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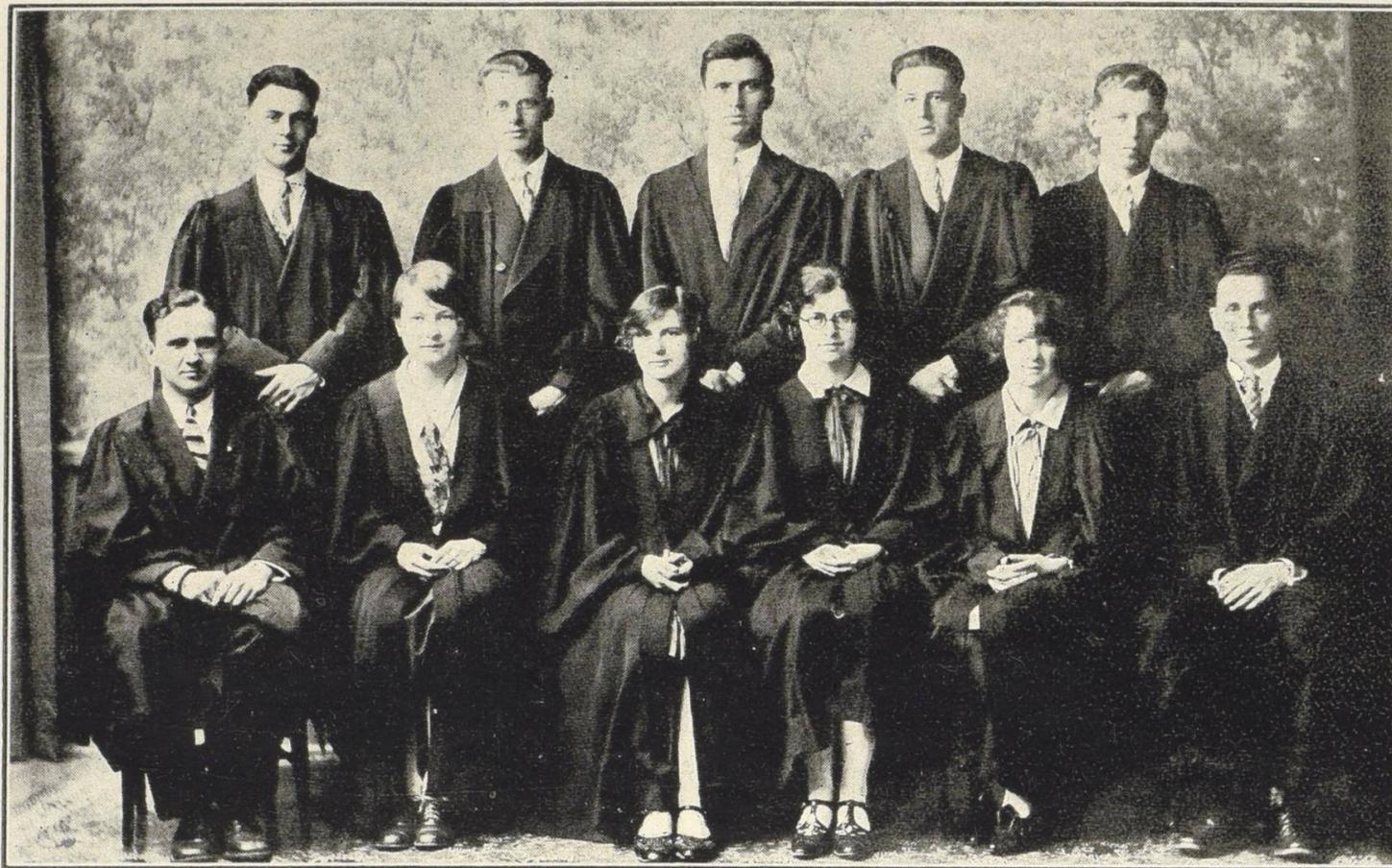
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ACADIA ATHENAEUM STAFF 1926-1927

Standing: D. H. Gordon, Managing Editor; G. D. H. Hatfield, Science; W. T. Taylor, Business Manager; J. Wilson, Circulation Manager; R. D. Perry, Athletics.
Seated: L. H. Jenkins, Jokes; Elizabeth B. Corey, Personals; Mary A. Bishop, Exchanges; M. Grace Perry, Month; Beryl F. DeWolf, Staff Artist; H. F. Sipprell, Literary Editor.

The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIII

Wolfville, N. S., June, 1927

No. 7

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—1st, Eileen A. Cameron, '29; 2nd, J. R. Herbin, '30.

Short Stories:—1st, Olive M. MacKay, '29; 2nd, Guy Henson, '29 and Eileen MacKay, '29 (one unit each).

Articles:—1st, W. G. Ross, '29; 2nd, Helen L. Simms, '27.

One Act Play:—No Award.

Unclassified:—Helen L. Simms (one unit).

Humour:—Guy Henson (two units).

Science:—1st, C. H. Starr, Eng. '28; 2nd, No award.

Athletics:—1st, Guy Henson, '29; 2nd, No award.

Month:—Eleanor Kerr, '28 (one unit).

Exchanges:—No award.

Personals:—Eleanor Kerr, '28 (one unit).

Jokes:—1st, K. V. Kierstead, '28; 2nd, Eileen A. Cameron, '29

Cartoon:—Hubert Miller, '30 (one unit).

Sophomores	13
Juniors	4
Seniors	2
Engineers	2
Freshmen	2

Pennant to the Sophomores.

Literary "A" to Helen L. Simms, '27.

SEE NO EVIL

My little brown hands are warm,
Warm with the tawny ray
Of a god like me in the weary sky—
I have sat at his feet all day,
And my little brown face is wet
With misty dew of the melting clay;
Soon I will see the hidden light,
And the purple shade of my lonely night
Will pass like silent hours away.

The elves of the wood will come,
And find again for me,
My tiny peaked shoes, I lost long ago
Down deep in the heart of a tree—
Before they carved my little face
And crossed my arms that I might not see;
I will dance when the moon swings high
And point evil hands at the dreaming sky,
Laughing always in mockery.

E. A. C., '29

THEIR MINISTER'S WIFE

Autumn in the country—surely there is no lovelier season. The leaves as though knowing that death is about to come to them, put on their gayest garments, like one who shudders to see old age approaching and grasps at a remnant of his lost youth, resolving on one last mad frolic.

The haze that hung over St. Mary's this autumn day, seemed to cast a lethargy over the whole country-side; a stranger, coming to the place, would have looked in vain for any sign of life in the farm-houses along the road. The silence was broken by one sound only, a sound which the stranger, if he were town-bred, might take for the voice of a gigantic cricket. To one who had been brought up in the country the sound would bring up old memories, sensations almost, heat, dust, the smell of dry hay—the threshing-mill.

With few exceptions, all the men of the country-side had gathered in James Grant's barn and farm-yard. It was their custom—the way they did things—this gathering together in "frolics" to cut wood, thresh, or raise a new barn. Their women joined forces in the same way, and filled the small farm-kitchens to over-flowing. It was noon now, and the men were coming in to dinner. To a town-bred woman, there would be something almost repulsive about these great creatures, their sweating bodies, their hands too hastily dipped in a tin basin by the door; the farm-women saw in them their men, creatures to be fed, and looked after, and somehow, in spite of everything, to be loved.

Diana MacDonald was, by reason of her position as minister's wife, exempt from this duty devolving on the other women of the community. Why she had chosen to come and work with them she scarcely knew—unless it was the dread of another morning alone in the Manse; not quite alone, either, for her husband would be in his study, within reach of her voice. The odd part of it was that she never felt like calling to him. "I'd rather be alone," she thought unhappily, as she struggled to mash a huge pot of potatoes, "I hope I don't hate him; some-

times I'm afraid I do. I'm young yet and—oh darn! I've burned my finger again."

The tears began to flow, for Diana's was not a nature that endured stoically. Whether physical or mental, the pain had to be tortured and prodded, and dragged out to light time and time again. The sound of the women's voices, their empty chatter, aggravated her impatient mood, now and seemed to combine with the pain in her finger to drive her to madness. Just then one of the women addressed her, calling her "Dinah." She threw down the potato masher and started toward the door, determined on finding some place where she could be alone to sulk! The woman, a kind, inquisitive creature, started after her, but Margaret Grant laid a hand on her arm, "There's no stopping her," she said, "it's a pity, but wilful she is to be sure. Eh! the poor minister," she added, turning to another woman, "it's a bad bargain he made, Janet."

Janet MacCuish shook her head sagely. She was a woman whom people did not take to at once; her pursed up mouth gave her a forbidding look, and she wore her gray hair tightly strained back from her forehead. No secret was safe when Janet was near, for she invariably ferreted it out; nor could anyone discover her system; yet she had a kind heart and was always called upon to attend the sick people of the community.

"The poor lad," she exclaimed in an unnaturally mournful tone, "isn't it a warning, just, to people that will be trying to make other people's matches for them?"

"And you will be telling me that somebody else made his match for him," exclaimed Mrs. Grant in a shocked tone, "and so you have found out the rights of it, Janet."

"Sit down, Margaret, and let the younger folk be waiting on the table; we've done our share. Yes, I've got the rights of it, and by honourable means, for she told me herself, the time she was so low. You've been a mother to her, Margaret, and I know she wouldn't mind my telling you. Not that it's any great secret," she added, as she helped Margaret to take off her apron, "back in the days before this poor young couple were born, their fathers lived side by side in England. I didn't know it was done outside the novels the young people will be

reading, but as soon as this young couple was born, almost, their parents promised them to each other. The boy was five years older than the girl; a sturdy lad, he was, with Scots blood in his veins. It seems that the girl, Dinah herself, was only ten years old when the mother and father sent her to France, to a school. Think of that, Margaret; the poor young thing, to be sent off to such a place. Well, she hadn't been there many years before she met a certain Frenchman—a godless man he was, you may be sure—and at once they were all for each other. Meanwhile the boy, our own Mr. MacDonald, had taken it into his head to preach the gospel—and in our country too. There was no stopping him; so, away he sailed. It seems that he had been corresponding with the girl, and as soon as he became settled here, he sent for her to come over. It was about this time that she quarrelled with her Frenchman—the fly-away that she is—and, in a fit of jealousy, she told him that he was not the only one—that she had a lover across on the other side. Then what does she do but up and sail across the water. Dear me, Margaret, will you ever forget the day she arrived?"

Margaret was of the sturdy, old-fashioned Scots type that reverences its minister deeply. It was a great grief to her that his wife should be such a "fly-away." Yet Margaret had a mother's heart, and had done her best by Diana since the girl's arrival in the community, partly for her sake, partly for the minister's. She did not discuss her any further now, but said, "Dear heart, dear heart," in a mild tone, and rose to carry in the tea.

Diana had wandered to the barn, intending to find a quiet corner where she might fret her heart out in secret. Her fingers, searching in her pocket, had found a cigarette and that comforted her somewhat. She felt a childish desire to climb the rafters of the barn, and kick her feet, and watch the smoke-rings curl up. It was no feat for Diana to climb to the highest rafters; she had often done it before, sometimes with a malicious desire to frighten her husband. She easily swung herself up now, and seated herself at the end of the beam, leaning against the wall and giving herself some slight support.

A meal in the country, particularly in harvesting or threshing time, is something to be gotten through quickly. The men begrudged the scant fifteen minutes they found necessary to "waste" on replenishing their bodily energy. They came out of the house now, anxious to finish their work, scanning the sky for signs of continuing fair weather. It was Hugh MacDonald who first saw the tendril of smoke that curled up from the hay and made its way out through the barn-door. The minister had come, against the wishes of his charges, to help them work the mill. He was young yet, inspired with a passionate desire to serve his master, and he believed that, only by working with the men of his congregation in this way, could he gain a real influence over their lives.

No panic arose now, although a great horror possessed the men when they first saw the smoke. Some rushed to the barn, others ran to seize buckets under James Grant's trembling directions. The minister was the first to reach the barn-door, "Thank God," he said, "we've found it in time. A few buckets of water—," he stopped, for something had directed his eyes upward, and there on the rafter he saw his wife, fast asleep, her hand, from which the cigarette had fallen, trailing nervelessly by her side. A cry of horror burst from his lips and he began to tremble—to tremble so violently that he feared he could not reach her—that his shaking hands would not serve to swing him to her high ascent. For he loved this poor scatter-brain, who, as the country-side declared, worried the heart and soul out of him, not as he would love a child, but as he would love a beautiful thing infinitely beyond his reach.

A few minutes later, Diana awoke to find her husband's arm around her, his terrified voice murmuring broken phrases in her ear. She looked about her, and suddenly fear took hold of her, she was up so high, and—what were the men doing below running about with buckets? Smoke curling up! Fire! Suppose the flames burst out, got beyond the control of the men, crept upward, seeking their helpless prey, then what could she do? In a sudden panic she turned as if to escape—and there below her yawned the vast space through which she would be hurled if she took a single step. Then her terrified mind seem-

ed to sense one place of safety—and she dropped her head on her husband's arm. For the first time in her life she felt glad of his protection, of his strength.

She must have fainted, for when she next became conscious of her surroundings she was lying on the straw that covered the barn-floor, while the minister bent over her. She raised herself with an effort and looked about her. Men everywhere, coarse, dust-stained men, hated surroundings, her husband with the pleading, humble look that made her loathe him. Her mind went back to the one other time she had fainted; a ride in the woods of France, a fall from her horse, and "the Frenchman" bending over her as she regained consciousness. She looked at her husband as he stood there, shabby, patient, self-sacrificing, again the book-worm minister she had always known. She dropped her head on her arms and sobbed, "Oh, I wish I were dead."

O. M. M., '29

RAIN

Melancholy is the song
 Of the falling rain;
 Forming little pools along
 By the cheerless lane;
 Sending splashes off the trees;
 Making mud of earth;
 Driving home the angry bees;
 Quelling joy and mirth.

Melancholy is the rain
 And the song it sings;
 But the beauty of that lane,
 Bright with shining things,
 When the sun has come once more,
 Bathing it in light,
 Surely is worth waiting for
 And a great delight.

J. R. H., '30

THE EMERALD EYES

"Back again, Monsieur de Robélard!" cried Pierre, opening the door, a glad note of welcome in his voice.

"Yes, Pierre," the other replied, returning his welcome, "and glad I am, too."

"Have you enjoyed your holiday, Monsieur?" Pierre inquired respectfully.

"Well"—a little impatient laugh—"to the world, yes—a glorious respite; but to you, Pierre, no—two weeks of enthusiasm over shams."

Pierre was astounded. He had always marvelled at his *patron's* love for battered and decrepit curios ("freakish things of no earthly use," Pierre called them); at various times, however, he had seen wealthy tourists and famous men come to beg him to sell them his tattered pictures, his cruel blood-stained stiletto, and many other such antiques, and, besides, he had read the occasional newspaper notices about his collection. Monsieur de Robélard might be in a worthwhile business after all if such men as these appreciated the queer rubbish, but not one of them, Pierre was sure, would fail to enjoy a carefree holiday down at Vèvres, in the sunny south of France.

"Mais.....mais, Monsieur, surely it was beautiful, exciting—"

"Exciting—oui, mon Dieu! but not charming. Today, an excitement which leaves no sweet satisfaction; tomorrow, a more gripping thrill, and so on, through the whole range of folly, the appetite growing coarser and more unsatiable with every step. And they call it rest! Ah! mon ami, how I have longed for the sweet charm of my life here and for you and my old friends! I have missed you, Pierre."

"Monsieur de Robélard," said Pierre simply, "I have missed you, too."

They became silent then, these old friends, whom absence had endeared to one another, for all the wide gulf between them.

"Well, Pierre, what news is there?" queried Monsieur de Robélard changing the subject.

"There is something you should know," he replied gravely. "One should not be foolishly alarmed, but there have been several robberies in our quarter lately. I thought—"

"Don't worry, Pierre, there's nothing for a thief here. Yes, certainly the *reliques* are valuable, but imagine a robber trying to sell one of my old pictures, for instance. Why, he'd be detected in an instant. There's not the least danger, Pierre.—Well, I suppose you had better get the *magasin* cleaned up."

Monsieur de Robélard sighed contentedly. Holidays were a bore, he decided, and the only pleasure they gave him was the satisfaction of being once more installed in a life far richer than that of gaiety. Most certainly, the only attractiveness of holidays lay in the home-coming. His two weeks would have been enjoyable, could he have placed his little world of *reliques* on wheels, gypsy-like, and toured the country slowly, very slowly—slowness was essential.

As it was, he was at home at last. It seemed to Monsieur de Robélard, dreaming, book in hand unnoticed, that he would never wish to leave his sanctuary, his holy of holies, but rather stay forever and fuse himself into the scene. It was not enough to ruminate over these suggestions of the past, not enough to be among them but not of them. An enticing desire to be of them gripped him. He would remain in his present pasture forever, and, as time ran on, he would still be alive and sensitive to his now *comrade* antiques. All else would change, but he and his surroundings would remain settled eternally, growing richer year by year as succeeding ages added to their venerability. A dim ghostly light would seep through the dust-crusting windows and add to the mystery inside. Spiders would weave their many webs in the corners above, and the ceiling would acquire the yellow hue of age, and crack in magic figures overhead. The picture itself would never change. Only he himself would dream on, sequestered from the prejudiced issues of passing ages. His flesh would wither and wrinkle, his skin tighten about his cheek-bones, his cheeks shrink, and his lips part over yellowish teeth. But still his eyes would burn with sight and reveal his mind writhing with thought. Despite his condition,

he would live on, be immortal; he would recede into the picture, no longer a gazer upon it but a figure in it. He would become a mummy, possess the spirit of a mummy, and, as a mummy, commune with the living spirits of his fellow antiques: the spirit of the Iron Mask would reveal to him the tragic mystery of its captive wearer; the Genius of his splinter from the Cross would whisper the travail's of the Master's soul; and, as a spirit, he would wonder over land and water, and learn the secrets of eternity. Such would be the fate of him, Monsieur de Robé-
lard, owner of an antiquarian treasure, of the Avenue d'Opera, Paris, France.

The tapping of little feet on the cobblestones outside and the prattle of children's voices brought this same Monsieur de Robé-
lard to himself with a start. As they ran by, he frowned in reproof for their disturbing him, but, realizing the false-
ness of his reverie, quickly began to smile at them pleasantly. This wandering of his mind bothered him. If he did not smother his senile dreams, they would bring him to his dotage; he would rid himself of them by turning to realities.

Pierre would come soon to do his nightly duties about the *magasin*. Monsieur de Robé-
lard was amused at materialistic Pierre and his intimations of danger. The robberies, as he had ascertained during the day, were mainly concerned with steal-
ing the money in the tills and on the persons of the jewellers. He looked at his post-holiday purse with a wry glance, and jangled the few coins in it playfully. That, certainly, would not be a rich prize for a thief.

Despite his sense of security, Monsieur de Robé-
lard found even the hint of robbery a discomfiting idea. As nature and beauty are the sole inspiration of the artist, so shreds of cloth, hacked daggers—anything that carried a rich, historical sig-
nificance, were all the pleasure, profession, and hobby of Monsieur de Robé-
lard. These things had come to arouse more than the passing interest of curiosity; his *magasin* was the earner of his bread and the joy of his soul. As a master-mariner does in his good ship, Monsieur de Robé-
lard felt a living sense and spirit infused into it. Under the circumstances, the slight-
est fear of being robbed, though he laughed it away, galled

him with worry. The fear of losing money bothered him not at all, but that of losing those famous curios of his, which, thought not for sale, served to attract, siren-like, tourists and collectors that they might be impaled upon souvenirs, was semi-torture.

Of course, there was no reason for worry now. As the afternoon had progressed, the stream of customers had dwindled away, and at last ceased altogether. No, a straggler was on the steps now. In a moment, a stylishly dressed young woman entered the door, and, with an easy self-assurance, approached Monsieur de Robélard.

"Bonjour, Madame," he saluted her courteously.

She bowed slightly. "I have been referred to you, Monsieur, as an antique dealer of some taste. Perhaps you could give me some suggestions about a gift for a conservative lady?"

Monsieur de Robélard scrutinized her closely. Here, certainly, was no bandit; nevertheless, the woman was not prepossessing despite her marbled beauty. Most unpleasant of all to Monsieur de Robélard, an excessively modern air clung about her. Her *chic* clothes were disposed so as to best set off her tall, graceful body, but were themselves too daring. He remarked also that her countenance was decidedly repelling. Fluffy bobbed hair that ill corresponded with the hard lines of her mouth and the unlovely glint of oval, greenish, almost cat-like eyes, was jauntily arranged about her forehead. Despite their regularity, a singular rigidity had settled upon her features and given her face a harshness unbecoming to a woman. In spite of his dislike, Monsieur de Robélard realized that, as she was a customer, she was to be treated courteously.

"Gladly, Madame, do you wish a decoration for her boudoir, her bed-room—?"

"Something for her bed-room would be appropriate," she described it briefly.

"Excellent, madame, I have just the gift you desire," he assured her with professional confidence. "This way, s'il vous plaît."

He led the way to a shady corner of the *magasin*. She followed him closely, a peculiar light flickering in her eyes, which

in the dark, glowed like the twin orbs of a tiger. The dealer indicated a pair of andirons lying on the floor.

"Here they are," he said, gazing on them lovingly. "Ah! Madame, you are indeed fortunate. But recently, I obtained them from the château of the late Duc de Vigny—a massive pair, burnished brass, running into a pair of lions' heads quaintly fashioned. Note the eyes—sparkling emeralds. See how they glow. And all old, very old. A treasure. Vraiment, I am sorry to part with them."

Monsieur de Robélard sighed a second time—but, be it observed, *not* contentedly.

"I will take them," she cried sharply, as though fearing the beady eyes would hypnotize him into refusing to sell them.

"Will you take them now, or have them delivered?" Monsieur de Robélard queried, his eyes sending a sad farewell to the andirons. He did not notice that, with the forboding countenance of a sphinx, she was toying with a large engraved candlestick lying beside her.

"Now—now, by all means!" she exclaimed, and then, with an effort, continued more easily, "The car is just outside."

"Eh bien, Madame," replied Monsieur de Robélard thinking it strange he had not heard the car draw up.

He stooped to pick the andirons up. The lady glanced rapidly outside. Nothing stirred in the streets. With a sudden movement, she swung the candlestick solidly, but not with crushing force, against the dealer's bowed head as he began to rise. Monsieur de Robélard toppled over with a moan. Again the greenish light flickered under the mocking tigerish eyes.

Deftly she extricated his purse, after a hasty examination she threw it full at his face, and muttering a curse, left him.

"Monsieur de Robélard, are you hurt? Are you robbed?" shrieked Pierre, rushing through the door.

The dealer's eyes fluttered and then opened wide. He took no notice of Pierre's cries, of the empty purse he clutched in his hand, but gazed dreamily around for a moment. Then, with a start, he sat up.

"The andirons, Pierre! Quick, the andirons!" he shouted frantically.

"Here, monsieur, here they are!"

The beady eyes sparkled back into Monsieur de Robé-lard's own. He blinked his misty eyes, sighed—*contentedly*, and smiling fell in an unconscious heap on the floor.

G. H., '29

LYRIC

Swayed by high winds
Dew-wet with mist;
Swept over hills
With twilight kissed;
Soothed by cool breasts
Of tide-ruled seas;
Lulled to sleep
By tall white trees;
Tossed on shores
Where tall reeds lift—
All this was life;
Before youth knew
Garden walls,
Or sweeter dew
Of torn poppies,
Their cloying breath
Soft as sleep
More deep than death.

E. A. C., '29

CANADA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

Almost every person is interested in birthdays because every person has one once a year. *My birthday* is the one day in the year which we claim as peculiarly our own. Unless one happens to be a twin, or a triplet, or a quadruplet, one demands sole proprietorship in one day in the year. Of course some other person may have a birthday on the same day, but that is just a co-incidence and not the event of central importance.

Birthdays are generally marked by rejoicing, and so it is right that Canadians should be very happy on Canada's national birthday. Canada's birthday this year is an occasion for unusual rejoicing, because it marks her Diamond Jubilee. On the first day of July, nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, Canada will be sixty years old.

What a remarkable change there has been since 1867. Then our Dominion consisted of scattered settlements along the St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes, and on the Atlantic Seaboard. In Ontario and Quebec, the smouldering fires of racial and religious hatred were ready to blaze up at the slightest fanning of the embers. In the Maritimes, many people had not been convinced of the wisdom of Confederation, and were not ready to throw all their energies into the strengthening of the new union. The great resources of the west were undiscovered, transportation facilities were inefficient, and postal service was slow and unreliable.

The sixty years which have passed have shown remarkable changes and rapid development. The acquisition of new lands and formation of new provinces have made Canada, in area at least, one of the greatest counties in the world.

Canada has taken full advantage of the discoveries of modern science, and has added a very considerable quota to the world's knowledge of things scientific. Canadian ships manned by Canadian men are known in every port and Canadian goods are sent to every corner of the globe.

Much could be written of Canada's material advancement and of her prosperity, which is truly remarkable. It is in

another field, however, that Canada's most remarkable advance is seen.

Sixty years ago the provinces which formed the Dominion of Canada had emerged from a colonial status with restricted autonomy, to a federal union to which England had granted responsible government, and a considerable measure of domestic control. The relation of Canada to England, however, was far from being on a basis of equality and co-partnership. England had not yet seen fit to place the destinies of Canada in her own hands.

But on Canada's sixtieth birthday we find her a full-fledged nation. No longer must Canada look to Downing St., when she desires to negotiate a treaty with another country. The right to enter into treaties affecting Canada is Canada's alone. The representatives of Canada sit in the councils of the League of Nations on an equality with the representatives of England. Canada maintains her own embassy at Washington and negotiates with the United States Government through her own ambassador.

The Governor-General in Canada is the direct representative of the King in England, and not of the British Parliament. Under no condition does he receive instructions from Downing Street, and is always bound to accept the advice of his Canadian Ministers.

What tremendous progress there has been since 1867!

Canada today is truly a nation, and as such she may celebrate her sixtieth birthday with rejoicing.

The legal ties which bind Canada to Great Britain are not strong, and might easily be severed. But there are ties binding Canada to Great Britain which, unlike legal ties, will never be severed. These are, and will be, the loyalty of people of common ancestry to a common sovereign and a common flag, and devotion to the same ideals, progress, and peace.

W. G. R., '29

HILLS: A FABLE

You and I went wandering. Through the daisy fields we went, the daisy fields, all white like snow, with shining buttercups. Hand in hand, together, we found a tiny brook, whose swiftly flowing waters hurried onward to the sea. The happy, gurgling murmur of the brook upon its way, seemed the song of sweet contentment, of peace and joyous days. Then we followed where it led us till we reached a cozy nook and it seemed that all was quiet save the babbling of the brook. Here I would have stayed contented, but You bade me farther go, so again we started onward in the high sun's noonday glow. It was hot and I was tired but You gave me soothing words, then I felt the breeze of summer, heard the thrilling songs of birds. We were venturing toward a hilltop but I still was loathe to go, for the heat and tiresome effort seemed to weary me so. Then I glimpsed the cooling shadows which the tree upon the hill cast along the beaten pathway which wound in and out and upward till it reached its highest goal, the tip-top of the mountain, the lookout on the hill.

Though the shadows looked so cooling and the path so smooth and sure, as we climbed and climbed and climbed it, I was wearier than before. It was getting on toward sundown and the end was not in sight. I was all for turning back again. What good to climb so high, when we had been so happy in the fields beside the brook! But Your patience and persistence as You urged me on again, gave me strength and hope and courage and the way seemed easier then.

So we watched the shadows lengthen as we trudged our upward way. The birds seemed gay companions. Woodland flowers, nestling cosy in the mosses at our feet, nodded cheery little greetings to us passing by that day.

Suddenly we glimpsed it, the break between the trees, the sky above seemed far more blue than any sky before. This time I clasped Your hand in glee, like children up we raced, till breathlessly we reached the top and stood and gazed—and gazed.—We gazed till all our senses seemed quite drunk with

rapture sweet, for the valley in its sunset glow lay like jewels at our feet. There were rubies, diamonds, emeralds, there were opals, amethysts, pearls; as the sun, descending slowly behind a farther hill, caressed with warming kisses the wonders of God's world.

Then I turned to You in wonder. Did You know that this was here? That only from this hilltop could the valley thus appear? Oh, I loved You for the urging, for Your patience and good cheer. So I wonder, will you kindly, in some near but future time, forgive my lagging footsteps and show me other hills to climb?

H. L. S., '27

THE EMERALD

It was the usual scene which attended the annual opening of the college: the crowded station platform, the snorting little black train disgorging its load of knowledge-seekers—last year's Juniors attempting to imitate the dignity of last year's Seniors, as they remembered it; last years Spohs, now Juniors, last year's Freshies now Sophomores whose privilege it was to harass the green newcomers and who were craning for a peep at their prospective victims, and everywhere, taking in the entire scene and feeling strangely unnecessary in the enthusiastic crowd, were the incoming Freshmen. Just such a Freshman was Neil Allenby, who knew no one there and unaccountably felt that he was the object of much attention. Why, he could not guess, but the unabashed snickers and grins of some youths with the unholy gleam of torment in their eyes left him little reason to doubt it. He ran a nervous hand over his hair, which had been freshly smoothed down with an application of water, and glanced over his attire down to his gleaming tan shoes. The voices of his observers became louder and Neil caught the merciless remarks:

“A Freshie in a suit like that—oh my gosh!”

He hastily laid his hand on that garment to assure himself that all was well with it. What could they mean? He had chosen the suit himself, just a week ago, for its neatness and its appealing green—for it was green, the exact shade of greenness one attributes to a first year student.

“Bet his mother picked it out for him—for mama's little boy—he's a jewel!”

“A jewel, I'll say! He's an *emerald!*”

“Emerald! that's good, dam' good!”

Neil turned away and left the platform, his face crimson with mortification. It was a wretched beginning for his new life, and it made him as heart-sick as a child.

He came to the Hall, where he would reside that year and found his room on the second floor. His room-mate, who was there before him, greeted him from the over-flowing depths of

his trunk. Neil gathered from his somewhat jerky conversation that he was a second year engineer whose intended roommate found it impossible to return that year.

"So I said give me the first guy who comes along, and I drew you."

Neil decided his first impression of his new companion was favorable and told him so. The other stared at him a minute then he said:

"You better like me; you're going to see enough of me before the year is out."

He enquired concerning his other first impressions and asked how he was met.

Neil flushed and returned a non-committal answer. His room-mate, wise from experience, scented mystery and was after it like a ferret after a rat. He forced the whole truth from him, even the hated "Emerald" business.

That'll be the Sophs. They're a hanged good bunch, but they're got to have their fun. Emerald. Say, I bet that sticks I got mine, Hefty, while I was Fresh, got it the first time I tried to play football, I can't *play* yet. You don't play, do you?"

"Yes, I do—some. I played for the home team, but I won't do anything here, of course."

"How do you know?—you turn out for practice, anyway. Don't let a chance for a team go, you want your 'A,' it makes a hit with the 'wimmin'."

Hefty smiled smugly at the silver "A" dangling from his chain, on which was enscribed "Football" and which was his most prized possession; but Neil was still brooding over the unkind cuts of the Sophomores.

"I can understand the 'emerald' stuff, but why 'mama's'?" he complained.

"Maybe your hair," said Hefty, squinting at his friend's crowning glory from which the water had dried and which was a mass of curls, "Did you ever hear of Brilliantine? No. Then let me introduce you, you'll find it valuable."

Neil walked past the little group on the college steps and

leaned against a nearby pillar. The little group, two of his earlier observers and a bright young co-ed, watched him pass in silence, then, believing him gone, broke out hilariously.

"That's Emerald, that we told you about, Joan. He's green from the eyebrows down. That suit would stop a stampede."

"Or start one," laughed the girl, "and his hair—it's a riot!"

"Well, Freshmen will be Fresh-men," drawled the second youth, with all the wisdom of last year's experience as such. "Our verdant friend isn't more brilliant than old Dunc here when he arrived last year."

Gales of laughter at this and then more reminiscences. The Emerald was, for the time, forgotten.

The Freshman jerked himself up furiously. Why can't a man wear green if he wants to, without a bunch of wise crackers without the brains of a rabbit under their patent-leather hair pointing at him! He was still warm over the conversation which he had heard, when a bell rang and he went to the dining-hall for his first meal at college. A list posted at the entrance told him where he must sit. He found the place; sat down in it; and gingerly turned to one of his neighbours. She was the girl who had laughed at him, who had called his hair a riot; now she looked at him curiously.

"Freshman, aren't you!"

"Yes."

"Well, why advertise it!"

The Emerald choked—that wretched suit again. He faced her bitterly, but the girl was not laughing.

"Is it—is it as conspicuous as all that?" he asked miserably.

"It's pretty bad," she returned gravely, "but," with an impulse to help him, "perhaps it shows up by contrast."

The world brightened. Here was a girl, a mighty cute girl, who wasn't laughing at him. She even smiled at him with her mouth tilted at one corner and a dimple in that cheek. Neil finished his dinner happily, with odd bits of conversation with the girl, who told him she was Joan Aymer.

A few days later came the football tryout. The Emerald, at the persistent urging of Hefty, donned his suit and went down to the field. He came back that evening tired to the verge of collapse but happily conscious of having made a creditable effort. Many practices were crowded into the next few days and then the coach announced that the team for the first inter-collegiate game would be chosen that afternoon. Hefty was intensely excited, while Neil, more indifferent about the game, played coolly and gave his best performance that day; however, his face shone through the mud like a glad school-boy's when the coach read "Neil Allenby" for the position of right half-back. Hefty was quite as pleased over this as over his own election to the forward line. He took all credit for the wonderful event upon himself, because, as he said, he fairly kicked the Emerald into the field in the first place. Joan congratulated him nicely when she met him on his way from the field.

"Congrats, Neil, you sure made that flock of *Seniors* look green out there today."

He'd do his gosh-darn'dest in the game anyway, and he was glad of one place where his greenness didn't show.

There were other places where his greenness didn't show, places where he held his own with any Sophomore, even any Senior. One such place was the English Class-room, once, when the gang razzed him about wasting time on English—"You can get through on English anyway, you know"—he called them a "lot of damn mark-seekers without souls." His essays were a source of refreshment to his professor, wearied by the usual run of "Freshmen themes." Hefty, who could answer math. and physics problems like a first class text book and whose dream it was to make the winning touch-down in a game, found it difficult to reconcile his football hero with the writer of such "corking" themes and even of poetry. He couldn't understand the man from whom he had to tear a volume of Shelley to make him realize that there was a football practice in five minutes—the Emerald was a nut, a lovable old green nut.

One day, while the usual gang, collected in their room, discussed the prospects for their Alma Mater in the coming game,

the Emerald dreamed by the window over the poetry of the book in his hand. One looked up at him.

"Say, Emerald, what are you thinking of?"

The Emerald turned eyes that held an odd gleam in them to his friends.

"I'm going to be great some day, too."

Hefty grinned proudly at him.

"You bet you are! You handle the pig-skin like an amateur Red Grange now!"

"Red Grange!" the scorn in the Emerald's voice caught them all, "I mean *great*—like *him*." his hand touched the lines of that great beauty lover, Keats.

Hefty stared at him. Red Grange—Keats—oh, hell! The Emerald *was* a nut!

The first football game was a frequent topic of conversation, and usually this branched off to the Emerald. So it was when Hefty and his pals with Joan and her chums met one day on the library steps.

"D'ye know, I got the Emerald to quit the wearing o' the green? Pat me on the back, someone, can't you? He's got a nifty tailor-made—pants don't move till he takes two steps—and he's got that 'forest primeval' on top flattened down with Brilliantine till it looks like a—well, you won't know him, anyway."

"Talk about brains of the family! He hauled down an A with his last theme. He's getting too smart, we'll have to soak his head to take the swelling out."

"Anyone that plays football like he does and gets the marks he gets, doesn't deserve to live," complained Hefty, who played his idolized football with more enthusiasm than success, and kept his marks up to second with great effort.

"He's just too good to be true, and you're all jealous," asserted Joan decisively.

"So-o, Joan's gone over to the enemy—er, pardon me, to the Emerald, has she?"

Joan retired in confusion and the little gathering broke up.

The great day arrived at last and the stands, crowded

with screaming occupants in spite of a drizzling rain, testified to the intense excitement which pervaded the entire field. The teams had come on accompanied by the thunderous, staccatic:

“Rah! Rah! Rah!”

had fought, kicked, and torn through the first period with the final score of two all. The Emerald played gallantly and, as he said himself, carried off half the campus on his face and back. Once he fell knocked into oblivion by the onslaught of a giant opponent, and staggered back to consciousness to the grateful tune of:

“E-M-E-R-A-L-D

What’s the matter with Emerald?

He’s all right! He’s all right!”

The rest period was over and again the grim and dirty lines faced each other on the mud covered field. At the whistle, both teams snapped into action with a determination that argued for a furious game. Nor were the rooters disappointed. Ground was won and lost by each team but no permanent gain could be made by either. One more minute to play!—that momentous minute which can mean so much in a hard fought game which threatens to break even. The crowd were groaning now and on tip toe were swaying as one to the movements of the mud-caked ball on the field. Suddenly there came a cry:

“Emerald’s got it!—He’s off!”

Voices returned and yelling, all ran up the line, following the progress of the gallant figure on the field which came, head down and ball under arm, straight through the enemy’s line. Hefty, wild with excitement, tore down the field behind him, Hefty, whose dream it was to make a winning touchdown, but who would be almost as thrilled at the scoring of his beloved room-mate. The Emerald was gaining madly, apparently not noticing the frantic attacks of his opponents, and now he was only a few yards from the safety mark. Hefty rushed on quite as madly, wild with joy at his pal’s sure victory.

“Emerald!” he screamed, “oh, you gem, make it!”

But what was the Emerald doing? Oh, the fool!—he couldn't—

Hefty caught the well-known signal from the Emerald's head and there sure enough the ball was flying straight to him. He seized it blindly and in a moment with it, in firm grip dropped on the safety line.

The mob went mad with joy and Hefty was their hero. They lifted him to their shoulders and carried him from the field, but as he was borne off, he found the Emerald's hot shaking hand.

“Neil! you fool—God bless you—you're priceless!”

The Emerald threw back his matted mop of hair and shook his head. Hefty won *his* dream and his— well, his was different anyway. Some day *his* chance would come when he wasn't “the Emerald” anymore, but now—Emeralds are priceless, but they are green, too.

E. M., '29

A SOPHOMORE'S DILEMMA

(With all respects to R. M., '27)

"My Major's English," Seniors said;
Each sagely shook his hoary head;
Proceeded then his woes to tell:
How many ancient birds he had
To know, and knowing would go mad.
But Sophomores, quite over-wrought,
Consider Seniors' woes as naught.

From home there comes a letter mad.
Says Pa, "Young man, I would be glad
If you would kindly study more;
For you have spent my cash galore,
And now, you know, you really must
Select your Major, though you bust."
"You're right, dear Pa, and that I will!"
Now for the piece by Uncle Bill,
"My boy, I sure do wish (says he)
Advanced Organic Chemistry
Would be your study day and night."
I'm good at that; you sure are right."
Then Ma advances meet advice,
"To study English is real nice
To give young men the proper tone."
But Parson Gubbs I can't condone;
"The classics you must surely scan,
If you would be a learned man."
And Aunt Minerva does explain
(I ask you, now, if she is sane)
The reasons why Theology
Is better than Biology
Or any other stuff for me.
But since Minerva has the dough,

I must reply that it is so
And study it accordingly.
Then I have heard my girl observe
She likes a boy with lots of nerve
Who Spanish knows real well, or French;
So, now, I'll give my brains a wrench.
But ere beginning, let me see:
Advanced Organic Chemistry
Should help my English quite a bit
By lofty terms. But not a whit
Dare I neglect Theology,
Or without lucre I shall be.
Ye gods! that test in Latin II!
O Holy Cow! what shall I do?
Within an hour, I must call
To take my jane from Whitman Hall.
So now, with eagerness replete,
I'll learn with Spanish accent neat,
"Good night, good night, my sweetest sweet."

G. H., '29

SCIENCE



EDITORIAL

The decline of dots and dashes as a means of radio communication is in sight. With the recent, practical success of television, the enticing prospect of sending direct, actual photographs of the original message is held out, instead of the tedious way of dots and dashes from station to station

Much has yet to be done to reduce the time and speed elements and to improve the clarity, but the time will doubtless come when your message to China, written on a specially-prepared paper, will be instantly in the hands of your friend exactly as you wrote it.

* * *

With the incorporation in Canada of a \$3,000,000 company to produce a low temperature carbonization process of our slack coal, Nova Scotia and her coal-fields should rapidly come into their own.

The new process has been commercially successful in the Old World, but has not yet been tried in this country. It appears that the carbonized coal produced from slack coal by the new process will be a fuel equivalent to the best anthracite we have. It is smokeless and will cost only \$13 a ton. By-products of oil and gases will form part of the company's income. All types of bituminous coal can be treated, and the new process should therefore be some day of tremendous value to our province.

* * *

In these commercial days it is a pleasure to note that Henry Steenbock, professor of agricultural chemistry at Wisconsin University, who lately invented a way of increasing the calcium-producing qualities of food, has refused an offer for his rights of \$2,000,000 from a prominent cereal company, and has transferred them to his University from where they are to be radiated for the benefit of all mankind.

He was strongly tempted, he admits, but realized in time that to take the money would prevent his life purpose. Science needs more men like this. These are the true philanthropists.

* * *

In a very few weeks, it is claimed that there will be available for public benefit a cure for anaemia that has been successful in 90 out of 109 cases, according to an announcement from the University of Rochester. To see Science thus conquering dread diseases is indeed encouraging.

The cure is a serum discovered after ten years of experimenting on anaemic dogs and humans. It is an extract of beef liver, but has not as yet been purified enough to make chemical identification or naming possible. As was done with insulin, the new serum will be distributed to selected physicians throughout the whole nation.

* * *

Since this is the last number of the *Athenaeum* before Canada celebrates her Diamond Jubilee, a brief résumé of her record and progress in fields in which Science is interested may not be amiss.

Our country leads the world in the production of newspaper, asbestos, nickel, cobalt, salmon, and exportable wheat surplus.

She comes second in the number of telephones in actual use and in the production of lumber and automobiles.

She occupies third place in gold and silver production.

* * *

It is with deep regret that we come to the end of our editorship. We have enjoyed reading the year's contributions immensely and we wish to take this opportunity of thanking all

the contributors, both those who have received awards and those who have not, for their hearty co-operation in helping to build up what has been called the weakest department of the magazine. To the former, we extend our congratulations; and to the latter, our expectations that we shall see their initials at the foot of the articles next year.

As has been stressed both editorially and in this column, it is our sincere hope that an effort will be made by contributors to write articles from individual research and experience instead of culling them from magazines—particularly when the Campus and surrounding country affords such a rich opportunity for original work.

In this issue, we are publishing an article of a more technical nature than usual and involving personal experience and research to show the Campus that this department is not purely a literary one, but is primarily to be scientific. The production of original illustrative cuts also marks a new step forward.

We have every confidence that the new editor and staff will carry on improvements still further and build up the department. This can only be done with your continued and increased co-operation, and we resign our duties with one final plea again for it and for you to remember that this is fundamentally *your* magazine and *your* department—not ours.

G. D. H. H.

VOLTAGE REGULATION IN TRANSFORMERS AND ITS APPLICATION TO TUNGAR TYPE BATTERY CHARGERS

During the summer of 1926, the writer was employed on test and experimental work on Tungar type battery chargers for the Packard Electric Company. These chargers consist essentially of a transformer and a two element vacuum tube or "Tungar." Regulation plays a very important part in their operation and as it is one of the most common phenomena met with in electrical work, some notes on the subject in general and, in particular, some of the tricks of charger design may be of interest.

Briefly, the voltage regulation—or simply regulation—of a transformer is the difference between the no load voltage and the full load voltage of the secondary. This difference is usually expressed as a percentage of the no load voltage. The regulation depends almost entirely on the magnetic leakage between the primary and secondary coils, and the leakage in turn depends on the shape and resistance of the magnetic circuit. The shorter and more compact the magnetic circuit, the better the regulation.

In a transformer made up as shown in Fig. 1A there is a great deal of leakage and therefore the regulation is very poor. That is, the secondary voltage at full load will be much lower than at no load. In the type of construction shown in Fig. 1B where the magnetic circuit, or core, is as short as possible the regulation may be made very good. If the primary and secondary are wound on the same leg of the core, the regulation will be still better (Fig. 1C.) By winding primary and secondary in a series of alternate pies on the same leg, using shell type of core construction and various minor refinements of design the regulation of a transformer may be still further reduced.

In many cases the need is not for a transformer having the best possible regulation, but for one having the correct regulation. The Tungar type of battery charger furnishes a typical example of the latter. The Tungar tube requires a certain relatively high voltage to start it operating but unless this volt-

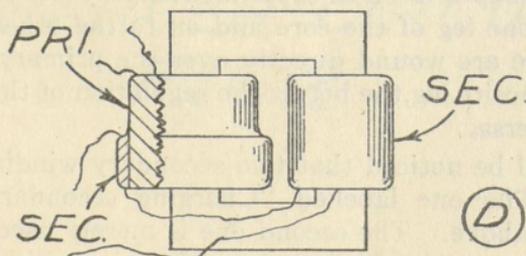
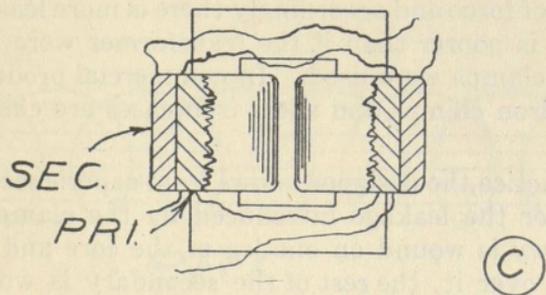
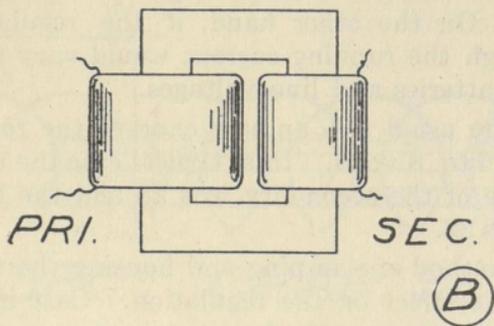
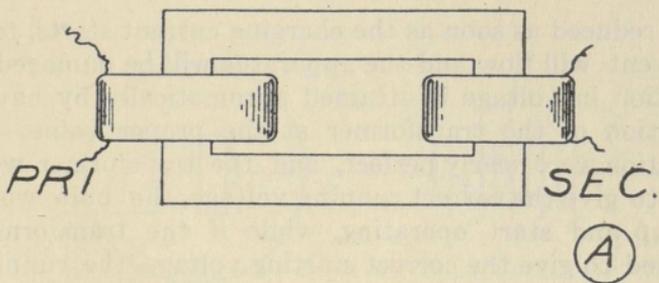


FIG. I

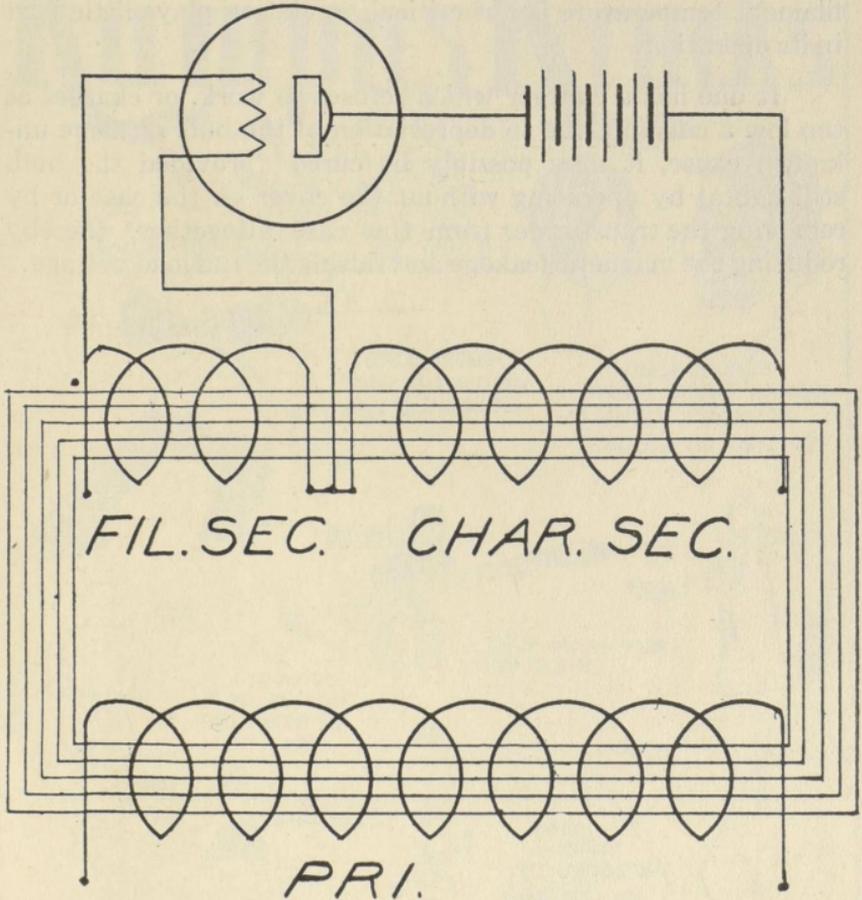
age is reduced as soon as the charging current starts, too great a current will flow and the apparatus will be damaged. This reduction in voltage is attained automatically by having the regulation of the transformer at the proper value. If the regulation were nearly perfect, and the transformer were designed to give the correct running voltage, the bulb would not pick up and start operating, while if the transformer were designed to give the correct starting voltage, the running current would be too great and some part of the outfit would be damaged. On the other hand, if the regulation were not good enough the running current would vary too much with different batteries and line voltages.

For the usual two ampere charger, the regulation should be around 6 to 8 volts. In a typical case the no load or starting voltage of the secondary was 28 and the load or running voltage was 22.

The method of clamping and housing the transformer has considerable effect on the regulation. Cast iron core clamps and a sheet iron case afford numerous stray paths for the magnetic lines of force and accordingly there is more leakage and the regulation is poorer than if the transformer were in "mid air" and brass clamps were used. In commercial production, however, cast iron clamps and sheet iron cases are cheap and convenient.

In practice, the designer knows from experience about what to allow for the leakage introduced by the clamps and case. The primary is wound on one leg of the core and part of the secondary over it, the rest of the secondary is wound on the other leg (Fig. 1D.) The proper running voltage and regulation is finally arrived at experimentally by winding secondary turns off one leg of the core and on to the other. The more turns there are wound directly over the primary and the less on the opposite leg, the better the regulation of the transformer and vice versa.

It will be noticed that two secondary windings appear in Fig. 2. The one labelled "Charging secondary" has been discussed above. The second one is merely used to furnish a



CHARGER CIRCUIT
FIG. 2

heating current for the filament of the Tungar bulb, and as the filament temperature is not critical, regulation plays little part in its operation.

If one has a charger which refuses to work, or charges at too low a current, due to depreciation of the bulb or some unknown cause, it may possibly be cured (provided the bulb still lights) by operating without the cover on the case or by removing the transformer from the case altogether, thereby reducing the magnetic leakage and raising the full load voltage.

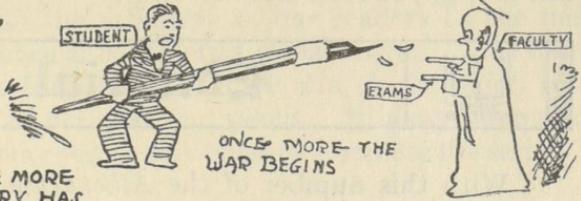
C. H. S., Eng. '28

Kampus Krock



ONCE MORE
THE BLEACHERS
ARE BLEACHING.

ONCE MORE
YOUNG MEN'S FANCIES
LIGHTLY TURN TO
THOUGHTS OF LOVE.

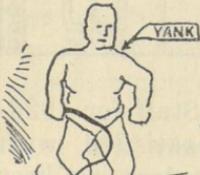


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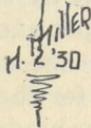
ONCE MORE THE
WAR BEGINS



ONCE MORE
SLAVERY HAS
RETURNED TO
ITS OWN

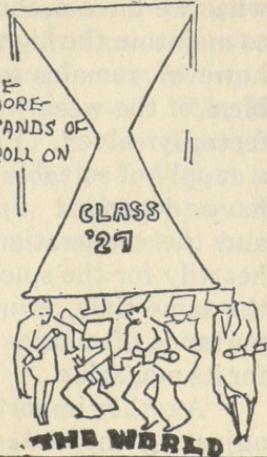


FRESH



ONCE MORE
THE SANDS OF
TIME ROLL ON

ONCE MORE
HORSE BACK RIDING
IS IN UOGUE
— THE NEW
TRACK MAKES A
FINE BRIDLE-DATH
ACCORDING TO SOME
TULLY GIRLS



CLASS
'27

THE WORLD

The Acadia Athenaeum

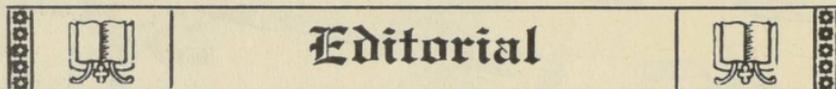
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No. 7

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H. F. Sipprell, '27	-	-	Literary Editor
G. D. H. Hatfield, '27, Science		Mary A. Bishop, '27, Exchanges	
R. D. Perry, '27, Athletics		Elizabeth B. Corey, '28, Personals	
M. Grace Perry, '27, Month		L. H. Jenkins, '28, Jokes	
Beryl F. DeWolfe, '27, Staff Artist		James Wilson, '29, Circulation Man.	
Beth McCallum,	-	Horton Academy Representative	
W. T. Taylor, '28	-	Business Manager	

Subscription \$2.00 per annum. Advertising rates given on application. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



With this number of the *Athenaeum*, the Staff for 1926-1927 completes its work. We have not been satisfied with what we have accomplished this year, but have done our best to maintain the high standard of our college magazine. Much, however, remains to be done by the incoming staff. The problem of the weekly newspaper cannot yet be regarded as satisfactorily solved. Some method must be worked out to ensue a supply of suitable "cuts" for the *Athenaeum*. This year, we have depended upon the kindness of the University Office and the cooperation of the various classes. We thank them heartily for the splendid assistance they have given us, and, at the same time, would urge upon the Students' Union the importance of making some provision for supplying illustrations for its magazine.

Another important problem yet to be solved is that of re-adjusting the *Athenaeum* to the Student-Body. In the last

decade, our numbers have rapidly increased. The result has been an increasing diversification in the interests of the students. This year, we have attempted to bring our magazine closer to the needs of the Student-Body by establishing a new Unclassified Department and by stressing the practical character of the Science Department and of the literary articles. Yet much remains to be done if the Student-Body is to be rallied in full strength behind the *Athenaeum*.

Undergraduates, this is your magazine and it's up to you! The best staff in the world cannot make it a success unless you give it your full-hearted support. We thank you for the splendid support you have given us this year and bespeak the like for the incoming staff. We have every confidence in their ability and feel that, under their direction, the *Athenaeum* will advance rapidly toward the place that is rightfully hers—the best college magazine in Canada.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the new headings to the Science and Athletics Departments. For these we are indebted to Miss Beryl F. DeWolfe, Staff Artist, who has given willingly of her time and talent. It is our hope that the incoming staff may see its way clear to complete the series.

This month, a Literay "A" goes to Miss Helen L. Simms, '27, in recognition of her success in the *Athenaeum* competition. We will miss her delicate humor and whimsicality from our pages, in the future, but congratulate ourselves on having retained her service until the last number of the year. She has been a consistent and successful contributor to the various literary and general departments and we feel that our thanks are due her for her enthusiastic support of the college magazine as well as our congratulations upon her well-deserved award.

ATHENAEUM COMPETITION

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS

	Lit.	Gen.		Lit.	Gen.
Margaret Belyea, '27	1	9	Kenneth V. Kierstead, '28	2	8
Mary A. Bishop, '27	13	11	A. Robert Marr, '28	1	0
Arthur J. Brady, '27	1	2	Elbert Paul, '28	4	0
Elsie Davis, '27	0	0	Marion Reid, '28	0	1
Virginia Dixon, '27	1	0	Melba Roop, '28	2	0
J. Walter Graham, '27	5	9	Harold T. Stultz, '28	2	2
Ralph B. W. Marven, '27	14	0	Zelma Trethewey, '28	0	2
Harry W. Mollins, '27	1	3	Eileen A. Cameron, '29	12	2
Ethelyn Osborne, '27	2	1	Mary Chase, '29	0	3
J. Graham Patriquin, '27	0	19	Guy Henson, '29	3	2
M. Grace Perry, '27	14	1	Eileen MacKay, '29	1	0
Ralph D. Perry, '27	13	11	Olive M. MacKay, '29	2	0
Helen L. Simms, '27	14	11	Jean Miller, '29	2	0
Marion Smith, '27	5	0	W. Gordon Ross, '29	2	0
Walter A. Stultz, '27	3	0	Donald Wetmore, '29	5	4
Meredith A. White, '27	6	0	A. D. Nickerson, Eng.	2	0
Marjorie Bell, '28	1	2	C. H. Starr, Eng.	3	0
Irene A. Card, '28	2	0	J. Robert Herbin, '30	5	1
Goldie A. Charleton, '28	1	7	Ruth A. Hilton, '30	1	0
Elizabeth Corey, '28	2	5	Hubert Miller, '30	0	1
R. Blair Fraser, '28	18	0	Jack Gunter, '28	0	5
M. W. Gates, '28	2	0	Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28	14	5
G. St. C. Higgins, '28	2	9			
Eleanor Kerr, '28	2				

INTER-CLASS COMPETITION

	Seniors	Juniors	Sophomores	Engineers	Freshmen
November	15	9	2	0	2
December	21	9	1	0	0
January-					
February	14	15	2	1	2
March	18	8	4	2	0
April	10	16	8	0	2
May	7	22	6	0	3
June	2	4	13	2	2
	—	—	—	—	—
	87	83	36	5	11

Pennant won by Seniors.

LITERARY "A'S" AWARDED THIS YEAR

D. H. Gordon, '27.	R. D. Perry, '27.
Mary A. Bishop, '27.	R. B. W. Marven, '27.
M. Grace Perry, '27.	R. B. Fraser, '28.
	Helen L. Simms, '27.

ATHENAEUM STAFF 1927-1928

W. T. Taylor, '28	Managing Editor.
R. B. Fraser, '28.....	Literary Editor.
L. H. Jenkins, '28.....	Science.
K. V. Keirstead, '28.....	Athletics.
D. Wetmore, '29	Month.
Eleanor Kerr, '28	Personals.
Elizabeth Corey, '28	Exchanges
Eileen Cameron, '29	Jokes.
Hubert Miller, '30	Staff Artist.
Virginia Robinson	Horton Academy Representative.
James Wilson, '29	Business Manager.
James Hubley, '30	Circulation Manager.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

OFFICERS FOR 1927-1928

STUDENTS' UNION

President—Edgar Bent.

Treasurer—Kenneth V. Keirstead.

UPPER JUDICIAL COMMITTEE

Seniors

Women's Unit

Margaret Crichton
Frances Parlee
Margaret Schurman

Men's Unit

Hoyt Fenwick
R. B. Fraser
W. T. Taylor

Juniors

Mary Chase
Miriam DuffyG. W. Titus
J. Wilson

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Seniors

G. Charleton
A. McLachlan
M. GallaherA. Crandall
E. Cousins

Juniors

Sadie Hogan
Beryl FreemanG. Colwell
G. Hudson

Second Year Engineers

John Black

Sophomores

Eva Robinson

Eric Found

Representatives of the Freshmen and First Year Engineers
to be appointed next year.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Pres. Dr. Thompson
Sec. Nancy Bowden

PROPYLAEUM

Pres. Marion Read
Vice-Pres. Dorothy Powell
Sec.-Treas. Constance MacArthur

GIRL'S A. A. A.

Pres. Mary MacLeod
Vice-Pres. Emma Bradshaw
Sec.-Treas. Miriam Duffy

HONOR DRAMATIC FRATERNITY

Director—Warren Findlay
Stage Man.—Marion Reid
Bus. Man.—Lloyd Jenkins

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Pres. W. T. Taylor
Vice-Pres. Emily Moore
Sec.-Treas. Margaret Porter

MEN'S A. A. A.

Pres. K. V. Kierstead
Vice-Pres. James Wilson
Sec.-Treas. W. B. Davis

S. C. M.

Pres. Archie Black
Vice-Pres. Harold Stultz
Sec.-Treas. James Hubley

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

S. V. B.

Pres. Verner Delong
 Vice-Pres. Lena Keens
 Sec.-Treas. Harold Stultz

THEOLOGICAL CLUB

Pres. T. B. MacDormand
 Other officers to be appointed next year.

SODALITY

Officers to be appointed.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

Pres. A. Chipman
 Vice-Pres. Guy Henson
 Sec.-Treas. to be appointed.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

Officers to be appointed.

COPY 1927

The *Athenaeum* has recently received a volume of *Copy 1927*, a unique anthology, the fourth of a series which began in 1924. It is a collection of stories, plays, poems, and essays from the work of students in the special courses in writing, University Extension, Columbia. Each production has already appeared in one of the well-known magazines, which in itself is a tribute to the quality of the work intended to give a concrete illustration of what is being done in creative writing at Columbia.

The stories show originality in setting and inventiveness in plot. *I Just Couldn't Stand It* by Mella Russell McCallum has been awarded the first prize. The author has Ellie Wilson tell, in a realistic manner, about a day when she was gloomy and depressed, and not altogether in love with life. The character is managed so skillfully that the reader is made to feel Ellie's mood. Then, at the end of the story, without obvious moralizing, we are given the true solution of the problem of making life livable.

In *A Departure Delayed*, James W. Bennett uses an eastern setting and succeeds in creating an oriental atmosphere. *A Husband for George-Anne* is a clever, amusing story in which the daughter of a college professor and her aunt figure prominently. George-Anne is a very admirable girl, whose craving for social life is not satisfied until her aunt takes her away from her eccentric father. The plot is well constructed and cleverly developed. In *Wie Eine Blume*, Marjorie Cone gives the reader a glimpse of the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Deutsch, and a sketch of the personality of Fanny Deutsch, their "flapper" daughter who is somewhat of a problem to them. The story is told impartially and with considerable skill, so that besides being highly amused by Fanny, the reader feels a genuine sympathy for her parents.

The two one-act plays in this anthology are of more than usual interest. Eleanor A. Barnes, the author of *Close to the Wind*, shows admirable skill in the delineation of children.

Priscilla and Blake are very real characters. Part of their dialogue reminds one of Wordsworth's lines:

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath
And feels its life in every limb
What should it know of death?"

There is an appealing beauty in their innocence which inspires one's love for these children.

Alice L. Matthews' play, *Yellow Roses* is very good. The author shows considerable ability in the motivation of the Wife's insanity. The Husband, a busy lawyer with no time for the little things that mean so much to his gentle, loving wife, is well characterized. Throughout the play the principle of artistic economy is applied. Our attention is held and our interest is sustained, from the very beginning until an end which we are made to feel is inevitable.

Portrait by Parmenia Migel is an example of free verse skillfully used. The author felt that this jerky rythm was particularly effective in describing the person. The poem is an interesting character study. With a few vigorous strokes, the author paints a vivid picture of the sort of person who is familiar to all of us—the self-centred woman.

Phillida, another poem by the same author, is written in a regular stanzaic form. A tone of sadness pervades the poem and makes the reader feel inclined to mourn for Phillida who

"now has gone
To dwell among the dead."

In the estimation of the judges, these two poems were the best submitted.

April, by Ethel Braxton Baker, rings with the joy of life and the beauty of springtime. It is a short poem, but delightful.

China's Fight Against Illiteracy has been selected by the judges as the best essay. During the six years which Frank B. Lenz spent in China, as secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Nanchang, he had a splendid opportunity to gain knowledge of the Chinese situation. In this article, he presents one of

China's problems which has been overlooked in a great many surveys of the situation. He traces the origin and development of the movement for the education of the masses in China, "the most extraordinary democratic movement of the age." This article embodies valuable information in good literary form. It is written in an enthusiastic manner, and enlists the reader's sympathy for China's courageous attempt to defeat her most serious internal enemy, illiteracy.

Copy-1927 is a selection of the best production of the Writers' Club at Columbia. It contains stories quite different as to plot and setting, yet maintaining a high standard of literary excellence. Its plays combine artistic development of plot and original creation of characters; its poems are good, keeping the proper balance between the older tendencies in poetry and the best of the new; and its essays are pleasing to the reader because they convey information in appropriate literary form.

This anthology is of interest not only because of its literary excellence, but also because it is an indication of the accomplishments of this department at Columbia University. The future of this group of authors will be watched with increased interest by the reading public of Canada and the United States.

M. A. W., '27



Horton Academy Notes



It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Miss Constance Hagan of Amherst, N. S., which occurred at Wolfville, on May 4, 1927.

Miss Hagan was a popular member of the Senior Academic Class of Horton Academy and her passing has cast a gloom over the entire University.

To the bereaved, we extend our most sincere sympathy with the assurance that her sweet personality will linger in our memories and her gentle influence will remain with us as an impulse to higher, nobler things.

The final meeting of the Academy Y. M. C. A. was addressed by Dr. N. W. Hutchins. The Academy girls also attended. They were favored with a trio by Messrs. Lantz, Short, and Tingley.

The Academy boys took fourth place in the Bulmer race held here Saturday, April 30.

The Academy nine played the Engineers on Thursday, April 28. The game ended with a score of 8-4 in favor of the Engineers.

On Saturday, May 7, a baseball game took place between Wolfville High School and the Academy. Game ended 10-7 in favor of the Academy.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE STUDENTS' UNION

Balance Sheet April 30, 1926 Appropriations Balance Sheet, April 30, 1927

SOCIETY	Dr.		Cr.		Alotted		Dr.		Cr.		Dr.		Cr.	
Athenaeum Society	\$		\$ 56	45	\$ 30	\$ 30	\$ 59	94	\$ 105	60	\$		\$ 45	66
Football		46			800	800	1105	48	1297	09			191	61
Hockey		75			600	600	908	15	920	48			12	33
Basketball			13	05	350	350	510	91	525	22			14	31
Baseball		11			140		21	90	50	35			28	45x
Track			26	62	25		5	43	21	02			15	59x
Tennis					25	25	16	10	25	00			8	90
Girls' Athletics.....			125	75	375	375	541	99	603	99			62	00
Athenaeum Paper	255	26			900		830	07	214	71	615	36		x
Blue and Garnet							401	86	404	76			2	90
Dramatic Society			120	91			381	04	435	16			54	12
Propylaeum Society			24	07	150	150	83	17	164	37			81	20
Rink	158	71			450	450	450	00	450	00				
General Expenses	198	78			300		227	46	100	05	127	41		x
Profit and Loss			31	10					31	10			31	10
College Women's Residence			6	57			4	03	6	57			2	54
S. C. A. (girls' unit)			81	70			9	65	177	16			167	51
S. C. A. (men's unit)			48	89			124	89	167	60			42	71
Universal Fee			355	58			3117	50	3237	50			120	00
Season Tickets									348	50			348	50
Student Volunteer Band							1	18	1	18				
Theological Club							2	01	2	01				
	\$747	13	\$890	69			\$ 8802	76	\$ 9289	42	\$ 742	77	\$ 1229	43
Bank Balance	210	96					512	38			512	38		
Outstanding Cheques			67	40					25	72			25	72
	\$958	09	\$958	09	\$ 4145	\$ 2780	\$ 9315	14	\$ 9315	14	\$ 1255	15	\$ 1255	15

Outstanding Cheques.

April 30, 1927

No. 256	\$ 5.00
No. 262	19.22
No. 266	1.50

\$25.72

Those accounts marked x have not received their yearly appropriations.



Audited C. E. CHISHOLM.

L. I. PUGSLEY, Treasurer 1926-7.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

Statement Year Ending April 30, 1927		Receipts	Payments
1926	May September.....	\$ 1978 55	1979 63
	October	3788 03	684 76
	November	655 01	728 80
	December	675 07	529 43
1927	January.....	570 31	675 34
	February.....	1549 07	1073 75
	March	583 26	974 63
	April	594 99	404 85
		\$ 7394 29	7051 19
	Bank Balance April 30, 1926	210 96	
	Bank Balance, April 30, 1927		512 38
	Outstanding Cheques April 30 1926.....		67 40
	“ “ “ “ 1927	25 72	
		\$ 7630 97	\$ 7630 97

Audited—

C. E. CHISHOLM,

L. I. PUGSLEY,

Treasurer, 1926-7.

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Acadia Dramatic Society has had a remarkably successful year.

Material success is shown in the acquisition of two flood-lights and a new set of interior scenery that have also been of good service to many other campus societies. The garden exterior set has also been augmented.

Two plays, *Dear Brutus* and *Smilin' Through*, were produced; the former at Christmas and the latter at Convocation. Both met with unqualified success and were well up to the high standard set since *The Goose Hangs High*. As a result of these two plays, six Dramatic "A's" were awarded this year.

The treasury has been left in a healthy condition in spite of three brilliant parties, the last being a theatre party on the S. C. A. Night. New Officers have been installed, and they give every promise of leading the Society on to a still "bigger and better" year.

G. D. H. H.

THE HONOR DRAMATIC FRATERNITY

The "Frat" has completed its first year of service most auspiciously. During the second term, a full evening play *Lady Windermere's Fan* was presented. The many favorable comments which have been heard concerning this production have testified to its worth and to the place in student thought to which the "Frat" has attained. We look forward to further progress next year.

H. F. S.

GIRLS' UNIT OF THE S. C. A.

The Girls' Unit of the S. C. A. has had a very successful year. During the first term, a number of study groups were formed, the majority of which were led by students and keen interest was taken in the groups. Group discussions are splendid. They serve as a medium for the expression of the college girl; her ideas become enlarged, broadened, and changed through intimate discussions with other friends. A joint study group of students from the different classes was formed to discuss the questions connected with the second National Conference, held in St. Anne de Bellevue during the Christmas holidays. A very representative group from Acadia was present. The students returning from the Conference, brought with them a new enthusiasm for S. C. A. and what it might accomplish on the campus.

The regular Sunday night meetings were quite well attended during the winter. A varied program was presented illustrating the different phases of a girls life.

The visits of Gertrude Rutherford, national secretary for the S. C. M.; Miss Margaret Crutchfield, travelling secretary for the S. V. B.; Dr. Herbert Johnson and Miss Flora Macdonald, noted evangelist and singer; and Miss Marjorie Trotter girls' work secretary, stimulated the girls to greater efforts and also gave them new ideals and standards of living.

It is especially interesting to note the number who have signified their intention of attending the Maritime Conference at Deep Brook this spring. With the enthusiasm inspired by the Conference, we hope that the next college year will bring increased success in the Student Christian Movement, of Acadia University.

E. K.

THE GIRLS AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The year nineteen hundred and twenty seven has marked a certain progress in our Girls' Athletic Association. Previously, basket-ball was the one game in which the girls were represent-

ed, but, last fall, as a result of the enthusiasm of the girls, a ground hockey team was organized under Miss Cook's direction. A decided step forward was taken when it played a return game with Dalhousie University. Next year, the girls intend to start practicing early so that a real league may be formed and the games played before the cold weather comes.

Last month, at a regular meeting of the Association, a motion was passed to the effect that the Manager of the Basketball team each year receive a Manager's "A" from the Association in appreciation of her services during the season. In addition to this "A", four athletic "A's" were won during the year 1926-1927.

We hope that next year the Basket-ball team will make an extra effort to win the League so that the cup will still be up for competition and not remain permanently with Dalhousie.

Acadia Anniversaries

1927

ODE TO THE CLASS OF 1927

Too long we linger where the roses grow
And wander where the shining waters lave
The cool, green moss, or purple violets lure
The languid hand, or pink-lipped lilies sleep
In pools of skyey blue and scent our dreams
With haunting fragrance, sweet as love in spring.

In vain the distance beckons us away.
The roseate clouds roll back before the sun
That, rising, towers above the eastern hills—
The hills that stand a challenge to our strength
And call us to the toil, the strife, the quest!
Before us lie the perils of the plains
And there, beyond, the mighty beckoning hills!

“But, ah,” we say, “how sweet to linger here,
To lie beneath the flowering trees on beds
Of softest moss and watch the river glide.”
Most sweet it is, but all life calls us hence—
How can we tarry here in idle dreams?
Oh, comrades, rise and draw the thin, bright blades,
The gleaming blades we forged and furbished here;
Thin, bright, and keen as flames, they lie unused
The while we linger here. On, comrades, on
Forever toward those lofty purple peaks
Unknown, sublime, that silent summon us.

Harold Fritz Sipprell, '27

CLOSING EXERCISES OF ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

The Anniversary Exercises marking the close of Acadia's eighty-ninth year of service were of unusual interest in that the recently reorganized School of Household Science and Fine Arts and Horton Academy graduated their first classes this year. Wolfville appeared at its best and the weather left nothing to be desired. The result was that the exercises were attended by a large number of visitors who thronged into this beautiful little town from all over the Maritimes and New England.

Thursday, May 19th.

The first event in closing week was the Intercollegiate Track Meet. Before a large number of interested spectators, Mt. Allison University won its second Intercollegiate Track Meet of the season when it outpointed the representatives from the University of New Brunswick and Acadia. The Garnet and Gold had 43 points, to their credit, U. N. B., coming a close second with 40 points, and Acadia tailing up with only 25. Eddie Goodspeed of U. N. B. won the cup for the highest individual scorer with $14\frac{1}{2}$ points, White and Smith of Mt. Allison also making big individual scores.

Results:

100 yards—1st, Smith, Mt. A.; 2nd, Goodspeed, U. N. B.; 3rd, Matthews, Acadia. Time 10 4-5 seconds.

High Jump—1st, White, Mt. A.; 2nd, Estey and Tingley, Acadia. Height 5 ft. 4 in.

Shot Put—1st, Titus, Acadia; 2nd, MacAulay, U. N. B.; 3rd, Trueman, Mt. A. Distance 35 ft. 1 in.

Mile Run—1st, Reid, U. N. B.; 2nd, Hattie, Mt. A.; 3rd, Foulis, Acadia. Time 4 minutes, 51 seconds.

Broad Jump—1st, Black, Mt. A.; 2nd, Dougan, Acadia; 3rd, White, Mt. A.; Distance 19 feet, 4 3-4 inches.

220 yard—1st, Goodspeed, U. N. B.; 2nd, Matthews, Acadia; 3rd, Rice, Mt. A. Time 24 2-5 seconds.

Hammer Throw—1st, MacAulay, U. N. B.; 2nd, Dougan, Acadia; 3rd, Matheson, Mt. A. Distance, 92 feet.

440 yards—1st, Goodspeed, U. N. B.; 2nd, Smith, Mt. A.; 3rd, Creelman, Acadia. Time 54 seconds.

Hurdles—1st, White, Mt. A.; 2nd, Rice, Mt. A.; 3rd, Lane, Acadia. Time 18 1-5 seconds.

Pole Vault—1st, Merserau, U. N. B.; 2nd, Stratton, U. N. B.; 3rd, Estey, Acadia. Height 9 feet.

Mile Relay—1st, Mt. A. (Rice, Trueman, Jamieson, Smith)
2nd, U. N. B. (Seely, Woods, Reid, Goodspeed)
3rd, Acadia (Creelman, Wallace, Foulis, Eaton)

That evening, in University Hall, the School of Fine Arts presented the following student's Recital:

Piano—*Sonata Pathetique, Opus 13*.....Beethoven
 Grave
 Allegro di molto e con brio
 Adagio Cantabile
 Rondo

MISS IRENE CARD

Reading—*Anne of Green Gables* cutting.....Montgomery

MISS FLORENCE TORY

Organ—*The Sandman*Alden
 Prelude and Fugue in D minorBach

MR. HENRY WHITNEY

Reading—*Riders to the Sea* cuttingSynge

MISS ELSIE DAVIS

Violin—*Canto Amoroso*Lammartini
 OrienteleCesar Cui
 Gavotte from OthoHandel

MISS KATHLEEN BANCROFT

Reading—*The Children's Hour*Longfellow
 The Little House and the Little RoadPeabody

MISS NATALIE COX

Organ— <i>Prelude in G Major</i>	Bach
<i>Finale from Sixth Organ Sonata</i>	Mendelssohn
<i>Fanfare</i>	Lemmens

MR. VERNE GRAHAM

Friday, May 20th.

The Campus drew most of the visitors Friday morning and afternoon to witness the Provincial High School Track Meet, which proved one of the most successful meets of the season.

That evening, the School of Fine Arts repeated their production of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera *Patience*. The second production was if anything even superior to the first and the large audience was delighted with the skill and artistry displayed by the students of the school. Perhaps the high point in the show was reached with the duet *So go to him, and say to him*, in the interpretation of which, Miss Ena Roop and Mr. Harry Mollins excelled themselves. The whole production reflected great credit upon the untiring efforts of the directors: Miss Graves and Mr. Jones. The cast was as follows:

Patience.....	Melba Roop
Angela.....	Mae Robbins
Saphir	Nita Trethewey
Ella	Hazel Moffat
Jane	Ena Roop
Bunthorne	Harry Mollins
Grosvenor	Verne Graham
Duke.....	Arthur Tingley
Major	Curtis Newcombe
Colonel	Hugh Bishop

Chorus of Dragoons—Messrs. Bancroft, Brown, Crandall, Coy, Denny, Found, Grant, Hamilton, McDonald, Morgan, MacIsaac, Marr, Ross, Simmonds, Whitney, Underwood.

Chorus of Maidens—Misses Brown, Burrell, Barnaby, Cecelia Bradshaw, Emma Bradshaw, Cochrane, Cox, Crowell,

Dixon, Davison, Davis, Kerr, MacKenzie, Robinson, Saunders, Wilson.

Concert Master—Miss Beatrice Langley.
Accompaniste—Miss Miriam Bancroft.

Saturday, May 21st.

The Campus again proved the centre of interest Saturday afternoon when Acadia University walloped two Halifax Y. M. C. A. pitchers for thirteen hits and twelve runs and took the preliminary to the Springhill double-leader by a score of twelve to four. Acadia's "million dollar infield" packed powerful bats, and drove Phinney from the mound in the seventh. Woodworth replaced him and allowed a number of extra base hits.

Acadia's infield was especially tight and worked smoothly for the season's opener. Barteaux was the pick of the infielders, and secured five hits for a total of seven bases. Don Munro pitched steadily after the first inning, when a trio of hits into right field coupled with a wild pitch and a low heave to third allowed three Halifax men to cross the plate. The big right-hander had twelve strike-outs to his credit, and allowed only four singles.

Halifax "Y"—Laing, ss, and c.; J. Piers, c; Woodworth, l. f. and p.; Dompierre, 1b.; B. Piers, 2b.; Fox, 3b; Phinney, p. and ss.; McLeod, c. f.; Power, l. f.

Acadia—Eaton, 3b; Regan, 2b.; C. Munro, c.; Barteaux, ss.; Cohen, c. f.; Davis, c. f.; Dougan, 1b.; Elderkin, l. f.; Lane, r. f.; D. Munro, p.

Score by innings:

	R. H. E.					
Halifax "Y"	300	000	100	—	4	4 7
Acadia	032	021	22x	—	12	13 3

Saturday evening in University Hall came what was probably the most beautiful production the Acadia Dramatic Society has ever staged: *Smilin' Through* by Allan Langdon

Martin. The scene throughout was laid in an old-fashioned English garden, and to Messrs. Findlay and Gunter great credit is due for the artistic setting. The beauty and charm of the scene were enhanced by the delicate lighting effects as arranged by Messrs. Williams and Dickson.

As the "pair of dear, charming, delightful, old geese," Blair Fraser and Ralph Marven displayed rare histrionic ability and a sympathetic understanding in their respective interpretations of the difficult rôles of John Carteret and Dr. Owen Harding. Kathlyn MacLean was superb as the wilful, Irish colleen, Kathleen Dungannon, and rose to great emotional heights. James Wardrope, playing opposite her as Kenneth Wayne, was in excellent form. Florence Tory as "the beautiful Moonyeen Clare," John's sweetheart fifty years ago, was exquisite in her dainty rôle. Jean Miller made Ellen a most charming house-keeper and effected wonderful transition from the present to fifty years before. William MacLean made a delightful juvenile lead and by his excellent interpretation of the rôle of Willie Ainley who "kept a bull" proved himself the "find" of the year.

But it is after all to the directors that the chief credit for the success of the play is due. Mr. D. D. Wetmore and Mr. G. D. H. Hatfield are to be congratulated indeed on a production so very worth while. It was quite the artistic triumph of the entire history of the Acadia Dramatic Society.

The Acadia Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley with incidental music by the String Quartette and beautiful vocal solos by Miss Hazel Moffatt and Miss Mae Robbins as they played and sang old-time favorites, lent much to the charm of the production and aided in creating the required atmosphere.

Before the curtains parted, Dr. Patterson announced the award of distinction letters and caps to the following:

LITERARY A's

Mary A. Bishop
 M. Grace Perry
 Ralph D. Perry
 Ralph B. W. Marven
 R. Blair Fraser
 Douglas H. Gordon
 Helen L. Simms

DRAMATIC A's

W. Theodore Taylor
 Helen L. Simms
 Harold F. Sipprell
 Constance I. Hayward
 Kathlyn MacLean
 J. Warren B. Findlay

DEBATING A's

W. Gordon Ross
 Roy T. Steeves

GIRLS' ATHLETIC A's

Margaret Brown
 Beryl DeWolfe
 Frances Parlee
 Florence Tory
 Emma Bradshaw

MEN'S ATHLETIC A's

Football	Basketball	Hockey	Track
G. W. Titus	W. C. Matthews	C.L. MacKenna	W.C. Matthews
S. Titus	J. E. Raymond	J. C. Johnson	T. Dougan
J. Hubley	J. Baker	H. Matthews	R. Estey
D. H. Gordon	T. Dougan	W. B. Payzant	E. F. Creelman
W. Matthews	D. MacKenzie	A. J. Brady	S. Titus
D. MacLean	M. Lane	D. H. Gordon	A. J. R. Brady
J. Wilson	E. F. Creelman	(Manager's A)	(Manager's A)
A. J. Brady	R. Goudy		
K. C. McWha			
V. White			
T. Dougan			
R. R. Prosser			
(Manager's A)			

Distinction Caps

T. Dougan
W. C. Matthews

THE CAST**Prologue**

Sarah Wayne	Miss Marion Read
Mary Clare Dungannon	Miss Louise Fritz
<hr/>	
John Carteret	Mr. Blair Fraser
Dr. Owen Harding	Mr. Ralph Marven
Ellen, the housekeeper	Miss Jean Miller
Kathleen Dungannon, niece to John	Miss Kathlyn MacLean
Willie Ainley	Mr. William MacLean
Kenneth Wayne, son to Jeremiah	Mr. James Wardrope
Moonyeen Clare	Miss Florence Tory
First Woman	Miss Mary Bishop
Second Woman	Miss Constance Hayward
Third Woman	Miss Eleanor Kerr
First Man	Mr. Gordon Ross
Second Man	Mr. Archibald Black
Third Man	Mr. Lloyd Jenkins
Jeremiah Wayne	Mr. Warren Findlay

Sunday, May 22nd.

Baccalaureate Sunday dawned fine and clear. At five o'clock, the Seniors were on the tower and, amid songs and class yells, raised the national ensign and the class banner. An hour later found them carrying out another old Acadia custom—breakfast on the Ridge.

By eleven o'clock, Convocation Hall was packed and the very nervous Seniors were awaiting the opening bars of the march to make their first public appearance as the Graduating Class of 1927. This year, Mendelssohn's *War March of the Priests* from *Athalie* was used and proved a welcome innovation. Miss Margery Morse and Miss Dorothy Wilson of the

class of '30 officiated at the piano and Mr. Allister Crandall, '28, at the organ.

Following the entrance of the Graduating Class and the Doxology *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty*, President Patterson led in prayer. Then followed the hymn *Come Thou Almighty King*, responsive reading, the *Gloria*, the scripture lesson read by Dr. A. N. Marshall of Wolfville, prayer by Dr. W. C. Goucher of St. Stephen, and an anthem *I Will Magnify Thee, O God*. After the offering and announcements, Miss Gertrude Metcalf, Bac. Mus. rendered a splendid solo, *The Lord is my Light*, in a most artistic manner. Then followed the hymn *Crown Him with many Crowns*.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Rev. A. L. Huddleston, M.A., D. D. of the First Baptist Church, Halifax, N. S. Dr. Huddleston has long been a favorite with the Student-Body and his selection as preacher upon this occasion was a most happy one.

Dr. Huddleston chose as his subject *The Challenge of Life's Adventure* and took his texts from Luke 12:18, "I will build greater" and John 10:10, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." He applied the challenge of his first text to the position of the graduating class and pointed out the challenge which come to them from Acadia, from the records of her graduates, from a deep sense of indebtedness to those who have toiled before them, and from the very incompleteness of things. He then showed how the farmer in Luke's account failed because of his selfishness and altogether inadequate analysis of life. The speaker warned his hearers against the temptation which must be avoided that they may escape a like failure and, by applying his second text, showed the interest of God in the success of His people and emphasized the fact that each represents God's opportunity to build greater. "Jesus," he said, "is the one clear, shining star that will guide aright. His life is one grand example of loving service and passionate sacrifice for others." His ideal of life is the ideal of soul growth into the more abundant life. The speaker made a forceful plea for the Christian ideal and warned his hearers of the need of vision, of prayer and meditation, of faith—"the com-

mitment of life to the divine program"—of courage, of patience, and, above all of the need of the indwelling Christ. Then turning to the members of the graduating class, Dr. Huddleston said:

"Yours has been a high privilege. To have lived here, amidst these beautiful surroundings; to have breathed in the spirit of Acadia; to have entered into the wealth of her traditions, is indeed a golden heritage.

From this high privilege there comes to you, the challenge to build greater; to build greater not only in the material asset of life, but to build greater among the potentials of the spiritual life; to build greater in the realm of truth and beauty and love and moral supremacy and of fellowship with God.

As you seek to meet that challenge, remember that you must ever remain a vital part of Acadia. There is no such thing as divorce in College relationship. You have taken each other for better and for worse. Remember that your failure will be her failure, your success her success. In the eyes of the world, Acadia stands for the Christian life in all its richness of character and in all its wealth of sacrificial service. May it be yours to be true to these traditions.

Make Jesus the centre of your thought and affection; let Him dominate the purpose of your life and you shall not fail; but, by a life of aspiration and service, you will not only add to the glory of Acadia and the joy of all who love you, but you will prosper that for which Acadia stands, the reign and love of God in the hearts and laws and institutions of mankind."

The service was brought to an end with the hymn *Glorious things of Thee are Spoken*, the benediction by the President, and the withdrawal of the Graduating Class.

Rev. E. M. Kierstead, M. A., D. D., LL. D., was the speaker at the Alumni Memorial Service Sunday afternoon. At the evening service, the Biblical Drama *The Sin of Ahab* was presented by students in the Faculty of Theology. Archie Black, '28 presided and others taking part in the service included Rev. Ross Eaton of Charlottetown, P. E. I., who read the scripture lesson, Dr. W. N. Hutchins who led in prayer, and Miss Gertrude Metcalfe, Bac. Mus., who rendered another excellent solo, *Like as a Father*.

Monday, May 23rd.

Monday afternoon was marked by a rather undistinguished Inter-Class Track Meet, an art exhibition in Room B-1, and the Class Day Exercises of the Graduating Class of the Horton Academy of Acadia University.

That evening, at half past seven, came the ninety-ninth graduating exercises of Horton Academy and the first under the re-organization recently effected. The exercises took the form of a most interesting and illuminating demonstration of the work being done in the Academy.

Tuesday, May 24th.

Class Day this year was a national holiday and, consequently, a large audience assembled in Convocation Hall to witness the last class meeting of the Class of '27.

After the entrance march, the president, Mr. R.B.Gullison, welcomed the visitors. Then the secretary, Miss Mildred F. McCutcheon read the minutes and called the roll. The gift to the university of five hundred dollars to pay for the lights at the front and back of University Hall in memory of a class mate, Miss Eva Marshall, was announced. Mr. H. W. Mollins sang a most appropriate solo, *Friend O'Mine*. Then Miss M. Grace Perry read the Class History.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '27

There have been many graduating classes at Acadia and each one has tried to convince the world that it was the best. The class of '27 will never try to convince anyone of this, however. The fact is too obvious. We all know it ourselves and we have never been able to conceal it. Even when we entered Acadia as Freshmen in the fall of 1923 all the other classes recognized it, for after giving us the "once over" they said one to another, "What intelligent looking beings, etc., etc.—methinks they show not the slightest tinge of verdancy." The result was that to prevent our being mistaken for M. A. Students or new professors we suppose, a decree went forth to the effect that First year students "must wear a green band in plain sight as a mark of distinction."

Let me confess, however, that although we may not have looked it, we felt very green and bashful and shy. Many of us Freshettes wished our mothers had let us wear our skirts a little longer (they did in those days), and some of the boys looked forward to graduating into long pants at Christmas-time. However, in spite of such trivial matters, our College life began eventfully.

It was on October 3 that we registered what fun it was, and how we glanced at everyone else with a blue card and wondered when we should all get acquainted. We did not have to wait long, for that very evening we held our first class meeting, in the attic of the home of one of our town members. Of course the Sophs were present—on the outside—but as the distance from the third floor of a building to the ground is relatively great they did not get any satisfaction out of our meeting except the joy of escorting us around town afterward.

The next two days were spent in circulating our class yell and incidentally in attending our first college classes. The confession must be made that the wily Sophomores, pretending to be Freshmen, learned our yell, a line at a time, over the telephone. However, we were resourceful enough to compose a fake yell at the last minute which we gave the night of the Tully

party and Gravenstein reception, thus delaying our disgrace for a few hours. In the time-honoured Rush the same night, although the Freshmen as usual, won, the Sophomores, also as usual, were given the decision.

The next afternoon, we were gathered together to have numerous rules read at us, the most heartless being one which forbade us to do any more than look at members of the opposite sex for the next month or so. We settled down to our fate with sighs of resignation.

Wednesday, October 17th was a red-letter day in more than one sense of the word. On that day, we were paraded all over town and finally led to the campus, where we gave stunts for the edification of the rest of the university. Words fail me to describe the appearance of these same august Seniors, you see before you today, so I shall not attempt description. Suffice it to say that after being made to play with such ingredients as molasses, fly paper, flour (wet and dry—mostly wet) our Freshman dignity was hurt. We felt aggrieved at the world in general and the Sophomore class in particular. From that hour dates the most precious possession of the class of '27—our class spirit!

Our first class party was held on Friday evening, October 29. The Sophs succeeded in accomplishing nothing except turning out the lights, for which we were truly grateful. A party by candle-light is "best yet" all the Freshmen decided as the Sophomores outside groaned at the thoughts of the pie and ice-cream they had failed to get.

Although at our first football game with the Academy on October 14th both sides failed to score, our boys crowned themselves into glory and honor by defeating the Cads 13—3 two weeks later, thus saving our class the expense of several barrels of Gravenstein apples, and removing the irksome rules of the past three weeks. In honor of this we held a class-meeting that very evening the only purpose being to give the boys a chance to walk home with the girls by way of celebration. Then we put away our green bands in lavender and felt ourselves a real part of the university at last.

The remaining weeks before Christmas passed swiftly,

brightened by football games and parties, including our first class theatre party. (The confession must be made that we girls drew lots for our partners, which we believe the only way for Freshmen). The list of activities would not be complete without mention of the First Year Students' Entertainment, in which we were aided by Freshie-Sophs and Engineers in putting on our program. Everyone voted our circus the hit of the season, and the giraffe which crossed his legs in a surprisingly human fashion was rivalled only by that intelligent horse, Spark Plug, who answered all questions put to him whether they concerned students or faculty.

Christmas vacation over, we returned to find the dreaded Mid Year examinations awaiting us. For two weeks, all was strangely quiet around Acadia. Then came the examinations themselves, which we took, like a bad case of measles—after having been exposed to them. Most of us eventually recovered.

In celebration of this, early in February, we staged perhaps the biggest social event of our entire four years. This took the form of a sleigh ride to Kentville on a glorious moonlight night, followed by an elaborate banquet at Cornwallis Inn. Freshmen to the number of about eighty, were present and did full justice to the numerous courses. We were rewarded by the jealousy of all the other class (we still think it was on account of that moon) and achieved the reputation of spending our money recklessly. We pondered over this accusation and finally came to the decision of "Not Guilty." However, we immediately instituted a system whereby we should save half of all class dues received for our gift to the university, so that our gift is not merely from the Senior class—it is the gift of all those who are or ever were members of the class of 1927.

Before we realized it, our first year at Acadia was nearly over. It had not been all play, as this account may lead you to think. In between times, we had studied, just enough to keep us off the list of Christmas graduates. In debating, our boys defeated the Sophomores, but, alas, both upper class teams proved too much for them. Our girls won their first debate against the Sophettes. Despite the fact that the Seniors were given the hockey championship because of our playing men who

were afterward called ineligible, an editorial in one of the *Athenaeum's* states, "The original Freshmen hockey team is still undisputed victor of the ice."

Speaking of our college paper, we are justly proud of the fourteen units which we earned as a class during our first year. I quote again from an editorial, "Within a month of their coming to Acadia the Freshmen class had taken up the college paper as their paper, and the fourteen units awarded to them throughout the year must be taken to represent also a mass of material which, although failing through competition to receive an award, shows interest and talent holding promise for the future." That we have fulfilled our youthful signs of promise is shown by the fact that we have won the *Athenaeum* pennant in interclass competition in both our Junior and Senior years.

In the Autumn of 1924, most of the original members of the Class of '27 returned to the college on the hill. To our great surprise and delight, we found our numbers increased by about twenty-five of that variety of biped known in University circles as Freshie-Sophs. We welcomed them with open arms and within a month forgot that they had not belonged to us always. Being Sophomores now, we felt the added responsibility which age and experience had given us. We considered that the entire University and especially the Freshmen were ours to do with as we pleased. We started this by capturing the yell of the class of '28 and giving it at the Gravenstein Reception and Tully Party.

Our first party of the year took the form of a corn boil at the Ridge on a never-to-be forgotten night in October, a very interesting occasion, at which we ruined a perfectly good wash-boiler by burning the wooden handles off of it; and discovered that some of the male members of our class were budding opera singers. Certainly the amazing amount of vocal talent displayed on that occasion has been a source of pride to the class of '27 ever since.

Wishing to show the Faculty, upper-class men, and especially the Freshmen with just what dignity Sophomores could comport themselves (although dignity in Sophomores is rare, we admit), the class of '27 appeared in full dress at the

First Year Students' Entertainment in November. We still believe that *we* entertained the audience as much as the Freshmen themselves. Certainly the variety and number of monocles, opera glasses, lorgnettes, canes, and top-hats among the Sophomores on that auspicious occasion would be hard to find in any gathering of less importance than the King's Garden Party or the opening of Parliament in London.

The year passed swiftly, and in between times we found our class treasury of such proportions that we could indulge in a theatre party, a sleigh drive to Kentville, and a picnic at the Dug Woods in the Spring.

Our boys were inter-class hockey champions, as well as winners of the wild-cat hockey league. We still think we would have been baseball champions if the weather man had not intervened and prevented the final play-off with the Engineers. Our debating record was also rather remarkable. We did not fail to lose every inter-class debate of the year, but then the class of '27 was never noted for its argumentative powers even in class meetings, since we generally agree on those occasions. Our class meetings have failed to develop debators we sadly admit, but ah, what wit, what sparkling eloquence have they given rise to. Undergraduates of Acadia, we can only sympathize with you that you have all been denied the great privilege of being present at our class meetings in the past. Truly you would have learned that the great art of the spoken word is still among us. If we have failed to produce a Demosthenes, at least we are sure that many of our members will be politicians.

When we returned as jolly Juniors in the fall of '25 we found several changes. Many of our classes were now held in University Hall, the classrooms of which were then open for use for the first time. This, added to the fact that the registration was becoming larger every year made Acadia seem a different University from the one we had entered two years before.

Our first Junior party was held in Room A4 of the new building—the first class party ever held in University Hall, and only one of the many good times we have had together since we have been upperclassmen.

The Juniors settled down to show the world that the class of '27 was still on the map. In athletics, our boys made a record which we believe it would be hard for any class to surpass, for they won the inter-class championships in soccer, basket-ball, hockey, track, and baseball. In girls' basket ball, we stood close second to the Seniors, who were champions. Five championships in one year would have turned our heads had we not remembered our debating record of the past ages. But, even in debating, we at last came into our own, for one of our girls made the Women's Intercollegiate Debating team which defeated Mt. Allison here last year. That made up for the many inter-class debates we lost, but, after all are we to blame for all of our losses if the class of '27 girls will persist, (as we did last year), in taking the affirmative of such a revolutionary subject as, "Resolved that dancing should be permitted as a social activity at Acadia." Dear friends, I ask you, how could any professor on the faculty give the decision to the *affirmative* in such a case, without incurring the possibility of being besieged with invitations to chaperon a class of '27 dance?

Before we could realize it, the days of our Junior year had slipped by, one by one, like petals that fall from a beautiful flower. There remained before us one great event, the banquet, which according to tradition, the Juniors give in honor of the Seniors. This took place on May the first. It was the last Junior-Senior banquet ever to be given in the old Tully Dining Room, for that, too, like so many things in life here at Acadia, has changed. Few of us realized that evening amid the colorful gaiety around us, just how much we would miss the Seniors. For one evening, we buried the hatchet and were happy together, the class of '26 and the class of '27. Then in a whirl came examinations and Convocation exercises. Another class had been graduated.

The members of the class of '27 were—Seniors! How strange the word sounded when applied to us. Three years could not have passed so quickly. Time must have played a trick on us. Surely we were just Juniors, still!

But no! The vacation over, we returned to Acadia for our last year. We *were* Seniors. There was no denying the fact,

so we resolved to make the best of it and enjoy ourselves as much as possible in our last year together.

After being the first class to have a party in University Hall, we decided we must keep up the record and accordingly the Seniors were the first to hold a class party in the new Reception Room of Whitman Hall.

Our history would not be complete without mentioning the banquet given for us early in April by the ladies of the Baptist Church. It was one of the most enjoyable social events of this year and is only one instance of the kindness of the residents of Wolfville towards us. We shall not soon forget the parties and teas and Sunday evening sings which we have enjoyed in their homes.

After putting up a good fight for three years, our girls carried off the interclass basket ball championship, while the boys, keeping up their splendid athletic record of the past, have come off interclass victors in soccer, hockey, and baseball. One of our men this year made the intercollegiate debating team. We have taken our share in extra curriculum activities for over forty "A's" have been awarded to our class as athletic, debating, dramatic, and literary distinctions.

The last few weeks have been a whirl of activities. I can only mention our last class party in A4, at which in spite of wrinkles and grey hairs, the dignified Seniors appeared dressed as children. I might dwell on the games we played and the many pounds of suckers and animal crackers we consumed that evening, but I shall desist. Then too, we can never forget the party which the Juniors gave for us the last of April in the Memorial Gymnasium, a very gay affair, yet tinged with sadness to many of us as we realized how soon we must leave all these happy times of our undergraduate days of Acadia. Last but far from least came the party at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Patterson which we shall always remember with pleasure.

Our Senior year has been saddened by the death of one of our classmates, Eva Marshall, whose happy disposition had made us all love her. Knowing well how little could avail anything we might do, yet in true reverence of Spirit, we have dedicated our gift to the University in her memory.

Now Convocation is here, the time to which we have looked forward with longing and now leave with a wee bit of regret. Sunday morning dawned clear and bright with rosy clouds in the sky as any of the Seniors could tell you, for we were on the tower at 5 a. m. to raise our class flag. Was there ever such a glorious morning before that day. Had Blomidon ever been so wonderful, or the hills so blue, or the Gaspereaux River so silvery and bright in the sunshine we asked ourselves an hour later as we breakfasted on the Ridge, overlooking the quiet valley dotted with apple-trees and woods, farm-lands and houses. Another beautiful chapter in our life here at Acadia had closed. Today we have come to our last class meeting. Tomorrow we shall receive our degrees and with that the book of our life at Acadia is ended.

Our four years together have given us the strength which comes from fellowship and friendship, from working and playing together. The name of Acadia is a link which will bind us together in the years to come. May the unwritten history of the future of the class of '27 be of deeds far greater, far more worthwhile than these of our past four years together. They have been years of preparation. Now life itself is before us. Friends and classmates, this is only the *beginning* of the history of the class of 1927.

Mary Grace Perry, '27

This History was followed by a very pleasing quartette, *Come Where the Lillies Bloom*, sung by Miss Helen L. Simms, Miss Nita O. C. Trethewey, Mr. H. W. Mollins, and Mr. A. J. Tingley, all members of the graduating class.

Mr. R. B. W. Marven, the class Prophet, then arose and held the class breathless as he revealed to them the ravings of his prophetic soul.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '27

Mr. President, I have a somewhat unusual announcement to make. It will be doubtless startling in its effect. But have you not noticed the ease with which our Class Historian made four years pass before us? During the brief interim between her conclusion and my beginning, the years have continued to flow by. That's a fact. Twenty years have slipped past. Look around you. Nothing is changed? Well, it wouldn't be!

Yes, it is now the year of 1947. I shall not attempt to review the events of the past twenty years—you are as well acquainted with them as I am. We all know that the former republics are now ruled by monarchs whose descendants will rule after them. We know that democracy has been definite discarded as a farce. We know that science had made living conditions better. We know that art has progressed in all its forms, particularly literature. And speaking of literature, let me tell you of something I witnessed last week. Some of you may have heard of it, that poetry contest held here in Wolfville on the seventeenth day of May in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Forty-Seven.

It seems that a number of Englishmen headed by that grand old man George Bernard Shaw who will never die and who abjured socialism a decade ago offered a prize, consisting of a free trip to Mars, to the best piece of poetry composed by any member of the Class of '27. The prize has, as yet, not been awarded, but I would like to tell you of the contest of the Muses as I saw it. Believe me, Pluto never had more difficulty in judging the contest between the early dramatists than our judges had. I was secretary of the great event, so I know all about it.

Early in the morning the judges assembled. They were Rudyard Kipling, George Bernard Shaw, John Massfield, and Wilson MacDonald. As I said before, I was secretary. The first contestant appeared. It was HAROLD FREEMAN ARCHIBALD. We informed him of the rules of the contest. Shaw said that any form of poetry was permissible, as long as it were

typical of the poet's soul, no matter whether doggerel or ode. The judges wanted true lyrics at any cost. And the contestants certainly played up! Each poem was fairly autobiographical.

Archie began:

That place I used to work in,
 That palatial mansion of stone,
 Well, I've risen so high in the business
 That now it is all my own.
 My private apartment is furnished in brown,
 With antique, barred windows and walls soft as down,
 Napoleon rooms across the hall;
 Cleopatra stays upstairs;
 George Washington in the bathtub
 Crosses a thousand Delawares.
 All that they eat, these worn rakes
 Is curdled cream and cornflakes.
 I've a private Valet, he's a very light sleeper,
 And he persists in calling himself my *keeper*.

WALLACE LEOLAND BARTEAUX was very busy.
 He had only time to shout out:

I own the biggest hotel in town
 And it pays me well, it seems,
 Because I never open my doors
 To itinerant college football teams.

MARGARET VIOLET BELYEA appeared in her usual costume—red woolen cap, riding breeches, skis, and having a frying-pan slung over her shoulder. Margaret stated:

I've been a school marm for twenty years,
 Teaching Latin to tiny tots.
 "*Arma virumque cano,*"
 And of men and their arms I have lots.
 In spite of the trustees threats and curses,
 I closed school for a month to make these verses.
 The children objected of course, but I sent 'em
 Away from their school teacher, dulce ridentem.

CHARLES HUBERT BENTLEY attempted to give an account of his doings in a simple metre, marking out the feet with a baseball bat:

You may not believe it, but just last night
 I was a *Tiger*, burning bright.
 Today I'm a *Cardinal*, flaming red,
 Oh, it's a mighty queer life I've led.
 I've been
 An *Indian*,
 A *Giant* and a *Pirate*,
 But, each time I get a new job, I fire it.

MARY ADELAIDE BISHOP entered in the pensive manner of *Reginald Bunthorne*, saying, as she approached us:

I am Mary Bishop,
 The tenth Muse lately sprung up in America.
 I am a poetess
 In spite of my writing in *vers libre*.
 My chief inspiration is *Longfellow*.
 Occasionally, with
 Poetic theme moronic
 And rhyme Endymionic
 I imitate the *Athenaeum* contributors:
 I always rhyme "fair" with "pair" or "care" or "hair"
 —Now ain't that rare!

ARTHUR JAMES ROSS BRADY cheerily waved a stethoscope in my direction:

If you want an operation
 That will cost you lots of jack,
 Send for Brady, M. D., P. D. Q.,
 I'm a tomomaniac.

MARGARET FLORA BROWN introduced herself:

I'm red hot Mardy Brown,
 The smartest girl in town.

All student committees come to me
 With pleas to present to the faculty.
 One has more power than Czar or Kaiser
 When she is a faculty adviser.

ANDREW STUART COWIE hadn't changed a bit,
 but when he told us what he was working at.....

I know it is bucking dramatic tradition,
 But I've made myself popular and all the rage—
 Since I've successfully filled the sought-after position
 Of female impersonator on the stage.

WATSON DELLIS CLOSE entered with a rack and
 thumb screws:

I am the head Inquisitor and Acadia's my beat,
 I'm sifting out the hearts of men before my judgment
 seat.
 The number of my victims in the thousands now is reck-
 oned,
 And everybody bows to me—Torquemada the Second.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM CROWE drove up in a
 Ford Caravan:

I learned, when a youth at Acadia,
 To become an apostle meek.
 I live, as did Paul, in Arabia,
 But Paul was never a sheik.

BERYL FITZMAURICE DEWOLFE and ETHEL
 VIRGINIA DIXON both appeared very fatigued as they
 wearily sang together:

We sure strayed from the narrow way
 When we joined *Le Cercle Francais*.
 Now we dance the fandango
 And the Argentine tango
 Each night in a cabaret.

ROBERT BURNELL EATON made an original poetic effort:

For a hockey hero's metre, free from guile,
The hockey heroic couplet is the style.
A hockey man is my best friend and pard—
Oh, I'm an atheletic guy—*and hard!*

ROY BASIL ESTEY, who had made the name of "Old Tomatt" one to conjure with, read his latest poem:

I was telling one of my stories
Of the brand of Truthful James
 (Now closely observe us,
 We're speaking like Service)
I was telling about the games
Of football and poker I'd played in,
And adventures in foreign wars,
Being lost in the wilds of New Brunswick
And chased by the wolves and the "bars."

I was telling my yarn out in No Man's Land,
But forever with such yarns I'm through,
For an enemy's shell
Screamed past us like—Hades,
And screamed in its passing "Mosoo."

ELISABETH SPONAGLE FORD told us:

I'm an expert mathematician;
 I can instantly draw you a graph;
I can add you all kinds of addition,
 And cube $44\frac{1}{2}$.

ILA RUTH FREEMAN had just taken up a new line of work. When I asked her why, she explained:

I've been steadily studying the drama,
 But I've thrown all my note-books away
Since I heard of the comedy *Red Riding Hood*
 A naughty and censorable play.
 (At least I should think it was from the title.)

ELIZABETH LOUISE FRITZ entered upon the scene on horse-back and clad in armor:

For twenty years I've sought the Holy Grail;
 I've searched for it everywhere.
 I think it is an icy crystal cup
 And filled with Liquid Air.

DOUGLAS HAMILTON GORDON told us:

I am a travelling lecturer
 With lectures on every theme
 From Protozoa to Protocols
 And Prose to the Football Team.
 No Mid-Victorian valedictorian
 Ever had a time so tough—
 It's rough enough.

JAMES WALTER GRAHAM entered with a five-foot shelf of books and a derby, and proceeded to explain how he got that way:

To every man Success comes soon or late;
 The key to it is easy enough to state;
 When the way seems hard, a Latin quotation will fix it—
At tuba terribili sonitu, taratantara dixit.
 Since I've started to publicly quote Ovid,
 I've been made president of Harvard.

NELSON HOWARD GRANT related:

For sixteen years I'd been from home
 With no hope for promotion
 Aboard the good stout ship *Glenholm*
 Upon the painted ocean.
 But once the cook ran short of grub, when we the Cape
 were beating;
 We scraped the barnacles from the binnacles and found
 them darned good eating.
 For days and days and days and days

We sailed the broad Atlantic
Until the crew for lack of grub
Were getting nearly frantic.
I grabbed the captain by the throat
And tied him to the mast.
I killed him and the crew and me
On him we broke our fast,
I've been the captain ever since then,
And—I guess I'll go down to the sea again.

RALPH BENJAMIN GULLISON lamented thusly:

I'm hunting for the heathen,
The demmed elusive heathen;
I've hunted for them everywhere
From Telegu to Peru.
In my itineration,
I've found more civilization
Among the worshippers of stone than ever student
knew.
With great determination
I sail from state to nation
And visit all the savages in every port of call;
And though I hate effusion,
I've come to this conclusion:
There are no greater heathen than in Tully—Whitman
Hall!

RUTH AVERILL HALEY didn't enter the contest, but dropped in on us just the same. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but I really haven't had time. In fact, I haven't had time to do anything. Whenever I start to even study, at once I win a travelling scholarship and have to go on a trip. I've been around the world eighteen times and have no prospects of getting a rest. Oh, I wish I had been born without brains."

GREGORY DOANE HALIBURTON HATFIELD
enunciated:

I'd like to travel far away—
It must be so delicious;
But I've always stayed in Canada
Where living conditions are rarely pernicious.
(Excuse please the extra foot in that last line; I'm
desolated.)
These simple Nova Scotia folks to sin are quite oblivious
I love to wriggle in the slime of sensuous thoughts las-
civious.
New Caledonia! Meek and Mild!
No place for me or Oscar Wilde!

CONSTANCE IRENE HAYWARD languidly announc-
ed:

I'd tell of my matrimonial ventures
And the inevitable ensuing censures,
But my friend, Black Ann, says it's blasé
To have anything really nice to say.

HENRIETTA BEVERIDGE HERKES said she had
been in business:

I answer the bell at Whitman Hall
When the girls are expecting their guys to call.
Then I holler up from the foot of the stairs—
You see they can hear me anywheres!

HENRY WILLIAM HILL, champion lightweight, was
the next to greet us:

Oh, yes, I still go preaching
To gain a livelihood;
But my real business is boxing,
Although they say it is *no good*.
Last week I licked the champion;
Now I'm sorry.
For it is not written. "Vanity of vanities,
Wot price glory"?

THOMPSON WILFRID HOWARD was passing in a train of Franciscan friars, but he paused to address us:

Comrades, leave me here a little, while I pause to blow
my horn;
For my mind between my duty and the students now is
torn.

For I've dipped into the future far as human eye could
see,
And forever college bible is to be compulsory.

Shall we send our youth from home to swallow new
theology,
Or shall we keep them home from college to be damned
eternally?

A rapidly moving figure with arms swinging laterally
turned out to be HARRY PERCY BELL JENKINS:

After much debate Spinozan
Latin is no longer obligatory.
Now I regret it, for supposin'
There was no Latin, how'd I read my degree?
In youth, we mold things nearer to our heartfelt prayer;
With age comes common sense and *laissez faire*.

RAYMOND DOUGLAS JOHNSON preached:

I'm sure no one would read beatitudes
If everyone would learn my platitudes:
We all should keep our minds swept clean from guile,
And keep our place like *interlocking tile*.

ROBERT WENDEL JOHNSON was wearing the outfit
of an American gob. He sang:

When I first put this uniform on,
I was an enterprising marine.
I travelled all over the world

And chose for my dwelling Pekin.
 I interpret *français tray beang*
 For that heathen Chinee, Marshal Chang.

CECIL GARFIELD ELAM LANGILLE told us:

I'm back at Acadia once more
 In the capacity of a professor.
 I teach the young students Chem. Lab.
 And advise them to become all round men.

IVY LUCETTA LAYTON recited the farewell address she always made to the mental deficientes who had to leave her school:

Good-by, little morons,
 Don't you cry.
 You'll be college grads
 Bye and bye.

GEORGE EDWARD LEVY boasted:

I have six honest offspring, males,
 They owe me all they say,
 I've taught each one a different tongue
 To jabber while they play.
 My wife says it's all tommyrot
 To make a household polyglot
 I'd rather have my youngest read
 French yellow-backs, eugenic.
 Than be like those who cannot tell
 Old Hebrew from Hellenic.
 Oi! Oi !
 Polloi!

CARL FREEMAN MESSENGER first asked, "Are the alliterative and assanonical elements or factors that inconstitute certain definitively diversified anti-disestablishmentarianistic esoterical and remunerationative onomatopoeisms of the aforesaid legalistic dogmae of the then-known world essent-

ial to contestants participating in this emulatory combat?"
George Bernard said, "Yes". "Doc" continued:

To rise above the common run of men
To be divinely tall, and most divinely fair.
Doth have its drawbacks on occasions when
Some pedagogue remarks, "You're up in the air."

ANNIE ELOISE MILES shot Marlowe's mighty line:

Nature that framed us of four elements
Doth teach us all to study from MacPeck
The beauty of the Swan of Avon's line.
I live as in the age of good Queen Bess,
And having that idea in mind I took
In unto me a spouse. Ben Jonson rare
Did ne'er conceive more cynical a life
That that we lead. I am a character
That Dekker would delight to dramatize.
My husband and I quarrel all the time,
Nor do we to trite Lylyisms confine
Ourselves. For more than once he's blacked my eyes
—Oh eyes, not eyes, but fountains fraught with tears.
Each fight poetic ends, for every time
Elizabethan scenes end with a rhyme.

HARRY WHITFIELD MOLLINS said:

Throughout the whole of creation
No people can truthfully say
They are happier than my congregation
When I shout at them, "Hey! Good day!"

GEORGE COLIN MUNRO very sensibly stated:

I don't give a hang about Marlowe,
He's no good when you're broke and in debt.
I make millions though at Monte Carlo,
Because I can play roulette.
A mathematical education

Is some good to you, don't you see?
 You thought I went, after vacation,
 To Brown University?
 Brown? Har! Har!
 Rouge et noir.

JANET MACKAY MURRAY came on the scene with a
 hunting knife in her belt:

I live out in the woods way up state
 And have nightly choristers
 Of wolves and of rabbits
 And lumberjack Babbits.
 That's cause I've chosen for a mate
 One of these he-man foresters.

RANALD RALPH MACPHERSON told the judges:

I'm a professional baseball player and fan;
 I can slug a baseball clean over the moon.
 It is always my invariable plan
 To steal three bases each afternoon.

MARION LEE MACDONALD had apparently been inspir-
 ed by Glanvil:

I've joined a gypsy caravan;
 And I hold young folks with my glittering eye.
 I read their fortunes as best I can;
 And get pickled each night on Romany Rye.

GLENORA SIBYL MCCALLUM seemed to have acquired
 a broad education:

Not all of our worth while knowledge
 Is learned in the classrooms; oh no.
 And far less in the halls of the college
 Than out on the portico.
 At my house, I've week-end parties
 For the co-eds and their smarties.
 I've the problem of insufficient seating
 At my weekly.....Students' Union meeting.

MILDRED FRANCIS MCCUTCHEON requested me:

If there's any young girl that you like
 Pray beseech her
 Never to marry
 A Baptist preacher.

GRACE LOUISE NELSON had not spent the last two decades
 in vain:

I've studied all professors, dull and wise;
 I've learned just how the profs professorize.
 A most peculiar people they, and strange,
 Who are not from their haunts allowed to range.
 And though I ventured my soul to besmirch,
 I got my Ph. D. in Prof. Research.
 These simple folk hurl many a curse behind
 What time I solve a secret of their mind.
 All seems infected that the infected spy,
 Each prof must have a badly blighted eye.

SAIDEE MARGARET NEWCOMBE rolled up in her Rolls-
 Royce Super-Sixteen:

In diplomatic circles I've climbed high,
 So high I emulate the English Margot.
 Already I've heard newsboys shrilly cry:
 "Did Saidee make Brazil bomb Monte Carlo?"

IONA MARY OLDING said:

I'm in charge of a Practice House here
 Where we practice games of all sorts,
 Such as smashing dishes and spanking babies
 And other ladylike indoor sports.

ETHELYN OSBORNE announced:

I teach a strictly private course that I call Classic
 Of every snappy thing since times Jurassic.
 From tales of Flanders cooties
 To Catullus's bathing beauties

The course extends, and takes in all the harm
 Written about the Cordeliers by Margaret of Parmes.
 The class increases yearly more and more
 —I hold it now twice daily in A4.

JAMES GRAHAM PATRIQUIN groaned:

Oh, I wanted to learn to speak Sanscrit,
 But I never had a chance.
 Or swim across the Atlantic,
 Or represent Kings and Hants.
 But I've never been the same man, darn it,
 Since I worked for that yellow *Blue and Garnet*.

"But, Pat", I inquired, "What really are you, anyway?"
 "Oh, I'm just a simple Acadian peasant—very simple."

And then, MARY GRACE PERRY:

Married? My gracious, yes, some fifteen years ago.
 And these are my three offspring:
 I always keep them in a row,
 Just so.
 I've named them all as best I can
 After the three chief ends of Man:
 Morality, Mortality,
 And Intellectuality.
 I punish my darlings when they sin
 By playing on my violin.
 They study at the Better Morals Clinic
 —Why do you always grin at me, you *cynic*?

RALPH DONALD PERRY mumbled away as he fingered
 a greasy pack of cards. Guileless Gilbert looked about the
 same as ever, only more plutocratic:

Well, Marven, how would you like to be
 Proprietor of Punk Perry's Purity Pharmacy?
 I can compound pills or make a posset
 And—remember the time I hid in your closet?
 I can blot out all freckles or banish a wen-
 Ante, shuffle, and cut again.

No my drug store never handles any wine,
Only overproof rum—those three last cards are mine.

GORDON AMBROSE POTTER looked very snappy in his white coat:

I'm head waiter in the dining-hall,
I've never wanted to go away.
I've been studying economics, and, don't you think
Ford and those guys earn too much in a day?

GEORGE MORRIS PRATT rolled in. "Look here, I couldn't be bothered making up any verses; it'd require too much effort. How am I off for money? O. K. I have a steady income now. You see, I'd been driving all over town for about thirty years, when one day I stuck a TAXI sign on my windshield. The old bus has been full of well-paying passengers ever since. I must be gettin' along now."

ROBERT REAGH PROSSER:

I imitated Rip Van Winkle
And slept in the Catskills twenty years.
Now I don't know "here" from "there"
I've even forgotten my sneers.
When I awoke was my chin hairy?

Very

No, I wasn't going to study, so stay and talk,
I've been reading chordate development since three
o'clock.

Do I think that such is right?

Quite.

Do I talk like this as such?

Much.

And that was all I could get out of him.

LEONARD IRVING PUGSLEY looked much the same as ever:

Mrs. Weeks and I feed the students here;
 They pay for all they get.
 The scraps from last month's refuse
 Are saved again, you bet.
 Oh yes, everything cheap is raked up,
 The worser the quicker we get 'er.
 You should see the Sunday dessert faked up
 From Cadaverine
 And Putrecine—
 The nastier the better.

AUSTIN LOOMER RAND, who had come into a dukedom because of his work in the field of taxidermy, showed me a photo of a woman with the glassiest eyes I had ever seen. Duke Ox explained:

That's my last Duchess on that photograph.
 Lookin' as if she was alive—don't laugh!
 She flirted with a taller man than me;
 I guzzled her; then stuffed her; thar she be.

MARION FLORENCE REDDEN claimed that she had photographed Rand's Last Duchess;

I've gone into the photograph business
 But success is as slow as molasses;
 I break lenses by the score each year
 In photographing the classes.

HORTENSE FREEMAN RICHARDSON said:

It pays to keep one's self
 Strong and able.
 I break all the bronchos
 At Hancock's stable.
 (I don't ride them around the cinder path, either.).

GEORGE EDWARD SHARP spoke:

For two score years and more
 This very room I've haunted.
 I hold chapel here each morning.
 Or—whenever the students want it.

GRETA NEOLA SHAW said that she also was connected with Acadia:

I make many an English student cram
 When I give him his oral major exam.

HELEN LOUISE SIMMS confided everything to us:

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast
 They told me at Acadia when a student.
 I rose and took my voice and started west
 With music and a manner I deemed prudent,
 Until I pitched my camp in far Korea
 And sang the natives there a great aria.
 At once they started all my camp to ravage
 —Yet surely simple songs should soothe a savage.
 I've chortled to the Incas, too, you know,
 And I've arpeggioed to the Esquimaux.
 With my great coloratura
 I sang a grand bravura
 Before the pagan modernists in Tennessee.
 And yet my audiences rage at me.
 But, 'mid the hail of ancient egg and cabbage,
 I sing to make some heathen breast less savage.

HAROLD FRITZ SIPPPELL came forward, "Well, Sip? I inquired, "Have you made your contribut-" "Made enough!" "Let's have it."

SONNET: ON THE DEATH OF
THE PRINCE OF WALES

Bury the Prince of Wales with lamentation—
Of course, as yet, he really isn't dead,
But in poetics I must strive ahead
And win a Poet Laureate's nomination.
Have I not worked hard for alliteration?
And dragged the pseudo-classics from their bed?
I've been the cause, it everywhere is said,
Of artificial diction's restoration.
They tell me that I played a mean oat flute
Until I met the angel Israfel.
We swapped positions—he sang rather well—
Now as for me, my heart strings are a lute.
While Izzy plays my oaten flute and sings,
“Where fleet feluccas flit on frowsy wings.”

MARION CHIPMAN SMITH didn't enter the contest:

Naw, I don't want a trip to Mars,
You'd get there much too soon.
But I'd like to visit Cyrano
Who lives way up in the moon.

WILBERT HENRY SPENCER then began:

'Tis difficult for one so known to fame
To be found blameless in his poetry.
Th' Spenserian stanza seems to suit my name
And, though I little wot of prosody,
My ancestor knew no biology.
All new germ isolations I've made mine;
But, since I've won my ninety-ninth degree,
I cannot make my average more fine
Than ninety-nine point, nine point—curse this metre!—
nine.

ARTHUR JOSEPH TINGLEY sped past:

I'm faster than the great Bellerophon;
Last week I came first in the Marathon.

NITA OLIVIA CHESLEY TRETHERWEY told her tale
of woe:

I played in the church every Sunday,
But I've lost my job now, just because
Each time that I played the entire Freshman brigade
From the gallery gave too much applause.

MABLE HUNTER WELSH:

I'm window decorator in a store,
The tenth window is my station.
I wish that Masefield and two more
Would pose for a decoration.

MEREDITH ALLISON WHITE composed:

I'm puzzled as to the form in which to put my thought:
This Alexandrine drags, I think I'd better not
Use that. Oh, tell me some form, please!
I've sometimes thought that a rondeau ought
Or a Sonnet from the Portuguese,
Or Russian, to be good.
One moment more while I con it
Yes, the very best thing is a sonnet.
Still, Rabelais wrote a roundelay particularly effective.
Oh, I'll not write a poem at all—I'll heap on the muses
invective.

JAMES DOUGLAS WRIGHT recounted that:

Since I cleared out from my alma mater,
In female experience I grew.
Now, I openly go out on parties
I used to call B. Y. P. U.

Mr. President, I thank you.

Ralph Broad Wright Marven, '27

The Prophecy was followed by the Valedictory which was delivered by Mr. Douglas Hamilton Gordon.

Mr. Gordon spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen—

For the last time, the class of '27 has come together as a group of under-graduates; the graduation to which we have looked forward so eagerly is almost at hand, and we find that our eagerness is strongly tinged with regret. We must bid farewell to Acadia and it is not an easy or a pleasant task for many of us. Four years ago when we arrived as Freshmen we found a group of buildings on a hill, presided over by a faculty who dispersed knowledge and discipline with an unsympathetic hand. But experience teaches even Freshmen and we have come to alter our opinions. The buildings are not the university—there is an intangible something that the cheer-leaders call the Acadia spirit that welds us all into a unity of comradeship. We are the university. And the faculty is not unsympathetic; its members have become our friends. We have become in our years here a part and parcel of Acadia and it is not easy to say good-bye, yet we must. We cease this week to be students, at Acadia, and we go out to find our duties in the world.

While we have been here, we have watched this college grow in the number of its students, increase in the excellence of its buildings and its equipment, until today it has nearly doubled the proportions which first we knew. We would wish that we might remain a little longer to see its further development. No matter how great it may become, we know that the old Acadia spirit bequeathed to us by the classes of previous years, will continue to make this college unique in the loyalty and love of its students. But we can remain no longer to watch, we are leaving and we must say farewell to our friends and to our college.

Gentlemen of the Board of Governors—

We cannot express in mere words our thanks to you for the opportunities and the privileges you have extended to us. You have made it possible to work in buildings that challenge

comparison with any such in Canada. We can only say that from our hearts we thank you; you have co-operated in our work; you have encouraged our athletics; you have aided our societies. To you we owe a debt which can only be repaid by our permanent loyalty to Acadia—the college you have made possible for us. Gentlemen, we wish that you may understand the gratitude of the members of our class to you for the work you have carried on, and our appreciation of the disadvantages you have so gallantly met and defeated. You may rest assured you have with you in the construction of the Acadia of the future our heartiest wishes for your unbounded success, and we pledge to you and to Acadia our strength and our devotion.

Gentlemen, to you we bid farewell.

Mr. President and Members of the Faculty—

For four years you have borne with us; you have understood from your experience the stages of development we have undergone; from the confused and frightened Freshman, the magnificent Sophomore, the happy-go-lucky Junior to the grave old Seniors born with years and burdened with care as you see us to-day. You have seen our faults and labored to correct them; you have taught us many things we will forget; you have taught us somethings we can never forget, but above all, you have taught us to think. You have prepared us to begin again as Freshmen in a greater university; one in which the courses are difficult and the examinations trying; but we know that with the preparations you have given us we may pass with honors if we will.

To you, then, who have guided our steps through these past four years, who have understood our shortcomings and who have endeavored to make us ready for good citizenship and good service, we extend our sincere gratitude for what you have done for us, and to you also we must say farewell.

Citizens of Wolfville—

To you also we extend our thanks for all you have done to make our years at Acadia pleasant. You have been

wholeheartedly interested in the college; you have followed college events closely; and you have lent your support splendidly to all public student activities. No doubt on certain occasions you have wished that the class of '27 had graduated years ago, especially when the raucous dixodado yell disturbed you in the small hours of the morning. Nevertheless, though at times we have been thoughtless, we appreciate what a privilege it is to spend four years in this lovely little valley town, with its romantic and historic background. The very surroundings are inspiring, old Blomidon thrusting up out of Minas, seems to set an example to us, mighty, unyielding, untroubled by the rushing ebb and flow of the tides. To you, then, and to your beautiful home we wish the greatest of prosperity. If it shall ever be our good fortune to revisit Acadia, we shall expect to see Wolfville more flourishing and more charming still.

And to you, also, citizens of Wolfville, we say good-bye.

Fellow-students—

We are leaving Acadia; we are leaving you; and we are expecting you to "carry on." Carry on with the old spirit—we look for great things from you because we have come to know you well; we have made many friends among you; and we are confident that in your hands the future of our college is safe. Among you are students capable of undertaking the work of all the various departments of our activities. We would urge you to turn your thoughts seriously toward athletics; during the last two years Acadia has been singularly unfortunate in sport. We urge you next year and the years following to regain for Acadia the name and place that is truly hers.

But we know you will give Acadia your best and only your best for she is worthy of it. We have all confidence in you, and you have our best wishes during your college years. Remember Galahad—

"His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure."

But to you too, we must bid farewell.

Classmates—

We have almost come to the end of our days at Acadia; to this occasion we have looked forward with growing anticipation. Now that our graduation is imminent we are all, I think conscious of considerable reluctance in making our departure. It is not strange that such is the case. During the last four years, this has been our home; here we have had our work, our amusements and our friends; and we are to part with them all; we are going out to be separated from each other by land and sea, by diverging lines of endeavour, and by dissimilar interests. Though our lives henceforward may have little in common, may we all have in our memories and in our hearts our days at Acadia—golden days that were all too short.

Everything is before us; our lives are to mould as we will. We are well equipped and we are ready. Acadia graduates have carried the honor of the university high and far in many a profession and many a calling. Let us not be deficient in the upholding of this honor, nor suffer any smirch to fall on it through fault of ours.

The world is challenging us, but we are prepared. We know not what we may do in the future, but whatever it may be, let each of us give all we have wholeheartedly and honestly. That way, and that way only, lies true success.

And now, classmates, the best of luck, and farewell.

In the afternoon, Acadia University and Springhill played two fast and exciting games of baseball, the first game being tied at 4-all and Acadia taking the second 3 to 1.

“Duckie” McLean opposed Welton, another right hander, in the first game and had a slight edge over the Springhill man, but bad errors with men on bases allowed Springhill to score all three runs unearned. The game was featured by the fastest infield and outfield work seen here for years. Emberley, Springhill second baseman, pulled an unassisted double play when he took Elderkin’s hot liner and doubled Baker at second.

Baker and Alfie Albon featured in the outfield with great catches.

Both teams used a lot of inside stuff, and the hit and run play was greatly in evidence. Acadia was leading, 4-3 until the eighth when Emberley led off with a hit, Lorimer took first on an error and Hank O'Rourke came through with a scorcher over second, Emerley scoring.

Umpires—M. G. Saunders at the plate, Gordon Goucher on bases.

Score by innings:

Springhill	001 200 010—4 6 2
Acadia	000 102 100—4 7 7

Don Munro had a big advantage over McLeod in the second game which was called at five innings to allow the visitors to catch their boat for Parrsboro. Springhill opened the scoring in the fourth, getting one run over on Lorimer's hit, a battery error and Wilson's sacrifice hit to shortstop. Lane, Baker, and Regan hit singles in Acadia's half of the same inning and aided by a couple of costly errors by the visitors infield sent three men across the plate before the third man was out.

Springhill went out in order in the fifth. Saunders and Roy Hiltz umpired.

Score by innings:

Springhill	000 10—1 3 3
Acadia	000 30—3 4 1

The batting order:

Springhill—Emberley, 2b; Lorimer, ss; O'Rourke, c; Wilson lf; Albon, cf; Hawker rf; Gallagher, 1b; Crummey, 3b; Welton p; McLeod, p; (O'Brien).

Acadia—Baker cf; Regan, 2b; Munro, c; Barteaux, ss; Dougan, 1b; Eaton 3b; Lane rf; Elderkin, lf; McLean, p; Munro, p; (Goudey, lf).

In the evening, the School of Household Science presented a most interesting and instructive pageant *Science and the Home*, which demonstrated the work being done in this newly reorganized department of the University. The program was as follows:

Organ Selection—Mr. Verne Graham

I. Prologue

Spirit of Science Marion Harlow

Her Attendants

Inquiry Edna Dewar

Experience Mildred Meadows

Knowledge Pauline Frizzle

Openmindedness Genevieve Gullison

Her Captives

Ignorance Mary Stultz

Prejudice Gwenyth Belyea

Superstition Ruth Hilton

Laziness Gladys Saunders

Home-makers:

Marjorie Bell, Marion Simpson, Dorothy Lutz,
Greta Macnutt.

II. Episode of the Pioneer Home

Winnifred Mills, Glenna Tracey, Ruth MacKenzie,
Ethelyn Tucker.

III. Episode of Foods

A Modern Housewife Annie Penwarden

1. Foods of this Modern Age

Doris Gunter, Annie Hicks, Greta Macnutt,
Elizabeth Eaton, Constance Collins.

2. Malnutrition Queenie MacLean

Her Train

May Glendinning, Kathleen Downing, Eleanor
Kerr, Florence Davidson, Dorothy Lutz.

3. Scientific Knowledge of Foods

IV. Episode of Clothing

1. The Modern Woman's Problems

Marion Simpson, Elizabeth Eaton, Eleanor Kerr,
Annie Hicks, Doris Gunter, Constance Collins.

2. Clothing for Health
 - Health Elizabeth Corey
 - Alice Longley, Kathleen Downing, Florence Davidson,
May Glendinning.
 3. Clothing for Beauty
 - Line Cecilia Bradshaw
 - Color Queenie MacLean
 4. Economy in Clothing
 - A Silver Dollar Jessie Amos
 - Shoppers Winnifred Mills, Glenna Tracey
- V. Episode of Home Management
1. Demands on the Modern Housewife
 - Modern Housewife Marjorie Bell
 - Demands: Elizabeth Corey, Cecilia Bradshaw, Win-
nifred Mills, Ruth Bishop, Kathleen Downing,
Annie Hicks, Jessie Amos, Constance Collins,
Queenie MacLean.
 2. The Untrained Woman and the Family Income
 - Untrained Woman Elizabeth Eaton
 - Highwaymen: Glenna Tracey, Ruth MacKenzie,
Dorothy Lutz, May Glendinning, Ethelyn Tucker.
 3. The Trained Woman and the Family Income
 - A Trained Woman Annie Penwarden
- VI. Episode of Child Care
- A Mother Alice Longley
 - Children: Joan Smith, Charlotte Smith, George De-
Witt, Carl Davis Farnsworth, Stephen Bancroft.
 - Flowers: Enid Patterson, Joslyn Patterson, Catherine
Borden, Esmond DeWitt, Elizabeth Ilsley,
Dorothy Ilsley, Mollie Marshall, Helen
Marshall.
 - A Fairy Jessie Amos
 - A Fairy Child Ruby Borden

VII. Episode of Home Economics Vocations

College Girls: Eleanor Kerr, Winnifred Mills, Glenna Tracey, Ethelyn Tucker, Constance Collins, Ruth MacKenzie, Kathleen Downing, Hilda Phillips, Elizabeth Eaton, Queenie MacLean.

VIII. Finale

Accompanists:

Organ Verne Graham
Piano Frances Littlefield

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25th.

Glorious weather favored the eighty-ninth Convocation of Acadia University. The Academic Procession formed at the Gymnasium and marched to University Hall. After the processional, Dr. Gordon of Montreal led in prayer. Following which President Petterson conferred the following degrees:

Degree of Bachelor Arts

Barteaux, Wallace Leoland	Wolfville, N. S.
Belyea, Margaret Violet	Tatamagouche, N. S.
Bentley, Charles Hubert	Middleton, N. S.
Bishop, Mary Adelaide	Wolfville, N. S.
Brady, Arthur James Ross	Sherbrooke, N. S.
Brown, Margaret Flora	Saint John, N. B.
DeWolf, Beryl Fitzmaurice.....	Bedford, N. S.
Dixon, Ethel Virginia	Antigonish, N. S.
Ford, Elisabeth Sponagle	Wolfville, N. S.
Freeman, Ila Ruth	Bridgetown, N. S.
Fritz, Elizabeth Louise	Providence, R. I.
Gordon, Douglas Hamilton.....	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Hatfield, Gregory Doane Haliburton.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Hayward, Constance Irene	Moncton, N. B.
Herkes, Henrietta Beveridge	Hebron, N. S.

Johnson, Robert Wendel	Oxford, N. S.
Layton, Ivy Lucetta	Springhill, N. S.
Levy, George Edward	Sherwood, N. S.
Marven, Ralph Broad Wright	Alma, N. B.
Messenger, Carl Freeman	Middleton, N. S.
Miles, Annie Eloise	Sydney, N. S.
Murray, Janet MacKay	New Glasgow, N. S.
McCallum, Glenora Sibyl	Campbellton, N. B.
McCutcheon, Mildred Francis	Saint John, N. B.
MacDonald, Marion Lee	Boyle, Alta.
Nelson, Grace Louise	Fredericton, N. B.
Newcombe, Saidee Margaret	Halifax, N. S.
Olding, Iona Mary	Merigomish, N. S.
Patriquin, James Graham	Wolfville, N. S.
Perry, Ralph Donald	Wolfville, N. S.
Potter, Gordon Ambrose	Plympton, N. S.
Prosser, Robert Reagh	Kemptonville, N. S.
Pugsley, Leonard Irving	Five Islands, N. S.
Redden, Marion Florence	Wolfville, N. S.
Shaw, Greta Neola	Wolfville, N. S.
Simms, Helen Louise	Saint John, N. B.
Smith, Marion Chipman	Fredericton, N. B.
Spurr, Gwendolyn Roscoe	Aylesford, N. S.
Tingley, Arthur Joseph	Wolfville, N. S.
Trethewey, Nita Olivia Chesley	Wolfville, N. S.
Welsh, Mabel Hunter	Wolfville, N. S.
White, Meredith Allison	Sussex, N. B.

Degree of Bachelor of Arts (cum laude)

Gullison, Ralph Benjamin	Bimlipatam, India.
Jenkins, Harry Percy Bell	Wolfville, N. S.
Osborne, Ethelyn	Waterville, N. S.
Richardson, Hortense Freeman	Earl Grey, Sask.
Stultz, Walter Alva	Havelock, N. B.

Degree of Bachelor of Arts (magna cum laude)

Graham, James Walter	Wolfville, N. S.
Haley, Ruth Averill	St. Stephen, N. B.
Perry, Mary Grace	Wolfville, N. S.
Sipprell, Harold Fritz	Saint John, N. B.
Spencer, Wilbert Henry	Mira Gut, N. S.

Degree of Bachelor of Science

Archibald, Harold Freeman	Wolfville, N. S.
Cowie, Andrew Stuart	Wolfville, N. S.
Eaton, Robert Burnell	Canning, N. S.
Estey, Roy Basil	Zealand Station, N. B.
Grant, Nelson Howard	Wolfville, N. S.
Langille, Cecil Garfield Elam	Wolfville, N. S.
Munro, George Colin	Wolfville, N. S.
MacPherson, Ranald Ralph	Annapolis, N. S.
Pratt, George Morris	Wolfville, N. S.
Rand, Austin Loomer	Wolfville, N. S.
Wright, James Douglas	Moncton, N. B.

Degree of Bachelor of Arts in Theology

Close, Watson Dellis	Keswick, N. B.
Crowe, Alexander Graham	Truro, N. S.
Hill, Harry William	Centreville, N. B.
Howard, Thompson Wilfrid	Middleboro, N. S.
Johnson, Raymond Douglas	Windsor, N. S.
Sharpe, George Edward	Keswick, N. B.

Degree of Bachelor of Arts in Theology (cum laude)

Mollins, Harry Whitfield	Shediac, N. B.
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Degree of Bachelor of Arts in Theology (magna cum laude)

Steeves, Roy Talmage	Moncton, N. B.
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Degree of Master of Arts

Elderkin, Blair DeMile	Wolfville, N. S.
Foshay, Frederic Fowler	Rockland Centre, N. Y.
Haycock, Maurice Hall	Wolfville, N. S.
Hutchins, Margaret Emma	Wolfville, N. S.
Munro, Donald Farnham	Wolfville, N. S.
Newcombe, Curtis Lakeman	Port Williams, N. S.
Osborne, Esther Platt	Wolfville, N. S.
Patterson, Gwen McLeod	Wolfville, N. S.
Saunders, Max Gordon	Wolfville, N. S.

Degree of Bachelor of Divinity

Guiou, Gerald Wallace	Gaspereaux, N. S.
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The following certificates were also presented:

Certificates in Engineering

Ayer, Thomas Haliburton	Moncton, N. B.
Baker, Gordon William	Middleton, N. S.
Brooks, Kenneth Mohr	Ottawa, Ont.
Dickson, William Leslie	Moncton, N. B.
Foulis, Allan Dodge	Yarmouth, N. S.
Lane, Philip Mellish	Lunenburg, N. S.
Moses, James Herman	Swampscott, Mass.
MacIntyre, Charles Alexander	Fredericton Junction, N.B.
MacNeil, Bruce Taylor	Windsor, N. S.
McWha, Kenneth Clifton	St. Stephen, N. B.
Nickerson, Allan Douglas	Shag Harbor, N. S.

Diplomas (Seminary Course) in Expression

Cox, Natalie Doris	Truro, N. S.
Davis, Elsie Cleland	Yarmouth, N. S.
Tory, Florence Muriel	Wainwright, Alta.

Diploma in Violin

Bancroft, Annie Kathleen	Wolfville, N. S.
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Diplomas in Household Economics

Gunter, Doris, Gertrude.....	Fredericton, N. B.
Hicks, Annie Della.....	Moncton, N. B.
Mills, Winifred Todd.....	St. Stephen, N. B.
MacKenzie, Ruth Evelyn.....	Parrsboro, N. S.
Phillips, Hilda Mae.....	Yarmouth, N. S.
Tracy, Glenna Marguerite.....	Fredericton Junction, N. B.
Tucker, Margaret Ethelyn.....	Parrsboro, N. S.

Diplomas of Licentiate of Music**Piano**

Card, Irene Alice.....	Dorchester, N. B.
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Voice

Roop, Melba Maie.....	Wolfville, N. S.
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Diploma in Art

Robertson, Jean Dyer.....	Hempstead, N. Y.
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Honor Certificates**Biology**

Spencer, Wilbert Henry.....	Mira Gut, N. S.
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Economics and Sociology

Jenkins, Harry Percy Bell.....	Wolfville, N. S.
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English

Sipprell, Harold Fritz.....	Saint John, N. B.
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Superior First Rank Diplomas (Class "A")

Belyea, Margaret Violet.....	Tatamagouche, N. S.
Barteaux, Wallace Leoland.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Brown, Margaret Flora.....	Saint John, N. B.
Bishop, Mary Adelaide.....	Wolfville, N. S.

Estey, Roy Basil	Zealand Station, N. B.
Flowers, Albert David	Wolfville, N. S.
Ford, Elisabeth Sponagle	Wolfville, N. S.
Fritz, Elizabeth Louise	Providence, R. I.
Freeman, Ila Ruth	Bridgetown, N. S.
Graham, James Walter	Wolfville, N. S.
Haley, Ruth Averill	St. Stephen, N. B.
Hatfield, Gregory Doane Haliburton	Wolfville, N. S.
Hayward, Constance Irene	Moncton, N. B.
Jenkins, Harry Percy Bell	Wolfville, N. S.
Johnson, Robert Wendel	Oxford, N. S.
Layton, Ivy Lucetta	Springhill, N. S.
Langille, Cecil Garfield Elam	Wolfville, N. S.
Messenger, Carl Freeman	Middleton, N. S.
Miles, Annie Eloise	Sydney, N. S.
Murray, Janet MacKay	New Glasgow, N. S.
McCallum, Glenora Sibyl	Campbellton, N. B.
McCutcheon, Mildred Francis	Saint John, N. B.
Nelson, Grace Louise	Fredericton, N. B.
Newcombe, Saidee Margaret	Halifax, N. S.
Olding, Iona Mary	Merigomish, N. S.
Osborne, Ethelyn	Waterville, N. S.
Potter, Gordon Ambrose	Plympton, N. S.
Prosser, Robert Reagh	Kemptville, N. S.
Patterson, Gwen McLeod	Wolfville, N. S.
Perry, Mary Grace	Wolfville, N. S.
Perry, Ralph Donald	Wolfville, N. S.
Pugsley, Leonard Irving	Five Islands, N. S.
Patriquin, James Graham	Wolfville, N. S.
Richardson, Hortense Freeman	Earl Grey, Sask.
Shaw, Greta Neola	Wolfville, N. S.
Spurr, Gwednolyn Roscoe	Aylesford, N. S.
Simms, Helen Louise	Saint John, N. B.
Trethewey, Nita Olivia Chesley	Wolfville, N. S.
White, Meredith Allison	Sussex, N. B.

First Rank Diploma (Class "B")

Smith, Marion Chipman	Fredericton, N. B.
Tingley, Arthur Joseph	Wolfville, N. S.

The following honorary degrees were then conferred:

Degree of Master of Arts (Honoris Causa)

Jewitt, Alfred Thomas	Halifax, N. S.
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Degree of Doctor of Divinity (Honoris Causa)

Boyer, Henry Rosebrook	Saint John, N. B.
Chipman, Owen Nott	Yarmouth, N. S.
Stackhouse, Perry James	Chicago, Ill.
Warren, Gordon Chester	Fredericton, N. B.

Degree of Doctor of Science (Honoris Causa)

Perry, Horace Greeley	Wolfville, N. S.
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Degree of Doctor of Letters (Honoris Causa)

Ayscough, Florence	St. Andrews, N. B.
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The following prizes were then presented:

Entrance Scholarship for Nova Scotia, \$200, to Guy Hensen, Bridgetown.

Entrance Scholarship for Nova Scotia, \$150, to Allan Pick, Wolfville.

Entrance Scholarship for P. E. I., \$150, Gordon MacMillan Allberry Plains, P. E. I.

Continuation Scholarship, \$150, Vivian Waldron, Moore's Mills, N. B.

Continuation Scholarship, \$150, Stewart Fenwick, Fenwick, N. B.

The Sergeant Philip Beals Memorial Scholarship, \$20, (For greatest progress in English during the Freshman year.) John Robert Herbin, Wolfville.

The Class of 1892 Scholarship (For the highest standing in the Junior Year) \$20, to Frances Parlee, Saint John.

The Class of 1905 Scholarship, \$50—(For highest standing in the Freshman Year) To Carrol Snell, Bear River, N. S. (1925-26).

The D. F. Higgins Mathematical Prize, \$100—(To be divided in two prizes of \$50 each.) To W. A. Black, Amherst, and Dawson Fulton, Bass River.

The 1907 Essay Prize, \$25—To Harold Fritz Sipprell. Saint John.

The W. B. Bishop Gold Medal, for highest standing in practical courses in Economics—To Harry Percy Bell Jenkins, Wolfville.

Gold Medal awarded by the Canadian Government for highest standing in course on Canadian Confederation—To Harry Percy Bell Jenkins, Wolfville.

The Henry Burton DeWolfe Bursary in Biology, \$60—To Wilbert Henry Spencer, Mira Gut.

The Karl Merrill Robinson Memorial Prize, \$50. (To the Freshman showing greatest improvements in the second term over record of first term.)—To Ralph Irving Churchill, Windsor.

The Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Prize, \$25—To Arthur Joseph Tingley, Wolfville.

The Wm. H. Coleman Medal for greatest progress in Public Speaking—To Harold MacGregor MacGibbon, Burt's Corner, N. B.

Governor General's Medal—To Grace Perry, Wolfville.

Household Economics Scholarship of \$100—Winnifred Mills, St. Stephen, N. B. Margaret Millard. Memorial Prize—Gladys Saunders, Westville, N. S. Sarah J. Manning Scholarship—Ruth Hilton, Carleton, N. S. G. P. Payzant Prize—Irene Card, Dorchester, N. B. Winnie Rhodes, Memorial Scholarship—Melba Roop, Wolfville, N. S.

After which President Patterson addressed the Graduating Class.

He said in brief, "The wish I have for you as you go to your respective tasks.....is this: That you will be artists at your tasks, and not artisans." The difference "is not a difference of tasks; it is a difference in the spirit in which the task is approached and done.....The fact is that many an artisan,

so-called, has brought to his task the spirit and power of the artist, and many a reputed artist has never risen to the level of the artisan. As a maker of violins, Stradivarius was an artisan, but as one who found in his craft the means of fellowship with the creative spirit of God, he was an artist of the highest rank.....

The difference between an artist and an artisan is that the artisan works for a living, while the artist works because it is life..... The artisan looks forward to pay-day, the artist cannot disregard pay-day wholly, but it is an incident in his life.

My wish is that, whatever your occupation, it should at the same time be a vocation, and, because a vocation, a high and holy consecration. Your tasks will differ from each other, but whatever the task, seek to bring to it the spirit and devotion of the artist soul. No task..... is humble and menial *per se*. A task shares the moral and spiritual qualities of the man who performs it.....

Whatever your duties, seek to rise above the level of a mere laborer, and to transfigure your labor with the spirit in which you approach it..... You have not only a task to perform; you have a life to live, a personality to develop. Here, too, be an artist. You are educated only in the proportion in which, in your four years here, you have learned the distinction I am trying to make clear; otherwise, your effort to secure an education has been largely abortive.

As you go forth into life may richest blessings attend you. May your labors be fruitful, but, above all else, may you have that supreme distinction, the spirit and the power of the artist soul."

The members of the Graduating Class were the guest of the Alumni Society at the Banquet which was served in the University Dining Hall immediately after Convocation. Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, D. D., of Chicago was the speaker. The Alumni cup was awarded to the Class of '18 in the group composed of the Classes of '16, '17, and '18. It was presented to Dr. Muriel V. Roscoe as the representative of the winning class. With class yells and the National Anthem, the eighty-ninth Convocation of Acadia University was brought to a close.

Sketches of the Graduates

"Robes and furr'd gowns hide all."



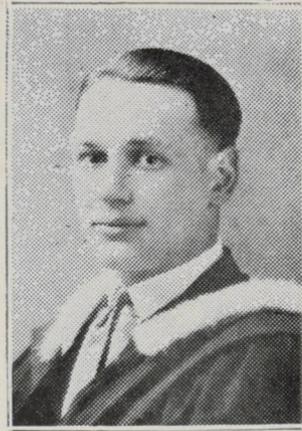
Harold Freeman Archibald

*Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt
And every grin so merry draws one
out.*

Harold first appeared on this globe on November 6, 1906, at Milton, Nova Scotia. After residing there for some time, he moved to Wolfville where he received his early education. He attended the Academy and later the University.

Since his entry into the University, Harold has taken interest in all the various college activities. But his main interest has been in Physics and Mathematics. He wrote his Major in Mathematics and plans to specialize in that subject.

His plans for the immediate future are uncertain. He is considering teaching for a while and we wish him every success in his work.



Wallace Leoland Barteaux

*He is small, but he is wise;
He's a terror for his size.*

On March 21, 1904, Bart first appeared at Annapolis Royal. There he laid the foundations for his B. A. Degree, and his career in sport. He, then, attended Wolfville High School from which he joined the class at Acadia of '27 with an entrance scholarship.

Sport was Bart's real Major. He succeeded in being a clean and favorite athlete, winning his "A" in football, hockey, and baseball, and thus capturing the coveted distinction cap. He was manager of both the football and baseball teams.

Bart's genial personality will be missed by the undergraduates of Acadia. His future occupation has not been definitely chosen. What it may be we are certain of his ultimate success as well as his continued popularity.



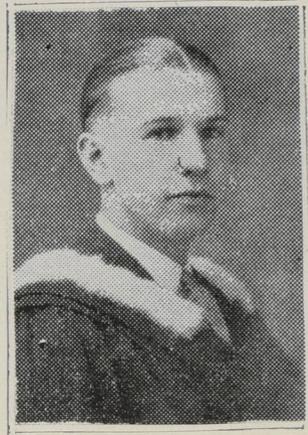
Margaret Violet Belyea

*Oh Sleep: tis a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole.*

Wentworth, Cumberland County, back in 1905, first re-echoed with the reverberation of Margaret's lament at this little life of ours. Having registered her arrival, she went down to Tatamagouche where she received her elementary and high school education. Margaret journeyed down to Acadia in the fall of '24 to continue her absorption of knowledge.

She has taken a keen interest in college life, especially in the work of S. C. A.; and, last year, was one of the University Representatives at the S. C. A. conference at Pine Hill. She also showed her ability for leadership as a leader of an S. C. A. group in Whitman Hall.

Margaret has also been a valued member of the Student Volunteer Band. Latin has been her forte and the Classical Society found in her an ardent supporter. She takes our best wishes with her as she goes out into the wide world to instruct the youth of our land.



Charles Hubert Bentley

He wears the rose of youth upon him.

"Bent" made his debut at Middleton, Nova Scotia, in 1907. His early years were spent in roaming the bushes in fellowship with his comrades of that age. As he grew, however, the thirst for knowledge drove him to Middleton School where he received the whole of his early education. He was graduated as an "A" student in 1924 and came immediately to Acadia, entering as a Freshie-Soph, and joining the class of '27.

While at Acadia Bent has interested himself chiefly in books and baseball. He has represented his class in inter-class baseball, playing his position at second base.

He goes next year to take up the study of medicine at Edinburgh. As he goes out we wish him every success in his chosen vocation and we feel confident that the service he renders to humanity will be of a highly valuable and lasting nature.



Mary Adelaide Bishop

*She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and
discourse
And well she can persuade.*

Mary was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, but while still very young, moved to Aylesford, N. S., which town has had the rare good luck of giving "Mab" her early school training.

Acadia Sem. next called Mary and in her years there she soon won the hearts of all.

In the fall of 1923, Mary entered Acadia a verdant Freshette, a member of the class of '27. She was not long in college before the class realized what a treasure it

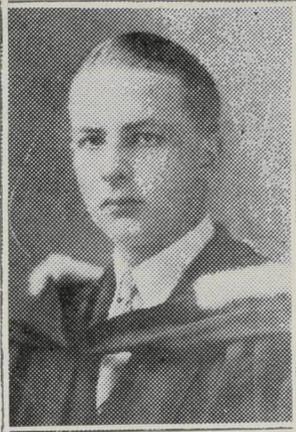
possessed. To every phase of college life, Mary has given of her best, and her clean cut arguments always "won the day." A position on the Inter-Collegiate Debating Team clearly evidenced that fact, and in the Mt. A. debate, Mary won her Debating "A."

But that was not the only thing which claimed her. All through her four years here, Mary was a valued contributor of the *Athenaeum* and won, in her Senior year, her Literary "A." She was, too, in the same year, editor of the exchanges.

A charter member of the Alpha Psi Omega Dramatic Fraternity, Mary held the position of Stage Manager very competently. As a member of the Dramatic Society, she was invaluable and, in every part of the life of the Society, worked with that cool steadiness which so characterizes her.

Mary was Vice-President of her class during her Sophomore year, and to her also goes the unique honor of being chosen life Vice-President of her class.

She plans to teach next year, but what she plans for the next year and years is quite another matter! To her, in her teaching, we heartily wish all success, and then and in the after years all the happiness possible.



Arthur James Ross Brady

As young and fair as aught of mortal birth.

Art was born near Vera Cruz, Mexico, January 12, 1907, but, almost immediately, came to Canada. He started school in Sherbrooke, N. S., later attended both Wolfville High and King's Collegiate, and finally arrived at Acadia in the fall of 1923.

He has been prominent in all branches of athletics, being a member of the college football squad for four years, and playing hockey for the college in 1926 and 1927. This year, he has been manager of the track team.

Art has, however, found time to devote himself energetically to his studies as well. He plans to begin his medical course at Edinburgh University next fall. His legion of friends on the Campus will miss his genial personality but wish him every success in his chosen work.



Margaret Flora Brown

A creature not too bright or good For human natures daily food.

The sun must have shone brightly on September 23, 1905, for Margaret Brown has been shining with all the splendor of autumn sunshine ever since then. Margaret was born, bred, and brought up in Saint John, and, after being graduated from Saint John High School, she entered Acadia University in 1923.

Both as a Freshette and as a Senior Mardie was a pleasing debater. Probably her experience as a member of the Student Council in her Junior year gave her more confidence to debate the next year. After having served so efficiently on the House Committee, it was only natural for Mardie to be elected to the Upper Judicial Committee in her Senior year.

Beside having parts in two college plays, she has been of valuable assistance in arranging programs for Tully parties, Propylaeum meetings, and class parties. It fell to her lot to be secretary of Propylaeum for one term.

The success of the Acadia Co-ed Basketball Team in 1927 was to a very great extent due to the fact

that Mardie was its efficient manager. Mardie also played in inter-class basketball.

Although Margaret was exposed to the Teacher Training Course during the Senior year, she has not yet decided to enter the teaching profession. Whatever her life-work may be, we wish her success in all her future undertakings.



Watson Dellis Close

*That man that hath a tongue, I say,
is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a
woman.*

Watson was born in Keswick Ridge, N. B., in January, 1903, and secured his early education in the Superior School there.

The Fall of '22 saw Watson at U. N. B., as a Freshman, registered in the course of Electrical Engineering. It was not long before he saw the error of his ways, and, the following year, he came to Acadia as a charter member of the class of '27.

Watson was a regular player on his class soccer team for four years, being a member of the championship team in his Senior year. He also held the office of class treasurer during the first term of his Senior year, that of president of the Theological Club in the second term.

Watson's future plans are uncertain but what ever they may be we wish him the best of success.

Andrew Stuart Cowie

*Silent and strong, what depths within
him lie!*

Cowie was born in Saint John, N. B., in 1906. When he was twelve years of age, his parents moved to Wolfville, where they have since resided. He completed his early education at the Wolfville High School, and entered Acadia in the fall of 1923.

During his four years of college life he has been a staunch supporter of the Class of '27, and has always been ready to aid in its activities. He has taken up tennis as his chief diversion, and has become proficient in that sport.

Cowie plans to return to the University to begin his studies towards his M. A. degree. His many friends wish him every success in his post-graduate work. He has not yet definitely decided what he will do after receiving his M. A.; but we may be assured that, whatever his future vocation may be, he will rise rapidly.

Alexander Graham Crowe

*A man he is of cheerful yesterdays,
and confident tomorrows.*

Alec tells us that the town of Kentville was his birthplace. He seems rather in doubt as to the next few years of his life, but we gather that he acquired the elements of learning in Montrose, Colchester County. The wanderlust then gripped his family, and the household gods were transported hither and thither about the continent, with Alec gathering an education *en route*. He returned to his native province, and entered the Colchester County Academy in Truro, from

which institution he was graduated in the spring of '23. He exhibited his good judgment by entering Acadia the same fall. During his stay at Acadia, Alec has interested himself in the various activities of college life, especially dramatics. In his Junior year he appeared in the production "The Rivals."

Alec plans to preach for a time, and then do graduate work at some theological institution. We wish him all success in the future.



Beryl Fitzmaurice DeWolf

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!

They say Beryl is majoring in Romance—I guess it must be so, her hours are anywhere from 8:30 to 5:30 in the stacks, and I'm judging that her knowledge of the subject isn't derived from French and Spanish books, but from practical experience! But a good little sport was dropped into Bedford, Nova Scotia, January 10, 1907—for she proved to be active in athletics at Halifax Ladies' College, for eight years, and at Acadia Ladies' Seminary for two years, and then in her college years here, she has been good enough in basket-ball to get her "A".

An artist? Well—not a Raphael—but many of our clever posters,

our catchy place cards and our appropriate programs have been made by Beryl—and she has given her time willingly. The *Athenaeum* staff didn't feel as though they could do justice to their work without Beryl as the staff artist.

So you see what an all round girl she is—from athletic to aesthetic, and now to pathetic—she's going to stay home next year—for we all have to learn to cook sometime!

Ethel Virginia Dixon

A harmless flaming meteor shone for hair.

One bright day in 1906, Norwich, Conn., was overjoyed to hear that Virginia had arrived. The city remained in this happy state of mind until 1913, when their joy turned to woe; for "Ginger" true to her better judgment, had decided on Antigonish, N. S., as a home. Here she attended both the public and convent schools. In the fall of '22, she came to Acadia Seminary and radiated sunshine in that bleak building for two short years, and was graduated in the spring of '24.

But Gin did not leave us. She returned in the fall of that year, entered the University as a Freshie-Soph, and became an active member of the class of '27. During her Sophomore year, Gin was staff artist of the *Athenaeum* and secretary of *Le Cercle Français*. As a member of that club, she took a prominent part in the first French play presented at Acadia. In her Senior year, she was elected president of the club.

Ginger was also an important member of the Dramatic Society, and, although she never appeared in rôle, gave valuable assistance be-

hind scenes. Her artistic ability was always at the service of the university and Gin's talent will be greatly missed.

Gin goes from Acadia to take a three year course at the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. Knowing Gin as we do, we know that her work there will be successful. *Le bon voyage, Gin.*

Robert Burnell Eaton

*Of his stature, he was of evne lengthe
And wonderly delivere, and greet
of strengthe.*

Anybody from Canning, Kings Co., will tell you that "Burnie" happened along there on a fine, bright 19th of September in 1907. There he grew up and received his early education, part of which consisted, if we are able to believe current reports, in taking the local frogs apart to see what made them tick. Even then he evinced an overpowering interest in Biology.

Burnie was graduated from Canning High School in 1923; and, that fall, entered Acadia as a member of the class of '27.

Besides having consistent success in his studies, Burnie excelled in athletics. He has always been a valuable member of the hockey and baseball teams, winning his hockey "A" in his Freshman year, and his "A" for baseball in his Junior year. In his Senior year, he was captain of the hockey team. In addition to all this, he played interclass soccer and basketball.

Burnie has specialized in Biology with the intention of continuing his studies at Edinburgh. We all feel sure that he will do as well there as he has at Acadia. He will carry with him our very best wishes for his success in his chosen profession.



Roy Basil Estey

*The gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the
soul.*

Estey quit the little old schoolhouse at New Zealand, N. B., at the age of thirteen and began to wander around the world. After a record of service overseas, he drifted across Fundy to the Academy from which he was graduated in 1923. Entering the University as an Engineer, he joined the class of '27 in his Junior year.

Besides attending to his college work, Estey has made the football team every year while at Acadia. He played forward three years, and held a half-back position in his Senior year. The Engineer's track-team followed him to victory in 1924. In recognition of his athletic prowess, he has received the Athletic "A" and the coveted distinction cap.

During his stay at Acadia, Estey has been vice-president of the Engineer's class, and has served as chairman of the Upper Judicial Committee during his Senior year. Among the awards received by him are a cup for track-work with the Engineers, a prize for Mathematics, and a scholarship for high attainments at the Academy.

Estey's future work may be in the teaching profession but we suspect that he will pursue graduate work in Mathematics shortly after he leaves his Alma Mater. In either case, we feel sure that his fine personality will bring him splendid success.

tunity of frequently entertaining her college friends, a kindness which has been appreciated by many.

Elisabeth is undecided in her plans for the coming year, but we wish her all success possible in whatever occupation she may choose.



Elisabeth Sponagle Ford

*The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and
skill.*

*A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.*

Wolfville has been Elisabeth's home, from the time when she contributed her little mite to this world in January, 1906, until now. She was graduated from the Wolfville High School in 1922 gaining for herself distinction in Mathematics.

Since Elisabeth entered Acadia as a Freshette, she has always had a keen interest in college activities especially in athletics. During her Junior and Senior years, she has made the college basket-ball team winning her Athletic "A". Elisabeth has also been a valued member of the Acadia Orchestra.

As Elisabeth is a town girl, she has been afforded the rare oppor-



Ila Ruth Freeman

*The joy of youth and health her eyes
display'd,
And ease of heart, her every look con-
vey'd.*

On July 6, 1907, Bridgetown was overcome to discover our "Ilette" in its midst. Bravely recovering from the shock, the town set about the business of educating her youthful intellect—a business that was accomplished in such an efficient manner as to register a Latin mark of 100 in her last year in high school. Staggered by this evidence of classic knowledge, it was decided that Acadia University was the place for her. Accordingly, Ila departed for Acadia at the youthful age of 16.

Here she did not allow her thirst for knowledge to interfere with her college career, but participated in the social and athletic life with the whole-hearted spirit so characteristic of her. She has turned out for basketball faithfully and during her

Junior year, played on her class team.

In her Senior year, Ila enjoyed the sweets of revenge when she became a member of the House Committee and meted bitter justice with a stern hand.

Having negotiated the physical training course and its attendant difficulties, Ila is resolved to enter the teaching profession next year.



Elizabeth Louise Fritz

*Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein.*

"Fritzie" was born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, but as the child grew it became necessary to remove her to a larger place. Since then her home has been in Providence, Rhode Island, where she attended the public schools and classical High, and was graduated from Warwick High School with honors.

▶ In the fall of 1924, she came to Acadia as a Freshie-Soph, and became a member of the class of '27.

▶ Louise took a keen interest in all college activities, and her interest in dramatics and her ability along this line have shown themselves ever since her arrival. She was secretary of the society in her Junior year.

In matters executive, we also find

that she took a leading part, serving on the Advisory Board, as a member of the Students' Council, and as the associate news editor of the *Blue and Garnet*. In her Senior year, she represented her class in debating. All her offices, in fact, were held in her Senior year, after she had skillfully completed her strenuous course in Zoology.

Louise majored in German and plans to teach, but who—that's the burning question!



Douglas Hamilton Gordon

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

A short historical outline follows.

Born on March 27th, 1905, at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Concerning his early childhood little is known;

Doug himself was the only thing of importance that developed.

Early education was obtained at West Kent School and Prince of Wales College.

Family decided he was still ignorant. Go to Acadia, young man, they said. He did, and entered the University as a Freshie-Soph.

In a short time, he became popular. Just made himself at home.

Keen intellect determined his specialization in Biology.

Lots of time for study and athletics.
 Made the football team, and was
 manager of the hockey team.
 Never neglected his girl for his work.
 Outside activities occupied some of
 his time.
 Place for interest in dramatics and
 debating.
 Quick and unpretentious.
 Ready to do anything demanded of
 him.
 Senior year saw him managing edi-
 tor of the *Athenaeum*.
 Tried everything once and some
 things twice.
 University will miss him.
 Valedictorian.
 Wants to go to Oxford after grad-
 uation.
 Xpected to make a name for himself.
 You carry the best wishes of all,
 Doug.
 Ze end.

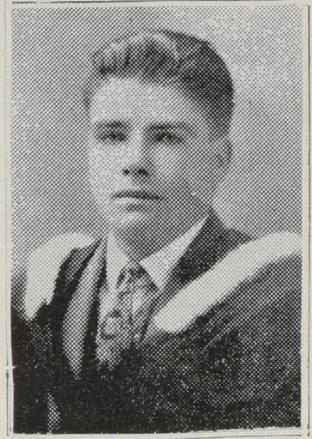


James Walter Graham

Sober, steadfast, and demure.

Walter was born in Liverpool, N. S., in 1907. Until he arrived in Wolfville in the fall of '24 as a Freshie-Soph, he lived a wandering life, residing in various places in Nova Scotia and also for a time in Quebec. He received his High School Training in Dartmouth and Halifax.

At Acadia, he refused to desert his beloved classics and as a reward received his degree *magna cum laude*. He received, also, a teachers' certificate, but whether he will use it and teach the youth of the province the conjugation of *amo* or pursue graduate studies is uncertain. We are sure that, whatever he does, he will make it a success.



Nelson Howard Grant

*Hurrah! the seaward breezes
 Sweep down the bay amain!*

"Nels," the only Newfoundlander among us, first showed signs of merriment on the same day he opened his eyes to this fair sphere of ours at Port-aux-Basques. It was there he spent his early years of life and received his early education. However, Nels decided in favor of a change; so, with the rest of the family, he crossed over to Wolfville, N. S., in 1921, where he entered the high school from which he was graduated two years later. The following fall, he entered Acadia as a charter member of the Class of '27.

While at Acadia, Nelson has distinguished himself in hockey, soccer, baseball, and basketball. With great anticipation, he leaves us to enter the mercantile marine. Best of luck, Cap'n!



Ralph Benjamin Gullison

A Christian is the highest style of man.

Ben was born at Port Maitland, September 25, 1905. After two and a half years, he was taken to India when his parents returned to their field in Bimlipatam. From there, at the early age of eight, Ben went to Beeks Boarding School in the Nilgiri Hills. After fourteen years in India, he returned to Canada in 1924, and, in the autumn of that year, entered Acadia, joining the class of '27.

Although naturally athletic, an injury received early in the football season, forced him to give up athletics, and he gave his time to studies and other phases of college activity. He served as treasurer of his class for the second term of the Junior year, and the following term was elected president, and although it is rather unusual to find one person serving as president for two consecutive terms, the unusual sometimes happens, and such was his lot for he was elected to the presidency for the second term, and now holds it for life.

Besides these activities, Ben has served the Student Union as an Upper Judicial Councillor for this year; has served the Acadia Stu-

dent Volunteer Band as vice-president for one year, and president for the next; and has represented Acadia and the Maritimes at the General Council of the Student Volunteer Movement at Oberlin, Ohio. He has played with the college band for three years, and with the orchestra for two.

With these many and varied activities, Ben has maintained a high degree of scholarship, his *cum laude* speaks for itself.

Ben hopes to join the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society in Scotland this fall and to study medicine in Edinburgh University. Probably in a few years, he will be back in India, a Medical Missionary. We bid him farewell, and wish him whole heartedly, a successful career.



Ruth Averill Haley

Great geniuses have the shortest biographies.

Station St. Stephen, N. B. in the year 1907 was broadcasting with Ruth Haley on the air for the first time. Having announced her arrival, she proceeded to obtain her elementary and high school education in that New Brunswick town, and then departed for Acadia University, incidentally, acquiring

an entrance scholarship on her high school work.

Although an excellent student, Ruth also took her place in college activities. She was president of the Propylaeum Society in her Senior year, vice-president of the French Club, a member of the Students' Council and of the Classical Society.

Throughout her four years here, Ruth has maintained a high standard of scholarship, evidenced by the fact that she is being graduated *magna cum laude*.

Ruth has prepared for the teaching profession which she intends to enter next year and, in which, we are confident, she will be a success.



Gregory Doane Haliburton
Hatfield

*Cheered up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.*

Doane was born in the little village, of Toronto, Ontario, in November, 1906. Finding this rural location not to his taste, however, he early

removed to the bright lights and giddy whirl of Wolfville, N. S., via a brief sojourn in Parrsboro.

Here he received his secondary education, being graduated from Wolfville High School in '23. He entered Acadia as a Freshman in the fall of that year.

Since then, he has played a prominent part in college activities, especially dramatics. In his Freshman year, he took the title rôle in *Mr. Pim Passes By*; and, the following spring, went on a tour as a member of the cast of *Come Out Of the Kitchen*. In his Sophomore year, he played in the spring production, *A Full House*. It was during this year, too, that he received his diploma in the Department of Expression.

In 1925-26, he made his debut as director, being chosen to coach the Convocation play, *The Rivals*. He was also active in the organization of The Little Theatre Guild at Acadia, taking part in their productions as writer, director, and actor. In his Senior year, he was president of the Dramatic Society and director of the Honor Dramatic Fraternity, and also directed two of the three plays which were produced.

He also won distinction in literary work. He was awarded a Literary "A" in his Junior year, and in the summer of 1926 won fourth honorable mention in the National One-Act Play Competition with his play, *A Dead Woman Bites Not*. He has achieved publication with both short stories and one act plays.

Doane intends to teach for a while after capturing the coveted sheepskin from Acadia. We wish him every success.



Constance Irene Hayward

*Tall she is and passing fair
With winsome smile and attractive air.*

Connie first opened her peepers to the light of day on April 5, 1906, in Newcastle, Northumberland Co., N. B. She received her early education at Harkins Academy in her native town. In 1919, she entered Acadia Ladies' Seminary where she spent one year. After leaving Acadia, Connie further continued her studies at the Aberdeen High School, Moncton, to which city, her family had moved. She was graduated from Aberdeen High School in the spring of '23.

In the fall of the same year, Connie entered Acadia University. From her first year, she displayed keen interest in all college activities. In her Freshman year, she was secretary of her class and a member of the class debating team. She was vice-president of the Dramatic Society in her Senior year, and is a charter member and vice-president of the Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity. She also, was a valuable member of the French Club, being secretary-treasurer of that society in the second term of her Junior year.

Due to her interest and ability in dramatics, both in rôle and behind

scenes, Connie has been awarded a Dramatic "A."

Connie was a member of the House Committee in the second term of her Junior year and as Head of the House first semester of 1926-27 she proved her executive ability, and will be pleasantly remembered by her thoughtfulness to many a new girl in residence.

Connie plans to do graduate work in history next year at Toronto University. The best wishes of her friends go with her for a brilliant future in her chosen profession.



Henrietta Beveridge Herkes

*Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.*

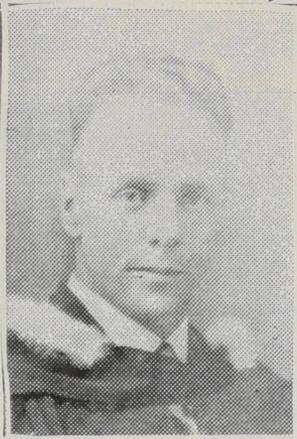
It was a smiling month of May that Hetty chose for her arrival in Hebron, Yarmouth County. She maintains a graceful reticence in regard to her early years, but we have been informed that her youthful industry and mathematical learning were early recognized and rewarded.

Having obtained her high school education at the Yarmouth Academy, she attended the Provincial Normal College and then departed for the Western Provinces where she taught for a few years.

She took her first year of Arts in Winnipeg, but the fall of '24 saw her again in Nova Scotia enrolled as a Freshie-Soph at Acadia.

She was a member of the French Club and the Dramatic Society and has served on various committees in connection with class activities.

Hetty's ready wit has won her many friends in the University, who wish her every success in the teaching profession.



Harry William Hill

He was a man.

Harry comes to us from England, having been born in the city of Leicester, safely within the bounds of the present century.

After receiving a cursory course in the schools of his native city, he responded to the call of adventure and came to Canada choosing New Brunswick as his stopping place. He then spent a few years rambling around, and in 1922, a graduate of the School of Hard Knocks, entered Acadia Academy, completed his course there in the following year, and, in the fall of 1923, began his college career as a Freshman.

Although not engaging to any great extent in athletics, Harry has represented his class in track and soccer as captain, and as a member of its basketball team.

Last year Harry held the position of pastor of a church near Sackville and continued his studies at Mt. A. at the same time. This year, he returned to be graduated with his class.

Harry goes out from Acadia to follow up his chosen field, the ministry, in which we feel sure he will meet with the best of success.



Thompson Wilfrid Howard

He had a face like a benediction.

Wilfrid first began his career, long years ago, in Middleboro, Cumberland Co., N. S. After receiving his early education at home, spending a couple of years across the border, he succumbed to the desire for more knowledge and entered Acadia Academy in the fall of 1921. Two years later, he appeared on the Campus as a Freshman.

Since coming to Acadia, Wilfrid has attended closely to his studies, not taking much time for outside activities. He was, however, president of the Theological Club for one term in his Junior year.

Of rather a quiet unassuming nature, he has, nevertheless, made a large number of friends who will sincerely regret his departure.

The ministry is Wilfrid's chosen profession, and we wish him the best of success.

**Henricus Percivallus Bell
Jenkins**

Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos.

Henricus multo rubore suffusus die quarto ante Kalendas Februar-ias ab urbe condita duo milia sescenti quinquaginta et quinque anni Shediaco in Novi Brunsvici provincia natus est. Paulo post sua familia ad Novam Scotiam venit ubi adolevit et primores annos in ludis agrestis atque in scholia Vindesorio studiando consumpsit.

Omnibus cognitis duo et viginti anno ad Universitatem Acadiae venit. Hic, magno scientiae oeconomicae studio perlaboravit atque etiam cursum honorum percurrans Magister Comitiae Minoris Iudicialis, Praefectus Societatis Athenaeii et ipse lingua dulcissimus fuit administrator eorum qui inter scholias disputant.

Acadia relicta Henricus in animo habet pueros instruere ac postea studia in Universitate Harvardiana pergere. Res secundissimas ei cupimus.

Raymond Douglas Johnson

*Plays in the many games of life, that
one
Where what he most doth value must
be won.*

"R. D." came to us from the little town of Windsor, N. S., where he was born *some years ago*. After having tasted of the fruits of Windsor High School, he entered Acadia Collegiate Academy, now Horton Academy, in the fall of '22.

At the Academy, Johnson soon made his influence felt. He played on the six athletic teams, and did excellent work in his studies as well. He was graduated from the Academy in '23, and the following autumn entered Acadia University, as a charter member of the class of '27.

At Acadia, "R. D.'s" influence was no less effective. He was dili-

gent in his studies, and also took an active part in other college activities. He played defence in the hockey team for the four season, a position which won for him the distinction cap. He also made a good showing in other college activities, thus proving himself a good all-round student.

"Johnnie" has chosen the ministry for his life work, and we join in wishing him every success.

Robert Wendel Johnson

*A merrier man
Within the limits of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal*

If one can credit his statement, "Bud" was born in Oxford, on the 21st of August, 1906. All his early life was spent in the old home town and he was graduated from the high school there in 1923.

Although still verdant in the fall of that year, he displayed the first signs of intelligence when he selected Acadia as his residence for the next four years. During these years, his main interests have been twofold—hockey and study. The former triumphed during his first three years and the hockey squad was benefited thereby. Having received his "A" and seeing an appalling amount of work ahead of him, he decided to spend his Senior year studying. He has been well liked during his undergraduate work and he will be missed greatly from the campus next year.

Teaching is at present his idea of a life work. The next few years will probably be spent in Massachusetts instructing children in the finer things of life. All who know him feel sure that his attractive personality and his ability to "dig in" will bring him success and many friends.



Cecil Garfield Elam Langille

*Attempt the end and never stand in doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.*

Cecil was born in Springfield, Nova Scotia, in the year 1904. After having lived there for only a few years he moved to Wolfville, where he received his common school education. Then he entered Acadia Collegiate Academy from which he was graduated. While at the Academy, he was very active in sports and found a place on every team. Having completed his work there, he entered with the class of 1923-27 and has been a member of their basket-ball team every year except one term in which he attended Mt. A. and while there made the football team.

Cecil has been generally very active in sports especially basket-ball. Although he is being graduated this year, he will be back next year for his M. A.



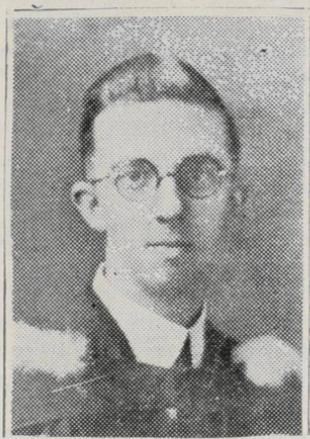
Ivy Lucetta Layton

*To be with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee.*

Ivy was born in Port Hood, Cape Breton, in January, 1903. The following year, the family moved to Springhill, Nova Scotia, where they have since resided. After taking advantage of all that the Springhill schools had to offer, Ivy attended Amherst Academy and received her Grade XII certificate in 1921.

For three years, Ivy taught in her home town and, in the fall of '24, she entered Acadia as a Freshie-Soph. During her Junior year, she was forced to leave on account of ill-health, but she found that she was still able to be graduated with the class of '27.

Because of the condition of her health, Ivy has not been able to take as active a part in college activities as she would otherwise have done, but she has always been ready to help others. Ivy's great interest has been in education. Her sweet personality and her kind sympathy have made her a host of friends who have great faith in her success as a teacher and who wish her the best of luck in her profession.



George Edward Levy

*A gentler Shepherd may no where
be found.*

George was born in Sherwood, N. S., not so long ago. His early education was secured at his home where he studied most of his high school work without the aid of a teacher until 1922, at which time, he received his Grade XII certificate.

After teaching for two years, he put in his appearance at Acadia, as a member of the class of '28, but in '26 he broke through the bars and entered the field with the class of '27.

George has been a faithful and diligent student, being particularly interested in History and Languages. He intends pursuing these subjects further at Acadia and Queen's Universities in preparation for the ministry. George, we tender you our best wishes.



Marion Lee MacDonald

*Her stature tall,—I hate a dumpy
woman!*

Marion Lee MacDonald was born in Halifax, N. S. Early in her life, she went to Manitoba; later, to Edmonton, Alberta, where she attended high school and where she still resides. She went to Normal College in Calgary and took part of her Freshman year at the University of Alberta. In 1922, she was graduated in the piano normal course from Acadia Seminary with enough College subjects to entitle her to membership in the class of '23 of the University. She taught in Alberta until 1925 when she again attended University of Alberta. In 1926, she returned to Acadia, joining the class of '27 and being graduated this year. She plans to teach in Alberta. Although only with us a short time, she has won many friends by her pleasing and winning personality. We wish you every success, "Marnie," in your chosen work.

Ranald Ralph MacPherson

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight.

In 1908, "Siki" first put in his appearance at Kempt, Queens County; and, during the following year, moved to Lawrencetown, where he remained till he finished the ninth grade. From Lawrencetown, "Siki" moved to Bridgetown and then to Annapolis Royal where he finished High School in '22 with a high record. That fall, Ranald came to Acadia but remained only one term; the next term and the following year, he was detained at home on account of illness. In the fall of '24 he returned in hot pursuit of his sheepskin and through hard work joined the class of '27.

He has represented his class on basketball and hockey teams. In '25 and '26, Siki made the baseball team and won his Athletic "A."

He would not content himself with any of the easier courses, but majored in Math and plans to do graduate work in that field. Best of luck, Siki!



Ralph Broad Wright Marvin

*Midnight shout and revelry
Gypsy dance and jollity.*

Ralph Broad Wright Marvin was born at Souris, Prince Edward

Island, in 1907. He attended school at Alma, New Brunswick, and succeeding in passing all the grades required and was duly sent off to college that he might enter the "sophisticated circle". Accordingly he came to Acadia, and joined the class of '27 as a charter member.

Although Marven's chief interest has been in Literature and Dramatics; he has, nevertheless, evinced a strong interest in class activities, being elected class treasurer during the first term of his Sophomore year. In Dramatics, he has shown rare talent and ability. He played the rôle of Lob in *Dear Brutus* and in view of the difficult character portrayed did exceedingly well. He was also a character in the play *A Night In Paris* put on by *Le Cercle Français*. He was president of the Delta Sigma Society and was also a charter member of the Acadian Sodality formed during his Senior year in college.

In debating, he has taken considerable interest, representing his class three times in the inter-class debates.

To the humor and poetry departments of the *Athenaeum* he has been a consistent contributor and his work secured for him the coveted Literary "A."

Apart from these, his interest has been in Romance Languages. His plans for the future are uncertain but he is thinking of going into business. We wish him every success as he leaves us.



Glenora Sibyl McCallum

*Active natures are rarely melancholy,
Activity and sadness are incompatible.*

Not so many years ago, there was born in Campbellton, N. B., one whom we now know as Glen. There she received her education till the fall of '23, when she entered Acadia as a Freshette. In spite of her studies, Glen always took an active part in social and athletic activities. She played on the '27 basketball team for three years, being elected captain in her Senior year. She was a valuable guard on the varsity team during her Junior and Senior years. When ground hockey was introduced last fall, Glen made the team playing the position of goalie. Besides her interest in sports, Glen has been a member of the House Committee for two years, and has served on the social and other committees of the class. She was secretary of her class in the second term of her Sophomore year.

Glen was in her element in the rink, where she was the object of many admiring glances, as she lightly and swiftly glided over the ice.

Glen took her normal course at Acadia and expects to teach next

year. With her cheery disposition and her splendid ability, we are sure she will be successful.



Mildred Francis McCutcheon

*She is so free, so kind, so apt, so
blessed a disposition.*

Mildred is one of the many who claim Saint John as home. There she remained until she was graduated from the High School in 1923. Then Mildred made a wise choice and came to Acadia that fall, entering the class of '27. In all college and class activities, Mildred has taken a great interest. She has represented her class on debating and basketball teams. She was vice-president of Propylaeum during her Junior year.

The S. C. A. also received a large place in Mildred's college life. She was vice-president during part of her Junior and Senior years, and she did much towards making the meetings a success.

And now, as Mildred's college career is drawing to a close, she has had the honor of being chosen life-secretary of her class. The best wishes of all go with her as she leaves Acadia.



Carl Freeman Messenger

*For e'en though vanquished, he could
argue still.*

"Doc" first saw light at Petite Rivière, in 1906. There he remained, playing about, until 1911, when he with his parents moved to Middleton, where he attended the local school.

Having assimilated the supply of knowledge there offered, he came up to Acadia in the fall of 1922. Sickness, however, prevented him from becoming a member of that class. In the fall of the next year, he appeared and joined, as a charter member, the class of '27.

His life here has had many successes to grace it along the line of executive work. In the second term of his Freshman year, he was elected president of his class, and secretary of the Athenaeum Society. Again, in his Senior year, he has filled very capably, indeed, the positions of president of the Athenaeum Society, business manager of the *Blue and Garnet*, in addition to being a regular member of the Students' Council.

His chief interest, however, has been in Biology and Chemistry. His plans for the future are to continue his course in medicine and

from that to enter the medical profession, and what "Doc" makes up his mind to, that he accomplishes.

It is truly with regret that we mark the passing of not only a good student but a man of high executive ability as well; so richly endowed is he in these two that it is needless to predict his success, it is already assured.



Annie Eloise Miles

*For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And true she is as she hath proved
herself.*

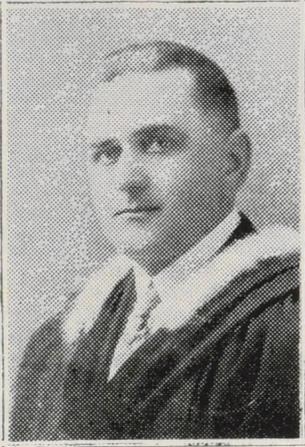
Eloise was born in Yarmouth, July 1906, but remained there for only two years before she moved with her family to Sydney, Cape Breton.

It was in Judique that Eloise received her elementary and high school work, being graduated in the spring of '25 with an "A" certificate from Sydney Academy.

The fall of the same year found Eloise entering Acadia as a Freshie-Soph. During her three years at college, she has shown good general ability but studies did not prevent her from taking an active interest in all outside activities. The second term of her Junior year, Eloise was a very valuable member of the

House Committee and was Head of the House after Easter of the same term. Although quiet, Eloise was very jolly and encouraged many a new girl through her first set of final exams. During her Senior year, Eloise showed her executive ability by successfully filling her position on the entertainment committee of Tully.

Eloise has completed the education course and is planning to teach next year. We all wish you the best of luck, Eloise.



Harry Whitfield Mollins

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy

Harry was initiated into the mysteries of this world of ours in the year 1895; at Melrose, Mass. Shortly after he was graduated from the grammar school there, he came with the rest of his family to New Brunswick. After working in Moncton for some time, the call came to him to enter the ministry. He was licensed to preach in 1915 and entered Aberdeen High School in September of that year, in order to prepare himself for entrance to Acadia. In October, he enlisted for service Overseas. After an honorable war record, he returned in 1919. In 1921 he started work for a B. A. degree at

Acadia, but dropped out of the class of '25 at the end of his Sophomore year. It was as a "newly-wed" that he soon after became pastor of the North River Field, N. B., where he stayed one year. It was as a Sophomore that he joined the class of '27 having changed his course to a B. A. (Th.).

Ever since coming to Acadia, Harry has shown himself both willing and able to contribute in no small degree to the success of worthwhile college activities.

While in the class of '25, he played football being in the College team in his Sophomore year. In the same year, Soccer was introduced at Acadia, and Harry played on his class team.

His popularity and the confidence reposed in him by the Student-Body found expression in his election as president of the Students' Union for the year '26-'27. He has also been president of the Class of '25, vice-president of the Student Christian Association (boys' unit), president of the Theological Club. He served on the rink committee three years, being manager during his Senior year. He was also business manager of the Honor Dramatic Fraternity this year. No one else but Harry would do as Acadia's delegate to the conference held at Montreal during the '26-'27 Christmas recess for the purpose of organizing The National Federation of University Students. He won one of the continuation scholarships when a Sophomore in the class of '25. A *cum laude* attests to his capacity as a student. A poem is his only contribution to the *Athenaeum*.

He has shown some exceptional talent for dramatics, taking part in two plays, *The Rivals* and *The Sin of Ahab*, in the operatta *The Princess of Poppyland* and in the light opera *Patience*.

It was in the realm of song, however, that Harry scored his most signal successes. A rich, powerful baritone voice aided by an unusually pleasing stage presence made him a

very attractive singer. It is as an artist in voice that he is likely to remain most vividly in our memories. He has been without a rival as song leader at Acadia. His solos have been one of the treats during the graduating exercises for several years now and a source of delight to the student body. His reputation as a singer extends much further however, than Acadia; he has sung over the radio for the C. N. R. Station, Moncton, and is a well-known leader of song service at Baptist conventions.

He has held several pastorates since coming to Acadia: a summer pastorate at Shediac, one year at North River, assistant at Amherst for a year, assistant in Wolfville one summer and this year he has charge of the church at Canard.

We are looking forward to your success in the ministry, Harry.

George Colin Munro

Nor do I know that branch of knowledge which is worth acquiring at the price of brain fever.

"Coon" added one to the number of Wolfville's illustrious past and present, in June, 1907. With that good start, he added all the numbers that could be assigned in Wolfville High School and entered college as a charter member of the Class of '27.

In college, he has taken an active part in sport. He is no mean swimmer and a good diver. In hockey by watching the twine he has assisted his classmates in winning the championships of which they boast. He was a member of the Varsity football team in his Junior year. He won his "A" behind the bat in baseball. In contrast to these activities, he was an active and noisy member of the college band.

We hear that he has an appointment in the Mathematical Department of the University of Michigan where he plans to pursue graduate studies. Our best wishes follow him as he leaves us.



Janet MacKay Murray

*To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever!
For nature made her what she is
And never made another!*

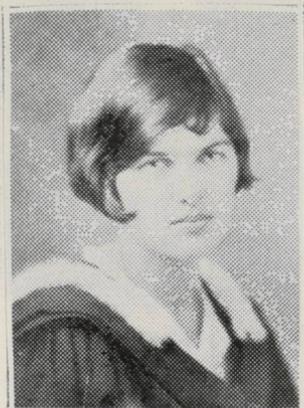
"Jan" was born on February 10, 1906, in New Glasgow. Evidently she found her native town to her liking, for she remained there till she finished her high school career. She spent the following year at Pictou Academy, where she received her "A" certificate.

Janet entered Acadia as a Freshie-Soph, and at the same time began a new record in athletics. She has always been outstanding in basketball, and was captain of the class basketball team in her Junior year. She soared to still greater heights when she became captain of the inter-collegiate team and won her Athletic "A."

Janet has taken an active part in other activities, and showed her executive ability when she was secretary of her class in her Junior year. She has also held office as secretary and president of the Athletic Association.

Janet will surely be missed, for her winning personality and unflinching good-nature have made her a

general favorite. She intends to pursue library work the next year, and we feel sure that she will be as successful in her chosen profession as she has been in her life at Acadia. Good luck, Jan!



Grace Louise Nelson

*She walks in beauty, like the night
Of clouded climes and starry skies.*

"Grass" first appeared in this mundane existence in the city of Fredericton, New Brunswick, where she has spent the greater part of her life. In the spring of nineteen twenty-three, she was graduated from Fredericton High School and, the same fall, came to Acadia. During her four years here, she has shown her worth both as student and as friend. Her quiet, calm, and steadfast disposition have won her a lasting place in the affections of her associates and have secured the deepest respect of all who have known her. In her Sophomore year she acted as secretary of her class and the following year found her president of the Propylaeum Society.

She has been preparing herself for the teaching profession and the sincere good wishes of all go with her to her future work.



Saidee Margaret Newcombe

*It's guid to be merry and wise;
It's guid to be honest and true.*

Our Saidee first made her bow to this weary world some years ago, but not so very many. Port Jefferson, Long Island, New York, was her first address. After tarrying there for some time, she migrated to Philadelphia, and there she obtained her grammar school education. Saidee, however, disliked the austere atmosphere of the Quaker City, so departed for Somerville, Massachusetts, where she was graduated from high school with the class of '24.

Bent upon conquering new worlds, she next took up her abode in Halifax, and, as it happened, Acadia proved to be her next intellectual venture. In the fall of '24, Saidee entered the University as a Freshie-Soph.

As a member of the college orchestra, of the Dramatic Society, and of

the French Club she has taken an active and intelligent interest in college life. In her Junior year she was secretary of the S. C. A. Last but not least, she has nobly served upon the House Committee, and, while as yet a timid little Freshie-Soph she waited 'til the erring children came home, to lock the Tully doors.

Saidee has combined her Arts work with the newly instituted course in Education, her intention being to enter the teaching profession next year.



Ethelyn Osborne

Full of wise saws and modern instances

Iona Mary Olding

*True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.*

In Merigomish, Pictou County, the county that has given birth to so many great souls—Iona first saw the light of day, October 29, 1905. There she attended the public school and, after passing Grade X, entered the New Glasgow High School, and transferred again to Pictou Academy for Grade XII. The following year, she assumed the responsibility of "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

In the fall of 1924, she entered Acadia as a Freshie-Soph, and, during her three years, has won for herself a host of friends among the students. We all feel sure that she will prove herself efficient in whatever work she chooses, and our best wishes will follow her always.

Cold blew the wintry blast on a January day in 1907 when Ethelyn arrived at sunny Chester. Such a cold, cold, day to drop in at a summer resort! But was Ethelyn daunted? *Pas du toute*, but the scribes say that her sojourn there was short. Waterville claims the honor of having graduated her from its high school and of starting her upon the flowery paths of learning at Acadia University in 1923. The classic portals of that institution hailed her while she was yet a young Freshette.

Ethelyn's career here at college has been marked by a passionate love of *les langues*, both dead and alive. Her enthusiasm for the Latin language is shown in her position as an honored member of the Classical Society; while her excellence in English is evidenced in that she has been a noteworthy contributor to the *Athenaeum*. During her Sophomore year, she was a worthy representative in inter-class debates for that year. In her Senior year, she was head of the House Committee in the second semester

and woe betide the guilty sinner who approached her court of justice. Verily, she dispensed that virtue with a stern and impartial hand.

Although Ethelyn missed the second semester in her Junior year, she was graduated *cum laude*. We wish her every success in teaching.



James Graham Patriquin

A manly man, to been an abbot able.

"Pat" was born on the fifteenth of April, 1905, the important event taking place at Long Island, King's County, N. S. He attended school in Wolfville, being graduated from the high school in 1921. In the fall of 1923, he entered Acadia as a Freshman. Besides specializing in Romance Languages, "Pat's" activities have been many and varied. He has played inter-class hockey and baseball; and, in the spring of 1926, he captained the Junior baseball team, to the championship. This year he was manager of the col-

lege team. During the second term of his Sophomore year, he was treasurer of his class, a position which he now holds for life. "Pat" has also been a valued member of the French Club. This year he has more than satisfactorily filled the important position of sport editor on the staff of the *Blue and Garnet*.

"Pat's" smiling presence will be greatly missed. We know that all will join in wishing him success in his chosen field, (44½.)



Mary Grace Perry

She is winsome, witty, and wondrous wise.

At Fredericton, New Brunswick, the spring of 1906 was especially joyous, for Grace had arrived with April's budding trees and singing birds. New Brunswick was not to claim her for long, however, for at the early age of four, she quite made up her mind that she wished to adopt Nova Scotia as "her own her native land," and so she came to Wolfville.

Thus it was that she went through the process of growing up and thu

it was that she was already here to welcome us when the class of '27 first made its appearance at Acadia.

It is going to be very hard to fill Grace's place in college life. Throughout her entire course, she has maintained a high standard of scholarship. Twice has her name been seen on the prize list and this year she won the highest award in the gift of the University—the Governor General's Medal. She was class historian, and was graduated *magna cum laude*.

In addition, her ability and her dependability have been appreciated greatly in class activities. She has served on numerous committees, and, as a Freshette, she was vice-president during the first term.

Grace has had an active interest in dramatics. She was a charter member of the Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity. She took part successfully in both college plays during her Junior Year, and this year her characterization of the Duchess in *Lady Windemere's Fan* was perhaps even more effective.

She was a member of the French Club, her musical talent has given her a place in musical circles. Not only has she played in the orchestra, but for the past two years she has played second violin in the string quartette.

This year, Grace was awarded a Literary "A," and her clever, well-written contributions to the *Athenaeum* will indeed be missed from its pages. As a Junior, she was exchange editor, and as a Senior, editor of the month department.

As she leaves us to carry out her chosen work of teaching, our hearts' good wishes go with her.



Ralph Donald Perry

*Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.*

"Punk" was born in the town of Hampton, New Brunswick, in the year 1909. He moved to Wolfville at the age of three and completed the early part of his education at the Wolfville Public School, from which he was graduated in 1923.

He entered college at the age of fifteen as the youngest member of the class. Punk received the two hundred dollar scholarship, having made the highest marks in the province of any Freshman entering Acadia. During his college career, our young friend's ability seemed to lie along literary lines and won him his Literary "A" in his Senior year. With the exception of tennis, Punk was not a participator in sports. He took a keen interest in all athletic activities, however, and showed marked ability in journalistic work, as athletic editor for the *Athenaeum* and as reporter for one of the Halifax papers, he was to be seen at every game, pencil and paper in hand, recording the results of the contest.

Punk plans to teach for a year or two and then take up post-graduate work in Chemistry. Our best wishes for his success go with him.



Gordon Ambrose Potter

Touch not; steal not; but taste it.

The County of Digby was awarded a promising son upon the arrival of Gordon. He spent his early life in that vicinity attending the Digby High School where he caught an inspiration for feasting at the higher sources of knowledge at Acadia and upon finishing his high school course, he journeyed to Wolfville and joined the class of 1927.

During Gordon's four years in college, he has been a loyal member of the class and has taken an active part in college activities. He has held many positions: president of his class during his Sophomore year, president of the S. C. A during his Senior year, secretary of the Athenaeum Society, member of the Upper Judicial Committee and head Waiter in the Central (H)eating Plant. He took an active part in debating, representing his class in several debates.

Gordon plans to teach for two years, after which he will continue his course in Economics at Harvard. With his ambition and executive ability, we can assure him a very successful future.



George Morris Pratt

Ambition is no cure for love.

On September 30, 1905, George first entered upon his career in this vale of tears at Cheverie, Hants County, N. S. In 1916, he came to Wolfville where he attended the Wolfville Public School. Four years later, he entered Acadia Academy. In 1923, wishing to perfect himself in the science of Geology, he joined the class of '27.

George has been so interested in pursuit of earthly wisdom that he has not had much time for college activities. While attending the Academy, he played football. George is a musician of some note, and, during his four years at the University, he has been a member of the college band. He has also played in the town band for the last six years. George intends to continue his studies in the field of Geology at Princeton and we are all confident that success will reward his efforts.



Robert Reagh Prosser

*Whether in Heaven or Hell my lot be stayed,
A cup, a Lute, a fair and frolic Maid
Within a place of Roses please me now.*

Bob Prosser, the Class of '27's little ray of sunshine, first illuminated his surroundings in Kemptville, N. S. After having imbibed the lore of the Kemptville School, he attended Mt. Allison Academy, where he continued to radiate sunshine and good cheer. Being of a pedagogic turn of mind, he went out to the Canadian West, where he taught school for two years. After working in Boston for a time, he decided to favor Acadia with the iridescence of his scintillating personality, and, in the fall of '23, became a member of the Class of '27. Since then, he has distinguished himself in many branches of college life. He acted on the Students' Council in his Sophomore year, and was president of his class in his Junior year. An assistantship in English, to which he was appointed in his Junior year, shows his scholastic ability, while his extensive extra-curricula interests are shown by the various positions which he held in his Senior year,—president of the Athletic Association, manager of the football team, for which he re-

ceived an Athletic "A", and business manager of the Dramatic Society Play, *Dear Brutus*.

"Pross" plans to continue work in medicine and we feel sure that his executive ability, scholastic attainments, and cheerful personality will gain success for him where ever he goes, and although we feel that, for obvious reasons he would prefer to be graduated with the Class of '28, nevertheless, he has our best wishes for the future.

Leonard Irving Pugsley

*If aught of Prophecy be mine,
Thou wilt not live in vain.*

It was in the first month of the century that "Pugs" arrived at Five Islands, N.S., and there he remained for his early education. After being graduated from Mount Allison Academy in 1916, office work kept him busy until 1920 when he matriculated at Mt. A. Soon afterwards Acadia admitted a quiet, hard-working student and the Class of '27 a loyal member.

"Pugs" has kept close to his studies except when the honor of the Middle Section football team was at stake. His former commercial training well fitted him for his position as treasurer of the Union, and he has carried forward that work with success during his last year.

Quiet and unassuming in manner, Pugsley leaves a loyal group of friends at Acadia. Their hearty wishes follow him as he goes to further study his favorite subject, Chemistry.

Austin Loomer Rand

*And I'm pulling my freight in the
morning, boys,
For it's over the hills or bust.*

"Ox" was born in Wolfville during the usual course of events, and received his early education within the erudite walls of its high school.

In 1923, he came to Acadia and became one of the most vociferous in the ranks of the class of '27. Here he has acquired an all round

education. He has done well in his science course and has taken honor work in Biology, his major field. Swimming was his chief athletic interest and his powerful crawl stroke has won many points for his college, especially during his Senior year.

But "Ox" loved to shoulder his pack and take a hike to study his friends the birds, and add another beauty to his large collection. His skill in this line is evidenced by the fact that in his Senior year he held the Biology assistantship in the Ornithology section of the Acadia Museum, and is considered by those who know, one of the most promising of our young Ornithologists.

"Ox" goes from here, sincerely admired by all who know him, and as he goes to take up graduate work in his favorite study, for which he is so talented, we all join in wishing him the very best of success.



Marion Florence Redden

A maid there was of gentle ways.

Marion has the good-fortune to be able to call herself a Judiquer, for she was born in Glace Bay and lived there for five years. She lived in Truro for some years

attending the public schools there, then came to Wolfville and was graduated from the Wolfville High School. The following year, she took the business course in the Seminary. Two years later, she joined the class of '27.

Living in town, and being of a quiet nature, Marion is not well known among the students except those of her own class.

We do not know Marion's plans for the future, but we wish her the greatest success in whatever occupation she may choose.



Hortense Freeman Richardson

*Noble she was, condemning all things
 mean,
 Her truth unquestioned and her
 soul serene.*

Hortense was born at Craik, Saskatchewan, in 1907, and received her early education there. She was graduated from Grade XII at the Craik High School in the spring of 1924, and, in the fall of 1924, Acadia welcomed her to its halls, as a Freshie-Soph. Throughout her entire college course, Hortense has been a conscientious worker, has maintained a high standard of scholarship and is now being graduated with *cum laude*. Despite her

quiet disposition, she has taken a keen interest in college affairs, and she will be greatly missed from College circles as she goes out from us to take up teaching. The best wishes of a host of friends will follow you, Hortense.



Greta Neola Shaw

*Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing
in woman.*

Greta Neola Shaw first arrived upon the scene in Middleton, December 6, 1907, but lived there only six years and then moved to Annapolis. There she resided for two years and began her education. The next move was to Wolfville, and here Greta has lived ever since. She attended the Wolfville High School where she always held her place among the leaders. It seemed natural that college should claim Greta and so, in the fall of '23, she entered Acadia as a Freshette. Here it did not take long for her to make many friends by her pleasing manner and sweet disposition.

Greta has always been very interested in Dramatics, and, as a member of the Dramatic Society,

took part in several plays. She was also a member of the French Club, of which she was vice-president in her Junior year. During the first term of her Senior year she was vice-president of her class.

Greta expects to join the ranks of the teaching profession and her many friends heartily extend to her their sincerest wish for a successful career in her chosen field.

George Edward Sharp

On my soul, I'll speak but truth.

George was born 'neath the sunny skies of Scotch Settlement, N. B., on December 5, 1899.

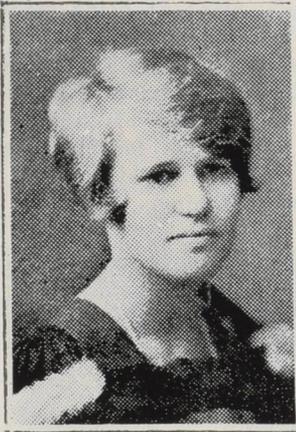
Doubtless, the Settlement had visions of a future citizen in this son of the soil, but, in 1920, George began to look beyond his Scottish horizon. In that year, he entered Horton Academy. After two years of Academy life, he spent a year in the school of practical experience. Then, finding himself in Wolfville one bright September morn in '23, he decided to stay.

During the next years, George took a keen interest in all college activities.

In addition to his college work, George has found time to devote to the ministry, his chosen profession.

The residents of Middle Section cannot fail to wonder if the old Section can really "carry on" minus George's ever-smiling countenance.

We join heartily in wishing you every success, George, in your life work.



Helen Louise Simms

*A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.*

Helen was born in Saint John, N. B. She received her early education in that city, but for her high school work came to Acadia Sem. being graduated in 1920. On account of her mother's ill health, she stayed out for a time, but in the fall of '23 returned to College as a Freshette.

Although Helen has been keenly interested in all phases of College life, S. C. A. claimed most of her time and attention. She was on the Cabinet of the Acadia Unit during her four years here; was president of the Girls' Unit in her Senior year; and was one of the three Maritime members of the All-Canadian Committee which met at Muskoka, Ontario, in Spetember, 1926. As a Freshette, she was on the Students' Council. In her Sophomore year, she was vice-president of her class and member of the Lower Judicial Committee. She was also vice president of the Student's Volunteer Band. In her Senior year, she was president of this group.

Helen's powers of arguing were soon recognized, and she debated

for her class three times; being once leader of the team.

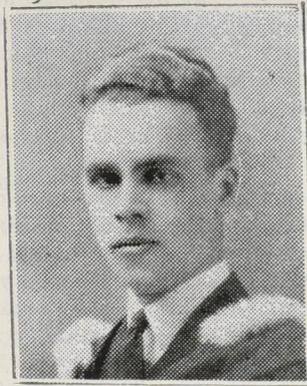
The Dramatic Society was greatly enriched by her presence and, because of her splendid work, awarded her the Dramatic "A." She was, too, a charter member of the Delta Caste of the Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity.

Her many contributions to the *Athenaeum* have won for her the Literary "A" and will be missed from its pages in the future.

In her Senior year, she proved most enthusiastic and efficient as the manager of the ground hockey team.

She was, too, a very valued member of the *Cercle Français*.

Helen intends to go to India to take up the great work of a Christian Missionary, and all her friends wish her every success and all happiness in her wonderful work.



Harold Fritz Sipprell

And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

"Sip" began his brilliant career long, long ago in the city of Saint John. His early education was acquired in the schools of his native city, and he was graduated from the Saint John High School in '17. He spent two years in New York, then returned and entered the Provincial Normal School, from which in-

stitution he was graduated in '20. He acted as Principal of the Petitediac Superior School for two years with much success. This was followed by one year in Dorchester, as Principal of the Dorchester Superior School, which position he also filled with great success. In search of further knowledge, "Sip" entered Acadia in the fall of '23.

English, and all things connected therewith, has been his forte. He was a valued contributor to the *Athenaeum*, and won his Literary "A" in his Junior year—no mean feat. In the same year, he acted as Joke Editor; and in his Senior year, he filled the office of Literary Editor very capably. Dramatics have also occupied his attention, his Dramatic "A" attesting to his ability in this direction. In his Senior year he acted as Director of the Honor Dramatic Fraternity. "Sip" has been greatly interested in the writing of verse. That his work is meritorious is shown by the fact that he received honorable mention in *Poets of the Future*. He has been active in the formation of the Sodality, and acted as its first president.

Despite these many extra-curricula activities, "Sip" has maintained a very high standard of scholarship. In his Sophomore year he received the A. C. Cameron Prize for the highest standing in English 4. In his Junior year, he acted as assistant in the English department of the University. He tied for the prize given by the Class of 1892 to the student having the highest record for the Junior year. This year he won the Class of 1907 Essay prize and was graduated *magna cum laude*, with Honors in English. All of which goes to show what may be accomplished in the short space of four years.

"Sip" plans on doing graduate work leading to the Master's Degree in English. He has received a scholarship at Harvard, where he plans on pursuing his studies this fall. We predict for him a very brilliant future in his chosen profession of teaching.



Marion Chipman Smith

*A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks.*

"Smitty" was born in Soda Creek, B. C., while still very young, she moved with her family to Fredericton, N. B., where she received her early education and was graduated from the Fredericton High School. She entered Acadia as a Freshette in 1923 and, during her four years of college life, has been interested in athletics receiving her "A" in basketball during her Junior year.

Smitty is undecided as to what she will do in the future; but, in whatever she does, she has our best wishes.

Wilbert Henry Spencer

*And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.*

The process of evolution went one step higher when "Spence" made his advent into the world at Mira, C. B., many, many years ago. During his early years, "Spence" drank deeply of the stores of knowledge offered at the Mira Public School. He took his four years of high school in Glace Bay, where his aptitude for work began to show itself.

Deeming it to be to the best interests of the world in general, and the public of Louisburg High School in particular, that he should instruct their young and plastic minds in the mysteries of high school education, he became principal of said High School, which position he filled most successfully for three years.

Being a youth of excellent judgment, he came to Acadia in the fall of 1924, and joined the Class of '27. He soon demonstrated his scholastic ability, winning in his Junior year the Henry Burton DeWolfe Bursary, awarded to a student in advance Biology on the basis of perseverance and scholastic ability. In his Junior and Senior years, he was assistant in Biology. Evidence of his ability and application as a student is the *magna cum laude* which appears after his degree.

Although "Spence" has devoted himself quite largely to studies, he is by no means one-sided. He has always been a supporter of the college teams. Having lived in Wil-

lett Hall for three years, it can hardly be said that he led a quiet life. During his stay here, he made a host of friends who heartily wish him well in his life work.

He plans to continue his studies in Biology at Harvard next year.



Gwendolyn Roscoe Spurr

She was not made for the admiration of all, but for the happiness of one.

Gwen was born in Aylesford, N. S., on November, 14, 1906. Here she received her early education being graduated from the Aylesford High School in 1923. In the fall of the same year, she came to Acadia, joining the class of 1927. She was vice-president of her class in her Sophomore year and has shown her executive ability as Head of the Lower Judicial Committee in her Senior year.

Gwen, during her stay at Acadia, has proved herself a general favorite and we wish her every success in whatever she may do.



Roy Talmage Steeves

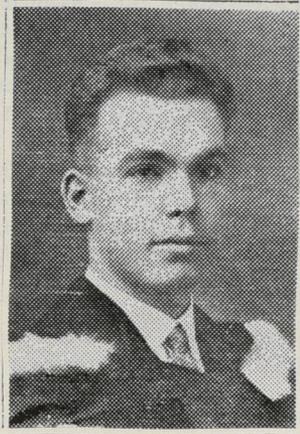
One who never turned his back but marched breast forward.

After only seventeen days duration, the year 1897 earned repute,—for then, in the city of Moncton, Roy first saw light of day. He received his early education at the Aberdeen High School, Moncton; and during the last year of his High School course, enlisted in the 64th. He served overseas for three years in the 2nd Canadian Infantry Battalion. While in active service he won the M. M. and was mentioned for special service. Returning to Canada, he entered the New Brunswick Normal School and, the next summer, taught in the Vocational Summer School in Fredericton. After spending some time in a vocational school in Detroit, he returned to his native province and engaged in service for the New Brunswick Vocational Education Board at which work he remained for three years. Following that engagement, Roy taught Manual Training in Moncton and found time to marry a young woman of exceptional ability and strength of character.

The fall of '23 found Roy at Acadia as a member of the class of

'27 while here he has distinguished himself as a student. He served as a member of the Student Council in his Sophomore year and was an effective member of the Intercollegiate Debating Team in his Senior year. He was during his Junior year, Instructor in English in the Acadia Academy and in his Senior year, he became head of the department of Manual Training of the Horton Collegiate Academy. Despite his many extra-curricular activities, Roy found time to do a little studying and, as a result, received his degree *magna cum laude*.

Next year it is Roy's intention to return to Acadia to take his M. A. and continue as teacher of Manual Training in the Academy. His candour and zeal for the truth mark him as a man of strong purpose and high idealism. We wish him the best of success in his chosen work.



Walter Alva Stultz

This world belongs to the energetic.

Walter was born in Saint John, N. B., in 1904. He attended school there for three years, then, hearing that all the great men of the world were brought up on farms, he immediately moved to Crystal Spring

Farm near Havelock, Kings Co., N. B. After being graduated from Havelock Superior School in 1921, he attended the Provincial Normal School at Fredericton. The following spring, he was graduated with a Superior License. For the next two years, he taught school in New Brunswick, then, ambition urging him, he entered Acadia in the fall of '24 as a member of the class of '28.

Various activities have claimed Walter's attention at Acadia. In his Freshman year, he was recording secretary for the Athenaeum Society and also contributed to the *Athenaeum*.

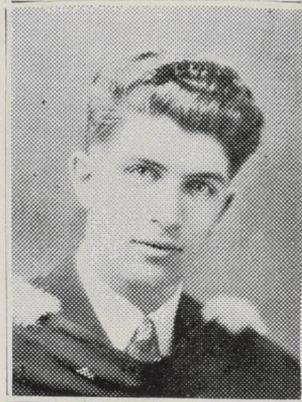
He debated on the undefeated team of the class of '28 for two years, being leader against the Seniors in his Sophomore year. Feeling that well developed muscles are necessary as well as well developed brains, Walter also entered the field of athletics.

For two years, he ran on the champion Bulmer team for the Class of '28 and was a member of the soccer team. He was captain of the Senior Bulmer track team in his Senior year as well as being a member of the soccer team of 1927, interclass champions.

Craving the honor of being a Senior, he joined the class of '27 this year. He was graduated *cum laude*, showing that his studies were not neglected.

Walter has been accepted as an assistant in the Zoological laboratory at Yale for this coming year. He intends also to study for his Ph. D.

At Acadia, Walter proved himself to be an excellent student and was always willing to enter into any clean sport or work. Nor will we forget his ready smile and friendliness. We feel that the future has great things in store for him, and we wish him good luck as he leaves us.



Arthur Joseph Tingley

This was the noblest Roman of them all.

The stillness of the morn of October 20, 1901, was broken when Arthur J. Tingley invaded the quiet atmosphere of Wolfville, N. S. Educated at the local high school, he early took part in all the various activities of boy life. Being graduated in 1917, he spent two years as clerk in the Royal Bank of Canada. That, however, was too slow for Art so he entered Acadia in the fall of 1919 as an Engineer and completed his course in 1921. Following that, he was employed for some years as salesman and field manager for the Fuller Brush Co. Ltd. In 1923, he returned again to join the class of '27.

During his career at Acadia, he was a member of the hockey and football teams of 1920-21; captain of the Acadia track team in 1921 and 1925 and twice winner of the cup for high score at the Annual Field Day. He has taken an active interest in all worthy college activities, exhibiting rare qualities of leadership. He was a most enthusiastic member of the Acadia Choral Club. He was the winner of the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical contest for the present year.

We bespeak for this young man a brilliant career of Christian service.



Nita Olivia Chesley Trethewey

*Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.*

Nita was born at New Germany, N. S., December, 9, 1906. Her early childhood was spent in California, U. S. A., after which her family returned to Nova Scotia. She received the greater part of her education in Wolfville, attending Acadia Seminary and Wolfville High School, and being graduated from the latter in 1923. In October of the same year, she entered college and has been one of the most active members of her class during her university years. During her first two years, she was a member of the class basket-ball team and took part in inter-class debating in her Sophomore year. During her Junior and Senior years, she has held the responsible position of pianist in the First Baptist Church, Wolfville, as well as that of pianist at the daily chapel exercises at the University.

Nita has been a very active member of the Dramatic Society and of the Delta Chapter of the Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity and has always delighted the audience with

her interpretation of the various rôles that have been intrusted to her. On many occasions, too, her vocal talent has been heard to good advantage.

Nita's plans for next year are undecided, but we know from her past experience, that whatever she may do, will be done well and successfully.

Mabel Hunter Welsh

*Undisturbed by stress and hurry,
Inclined to work, but not to worry.*

Mabel was born at Port Greville, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia. She received her early education in her home village, but attended the High School in Parrsboro, Nova Scotia, from which she was graduated with honors in Math. in the spring of 1919. That fall, Mabel entered the Provincial Normal School at Truro, N. S., being graduated from there in the following year.

The Canadian West then claimed Mabel for a year of teaching, but soon she felt the charms of Nova Scotia calling her again, and returned and taught Grade VIII in the Wolfville Public School for two years.

In the fall of 1923, we see Mabel entering Acadia University as a Freshette

During her four years here, Mabel although taking no active part has been keenly interested in, and given freely her support to all college activities.

Mabel plans to re-enter the teaching profession on leaving Acadia and the best wishes of all her friends go with her in her future work, which we know will be a success.



Meredith Allison White

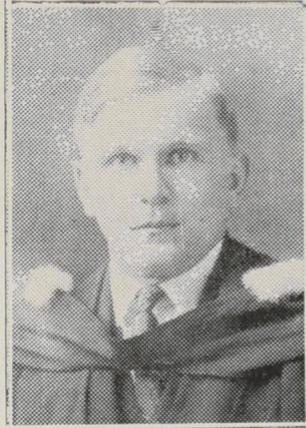
*And in her raiment's hem was traced
in flame—Wisdom.*

East Apple River awoke one morning in June, 1907, and found itself famous. Meredith Allison White had come to town. Her public school education was obtained in Saint John and Sussex. After three years at Branksome Hall, Toronto, Meredith entered Acadia in the fall of 1923, to pursue her calm and unruffled voyage over the troublous sea of college life. Debating occupied a great deal of her time for she made the team in her Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years. She was a member of the Student's Council in 1924 and vice-president of her class in her Junior year.

Dramatics also interested Meredith. As chairman of the Dramatic Social Committee she directed a one-act play. Her greatest success was scored when she played the rôle of Aunt Julia in *Mr. Pim Passes By*.

Occasionally, she wrote for the *Athenaeum* — contributions which have been greatly appreciated. During her Senior year, owing to ill health she retired from active college life, taking a keen interest in her studies. After graduation she plans to take

post-graduate work in English. Her many friends wish her continued success.



James Douglas Wright

*Beholding the bright countenance of
truth in the quiet and still air of
delightful studies.*

It was back in 1904 at Stoney Creek, that Jimmy first opened his languid blue eyes, and gazed over the oil fields of Albert Co., N. B., but as luck would have it he was just one day too late to be considered as a Christmas gift.

After receiving the rudiments of his education there, he entered Hillsboro High School, from which he was graduated in 1923. He entered Acadia in the fall of the same year.

During his stay here, he has shown his interest in athletics, by playing on the college second team in football in his Junior and Senior years, and on the class soccer team. He has been a diligent student, showing marked scholastic ability especially in Geology and Chemistry. In his Senior year he was Assistant in Geology and won the highest esteem of a great number of budding Geologists.

Jimmy intends to continue his geological studies, and we are all confident he will meet with success in his chosen field.

Sketches of the Graduating Engineers

Thomas Haliburton Ayer

(*) Woman! Thou dost not interest me—as yet.*

Tommy was born in Moncton on September 20, 1906, there he spent his entire life (until his arrival at Acadia) working day and night in order to obtain sufficient knowledge to join in with the "Damn Tough Engineers," of Acadia.

In the way of sports, Tommy was as keen a supporter as could be found upon the Campus, never missing a game, and in his class he played on the soccer and baseball teams.

Among the fifty-odd Engineers it would be hard to find one as popular as Tommy.

His next step will be to the Nova Scotia Technical College where he plans to further his study of Engineering—Mechanical Engineering being his choice.

Gordon William Baker

Bring me my arrows of desire!

Gordon William Baker made his first howl in Middleton, N. S. away back in January, 1907.

He began his education in Middleton, then entered Acadia with the class of '28 to take Science. One year of this however satisfied him and he joined the rollicking Engineers of '27.

"Joe" has been quite a student apart from his! or nightly visits to Middleton and surrounding districts in search of moose and "dear".

He has also been a keen participant in baseball and hockey, having played in both of these for the Engineers.

Next year he plans entering Tech. to continue his studies in mining-engineering in which we wish him every success.

Kenneth Mohr Brooks

*No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips with smiles went out and in.*

Ken got his first glimpse of the world on the twenty second of

April, 1906. Ottawa is proud of her son; and well she might be, for, not only has Ken a good record in his work here, but he also made everybody very fond of him.

Ken's early education was received in the Ottawa Public Schools, and later in the Collegiate Institute there. When he had finished high school, he thought he would like to go into business; so, he joined the staff of D. Kemp Edwards Ltd. One year of that was enough. The next year he came to Acadia and became a member of the Engineering Class.

We have all enjoyed his stay here and wish him the best of luck, for we are sure that, whatever branch of engineering he takes up he will make a big success of it.

William Leslie Dickson

*His armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.*

Bill took his first tumble in Stellarton, N. S., way back in 1908, when, after his first experiment in physics, he advanced the theory that one's centre of gravity must be kept within the sides of the cradle.

His early education was assimilated in the Public Schools of Truro; but, before he entered high school, he realized the superiority of New Brunswick and, consequently induced his parents to move to Moncton, where he completed his preparatory education.

The next result of Bill's good judgment was his arrival at Acadia in the fall of 1925, where he joined the rollicking Engineers. While at Acadia, he has taken a great interest in class affairs. During the first term of his second year, he acted in the capacity of secretary-treasurer. His record here has been that of an excellent student and what is more—that of a good fellow.

Bill plans to take Electrical Engineering at McGill or Nova Scotia Tech. We hope he chooses the

latter, but wherever he goes we wish him the best of luck.

Allan Dodge Foulis

It is not good that man should be alone.

Allan made his first appearance at Rockville, Yarmouth Co., early in the twentieth century. He arose under his father's "masonic" hand and attended the public schools of his native county finally receiving his "B" certificate in good standing at the Academy. In the fall of his graduating year, a certain spirit moved him to Acadia where he took up Engineering as his primary study. Other attractions held their place too and Allan showed himself a capable and dependable man in all his interests. Foremost among these was that in the Engineering Class and he held positions on many committees for the promotion of good times socially and financially as well as being president of the class during the second term of his Senior year. "Al" also represented the class in debating and track events and was captain of the relay team, winner of the inter-class Bulmer race in his last year at Acadia.

From here, Allan goes to N. S. T. C. to continue his studies in Mechanical Engineering in which we wish him all success.

Philip Mellish Lane

Better late than never.

For many years Lunenburg had been famous for its fishing stories, but, on May 23, 1906, an event happened which really put the town on the map. On that day, Mellish Lane began yodelling and telling yarns which far surpassed any told by the local fishermen, up to date.

As he grew up, Mellish became a little more sensible and decided

to go to school. He attended Lunenburg Academy and there obtained the small amount of knowledge which he now has.

A few years of that was enough. So, being lazy, in 1924, he came to Wolfville, where he could have more fun and learn less and joined that noble class of I. W. W.'s—the Acadia Engineers.

Since coming to Acadia, Hellish—on account of his language, appearance, etc., has taken a great interest in sports. He has pitched for the Acadia Baseball Team for three years, played front line on the Football Team for two years and guard on the Basketball Team for two years. He has won an "A" in each sport and this year received a distinction cap.

Hellish has been a great help in inter-class contests. He has represented the Engineers on their soccer, basketball, hockey, baseball, water-polo, and Bulmer teams.

He has spent a little time studying and this year has been assistant in drawing.

Next year he plans to go to N. S. Tech. to specialize in Mechanical Engineering and with him go the best wishes from all who have known him at Acadia.

James Herman Moses

4 out of 5 have—brains.

The peaceful calm of Lynn, Mass., was broken by a loud hearty yell announcing the arrival to the world of Herman "Ezra" Moses. "Ezra" kept the truant officers on the jump in Lynn and Swampscott until he graduated from the Swampscott High School in 1922.

He then proceeded to make a name for himself on the various auto race tracks of the country, getting thoroughly smashed up in the process. To save his life he joined the Engineers of '27 and during his stay here took a good part in the affairs of the class, such as

ENGINEERS' HOROSCOPE

Name	Alias	Age	Appearance	Chief Characteristic	Favorite Expression	Future Occupation	Highest Ambition	Chief Weakness
T. H. Ayer	Tommy	Not yet	Pretty bad	yodeling	? ? ? ? ? ?	writing cheques	passing Physics 4	Lateness
G. W. BAKER	Joe	old as he acts	second best	darn nuisance	"G'way; I'm behind"	Insurance agent	To own a large car	"Drawing 2"
W. L. BANCROFT	Bill	adolescence	favorable	his old grey shirt	doesn't have many	prospecting	to find gold near Wolfville	Playing with a transit
B. E. BERRY	Bliss	Archeozoic	Sem. reception room	his "Phord"	"op-tb-o-la-hie"	going to College	to defeat Gorman	we won't tell
J. R. BIGELOW	Big	youthful	with Bliss	his Chev.	"L. O. K."	none if he can help it	hasn't any	snoozing
J. A. BLACK	Black	it's a puzzle	striking	getting cake from home	"Th'ell yu-say!"	tramp	to get a job	the Gym
L. BOWMAN	Bowman	not so young	pretty loose	"slip-stick"	"Holy Cow"	wheel wright	Editor of "Acadian"	the Royal Hotel
C. H. BREHAULT	Cec.	old nough to be married	across the street	industrious	"d-a-m-i-t-a-l-l"	Principal of high school	to avenge the Ice Cream	skipping Chapel
K. M. BROOKS	Captain	almost dangerous	sheikish	his clothes	"you-tell-em-kid"	cornetist	hitting high G	discords
Z. BROULLET	Zachee	old timer	once-in-awhile	yellow sweater	"C'est infernal"	Engineer of Quebec City	go in Physics 2	cigarettes
W. B. BROWN	Bill	infantile	when you're busy	hanging round Middle Section	"G-a-w-s-h!"	bos'n's mate	skipper of a rum runner	bag punching
R. I. CHURCHILL	Chill	minor	pleasant	bum printing	"Got the Math?"	book agent	Engineer's certificate	Prunes
K. E. COLLINS	Pete	older than us	pompous	loud laughter	"I told you so"	dispenser of Hot Dogs	dietetics	committees
W. L. CONDON	Lloyd	more or less	smooth	his pipe	got a match?"	auto repair man	to conquer the Sax	a woman
E. F. CREELMAN	Plant	Sometimes	Long	his length	"so help me"	section foreman	to "see more"	exams
W. L. DAKIN	Wiff	God only knows	in the pool	his boots	"fevven's sake!"	ice man	travelling salesman	chewing gum
S. C. DENTON	Seymour	indifferent	with two Sems	his length	unprintable	pool	pool	pool
W. L. DICKSON	He's Bill too	Still young	Sandy	big boots	"look.....!"	electrician	harness Mud Creek	"Arty's"
W. F. ELLIOT	Elliot	he won't tell	neat	his permanent wave	"those D— theologs!"	unknown	Head Waiter	Bible 4
A. A. FERGUSON	A. A.	Bob's kid brother	beardless	his hair	"darned if I know"	brick layer	to be a hockey coach	his muscle
R. A. FERGUSON	Bob	grown up	in his shirt sleeves	his golden locks	"got your drawing done?"	professor of Draw. 2	M. I. T.	hard work
A. D. FOULIS	Allan	? plus three years	Supper-Time	ask any girl	"scratch me back"	best he can get	Admiral	his sea legs
D. M. FRASER	Doug.	168759340	is known in Truro	friggin' around	"stuff's punk! no kick!"	barber	to have the night off	the faculty
H. J. GOODMAN	Hymie	wise	funny	freshness	"Frig-ya"	Hurdy Gurdy	Music instructor at Sem	his nerve
H. J. GORDON	Gordon	doubtful	hard	his beard	"* ! - ! ! * ! !"	thug	to be Geology Prof.	church attendance
M. G. GOUDGE	Mac	recent	passable	dodging Dodge	"you're darn tootin'!"	chicken inspector	to dam something	Windsor
G. W. HATFIELD	Hat	not old enough	with a sem	bad smelling boot oil	"explain that again will ya"	asking questions	a full stomach	"little birds"
G. C. HAULT	Bud	zweiundzwanzig	negative	his height	"* * ! ! ? ? ! ! !"	blacksmith	Halifax	bumming
C. R. J. HIBBET	Charlie	young for his age	big for his size	strongman stuff	"get out of me road"	horse thief	hockey star	"Island Spuds"
E. B. HOYT	Hoyt	just right	shady	silence	it's never been heard	pump expert	Premier of N. B.	"Drawing 3"
H. HUGHSON	Hughie	ancestral	creamy	his glasses	?	tobacconist	Draftsman	his ambition
E. C. KEARNEY	Kearney	mature	forward	his short stories	"that's all right"	hobo	to catch a freight	appetite
K. V. KEIRSTEAD	Ken	ask Nan	marvellous	'oboeing	heard only in drawing class	Sunday School teacher	to make money	the Royal Bank
W. H. KENNEDY	Kennedy	stone age	hard boiled	his line	"I could do that too"	hod carrier	none that we know of	slinging the bull
P. M. LANE	Hellish	Glenna knows	hellish	old clothes	"fer God's sake Ezra"	President of Ridge R. R.	Glenna	Water Polo
T. P. LUSBY	Tom	Ambitious age	not bad	experience	"God's teeth!"	Conductor on Ridge R. R.	45 in Math. 4	Cec.
J. E. LILLY	Ed	enough	all day	his bean	he controls his temper	Surveying Prof.	Civil Engineer	Units
J. D. DEXTER	Joe	still growing	dignified	his ability	"I love you dearest (?)"	bank president	Ph. D.	"Math. 3."
L. B. MACFARLAND	Mac	Wolfville 327-2	in his sweat shirt	yawning	Christmas	dispenser of hardware	M. I. T.	His Feet (strong point)
D. M. MACLEAN	Ducky	critical	terrible	his appearance	we'd better not tell	circus clown	to be a millionaire	Marion
E. C. MACLEAN	E. C.	second hand	also second hand	being funny	"Haw! Haw!"	official Chapel bouncer	to numerous to mention	"North Section"
B. D. MCAULEY	Bert	under age	two A. M.	his bum companions	"t-ell-with-ya"	Mayor of Saint John	aeronautical engineer	sticking up for Saint John
J. H. MCCULLOCH	McCulloch	ambiguous	red	looking for trouble	"who wants to know?"	street cleaner	to bother Baker	Engineering
C. A. MCINTYRE	Charlie	preadamite	pretty nice	his face	"look before you lip"	how do we know	making both ends meet	his upper lip
B. T. McNEIL	Bruce	count it on your toes	permissable	a lower bunk	"Caramba"	boot-legger	Dean of Engineering	his room mate
K. C. McWHA	Casey	passé	goes to extremes	red shirt	"....."	most anything	to get by	hard work
J. H. MOSES	Ezra	venerable	judge for yourself	spreading	censored	auto racer	a second segrave	bridge
A. D. NICKERSON	Nick	no chicken	shop worn	his whistle	"the odd bit....."	dynamo tender	to build a power house	women
H. W. OUTHOUSE	Chet	marriageable	uncouth	his complexion	"that's not right"	fisherman	to learn to smoke	his dimples
E. PARSONS	Ezra	in his teens	rustic	dutch treats	"what's her name?"	M. P. (milk peddler?)	Heaven—to get to	Semlets
HUGH PERRY	Hugh	ripe	sleepy	a goofy expression	"Oh Min!"	night watchman	not to be bothered	insomnia
J. E. RAYMOND	Johnnie	advanced	postiliminious	clever—also lazy	"Humph"	chainman	to build a railway	basketball
H. A. RENTON	Rent	kiddish	nude—(in the pool)	patent leather hair	"tonight's my night"	shootin'craps	to get his certificate	playing against the class
H. ROSOVSKY	Rosey	unsettled	hairy	his laugh	it's on his face	owner of pawn shop	strong man in circus	evlution
C. H. STARR	Sparks	ancient	O. K.	ambition	"Aw rats!"	methodist parson (?)	to get money from home	radio
E. H. TRACY	Ed	enough	enormous	his violin	"applesauce"	silent policeman	canal engineer	her
M. WALLACE	Mac	declining	dusky	has none	"shucks"	doesn't want one	to skate with Miss	Bishop-Pippins
L. L. WETMORE	Louie	young	something in chapel	drawing up-to-date	? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?	butcher	forestry expert	"Math. 1"
V. T. B. WILLIAMS	T. B.	in swaddling clothes	innocent	his lungpower	"as far as the Lord'l let ya"	playing in a dollar band	to swim the Atlantic	eating at oda moments
C. C. WOOD	Claude	snappy	stubby	warnings	she's a peach	fond husband	to be married	his looks

debating, etc., and defending his title as champion bridge shark of North Section.

"Ezra" plans to continue his studies in Aeronautical Engineering. We wish him the very best of luck.

Charles Alexander MacIntyre

Beware the fury of a patient man.

Charley first appeared on this Earth at Saint John, where he lived for five years, then, after migration to several different places, finally landed in Fredericton Jct. High School. After being graduated from high school, he landed at Acadia and joined the best class in College—"The Engineers."

His activities since he arrived have been many and varied, he has represented his class in hockey, baseball, track, swimming, soccer, the Bulmer, and has also been out with the College football team. In his Senior year, he was vice-president of his class. Charley has been a great favorite among not only his own class, but among them all—the fair sex included.

His plans now all point towards the Nova Scotia Technical School where he plans to continue his study of Engineering, and we are sure he will succeed in his chosen field.

Bruce Taylor McNeil

*But at his desk he had the look
And air of one who wisely schemed.*

Bruce's home is in Windsor Forks and there it was that he received his early education. Five years previous to entering the Engineering Class of '27, he attended Hants County Academy from which he was graduated in the spring of 1925.

He made a splendid showing at Acadia, which we feel is an indication of his success in his future life. Besides holding a high record throughout his course he proved himself to be one of the cleverest thinkers, and one of the most conscientious workers in the Class of '27.

It seemed to us that he was the shy, quiet boy of the class, but on better acquaintance we soon found out that he and "Johnny" made the two most mischievous "boys" in the class.

Bruce intends taking up Electrical Engineering at N. S. T. C. where, we wish him the same success as he has enjoyed here.

Allan Douglas Nickerson

Dear as remembered kisses after death.

On the thirteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord, 1906, the town of Shag Harbor, N. S., was blessed with the arrival of "Nick." He was afterwards christened Allan Douglas Nickerson by those who loved him most.

Nick received his grammar and high school training at Shag Harbor, arriving at Acadia in the fall of '25. Being a boy of wisdom he joined the Engineers' Class. He has represented the class well in athletics, also in inter-class debating. Nick is the treasurer of the class which duty has constantly kept his mathematical brain in training.

N. S. Tech has claimed Nick for the completion of his training for his chosen profession, Engineering. We wish you well, Nick, and may success be yours.



ATHLETICS

Athletics at Acadia this month mainly center around the inter-class baseball league and track events. In the baseball the Seniors again demonstrated that they have a choice bunch of athletes, and walked away with the championship. This makes the third interclass championship which the graduating class has won this year, the other two being in soccer and hockey. The Senior Girls have also done their part, taking first place in the interclass basketball.

Manager Brady and his assistants have been doing great work on the track in the past few weeks, re-cinderizing the entire course and broadening the straightaway in front of the grand stand. In fact everything has been done to ensure interesting track meets on Thursday and Monday of closing week.

Another year has passed over us in the College upon the Hill and we must recognize both our achievements and failures. In athletics, perhaps our greatest achievement has been in capturing the Nova Scotia Basketball Championship, and our failures—few in number; we hope.

There is one word that might be said here, however. All of us at Acadia have missed intercollegiate sport and what it brings to us. Let us think twice before we put ourselves out of the Intercollegiate Leagues in coming years.

R. D. P., '27

GYMNASIUM DEMONSTRATION

Professor Osborne took advantage of the dull season to have his athletes put on a big demonstration on April 23. The whole performance did great credit to his coaching.

Among the group stunts, the Sophomore's pyramids and the Freshmen's Indian club and free arm drills were well received. Duckie MacLean and Bill Cousins were the outstanding individual performers, with Keith a close second. Duckie's little stunts, especially those between events, showed that he really merited his clown's suit. Cousins smooth work on the parallel and horizontal bars was pretty to watch. A very exciting contest was the ring-vaulting contest, in which Clayton Tedford and Bill Cousins tied at the excellent height of ten feet. But Prof. Oshorne was able to show them all a few tricks.

INTERCLASS BASEBALL**ENGINEERS 8—ACADEMY 4**

The Interclass Baseball got away to a good start when the Engineers trounced the Cads 8-4. The Engineers battery, the pick of the Interclass league, worked smoothly until the last two innings, when the Cads started a hopeless rally. Brownell, the Cads' first pitcher was given ragged support in the pinches and everywhere else. Grant, who relieved him for the last two innings, fanned four of the Hell-bents, and held them to one run. Lane, ably assisted by Baker, the Middletonian moose-hunter, fanned thirteen dazzled Cads.

The line up:-

Engineers:-Baker c., Lane p., Denton 1b., Hibbet 2b., MacLean 3b., Brown s. s., Wetmore l. f., Hoyt c. f., Hatfield r. f.

Academy:-Jones c., Brownell p., Grant p., Sinclair 1b., Cohen 2b., S. Steeves 3b., Wry s. s., Irving c. f., Bishop r. f., Smith l. f.

SOPHOMORES 8—FRESHMEN 10

In the next tussle, played after the Bulmer on Saturday, the Fresh eliminated the Sophs by the score 10-8. This victory was quite contrary to all expectations, and made the Sophs quite disgruntled, especially as they seemed to have the game tied up until the last half of the sixth. In this inning, with two gone, none on, and the Sophs exultant, the Freshmen banged Jim Wilson a little and his mates did the rest. After the smoke from the Sophomore curses died away, it was found that the Freshmen had overcome a three run lead and were two runs ahead. In the next inning, Habel let the Sophs down with three easy flies and called it a day. The hitting was heavy; and the least said about the fielding the better.

The line-up:-

Sophomores:- ^{JOHN}Johnstone c., ^{JIM}Wilson p., { ^{JACK}Williams 1b.,
GUY Henson 2b., ^{TON}Prescott 3b., ^{FRED}Regan s. s., King l. f., Cohen c. f.,
 Tedford r. f., Munroe r. f. ^{SMELL}
CLAYTON ^{FRED}
 Freshmen:-Hubley c., Habel p., Matthews 1b., Akerley
 2b., Dougan 3b., Goudey s. s., MacIsaac l. f., Bill Davis c. f.,
 H. Matthews r. f.

SENIORS 24—JUNIORS 1

In a game full of baseball phenomena, the Seniors swamped the Juniors on Thursday afternoon. A score of 24-1, a real home run by Munroe, two freak homers by Bart when he drove two successive grounders through the legs of both shortstop and left fielder down to the track, and a triple play by the Juniors were only a few of the humors of the fray. The triple play, probably the first ever pulled off in interclass, if not in our collegiate, baseball, came in the fourth inning when with none out and men on second and third, left field to second to third accounted for three put-outs. Even that play was a freak, for Bart, coaching on third, thought the side retired after the throw to second and let the runner wander off the bag. Backed by excellent support, MacPherson fanned the Juniors in fine style.

The line-up:-

Seniors:-Munroe c., MacPherson p., Bradey 1s., Bentley 2b., Eaton 3 b., Barteaux s. s., Patriquin l. f., Tingley c. f., Grant r. f.

Juniors:-Chipman c., Henson p., Jenkins p., Findlay 1b., MacKenna 2b., MacOdrum 3b., Spinney s. s., Bishop l. f., Outhouse c. f., Cousins r. f.

SENIORS 7—FRESHMEN 1

In the semi-final, the Seniors beat the Freshmen 7-1 in an exciting game. Until the end of the game, the champions were having a close fight. Habel was working well, but a few bad errors let in two runs at the beginning of the game. Akerley's run made things interesting, but, in the final innings, the Seniors bunched hits and brain-work to run their score up to seven runs.

The Seniors certainly had the breaks. In two innings, the Freshmen loaded the bases—once with two down, once with none. Yet in both instances, they managed to keep the Fresh from scoring. Good baseball, of course, but better luck. But there is no denying that they deserved the game.

The line-up:-

Seniors:-Munroe c., McPherson p., Brady 1 b., Bentley 2 b., Eaton 3 b., Barteaux s. s., Patriquin l. f., Tingley c. f., Grant r. f.

Freshmen:—Hubley c., Habel p., Matthews 1b., Akerley 2b., Dougan 3b., Goudey s. s., MacIsaac l. f., Bill Davis c. f., H. Matthews r. f.

SENIORS 6—ENGINEERS 4.

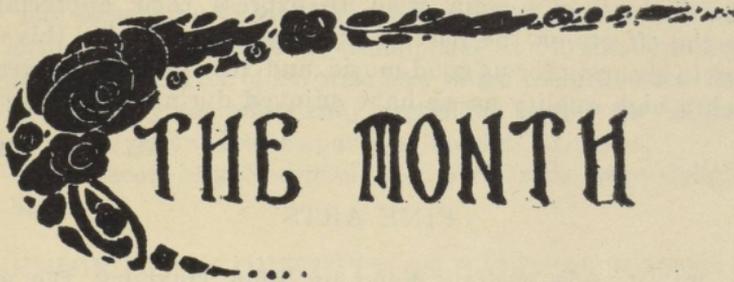
In the final game of the league, the Seniors demonstrated that they have one of the strongest baseball teams of any class ever at college. Their offensive against the Engineers' star pitchers was consistent and determined, and their defensive play excellent.

Although, as usual, chilled to their bones, the spectators watched the most interesting game of the league. The Seniors slowly overcame the two-run lead gained by the Engineers in the first inning and got a substantial lead themselves, only to have the Engineers cutting it down until the end of the game. The Senior outfielders fielded excellently, two fine catches, one of the shoe-string variety, by Patriquin featuring, especially as they came at crucial moments. Hits were numerous, but, as the Seniors handled their chances well, they won the game.

The line-up:-

Seniors:-Munroe c., MacPherson p., Brady 1b., Bentley 2b., Eaton 3b., Barteaux s. s., Patriquin l. f., Tingley c. f., Grant r. f.

Freshmen:-Hubley c., Habel p., W. Matthews 1b., Akerley 2b., Dougan 3b., Goudey s. s., MacIsaac l. f., Bill Davis c. f., H. Matthews r. f.

A decorative flourish consisting of a series of roses and leaves, arranged in a curved, horizontal line. The roses are detailed with spiral patterns, and the leaves are simple, pointed shapes. The entire flourish is rendered in a dark, solid color.

THE MONTH

Another year has passed ! The enlarged student body has meant an increase in social activities. The Acadia of to-day is certainly a different Acadia from that of ten or even five years ago. Since the entrance of the present graduating class, the University attendance has almost doubled. Sometimes we wonder if it is all for the best. Would it not be better to limit the attendance and aim at quality of scholarship, etc., instead of quantity of students? Acadia has a worthy record of achievement in past years. Let us see that we keep all our standards as high, if not higher, than those of former years.

In one direction, especially, we feel we have achieved this. The Fine Arts Lectures and Recitals given here this year have been of an especially high order. Instructive, interesting, amusing, they have been appreciated all the more because of their wide variety. We hope that these lectures and recitals will be continued in the years to come. Each student upon entering the University is obliged to pay a fee of five dollars for a Fine Arts ticket which entitled him or her to attend all these performances by visiting artists or lecturers, as well as recitals by the Acadia School of Music staff. In a small town in the Maritime Provinces, opportunities such as this are all too rare. Certainly this new venture tried out at Acadia this year has proved the need for such opportunities and the appreciation of the audiences who have attended. Quite a number of persons residing in town bought Fine Arts Tickets this year.

We predict that many more will do so in the coming years. The students of Acadia wish to express their appreciation for the efforts on the part of those who are behind this venture in securing for us good music and interesting lectures of such a high quality as we have enjoyed during the past year.

M. G. P., '27

FINE ARTS

The lecture recitals given by John Duxbury, the well-known English reader, formed a fitting climax to the fine series of recitals and lectures which have been brought to Wolfville this year, and which every student has had the opportunity of attending on the Fine Arts Tickets.

On Thursday evening, April 21, Mr. Duxbury presented *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* in a very realistic manner. The next morning at the chapel service, he gave a selection from *Les Miserables*. Many townspeople were present as well as the students. Friday evening, Mr. Duxbury gave his lecture-recital on *The Book of Job*. Saturday morning at the chapel hour, the concluding lecture, *Silas Marner* was presented. Mr. Duxbury's recitals were enjoyed by all who heard them. Mention must be made of his splendid encores of a lighter vein than the recitals themselves. Acadia students hope that this will not be their last opportunity of hearing this gifted reader.

SENIOR CLASS ACTIVITIES

The Seniors forgot their age and dignity on Tuesday evening, April 26, at their last class party which took the form of a children's party. Hair ribbons and short stockings formed a part of every girl's costume while the boys were arrayed in sailor suits or knickers and bouses with huge bow ties. Upon entering A-4 which was decorated in the class colors, red and white, with large red animals cut out and pinned on the walls, each guest was presented with a sucker.

After a great deal of hilarity, games were started with *London Bridge*. *Drop the Handkerchief*, *Here we go Gathering*

Nuts in May, and similar games were general favorites throughout the evening. Candy was passed around so that the "children" had something to eat all the evening. Refreshments took the form of huge dishes of ice-cream, cake, and animal crackers, and it is still a matter of surprise how much the grave old Seniors could really eat when they pretended they were children again. Everyone voted the party a "howling" success.

Dr. Roscoe, Miss Sharman, and Mr. Ondis were delightful chaperons.

SENIOR GIRLS OF WHITMAN HALL "AT HOME"

On Friday afternoon, April 29, the Senior Girls of Whitman Hall were "At Home" to their friends in town. Mrs. McLean, Dean of Women helped the girls receive the guests. Miss Sharman and Miss Cruise poured. The girls in residence had taken this opportunity of showing their appreciation to the many ladies of the town who have opened their homes to them during their four-year's stay here.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION

On Thursday evening, May 5, President and Mrs. Patterson were "At Home" to the Senior Class. Many amusing and original games were played perhaps the most enjoyable being the one in which each member of the class, armed with a magazine, scissors, and glue, made the *Life History* of another class-member. After the dainty refreshments were served the party broke up, and the Seniors to the number of nearly seventy, gave their yell for Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, in an attempt to show their appreciation of the enjoyable evening.

PROPYLAEUM

On Monday evening, May 2, the Seniors presented the Propylaeum program, which took the form of a radio concert. After having great difficulty in tuning in and being troubled with static (?), the selections were heard by the audience. The

climax of the program was reached when a voice read the Senior "will". The Junior girls we feel sure will all appreciate the precious heritages they received.

JUNIOR-SENIOR CARNIVAL

In the Memorial Gymnasium, on Saturday evening, April 30, the Juniors gave a Masquerade Party instead of the time-honored and traditional banquet, in honor of the Seniors. The elaborate decorations of gold, blue, and white caused many exclamations of delight among the guests. When all were assembled, the program commenced. The scene of festivities was supposed to be an enchanted land in which everyone would get his or her hearts desire. The king of this land, Ralph Henson, '27, chose as his queen Grace Nelson of the Senior class and in celebration of this event the party continued. Colored balloons and confetti added much to the gaiety of the occasion. *Tucker* was, as always, the favorite game.

The refreshments were served on the cafeteria plan and consisted of dainty salads, rolls, ice-cream, and cake. The faculty were guests of honour.

THE RATSKELLER

On Saturday evening, May 7, the German department under the efficient direction of Prof. Ross conducted a *Ratskeller* in A4. The ladies of the Social and Benevolent Society catered and the serving was done by charmingly attired German girls. The *Speisekarte* was as follows:

Frankfurter Würste	Kartaffelsalad
Sauerkraut	Kaffee

The guests were given German amusement as well as German food. The program consisted of German choruses and solos, violin solo, recitation, piano trio, and, most amusing of all, a cutting from a German play during which everyone sat back and ate *sauerkraut* and tried to look wise.

GRADUATING RECITALS

One of the most successful and artistic graduating recitals ever given at Acadia was that rendered by Miss Annie Kathleen Bancroft, violiniste, pupil of Miss Beatrice Langley, in University Hall, on the evening of May 3. Her piano accompaniments were played by her sister, Miss Miriam Bancroft.

The following program was given:-

I

Romance in F Major Beethoven
With Orchestral Accompaniment.

II

Canto Amoroso Sammartini
Gavotte from Otho Handel
Orientele Caesar Cui
Gavotte in D major Gossec

III

Concerto in G minor Op 26 Max Bruch
Allegro Moderato
Adagio
Finale

IV

Canzonetta from *String Quartette in Eb*—Mendelssohn.
Violin—Miss Kathleen Bancroft and Miss Grace Perry.
Viola—Miss Elisabeth Ford. 'Cello—Miss Annie Webber.

One of the most charming graduating recitals ever heard at Acadia was given on Tuesday evening, May 10 by Miss Natalie Cox, who has completed the requirements for the Diploma Course perscribed by Acadia Ladies' Seminary now incorporated in the school of Fine Arts of Acadia University. The recitals in expression this year have taken the form of Lecture Recitals, the selection centering around one special theme which in this case was *Precious Jewels*.

She was assisted by Miss Hazel Moffatt, soprano, who delighted the audience with her singing.

The following program was delightfully given.

I

A don fatale from *Don Carlo*..... Verdi
Hazel Moffatt

II

Precious Jewels

Cutting from *Birds Christmas Carol* Wiggin
The Childrens' Hour..... Longfellow
You Get Up..... Kerr
Cutting from *Oliver Twist* Dickens
Cutting from *Rainbow Valley* Montgomery
No Children..... Guest
Cutting from *Silas Marner*..... Eliot
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
The Little Road Says Go Peabody
God Keep you Sweet Thomson
Natalie Cox

III

Rain Curran
Wishin' Burham
Birthday Cowen
Hazel Moffatt

On Thursday evening, May 12, 1927, Florence Muriel Tory gave a Graduating Lecture-Recital *Westward as the Sun* to a large audience. Miss Tory was assisted by Miss Gertrude Mae Robbins, contralto.

The following is the program:

Ah! Mon Fils..... Meyerbeer
Mae Robbins

II

Westward as the Sun

<i>Sam Slick, cutting</i>	Haliburton
<i>The Ballad of the Brook</i>	Roberts
<i>Vestigia</i>	Carman
<i>Anne of Green Gables cutting</i>	Montgomery
<i>Leetle Bateese</i>	Drummond
<i>Maria Chapdelaine, cutting</i>	Hemon
<i>For He was Scotch and so was She</i>	Blewitt
<i>Song of Lonesomeness</i>	MacDonald
<i>The Patrol of The Sun Dance Trail, cutting</i>	Connor
<i>As Red Men Die</i>	Johnson
<i>Spell of the Yukon</i>	Service
Florence Tory	

III

<i>Mifanwy</i>	Foster
<i>Sing! Sing! Birds on the Wing</i>	Nutting
<i>Angus MacDonald</i>	Roeckel
Mae Robbins	

Miss Tory's interpretation of these Canadian readings is especially to be commended.

The Department of Speech presented Elsie Cleland Davis in a Graduating Lecture-Recital *Seven Seas* Saturday evening, fourteenth of May, 1927, at 8.15 o'clock, in University Hall. Miss Davis is to be congratulated on her clever interpretations of the different selections. She was well assisted by Miss Melba Maie Roop, soprano.

The following program was rendered:

I

<i>Chanson Provencale</i>	E. Dell' Acqua
Melba Roop	

II

Seven Seas

<i>A Good Play</i>	Stevenson
<i>Conflict</i>	Snow
<i>The Wistful One</i>	Cresson
<i>Sea Feaver</i>	Masefield
<i>Deck hands</i>	Anonymous
<i>Chantey</i>	Anonymous
<i>Chesapeake Bay</i>	Madelon
<i>Riders to the Sea, cutting</i>	Synge
<i>Apostrophe to the Ocean</i>	Byron
<i>Psalm 107.</i>	

Elsie Davis

III

<i>The Painted Butterfly</i>	Noel
<i>Mignonette</i>	J. B. Weckerlin
<i>Holiday</i>	J. Prindle Scott

Melba Roop



'63—Dr. Edwin King, of Halifax has been in Florida during the winter months.

'78—Prof. J. Alfred Faulkner, D. D., attended the Acadia New York Alumni Banquet held in March.

'87—President W. E. Boggs of Ramapatam Theological Seminary, India, lectured for five weeks at the School of Missions, Anderson, Indiana.

'89—Dr. H. T. DeWolfe recently delivered a lecture in Bridgetown on *Education as a Social Force*. This lecture was one of the series of University extension lectures arranged for the year.

'91—Professor M. S. Read, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Psychology and Education at Colgate University, died at Hamilton, N. Y., on March 15. Dr. Read was one of Acadia's most prominent graduates. Having taken a post graduate course in Philosophy and Ethics at Cornell University, he became assistant professor of Philosophy at Colgate University in 1895. In 1910, he became Secretary of the college; in 1912, Vice President; in 1920, acting President; and in 1921 President pro tempore. In 1923, Acadia conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. The *Athenaeum* extends sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

'92—Rev. O. N. Chipman has assumed pastoral charge of the Temple Baptist church, Yarmouth, N. S.

'93—Rev. L. F. Wallace, who has been a patient at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, has recovered sufficiently to be removed to his home in Lawrencetown, N. S.

'97—Dr. W. Inglis Morse of Lynn, Mass., has recently donated to the Acadia University Library, a set of handsome bookcases for the William Inglis Morse Collection.

'99—Rev. P. J. Stockhouse, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Chicago, Ill., was the orator at the Alumni Banquet held in Wolfville during commencement.

'01—Prof. Aaron J. Perry, of the University of Manitoba, has just published through the Oxford University Press *Dialogues Inter Militem et Clericum*; Richard Fitz Ralph's Sermon; *Defensio Curatorum*, and Methodius; *The Bygynnyng of the World and the Ende of Worlds*, by John Trevisa. This has been very favorably reviewed by authorities in this field, who state that Prof. Perry has won for himself a name among English scholars of his day.

'03—Dr. J. Austin Bancroft sailed in January from New York for England. He will proceed to South Africa to take up his duties as consulting geologist to the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa, Limited. He expects to be absent two years, after which he will resume his duties as head of the department of Geology at McGill.

'05—Dr. F. E. Wheelock, accompanied by Mrs. Wheelock and his two sons, sailed for England May 25, where they will spend the summer.

'10—Capt. A. H. Chute's new book *The Mutiny of the Flying Spray*, was highly praised by the reviewers as a stirring tale of adventure at sea.

'13—E. M. A. Blakney, of Utica, accompanied by Mrs. Blakney, took a tour of England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, during the summer.

Ex. '22— Felice Herbin has a position in the department of therapy in the Mental Hospital, Allantown, Penna.

'24—Gwen Belyea is teaching in a private school in Grand Mère, P. Q.

'24—Art Harris was a visitor in Wolfville during commencement.

'26— F. S. Crossman who is the minister on Grand Manan, N. B., recently published a very interesting article entitled *Prohibition—its Significance*.

'28—Alvin Robertson has assumed pastoral charge of the Baptist church at Port Williams and New Minas, N. S.

'28—Ted Taylor is engaged for a year with the Baptist church of Newport, N. S.

'28—Vivian Waldron and Stuart Fenwick have each been awarded continuation scholarships for the year 1927-28.

'28—Kathlyn MacLean and Stubbs Findlay have been awarded Dramatic "A's". Congratulations!

The *Athenaeum* notes with pleasure the announcement in the February-May *Acadia Bulletin*, that Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer, professor of English, and Prof. Alex. Sutherland of the Engineering Dept., who have been in ill health, are so far recovered that they will be able to resume their work at the beginning of the new college year.

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