

PAGES

MISSING

THE O. A. C. REVIEW

"THE PROFESSION WHICH I HAVE EMBRACED REQUIRES A KNOWLEDGE OF EVERYTHING."

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Fitting Sheep for the Fall Fairs

By D. E. McEwen '18.

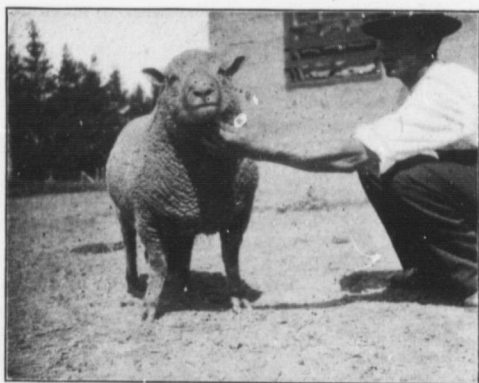
A SPECIAL feature of the sheep industry which has been developed to a great extent during the past few years, is the fitting of sheep for the fall fairs. Although it is pursued by comparatively few of the many flock masters, yet it is of vital importance to the sheep business and I will endeavour to outline briefly the essential points for successful fitting. This phase of the sheep industry is often regarded as superfluous and unnecessary but that impression is erroneous. Exhibitions have always been instrumental in the great improvement which has taken place in different classes of sheep, and they have also placed before the eye of the public those breeds whose merits have made them popular.

A good feeder or shepherd is not developed in a day; nor may he glean his knowledge from books and make a success at the first attempt, without first having some practical knowledge of his work. A shepherd must take pleasure in his work, have an alert eye and a keen mind which will always tell him what the sheep require—sometimes a change of feed, more exercise, or a different system of feeding. He must, at all times, feed judiciously, cultivate the habit of observing the likes and dislikes of his flock, and never become disheartened by obstacles which are placed in his way on the road to success. The young shepherd will always glean much from contact with time-worn veterans whose lives have been spent with their sheep and who always exhibit creditable stock.

The care of the flock begins not a month before the show, but during the fall of the previous year. Of course in the case of lambs (with which I will deal later), this will not apply, as they are not dropped till February or March. The good breeder and fitter picks out the promising individuals and refuses all bids on them from prospective buyers, as he is well aware that to win he must fit the best, and to produce prize winners, he must keep good foundation stock. These selected individuals do not receive any extra care during the winter, but are shorn sometime between Christmas and the end of March, depending upon the amount of fleece which they are to carry when exhibited. Some breeders do not shear their sheep entirely, but merely "cut them down heavily or stubble shear" with hand shears. The object in view in doing this is to have the sheep carry a very heavy fleece when shown, but this practice is not to be recommended, as great care must be exercised with the sheep to keep the fleece clean, and also during the hot weather of summer the sheep will suffer intensely and will feed poorly. After shearing, during the cold weather, the sheep must be confined in warm dry quarters free from draughts, and in which there is no possible chance of their receiving a chill. An animal which receives a chill will often be subject to an attack of rheumatism from which it sometimes never completely recovers. They will now require a ration of heating food such as a few

peas or a liberal allowance of grain, such as a mixture of oats, bran and oilcake. During this period the sheep will have an abnormal appetite, due to the fact that they need an additional allowance of food to produce heat. It is not safe to give them all the feed that they will eat, but a moderate feed of grain with plenty of turnips and good clover or alfalfa hay will give excellent results. Mangels or sugar beets may be fed in small quantities to ewes, but when fed to rams or wethers, they invariably produce kidney

in a good, strong, thrifty condition and not to "push them," as many feeders do. If early pasturing is desired, winter rye or early rape gives admirable results. They must have access to this for only a short time each day at first as it contains very little substance and too sudden a change will result in digestive disorders. As this pasture becomes older and contains less water, they may be allowed to pasture freely on it, as it will tend to keep them in good health. This feed or pasture will take the place of turnips



A Promising Individual

trouble. Timothy hay should not be fed as it does not produce the fat on the body and also lacks the tasty leaves and shoots of the leguminous hays. Two or three weeks after being shorn, when the sheep have become accustomed to the change, they should be given a few minutes exercise each day, increasing the period as the weather becomes milder.

During the spring an entirely different system of feeding and management will be found necessary. It is our desire to keep the sheep merely

which they were previously given and also allow to a certain extent, the ration of hay to be cut down.

The hot days of summer follow close upon the heels of the invigorating spring weather with its cool breezes. It is during the summer months that the shepherd must put a "finish" on the sheep, and to accomplish this, his ingenuity will be taxed to the utmost. Too many feeders force or overfeed their sheep and when they are brought into the ring, they are soft and flabby instead of having that firm fresh touch

which is so pronounced in the animal in the "pink of condition." It is the aim of the feeder to finish the sheep just before the show or to have them nearly finished, but in any case the flesh which they carry must be kept firm and not allowed to become soft or to slip on the sides. The sheep will often become very delicate in their feeding during the hot weather and it is important to remember these points:—

1. Do not feed more than the sheep will eat.
2. Always keep the troughs clean.
3. Keep a good supply of fresh water before the animals at all times.
4. Keep a box of salt in one corner of the feed trough. A medicated salt may be used as it acts as a good conditioner.

From the writer's viewpoint, the importance of exercise in fitting sheep cannot be too strongly emphasised, for when they are being fed a heavy ration of grain, it sharpens the appetite, helps to keep the digestive organs working freely and improves the carriage and alertness of the animal. A lack of exercise often causes the flesh to be put on in soft flabby lumps over the body and is also accompanied by a notable weakness of pasterns. A sheep which is carrying a large amount of flesh must have strong pasterns to sustain its weight. The sheep should have shelter from the strong sun during the day in cool, well ventilated barns, darkened to protect them from flies, and in the evening they should be turned out on good clean pasture where they will have to crop over a considerable area in search of food.

When the pastures become dried up and short, rape will be old enough to be cut and fed to the sheep. They should receive all they will eat with their other feed, that is, grain fed in the morning and evening, followed by

green feed and then clover or alfalfa hay. Green feed may also be fed at noon if the sheep desire it. An excellent grain ration consists of a mixture of equal parts of bran and oats with the addition of a small quantity of oilcake. Peas also make a very good fattening food but it possesses such strong and heating qualities that its use during the summer months, except by an experienced feeder, should be discouraged. Lincolns, Cotswolds and Leicesters may be safely given a larger proportion of grain than some of the Down breeds such as Shropshires and Southdowns. By the middle of August a welcome variation in the diet may be made, for early cabbages and turnips will be fit to use. A good feeder will always endeavour to find something to tempt the sheep to eat heartily, knowing that "good digestion ever waits on appetite."

CARE OF THE EWES BEFORE LAMBING

To insure good strong lambs, the ewes must receive a moderate amount of care so as to be in a strong condition before parturition. They should be allowed to run on pasture until the snow falls and may then be fed outside in troughs if the weather is not too stormy and a shelter or barn is not convenient for use. If they are in good condition, liberal feeds of roots and hay without any grain will be all that is necessary. It is important that the *ewes should not be too fat*. Two weeks before the lambing season begins, the ewes should be brought into a warm dry barn which has plenty of windows to admit light and sunshine. Grain should now be added to the feed, and the quantity of roots increased so as to insure a maximum flow of milk for the rearing of the lamb. The lambs should come between the first of February and the middle of March.

CARE OF THE LAMB

The essentials for the rapid growth of a young lamb are a plenteous supply of milk, plenty of sunshine and a large pen for exercise. When the lambs are two weeks old they will begin to rustle a little feed for themselves and a "creep" should be provided in which a trough with a mixture of equal parts of oil cake, bran and oats and choice bits of second cutting alfalfa or clover should be found at all times. They will thrive exceedingly well upon this, and when a month old they should receive this grain feed three times a day, followed by a few pulped turnips and hay.

On nice, warm days, the ewes and lambs should be turned out for exercise and even on colder days, providing it is dry, they should be turned out, as there is nothing which young lambs appreciate more than plenty of room to play. As soon as there is pasture they should be turned upon it. *Do not pasture lambs on old sheep runs* as it is at this period that they are the most susceptible to stomach trouble and ravages of tapeworms, with which old pastures as a rule are infested. The largest, most typical and outstanding lambs should be separated from the rest of the flock and receive extra feed and attention. Each day, when fed at noon, they should be separated from their mothers for a couple of hours so that when weaned about the end of June they will not miss their mothers to any appreciable extent. These lambs may all thrive and make notable gains, but as a rule there will be some whose unthrifty condition is easily recognized by a hard dry fleece and listless appearance. These unthrifty ones should be culled out and placed with the remainder of the flock. Feed the lambs liberally, as it is not probable that a lamb will become too fat, but do not

feed too many peas or foundering may result. An excellent pasture for them is a cloverfield or second growth alfalfa to which they will do no appreciable harm. The other items as applied to the older sheep will apply well to the lambs.

PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCHES ON THE FLOCK

The next consideration, after the fleshing of the sheep, is that of producing a good fleece in a fine, well trimmed condition. About a month before the show, they must be watched carefully and kept out of all dirt and not allowed out in any heavy rains as this takes the yolk out of the wool and makes it hard and difficult to trim. Two or three trimmings, as a rule, will put the fleece in fine shape. To do this, we need a pail of soft water, a coarse brush with which to dampen and work the wool up, a cattle curry to bring out the ends of the wool and break up the clots and a wool card to put the finishing smoothness upon the wool. Many sheep when first handled, will become very restless and excited and gentleness must always be exhibited in handling them. In trimming, start at the shoulder and work back, always keeping a straight topline. The rear end is next trimmed, making it correspond with the back, to the best advantage. The left side and then the right are trimmed and finally the head and neck are finished. It should be the object of the trimmer to give the sheep a compact, finished appearance, for at this work his artistic instinct is brought out and he endeavours to cover up the animals weak points and exaggerate the desirable ones. Of course, in the case of the long woolled breeds, as a rule the preparation of the fleece consists of separating it into "straps" and cutting off the rough ends.

After the sheep have been trimmed, it is advisable to put blankets on them to keep the fleece clean and smooth in transit to the fairs. Do not try to make a sheep fit a blanket, but make the blanket fit the sheep. Otherwise, if not properly adjusted, it will often disfigure the wool by cutting in at one place or another, especially around the neck.

The sheep should have their feet

and accustomed to being handled and trained to stand in a correct position. Failure to do this causes many sheep, on account of their unweildly conduct, to show to great disadvantage when brought into the show ring.

It is usually with no small degree of pride that the shepherd views his flock before sending them to the show. They are the result of his untiring efforts to bring them the nearest



Trimming the Feet of a Fat Sheep

carefully trimmed before the show as it strengthens their pasterns and greatly improves their carriage. Too much stress cannot be laid upon this point as it is often the deciding issue between two individuals in the show ring.

During the time the work of fitting and trimming is being carried on, the sheep should be caught occasionally

to the ideal which he has in mind. He has spent much time at his work and his heart is in the welfare of each individual and its outcome in the ring. To show the qualities of a true showman, he should be magnanimous in success or take his defeat in good spirit, resolving, in any case, that next year his efforts will be redoubled.

A Review of the Season's Dairying in Western Ontario

By R. J. Skelton, B.S.A.

THE early part of the season of 1916 gave promise of being a record breaker in the dairy world. The too-abundant rains which so discouraged the farmers in their endeavour to put in their spring seeding, gave the pastures a good start, with the result that the milk flow was heavy. Markets were good and prices high for both cheese and butter, and all signs pointed towards a big year for the dairyman.

But early prospects, like many of the "schemes o' mice an' men," did not materialize. The wet spring was followed by one of the dryest and hottest summers on record. Pastures burned up under the scorching summer sun, and farmers, the country over, were wondering why they had not built that summer silo for just such an emergency.

The cheesemaker's greatest problem this season has been the securing of sufficient coagulant with which to make his cheese. Hitherto our chief source of rennet supply has been Germany and Austria. The failure of this supply sent prices soaring to anywhere from seven to ten dollars per gallon for rennet and even then the supply was limited.

The necessity of securing an adequate supply of coagulant for cheese-making purposes led to considerable experimenting with pepsin. The Finch Experiment Station and the Cheese-making Department of the Ontario Agricultural College carried out various experiments with a view to securing an acceptable substitute for rennet.

Numerous pepsin compositions, good, bad and indifferent, were secured from various manufacturers and given a trial. These experiments showed that pepsin can be used as a coagulant for cheesemaking without injuring the quality of the cheese. This led the Dominion Government, through the Dairy & Cold Storage Commissioner, to secure a large quantity of pepsin and distribute it at cost to cheese makers, at the same time giving adequate directions for its use.

The action of the Government and the more or less extensive use of pepsin, has apparently given rise to some misgivings on the part of rennet manufacturers that rennet will not be needed again when we get back to normal conditions. They may rest assured, however, that rennet will come into its own again unless pepsin be manufactured on a more extensive and scientific scale than it is at present. In the meantime, we would do well to realize that here in Canada we waste annually enough calves' stomachs to make more than sufficient rennet to supply our needs. It should be possible to form some system of co-operation between farmers and dairymen, whereby these rennets could be collected, and thus make ourselves independent of foreign countries in this important dairy requisite.

The Canadian National Exhibition has come and gone once more. As usual Ontario captured most of the prizes in cheese. The judges were heard to remark that practically the whole exhibit would class as "extras."

This speaks well for the skill of the makers, as the past summer has been an exceptionally trying one for good work.

While we may congratulate ourselves in regard to the cheese exhibit, the same cannot be said of the butter. Only four entries were made from Ontario and of these only two appeared in the prize list. Who got the prizes? Quebec and the Western Provinces! And close students of the dairy industry

do not have to look far afield for a reason. In Quebec, "wholemilk creameries" are still numerous, while the Western Provinces have a system for grading their cream and butter, whereby the product is bought and paid for according to *quality*. Just so long as Ontario continues her present methods of buying cream, just so long may she expect her sister provinces to outrival her as producers of first-class creamery butter.

The Army Signal Service

By *Lieut. E. G. Rowley*

THE average civilian prides himself upon his knowledge of military operations. To him the role of the infantry and artillery is plain sailing—he has read enough about the operations of these branches of the Service to have a fairly clear, if somewhat incorrect, idea of the way in which they work. Although he will not admit it to anyone, he has a lurking idea that he could command a battery very creditably, or even a battalion in a pinch; but what he is sure that he does not know is how the various units and services keep in touch with one another in the field. He is free to admit that the system which allows a commander to retain control of thousands of men over dozens of miles, and to arrange for supplies of ammunition and food for every man of the ever-moving force must be complicated in the extreme.

As may be imagined, it is of the greatest importance that all commanders in action should be kept in vital touch with neighbouring units, as well as with their superiors and subordinates. To enable this to be done, the Signal Service has made use of every idea

and contrivance, mechanical, electrical and natural which can be conceived. The men of the Signal Service are required to have at least a fair education, quickness, and a certain degree of skill as electricians and mechanics. On the supposition that some of the readers of the Review may be interested in knowing "how it's done," I am going to take you with me on a Field Day which was held by the trained signallers of an Ontario camp this summer.

Early in the morning, a group of signalling officers were grouped on a rise of ground overlooking the manoeuvre area. Maps were spread, and the surrounding country was carefully surveyed through binoculars, to be verified with compasses later. A little way off, the signallers had fallen in, and the N. C. O.'s were checking over the technical equipment which the men carried. The senior officer hastily outlined an elaborate plan of attack to be conducted by an imaginary Division, for which the signallers were to form the means of communication.

Each man was told to his post, and all were soon moving, by aid of map

and compass, to their stations. Meanwhile the officers were riding over the country, looking out for the safest and most reasonable spots for the various stations, deciding at the same time, the best means of communication for each particular point. Divisional headquarters, or "D.H.Q." as it is called, was the top of a hill six miles back of the advanced lines. Here a regular signal office was arranged, for naturally most of the messages would sift through this—the brain of the whole scheme. At hastily constructed tables, message forms were arranged, and registers and files set to receive and tabulate the communications sent to, and received from, the various units. Surrounding this nucleus, groups of three or four men were hastily setting up apparatus. Others were "picking up" outlying stations with telescopes and binoculars, so that their own instruments could be aligned on them.

At one point a wire fence ran close to the Signal Office, and it was soon decided to turn it into one of the main arteries. A lineman, equipped with tools and cable, started down the fence, in case the wire was not continuous as far as the farm two miles away which was to be the next station. At the signal office, a man walked to the fence, unpacking a leather case at his belt.



A Field Phone.

In a minute he had a 'phone headgear adjusted, and had attached a wire to

a strand of the fence, at the same time pushing a ground rod into the earth. At the other end a similar thing happened, and soon the buzzers started to scream a chain of dots and dashes. A line of communication had been established.

For the rest of the day the old fence would palpitate with energy as messages were spoken or 'buzzed' along it. The field telephone is really a mixture of 'phone and telegraph. One can talk into it in the ordinary way, or words can be sent in the Morse Code



The Heliograph.

by means of a key. Although it is strange at first sight, the most useful part is the buzzer, since it can be used over a line much too poor to speak over, and an expert signaller can tap out a message just as quickly as it can be spoken correctly.

At another point near the central station, men were setting up a heliograph, an instrument for reflecting the sun's rays, by means of an aligning device, on to the distant station. Soon an answering flash—almost blinding in intensity—came from a hillside miles away, and messages were sent rapidly back and forth. The flash from a helio can be read for twenty or thirty miles

in this climate, while in such countries as India, sixty and seventy miles have full been spanned. A helio working at speed—say fifteen words a minute—is a most wonderful sight; the dots and dashes look like nothing so much as the whirling of a chain of magnificent diamonds.

The "central" opened communication with other stations by means of flags, which the toughened arms of the signallers seemed capable of handling forever. Flags are the old standby of the Signal Service, for they can be easily carried, are not affected by weather, and never get out of order. Beside that, they can be used where it would be impossible to make use of wire, and they have the advantage over the helio in that they can be used in cloudy weather. Flags, of course, have to be read with binoculars to a great extent, and often a man may be seen almost reeling with eyestrain after reading a long message. In one way or another, the central station got into



Semaphore.

communication with the main substations, while they in their turn got into touch with the smaller ones.

Some of these substations were run on the lines of a miniature 'phone exchange. A commutator, or small switchboard, laid out on the ground would be connected to ten or a dozen wires, at the other end of each of which would be a terminal or another transmission station. Some of the wires were the ends of cables, hastily reeled out along roads or across fields, going high up over crossings or in a groove beneath the surface. Other wires were simply connected to wire fences, which in their turn were connected one to the other by short lengths of cable. At such stations, the "telephone girl" could connect you to any number of small stations, or through other centrals, to the main ones.

At points in the system where no form of signalling, either visual or electrical, was possible, despatch riders and runners were used to link up the various branches, and the same thing was necessary when an enemy patrol put the cables out of commission for the time being.

As one rode up and down the area, watching the precision with which the work was done, and noticing the intricate instruments which had to be used, one did not wonder why so many College men—and there were several O.A.C. men there that day—decide that it is the work most worth while in the Army.

In the evening when we had come in and were smoking the tired feeling out of our bones, the O.A.C. signallers got together and decided how they would connect the Mac up with the Residence by 'field 'phones, how easy it would be to signal billets-doux across at night with a pocket flashlight, and what fun it would be to teach the Mac Girls the Morse Code (with variations), "when we all come back."

"What of the Business Training of the Agricultural College Student"

By Oliver F. Kilham

MANY Agricultural College graduates have doubtless come to know what it means not to have had training in office work. Personally I am frank to say that I had been out of college but a very short time, when I began to see that a certain amount of training along such lines was what I needed more than any other one thing. Many of us agricultural college men plan on doing the practical work, the manual work, after graduation for various reasons. My own reasons were that I expected to grow stronger and healthier by doing outside work; and I had an idea then, that I must personally do all the practical things that must be done, before I would be properly fitted to be a manager, and do executive work. That was splendid theoretically, but somehow it was very discouraging when put into practice.

After graduating from college (if you will please pardon personal references), I worked at various things until fall, then the next winter I got a position on a dairy farm, a large, thoroughly modern one. On the farm there was an office, just the same as is maintained by the average business concern. In the office was a young man—combination bookkeeper and stenographer—graduate of some New York business college (taking a three months course), who didn't know the first thing about agriculture; and yet, do you know, he fairly lorded it over not only the ordinary hands, but even over the superintendent of that big four hundred acre farm. He would get his

way when bucking the superintendent, in spite of anything that gentleman could do. Probably because he was always in a position to command the ear of the "Chief," and when it came right down to fundamentals, he did actually know more about the running of the business and the farm as a whole, than the superintendent or anyone else other than his immediate employers. He was in a position to know, because all the business passed through his hands. I worked for a Nursery Company next, where I saw another example of the same thing practically, and I said to myself—"now look here, you have been to High School and through College, and yet you don't seem to be in a position to know as much about the workings of the business as this young "whipper-snapper" with a grammar school education plus a three or four months' course in a business college—what are you going to do about it? I took a three months course at a business college myself, and came out and entered an office.

One of the big advantages of starting at the office end of any business and working up is, that you have an opportunity to see (if you will), all the correspondence that comes in and goes out, even if you are not a stenographer, but better if you are. You are close to the central figure or guiding force of the whole business, and not only do you get a broad and accurate knowledge of the business, but being at the right hand of the

"Chief," the things you do are noticed and your initiative if you have any, is appreciated.

As college men we have reason to think well of ourselves. We have most of us at least, put in eight years of study over and above the grammar grades. We have a perfect right, and owe it to ourselves and our Alma Mater, to present ourselves at the "front-door," and enter a business that way if possible. I speak particularly to those who have not yet graduated. You will find there is an almost unlimited number of young men crowding to get into the various lines of business through the practical or field end, which we may call the "back-door." Men who have not had our advantages—men who are not nearly so well-fitted as we are to do things, generally speaking, and must enter that way. It will pay you college men to at least learn to handle a typewriter efficiently before going after a position upon graduating. And learn something about general office work if possible, for you will find it useful in any line. Know at least the general principles of bookkeeping, and if you can, pick up shorthand. Look about you and you will see that the man who climbs to the top in any line invariably finds himself in an office—with correspondence to handle and executive work to do.

You certainly intend to get to the "top," so instead of wasting valuable time working at the so-called and much over-emphasized "practical-end," where you may never attract the attention of those higher up, start first in the office—and if you have the stuff in you it will not be long before (if you need to), you will be given a chance to put in six months or a year in the field at the practical work, and not as a "grubber" either, but in

some responsible position where you will have a chance to shift about and learn, and not merely how to do one thing as would have been the case ten chances to one had you elected to start in the field at the very beginning.

Since 1909 I have worked at various things—and I want to say to you right here, that if you decide to enter an office, you don't need to stick to your own particular line without a break. It would do you a world of good to put in six months in a law office, or a year in a railroad office for instance; for it is a fact we cannot get away from, that the average man engaged in agricultural work is not in the majority of cases, strictly up-to-date in his business methods. If you get into some other line for a while where "efficiency" is the watchword, you will come back to your own line with new ideas of all kinds, and a much broader outlook.

In the writer's opinion, you would do better to be "filing-clerk" in the office of say a Nursery Company to begin with, than "foreman of the stripping-gang" in the field. We should remember always, that eight years over the grammar grades should and does, entitle us to a better start than the man who lacks the benefit of those eight years. Provide yourselves with the "key" you will need, which is—at least the ability to use a typewriter well and a general knowledge of bookkeeping—then unlock the "front-door" and walk in—right into the atmosphere and among the surroundings your education and training have fitted you for. It matters not how you get the "key"—GET IT!

Get a position under a college man like yourself if you can. He will be more considerate and your work will be more congenial than otherwise.

Get a position as his stenographer or general clerk and right-hand man. If you cannot do that, get a like position under some good progressive man—one who will recognize and appreciate your ability and education and give you a chance to use your initiative. Get all the training along executive lines you can while in college and keep in mind the fact at all times, that the thing that is going to bring you success is not so much your ability to actually *DO THINGS YOURSELF*, as to *KNOW HOW* they should be done to best advantage, and to be able to plan and outline work for others and see that they do it right. If we "AGGIES" are to show people that our various Alma Maters are giving us what they claim to give; if we are to make them look up to and respect the Agricultural Colleges more and more as time goes on, we must make good—*WE*—the graduates of such institutions.

We must aim first, last and always, to use and constantly increase our natural executive ability. Act as Secretary or Manager of something whenever the opportunity presents itself while in College. Don't shirk such duties, for they will tend to give you

more than all else, the very training you need. It might be well to get the Agency from some Company, and appoint a few sub-agents. Plan their selling campaigns—get them well started—keep them encouraged, buoyed up, at work. Manage things in this small way to begin with, and you will find yourself growing in executive ability, and there is no telling what you may attain to.

In closing I will merely say that I have presented things as I see them. I have tried to give a few hints to the "comers," for I know how hard it was for me in the old days in college to see my way clear, and this sort of thing from some Alumnus might have helped me a great deal. If I succeed in helping just ONE to see his way a little clearer and prepare himself better for his work after graduation; or if I succeed in causing some other Alumnus to write an article of some kind that it is thought will be helpful to some of those who are still in college and are destined to have a lot of their sentiment knocked out of them, and many of their pet theories torn to shreds, I shall have done what I hoped to do, and have tried to do.—*The Oregon Countryman*.

Cliques

By the Passer-By

WEBSTER gives the meaning of a clique as a group of persons in union for a purpose; a gang—used generally in a bad sense. No mention is made of such a group accomplishing anything good but undoubtedly they may indirectly.

Do you remember ever having been where cliques operate. Of course, such unions are few and far between at

O.A.C. but have you ever been connected with a church or club of any kind when a compact or clique in other words was formed by a few and perhaps the organization that has taken years to perfect is ruined in a few weeks. If we look around us there are many such cases and even sometimes we hear of them in politics.

Is there ever a tendency among

students to form cliques? Decidedly so. I can remember well in our freshmen year, a clique formed of students, who have long since ceased to be students, whose sole ambition seemed to be to "knock" every good work undertaken by the executive. Others of us have seen cliques formed among the executive heads and the members out of sympathy with the common student. If you observe carefully, such members are not students who "weather the gale," as it were, but "fall by the wayside" early in their college course. To be a member of a class clique is a dangerous thing. There is a wide difference between close friendships formed and cliques; the former is laudable, the latter to be despised. Our relationships in this regard are of vital importance.

Sometimes cliques are formed, the members of which come from all classes but have a common ground to meet on in that their purpose is to knock college societies or college functions. There is either one of two things the matter in such a case; either the society executive is out of sympathy with its members or the members are not the right stamp of fellows. Each and every college society and function which has been organized for the good

of the college should receive the whole hearted support of the student body. We are all members of the societies; we need them and they need our support, especially in such a year as this, when the number of students is small. We must not look for too much from them, but we can get out of them just what we choose to if we will. If we knock we get nothing; Boost and much cometh our way.

We are just nicely started on our way of another College term. What the social atmosphere shall be depends on what we make it. Let us see to it that it may be wholesome and of a high standard. Let us forget for the moment that we are members of any particular class, cast aside any prejudices we have and let a sort of free masonry pervade the atmosphere. Those of us whose privilege it is to attend college in such times as these should not be found wanting by allowing the good work begun by others, to go behind. It is to be hoped that the true College spirit will be always uppermost in the minds of the members of the student body and if such be the case though small in numbers, we can make our influence felt for all time to come.

Making Much of Small Things

Time and Energy are Saved by Taking Advantage of the Short Cuts

Jas. McCarrell, Middlesex Co., Ont.

EVERY little movement has a meaning all its own," says the old jingle.

Every little movement has its business significance as well. In a United States magazine a writer tells of how a study of little movements enabled a working man to do much more work

in a day, to earn greater pay, and to have more leisure hours to spend with his family.

This working man was employed along with hundreds of others in loading pig-iron on cars. An efficiency expert took the working man in hand. First he studied every movement the

working man made and then he began to direct his movements. The expert started in the morning. He showed the man exactly how to stoop to pick up a pig of iron. He directed every movement the man made until he was in an upright position. He then showed him how to turn as he faced the car. He told him when to move forward to the car, and then he directed every little movement as he deposited his burden on the car floor. Not a movement was allowed to be wasted. All day the laboring man worked under the expert's direction, and at five o'clock in the afternoon he found that instead of loading a thousand blocks, his usual day's work, he had loaded 3,000 blocks, and was not so tired as usual at the end of his work. He was allowed to go home an hour earlier. The efficiency expert by studying every little movement had made that working man of more value to his employers, had put him in a position to command greater wages and to have more leisure time at home with his children.

LITTLE MOVEMENTS ON THE FARM

Has this little incident any lesson for the farmer? We farmers cover a multiplicity of jobs in the course of a day. Few men have greater opportunities to waste little movements, little minutes, and in the long run little days, than have we farmers. I believe that we could save ourselves much labor did we stop work for a while and spend a few hours co-ordinating the work on the farm. Here is an instance taken from a back issue of Farm and Dairy that illustrates what I mean.

On the Tamblin farm in Durham county they had been accustomed to walk for 40 years around the end of the barn to reach the stable door.

In the natural course of events the older Tamblin resigned his position as farm manager and his son took his place. I do not know whether young Mr. Tamblin had studied efficiency and the significance of "every little movement," but at any rate he had the application all right. No sooner was he in command than he cut a door through the near side of the wall into the stable, which meant that he saved himself and his men 60 feet of walking every time they went to the stable.

SAVED 72 MILES A YEAR.

It does not sound like much, does it. Sixty feet is only 20 steps, and the slowest man can walk 20 steps in a few seconds. In the aggregate it means a lot. It means that one man taking three trips a day one way saves 12 miles in the year. But the man who goes to the stable necessarily comes back again. Three trips a day both ways meant a saving of 24 miles. On a farm the size of Mr. Tamblin's there would be at least three persons travelling between the house and the stable, and that little door, which probably represented only a couple of hours' work, will save to the farm the time that it would take one person to walk 72 miles, which is equivalent to the distance travelled in giving a 10-acre field of corn four cultivations.

In the nearby county of Prince Edward is another farmer who believes in efficiency. Like all other good dairymen Mr. James Anderson believes that the milk stand should be a safe distance from the stables and barnyard. The common ordinary way of taking the milk to the stand is to milk a couple of pails full, walk out to the stand and empty them, and then back to the stable and fill them again.

Mr. Anderson has a different plan. He constructed a track from the milk stand right to the stable door. He then constructed a truck to run on the track. The milk cans are loaded on the truck, wheeled out to the door, the 30 or more cows are milked, the milk loaded into cans without any travelling whatever, and then pushed back on the truck to the milk stand. I have not figured out just how much travelling Mr. Anderson saves in the year, but it would be as much as Mr. Tamblyn saves on his door multiplied by several times.

EFFICIENT EGG COLLECTION

And still another instance taken from a back issue of *Farm and Dairy*. A few years ago co-operative egg circles were organized in Peterboro county. One of the rules on which members were admitted was that the eggs should be gathered twice a day during the summer months. This looked like a lot of trouble to most of the circle members. One man solved the problem to his entire satisfaction. When he went to feed the pigs he always remembered to carry a little basket along and collect the eggs at the same time. In coming in from the stable at noon he visited the henhouse on the way. Thus the requirements of the circle were met without any extra

trouble. I know for a positive fact that the twice a day collection of their eggs represented two special trips to the henhouse for many of this man's neighbors.

The planning of the interior arrangement of the dairy stable represents a big problem. The problem of whether the cows shall face each other or not is of vastly more importance than most of us would thank. Our decision means the saving or wasting of many little minutes that aggregate many hours in the course of a year. The arrangement of litter and feed carriers also represents a big saving that is demanded by true efficiency.

Efficiency in modern business and in modern business I include farming, means the difference between success and failure. The man whom the employer raises in pay is the efficient man. The employer who succeeds in competition with other employers is the one who can direct his labor most efficiently. We farmers, by studying efficiency, will be enabled to pay higher wages to our men. We will be able to take more leisure hours ourselves and to partake to the full of the pleasures that country life affords when we are not burdened with overwork. Shall we start now to study 'every little movement.'—*Farm and Dairy*.

A Farmer's Reflections

By Fred Foyston Mining, Ontario.

IT is a good thing to be zealous in a good work. As farmers our aim should be to do still better. We must progress or retrograde. As a class, I am pleased to say that we are advancing. There have always been good farmers, but in my young days these did many foolish things, one of which

was to plant small potatoes and to sow small and poorly screened seed grain. We really ought to give credit to Dr. Zavitz and Prof. Robertson for opening our eyes to the great truth that "like produces like" in the vegetable kingdom as in the animal kingdom. It has taken years to do it. Slowly but surely

we are grasping the important fact that with the same soil and labour it is possible to increase our yields by one-third, no matter what the season may be. We can scarcely comprehend what this would mean to our country were we all alive to its importance. Probably there are two-thirds of our farmers who are neglecting these matters with great loss to themselves and to the country also. By giving our soil of whatever quality, a chance to do its best, by giving it proper cultivation and following a proper rotation and sowing only the best seed of the best varieties I believe that we could nearly double our exports in all lines of produce. Of course there is the handicap of scarcity of help, which the war has accentuated, but when peace returns and we welcome "our boys" home again we must see that we make it to their interest to come back to the land—"the mother of us all."

A few decades back a large surplus of grain was held over from harvest to harvest, which was used to depress prices. It is not so now, nor is it likely to be so again. Humanity is slowly rising to a higher plane of living. In my childhood, the masses lived in poverty and want; now they are living in better homes and are better clothed and fed. The demand for better things will increase more and more. It is base to

entertain the thought that a diminished output increases prices to the benefit of the farmer. Make an article dear and you diminish its consumption. When foodstuffs are abnormally high the working people have less to spend on other things and thus manufacturing and trade are adversely affected. It is the best for all when things are reasonably cheap. I am afraid that we have not caught the spirit of our calling. We are only thinking of our own welfare and profit, instead the welfare of our nation. Our legislators are carrying a load of care and anxiety which we are happily free from; our soldiers are enduring untold hardships and sufferings in defending our liberties; it ought to be our highest joy to back them up in the only way we can,—by faithfully endeavouring to produce all we can and to give God and Nature a chance to shower their blessings upon us.

Please do not consider this article an homily. It is the talk of an old man who has seen much of life and who has a real love for humanity. I now see that the only way to obtain a really happy life is to banish selfishness and to live for the welfare of all. What we do now fixes our eternal destiny. Besides, "'Tis infamy to die and not be missed, or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist."

Origin and Uses of Grapes

By H. Neff, '17

AMONG our most common fruits of Ontario, the grape stands as one with which the ordinary person is least familiar, other than knowing the fruit to see it, and knowing that it is of three colors, viz: Blue, white or green and red. Thus, in this article I shall endeavour to bring to the minds of the

readers, a few interesting facts regarding their uses, and a short description of the chief varieties in Ontario, with which all should be familiar.

The grape is one of the oldest and most popular of our fruits. Its culture dates back to prehistoric times for seeds have been found entombed with

the mummies of Egypt. One species is grown in Europe, known as the "vitus vinifera." From this the wines have been made for centuries, and today from it are made the raisins of commerce. Although the growers of Eastern America have not been able to grow this species successfully, it is the grape of commerce of California. The dessert grapes imported here from California are of the European species; thus their distinct quality and flavor. They are firmer, with a tougher skin and of a more oval shape than the Ontario grape. They are less subject to rot and are sweeter and of fine quality for dessert. They are also used largely for the production of currants and raisins. Of all the varieties grown in Ontario, we have none that will dry to make raisins and currants.

The grapes of Eastern America and Ontario have been developed largely from the native species, "Vitus labrusca" with a sprinkling here and there of European blood. A great number of our varieties, including Concord and Worden, are purely American.

Grapes are used largely for the production of fermented wine and many large vineyards are devoted solely to this purpose. The grapes used must be well matured, thus such varieties as will mature early must be selected, for it is the amount of sugar formed in the ripe grape that makes it one of the best natural materials from which to make this beverage. The Concord is the leading wine grape as it is the most productive and matures best in Ontario.

Poor quality grapes cannot be economically used for wine making and the crop must also be handled carefully, for mouldy grapes, and grapes which have been split or crushed by rough handling, develop organisms detrimental to the yeast which produces the proper fermentation.

Grapes are also used to a large extent in the ordinary household for dessert and for making jellies, and unfermented grape-juice.

About ninety per cent. of the grapes grown are Concords, the remaining ten per cent. being divided chiefly among the Niagara, Worden, Moore Early, Agawam and Delaware. The blue grapes which first appear on the market are as a rule Campbell's Early and Moore Early. They are about the same in size of bunch as the Concords and have a large berry with a rich sweet flavor. They are ripe about two weeks earlier than the Concord. The Worden, also a blue grape, comes a little later. It is much similar to the Concord as to bunch and berry but has a bad habit of splitting in unfavorable weather. The quality is much like that of the Concord. The Concord on account of its most extensive plantings is the most used and nearly everybody is familiar with it. Although its dessert quality is not quite as good as some other varieties, its comparative freedom from mildew and its productiveness and shipping quality give it the first place.

Of the Red grapes, the most common varieties are the Hindley (Rogers No. 9), Agawam (Rogers No. 15), Brighton and Delaware. The first two varieties are of fine dessert quality and have a spicy flavor. They ripen a little earlier than the Concord and command a ready sale on account of their attractive appearance. The bunches are rather loose but have large bright red berries. The Brighton is of good dessert quality in its season and yields large bunches with medium berries of a crimson red and attractive appearance. The Delaware is smaller in bunch but is very compact. The berries are small but are of an attractive bright red color. They are sweet and juicy with a fine

aromatic flavor. It is one of the finest dessert grapes.

The green grapes are fewer in varieties but of fine quality. The Niagara is the leading variety. The bunch is large and compact with large soft juicy berries when well ripened. The Diamond is less grown but of fair quality.

There are a great many more var-

ieties grown locally but not of much commercial importance so they need not be mentioned here. However, I might mention that the season has a great influence on the quality of the fruit. Being tender to frost, it must be picked before frost comes, thus an unfavorable and cool season gives immature fruit and consequently the sour grapes.



The Outlook

Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
 But to stand free! to keep the mind at brood
 On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
 Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;
 At every thought and deed to clear the haze
 Out of our eyes, considering only this,
 What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
 This is to live, and win the final praise.
 Though strife, ill fortune and harsh human need
 Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
 With agony; yet, patience—there shall come
 Many great voices from life's outer sea,
 Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
 Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

—Lampman.

THE O.A.C. REVIEW

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EDITORIAL

As we predicted in a previous issue, the student body is greatly reduced in numbers this year. Thus the opening formalities were of a somewhat quieter nature than has been the custom during former years. Two hours on the Thursday afternoon after opening day sufficed for the initiation of the Freshmen into membership in the student body. Congratulations are due the Sophomores for the absence of dirt and for the originality shown in their part as initiators, and to the Freshmen for the good spirit in which they accepted that was meted out to them. Both are to be commended for the spirit of good-fellowship which existed at all times between the members of the two years. It is encouraging to see so little friction between these natural enemies in any college, as it gives indication of a harmony of purpose which is likely to

exist throughout their entire college course. We may rest assured however that the members of year '19 will see to it that any Freshman who acts indiscreetly is dealt with according to tradition.

THE C. O. T. C.

The O. A. C. Canadian Officers' Training Corps has again begun operations. Drill is being held twice weekly. It is to be hoped that all students who are physically able will take an active interest in military training this year and turn out to drill regularly. Aside from the fact that all men in Canada today should have more or less knowledge of military operations, the drill has a directly beneficial effect upon the individual. Punctuality and regularity are the keynotes of military

discipline. The man who joins the C. O. T. C. and studies sufficiently to pass his examinations next spring cannot fail to have these qualities developed in him.

Let us get behind the organization and help the officers to produce a lieutenants' class next spring which will be as efficient as the former classes of 1915 and 1916.

THE REVIEW COMPETITION

Are you a cartoonist? Can you take a good photograph? Can you write a short story or a compose a poem? If you can demonstrate that your ability along any of these lines is superior to that of any other student in the College, there is a pecuniary remuneration of \$10.00 for you, as well as the honor of having *your* cartoon, photo, story or poem published in the Christmas Review as the best which can be produced by the students of the Ontario Agricultural College.

Very shortly, posters will appear upon the bulletin boards of the College and Macdonald Hall, announcing this annual Review competition. First and second prizes of \$10 and \$5 respectively,

in books, are offered by the Review in each of the above mentioned classes. All students who are members of the Students' Co-operative Association may enter the competition. Each article must be handed in under a nom de plume, with a note attached, giving the competitor's name, the name of the article and the nom de plume, and must be marked, "For Review Competition." The judges, who will be members of the Faculty, will receive each article under the nom de plume only. As mentioned previously, the result of the competition will be published in our Christmas number along with the prize winning articles. The competition closes on November 10th. Articles will be received at the Review office or by any member of the staff up to and including that date.

Let us have keener rivalry this year than ever before. There are many in the College—on both sides of the campus—who have never tried to see what they could do in any of these lines. Begin to think about it right away, but don't be content with thinking. Act—and let us have the result of your efforts on or before November 10th.

At the Spring

Within a grove of scented pines
There bubbled up a spring,
And thither, as if sacred lines
Enclosed it in a ring.

A man, to quaff, so softly crept
The linnets in the branches slept.

Another came to slake his thirst
With careless step;—the clay
Fell in and fouled the spring. He cursed,
And, cursing, strode away.

The linnets knew that they had seen
A lover, and a libertine.—W. P. Preble jr.



OUR HONOR ROLL—CONTINUED

Lee, C. M.....	'17
✓Patch, A. M. W.....	'07
Rawson, C. L.....	'17
Robertson W. H.....	'11
Surgenor, W. J.....	'19

WORD FROM BELGIUM

The following letter was received by Prof. D. H. Jones from T. H. Lund, formerly of the O. A. C. Bacteriological Department, now a sergeant in the 29th Battery, C. F. A., and was kindly handed to the Review for publication. It should prove of interest to our readers as it tells something of the life behind the firing line.

With the Battery in Action,
Somewhere in Belgium,
Aug. 23rd, 1916.

My Dear Dan:

10 p.m.

In a sandbagged, tin-roofed dugout, by the light of a tallow dip, I snatch a few minutes before turning in to send you a line to say that all is well. We landed in France, as you possibly know already, on July 15th and were worked up to the front by degrees. The first night we spent just outside the port of landing, which seems as far as we could see to be given over entirely to the business of war. Then a 24 hours run on the train with our horses and guns through the fair fields of France brought us close to the Belgian border

where we detrained and marched over to a large field reserved for us about five miles away. Here we passed nine days grooming horses, polishing buttons, stringing telephone wires, cleaning harness, etc., etc., sleeping at night under the hedges and working through the lively summer days. The only signs of war there, were the heavy motor transports and motor omnibuses going by on the roads, sometimes full sometimes empty, and the shelling of the aeroplanes. The latter seems a never ending game, we have seen thousands of shots fired but have yet to see our first plane brought down. At night you could hear the guns firing away at the front of the line.

On July 26th we marched up about twelve miles towards the firing line and encamped in a field again. Now the ravages of war begin to make themselves evident, houses have been torn down, churches blown up, and shell holes are found on the roads and in the fields. We are on the edge of civilian settlement, another mile and none but soldiers are seen. The farms are still tilled (and wonderful crops they grow these French farmers) even with occasional shells falling in the fields. There are still a few small shops doing business in the village where "Tommy" can supplement his army ration with eggs, biscuits, canned fruit, chocolate and last but not least that useful

commodity known as Pork and Beans. The pork is a square inch or so on top of the can to give the flavor I presume, except for this the can contains nothing but beans. Here we stayed until Aug. 5th, cleaning, shining, polishing, etc., and made a record by having four inspections in eight days. We were getting just about "fed up" when we got orders to move up to a position and take it over from the battery who held it. On Saturday Afternoon, Aug. 5th, I and two signallers got orders to be ready to proceed in half an hour with blankets and rations for three days. We three went on bicycles and the Major and another officer on horseback as far as they could take them by day; we finished our journey on foot. As far as I am concerned that is the day the war for me really began, when we heard for the first time the shrapnel bullets and splinters cutting through the leaves of the trees. A lot has happened since that afternoon but I cannot tell it to you just now. I am still safe and sound and *most* contented now that our innings have come in the game. We have had three busy weeks in action, some day I will tell you the tale. We are all glad that our period of training is over and that we are deemed worthy to take our place in the line. I have lots of work to keep me busy and interested and never felt better in my life than I do now.

Remembrances to our friends at the O. A. C. Will try and write again soon.

Sincerely yours,

Sergeant T. H. Lund,

No. 91972.

O. A. C. CASUALTIES

The following item was clipped from a recent newspaper and contains an

account of the death, from wounds, of W. M. Kedey of year '15:

"News has been received of the death of Pte. W. M. Kedey, of Fitzroy Harbor, Ont., who joined the Princess Pats when the war broke out. At that time he was a student in the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, where he remained until he graduated. He was then attached to the McGill company, and went overseas in the summer of last year.

Some weeks ago his father received a telegram announcing that his boy was wounded, and he at once cabled for further particulars. No information was forthcoming, however, until a letter was received from the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary, Derby, Eng., stating that Pte. Kedey's condition was serious. He had been shot in the head and in the right hand. Mr. Kedey at once decided to go to England and bring his boy home for treatment, but just before his departure he was wired that Pte. Kedey had died of wounds on Sunday, September 3rd.

The late Pte. Kedey was 27 years of age, and was a descendant of Col. Ziba Marcus Phillips, who fought in the Canadian Militia under Gen. Brock at Queenston Heights. Col. Phillips was a great-uncle of Mr. Kedey, Sr. Had Pte. Kedey lived he would have been granted a commission, as the papers recommending his promotion for services in the field had gone through about the time he was wounded."

"Bill" was one of the most popular men in college during his student life, and his fellows students deeply mourn the loss of a true comrade.

"Where'er he met a stranger,
There he left a friend."

O. A. C. STUDENTS WITH THE 56TH O. S. BATTERY, C. F. A.	Fleming, G. C.....	Bombardier
14TH F. A. "HOWITZER" BRIGADE, C. E. F.	French, H. S.....	Gunner
Amos, L.....	Fulton, A.....	Gunner
Anderson, W. McL.....	Gardhouse, W. W.....	Bombardier
Bennett, O. W.....	Gregg, A. H.....	Gunner
Bissett, W.....	Grunder, N. A.....	Gunner
Brown, R. W.....	Hamilton, F. W.....	Gunner
Brown, W. R.....	Hammersley, A. S.....	Gunner
Burrows, A. R.....	Hammond, W. A.....	Sgt. Saddler
Campbell, H. M.....	Hill, W. G.....	Sergeant
Carncross, E. E.....	Jackson, G. H.....	O. R. S.
Carson, H. A.....	Johnston, J. T.....	Gunner
Clare, J. F.....	Kay, W. J. B.....	Sergeant
Clark, G. A.....	Knox, R. G.....	Gunner
	Laird, D. G.....	Gunner
	Long, L. C.....	Gunner



Clemens, L. P.....	Gunner	Maybee, H. J.....	Gunner
Cline, C. A.....	Corporal	Middleton, R. E.....	Act. Bomb.
Cody, W. B.....	Gunner	Moore, A. C.....	Gunner
Connon, P. C.....	Sgt. Wheeler	Morton, B. W.....	Gunner
Cotsworth, F. B.....	Sergeant	MacAdam, J. A.....	Gunner
Coulter, W. H.....	Gunner	McArthur, D. C.....	Corporal
Crawford, R. S.....	Gunner	McLennan, D. M.....	Gunner
Cudmore, H. J.....	Gunner	McPhail, M. C.....	Gunner
Cuthbertson, J. A.....	Gunner	Nixon, C. M.....	Gunner
Davis, H. R. L.....	Gunner	Bird, W. J.....	Sergeant
Donald, F. C.....	Gunner	Oldfield, H. G.....	Gunner
Duncan, C. C.....	Corporal	Renwick, H. L.....	Gunner
Edwards, G. H.....	Gunner	Richardson, G. A.....	Gunner
Edwards, H. S.....	Gunner	Riley, C. W.....	Gunner
Fairles, W.....	Gunner	Roger, J. C.....	Bombardier
Fisher, J. H.....	Gunner	Rowland, H. F.....	Sergeant

Runnalls, P. L.....	Gunner
Sanford, P. L.....	Gunner
Schwemann, D.....	Bombardier
Shaw, C. F.....	Gunner
Shaw, J. G. B.....	Gunner
Smith, D. McD.....	Gunner
Stevenson, H. E.....	Gunner
Stoddart, T.....	Gunner
Thomas, F. S. P.....	Gunner
Timpany, B. J.....	Gunner
Varey, J. M.....	Gunner
Watt, M. A.....	Gunner
Western, H. U.....	Gunner
White, R. E.....	Gunner
White, W. R.....	Gunner
Whitlock, J. E.....	Gunner
Wilcox, C. W.....	Sergt. Cook.
Wiltshire, A. E.....	Bombardier
Winslow, J. H.....	Bombardier
Wilson, J. R.....	Lieutenant
*Cameron, P. C.....	Gunner
*Jones, W. F.....	Bombardier

*Dairy Short Course.

Rolf Holmden of '17 has recently been reported as wounded. The following paragraph from an Ottawa paper gives a short account of his enlistment:

"Lance-Sergt. Rolf Holmden, in the casualty list as wounded, is the second eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hensley R. Holmden, 41 Fairmont avenue. The official notification says that Sergt. Holmden is suffering from gunshot wound in the head, and he is believed not to be in a serious condition. Rolf Holmden is 32 years of age and enlisted with the 73rd Highland Battalion in September, 1915. He went overseas in April of this year. He was in Prince Edward Island just before he enlisted, and when he heard of the death of his brother, Pte. George Holmden, who was killed after Festubert, he came to Ottawa, gave up his position in the botanical branch of the outside service of the depart-

ment of agriculture and enlisted to avenge his brother's death."

Holmden spent only one year at College but during that time was noted for his ability to cover more work than three ordinary men.

Another item from a Vancouver paper concerning A. W. M. Patch, who was graduated in Biology in 1907, is published below:

"Lieut. Aubrey M. W. Patch, whose name appeared in the casualty lists recently, was well known in Vancouver, where he lived for about six years. He was employed at the Bitulithic Company's offices. The young man tried to enlist here but was turned down on account of his eyesight, but going on his own responsibility to England, was received into a Surrey regiment, was quickly promoted from private to lieutenant and transferred to the 3rd King's Own Royal Lancasters. He took part in the big push but was killed after being only ten days at the front. He was the youngest son of the late Rev. H. W. Patch of Mickelbury, near Dorking, Surrey.

WEDDING BELLS

The remodelling of the home of the Chemistry Department seems to have given the members of its staff visions of new homes elsewhere as well. Last month we announced the marriage of Professor R. Harcourt and now we make note of a similar climax in the lives of two of his assistants.

On September 2nd, H. L. Fulmer, B. S. A., was married to Miss Mary E. McLennan of the Macdonald Institute staff and on September 12th, W. L. Iveson, M. A., to Miss F. Eileen Hoover, L. T. C. M.

Heartiest congratulations are extended.

The marriage is announced of Miss Mary Geraldine Bompas, a former student of Macdonald Institute, to Mr. F. A. W. Boyd of class '12. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd will reside at Wolsley, Sask.

College Life

THE INITIATION

The Freshmen experienced their first bit of college life on Sept. 21st when by means of paddle, paint and powder they were welcomed into the college by the Sophs.

At 3.45 p.m., the freshies, with eager expectation, mobilized in the Post Office, dolled in their very oldest clothes and prepared for the worst. A Soph. took command of their company and led the green ones in single file around the campus; to put them through the spanking machine, through barrels, over a see-saw and into a suspended barrel which when loaded was spun until its contents,—a Freshie,—were dumped out.

"Exercise causes hunger." So we are taught and the lovable Soph. forgot this not, for he fed them in troughs, lemon pie plus the very best grade of violet talcum powder. To wash this down was milk plus—. Only a chemist of highest order could tell what it contained.

Boxing is always spectacular, and a few bouts were staged which judging from the mirth on the side lines was as interesting as a Willard-Johnston fight.

There were now but few freshies who had not been in the stunts, and these few were blind folded and given a rope which was tied to a pole—two men to each pole. One man had a bell which he rang as he ran round, the other a bag with which he tried to hit the bell man.

Strategy has won many battles and it was strategy that won for the Sophs.



The Rush for the Flag.

the flag, for just previous to the flag fight the freshies fought among themselves over the capture of three bags. So much energy was expended on this that in the grand fight it took but a few minutes for the Sophs. to pull down the banner.



We wonder what he found inside.

The freshies after the battle were happy, for it was not as bad as they had dreamed, the Sophs were joyful and the onlookers were well pleased with the good, clean, wholesome way the entire welcome was staged.—E. H. Parfitt.

THE FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

On the evening of Sept. 22nd, the

College Y. M. C. A. -tendered a reception to the freshmen in the gymnasium. The faculty with their wives and the students of the threeu pper years gathered together to give a welcome to the members of year '20 on the occasion of their entering the Ontario Agricultural College. This annual function was attended with the same interest and the same spirit of good-will and fellowship pervaded the meeting as in former years, despite the fact that the number of Students attending the College has been greatly diminished.

The Faculty, the Seniors, the Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen mingled freely, the assemblage offering splendid opportunities for all to become acquainted. Hearty hand shaking, pleasant chats and reviews of the events of the initiation which had been held that afternoon made the meeting a pleasant one and fostered that friendly spirit among all which begins with a genuine "How do you do."

Prof. Caesar occupied the chair. After the singing of "O Canada," a program was carried out which was designed to acquaint the freshmen with the various College organizations, their functions and their aims and the opportunities which they afford to all.

In the absence of Dr. Creelman, the address of welcome was delivered by Prof. W. H. Day. In a brief, forcible manner, the speaker impressed upon the gathering the importance of maintaining a proper attitude during student life. He dwelt upon the fact that only energy with stability could bring success and happiness; that during life at College, character building should be the first object of all. A warning was sounded against the creation of false ideals which have ruined many college men. The speaker exhorted all to

establish fixed principles, to stand on them and fight for them and success would surely crown their efforts.

An interesting talk was given by Prof. Jones on "Room Decoration." Reproductions of many of the famous master-pieces were on exhibition. These might be secured by the students. Prof. Jones address did much to awaken in his listeners an interest in these pictures and lead them to take a deeper interest in the great artists and their works.

Brief addresses were delivered by officers of the various organizations of the College. Mr. I. B. Martin representing the Athletic Society, Mr. A. M. Stewart the Literary Society. The aims and purposes of these organizations were explained and the freshman invited to at once take an active interest in them. In the absence of the executive, Mr. A. MacLaren welcomed the members of Year '20 on behalf of the Philharmonic Society and urged those who possessed musical ability to avail themselves of this opportunity for its cultivation. Mr. W. F. Geddes, in a few words, explained the history and purpose of the Cosmopolitan Club. Mr. W. G. Marrit spoke in the interests of the Y. M. C. A., setting forth the objects of the Association and explaining the function of the different departments.

On his arrival late in the evening, Dr. Creelman was called upon to say a few words and heartily welcomed Year '20 to the student body. Mr. Mackenzie added to the enjoyment of the evening by rendering several excellent solos which were greatly appreciated.

Delicious fruit was served for refreshments and thoroughly enjoyed, and the reception to Year '20 closed with Auld Lang Syne.—*R. A. Brink.*



SPORTS

As soon as we reached 'Mac' this fall, our Athletic President was ready to start the games. Saturday afternoon saw us on a paper chase, just to show the new girls that 'Mac' was an ideal place for outdoor sports.

Early the next week the bulletin board told of a tennis tournament, and the games were started at once. There are so many girls who wish to play off, that the tournament will not be finished till the end of this month sometime.

The seniors met the new girls at basket ball one evening, and shame upon shame, we were beaten. The new girls have some splendid players, which means that many good games will be played in the gym this winter.

The baseball players have also been busy and they have learnt, that practice makes perfect.

All together sports at Mac are in full swing, and with such a good start we hope for great results in the future.

CHILDREN'S PARTY

"Children's party in the gymnasium, Friday evening, at 8 o'clock. No children over ten years of age to come." was the announcement of a tastefully designed poster displayed on the bulletin board of Mac. Hall, on Friday morning, Sept. 22nd.

It was soon surrounded by an excited group of Freshies, whose suppositions in regard to the purpose of the party were many and varied. The prevailing impression seemed to be that it was in

some way connected with initiation. The answers given by the calm, unmoved Seniors, to all their queries were in many cases decidedly opposed. "Yes, indeed it is!" "Oh, no you'll have to wait for that," and "Just wait and see," were a few of the answers recorded.

After tea there was a mad scramble for who ever heard of a child arriving late at a party? At 7.45 the Hall resounded with the noisy laughter of over one hundred children, ranging in age from the babe in long clothes, to the dainty maiden and sturdy lad of nine or ten. Six or seven buxom nurses suggesting by their complexions and general appearance that they might be of African origin, or in a few instances, having the characteristics and brogue of Old Erin, had charge of this vast assemblage of infants.

Under the able supervision of the nurses, many games such as children delight in were played: "Drop the Handkerchief," "French Tag," etc. Occasionally a halt had to be called in order to settle disputes, which among the small boys, were very numerous, or to rescue some small child from the unwelcome attentions of a big dog. Popcorn and "all-day suckers" were eagerly disposed of and led in a few instances to a little unpleasantness, when a small boy thought his share was too small. This however was soon forgotten when the inspiring strains of a one-step were heard. To our great astonishment even the small babes proved, in many cases, to be proficient dancers, and by

the time they attain maturity should be experts at the art.

Refreshments consisted of orangeade and arrowroot biscuits which, as every one knows, are an ideal food for small children, according to Hutchison. Then all joined in singing the National Anthem, after which touching farewells were exchanged, and one of the most enjoyable parties of the season was brought to an end.—*B. J. G.*

THE PROMENADE

Friday evening, Sept. 29th was a period of great excitement in Mac Hall. Figures flitted wildly from room to room and the Seniors were beset by those Freshies who felt the need of advice concerning behavior and dress, and even assistance in the disposition of their salt bags.

The first ring of the door bell was the signal for a rush en masse on the defenseless male. Salt bags were predominant in the first cortege. Mrs. Fuller received in the gym, while the Freshettes sought out any seniors whose promises of introductions had been far reaching. It is reported that one of the seniors became so wrought up at the task of introducing a bunch of the salty ones that she lost her sense of the fitness of things and mixed genders and names in a very interesting and exciting manner.

In about fifteen minutes most of the girls were satisfied, each having her ten proms spoken for, and having done her best to discriminate. There were about a hundred men in the hall and they were divided among the Freshettes and Seniors.

Four musical numbers were rendered by Miss E. O'Flynn, Mr. F. C. Mackenzie, Miss Laura Nixon and the College Quartette, all of which were appreciated by those promenaders who frequented the gym.

The harmony of the colours of the

salt bags and dresses was the occasion of much admiration. These salt bags seemed to develop athletic properties. When the fair owner was in a fairly Senior-proof spot the salt bag suddenly lost interest in everything and retired behind the scenes. But when the gong rang for the next prom, and it became necessary to venture out to the next rendezvous, it came to life again and emerged rosy and triumphant.

Coffee and cake were served during the fifth, sixth and seventh proms. All partook except the feeble minded or seventh heaven visitors. These latter were few and far between, as a lack of appetite in Mac. Hall is a most unusual and unique state of affairs and calls for the tenderest sympathy and consideration.

The O. A. C. Freshies were much in evidence. Their beaming faces and wonderful conversational powers attested to their appreciation of the withdrawal of a certain restriction. No unnaturally bald heads were noticed. Some chose to meet their partners on the ground floor, thus obtaining a soft seat in the drawing room, while others of a more retiring disposition wandered to the hard trunks and boxes that decorated the more sequestered corridors. Still others chose the romantic semi-light of the deep window recesses—the observed of all observers.

Promptly at 10.15 the prom. came to a close and the farewells were said. On the whole, it was a pleasant and successful affair, and except for a few missing salt bags and damaged hearts everything at Mac. Hall is reported to be in good shape.—*E. I. P.*

MACDONALD LOCALS

WHY THE DOG DIED

There was a very wealthy gentleman ordered away for his health. He had

nervous trouble and was to receive no news whatever. On his return home he was met by his darkey servant at the station,—and this was the conversation carried on between them:

"Well, Sambo, is there any news?"

"No, sah, no news today, sah."

"For goodness sakes, Sambo, tell me some little thing, just any little trifling thing. Do you realize that I have been away six months and have received no news whatever?"

"No, sah, no sah, dah 'aint no news, 'cept sah, yo' dog died."

"What! My dog died."

"Yes, sah, yes sah, dat's one little triffin' thing I forgot to tell you, sah."

"Why what killed my dog?"

"Well you see sah, it was this way sah, yo' dog got in and ate some burnt horse flesh. Dat's what killed yo' dog sah!"

"Burnt horse flesh? Why what do you mean? Where did he get it?"

"Oh yes, yes sah, dat's another little triffin' thing I forgot to tell you sah. You see, sah, while you were away sah, yo' barn burned down, burned up all yo' hosses and cows, yo' dog got in and ate some burnt hoss flesh. Dat's what killed yo' dog sah!"

"What, my barn burned down? Why, what set fire to my barn?"

"My, my how forgetful I'm gettin' to be. Dat's 'nother little triffin' thing I forgot to tell yo' sah! You see it was dis way. Yo' house burned all down and de sparks from de house blow to de barn, burned de barn down, all de hosses and cows, de dog ate some burnt hoss flesh. Dat's what killed yo' dog sah!"

"My house burned down? Why Sambo, what caused this fire?"

"Well, you see sah, de can'les caught on de curtain, and de curtain caught on de roof and burned de house all down. An' de sparks from de house blew to de

barn, burned de barn all down, all yo' hosses and cows. De dog got in and ate some burnt hoss flesh. Dat's what killed yo' dog sah!"

"Candles burning in my house when we've gas and electric light? Why Sambo, I don't believe you're right."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, sah! Dey had de can'les burning around de coffin."

"The coffin! Why, who's dead?"

"Yes, I sure am gettin' some bad memory. I sure did forget to tell you that yo' mother-in-law was dead."

"What, my mother-in-law?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, sah! She's dead alright. You needn't worry 'bout dat."

"Why, what killed her?"

"Well, yo' see sah, dey say sah, in fact dey thinks, sah, but they're not sure, sah, dat it was from the effects of yo' wife runnin' away with chauffa'. But outside o' dat dere 'aint no news, I'se sure sah!"

English Conductor (to Laura N. as she is boarding what she thinks is the O. A. C. car.)

"Have-a-new car! Have-a-new car!"

Laura—"Oh, that's good!"

Marie S.—"Rejoice not, Laura, he's merely trying to tell you that this is the "Avenue" car."

TABLE TALK

Freshie—"Is our initiation as bad as the men's?"

Senior—"Worse, far worse. Do you know, my hair was as black as your's when I came here last year? They thought I was decidedly too fresh. One Sunday they made me propose to every man I met between here and Massey. My dear, I nearly died. Hence these gray hairs."

Freshie—"Heavens! you'd meet a lot going to chapel, too. I see where I don't visit Chapel much."

Senior—"My dear, you simply have

to go. Oh, and be sure to look up your verse for roll call."

Freshie—"Roll call in Chapel?"

Senior—"Of course; when your name is called answer with a bible verse, and, for pity's sake hunt up a long one."

Freshie—"What did they do to the other girls at initiation?"

2nd Senior—"Well, I was out one night and when I came in, I opened my closet door and there sat a man."

Chorus—"A man! Whatever did you do?"

Senior—"Screamed and ran out into the corridor of course."

Freshie—"Well, well, what queer things do happen. Anyway my diamond's safe. See this chamois bag?"

Senior—"Well, I'm glad some kind soul has warned you. For Miss Watson certainly does not approve of jewelry in classes.

Freshie—"Can't you give us a few more tips? You are so kind about it."

Senior—"Well, there's one thing, never go walking with a man unless you take a Senior along; it looks much so better. And if you can dig up a companion for the Senior, so much the better. I am fond of walking myself."

(To be continued.)



DISCUSSING THE PROM.

Gardner—"Not a prune in the bunch. I didn't have to mention the weather once."

Vahey—"Same here, mine were all peaches."

WHY

Did Dann of the first year invariably write his name on prom. programmes as "Mr." Dann? Was it because of the fear that it might be mistaken for an unprintable expression otherwise, or was it to give the fair ones a true impression of Freshmanic dignity?

IN LIVE STOCK PAVILION.

Mr. King—"Now, can any of you gentleman name at least four kinds of sheep which are being raised in Ontario?"

Fancher (who has been Dean for the past year and a half)—"White

sheep, black sheep, Mary's little lamb and the hydraulic ram."

WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL US

Why McConkey was so anxious to get off at the front door of the street car at St. George's Square on Monday evening, October 2nd, when he was standing closer to the rear door?

OH, YOU FRESHMAN!

Miss — (to Redmond at the Prom.)—"Oh! I insulted a junior to-night by mistaking him for a Freshman. How can we distinguish you Freshmen from the others."

While playing on the banks of a river, a small urchin of the Jewish race slipped and fell headlong into a deep hole. A passer-by, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the icy depths and brought the lad safely

to dry land again. Here he turned him over to a nearby policeman to be taken home, and at the officer's request, handed him his card. That evening when he reached home, he found an older specimen of the Jewish race awaiting him.

"Are you the gentleman vot saved my little poy?" asked the latter.

"I am," replied the former modestly.

"Vell, vat did you do with his hat?"

IT IS TOO BAD.

Creed (observing several couples enjoying a stroll after chapel)—"That is something we were forbidden to do at Macdonald College. Why did I wait until my fourth year to come to O.A.C.?"

"You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called to see Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man. "I tell you he looked fine, a-sitting alongside of her with his arm—"

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, coloring.

"Well, so he did," insisted Johnny. "He had his arm—"

"John!" screamed his mother frantically.

"Why," whined the boy. "I was —"

"John," said the father, "leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he went, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."

"Say, Reed," said Higgins, as he met a friend, "do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey!" echoed Reed thoughtfully. "No, I don't."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself," said Higgins.

"That's not bad," said Reed, "I'll

have to try that on my wife when I get home to-night."

Accordingly, when they were at dinner, Reed asked:

"Annie, do you know why I am so much like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting Mrs. Reed would give it up. But, on the contrary, she gazed at him somewhat commiseratingly as she replied:

"I suppose because you were born so."—New York Times.

PROGRESSION.

A clergyman had taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. When he called at the cottage some time after, only the wife was at home.

"How's John?" he asked.

"Very well, thank you."

"I suppose he can read the Bible comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir? Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting papers long ago."—Everybody's.

One of the Scottish golf clubs gives a dinner each year to the youngsters it employs as caddies. At the feast last year one of the boys disdained to use any of the forks he found at his place, and loaded his food into himself with his knife. When the ice-cream course was reached and he still used his knife, a boy who sat opposite to him, and who could stand it no longer, shouted "Great Scot! Look at Skinney, usin' his iron all the way round!"—Tit-Bits.

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"Strange Jane doesn't have any offers! She'd make some man a good wife."

"Yes; but the trouble is everyone knows she'd make him a good husband, too."

How Tom Caught On!

By James Mark

SAY, Mac, what are you going to do about Tom?"

This question, asked by a kindly neighbor, was on the lips of everyone in the neighborhood regarding Tom Macdonald. Tom's father was the sort of farmer who had managed to drift along without doing anything in particular in agriculture or standing for any special interest in the neighborhood. Though Mr. Macdonald was not looked upon as enterprising, he had managed to keep his head above water financially and to retain the good-will of his neighborhood. When his son, Tom, showed signs of not turning out well the matter elicited the sympathy of the countryside. Not that Tom was vicious in any way, but he was listless and apparently indifferent to the welfare of the farm. Supper over, it was his custom to half dress himself and to betake himself to the village grocery, there to spend the evening in story-telling or engaging in the village gossip.

When, therefore, a neighbor asked the foregoing question, Mr. Macdonald hung his head, scraped the dust into a neat heap with his foot, and replied in a hopeless way, "I can't say. He doesn't seem to catch on. I'm afraid that he'll be off to the city one of these days."

"Look here," the neighbor replied, "try this. Buy one of my pure-bred cows. I'll make the price right and give you time to pay. Get the best feed, and do as I tell you about caring for her. I know this breed of cows pretty well, you know. Let Tom see what's going on. Give him a share of the dairy profits. Have him milk this cow. Keep records, and we'll see what we'll see."

The father was wise enough to act on the suggestion. To Tom's surprise, the new cow gave as much milk

as any three of his father's grade cows. He was quick to note the difference and to see that a gate that meant opportunity was opening before him. He found that he was milking one of the best cows in the neighborhood. He was proud of her performance. When the monthly milk cheque came in he was still surer that their dairying business had struck a new gait. It was not long till Tom and his father had determined to sell out the poorer cows in their herd and to invest in another pure-bred.

Tom is no longer a puzzle to his father or to anyone else. He is looked upon as a young man who is going to arrive some place that is worth while going to. He never is found at the corner grocery unless he is on business bent. Instead of looking upon milking as a task, he is now milking three times a day in order that he may establish a record.

The whole farm is changing. Macdonald has come to see that the pure-bred stock is the only kind that makes large profits a possibility. He is breeding up his poultry, His swine are improving. He is grading up his horses. He has had some reverses and disappointments, but no more of these than he encountered in the old days.

There is no mistaking the good effect of the new life upon his family, especially in the case of Tom. Growing profits, interest in the whole work and life on the farm, and the healthy pride and satisfaction that accompany the achievement of something worth while—These are some of the facts that have saved Tom Macdonald from restlessness and loafing to contentment and good citizenship. Throughout rural Canada there are thousands of farm lads who are waiting for a similar opportunity to make good, and the rural problem will never be solved till they find it.