

Reminiscences of the O. A. C.

BY PROF. J. HUGO REED, V. S.

TO the gentle reader of this article I owe an explanation, or rather "an apology." A few days ago when I received a letter from the Editor of this Journal requesting, or more correctly speaking, "ordering" me to write an article entitled "Reminiscences of the O.A.C.," I felt like Jimmy E. Jimmy was rather a character during my boy-hood. The public school which I attended in the Village of Stewarttown, Halton Co., was situated on a corner of Jimmy's farm. Everybody, young and old, male and female, called him Jimmy. He was a kind-hearted Irishman — kind to the school children, but very much given to profanity. The boys and girls of that age did not differ materially in general characteristics, from those of the present age, hence they enjoyed seeing and hearing Jimmy indulge in his favorite pastime. They took advantage of all opportunities to get Jimmy started. He had a good command of language and was quite fluent.

Many of the country boys were in the habit of going to the post office for the mail during the noon hour, and in order to reach the office had to descend a long and reasonably steep hill. One day upon returning from the post office a gang of boys observed Jimmy driving up the hill with a wagon-load of pumpkins. They selected one from the gang to get into the seat with Jimmy and engage him in conversation.

This was done, and Jimmy, with his usual affability, treated him kindly and became interested. The remainder of the gang got busy with the tail-board of the wagon-box and soon succeeded in removing it. The pumpkins promptly began to move and decorate the road with lumps of a good protestant color.



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Each pumpkin made a more or less thumping sound when it struck the ground. At last Jimmy became suspicious that something unusual was occurring, and looking backwards, became aware of the real state of affairs. He stopped the team, got out of the wagon and looked in blank amazement at the orange objects gracefully descending the hill, but not a word did he utter. The boys being disappointed

at the results of their cunningly laid plan, exclaimed, "Jimmy, Jimmy, why don't you swear?" After an incredible lapse of time Jimmy said, "Well boys, I feel that I cannot do justice to the occasion."

A few days after receiving this order, I was personally interviewed by the Associate Editor, and the order was promptly repeated. I endeavored to express my sorrow in not feeling able "to do justice to the occasion," but my arguments had no force. "He stood pat," and I had nothing to "draw to." It being a fact that on certain occasions I had given orders to the same boys who were now ordering me, and I "stood pat," and nothing less than