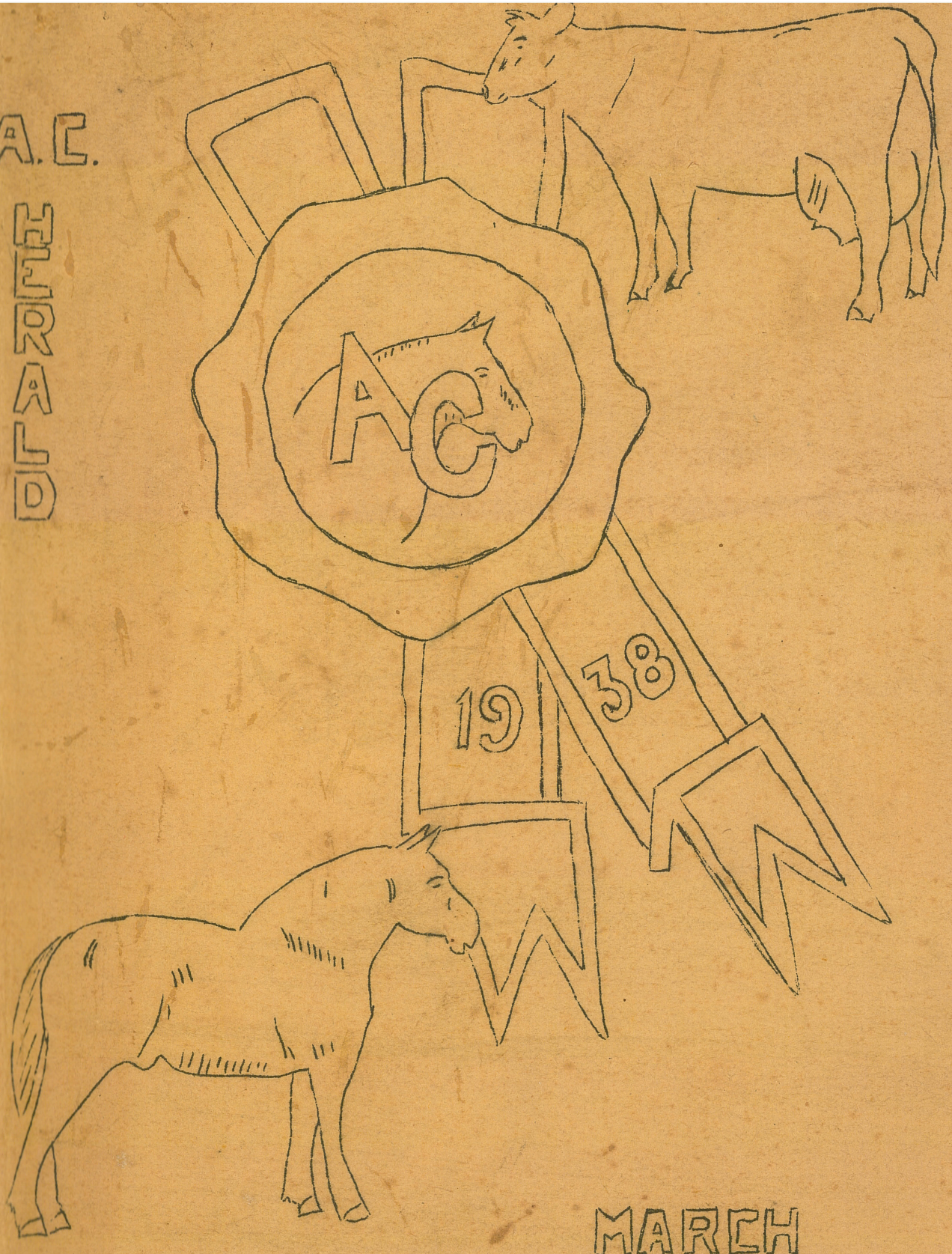
A.C. HERALD



MARCH

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C O N T E N T S

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Sports: D. B. Trueman
Social Events: Gerry Smeltzer
Jokes: Corbett
Stewart
West

-------- E D I T O R I A L -------

The Problems of Youth

What are the problems confronting the youth of today?

1. Unemployment: In our machine age, is a college degree sufficient to guarantee an adequate standard of living in a mechanized world? What is society doing to insure a place for the thousands of young men and women graduating from our universities and colleges, year after year?

The depression which started in 1929, from which the world is still staggering, pointed out to an unthinking generation the false security of inflation and speculation. We are still floundering in the mire and wreckage of that catastrophe which greed and avarice thrust upon us, and today we find the nations of the world, each trying to force its own particular "remedy" upon the rest of mankind.

Did our so-called democracies live up to their ideals? Did they show by example that their's was the only ideal of national unity? Did they point out the way to true world peace by practising the Christian precept of brotherly love?

2. Insecurity and greed: Not a pleasing problem, but a problem that must be faced and solved by the youth of today if peace and prosperity is to prevail.

Unemployment, Insecurity, Greed - a heritage handed down to unsuspecting youth by an industrial and wealth crazed generation, which built up a "Frankenstein Monster" which it could not control. The result of a system of "Laissez Faire" which allowed greed to run rampant until it threatens to destroy our very civilization.

There are a few of the problems that must be solved if we are to avoid that greatest of all catastrophies - war; war to destroy the flower of our manhood, the cream of our youth, to lay in ruins the result of centuries of peacful labor, to leave the world a shattered, bloodstained wreck, and cause posterity to curse their ancestors who could not live in peace in a bountiful world.

Can our youth solve those problems? Can they rise to the heights necessary to lead a wilful world out of chaos and despair? It is a challenge to the whole world in which youth must lead, strong, virile youth to throw back the challenge of dictators and their "isms".

They must not fail; they dare not fail. They must act while there is still time. To the youth of today is given the job of nursing a dangerously sick world back to health and prosperity.

---------- A.D.B '38.

---------- STUDENTS FORUM ----------

(The articles printed in this department are merely personal opinions submitted by individual students and do not necessarily reflect in any way the opinions of the editorial staff.)

Dear Mr. Editor:-

In a recent publication of the A. C. Herald there appeared an article by one of the senior students, "An Opinion on Sports." Now everyone has a right to his own opinions; this is a free country, but I thought that the author had based his opinion on a very small angle and thus the reason why I am submitting this article to The Herald.

The author stated that the value of sport was four-fold (1) the development of strong, healthy bodies; (2) development within the individual of the feeling of cooperation; (3) recreation, and (4) advertising the College. In discussing the first clause the author stated that since the 'Division of Labor', which for the students has meant specialization in studies and specialization in sports, has had the result that heroes have developed along the line of sports and students lose their ambition for academic work, and try to follow their heroes in sport.

The author stated that all outside sport activities should be abolished and our athletics should be confined to inter-class games. Has the author considered that inter-class games were more or less stepping stones to the first teams and if you abolish your first team, your interest would certainly lag in the inter-class games? You may say, no! As proof let me cite an example: Boxing was to be carried on as an inter-class sport and we were to have tournaments and regular boxing hours. The students purchased a new set of boxing gloves, a manager was appointed and also a coach and how far has it gone? I think the author himself has noticed on more than one occasion that boxing gloves are thrown about and in a general way misused, whereas if we had started with the idea of developing a team to represent the A. C. and of this team competing with the teams of other colleges, boxing would be easily third place in college activities today.

As in boxing, so in every sport, there will be those more efficient and accomplished players, but is this any reason why the students should not turn out for the sport of the game, especially if they wish recreation and wish to build up the strong, healthy bodies the author described? I think the answer to the author's statement where he cited an example of only three or four students turning out to see a basketball game is not that the interest is lagging in this realm of sport, but that this college has yet to learn the meaning of "True Sportsmanship."

Inter-class games could and should be developed to a higher degree, but as to hang overs you will find the excitement before an inter-class game would be as great as before an outside game and there would be just as much, if not more, hashing over or replaying the game as in an outside game, and furthermore, the person or persons excelling in the inter-class games would

Students Forum (Cont'd)

have nearly the same following as the heroes of the first team, also there would be a tendency for more heroes as each class would have at least one outstanding player and so that is also something that even inter-class sports cannot abolish.

The author also mentioned advertising. He stated that our sports do not advertise the college. We play hockey in the district league. The outcome of our games appears in the Halifax Herald and Star, but in case of colleges, in their publications and so we appear in another field, and also inour A. C. Calendar and paper which is published. If we have a winning team or a reasonably good team we are not going to forget to mention it and in our contact with other students and people we are sure to mention it and by engaging with outside teams it invariably shows that our college is at least on a par with other colleges.

In a recent game played at Amherst we were complimented, by not only the opposing team but by the referees, who stated that the game was one of the cleanest and most interesting ever played on that floor, while at Mt. A. on more than one occasion our coach was complimented on the splendid showing of the team and if the author wishes to check up the players he will find that fifty percent. of the basketball team never had a basketball in their hands until they came to the A. C.

In conclusion I would like to say that the A. C. should not abolish the first team but that we should break away from the town league and join the intermediate league that is now functioning between Acadia, Dalhousie and Mt. A. Surely we can, as we do not engage in football, by starting as soon as college opens, have by the time the basketball season rolls around, as good a team as any of the afore-mentioned colleges, and also we would be playing basketball with players in our own class and the games would or should arouse the spirit of the college which seems to be lost or stored away at present.

Dear Mr. Editor:-

An Opinion on Sports

Your writer wishes to make it known at the beginning that he is not going to compare the value of sports with the class room work, but merely wishes to give his own opinion, as to whether or not we should have a "first team" in hockey and basketball in our college.

There are a number of questions which come to my mind when thinking over this matter. What is the purpose of athletic activities? With whom should we compete? Should we spend any money on sports? Should we have a "first team"?

The aims of sport are:

(1) To develop strong, healthy bodies. This means that if a fellow is to get any benefit from sport, he will have to get into it seriously. By so doing he will develop his body.

(2) To develop a cooperative spirit in the students. The need of cooperation in team play only comes when a team is playing against stiff opposition. Thus before this aim can be reached the students will have to have very keen competition.

So now I say, let us get our sports organized. Run them on a systematic basis. Spend a little money on uniforms and equipment and put out a team which would make any college proud to own. And I feel sure that the money and the effort will both bring good returns by benefitting the present students and inducing more students to enrol each year.

Dear Mr. Editor:

May I take this opportunity to offer a few words regarding those cursed little things that come to us out of the clear blue when they are least expected? Yes, you guessed it - we mean those surprise tests which seem to be such a favorite among some of our instructors.

Of all the tortures and agonies that take the joy out of a student's life and make him old before his time, these tests may be put at the top of the list. They seem to come out of nowhere and pounce upon the unsuspecting student, like a hungry cat upon a mouse, leaving him so stunned that he cannot even put down what little he did happen to remember from a lecture two or three weeks previous.

It seems that if a fellow dares to leave his books for one night, he will almost invariably be met with a test on the following day. If he does happen to spend an evening with a chemistry text it will likely be a zoology test that meets him the next day. Is it any wonder then, that a fellow often gets discouraged and many weary workers fall by the wayside?

If a professor wishes to determine how well he has put across a lecture we can plainly see that he may find out by giving his class a surprise test, but we cannot see the fairness of it all to keep these test marks and grade his class according to them. To the writer this does not even seem sensible because the purpose of a test is to find out what knowledge a student has of his subject, and not to find out how well he can guess at the day on which a test is to arrive.

Even if a student does each day's work as it comes along, he is bound to forget and should not be expected to write a test which asks for details in any particular phase of the work without a comprehensive review beforehand. The recent test in genetics that was sprung on the senior degree class will serve as a perfect example to illustrate this point. One Wednesday morning they were distinctly told that since their professor was away there would not be a lecture in that subject on the following day. That was all right for them, as that day they were to have a full time table. Can you imagine their reaction when one of their periods was exchanged for genetics and a little typed sheet appeared, bearing a few questions.

Another thing, while we are on this business of tests, is why can't there be a little more cooperation among our professors and have each instructor post his tests on the bulletin board so that they would be sure that they haven't all picked the same time for their bitter dose of questions.

Now we want it clearly understood that we are not critizing our faculty, because we could not wish for a better group of men

than we have in our instructors. We like them but do not understand why they hurl these tests at us in such a manner and we are only asking for a little consideration.

A. C. Senior '38.

" Surveying the Cabot Trail"

A few years ago, they who sit in the seats of the mighty took counsel together, and said, "Go to, let us make a national park in the north of Cape Breton." Another said, "It is meet that there should be a map of that vast country to guide us in making the boundaries thereof."

In recent years, the aeroplane photograph has proved extremely useful in mapping rough country, and frequently it is used in making maps of well-settled land. One of the simplest maps is made by placing the photographs side by side until the whole of the area is covered; however, there are errors in the pictures that tend to accumulate, and so for greater accuracy it is desirable to run a traverse through enough of the area to give a number of "control points" on important sections. Suppose, for example, there are two distinct objects in the photograph, such as a cross-road in an open piece of farm land and a large church, and the distance between these points has been measured independently by transit and tape. This distance will give a scale to the picture, and other control points will match the various photographs together with satisfactory accuracy. The traverse is run between "Geodetic stations", usually towers on high mountains, whose position has been found accurately by the Geodetic Survey. For the map of northern Cape Breton, the traverse was run from the Geodetic point of the church at Skir Dhu, around the Cabot Trail to Grand Etang, cutting in on such stations as "Smoky", "Sugarloaf", and "Cheticamp light-house". From Grand Etang, a spur line was run across country to Forest Glen.

So it befell that in the summer of '36 a party set forth to run the traverse and met on a bright afternoon in July. The chief was an elderly man with a wide experience gained in the Northwest, a dry sense of humor, and keen observation. Next in seniority, the transitman had also carried the instrument in the North and had gathered up indigestion and a hobby of catching butterflies as he went along. The rear chainer had shivered behind a level and waded through alder swamps in several parts of the Maritimes. The picket man was out from college with an interesting mixture of calculus, native Scotch shrewdness, and skill in driving the Ford truck at its critical speed. As the party continued the journey, they picked up a boy from behind the counter in his father's store to join in the adventure as front chainer.

None of the party had previously visited that section of the country and as they drove through Baddeck and on northward, they revelled in the beauty of the scenes around them. More than once, one remarked, "We should be paying for the privilege of a trip like this." The road wound through small farms and patches of woodland, up long grades and down sharp inclines, with mountains towering on one side, and glimpses of the open sea on the other. They

"Surveying the Cabot Trail" (Cont'd)

zig-zaged up Cape Smoky with a watchful eye on the right side, where the trees partly concealed the long, steep drop to the water far below; and they paused on the top to admire the view - and to let the engine cool. The sun was dropping near the mountains when they suddenly came around a turn and saw the bay of South Ingonish lying at their feet with the cluster of buildings near the shore, and the blue sea lapping the bases of the wooded mountains that seemed to rise sheer from the water in a glory of green tinged with the gold of the sunset. Though the driver cautiously shifted into a lower gear as he began to descend, the others leaned back and drank in the beauty of the blue and green, sun and shadow below them.

The next day, the party returned to Wreck Cove and pitched their tents; then they drove back to Skir Dhu and got the instruments adjusted and began the traverse. Picket after picket, chain after chain, the line went on. They followed the crooks of the road; they cut down to the beach and ran a mile over gravel and boulders where the heat of the July sun was thrown back from every angle; then they cut back to the road where it turns for the climb up Smoky. Here a brook hollow formed a deep ravine and the road followed one back up the stream, crossed, and returned along the other bank on the long up-grade. To save about half a mile of crooked road, the party "triangulated" across the ravine and began the long climb,

So the days passed and the line advanced slowly, for the curves in the road caused many transit stations and the chainers were usually on the heels of the transitmen. The camp was moved when the distance became too great to drive readily from the former site. With the new camp, appeared the cook from a far and distant land and of many strange and wonderful adventures. He had been a "steward on de Montcalm" and always mourned the good old days "When de captain used to say, 'Come on, steward, let's go ashore'." The picketman cynically remarked, "He's been so accustomed to feeding his men on "tirty-tree cents a day", he can't realize that he doesn't need to do it here." After some time, the party grew so disgusted at the quality of the tea sent out in the lunches that they bought a tin tea-kettle, and while the transitman was making his last calculations before dinner, the picketman would light a fire, boil the kettle, and get out the lunch box from the back of the truck.

One sometimes sees some ladies looking longingly into a furniture store at luxurious arm-chairs, mahogany tables, and thick carpets. Perhaps it is just as well that they do not realize what they are missing. Lunch for the survey party was an event to be remembered long afterward. When the steam appeared from the kettle, the transitman carried his instrument over and set it up near by. The chainers dragged their 300-foot steel tape into the ditch and joined their two partners in investigating the mystery of the lunch box. When a whole pie was discovered, it was cut up with a great demonstration of exertion. When some sour milk was found, the ancestry, the spiritual welfare, and the future of the cook was expressed in simple but vigorous terms. Once, a boxful of cake was produced; the group selected the most edible pieces, and then

"Surveying the Outer Trail" (Cont'd):

"Surveying the Cabot Trail" (Cont'd)

saying, "We will leave these for the wild beasts; they have stronger teeth than we have", tossed the rejected fragments into the woods. When lunch was happily over, the men lay on their backs on the warm earth with the feeling of complete relaxation that only comes in such a position with the blue sky above and a breeze in the tree-tops.

In looking back over the survey of the Cabot Trail, little incidents come back like the sparkle of light from the facets of a gem. From the top of Sugarloaf, the country stretched away inland over deep valleys and over wide barrens, into the hazy distance; almost within jumping distance on the seaward side, the farms ran down to the blue ocean with its bays and creeks and sand bars. On their first drive down French Mountain, everything but a few feet before them was blotted out in heavy fog, and the wooden rail seemed all that protected them from a sheer drop into space. ---Heat, sunshine, more heat, black flies, showers, more black flies ---wind that swept the tape sideways almost horizontally --- wind, hail, rain, and sunshine in the same day --- a Sunday's climb up the cliffs at Cheticamp --- a swim for the chainers while the transitman was struggling with 100-foot shots. The road through Pleasant Bay was like an avenue in a park where the hardwoods grew to the wheel-tracks, and the sunlight filtered down through the leaves and made odd patterns on the boulders and moss. At regular intervals, the party stopped and planted a concrete monument with the little brass plate of the survey on the top of it, or drilled a hole in an out-cropping of bed rock and cemented the "post" in place; not easily noticed by the casual eye, they remain as a silent witness that here a group of men made a few measurements to the best accuracy in their power. Here is a little spring of cold water for the parched throat; there is an old, abandoned steam engine on a broken concrete foundation almost hidden by young birches. The sun is sinking below the western sky-line as the transitman peers intently through his telescope pointed upward toward the clear blue sky. At last his careful adjustments bring a tiny point of light near the cross-hairs and he says, "Take the time, will you. There is Polaris." As his companion gets out the watch, remembering "The Scarlet Pimpernel," he says softly to himself:

"They seek him here, they seek him there;
My partner seeks him every where.
Is he in heaven? In hell afar?
That demmed illusive polar star?"

In the last lap of the traverse, from Grand Etang to Forest Glen, it was necessary to follow an old wood road back through the hills. By triangulation, the line jumped from the main road back a mile to a clearing on the top of a hill, but from there on the course was a series of short shots of less than a chain length. They took the Ford truck through mud and over rocks, bouncing over corduroy, and scraping by trees about half way in to an old lumber camp. Here the four men stayed for a few days and nights finishing the circuit. It had rained steadily, the trail was wet, but all were eager to finish and each day they were racing to beat their own record of number of stations per day, and they worked into a rhythmic stride without a wasted motion and with perfect cooperation. At last, about noon, in the midst of a heavy drizzle, they closed on the last station in a little, deserted, forlorn valley. Once it had been a beautiful little settlement along the river; now the buildings were tumbling down and the bushes were encroaching on the fields. The chainers took

"Surveying the Cabot Trail" (Cont'd).

the last shot, ending at a large beech on the edge of the forest, did a little checking, and turned back with the rain dripping from their hats and the water squirting from their boots. Back along the trail blazed through the woods, and over the abandoned road they trudged, so weary that it seemed as if half of their minds were out of gear and their bodies moving like a machine which someone has forgotten to stop. Yet there was a deep sense of satisfaction in a job well done, and the rain drops fell on the leaves in a soft whisper that told of the quiet friendliness of the woods and of a joyous comradeship around the Cabot Trail.

------J. W. Byers.

ETERNAL DARKNESS

"A tragic case" muttered John Greystoke to himself as he gazed at the tall figure of Dr. Antony Curtiss who was hesitatingly picking his way between the chairs of the parlor car.

The object of his interest paused and vaguely passed his hand across his brow as if to brush away the turmoil which raged within; the memory of that brilliant flame, the patter of the hissing liquid, and then this eternal darkness!

Greystone recalled the details of the tragedy only slightly; but he remembered the very advanced work in Bio-Chemistry and the bright future held out for the man Curtiss by the various medical journals. "Ghastly, that the world should be robbed of the services of such a brilliant mentality", muttered Greystone again as the thin figure of the young chemist approached.

A sudden lurch of the train caught the young man off balance and he sprawled headlong in the seat of a young lady. "How extremely stupid; please forgive me," begged Curtiss. The girl, confused for a moment, righted her jaunty hat and laughingly said, "Since we have met in such a manner may I be presumptuous enough to introduce myself? My name is Joan Randall." "Thank you," replied Antony, "mine is Tony Curtiss." The girl smiled up at him and from his seat Greystone caught the perfect symmetry of her features and the smooth fine textured beauty of her skin.

Antony seated himself with great care and his long slender hands fumbled for a cigarette. "Perhaps you'd care for one of these," and as the girl seemed to peer into his eyes she winced; not at what she saw there, but rather at the hurried manner in which he seemed to grope for the cigarette. Then like a flash it came to her. Curtiss ..... Tony Curtiss.....Dr. Antony Curtiss, brilliant student of Heinrich and Markel - explosion, total permanent blindness. Her breath came with a sob and he murmured softly, "So you know already. How pitiful I must seem to you." She impulsively grasped his hands in hers; those long, slender hands which had so capably done his bidding; and holding them very tightly, she said, "Never give up; for every moment of darkness which you must endure, remember, that there has been a moment of light; the beauty of which has easily surpassed anything which you will suffer now."

"I sincerely hope so," replied Antony, "but somehow right now I feel as if I am seeing something very beautiful, something which through

"Eternal Darkness" -(Cont'd)

all the years could mean more to me than sight.....I am seeing love." The girl only clasped his hands more tightly and Greystone could see all the hope, all the future that a man would care to have ... in that clasp.

"We must both learn," she murmured, "that it is the beautiful things which matter and therefore, always seeing beauty our path through life must of necessity be less difficult."

Later, when Greystone was completing his last cigar, the girl came slowly up the aisle and abstractedly seated herself beside him. "Permit me to introduce myself," said Greystone, "and may I congratulate you on your wonderful philosophy of life. Inadvertently I overheard your conversation with Dr. Curtiss and I admired the manner in which you expressed yourself; yet I still can't see how you seemed to get such a clear interpretation of facts, and how you so readily knew what would appear to Dr. Curtiss."

The girl smiled and in her beautiful voice replied, "It is amazing how very little we humans can comprehend.... You see .... I, too, am blind."

------D.L.M. '38.

PARRSBORO

About sixty miles down the northern shore of Minas Basin is the quiet town of Parrsboro. Here, over one hundred years ago, a few Loyalist families, attracted by the sheltered location, settled. Soon a flourishing little community sprang up at what is now known as Partridge Island, two miles down the shore from the present site.

One of the chief families in the community was the Ratchford family. They operated a general store, the accounts of which are still kept intact.

The old schoolhouse is still standing. The building is of stone masonry construction; very small, and must have been very dark as there are few windows. I think this is the only evidence left of that first community.

Later, for some reason, the centre of the community moved up to what is now called Cross Roads, about two miles inland from the present site. It did not remain here long and soon Parrsboro proper was settled. The settlement was named Parrsboro in honor of Governor Parr.

From then on the settlement progressed rapidly due largely to its sheltered position. It is protected on all sides except the east by the Cobequid Mountains. On the east is Minas Basin.

Although situated in a sheltered valley, admirably suited for agriculture, it was as a shipping port that Parrsboro became known. In the days of the clipper ships, Parrsboro, along with other Basin ports, turned out of its yards many of those swift, beautiful craft. In later years, that now famous ship, "The Governor Parr",was turned out from the Huntley yards. This ship, a four-master, was abandoned by her crew during a hurricane, on her first trip, and many times after was sighted, but all attempt to tow her into port mysteriously failed. Who knows? She may turn up again somewhere.

During the War, Parrsboro thrived. Her ships plied the Atlantic Ocean between Canada and Great Britain carrying lumber in spite of the

"Parrsboro" (Cont'd)

German submarine blockade.

After the War, things changed. Wooden sailing ships couldn't compete with steam and steel. Many of Parrsboro's proud ships lie rotting on the beach, most of her wharves lie in ruins, only the tall piers standing like grim skeletons show their position. Now only a few sailing ships are in service and several of these have auxiliary engines. These ships take lumber to Boston and New York.

Lumber and pulp are the main industries now. All during the summer tramp ships come into West Bay, situated seven miles down the shore. They come there instead of directly to Parrsboro because there they can anchor and not be left high and dry when the tide goes out. Here they load lumber, which almost exclusively is for the English market. The pulp is not loaded this way though. The pulp is piled on a wharf and the pulp boat must be piloted up the tortuous Parrsboro River to the wharf. This can only be done at high or almost high tide. The pulp is for the American market, mostly for Maine.

In the last few years Parrsboro has become quite a summer resort. It would be hard to find a prettier spot than Parrsboro, and besides Parrsboro itself, there are many beautiful drives, best of which is the drive to Advocate, which can compare with the Gaspe in scenery. For recreation there is a tennis court and a golf course, situated two miles from town. From the golf course a beautiful view may be obtained in all directions. Between the town and the golf course is a beach settlement, very popular in summer. Several cottages are usually rented by families from Montreal and other outside places. For the most part, however, the cottages are owned and used by people from Parrsboro itself. Perhaps the greatest attraction outside its scenery is the tremendous rise and fall of the tide. The difference between high and low tide is between twenty-five and thirty feet.

Taken all in all, it would be hard to find a more attractive, more restful place to live than Parrsboro.

---D.B.T. '39

A Short Course Girl's Letter Home

Dear Ma and Pa:

Just a line to let you know I am well and am having a swell time. You know, the longer I stay here the funnier the boys seem. The way they all flock to the door when we come in, you'd think they had never seen a pretty girl before. They even fight to get a chance to open the door for us and the rest stand in line and tease the poor guy.

Another funny thing is that a lot of the boys are trying to grow a moustache - goodness knows why. I like them better without. It wouldn't be so bad if they could grow a real one, but they all have such scraggly ones.

Yesterday one of the boys took our picture with one of the girls' camera. I know I looked terrible but I guess it doesn't make much difference - the boys aren't very particular. At least not until they get to the Saturday night dances, and then they are the most independent, stuck-up bunch I have ever seen. If you don't dance like Ginger Rogers and look like her too, you haven't a chance. I

"A Short Course Girl's Letter Home" (Cont'd)

can't see how the Normal girls have stood it. Of course what I have just said doesn't apply to all the boys and I usually manage to have a pretty good time.

There's the door bell downstairs. I guess that's the two boys who are going to take me and my roommate to the show tonight, so I'll stop for now and tell you all about it when I get back.

----D.B.T. '39

THE PEOPLE SPEAK

Milligan says: If it isn't mentioned in the Ten Commandments it can't be bad.

Spurr says: The opening of the A. C. course raised our expectations; the closing may lower our hopes.

Bird says: A woman is known by the trifles that bother her.

Stewart says: The Pullman Car Company has made berth control too high for the poor.

Jenkins says: Never laugh at a fat woman; she is only a little girl gone to waist.

Mr. Pickett says: (making lab. drawings) Originality is one thing but rank imagination is another.

Leonard says: A young man should not necessarily be classed a freak just because he has two heads on his shoulders.

Miller says: A century ago girls dressed like Mother Hubbard; today they dress more like her cupboard.

Kinley says: Some girls use dumbbells to get color in their faces; others use color on their faces to get dumbbells.

Mack says: Men become bald due to the intense activity of their brains; women have no whiskers due to intense activity of their chins.

Morrison says: Floors make the best ash trays as they are always handy.

The Editor says: Hurry up with those jokes or we'll never get this damn thing printed.

--The People.

YARMOUTH'S FARMER'S CO-OPERATIVE

Three or four years ago the farmers, especially the poultry farmers, of Yarmouth began to become increasingly discontented with the returns they were getting from their flocks and their labor. Because of this increased discontent, about ten or twelve of the more adventurous poultrymen began to discuss their situation, with the result that they decided to pool their resources and venture the establishment of a chick hatchery.

After careful consideration they selected an incubating outfit with a capacity of about 12,000 eggs. Mr. McMullan was selected as the man to operate this outfit.

Before they could expect to make a success of this venture they had to have eggs from tested birds. The first year they were unable to acquire the necessary quantity of eggs locally, which resulted in

"A Short Journey Out: A Better Home" (Cont'd)

don't see how the Normal girls have stood it. Of course that I have just quite covers it apply to all the boys and I usually manage to have a pretty good time.

There's the door bell downstairs. I guess that's the two boys who are going to take me and my roommate to the show tonight, so I'll stop for now and tell you all about it when I get back.

---N.E.T. '39

THE PEOPLE SPEAK

William says: If it isn't mentioned in the Ten Commandments it can't be bad.

Squirt says: The opening of the A. C. course raised our expectations; the closing may lower our hopes.

Bird says: A woman is known by the trifles that confuse her.

Stewart says: The Pullman Car Company has made berth control too high for the poor.

Jerline says: Never laugh at a fat woman: she is only a little girl gone to waist.

Mr. Pickett says: (making lab. drawings) Originality is one thing but true imagination is another.

Leonard says: A young man should not necessarily be clapped a least just because he has two heads on his shoulders.

Miller says: A century ago girls dressed like Mother Hubbard; today they dress more like her cupboard.

Kirley says: Some girls use dumbbells to get color in their faces; others use color on their faces to get dumbbells.

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---The People.

YARMOUTH'S FARMER'S CO-OPERATIVE

There is four years ago the farmers, especially the poultry farmers of Yarmouth began to become increasingly disconcerted with the returns they were getting from their flocks and their labor. Because of this increased discontent, about ten or twelve of the more advanced poultrymen began to discuss their situation, with the results that they decided to pool their resources and venture the establishment of a chick hatchery.

After careful consideration they selected an incubating outfit with a capacity of about 12,000 eggs. Mr. Kohlman was selected as the man to operate this outfit.

Before they could expect to make a success of this venture they had to have eggs from tested birds. The first year they were unable to acquire the necessary quantity of eggs locally, which resulted in

their having to import some. The local producers found it hard to follow the rules laid down concerning quality of eggs to be sent to the hatchery, with the result that the first year was not a tremendous success.

However, these experiences were only learning lessons for these progressive men, and last year, by remembering their earlier mistakes they reached success. Because of their poor luck the first year they did not dare to figure on more than 50 percent hatchability of their eggs, and so they turned down numerous orders. But they soon found that they could do better than they thought, for the hatches reached very close to 90 percent. The place seemed full of chicks, some peeping in the incubator, some in boxes which were still too young to need food, some in one place and some in another. As their high hatches became known, their product sold faster, and so they were never greatly troubled as to what they were to do with surplus chicks.

Besides this venture into hatching chicks, they started selling feeds to feed the chicks they had put out. They handle the Blatchford brand of feeds on the consignment plan. Local feed dealers tried to run them out, but by little overhead and the desire to help the farmers instead of obstruct them, they sold their feeds somewhat lower in price. Although there are five or six other dealers, they have a carload of about 25 tons arrive frequently to supply their customers.

Their business has grown so rapidly that they have had to move from their first location to a larger, more central location.

One of their men is an expert egg grader and he has a steady market for eggs brought in by their patrons.

To extend their business, a number of farmers, not especially poultry farmers, were allowed to buy up a few shares, and so they have a larger number of farmers to vote on their business procedure.

At the end of their last business year, statements showed a large profit for the concern. Farmers who organized this co-operative certainly feel that co-operation pays the farmer.

--A. T. '39.

THE AGGIES BASKETBALL TEAM

The "Aggies" is a name that is to be feared in all intermediate basketball circles in western Nova Scotia.

This team, representing the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, has made great strides in the last few years until at the present time they are on a par with some of the best intermediate teams in Nova Scotia.

This team, had it a little more experience and coaching, would undoubtedly give a good account of itself in any intermediate finals. The team comprises eleven good, strong, healthy sportsmanlike young men; clean and fast in every department of play.

The team is capably coached by Mr. Mackenzie, College Physical Director, and managed by Harold Wilson, a popular young man of the student body.

Lloyd Horton is captain of the Aggies basketball team. "Pop",

Yarmouth's Farmers' Co-Operative (Cont'd)

their having to import some. The local producers found it hard to follow the rules laid down concerning quality of eggs to be sent to the factory, with the result that the first year was not a tremendous success.

However, these experiences were only learning lessons for these progressive men, and last year, by remembering their earlier mistakes they received success. Because of their poor luck the first year they did not dare to figure on more than 50 percent saleability of their eggs, and so they turned down numerous orders. But they soon found that they could do better than they thought. For the hatchery receives very close to 90 percent. The place seemed full of chicks, some peeping in the incubator, some in boxes which were still too young to mail too, some in one place and some in another, as their high hatches became known, their product sold itself, and so they were never greatly troubled as to what they were to do with surplus chicks.

Besides this venture into hatching chicks, they started selling to food the chicks they had put out. They handle the hatchery feeds of foods on the consignment plan. Local feed dealers tried to run them out, but by little overhead and the desire to help the farmers instead of obstruct them, they sold their feeds cheaper than lower in price. Although there are five or six other dealers, they have a capacity of about 25 tons arrive frequently to supply their customers.

Their business has grown so rapidly that they have had to move from their first location to a larger, more central location.

One of their men is an expert egg grader and he has a steady market for eggs brought in by their patrons.

To extend their business, a number of farmers, not especially poultry farmers, were allowed to buy up a few shares, and so they have a larger number of farmers to vote on their business proceedings. At the end of their last business year, statements showed a large profit for the concern. Farmers who organized this co-operative certainly feel that co-operation pays the farmer.

THE AMHERST BASKETBALL TEAM

The "Amherst" is a team that is to be feared in all intermediate basketball circles in eastern Nova Scotia.

This team represents the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, has been great strides in the last few years until at the present time they are on a par with some of the best intermediate teams in Nova Scotia.

This team had it a little more experience and coaching, would undoubtedly have a good account of itself in any intermediate league. The team comprises eleven good, strong, healthy sportsmanlike young men, and left in every department of play.

This team is capably coached by Mr. McKenzie, College Physical Director, and managed by Harold Wilson, a popular young man of the Amherst boys.

Harold Lotton is captain of the Amherst basketball team. "Top".

"The Aggies Basketball Team" (Cont'd)

as all the boys call him, plays right guard. Besides being a stellar defenceman, Pop occasionally dribbles up the right floor to sink a basket from outside the foul line. This is Pop's last year, and next year's team will have their work cut out for them if they are to get a better captain than he is.

Douglas Pond teams up with Captain Horton to form the best defense in the town league. Doug plays left guard and is a valuable asset to the Aggie team. Besides being a very sturdy defenceman, Doug is a consistent scorer. He is one of the cleanest and most sportsmanlike guards in the league.

Laurie Smith plays center on the Aggies' first line, and although not having the supposedly necessary height for this play, is very effective at this position. Laurie is the fastest man on the team and in the Town league. When this "Blond Bomber" roars out of nowhere towards the basket with the ball in his possession, two more points can usually be added to the Aggies total. Laurie learned his basketball at the Halifax Academy.

Bruce Trenholm, the "Grand Pre Comet", or "Townie" as some of the boys call him, plays right forward on the first line and handles this position like a veteran, although this is only his second year in basketball. Bruce is fast, clean, a very consistent scorer; his defensive play being a strong point in his favor.

David Miller is a Sydney boy, who plays left forward on the Aggies'first line. Dave gives a good account of himself in any position either defense or forward. He is another high scoring forward, and very few games go by without him getting ten points on an average through sheer ability. Dave is a veteran of the basketball wars, learning his basketball at Sydney Academy some years ago. He is also a capable referee.

Lewis McKay, hailing from New Brunswick, is the second player from that province playing on the Aggies team. This is Lewis' first year in basketball and judging from the great strides made by this boy he will develop into a very good forward. He plays center on the Aggies second line, and is always a dangerous man under the basket with the ball in his possession.

Gordon Byers, the "Mighty Atom" of the Aggie team, has come a long way this year in basketball. Gordie plays right forward on the second line, and makes up for his size by fighting and playing ability. With a little more experience he also will develop into a very effective forward.

Eldon Hughes, "Sam", as he is called by all the boys, plays left forward on the Aggies' second line. Sam is somewhat of a veteran compared with his line mates as he previously played basketball before coming to the A.C. He is cool, and tricky passing fools the opposing team time after time. Sam is also a dangerous man around the basket.

Stewart Kinley, "Stew", as all the boys call him, plays center and guard on the Aggies' team. He proved to be a mountain of strength when he returned to the team late in January. Besides being a very effective guard, "Stew" is also a high scoring forward. Defensive play on his part whether he be playing guard or forward keeps the opposing team from scoring against the Aggies.

Kenneth Morrison is another Sydney product who learned all his basketball at the A.C. A cool methodical workman, Ken patrols either the left forward or left defense positions and is equally reliable in either case. Unfortunately in the very thick of the play-offs he

"The Aggies Basketball Team" (Cont'd)

sprained his ankle and was lost to the team. However, on the recent tour he proved his worth, turning in sparkling exhibitions whenever on the floor.

--K.M. '38

THE BASKETBALL TRIP

The basketball team with Mr. Mackenzie in charge left Friday morning at 10:20 a.m. on the Ocean Limited for Amherst and Sackville where three scheduled basketball games were played. Two of these were played in Amherst with the Amherst High School and the Amherst Intermediates and the other with the Mount Allison Engineers.

The squad arrived in Amherst at 12:45 and after having dinner played the Amherst High School at 1:30 p.m. This was a return game as the Amherst boys played here in our gymnasium the preceding Saturday night. The line-up for this game was: Amherst High School - MacAllister 10; Moffatt, 10; Brown, Legacy, Lund, Murphy, LeMoine, Bird, 2. The A. C. line-up was: Horton, Pond, Smith 4, Miller 7, Trenholm 4, Kinley, Hughes, Byers 3, MacKay 8, Morrison. The game seemed to be coming to our team very easily during the first half, but the Amherst team got into playing form during the second half and gave Mr. Mackenzie and his Aggies a hard run before the closing whistle. The game ended with a final score of 26 - 22 for the A. C. team.

After supper the game that was scheduled with the Amherst Intermediates was played. It was a nip and tuck game all the way through and was anybody's game right up until the last. It seemed to be a tough fight for our team even though we won by a large margin. The final schore was 34 - 28 in favor of A.C. The line-up for this game was: Intermediates - McNair 8, Lawerence 2, Seers 6, Thorpe 2, Crawford 2, Sinclair 8. A. C. - Horton 1, Pond 1, Smith 18, Miller 13, Kinley 1, Trenholm, Hughes, Byers, Morrison, MacKay.

The following morning everyone was up bright and early for their next day's journey, except a few who arrived at the office just merely on time, half asleep and very weary looking. We left Amherst at 10:30 a.m. and drove through to Sackville by car. We got there some time before dinner and had the privilege of being shown around the buildings, but some of the boys seemed disappointed that they were not shown through the women's residence.

Dinner was served by the Mount A boys and at 1:30 the team was on the Mount A floor to play their third and last game for the week-end. It was a hard fought battle all the way, but the game ended with a score of 27 - 24 in favor of N.S.A.C. The line-up for the game was: Mount A - Stone 6, Cumming, Thompson, Murphy 4, Jones 10, Upham, Fear 4, Morris. A. C. - Horton 1, Pond, Smith 7, Miller 12, Kinley 7, Trenholm, Hughes, MacKay, Byers, Morrison.

The whole trip was considered a great success and all enjoyed themselves and the team showed fight and a determined mind which led to victory in all three games.

--H.G.W. '38.

THE SOCIAL EVENTS

The social events have been somewhat of a rush this past few weeks.

The Saturday night dances have been carried on regularly since the Junior Prom dance on Feb. 18, with one exception, that was the following Saturday night. The dances have been very largely attended, and very pleasant evenings have been spent.

On March 1 a regular debate was held in the Gym at 4:30, the change in time due to the hockey game between Acadia and Mount Allison. Those participating in the debate were Messrs. Beaton, A.D., Holmes, Morrison, for the affirmative; while Messrs. Jenkins, Lewis and Milligan defended the negative. The subject was "Resolved, That Cooperation is the Concrete Basis of an Ideal Social and Economic System." The debate was closely followed by students and judges. The judges gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

The College has been fortunate the past few weeks in hearing lectures from men from Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture.

The high light of the season took place on the evening of March 7, the official opening of the short course and winter fair. Dr. and Mrs. Ross led in the singing, in which all took a very hearty part.

The chief speaker of the evening was the former Principal of the Agricultural College, Dr. A. Cumming, who gave a very edifying talk on production, which proved of greatest interest. The meeting was closed by a few selections of old songs directed by Dr. Ross.

The big events of the fair took place on the morning of March 8, by showing of swine and sheep, S. L. Curtis leading in swine; K. Holmes leading in sheep. In the afternoon, cattle were shown; James Thompson leading by a small margin, followed closely by G. Smeltzer and K. Holmes.

On the evening of March 8 a regular debate was held at 7:30, having one of the poorest attendances of the year, due to the Fair. Those participating in the debate were Messrs. MacKay, Ross and Westcott for the affirmative, and Messrs. Pond, Roach and Baillie, for the negative. The subject was, "Resolved, that Science has Added to the Happiness of Mankind." The debate proved of great interest, the judges decided that it was a tie.

March 9. In the afternoon the horse show took place with two classes - Clydesdales showing first, James Thompson leading. The Percherons showed next, G. Smeltzer leading.

On March 11 the students had the pleasure of listening to the Dominion Cerealist, Dr. L. H. Newman, who gave a talk on Canada, on Geography, and paying particular attention to crops grown in each district, which proved very interesting. On the evening of March 11 Dr. Newman gave an illustrated talk on smuts and rusts of grain, which proved very interesting.

March 15, a regular debate was held at 7:30, largely attended. Those taking part in the debate were Messrs. McLeod, Mather and Main for the affirmative, while Messrs. McKeague, Spurr and Smeltzer argued for the negative. The subject was, "Resolved, that the frowsy, good-natured women makes a better wife than the tidy ill-tempered woman." The debate proved very humorous. The judges gave their decision for the affirmative.

On March 16, the closing of the winter Fair took place by showing of live and dressed poultry, G. Smeltzer leading and P. Magennis second.

"The Social Events" (Cont 'd)

A. F. Curran gave a talk on Marketing of Poultry, and by so doing, he pointed out mistakes made by students in killing. C. E. Benoit gave a talk on what to look for when buying poultry.

The sensational part of the Winter Fair took place in the Gym on the evening of March 16 in the presentation of trophies and shield to Winter Fair winners. Dr. and Mrs. Ross started off the evening by leading in a few songs. A very pleasant address was given by Col. U. Dawson, Manager Charlottetown Fur Sales, on "The Fur Trade and Future Prospects."

A. D. Beaton, the chairman, took the chair and the winners were introduced by Ira Lewis, secretary-manager. Prizes were presented by Douglas Pond, President of the Student's Council. The first prize money was taken by G. Smeltzer; second by P. Magennis; third, J. Thompson. The trophies and shield were then presented. The Horse Trophy, donated by Dr. M. Cumming, former Principal, was presented by L. T. Chapman to James Thompson. The Cattle Trophy, donated in memory of the former Principal, the late Dr. J. M. Trueman, was presented by L. T. Chapman to James Thompson. The Sheep Trophy, donated by H. K. MacCharles, was presented by A. F. Curran to Kenneth Holmes. The Swine Trophy, donated and presented by F. W. Walsh to Stanley Curtis. The Poultry Trophy, donated and presented by J. P. Landry to Gerald Smeltzer. The Grand Challenge shielf, donated by Honorable J. A. McDonald, Minister of Agriculture, was presented by F. W. Walsh to Gerald Smeltzer, champion; the Reserve Champion was Peter Magennis. Cash prizes for seed judging were donated jointly by the N. S. Department of Agriculture and the N. S. Seed Branch, presented by Kenneth Cox - first, Jack Baillie; second, Guy Fisk. The seed trophy, donated by short course students from P. E. I. in 1911, was presented by Kenneth Cox to a Junior General student, Jack Baillie. F. W. Walsh, Director of Marketing, gave a very interesting talk on Marketing of Poultry, pointing out how poultry has improved in quality and future possibilities.

The basketball season was officially closed at a banquet held in the Debating Room on Wednesday, Mar. 23, at 6:30 p.m. A delightful repast was served by the ladies and various speeches were made. An interesting event of the evening was the surrendering of the Purdy Trophy, emblamatic of the Town Championship, by Captain Horton of the Aggies, to Frank Yould, of the Hubs. The evening ended with a vote of thanks to the ladies and the singing of O Canada.

--G.S. '39.

SPORTS

Hockey - A. C. 2, Lower Truro 7.

Perhaps the less said of this game the better. It certainly was not the boys' night; they just didn't click, while Lower Truro was right on. Only the stellar goal tending of Laurie Ells kept the score down to what it was.

Hockey - A. C. 6, Great Village 0.

This game was a different story. Nothing could stop the boys and both lines did their share of scoring. Laurie Spurr scored 3, John McRae 2, and Joe Beaton 1. Laurie Ells earned his fourth shut-out

Sports (Cont'd)

of the season.

Basketball - A. C. 21, Hubs 26.

This was the first of the "best out of three" games for the championship of the Truro basketball league. It was a hard fought battle all through and only a last minute rally by the Hubs earned them the victory. Laurie Smith was outstanding for the A.C.'s, scoring 15 points.

Basketball - A. C. 39, Amherst High School 12.

The A.C.'s tangled with Amherst High School semifinalists for N. S. interscholastic basketball championships, and took a rather one-sided victory. Despite the one-sidedness, it was a good game with Amherst putting up a game fight. Laurie Smith starred for the Aggies.

Basketball - A. C. 21, Hubs 24.

A fighting A. C. team went down to defeat in the second game of the "best out of three" games for the Truro basketball league championship. This being their second defeat they lost the cup which they won last year. This is no discredit to the boys; they put up a great fight and the outcome was in doubt up to the last whistle. Laurie Smith and Dave Miller were the leading scorers for the Aggies.

After the game between the Aggies and the Hubs, the Normals and the Academy girls engaged in a rousing tussle. The game was watched by an interested bunch of A.C.'s and a few Normals. Despite the support given the Academy girls by the A.C.'s, the Normals won, 15-13. Dave Miller refereed.

On Friday, March 18, Prof. Mackenzie took the basketball team away to play a series of games with Mt. A. Engineers, Amherst Seniors and Amherst High School. The Aggies came through in great style, winning all three games.

--D.B.T. '39.

M A R C H W I N D S

Phinney: "Everytime that short course girls looks at me she smiles."
Spurr: "Maybe she isn't very polite but she sure has a sense of humor."

Dr. Longley: "I'm a man of few words."
MacDonald: "Maybe so, but you give them plenty of work."

Mrs. Donkin: (at table before Xmas) "Jack, you look all tired out."
Postman Jack: "So would you if you had been all over town looking for a guy named 'Fragile'."

"March Winds" (Cont'd)

Mr. Pickett: (to Mr. Chapman eating his daily apple) "Look out for the worms."
Mr. Chapman: "When I eat an apple the worms had better look out for themselves."

Justice: "How did the accident happen?"
S. Curtis: "I was hugging a curve."
Justice: "Yeah, that's the way most of them happen."

Comment: If every A. C. boy could read every girl's mind the gasoline consumption would drop 50%.

Doctor: "Is the night nurse giving you proper attention?"
A.D.Beaton: "Not exactly, but I'm perfectly satisfied."

Mrs. Patterson: "Have you shut up everything in the house?"
Mr. Patterson: "Yes, everything that can be shut up."

MacKeague and Bird, fishing about two miles from land had had an excellent catch.
Bird: "We'd better mark this spot in case we come out tomorrow."
MacKeague: (on reaching shore) "Did you mark the spot?"
Bird: "Yes, I put a chalk mark on the right hand side of the boat."
MacKeague: "That was foolish - we may not have the same boat tomorrow."

Advice from Laurie Smith: Never open a bottle of hair restorer with your teeth.

Mr. Harlow: "Didn't I say to add alcohol and ignite?"
Trefry: "Yes sir, but I can't find the bottle of ignite."

Miss Eaton: "Why is it you never married?"
Miss MacD: "I already have three things that characterise the average man and that's enough for me."
Miss Eaton: "And what are they?"
Miss MacD: "A dog that growls all morning; a parrot that swears all afternoon and a cat that stays out all night."

Parent: "Young man, can you support a family?"
Pop: (meekly) "I only wanted Edith."

Mr. Fraser: (after talking some time on the misuse of slang) "Mr. Durno, don't you agree with me?"
Sandy: "You sure slobbered a bib full."

(At Student's Council meeting) Bird: "I'm going to speak my mind."
Miller: "Silence, at last."

MacDonald: "That song seems to haunt me."
Mather: "No wonder, the way you're murdering it."

"The laziest man in the world is the one who puts popcorn on his pancakes so they'll turn over by themselves."

"March Winds" (Cont'd)

For some time Mr. Chapman had been looking at a picture of the Rocky Mountains.
"You seem very proud of them", said a stranger. "Why shouldn't I be" replied Mr. Chapman, "My grand-father built them."
"Have you ever heard of the Dead Sea?" asked the stranger.
"Yes, By Jove, I have often heard of it. Why?"
Stranger: "Well, did you know my father killed the darned thing."

Breathes there the student with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
When he stubbed his toe and bumped his head
xx ! ! ! ? ? ? x - - - ! ! ??

Ella: "What did my father say when you told him you were going to take me away from him?"
Mather: "Oh, he felt pretty badly but I squared him with a good cigar."

J. Stewart: "What, you flunked that course again?"
Corbett: "What do you expect? They gave me the same exam."

Inquisitive Tommy Wants to Know -

Why Cotton didn't wear a hat when he exhibited his pig?
If Ross ever thinks of eatin between meals?
What prominent "Aggie" was given the run-around by a blonde lady at a recent Saturday night dance?
What blonde lady promptly got the same run-around from another Aggie?
Why Cotton was sick the next few days after the short course closed --or was it lonesome?
Why MacRae left the Horticulture meeting so suddenly last Thursday night?
Why Donkin doesn't learn to dance?
Why Laurie Smith and Dave Miller are so non-committal about the Amherst trip and a certain lady called "Butch"?
Why Corbett was seen coming out of the "Acre" at 2:30 a.m., and who saw him?
If Morrison still gets his daily letter from Sydney?
How students are expected to study at nights after being in lab. until 5:45 p.m.?
Why Roach sees "Red"?
Why "little Eva" walked out on Bill MacDonald at the dance Saturday night?
What happened after Bill Jenkins took a chance and came back swearing "never again"?
Why Bill West falls when coming home from Dominion Street?
What little publication is now making the rounds among the students and why is it read with such interest?
Why Kinley is so interested in nursing, or perhaps its just nurses?
Why are the A. C. boys calling Trenholm "Townie"?

--The Shadow.

"March Winds" (Cont'd)

Dr. Davis: "I'll not have you girls smoking in public. Why I'd as soon get drunk as be caught smoking."
Normalite: "Who wouldn't?"

Mather: "Lend me your mug to shave."
Hines: "Shave your own mug."

Mr. Harlow: "What is the next question?"
Archibald: "Are we supposed to know the questions too?"

Mrs. Doug. Curtis went to policy headquarters with a picture in her hand. "My husband has disappeared" she sobbed, "Here is his picture. I want you to find him".
Officer: (looking at picture) "Why?"

An intelligent girl is one who knows how to refuse a kiss without being deprived of it.

Parent: "I'll teach you to make love to my daughter."
Smeltzer: "I wish you would. I don't seem to be doing so well."

Mr. Landry: "What would a hen say if she laid a square egg?"
Corbett: "Ouch!"

Mr. Harlow: "This Chemistry is just like arithmetic .....I don't know what arithmetic is like now."

Mrs. Beaton: "How are you getting on in college, son?"
J. J.: "Left forward in hockey and left behind in classes."

Mr. Harlow: "Where's the other H_2 that was in this equation?"
Trueman: "Don't look at me, I didn't take it."

MacLean: "I see you have a new roommate."
Cotton: "No, I bought this tie myself."

Smeltzer: "Did choir practice end early this evening?"
MacRae: "Yes, someone blew a car horn and all the girls left."

Wood: (on telephone) "Is this the Salvation Army, where they save young women?"
Voice (over phone): "Yes."
Wood: "Then save me one for next Saturday night."

L. Smith: "Honey, I've brought something for the one I love best. Guess what it is".
Sweet Young Thing: "A box of cigars."

Ross: "I'm going to steal a kiss."
Blonde: "Well, let the crime wave begin."

Roach: "Give me a cigarette, will you?"
MacDonald: "I'll see you inhale first."

"March Winds" (Cont'd)

Mrs. Dewar: "Do you file your nails?"
Miss Dodge: "No I cut them off and throw them away."

Normalite: (on train) "Where have I seen your face before?"
Leonard: "Just where it is now."

Ross: "May I set on your right hand?"
Eaton: "No, I'll have to eat with that one; get a chair."

Main: "Wood thinks a basketball coach has four wheels."
Lane: "Haw, haw. Say, how many wheels has the darned thing?"

Mr. Westcott: "Has your son's education been of any real value?"
Mr. Trenholm: "Yes, it's stopped his mother's bragging about him."

Nurse: "Every time I take Mr. Beaton's pulse it goes up alarmingly."
Dr. Peel: "Well, you might blindfold him."

Hines: "Where do the A.C. Herald joke editors get their ideas?"
Mather: "What ideas?"

Donkin: "Cheer up, there are other fish in the sea."
Archibald: "Yes, but the last one took all my bait."

Mr. Fraser: "Hughes, give me an example of a collective noun."
Hughes: "Vacuum cleaner."

Mrs. MacKay: "What was that noise when you came in last night?"
Smeltzer: "Night falling."
Mrs. MacKay: "I thought it was day breaking."

L. Smith: "Let's go out and walk around the campus."
Ruby: "Oh, I couldn't without a chaperone."
Laurie: "But we won't need a chaperone."
Ruby: "Then I don't want to go."

Pond: (In zool. lecture on Evolution) "Then am I descended from monkeys?"
Mr. Pickett: "I couldn't say as I never met your ancestors."

Now that spring is here, Miller and Ross will doubtless come out of hibernation and begin to prowl again.

Butcher: "That girl's face is her fortune."
Byers: "Yes, and it runs into a nice figure as well."

A woman, generally speaking, is generally speaking.

Milligan: "I've got a car that two hundred wouldn't buy."
Kinley: "And I'm one of the two hundred."

Miss Eaton: "What are you knitting?"
Girl: (with fur coat) "Something for the boys."
Miss Eaton: "But the war was over long ago."
Girl: (with same fur coat) "This is a bathing suit for me."

"March Winds" (Cont'd)

Just Imagine -

Trenholm getting up quickly after being upset on the ice.
Mr. Landry with a cape-on.
Mr. Pickett giving two weeks' notice before a test.
Donkin with an ordinary sized pipe.
Smeltzer sitting out a dance.
Stewart without a knowing look.
MacDonald in a hurry.
Corbett speaking to a girl he didn't know.
Archibald taking a course in Good Housekeeping.
Lewis at classes the morning after a hockey game.
A week of Chemistry without a test.
Donkin (apoligizing) "I'm not much of a farmer."
Mr. Harlow complimenting the "Degrees" at the expense of the "Generals."
Morrison not getting a letter every other day.
Briggs suing the town for building sidewalks too close to the seat of his trousers.

Mr. Harris: "You've reached for everything in sight; haven't you a tongue?"
Trefry: "Yes, but it isn't long enough.

Mr. Roland: "Why are you late for class?"
Bonnyman: "I was talking to one of the short course girls."
Mr. Roland: "What did she say?"
Bonnyman: "No!"

Archibald: "She seems like a sensible girl."
Donkin: "Yes, she wouldn't pay attention to me either."

Robber: "Your money or your life."
Sandy: "Take my life; I'm saving my money for my old age."

Sam Hughes: "What do you think of our town?"
Longley: "It's unique."
Sam: "What do you mean by 'unique'?"
Longley: "Well it comes from two Latin words - "unus" meaning "one", and "equis", meaning "horse".

Mr. Byers: "How far is it to the next town?"
Stewart: "Well, sir, it seems farther than it is, but it ain't."

Prof. Harlow: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."
Bonnyman: "No wonder I failed in my exams."

Mr. Glow-worm: "I never want to see you again."
Mrs. Glow-worm: "Alright, you glow your way and I'll glow mine."

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CRUDE WEAPONS

It is astounding to me that certain tribes or nations of the world have such odd means of defence. Take, for example, the boomerang which was essentially the weapon of the aborigines. No one else ever thought of making use of such a crude and rather odd weapon like this. There are other odd weapons besides. The terrible stock-whip of the Australian bushman, and the universally famed six-gun of the cowboy.

The wise criminal of today also has very queer weapons, such as the black-jack and irregular shaped repeating guns. The black-jack is a piece of leather tubing or bamboo cane which is carried by means of a leather throng around the waist, which proves a very dangerous weapon.

If the lumberjack of Canada turns real bad he will use his axe when forced to fight, which when in skilled hands is a very terrible weapon.

The pygmies of Congo rely upon the bow and arrow similar to the American Indian, which are dipped in a poison formed from herbs. The natives of Borneo have a similar device. They use long pipes through which a tiny dart is shot. The slightest scratch from these arrows or darts means a quick deal to the victim. The rough-neck on boardship always relies upon his steel martin spike, a very useful weapon for a "rough house" which often occurs at sea.

But, although there has been all these different means of offence and defence and still some more which could be added if space permitted, there are still the three universal weapons which nature gave us which have been used to their greatest advantage since the beginning of time - "teeth, fist, and feet!"

--H.E.C.
