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ATHENAEUM AWARDS FOR DECEMBER

Short-Story:—W. B. Davis '30, R. L. Burns '31, Paul Gelinas '32 (1 unit each).

Article:—Paul Gelinas '32 (2 units); Ian Dron '30 (1 unit).

Poetry:—Evelyn Jenkins '31 (2 units); R. L. Burns '31 (1 unit).

Editorial:—Evelyn Baird '30 (1 unit).

Unclassified:—A. E. Roland '31 (2 units); Paul Gelinas '32 (1 unit).

Humor:—Margaret Kenna '31 (2 units).

One-Act Play:—No Competition.

Science:—Evelyn Baird '30 (2 units); T. A. M. Kirk '30 (1 unit).

Month:—Annie McMackin '32 (2 units); Evelyn Baird '30 (1 unit).

Athletics:—W. F. Anderson '30 (2 units); J. R. Keith '30 (1 unit).

Exchanges:—Evelyn Baird '30 (2 units).

Personals:—W. B. Davis '30, J. R. Keith '30, Rosamond Burgess '32 (1 unit each).

Jokes:—J. R. Keith '30 (2 units), W. M. Longley '31 (1 unit).

Cartoon:—No Competition.

Seniors 16 Sophomores 7

Juniors 9 Freshmen 0

REVERIE

Where wanton winds are warm,
And lazy is the sea;
Where days are long and bright,
And ships drift aimlessly;

Where sleepy stars stare down
At night, and all is still,
Save ghostly rustling sounds
That echo from the hill;

Where silver moons dream on,
And the long low lap of seas
Is singing sad and slow
Mad mystic melodies;

Oh, there, I'll build a house
Of mist that glows and gleams;
I'll drift away the days,
And waste the nights in dreams.

EVELYN JENKINS '31

UPLAND MEADOWS

"Upland Meadows lay bright in the sun." Raised by that picture a host of images surge back from the past, memories of joys and sorrows, of summer blossoms, and of winter winds, which I have enjoyed or endured upon the far extending fields and pastures.

Here, ever I rejoiced in my freedom; flung my arms up against the wind; saw the flowers breaking out among the grass in the springtime, and felt the rhythm of the scarlet maple in the fall. A different aspect comes to the hills and the meadows in every season, but always there comes that sense of freedom, an impulse that leaves the world of men far below, and creates a longing to rise, to ascend to the higher fields, where the wind may rush unhindered and only the stars are between the earth and the sky.

I remember one evening late in August. The work of the day had not yet been finished, and we still labored in the fields. There was not a breath of wind, and the sun, almost to the horizon, bathed all that mile-long northern slope with gold, and streaked the shadows far across the level fields. Below me lay the Annapolis Valley, silent in the hazy afternoon, and beyond it, shutting out the winds and the sight of the ocean, stretched the long line of the mountain. Even at that moment I rejoiced in the scene. Hushed by the beauty of the sunset, content with a day's work almost finished, I formed in my heart an image that I can never forget, a picture which as time passes grows still more vivid and dearer to my memory.

Again I have roamed the fields in the autumn; skirted the edge of the orchard for partridge, or searched in the pastures for rabbits. And more than once up above the river, and still within sound of its roaring, I have seen deer standing upon some rise. Motionless they would eye me, and then, as I drew nearer, suddenly, in long low bounds so suggestive of power and strength, they would leap across the clearing, over

the fence into the edge of the wood-lot, where with a final wave of their tails they would disappear from my view.

Not least among the pleasures of the autumn woods are the chipmunks and the squirrels. Wherever the hazel-nut bushes cover the stone walls, or beech trees skirt the edge of the clearings, the flash of their red over the rocks, or their rustling among the leaves, adds to the color and the call of Autumn.

In the dying year, when November throws the giant trees stark against the sky, and the last, red, maple leaf has faded and fallen to the ground; and, in the quiet of midday the west wind falls to a whisper, who would not wish to wander carefree over these wide expanses.

Winter also adds its silver touch to the fields and the hills. Then is the time for sledding and chopping. From the woods can be heard the crack of an axe wielded by some sturdy chopper, and the crash as some tree falls to the ground and carries the lesser saplings with it. In the evening when the road faintly stretches before them, and the evening star glows in the sky to the westward, the teams draw out of the woods, pause as the teamster takes one last look at the loads and the harness, and then slowly slue down the slope, down to where the lights in farm-houses glow in the distance. Hushed is the wind; the sound of the bells floats upward in the air; and the crunch of the sleds upon the frosty snow mingles with the teamster's voice. These are sights and sounds which will later be remembered with longing in the din of cities or in the hum of the tropics.

And then in the spring, when the snow melts from the southern slopes, and the streams, swollen with water and snow, rush to the valley, when the robin comes to the fields and the flicker calls from the high ash tree, an awakening comes to the uplands. The fragrant smell of newly-turned earth adds a touch to the evening air; and a sense of peace, and of longing, of hope for the future, comes to the person who now wanders here.

These are the spells of the uplands; here lies the Magic

of the country; and here, drawn by the hand of summer and fall, or traced with delicate imagery in winter or spring, lies a picture which once found can never be forgotten. I know that wherever I shall wander, whether it be among the isles and the purple magic of the tropics, or in the barren wastes of the north, these fields and wood-lands, clothed in the beauty of sun and stars, will always call me back, back to my old haunts, and my old wanderings.

A. E. ROLAND '31

THE RIVALS

"Listen here, gal," Jack said, "lay off that Swede—get me? If I see you dancing with him again, I'll knock his darn block off!" Jeanette cracked her gum; gave her hip an odd graceful twist; snapped her finger in big Jack's face, and said, "Enough of that, boy friend; I'll dance with whom I please and if you don't like it—well—" "Listen, Jeanette," Jack said vehemently, "don't think that I'm crazy about you, because I'm not; but I'll not let you make a darn fool out of me here in front of the gang!" Jeanette's eyes narrowed. "Big boy," she said, "I am the one who is trying to flirt with the bozo, and he doesn't know that you are my man." The orchestra struck up the music. Jeanette walked directly to the Swede who received her with open arms.

The next day there was the usual rush for dinner pails when the whistle blew. Jack's little brother was waiting for him, and as soon as he had delivered his dinner pail to Jack, he rushed off behind the warehouse where he stripped off his clothing, and plunged into the water for his usual swim. In a short while the men dropped their dinners one by one, and joined a group which was forming in the center of the yard. Jack was with them; he was grim. If the men loved and admired him, it was because he took his fighting seriously.

The Swede was the only one who acted in the customary manner. He sat away from the crowd, and seemed uncon-

scious of the whole proceeding. For a few moments, the men gazed at him with astonishment and disgust.

Then Half Pint, so called because of his size, walked over to him. For some reason, something like friendship had grown up between the two. "Old man, you're not a quitter, are you?" the little fellow asked.

"What's the matter, Half Pint?" the Swede asked indifferently.

"Hell, Marty, don't tell me that you are not going to fight. You'll be branded in every navy yard along the waterfront if you don't take your licking like a man."

"But we have nothing to fight about," the Swede said.

"Nothing to fight about!" Half Pint said impatiently. "Why the devil did you take his woman, last night?"

"Oh! Is that it?" the Swede said. He pondered for a while; then pushed his dinner pail aside, saying, "All right, I'll do my best."

It was a fine picture to behold these two strong men stripped to the waist. The Swede's torso tapered to the hips. His weight must have been between 160 and 170 pounds, but he gave the appearance of being slim in contrast with Jack's huge frame—both were like greek gods.

The first blow struck the Swede squarely on the jaw. Quickly he retaliated with an uppercut which made a deep gash on the other's cheek. Then Jack plunged into the furious rush which had made him famous. Again and again the Swede went down in a heap. But again and again he jumped back to his feet.

"Yee gods, what's holding up that Squarehead?" someone yelled in the crowd. Jack was blind with rage. He could see the Swede staggering before him, and wondered why he did not fight more, or give way under his blows. The Swede's only intention was to sidestep, and dodge his formidable opponent.

"Yellow, fight or lay down, will you?" a husky fellow yelled from the crowd.

"Listen here," Half Pint said to a big Italian, "if you call

him yellow again, I'll knock you for a row of warehouses!" For answer a heavy hand was laid on the little fellow's neck, and he was sent sprawling behind the crowd.

"Gat away, Kiddo," the Italian said, "you're blocking the view!"

Suddenly, Jack rushed again, but strangely not one of his blows connected. He found himself lurching into empty air. A quick dodge, and a heavy blow sent him sprawling to the ground. Jack cursed, and realized that his opponent had taken the aggressive. The Swede now was everywhere at the same time, and raining blows on Jack's bleeding face. Jack was seeing red; he could no longer breathe. He had worn himself out at the beginning of the fight. Before he knew what it was all about, he felt a terrible pain in the chest—like a flash, there followed another blow to the chin, and then all was black.

During this time Jack's little brother was attempting to swim across the river on a plank. A tug passed by rather close, and sent waves which were far from being agreeable to the long distance swimmer. And to make matters worse he almost slipped off the board. There was just one rational thing for him to do, and it was to scream—and he did scream.

The Swede heard the call, and jumped to the rescue. But he had not gone half way when he realized that he could hardly move his arms, and legs. Then he let himself go—he could swim no farther. The men had watched him in amazement. Was it possible the man would attempt such a swim after the workout he had just had? Then they saw that he could not do it. A rowboat was pushed out. In a moment, the Swede and the boy were both on shore. One was no worse for his experience while the other was still unconscious.

When the Swede regained consciousness, he saw Jack bending over him. Jack shook him gently, saying, "Wake up, Buddy, wake up!" The Swede looked about with a look almost of despair. When asked why he had attempted such a swim he answered, "I didn't give a darn if I drowned; I was disgusted with everything. I haven't done any wrong to any of you, and yet you wouldn't give me a break."

"Listen here, Marty," Jack said with set jaws, "you would have saved my kid brother's life. I call that white for any man to do when he can hardly stand on his own feet. Hereafter, you and me are working together, and you'll get a square deal from this here gang. If anybody calls you a squarehead again, I'll knock his darn block off. And also," he continued, "about Jeanette, I'll lay off after this—get me? You can have her."

The Swede was now more recovered, and smiling. "Lay off, me eye!" he said, "I don't want the woman." Jack gazed at him in astonishment, and suddenly realized that he had not fought for Jeanette—he was not the type that would fight for any woman. It was his pride that had been hurt. Gradually, he saw the joke of it all, and began laughing. Finally, he slapped the Swede on the back, and said grinning, "You're right, Buddy—who the hell wants the skirt anyway!"

PAUL GELINAS '32

THIS GEOID!

We have all, I imagine, followed with interest the newspaper accounts of the great feat of the Graf Zeppelin in circling the world in August. But what shape is the earth, anyhow? I have heard that scientists now are afraid to call it a sphere, or even a spheroid, so they call it a geoid. But what is a geoid? An earth-shaped body. And what shape would an earth-shaped body be? It would be a geoid, of course. It reminds one of the story of the snake at the Zoo that began to eat his own tail, and couldn't let go. One of the latest opinions expressed was that the earth was lop-sided, flat at the poles, wobbling on an undermined axis, and "her middle bulging most ungracefully like an eccentric tomato." It makes one inclined to wonder the more that the Graf did not hit the bulge.

One of the most ancient ideas of the shape of this world of ours was that it was a flat island floating on an infinite ocean, and supporting the heavens on its mountain-tops. Another

theory, seeking probably for something more substantial than an ocean to support so great a mass, said that it was supported by great pillars. What did the pillars rest on? Priests answered that they were supported by the sacrifices of the virtuous, without which the Earth would collapse. On reading ancient history, one wonders that it did not collapse long ago. Anaximander, in the sixth century B. C., concluded that the earth must be a cylinder, floating in the centre of the vault of heaven, of which only the upper side was inhabited (for of course any one would fall off the lower side.) The Mediterranean was in the centre of this half, Europe being to the north of it, and Asia and Africa to the south.

Plato thought that the abode of man must be a cube, the cube being the most perfect of forms.

While the western world was still thinking of the earth as flat, the ancient East had imagined it as a sphere, with great mountains at the poles. A Hindu idea was that the northern half of the earth was a great mountain, rising out of the equatorial sea, and reaching right up to the clouds, and beyond them to the abode of the gods, and serving as the axis round which the stars revolved. The southern hemisphere was a mountain inverted, reaching down to the abode of demons. A later Hindu conception was that the earth was a large circular shell, supported by four elephants standing on the back of a tortoise. It is not known what the tortoise stood on, but as it symbolized creation, it may not have needed to stand on anything. Ptolemy thought of the earth as a tomato, with the poles in the middle of vast plateaus.

To come to more recent times, Columbus, remarkable as having the foolish idea that there was land west of the Atlantic, and still more remarkable as proving his idea, to the discomfiture of those who laughed at it, did not think of the earth as round, but thought that his new western hemisphere rose to a lofty mountain at the equator, thus making the earth pear-shaped. Dante, a century earlier, in his "Divina Commedia", had a "Mountain of Purgatory" placed more than thirty degrees below the equator, to be exactly balanced by Jerusalem.

This was a revival of the antipodal mountains of the Hindus, but instead of being at the north and south poles, Dante's mountains were relocated to the south-east and south-west of them respectively.

As late as 1913, a theory advanced was that the earth was hollow, a mere shell 800 miles thick, with openings 1400 miles in width at the poles, and a central sun. The adventurous traveller could sail into these openings, and find inside the shell of another world. Another recent theory is that the earth is a triangular pyramid.

Now, did the Graf Zeppelin circumnavigate the globe, or triangular pyramid, or tomato, or pear, or whatever it is? If so, how so?

IAN DRON '30

RED PAINT

"Say there, Kid, an who do you think you are, walking on that painted deck?" shouted a rough voice from a window closeto Johnnie's left ear. With no chance for reply on Johnnie's part, a hand quickly protruded from the open window, and in that hand was a paint brush, later followed by a can of paint. The paint could mean only one thing and Johnnie did it, that was to cover up his footprints on that sacred painted deck.

This was the reception given our young friend as he came on board the ship with which he was to take his first sea voyage. He had been acting as a newspaper reporter during the summer months and had failed miserably to make anything out of it. In the fall all his pals were going back to college and football. The thoughts of them going without him were too much, so he decided to get away, far away, from anything that suggested college or football. That is why we find Johnnie painting the deck of an apple freighter scheduled to sail in another week.

Soon the painting of his tell-tale footprints was finished, and Johnnie sat on the unpainted part of the deck, holding the paint can in his hands. The word football came to his mind,

and almost mechanically he rolled on his side, holding the paint can in both hands at full arms length.

From the open window came forth these words in a rough voice, "It's bad enough having *that* dumb kid with us, without the Captain deciding to make a man out of his drunken nephew too, by taking him to sea on our ship." Johnnie did not hear the door of the deck-house slam as the owner of the rough voice emerged and stood behind him. The man saw the kid lying there, and without hesitation immediately gave the can a kick. It soared over the ship's rail and up on to the wharf between two piles for a most perfect convert. Johnnie now awoke to realize that he was not on a football field but lying on the hard deck of an ocean freighter destined to take him far from his beloved gridiron.

"Grab your kit, and get up to the crew quarters up aft," said the man. The voice sounded familiar to Johnnie, but the unshaven face and tattooed arms suggested no name to him.

Entering the crew's quarters rather hesitatingly, as if fearing to tread on more painted territory, Johnnie saw a huddled form lying across the table in the center of the room.

Hearing the steps, the form became quickly alert. The man was dressed in good-looking street clothes, but his face was red and flushed, his eyes of a similar red, and his hair was sadly in need of combing. The man, as if crazed by some devil within him, drew from inside his coat a long shining knife and made a rush for the boy. Johnnie, quick to realize the situation, threw his kit bag at the staggering feet of the oncoming man. The man fell to the floor, letting fly the ugly knife, which did no more harm than a slight scratch on Johnnie's right shoulder.

The drunken man, for crazed with drink he was, lay moaning on the floor and frequently muttered to himself. Out of the mutterings one could hear the words, "Red Harris". Johnnie began to recollect his thoughts. "Red Harris, was he not a college football man of two years ago? Yes, and he had been expelled for stealing some important papers just before a big game. All these thoughts of last year's football season crowd-

ed before his mind, but what did this man have to do with Red Harris?

Red—yes Red—red paint—paint can—drop-kick. Now the thoughts were coming. Who kicked the can for a beautiful kick? Now Johnnie knew that voice; it was, yes, it was Red Harris himself. He almost shouted it, but a heavy hand placed on his shoulder held him in a spell. It was the same hand that had touched his shoulder just before his first game on the Freshman team at college when a voice had said, "Be cool, keep your head, and you'll win out in the end."

"I kept cool, kid, and there's the man that laid the blame on me," said the big man who had made Johnnie paint the deck. "He's ready to give up now and confess it all," went on the man. "To-morrow I'll be square with them all, now the captain is writing out my papers. Kid, how about you and I making tracks for college and bidding "au revoir" to the captain's nephew?"

"You just bet, Red, but wait I, —I can't go,—wait, I have it—you let me be the first one to get this story into the papers—"Red Harris"—proved innocent—eligible for big game with C—, in two weeks. Hurrah! Good-bye, ship, and nephew. I'll see you at practice Saturday, Red," shouted Johnnie as he grabbed up the knife, as a souvenir, and rushed through the door.

W. B. DAVIS '30

A PARTING

Full closely round us twilight drew;
A crescent moon was in the sky;
Each blade of grass was wet with dew,
The night we parted, you and I.

Through silent lane and forest glade,
In open fields we slowly strolled,
Where dancing moonbeams gaily played,
And tinselled every hill and wold.

The night wind crooned a melody,
And on your lips I placed a kiss;
My heart beat high with ecstasy—
But pain was mingled with the bliss;

A pain which nothing can efface,
For we no more of love must know—
A lingering hand-clasp, an embrace—
With these we parted, long ago.

R. L. BURNS '31

AN INTERVIEW

“To have something to say, and to say it—that is the inevitable formula of modern writing.” This was said in a tone of finality, and by a man who knew what he was talking about. By miraculous good fortune, I was given the privilege of speaking to one of the most successful newspapermen in New York City. In ten minutes he changed my views of literature, and set up glaring guide posts which pointed the way to the scribbler’s goal. His advice may be summarized as follows:

The youth who becomes conscious of literary ability is first an ecstatic being whose soul soars to monstrous combinations of adjectives, and to the lavishness in description which amounts to nothing short of confusion. The literary aspirant sits back, and views his mountain of words, and imagines he has created a firm structure. The man of more mature judgment will see something which may resemble a pile of bricks: there is good material, but it needs training and hard work to build a unified literary accomplishment.

Modern literature needs more action, and less frills. That immediately drops out the writer who has nothing to say. In the old days, a man would write because he could write, and if he wrote well, that was sufficient justification for his labor. But today, apparently, only one who can think precisely and decisively can hope to write successfully.

Ours is an age of accomplishment—an age of vast enterprises, and the mile-a-minute life. The huge machinery which makes up our modern economic system would lead to chaos, if along with the present type of civilization there had not grown the habit of precise thinking. Man has never in the history of the world been so materialistic in his activities; but also he has never been such a colossal mental giant. It is perhaps a matter of adaptation; we have developed a huge machine, and must now mould all our thoughts with preciseness if the machine is to be kept running. Ours is not a dreaming age, but an age of cold, hard facts without any frills or round-about philo-

sophizing. "Does it work?" that is the question which our whole system cries—either it must produce results, or it is cast aside.

And so it is with our literature; we must produce results! The world is not interested in what has gone before; it is even less futuristic. Our age is extremely egoistical. It is too busy to bother about the past or the future.

The best literature of a period is that literature which best portrays the thoughts, modes and activities of its people. From an artistic point of view, literature is best when it contains the most beautiful thoughts in the most exact words. Therefore, the literature of a certain period is often greater than that of another period because the thoughts of one people are often greater than those of another.

We cannot say if *our* literature enters the realm of true art. That judgment is left for our posterity. We hope that it is art, and some claim it is a greater art than any embodied in previous literature.

The question to be decided by a literary aspirant is whether he shall undertake to be a true artist, and embrace art for art's sake, or accept the profession of letters as a means of livelihood, and as a means of coming in direct contact with the life of his time. Either a man must seclude himself, and set up his own judgment as sole standard, and produce the art which he calls art; or he must join the modernistic movement, and hope it is art.

"But, sir!" I protested, "it is literature, imagination, poetry!" The veteran newspaperman looked at me with a bit of pity in his eyes. "That much I'll not dispute," he said. "But the question that you must ask yourself is — is it suited to the needs of modern magazines, and publishers?"

The author considered for a moment, and then continued, "Perhaps, the magazines and our modern novels have gone into by-ways which lead in all directions but that of real literature—at least that is the claim of many people. But as far as I am personally concerned, I have no doubt that our literature is not a literature which is on a lower level than that of previous ages."

"When you compare one of our modern novels with one of Thackeray's, do you not feel that our literature lacks something which puts it on a lower artistic level than the previous literature?"

The author pondered for a few moments before answering my question. Then, "On the contrary, I believe our writers of today are creating a style, a literature which is entirely new. And upon closer analysis, we find this literature as deep in thoughts, as true to life, as wonderful in its imagination, and as poetic in its ideas as any literature which has been before."

The newspaperman rose from his seat, and dismissed me with his eyes. Going out, it suddenly dawned upon me that mathematics was not such a bad subject after all.

PAUL J. GELINAS '32

AFTER FORTY YEARS

"Who is this from, Mother?" inquired Wray, examining closely the scrawl on the back of the envelope as she handed it to her mother.

The only indication of its origin was the phrase on the back—"From friend Zek." Mrs. Wamboldt read it. An amused expression crossed her face as she tore open the envelope with an air of eager anticipation.

Wray's curiosity could be restrained no longer. "Who is 'friend Zek,' Mamma? You seem to be a bit set up. Not a secret romance, is it?" Mrs. Wamboldt passed her daughter the letter. A unique postscript caught Wray's attention—"Will it be 'friend Zek' or 'Mr. Mader'?"

Ezekiel Mader had been a promising young banker in Mrs. Wamboldt's town before she had married. Everybody in Plympton spoke of Betty Barteau as "the prettiest girl in town," and Zek was as much aware of her attractions as anybody—perhaps more so. More than once he had felt the

urge to propose to her, but before he had secured sufficient courage, he had been transferred to a branch office in Cuba.

That was forty years ago, and Mrs. Wamboldt had never heard of him since. "Distance had lent enchantment" to some other girl, so at least she thought. But Zek had not forgotten Plympton's black-eyed Betty. He was back in Ontario and had learned from friends that she was now a widow. "Should she let him come to visit her as he had asked?" The old fondness for him returned with amazing vigor. A dust-covered photo was unearthed from its resting place in the truck room. "Yes, she would invite him to be her guest for a couple of days." She wrote and expressed plainly her pleasure at his proposed visit.

The day for his coming had arrived. The "Limited" was due in two minutes. Fifteen minutes waiting at the station had seemed an age to both Wray and her mother. Mrs. Wamboldt was an extraordinarily young-looking woman, and the faint flush of excitement which glowed in her cheeks made her appear unusually youthful to-day.

At last the train arrived. A gentleman stepped off near where Wray and her mother were standing. His clothes were rather coarse, his hair untidy, and he was in pressing need of a shave.

"Mr. Mader?" inquired Mrs. Wamboldt, somehow recognizing him. "I am Mrs. Wamboldt."

"Hello!" he greeted her, and returned to the train.

"Mercy, there must be a mistake," sighed Mrs. Wamboldt, "though his ukempt appearance may be the result of his long trip on the train. I hope so, I am sure."

"Well, it's me for the office, mother," called Wray over her shoulder as she ran down the platform, leaving her mother to look after Zek, who soon reappeared, this time carrying a badly battered suit case and a small bundle wrapped in a very large red bandana handkerchief.

Mrs. Wamboldt's heart sank and slowed its beating. She forced a smile, however, and led her guest to the taxi which was waiting for them.

But she had as yet seen only the exterior of her friend. In conversation she learned that soon after his transfer to Cuba, the death of his mother called him to the Isle of Wight, where he had lived a bachelor ever since. Forty years spent humoring his little peculiarities had rather dulled the polish of Zek.

When Wray came home from the office, she found Zek sleeping in an armchair in the kitchen, snoring noticeably, while her mother prepared supper. A hard day in the office had given Wray a keen appetite. She wakened their guest and led him to the dining room.

"Ugh! Fried potatoes, pressed meat, peas," groaned Zek. "Kinda hard eatin' with no teeth," he muttered, examining each article carefully as he named it. He began, however, to eat the peas and meat, and to suck each piece of potato separately and then to return it to his plate. "I doubt if the cat could eat this," he said when he had finished.

The excitement and extra work of the day told on Mrs. Wamboldt, and she was very tired when evening came. Zek seemed to have been somewhat refreshed by his nap in the kitchen and showed no signs of retiring early. "Ho, ho, hum," yawned his hostess, "my, I'm so sleepy." She repeated this several times, but Zek did not stir. Finally she was forced to excuse herself and retire.

Three days of this dragged by. Mrs. Wamboldt hid her disappointment with a rather sad smile. Although disappointed and disgusted, she could not help feeling a touch of pity for this old friend, who had showed such promise in his youth, but who, in these forty years, had degenerated most incredibly.

At last the morning came for his departure. Mrs. Wamboldt had been especially careful to prepare for her guests' breakfast, things which she thought he would enjoy. "I'll give him what is left of that snow pudding," she said to herself. "It ought to be good for tender gums."

But Mr. Mader was not at all appreciative of her efforts. "Yuh! Oatmeal porridge, boiled eggs, coffee," he muttered, pointing to each as usual, "and the rest of the snow pudding!"

Poor Mrs. Wamboldt! Tired as she was, and having tried so hard to please Ezekiel, this was more than she could stand.

"I think you have not enjoyed your visit very much," she said as he was leaving, "and I assure you the disappointment was not all yours, either. Perhaps you had better not call again. Good-bye, Mr. Mader—not 'friend Zek'."

R. L. BURNS '31

GRAVE FLOWERS

The fading moonlight falls on maples bare,
The sad west wind moves by the swaying ghosts,
Caresses my bowed head with its cool touch
And passes, softly sighing, to your grave.

The heavens seem so far above my head—
The earth so wide and empty, but for dreams
That mock me with their weak futility.

The silence is so poignant, memory filled,
That all my lonely soul cries out for you—

Only the soft west wind returns,
Fragrant with fresh laid flowers on your grave,
To haunt and taunt me with the thought
That they can lie by you and die—
While I must live.

E. ROSAMOND BURGESS '32

HOW TO ACT AT A BANQUET

With the opening of the college year many hungry hearts and mouths look forward to the pleasant prospect of quenching their thirst and diminishing their hunger at the Christmas banquet. For the verdant members of the Freshman class who have not yet been initiated in the delights, joys, and especially the etiquette of a banquet, the following rules are set forth.

The first rule to observe is with regard to saying grace. The opening signal is a resounding, tinkling noise made by hitting a glass tumbler with one of the eating implements, usually a knife. This is a general sign for every one to make as much noise as possible by hitting their tumblers with knives or forks.

After the noise subsides a little, some one utters grumbling words about the food which they're about to receive, although there really is nothing the matter with it, as you will soon find out.

If your name is on the place-card at the server's place, by all means swap it with someone else's card. Remember, *never serve if you can help it.*

You will find a piece of folded white tissue paper at each place set at the table. This is called a napkin, and is for decorative purposes only. Some people unfold one and tuck it in under their collar, while some fold them to make paper hats, which they place on their heads, making themselves look coy and ludicrous. Others with more initiative fold their napkins making them into paper darts, which they hurl at those unfortunate enough to be near them. Let your own sense of humor guide you in arranging your napkin in a manner which will prove most amusing to all.

Probably the first thing that the waiter will give you to tackle will be a cocktail. This is usually composed of a mixture of fruits, with a cherry on the top. Of course, one cherry is not sufficient for you; so pass your sherbet dish around the table, asking every one to contribute his or her cherry. In

this way one person (you) will be satisfied, which is much better than having ten people dissatisfied.

A bowl of soup will be served you next. *Always drink soup with expression.* One method used in the best circles is that of blowing the soup, while it is in the bowl. This makes a very musical sound which is delightful to hear. Others take spoonfuls of soup, and blow their breath over them. This makes a gurgling sound like that of a fountain, and adds greatly to the enjoyment of the banquet.

When you receive the main course, which consists of chicken, potatoes, and other vegetables, there is one principal rule to follow—i. e. put as much food as you can on your knife, and carry it to your mouth without spilling any of it. With much diligent practice this can be easily accomplished. If, however, after several practices, you unfortunately drop portions of food on your neighbor's clothes, a few witty remarks such as, "How becoming those green peas are to your dress (or suit)!" are always considered to be in good taste.

The main course is followed by the dessert, which consists of ice-cream and cake. No one needs any "pointers" on how to eat these foods.

After the edibles have been demolished, the remainder of the time is spent in making speeches and in drinking toasts.

Much enjoyment can be derived from drinking a toast by clicking your glass with your neighbor's in an endeavour to see whose will break first.

There is one point which you should always keep uppermost in your mind while you are attending the Christmas banquet—that is—eat as much as you can, and carry away as much food as you can, because "Christmas comes but once a year." So do Christmas banquets!

MARGARET KENNA '31

THE WILD NORTHLAND

In the Spring, when a soothing dew seems to hang upon the forest, and the straight black pines send forth their sweet aromatic odor over the unbeaten paths of the north woods, a peacefulness seems to float on the wind, and nature seems to glory and linger with drowsy slumber. Long after the coming of the mild Spring the snow still clings to the mountain sides and in the hollow places where the impetuous winds have pushed it with violence during the long winter months. But now a balmy breath comes from the South, and ferrets out the most secret corners of Dame Nature's icy store-houses. And the magic power of Spring begins its work of spreading with both hands the bounties of the south wind. Gullies overflow with the sparkling waters of mountain tops; at the foot of hills, the alders, the saplings, and willows begin to shoot out their buds; shyly at first, but finally as though with new-found courage, they burst out into the sunny air, and extend their little leaves like hands grasping out for the soothing rays of Spring. Soon the whole forest is a mass of green. The pines silently stand over the soft, creeping moss, and still higher the mountain peaks reach out into the blue sky, and lord over the abundant beauty spreading like a gorgeous carpet at their feet.

The birds of the wilderness call loudly for their mates, and the power of love works vaguely even in the hearts of beasts. The wolf's howl has a softer tone, and the deer runs and dashes in a more furtive way. Over the valleys, over streams and hills, in dens and trees, in waters and in the forests, on the mountain tops and in the hollow glens, over all this vast wilderness of the northland nature begins the work of God, and spreads the law of love that life may not cease, but exist forever in perpetual glory of the source of all life.

Man, treading on such ground, feels like a fugitive who returns for one last look at the home of his infancy. Once he was free, and wild, and happy as the flitting birds in the branches of the sighing pines. Once he was as carefree as the mild

wind which plays its tune of freedom in the enticing arms of the forest. Once the laws of nature were inherent in his own soul, but now the rules of the world have set their bane upon him, and he has been led in wandering paths, far from the road which leads to true happiness and to the fulfillment of the irrevocable laws of nature.

Let me look upon the heaving forest, and sigh for the days that are no more. Oh! mild south wind, take me as a leaf, a cloud, and scatter my soul over this wild domain of God. Let me feel the freedom of the beast; let me feel the love which rides on the breath of Spring. Let me follow the meandering course of mountain streams, and let me laugh with their rippling waters. And in some peaceful valley which nestles in the laps of sheltering hills let me build a humble cabin, and there let me remain that I may look forever upon your glory, and drink of beauty forever more.

PAUL GELINAS '32

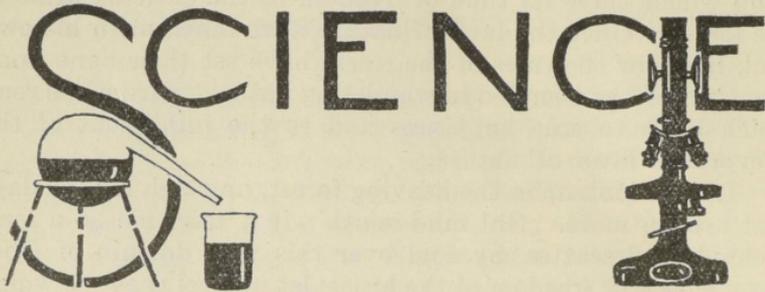
CLOTHESPINS

Do clothespins ever think at all,
Or fear that they will p'raps let fall
Their damp, clean load of work just done?
Do clothespins ever have some fun?

Oh, there are snobs on clothespin line—
The ones with faces all ashine;
They get the dainty things to hold,
And taunt the rest with glances cold.

The rest, whose coats are badly torn,
Whose heads are dull, whose legs are worn,
Hold heavy blankets in the breeze.
They have not sprung from noble trees.

EVELYN JENKINS '31



THE CELL

All substance may be classified either as organic or inorganic. It is with organic matter that the cell plays such a fundamental part. Insignificant as it may appear in itself, yet it might be considered as the fundamental basis of life. If this is true, is it not worthy of consideration?

Its name has been derived from the latin word "cella", a small detached room.

The most familiar definition of a cell is "a mass of protoplasm, containing a nucleus, both of which have arisen by the division of the corresponding elements of a pre-existing cell." This definition may be sufficient for general purposes, but in order to get a clearer understanding of what really constitutes the cell it is necessary to further analyze it.

In order to distinguish the protoplasm of the nucleus from that outside of it we use the terms karyoplasm and cytoplasm.

If we analyze protoplasm chemically, we discover that it is a complex of proteins, carbohydrates, lipoids and inorganic salts, together with water. Looking at it from a physical standpoint, it is classed as a complex colloidal system which ordinarily appears as a liquid of considerable viscosity but not unfrequently is it changed to a more solid consistency. The liquid basic substance of protoplasm is given the name "hyaloplasm" and distributed through this are elements known as "Formed Bodies" some of which are living, while others are

considered as lifeless, to which is given the name "dentoplasm."

In the cytoplasm or extranuclear material we find many formed bodies. The cytosome contains several, the most important of which seem to be the centrosomes, chondriosomes, and dictyosomes. These exhibit the power of independent growth and division. The centrosomes are more usually found near the nucleus, generally one or two in number, and play an important part during cell division. In the cells of different animals they vary in size, but are usually small and spherical. In contrast to these are the chondriosomes scattered throughout the cytoplasm appearing as small granules in the shape of rods or spheres with a lipid nature. Finally the dictyosomes also lipid in nature appear as granules in the shape of curved rods, plates or ring-like bodies and while sometimes scattered throughout the cytoplasm, yet quite often are aggregated about the centrosome in which case the aggregate is known as the "Golgi-apparatus."

The dentoplasm is made up of formed bodies which lack the power of independent growth or division. Secretory granules, transitory structures which not only change in size and staining powers, but finally dissolve to produce enzymes, mucin and fat, storage granules representing phases in the collection of food material as yolk, oil, and starch, and pigment granules which are not merely storage granules but are producers of the color of the cell, are of this type.

All cells are surrounded by a plasma-membrane which constitutes a part of the cytosome but is differentiated by its physical consistency, and serves as a semi-permeable membrane, and plays an important part in the active ties of the cell as influenced by the environment.

In addition to the plasma-membrane and external to it, may be formed another membrane called the "true membrane." The idea now held is that this is a lifeless secretion, product of the cytosome.

So far we have considered merely the extra-nuclear material; let us now look at the nucleus and its constituents.

The cell nucleus most generally seen, appears in the form

of a rounded mass of protoplasm separated from the cytosome only by a delicate nuclear membrane, which includes granules of a peculiar substance called "chromatin". This type of nucleus is known as the vesicular, while two other types exist, namely, the massive, where the chromatin is aggregated into a compact body, and the diffuse, where the chromatin is distributed throughout the whole cell as granules called "chromidia.

The karyoplasm or nuclear protoplasm seems to be made up of a liquid called the "nuclear sap" wherein are suspended particles of chromatin classified as basichromatin, those that are deeply colored by basic dyes, and oxychromatin, those that take up acidic stains.

Again, in the nucleus may be discovered small round bodies called "nucleole" which fall under two sub-headings, plasmosomes, having oxyphilic properties, and karyosomes, with basophilic properties. Sometimes we find a condition in which karyosomes and plasmosomes are associated in a common body and when such a condition exists the term "amphinucleolus" is used.

Finally, the nuclear membrane about the nucleus is a thin film formed from the cytosome or from the framework of the nucleus. It is held to be a continuous structure and probably semi-permeable in its nature.

The microscope has been very efficient in the study of the cell, but it still presents a wide field for study and research as to its very nature and make-up.

EVELYN BAIRD '30

SATURN

According to the old mythical story, Saturn was a Roman god of sowing or of seed-corn identified with Cronos for reasons no longer apparent.

The planet is next in size to Jupiter, and has a surface area about 82 times, and a volume about 760 times, greater than that of the earth. Its mean linear diameter is about

73,000 miles; and its mass is about 95 times that of the earth. Its brightness varies greatly as is seen from the fact that its stellar magnitude ranges from 0.9 to 4. 4.

Radiometric observations made by Cobleng and Lamp-land seem to suggest a surface temperature which is higher than could be accounted for by solar radiation; but it is much lower than that of the greater planets of the outer group. The theoretical work of Jeffreys gives a comparatively low temperature. It is about ten times further from the sun than is the earth.

As far as can be ascertained, Saturn is attended by nine satellites. In 1905 W. H. Pickering announced a tenth, but as yet its existence has not been satisfactorily confirmed.

The five inner satellites seem to form a class by themselves. Their orbits are nearly circular and their planes very nearly coincide with that of the ring system and planet's equator.

Each of the four outer satellites has an interesting feature of its own. Hyperion is so small that it is visible only through a powerful telescope, and it has a very eccentric orbit. Titan is by far the brightest of them all. Japetus has the peculiarity of appearing brighter when seen to the west, than to the east, of the planet. Phoebe the outermost satellite is nearly four times as far from Saturn as is Japetus.

In 1610 Galileo discovered that Saturn differed greatly from the other planets but he was unable to give any explanation. Huygens in 1656 arrived at the explanation which has stood the test of nearly three centuries. He said that the disappearance of the two stars that Galileo reported was due to the advance of the planet in its orbit, bringing our line of sight edgewise to the ring.

Cassini towards the latter part of the seventeenth century discovered a black line or gap dividing the ring into two concentric rings. The inner division is wider and much brighter than the outer. Within this brighter ring is still another, known as the crepe ring due to its faintness. For years it escaped detection but was eventually discovered in 1838 by Balle. It was immediately forgotten and re-

discovered some twelve years later simultaneously by Dawes in England and Bond at Harvard.

The physical condition of saturn itself is not a solid surface but a cloud-like or vaporous layer. The indications are that the large part of the planet's mass must be strongly concentrated towards the center. The rings are vastly different. They are composed of innumerable small bodies each of which is a satellite and each of which revolves about the planet in a circular orbit.

When seen thru a telescope the rings appear as broad and rather faint belts parallel to the planet's equator. It is because of its beautiful system of rings that Saturn is, to the popular mind, the most attractive of the planets.

T. A. M. KIRK '30



The Acadia Athenaeum

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Editorial



We had hoped that this would be a real Christmas issue, but, as you see, it has turned out otherwise. We should like very much to receive more contributions from the Freshman class. We know that they must have some talent, if they would only realize that there is no time like the present to get *Athenaeum* awards. A little advice might be helpful to the other classes, too: please take more care in preparing your manuscripts. The announcement of the awards for each issue would appear much sooner if this were done. When the editors have to spend so much time rewriting in many cases, correcting spelling, English, and punctuation, their work, both for classes and for the *Athenaeum*, is held up, resulting in a late issue of the magazine. Please give us your co-operation in this matter.

But enough of this "schoolmarming". Christmas is at hand, and a spirit of happy, carefree jollity should prevail. We take this opportunity, then, to wish all our friends, pat-

rons, and subscribers a right merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Lately in our local newspapers we have noticed several letters giving very disparaging remarks on college athletics, some even going so far as to say that there should be no college athletics. Acadia students, of course, have an entirely different feeling concerning this matter, and rightly so, we believe.

In the first place, no student at Acadia may participate in collegesports unless he has a certain standing in his class work. This means that all the players on our college teams are at least fairly good students. Acadia, therefore, does not promote athletics to the detriment of learning. Its athletes are not one-sided, proficient only in strength of body, but are well-balanced, with a firm root on the side of learning as well as on the side of sports.

Some maintain that inter-collegiate athletic games breed a sullen hate for the other college in the heart of each opposing team and group, citing the recent Dal—Acadia game at Wolfville as an example. The citation should not stop here, however, but should continue to the return game between the same teams at Halifax. No better spirit of friendship and sportsmanship could have prevailed at this game or at any game. The Dalhousians were perfect hosts, giving their Acadia guests a hearty welcome, and the petty discord which had attended the previous game was forgotten.

Mount Allison and Acadia still are the best of friends, in spite of the fact that their basketball teams the last two years have been keen rivals. This rivalry has not tended to sever this friendship, but to knit it even closer than it had been before. We think a love for one's own college can exist harmoniously side by side with a respect and admiration for a college opposing it in athletics, and we maintain that this is the rule rather than the exception at Acadia. Every strong man admires strength in another; every weak man admires strength in another.

Many leaders we could name in the world of letters, industry, education, and politics, who have taken part in ath-

letics during their college days. We believe that very few people have failed in life because they did participate in college sports.

ARMISTICE

Eleven A. M., Monday, November the eleventh, eleven years ago, marks one of the hours in the world's history in which the greatest peace treaty ever drawn up was signed by all the central powers.

What did it then mean?

After four years and three months of continual warfare, the most fearful struggle the world has ever experienced, in which about twenty nations engaged, the hour came when the world wanted peace, and Germany, who had started out to become supreme ruler of the world, was willing to accept the terms agreed upon by the representatives of the allied nations. All the German allies had been defeated and compelled to retire from the struggle. Germany was being overwhelmed by the united forces of the British, French and American armies in France.

We do not want to recall the acts of inhumanity, spoilation, and desolation, but we cannot forget the price paid for the peace we enjoy to-day.

Who took part in the struggle? Was it merely the boys in the front lines, and the trenches, those who cared for the wounded and those who were waiting to fill the empty ranks? We answer, "No." The mothers, brothers and sisters at home, those who were unfit to enter into direct operations, all contributed their best, and supported those at the front. The little children cannot be excluded. They did their bit. The war could not go on forever. Right had to win. The "Unseen Hand" once more stilled the storm, and the world rejoiced that the calm of peace brooded over the universe.

Does it not mean anything to us of to-day? Can we allow the day to pass without giving it a thought? They fought and

died that we might be free. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." They have given us the torch to bear. We cannot let it waver. We must strive to bring about world understanding. Are we emphasizing the brotherhood of man? We must not resort to war as an instrument whereby to settle disputes.

Each of us has our own part to play. When the treaty of peace was signed it did not signify that the work was done. It was but the beginning, and it is up to us of this generation to play our part as nobly as the boys did in those dark days of war.

EVELYN BAIRD '30





ATHLETICS

The going to press of the December number of the *Athenaeum* marks the passing from the stage of Fall Sports—football and soccer. Although not winning the title in football, we have produced a team worthy to be called an Acadia Team, and a team that rates high among the outstanding teams of the Maritimes. The credit of shaping-up such a team goes to no less a man than the highly respected and honored coach Kelley.

This year in football has been a memorable one, with such outstanding events, as:—the non-forgettable “Acadia Special,” with its three hundred rooters; the famous run of Ryan’s; and that last game in Wolfville in which we avenged the defeat given us by the Wanderers by a 10-0 comeback.

Soccer, too, has left the field but not until the first snow storm had arrived. In the interclass league the Seniors met the Engineers for the second time in the finals and came through for title holders.

One cannot let the opportunity pass without a word of praise to Capt. Somers and the Intermediate Football Team. From the Intermediates come the Senior Team both literally and figuratively. If the Senior team suffers an injury a man is taken from the Intermediates and in most cases their best men, and many first team men are those who learned the game only by first playing with the seconds.

Practises are now on for Interclass Basketball—which promises to be most exciting and even more interesting than in past seasons.

FOOTBALL

DALHOUSIE 9—ACADIA 5

Dalhousie Tigers came out on top in the Dalhousie-Acadia contest on Studley Campus on October 28. The previous game at Wolfville had ended a three-all draw. Dalhousie protested the game, and the protest was thrown out by the League Executive. Consequently interest was especially keen in the game at Halifax. At Acadia classes were cancelled and Acadia moved to Halifax for a day via the "Acadia Special," giving the team the support it deserved.

Dalhousie's points came as a result of two tries and a place kick. Acadia's five points were scored by Howie Ryan, who made the longest run seen in Halifax in twenty years, and a convert by Jim Wilson.

The first period was distinctly Dalhousie's. It was then that she made all her nine points. At the kick-off Dal rushed the ball down in the Acadia left corner, and hammered away there for five minutes before they pushed the ball across. Acadia tried hard, but the team were unable to get control of the ball enough to carry it out of the danger zone. Ten minutes later on a penalty kick Grant dropped the ball over the bar to add three more points to Dal's score. When the period was almost over Dal pounced their way across for another try. Grant had a hit of hard luck when on the convert the ball hit the cross-bar and bounced back. Acadia had a tough break too in this period when Cain's drop kick fell just short of the bar.

In the second period it was a different story, when Acadia got working, and displayed some of their real class. The scrum heeled the ball frequently enough to enable the backfield to carry it forward. It was during this period that Acadia first used her lateral pass across the field. Once Eville got away with it, only to be brought down on the Dal five-yard line. Acadia's score came when she was on the defensive near her own

line. Howie Ryan picked up a loose ball and was away like a flash. Dodging through the Dal team he kept on going down the field with Eville alongside to take a pass if necessary. But Howie did not have to pass. Leaving his opponents behind he made a sensational run of eighty-five yards to place the ball behind the Dal line. Wilson converted with a beautiful kick. The score put added pep in the Acadia team, but the whistle blew and the game was ended before any additional points could be secured.

Rev. Father Boyle of St. F. X. refereed a hard game with great success.

Acadia—fullback, Buckley; three-quarters, Matthews, Nicholson, Wilson, Eville; halves, C. Cain, R. Montgomery, Ryan; forwards, Murray, McNair, H. Gunter, H. Smith, B. Montgomery, S. Davis, M. Sarty.

Dalhousie—fullback, MacDonald; three-quarters, Sutherland, Ross, Jones, MacLeod; halves, Sutherland, Scott, MacNeil; forwards, Baird, Townsend, Woolver, Wishart, Grant, McRae, C. Townsend.

ACADIA 15—UNITED SERVICES 0

By a score of 15 to 0 Acadia defeated the United Services of Halifax on Raymond Field in a regular Halifax City League game. The whole Acadia team showed a remarkable improvement over the form exhibited in previous games this year. The difference between this game with the Services and the first game with the Wanderers reveals the disadvantage under which Acadia labors in being pitted against the best teams in the league with only a week or two of practice. In spite of the fact that the Services used an eight man scrum, the Acadia scrum got the ball out a fair share of the time, thus giving the brilliant backfield a chance to star on the offensive. There is one reason why this game will live in the memories of the players, and that is the good sportsmanship displayed by both teams. Instead of kicking a man when he was down, the Services would stop and help him to his feet. This game proved that football

is still sometimes played for the fun of playing and not merely for the glory of winning.

Almost from the start Acadia had the edge on her opponents. Services kicked off and the ball was returned by Matthews. Acadia carried the ball down the field and Services touched for safety. After ten minutes of play Howie Ryan caught George's punt on Services' forty-yard line, and raced like a streak through the Services' team to score Acadia's first try. It was not converted. Services rushed the play after the kick-off, and forced Acadia to touch for safety. Then by good work of scrum and backfield Acadia carried the ball to services' thirty-five yard line. Acadia scrum heeled the ball out. It passed along the three-quarter line to Matthews, who raced it across the Services' line to add three more points to Acadia's score. At this point Sarty was injured, and retired for the rest of the period. Acadia kept forcing the play, and, a few minutes before the period ended, Matthews took a pass from Wilson, circled the left end, and placed the ball directly between the posts. Wilson converted to make the score Acadia 11-Services 0.

In the second period Services braced up. Though playing a strong offensive game Acadia was unable to cross Services' line. With only two minutes to go, Matthews, again on a pass from Wilson, carried the ball over for a try, but it was ruled off-side by Referee Wetmore. A scrum was called on Services thirty-five yard line. Cain and Buckley shifted positions. Acadia scrum heeled to Buckley. He passed the ball back to Cain, who sent it squarely between the posts with a perfect drop-kick as the game ended.

H. H. Wetmore of Kentville refereed to the satisfaction of everyone.

United Services—fullback, Jack Edwards; three-quarters, Grant, Donnelly, Porteous, Bryard; halves, George, Fader, Hussey; forwards, Barlow, Dickson, Clarke, Coswell, Wood, Cowley, Bingham.

Acadia—fullback, Laurie; three-quarters, Matthews, Buckley, Wilson, Eville; halves, Ryan, R. Montgomery, C. Cain;

forwards, McNair, Murray, M. Sarty, H. Smith, B. Montgomery, S. Davis, H. Gunter.

ACADIA 10—WANDERERS 0

Acadia wiped the slate clean when she upset the dope to defeat the Wanderers of Halifax, 1928 Maritime Champions, by a score of 10 to 0. Wanderers with a 9-0 victory over Acadia at Halifax in the first game of the season to their credit held the odds to win. Acadia's ten points came as the result of spectacular trys by Banny Davis and Vernon Eville. Both trys were converted by Jim Wilson. Acadia showed to the best advantage the "Wolfville form" which has kept them undefeated on the home campus for three years. Deadly tackling, sure passing, following the ball by the scrum, and skillful kicking combined to make it one of the best rugby games ever seen in the Maritimes.

From the kick-off Acadia rushed the ball up the field to the Wanderers' five-yard line. Three times Wanderers held them off, but in the third scrum one of the Red and Black players made a misplay for which Acadia was awarded a free kick. Wilson's place kick was carried wild by the wind. Banny Davis travelling forward caught the ball in the air, and smashed thru the Wanderers' line to score Acadia's first try before the Reds realized what was happening. Wilson converted to add two more points.

Acadia's second try, which did not come till almost the end of the game, was even more spectacular. "Gint" Cain, receiving the ball from the scrum, hurled a lateral pass forty yards across the field to Eville on the left end. Away like a flash Eville was tackled by McDougall, but tore himself loose, only to hurdle in succession Timmie Hunter and Harry Edwards and drop over the Reds line after a run of sixty-five yards. Wilson again converted.

To pick a star on the Acadia team is almost impossible, for every player starred in that game. In heeling the ball Wanderers had the advantage, but in every other department of the game Acadia excelled.

Harry Edwards, Wanderers' fullback, played a good game, time after time bringing down the Acadia quarters. Temple Lane was the pick of their halves.

Referee was Ray Smith, Sackville, N. B.

Acadia—fullback, Laurie; three-quarters, J. Buckley, Wilson, V. Eville, Matthews (Capt.); halves, C. Murray, C. Cain, Ryan; forwards, H. Gunter, R. Montgomery, McNair, Sipprell, M. Sarty, S. Davis, Walker;

Wanderers—fullback, H. Edwards (Capt.); three-quarters, Hunter, Fordham, Findlay, MacDougall; halves, Thompson, Dobson, T. Lane; forwards, Hamilton, MacCallum, F. Smith, Oxner, Colwell, Dompierre.

UNITED SERVICES 7—ACADIA 0

Acadia's last league game for the season took place at Halifax with the United Services. After defeating the Services by 15 to 0 at Wolfville, Acadia as usual did the unexpected by losing to them 7-0. Services with a reinforced team played the best game of the season, while Acadia dropped far below the form which they had been showing against Dal and the Wanderers.

Services' points came as the result of a drop-kick by Edwards, and a try by Snow, both being scored in the second half. Using an eight-man scrum, the Services controlled the ball most of the time, sending it back to Georges, whose kicking game resulted in long gains in territory for the Army and Navy boys. Vernon Eville got away several times in long runs that looked like scores for Acadia, but each time he was brought down by the Services' fullback.

ACADIA 23—ST. DUNSTANS 0

Acadia took St. Dunstan's into Camp to the tune of 23-0 in their first game at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Nov. 9.

ACADIA 15—ABBIES 6

In their second Island game the Acadians won over the P. E. I. champions 15-6. The team work of the Acadians with machine-like precision, occasioned many favorable remarks on the part of the spectators.

James MacMillan refereed the game.

Acadia — fullback, Laurie; three-quarters, Matthews, (Capt.), Wilson, Buckley, Eville; halves, Ryan, Murray, Cain; forwards, R. Montgomery, H. Gunter, McNair, Sipprell, M. Sarty, S. Davis, Walker.

Abbies—fullback, O'Neill; three-quarters, Powers (Capt.), Larter, Saunders, Gormley; halves, Ryan, Partridge, Trainor; forwards, Scanblebury, Shaw, Ayers, Tanton, Woolner, Connolly, Monaghan.

INTERCLASS SOCCER

SENIOR 2—ENGINEERS 1

The Seniors captured the first Interclass Championship of the year when they defeated the Engineers by a score of 2 to 1 in the finals of the Soccer League. Particular interest was taken in this game as these same teams had played off for the title in 1928, the Engineers winning then by 1 to 0. The game was played under difficulties, the field being covered with two or three inches of snow, following the first snow-storm of the year. In spite of the inconveniences the game produced some good soccer. Both teams were out to win, and the game was exciting throughout. It is regrettable that some of the Engineers' best players will be missing from their line-up next year, while the fine soccer team of the class of '30 have played their last game at Acadia. It was a fitting wind-up.

The Seniors made both goals in the first period. Armstrong started it off with a penalty kick, and Wright slipped one past Lewis to score the second point.

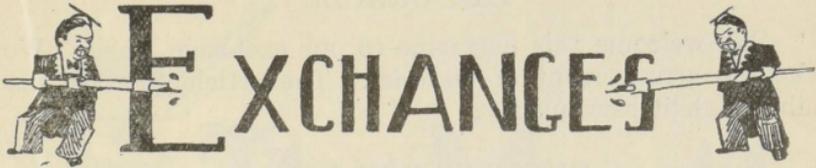
The Engineers lone tally was made in the second period

by Berringer, who dribbled the ball alone from centre field thru the whole Senior team to drive it through the goal for one point.

Seniors—forward, Wright, Armstrong, Hennigar, Denton, Steadman; halves, Davidson, McIsaac, McGougan, McFarland; backs, McKinnon, Keddy; goal, Cox.

Engineers—forwards, E. Lewis, E. Lewis, Fisher, White-man, Berringer; halves, Corning, Duff, Fleming; backs, Doucette, Keddy; Goal, N. Lewis.





SYDNEY ACADEMY RECORD

We are glad to receive your Record. There are several interesting articles some of which are quite humorous.

COLLEGIATE—SARNIA

Good "stuff" Sarnia. We like your magazine with its wide variety of material and its excellent cuts and cartoons.

"Canada among the Nations" is a very fine essay. We admire the literary quality of the poems and too we are glad that Science is given its place. Your activities are well written up.

THE INTEGRAL

A welcome exchange. We would like to suggest that the advertisements be kept separate.

THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

This is a weekly paper and one to which we look forward to receiving. There are several interesting articles which deserve our attention.

"A Freshman's View of the Initiations" is quite entertaining.

THE COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK

In this magazine we recognize a wide variety of material and we appreciate the literary ability. The cartoons are very well done.

We would like to see more emphasis given to poetry.

THE ORACLE

We welcome this magazine to our exchange shelf. We like the arrangement of material. The article "Peace" exhibits high literary quality.

THE COLLEGE TIMES

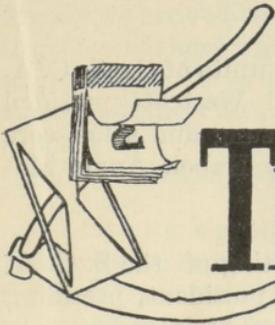
A fine magazine of its kind, with an attractive cover, interesting material, and some fine jokes.

THE KING'S COLLEGIATE RECORD

An interesting magazine. We would suggest more cartoons and some of the material might be more specifically classified.

MANAGRA

A welcome addition to our exchange shelf. An attractive cover, good cartoons, and fine cuts, but we would suggest that more place be given to literary material and we criticise the mixing of advertisements with the contents of the magazine.



The Month

SENIOR PARTY, OCTOBER 22

On Monday evening the Seniors held their first party of the year. Avonport was chosen, perhaps because of its unusual history as the place to get together for the first celebration the year and, as the evening was perfect, every one enjoyed the drive.

Dancing and games were enjoyed and the delicious "eats" which were served near the end of the evening's entertainment brought a most pleasant evening to a close.

FINE ARTS—OCTOBER 23

Up to date one of the most delightful fine arts programmes was given by Miss Vera Curtis, Wednesday night, October 23. She possessed a fine personality which completely captivated her audience.

The programme was well arranged and each song was encored, the encore being generously responded to. Her Russian songs were greatly appreciated, as were the others. The pianist was Dean Collins whose three piano solos equally deserve merit. The opera talk by Miss Curtis was also greatly enjoyed, as it was the novel item on the programme.

JOINT S. C. A.

Sunday evening, October 27, the two units of the S. C. A. met in room A4 for a joint-sing. Arnold Westcott presided over the meeting. Several hymns were sung and solos were rendered by Helen Chambers and Henry Habel. Annie McMacken read the scripture.

Sunday evening, Nov. 3, a joint meeting of the S. C. A. was held in Room A4, John Scott, the new president, presiding over the meeting. Dr. Warren gave a very fitting address, in which he brought out three main points: (1) the hidden beauty of nature; (2) the hidden beauty of the human heart; and (3) the hidden beauty of Christ.

PEP MEETING, OCTOBER 25

An unusual peppy pep meeting occurred on Oct. 26th, and why? College spirit was running high because of the excitement over the special train, which would carry the student body to Halifax on the following day.

The meeting was opened by singing "O Canada," College songs and yells following. Speeches were give by Prof. Mills and Mr. Kelley. They stressed the point that although our team was out to win, it was the kind of team which could win a game and could also loose it. Lastly, Dr. Wheelock appeared on the stage and announced that classes would be excused on Saturday as the faculty wished to attend the game, as well as the students.

Well, we lost the game, but it takes more pep to lose a game than it does to win.

FINE ARTS, NO. 5, NOVEMBER 1, 1929

Juliette Gaultier de la Verendyre introduced a programme which carried us away to Baffin Land where we listened to songs of the Eskimos. From Baffin Land we were borne to British Columbia to listen to the various songs of the Indians.

Finally we arrived back to the land of Acadia where we enjoyed the songs of those who worked and settled this fair land. Each scene helped us to realize the time and place in which we stood and the costume gave us a true idea of these various peoples.

HALLOWE'EN RECEPTION NOV. 2

This year the class of '32 took its turn providing for the Hallowe'en reception, which also took the place of a reception for the "Wanderers" football team. The party was held in the gym, which was decorated in a very artistic and original manner, the color scheme being royal blue and white—the colors of the Class of '32. Games and dancing were enjoyed by all—so were the refreshments! The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Perry and Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Wheelock.

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE, NOVEMBER 4

"Resolved that the movies are a greater force for good than for evil in our present day society."

The Juniors supported the affirmative while the Seniors defended the negative side of the debate. "Jud" Levy, leader for the Juniors, opened the debate. After a general introduction he attempted to point out wherein movies were beneficial to society as a source of recreation. "Scotty," the leader for the Seniors, was the next speaker. His words and presentation were most convincing that movies were surely an evil to society. Harris Reid was the second speaker for the Juniors. He supported the movies with regard to their educational values while Arnold Westcott, the Senior's second speaker pointed out the fact that a large number of cases in the Juvenile courts were due to the movies. "Billy" Harper, third speaker for the Juniors, then proceeded to point out wherein the movies had a religious or moral force for good while the last speaker for the Seniors, Harvey Denton, pointed out the international evils. The rebuttals were good and the critic's report by "Risley" was excellent. The judges were Dr. MacDonald, Dr. Spidle and

Dr. DeWolfe. The Seniors won the debate with an unanimous vote.

It was very interesting all the way through.

FINE ARTS NO. 6, NOVEMBER 8, 1929

On Friday, November 8, we were favored by a visit from Marion Armstrong, the lyric soprano. Many of her selections were sung in Scotch, and her charming personality and sweet voice captivated her audience. The program was as follows:

1. Caro Mio Bene.....*Giordano*
 La Girometta*Sibella*
 O Mio Babbino Caro—from Gianni Schicchi *Puccini*
2. Il est doux, il est bon—from Herodide *Massenet*
3. Life*Curran*
 The Little Shepherd's Song.....*Proctor*
 The Little House.....*Calbreath*
 The Sleigh.....*Kounst*
4. O Sing to Me the Auld Scotch Songs.....*Auld Scotch*
 There's Nae Luck about the House.....*Auld Scotch*
 My Ain Folk.....*Auld Scotch*
 Oh Whistle and I'll Come to You.....*Auld Scotch*
 The Hundred Pipers.....*Auld Scotch*

FINE ARTS NO 7, NOVEMBER 15, 1929

On Friday, Nov. 15th, the Faculty of the University gave one of their splendid recitals. The members of our faculty are all very talented and their recitals are always worth while.

The program was as follows:

1. Quartet in G Minor for piano, violin, viola and violoncello.....*Allegro, Andante*
 Rondo Allegro *Mozart*
 Misses Runge, Langley Clark and Mr. Hales.
2. Scena and Aria "Piano, Canto Pio" from der Freischutz.....*Weber*

3. Concerto for Violincello (First Movement)*Elgar*
Mr. Hales
Orchestral parts played on piano by Miss Wilson
4. Songs (a) Isobel (b) O That it Were so.....*Frank Bridge*
Mr. Newnham
5. Piano Soli (a) Etude No. 26 in A Flat.
(b) Ballade No. 2 in F.....*Chopin*
Miss Runge
6. Songs (a) Sparrow (Swedish Folk Song)*Riener*
(b) Thy Beaming Eyes.....*MacDowell*
Miss MacDonald
7. The Golden Sonata (Two violins and piano).....*Purcell*
Miss Langley, Mrs. Thompson and Miss Wilson
8. Song Cavatina ("Avant de quitter ces lieux")
Faust.....*Gounod*
Mr. Newnham
9. String Quartet "Canzonetta" from op. 12 No. 2.... *Mendels-
sohn*
Misses Langley, Peck, Clark and Mr. Hales
10. Piano Concerto in A minor (Adargo and Finale).....*Grieg*
Solo Piano—Mr. Collins
Orchestral parts on second piano—Miss Runge.



Dr. F. W. Patterson recently gave an address at the dedication of the Lewisville Church near Moncton, N. B.

The *Athenaeum* records with regret the recent death of Dr. Hancock, former Psychology Professor at Acadia. To the bereaved family we extend our deepest sympathy.

Dr. S. Spidle gave an address at the Brunswick St. church, Fredericton, on October 27.

Dr. MacDonald was the chief speaker at the Canadian Legion Banquet held at the Lord Nelson, Halifax, November 9. Dr. MacDonald also spoke at the unveiling of the Cenataph at Sydney on November.

Miriam Bancroft, formerly of the Acadia Conservatory staff, is continuing her musical studies in Chicago.

Dr. Hamer recently attended the 78th Annual business meeting of the N. S. Institute of Science, held in Halifax.

Miss Agnes Forbes, A. R. C. M., Voice instructor at Acadia University last year, is spending the winter in St. John, N.B.

'83 I. W. Corey is residing with his daughter in Aurora, N. Y.

'83 Dr. W. C. Goucher, who has been pastor of the Union St. Baptist church, St. Stephen, N. B. for forty-one years has retired from active service.

'85—Mrs. Donald Grant is spending the winter with her daughter at Belton, Texas.

'89—Rev. W. H. Jenkins is spending the winter at Cody's, N. B.

'90—Dr. Charles A. Eaton is a member of the United States Congress.

'91—Dr. E. E. Gates is General Secretary of the Baptist Convention of the State of Connecticut.

'98—P. W. Gordon attended his father's diamond wedding anniversary recently in Montreal.

'03—Mrs. Wilfred Kingston (nee Bessie Thorne) is residing in Portland, Me.

'03—Rev. W. A. White, pastor of the Cornwallis St. Baptist Church, Halifax, recently delivered an address at the Roll Call service of the Waterloo St. Baptist Church, St. John, N. B.

'04—Rev. Gordon Baker, D. D. is pastor of the Washington Heights Baptist Church, N. Y.

'07—Dr. B. D. Knott has returned from a four months' trip to Great Britain and France. While in London he took a course in Sociology and Ethics at the University of London.

'08—Mrs. Malcolm Elliot (nee Jean Haley) has returned from a trip to St. Stephen, N. B.

'12—Austin Chute is taking post graduate work at Harvard.

'15—Rev. G. D. Hudson has accepted a call to the Baptist church at Groton, Vermont.

'18—Rev. A. J. Blossie is pastor of the Baptist church at Liverpool, N. S.

'20—Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Titus on the arrival of a daughter, Margaret Jean, on October 16.

'21—Marion Grant is on the teaching staff of Baylor College, Belton, Texas.

'22—The *Athenaeum* extends sincere sympathy to Herbert Thurston on the death of his father. Mr. Thurston is on the faculty of Brown University, Providence, R. I.

'22—Ken. Eaton is assistant professor of economics at Amherst College.

'22—M. V. Marshall, Ed. M., finished the requirements for the degree of doctor of Education at Harvard, and is now assistant professor of education at Franklyn and Marshall College, Lancaster, Penn.

Hon. '25—Dr. C. W. Camp attended the reception held in Haymarket Square Tabernacle Baptist Church in honor of Rev. and Mrs. D. H. Maitland.

'25—Carol Chipman is teaching at Netherwood, Rothesay, N. B.

'25—Rev. A. A. MacLeod is pastor of the Baptist Church at Centerville, N. B.

'25—The *Athenaeum* extends congratulations to Charlie Fillmore on his marriage to Erma Geddes.

'25—Dr. Ralph Inglis has received an appointment to the Biological department of Toronto University.

'25—Dora Baker of the Provincial Normal School staff, at Truro, is visiting schools throughout the province in the interest of education.

Ex '26—Montague Burgess received his M. Sc. degree from M. I. T. last June and is now working with the General Electric Co.

A. L. S. '26—Lucille Bridges is teaching Household Science in the High School at Campbellton, N. B.

Hon. '26—Dr. Leroy Dakin is pastor of the Baptist Church at Standford, Me.

'26—Freddie Crossman preaches at Lugganaikapuran Church, India, and is preparing to take charge of Mr. Smith's missionary field when the latter goes on furlough next spring.

'26—Freddy Wright is employed with Woolworth Co., N. Y. and is living at Astoria, Long Island.

Ex '29—Ethel Schurman and Edwin Estey '26 were married recently at Summerside, P. E. I.

Ex. '27—Audrey Vaughn is at her home in St. Martin's, N. B.

'27—Ralph Marven has been appointed to the staff of a leading publishing house in Halifax.

'27—Cecil Langille recently spent a week in Wolfville.

'27—Mildred McCutcheon is teaching at Plaster Rock, N. B.

'27—Henrietta Herkes is teaching at Westkoda, Manitoba.

'27—A. J. Tingley has received an appointment as Canadian Gov't. Trade Commissioner to Scotland and sailed from Montreal on the Duchess of York, Nov. 22nd.

'28—"Torchy" Cousins recently spent a few days in Wolfville.

'28—Margaret Gallagher and Annie McLaughlin attended the Teacher's Institute in Wolfville.

'28—Allister Crandall is organist and Choir Master of Trinity United Church, Windsor, N. S.

'28—The *Athenaeum* extends congratulations to Rev. George E. Levy on his recent marriage.

'28—Rev. A. M. Adams is leaving Charlottetown, P. E. I. to take up the pastorate work at Mahone Bay, N. S.

'28—G. H. Mersereau is taking Post Graduate work at Acadia.

'29—Anne Grant is taking post-graduate work at McGill University.

'29—Jessie Cook recently spent a week-end in Wolfville.

'29—"Hefty" Titus, Johnny Johnson, Kay Downing, "Peg" Porter, and John Peck spent Thanksgiving in Wolfville.

'29—"Yank" Fetterly is working on a survey in Northern Ontario.

'29—"Ginny" MacLean has a secretarial position in New York City.

'29—Mildred Cox, Marion Shankel, and Mary Chase attended the Teacher's Institute at Wolfville.

'29—Kathleen Bancroft is teaching violin in the High School of Dardanelles, Arkansas.

H. A. A. '29—Ruth Steeves recently spent the weekend at Acadia.

'29—W. Gordon Ross was ordained at Fairville, October 3, and is starting his pastoral work at St. Stephen, N. B.

Ex. '29—Congratulations to "Hatch" Broman on his marriage to Ruby Slipp. Hatch is continuing his studies at Toronto University.

H. A. A. '29—Claudia Giberson, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, is now completely recovered.

Ex '30—Seymour Eaton has returned from Boston and is now at his home at Digby, N. S.

'30—Mildred Hudson has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis at Westwood Hospital. The *Athenaeum* wishes her a speedy recovery.

'31—The *Athenaeum* wishes Mary Roscoe a speedy recovery. She recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at Westwood Hospital.

Ex '31—Congratulations to "Digby" Paley who was married recently.

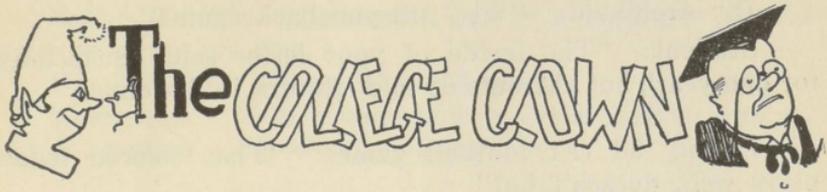
Ex. Eng '31—Leonard Duffy is attending U. N. B.

Ex. '31—Ralph Price was a member of Ritchie MacCoy's Maritime Rugby Team which came from Montreal to play the Wanderers at Thanksgiving.

Ex. '31—Ruby Fillmore has a position with T. Eaton Co. at Moncton, N. B.

Ex '32 — "Rory" MacLeod is on the U. N. B. Football Team.





Fisher '32 (wiring stage): "Grab hold of one of those wires".

Harper '31: "All right, I got one."

Fisher: "Feel anything?"

Harper: "Nope".

Fisher: "Good, I wasn't sure which was which—Don't touch the other."

Advice to all who have pains: Go to the window and remove the pane.

Dr. Cook (In psychology class): "The line of demarcation has almost reached the vanishing point between the sexes."

Voice: (from the rear): "Yes, the boys are so gallant, and the gals are so buoyant."

Andy '30: "Women haven't changed since Shakespere's time."

Marg '32: "How do you know?"

Andy '30: "Well, Shakespere said, "She speaks, but she says nothing."

Freshman's definition of Latin "Tommyrot."

Freshman (looking at sign, "Lots for Sale"): "What does that mean?"

Senior: "That means "Lots of beer."

Denton '30—"I'm coming back for my B. D."

Mildred '29: "I'd come for one, too, if I thought I could get him."

Dr. Archibald: "Why are you back again?"

Student: "The inside of your letter said 'Suspended for one year', but the outside said 'Return in five days.'"

Emma '30 (At football game): "That colored fellow plays well, doesn't he?"

Cons '30: "He isn't colored; he was born that way."

Marjory '33: "Muriel thinks the clerk in the hotel at Truro is just lovely"

Louise '33: "Why?"

Marjory: "He wrote opposite to her name in the register, 'Suite 17.'"

Walker '32: "How much do I owe you?"

Squires Eng '31: "Not a penny. Are you going to pay your debts?"

Walker: "No, I'm going about to see if I've overlooked anybody. Lend me ten until Saturday."

Denton '30: "Did you know Comeau broke the Maritime record this summer?"

Freshie: "Huh! That's nothing, I've broken dozens of Edisons."

Dr.: "I forgot my umbrella this morning, dear."

His wife: "How did you come to remember you had forgotten it?"

Dr.: "Well, I shouldn't have missed it, dear, only I raised my hand to shut it when it stopped raining."

Miss Jarvis: "I made a terrible mistake this morning. I gave the students lux instead of cornflakes for breakfast."

Ass't Dietition: "What did they say?"

Miss Jarvis: "Well, when they left the dining hall they were all foaming at the mouth."

Rosamond '32: "I maintain that love making is just the same as it always was."

Chappell '32: "How do you know?"

Rosamond: "I just read about a Greek maiden who sat and listened to a "lyre" all evening."

Freshman (inquiringly): "Is the editor the one who puts things in the Athenaeum?"

Contributor (bitterly): "No, the editor is the one who keeps things out of the Athenaeum."

McClaire '31: "All the water we get around here seems to be soft!"

McNintch '31: "Well, it never rains hard around here."

Mrs. Cohoon: "It's strange that chicken soup isn't good; I told the cook to make it! But perhaps she didn't catch the idea."

McKinnon '30: "No, I think it was the chicken she didn't catch."

Dr. Wheelock: "What steps would you take if this poisonous gas escaped?"

Voice from rear: "Long ones, Sir."

Earl Eng. '31: "Do you know they're not going to make Christmas cards any longer?"

Eric Eng. '31: "Why not?"

Earl: "Because they're long enough now."

Jack '31: "Do you know, I dream of you night and day."

Jerry '33: "It's a wide-awake fellow that I want."

Ruth '30: "I wonder how many men will be disappointed when I marry?"

Nane '30: "Well, that will depend on how many men you marry."

Denton '30: "I'm a self-made man. I started out in life as a bare-foot boy.

Tingley '30: "I wasn't born with shoes on either."

Prof. Salmon (in Latin): "Very good, but why do you use the intimate form in translating the sentence?"

Attractive Co-ed: "Well! I thought after last night——"

Howie '31: "Are you in sympathy with dancing?"

Jean '30: "No".

Howie: "Why not?"

Jean: "Its merely hugging set to music".

Howie: "Well, what is there about that you don't like?"

Jean: "The music."

Peters '31: "Last night I dreamt I was married to the most beautiful girl in the world."

Mary '31: "Oh—! Were we happy?"

I once had a girl quite benign,
 Who said she was more than all mine.
 When we went for a drive,
 She looked up and sighed:
 "I think that your lips will fit mine."

Parlor matches——courting in the front room.

Prof. Mills (Writing on blackboard): "Class, what does this mean? LXXXX"

Senior Co-ed: "Love and kisses, sir."

McIsaac '30 (studying History): "What's the Order of the Bath?"

Colpitts '30: "Well, first the water's too hot, then it's too cold, then you haven't a towel, then you step on the soap, and finally you're called to the telephone."

Mitchell '32 (after party): "I asked her if I could see her home."

Colpitt's '33: "Wha'd she say?"

Mitchell: "Said she'd send me a picture of it."

Sophomore (To freshman): "If a donkey on the mainland sees some thistles on an island that he wants and there is no bridge across, how is he to get them?"

Freshman: "I give up."

Sophomore: "That's what the other donkey did."

Lewis '32: "I could go on dancing like this forever."

Ruth '32: "Haven't you any ambition to improve?"

Archie Eng '30: "How's the car running?"

Risley Eng '30: "That's what's puzzling me."

Ruth '30: "No, Bill, I'm sorry, but I'm sure we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything."

Harper '31: "But my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."

Matty '30's little brother: "What is college bred?"

Matty's Father: "They make college bred, my boy, with the flour of youth and the dough of old age."

Irritable Lady (coming out of hall after recital) "Stop pushing, can't you?"

Lantz '31: "I ain't pushing; I only sighed."

Dr. MacDonald (Enumerating duties of a minister): "He must preach on Sunday, conduct the prayer meeting, bury the dead, and marry the insane."

Hopper '30: "Where does this car go?"

Risley Eng. '30: "It doesn't."

Pa (In '89): "Your new dress looks nice on you, dearie."

Monty '31: "You look nice in your new dress, dearie."

Paul '31 (in sociology class): "It was my experience last summer that the female——"

Prof. Balcom: "There now, this isn't the place to tell of the experiences of young men with young women."

Dr. Pat: "We'll now sing another college song. Stand up and cheer on the last page."

Josephine '31: "I have changed my mind."

Hopper '31: "Does the new one work any better?"

Oscar '32 (at book store): "I want a scrap book."

Bookseller: "What kind?"

Oscar: "A scrap book—the best you got on fighting."

McKinnon '30: "I understand Joan of Arc died of indigestion."

Brown '30: "Indigestion?"

McKinnon: "Yes, too much hot stake."

Prescott '31: "I just lit my pipe with a ten-dollar bill."

Clyke '31: "You must be a millionaire."

Prescott: "No, its easier to burn it than to pay it."

Frizzle Eng '30: "How many buns could you eat on an empty stomach?"

Berringer Eng '30: "About a dozen."

Frizzle: "You're wrong. You could eat only one because after that your stomach wouldn't be empty."

Mr. Graham (to Freshette about to be photographed): "Please look pleasant, and in a few moments you may resume your natural expression."

Morse '31: "But you guaranteed this watch would last a lifetime."

Mr. Williams: "I know—but you didn't look very healthy the day you bought it."

History Prof.: "What do you know of the 'Age of Elizabeth?'"

Fresh: "Sir, she will be nineteen next May."

Walker '32: "I want to leave the world better than I found it."

Squires Eng '31: "It should be better after you leave it."

First Co-ed: "A man tried to kiss me last night."

Second Co-ed: "Did you slap his face?"

Fist: "Yes, indeed, as soon as he got through."

Hopper '31: "Gee, this is an old chicken."

Roach Eng. '30: "How can you tell?"

Hopper: "By the teeth."

Roach: "But chickens don't have teeth."

Hopper: "No, but I have."

Smith '33: "Read any books lately?"

Gunters '33: "No, but I have written exams on a couple that would be interesting if I had time to read them."

Harper '31 (after exam): "I have fought a good fight but I doubt if I finish the course."

Doris '32: "Smitty grabbed me last night and said he was going to kiss me."

Gracie '31: "I bet you were scared."

Doris '32: "I was—I thought for a minute he was going to back out."

Ev. '31; "You remind me of Abraham Lincoln."

Monty Eng. '31: "Ah! thanks for the compliment."

Ev. "Yeh, you don't shave either."

Risley Eng '30: "I can tell you the score of the game before it starts."

Wightman Eng '30: "What is it?"

Risley: "Nothing to nothing—before it starts."

Prof. Cook: "I say, you are tardy again."

Gordon Eng '31: "Yes, Professor, but for an absolutely different reason."

