What three words are used most in organic chemistry?"

Cook: "I don't know."

Andy: "Correct."

* * * * *

MacDonald: "Will you lend me your mug to shave?"

Douglas: "Shave your own mug."

* * * * *

Economics Prof.: "What is your average income?"

Can: "From one to two A. M."

* * * * *

Don: "When I dance with you I feel as though I were treading on clouds."

Lillian: "Don't be mistaken, sir; those are my feet."
* * * * *

English Prof.: "What is a metaphor?"

Cox: "For cows to graze on."
* * * * *

Larry: "What's the difference between Jean and a locomotive engine?"

Miss Coupar: "Well, as near as I can see, an engine has a headlight and Jean has a light head!!!"
* * * * *

We Wonder

If Graham and Bob have heard from the lower floor at Pine Hill?

If Cann really inherited his noise?

What Macnab said in Chemistry class about it being time to leave?

Why Thompson orders club sandwiches?

Why Gilbert respects the Science Building?

Who lost their little dog?
* * * * *

Coburn: "What's the hurry Jenkins? Running for a train?"

Jenkins: "No, just training for a run."
* * * * *

Thompson (discussing a basketball game): "I scored ten baskets."

Macnab: "I wish I had my coat on."

Thompson: "Why?"

Macnab: "Then I could laugh up my sleeve."
* * * * *

Eleanor: "Do you know anything about tennis?"

Ethel: "Surely, that's my racket (racquet)."
* * * * *

Graham: "They say she loves every blonde hair on Burrell's head."

Crosby: "Yeah! but what about the red hairs on his shoulder."
* * * * *

Jenkins: "I hear Johnson had a big fight in the post office yesterday."

Coburn: "No!!!"

Jenkins: "Yeah! He licked a stamp."

* * * * *

Tommy: "Why do Scotchmen always wear kilts?"

Scotty: "Well, their feet are so big they can't get them through their pants."

* * * * *

Crosby: "You know I sleep in a three season bed."

Hilton: "What kind of a bed is that?"

Crosby: "One that has no spring."

* * * * *

Spectator: "Cann's gym shirt is like the three of spades, it looks like the deuce with a black spot in the middle."

* * * * *

Dr. Longley: "What keeps the world moving?"

Crockett: "High rent."

* * * * *

Prof. Fraser: "Graham, can you give me a sentence using the word insulate?"

Graham: "Well, my father gave me the deuce for coming **insulate** at Christmas."

* * * * *

Huggard: "I hear Thompson's running a restaurant; how are his meals?"

Hilton: "They are so unbalanced that even the mice have indigestion."

* * * * *

Prof. Barteaux: "Is science of any value in business?"

Tait: "Yes, Sir."

Prof. Barteaux: "Give an example."

Tait: "Well, what would the garter and belt man do if there was no Law of Gravitation?"

* * * * *

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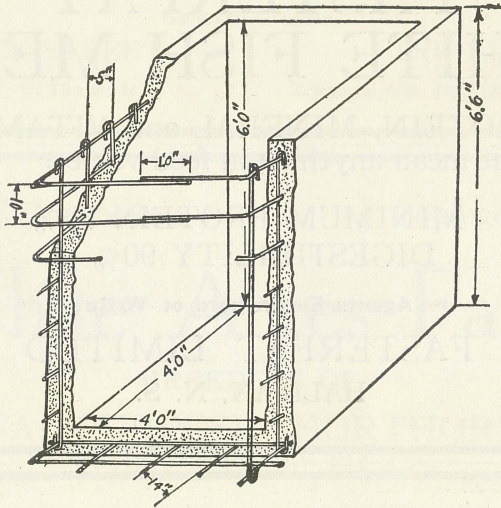
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