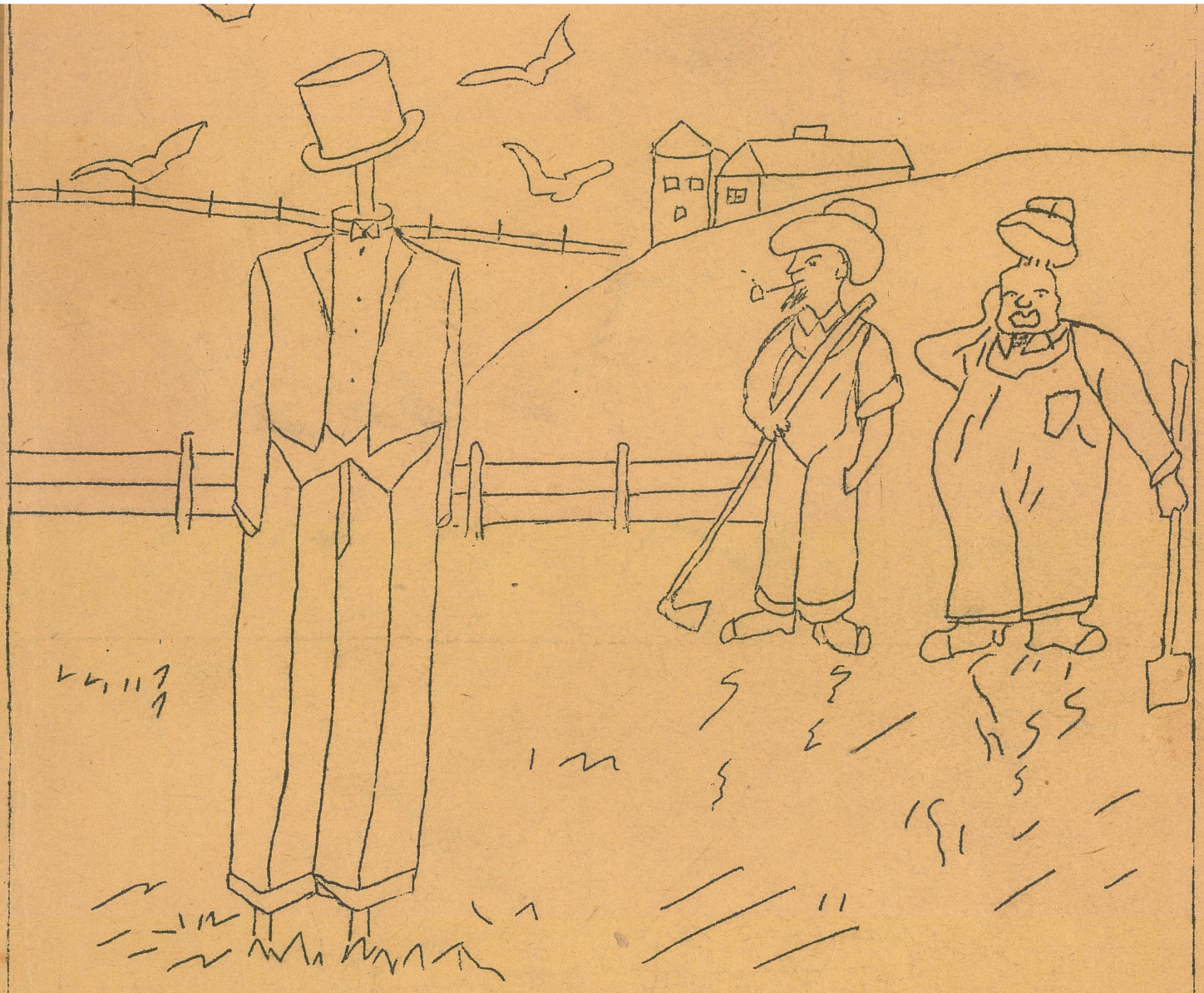

"EZRA GRADUATED FROM ONE OF THE SWANKIEST AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES".

A. C. HERALD.

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

THE PILOT

Eyes watchfully ahead, brain alert, hands steady, courage indomitable, impassively he stands, leaning into the screeching storm - That's the Pilot.

Though the wind may blow a howling hurricane from any of the thirty-two points of the compass or its half points, or if it be a calm, placid summer's afternoon, the Pilot knows no fear; no perils does he attempt to evade. His watchword is safety, his duty is service; he skilfully executes it, and the port is his goal.

Through the early years of our existence, which many of us are inclined to call bitter, we were guided along the road of our destiny by Pilots. During our childhood it was the fond care of a loving mother and a watchful father; at school, our teachers; our professors at College, and always by that perpetuating and guiding ordinance of the reason, culminating in our final reward - supreme happiness - which is aptly said in Tennyson's lines:

"I hope to meet my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

We, the students of the N.S.A.C. should have by now reached the point where our future destiny lies at stake. How many of our members will be fearless, ruthless or successful Pilots?

Often our prospectus blurs, often does the Pilot find his ship enveloped in dense banks of low hanging fog. Does he rest until it rolls on? Should we rest until these bright times which are just around the corner come?

Very few of us will likely be piloted by some bright star as were the Wise Men of old, but who amongst us has not the ambition, the honor, the courage and the intelligence to mould our ways and to build our future?

Conditions may seem adverse, but sweet are the uses of adversity. Stand up to your task and learn by your own and by the experiences of others. Be ruthless and imaginative, warranted by brains and capacity. Set high standards, have high ideals, strive for their fulfilment, for their is no good in a dozen of anything; count in hundreds and thousands, not dozens.

If hard times come, let not these petty restrictions that humiliate and break one's spirit put YOU down; but as the Pilot, rise to meet the occasion; do not leave your ship, but pilot that ship of yours, my friend, with a stout heart, - till journey's end.

J.J.B. '38.

[illegible]

THE [illegible]

[illegible] sky ancient, still, silent, hands steady,
[illegible] mute, lonely in shade, leaning into
the [illegible] storm - [illegible]'s the Pilot.

[illegible] may blow a howling hurricane from any
[illegible] of the compass on his left points,
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[illegible] no textile dare be endange[illegible] late.
[illegible] is safety; his duty is [illegible] a skilful,
[illegible] is, [illegible] your is the [illegible]

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[illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

A Word of Appreciation

The writer would like to take this opportunity to express his thanks and appreciation of the sympathy and kindness, as well as the more tangible evidence of their generosity, shown by the Faculty, the students and the staff of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College during the time he was confined to the hospital.

Words are inadequate to fully express our appreciation, and our greatest hope is, if the need arises, that we will be privileged to repay, in some way, their many kindnesses.

A. D. Beaton, '38.

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An Opinion on Sports

The values of sports in any college are (1) the development of strong healthy bodies; (2) development within the individual of the feeling of cooperation; (3) recreation and (4) for the purpose of advertising the College.

In the organization of sports in any college the first should be held uppermost in the minds of the organizers. The founders of education included athletics in the curricula because they realized that what their country needed was the development of individuals who possessed not only a sound mind, but also a sound body. They were not concerned with the minority but with the mass of students and the organization of athletics in the schools was such that it included all of those physically fit. Since then many things have changed. The use and development of machinery resulted in the "Division of Labor" which further resulted in specialization. Education has attempted to keep abreast of the times with the result that students have been compelled to specialize in their studies. Specialization in athletics also occurred with the result that the number of participants in the different sports has been greatly reduced. A few of the students who have carried specialization in sports to a high degree have become more or less heroes in the minds of their followers and the ambition of many students is not to excel in any academic work, but to become "heroes" in the field of athletics. This is only one of the many examples which could be presented as an evil of specialization in athletics. Athletics in the college were intended to be only a means to an end, the end being the development of sound bodies. Have we not forgotten the "end" and are we not organizing our athletics solely as a "means?"

As in other colleges, so in this college, we have lost the real meaning of athletics. We have been spending over $200 each year on sports with the result that those few who have taken part in athletics, who have attended the different academies prior to coming here where time and opportunity was afforded in which one might become efficient enough to "make" the school teams and who now arrive at this college fully prepared to carry on their athletic careers. Should this college be concerned with these individuals insofar as athletics is concerned? Should

An Opinion on Sports - continued

we not be concerned more with those students who have been working on the different farms, attending rural schools where they have not had the opportunity to take part in any organized sport? These boys can't hope to compete with the first class mentioned, they are compelled to take a "back seat" and to be content with watching the skilled players.

Are these students interested in the achievements of their team? Surely if they are not interested, something must be wrong with our organization of athletics. During one particular game which our college team was playing only seven persons paid admission and not all of these were A.C. students. Is this not enough proof that these students are not interested?

Our activities in sports do not advertise our college. Most of the games played by our teams are with the teams from Truro or nearby. How many students do we receive from Truro? Advertising is not a factor to be considered in the organization of our athletics.

We must conclude that our athletics are in many ways unsatisfactory. How can this be remedied? The answer is to do away with outside sport activities and to confine our athletics to interclass games. What are the advantages of interclass sports? (1) They procure the essential feature of athletics insofar as building strong healthy bodies, not of a few but of all those physically fit. (2) They would do away with this period of "hang over" which follows games played with outside teams. Since the athletes themselves are greatly concerned with the results of the coming game, their excitement is great so that no academic work can be done an hour before or two hours after the game. (3) They would do away with this hero-worship and more interest would be taken in academic studies. (4) More interest would be taken by the students. Surely the great interest taken by the student of the interclass games last year proves to us that any move to include more interclass sports would be greatly welcomed and (5) Our money could be spent to better advantage. We would not be concerned with the buying of uniforms each year but we could use this money in building up a better gymnasium.

T.B. '38.

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Why?

A question that you probably all have asked yourselves at some time is, "Why don't we get decent Nova Scotia apples right here in our own Province?" It is certainly logical that we should get better fruit near where they are grown than when they have to be transported for some distance.

The outstanding reason why the fruit grown in Nova Scotia and sold in the Province is of such poor quality is not a trifling matter, but a question of constitution. Other minor reasons can be traced, directly or indirectly, to this one major reason.

Why? - continued

When regulatory acts were passed by the Federal Parliament to make grading of fruit for market compulsory, it was thought that these acts would apply to all markets in Canada as well as to fruit for export to points outside of Canada. Since these acts were passed, however, test cases have arisen in which it has been found that according to the British North America Act, the Federal Parliament cannot effect legislation for the compulsory grading of fruits for trade within a province. For this reason, while the acts are applicable to fruit shipped out of any province, they cannot be applied to trade within the Province itself.

A suggested way to correct this fault is to have the Provincial Legislature pass enabling legislation to make the acts applicable to Nova Scotia, and to deputize Federal inspectors rather than going to the expense of maintaining a Provincial staff to enforce the acts. Legislation similar to this has already been passed by the Provincial Legislature in regard to the control of the Apple Maggot.

At present, as many have found out, truckmen often load up a load of culls, or poor quality apples (with, of course, a few barrels of better quality apples opened for customers to inspect). A customer buying (at a good price) a barrel of headed apples, expecting to get apples similar in quality to the ones he has examined, often opens them to find nothing but a mess of culls. This is a common practice by men who do not care what kind of reputation they get. They cannot be prosecuted under the Federal act; the only way to bring them to justice would be by a Civil Court suit.

L.L. '39.

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Dream Farm of the Town Dweller

Most of us whose fate it is to spend our lives in the confines of a town, or, what is worse, a city, have dreamed at sometime or other of the freedom and independence of a farmer's life. It is admitted the hard work and lack of many conveniences to which we are not accustomed never enter our calculations; our visions are roseate dreams built on a foundation of fancies and stories of the lives of country squires.

Before I go any further, I admit I am generalizing and exaggerating, but to a certain extent it has a basis of truth. And why spoil it? There are but very few of us who will ever suffer the disillusionment of actual experience. Perhaps some one among us will give up the town for the occupations of a farmer and make a success of it - here's hoping.

Who'd sell a farm and go to sea? And who'd sell a farm and go anywhere? Think of the rainy days in the workshop or in the barn swapping yarns and smoking. The life of Riley. The scent of hay, the gentle noise of the cattle moving about, the whinny of Dobbin in her stall - it's great. Think of the poor fellows in towns, stuck behind counters or pushing a pen.

And comford - why say, a real farmhouse kitchen has the parlor of a palace licked hollow. The old wood range casting a flickering

Page 7 -- continued

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L. L. 19.

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Dream Farm of the Farm Product

Most of us whose fate is to spend our lives in the confines of a town, or, what is worse, a city, have dreamed at some time or other of the freedom and independence of a farmer's life. It is admitted that hard work and lack of many conveniences to which we are accustomed never spoil our calculations; our visions are rosy and built on a foundation of fancies and stories of the lives of country folks.

Before I go any further, I admit I am romanticizing and exaggerating, but to a certain extent it has a basis of truth. And why not? There are but very few of us who will ever suffer the disappointments or actual experience. Perhaps some one among us will give up the town for the conditions of a farmer and make a success of it - hence a dream.

Who's said a farm and go to town? And who'd sell a farm and go to a town? Think of the weary days in the workshop or in the dark smoking room and shuffling. The life of Riley. The sound of hoofs, the gentle noise of the cattle moving about, the whinny of horses in the stall - life great. Think of the poor fellows in towns, after working counters of buying a van.

And so long - why, the real farmers dream has the warlock of a palace locked behind. The old road keeps creeping a fleeting

Dream Farm of the Town Dweller -- continued

glow on the walls, in the evening after the chores are done. The padded rocker near the stove door, the best footstool in all creation; the tobacco jar handy and the wife darning socks or reading the evening paper. It's a dream picture to fill the mind of any man.

Who wants to think of hoeing turnips or milking 15 cows twice a day, etc. We'll just think of the comfortable things that make the life an alluring prospect. Money in the bank, good working hours, your own boss, bumper crops, and Johnny in College. What a prospect!

Here's to the life of a farmer.

J.D. '39

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Education for Action

The program of adult education adopted by the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University by which the adults are taught the way of life and its betterment has a double significance.

It is first a challenge to other Colleges and other educational bodies by pioneering the way and showing how the people must be taught the principles and the practice of democratic cooperative, economic organization in order to solve unemployment, poverty and war. In its comparative infancy it is convincingly pointing out the way from a competitive to a cooperative economic organization of society, from a society of greed and dividends to one of contentment and service.

Second, the methods of adult education which this College has adopted have proven successful and can well be followed by other groups. They consist primarily of the following:

(1) A small group who become inspired to lead out in reorganizing their neighbourhood into a "Cooperative Community Beautiful" and then thoroughly informing themselves about the Cooperative Movement.
(2) Mass meetings to create general interest, conducted by a call for voluntary leaders and setting up small study groups.
(3) Study Groups small enough to encourage participation in discussion by every member. This is an exceedingly important unit; it is the fulcrum used by the operators of this educational lever to raise the general status of the people.
(4) Voluntary Leaders, trained by special conferences.
(5) Discussion Materials, supplied by the central organization to satiate the educational thirst of the members.
(6) The Practical Organization of the Cooperative and the appointment of An Educational Committee within each Cooperative Association which persistently carries on an educational program among employees, youth and adults.

These methods of adult education have proven highly successful in the organization of cooperatives of every type as well as in the educational, recreational and cultural development of the people of Nova Scotia, served by St. Francis Xavier University.

J.J.B. '38

Air Conditioning

All of us and all the things we make and use, exist in a sea of air; and every movement of this existence is affected by the air's condition. When you get up in the morning your first move is to look out the window to learn the state of the weather, and the one thing you always see on the front page of your newspaper is the weather report. Natural air conditions are sometimes perfect, but seldom remain that way for long. Scientists have proven that in the matter of weather conditions we can improve greatly over what nature provides.

Between the California-Nevada boundary at the Panamint Mountains is a valley about ninety miles long and three to ten miles wide. Nothing grows there except mesquite and sage bush. The region is inhabited by centipedes and tarantulas, by lizards and by rattlesnakes, by wildcats and half-starved coyotes. A continual fog of dust extends clear to the mountains. Sand storms are common, and when the wind blows hard there are spouts of sand a mile high which race along for great distances. In summer the thermometer goes to 135 degrees in the shade, and the air is so dry its "relative humidity" is around one percent. Such air takes moisture from human bodies so fast that men have died from thirst, even with water a ailable for drinking. This place which seems so dreadful is known as Death Valley. It has soil and life as does the most prosperous farming area near it, but it exists as it is because of weather conditions.

Another incident can be cited in which weather conditions cause such irregularities. Directly in the path of transatlantic liners passing south of Newfoundland two ocean currents flow closely together. One is the Gulf Stream from the warm waters around Florida and Cuba. The other is the Labrador Current coming from along the islands of the Arctic and flowing along the New England coast. Winds blowing from the warm Gulf Stream over the cold Labrador Current cause the formation of fogs so dense and persistent that few vessels get through the region without delay. This is the opposite to what exists in Death Valley. Thus we see the great discomforts and troubles that the existing weather conditions can cause.

Bringing it even nearer home we go to the farmer. He goes onto the land in the spring as soon as weather conditions permit. If the weather is ideal, his crop will be extra good providing his seed and fertilization methods are good. But if the weather conditions are not to a certain extent good, a poor crop and a shortage of some necessity is the result. But these things are beyond our control, and someone may ask, why bother with such things? The answer is simply to show people that natural weather conditions are unhealthy most of the time; that when we simply heat this air from outdoors we do not improve over existing conditions. Up until a few years ago heating and adding an insufficient amount of moisture to the air was all that was ever done. On a hot day people working inside became drowsy; less work, less studying, less enjoyment from entertainments, and a depressed feeling resulted. Or in winter on a cold day, if the cold air is highly heated, it becomes very dry and dries up the skin and the

Air Conditioning - continued

air passages, and when one goes out he becomes cold and more liable to colds and diseases.

But these are things of the past and a system of control has been obtained. Hotels, restaurants, theatres, homes, offices, factories, trains and cars are all controlled so as to have the perfect air condition. Fish, which are usually, as most all know, treated on racks in the sun, are today in some cases treated by conditioned air. "A process of altering and controlling the temperature, moisture, motion and purity of the air for the purpose of increasing human comfort, or improving manufacturing processes and product" is given today as a complete definition of the process of Air Conditioning.

Who knoes but that, in a few years, hay and grain will be put through an air conditioned dryer and it will result in another subject at old A. C.?

L.H. '38

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The Miramichi River

The Miramichi river is the third largest river in New Brunswick. It is about half a mile wide at the head. This is the connecting place of all the small brooks which flow down to become the waters of the Miramichi and also is the farthest point of navigation. This river increases in width as it winds its way to the mouth. Here it enters the Miramichi Bay, where some of the great New Brunswick salmon are caught.

Along this river many large farms are situated which are very spectacular in the springtime when the green grass covers mother earth. This adds considerably to the beauty of the river. Many tourists visit the Miramichi River, especially in the summer and come back year after year to spend a month or two of enjoyment along its banks.

Large steamers travel up the river, under the guidance of the special pilots who are stationed at the mouth of the river, as far as Newcastle - the farthest point of navigation. There they take their cargo, mostly pulpwood or long lumber, which can be loaded in two or three days and are piloted out again, to continue their journey to the United States or some across the waters to Germany.

Fishing is one of the chief industries on this river. Many different kinds of fish are caught such as cod, salmon, lobsters and smelts. When they are still fresh they are collected by the buyers and shipped to the market, mostly to Maine.

A large pulpmill, once operated on the bank of the river by the Fraser Company which employed about 1,000 men, now lies in ruin, but many sawmills are still operating along the river and the lumber is shipped by boat to the British market.

Boatsailing is one of the chief sports on the river, also yacht racing. Swimming is enjoyed mostly by the youngsters who flock to its shores on the warm days. It is also enjoyed by elders too; nothing seems more enjoyable than a nice swim in

Air Conditioning - continued

air passages, and when one goes out he becomes cold and more liable to colds and diseases.

These are the things of the past and a system of control has been obtained. Hotels, restaurants, theatres, homes, offices, factories, trains and cars are all controlled so as to have the perfect air conditions, which are usually, as most all know, treated on decks in the sun, are ready to some degree treated by conditioned air. A process of treating and controlling the temperature, moisture, motion and purity of the air for the purpose of increasing human comfort, or improving manufacturing processes and products is given today as a complete definition of the process of air conditioning.

Who knows but what, in a few years, hot and cold water will be pumped in air conditioned cars and in will result in another subject at old n. G.?

I.H. '28

The Miramichi River

The Miramichi River is the world largest river in New Brunswick. It is about half a mile wide at the mouth. This is the commencing place of all the small brooks which flow down to become the tributaries of the river and also the farthest point of navigation. This river twists in and out as it winds its way to the north. Now it enters the extensive bay, where some of the great new Brunswick salmon are caught.

Along this river many large farms are situated which are very particular in the spring when the green grass covers mother earth. This adds considerably to the beauty of the river. Many tourists visit the Miramichi River, especially in the summer and come back year after year to spend a month or two of enjoyment along its banks.

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Mining is one of the other industries on this river. Many different kinds of fish are caught, such as cod, salmon, herring and smelts. When they are small fish they are collected by the Norwegians and shipped to the market, mostly to Halifax.

A large pulp mill, once operated on the bank of the river by the Fraser Company which employed about 1,000 men, now lies in ruins, but many sawmills are still operating along the river and the lumber is shipped by boat to the British market.

Even mining is one of the other industries on this river, also yachting. Sometimes is carried on by the Chatham Yacht Club when the weather permits. It is also a favorite place for boating by students; matching scores of students against their rivals with the

The Miramichi River - continued

the briny waters or to lie in the sun, especially after a hard day's work. For this reason and many others, I hope that I shall always remain on the splendid banks of the Miramichi River.

A.M. '39.

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These Marks Don't Count

If you are a Canadian you know the answers; thus you need not look up page 14.

1. (a) What is Canada's area? (b) Population (1931)?
2. What is Canada's third largest city?
3. What percent of the world's population lives in the British Empire?
4. Excluding gold, what are Canada's three minerals of most value?
5. What in Canada's fish trade is her most important single export?
6. What place does dried cod hold?
7. Is the United States a greater importer of Canadian furs than the United Kingdom?
8. Name in order the three leading manufacturing cities in Canada.
9. What countries lead Canada in world commercial trade?
10. For what two imports does Canada spend most money?
11. Is the value of books imported into Canada greater than that of automobiles?
12. How does Canada's export of whisky compare with that of wheatflour?
13. What is Canada's net National Debt per capita?
14. If Canada was ever free from debt, when was it?

--Answers to questions on page 14.

J.J.B. '38

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----- THE SOCIAL HOUR -----

Due to examinations the social events have been somewhat retarded, especially in the line of debating. We are now organized and hope to continue our schedule uninterrupted, to the end of the year.

During the year the students of this College have been favored with speakers from out of the College, speaking on various subjects which have been very interesting. These have drawn close attention from the students.

On February 8, we were pleased to have with us W. B. Gornall, who at present is in this Province, but resides in England. Mr. Gornall's business is the handling of Annapolis Valley apples on the English market. During his short visit at the College he gave a very interesting talk to the regular A. C.

The Social Hour - (continued)

Students, also, the Short Course girls in Home Economics, on the importance of the Nova Scotian Apple on the English market. He showed by charts the amount of apples consumed by the people of England, and the handling of such apples from the tree to the consumer. By a motion picture machine Mr. Gornall showed the various procedures the apples must go through before being put on the market.

On Feb. 10, L. A. DeWolfe, M.Sc., lectured to the regular students, along with the Short Course girls, on "How we can help Education in our Community". Mr. DeWolfe pointed out mistakes which were made in many of the schools and communities and as to how each and everyone should cooperate with the other to make our school and community a success.

Debating for the month of February has been somewhat backward, due to examinations, but on Tuesday evening, Feb. 8, the class met and speakers of the evening were Profs. H. J. Fraser, Banting and Boulden, on the subject of "Conduct of Public Meetings and Parliamentary Procedure". Many interesting points were brought out by questions from the students. The subject was quite beneficial as this is considered quite important in our social life. The evening was voted a grand success.

On Feb. 22, a regular debate was held in the debating room of the College. Those participating in the debate were Messrs. Trueman, Reid and Magee for the affirmative, while Messrs. McPhee, Lewis and Trefry defended the negative. The subject was, "Resolved, that the Junior Degree students have too many subjects". The resolution was closely followed by both students and instructors. The decision of the judges, however, was in favor of the negative.

Now, we enter into the social circle with our fairer friends, the ladies. On Saturday evening, Feb. 5, the first dance was held since examinations. Relieved of their burden of knowledge, the boys were at home to the girls and all enjoyed the program supplied by our social committee, with music supplied by the C.N.R.A.

On the evening of Feb. 11, the faculty were at home to the Short Course girls and regular students of the A. C. This is the second evening of its kind for this year, and we hope we may have the opportunity to enjoy more evenings such as this. A splendid program of music was carried on by the faculty, Short Course girls and A. C. boys. The high lights of the evening were probably centred on Miss MacLean and Miss Cameron playing the violin and piano, respectively, to the old familiar scotch tunes; Edgar Milligan, A.C. '38, for stepdancing; on Mr. A. E. Roland for his remarkable humor and on the closing feature of a most enjoyable evening, a square dance.

On the evening of Feb. 18, the A. C. students staged their second formal dance of the year "The Mid-Year Prom". This dance was largely attended by town and surrounding districts and was voted one of the best dances ever put on in the College Auditorium. The music was supplied by the "Peerless" Orchestra from New Glasgow.

Much credit is due our social committee for the excellent manner in which they arranged accommodation for the crowd, also for the artistic designs in decorating the auditorium in the

The Social Hour - (Continued)

College colors of blue and gold, and many thanks to all who cooperated in making this dance a grand success.

---- S.L.C. '38.

N.S.A.C. as a Newspaper Columnist Might See Us.

THE GENERAL IDEA:- Boys with high boots clumping over hardwood floors - short course girls carrying knitting - and followed by regular course boys. Cars arriving in the morning, bringing instructors and stenographers. Students pushing aforementioned cars out of snow-drifts. Hockey games - classes - basketball games - exams - staff receptions - more exams - the graduation ball.

HERE AND THERE:- College rink - skaters - girls - Ira Lewis - Sterling Wood. Staggering figures - the Junior Prom. The College Caruso - Mr. Angus Banting. A machine shop - the poultry plant.

EVERYWHERE: Students wondering if the professors in correcting the recent exams adopted the old Verdun slogan, "They shall not Pass". Corbett crowing. General course students leading Angus steers in preparation for the coming Winter Fair - Angus steers with feet braced objecting to being led.

ANY MORNING:- A young lady in the midst of a jostling throng of students. A riot? A movie star? No, a stenographer struggling. to reach the mail boxes with the morning letters. Ed. Milligan late - high boots laced to top. Ed. Milligan on time in the mornings - high boots unlaced.

THINGS TO FORGET:- Mid-year exams. A recent debate of interest to the Juniors. All would-be columnists.

QUESTIONS:- Why is a certain member of the Junior Degree class known as Fire Chief? Why did Ira Lewis leave the gym so hurriedly the night of a recent basketball game? Who started this thing anyway?

---- By one who still has the ambition
to write a column about N.S.A.C. ---

The Boy in The Dark

Many years have passed since my little cousin, Eddy Thoms, walked into the darkness of a cave that falls away beneath the limestone hills that have such deep and thick deposits along the North side of the Mississippi River, and to this day I cannot tell you, no! not even myself, what it was that happened, though often have I spent valuable time pondering over it.

It was early in the morning that we left our comfortable beds in one of the modest wayside hotels that are so scattered in that country. Although the sun was high over the horizon, it was only now that it made its first appearance from behind the heavy banks of mist-like fog which had risen from the valley and were now fading away into nothingness above the lofty peaks of the mountain which sheltered this place.

The Boy in the Dark - (Continued)

But the cave still curves its black channels among these Mississippi highlands and vivid are the thoughts that curve their black channels on my mind. So it was not until I had parked my car amid the noonday shadows of large overhanging trees, not until I had paid the nominal fee of a "dollar-fifty" to a tall, rangy lantern-jawed guide, did I ever realize that I could be the victim of such weird and gruesome thoughts.

Slowly and cautiously I walked along the dark caverns, holding a large wax candle in one hand and Eddy with the other. But little did he seem to realize the effects of the darkness, the pale candle light casting its long thin beams on the oft-trodden floors, and continually did he tug at my hand like a kite jerking its tether. Half an hour later, half an hour's walk from the surface, this kite string snapped for Eddy was lost, desperately and unmistakably lost, lost beyond the shrill curses of the guide and the frantic howlings which I sent echoing through the calm of every passage way.

In all this pondering, again I tell you I cannot understand it, you can find no reason why Eddy Thoms choose to loose himself. But there is something strange which happens to twelve year old boys when they venture low, deep in the bowels of the earth, among the crannies of limestone. The eerie light of a lantern does things in their faces, its pale light only arouses the curiosity for it only tells half the story, the search for adventure and the striving for the unattainable, the desire to see what is around this next bend, this next bend which never comes for as I frantically drove my fingers into the guide's arms, and asked: "How far?". He did not know, "Miles", he said, "no one has ever reached it."

But they are not frightened. They are lured along in their unconscious, merry venture. He vanished without a sound. At first our calls were in merriment and amusement, then in anger, but soon we both were calling in downright terror. Always could I see before me the face of Eddy's mother, and I wondered how it would look when I saw her again.

I tried to not hear the maddening, screech owl wails that came hooting back every time I shouted the boy's name. Small crystal-like beads of perspiration formed on my cold forehead and joined to flow down my pallid cheeks. "How many halls - holes - cells, whatever you call them?" "Don't know!" he growled, his face green in the lantern light. "Once there was a girl got lost ..... never found her until too late--".

To shriek, to holler, to call Eddy's name again was useless. We stopped, peering into the din of the caves with wide open mouths, straining our ears to catch the far fond sound of a human's voice. But all one could hear was the eerie drip, drip, drip of the calcium laden waters dropping from the pendant mineral deposits of stalactites and falling with a swishing sound on the inverted icicle like formations of the stalagmites.

Pensively and weak from fear I moved along. My imagination began to tell strange tales; I heard low creeping sounds coming after me. I stopped, remained motionless, without

The Boy in the Dark - (Continued)

daring to look around.

I stumbled forward and again we were wending our way through the mysterious, strange and uncharted depth of this infernal cavern. At every move I felt myself becoming more petrified, but still onward we engineered our way, hoping to find the lost one beyond this next corner. And for every next corner we turned our only reward was aimless rambling. Even my own very shadow noiselessly following, seemed to tell stories, the uneven light from the guide's lantern falling on the tortuous calcium formations which lie on floor and seem to hug the darkness and the shadows of the low uneven walls made one wonder whether the next one of these would coil and strike, if the next of these would be some fierce fearless reptile whose instinct told, only of breaking bones and mangled bodies.

The guide stopped and speaking with a sharp squeaky voice, I beckoned him to return to the entrance. My strength and sharpness of consciousness seemed to return more and more, as we drew farther away from the ghastly gloom of the merciless cavern. Soon we emerged into the stillness of an autumn evening, but the pale rays of the sun still shone from the distant red and purple horizon.

We cranked the wall-telephone in the guide's little house and before long automobiles came roaring up the river road. Constables and farmers, young men and old men with lean wrinkled faces and all of them carrying lanterns or flashlights of some sort.

We entered the cave before eight o'clock and at 10:30 we came out. I was carrying the half-asleep Eddy Thoms. We found him at the front entrance; we had found him only a few moments before we came out, and he was not there when we went in.

From some secret hiding place, he had come in all the mystery which enshrouded his departure a few hours before. In the guide's kitchen between mouthfuls of hot broth which he gulped from a large bowl, he told me and a dozen weary clay-smeared searchers his story.

Eddy said the darkness whispered and the shadows seemed to lure him on. He liked the experience; to steal his way like a fleeing rabbit amid those thin blacknesses. With his little flashlight he tried to spot all the intricate winding halls and channels of the cave, but the maze was too overwhelming. He walked between unmarked ledges, the silence talked loudly at him, but the urge to cry was not sufficient and he did not fall to the temptation. The squeaking chirp of the stone crickets from beneath the fallen stones seemed to be the only signs of life and there was no telling how long he might have groped among the stalagmites had he not met the other boy.

Eddy's light shone on the form of a young boy who did not seem to be any older than Eddy himself. "I am glad I met somebody, for I think I was getting lost" said Eddy.

"Lost!" repeated the stranger. He was a strong, robust, brown-skinned child with a shaggy mass of hair and small peeping eyes.

The Boy in the Dark - (Continued)

"You know the way?" beamed Eddy.

"I know every bit of the way. What's your name? Mine is Teddy."

Eddy answered and soon found himself following this stranger through a great many narrow caverns - where bats chitted overhead and past rocks where no one had ever carved a name.

Suddenly Eddy thought of the others and this strange boy, who knew the formation of this cave from his infancy, for he was the son of a family of clam diggers who spend most of their lives with the hollows of the cave, led Eddy to where he was found. But Teddy was not to be found anywhere, he was gone.

Next morning Eddy and I visited the Clam Diggers' colony. A strange group of people ... Yes, they had boys; Yes, one of the boys was named Teddy. He ran wild and often visited the cave. I paid a second dollar in a smelly, suspicious hand, for Teddy who was not there then, and no telling when he could be.

So Eddy and I returned to the east, and since ninety-nine years we are still wondering about that night and morning.

--- J.J.B. '38.

THE A. C. HOCKEY TEAM

The A. C. can well be proud of its hockey team. The boys play clean, honest hockey and show true sportsmanship in every game, and what is more important, they are cheerful losers.

So far this season the line-up has been constantly changing and the boys who have been playing on the team up to date are: Goal: L. Ells; Defence: J. Wright, V. Phinney, L. Longley, M. Leonard; Forwards: L. Spurr, B. Trenholm, L. Smith, E. Milligan, J. MacRae, I. Lewis, J. Beaton; Coach: E. Boulden; Manager: I. Lewis.

Laurie Ells is the cool and capable goal tender. Only on rare occasions is an opposing player quick enough to outplay him. He is a good sport and an all-round fellow.

Wright is a fast stepping defence player, very seldom he bodies a player, but he is a very good poke-checker. He is especially fast and has developed an extremely hard shot.

Phinney is a fast stepping defence man also. He does the body checking. "The faster they come the harder they fall". When he steps into them, Boy! do they fall! He is one of the fastest skaters in the district league.

Leonard and Longley are spares, but by no means are they to be omitted. Both can play good defensive hockey, when given their chance. Leonard has retired from the game. It is not known if he has received a "Big League" contract or not.

Spurr is the stick-handling wizard of the team. Give him the puck behind his net and watch him go. He is centre for the first string and is practically the back-bone of the team. He is the captain and an exceptionally good sport.

Smith was centre for the first line but he too has retired. The team will miss him greatly for he was a fast and tricky player. He is launched on a basketball career and is a star player for the "Aggies".

Trenholm patrols left wing on the first line. He is a fast player and always there to catch a pass. He is also a star player on the basket-ball team.

Beaton has taken over right wing position on the first line and so far has made an excellent job of it. He is especially fast and is well up in the scoring column of the team.

Milligan is left wing for the second line. He is especially fast and always ready to rough it up a bit. He is also a capable defence player.

MacRae is centre for the second string. He is one of the smoothest players on the team and has so far been good for at least one score a game.

Lewis patrols right wing. He is a heady player and sure knows his hockey. He is the capable manager of the team.

Mr. Boulden is to be congratulated on his success with the hockey team, not only this year, but in the past. So far this season, he has coached the boys to three wins and two ties to place the team fairly well up in the league standing.

Here's hoping "The Old Mug" is sitting beside the basketball trophy when the season is done. The "Aggies" have a strong team, and should be able to retain the cup they won last year.

--- R.S.J. '39.

Answers to Questions on Page 8

1. 3.7 million sq. mi., 10.4 millions.
2. Vancouver.
3. 25.
4. Nickel, copper, lead.
5. Canned salmon.
6. Fifth.
7. No, ratio is 6:9 millions, in dollars.
8. Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton.
9. United Kingdom, United States, Germany and France.
10. Crude petroleum, coal.
11. Yes, by $2,000,000.00
12. Its value is 1% greater.
13. Approximately $277.00
14. Never. Her net debt per capita increased from $21.58 in 1868 to $277.00 today.

--- J.J.B. '38.

S P O R T S

Basketball -

The A.C.'s and the Hubs played a close game in the College gym when the Hubs won by a one point margin, the score being 22-21. Goals were very prevalent in this game, 19 being handed out to the Aggies. Don Christie handled the whistle. Hubs: Woodley 1, Neary 2, Yould, MacLean 6, Lewis 3, Doyle 3, Allen 7. Aggies: Horton 2, Pond 1, Smith 6, Miller 7, Trenholm 3, Byers, MacKay, Morrison, Hughes 2, Kinley.

The Aggies were again defeated in an overtime game by the Y's 25-23. This was a very fast, close game with plenty of spills and thrills. The Academy won 9-5. Dave Miller was referee.

The second was an exhibition game between Glace Bay Crusaders and Truro Hubs. This was a good game, although rather one-sided. The Cape Breton team won. A. W. Mackenzie and D. M. Miller were the referees.

The third and fastest game of the evening was a regular league game between the Y and the A. C. At the end of the half time the A.C's. had a 5 basket lead. In the second half the Y's pulled up their socks and the Aggies were forced to the limit. Laurie Smith and Doug Pond were outstanding for the College. The final score was A.C. 25, Y 23. Y's: Rockwell, Holder, T. Fraser, Cox, Cummings 10, J. Theakston 8, A. Theakston, 2, D. Christie, C. Totten 3. A. C: Horton, Smith 6, Miller 5, Pond 6, Trenholm 4, Kinley 2, MacKay, Byers, Morrison, Hughes 2.

Hockey -

A. C. 4; Lower Truro 2.

The blue and gold hockey squad went down to its fourth defeat of the season when Lower Truro defeated the A. C. by a score of 4-2. Captain Laurie Spurr scored both goals for the A. C. Laurie Ells and Laurie Smith also were outstanding for the College.

A. C. 3; P. N. C. 0.

For the second time of the season the two college teams crossed sticks. The Aggies found the Normals much improved but were able to skate away with a 3-0 score. Beaton, Laurie Smith and Spurr scored the A. C. goals.

Sports - (Continued)

Everyone took time off Saturday afternoon to witness the game between the Training School and the A. C. Intermediates. This was a hard-fought battle, featuring heavy checking and high scoring. The A. C's. won by a small margin.

A. C. 1 ; North River 4.

The A. C's. suffered another loss at the hands of the North River boys when they were beaten 4-1. The A. C's. worked hard but this did not seem to be their night on because they missed many scoring chances.

A. C. 2 ; Bible Hill 2.

The night following the Mid-Year Prom, the A. C's. and their rivals Bible Hill crossed sticks, and when the final whistle blew, the score was tied 2-2. Captain Laurie Spurr and John MacRae scored on passes from Phinney. The A.C's. all turned in fine performances and seemed to be none the worse for the hard struggle of the previous night.

A. C. 4 : Hilden 1.

The A. C's. fighting for a place in the play-offs trounced Hilden Owls 4-1 in a regular league game. Hughes did a fine piece of net minding in place of Ells who was sick. Jim Wright got the first goal on a long shot from centre ice. Joe Beaton banged in one from a mix-up in front of the Hilden net. Trenholm scored the third on a pass from Spurr, and Spurr scored the last one on a solo rush when he skated through the whole team, drew out the goal keeper and slapped the puck in the net.

A. C. 3 : Hilden 0.

The A.C's. and the Owls met the second time in as many nights and this time they skated off with a 3-0 victory. Although the ice was bad the game was very fast. The Aggies backchecked perfectly and Ells did not have much trouble in earning his third shut-out of the season. The first two periods were scoreless and in the third the A. C's. turned on the pressure and went to town. Spurr scored the three goals in quick order.

J - O - K - E - S

Prof. Payne: "On a smooth surface a bee can pull 300 times its own weight."
L. Wescott: "Yes, but it has more power when it goes into reverse!"

.....

She: "You cannot do much in this world without backing."
A.D.Beaton: "How about making an evening dress?".

.....

Prof. Roland: "Plenty of exercise will kill germs that produce many bad ailments".
R. MacLean: "But how do you get them to exercise?"

.....

Mrs. Cullen: "Rubber dishes are the lastest thing in tableware."
Vernon Phinney: "The prudent hostess will make sure that the steak is tougher than the plate."

.....

J. Stewart (during hang-over): "I am very sick; I am afraid that I am going to die. Do you think that I will drink in the next world?"
G. Smeltzer: "No, but I am pretty sure you'll smoke."

.....

J. Stewart: "The thing that's troubling me is when I die how am I going to get my coat on over my wings."
G. Smeltzer: "The thing you want to worry about is, how you're going to get your hat on over your horns".

.....

Mr. Chapman (as he and Dr. Longley seated themselves at a restaurant lately): "How do you like my new suit?"
Dr. Longley: "Not bad, only there is a wrinkle in the waistcoat."
Mr. Chapman: "By Jove! so there is! Waiter where is the menu? We will soon take that wrinkle out."

.....

Borden Douglas (to storekeeper): "Three of those apples you sold me were rotten, I will bring them back."
Storekeeper: "Not at all, Sir! You needn't bring them back, your word is as good as the apples."

.....

Norman Smith suggests that a stool be put in front of the College telephone so that Aubrey Briggs can reach the mouthpiece.

.....

Prof. Fraser: "Correct this sentence - 'Girls is naturally better looking than boys'".
Hugh Main: "Girls is artifically better looking than boys."

.....

Jokes (Continued)

Al. Mather: "Gee! Jerry, I have a swell girl. Oh! is she ever keen!"
Gerald Hines: "Yes, Al, she has a tongue that would clip a hedge!"

.....

Ken Holmes: "What's the matter with that old hen? She is acting very peculiar."
Mr. Landry: "She's been shell shocked."
Ken Holmes: "Why, I never heard of a hen being shell shocked."
Mr. Landry: "She was. Ducks came out of the eggs she was sitting on."

.....

J. Donkin: "What's protoplasm?"
Mr. Roland: "It's the living material in the cell."
Donkin: "Oh, I see, a jailbird."

.....

Mr. Chapman: "Where do calories come from?"
W. Bonnyman: "From the Vita - mines, Sir."

.....

Mr. Byers: "Did Cotton help you with the problem?"
Corbett: "No, I got it wrong myself, Sir."

.....

L. Longley: "That fellow Richleigh must have money."
Al. Magee: "So must I; introduce me to him."

.....

Mr. Fraser: "Archibald, give me a sentence using 'diadem'".
Percy Archibald: "People who drink moonshine "diadem" sight quicker than those who don't."

.....

Suitor (H.McL.): "There is not much I can say for myself; I am just a College student and a taxpayer."
Father: "A taxpayer, eh! Income or dog tax?"

.....

Ted Bird: "What is a finishing school, Ed?"
Ed. Milligan: "That is a place where a girl who has any lingering respect for her father, goes to have it removed."

.....

Mr. Fraser: "Willie, what are the two genders?"
Bill Vest: "Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminines into frigid and torrid."

.....

Doug. Pond: "Were you ever on the radio?"
Dave Miller: "Yes. I stood on it once to hang a picture."

.....

Johnny MacRae: "I've added those figures up ten times, Sir."
Mr. Byers: "Good work!"
Johnny MacRae: "And there's the ten answers, Sir."

.....

Jokes (Continued)

S. Kinley: "You have acute indigestion."
Office Girl: "Tee Hee! do you think so?"

.....

Bill Jenkins (after Prom.): "How did you find yourself after last night's dance?"
Laurie Smith: "Oh, I looked under the table and there I was."

.....

J. Thomson (leaving Chemistry class): "Au revoir, Mr. Harlow."
Mr. Harlow: "What's that?"
J. Thomson: "Why that's 'good-bye' in French."
Mr. Harlow: "Carbolic acid."
Thomson: "What's that?"
Mr. Harlow: "That is 'good-bye' in any language."

.....

Mr. Landry told the class one day that a freak hen which had four legs laid eggs.
Roddie MacLean: "Two a day!"

.....

Mr. Pickett: "This paper on 'the frog' is word for word the same as Miller's."
Ed. Milligan: "Yes, Sir, it's the same frog."

.....

Mr. Harlow: "Do you know where the young fellows go who don't put the collection on the plate?"
Corbett: "Yes, Sir, to the movies".

.....

Mr. Landry (on day of tour to the Valley with the General Classes): "What made you late this morning Dick?"
Dick Cotton: "There are six of us at the house, but the alarm was only set for five."

.....

Normalite (at dance): "How many students are there at your College?"
J. Thomson: "Oh, about one in every ten."

.....

Mr. Byers: "MacDonald, prove enough is not enough."
Enon MacDonald: "Well, let me see, enough is equal to one hug, and one hug is not enough, therefore enough is not enough."

.....

Prof. Pickett: "The progeny of a single fly may number many millions."
L. McKay: "What must the progeny of a married fly be?"

.....

L. Spurr (after absorbing a lecture on chromosomes): "Do you get those worms in pairs"?
Prof. Pickett: "No, they come in apples."

.....

J. Donkin: "May I take you home? I like to take experienced girls home."
Miss Dunlap: "Oh, but I am not experienced."
Donkin: "You're not home yet."

.....

Jokes (Continued)

Mr. Byers: "Who discovered the law of gravitation?"
V. Phinney: "I dunno".
Mr. Byers: "Oh come, you've heard the story about the apple, haven't you?"
V. Phinney: "Yes, Sir."
Mr. Byers: "Well, then, who discovered the law of gravitation?"
V. Phinney: "Adam and Eve. "

.....

Miss Dunlap: "I just adore dark men."
Mrs. Dewar: "You'd have a big time in Africa."

.....

Hal. Wilson: "You say you call your alarm clock Macbeth?"
Bill Jenkins: "Yes, 'Macbeth doth murder sleep!"

.....

Mr. Harlow: "Answer that question."
V. MacKinnon: "I shook my head, Sir."
Mr. Harlow: "You don't think I could hear it rattle away up here, do you?"

.....

Love Story of Jack Stewart

Beneath the moon he told his love,
The color left her cheeks -
But on the shoulders of his coat,
It showed up plain for weeks.

.....

A rhyme - Goes to have it removed.

War begets Poverty
Poverty, Peace.
Peacy begets Plenty
Then Riches increase
Riches bring Pride
And Pride is War's ground
War's beget Poverty
So goes the Round. Anon.

.....

Editor's Wail

"What do you get for all this work?"
I was asked the other day.
"Oh nothing at all, but thanks," I said,
"Our glory is our pay".
And straightway round the corner came
Some student with a hum,
And advancing toward my helpless self,
"Say! Gee, these jokes are bum". Anon.

Jokes (Continued)

J. Donkin: "I saw a fellow trying to kiss Avis last night."
Percy: "Did he succeed?"
Jack: "No"
Percy: "Then it wasn't Avis."

Miller: "Hey, these eggs aren't fresh"
Boarding Mistress: "Not fresh! Why they were brought in from the country yesterday"
Miller: "What country?"

Jack Stewart: "How long can a person live without brains?"
Roddy McLean: "I don't know, how old are you?"

Phinney: "Aw, come on, MacKay, you can't drive that car."
MacKay: "Aw, go on, I've been driving a car since I was seven."
Phinney: "When will you be eight?"

Mather (during tiff): "Do you want me to tell you you're the only girl I ever kissed?"
Ella: "Heavens, no, I hate amateurs."

Roach: "I was a life-saver for a while this summer."
Hazel: "No, really? What flavor? Lemon."

Ken Morrison: "Well, Gordon, how's the truck running?"
G. Byers: "That's what puzzles me."

Officer: "Appear in court tomorrow, young man, you were trav- at 40 miles an hour."
Kinley: "Give me a summons, officer, or the boys will never believe me."

Just Imagine

Just Imagine: Howard Corbett getting "A" in all his subjects.
Just Imagine: Mr. Chapman saying "Incidentally By Jove."
Just Imagine: Mr. Banting saying "For Goodness Sakes."
Just Imagine: All or practically all the junior degree are growing moustaches. Jack Donkin has the best crop so far. He has six hairs on one side and ten on the other. Howard Corbett is a close second with five on one side and eight on the other.
Just Imagine: What Sam Hughes looked like in his moustache before he washed it off the day before the "Prom."
Just Imagine: All the boys coming in to classes early after the "Prom."
Just Imagine: All the boys making "A" in zoology.
Just Imagine: Pete, strongman Magennis being so meek with Jarvis.
Just Imagine: Mr. Landry saying, "Large, fine, healthy, vigorous birds."

Jokes (Continued)

<u>And That's That</u>

There was a young lady of Ryde,
Who ate some green apples and died,
But the apples fermented
Inside the lamented
And made cider inside her inside.

Ruby: "You know, you're not a bad-looking boy."
Laurie S.: "Oh, you'd say so even if you didn't think so."
Ruby: "We're even then. You'd think so even if I didn't say so."

Dave: "Woman is nothing but a rag, a bone and a hank of hair."
Joan: "Man is nothing but a brag, a groan and a tank of air."

. . . . . .