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# The Acadia Athenaeum

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## ATHENAEUM AWARDS FOR MAY—GRADUATION NUMBER

Poetry:—Greta L. Rose '30; Melba Maie Roop '29; R. L. Burns '31 (1 unit each)

Short Story:—Paul Gelinas '32; Norman Chappell '32; Cyril Horton '31 (1 unit each).

Article:—T. A. M. Kirk '30 (2 units); Greta L. Rose '30 (1 unit).

Unclassified:—Paul Gelinas '32 (2 units); W. B. Davis '30 (1 unit); I. J. Levy '31 (1 unit special award).

Humor:—Norman Chappell '32; Lucy Massey '30 (1 unit each).

One Act Play:—W. B. Davis '30 (2 units).

Editorial:—Annie McMackin '32 (1 unit).

Science:—Helen Harding '29 (2 units); Annie McMackin '32 (1 unit).

Exchanges:—T. A. M. Kirk '30 (2 units).

Month:—No Award.

Personals:—Annie McMackin '32 (2 units).

Athletics:—Robert A. Goudey '30 (2 units).

Jokes:—T. A. M. Kirk '30 (2 units); Annie McMackin '32 (1 unit).

Seniors.....	3 units	Sophomores.....	3 units
Juniors.....	14 units	Freshmen.....	10 units

**MOONLIGHT REVELS**

Pale moon now slowly drifting through the skies,  
Gliding at times beneath clouds soft and white,  
As fair to hide your calm face from my eyes  
When but to gaze on you is my delight—  
Now sailing forth from underneath the cloud  
Into the vast expanse of starlit blue,  
To wrap the slumbering landscape in a shroud  
Of velvet softness and of silver hue—  
I stroll among the shadows of the grove,  
Along the silent pathways gleaming bright,  
I look on you and ever as I rove  
With naught to break the stillness of the night  
My care-worn soul casts off its burdens rude  
And revels in the bliss of solitude.

R. L. BURNS '31

**JIMMY NELSON**

Popularity sometimes goes to a man's head. And yet I know that such was not the case with Jimmy, for he was above mere petty pride which swells a man's head. To me, Jimmy was a combination of all that is desirable in a man; and, as his dearest friend, I almost worshipped him. Nor was I the only one to feel the strange fascination of his personality. During his first year at college, Jimmy had won all those with whom he came in contact. When he smiled, his face beamed forth something that seemed to grip you, and made you want to talk to him and to be his friend. Who would not have loved Jimmy when he would burst into the college hall, with his face shining, swinging his huge shoulders like a careless sailor, and looking at everyone as though he wanted to hug the world in general in an embrace of happy friendship. "It's a great life," he would say. He seemed charged with energy, and all his actions were filled with enthusiasm and a wild joy of living. His deep sincerity and frankness, combined with a complete disinterestedness marked him as one with a distinctly lovable and different personality. And so to account for Jimmy's downfall is extremely difficult; and only one who has delved deeply into human nature, and the tragedies which it sometimes pours upon mankind by the deviating courses which it takes in some unfortunate beings, could trace the circumstances and the causes which led to the ordeal and destruction of Jimmy Nelson.

The day had been exceedingly beautiful, and now that the sun was declining, the air was charged with that drowsiness which only a Sunday in spring can give. But the day had been a busy one for me; early in the morning, I had felt that old Spring Fever was getting a grip upon me. So I jumped in my battered roadster and made my way to the Watch Hill country club, where tennis and some beautiful ladies helped to disperse the blues from my blood. And now I was going for Jimmy. I felt strangely happy, and whistled as I walked



quickly across the campus. I passed the old dormitories where the windows were all wide open. On the doorsteps, the boys stood, in their loose flannel trousers and college sweaters, talking and laughing. In one window, a crowd had gathered and failed miserably in singing a quartet to the world in general. And Mike grumbled and cursed the whole college because someone had put some wax on his ukulele strings. But Jimmy did not live here; for reasons of his own, he had rented an apartment away from the campus. He told the boys that he wanted to do more studying during his Senior year. It was at the beginning of his third year that a strange change came over Jimmy. He still smiled, and he was still the idol of the crowd; but somehow, there was something different about him. None would admit that Jimmy's popularity was declining. A man who has once shone in the light of the college world can never be entirely forgotten by that particular world. But the collegiates are only slow to forget a man's good deeds because they are quick to appreciate his worth and talent. Others came who could lead and laugh. Jimmy was not forgotten, but Jimmy had retired from the crowd.

Passing by the dormitories, I found myself comparing the life that Jimmy was leading with that of the students there. And I asked myself what could be the cause of the strange change which had come over him. I knew that he was in his room, perhaps buried in the study of philosophy. Who would have thought that Jimmy, the frivolous Jimmy, would ever turn out to be a student of philosophy. And yet he was majoring in philosophy, and astonishing his instructors by his deep power of reasoning. What puzzled me most was the pessimism which had gradually come to cover all his thoughts. From happy-go-lucky boy he had developed into a man buried in almost perpetual gloom and melancholy.

Man is a three-fold being; he is a machine of many parts. A pure mind may preside over the body in perfect harmony with the fine principles which have been instilled into that mind. It is reasonable to believe that a beautiful mind dwells in a beautiful body. But let the body fall a prey to diseases, and

straightway the mind has to become warped to adjust itself to the discord existing in the physical being.

In telling of the strange case of Jimmy Nelson, it is not for me to trace the cause of the tragedy. Such would be the work of a psychologist or a physician. I shall only attempt to record facts as they appeared to me, who was his most beloved friend.

He thought that he had seen the world in its true light, and now found life extremely boring. And thus, he argued that education would finally turn out to be a curse to mankind. He loved to elaborate on the happiness of poor and ignorant people. "To review man's possibilities, and to set them in contrast with his limitations is a sad comparison indeed," he would say.

The only salvation for a pessimist is to throw himself heart and soul into whatever pleasure there may be on hand. Thus it is that a pessimist sometimes seems so happy. He says, "Let me be a glutton with life now, while I may, for tomorrow I die, and only gloom stares from the future." It is not for me to discuss the folly or wisdom of such a philosophy. I only wish to say that Jimmy had given himself up to the wildest pleasures and debaucheries. It was, perhaps in abandon, even as a drowning man grasps at the last straw. It was for that reason that Jimmy lived away from the dormitories, and it was for that reason that he had been dropped by that society which centered around his alma mater.

All these things raced through my mind as I made my way across the lawn. Finally, I passed beyond the dormitories and took the little lane which led to the apartment house where Jimmy had his rooms. Approaching the house, I thought of my friendship for Jimmy. We were so different, and yet I loved him as a brother. Soon, I was dashing up the circular stairs, and I burst into the room without knocking.

Jimmy wore a bath-robe and he sat in a huge arm chair. He was perfectly still and seemed rapt in deepest reverie. He ignored my entrance entirely. He seemed unconscious of my presence until I said, "Hello Jimmy, old boy." Slowly he



turned toward me. There was a strange sad look in his eyes. "What's the matter?" I said, putting my hand on his shoulder. Suddenly he seemed to come to life, and a sickly smile came to his lips. He rose from his chair and said, "Why Stevey, have a chair." For some moments I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, a man had never before been so terribly altered as had Jimmy. The ghastly pallor of his skin with the hectic red spot on each cheek, and the miraculous lustre of his eyes startled and awed me. His lips trembled strangely as he spoke. It was then that I noticed the disorder of the room. Pennants were torn from their places on the walls; chairs were overturned; a cane and a scarf hung from the chandelier, and a leering sketch of Bacchus had been smeared on the panel of the door. Not a piece of furniture that did not bear witness of the orgy which had held sway during the long hours of the night.

The fact that Jimmy had had a party was nothing new to me. But why had the room remained this way all through the day? Jimmy was talking now. "Damn mess, isn't it, Steves?" I threw my coat on the chair and sat down on a pile of cushions in a corner of the room. I was pondering in my mind how I should begin to tell him what a fool he was for living as he was living when he began speaking as though to himself. "Yes, Steves, I've tried everything, and now I am beginning to be weary. Darn it, old man, I've tried everything." There was a catch of despair in his voice. He walked to the window and stood gazing upon the setting sun. Rays shot through the trees like bloody swords, and the lane was flooded with a soft reddish light. He began speaking again. "And yet what is there between that and me? Nothing! Once I could look upon such a sunset, and my heart would glow with its beauty. But now, isn't it strange, I feel as though I were separated from all that is clean. And darn it, I haven't been so bad."

By now, my pity was thoroughly aroused. I walked over to him with tears in my eyes. I put my arms around him, and said, "Jimmy, old man, let's go straight after this. Let



us get away from this place, and begin all over again." He squeezed my hand, and said, "Steeves, you're a trump." He turned his eyes again towards the window and continued, "I do not deserve your friendship. For the first time in my life I realize how low I have sunk. And why? It was because I was drunk with life. And God, how I wanted to live, Stevey! I thought I could go through sin, and come out clean." "Now listen here," I said, "others have sown their wild oats, and turned over a new leaf, and become men. There are good women in this world." "Women!" he laughed dryly, "I have not yet found one who would not give body and soul for mere empty promises. And what is a woman when you have lost respect for her? Mere creatures, yes, Steves—pardon me, old man—animals—mere animals. We are all animals of desires. And satisfying these desires, we look upon one another, and despise our lowness." "But what about Margaret; you loved her once, didn't you?" I saw by a queer twist in his features that I had hit him a bit hard. His voice seemed a little softer when he spoke again. "Yes, I loved her," he said. "Darn it, it might have been different if she had not proven false. Why did she marry Wilbert? Yes, even love is prostituted! You know how I brooded after I heard that she was married. It was not long after that I wrote my thesis on atheism. And yet it was not because she had left me that I said, 'There is no God.' No, Steves, my misfortune led me to deeper thoughts. And I could no longer believe with blind faith. It is hard for a man to thank a god for the things he has never received....But what does it matter. Hell, I wish I had never been born."

I thought that the conversation had gone on long enough, and I decided to go down town with Jimmy, and to try to cheer him up. So I said, "Come on, Jimmy, let's forget all about it, and go down to the Pirate's Tavern for a dance." He made no answer; his face bore a mysterious look. He stood gazing out of the window, and he seemed to be mumbling to himself as though he were praying. I approached him and found that he was cursing, very low, but deeply. Every

word that he uttered seemed to cut him like a knife. One side of his upper lip writhed and trembled, and his eyes seemed to protrude from their sockets. I was alarmed by his appearance, but I shook him violently and said, "Enough of this foolishness; dress up!" He turned his face, slowly. "I can't Stevey; I've had enough. Once, I thought there was a time for laughter, and I tasted of every thrill. Now, I am weary, I'm tired, tired, Stevey! I've tried everything in this world, and now I am yearning to know what may lie beyond. I have had enough of this life. I have found that one thread ran through the whole. Sorrow is always present, even in our happiest moments. And yet, we say that there is a time for laughter!" "Stevey," he said, "I'm not going out of this room again." He walked slowly to the table and poured himself a drink. He swallowed the liquor, and then turned to me and said, "Now, you had better leave me." "Leave you! Jimmy, you're off your head." I put my hand on his shoulder, but he seemed unconscious of my touch. There was a strange look in his eyes as he pointed towards the door and said, "Go!" Jimmy had talked several times of suicides, always saying that if ever there came a time when he could no longer be of any use to the world, he would be a coward if he dared not take the fatal step. I was seized with horror. I jumped at him. "Jimmy, Jimmy! Wake up; you can't do it, you must not!" But now there was a sparkle in his eyes, and he began laughing. He said, "Come, Stevey, don't be an old woman." I smiled too, for it dawned upon me that, perhaps, he had been playing with me. I said, "Gee, Jimmy, you scared me, I thought that you meant the things. that you said." He made no reply, but walked to the bureau and pulled out a black automatic pistol. "You thought that I was out of my mind, didn't you, Steves!" Slowly he loaded the gun. "But I am not insane; I've never felt so sane in my life, and now I'm going to do the only decent thing there is left for me to do. You darn fool, are you afraid of death? If there is life beyond the grave, then I am anxious to see what there is in that life; if there is oblivion there, then I will



welcome it, for there is nothing else here for me." He lowered his voice. "Now, Steves, will you leave the room, or do you want to take this trip with me?" "No, No! I can't leave!" I said, jumping towards him. He levelled the automatic at my head. "Well, then you shall come with me." I looked into the black muzzle and could only put up my hands in protest. My voice came in a whisper, though I wanted to shout and to scream. A smile came over Jimmy's features, and he said, "Well then, Buddy, we must say good-bye." He shook my hand and then pointed towards the door. My head was in a whirl; I dashed down the stairs, and in a moment I found myself in the street below. Down the lane, a collegiate ford was rattling its way, filled with boys who were yelling with mere joy of living. Suddenly, I heard the muffled noise of a shot rise above the din of the passing car. I turned my head towards Jimmy's window and said, "So-long, Jimmy, old man." Then everything began to turn black; suddenly Jimmy's features rose before me. It was the old Jimmy, such as he had been two years before, with his wonderful smile and he said, "Gee, Stevey, this is a great life!"

PAUL GELINAS '32



**THE ST. LAWRENCE WATERWAY**

There is no question more prominent to-day in the minds of those interested in the future of the Dominion of Canada than the deepening and perfecting of the all water route from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic.

The two greatest benefits to be derived from the present proposal are cheaper transportation and hydro-electric power. In this article transportation only shall be discussed.

The advantages of this waterway as an economical route have been recognized since the early part of the nineteenth century. At this date depth was not so important, and the chief difficulty to be overcome was the rapids, and the building of shallow "side-canal" around them was satisfactory.

As the years passed, trade increased, and additional canals were built. There were five places where man had to overcome nature. Between Lake Superior and Lake Huron were the Falls of the St. Mary's River; between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, the Detroit River and the St. Clair Flats were not navigable; between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario were the Niagara River and Falls (at present overcome by the Welland Canal); there were rapids between Lake Ontario and Montreal, and from Montreal to the sea the channel was shallow.

At present many of these difficulties have been surmounted. There is now a 20 foot channel from Port Arthur and Fort William to Port Colbourne. The St. Lawrence has been dredged to a depth of 30 ft. from Montreal to the Gulf, and it is intended to deepen this to 35 feet in the near future.

There are still many obstacles confronting Canada. The new Welland Canal, which will be open for navigation some time next year is to have a depth of 27 feet. Thus it is seen that in a year's time the route all the way thru to Prescott, at the head of the St. Lawrence, will have a depth of 20 feet or more. The big question now facing Canada is the 120 mile stretch from the foot of Lake Ontario to Montreal. This

stretch is full of shallows and rapids and is now overcome by a system of side canals, but with a depth of only 14 feet.

The largest "lakers" capable of carrying 400 or 500 thousand bushels of wheat are now able to go from Lake Superior to Buffalo or Port Colbourne (when the new Welland Canal is opened they will be able to proceed to Prescott, which is right at the head of the St. Lawrence). These ships have a draft of about 18 feet. When they arrive at either of these places they must discharge their cargo. It has to be elevated and re-loaded into the canal boats which are small enough to navigate the fourteen foot side canals. One of these canal-boats, or lower "lakers", carries less than 100 thousand bushels of grain; so it is easily seen that it takes four or five of these to do the work of one large laker.

The National Advisory Committee to the Government of Canada advocates the deepening of this waterway and further advocates its being undertaken immediately. The Lake St. Francois, Soulanges, and LaChine sections which lie wholly within Canada should be developed by Canada alone. Since Canada proposes to construct these and is constructing the new Welland Canal, they think that the United States should develop the remaining works along the international routes, and also deepen the channel in the Great Lakes wherever necessary. As yet there has been no definite agreement reached between Canada and the States concerning the apportioning of the costs.

The plan favored by the majority of the engineering experts for overcoming the rapids is the "flooding out" system. This will entail the construction of huge side dams with necessary locks and so on.

The estimated cost of this project will not be discussed here because so many things enter into it. It is enough to say that both Canadian and American engineers deem the plan feasible in spite of the stupendous estimated cost of over 600 millions.

To discuss some of the resulting benefits pertaining to transportation alone. East and west traffic is rapidly



growing but is unfortunately expensive. Doing away with the canal boats and the elevators necessary because of them would mean a saving of 4 cents per bushel. That is about \$20,000 per trip for each laker, and amounts to an annual saving of eight millions at present quantities. This project will be the means of diverting much of the grain of the Central American States and of Western Canada which now has to go through American ports (some of it even goes thru Vancouver) to the St. Lawrence route; which is now taxed to capacity.

It is said that Montreal would lose its position as Canada's ranking port. Not at all. Due to the unusual construction of the lakers, they are not able to withstand the heavy seas. They are so constructed that a heavy sea would "break their back," and furthermore the lake crews are not trained to handle ships at sea any more than the deep water crews can handle a ship on a lake. These and many other factors make it practically inconceivable that lakers and deep sea boats will intrude on each other's territory. So Montreal will still be a great trans-shipment port and, in all probability, will need more grain elevators.

Because of the short season during which the wheat can be transported, it would not pay ocean-going freighters to go on up into the lakes, for the river below Montreal is generally iced in ten days or so earlier in the fall than the lakes, and about the same length of time later in the spring. Three weeks operating cost of a ship is too big an item to offset any small gain they might hope to get by going up into the lakes.

It is conservatively estimated that the deepening of this route would bring such a volume of business to Montreal from other posts that there would be a saving of over 60 millions annually, which in itself would more than equal the carrying charges on the estimated cost.

Much of the grain now stored in elevators could, in winter, be routed through the Maritime ports of Halifax and St. John. The estimated cost is only six cents per bushel, and



this would put these ports in a fair way to compete with the American ports. Grain is the chief commodity transported via this water way, but these lakers also carry other freight such as metal ores, coal, etc.

The smaller type of coast-wise freighters, which are built primarily for carrying package and not bulk freight, could come all the way up the lakes with their cargoes and go back with the manufactured products of Central Canada and the United States. This route is, in many cases, cheaper than the rail route, even considering the present high transfer cost of \$1.60 or more per ton.

The situation may be summed up as follows. There would be a huge saving due to the doing away of the costly canal boats and many of the elevators; increased traffic via this route, with its resulting benefits to Canadian ports, particularly Montreal and the Maritime ports of Halifax and St. John; and the establishment of a new trade, as well as an increase in the present trade, in commodities manufactured in Central Canada. These benefits, it must be remembered, concern transportation alone; the power benefits will be equally as great or even greater.

T. A. M. KIRK '30

**SUNSET**

The waves come creeping nearer on the shore,  
My driftwood fire flickers down to die.  
Across the lonely sea that lies before,  
A pathway leads from out the western sky.  
A golden path—that with the tide draws near,  
Impatient in its eager, onward quest;  
But loath to linger on a shore so drear,  
Turns swiftly backward toward the golden west.  
Returns again to point the way for me,  
To where from out a tunnel through the clouds—  
A radiant glory pours upon the sea  
Until its glow is veiled by purple shrouds.  
But in my memory's unshrouded sight,  
A trail still beckons to a world of light.

MELBA MAIE ROOP '29

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**ONE OF THE MOB**

The grey morning fog of early summer was beginning to rise, as the men of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Corporation trudged to work. Shrill lasts pierced the fog like arrows. Simultaneously with the sound of these whistles, thousands of men punched time-clocks in the various plants and mines of the company. The wheels of industry began to turn, grinding out coal, iron and steel. The mills and mines droned out their monotonous sounds, clashing and clanging in the morning stillness.

Rumors of a general strike were in the air. Men, appointed by the unions for that particular purpose of agitating a strike, were methodically covering the Amalgamated plants. After the day's work was done, the union men would sally forth to hear and see fluent, overconscientious soap-box orators belch forth with their demands against Capitalism. Others

sat in their tiny homes and discussed the issues. They would not listen to the so-called "red" orators; nevertheless, the unionists and the non-unionists agreed that a general strike was a necessity.

Four men loafed around the employees' lunch-room in the main power plant at Cranton. One man was the superintendent, the other three were men in the electrical department.

"Well," said the super, "it's up to yourselves boys. Are you gonna stick or walk out with the rest of the fools?" One of the young men grinned. "Guess," he replied, "I'll go out with the rest of the fools."

"And," said the super, "you?" These words were directed to a young, red-headed giant standing in a far corner of the room. "Yah," came the reply, "sure, every man in the plant will walk out."

With that off his chest the red-headed one walked to the door.

"Waal," he said, "guess I'll toddle over to New Town. Gotta see a jane." With a chorus of, "So long, Red," the door slammed.

The strike was on; the wheels of industry were not turning. At first all was quiet, but soon the men in the mining districts began to grow restless. The heart of the strike was centered around Cranton.

The power plant was well protected, both by nature and by artificial means. It was situated on top of a hill overlooking a small valley. A wide moat, draining the surrounding swamps, extended along the back, its water lapping the bricks of the building. Approach to the building could only be gained from the front and one side.

The officials of the company, anticipating action at this point, erected barbed wire obstructions along the unprotected front and side. As a further precautionary measure, the entire private police force, about seventy-five in all, was moved to the expected scene of activity.

The storm broke in full fury on a fine Thursday morning in July. With no warning three thousand workers marched



down from New Town with the fire and zeal of martyrs. The best soap box orators were on hand to greet them in Cranton. They talked long and loud, impressing upon the men the momentous fact that if the power house fell, the world and all therein was theirs. With the final gesture of, "Arm yourselves, go forward, crush Capitalism!" the last orator finished. The men were silent a moment. Then their emotions burst like a pent-up flood. Fences along the road were rooted up; sticks, stones, shovels, scythes, revolvers and rifles seemed to appear from nowhere. They rushed forward with renewed energy. Their cry was, "Onward," their battle song, "The Red Flag."

All was consternation within the plant. Blue coated figures running hither and thither, setting guns, barricading windows. In general, the place was being prepared for a siege.

The captain of the force had his headquarters in the boiler room. A crash of feet on the stairs and Sergeant Griffin rushed in.

"Sir," he said "I found a woman in one of the top floor rooms. What will I do with her?"

"A woman?" came the reply in an astounded voice. "What the devil is she doing in here? Bring her in." The door at the far end of the room opened to allow the passage of a woman. She was not young, and looked as if she had seen better days. She came forward shy and trembling.

"Well Madame, what means this?"

She started to explain but broke down before the stern looks of the captain.

"Aw," murmured the sergeant, "she is likely a victim of circumstance, and came here for protection." They could not verify this statement because all she would say was, "Please don't let them hurt my man."

"Sarge," said the cap, "keep an eye on her."

The sound of assault broke up the conversation. The captain ran up to the main room, barking orders right and left. "Don't shoot to kill. Shoot over their heads." Above

the din created by the advancing men the strains of "The Red Flag," could be recognized.

*"We'll keep the old red banner high,  
Beneath its folds we'll do or die."*

The rabble had stopped and were being exhorted by their leaders to go into the fray with indomitable spirit and courage. A red banner was raised, and the men uncovered. They stood in silent respect for that piece of red cotton. The silence was broken with the dying words of the song.

*"Let traitors jeer, and cowards sneer;  
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here."*

The mob broke, some rushing up the gentle slope to the front, others attacking the side. The captain watched the proceedings of the mob with a half-frightened look. He knew that his puny force could not resist the martyr spirit of the mob. He turned to his men, "Steady. Fire high."

A volley of bullets thundered from every window which faced the foe. The oncoming crowd stopped, wavered an instant, regained its lost balance, and came on.

"At thirty yards, fire low. Keep 'em outside that range. You, Peterson, see that there is no attempt to cross the moat on the side. You, Griffin, see that the back is O. K." By this time a few of the miners, lucky enough to be equipped with guns, had taken up positions on the hillside, and were firing intermittently at the plant. Glass was falling in all directions. Suddenly a blue coat gave a lurch forward, his hand held to his shoulder.

"Take him," said the Cap, "back." Other screams could be heard as some of the foremost of the mob fell. The sight of blood did not stop them, but made them thirsty for the blood of the tools of Capitalism. The captain could hear the half-crazed woman's yell of "Don't let them hurt my man," every time a wounded blue coat was carried into the back room. "Drat," he said, "that woman! I have enough trouble on my hands." He went into the back room and said to the Sergeant. "Look here, Griffin, watch that woman. If



anything happens to her I'll be answerable. See! Get what I mean?"

"Yes," he replied non-committally, "I see." The captain tramped out. Griffin with his charge chained to his wrist turned to look across the moat. What the hell was happening? Yes, he was seeing straight. There, not thirty yards away lay a small boat, hugging the building. A man was seated in it, leaning far over on one side. He lit a match, cupped it in his hands and seemed to apply it to something hanging out an aperture in the wall, which served as a ventilation shaft. At last Griffin realized what was being done. A bomb! The dynamo and switch rooms would be blown up. Griffin took a moment to free himself from the woman and then made a dash for a rifle. The woman watched his every move. He levelled the gun, taking careful aim at the now rowing figure. Now he had him in his sights. His trigger finger was pulling back. Then, a screaming voice.

"My God, don't shoot him. That's my man." She made a lunge at the rifle throwing it out of range. "Damn," Griffin muttered, "you!" Simultaneously the whole world seemed to rock, as a tremendous explosion shook the plant.

"Come on," screeched Griffin, "that will be in here in no time. Jump into the water." He grabbed her and half threw her through the glassless window at the same time noticing that the occupant of the boat had disappeared. He immediately followed her into the water and swam to the shore with her clinging to him. His mind was in a turmoil; he did not know what to do. He could not leave his charge and run off. No, that would never do; he must stand by her. A clump of bushes offered momentary shelter. Swooping his burden up in his arms, he made a run for the only visible protection. Behind him, across the moat, could be heard the sounds of battle.

The mob had evidently taken advantage of the gap left by the explosion and were pouring into the plant. The outcome could easily be prophesied. The small force of police-



men would be taken by this fanatical pack. What then, was in the laps of the gods.

Griffin turned to matters closer at hand. He must revive the woman and must also keep her quiet to protect his own well-being. His first task was easily done, but his second was harder. She upon revival, set up an incessant howling and wailing for her man.

Thus for Griffin passed the morning into midday, and the midday into full afternoon. By three o'clock his patience was at an end, and his jagged nerves turned mole hills into mountains. The mob had left the power house taking with them the protecting force. The plant had been literally torn to pieces; everything was rent asunder.

Silence reigned over the wrecked works as Griffin crept from his place of concealment. He first made his way towards the bank of the moat. Wading out into the water, he stooped and dragged something back to shore. He motioned, and the woman came forward from behind the bushes. Her hair was loose and flying about, her garments were torn, her face was bloody, and her eyes held a look of temporary madness. Griffin stood between her and the something he had brought to shore.

"There," he said simply, "he is." He moved to one side to permit her to obtain a full view. She fell to her knees before the prostrate figure. Then with a scream of hysterical laughter, she jumped up. The figure on the sand, with a jagged bloody hole in the side of his head, where a flying fragment had hit him, seemed to answer her with a sardonic grin.

"He's not," screamed the woman, "my man!"

The dead man was the young, red-headed giant.

That night in New Town was one to be remembered by all. The fighting workers had returned from their moral as well as actual victory. Looting was the order of the day; drunkenness was common; huge fires gleamed like search-lights through the hideous night. A barricade of Capitalism had fallen.

Somewhere in that town of victorious debauchery was a girl who cared. She wept silently and bitterly for the dead man called "Red." One of the greatest tragedies of life had crushed her very soul.

But still the red flag waved its bloody folds over the town.

NORMAN R. CHAPPELL '32

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### AMONG ACADIA'S ILLUSTRIOUS

It is in the year 1950. I returned to Acadia University to visit my Alma Mater. How things had changed! Students no longer tramped with muddy feet thru the corridors, or pushed one another upon the stairs. I stared. Acadia certainly had been progressive. The young men and women touched buttons on the front of their coats or dresses. I heard the purr of an engine and, lo and behold, they gradually rose in the air and flew about the building. I was terrified and fled! This, my Alma Mater! Impossible!

I sought refuge in the cemetery on Gaspereau Avenue. The grass was long and the entire place showed neglect. I stumbled over a fallen tombstone. What was this, written on it?

Travis Dugan, died 1934

One of Acadia's illustrious graduates.

*"Above his head the mourners kneel*

*He was holding his girl instead of the wheel."*

I could hardly believe my eyes; here was another tomb and what was this I read on it?

May Bliss Berry rest in peace

*"Above his head the daisies shake*

*He stepped on the gas instead of the brake."*

I began to wonder again. Were all of Acadia's "speed fiends" to end thus? There was another tomb far away over

there. Perhaps I would see the record of other illustrious "Acadiaites" But what was this I saw?

In loving memory of Hifty Titus  
"Above his head the people pass  
He lit a match to look at the gas"

I fled in dismay. Ah, what is this world coming, to?

LUCY MASSEY '30

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### LUCREZIA

Far from the common haunts of men, and in a little valley nestling in the lap of green hills which were locked from the outside world by towering mountains with their summits of eternal snow, there I roamed, and played, and lived with my cousin, Lucrezia, during the days of my childhood. Spring seemed to have always lingered here, and Nature became sombre only when a mist would float from beyond the hills, and a gentle rain would fall. But soon again the soothing sun would beam upon the valley, and then, after the rain, it seemed that all living things would emerge from the sheltering trees in greater glory, and the air would be pervaded with the sweetest fragrance from the many flowers which carpeted the floor of our valley with a profusion of color and beauty.

From a cavern in the mountain side to the east of the valley, a river poured forth with roar and violence, but as the waters raced down the hillside and approached the level plain below, it separated into two main streams. But further down it joined again, and here it flowed slowly and silently over its deep bed as though it were passing through a charmed domain. The short velvety grass, the buttercups, the violets, and the ruby red asphodels grew even more abundantly by the shore of the peaceful river, and trees would solemnly bend their green branches over the crystal waters like overloaded apple trees. Here the birds would hold their eternal concert, and



the peacock would strut upon the grass and dare the world to show finer feathers.

My father had passed through this valley, and gazed for a while upon its beauty. He was an artist and a painter, and the humble folks feared him for his eyes seemed wild and unlike those of other people. But one person loved him, and that was my mother. For twelve years he remained with us; during that time, when my hand had grown strong enough to hold the brush, I was led through the rudiments of his art. Then my father left us never more to return.

It was in the center of this same valley, where the tall trees reached their branches into the clouds as though to grasp the blue of the heavens, and it was when I was sixteen years of age that I first took Lucrezia into my arms and knew that I loved her.

Arm in arm we walked by the silver stream and pondered on the change which had taken place in our lives. How beautiful was my Lucrezia with her golden hair shining in the gold of the sun, a thousand times more beautiful than ever she had been before. The memory of the first days of our love is like a far off misty dream, but beaming forever upon my life with all its joys and intensive but short-lived happiness. I can still see her with her warm cheeks tinged with a deep blush of desire, her lips smiling and quivering, and her eyes calling with the deepest love. What irresistible force drew our hearts together during these days of delirious bliss? It was on the third day, when we sat gazing into the crystal waters, that a strange fear crept into Lucrezia's soul, and she said, "Will you love me always?" Then and there I swore vows which only lovers can make, and I raised my hands to the clouds and implored the gods to look and know that I loved Lucrezia with a love that surpassed even the passion of divine being. Happy in the thought that I loved her so deeply, she came to my side, and we wandered towards the west where the sun was slowly going down like a huge ball of fire, shedding its reddish light into our valley like a flood of un-smothered desires. Soon it sank lower and lower behind the

ragged mountains, and only tongues of light like bloody swords escaped between the towering crags which rose high and straight into the darkening sky. Like our passion, the rays of light peeped through the shutters which vainly sought to bar them from expression. Even as they we had broken through all that would restrain our love. We were innocent and free and knew not the ways of men. 'Tis true strange whispering came through the trees, and it seemed that we were doing wrong. But the fire that burned in our hearts could not be quenched by the hand of conscience. No laws existed for our love; we only knew that we wildly wanted one another, and cared not for the consequences or the morrow. Our passion and innocence bared the skeleton of deep desires which God in the beginning had imprinted in our being, and we wandered together into the inmost recesses of the byways of love.

A deep love sometimes awakens dormant powers, and intensifies those talents which has hitherto merely gleamed on the surface. It was after I had learned to love Lucrezia that the artist was awakened in me. The whole world appeared to me in a new light. Before, I had painted to imitate Nature; now I painted the things which were in my heart. If a landscape were on my canvas, it was not there so much to reproduce the beauty of nature as it was to reproduce the emotions which that landscape had awakened in me.

In the morning of time, the gods competed in the creation of supreme beauty. One created the stars, the other, the moon, while a third, the master of them all, created the world, and set the sun among the stars, and waited for the crowning result of his work, —a dawn in June.

This bit of mythology was divine revelation to me. And thus it lay carefully deposited in a sacred shrine hollowed out in an old rugged tree which spread its ancient branches over the silent river. I was seriously annoyed by Lucrezia's indifference to the deep mysteries which glared from the pages of this volume. The dawn of our love and the sunrise became, in my mind, strangely associated as one. Thus it was that



days and days followed in which my whole life was concentrated on painting a sunrise which would reproduce the deep emotions which were in my own soul.

The picture finished, it hung on the walls of our humble abode, until a stranger came, and called me a genius. It was months later that a message came from the city where the stranger had taken my picture. I was bidden to go forth to that city to receive the praises of a noted personage. Thus I left Lucrezia for a time which I thought would be only a few days.

It was years afterward in the streets of a roaring city, and long after I had forgotten our little valley with its silent river and the love of our childhood days, that again there came across the dim years those sweet memories and the thoughts of my broken vows. For years I had labored for a vain ambition. For years I had forgotten all that was dear to my heart for a mere shining bubble that sparkled and dazzled in the distance, and now that I had touched it, it had burst in a thousand fragments leaving nothing but the realization that it was not real. For years I had fought for a place in the world. Glory and fame had come, but also a deep longing for the simplicity and the happiness of my youth. From my subconscious, the image of Lucrezia rose up as though from the tomb. In the strife of troubled years she had disappeared from my mind, but had always remained deep in my soul, calling me with the memories of other days. Now out of my broken life there came a deep longing for the peace of the valley and a yearning for the love of my childhood sweetheart Lucrezia. So the city was left behind me, and after many days of travel I gazed again upon the valley with its magic peace and loveliness

But the gods had taken the treasure that I had cast aside. For years she had slept beside the silent river. Yet the sun still shone in all its glory. The flowers still bloomed and the birds still sang. But where was the deep beauty that had lingered here when I had walked with Lucrezia? No



more was there gladness in the air, and all the valley seemed to mourn for one who lived here no more.

And now I wander forth only when the pale moon sheds its melancholy light. Like a ghost, I linger by the silent river and I pray over the grass which covers my Lucrezia like so much withered weeds. But she lives, yes, she lives; for in my madness, while I roam in the stillness of the night there comes a low wailing on the wind. I hear her voice sighing soft and low. Again I repeat those deep vows of other days, and I know that she forgives and still loves me.

Paul Gelinas '32



## DOWN BY THE SEA

**Capt. Benjamin Parker**—*A retired sea captain.*

**Mrs. Mary Parker**—*his wife.*

**Frank Parker**—*the elder son.*

**John Parker**—*the younger son.*

*The scene is laid in the room of the Parker's cottage used for the dining-room and living-room. Centre is the supper table; numerous ship models and pictures are around the room. Mrs. Parker is getting the table set; the Captain is sitting by the window, reading a newspaper. John, age seventeen is bringing in wood for the small heater, which is seen at the left.*

**Mrs. Parker**— Just one more armful, John, and then get washed for supper.

**John**— Already, Mother! Why it's only five o'clock!

**Mrs. Parker**— Yes, I know; but your father wants to get down to the Passage for Lodge to-night, and then Frank wants to do a little night fishing off the cape.

**John**— Alright Mother, and I'll call Frank when I'm out in the barn. (*He runs out, slamming the door.*)

**Capt. Parker** (*folding up his paper*)—Mother!

**Mrs. Parker**— Yes, Benjamin!

**Capt.**— Have you noticed how different Frank acts lately? He and John are never together now, and he scarcely speaks a word at the table.

**Mrs. Parker**— Oh, that is nothing; he is getting older and more serious than John, and then he has bought a new boat, and that is some worry. (*John comes in with an armload of wood*)

**John**— Frank will soon be here, Mother; he had to finish up a little work he was doing. (*He throws down the wood and rushes out again*)

*speaking as he goes.*) Say Mother, where is the soap?

**Mrs. Parker**— I guess it's all gone; you'll have to get some from upstairs

*(Frank comes in, He is about twenty and is dressed in shirt, overalls and rubber boots)*

**Frank**— Supper ready, Mother?

**Mrs. Parker**— Yes, Frank. Hurry up, John, or there will be nothing left for you.

**Capt. Parker**—*(All seated at the table, the blessing having been asked)*—I see where the "Vulture" left port this morning, after having been let free, and the paper says she is heading this way down the coast.

**Mrs. Parker**— Oh! I do hope they try to land off the cape for they will be sure to be caught, and it will serve them well right for breaking the laws.

**John**— You are going to fish off the Cape to-night, aren't you Frank?

**Frank**— *(a little nervously)*—Yes!

**Mrs. Parker**— You'll watch out for them, won't you?  
*(The supper ends in more or less quietness.)*

**Capt. Parker**—*(getting up)*—Well, I must get ready and hurry away to lodge. Are you coming along with me, Frank, as far as the Passage?

**Frank**— No, thanks, Dad, I've got some more things to get ready, so don't wait.

**Capt.**—*(Looking out the window)*—You'd better be real careful out in that boat to-night, son, and come in early. It looks like a storm outside. *(He bundles up and leaves. John and Mrs. Parker clean off table, and Frank goes out but returns soon.)*

**Frank**— *(entering)*—I'm leaving now, Mother. Don't sit up and wait for me.



**John—** Best of luck, Frank. (*Frank gives him an odd look, then leaves hurriedly.*

*Mrs. Parker and John sit down at the cleared table, Mrs. Parker with her knitting and John with a book.)*

**John—** May I light the lamp now, Mother?

**Mrs. Parker—** Yes, John.

**John—** (*reseated again*)—Mother, is there anything wrong with Frank? Is he in any trouble?

**Mrs. Parker—** Not that I know of, John. Why do you ask?

**John—** Well, when I went to the barn to get my last armful of wood before supper, I saw Frank out back of the barn talking with a strange man. The man looked rich, and he was giving Frank a lot of bills, and then he went away in a big car. Frank saw me and told me not to tell you, so I told you he had some work to finish. I thought I ought to tell you, Mother, even though I said I wouldn't. There must have been something wrong about it or he wouldn't have told me not to tell.

**Mrs. Parker—** He was likely borrowing some money to pay for his new boat, but then he shouldn't be ashamed to tell his father and mother. Don't you worry John; it is probably nothing very much. You go to the window now and see if it has started to rain yet. Your father said it would likely storm.

**John—** (*from window*) It has started to rain, already, mother, and a heavy sea must be running, for the wind is blowing real hard.

**Mrs. Parker—** I hope Frank will have sense enough not to stay out too long in it. We had better light a lamp and put it in the window so Dad can see it when he comes up the hill.

- John—** Mother! Come here quick! I thought I saw a light out in the water, where Hell's Rocks are supposed to be.
- Mrs. Parker—** (*going to window*)—Yes, John, it's a sky rocket from some ship which has been blown onto those deathly rocks!
- John—** Do you suppose it is the "Vulture"?
- Mrs. Parker—** Maybe it is, she may have come in too close to shore trying to land some liquor and the storm came up and got her.  
(*Capt. Parker rushes in, dripping from head to foot*) It's the "Vulture"! The coast guards caught her landing liquor in some boats! They chased her, and she went onto Hell's Rocks—that's another ship gone! They caught the boats with the goods, but one got away in the darkness. Where's Frank, not home yet? I'd better go out and look for him.
- Mrs. Parker—** (*trembling*) Don't go out again, Benjamin! He'll be all right. It's stormy and he can stay at the Inn over night. You know it's a long ways from the Cape on a stormy night and besides he's got enough money to last him for a while.
- Captain—** Money, you say? Where did he get any money? He spent his last red cent down on that boat of his.
- Mrs. Parker—** John said that just before supper tonight a man drove up to the barn, gave Frank a lot of bills and then drove away.
- Capt.—** (*slowly*), And one of the boats got away in the darkness! I know where it is, I'm going out and find him. Wait up for me. (*He goes out angrily.*)
- John—** What did he mean, Mother? Who is he going to get?

**Mrs. Parker—** Never mind, John; you better get off to bed. It's getting late. Put some more wood in the fire, first. (*To herself*) No, it can't be, he wouldn't do it. He was always a good boy.

**John—** Mother—you're crying.

**Mrs. Parker—** Oh, it's nothing, John. I was just thinking of your father out in that storm again, looking for Frank when he is likely safe and sound at the Inn. Now hurry away to bed.

**John—** Now don't *you* worry, Mother. Good-night.

**Mrs. Parker—** Good-night, John. (*He goes upstairs*)

*Mrs. Parker sits in silence for some time. The door opens, and Capt. Parker enters carrying the still form of Frank in his arms.*

**Capt. Parker.—** He's alright, Mother! I got there just in time to save him. His boat was all broken to pieces, and he was clinging to the rocks.

**Mrs. Parker—** Here, put him on the couch near the fire and we'll get him warm first.

**Frank—** (*smiling weakly*) Thanks—Mother!

**Mrs. Parker—** Never mind now. Just get quiet Frank and tell me about it later—How far did you carry him Benjamin?

**Capt. Parker—** Not far Mother; he was in the cove at the bottom of our hill, he must have headed for there as soon as he got away. —*Curtain*

### ESCAPE

Steal a shaft of the moonlight;  
Weave a cloak of the dawn,  
Deck it with crystal dewdrops,  
Go where lost dreams are gone.  
Tune your heart with the bluebirds  
Capture a paling star;  
Learn the laughter of streamlets;  
Go where the lost things are.

—Greta L. Rose '30



## ISOLATION

A little green coupe came very slowly up the street, and turned in the driveway toward a large stone house set back among the trees. It was late. In fact it was very late: still no one got out. There was very little traffic along the street, for it was the hour when most of Toronto was asleep, and Rose-dale was not given to late hours. Occasionally a car went by, bearing a business man home from some late session.

The car door opened, and a tall young man got out. He hurried to the other side and opened the door. A slender girl, with light, fluffy hair stepped out on the running-board.

"You have been very quiet tonight, Lucy," began the young man.

"I have been thinking," she replied. "That music was so wonderful. It lifts one so far out of this world that it is hard to get back at once."

"I wonder what there is in our emotional make-up that responds to such music", he replied, taking her hands in his. "That Hungarian Rhapsody—well—it was music, and you can not express music in words".

"I must go in, Clarence. It's terribly late. We stayed at the grill so long after the concert."

"Good-night, Lucy."

She looked at him tenderly. He was holding both her hands, and now he raised them toward his shoulders. She clasped his head almost fiercely and buried her face in the hollow of his neck.

"Lucy," he whispered, "it has been a wonderful week."

"Yes," she murmured. She held his face between her hands, her long slender fingers pressed against his temples. He drew her close.

"I am sorry I shall be so busy tomorrow, Lucy, or we would go out to the Island. But I will be up tomorrow night. *The Daughter of the Earth* is on at Loew's, but we don't care for

pictures, and there is no play worth while. We can go for a drive."

"All right." He kissed her again, passionately. She stepped down to the driveway, then paused and clung to him again. "Clarence—" she began.

"Yes dear," he encouraged.

She hesitated. "Never mind, tonight."

He watched her go in before he got into the car and drove back downtown. It has been a wonderful week, he mused, as he turned down Yonge Street. She is such a wonderful pal and so clever. She is the only one I ever found who could take the lead in any conversation. It is so hard to find a girl to whom you can talk on—well—literature, people, life, the things that make life worth living. He drove up to the King Edward and went to his room for the night.

It was in their university at Toronto that Clarence Hudson had first met Lucy Forrest. Then he had met her several times at formal receptions, but had always regarded her as a bit of delicate porcelain. She had seemed too fragile, too quiet to appeal to him. However, in their senior year, when he was winning honours in mathematics, she came into the lime-light by leading her class in English and philosophy. During that spring they had become very intimate. Clarence dropped from the social court where he had moved, wondering if at last he had found someone who suited his ideal. He had no illusions about the permanency of love. It had never lasted before, but Lucy was really different.

During the two years that he had been working in his father's office at Ottawa, he had seen her only a few times, and they seldom wrote. When he was with her, she always said she would like to write, but she hated writing letters. They seemed so inadequate.

Now he was in Toronto again for a few days on business. His income was enough for two, and he had decided that if she would give up her teaching, he would like to have her share it with him.

The next night, as he drove up to her home, he was glor-



iously happy. He knew she loved him, and tonight he would ask her.

The autumn light was waning, as he rang. Lucy came to the door herself. "Let us not go out tonight, but stay home and talk," she said, after the greetings were exchanged.

"Nothing could suit me better," he replied, entering the spacious room. A chesterfield was drawn up before the fireplace, and he started to sit down beside her.

"No, Clarence, I would rather you would sit over there," she said, indicating one of the other chairs.

"Why—all right," he replied. What could she mean, he thought. Was the maid coming in, or would she mind the maid seeing him sitting beside her anyway?

"Well Lucy," he began, handing her a cigarette.

"I saw the president of the pulp company today, and I think I have that lumber deal pretty well in hand."

"Have you?" she replied absently.

"What's the matter Lucy?" he inquired anxiously. "You seem very quiet and far away tonight."

"I'm not—I'm—Clarence, would you mind if you never saw me again?"

He looked at her in amazement. What was going to happen? "Why—I—It's unthinkable."

"No, we will have to think about it. I have thought about it a long time, and I am sure it will be best for both of us."

"But Lucy—We love each other. You said so."

"I know. I thought I did. But—well—I don't know how to explain to you—I'm—afraid of you."

"Lucy—"

"No not that, but it's yourself. I'm afraid you are making me love you." He did not answer and she went on. "You know Clarence, it is possible. When you are not with me, I don't feel that I care so much for you. But when you are here, you seem to take me off my feet."

He scarcely heard her. He wondered vaguely what was happening. There was something unreal about the situation.



He must pull himself together and think clearly. "I have never tried to make you do anything", he began.

"No," she replied, "not consciously, but it's your personality. I'm so sorry this has happened, Clarence." She was on the verge of tears, but went on. "I have thought of it before, but never realized it until last night."

He lit another cigarette and held it in his hand. "I've made you love me," he repeated stupidly.

"Clarence, I do admire you, but don't you realize that you have an unusual personality? Even when we were at Varsity you had an almost uncanny way of bending everyone to your will. You always got what you wanted. You always went with any girl when you wanted to."

He gazed at her quietly. His mind was working more clearly now. So this was the end. He had forgotten to smoke and the cigarette burned his finger. He threw it into the fireplace and lit another. "So you condemn me on that!"

"Well—that and what I feel myself. You remember Jean. How she was engaged to Bob till you took a fancy to her. Then you went with her only long enough for Bob to quarrel with her. Why did you do it?"

"I thought she was interesting, but she wasn't. I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Everything," she replied feverishly. "Oh can't I make you see! It's a kind of hypnotic power you seem to have. I do believe that—that you love me, but I'm afraid you are making me love you—and—and I would only be a slave to your will. I want to be free."

Through the chaos in his mind one thought emerged. He grasped at it desperately. "Then you are afraid of love."

"No, it's not that. If I could feel that I loved someone of my own accord, but I'm afraid—Oh Clarence—I'm very sorry—She broke down entirely and buried her face on the arm of the couch.

He started toward her. "Lucy dear, let's forget about this. It's only a fancy that—"

She put out a protesting hand. "Don't come any closer. You must go now."

"Yes, just in a minute."

"No, now. I can't—let us not talk any more about it."

He had not yet grasped what she meant. A suspicion seized him. "Lucy, is there anyone else?"

"No, Clarence, truly there's not. There is no one I like as well as you, but—don't you see what I mean?"

"You want me to go away."

"Yes—yes—go on. I can't stand—leave me, Clarence."

"But Lucy, when will I see you again?"

"You must not see me again. Go away and we will forget."

"Lucy, I can't, I can't forget you."

"You've got to." She looked up at him, her great blue eyes full of tears. Could he not understand? Could he not realize what it had cost her to tell him. As she looked at him, the old feeling came over her. She longed to feel his arms about her. Yet she fought it down. Tomorrow, when he was gone she would feel only sorrow for him. She realized with a start that he had been speaking. "What did you say?"

"I—must I go now?" he asked pacing the room.

"Yes," she replied, rising.

He started toward the door, then turned back. "Lucy, at least you don't despise me? Won't you kiss me good-bye?"

"No, I mustn't!" she exclaimed, starting back.

"Lucy," he said softly, yet with something of command in his voice.

She looked at him and met his eyes. She hesitated, and went towards him slowly. It seemed to be the only thing to do. She mastered herself. "Don't put your arms around me", she warned. She kissed him quietly. "Good-bye Clarence. You—you won't hate me?"

"No—I—I couldn't Lucy. Good-bye," he replied stepping into the hall and putting on his coat. He looked back. She was leaning against the door, her handkerchief against her eyes. He hesitated, then turned and went out.

Mechanically he got into the car. He must get away



somewhere and think. The sky was black, and a cold rain was falling. He shut the car windows and drove away at a reckless speed. As he turned up Bloor street, the car skidded dangerously on the wet pavement. "Two wheels there!" he muttered. What had she said? She was afraid of me. She was afraid I made her love me—I made her love me. Was it possible? Had he that sort of magnetic power? He would never see her again. His foot pressed the accelerator to the floor and he narrowly missed another car. He thought of the past. Had he that power? and was this the punishment for using it?

God! it wasn't fair. He hadn't intended to use it. He didn't even know he had it. Still, he had always prided himself on his ability to work other people to his own ends. Suddenly the full realization of his position struck him. He was alone, isolated. Would it always be like this? The girls he could have, the shallow ornaments of society, he didn't want them; and when he did find one who was really worth while, she would be like Lucy. She would have enough insight to sense this compelling power of his, and would be afraid of him.

He bent over the wheel and followed the road blindly. Lucy—Lucy—did she really mean—Oh to Hell with her, to Hell with everything; he would go home and forget. Home—He thought of the business, his capable, business-like father. What would he go home for? He wasn't needed there. The business would almost run itself. He was only a figure-head. He thought of the years ahead. The same monotonous routine and alone, too—alone. God! it's not a fair world! It isn't even chance. The dice are loaded and against us—Loaded if he only had his revolver here. No, he wouldn't think of that. He drove on, his mind almost a blank. A line ran through his mind. *Now more than ever seems it rich to die, to cease—* Again! curse it! Now I'll use my damned will-power. I won't think of that. I'll go home and sleep. He slowed up. To sleep—! There was something familiar about that—to sleep and by a sleep to say we end the—God! am I going mad! He pulled open the car window and let the cold wind blow in on him. A train blew far away. What was that? Where was



he? This must be Mount Dennis. That was the Chicago express. Here was his chance. It would look like an accident. There must be a cross-road. At the next turn he swung to the right and headed for the track. He could see the train now. He speeded the car. *To cease upon the midnight—Lucy—I'm afraid of you.* Will I make it? What a bright light it is.—She was afraid of me.—To sleep—must I go now—Then he had no more thoughts for the delicate instrument that had been thinking was broken.

—C. A. Horton '31

### HEARD AT THE GAME

What! Not started yet—Hey, get t'ell off my neck—Yah he's the ref—pretty straight guy—that dude with the derby, yah. Prof. see rah! rah! rah! etc.—My Gowd, what a yell—I wanna seat; move over—whiskey wee wow—Say, this should be some game—Whose this Malcolm dude anyway?—Watch our boys spread 'em—Yah, Dougan's playin'—peep, peep,—here they come—rah! rah! rah!—that fellow's the captain—come on, Yell—! Those T's stand for Trojans—more wise-cracks—Yah, our wooden horse is gonna take this Trojan city outfit into camp—peep peep—big conflag of officials and others—and if we're not so fortunate we'll—say, are they gonna play girls rules?—peep, peep again—what they shakin' hands for? Come on, up on yer feet, Acadia yell—peep, peep—the game is on get goin' in there, gang—play basketball for heaven's sake yells, hollers, screeches, remember—sting through the rafters—A bunch of excited gasps—the ball falls through the basket—who scored?—whaddija say his name was, oh yah—they're goin agin, ray. ray—Acadia scores—rah! rah! rah!—Move over, I wanna see this game—Tuff luck, kid—damn good shot, but—The play zigzags back and forth until the end of the period—peep, peep—The Trojans are up on our boys. The gallery is an excited state. The nervous tension is great.

—Do you think they'll come thru—wait'll the second period—was out with a girl last night, great kid—saw a good show last week—home Easter—come on gimme some gum—You know the styles in skirts are longer—Say we're—peep, peep—The teams are on the floor again, the motley crew in the gallery starts to hoot and yell again—pass that ball—come on, snap it out—say, that Malcolm guy is the object of my bitterest scorn. *Rosny*

Acadia basket—rah! rah! rah!—leave on—that Trojan outfit is pulling ahead—ray, basket—ray, more baskets,—score tied 28 all—shoot, shoot—pass, pass—the ball curve, thru the air in a gentle arc—Ray for Bob—good basket, kid—didja note we're ahead—ssh, ssh, ssh—nice foul shot, boy—peep, peep, somebody wants a rest.—I guess we got 'em now—yell, ain't you got no college spirit? They're off again—last lap, boys, play ball—snap that pill out—get galopin'—meander 'round there kid—Damn that Malcolm anyway—Get some system workin' in there—Trojans score again—just one more boys—nice, great, pretty—

A shrill blast is heard above the noise of the gallery. The game is over!

Say, do you realize we trimmed the Trojans?

—Norman Chappell '32

## REFLECTIONS AT SUNSET

I remember that day distinctly. The sky all day presented a peculiar and fascinating appearance. It was a day such as Ruskin had in mind when he said scarcely a moment passed without the sky changing its appearance. At times all was clear and bright, then suddenly a dark mist gathered, and rain was falling. At such times, the sun was seen under the skudding clouds as if seeking a means of escape. Then, as by magic, all clouds were swept away, and the sun shone clear and bright. Thus throughout the day, nature produced her miraculous changes.

But the beauty did not reach perfection until sunset. All the changing scenes of the day culminated in that one hour. A dark, heavy mass of clouds appeared in the Western sky. First, smooth and unbroken, later, rising in great jagged peaks resembling a large, broken mountain range. All above is a dark grey mist enveloping the entire sky. The darkness and gloom become depressing.

One gazes, and wonders when the gloom will break. The sun seems lost and powerless behind those clouds. Slowly, the darkness breaks, and ray of light shines forth. The sun still lives and retains its power. For a moment it shines with a semblance of its noon-day power, but it is the strength immediately preceeding the end, and it sinks below the horizon. Bright rays shine in the sky reflecting the glory of the past day and giving promise of another.

The wild, mountain range of clouds becomes still more broken. Monstrous peaks rise higher and more distant. Then Nature works another of her miraculous changes. As when the match is applied to cinder, the clouds burst in flame. The scene becomes hard to describe. Here and there through the dark clouds, that bright vermilion shines as flames through heavy smoke. The clouds look all the darker by the contrast and scatter more.



The scene begins to resemble a struggle for supremacy. The flames break forth at many places. More and more the dark clouds spread. They try in vain to escape the enveloping fire. The grandeur of the scene becomes impressive. One stands awed as in the presence of the Infinite. Written there in those struggling clouds, man reads a message from the Supreme Being. It is a struggle indeed—the old struggle between hope and despair. The dark clouds are despair. The bright flames are rays of hope.

The struggle becomes more and more deadly. A great mass of darkness gathers, and rises to almost unsurmountable heights. All seems lost. But, O weary one, behold! The flames of hope have reached there first. Each peak has its bright vermilion crown. Hope occupies the uppermost position.

The dark clouds gradually grow brighter. Flames burst forth in many more places. The bright rays gather together and shine forth as a symbol of victory. The sky is clear once more. Far above all, the moon shines clear and bright. Stars appear and light up the entire sky. The battle is ended. Life's changing day has ended in calm and peaceful night.

I. J. Levy '31

## MOTION PICTURES

It was three years after Dicken's first visit to America, where he gave public readings from his novels, that there was brought from England to this continent what, for lack of a name, was known as "The Wheel of Life," which created much interest due to an illusion of motion that it was able to convey to an observer not too unyielding in his demands. It consisted of a cylinder the size of an ordinary pail supported by a pivot and left free to be rotated at the will of the observer. At the top of the cylinder were apertures, and on the inside, drawings depicting successive movements, such as a horse running or a child swinging. Little did Dickens dream that this then insignificant invention, which has proved to be the parent of our now famed motion pictures, would in a few years be presenting to the world products of his pen.

It must be explained in justification of the many pioneers that accelerated picture development that motion pictures had a great many immediate relatives. Zoetrope, one of the first inventions in the line of a motion picture machine, patented by William C. Lincoln of Providence, Rhode Island, was merely a child's toy. Soon other machines were made, called stroboscope, phenakiscope, anorthoscope, and kaleidorame.

The word "cinematograph" is frequently shortened to "cinema", but the term has come to be used generically to refer not only to the entertainment, but to various phases of its production. In the United States the terms "Motion Pictures," or "Photoplay," referring specifically to dramatic compositions are commonly employed. Dr. Sellers stated in 1861, for the first time, the optical principles that to-day make motion pictures possible.

It is not so much that eighteen million people in the United States are entertained by motion pictures every day, or that eighty thousand miles of film negative is exposed in that country each year, but that Motion Pictures have risen in twenty years from a child's toy to the fifth industry in the



world, is the fact that stands out most prominently in a retrospect of the field now covered by the universal movie.

In 1910, the cinema as a means of entertainment was making its first bid for public favour. It was still a novelty, and many persons, including experienced showmen, thought its appeal would decline as soon as the novelty had been thoroughly exploited.

Before 1920, it had become by far the most popular form of commercialized amusement throughout the world. The production of Motion Pictures on a large scale was in 1920 confined to a few countries, chiefly the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Germany, and France; but their exploitation was world wide. There was hardly a country too remote not to have at least a few Motion Picture Theatres.

The outbreak of the World War favoured the growth of the industry in United States to such an extent that it became by far the leading producing country in the world.

No other force in history has risen so quickly, nor come into such intimate touch with so many people, as Motion Pictures. It took printing two hundred years to come into the daily lives of the people; Motion Pictures have needed only twenty years. The explanation lies in the simplicity of their appeal.

Reading is an acquired habit attained by nerve strain. In reading a person must create his own pictures, while in photography someone else does it for him.

In the extensive revolutions of the motion picture wheel, Hollywood is the pivot, and it is here in this art centre, that the majority of photoplays are produced. After the completion of a picture, it is sent to the distributing or key cities, where it is obtained by the cities which have booked in for it. The picture then starts on its circuit. Because of the low price and therefore large patronage of a cheap picture in comparison with the higher priced and better pictures, the former often brings to the producer more proceeds than the latter. In this appalling fact lies the explanation for the vast number of poor pictures which are shown to-day.



The idea of censorship of Motion Pictures is comparatively recent; the first country establishing national censorship being Sweden, in 1911. The censorship of to-day begins at Hollywood and is continued by each country into which the picture is admitted, then by each state or province in that country and finally is completed in the capital city.

Of course there are a few persistent pessimists in the world who condemn the Motion Pictures, believing them to be the root of all evil. This firm conviction probably arose because of one doubtful picture seen, and consequently the whole invention is mercilessly criticized all because of lack of knowledge. To be sure this invention has its faults, but what has not? There are, it is true, some undesirable productions, but if it were not that these appeal to a certain class of people this type would not be shown. Motion Pictures are also charged with misrepresenting real life and happenings, while some contend that they are becoming too commercialized. Have these people ever stopped to consider that this invention is, compared with practically all others, only in its infancy? More experience as well as moral and financial support are needed before these amendments can be rectified. Only the future holds the key to the solution of the problems of these accusations.

Out of the present chaos of centrifugal expediency comes an increasing cry for better stories. For such tales we shall come to look upon not as the products of novelist, playwright, or director, but as the special work of men who make the picture story their peculiar craft. Their work will be at best essentially romantic in material and realistic in presentation of detail. It will be neither a picturized play nor a picturized novel, but an art in itself.

That the Motion Picture has come to stay is an indisputable fact. It is to-day one of the most influential agents in the world. Realizing then the universal prominence of this invention, should there not go forward a crusade of the people giving their moral and financial support that the era of improved productions may be accelerated?

—Greta L. Rose '30

### A STRAY MOONBEAM

It was a blind alley, just like any other blind alley,—high apartment houses on either side with a board fence between so that anyone entering from the street must either go over the fence or turn back. At night there was nothing but darkness with perhaps an occasional glimmer of light from a nearby window. The moon, too, when it got high enough up in the heavens, would sneak a few odd beams in past the tall surrounding structures.

All was quiet except for an occasional crash of a rolling pin breaking a window and the dull noise of its falling on the pavement below. A police patrol rushed by on its way to stop some gang fight or other—and then all was quiet again.

Soon the dark figure of a man was seen to enter the alley and walk slowly to the fence, climb up and perch himself with his back against the wall. This dark figure then seemed to become a part of the surrounding darkness as he sat there in silence. Why he chose to sit there alone in the dark one does not ask—he just did.

The figure on the fence moved slightly as the slim figure of a girl slowly and cautiously approached the fence. Her step quickened as she discerned the figure in front of her. No—he had not forgotten her.

He was there, and now there were two figures. He still sat on the fence while she stood below, not far below, for the fence was not high. They talked together in soft tones, as if afraid of speaking too loudly. So interested were they in their conversation that they did not notice a third figure stealthily enter the alley and disappear somewhere in its darkness.

During this time, the moon had been rising high into the sky and was at last in a position to send a small beam of light down into this lonely place. The light fell on the wall slightly to the right of the figure on the fence. The girl saw it. Like a threatening finger pointing at someone who had done a wrong, it moved slowly along the wall. The beam passing on to the



sleeve of the man seemed to frighten her, but that seemed foolish for after all it was only a moonbeam. For some unknown reason her fear increased as the beam crossed slowly across his body showing his pretty diamond tie pin which seemed to have lost all its sparkle now.

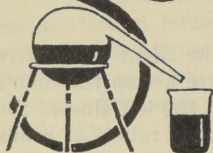
Another pair of eyes somewhere in the silent alley were watching that same beam tracing its course across the man's body. As the beam came to a position on the left side of the man, the hand of this third figure was slowly raised at arm's length.

A pistol shot broke the stillness, and the man on the fence toppled to the ground with a bullet through his heart. The moonbeam, as if having done its duty, disappeared as did the figures of a man and a girl. In this way another gangster died, and another's death was avenged.

—W. B. Davis '30



# SCIENCE



## BACTERIOPHAGE

The definition of bacteriophage according to the medical dictionary is: "D'Herelle's name for a living ultra-microscopic parasite of bacteria normally existing in the intestinal tract of animals and living at the expense of live normal bacteria which constitute the sole culture medium. There is but one species of bacteriophage common to all animals, and it is capable of acquiring virulence for different bacterial species."

This definition states the so-called virus theory of D'Herelle. Many investigators do not accept this theory but choose, rather, to support Bordet's theory of nutritive vitration, or Zinsser's theory of the enzyme nature of the phenomenon. The most recent interpretation is that of Hadley, who sets forth the homogamic theory.

It was first brought to notice by Twort's publication in 1915. He had been searching for a non pathogenic filtrable virus, as he thought the known pathogenic filtrable viruses were only a few of a large class of microorganisms. In his experiments with cultures of glycerinated calf vaccine or agar, he discovered transparent areas on some cultures. Other cultures touched with the glassy material from these areas would become transparent, first at the point of inoculation, and gradually over the whole culture. This action took place only on young vigorous cultures. If a filtered dilution of the material from some specific strain of bacterial cultures was

added to an agar slant inoculated with organisms from the same strain, growth of the bacteria was prevented.

In 1917, D'Herelle, a French Canadian, began publishing observations on a similar phenomenon. In connection with his work on dysentery bacillus, he made an emulsion of material taken from a convalescent patient. This emulsion he filtered through a Chamberland candle, and a few drops of the filtrate introduced into a bouillon culture of dysentery bacilli, completely cleared the bouillon. Microscopic examinations showed the bacilli had disappeared. He concluded that the filtrate causes a bacteriolysis or dissolution of the bacilli.

Agar slants inoculated with a culture containing filtrate which has not had time to carry dissolution to any extent, show sterile plaques resulting from the growth of the lytic principle in the cultures. The fact that these plaques form at different points proves that the principle is not in solution, but in the form of particles or corpuscles. The clearing of series of cultures is due to the multiplication of corpuscles at the expense of the bacteria which they dissolve. D'Herelle considers these corpuscles as a form of parasite—a parasite upon bacteria—which causes a contagious disease resulting as a rule, in dissolution, though some may become immune to the lytic action. In this case, the bacteriophage lives in symbiosis with the bacteria. D'Herelle believes the phage increases in virulence in serial cultures.

To sum up, D'Herelle's theory of the bacteriophage is that it is a foreign filtrable virus, which parasitizes bacteria and causes their destruction by lysis. It is therefore a contagious disease of bacteria. The unit is corpuscular and ultramicroscopic, multiplying only at the expense of young living bacteria.

Hans Zinsser, professor of bacteriology at Harvard, believes the bacteriophage is an enzyme, present but inhibited from action in normal cultures till after death. In lytic cultures it has either been catalysed, or an anti-enzyme has been eliminated. His experiments did not uphold D'Herelle's statement concerning increase of virulence in series of cultures.

In 1920, Bordet and his co-workers interpreted the bacteri-



ophagic reaction as "an autolysis resulting from the rupture of equilibrium existing between assimilation and metabolism (nutritive vitiation). After certain bacteria have experienced this vitiation, they may communicate the condition to surrounding sensitive cells by the products of their autolysis; and the reaction may thus be transmitted in series. Bordet thus considers the possibility that the bacteriophage may not itself possess a lytic function, but that it is the excitator of autolysis."

From the preceeding theories it might appear that inoculation with pre-formed bacteriophage is necessary to produce the lytic reaction. But the lytic principle has been generated by the use of pancreatin sterilized at 12 degrees C. for twenty minutes. This would kill any enzymes or living factors. There has also been noted a spontaneous origin of the lytic principle in cultures submitted to no other treatment than repeated growth in their own filtrates. It would thus appear that the phage is liberated in some way from the culture itself under certain environmental conditions. The discoveries in bacteriology during the last decade, which is a significant one in that science, make possible an explanation of this fact. Three aspects which stand out are: (1) The discovery of the bacteriophage; (2) The clear recognition of the existence of filtrable stages in the development of bacteria; (3) The threatened abolition of monomorphism with the substitution of a plurimorphism based on bacterial cyclogeny.

From a consideration of these aspects, Philip Hadley, of the University of Michigan, advances his belief that bacteriophagic reaction is only one aspect of a greater phenomenon of microbic dissociation. This is based on the fact that bacteria do not multiply by fission alone. He quotes as additional established methods of reproduction: (1) Conjugation and zygosporulation followed by endosporulation; (2) gonidial formation; (3) a process of budding; (4) propagation through the formation of bacterial plasmodium. He believes the filtrable forms of bacteria most commonly encountered represent either gonidial bodies or organisms developing from them. Some studies seem to indicate that there is an



alteration of generations between filtrable and non-filtrable or microscopically visible stages in the development of some species. He postulates that the so-called lysis caused by bacteriophage is merely the transformation of the microscopic cell into another invisible state through liberation of gonida or endospores. The bacteriophage itself he believes to be either a stage in the life cycle of the bacteria or a unit which will conjugate with or fertilize the bacterial cell, influencing it to produce filtrable cell types. In summing up his theory he states that evidences point to the fact that the bacteriophage is a living corpuscular factor whose most significant function is to transform cells.

Of what practical significance is the bacteriophage? Typhoid, dysentery, *Escherichia coli*, staphylococcus, streptococcus, and other infections in humans, and fowl typhoid and barbone in animals, have been successfully treated by the use of bacteriophage.

The filtrate used will contain, in addition to the bacteriophage, products of bacterial autolysis. Each of these probably plays a part, the latter of apsonic significance.

According to Hadley, the fundamental significance of the bacteriophagic reaction is not lysis and final destruction of the bacteria—but a dissociation resulting in a secondary resistant type—non virulent and susceptible to phagocytosis.

It therefore acts similarly to an immune serum. Experiments so far seem to show that the phage element of the filtrate is therapeutic in value and the bacterial residues prophylactic. D'Herelle links up recovery in infectious diseases with the development of virulence in the bacteriophage which he claims is always present in a normal being. A person, in whom the bacteriophage is virulent before infection is immune. The virulent bacteriophage is contagious as well as bacteria. Immunity is therefore contagious.

Since the bacteriophage may be produced in cultures in the laboratory, it may be prepared in this way for medicinal purposes and administered subcutaneously, orally, or in the

case of wounds by direct injection or by application on the bandages.

Repeated injections of a culture of bacteriophage appear to produce an anti bacteriophagic serum. The inhibition of the action of bacteriophage produces a hypersensitivity to bacterial infection. The maximum immunity is produced by a single and minimal dose.

No matter which theory we accept, parasitism, autolysin, or transformation into an easily phagocytosed form—the fact remains that the bacteriophage destroys virulent forms of bacteria and is therefore of great importance in the study of disease and immunity.

—Helen Harding '29

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## ATOMS AND THE ATOMIC THEORY

As the dictionary says, an atom is a term given in physical science to the ultimate individual particle of matter, and so by analogy to something minutely small in size.

If we examine a drop of water, we find that it can be divided into smaller drops, or into sprays that are too fine to be detected by the eye. This conception of matter as indefinitely divisible and continuous was taught by Anaxagora more than four centuries before the Christain era.

Some phenomena are difficult to reconcile with this view. A cubic foot of air can be compressed into less than 1-500 of a cubic foot, or allowed to expand to occupy one million cubic feet. This enormous capacity for expansion and contraction is astonishing if we believe matter to be continuous. If, however, we believe it to be made of small particles separable by a relatively large space, the change in volume can be more easily realized. This conception of the grained structure of matter is very ancient, some traces being found in Indian Philosophy—twelve centuries before the Christian era. It was taught very definitely by the Greek Philosophers, Democritus and Epicurus, in the third and fourth centuries B. C.



Not until the seventeenth century do we find an atomic theory. At this time Newton regarded a gas as consisting of small particles which repelled one another. He also attributed the tendency of a gas to expand to the supposed repulsion between these particles.

However, until the time of John Dalton, the atomic theory remained purely qualitative. Until then it appears not to have advanced Chemistry or to have found further confirmation in the facts of Chemistry. In 1803 Dalton gave the atomic theory a quantitative form and showed that by means of it a vast number of facts of Chemistry could be explained. Like Newton, he believed a gas to be made up of particles or atoms separated from each other by considerable spaces. Through many difficulties which he met in his speculations, he came to the conclusion that the particles of one gas must differ from the particles of another gas both in size and weight. The conclusion that each element had a definite atomic weight peculiar to it was the new idea that made his speculations fruitful, because it allowed for the quantitative reduction and verification.

Dalton drew simple diagrams to represent the atoms of different gases. When two elements formed more than one compound, he assigned to the compound that he thought the more complex an atom made up of two atoms of the one element, and one atom of the other. Of course there is a difference between Dalton's views and our present ones, but that does not alter the fact that Dalton formed a very definite conception of chemical combination.

If we accept the hypothesis that each kind of atom has a specific and invariable weight, we can, with the aid of this theory, make important inferences concerning the proportions by weight in which substances combine to form compounds.

These laws are summarized in the laws of constant, multiple and reciprocal proportions.

The law of constant proportion states that when elements unite to form a compound, the weights that combine are in an invariable ratio, a ratio that is characteristic of the compounds.

This law is easily verified to a moderate degree of accuracy by the following experiment. In the laboratory we can prepare a white powder that proves to be Calcium Carbonate, that is, it appears to be composed wholly of carbon dioxide and lime. We also find in nature two other unlike substances, marble and Iceland spar, each of which is composed of carbon dioxide and lime. Thus, these three substances unlike in appearance and origin have been found by analysis to contain the same ratio of carbon dioxide and lime.

By the law of multiple proportion, we know that if two elements form more than one compound, then the weights of one element which are found to unite with the unit weights of the other in different compounds must be in the ratio of the small whole numbers.

Two chlorides of copper are known, one a highly colored substance, the other white. Berzelius took eight grams of copper, converted it into the colored chloride and sealed up the whole of this in solution together with a weighed strip of copper. After some time the color entirely disappeared; the strip of copper was taken out and was found to have lost 8.03 grams by weight. Thus the chlorine which, in the colored solution, was in union with eight grams of copper, appears in the colorless chloride to be combined with 16.03 grams, or almost double the amount. By repetition of the experiment it will be found that the ratio is around 2, which is required by the atomic theory.

The law of reciprocal proportion states that if we know the weights of  $a$  and  $b$  of two elements that are found in union with equal weights of a third element, then we can predict the composition of the compounds which the first two elements can form with each other. Either the weights  $a$  and  $b$  will combine exactly or if not, these weights must be multiplied by integers to obtain the composition of the compound.

The neutralization of acids and bases forms many illustrations. It is universally found that the weights of bases which neutralize the same weight of one acid are equivalent in one reaction and also equivalent in a number of other reactions.



The atomic theory has been a priceless value to chemists. It has often happened in the history of science that a hypothesis, after having been useful in the discovery and the co-ordination of knowledge, has been abandoned and replaced with one more in harmony with later discoveries. It was at one time feared that this would be the fate of the atomic theory, but many modern discoveries are in favor of the existence of the atom and the atomic theory, although they lead to the belief that the atom is not as eternal and unchangeable as Dalton and his predecessors imagined.

—Annie McMackin '32



# The Acadia Athenaeum

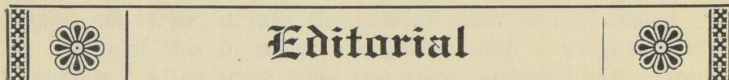
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## AVE ATQUE NALE

Welcome, Class of '33! Farewell, Acadia! College life—we have just stepped out from it, and you are just entering on it. We have finished even as though we had closed the lower cover on a beloved volume and had consigned it almost reverently to our library of beautiful editions. Yet the story will always remain with us, and all through our lives we shall hope to meet again those characters, those thoughts, those ideals which formed the bulk of its cherished unfolding. After all, memories are sweet when they recreate the alma mater. And of what avail are those memories if they do not help in that tremendous adjustment to all that is different and all that is new which every graduate must with all speed accomplish? "We hold Acadia dear", the song goes. And why? Because she has been the effective stepping-stone which facilitated our blind leap from dreams to reality. We have found safety in



her walls, but we have found more. She has given us standards to live by, knowledge to rely on, ideals to strive for and self-reliance with which to succeed. We say farewell. The word cannot convey our gratitude. Yet we feel that Acadia understands our inexpression because that is one of her beautiful parental functions.

We would wish more particularly to dwell at greater length on a humble message to those who are just now feeling their way among the tenets of Acadia's principles. Freshmen are prone to consider their university as a means for the extension of their former educational struggle. They apply the restricted rules of high-school to the liberal occupations of the undergraduate. In their senior year they begin to understand that the real college influence is only then beginning to be felt, and that in only a few months it will all be ended. They will carry degrees which say that they have successfully passed certain examinations, but they will fail to carry that knowledge—or rather, that experience which gives the power to use knowledge correctly—which proves the university education to be a liberal molding of character, exclusive of the specialized development of talent.

We fear that we will soon become didactic, and that generally makes for a poor editorial. Yet, we would like the Freshmen to bend, for a few minutes, a willing ear and hear what we want to express now that it is time to say, "Finale". Universities are primarily for the enlargement of knowledge. But remember that they are *universities*; they strive to give as much as is possible. Let the assiduous student take care that he does not neglect the fact that information is only valuable insofar as it gives the power of judgment—judgment of the special knowledge one needs, of the knowledge which will be helpful and of the knowledge which disregards text-books and has for its subject the relationship of men and their affairs. College education prepares for a future occupation; but college *life* prepares for the power of judgment with respect to the place you hope to fill in the society of man. Thus, you must

not forget that you come to college not only for knowledge, but also for culture.

Even if you imbue all the knowledge of a curriculum what have you if you have not the capabilities of self-reliance (which is the basis of all good-manners), respect and interest for your fellow, appreciation of the aesthetic, and, most important, the art of thinking for yourself (and thinking in large quantities). Our president has said that no life can rise in strength and grandeur beyond the thinking of that life itself. Culture teaches you that the employment of the mind in the interests of the ethical and the intellectual is as essential as the practical employment of all the knowledge that can be amassed through study and observation.

Seek also to realize through the four years ahead of you that although you enter college as a boy with ideals, you emerge as a man with a purpose. Cherish your ideals, and, if they are good, never forsake them; but try, in the period before you, to mold them into something definite and color them and modify them to the demands of the world ahead of you. And this can be done through the power of careful judgment and thought which the culture you have gained in your university has given you. Remember that knowledge is thrust at you and you are asked to receive it, but you must *seek* for culture yourself. And you cannot attain the purpose of your life without both of these.

And what is your purpose in life? You find it difficult to answer. You have dreams and ideals but no purpose. We repeat that you will rarely realize your purpose until you graduate. But you will be doing a wonderful thing for yourself if you can only discover it in your Freshman year, then you can harmonize all you learn with what you desire. Yet never say that you have no purpose in life. That is intellectual suicide. Why attend college at all if you feel that there is nothing it can give you that you really want? We venture to say that every college graduate will some day find that he is playing a useful part in life—a part that is more useful because of the fact that he is college bred. Keep watching and you will



find what you want. It will come easily enough. And remember, "in youth one should take the greatest pains in deciding what one wants the most, because one is so likely to get it". Youth is the time of so many and such wonderful possibilities.

Summing up then, seek culture in the four years before you, keeping in mind the necessity to learn self-reliance, the proper art of thinking for yourself, and the power of judgment, which results from it. Try to find a purpose in life and mold it to your definite ideals and all that you have learned and gained. Remember constantly that 1934 comes far too soon, and then you will be required to prove to a world, which perhaps does not think too much of you, that you are worthy and capable and that you are bound to succeed.

College is such a friendly place, and one is apt to confuse it with life. Yet you must never forget that it is but a preparation. Try above everything else to *make the best of it*, and interpret that phrase literally. All the world envies you your chances. The graduates above all wish you success. They earnestly hope that you will try to think of your University as a serious potter's shop, where you yourself are both the potter and the clay. You will see the finished product in 1934. Do not let it disappoint you.

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### MARSHAL FOCH

The world has suffered a distinct loss in the passing of Marshal Foch, who commanded successfully the greatest military force ever gathered together on the face of the earth.

Seventy-seven years ago Ferdinand Foch was born at Tabres, in the southern part of France, and his early education was received in the Tarbes schools. In the year previous to the Franco-Prussian war; he was continuing his studies at a Jesuit College. At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in the Fourth Regiment of Infantry, which saw no active service. For several more years he studied earnestly and diligently in

different Military Schools of France; and, in 1900, he became Lieutenant-General Foch. The outbreak of the World War found him with the full rank of General Commander of the Twentieth Army Corps, with headquarters at Nancy.

Not until the fourth year of the war did the Allied troops give supreme control of the Allies into the hands of one man. In this year General Foch lead the Allies as a single unit against the Germans, and the war was won. In August, General Foch was made Marshal of France; and, after the war closed in November, he received the highest honors not only from his own countrymen but also from the allies.

Throughout the war his motto was, "Attack! Attack!", for he believed that if an attack was not made a place would not be taken. When asked how he won a war he would say, "By smoking a pipe—I mean by that, by not getting excited, by reducing everything to the simplest terms and reserving all my strength for the task in hand."

This man was ever brave and cheerful and accepted the grim terrors of war with a grin. His faith in the sword and his faith in the Saviour were never unreconciled even in the most trying times.

Another of the world's most honored men has passed on, but his acts will long live after him. He is mourned today throughout the world as the leader of the mightiest army in battle and as the symbol of the Allied unity that won the war—not as a fighter, but as a worker for peace.

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### STUDENT OPINION CONCERNING THE CLASSICS

In answer to the article concerning the revival of the Classics, which appeared in the March edition of the *Athenaeum*, I should like to point out why educational psychologists consider that there is an "efficient substitute" for Latin.

In the field of eduction, adults are inclined to overvalue the particular type of training which they have received, and



to eye suspiciously any suggestions which might discredit the value of this training. Thus tradition has come to hold down all educational practice and has erected for the classics a strong "tower of defense."

Tradition is the only explanation for the existence of prescribed courses in the classical languages upon our secondary school and college curricula. As a people, we neither think, speak, nor write in Latin or Greek. The literature of these languages is read for pleasure by a very small part of the population. Then, why subject all pupils to four years study of Latin in the secondary school, and two years in college, when we are perfectly sure, from considering the situation of an average community, that they will never use their knowledge of it?

"By the time the pupil has reached college, he is haunted night and day by ghosts of Latin case-endings". We agree with the advocate of classicism, that this is exactly the condition. Furthermore, it is certain that these ghostly apparitions will, eventually, reduce to a minimum that infinitesimal fraction of students, who now study the classics for pleasure. This supposed "revival of classicism" may exist among a cultured few; but, the extent of the revival will never increase by compelling young people to become acquainted with the classics. For, the one justification for a study of the classics—pleasure and culture, is thereby totally lost.

The writer of "the revival of classicism" claims that "classical literature has a soothing effect upon the mind." Even though we grant that, we must question whether people will crave enough the literature of Greece and Rome to sit down for an evening with a few classical volumes and a surrounding heap of dictionaries and encyclopaedias. Such a condition is doubtful until people come to read the rich expressions in our own literature to a far greater extent than they do at present.

No, my dear fellow-classicist, there is no place in democratic education to-day for a revival of the learning of Greece and Rome. Let those of us who love ancient literature continue to read and enjoy it; but, let us not lie so bound by tradition as

to rob the average citizen of an opportunity to learn how he, also, may best employ his lesiure time. "An efficient substitute for Latin," you ask? An answer to that is not difficult when we consider how many pupils, who can quote by the ream "*arma virumque cano*", leave our schools with no knowledge of how to play their part in the social group.

—Nancy J. Bowden '29

### **OUGHT THERE TO BE COMPULSORY SUBJECTS IN A UNIVERSITY CURRICULUM?**

This question, without doubt, would command a great deal of debate but it is my purpose here to take the negative position with regard to this problem.

In the first place, let us consider students who enter university following their graduation from Academy or High School. Some come without any aim. Some enter with a particular goal in sight. Whether the student enters with or without a purpose, he is at that stage in his development in which he dislikes being dictated to. His course throughout high school has practically all been compulsory. He longs for freedom. I believe that if he were allowed to choose his course of study, he would obtain more from it. If the same course were a compulsory study, he might take it with the purpose merely of getting it out of the way.

A course might be outlined and suggested to the student who enters without a purpose in view. Even that student would then feel that it was his own choice because he accepted it from his own free will.

The student who enters with a particular aim has his course planned before entering. He knows that to obtain a bachelor of arts degree with pre-medical work or with engineering, he will need certain courses, or if he expects to teach he will be guided by the subjects he wishes to teach and those of which he will need to have a knowledge before entering such



a vocation. Very often a student is inhibited because he is required to take subjects which have no interest for him. He studies such subjects with the purpose of getting off the requirements. The student who is not interested in a subject is more liable to fail in the course. If he is forced to repeat it, he may become discouraged and feel like giving up everything, where as if he is keenly interested in his study, whether it is difficult or not, he will work with an untiring will-to-succeed. In being allowed to select his course of study, the student can choose those subjects which are directly linked up with that in which he is most interested. He will certainly derive more benefit and obtain a wider knowledge of the subject than if he had studied with the mere purpose of getting it off the requirements.

In the second place, we meet students who enter the university after they have been engaged at some work for a period of time. These students enter the university because they have come to realize that they have need of certain courses of study—largely depending on the work in which they have been employed, or on the work they desire to take up. They are aware of the fact that, in order to overcome problems which have faced them, they need certain courses of study. Such students are ambitious and are willing to put their best into their work in order that they may attain their goal.

Finally, let us consider those students who are young and ambitious, who through their desire to succeed attempt extra work in order that they may take certain course which they want to have a knowledge of and yet are not among the requirements. They are compelled to take the required courses. They undertake extra work, and there is a tendency to do more than their strength will permit. In consequence we have young people, with great ambition, with an energy-of will to obtain their goal, with the promise of success, but when the mental strain is too great they break down in their youth.

—Evelyn Baird '30

## CONCERNING ATHLETIC LEAGUES

Now that the college year is drawing to a close it seems a most appropriate time to review Acadia's position in athletics for the past year. It almost might be well to compare its position with that of the previous year.

Some years ago Acadia withdrew from the Western Intercollegiate League. Whether this was wise or unwise, I am unprepared to discuss; nevertheless, the fact remains that we were without a league. The only course to pursue was to have numerous exhibition games so that athletics would not disappear. This was done but it was found that there was something lacking about the games both in the interest of the spectators and players.

After a couple of years somebody attempted to explain the lack of interest by noticing that "Joe Acadia Spirit" had left us entirely. This sounded good and everyone accepted it, but how to get the Acadia Spirit back was the problem. No! They decided that the Western Intercollegiate League was out of the question. Well then, how about taking "Western Intercollegiate" and discarding it but still retain the word "League". This was done with the most gratifying result, starting in the Fall of '28.

When the students came back in October, who should be with them but the good friend "Acadia Spirit". For the words discarded, "Halifax City Rugby" League had been substituted, with the result that the best football seen here for many years was produced. The student body backed the team, and the team fought hard and were by no means disgraced.

In hockey, Acadia entered the new "Valley Hockey League", and such games that were played will long be remembered. In the playoff for the championship, hockey fans witnessed one of most exciting play off series ever seen in the Valley—as Acadia for the first time in history won the Championship of the Valley League. This alone is proof enough that a league is the thing.



In basketball, Acadia did herself proud when by a disputable goal she lost out in the Maritime Playoffs.

Now that Acadia has established herself again in the athletic world, let her strive by all possible means to stay there. Let all persons who take it into their head to even suggest that Acadia withdraw from any league because of unfairness or any other reason, —let those persons, for the sake of Acadia of today and Acadia to come, be immediately ostracized.

—W. B. Davis '30

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### COLLEGE PAPERS

We all, as true sons and daughters of Acadia, have her interests at heart. We are known for this, and are justly proud of it. Everyone of us want to see the prestige of Acadia increased, and want her to keep pace in everyway with other universities. But are there not some very conspicuous respects in which we stand behind other universities?

I refer, in this article, to one—college publications. No, there is not a word of criticism offered here of the *Athenaeum* and staff. I am in accord with others when they praise this magazine, and what it has done in the past. As a publication for developing literary talent, it has set a high standard, perhaps, higher than that attained by many universities. As such, it has filled a large place and must continue to fill that place in the future. But as the sole college publication, I feel that it is inadequate.

Practically all universities, many smaller than Acadia, have a weekly paper. Our Exchange Shelf abounds with such papers that tingle with college spirit, and detail college activities. Publications from Western Universities reach our shelf and in them we read of their sports and other activities very shortly after they happen. Think how tardy our *Athenaeum* is with such publications. This is not the fault of the staff, for under present conditions, it cannot be remedied. Some

argue that since we see all the games and know what is going on, what good does it do to see it in print? This argument assumes a very narrow outlook. What about our prestige with other universities? They read from the *Athenaeum* received by them late in April of the hockey game played here the first of the season. When will they see an account of our championship games? Thus we are behind in the account of all our activities.

These facts, together with the increased college spirit that a real, live weekly paper would bring seem to make an additional publication necessary. But you say it has been tried, and failed. The fact that it was tried once, only shows that its worth was discovered by some in the past. Surely we can profit by whatever mistakes were made in the past, and avoid them in the future. There are many difficulties in the way, but Acadia students are capable of removing those obstacles when their removal is for the good of Acadia.

At the beginning of the new year, let us consider it. The writer of this article makes no attempt to solve this problem alone. If some one considers the problem earnestly, the purpose of this article will have been accomplished. Why not a weekly paper? Let us hear what some more have to say about it.

—I. J. Levy '31



**WELCOME TO THE FRESHMEN****STUDENT CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION**

As a group, and as individual, members of that group, the Students' Christian Association of Acadia wishes to extend a very warm welcome to all new students who have come to us this fall.

Probably all of us realize that college life is all made up of studying, attending classes and engaging in athletics. A great deal of our education comes to us through contact with people. We cannot really know people unless we meet them in all phases of their lives. Our very highest ideals should find expression in such intercourse as we can have together in S. C. A. for our aim is, in brief, to seek to form ways of living according to the standards of Christ. The most of us come to college with the determination to prepare ourselves for the largest social service. Just how this can be accomplished, just how we can best decide how to use our equipment is not always an easy thing to know. And so, we want you to meet with us, in our weekly meetings and on Sundays, and discuss such problems in an informal way. You will be sure to enjoy our "sings", and we need you to help make our program truly helpful and worth while.

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**THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY**

Freshmen will find membership in the Dramatic Society of Acadia University both something to be proud of and a source of enjoyment. It is an honor in that admission is gained by competition. Try-outs for plays are open to all students and any competitor who obtains at least one unit's credit for work done in any production is eligible for membership. In this way the society is composed of a limited but deeply interested group of students. But every member will tell you that being in plays is "loads of fun". May I quote a description of the gay

times that actors in the olden days had, and add that the picture is not at all out-of-date? "Twelfth night had come and gone, and life next morning seemed a trifle flat and purposeless. But yester-eve and the mummers were here! They had come striding into the old kitchen, powdering the red brick floor with snow from their barbaric bedizenments; and stamping, and crossing, and declaiming, till all was riot and shout and laughter."

All this sounds enticing, and if you join the society, I am sure you will not be disappointed. So by all means, freshmen, *try out for the next college play!* You won't regret it!

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### THE HONORARY DRAMATIC FRATERNITY

In the invitation of the Dramatic Society, Freshmen will note that the pleasure of working in dramatics is discussed and described briefly. The Fraternity wishes to stress the advantage of theatricals to the student. But first we will describe ourselves. Membership, is a matter of merit and wish. Generally, a student who has successfully played a major role in a full-length play, and has a sufficient class mark is eligible, but it is always a matter of the consent of the Fraternity members. A list of requirements other than the ones already stated will be gladly furnished to anyone interested by the Director of the Fraternity. The work of the Fraternity is primarily educational along dramatic lines, and coupled with the Fraternity ideal is the idea that dramatics are a real cultural advantage. As J. M. Synge expresses it, "we should not go to the theatre as we go to a chemist's or a dram-shop, but as we go to a dinner, where the food we *need* is taken with pleasure and excitement."

To every Freshman who is deeply interested in the theatre we would say, strive for membership in the Fraternity. It is worth while. But above all, you must show your talent and never flinch from working your head off in the interests of as many stage productions as you get in on.



**THE FRENCH CLUB**

I have noticed in recent issues of this periodical some reproaches against various societies of this University, to the effect that they keep themselves too much in the dark, and that nobody knows how to get into them, what they will do when they get in, or anything else about them. I fear that the French Club (or Cercle Francais) is one of the erring organizations, so I intend to tell the world in general a little about it and its doings.

First, as to how to become a member. It is not a very exclusive society; in fact, anyone who is really interested in the French language is eligible for it. At or near the beginning of the college year a list will be made of people who are desirous of joining the Club, and will be voted on by the members of the preceding year. Then the prospective members pay the due, only \$1, to the treasurer and are full-fledged members. Probably a reception will be held to officially welcome them into the circle.

What do we do in the French Club? That is a question on which the uninitiated are usually very vague. They have some idea that all the proceedings are carried on in French, and advanced French at that. They are wrong. Certainly we speak some French, but not by any means continuously; indeed we use English much more. These same uninitiated ones also have the idea that the French club must be a very dry affair. Not at all. We enjoy ourselves as much as any organization in the college, if not more. We have frequent social evenings, with music and games, and a general hubbub. And even our regular meetings are entertaining. Sometimes a short play will be read, or a French short story. Nearly always there is some music, or some game.

Last, but not least, comes the fact that every year the French Club is supposed to put on a French night. This will be open to the general public and will consist of one or two one-

act plays (for parts in which units may be gained counting towards a Dramatic A) and some music.

This may give some idea of our activities, but really one must join the club to appreciate it.

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### THE ATHENAEUM

It has always been the policy of *The Athenaeum* to welcome very heartily every Freshmen in the hope that the incoming class will send forth many new contributors. To the Freshmen themselves we would like to mention that the pages of this magazine are open to their work to just as great an extent as they are open to the Seniors. If anything, more attention is given to Freshmen contributors on the grounds that the new, coming writer is of more value than the writer who has reached his limit. May we urge you to send in your work at once. The chances are very much in favor of it being accepted. *The Athenaeum* always wants new, original material. The Class of 1932 has done remarkably well; you will have to work hard to break their record. But they had one drawback; they did not start until two or three issues had already passed them by. Get ahead of them by starting your contributions immediately.

In closing we must warn you never, *never* be discouraged if your work does not get in at first. The old saw of "try, try again" can scarcely be applied more effectively than to literary work. We have lots of faith in the class of '33. Go to it, and use your head and you'll get ahead!





## THE ECHO

*The Echo* is a college magazine in one sense, while in another it is not. It is, in that all the material found in it was written by college students, but it is not, in that it is not the magazine of any one college. Because it selects the *best* items from a great many different college magazines it should be of very high literary quality, and because it has just such a reputation we are always proud to see material written by our students in it. In the March (1929) issue we receive a glow of satisfaction because three of the items come from *The Athenaeum*. The judges, whom we may be assured are competent, choose as representative of the best college literary activity for the month a short sketch called *Wanderlust* by Greta Rose '30, Eva Jenkins' *Mild Grey Sky*, and Albert E. Roland's essay on Carl Sandburg. This is not the first time that the *Athenaeum* material has been distinguished in this manner. We have reason to be proud of our magazine and its contributors.

## WILLOW PATH

The Willow Path is one of the finest college literary productions which it is our privilege to review. In the February edition of this year, we find much to recommend as interesting and enlightening for our readers. Special items of interest are the following:

"*Lady Yang Kiver Fei*"—a graceful little story of China.

*The Witchcraft and Delusion in New England*—We all know something about this "delusion" which was so pre-

valent some time ago, but to know it rightly one should read this essay.

*Meditation*—A poem which might appeal to exponents of free verse. We would like to commend on the drawings of this issue. They are excellent.

### THE ORACLE

*The Oracle* is published by the students of the Fort William Collegiate and Technical Institute.

It is a pleasant little magazine with lots of pleasant little articles and stories in it which should be appreciated and even read by our students, since they are usually very brief. We mention the following in passing; *Faces*—an article which tells us "to make something of your face" Read the work for further information.

*Melville at the Rugby Game*—a story of a big boy and a kid brother who has the desire to know all about football.

The jokes are good.

### DALHOUSIE GAZETTE, March 15-29

The variety of material in the *Dalhousie Gazette*, as a weekly publication is surprising. This month we shall speak only of the poetry.

*Music* and *Visions* are short poems of much beauty and merit.

*The Quest* deserves special mention. The poetic theme is simple, its expression is delightful. The lines, "*Over all the hollows and hills of the world I have gone in the quest of thee*" are unmistakably appealing.

"*A Youthful Tragedy*" is a clever bit of humor in verse!

### SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW—EASTER

*The Saint Andrew's College Review* could not be offended if in a criticism we register surprise in the magazines merit. The compiling of this magazine is very neat. The material



is remarkably fine. We wonder what the St. Andrew's College youths will accomplish in their university days.

The stories are interesting—*November Rain* is cleverly written and holds the fancy. A *Habitant* told in narrative form, has much ease of style and sympathetic familiarity of subject matter.

*The Blinded Goddess* is a thoughtful consideration of our country's law in relation to orientals. *This Education of Ours* We should like that "brick" to work, just to see what it would do. Of course we mean by way of stimulation to the pen!

#### THE COLLEGIAN—Easter Number

What about the quantity of your literary material, *Collegian*?

This issue contains a sound discussion on the true merits of Jazz. Read, and you will be convinced that it has true merits.

*The Small College*—A discussion of the advantages of a small college education and the movement toward smaller colleges, well worth reading.

#### THE ARGOSY—March 23-29

As a weekly paper the *Argosy* is indeed a commendable publication. The literary material might easily however, be increased in quantity.

*To Oxford* contains interesting and intimate knowledge of that famous Eldorado, evidently written by one who has inside information. All who would be Oxfords, read.

*Intercollegiate Sport*, editorial, is a very good criticism of the sportsmanship evidenced between colleges. It also contains suggestions toward a better spirit.

#### THE ARGOSY—April 6

*Benediction*—It is good to glimpse a poem as you turn the pages of the *Argosy*. You will read "*Benediction*" twice if you read it once.

"*Cornelius Proposes*" will bring a laugh. Prof. Line's discussion of religion in its relation to psychology is well worth reading.

*Education*, editorial. It holds reflections which all under graduates might enjoy and profit from reading.







# The Month

FINE ARTS, MARCH 19

Tuesday evening, March 19, an instructive lecture was given in University Hall by Sir Charles Grant Robertson C. V. O., Vice Chancellor and Principal of the University of Birmingham, England, on the subject "Stamford Raffles of Singapore."

With the aid of lantern slides, Sir Charles gave a vivid description of the territory where such splendid work was accomplished by Raffles, showing Singapore as it stands to-day in contrast to its forlorn condition when Raffles first raised the British flag above its tumble-down huts.

The perseverance and untiring energy of this man as revealed by the lecturer should prove an inspiration for others to carry on for the advancement of civilization.

## BANQUET FOR THE GRADUATING CLASS-MARCH 21

The graduating class of Acadia were guests at a delightful banquet given in their honor by the ladies of the Wolfville Church, Thursday, March twenty-first.

After a brief reception in the Ladies Parlor, all proceeded to the banquet hall, which was appropriately decorated with the class colors.

At the close, witty addresses were delivered by Dr. Marshall, Mrs. Ilsley, Dr. Perry and Dr. Wheelock, while on behalf of the guests, Don Wetmore president of the graduating class, extended a hearty vote of thanks to the ladies for their kindness and generosity.

### THE CAT AND THE CANARY, MARCH 22

Delta Cast of the Alpha Psi Omega Honorary Dramatic Fraternity presented John Williard's famous mystery-comedy *The Cat and the Canary* in University Hall, Friday evening, March 22nd.

The critics in the press gallery scratched their heads to find some standard of comparison by which to judge the play. The good old days of "Smilin' Through", "Dear Brutus", and of many other equally fine plays that had been produced in the past were called up from the caverns of memory, but to no avail. Acadia simply hadn't produced anything in the past that was on such a high plane. In short this performance, under the capable direction of Don Wetmore, was a tribute to the splendid activity in dramatic circles at Acadia.

The staging showed excellent inventive genius. The swinging panel in the bookcase, even though worked more than once, always produced on the audience that terrifying effect that they will remember for many a sleepless night. The lighting was excellent also. The effect was one of darkness and gloom but with still enough light to see the players plainly. For the splendid setting we can thank George Chambers, whose skill in such matters is well known.

As for the characters, we can't pick a dead letter in the whole ten. The part of Crosby, taken by Gordon Ross, was very well done indeed. His disappearance at the end of the first act was cleverly manoeuvred. The part of Mammy Pleasant, taken by Natalie Cox, was a hard one to carry. Nevertheless, the audience never lost the effect of her slow sil-



ent movement and the sepulchral note in her voice. Harry Blythe, whose part was taken by Charlie Coy, proved to be a man who hadn't any foolish superstitions and who had a leading part in clearing up the mystery. The part was well played in a likeable masculine way. Cicily Young, done by Glorana MacNeill, seemed to have her hands full taking care of Susan Sillsby, that nasty old-maidish person, who delighted in being frightened and making trouble, and whose part was characterized to perfection by Margaret Porter. They certainly were a pair these two characters! Charlie Wilder, done by Vincent White, proved to be the arch villain and maniac combined. It turned out to be a terrifying combination, giving the audience many a thrill. Paul Jones, who thought he was just away on a visit from mamma "but then on the other hand" couldn't be certain, whose part was taken by Henry Whitney was the comedy hit of the evening. His part was not all comedy however; some of it was quite heavy and was played with much skill. Virginia MacLean played the part of Annabelle West in her own sweet manner, and we consider that she had a very difficult role. The part was replete with tragic and hair-raising incidents, but, despite that fact, she proved that she was able to carry it through in fine style. Henry Habel took the role of Craven, the old doctor who attended Annabelle. He had a short part, but made it very effective, adding considerably to the number of thrills, perhaps we should say chills. The part of Hendricks, the keeper, was played by Bernard Cross. He didn't have a long part in the play, but showed plenty of energy while on the stage and kept the action moving in fine style.

Many have been asking the staff in charge of the play whether or not it will be presented during Commencement Week. We sincerely hope not, because we will not go to see *The Cat and the Canary* for many years yet, unless we wish to commit suicide by bringing on a heart attack. We were really terrified throughout the whole play, and we have decided that once in a long while is enough.

In closing, we should like to state that we feel that Don

Wetmore and his able staff are responsible in a large measure for giving the students and the rest of the audience the benefit of seeing a top-notch in the realm of Acadia's dramatic activities. The play, we feel should be chalked up at the top of the long list of Mr. Wetmore's successes.

#### FINE ARTS—APRIL 7

On April 7, Acadia again had the happy privilege of welcoming Mr. John Duxbury, reader. To say that Mr. Duxbury has thoroughly won the hearts of his Acadia audience is no more platitude. He is possessed of a personality that radiates friendliness and good-humor, and a part of the charm of his recitals lies in his evident delight in giving them. Many requests for repetition of former numbers given by Mr. Duxbury were passed in and graciously complied with. On Monday afternoon, Acadia and Wolfville people again had the pleasure of hearing the inimitable *Banquet of the Shades*, as well as the *Bells* and a newer selection from the work of C. C. Osborne. On the preceding Sunday, a selection from *Pilgrim's Progress* was given in the afternoon, and from the *King of King's* at night. On Monday morning at the chapel-hour Mr. Duxbury again presented *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* to a breathless audience. In our opinion, this is his most successful number. In the evening the final recital on *Les Misérables* was given. This ended a most successful series—one which has further established Mr. Duxbury's reputation at Acadia.

#### CLASSICAL SOCIETY MEETING—APRIL 11

Classical Society met at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Have-lock on Thursday evening, April 11. The paper for the evening was read by Lewis Morse and was on the subject of Catullus. Mr. Morse drew a vivid picture of Catullus' own life as it is given to us through history and through his own words



and went on to draw comparisons between his writings and the writings of Lucretius and of the English poets. A discussion on the paper followed. It was decided that the society should meet once more this year and that this should be its final meeting.

#### FINE ARTS—APRIL 12

Few items on the fine arts programme have proved more delightful than the programme given by a quartette of New York Artists on Friday night, April 12. Besides their voices of unusual beauty, the artists were possessed of charming stage personalities that completely captivated their audience. Miss Leslie and Mr. Jones were already well-known to a great part of the audience, through their singing-engagement here last year, and were enthusiastically welcomed back. The programme was well arranged. The operatic selections were sympathetically interpreted, and the lighter bits were spiritedly done. Each series of songs was encored, and the encore was generously responded to. The duet *Gia I Sacerdoti Adunansi*, from *Aida*, and the song cycle, *Alice in Wonderland* were especially appreciated. The latter selection was an arrangement of the songs taken from that old childhood favorite. Anyone who has ever laughed over, "You are old, Father William," "Soup of the Evening", "They told me you had been to her", and others, must indeed have enjoyed this novel item on the programme.

#### S. C. A.—APRIL 14

On Sunday evening, April 14, the S. C. A. presented a one-act play, *The Color-line*, in the reception-room of Whitman Hall. As its name signifies, the play was on the subject of color distinction. It was a decidedly interesting play, and one which contained much thought—material for the students whom this problem is perplexing. Under the direction of Mrs. MacLean,

who kindly consented to help, the actors carried out their parts very successfully. The cast was as follows:

Mr. Lawson—Arnold Westcott.

Miss King—Enid Johnson.

Chun—Henry Habel.

The Flapper—Beatrice Foote.

Barbara MacKean—Dorothy MacFadden.

Stanley Preston—Seymour Denton.

#### SENIOR GIRLS' TEA—APRIL 15

On Monday, April 15, the residence girls of the senior class entertained the ladies of the town at a delightful tea in the reception-room of Whitman Hall. The reception-room and adjoining room were beautifully decorated for the occasion. Miss Sharman poured, and Mrs. MacLean, Miss Mary Chase, and Miss Miriam Duffy, received the guests. Miss Margaret Shaffner opened the door. This tea was a tangible token of the appreciation felt by the senior girls of the many kindnesses shown them by the women of Wolfville during their stay here.

#### GRADUATE RECITAL—APRIL 16

On the evening of Tuesday, April the 16th, the School of Speech presented Miss Elizabeth Bond Corey in a graduate lecture recital. The recital was of unusual interest by reason of the novel and beautiful way in which it was carried out. Miss Corey chose as a basis for her programme the theme that we are all of us, grandsons and granddaughters of the great Gulliver, in that we possess that hidden urge that sometimes bids us fare forth in search of adventure. Throughout her recital, which she most fittingly entitled "Gulliver's Granddaughter", Miss Corey carried us with her over the sea, with here and there a stop at some spot of beauty or romance.

The first part of the programme was given on a stage made beautiful by great clusters of flowers. For the second part,



the setting was altered to give an impression of India, and the readings all centred around that country. The reader was at her best here, and she interpreted the selections with a sympathy and understanding that comes from a knowledge of the country itself. The varied lighting scheme helped to create the atmosphere, which, in *Taj Mahal* in particular, was very striking. The whole undertaking was an ambitious one but one that was more than justified by its success. Miss Corey is deserving of the heartiest congratulations.

#### FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS—APRIL 20

For the first time in its existence Delta Cast, Alpha Psi Omega Honorary Dramatic Fraternity staged a second production of the year, and later repeated its first piece, *The Cat and the Canary*, an account of which will be found elsewhere. The Fraternity has been considerably strengthened this year. Membership in the Fall constituted but three; while by the time the year was finished sixteen were enrolled. With the evening of four one-act plays presented on April 20th, the Fraternity called in the assistance of over twenty students. Twelve of these, by their work in the production, fulfilled their entrance requirements for the Dramatic Society. It is evident that the Fraternity has done much to help the cause of Dramatics at Acadia.

The program of the one-act plays opened with Edna St. Vincent Millay's famous little comedietta, *Aria da Capo*, under the direction of Don Wetmore. The odd black and white setting, the quaint lines and the dainty characterizations were both pleasing and novel. Emma Bradshaw pictured a charming Pierrette and delighted the audience with a saucy little song.

Percival Wilde's *The Finger of God*, a tense drama which has been popular for many years on the professional stage was directed most effectively by Glorana MacNeil. It afforded a splendid contrast with the preceding play, and in it the work of Bernie Cross as the absconding broker was outstanding.

The curtains closed before the eyes of an audience much impressed.

The imaginative poetry and the mystic atmosphere of W. B. Yeats' beloved *The Land of Heart's Desire* brought a beauty to the program of plays. This famous work was under the effective direction of Virginia MacLean. The performance of Margaret Fullerton as the fairy-child was charming.

The evening closed with John Kirkpatrick's rollicking farce, *The Wedding*, under the direction of Natalie Cox. It was deftly acted, and the exaggerated humor of the piece was admirably caught. Henry Whitney and Jack Buckley played in the true comedian style.

George Chambers proved, as always, an efficient stage director for the entire productions

### The Cast of the Plays

#### Aria da Capo

Pierrette.....	Emma Bradshaw
Pierrot.....	Don Wetmore
Cothurnus (Masque of Tragedy).....	Carrol Snell
Phoebe, the Shepherdess.....	Margaret Porter
Corydon, the Shepherd.....	Victor Cain

#### The Finger of God

Strickland.....	Bernard Cross
Benson.....	Howard Ryan
The Girl.....	Glorana MacNeil

#### The Land of Heart's Desire

Mary.....	Virginia MacLean
Bridget, her mother.....	Lucy Massey
Maurteen, her father.....	Carrol Cain
Shawn, her husband.....	Vincent White
Father Hart.....	Henry Habel
The child.....	Margaret Fullerton



**The Wedding**

The Groom.....	Henry Whitney
The Best Man.....	Jack Buckley
The Groomsman.....	Gordon Ross
The Bride.....	Natalie Cox
The Bride's Father.....	Stuart Laurie
The Bride's Aunt.....	Audrey Gregg
The Groom's Mother.....	Florence Archibald

**SENIOR GIRL'S PARTY—APRIL 22**

The girls of the senior class held a novel party on Monday evening, April 22, when they donned bathing-suits and repaired to the swimming pool. There the grave old seniors forgot their dignity and disported themselves in a fish-like manner. The game of "follow-your-leader", which included many new and unheard of dives, aroused much mirth. After their swim, the girls gathered in the reception-room of Whitman Hall, where they enjoyed cocoa and sandwiches, and sang songs until a very late hour.

**GRADUATING RECITAL—APRIL 23**

On Tuesday, April 23rd Miss Dorothy Wilson was heard in a pianoforte recital. Miss Wilson's work is worthy of much commendation, and one may venture to predict a successful career for her. The recital was broadcast. It is interesting to note that a few days afterwards a letter was received from a resident in California stating that he had listened with a good deal of pleasure to the recital. Miss Wilson was assisted by Miss Maxine Williams, soprano, and Miss Verna MacMackin, reader.

The programme was as follows:

1. Pianoforte—  
Sonata in B flat, op. 106—Beethoven.
2. Songs
 

(a) Down in the Forest	} Landon Ronald.
(b) The Winds are Calling	

## 3. Pianoforte—

(a) Etude, op. 25, No. 1.

(b) Berceuse, op. 57

(c) Polonaise in F Sharp minor, op. 44

} Chopin.

## 4. Reading—

A Sisterly Scheme—H. C. Bunner.

## 5. Pianoforte—

Concerto in B flat minor—Tschaikowski.

(First movement).

## GRADUATING RECITAL—APRIL 27

On Saturday evening, April 27, Miss Jean Brown, qualifying for the degree of Bachelor of Music of Acadia University, was heard in a pianoforte recital by a large audience. Miss Brown's work is characterized by perfection of technique, and her playing is a delight to listen to. It was evident that the programme from first to last was enjoyed by the audience. Those assisting were Miss Emma Bradshaw, Mezzo-soprano; Miss Virginia MacLean, reader; and Miss Marjorie Morse, accompanist.

In the last number, "Variations symphoniques" by Cesar Franck, Prof. E. A. Collins, head of the department of music, was at the second piano. The recital was broadcast from the Acadia University Station.

The programme follows:

## 1. Pianoforte—Sonata in G. Minor—Schumann.

(a) Presto.

(b) Andantino

(c) Scherzo.

(d) Rondo

## 2. Songs

(a) Eriskay Love-lilt

(b) Pulling the Sea Dulse

} Kennedy-Fraser

Emma Bradshaw

## 3. Pianoforte—



- (a) Island Spell  
 (b) The Holy Boy } John Ireland.  
 (c) Ragamuffin. }
4. The Barrel-Organ—Noyes.  
 Virginia MacLean.
5. Pianoforte—Variations Symphoniques—Cesar Franck  
 (second Pianoforte—Mr. E. A. Collins)

## JUNIOR—SENIOR BANQUET—MAY 1

On Wednesday May 1st, the members of graduating class and the deans of the faculty, with their wives, were guests at a banquet given in the dining-hall by the members of the junior class. The banquet was characterized by a feeling of good-fellowship and friendliness and everyone evidently enjoyed it to the full. The colors of both classes were represented in the decoration scheme, which was painstakingly carried out. The toast list was as follows:

Chairman—T. A. M. Kirk  
 King and Country

Chairman		God Save the King
	The University and Faculty	
H. J. Adams '30		Dr. F. W. Patterson
	Graduating Class	
Miss Florence Archibald '30		Don Wetmore '29
	Our Ladies	
S. B. Davis '30		Miss Mary Chase, '29

The banquet ended with the singing of *Acadia* after which the Graduating Class continued as the guests of the Juniors at *Abie's Irish Rose*.

## GRADUATING RECITAL—MAY 4

A violin recital was given on May 4, 1929 by Miss Kathleen Bancroft, qualifying for the degree of Bachelor of music.

Miss Bancroft has the distinction of being the only graduate in violin from Acadia in this or any preceding year. She has been heard with much pleasure on various occasions throughout her course, and her graduating recital, coming as a final triumph was greatly enjoyed by the audience. Miss Bancroft's work is indeed of a superior quality. She was assisted in her recital by Mr. Clayton Tedford, baritone.

The programme was as follows:

1. String quartette in G major op 64 no. 4.  
     Minuetto and trio Hayden.  
     Kathleen Bancroft—Hilda Peck.  
     Frances Patterson, Miss Enid Watkins.
2. Violin—Sonatino in G, op. 100—Dvorak.  
     Allegro risoluto.  
     Larghetto.  
     Scherzo.
3. Song—Now sleeps the crimson petal—Quilter.
4. Violin—(a) Le cygne—Saint Saens.  
     (b) Waltz in A Major—Brahms.  
     (c) Anitra's dance—Grieg.
5. Song—Tomorrow—Keel.
6. Violin—Concerto in E Minor—Mendelssohn.  
     Allegro molto appassionato.  
     Andante.  
     Allegro molto vivace.

#### DRAMATIC FRATERNITY BANQUET—MAY 7

In honor of the Dramatic Society of Acadia University of which it is an outgrowth, Delta Cast, Alpha Psi Omega Honorary Dramatic Fraternity held a delightful banquet at Evangeline Inn, on May 7. The chaperons were Mrs. MacLean, Miss McLaurin, Dr. Rhodenizer and Prof. Cross. At the conclusion of the dinner, Don Wetmore, who is president of both societies, spoke on the aim of the Fraternity, which is to develop dramatic talent and the art of acting, to cultivate



a taste for the best in drama and to foster the cultural values which dramatics develop. He stated that the object of this banquet was to bind the two societies closer with the bonds of broader understanding, mutual interests, and the one ultimate goal—the success of dramatics at Acadia. He stressed the idea that the two societies should work together always, and with mutual benefits. Henry Whitney, business manager of the Fraternity, then spoke in appreciation of Mr. Wetmore's keen interest in this work and his efforts to raise the standard of dramatics at Acadia, and in behalf of the Dramatic Society presented Mr. Wetmore with a Director's gold "A".

## STUDENTS' RECITAL, MAY 24

On Friday, May 24th, the students of the University gave one of their splendid recitals. The students have the advantage of a superior staff of instructors and their recitals are always worth while. Many of those participating in the recital were this year's graduates in music.

The programme was as follows:

1. Song: Credo (Othello) .....Verdi  
Prof. F. J. Newnham.
2. Concerto in C for two pianos.....Bach  
Beatrice Roy and Margaret Barnaby.
3. Song: Love, I have won you.....Ronald  
Emma Bradshaw.
4. Violin Solo: (a) Le Cygne.....S. Saens.  
(b) Waltz in A.....Brahms  
Kathleen Bancroft.
5. Piano Soli: (a) Etude in A flat, op. 25 }  
(b) Berceuse.....Chopin  
Dorothy Wilson
6. Songs (a) Sapphic Ode .....Brahms  
(b) Melisande.....Goetz
7. Piano Soli: (a) The Island Spell. } Ireland  
(b) Ragamuffin }  
Jean Brown.

8. Violin Solo: Finale. Concerto in E Minor Mendelssohn  
Kathleen Bancroft.
9. Two Freebooter's Songs  
 (a) Cradle Song } . . . . . Wallace  
 (b) The Rebel }  
 Prof. F. L. Newnham.  
 Accompanists: Misses M. Bancroft, J. Brown, M. Morse.

## REPEAT PERFORMANCE—May 25

On Saturday evening, May 25, under the auspices of the Associated Alumni of Acadia University, *The Cat and the Canary* was repeated by the members of Delta Cast, Alpha Psi Omega Honorary Dramatic Fraternity. The auditorium was completely filled, and the performance went as before, smoothly and with finish. A detailed review of the first performance will be found elsewhere. In the second presentation, Stuart Laurie filled the part of Hendricks admirably and proved that he is a coming Acadia thespian. Between acts, the Acadia orchestra, under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley, provided their customary splendid music, while Harry Mollins led all the Alumni members in spirited renditions of college songs. At the conclusion of this much admired play, large bouquets were presented to the ladies of the cast by the Alumni Society.

## SENIOR BREAKFAST—MAY 26

At five a. m., senior alarm-clocks clanged harshly and startled the future B. A's so that they made a leap for their clothes and the roof of the Administration Building in less than one minute and not more than three steps. Just as the sun burst forth from a barricade of clouds, the Union Jack and the Class Banner were hoisted to the sky, where they waved joyously all day. After singing college songs as well as early rising permits already hoarse voices to function harmoniously, the



class meandered to the Ridge, where they claimed that the burnt bacon and the coffee without sugar was the best they ever tasted. The Senior Breakfast is an old, old custom, and annually there is talk of sending it into oblivion. This always takes place the night before; but, oddly enough, the next day there is much pride in the accomplishment of meeting the sun and lots of "Hey, *Heys*" when it is suggested that the Senior's best party is his early breakfast on the bridge. May the custom always prevail. It's fun to talk about after.

#### BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY—MAY 26

Baccalaureate Sunday instituted for the seniors the first of their closing exercises. The Auditorium was crowded almost beyond capacity, and as always, there were many who were willing to stand, or sit on chairs in the aisle in order to have the opportunity of attending the service.

At eleven o'clock the seniors entered the hall to the *War-march of the Priests*, rendered by Miss Eva Robinson and Miss Irene Howlett at the Piano, and Mr. Ian Dron at the organ. When the seniors had taken their places, the service was opened by the singing of the Doxology. This was followed by the invocation by Dr. Patterson and by the hymn, "Come Thou Almighty King". Two distinguished visitors, Mr. F. W. Pattison, and Dr. Baker of New York assisted in the service, Mr. Pattison leading the responsive reading, and Dr. Baker reading the scripture lesson. Dr. A. N. Marshall of Wolfville offered prayer. After the offering and announcements, Miss Ruth Blaisdell MacDonald rendered *Arise, shine, for thy Light is come*.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Henry Porter, D. D., LL. D. of Charlottesville, Virginia. Dr. Porter brought to the students a message which pertained very closely to the new lines upon which they are about to enter. His address was on the subject of, as he put it, "the ninth letter of the alphabet—I". In vivid language, he issued a challenge to those present to realize the importance of the ego.

There was something of the Greek ideal of the well-rounded life—the same conception of the importance of the individual—in the picture that Dr. Porter drew. But he stressed the fact that where the pagan followed out his ideal simply by reliance on self, we look for help to Jesus Christ. Only by making his teaching a part of our lives can we be sure that we are fulfilling our highest function, and only then can we rely on ourselves.

It was a sermon that was preeminently suitable for those who are for the first time going out, not into the world, but into a less sheltered part of the world. His message bade them go forth with no uncertain steps, but with the consciousness that they have their own destiny to fulfill, and the resolve that they will fulfil it. Following the sermon Mr. F. L. Newnham rendered *Is not his word like Fire*, from *Elijah*, after which the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Porter.

In the afternoon, the Acadia Choral Society, assisted by contingents from Kentville and Windsor, presented a part of Handel's oratorio *Judas Maccabaeus* before an equally large audience. The chorus consisted of over one hundred voices. The solo parts were taken by Miss MacDonald and Mr. Newnham.

#### CLASS DAY EXERCISES—MAY 28

The Graduating Class Day Exercises commenced at ten o'clock, Tuesday morning, May 28, with the president of the class, Don Wetmore, in the chair. The entire class was assembled on the stage of the Auditorium. Above them hung the large class banner. They formed an impressive company. After a short address of welcome by the chairman, Miriam Duffy read the roll. During the business session that followed, a gift of \$500 was voted to the University to be used for gates when the grounds have been definitely laid out. The present officers of the class were elected for life. Virginia MacLean then read the class History. Her work was charming, and her literary style and well-known delivery combined to form a unique and entertaining *resume*. Gordon Ross' Prophecy



was characterized by his good humor and inimitable wit. His insight was truly remarkable. The Valedictory was given by Tom MacDormand, and every Senior felt grateful to him for his wonderful expression of their inner thoughts. His farewell was marked by both beauty and simplicity; and, because of this, it deeply touches the heart of every listener.

#### ANNUAL BANQUET OF ACADIA ALUMNI-MAY 28

The Associated Alumni of Acadia University held their annual banquet in the University Dining Hall on Tuesday, May 28. There were over two hundred guests. The chairman was Rev. S. S. Poole, president of the association. At the conclusion of the dinner, which was enlivened by the singing of Acadia songs led by Harry Mollins, nominations for the officers of next year were read. Dr. C. W. Rose, of Kentville, was appointed president.

The toast list was as follows:—

##### “The Storied Past”

Rev. Gordon Baker '04

John Edgar Eaton '90

##### “The Living Present”

Prof. Laura R. Logan '01

Don Wetmore '29

##### “The Radiant Future”

Dr. C. H. Todd '97

President Patterson

#### PYGMALION AND GALATEA—MAY 28

On Tuesday evening, following the Alumni Banquet, the Dramatic Society of Acadia University presented W. S. Gilbert's well known comedy *Pygmalion and Galatea* before a crowded auditorium. The play was under the skillful direction of Prof. W. W. Harriman, Head of the Department of Speech. It was characterized by beautiful costumes, splendid stage pictures and charming humor. The leading roles of the sculptor and his statue were taken by Howard Hartlin and Elizabeth Corey. Mr. Hartlin gave a well-remembered characterization

and was particularly effective in the third act when, blinded by the fulfilment of the dreadful prophecy, he seeks to regain the love of his wife. Miss Corey was charming as the beautiful statue which comes to life. Her portrayal was sympathetic and intellectual, and the pathos of her scene when she feels she must return to the cold marble was a tribute to her clever interpretation. Verna McMackin as the sculptor's wife proved that she could efficiently handle an unsympathetic role and yet charm her audience. Florence Archibald and Gordon Hatfield provided rollicking humor to the production. Their work was most noteworthy. Hinson Jones and Helen Chambers added charm to the romantic Greek picture and played in a vivacious and commendable manner. Bryce Hatfield and Henry Adams gave skilled characterizations in minor parts. The executive staff proved most efficient and succeeded in creating a splendid pageant before the eyes of the audience. The musical program was rendered by the Acadia Orchestra, under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley, and was both suitable and delightful. The Dramatic society and Prof. Harri-man are to be congratulated for this splendid evening of entertainment.

#### NINETY-FIRST CONVOCATION —MAY 29

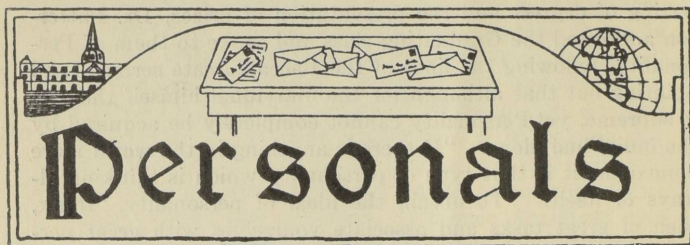
Ninety degrees, the largest number in the history of Acadia, were conferred at the 1929 Graduation on May 29. They included 51 Bachelor of Arts, 14 Bachelor of Science, 9 Bachelor of Science in Household Economics, 5 Bachelor of Arts in Theology, 2 Bachelor of Theology, 3 Bachelor of Music, 4 Master of Arts and 2 Bachelor of Divinity. The occasion was marked by the presence of many distinguished guests on the platform and by the announcement by Dr. Patterson of a gift of \$250,000 to the University from a gentleman in Cleveland. This gift will be placed as the first deposit in the second campaign for \$1,500,000 which is about to be launched. The announcement was also made that the first campaign for a similar amount had been virtually completed. After the con-



ferring of degrees and the presentation of prizes, Dr. Patterson addressed the Graduating class and spoke to them of Personality, following the lines of the Baccalaureate sermon, and pointing out that although for the individual himself the ego is supreme, yet Personality cannot completely be acquired by the individual alone. "If there is anything in the world more obnoxious, it is that type of personality which is thinking always of itself." To obtain the ideal of personality, "think, then of great tasks and associate yourselves with great personalities." Again, personality goes hand in hand with ambition and a goal. "An individual who has nothing in life for which he is prepared to die has nothing in life worth living for." "Another thing, necessary, too, is that you have great thoughts.....No life can rise in strength and grandeur beyond the thinking of that life itself."

Summing up, then, "you must not only undertake great tasks and be lost in them, and think great thoughts and make them your own, but you must *live* for a great personality."

It was an impressive address and every graduate felt grateful to their president for the thought which he had imbedded in them.



Dr. J. H. McDonald was the chief speaker at a meeting of the Mount Allison Theological Society, Sackville.

Professor Havelock was favored by a visit from his father.

'78—Rev. E. Pryor Coldwell died at Bridgewater, N. S., on March 26th.

'95—Mrs. Faye Stuart left on an extended trip to St. Louis, Washington and other noted cities of U. S. A.

'98—Rev. S. B. Freeman and family who have been in India returned to Canada on furlong in May.

'04—Joseph Howe is teaching history in the University of Manitoba.

'05—Rosamond Archibald has completed and published a book entitled, *Better English Games*.

'06—Rev. J. D. MacPherson is pastor of the Marysville Baptist Church, N. B.

'08—Dr. M. R. Elliott read a paper at the meeting of the Nova Scotia Medical Association in Halifax.



'15—Rev. R. Eaton has resigned his position as pastor of the Baptist Church in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

'15—Rev. Walter Ryder is teaching in McAllister College, St. Paul, Minn.

A. L. S. '23—Hazel Cox is continuing her studies in Guelph, Ont.

'23—Emmerson Warren is teaching biology in Milton Academy, Mass.

Ex. '23—Walter Chestnut is practising medicine in Hartland, N. B.

'24—H. H. Wetmore has been appointed principal of the King's County Academy, and supervisor of the Kentville Schools.

'25—Tom Cook received his Ph. D. degree from Yale University in May.

'25—Moore Perry is at his home in Petitodiac, N. B.

'25—Ren Thorne is teaching French and English in Blunket School, Georgia.

A. L. S. '25—Eileen Shankel is assistant dietitian in Providence City Hospital, Rhode Island.

'26—Gwen Patterson of Norwich, Conn., spent the Easter vacation with her parents Dr. and Mrs. Patterson.

'26—Arnold Noble is congratulated on being elected captain of the Edinburg Rugby Team. He is the first Canadian to have this distinctive honor.

Ex. '26—Ralph Conrad is in business in Hamilton, Ont.

'27—Marion Smith has been reappointed on the staff of the Kentville Schools.

'27—Rev. Harry Mollins of Conrad has accepted a call to the Windsor Baptist Church.

'27—"Bud" Johnson has been reappointed as vice-principal of the Wolfville High School.

'27—Graham Patriquin has been appointed assistant head-master of history in Bishop's College School, Lennoxville.

'27—Wallace Barteaux has been reappointed on the staff of the Kentville Schools.

'27—Rev. Watson Close is pastor of the Baptist Church at Birch Head, N. B.

'28—Annie MacLachlan has been reappointed on the staff of the Kentville Schools.

'28—Margaret Gallagher has been reappointed on the staff of the Kentville Schools.

'28—Blair Fraser spent the Easter vacation at Acadia.

'28—Hoyt Fenwick is teaching at Grande Ligne, Que.

A. H. A. '28—Mildred Dunham is doing office work in Moncton.

A. H. A. Ex '28—Mildred Parks is training for a nurse at Brooklyn Hospital, New York.

Ex '29—Beryl Freeman is doing office work in New York.

Ex '29—Hilda Keillor is teaching at Amherst Point, N. S.

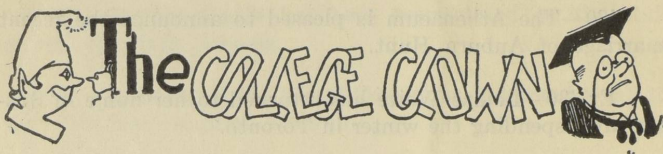


'30—The Athenaeum is pleased to announce the recent marriage of Auburn Hunt.

Ex '30—Louise White has returned to her home in Sussex after spending the winter in Toronto.

Ex. '31—Carl Atwood debated against Acadia on the Truro Agricultural Team.





A pessimist is a man who sees a cloud on every silver lining.

Harper '31: Do you know what she said to me last night?

Arthurs '29: No.

Harper: How did you guess?

Snell '29 (entering room dog-tired): Do you know, Guy, that I walked 20 miles today?

Guy '29: Push on and make it a record.

Leading Lady: I could hardly get my slippers on this morning.

Chorus Girl: What? Swelled feet, too?

Rozy, Eng. '29: What are you going to do, survey?

Starr, Eng '29: No, I'm going to measure the town for a coffin.—It's dead.

Woof, Eng. '29: I want to get a pair of squeaky slippers.

Gus, Eng. '29: What for?

Woof: To present to my father-in-law.

Rupert '29: I want to do something big and clean before I die.

Jones '29: Go wash an elephant

Frizzle (over the phone): Guess who it is?

Co-ed: Make a noise like a kiss.

### NOTICE

Students spending a while each afternoon at the Ridge will be allowed their Lab. work in Osteology off.

Farmer (to Harlow while out West): Come on now, get up. It is time to cut the oats.

Harlow '30 (Sleepily): Are they wild oats?

Farmer: No.

Harlow: Then why the dickens do I have to sneak up on them in the dark?

The Spinster's Motto: Look before you sleep.

Kind Old Lady: I'd like to get some information about a sea-berth.

Goudey '30: You'll have to see the ship's surgeon, second door to your left.

She was only a miner's daughter, but, oh, what natural resources!

Henry, En. '29: I guess they have company across the hall.

Joe '30: Yeah?

Henry: I hear Andy laughing at one of Archie's jokes.

Hughson, Eng. '29: I'd like to give my girl a surprise. What would you suggest?

Lewis '31: Tell her your age.

The Seven Ages of Woman

The Infant

The little girl

The Miss

The Young Woman

The Young Woman

The Young Woman

The Young Woman

Brown '30: I doctor myself by the aid of medical books.

Longley '29: Yes, and someday you'll die of a misprint.



Doug, Eng. '30 (Playing golf): I believe the trouble is that I stand too close to the ball when I drive.

Toddy, Eng. '31: Oh no. Your trouble is that you stand too close to it after you drive.

Banny '30: Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Bill '30: Yes, far too many.

John '29 (Watching football game) That fellow running there will be our best man before the season is over.

Margaret '31: Oh, John this is so sudden!

Mac, Eng. '29: I hear you have given up Mabel.

Bill Eng. '29: Yes, I thought she was perfect, but last night I found something about her I didn't like.

Mac: What was that?

Bill: Frank's arm.

Gint '31: There's a delicious sense of luxury when one is lying on one's bed and ringing one's bell for one's valet.

Vic '30: Have you a valet?

Gint: No, but I have a bell.

Andy '30: Do you know why Anne Boleyn was called 'the Flat Iron'?

Archie Eng '30: No.

Andy: Because it is said that Henry VIII pressed his suit with her.

Prof. Evans: When two bodies come together is heat generated?

Scotty '30: No—I hit a guy yesteray and he knocked me cold.

Hennigar '30: Don't you admire the "sang-froid" with which Miller eats his salad?

Cox '30: Oh, I don't know. I prefer mayonnaise myself.

Jim '30: Would she let you kiss her?

Bert '29: Lord no,—she isn't that kind.

Jim: She was to me.

"Hurrah," yelled the mosquito as he bit the Prince of Wales, "at last I have royal blood in my veins."

Dr. Hancock (in psychology class): Mr. Longley will know what we are talking about. He's in the Abnormal Class.

Do you know that 50 percent of all the people who get married in Canada are women?

Prof. Hamer (explaining Math problem) Now just watch the board and I'll run through it.

Risley Eng. '30: What are you going to do during the Easter holidays?

Hatfield Eng. '29: Oh I'm going to wake the country up a bit.

Risley (after holidays) Well, room-mate, how did you make out?

Hatfield: Pretty good; I sold thirty alarm clocks to the sleepy suburbanites the day after I arrived.

Dr. MacLaurin: What do you know about *Hamlet*?

Brownie '31: He was better than anyone else at shooting birds.

Dr. MacLaurin: Indeed; What makes you think that?

Brownie: I read in a book that he did murder most foul.

Howie '31: Between you and me—what do you think of Andy's girl?

Hubley '30: Between you and me,—not much; but alone,—oh boy!

Payzant '29: I think MacLean is one of the smartest boys in the Senior class.

Johnson '29: Go on—how's that?

Payzant: Well, when we were at camp last year he made two chairs all out of his own head and had enough wood left for an arm-chair.

Dr. Marshall: I wish to announce that on Wednesday evening the Ladies Aid will have a rummage sale. This is a chance for all the ladies of the congregation to get rid of anything that is not worth keeping but is too good to be thrown away. Don't forget to bring your husbands.

Bill '30: Everything is fair in love and war.

Banny '30: How about the brunettes?

Hazel '31: Eleanor, can you help me with this problem?

Eleanor: I could, but do you think it would be right?

Hazel: I don't suppose so, but you might try it.

Dr. MacLaurin: What was the Ordeal of Richard Feverel?

Bulldog '31: Reading the book.

Dr. Hamer: Why don't you answer me.

MacDonald '31: I did, sir, I shook my head.

Dr. Hamer: But you don't expect me to hear it rattle up here, do you?

Jimmy '29: How old are you, Nat?

Nat '30: Why, I'm eighteen, Jimmy.

Jimmy: You told me that three years ago.

Nat: Well, I'm not one of those people who say one thing one day and another the next.

Neighbor: Is that some new-fangled scare-crow that you have in the field, Mr. Coy?

Mr. Coy: No, that's my son Charlie. He is just home



from college and insists on wearing his cap and gown while hoeing potatoes.

FOUND: Between Tully and the Ridge, "The Land of Heart's Desire."

1st Co-ed: That fellow thinks he can sing like Caruso.

2nd Co-ed: They say that Caruso had a beautiful voice, but how could they know when nobody but Friday was on the island to hear him?

Edna '30: Do they have reindeer in Canada.

Don '31: Lots, darling—and snow too.

Etiquette Tips:

1. Always sharpen a match before using it as a toothpick, and don't use it more than 5 or 6 times without sterilizing.
2. Never loan your fork to your neighbor if he wishes to stir his tea with it.
3. It is considered bad form to pick up more than four peas on your knife at once.
4. Don't tuck your napkin in your collar,—stick it in your vest.
5. Never park your chewing gum on your plate; stick it behind your ear.
6. Don't stir your coffee with your right hand; use a spoon.
7. Walnuts and Hazelnuts should be cracked with the teeth.
8. If your neighbor spills his soup on your trousers, report it to the Head-Waiter.
9. Always leave Tully before "lights out" and give the girls a chance to go to bed.
10. Don't leave your razor-strap in the bath-room.

"Whey," screamed the farmer boy, drinking a Holstein of beer, "I dairy to curdle up close to me."

"I cud," said the milkmaid, "but I'm not that kine of a girl."

Goudge '30: I gotta quit using oil on my hair.

Scotch: Why?

Goudge: So many things keep slipping my mind.

The flapper's latest diversion: Telling time by the length of her boy-friend's whiskers.

Ginny '29: Oh Jim, your hair is so pretty you should have been a dog.

Mr. DeWitt: You say that 50 is the most you ever weighed. What was the least?

Hubley '30: 6 1-2 pounds.

Dot '32: What shall I do for water on the knee, doctor?

Dr. DeWitt: Wear pumps.

Clyke '31: Your head resembles a dollar-bill.

Ralph '31: Howzat?

Bus: One bone.

Hantsford: Did I ever shave you before?

Brown '30: Yes, once.

Hantsford: I don't remember your face.

Brown: No, I suppose not. It's all healed up now.

Hymie '31: You should worry about the price of gas! You haven't a car.

Robbins '31: No, but I have a cigarette lighter.

Ruby '31: What's usually done with doughnut holes?

Jean '32: They're used to stuff macaroni with.

Marian '29: Which leather makes the best shoes?

Nat '29: I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers.

Walker '32: What will stop falling hair?

Lewis Eng '31: The floor.

Jean '29: Why are a man's eyes like two sparrows?

Longley '31: I pass.

Jean: Because they flit from limb to limb.

Barnes '31: When I was home at Christmas I cured a bad cold by eating lots of sugar.

Risley Eng '30: Oh, I see. Another sugar-cured ham.

Freshette: They say that every time we kiss, a china-man dies.

Senior: Come on, let's exterminate the whole race.

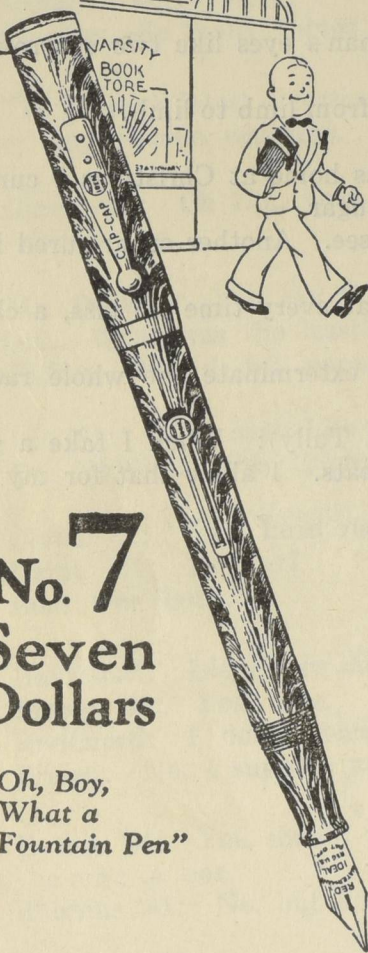
Dr. DeWitt (to nurse at Tully): When I take a girl's pulse I always deduct ten beats. I allow that for my personality.



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