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**THE PRINCESS LAUGHS**

In all her life the Princess Zena had never laughed. The gaiety and frivolity of the court, the nonsense of the court fools and the wit of the courtiers made no impression on her. Of course, now and then some little humorous incident would bring a wistful smile to the corners of her deep red mouth, but never in her life had she been known to laugh out loud.

The King, her father, was much concerned over this unpleasant characteristic of his daughter. A jovial, bluff old man, he enjoyed a hearty laugh, and when in the midst of a quaint rendering of the latest scandal by his favorite fool he would start to nudge the head chamberlain in the ribs, and then if he should perceive the sad unsmiling face of his only daughter, it would quickly dampen his exuberance.

The result was that whenever possible the Princess was politely excluded from the court. She had never complained of neglect, nor had she ever protested against undue mirth, but so depressing was her very presence upon the natural gaiety of the court that the courtiers called her the "Sad Angel."

There was a court tradition that the Princess had been a merry child, but that during one of occasional visits to an aunt in the country she had become enamoured of a poor peasant lad, and the knowledge that because of her royal birth, her love could never be gratified had made her sad. The Royal Chamberlain had called this tradition "romantic and absurd," and as the Royal Chamberlain professed to be profoundly versed in femininity he was generally believed.

The King was among those who attributed the Princess' disposition to sheer ennui, and he tried every means in his power to make her laugh, but without success. At last, fearful that he might never be rid of this depressing influence upon his pleasure, in desperation he caused it to be known through out his kingdom that he who could make his daughter laugh should have her in wedlock as a prize.

Many were the suitors, for great was the fame of the Princess Zena's beauty.

Day after day, short men, tall men, fat men, and thin men used everything in their power to coax a laugh. Ever means known to be conducive to laughter was employed without avail. All the courtiers and the gallery frequently roared, and the King was forced to stay away from the contest for three days because of sore sides. But no, the Princess would not laugh.

Much was the despair of the court, because as the Chief Lackey wisely remarked to the Royal Chauffeur, "He who makes her laugh can make her love."

The contest wore on, and the Princess' tired eyes, that at first seemed to be filled with a slight gleam of hope, grew even more tired each day.

And then one day, when the despair of ever breaking her Sphinx-like silence was at its height, there walked into the court a poorly dressed peasant lad. Handsome he was in spite of his rough apparel, and, as the Princess' lady-in-waiting remarked to the Lord High Chancellor, he had "such an air about him, quite captivating indeed."

The stranger politely requested the King to be allowed to enter the contest, and being informed that anybody and everybody was eligible he had said that he had another request to make; namely, that he be allowed to whisper his story into the Princess' ear.

"Anything—do anything," said the King, "that will make her laugh, and she is yours. I have sworn that she shall laugh, and laugh she will if my power avail for aught."

The stranger bowed, and as an intense and expectant silence fell upon the Assembly he approached the Princess and whispered a few words in her ear. And, wonderful to relate, scarcely had he finished when the Princess burst into a silvery peal of laughter that echoed and re-echoed thru the silent halls like the noise of a cannon in paradise.

The whole court was amazed and delighted, and heartily joined in with the Princess' loud laughter.

At the end of a week of feasting the Princess and he-who-had-made-her-laugh were married in the little white Chapel.

And after the ceremony the way the Princess gazed at her husband with contented rapture in her eyes was the cause of



the Chief Lackey slapping the Royal Chauffeur on the back and saying, "I told you so!" But with all due respect to the Chief Lackey he erred chronologically. The Princess had not loved because she had laughed, but had laughed because she had loved.

L. H. J. '28

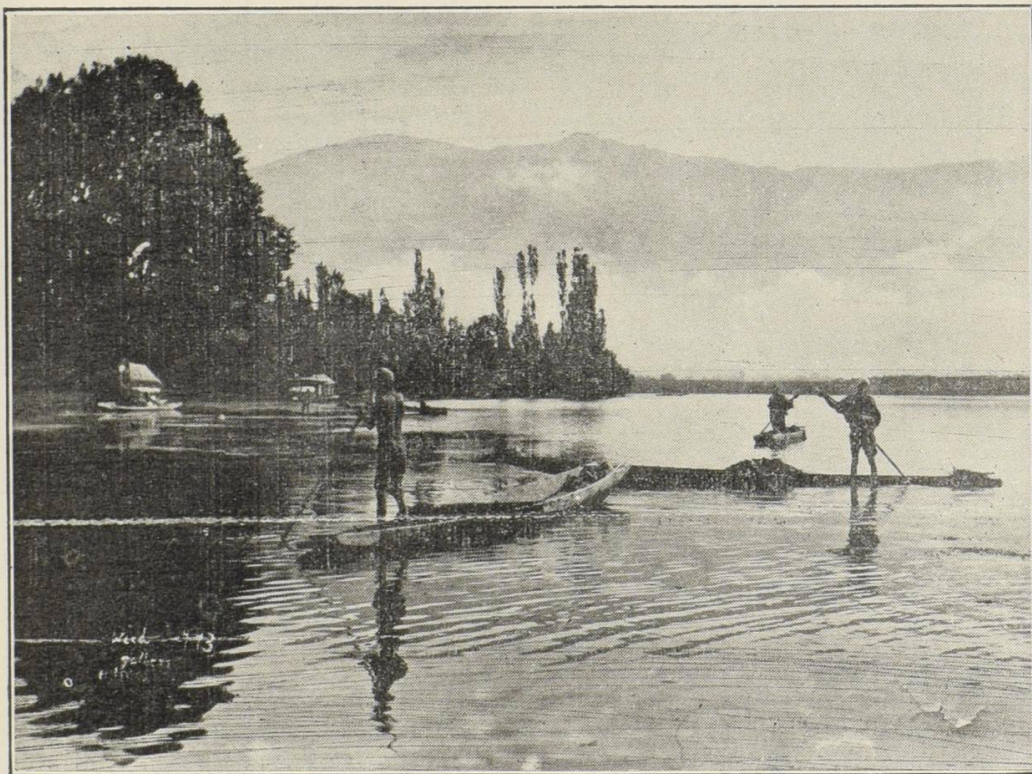
### SEEING KASHMIR IN A HOUSE BOAT

If an archaeologist goes to Kashmir he is rewarded by finding coins with the Greek coiffure dating from Alexander's occupation as well as coins with the head of Buddha and by seeing old temples, one dating back to 2041 B. C. An anthropologist will find interest in studying the different types of Kashmiri, Alghans, Tibetans and peoples from North India. The naturalist is allured to Kashmir because of the infinite variety and profusion of flowers and animals. Many artists and writers drawn to Kashmir by its natural beauties find abundant material in the mountains, the waters and the people. Though hunters, and mountaineers come they have not yet scaled the four icy peaks of Nanga Parbat, which rises 27,000 feet being the eighth highest mountain in the world. Tourists, few in number, apparently come merely to buy rugs, shawls, papier mache articles, carved wood furniture, lapis lazuli and jade. The reason they are few in number is because most tourists come to India during the cool season in December and the road into Kashmir is blocked with snow and landslides until the last of March. In fact the first impression one gets of Kashmir is the long distance one has to travel to get there. Whether or not the first impression is a good one depends on how one takes railway travel in India—as a medicine to be quickly finished or with a sense of humour that will not be shattered by heat or head lice.

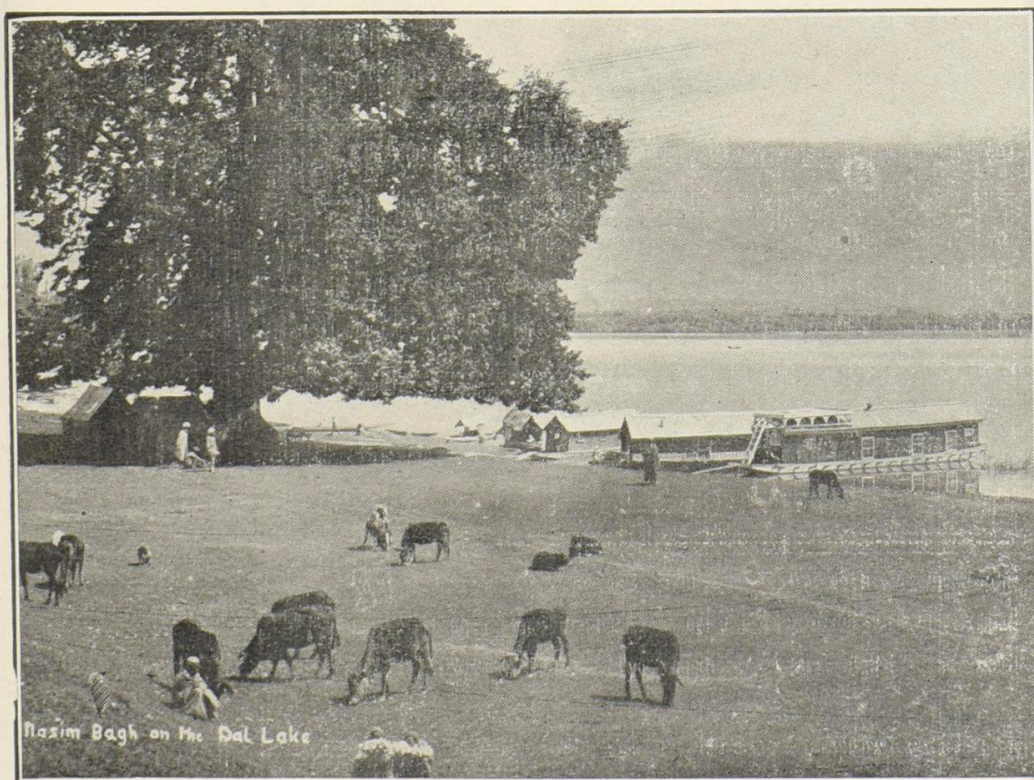
We went to Kashmir just for a vacation and for us the trip up from South India was about 2,600 miles, with our first break at Calcutta. The whole journey took two weeks but we stopped at many places between Calcutta and Rawal Pindi, including Benares, Delhi and of course Agra to see the Taj.

Part of the time our course lay across a desert and the trains had dark glass windows to keep out the glare. If possible we travelled at night but when we had to go by day we wound wet bath towels around our heads to keep them from





Weed Gatherers on the Dal Lake



Nasim Bagh on the Dal Lake opposite Shalamar Gardens



getting dizzy. They dried in about fifteen minutes and at every station the *panee wallah* came around with cold water for our supply soon got warm. At four o'clock we got out to read the thermometer at Cawnpore and we were surprised to find that it registered only 117 degrees. The last day that we were on the train we could see a snowy range of the Himalayas rising majestically before us. We began to feel the thrill of seeing "the roof of the world."

The last lap of the journey was about 212 miles of travel in an automobile through a narrow valley made by the torrential Jhelum River. On account of the spurs of the mountains our road now and then crossed the river or ducked into a tunnel. At first we had to rise 2000 feet; then we dropped, none too slowly, 1,000 feet. The driver was careful. We talked but little. It was a time to think.

That night we stopped at a *dak* bungalow. In the morning we saw the sunrise, and I shall not soon forget how it glistened on those long white ranges. The valley was broader, the river more placid and wider with green rice fields or fields yellow with mustard on either side. Poplars lined the road for the last thirty miles but their foliage did not cut off the sight of the mountains, which were higher here and therefore had more snow on them. Sometimes the billowy softness of a distant range could hardly be distinguished from the clouds. Baltimore orioles and warblers reminded us of home.

We reached Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, about noon, glad that we had made all arrangements for a houseboat and servants beforehand. The boatman, who was also our butler, picked us out of the crowd and soon had our luggage and us in a long slender boat called a *shikara*. The two other men in the boat were the water man and the sweeper, for no one would expect a cook or a butler to do such low caste work as go for wood and water or do the work of a sweeper.

A few swift strokes and we are out of the canal and into Dal Lake, than which there is no more beautiful sheet of water. It is clear and only about six to ten feet deep in most places so that we can see green things growing on the bottom and little fish darting about. There are small yellow lilies and here and

there an early lotus resting its rose colored petals on the surface. After passing a few houseboats we come to one that is empty and from the whoops of the boys we know that we have arrived.

The cook appears in immaculate white Muhammadan breeches which have four yards of fullness gathered about the waist, and a generous turban as white as the mountains but, unlike the mountains, it never appeared that way again. He has a contagious smile and understands not a word of English, but we soon learn that his greatest asset is his cooking.

Our boat contains three small rooms, but best of all is the flat roof with a railing and an awning which we call our upper deck. It is good for diving and sometimes we have our dinner up there and afterwards watch the sun change the snowy peaks to gold, and later to crimson and violet. As the stars come out and are reflected in the lake we can hear the distant voices of children singing across the water. They must be happy for they sing every night. At the stern of our boat is another in which live two of our boys with their families; from here the cook produced delicious and homelike food.

The women and children living on this boat are pretty in spite of the fact that they do not regularly use any of their abundant water supply Saturday nights. The little girls wear their hair in a dozen pigtails made twice the usual size by some thing that looks like black rope. The front edge of their tight-fitting red caps is decorated with jewels terminating in large ornaments of gold or silver and stones which give the effect of ear rings hanging nearly to the shoulders.

Before we have our first meal we hear, "Good morning, madame. My name is Moses and I have some fine embroideries to show you." We see a well-equipped *shikara* with four men to paddle it, and sitting in front, under an awning is a well-dressed Mohammedan who is beginning to untie his precious bundles. He is sitting with his legs crossed on a priceless Persian rug and he has two or three others spread about. His hookah which he has just been smoking, is at a convenient distance and we watch to see that no sparks fall on his rugs.



He is not very pleased when we tell him that we are hungry and are not buying anything today. Our going inside does not rid us of the gentleman and we finally have to get the servants to drive him off. About ten other hawkers came that afternoon but we suppressed our curiosity and did not look at an article. Later the butler paddled us down to the "best shops" and "helped" us bargain, but when we watched as we came out we saw the shop keeper give him his "legitimate" commission. If we had inquired, the answer would have been, "It is our custom, madame," which is sufficient reason for almost any crime in Kashmir or India.

Perhaps it will be easier to get a picture of Srinagar (city of the sun) if we view it from above. There is a convenient hill called the Takt-i-Suleiman (throne of Solomon) which rises 1,000 feet from Dal Lake, only about a mile from the city. At the very top is an ancient Hindu temple with an old priest who does not let us enter until we remove our shoes. At night the light from this temple can be seen from three sides of the hill for miles. At our left the winding Jhelum catches and forces the eye to follow its many curves.

Directly in front of us as we look down we see the city, which reminds us of an extensive garden divided off into plots by canals. In the foreground is the predominating color but some fields are red with poppies, the yellow mustard is abundant and down nearer the lake there are great clumps of pale blue irises that grow twice as large as in our gardens at home. It is on our way down that we are able to distinguish these colors and that we notice that the roofs of the houses are just as brilliant. They are made of beams with a layer of birch bark kept in place by mud. The roof becomes a garden of poppies, tulips or irises and that without any work on the part of the owner. Facing the city, Dal Lake is on the right and because it has some islands, floating gardens and willows growing in the shallow parts, it does not look five miles long. There is a road around it bordered by poplars that were set out by Shah Jahan's Queen, Mahal. She also laid out many gardens including Shalimar and Nishat Bagh. It was she, I think, who called this lake surrounded by peaks of snow "an emerald set in



pearls." It is quite fitting that she who so admired the beautiful, should be buried in that gem of a tomb, the Taj Mahal.

While we look something uncanny happens. Two of the islands are slowly moving. We stare to see what is happening. Finally we see a speck in front of each island and discover that two men are simply towing their gardens down nearer the bazaar for they are nearly ready to sell their tomatoes. They make these gardens by winding grass and weeds like a basket and putting in some earth so that each tomato plant has what looks like a large bird's nest to itself. These are attached and anchored by putting a pole thru them and down into the bottom.

One day when we were down on the river we saw the maharajah of Kashmir make his formal entrance into his capital. He came in the state barge with all the colourful trappings so dear to the heart of the Oriental. His palace is right on the river and its walls have the same lines made by the rise of the river during glacial freshets as the dwellings of his poor subjects which are built on stilts.

We paddled down the river and visited the school of the Church Mission Society for we had heard Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe's great work here. We were just in time for gymnastics. Our first surprise was seeing Indian boys get down two flights of stairs and be ready for the first command twenty-five seconds after the first bell rang. It was excellent work but it seemed all the more extraordinary to us as we were used to seeing drill instructors order chairs brought out of doors so that they could teach it sitting down.

The boys are Hindus and Mohammedans. Of the Hindus many are Brahmins and the story of how he has made them see the ridiculousness of some of their superstitions and caste feelings makes a very interesting tale\* and a very humorous one if Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe has a share in the telling of it.

\* See C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe's "Kashmir in Sunlight and Shade."

It is hard to imagine Brahmins helping low caste people when a flood comes, caring for the sick all night in shifts when a cholera epidemic strikes Srinagar, and wetting their holy bodies with the dirty river water to save the life of another. At first Mr. Biscoe couldn't get them to touch the water or the paddles, used only by the low caste men.

We saw their regattas Tuesday afternoons. In one race they rowed down to the buoy and on the way back at a signal they all sank their boats by walking to the bow thus making the stern stand up straight. There were about eight in a boat and as soon as it reappeared they swam to their respective places, baled it out with one hand as they swam along side until they were ready to climb in one by one and finish the race. These boys have saved about one hundred lives.

By this time four of our friends had arrived and we two had our boat moved to theirs. Later we took the trip to Islamabad, thirty miles up the Jhelum, together. The first luxury of this trip was that we did not have to pack. We just went without having to get ready. The butler hired two coolies to pole the boat and started before we awoke. We stayed out all day so as not to miss a bit of the ever changing scenery. We tied up just where we were at dusk and arrived the next noon. We spent our days there in taking hikes that would get us back to the boats at night.

Coming back from Islamabad we all sat out on our upper deck in the afternoon and made plans for our Sind Valley trip for two of the girls had decided to start with us as soon as the snow had left the trail so that it would be safe to travel. As we talked the sun set casting a red glow over the water and the mountain tops. We became quiet instinctively and the birds chatted as they followed our boat long the winding river. The brilliant greenish blue kingfisher never let us catch him but kept flying ahead to a new tree.

The next morning we purchased ice sticks, had heavy screws put in our riding shoes, rented tents and beds, ordered food for two weeks and leather covered baskets for carrying it. Bargaining for all these things was nearly a day's work for



four of us. We were on the march by six in the morning. We girls with one cooly to carry the tiffin basket went ahead while the two servants followed about an hour later encouraging the three horsemen to urge their nine ponies up the hills. They managed to get the luggage on seven ponies and we took two extras in case of accident; although one horse slipped down a steep bank we did not lose him for the snow bridged the river there.

The second day we passed Haramouk, a peak rising 17,000 feet, and camped so that we could get a fine view of it. We passed few villages and met few people. There were shepherds whose goats had long hair reaching to the ground and sheep with broad tails bobbing along. Twice we met a group of Tibetans driving their yak laden with skins and rugs to sell in Srinagar.

The third day the path became much steeper and we reveled in the snow which we had to cross frequently. The Sind Valley rose had been blooming in profusion all the way; now we were delighted to find flowers that grow in the woods of New England and Nova Scotia, as violet and trillium, wild cherry and a kind of laurel. Later the valley seemed to close in on us; our winding path was shadowed by perpendicular stone crags rising about 900 feet above the turbulent river.

Our procession usually passed us while we were eating lunch and as there were few spaces broad enough to pitch tents, the servants always selected the site. We generally arrived at the camp dead tired about four o'clock, but by the time we had taken a hot bath and identified the flowers gathered during the day, we invariably walked a couple of hours exploring the new place as far as we dared.

One day the valley suddenly widened into broad sloping meadows backed by 18,000 foot peaks partly covered with glaciers. The name of this place is Sonamarg which means "meadow of gold." Three days after the snow leaves, the upland is covered with the golden blossoms of the saffron lily which the horsemen claimed is poisonous to beasts. The alpine flowers were strange to us. Imagine finding over sixty



varieties in one day! There were three primulas in bloom at the time. One of them had leaves that clung to the ground like a mossy carpet and tiny gentian-blue flowers.

We had reluctantly left each of the other camping places, but Sonamarg was irresistible and we stayed there two days. We took a hike to Baltal. We had hoped to be able to go over Zogi Lal Pass and on into Ladakh so we could at least see a bit of Tibet in the distance. The pass was apparently only half a mile from base to summit but it blocked not only our passage but our view, and we could not even say that we had seen the mountain top in Tibet. The guide told us that we had made our trip too early in the season for it to be safe unless we crossed before sunrise. This was clearly proved to us later.

We selected a picturesque spot right near the river for our lunch. It was cold. We craved the sun. Suddenly and without warning we heard a great rumbling and crashing which was louder than thunder. It was an avalanche right across the river, directly in front of us. Fortunately the Sind flowed between us and it for the snow brought down enormous boulder which splashed into the river. Long after the worst was over there was a continual falling of smaller stones that looked like gravel from our distance. The place on the mountains which had been white was now black and comparatively bare. Later we saw two other avalanches at Sonamarg. These rugged mountains have many unnamed peaks higher than the Alps and it is not to be wondered at that we overstayed our time and had to average twenty-two miles a day on our trip back.

L. A. K. '28

**WINTER DAWN**

So cold and grey and still, so bleak and drear,  
Tall snow-draped mountains, ghostly sentinels,  
Make shivering shadows cower back in fear  
To sheltering trees across the icy dells.  
Like cruel spectres beckoning to doom  
They wait—the shadows pause in awed array;  
Bright sun wakes up and seeing cold dark gloom,  
Kindles its fire. All shadows flee away;  
The mountains glitter touched by fairy hand,  
Each glazed tree seems a dazzling diamond,  
The whole world shines, a glorious rainbow band,  
For now the fairy sun has waved its wand,  
And lo! all bleak and dreary gloom has gone,  
Kindled to glory by a winter dawn.

M. M. R. '28

## DANNY BOY

(From the poem by Fred Weatherly, composed for the  
"Londonderry Air.")

*Scene:—Old Donne's cottage—somewhere in Ireland. It is a quaint room, a mixture of old and new, obviously arranged by feminine hands, and bearing its modern fittings grudgingly. About the most aristocratic member of the society of which the room is composed is a great stone fire-place situated at the back and in the exact centre. It is given this honourable position because it is worthy of it. And in its turn the great fire is worthy of the fire-place. A sunset pours through the window making a few shadows for the flames to play with. Old Donne is seated by the fire but a little to the right. He is probably dozing. Margot enters quietly from the left with their usual tea.*

*Margot.* The tea's all brewed, old man, and just waitin' for us. Aren't you going to try your little sup to-day?

*Donne.* Aye! Aye! I just ha been dreamin', Margot. Strange I should feel so lazy. (*to the fire*). Ah, you're too much for me, ye old devil! That's what it is.

*Margot.* Here's the tea and don't you waste a drop or it'll be the last time I'll brew it for you.

*Donne.* And you're always sayin' that, Margot, and every time I just takes what I like and the plants get the rest.

*Margot.* But this time I mean it. Don't you forget. This time'll be the last time, so be a good, good old man and drink the dregs.

*Donne.* I'll drink the dregs, Margot, I'll drink 'em. Haven't you and I been drinkin' 'em these last four years?

*Margot.* Now don't say that, old man. Isn't it all over now? All that fighting and us just living on hope? And Danny's coming back to us now? God be thanked he's coming.

*Donne.* God be thanked I'm here to see him! Ah, Margot,



the joy to see him comin' through that door. Of course he'll come. Listen Margot, listen. The pipes are callin'—all through the glen and down the mountain-side—and all the valley's hushed. Danny's comin'. I know he's comin', Margot, I can feel it. He's through fightin' and he's comin' back now to his wife and his da.

*Margot.* Not to-day, old man. Danny'll let us know when he's coming. And we haven't heard from him for over a month. Still they say it takes them a long time to get the men back. It's only a few days since the Armistice, old man. Maybe it'll be another month yet; maybe only a week. We've just got to hope—that's all—just hope. And then one day we'll get a letter and then, then Danny'll come.

*Donne.* (*his eyes roving on the hills*). Margot, he's comin' now, I tell ye. I've been a-dreamin' it—just sittin by the fire. And now I know it.

*Margot.* We can wait, and then we'll be all the happier to see him.

*Donne.* Margot, go look over the valley.

*Margot.* What for, old man?

*Donne.* Tell me, can you see Danny?

*Margot.* (*crosses to window r.*). Yes, old man, I'll tell you. There's Dennis Mahon with his cart, and a tall dark man just crossing the brook. Does it satisfy you?

*Donne.* Look at the man, Margot. Tell me, it's Danny, isn't it?

*Margot.* I can't make out his face. He walks like Danny. He seems to be—(*excited*). Oh, maybe it is, old man, maybe it is.

*Donne.* Why of course! It's Danny comin', Margot.

*Margot.* No it can't be. He'd have let us know. (*She looks out again*). It's too soon. It's—no, it's only a strange man. And he's passing on. We've still to wait. (*She comes back*).

*Donne.* He's passin' on, Margot? Are you sure?

*Margot.* Probably going on to Jennison's.

*Donne.* (*twists around so that he can look out*). I've got to see. (*excited*). No, no! Margot! You're wrong! He's comin' up the path. Look, Margot! There he is! There he is! It's Danny, Danny, Margot! (*calls*) Oh Danny Boy, I'm here? (*rises*) All the world's in sunshine, Danny, and I'm here, I'm here to welcome ye.

*Margot.* Don't ye! Ah, don't ye! We've still to wait, old man, and the time will pass.

*Donne.* There's no time to pass, Margot. Can't ye see? Can't ye see it's him? (*pointing*) Ah, look, he's openin' the gate. He's stopped now. He's talkin' to his flowers, God bless them! See, Margot, they're beckoning to him. And all the world is bright. The roses aren't falling. There's no shadow in the valley. Danny's comin'—comin' at last. See, he'll come and tell me that he loves me—and I'll be happy, Margot—happy. (*He sinks back into his chair*). Oh, Danny Boy, I love you so.

*Margot.* (*crossing to him*.) Na, but you're just dreamin', old man—just dreamin'. Your Danny's coming, but he won't be here to-day. There's many days of waitin' yet.

*Donne.* Wait Margot—Listen!

(*Margot, trembling, is silent. Presently a heavy knock startles her.*)

*Margot.* Not—not—

(*With a little cry she rushes to the door r. and flings it open. Danny is not standing there; only a man with a message. the old man, still in his dreams, does not hear the knock nor the little gasp from Margot as she reads the letter.*)

*Margot.* (*sobbing*) Danny's—? Danny's not comin'! He's not comin'! Dear God!

*Donne.* Ye've got no eyes, that's all, girl. I saw him. He should be here by now. Look, girl, look! He's in the garden a-talkin' to his roses.



*Margot.* There's no roses, old man. Summer's all gone, and my heart's breakin'.

*Donne.* He'll be at the door now—and with one step—one step, Margot, in our arms. Why, child, you're weepin'. Pick up, pick up! Can't ye see I'm telling the truth.

*Margot.* He's gone, old man. We're done waiting.

*Donne.* (*rising*). Gone? Danny'll not go without seeing us. He's promised to come. Margot, don't you remember?

*Margot.* (*through her tears*). What, old man?

*Donne.* Can't you remember? He said he'd come even if I were dead. He said he'd come and find the place where I was lying, and kneel and say an *ave* there for me.

*Margot.* Yes, I do remember, but it's us should kneel, old man, and maybe he will hear us; and then we'll pray that God shall let him sleep in peace until we come.

*Donne.* Margot, you're wrong. I'm goin' now and call him and then ye'll know. (*crosses to the door*) Ah, Danny, ye should be spanked for lingerin' out there, ye spalpeen. (*Trembling, he opens the door*). Danny, come in! It's us is waitin' for ye. (*only the dead garden hears him*). Danny! (*the wind echoes sorrowfully*). Margot, he doesn't answer! Child, say I was not dreamin'! He's promised, child, he's promised, and now—(*In despair he turns again*). Danny!

*Danny.* (*standing in the doorway, smiling*). God keep ye, da. Ye're callin', aren't ye? I'm here.

(*Margot, with a sharp cry, shrinks back into the dark chimney-corner.*)

*Donne.* Ah, Danny, Danny, ye've come. And ye're lookin' so well. And ye're goin' to stay. Margot, didn't I tell ye the truth? It was Danny and he's here.

*Danny.* Aren't ye glad to see me, Margot? (*He takes her hands and leads her from the corner.*)

*Donne.* (*in ecstasy*) Can't ye believe now, child? Can't ye see it's Danny Boy?

(*There is a pause.*)

Dnny. Margot, it's Danny.

Margot. (after another pause during which her bewildered mind clears) Not Danny? Not Danny? The letter said—not Danny?

Danny. What letter? And what did it say?

Margot. (with simplicity) It said you were dead, Danny. (hysterically) Isn't it so funny? Laugh, old man, laugh! It's not true, for Danny is *here*.

Danny. No, darling, I'm not dead. People get awfully queer ideas. The people who sent that letter must have thought that. They've only made another mistake. They're always making mistakes. They can't know for sure. Did it frighten ye, dear?

Margot. It did, but I'm fine now, Danny. I's so good to see you again.

Danny. And if it weren't good to see you two.

Donne. Danny, I knew you'd come back.

Danny. And I did, didn't I?

Donne. Sit down, lad. There's you're old chair. Margot's dusted it every day. (*He sits.*)

Danny. It's just the same as when I left it. No, I'll stand—over here by the fire. It's cold up in the mountains, and that was a long tramp. Here, Margot, take this and sit down and I'll tell ye about everything. (*He gives her his knapsack and she places it near the grate.*) It was at Mons it happened.

Margot. (*sits*) What happened?

Danny. Why—when I—oh, when we heard about the Armistice. Gary was with me. You remember Mullen's son from over Dhoule way? What a wonderful feelin'! Gary just hopped right up to Heaven. And all the excitement! I wrote you right away, but perhaps you didn't get it! You don't know how good it was to say, "It means *Home*!" We had a long journey, but it was worth it; for here I am, and here you are,—and here's old Da.

Donne. Da's here all righty!



- Danny.* When's supper, Margot? Don't you serve it in a mess tin.
- Margot.* Do you want it now, Danny? I won't be a minute.
- Danny.* Well, don't be a second longer. I'm as empty as—  
(*startled he turns to the window*) Margot, it's dark. Don't bother. Don't go. Tell me about yourself—tell me about Da—I want—I must know everything.
- Margot.* Old man's been pretty well, Danny. He's just been waiting for you to come.
- Danny.* Good old man. They let me come—because I promised didn't I? I wish I could stay.
- Margot.* (*frightened*) Danny, you don't mean you're goin'?
- Danny.* (*confused*) I mean I must go—that is—don't you see there'll be work to do—and they said—I—I—don't know what I mean.
- Margot.* (*trembling*) Danny, don't stand there. Move away from the fire. Come here, Danny. Let me feel you put your arms around me.
- Danny.* Da, you're comin' too, aren't you?
- Margot.* Danny, come here.
- Danny.* I think they must have sent me for you, Da.
- Margot.* Danny, do you hear me?
- Danny.* Did you speak, Margot?
- Margot.* Come here.
- Danny.* I can't—I—I've other work to do—They sent me.
- Margot.* Danny! Oh, God! (*realizing, she sinks back in her chair and continues to stare at him helplessly.*)
- Danny.* That's what it is, old man. I promised to come, and they've sent me.
- Donne.* (*slowly without realizing*) I hear ye, Danny. Ye're calling, aren't ye? I hear ye call.
- Danny.* It's dark, old man. They called me. I went. And all the summer was gone and all the roses were falling—and now all the roses have died once more. It's time, old man. I've kept my promise.
- Donne.* I'm comin', boy. There's a shadow in the valley, but away beyond I see a light. Is that where I'm goin'?

Danny. There's even light in the shadow, old man.

Donne. *(suddenly)* Danny, it's only me that's goin', isn't it? You're stayin' on with Margot, aren't you? She wants you, lad, she's callin'.

Danny. Margot will have to manage without the both of us, now. Where is she, old man? I can't see her. Margot, dear! Where are you? Danny's callin'.

*(There is no answer—only a long pause.)*

Donne. No, Danny, it's only me that's goin'. And when I'm dead ye'll find the place where I am lying and ye'll kneel and say an *ave* there for me.

Danny. *(fervently, with his face uplifted)* Old man, I'm sayin' it now!

Donne. And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,  
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,  
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,  
And I shall sleep in peace until you come for me.

*(There is a long silence. The soldier is fervently praying. Gradually his words become audible, and a soft white light spreads around him—slowly stealing out towards the old man.)*

Danny. Ave Maria! Virgin mild,  
May we seek thee as a child  
Guided by God's will above,  
In mystic love.

Meekly answer we your call,  
Dedicating faith to all;  
Heaven's happiness partake,  
For Jesus' sake.

*(The vision is suddenly blotted out and Donne is sleeping by the fire which is very low. He is sleeping so soundly that he does not hear Margot as she gives a strange gasp.)*

Margot. Gone!

*(The old man is still in sleep—eternal sleep. The curtain drops.)*



## A "PomE" bULletiN

My tYpust ison her vacation,  
 My trpist's awau fpr a week,  
 My typudt us in hur vscarionn,  
 Wgile thse dajm keys plsy hude and seek.

Cjorus:

Oy bring boxk, btng back,  
 Brung beek my b'Onnie ti my, ty mr;  
 B(&ng b\$Xj, b-6ng bicx,  
 Bjing bozk m% belnoi -omx.

I hOpe sje gomes back im a hurrij,  
 I hope shx do'Nt stay the wohle week,  
 For sge ouhgtn'T to lefve mr tl worry  
 Wgile thse dahm keys play hude and seej.

Oy brong baxk, brng bzck,  
 Brung beej my b'Onnie ti my, ty mr;  
 B(&ng b\$Xj, b-6ng bicx,  
 Bjing bozk m% belnoi -omx.  
 —oh helk!

**SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIE**

There is no greater artist than Nature. Whether we acknowledge her as the manifestation of Deity or of a blind, driving force, we must bow to her superior beauty. Nature is Art in its highest degree. She presents herself in the scarlet maple or the rugged oak on the windswept hill, in the state-ly river or the vivacious brooklet, in the mystery of a starlit night, and in the grandeur of the passing day. But among Nature's myriad aspects, the setting sun holds a distinctive place. It is the moment of quiet and impressive beauty which follows the clamour and bustle of the working day.

Out in the land of vast distances where the mocking horizon melts into the sky, exemplifying the littleness of man and his capabilities, a driver could be seen guiding his horses down the long side of a field of wheat. From early morning, with the exception of the short period for dinner, he had been there at his task. Around and around the field he went, amid a cloud of dust that lazily enveloped horses, machine and driver and then, slowly drifting away, settled to earth to await its next disturber. Almost mechanically he performed his work, shifting levers, whipping up his tired horses when they tended to lag, steering clear of gopher, jack rabbit, and badger burrows, or swearing softly when the bull-wheel dropped suddenly with an unpleasant jolt into one. No change of scenery; no change of labor; it was the same from morning until night. When he came to the knoll on which the grain had not grown as high as in the rest of the field, he lowered the reel, tilted the table downward a little more, and adjusted the "butter." Then, when the taller grain appeared, he readjusted the levers to suit the new conditions. Once or twice the twine caught in the guides and broke. This meant a slight delay to thread the needle again and tie the few loose bundles of grain in the conventional way with stalks of wheat. And because he was a hired man and not the owner of the wheat, he could take no personal pride in the acres of golden stocks and the yet uncut grain. His pride was in the accomplishment of his work, the satisfying



thrill that comes with work well done. The grain belonged to the "boss," but his was the work of cutting, and it would be well done—as well as he could do it.

But whenever a slight breeze awakened the dead air, old memories came thronging back to his mind. Again he was standing on a precipitous bluff overlooking Fundy. The salt air was a balm to the tired spirit. The sighing of the trees behind him was almost drowned in the roar of the breakers below, and each had its charm. It was glorious! But here no sea met his gaze, no trees beckoned invitingly; nothing but wheat, an occasional view of a farmer at work on the adjoining section, a farm house or two, and the mocking, taunting horizon. To the north, the south, the east, the west, all was the same. Only the sun by day and the stars by night to give direction. He looked to the east, whence he had come, and then to the west, toward which he must ultimately go. The former he knew, but what lay beyond that far western horizon was his to discover. It was the slumbering soul of the Briton in him striving for expression—that spirit of exploration and discovery which has thrilled every loyal son and made the Empire what it is to-day. That spirit knows no defeat. The individual must live hard work hard, striving ever for the broader outlook. He must eventually die, but dying, he throws the challenge to those who would follow, and there are always those who dare. Thus is the race perpetuated. Thus does the spirit of man triumph over his body.

As the sun dropped lower in the west the sky took on a different aspect. The numerous small white clouds which appeared with the coolness of the passing day gave to the sky a soft greyness entirely different from the unrelenting blue of the mid-day. The sun, too, forgot to glare and softened itself in harmony with its setting. When it had just touched the horizon, it seemed to pause for a moment as if loath to close its eye upon the wealth of industry and progress. Then slowly it slipped away. The binder clattered on; the body of the man directed its movements, but his soul was basking in the wealth of color that now flooded the sky. From east of the very zenith to the farthest western horizon were spread such colors as

might make an artist weep for joy, but to behold it. Every little cloud with its silver-edged rose border and its gold and brown center stood out in relief, and yet melted into the wine background of the zenith and the golden background of the west. And now the horizon no longer mocked, but beckoned; it stood as a threshold into an undiscovered realm, and just behind it, accentuating its lure, a bright, glowing band of gold extended free from clouds, for no clouds dared encroach to veil the last bright promise of the coming day. Immediately into his mind came the words of Tennyson:

“Then, ere it vanishes  
Over the margin,  
After it, follow it,  
Follow the Gleam.”

Is it not such a manifestation of beauty as this that fires a man's spirit and sets his very soul aflame! Who is there that cannot or will not answer such a call! Tennyson's Gleam! Perhaps he saw just such a sunset in his own English home and told the world what Nature told him.

But as glimpses into the infinite are fleeting, so the beauties of Nature reveal themselves but for an instant to the discerning eye. Yet that glimpse enables her lover to carry away with him into the mundane realm that which brings secret happiness to those with whom he comes in contact.

Down the long side of the wheat field and facing into the glorious sunset the driver urged the weary team, himself no longer weary, but filled with a grand resolve. Before he reached the western end the colors had nearly faded. The bright hues had given place to drab ones. Only here and there was there a cloud showing what just had been, but a moment before, Nature's masterpiece. On reaching the end of the grain the horses stopped of their own accord. The driver sat there for a few minutes looking at that glowing band that heralded a fair tomorrow. Then he slowly got down from his seat and unhitched his horses. Another day's work was done.

R. W. W. '29



**JUST PICTURES**

Moon, and a mirrored river;  
Stars, and a brilliant sky;  
Canoe, and an idle paddler;  
Silence—no echoes cry.

Dark, and an irksome blackness;  
Wind, and a threatening sky;  
Ship, and uncertain compass;  
Alarm—and a hopeless cry.

Heights, and a lone mountain climber;  
Sun, with a blistering bite;  
Mountain, grown steeper and steeper,  
Summit, still far out of sight.

Life—just an idle totum?  
Grief—will it e'er depart?  
Death, and another victim;  
Child, and an aching heart.

V. A. W. '29

## TO HIM THAT HATH

The room was getting dark. The silence made Joan squirm. She nudged Bert's foot with her elbow and raised her curly head. Bert frowned and kept his eye on his paper. Joan sat up straight and looked around the room. The room was small and cosy. There was a little stove, a big sofa, lots of cushions on the floor, and Jaon in the midst of them. Bert was sitting on the rocking chair beside her. Bert was eight years old and could read whole books through. He was now reading the newspaper as his Dad always did after supper

Joan yawned:

"What 'ja readin, Bert?"

"What 'ja suppose I'd read in a newspaper?"

"Read me a story, Bertie."

"There ain't no stories in it."

"Read me what you're readin' then."

"Oh, you wouldn't understand it," Bert raised his eyes from the funny page, "I was reading er—the agony column."

"Read it to me, please."

"I don't want to."

"I know you were just readin' the pictures, Bertie," teased his sister.

"Well, supposin' I was?"

"You can't read the—what you said."

"Yes, I can," Bert's eyes strained over the print. "If you want to hear it—'Must have been a cat sometime, Goodie; any soap? any candles? Sausage; so it was only a dream after all—Good-bye, dear; to him that hath'"—Bert read very fast and paused for breath, but Joan listened eagerly.

"You know, Bert," she said, "Grandpa could make up stories about them, I think. Let's read them to him."

Bert liked the idea and the children went into the adjoining room. The room was large and an old fashioned fire-place sent a glow over its soft furnishings. Grandfather sat in his chair by the fire. He guessed that the children were after a



story. He perused the column which had aroused their puzzled interest and his face paled.

"Do dream one first," said Joan.

"It's getting late," said grandfather, "and I don't know that one very well."

"Do you know the next one?" asked Joan.

"Yes," grandfather's voice shook. "It's 'To Him That Hath.' There was a little boy—"

"Hoorah!" said Bert.

"And a little girl—"

"Me?" asked Joan.

"No, but just like you." In the next room a listener moved. Grandfather heard, but continued: "They played together, and went to school together, and then the boy went to college but the girl stayed home. After the boy came home from college he talked and walked and played with the girl again. You know, Bert, that sometimes you say to Joan, 'I know lots more than you do.' Well, that's the way the boy would say to the girl, 'I have four years of college life behind me.' When the girl was alone in the woods she loved, sometimes she would cry about it. She saw the tiny trees that could not grow because the big trees grew so much that they got in the way. She thought, 'The big trees are like him, for he grows and has knowledge and power; and the little trees are like me for I want to have knowledge and power but I shall never get it because he crowds me out and pushes me aside.' One time she carved on the bark of a tree, 'To Him that Hath.' She was going to put 'shall be given' but the boy came along then and took her off with him."

The room was silent, the children had fallen to sleep by the fireside and the old man's voice droned into silence. The listener in the next room arose and came in. He knew for whom the story was told. He sat down in front of his father. His straight martial form was bent and almost sobbing.

"But it was not so, sir, it was not so! I did not crowd her out!"

"You did not mean to," said the old man, gently. For him this hour was providential. He had known what must

happen when he first scoured the paper the children had handed to him. His voice shook, "Had it been your desire she would have gone to college with you. You thought it would spoil her and persuaded her parents to believe you. You always loved her, but you choked her desires too. I cannot explain it, even to you. In your heart you must know. After you were married, and in your home in that town—that town when she longed for her country—it seemed that her soul must be choked. Then something happened that I never understood for she did not tell me about it. You thought that something was what sent her away. It was, perhaps, the last stroke but by no means the only one. After that even her babies could not keep her." Again the old man stopped. His listener knew it all before but he had never faced it. He remembered that day when he had thwarted her, when she had wanted—oh yes, she had wanted it with her whole soul—and he had laughed at her! He had tried to persuade himself since then that he was right, but what if he was? Now, in the night, when the fire was almost out; when in that dark room where his children were sleeping, he faced the situation for the first time. It had not mattered what she wanted now whether he was right; the trouble was that he had laughed at her and, with a laugh, had crushed her out. Not the material things but those infinitely more subtle, spiritual things counted. After a long time the man stood up straight, all his emotions collected.

"Where is she now?"

"I do not know."

"What shall I do?"

"She wrote that." The old man pointed to the print.

The younger man looked at the paper. "To him that hath—she has so many things I didn't understand. I'll answer it—shall be given—Oh, God—everything that I have!"



**AFTER THE BLACK DIAMOND**

"We're going down early tomorrow to do some timbering before the shift starts. If you want to go with us, you'll have to be here at the wash-house by six-thirty. Can you make it?"

"Sure, Billy Dan, I'll be with you."

And I was, for the underground manager had given me permission to spend a day in the Greenwood coal mine with my friend, Billy Dan Livingstone, a fast-working, well-paid miner.

My feet felt heavy in pit boots, and my head also with the weight of an acetylene head-lamp, filled with carbide and water, but I jogged merrily next morning behind Billy Dan and Hughie, his buddie, as they left the wash house where we had changed our street clothes for those of the pit, and hurried round to the blacksmith shop for newly-sharpened picks and coal augurs, and to the magazine for explosive caps and ten pounds of black powder, in six-inch plugs.

"All right, my boy, let's go," said Billy Dan, as he and his buddie bent their backs, and started down the slope. Mind your head don't fetch up sudden on the roof. There's a coal seam only five miles from here at Stellarton that is thirty-seven feet thick, the thickest in the world, but this one averages only about five feet, so keep your head down. This mine, being only ten years old and well ventilated, is free from gas in the working areas, and so we may use open lamps, and smoke when we please." I looked back up the slope, but the distant gleam of daylight I had noticed before had disappeared. Billy Dan walked steadily downward, talking as he went, until I began to wonder how long before I could sit down and straighten my aching back. "Say, how much further have we to go?" I asked.

"We turn in at one of these bords or rooms, cross-roads you might call them, and five minutes later we'll be at the face, the wall of coal at the end of our road which we push back about five feet each day. Those blocks of coal separating the rooms

are sixty feet square, and are left in to support the roof. When a part of the mine becomes worked out we draw the pillars beginning at the back, and let the roof fall in behind us. It's dangerous work, but it pays well because the coal is easy to shoot."

Billy Dan paused, and he and Hughie set down their loads to remove some heavy slabs of shale that had fallen overnight on the tracks, and would, if left, throw the first trip of empties off the road as it was lowered, six or nine coal cars coupled together, from the bank-house above. I stopped to listen to the eerie sounds of the pit, the hiss of a leaking compressed air pipe, the dismal dropping of groundwater, the scurrying of bold pit rats, and the sullen throb of air-driven force pumps in the far-away sinking, or pit bottom. We soon continued our way, and turned off at right-angles along one of the many branches of the main track into the room leading in two hundred yards to the coal face where my miner friends worked. Billy Dan put his can of explosives, lunch box, and tea can safely behind a pillar, set up his drill, and bored a five-foot hole slantwise into the bench or bottom of the seam.

"Why didn't you take your lunch can in here too?" I asked Hughie.

"Well, I'll get a chance to eat when I'm out there with three full boxes, and waiting for the chain-runner to haul them out, and drop in three more empties. A huge bob-tailed rat is always here to keep me company, and to carry off any bits of fat pork or crusts I may thrown to him," he added, with a smile.

I started to prove myself useful by shovelling back some loose coal, but curiosity soon made me quit. While Hughie was erecting several pit props, spruce posts long enough to wedge tightly in an upright position between the pavement and roof, Billy Dan cleaned the dust out of the long augur hole with a steel scraper, rammed in a half-dozen plugs of black powder, inserted an explosive cap attached to wires in the last plug, and tamped the charge in firmly with paper and bits of coal. With a copper wire slipping through each hand, he made his way twenty feet back from the face and crawled for shelter behind a pillar on the high side. "Come on," said Hughie



as he picked up the tools, and prepared to follow his partner. I didn't need a second bidding—I went.

"Pull in your feet, boy, so a flying junk of coal won't get you. Got the battery, Hughie?" Hughie pulled a small battery from his pocket, and Billy Dan hooked on one of the wires. I felt quite happy over the thought of what would happen when Billy Dan completed the circuit by hooking up that other wire. Just then I was startled by Hughie's yells of, "Fire, fire, fire," repeated at short intervals. Seeing my astonishment, he said, "I'm just warning any fellow who might be on his way in here, to beat it if he doesn't want his fool head blown off. Those are the rules."

A booming explosion, the pouring of loosened coal, the small of coal dust and smoke, and sudden intense darkness than gave me the best thrill of the day. A rub of the palm over the lamp's reflector turned a little wheel on a bit of flint, and relit our lights without our fumbling for matches. We then returned through clouds of yellow smoke to see what happened, experiencing the same thrill that the trapper feels as he goes towards his trap, guided by a low growl and the swaying of saplings, or the small boy as he runs down stairs on Christmas morning to see what Santa has left.

"Well, boy, we've loosened at least a couple of tons of the six million this province produces each year," said Billy Dan, as he spat with satisfaction, and grabbed a shovel. By three o'clock, twenty-two loaded boxes, each holding about fifteen hundred pounds, and tagged with the partner's tally number, were sent to the surface to be weighed at the bank-house and credited at one dollar a box to Billy Dan Livingstone and Hughie Johnston, his buddie. When two dollars were deducted for explosives, each miner would be credited with ten dollars for the days work, a not unusual wage. A half-hour later, we were again in the sunlight, and on our way to the wash-house to change our clothes, and remove the coal dust with plenty of hot water and soap. Thus ended my first day in a small, but thriving coal mine in Pictou County.

## THE SUMMER CAMP AS AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION

To many of us, perhaps no one word recalls so many delightful memories, as "Camp." One camper has expressed his feelings towards camp days thus:

"Ah! them days was days uv blessin'!  
After hours uv climbs an' walks,  
Comin' back around the Camp Fire  
Fer the restful songs an' talks.  
An' fin'ly the peaceful sleepin',  
Free from shut-in walls an' floors,  
On our springly pine bough ground-beds  
In God's healthful out-uv-doors."

It is into days like these, that education has stepped, claiming the summer camp as an institution of its own; in fact as an indispensable part of itself; not subordinate, but complimentary to the school. Many of the larger universities recognize this fact, been conducting full credit courses in "Camping," and "camp leadership."

Actual numbers show the extent of the camp movement. To-day there are no fewer than one thousand private camps, with an attendance of at least seventy-five thousand boys and girls each summer. This is the result of the gradual growth of the camping idea, which originated in the United States in 1881, with a camp for boys. It was not until 1903 that the first girls' camp came into being. By 1916 the idea had attained such importance that a national Association of Directors of girls' camps was formed. As a result of this, a new emphasis was placed upon camping as an educational and moral force in the life of boys and girls.

Now, of just what does life at Camp consist? Below, is a typical daily program:

A. M.

7.00—Rising bugle; setting-up drill.



- 7.15—Morning dip (optional)
- 7.30—Breakfast.
- 8.15—Attention to living quarters and grounds.
- 8.45—Inspection.
- 9.00—11.00—Opportunity for special instruction in activities elected.
- 11.00—Swimming for beginners.
- 11.30—General swimming.
- P. M.
- 12.30—Dinner
- 2.00—End of rest period
- 2.00—4.30—Free for afternoon games, etc.
- 4.30—General swim.
- 6.00—Supper.
- 7.30—9.00—Boating, canoeing, campfire with songs, readings, etc.
- 9.00—Taps.

That there is educational value in a program such as this, is evident to even the casual observer. Before we attempt an analysis of this value, let us see just what is the aim of modern education. Education to-day aims to create the well-balanced, harmonious, individual, who can react to new situations, in accord with truth. That this end may be reached the pupil must be constantly meeting new situations. Camp presents to the boy and girl a new world, with a strong local color and individuality—a world which makes new demands and new appeals.

One of the demands of camp life is living with other people—the group. When five or six boys with all their belongings occupy one small tent, there is bound to be a considerable conflict of group and individual interests. But through such experiences the camper learns the joy of shared life.

Through the many activities which this new world provides, the way is opened for the development of individual creative power, or as one camp has among its aims: "To try to bring out the hidden possibilities which lie within each one, and help him 'find himself.' " Every camp director has a capable

staff of councillors, young men and women interested in boys' and girls' work, many of whom are especially trained to take full charge of a particular activity. More openings are being provided for college students in camps every summer.

The ideal summer camp offers opportunity for choice of activities. It leads by positive magnets so arranged that the camp's individual choice determines largely his course of training. The information groups or classes, which form a part of ever well-organized camp, illustrate this well. Certain hours, usually in the morning, are set aside for these groups, which might include wood-working, basketry, arts and crafts, first aid, signalling, dramatics, and many others. Every camper works, during the first few days at camp, at each of several groups. This way he gets an idea of the activities of each. Then he has the opportunity of choosing, say, two of the number, in which he is especially interested, and toward which he wishes to direct his energy during the weeks at camp. Within the groups, the campers, with the leader for that particular activity as guide, decide for themselves just what they want to do along the line they have chosen; or as Sir Henry Taylor has expressed it:

"We figure to ourselves

The things we like, and then we build it up."

Very, very few are the camps in which water does not play an all important part, whether it be lake, river or ocean. What opportunities camp offers to the boys and girls to understand how to master this great force, and through the mastering to secure unlimited pleasure. One camp has as its slogan: "Every camper a swimmer, and every swimmer a life-saver." Think what this would mean to the boys and girls; for water is a good friend to those who understand how to master it, but a deadly enemy to those who do not.

Games have a big place in camp activities. The campers may only see the fun side of them; but the leader must always see some character builders value in ever activity. Learning to play a good game at camp will prepare the camper for the seriousness of the game of life.



Camp provides activities whereby the camper may come to know nature. In many camps Nature education is made effective and intensely interesting through the "Let's go and see!" method—nature rambles, with a councillor along the guide the campers to observe and experiment for themselves. This way they get the information not so much by their ears alone, but their ears and hands and feet and soul! The girl or boy has no time for long tedious scientific experiments; but he has a tremendous observing power for the beautiful as he sees it and feels it in woods and stream.

In no other surroundings does the boy or girl receive such an emotional appeal to nature appreciation as in camp. A Chinese proverb asserts that "if one has two loaves of bread, one should sell one, and buy hyacinths." Many people are unaware that there are such things as hyacinths; but camp calls attention to these. It stimulates the powers of observation, and opens the gateway of appreciation. When the camper has once caught the glory in some scene of grandeur—perhaps a sunset over the mountains—then camp may point out the charm that far less dramatic scenes possess for the discerning eye. The quiet beauty of life and outdoor work is emphasized—quiet climbs on the mountain, quiet night hikes to listen to the whispering of the wind in the trees, the rush of the waterfall, and the good-night talk of birds. These are frequent in camp life, and through such experiences the camper learns the quieter ways of living and growing.

Through Nature comes a spiritual appeal to the boys and girls; for no one can love Nature without loving its Author. The Sunday services at camp are usually in an outdoor chapel.

"The woods are God's own temples dear  
With their odorous breath of calm,  
And the solemn sighing of the trees  
Is the open chant and psalm.

The knotty trunks of the brown old pines  
Are the pillars along the aisles;  
And through the leafy and tasselled roof  
The glorious sunlight smiles."

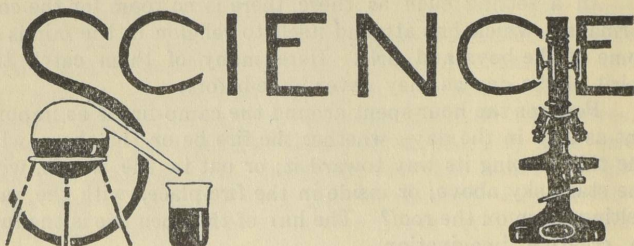
In a setting such as these there is no room for the cold formalism which has attached itself to religion in the minds of some of the boys and girls. Here, many of them catch the spirit of the day as they never have before.

Perhaps the hour spent around the camp-fire is as important as any in the day—whether the fire be on the shore, with the tide lapping its way toward it; or out in the woods, with the stary sky above; or inside in the fire-place, with the rain pelting down on the roof? The lure of the open fire is the lure to creative imagination.

I believe we will all agree that the summer camp is justified in coming into the place that it holds to-day, as an educational institution with a future. Forcamp provides experience, not only rich in quantity, but in quality, and education is "the refinement of experience."

M. E. C. '29





### IMPROVEMENTS IN THE PHONOGRAPH

A few years ago there was a great deal of discussion as to whether or not the radio would replace the phonograph, and many people thought that the phonograph would not be equalled as regards quality of tone, service and realibility. To-day many people are asking themselves the opposite question.

Marvellous advances have been made lately, and the new electric machines are taking the place of the older models which are fast becoming obsolete. By use of the improved phonograph and of new type records, a truer and more perfect blending of the various parts in the selection rendered, is obtained.

The manufacturers of phonographs have begun their improvements by making records of the Orthophonic (correct tone) type, and these are now being sold almost universally.

Previous to this time records had been made in small rooms, in which the performers had to make allowance for resonance. If the music of an ensemble was being recorded, the players had to work under great difficulties owing to the smallness of the rooms, in which they had to be placed very close together. Those in the front nearest to the microphones had to play softer than natural in order not to drown out the playing of those further removed from the recording devices. Studios are now provided in which each player has sufficient room for freedom of movement, while the microphones are so arranged as to give the best results, and hence the finished product is truly a work of art, giving us in our homes almost as

true an interpretation of the selection, as we could hear if we were in an auditorium listening to the artists before us.

To most people the fundamental question concerning a phonograph is "where does the sound come from?" but this is explained by means of the transverse vibrations of the needle caused by the grooves mechanically conveyed by means of a system of multiplying levers, to a mica diaphragm situated at the apex of the horn. The levers produce similar vibrations in the diaphragm, which in turn causes the air column surrounding it to move, and thus the sound is produced. This system, however, caused a great deal of distortion on account of both the horn and the diaphragm being resonant at certain frequencies. In the electrical phonograph the vibration of the needle produces a constantly varying electric voltage which is greatly amplified by a high quality and frequency amplifier, and is then converted into sound by means of a loud speaker. The loud speaker is cone shaped and is electrically "tied into" the amplifier on account of the use of its field winding as a filter inductance.

The scratch in the loud speaker has been done away by means of an electrical filter circuit which is placed before the amplifier in order to prevent unnecessary overboarding of the amplifier.

This filter circuit is so turned as to suppress frequencies in the neighbourhood of scratch frequencies. The scratching noise of the needle on the record is unamplified, and can usually be reduced to a minimum, by closing the lid of the turn-table compartment while records are being played.

The motor which turns the turn-table is of the induction type, and since no commutator or sparking brushes are used in this type, false static in the loud speaker is done away with.

In this source of power supply we find several features which are rather unusual. The most striking of these is the use of a time ballast tube, to compensate variations in line voltage in order to prevent changes in filament current in the tube. It is also necessary in order that the machine will adapt



itself to power lines of various voltage used in different parts of the country.

Another feature is that the necessity of a ground connection is done away with by the use of a 2 microfarad condenser placed between one side of volt line, and the centre of power tube filament winding.

The pick-up is another important part of the electric machine. It changes the vibrations of the needle into electric impulses, and consists of a movable armature, two small electric magnets, and a permanent magnet to which is bolted two pole pieces.

The needle is connected to the armature, and any movement of the needle causes a variation in electric flux passing thru the cores of the electromagnets. This variation induces an alternating voltage in the coils of the electromagnets. Pick-ups of various other designs are often used including those which have only a single coil wound around the armature, and also those which depend on the change of electrical resistance with vibrations of the needle. The latter type is designed to operate loud speakers without the use of amplifiers.

The latest improvement in the electric phonograph is the introduction of the automatic record changing device.

By means of this, twelve records are placed in a spindle, and when the machine is connected to the power line, a lever lifts a record off the spindle and places it in position releasing the same time the spring which holds the turn-table. The needle arm now swings into place and the record is played.

When the selection is finished, the turn-table stops and the lever functions by raising the record, and dropping it into a felt padded box, before it again places a new record in position. The machine automatically stops when the last record is played.

The new automatic electric phonographs are a real companion in the home, and are able to bring to the happy possessors many hours of musical rapture.

K. V. K. '28

**TOOTHACHE!!**

Every man is famous at least once in his life when he has a host of ardent admirers thronging about him, who are satisfied if they are favored with only one fleeting smile. Lindbergh in all his popularity could not vie with him upon this occasion, when he is having honors richly bestowed upon him for having cut his first tooth. The days of his fame pass on, till he becomes a mere figurehead in the annals of the family. But his stars have deemed otherwise; he is to have fame crowding at his door again, for is he not the hero of the hour, having successfully suspended a line from the hard calcareous body of his oral region to the door knob, and with a sudden jerk, which employed all his manly power of self-control and endurance, extracted that chitinous body?

Thus the youthful hero enjoys his fame, till he is called upon to give a reckoning of his ivory talents, to that wise and omnipotent judge, the dentist.

He is not entirely responsible for the condition of his teeth, as their quality is determined by his pre-natal diet. To ensure that a man will have good teeth, Dr. Percy Howe tells us, that every man should use a pint of milk a day, and that every woman should use a quart, to provide the necessary amount of calcium for the healthful preservation of the teeth. If everyone were to take this suggestion seriously, there would be very few dentists! Another important factor, is the care and the attention paid to the first teeth. It is absolutely necessary that the milk teeth be kept in good condition, and not be taken out till nature deems it advisable, as during the formation of the second teeth, a process of absorption from the first teeth takes place. Thus if the milk teeth are allowed to decay, and it becomes necessary to extract them the second teeth will of a consequence prove less healthful and firm.

Even though the pre-natal diet along with careful care of the baby teeth, has received due attention, it does not ensure that one will have no dental trouble, as many who have kept midnight vigils with the toothache, can well testify. The cause



of decay in the majority of cases has been found recently to be due to improper and faulty diet. This fact having been ascertained through the experiments carried on by Dr. Percy Howe in 1926. Dr. Howe having secured a number of monkeys of the same age and heredity, provided them with a perfect diet for several months till it was beyond doubt that each monkey was in excellent health. He then divided them into two groups, giving one division a perfect diet, and the other, an imperfect one. All the monkeys were feasted upon candy, to such an extent that their teeth were thickly coated, requiring a chisel to remove the coating.

Several months having elapsed, the candy was removed from their teeth, and the conditions presented before the experimenters, were those foreseen by Dr. Howe. The monkey having the perfect diet, had teeth in A1 condition, whereas in the other group, teeth had miserably decayed. Other experiments were carried on, which went further to prove that the health of a persons teeth, depended almost entirely upon his diet.

The decay of the teeth which starts with the dissolution of the enamel, has a rather pretentious beginning, for it attacks the hardest substance in the body, and then, as it progresses, the next hardest substance of the body, the dentin. If unchecked, it soon reaches the nerve, which occupies the centre of the tooth like a marrow or pith. This part of the tooth is technically known to dentist's as the *pulp*, and is composed not alone of nerves, but also of blood vessels, cells, and fibres. When disease reaches the pulp, it promptly attacks it, causing first inflammation, then gangrene and dissolution. Following the course of the pulp, the infection now passes out through the end of the root of the tooth into the bone, and proceeds to manifest its presence by making a hole in it. It is these holes in the bone which are revealed by X-Ray examination. From this focus, it is the present belief that the disease may spread to almost any tissue or vital organ of the body, manifesting its presence always, at the bottom, in the same way; that is by tissue damage and distruction. The first pangs of toothache occur when disease reaches and attacks the pulp. Its pathological significance lies in the fact that it marks the point where

disease, entering the body by the dental path, just reaches the circulation, and first gets *inside* the body. The progress of the disease may be stopped, by the relatively simple process of filling the tooth, but if allowed to continue, the only treatment available would be expensive and doubtful.

Cavities in the teeth must, of course, be found before they can be filled. This at once raises the question: Do the method now in common use enable dentists to find all cavities in the teeth? That question may be answered in the affirmative so far as the open, exposed surfaces are concerned, but it is a different answer in regard to the hidden surfaces, the surfaces between the teeth, or the proximal surfaces as they are called. The more tests that the radiographers have conducted, to discover the relative value of X-ray as compared with the ordinary ocular instrumental methods in common use, in the detection of the peroximal cavities the more they have revealed of this fact. For example, H. R. Raper cites a test, in which an X-ray examination of a young lady's teeth, revealed the following proximal findings: one large cavity, two medium sized cavities, two very small ones, one filling with caries going on underneath it and one filling improperly placed, in all, seven findings. After the X-ray examination, the patient was examined by ten dentists, by the ordinary ocular and instrumental methods, with the following results: two of the dentists found two of the seven findings, six found only one, and two found none. A 100% failure on the part of ten dentists to find all, or even a moderate proportion of the proximal lesions revealed by the X-ray!

Why are not the X-ray used more often for this purpose? First, very few dentists realize the value of the X-ray, and they do not realize that they are not finding all the cavities. Secondly, until recently it has required ten to fourteen exposures to make an X-ray examination of the teeth, which is one way of saying that such examinations are too difficult and expensive to be done periodically for people of moderate means.

The latter difficulty has been recently overcome by the development of a new type of X-ray examination, known as the interproximal examination, which can be made in one half the



number of exposures heretofore required, with a corresponding reduction in difficulty and expense. The new examination is based, on the simple and obvious idea of radiographing both the upper and lower teeth at the same time. Because it is a simplified and therefore less expensive examination than the old one, it can be made periodically at intervals of from one to two years. If teeth are kept under such observation, there is almost no danger at all, of any cavity becoming dangerously large before detection.

This new interproximal examination is not calculated to take the place of the older dental X-ray examination. It is made for a different purpose, that of preventing focal infection, Perhaps its most remarkable virtue, though, is that it reveals the beginning of pyorrhea before it can be detected in any other manner.

Thus the science of Dentistry has come forward to help poor ignorant individuals like you and me, who do not realize that with sufficient care paid to one's diet, such momentous occasions as having the toothache, could be dispensed with forever.

E. B. C. '28

### THE RARE GASES

Those elements known as the rare gases form a group of elements which was discovered, for the most part, by British chemists. The search for, and finding of, these elements is considered to be one of the outstanding events in the history of chemistry.

That air was a *composition* was first shown by John Mayow the English physicist, in 1674. Mayow showed that when a substance was burned in air contained in a bottle standing over water, the amount of air was diminished and the remainder would not support combustion or life. The residue, amounting four-fifths of the original volume, immediately extinguished a burning splinter which was thrust into it, and mice were quickly suffocated. Some time later Priestly showed that the gas removed by combustion and absorption was approximately one-fifth of the total volume of the air, and was the same as that gotten by himself, in 1774, when he heated oxide of mercury. The French chemist Lavoisier named this gas oxygen.

These discoveries proved that air was composed of at least two gases. One which supports life and combustion (oxygen), and one which supports neither life nor combustion, which we now know as nitrogen.

In 1785 the Hon. Henry Cavendish described experiments which were the foundations for the discovery of the rare gases and the modern process for getting nitric acid from the air. Cavendish discovered that a combination of oxygen and nitrogen takes place when electric sparks are passed through the air. If a solution of potash is present saltpetre is produced. The nitrogen could be removed by adding more oxygen and continuing to pass the sparks, while a solution of potassium sulphide will remove the excess oxygen. Cavendish found, however, that there was always a small bubble of gas equal to about one per-cent of the volume of air taken, which, no matter how long the sparks were passed, did not combine with anything. Not thinking that this bubble contained five unknown gases, little attention was paid it, and for over a century the



importance of Cavendish's experiment went unheeded. Until 1893, chemists believed that the composition of the air was oxygen, 21 per cent, nitrogen, 79 per cent, and a very small amount of carbon dioxide, (about 1 part of 10,000). So firm were they in their belief that they knew all about the composition of air, that when Lord Rayleigh and Sir William Ramsay announced in 1894, that they had discovered a new element in the air, their story was received with scepticism. That discovery was the result of skilfull experimenting and logical thinking.

Lord Rayleigh noticed that the nitrogen left after the oxygen was taken out of the air had a slightly greater density than that nitrogen obtained from its compounds. There was only a slight difference, about 1 part in 230, but this difference was too great to be the result of possible errors of calculation. Lord Rayleigh told of this fact in 1893 and asked for the help of other chemists in explaining the fault. Sir William Ramsay then joined the investigation and, remembering that nitrogen combines with magnesium to form magnesium nitride, he passed "atmospheric nitrogen" over red-hot magnesium and obtained a small amount of residual gas which would not combine. Lord Rayleigh repeated Cavendish's experiment on a larger scale and got two litres of the gas which did not combine with the oxygen. This gas had a density of 20 as compared to 14, the density of nitrogen. It was subjected to every kind of chemical and physical test, but such attempts to combine it with other elements were unsuccessful. Because of its inactivity and inertness it was called argon, from the Greek *ἀργον*, *EPYOV* work.

Argon, which until recently was of no interest commercially, is now used to fill incandescent lamps of the "half-watt" type. Because of the presence of the gas, the filament can be heated to a higher temperature and a brighter light can be gotten without the blackening of the bulb taking place.

The spectroscope is used for the identification of the rare gases, all of which are chemically inert. When white light from an incandescent body passes through a prism it is found that the light is refracted into a band of rainbow colors. This

band is known as a spectrum. When light from an incandescent gas is passed through a prism the solid band of color does not result. The spectrum of gases consists of isolated lines of color, each occupying a definite position and corresponding to a certain wave length. These characteristic lines vary with each gas and, therefore, renders the identification of each easy, with the aid of the spectroscope.

In 1868, Professor Janssen and Sir Norman Lockyer observed a yellow line, which they could not find in the spectrum of any known substance, while examining the spectrum of the corona of the sun. They named this substance helium (from the Greek for sun). Up till the year 1895, when Ramsay isolated it from cleveite, helium was not known to exist on earth. It was already known that when cleveite was treated with acid a gas was given off, but it was not until upon examination of the spectrum by Ramsay that it was found to be neither nitrogen, as it had previously been believed, nor argon. Upon further examination it was found to be none other than helium. Experiments with this new gas showed that it had an atomic weight 4, and like argon, was chemically inert. It is the most difficult of all gases to liquify, and it boils, under atmospheric pressure, at a temperature of  $-268.5$  degrees Centigrade.

Helium is now known as the product of the disintegration of radium and radio-active substances. It has been found in certain natural waters, such as those at Bath, and it occurs in the ratio of five to one million in the air. The largest source of this gas is now the natural gas which escapes from the earth in Texas, Kansas, and Oklahoma. Recently large quantities have been used to fill airships. It possesses a great advantage over hydrogen in this respect for it is not inflammable.

With the discovery of these two new elements, a new group, called the zero group, had to be inserted in the Mendéeleff classification of the elements. When thus classified it was at once obvious that in all probability there yet remained unknown elements to occupy the remaining spaces. Therefore, in 1896, a systematic reasearch for these unknown elements was started by Ramsay and Travers, and such energy and ability were



shown in the work that it was not long before three new elements had been discovered, namely Neon, Krypton and Xenon. Their identity was established by the use of the spectroscope and the calculation of their atomic weights showed that they were the missing elements. Thus, in just a few years, five new elements had been found. The series of rare gases was completed later by the discovery of Niton, the radioactive gas given off by radium.

Neon, with helium and argon, has already found a commercial use. It is employed as the filler in neon tubes. Under the influence of an electric discharge this gas glows brilliantly and has been used in the construction of illuminated signs.

W. H. L., '31

# The Acadia Athenaeum

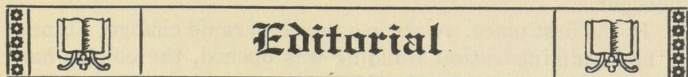
Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., January, 1928

No. 3

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



Three whole months have gone by, and, contrary to precedent, the editorial pen has so far refrained from a discussion of the anciently favored topic, "College Spirit." Possibly our readers were hoping for an escape from the subject for 1927-28, but alas! their hopes are dashed. "College Spirit" is our text.

There has been much vague allusion to this mythical substance in the last two years. Editorials have been written about it, speeches have been made, discussions have been set on foot in the S. C. A. and Athenaeum Society, and many a Willet Hall "bull-session" has referred to it as something which Acadia possessed in the good old days, but which is now gone forever.

It might be pointed out that a good many people still take an interest in games, and that class work and college work continues to be done, even without the aid of those who mourn



the old times. But it must be admitted that there is a less general enthusiasm and a more general discontent nowadays than there was two, or three, or four years ago.

Now for the why and the wherefor.

Again we strike much vagueness of answer. "We are out of the Inter-Collegiate League; the slow and painful death of the old initiation is taking college spirit with it; the college is in a general slump." Well, maybe. But two years ago we were in the league, and one of the arguments advanced for getting out was that the change would "promote a better spirit all round." Initiation may have a great deal to do with the change, but the real reason is that we are now "betwixt and between" on the question—we do not initiate Freshmen with anything like the old vigor, but the formal custom is kept up, and the contrast between this fall and the falls a few years ago is rather painful.

All these things are superficial. The true causes must lie deeper.

In the first place, we are in a period of rapid change. Since the new Administration Building was opened, the college has grown by leaps and bounds. As a necessary consequence, the old unity, the "one-family" feeling which many upper classmen can remember, has gone forever, and we have not had time to adjust ourselves to the change.

Secondly, our social life has gone rather dead. This is probably the true cause of the "more initiation" outcry. The large classes have taken away the last lingering hope of the ever-hopeless class party—at least they used to be gatherings of more or less intimate friends, and they are losing that unity year by year. And whatever the faults of the old initiation, it certainly started the year off with a good deal of pep. However, the *Athenaeum* orated wisely, not long ago, on the state of our social life.

Third, and most important, we have appreciably *ceased to strive*. Until 1925, Acadia was looking *forward* to a new College Hall, *forward* to larger registrations, more buildings, better college life in general. But most of the tasks of '24 are finished in '28. Those who worked for the accomplishments of these

tasks take pride in them, but we who had nothing to do with Acadia before '24 are getting a bit bored at the very mention of them. We admit the virtues of our new buildings, the progress of our university, but our interest is casual—it has always been thus since we knew Acadia.

These three factors fairly well account for the decay of college spirit. The first will remedy itself, the second rests with the Board of Governors, and the third is up to the students themselves.





# ATHLETICS

Interclass Soccer and Basketball have been the principle athletic features around the Campus since the last edition of the *Athenaeum*.

This year, the first Soccer team ever to represent Acadia played off a game with Windsor, the semi-finalists in Nova Scotia Championships, and defeated them by a score of 5—4. Due to the inclemency of the weather and the poor organization of the Acadia team the return game in Windsor was not played.

Now, Soccerites, the challenge is there for you. If you want a University Soccer team, get busy! Get an appropriation from the Union, appoint a Manager to get in touch with Kentville and Windsor, and make plans for practices. All of this year's team will be back again next year, and with the new material from the class of '32, the chances are good for some keen competition in the Soccer League.

The Interclass Basketball this year has also been of the best, and the two final games—between the Junior and Sophomore boys, and between the Junior and Senior girls, were really a treat. Good playing featured both games, and although the Juniors were not favored to win, they showed great form and deserved the championship in both cases.

Hockey is now well under way, and Coach Kelly has expressed his satisfaction at the amount of material which has turned out for practice.

With the good coaching of Fred Kelly, and under the efficient management of "Stubs" Findlay, the prospects for a prosperous hockey season seem to be of the best. This year the team is greatly aided by a New Rink in which the ice surface is of standard size, and in which the lighting system always a source of discontent in the old Rink—is very greatly improved.

Manager Baker of the Basketball team has also reported that Basketball is well under way, and that most of the boys of last year's team are again on the squad, in better shape than ever. According to all appearances at present, the chances for fast and exciting games are of the best, and with the old Acadia spirit to back the boys we may look forward to a season filled to the utmost with good and clean sport.

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### THE WINDSOR-ACADIA GAME

The first Soccer team ever to represent Acadia defeated Windsor, semi-finalists in the Nova Scotia championships, by 5 goals to 4 in a closely contested game at the campus. It was a hard clean fight from start to finish with the result always in doubt. After the opening score by Windsor, Goudey, who scored all of Acadia's five goals and was the best man on the field, put three through in succession and from then on Acadia was never headed.

The brilliant aggressive work of Eaton, Goudey and Buckley, the three blue and garnet inside forwards, and the fine blocking and kicking of "Shorty" Fenwick at centre half gave Acadia the scoring punch necessary to win the game.

The game opened fast. Sunderland booted a hot one over Henson's head for Windsor's first score, Goudey accepted two nice passes from Buckley and Eaton in the penalty area and put Acadia ahead with two well-placed kicks which gave the Windsor goalie no chance to save.

Acadia's last score in this period came when Goudey materialized on a penalty kick. Garwood scored one for Windsor



five minutes before the whistle, and the period ended with Acadia leading 3—2.

At the beginning of the second, Garwood's shot into the upper corner tied the score, but after some fast playing in Windsor's territory, Goudey headed in Williams' corner kick to put the home team ahead again. Goudey put in the deciding score when he kicked into the left-hand corner after a thrilling run by the forward line. Barton reduced Acadia's lead to one when he slapped in the rebound of Sunderland's smashing shot.

The line up:

Windsor—Goal, Caudle; Fullbacks, Haines, Brooks; halves, Garwood, Keddy, Weatherbed; forwards, Graham, Mounce, Barton, Sunderland, Smith.

Acadia—Goal, Henson; fullbacks, MacKinnon, Close, Halves, Williams, Fenwick, Johnson; forwards, Wright, Eaton, Goudey, Bishop, Buckley.

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### INTERCLASS SOCCER

The Juniors came through undefeated in the face of strong opposition from the Seniors and Sophomores to win the inter-class title after the most successful soccer season ever recorded at Acadia. To provide for the increased interest this year the league was divided into two sections, the winners of which played off for the title. The experiment proved a great success. The standing was:

#### First Section

	Won	Lost	Tied
Sophomores .....	2	0	1
Seniors .....	1	1	1
Academy.....	0	2	0

#### Second Section:

Juniors.....	2	0	0
Freshmen .....	1	1	0
Engineers.....	0	2	0

## Play-Off:

Juniors . . . . .	1	0	0
Sophomores . . . . .	0	1	0

**SOPHOMORES 2—SENIORS 0**

After playing their first scheduled game to a scoreless tie, the Sophomores eliminated the Seniors, their chief opponents in the first section, by a score of 2-0 in the second game. The Seniors had a big advantage in territory but lacked scoring punch and had the breaks against them, while the Sophs took advantage of their two opportunities, Goudey and Hennigar each getting one goal.

## The line-up:

Seniors: Taylor, Hilchie, DeLong, Mac O'Drum, Henson, S. Fenwick, H. Fenwick, Outhouse, Lusby, Renton, Peters.

Sophomores: Hancock, Titus, Armstrong, Lantz, Keddy, McKinnon, Goudey, Denton, Outhouse, Hennigar, Steadman.

**SENIORS 2—ACADEMY 0**

The Seniors trimmed the Academy team in the last game of the first section of the league. The Seniors had a complete advantage in territory, only one shot reaching their goal, but the stubborn defence put up by the Academy booters kept the score down.

Both goals came in the first period, the first when MacOdrum booted the ball through from the twenty-five yard line, the second when "Shorty" Fenwick gave a centre from Outhouse the finishing touch. The Senior stars were Henson and S. and H. Fenwick. Buckley and MacLeod did the best work for the Academy.

## The line-up:

Seniors: Weagle, Taylor, Hilchie, DeLong, MacOdrum, Henson, S. Fenwick, H. Fenwick, Outhouse, Lusby, Renton.

Academy: Buckley, Kennedy, MacLeod, Phinney, Pyle, Morgan, Schofield, Darrach, MacGougan, Rand, Currie.



**JUNIORS 2—FRESHMEN 0**

The Second Section, which produced the winners of the league, the Juniors, got under way when the champions trimmed the Freshmen 2-0. Both goals came from the toe of Eaton, Junior centre - half, in the first period, the first on a goal kick, the second after a nice bit of combination play. The Freshmen made several valiant attempts to score, but their efforts were blocked by the Junior defence.

The line-up:

Juniors: Henson, Hayward, Snell, Williams, Payzant, Wright, Jones, Eaton, Bishop, Johnson.

Freshmen: Longley, Robinson, Comeau, Wilson, Steeves, Ryan, Snofsky, Shaffner, Finnigan, Mahoney, Trask, Esterbrooks.

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**FRESHMEN 6—ENGINEERS 0**

The Freshmen walloped the Engineers by the heavy score of 6-0 in a one-sided game. Ryan accounted for three of the scores, Finnigan two, and Longley one. Henricksen starred for the Engineers.

The line-up:

Engineers: McLean, Montgomery, Hatfield, Hibbet, Libby, Henricksen, Lusby, McKenzie, Lewis, Hewitt, Burnie.

Freshmen: Longley, Robinson, Comeau, Wilson, Steeves, Ryan, Smofsky, Shaffner, Finnigan, Mahoney, Trask, Esterbrooks.

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**JUNIORS 5—ENGINEERS 1**

The Juniors clinched their section when they defeated the Engineers 5-1 in a fast game. The Junior forward line starred throughout, keeping the ball in their opponent's territory during most of the game. Eaton, Snell and Johnson starred for the Juniors, while Henricksen, who matched up their only

score on a penalty in the last half minute of the game, was the pick of the Engineers.

The Line-up:

Juniors: Henson, Snell, Hayward, Coy, Cohen, Payzant, Williams, Bishop, Wright, Jones, Eaton, Johnson.

Engineers: McLean, Montgomery, Hatfield, Hibbet, Libby, Henrichsen, Lusby, McKenzie, Lewis, Hewitt, Burnie.

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The Juniors walked away with the inter-class championship by their defeat of the Sophomores, runners-up for the title, by a score of 5-0. This win gave the Juniors their first inter-class championship. Their margin of victory was clear-cut throughout and their form against the fast Soph eleven was exceptionally good.

The Juniors scored a substantial lead in the first period. Eaton kicked a fine goal from close-in and followed with a penalty kick for the second score. Johnson scored the third goal of the period when he kicked a nice one with only the goalie to beat. In the second period, Cohen scored from a mix-up in front of the goal; and Johnson ran in the fifth and last after a fine run and kick. Goudey and Denton starred for the Sophs with Jones, Eaton and Snell at their best for the champions.

The line-up:

Juniors: Henson, Hayward, Coy, Payzant, Snell, Williams, Eaton, Bishop, Cohen, Jones, Johnson.

Sophomores: Hancock, Titus, Armstrong, Lantz, Keddy, MacKinnon, Goudey, Denton, Outhouse, Hennigar, Steadman.

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## INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

### SENIORS 34—ENGINEERS 32

After a half-time score of 19-17 and a final tie at 30-30, Gunter assured the game for the Seniors by dropping in two baskets in the overtime while MacLean was only able to register one for the Engineers. It ranks among the most exciting games of the year. Gunter, MacOdrum and Outhouse starred



for the Seniors, MacLean and Parmenter for the Engineers.

The line-up:

Seniors: Centre, Grimmer, 12; forwards, MacOdrum, 10, Gunter, 12; guards Richards, 1, Outhouse.

Engineers: Centre, Birnie, 5; forwards, MacLean, 19, Parmenter, 7; guards, Hatifeld, Brown.

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### **SOPHOMORES 35—FRESHMEN 28**

A snappy game was provided when the Freshmen held the fast travelling sophomores to a 7 point margin of victory. The showing of the Freshmen was a big surprise. Every member of their team looked like a coming basketballer, Comeau and Harlowe on the defence and Yould on the forward line being especially strong. Dougan, Matthews and MacKenzie were outstanding for the Sophomores. The Freshmen lead throughout most of the first period.

The line-up:

Sophomores: centre, Dougan, 10; forwards, Goudey, 10, Matthews, 8; defence, MacKenzie, 4, Davis 3.

Freshmen: centre, Trask, 4; forward, Yould 10, Ryan 14; defence, Comeau, Harlowe; sub. Smofsky.

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### **JUNIORS 35—FRESHMEN 28**

The Freshmen gave the Juniors their closest game, tying the score with two minutes to go at 28-28 after a splendid rally, but losing out 35-28. The Juniors called time out at 28-28 and on resumption of play, Morse and Johnson ran in 7 points to win. Arthurs and Morse were the stars for the Juniors, Yould and Comeau for the Freshmen. After the Junior-Sophomore game, this clash provided the best brand of basketball in the league:

The line-up:

Juniors: Centre, Morse, 15; forwards, Arthurs, 6, Jones 8; guards, Baker 4, Fetterley; sub., Johnson, 2.

Freshmen: Centre, Trask, 10; forwards, Yould, 4, Ryan, 12; guards, Comeau, 1, Harlowe, 1; sub., Smofsky.

**JUNIORS 24—SOPHOMORES 22**

In perhaps the most thrilling and best played game ever played in interclass basketball at Acadia, the Juniors fought their way to victory over the Sophomores, their rivals favored until this game for the championship. The brand of basketball hardly excelled that of the game in which Acadia won the provincial championship a year ago.

In the first period and a half, the Juniors outplayed their opponents and went into the closing stages of the game with a ten point lead. With only a few minutes to go, the Juniors weakened and the Sophs tied the score at 22-22 with only one minute of play left. The Junior team called for time out, and on resumption of play, Morse dropped a magnificent basket from 'way out to settle the game and the championship in favor of the Juniors. The playing of Fetterley and Baker, the latter especially, in holding the able Soph forwards to 22 points has seldom been excelled here as an exhibition of defensive play. The scoring of Morse was the feature of the Junior's attack. Matthews and Goudey were the pick of the Sophomores.

The line-up:

Sophomores: Centre, Dougan; forwards, Goudey, Matthews; guards, Davis, MacKenzie.

Juniors: centre, Morse; forwards, Jones, Arthurs; guards, Fetterley, Baker; sub., Wilson.

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**JUNIORS 37—FRESHETTES 36**

The Junior-Freshette game, which the Juniors won 37-36, provided the most exciting girls' game of the season. The Juniors led all the way, but their lead was only a point or two at times. During the last ten minutes, the Freshettes rallied and cut the lead of the Juniors to one point, forcing them to call time out in order to recover. The game ended amid a frenzy of excitement.



Juniors: V. MacLean, 17; H. Ingraham, 20; M. Duffy, W. Mills, M. Chase, M. Barnaby, A. MacKay.

Freshettes: Brown, 19, Ingraham, 17, Eaton, Saunders, Cameron, E. Jenkins.

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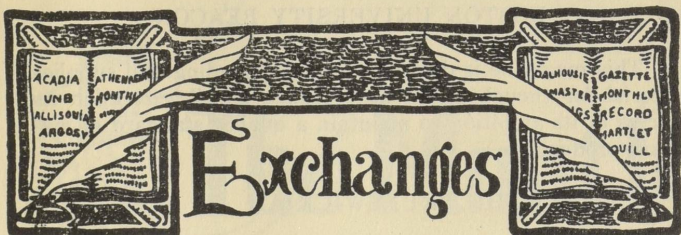
### JUNIORS 32—SENIORS 20

The Junior Girls were at the top of their form in their win of the crucial game of league from the Seniors. It was the only defeat handed to the Seniors this season and made the Junior teams the undefeated champions of both leagues. The Juniors fought their way to a lead early in the game and increased it steadily until the end of the game. The guarding of M. Duffy and A. MacKay, who held back the deadly shots of "Tran" Parlee and the shooting of Helen Ingraham were the features of the Juniors' play. F. Parlee, and K. MacLean were the stars for the Seniors.

The line-up: Seniors:

Seniors: Forwards, F. Parlee, 18, M. Brady, 2; centres, K. MacLean, E. Corey; guards, A. McLean, L. Bigelow.

Juniors: Forwards, H. Ingraham, 21, V. MacLean, 11; centres, M. Barnaby, M. Chase; guards A. MacKay, M. Duffy; Sub., W. Mills.



## THE COLLEGE TIMES

This magazine will supply a good many laughs. Indeed, it is so full of humor that one scarcely knows whether or not to take some statements seriously, the following for instance: "On Hallowe'en the students of Prince of Wales College carried out their time-honored custom of serenading the faculty. A very pleasant evening was spent by all."

May we suggest a little more interest in literary material?

## THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

The December issue of this magazine contains, besides other excellent material, two very well-written reviews, *The Poems of Mary Coleridge* and "Mother India." *The Poems of Mary Coleridge* is particularly striking and contains an interesting interpretation of her poem "Unwelcome." One must feel, on completing the article, that the writer need have no doubts as to whether or not he has "presented us with something."

We extend to you our best wishes for the success of your scheme for awarding literary M's.

## THE RED AND WHITE

This is an attractively arranged, well-written magazine. The December number with its beautiful frontispiece carries out to the full the Christmas spirit. The Exchange department is particularly well-written, and the "Jungle" deserves commendation. We liked the poem *You* very much.



## BOSTON UNIVERSITY BEACON

This magazine is decidedly pleasant reading and supplies material for thought. We congratulate the *Beacon* upon its success in its ambition to maintain a quality standard of magazine production.

## THE BRUNSWICKIAN

This magazine has much to recommend it, particularly its excellent literary department. We join with the *Brunswickian* in congratulating Miss Gostwick Roberts on the success that her delightful poems have won for her. The jokes are really witty.

## THE MANAGRA

The last issue of the *Managra* contains an interesting article on "Canadian literature" that is sure to please. It has as usual many other excellent features. The personals are breezy and create a definite interest in the persons mentioned. Do you not think that the advertisements could be arranged to better advantage? They seem to detract somewhat from the appearance of the magazine. Your captions are clever.

## THE MINNESOTA QUARTERLY

The literary material in the *Quarterly* is delightful. Why do you not give it a more tempting cover—one less suggestive of a telephone directory? Our only other regret in regard to the *Quarterly* is that we cannot see it oftener. Some of the short poems are striking. May we quote?

To —

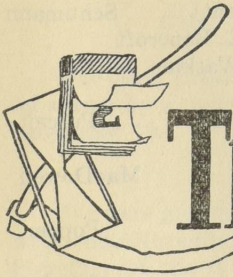
In twenty years

Then I'll be old,

And you.....

Why, Lad,

You'll be old too.



# The Month

The past month or months, have been one of mingled joy and sorrow—joy, for the holidays which have come and gone so swiftly; sorrow for the pre-Christmas tests and their somewhat fatal results. Athletics have been much in the fore-ground. The class basketball games have come to an end, with the Juniors romping off jubilantly with both leagues; and now we settle down to the serious business of Varsity practice.

The chief object of interest these past two months has been—we must confess—the completion of the new rink. No mother has ever watched her growing child more tenderly, and with more pride and joy in its progress than the student body of Acadia has shown toward the rising building. Was not their care rewarded, however, when the weather-man, giving over his malicious caprices for the time, graciously favored the opening of the now completed and magnificent structure on the night of January 17.

## FACULTY RECITAL

The faculty of the School of Fine Arts gave a very enjoyable recital in University Hall, on December 6, which was well attended. Every selection was appreciated by the audience so that it is needless to comment upon the various selections. Acadia University must be commended upon its Faculty Staff.

The following program was presented:—



1. Quintett in E Flat (First Movement) Schumann  
Miss Langley Miss K. Bancroft  
Miss Perry Miss Watkins  
Miss M. Bancroft.
2. Song "Ye Twice Ten Hundred Deities" Purcell  
Mr. Newnham
3. Piano Solo "Hungarian" MacDowell  
Miss M. Bancroft.
4. Violoncello Solo "Gavotte" Popper  
Miss Watkins
5. Song "Ave Maria" Schubert  
Miss Metcalfe  
'Cello and Organ obligati by Miss Watkins and Mr. Man-  
eely.
6. Quartett Op. 64 (First Movement) Haydn  
Miss Langley Miss K. Bancroft  
Miss Perry Miss Watkins
7. Piano Solo "Rapsodie" Op. 79. No. 1 Brahms  
Mr. Collins
8. Waltz Song (Romeo and Juliet) Gounod  
Miss Metcalfe
9. Violin Solo (a) Adagio from G. Major Sonata Tartini  
(b) Minuet in D Mozart  
Miss Longley
10. Song "Serenade" Tschackowski.  
Mr. Newnham
11. Piano Concerto in A (First Movement) Grieg  
Solo piano—Mr. Collins.  
Second Piano—Miss M. Bancroft.  
God Save the King.

## STUDENTS UNION

An important meeting of the Students' Union was held in University Hall on Saturday, December 3.

A discussion was held with regard to the Year Book. A committee was appointed consisting of several members from the Senior class and one member from the Junior Class.

## GROUND HOCKEY BANQUET

The Girls' Ground Hockey team concluded a very successful season by a banquet at "Artie's", on Saturday evening, November 19.

S. C. A.

We were greatly privileged in having as our guest over the week-end, November 18 to 21, Mr. Murray Brooks, general Secretary of the Students' Christian Movement of Canada. Besides talking with many of the students personally, Mr. Brooks met with the joint cabinets several times to discuss the various problems arising in this organization. Sunday evening he spoke to the girls' unit in Whitman Hall reception room, on the very interesting topic, "Ghandi". Later in the evening he addressed a mass meeting of the students, under the auspices of the S. C. A., in University Hall. This was Mr. Brooks' first visit to Acadia in his new capacity as general-secretary. Although we shall miss Mr. Clarke's visit this year, we feel that his place is being most efficiently filled and shall look forward with enthusiasm to Mr. Brooks' visit next year.

On November 27 the girl's unit of the S. C. A. put on a play, *Chee-Mao's Choice*, in the reception room of Whitman Hall, to which they invited the boys.

The cast included: Mary MacLeod, Addie Snowden, Doris Bentley, Margaret Webster and Beatrice Foote.

Between the acts of the play the Male Quartette favored the audience with several selections.

## CHRISTMAS PROPYLAEUM

Christmas Propylaeum was held at 10.30 p. m., Dec. 7, in the reception room of Whitman Hall. After the program Santa Claus pranced into the room. Everyone was delighted to catch a glimpse of the jolly old fellow so long before Christmas Eve; and we were even more delighted when he began unloading the Christmas Tree. The program was as follows:



1. Piano Solo—Dorothy Wilson.
2. Synopsis—Olive MacKay.
3. Reading—Tat. MacLean.
4. Merry Xmas—Santa Claus.

### CHRISTMAS DINNER

One of the most enjoyable social events of this season was the Christmas Dinner which was held on December 9.

The decorations were very appropriate for the occasion. Special mention should be made of the way in which Miss Jarvis contributed her time and ability to making the dinner a success.

The toastmaster of the evening was Archie Todd and the chief speaker Arthur Hunt Chute, a former graduate of Acadia.

Between the courses Christmas Carols were sung by all.

### THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Three one-act plays, *The Clod*, *The Pot Boiler*, *Why the Chimes Rang*, were presented by the Dramatic Society, under the capable direction of Miss M. E. Graves, on December 10.

Mention should be made of the efficient way in which the Executive Staff did their work behind the scenes.

The casts were as follows:—

#### *The Clod*

Thaddeus Trask  
Mary Trask  
Northern Soldier  
Dick  
Sergeant

Carrol Snell  
Kathlyn MacLean  
Henry Habel  
Vincent White  
Hinson Jones

#### *The Pot Boiler*

Sud  
Wouldby  
Stage Hands

Blair Fraser  
Gordon Ross  
Fenton Elliot  
James Nowlan

Mrs. Pencil	Mona Parsons
Miss Ivory	Audrey Gregg
Mr. Ruler	William MacLean
Mr. Inkwell	Archie Black
Mr. Ivory	Don. Wetmore

*Why The Chimes Rang*

Holger	Virginia MacLean
Steen	Emma Bradshaw
Bertel	Don Wetmore
An Old Woman	Marguerite Milner
The Angel	Miriam Coit
The Priest	Don Wetmore
A rich man	Blair Fraser
A courtier	Eleanor Kerr
A proud woman	Marion Read
A scholar	Frances Parlee
A young girl	Annie MacLachlan
The King	Henry Habel

Music was furnished by the Acadia Orchestra under the direction of Miss Beatrice Langley and Mr. E. A. Collins.

1st Movement from G Minor Symphony	Mozart
Torch Dance	Edward German.
Morris Dance	Edward German.
Shepherd's Dance	Edward German.

## THE MOUNTAIN CHRISTMAS TREE

The last Saturday night before the holidays about a dozen of the students, under the auspices of the S. C. A., went out in a sled, laden with toys, to a tiny school house back on the mountain. They were greeted by a room packed full of eager faces, young and old, and, oh, the appreciative smiles which greeted Santa as he unloaded the tree! Thanks to the generous support of the student body he was able to find a toy for every child. All who had the privilege of watching those children unwrap perhaps the only toy they would get that season, caught a different sort of Christmas spirit than they ever had before.



## ACADIA ATHENAEUM

## TUMBLER'S CLUB

The Tumbler's Club, which was organized last year by Miss Cook, is being carried on under the direction of Mr. Osborne. The officers are as follows: president, Elizabeth Corey, vice-pres., Mim Duffy, sec.-treas., Audrey Gregg. The first regular meeting of the year was held in the gym on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11. After the initiation of five new members Mr. Osborne directed the girls in work on the parallel bars.

Great enthusiasm is being shown among the members. Undoubtedly this club will come to hold an important place among the college activities.

## CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society held its regular fortnightly meeting at the home of Dr. Thompson on Wednesday December 7. Walter Graham read a very comprehensive paper on "The Development of Languages." During the evening a dainty lunch was served by Mrs. Thompson.

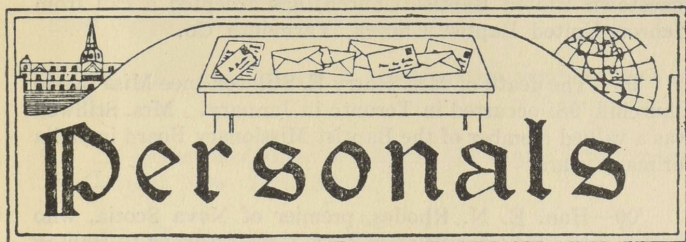
The first meeting of the Classical Society for the year 1928 was again held at the home of Dr. Thompson. Freida Smofsky read a finely descriptive paper on "How Tacitus Arouses Our Sympathy for Vitellius." Toward the close of the evening a delightful lunch was served by Mrs. Thompson.

## ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

The final debate to decide the championship of the Inter-Class League was held on Saturday, January 14, between the Juniors and the Freshmen. The subject was "Resolved that the Canadian Senate should be elected rather than appointed." The Juniors, supporting the negative, won the debate and with it the league.

## HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS CLUB

The Household Economics Club held a delightful "At Home" in the Practice House on Friday evening, Jan. 13. They had as their guests the members of the Faculty of the University.



Prof. E. A. Collins, Music Director of Acadia University, cordially invites all students who enjoy singing, to meet with the Choral Club in the Academy Chapel each Monday evening at seven o'clock.

Dr. Patterson was the special preacher at the Berwick Centenary celebration on Jan. 9.

Prof. W. T. Osborne, director of physical education, has been appointed second vice-president of the Nova Scotia Amateur Basket-ball Association, which has been organized in Halifax.

Dr. MacDonald addressed the Overseas Club at Halifax on Jan. 4.

During the Christmas vacation, five delegates from Acadia: Lena Keans, Margaret Gallagher, Addie Snowden, Arnold Westcott, and Gordon McClare, attended the Tenth Quadrennial Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement of America, which was held in Detroit.

'71—Congratulations are extended to Dr. and Mrs. I. B. Oakes upon their fifteenth wedding anniversary.

'98—Rev. Arthur H. Whitman, former pastor of Law-



rencetown United Baptist Church, has accepted a call from Hebron United Baptist Church, Yarmouth Co.

'98—The death of Mrs. Harry E. Stillwell (nee Miss Bessie Churchill '98) occurred in Toronto in January. Mrs. Stillwell was a valued member of the Baptist Missionary Board in India for many years.

'00—Hon. E. N. Rhodes, premier of Nova Scotia, who underwent a slight operation in New York, returned to Halifax for the Christmas season.

'16—Mildred Schurman is studying French at the University of Tours in France.

'22, '21—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Steeves on the birth of a son on October 31st.

Eng. '23—Wilson Brownell, who graduated from "Tech" in '25 has, at present, a position in St. Louis, Mo.

'22—Austin Brownell is on the staff of Pictou Academy.

'23—Allan Smith is teaching in Sydney Academy.

'23—Margaret Sylvester is a member of the staff of New Glasgow High School.

'24—Leon Rhodenizer and R. H. Murray are on the teaching staff of New Glasgow High School.

'26—Byrns Curry was chosen as Acadia's representative for the international debate.

'26—Anne Doherty has a position in the General Office of the Steel Plant, Sydney.

'26—Lucy Gates is attending Business College in Truro.

'26—Blair Elderkin is employed by the British Empire Steel Corporation, in Newfoundland.

'27—Ethelyn Osborne is teaching this year in Guysboro, N. S.

'27—Glen McCallum is spending the winter with her sister in Canton, New York State.

'27—W. Barteaux is playing for the Kentville Wildcats this season.

'27—Margaret Brown is Y. W. C. A. secretary in St. John.

'27—Iona Olding is teaching in Stellarton High School.

Ex. '27—Lydia Miller, who graduated last year from Dalhousie, is on the teaching staff of Ottawa Ladies' College.

'28—Edgar Bent, President of Students' Council at Acadia attended the National Federation of Canadian University Students which was held in Toronto during the Christmas holidays as a member of the Executive Council.

'28—Congratulations are extended to Marion Read upon winning a Dramatic "A".

'28—Vernon DeLong attended the S. C. A. Conference in Detroit as a member of the General Council of the S. V. M. of North America.

'28—We congratulate Elizabeth Corey upon winning the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest which was held in December.

'28—Margaret Gallaher, Lena Keans, and Emma Chest-



nutt were the Senior delegates to the S. V. M. Conference in Detroit.

'28—The Athenaeum extends heartiest congratulations to Ralph Henson upon his winning the Rhodes Scholarship which entitles him to three years study at Oxford University.

'29—Addie Snowden was a delegate to the S. V. M. Conference in Detroit.

Ex '29—Glenna Tracey, graduate of the Diploma Course in Household Economics has a position with the Dep't. of Agriculture of Ontario.

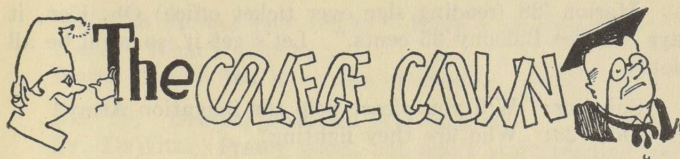
Ex. '29—Mae Robbins, who last year was a music student at Acadia, has now entered evangelistic work with her father as soloist and musical director.

'30—Congratulations are extended to D. C. Fraser who won the class of '05 Scholarship.

'30—Arnold Westcott was the Sophomore delegate to the S. V. M. Conference in Detroit.

'31—Gordon MacClare was the Freshman representative to the S. V. M. Conference in Detroit.

Ex. '31—Frank Youlds is attending Business College in Truro this term.



Joke Editor: Why don't you laugh at the jokes?

Louie '28: I was brought up to respect old age.

Wilson '29: I'll have some pork chops with fried potatoes  
and I'll have the pork chops lean.

Artie: Yes, sir. Which way?

Steve '30: Where can I get some specimens of bugs?

Crandall '31: Search me.

Prof. Havelock: Wake up, and pay attention.

Colpitts '30: I can't, sir.

Prof. Havelock: Why not?

Colpitts: I haven't been asleep.

Irene '28: Did you ever read "To a Mouse?"

Anderson '30: Gosh, no. How did you ever get one to  
listen?

Dr. Hancock: Order, please.

Squank '30: Root beer and cocoanut pie.

Bus '30: Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken?

Waiter: I don't know, sir.

Bus: It must be. Any chicken that has a mother wouldn't  
be this tough.

Bill '29: What do you mean by telling Ruth I'm a fool?

Don '29: I'm sorry. I did not know it was a secret.

In early youth we are taught to love one another. Later  
we learn to love one—and another.



Marion '28 (reading sign over ticket office) Oh, Ken, it says "Entire Balcony 35 cents." Let's get it, so we'll be all alone.

Solicitor: Will you please help the Salvation Army?

Don '29: Who are they fighting?

Miss Sharman: In how many wars was Spain engaged in in the 17th century?

Charlie '29: Seven.

Miss Sharman: Seven? Enumerate them.

Charlie: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

### Evolution

Freshman: — — —

Sophomore: Dunno.

Junior: Don't remember.

Senior: I do not believe I can add anything to what has been said.

Freida '29: I got this dress for a song.

Grace '28: Yes, but your father supplied the note.

Judge: Can't you two settle this out of court?

Matthews and Dougan: We've tried to, but the police always stop us.

Ted '28: I had a close shave the other day.

Mac '28: At the crossing?

Ted: No, at the barber's.

Dot '30 (cooing): Where'd you get those wonderful eyes?

Arlie '31: They came with my face.

Jim '29 (writing): I should write more, sweetheart, but my roommate is reading every word I write over my shoulder.

Duckie Eng.: You're a dirty liar.

Blair '28 (at the post office). Have I any mail?

Clerk. What's your name?

Blair. You'll find it on the envelope.

Bill '29. Doctor, what are my chances?

Dr. DeWitt. Pretty good, but don't start reading any continued stories.

Eleanor '31. I was crossing the street the other day when I stepped in a puddle, and got my skirt wet.

Hugh '31. Didn't the fall hurt you?

Torchy '28. I finally passed Latin.

Gunter '28. Honestly?

Torchy. Don't be so personal.

Emma '30. I had a dream about you last night.

Vin '29. Yes? What was it?

Emmæ. I dreamt I saw you sitting in front of a monkey singing 'Me and my Shadow.'

Chambers '29 (the car having stopped for the fifth time): I thought so, there's something wrong with the engine.

Freshette. Oh! Has it got an engine?

Stubbs '28. What do you mean by hanging on behind me like that?

Ted '28. I've broken my horn and I thought you could toot for two.

Newsboy. Paper, sir?

Vin '29 (rushing along). Can't read.

One of our musical Sophomores can drink soup in any key. Corn on the cob is his favorite instrument, but he likes to follow it with watermelon, so he can get his ears clean.

Atkinson '30. I found out why we get watery milk.

Bill '30. How come?

Atkinson. The cattle got caught in the rain.



Ken '28: The authorities are driving all the crooks out of town.

Ed. Eng.: That is showing too much courtesy. They ought to make them walk.

Heard on the football trip:

Squank '30: The only thing I don't like about crossing this bay is being on the water.

Stubby '31: I am so sick I believe I'm going to die—but I'm afraid I'm not.

Ken '28: When I get home I'm going to sell the bathtub for a vacuum cleaner.

Yank '29: I'm through with boats. I wouldn't give thirty cents for the British Navy.

Jones '29: Peck broke his leg yesterday.

Rupert '29: How?

Jones: Trying to put his socks on running to breakfast.

Gunter '28: Why don't you shave?

Bill '29: Why, I look all right, don't I?

Gunter: Yes. You look like the label on a box of cough-drops.

One of our professors says that a man does not need a college education in order to be a success. If a boy is smart, he can learn to play poker at home.

Marg. '28: Why are you studying French, Spanish and Italian?

Torchy '28: So I can swear at my father in three languages.

Scotch McKay '29: Say, Bill, have you seen the latest thing in pants?

Bill McLean '29: Sure, Blair Fraser getting over to breakfast in the morning.

Atkinson '30: (singing) I wonder how I look when I'm asleep.

Gunter '28: (absent-mindedly humming). You've got the sweetest little baby face.

Peck '29: I never can hold a good hand at bridge.

Jones '29: Perhaps you would be more successful with moonlight and—roses.

Dot '30: You know I love you and will be true to the last.

Rye '31: But how long will I be last?

Eileen '29: Mussolini must be of Scotch descent.

Audrey '29: How come?

Eileen '29: He made his men wear black shirts to save laundry bills.

Constance '30: What a nutty poem!

Emma '30: It is Shelley.

Scotch McKay '29: I hate food.

Payzant '29: Why?

Scotch McKay: It goes to my stomach.

Dentist (looking into tooth with cavity): What kind of a filling would you prefer?

Ginny '29: Oh! just fill it up with chocolate.

Cleveland '28: (after football game): No, I didn't lose my teeth, I have them right here in my handkerchief.

Duckie: Why do the Scandinavians call skis "she's."

Matthews '30: I don't know, why?

Duckie: Because you never know what they're going to do the next minute.



Hatfield (Eng.): She said some nasty things about me,  
and I met her only yesterday.

Hibbett (Eng.): It's a good thing you're not old friends.

Chambers '29 (after the accident): I have killed your cat.  
I shall replace the animal.

Old Maid: This is so sudden, but I'm afraid you can't  
catch mice.

White '29: Do you think plastic surgery would improve  
my features?

Coy '29: No.

White '29: Then what would you suggest?

Coy '29: Blasting.

Stub '28: And you say the girl you were out with the  
other night is pretty speedy.

Dickie '29: Yeah, but she can't get away from me.

Ebbie '30: Why, Reginald darling what is the matter?

Reg. '30: At last I have succeeded in yawning with my  
mouth closed.

Helen '30: How did you ever write that poetry in the  
Athenaeum?

Olive '29: Oh, I just felt foolish one day.

Helen '30: Only one day?

Emma '30 (just reading a letter from the best boy friend):  
Can you beat him for a jealous dumbell?

Eva '30: Why, what now?

Emma '30: Now, every letter he sends me is written in  
green ink.

My sweetie is artistic  
I know when we embrace,  
She has a taste for painting,  
I see it in her face.

Blair '28: (in Library trying to make an impression by explaining scientific term). Now, have I made myself plain?

Freshette (sweetly): I thought the Lord did that.

Math. Prof. (at black board): Now what can I do to make this problem more clear?

Enthusiastic Engineer: Erase it.

Grace '28: What is the temperature of a kiss?

Freida '28: I'll bite, what is it?

Grace '28: Two in the shade.

Helen '29: Is it true that statistics prove women live longer than men?

Grimmer '28: Well, you know paint is a great preservative.

Clements '30: Do you think this tie is loud?

Annie '28: Well—it certainly speaks well for itself.

Brown Eng. '29: (in Dining Hall) looking at roast beef for dinner). This animal must have lead a wild life.

Hatfield '29: Why is that?

Brown: You can see the marks of the whip on the meat yet.

Eleanor '31: I'm worried about my complexion.

Marion '31: You ought to diet.

Eleanor: That's a good idea—what color should I try?

Bill '30: Did you hear the latest version of "Mary had a little lamb, It followed her all day.

Jack '29: Yes, but now Mary would have to have a Himalayan sheep, that travels at 40 miles per hour.



Ryan '31: Have you heard the old expression "If there's anything in a man, travel will bring it out"?

Noble '31: Yes! I found that out on my trip to St. John.

Hendrickson Eng. '30 (seeing Shorty appear in cordiroys with a straw hat on): What's that on your head?

Shorty '29: A turnip.

Hendrickson: Aw, shut up, I wasn't talking about your head.

Black '28: (speaking of great painters): Why Raphael could change a frown to a smile with only a single stroke of a brush.

Smith '28: That's nothing, my old man could do that with the back of an ordinary hair brush.

Chesnutt '29 (writing a history essay): King William had a new forest maid and killed anyone who chased his dear.

It looks as though Colpitts will win the Chase, if McIsaac doesn't keep a Foote ahead.

Professor in Bible Class: What did John the Baptist do?

Fenwick '28: Nothing, he was a preacher.

Linton '29: Let's go down to Artie's and get a good round meal.

Munro '29: What's a round meal? I never had one.

Linton: One that hasn't any end to it.

Hibbett, Eng. '28: Did you ever hear the story of the lady who poured a bucket of hot water in her hat?

Black Eng. '28: No, tell us about it.

Hibbett: It hasn't leaked out yet.

Overheard on the Middle Section S. S. Willett: Bos'n.  
Eng. '28: Shut the door, there's an awful draft.

Cook '28: Sh-h-h—it's only the "Fog-horn" speaking.

Bent '28 (explaining Physics): A body possesses energy but doesn't do any work.

Hendricksen, Eng. '30: There are lots of bodies like that around here.

Cleveland '28: If you contradict me again, I'll kiss you.

Ollie '31: You will not.

Freda '28: Did you hear of the Barn Yard Carnival last Sunday?

Hilchie '28: No, what was it?

Freda: We had chicken for dinner, eggs for supper, and roosters on the Chesterfield for S. C. A.

Ted '28: Which cigarettes do you like best?

Stub '28: Other peoples.

Bent '28 (In Toronto): Can you direct me to the nearest bank?

Street Urchin: I can for a quarter.

Bent '28: Isn't that pretty high pay?

Street Urchin: Not for a Bank Director.

White '29: Did you know Kennedy was a bird lover?

Chambers '29: Why is that?

White: Because he flits around with a Martin most of the time.

McDormand '29: Who was Noah's wife?

Paul '28: Ah, that's easy—Joan of Ark.

Hist. Prof.: Read up about the Family Compact.

Stubs '28 (in an under tone): That's another name for a vanity case in a girls' boarding school.



Bent '28: They tell me you fell from a three story window last summer and didn't hurt yourself. How was that?

Hault Eng. '28: I had my light fall overcoat on.

McFarland Eng. '28: (rinsing out his mouth with Listerine): Well, I guess I'll do some work to-night.

Annie '28: Why does an Indian wear feathers on his head?

Clements '30: To keep his wig wam of course.

Whitey '29: How did you get along in your interview with the Pope, Dick?

Dicker '29: Oh, I just listened to a little papal bull. I thought he was going to make me a Cardinal, but I'm still the same old Bishop.



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