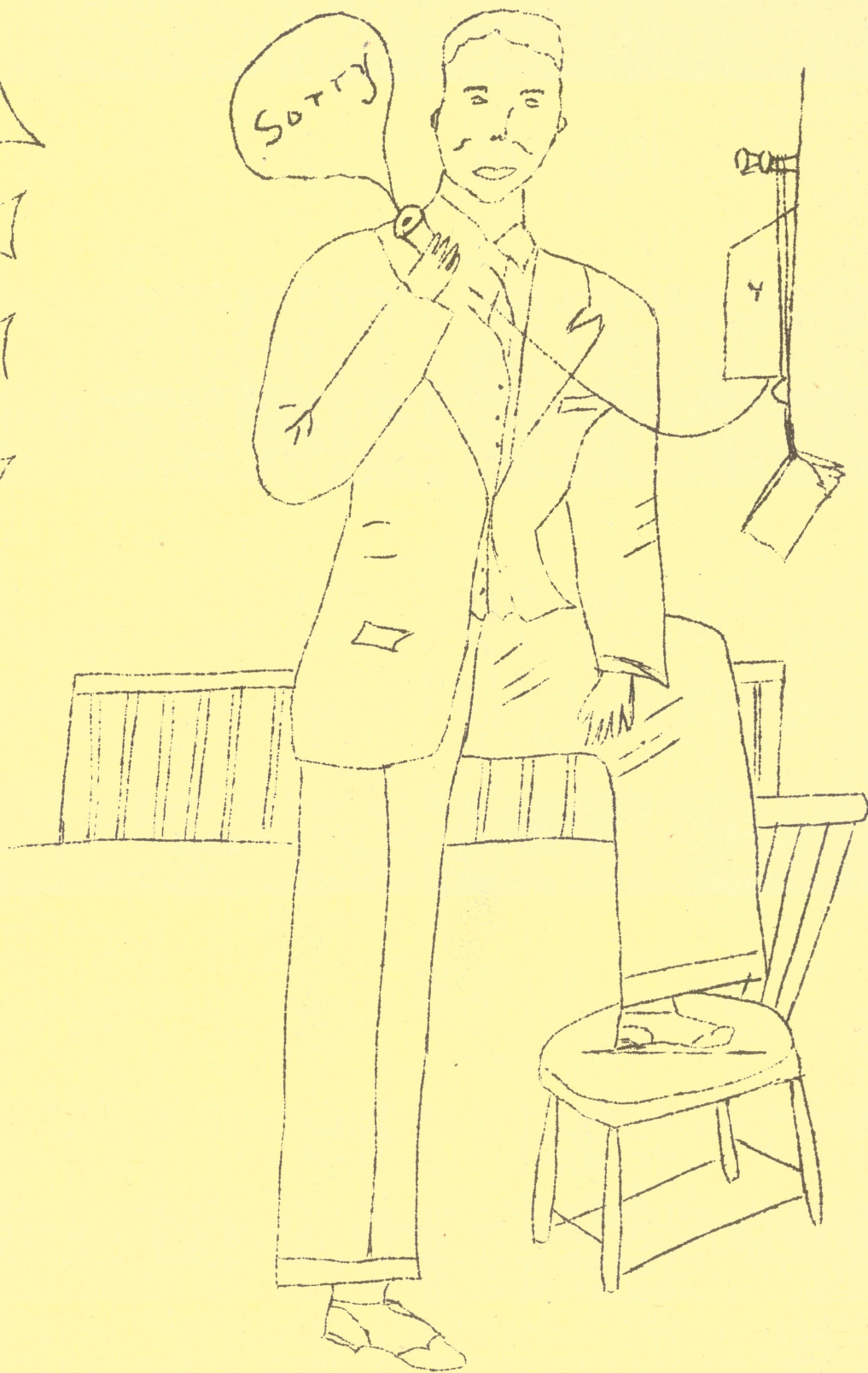


Feb. Issue 1939

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FEB. 16.



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EDITORIAL

It is printed at last - meaning this issue of the "A.C. Noise." Coming out only two months and a few weeks behind time, it is really here now; and of course we have an alibi for its tardy arrival. Not one of these standard excuses that is used on any necessary occasion every day, such as "I had to visit a sick sister" or "The walking was too bad" and "I just couldn't write anything", but a real genuine up-to-the minute apology.

In the first place it was the fault of the faculty. If they decide to impose upon us examinations when we should be attending to the production of our College paper, what can be expected but for us to neglect the last named factor. And then, after exams, that well known dormant feeling seemed to take possession of a great many students. That also retarded the production of anything along literary lines. Next came the Junior Prom and who could stay at home and write on social notes, sports, or what have you, while anything like that was in progress? But the social committee put on the dances, so the late arrival of the Noise was the fault of the social committee. About the same time an epidemic of 'flu struck the College. Nobody can write when they are sick, and if the doctor cannot keep the students in good health it was his fault that the paper wasn't printed in time, so blame it on the doctor.

The next thing of importance we had to contend with was the Royal Winter Fair. You can't do two things at once, and as the Fair seemed more important to most, this paper suffered. And who was behind all this Fair business? Let's name Mr. Boulden, Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Chapman as the culprits, and blame them for the untimely arrival of this masterpiece of literature.

And last, but not least, came the persons who were assigned to write for us. They are more to blame than any of the others. To put it mildly, with very few exceptions, they are a lazy and unreliable bunch. Anyone who can't find time in a month to write an article for this paper must be very, very busy. But we must give credit where it is due. Some of the material was in as early as last week. No names will be mentioned, so the ones who turned in their copy previous to a week ago from the day before yesterday last Friday, can just enjoy that superior feeling, and the sensation that they are a little better than the others.

In closing I might say that the publication of the "A.C. Noise" two and a half months late is the fault of everyone but the editors.

We are sorry to note that Redmond Soy of the First Year General Class has been called home by the sudden death of his father, Mr. I. J. Soy. We extend our sympathy.

ADDITIONAL

It is printed at least - meaning this happened about 7 A.M. ... it really happened, and of course we have another ... its truly arrival. But one of these standard excuses that ... of any necessary occasion every day, such as "I just ... it a look later" or "I was too busy" and ... the "the saying", but the engine up-to-the minute

In the first place it was the fault of the faculty. It ... to impose upon us examinations when we would be ... to the production of our College papers and then ... to us to neglect the last named factor. And that ... that well known bottom feeling seemed to take ... of a great many students. That also rejected the product ... of anything along literary lines. Next came the ... who will stay at home and write on social topics, stories of ... ways of life anything like that was in vogue. But the ... have written out on the canvas of the last arrival of the ... as the fault of the social committee. About that same ... of his studies the College. Nobody can write who ... sick and the doctor cannot keep the student in good health ... was his fault that the paper wasn't printed in time, so please ... to the doctor.

The next thing of importance we had to contend with was the ... at Winter Hill. You don't do two things at once, as the ... possessed this important most, the paper was ... in the ... of this ... and please them for the ... of this masterpiece of literature.

And last, but not least, was the ... they were more to blame than ... but it really, with very few exceptions, was a fairly ... elish Above who ... but ... for this paper mean to ... but we ... of this Some of the ... in an ... that ... will ... so ... their own progress to ... from the ... of ... can ... for ... than the others.

In closing I ... the ... of ... the ... of everyone but ...

We are sorry to ... of the ... of his ... of his ...

IN MEMORIAM

It was with the deepest regret that we learned of the sudden death of Vernon Phinney, a member of last year's Junior Degree Class. To us he always seemed the very incarnation of health, courage and good nature. Not big physically, he was sturdy, strong and fearless. We have seen him play a defence position in hockey and body checking with the most cheerful abandon the biggest men on the ice. A good sport in every sense of that phrase, clean, wholesome as the ocean breezes, it seems all wrong that his life should end so soon.

We extend to his parents and family our warm sympathy in their bereavement, and we cherish the memory of an unusually lovable boy, just stepping over the threshold of manhood, when we know him, and now gone.

"A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we must beauty
see,
And in short measures life may perfect
be."

IN MEMORIAM

It was with the deepest regret that we learned of the sudden death of Vernon E. Hainey, a member of last year's Junior League Class. To us he always seemed the very incarnation of health, courage and good nature. Not only physically, he was sturdy, strong and fearless. We have seen him play a defense position in hockey and busy checking with the most cheerful attitude the biggest man on the ice. A good sport in every sense of that phrase, clean, wholesome as the ocean breeze, it seems all wrong that his life should end so soon.

We extend to his parents and family our warm sympathy in their bereavement, and we cherish the memory of an unusually fine boy, just stepping over the threshold of manhood, when we knew him, and how good.

A July of a day
is later for in May
Although it fall and the night
it was the plant and flower of life
In small proportions we must count
see
And in short measure life and fortune
see

The Goaltender

All across Canada, men, women and children were sitting around
stoves, listening to the announcer describing the many points of
interest in connection with the game about to be played. As if they
all didn't know, without being told, that the York City Bulldogs
were playing their arch rival, the Hamilton Hawks, for the Stanley
Cup - emblem of world hockey supremacy - and that this was the
second game of a two game goal series. The Hawks won the first
game, six to nothing. The most ardent Bulldog fan gave
their team much credit, there was always a possibility
of an upset. They were hoping for

Jack ... the goaltender of the Bulldogs, was
leading the ... He could sense the ... of elect-
ricity in the ... this only served the tenseness
of his already ... nerves. ... to him than
winning the cup. To him it was ... his self res-
pect, redemption of himself in his

As he stood between the goal for the face off,
many thoughts passed through his lightning-like rapidity,
they do when one is facing ... or death. He realized
perhaps no one else did ... responsible for the over-
whelming victory of the ... game. He remembered that
the first big scramble for the goal, he had hesitated a
split second before ... among the flashing skates,
an attempt to ... that split second's hesitation,
a noticeable ... been the margin between a score
and a save, and ... as it did in the first minute of
the game ... the Bulldogs' morale. The team might
be ... but ... the same thing happened again shortly
after ... that split second hesitation, and
... That finished the Bulldogs for that
game ... the game was the Wildcats' all the way.

... again, with the second and deciding game about
... if he were slipping; perhaps he ought to quit
... he had been a star goal tender for the last six
... think of that; he couldn't quit with the feeling in
... he was yellow; he would have to repress his own opinion
... and here was his chance.

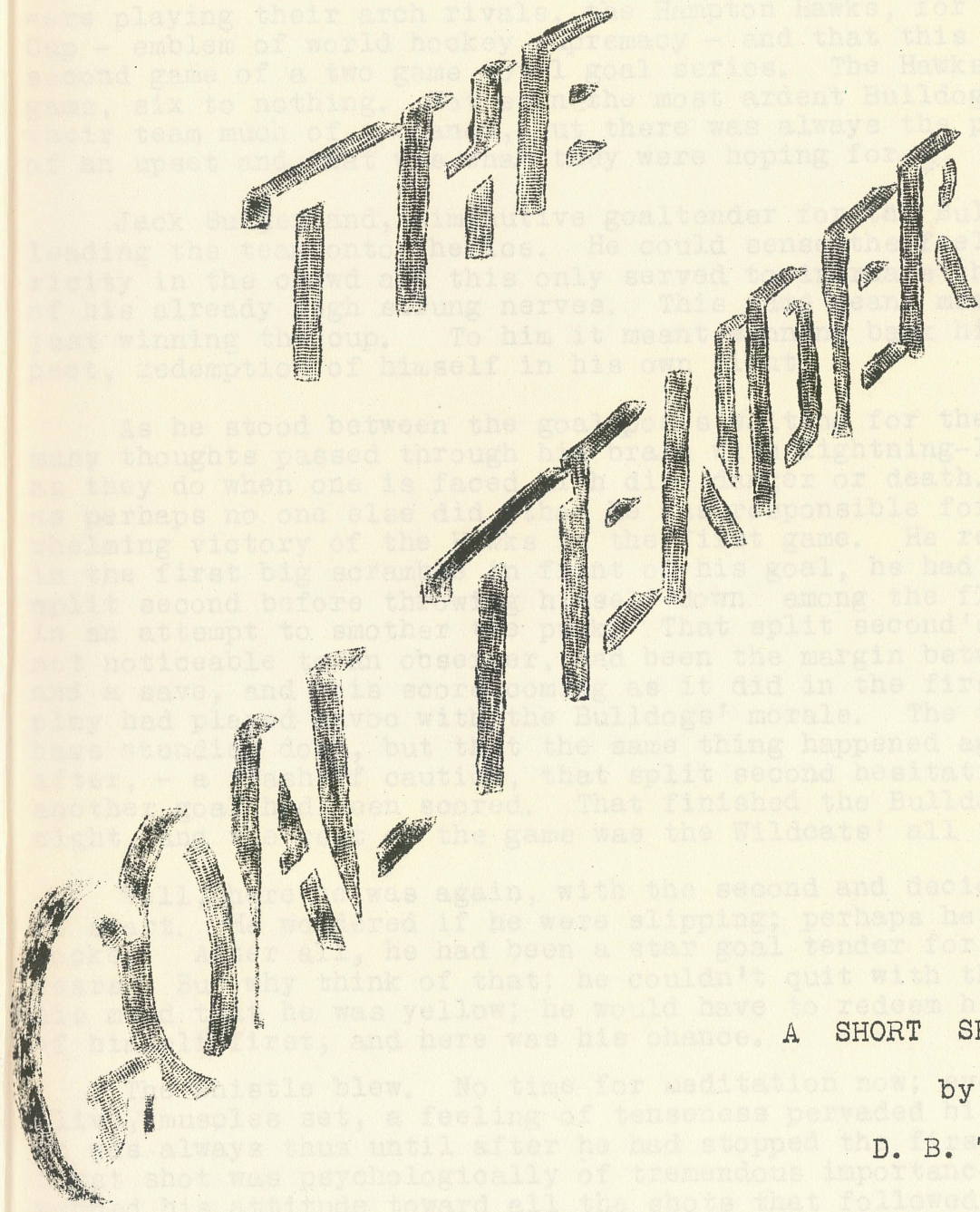
A SHORT SHORT STORY

by

D. B. Trueman

The whistle blew. No time for hesitation now, by nerve
muscles set, a feeling of tenseness pervaded his whole body.
Always thus until after he had stopped ... That
shot was psychologically of tremendous importance, on it de-
pend his attitude toward all the shots that followed. If the
shot was difficult and he saved, the tenseness disappeared; it was
like his baptism of fire, which he had to undergo every time he
played. Inwardly, he hoped his first test would not be a scramble
in front of his goal, in which he would have to brave those glisten-
ing steel blades.

Now he must concentrate on the game. The Bulldogs had taken the
lead at the face off and were ganging the Wildcats' cage. Wait!
The puck shot out between a maze of legs and was immediately pounced
on by a waiting Wildcat. Here was a three-man breakaway, with only



THE
WORLD
OF
THE
FUTURE

A SHORT STORY

by

D. B. FRONSON

The Goaltender

All across Canada, men, women and children were sitting around radios, listening to the announcer describing the many points of interest in connection with the game about to be played. As if they all didn't know, without being told, that the York city Bulldogs were playing their arch rivals, the Hampton Hawks, for the Stanley Cup - emblem of world hockey supremacy - and that this was the second game of a two game total goal series. The Hawks won the first game, six to nothing. Not even the most ardent Bulldog fan gave their team much of a chance, but there was always the possibility of an upset and that was what they were hoping for.

Jack Sutherland, diminutive goaltender for the Bulldogs, was leading the team onto the ice. He could sense the feeling of electricity in the crowd and this only served to increase the tenseness of his already high strung nerves. This game meant more to him than just winning the cup. To him it meant winning back his self respect, redemption of himself in his own sight.

As he stood between the goal posts waiting for the face off, many thoughts passed through his brain with lightning-like rapidity, as they do when one is faced with dire danger or death. He realized as perhaps no one else did, that he was responsible for the overwhelming victory of the Hawks in the first game. He remembered that in the first big scramble in front of his goal, he had hesitated a split second before throwing himself down among the flashing skates, in an attempt to smother the puck. That split second's hesitation, not noticeable to an observer, had been the margin between a score and a save, and this score coming as it did in the first minute of play had played havoc with the Bulldogs' morale. The team might have steadied down, but that the same thing happened again shortly after, - a flash of caution, that split second hesitation, and another goal had been scored. That finished the Bulldogs for that night, and the rest of the game was the Wildcats' all the way.

Well, here he was again, with the second and deciding game about to start. He wondered if he were slipping; perhaps he ought to quit hockey. After all, he had been a star goal tender for the last six years. But why think of that; he couldn't quit with the feeling in his mind that he was yellow; he would have to redeem his own opinion of himself first, and here was his chance.

The whistle blew. No time for meditation now; every nerve alive, muscles set, a feeling of tenseness pervaded his whole body. It was always thus until after he had stopped the first shot. That first shot was psychologically of tremendous importance; on it depended his attitude toward all the shots that followed. If the shot was difficult and he saved, the tenseness disappeared; it was like his baptism of fire, which he had to undergo every time he played. Inwardly, he hoped his first test would not be a scramble in front of his goal, in which he would have to brave those glistening steel blades.

Now he must concentrate on the game. The Bulldogs had taken the puck at the face off and were ganging the Wildcats' cage. Wait! The puck shot out between a maze of legs and was immediately pounced on by a waiting Wildcat. Here was a three-man breakaway, with only

Canada, men, women and children were sitting around
the rink to the utmost excitement. The game was
in connection with the game about to be played
without delay. The York rink was the only rink
in the city, the Haggan rink, for the purpose
of world hockey supremacy. The Haggan rink was
the first of a two game goal series. The Haggan rink
to nothing. Not even the most expert player could
do much of a chance, but there was always the possibility
that was what they were hoping for.

Goalkeeper, distinctive goalkeeper for the Bulldogs,
the team was the best. He could sense the feeling of
the crowd and this only served to increase the
already high strung nerves. This game meant more to him than
any other. To him it meant winning back his self-respect
and his own sight.

He stood between the goal posts waiting for the face off.
The puck passed through his brain with lightning-like rapidity.
As when one is faced with the danger of death, he realizes
that he is responsible for the result.
The puck was in the air. He remembered that
first big scramble in front of his goal. He had
good before throwing himself down among the players.
The puck had split second's notice.
He had been an observer. Had been the margin between a score
and this score coming as it did in the first minute of
the game. The team right.
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There he was again, with the speed and heaving game about
to be played. He was all right, perhaps he ought to quit
the rink. He had been a star goal tender for the last six
years. But why quit? He couldn't quit with the feeling in
his heart that he would have to leave his own opinion
behind, and here was his chance.

No time for reflection now, every nerve
was strung to the point of tension. He was all right,
perhaps he ought to quit the rink. He had been a star goal
tender for the last six years. But why quit? He couldn't
quit with the feeling in his heart that he would have to
leave his own opinion behind, and here was his chance.

The Bulldogs had taken the
the puck off and were aiming the Wildcats' cage.
The puck was in the air. He remembered that
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He had been an observer. Had been the margin between a score
and this score coming as it did in the first minute of
the game. The team right.

The Goaltender (continued)

one defenceman back. Could he alone break up the play? No, he did his best but what could one man do against that smart passing combination. Everything was up to him now. He watched the puck being snapped back and forth, but refused to be drawn out of position. Finally, after what seemed an age but was really only a matter of seconds, the puck was driven at him from a sharp angle. He must smother the shot by any means; there must be no rebound. He took the shot on his left pad, but unfortunately he was unable to get his hands on it before it fell. He could hear the rush of the men coming on for another shot. Here was a crucial moment. Without hesitation he fell flat on the puck. He felt the impact of a body striking his side and then falling over his back; then he heard the whistle blow, just as all the players came piling in, and he realized that he had saved what must have looked like a sure goal. This made him feel pretty good, but what made him more elated still was the fact that he had overcome that complex that had bothered him in the previous game; he was not really yellow.

The game went on. Jack Sutherland was his old self again; gone was that tenseness; all that was necessary now was for his team to score the required goals; none were going to get by him.

This belief wasn't shaken during the first period, nor the second. That early breakaway had been the only real scoring threat that the Wildcats had made. Meanwhile, the Bulldogs had been running rampant. Realizing that their goal was in good hands, they kept the Wildcats back on their heels, and had rapped in four counters and the score on the round was now six to four - just three more goals and the cup was theirs.

From the start of the third period it was evident that things were going to be different. The Wildcats seemed endued with new life; again and again they stormed around the Bulldogs' cage and again and again Jack was forced to make seemingly miraculous saves. It soon began to dawn on the Wildcats that their efforts were futile and as this realization grew on them, their play grew more and more listless. The Bulldogs, realizing this, were quick to take advantage, and pulling themselves together, began to make it hot for their opponents. Two more goals were scored in quick succession and the score on the round was now tied at six to six. The play now began to get rather ragged as the players began to rough it up.

This state of affairs lasted until about ten minutes of the third period had passed. Then by what seemed mutual agreement, both teams settled down to playing hockey. Back and forth the play raged, with no opening for either side. Five minutes to go and still the score was tied. It began to look very much as if the game would go into overtime, when suddenly - so suddenly in fact that hardly anyone realized until after it had happened - the Bulldogs, on a very clever passing play, split the defense and rapped in the goal that put them ahead. Then pandemonium broke loose; one would have thought that the game was over and won, but this was far from the case, and after the ice was cleared of the papers, hats and such like that had been thrown down, the Wildcats, in a frenzy at the thought of losing the cup which they had counted as

...back. Could he alone break up the play? ...
 ...but what could one man do against that ...
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 ...and such like that had been thrown ...
 ...at the thought of losing the cup which they had ...

The Goaltender (continued) (continued)

already won, threw caution to the winds and with five forwards, swept to the attack. This wouldn't have been so bad but for the fact that a Bulldog defenseman had been penalized for tripping, leaving the team a man short, with one minute to play. The Wildcats simply swarmed all over the cage, but by some miracle, the puck stayed out.

At last, with only half a minute to play, the Wildcats organized for one last effort. Jack Sutherland in his goal could feel the tenseness gripping him again; here, he thought, comes the final test. He braced himself and waited. He didn't have long to wait, for with the speed of a hurricane, five Wildcats came tearing in, splitting the defence wide open. There was a terrific mill of legs, glittering skates, and slashing sticks, with the puck somewhere in the centre. There was a shot; he stopped it, but couldn't smother the rebound. There was another and he caught it on his chest and fell on it. Everything was a mad whirl; he felt a searing pain across his forehead and everything started to fade away. Through a mist he heard a faint sound of a bell; the game was over, a shut-out! What would the news writers say about that? Washed up, was he? Well, that would show 'em! Yellow? No, even he himself couldn't think that now, and with that the sweetest thought of all, he floated into blissful unconsciousness.

An Examiner Soliloquizes

No doubt we will all agree that the English language is a complicated piece of mechanism, in the using of which to convey our meaning we all make mistakes. In the rush and urge that we have during examination periods to display the plentitude of our information, these errors are particularly apt to occur, so the originators of the quotations given later should not feel badly over the matter, more especially is this true since it is of course also just barely conceivable that faulty exposition on the part of the instructor may have created the insecure foundation of knowledge on which these structures appear to be reared.

However, these sentences are given comment here on the chance that this comment may enable these originators, as well as others, to appreciate the fact that readers of examination papers have their difficulties as well as those who write them; and on the further chance also that this comment may serve to emphasize the value that a mastery of the English language would confer on each one of us - did we but have it - in any efforts we may make to convey our meaning to those who listen to us or to those who attempt to read our writing.

"When plants are first growing don't water too heavily as it will spoil them for any dry spell they have to undergo". In other words, if you have got to be tough you might as well start by being a tough baby.

"Irrigation ditches needed if flooding not possible." Of course these ditches could not be for water but maybe they would make good foot paths.

An Examiner Soliloquizes - (continued)

"Strawberries are propagated by trailers." No doubt the good old fashioned kind you drag behind your automobile. Probably propagation is on the same principle as that by which birds spread apple seeds.

"Truck gardening could not be carried on in Nova Scotia only during the summer months due to the winter months." How about changing the Gulf Stream or some little thing like that? It would seem absurd to let a minor thing like changes of season interfere with such an important agricultural operation.

"If you can judge when we are to have a frost plow the nite before. Eggs and larvae of many insects will be killed by frost." Let's ask the government for an individual farm weather forecast!

"Rhubarb has a very likeable taste and is often the main constituent of the housewife's preserve cupboard." Very feelingly expressed. Almost as good as the old army complaint about the prevalence of plum and apple jam - "When in 'ell is it going to be strawberry."

"Cooperative gardening - several people each producing a different variety." There are specialists and specialists. We have all heard various definitions but this is no doubt evidence of the progress of cooperation now that it includes the specialist.

"Cold storage gardening - is storage of vegetables until the supply diminishes, this will give you a higher price." Did you say we were talking about gardening or was it storage? Probably it is neither one but is economics, because it seems clear that the supply of our vegetables gets less as we store them. This seems true enough in this day of rots and diseases. But still the less we have, the more we get. Never mind even though this is contrary to biblical teaching, modern economics will back you up. Consider the A.A.A. program of the United States.

"But do not work it wet as it will be subject to baking if it is that type of soil." Ah yes, exactly. Whatever will be will be. This seems clear and thoroughly in accord with certain well established beliefs. If that old soil is going to act up, it is going to act up so why should we worry about it?

"A market is often hard to follow and find." Ah me! The bitter disillusionment conveyed in this cryptic comment. Usually we do not expect such pessimism from undergraduates, but somehow this man must have obtained some inkling of what lies beyond the shelter of college walls.

"Gardening artificially." Yes! Yes! I see - just like artificial respiration. One, Two, Three, Four, relax and try again. Don't be discouraged if you don't see results at first, it is the long pull that counts.

"Truck gardening is delivering your cash crops by trucks." Obvious, isn't it? Who would think an instructor would be so dumb as to ask a simple question like that? He certainly hasn't been teaching long. Of course he should have carried it a little further so we could have made it clear to him that delivery by horses was "Horse gardening"; by railway car was "Railway gardening", and use of the old Dagan ox would give us "Dagan gardening."

An Examiner Soliloquizes (continued)

Well, there is nothing like hav^{ing} a little variety in our terminology. It was pointed out above, you will recall, that our English language is a wonderful thing.

"Currants and raspberries differ in that one bears fruit on wood that might be older than what wood the other would bear it on. Both are pruned to get rid of wood that robs the plant of its food and does not pay for it." Did you get that, pal? What! you didn't? Well, never mind, you aren't a teacher so one can't expect too much from you, but just to put you in the right frame of mind, keep a little book of tongue twisters at your elbow all the time. It would seem clear that this is modeled on the same lines as that old quiz which goes: How much wood would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck would chuck wood? No doubt the meaning is the same.

To an A. C. Romance

Slowly down the hill they wandered,
Tenderly he held her hand,
With a pause in the odd shadow -
Well, I know you'll understand.

It was from the A. C. party
He was seeing Eva home,
In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the ground the white snow shone.

For romance a perfect setting,
Far behind the rowdy pack;
But I'll bet you had a reason,
You are much too clever, Jack!

During Chem. period last Tuesday
Did his head seem in a whirl?
And he murmured to a classmate:
"I think she's the nicest girl."

When he left his home in Grand Pre
Much knowledge he hoped to glean;
And like all romantic young men
Sought also "Evangeline."

Steeped in the tradition story
Of a maiden true and fair,
You must know that all from Grand Pre
Inherit a romantic air.

We all think him very lucky
To locate his maid so soon.
Oh, the weary miles we've travelled,
Seeing Normal students home.

In each case we met with failure;
They were not our girls it seemed,
So we still are nightly looking,
For our fair "Evangeline."

---Unknown.

your Soliloquy (continued)

There is nothing like the little variety in our
 It was pointed out above, you will see, that
 language is a wonderful thing.

Words and phrases differ in that one bears
 that might be said than what wood the other word
 both are given to get rid of wood that you
 food and does not get it.

Did you get that? Well, never mind, you aren't a
 you didn't? Well, never mind, you aren't a
 but you can't put you in
 I expect too much from you, but you can't put you in
 frame of mind. Keep a little book of words, words of
 words of mind. It would seem odd that this is model-
 lish all the time. It would seem odd that this is model-
 the same lines as that old book of words, how much wood
 a woodman chuck at a woodman? No, how much wood
 the meter is the same.

To an A. G. Romance

Slowly down the hill they wandered
 Tenderly he held her hand,
 With a pause in the old shadow
 Well, I know you'll understand.

It was from the A. G. party
 He was seeing eye to eye,
 In the sky the bright stars glittered,
 On the ground the white snow shone.

For romance a perfect setting
 Was behind the rocky peak,
 But I'll tell you had a lesson
 You are much too clever, back.

During Queen period last Tuesday
 And he was seen in a while,
 And he was seen in a while,
 At the same time the street light.

When he left his home in Grand
 And knowledge he had to learn,
 And he was seen in a while,
 And he was seen in a while.

Stood in the tradition story
 Of a man and his wife,
 You see how they all from Grand
 In a moment's time.

We all think him very lucky
 To have his wife so good,
 On the way we've analyzed
 Before we've analyzed.

In each case we get with
 They were not the girls of
 So we shall see shortly
 For our own amusement.

—Finis—

*** THE TRIP THROUGH THE VALLEY ***

It was dark when we A. C. students gathered at the Scotia Hotel to wait for a bus which was to take us to Kentville and other points through the Valley. All was in readiness; Mr. Landry made all the necessary preparations to make our trip a pleasant one. At about 6:30 o'clock, the bus arrived already half filled with the boys from Bible Hill. At 6:45 we were on our way, our first stop was at Bedford where Mr. Landry treated us to drinks (soft) and smokes. A point of interest here was the C.H.N.S. radio transmitting station, the tower of which was partly broken by a terrific storm last Fall on the night of our "Senior Prom."

The sun rose and the weather was very fine until we reached Bedford, then it began to snow, but fortunately it cleared up quickly.

At about 9:45 we reached Mr. Boulden's "Sunny Slope Farm". Here we visited the finest Jersey herd in Nova Scotia. Mr. Boulden who proved to be an interesting character during the remainder of the day, gave us many interesting pointers on herd improvement. Here we visited the horses, hogs, sheep, cattle and calves. Mr. Boulden, being our Animal Husbandry teacher, probably realized the difficulty we have in remembering names. This we have seen by the names given his cattle, such easy names as Susie, Sally, Snowwhite, etc. Mr. Boulden also called our attention to the layout of the farm, which is partly dyked. Fortunately we were able to visit Mr. Boulden's house, and in one room we found proof of the high praise given Mr. Boulden's cattle; the walls were covered with ribbon and awards from exhibitions and fairs far and near.

We were next called to the manager's house where hot coffee and doughnuts awaited us, to say nothing of the delicious Jersey milk. Here the boys were particularly fond of coffee, or maybe it was Hal Wilson's sister who assisted in serving. After shyly expressing thanks in the form of our college yell, we were again on our way with Mr. Boulden presiding in the co-pilot seat, directing our attention to the highlights along the route. He called our attention to Kings College and gave us a brief history of the institution. In Windsor, we were greeted by the Mayor who gave us a word of welcome and wished us an enjoyable trip through the Valley. We were parked directly across from the town hall, and shortly the boys were busily engaged in conversation with the office girls (through the closed windows).

Another point of interest here was the monument erected in commemoration of the first fair held on this Continent. Here also is the home of Judge Haliburton, author of Sam Slick.

Leaving the town, we crossed a long bridge, under which the Avon river flows, noted for its high tides - here the water rises to a height of about 40 ft.

It was now plain to be seen that we were in the apple country; row upon row, field upon field, of apple trees stretched in all directions. While travelling along, Mr. Boulden pointed out the homes of many former graduates of N.S.A.C. Along the route, our attention was directed to the wonderful scenery and most outstanding was a view of Cape Blomidon, overlooking the Minas Basin.

TRIP THROUGH THE VALLEY

...the weather was very fine...
 ...the valley was very beautiful...
 ...the mountains were very high...
 ...the water was very clear...
 ...the air was very fresh...
 ...the people were very friendly...
 ...the food was very good...
 ...the trip was very interesting...
 ...we had a very good time...
 ...we will go back soon...

...we had a very good time...
 ...we will go back soon...
 ...the weather was very fine...
 ...the valley was very beautiful...
 ...the mountains were very high...
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 ...the people were very friendly...
 ...the food was very good...
 ...the trip was very interesting...
 ...we had a very good time...
 ...we will go back soon...

The Trip Through the Valley (Cont'd)

Mr. Landry, to whom we owe our thanks for organizing the whole affair, pointed out and explained the history in connection with the highlights along the route. He mentioned the Gaspereau Valley; the village of Grand Pre, made famous by Longfellow's poem "Evangeline". Here also is the oldest agricultural organization in Canada, "The Kings County Agricultural Society". It might be interesting to note that the Valley covers an area of approximately 700 sq. miles, being about 70 miles long and 10 miles wide, and produces approximately 2,000,000 bbl. of apples annually. Wolfville is noted for its many fine residences, making it a neat and attractive little town.

After leaving the main road, we drove towards Port Williams where we visited an apple packing plant.

We arrived at the farm of C. & M. Ells about 11:45 o'clock. Here, Mr. Donald Ells showed us around the largest commercial poultry plant in Nova Scotia.

We arrived in Kentville at 12:45. A fine town with attractive buildings, especially the Cornwallis Inn, a modern hotel that any town should be proud of. We had dinner at the Kent Lodge, after which short speeches were made by Dr. Kelsall, also R.D.L. Bligh, who showed us through the Experimental Station. Here we saw a herd of dual purpose Shorthorns, and incidentally, this is the same herd referred to so often by Mr. Chapman. We were also given lectures and demonstrations on poultry farming, apple storage, and sampling, etc. We returned to Port Williams by way of the main road. Next, we visited a farm owned by George Chase, noted for its Shorthorn cattle, many of which were imported from Scotland. At 5:45 we were again in Windsor, and after a fine supper were homeward bound. During the supper, music from a nickelodian was supplied by Wm. Meades, who by the way expressed his opinion of the machine as being coo-coo. He said that no matter what selection he picked the machine still played, "I Must See Annie Tonight."

With a basket of apples on each end of the bus, the trip home was very cheerful. Mr. Boulden directed in sing-songs which were enjoyed by all.

(Continued)

...we owe our thanks for...
 ...the history in...
 ...the Valley...
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*** ALL FOR A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE ***

A little learning is a dangerous thing. That has been recognized down through the ages; and I think that it should be emphasized again.

It is a rather peculiar characteristic of the genus homo sapiens (the emphasis should sometimes be placed on the sap instead of on the sapience) that as soon as he has learned a little bit he thinks that he knows it all. In short, he is a cross between Sophocles and a moron, a sophomore, a wise fool; and the characters of the genius are generally not dominant in this world.

Education has been defined as: "That which discloses to the wise and disguised from the foolish their lack of understanding."

There are three types of students or inmates in every educational institution. Possibly we may not have them all. First, the one who knows nothing, knows he knows nothing, and doesn't want to learn any more. Secondly, the one who knows nothing, thinks he knows everything, and tries to tell everybody else. And thirdly, the one who knows nothing, knows he knows nothing, and makes a sure effort to learn.

In the first case, any knowledge goes in one ear and out the other. In the second case, it goes in both ears and out his mouth. He can ask sensible questions sometimes but he never knows what they mean. In the third case, lectures, reading and discussion give him a store of knowledge which he digests and associates with his experience.

The first type of student is wasting his own time, that of his teachers', and of his fellow students. In the third type, I am afraid that the teachers in too many cases are wasting the student's time.

There are three things essential in every place of learning: a place for experience, a place for research, and a place for discussion. The experience comes from the labs, the barns, and the greenhouses. A person that does nothing can learn nothing. Even the greatest philosopher always arrived back where he started from. When you start out to do something you soon find out what you know and what you do not know.

Next, the place for research. This is not a place for research into the unknown but instead into what is already known. It has been said that a true university is a collection of books. We will have to find out facts by reading for the rest of our lives. It is time that we learned how to use a library of books instead of one text, which is probably partly wrong anyway.

Thirdly, a place for discussion. Discussions are for the purpose of defining or making clear the question, and how to go about solving it - not for providing an answer. If you cannot find any questions you want answered, why come to college in the first place.

These discussions replace the old-fashioned lectures. The lecture system is a way to get material from the notebook of the instructor into the notebooks of the students without it passing through the minds of either. If some of the torn, mangled sheets

*** ALL FOR A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE ***

The learning is a dangerous thing. Through the eyes of the teacher...

A rather peculiar characteristic of the educational process is that the teacher should be placed on the same level as the student...

position has been defined as "that which is not known to the student..."

are are three types of students or learners in every classroom. First, the student who knows nothing, and does not know that he knows nothing...

the first case, any knowledge goes in one ear and out the other...

In the second case, it goes in both ears and out both ears...

In the third case, it goes in one ear and out the other...

the teacher in too many cases is waiting for the student to ask a question...

and these things should be in every kind of learning situation...

The difference comes from the fact that the learner and the teacher are not the same...

you do not know. This is not a place for research...

down on our hands, but what is already known. It has been said that a true university is a collection of books...

that we learned how to use a library of books instead of one which is probably fairly strong anyway...

questions are for the purpose of learning, and how to go about asking or giving the answer. If you cannot find any...

one you want answered, why come to college in the first place? The teacher is a way to get away from the workshop of the...

for into the workshop of the student without it being a workshop of the teacher. In some of the more modern schools...

All for a Little Knowledge -(continued)

with a few scrawny lines of unintelligible writing that I sometimes see left in the rooms or floating around the corridor represent the sum total of knowledge gleaned from a lecture or a course of lectures, I do not wonder that reading examination papers is one of the most depressing influences to which a person can be subjected.

Lectures are a survival of the days when printing and paper was too expensive for the average student. Nowadays conditions have changed. The average student is too expensive for the paper and books.

Why we should subject a class of college students to an aerial bombardment five to seven periods a day is more than I can understand. Some of them won't take notes; some of them can't take them; they won't remember most of what is said; a good deal of it is not worth remembering. Many of the best students have minds that work too slowly to follow the lecture; a number are wasting their time because they could absorb the same material more quickly and efficiently from books or outlines of the course. Some of them might as well be home in bed so far as gaining knowledge is concerned; and some of these sunny pre-noon hours certainly should be passed on the skating rink.

Now for a solution. Anyone can think of a solution. It doesn't have to be practical. In some cases I am tempted to think that there is no solution. This is unwarranted pessimism of course. As a matter of fact, I think that the average student in Nova Scotia has more brains and sense of direction than he is usually given credit for. No wonder he cannot get interested in some college courses. The following points for argument deal mainly with giving the responsibility for the getting of an education back to the student again. After all he is just about like a horse. You can lead him to it, but many times he will not drink it in.

1. Textbooks, or mimeographed material for all courses. The mimeographed notes give the local information that cannot be found in the textbooks or outlines.
2. Supplementary reading books for many courses placed in the library or reading room, with required reading therein. Work of this sort to be done in library periods or outside hours.
3. One-half the present number of lecture periods. These periods to be for the purpose of outlining the course, discussion, etc., not for the purpose of imparting general and easily available information.
4. One-half the number of courses, or more, optional for all students. A required number of unit courses to be selected however for each year's work.
5. More required reading, more work, and a higher standard of study for the General Class.
6. More opportunity for specialized work and study under supervision along practical lines. For example: tree fruits, field crops, berries, poultry, etc.
7. An orientation course of lectures (any practical training in note taking could come in here) covering the whole field of knowledge, given to all students and running throughout the whole year.

(continued) - Little Knowledge

Some of the lines of thought which have been discussed in the foregoing pages are of a general nature and are not intended to be taken as a guide to the selection of material for a course. The average student is too expansive for the paper and is likely to take more than he can handle. It is better to err on the side of conservatism and to select material which is of a high quality and which is of a nature which will stimulate the student's interest and which will give him a sense of the value of the material which he is studying.

The student should be given the opportunity to select his own material and to study it at his own pace. This is the best way to insure that the student will get the most out of his course. The instructor should act as a guide and as a resource for the student. He should be able to suggest material which is of a high quality and which is of a nature which will stimulate the student's interest. He should also be able to help the student to select his own material and to study it at his own pace.

It is the responsibility of the instructor to select material which is of a high quality and which is of a nature which will stimulate the student's interest. He should also be able to help the student to select his own material and to study it at his own pace. This is the best way to insure that the student will get the most out of his course. The instructor should act as a guide and as a resource for the student.

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***** SOCIAL EVENTS *****

On January 7, a regular Saturday night dance was held with good crowd in attendance. The main event of the night was the presentation of a gift to one of the members of the Junior Classes - George Chafe, from the faculty and students of the College. The second event was in the form of a mock wedding, in which members of the student body took part. It was rather late to show George the way it should be done, because he was already married.

On Friday night, January 13, our regular students' debating society was held in the form of an Open Forum. The subject for discussion was "The Maritimes should raise all the food products they need within their temperature and climate range". This subject was discussed by members of the classes, both for and against. This form of a debate seems very popular with the students, because it gives them a chance to express themselves without much preparation of what they are going to say.

After the debate on Friday night a social was held in the Assembly Hall of the Science Building. This social was put on by the Faculty and regular students of the N. S. A. C. as a means of getting acquainted with the students of the short courses. Percy Archibald acted as Chairman for the evening. The main feature of the evening was the showing of lantern slides by Prof. Landry.

A good time seemed to be enjoyed by all.

**** COMPLAINTS AND REPLIES ****

Complaints:

1. There isn't enough interest in the "A.C. Noise".
2. No training in writing reports if we do get a job.
3. No mirror in the basement.
4. Bunks have not been installed in the English room.
5. Pete Doane didn't get a Hereford steer to show at the "Winter Fair."
6. Too much time lost between dances on Saturday nights.
7. No A's left after Longley's papers were corrected.
8. West, Baillie and Doyle set a bad example to the younger A.C's. after hockey matches.

Replies:

1. There ain't no such thing.
2. Just say you worked ten hours and left the pick in the tool house.
3. It's a periscope he really wants.
4. Most students carry their own bunk.
5. The demand was apparently weak.
6. Just a variant of "Too much time being lost between classes."
7. No B's in Longley's bonnet.
8. Quite please. It's impolite to mention names.

... Saturday night dance was held with
... The main event of the night was the
... of the members of the club
... from the faculty and students of the College. The
... in the form of a rock garden, in which members
... It was rather late to show George
... because he was already married.

... our regular departmental
... the subject for
... the form of an open forum.
... all the good questions
... This subject
... and answers.
... by members of the classes, both for and against.
... with the speaker, because
... without much preparation

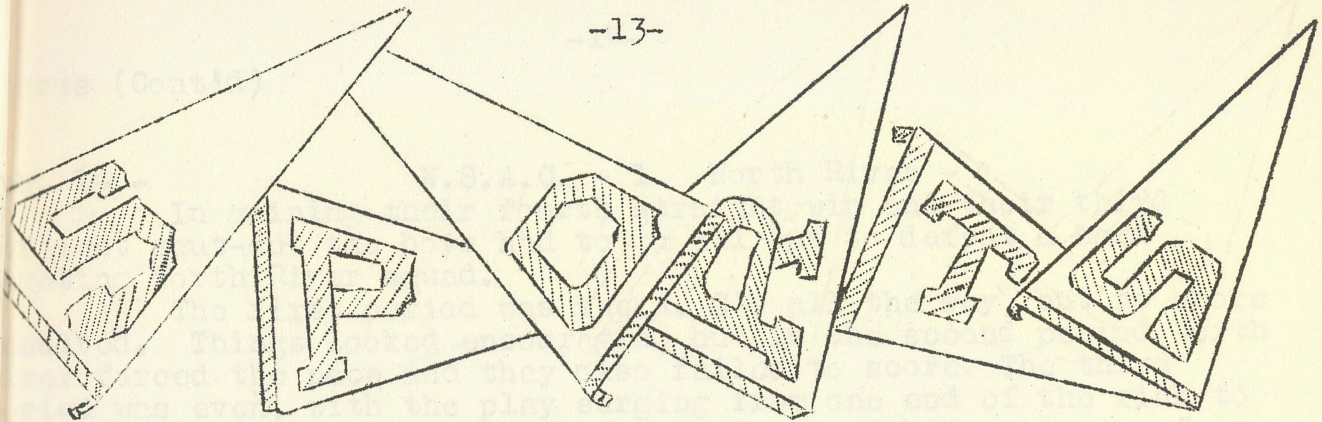
... was held in the
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**** COMPLAINTS AND REPLYES ****

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---- H O C K E Y ----
from
The Rink Side

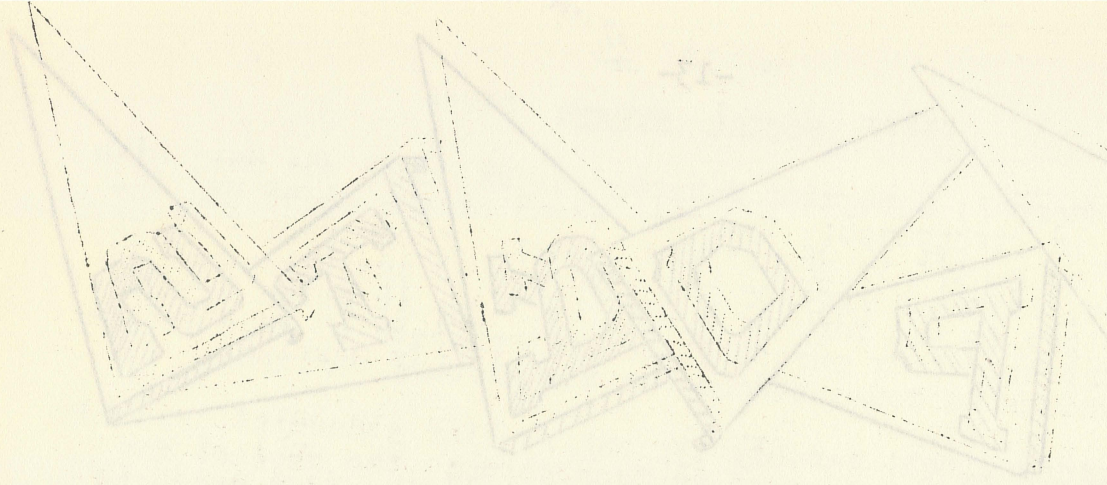
Jan. 28 - Normals here, Normals there, A. C's here and there too. What comes on? Why ask? The A. C.'s are playing the Normals, The A. C's are heavy favorites, over the luckless Normals, but hope springs eternal, and this brave contingent of Normals have come out to cheer for old N.C. The whistle blows, the game is on and soon looks as if they will have something to cheer for. Keeping up a helter skelter, close-checking game the Normals within about ten minutes have banged in two goals, the second on a penalty shot by Prof. Comeau. The score at the end of the first period is 2-0 for Normals and the A. C's are just a little jittery.

For revenge in the second, the A. C's tied the count by two quick goals from the stick of D. V. MacDonald. Throughout the rest of the game, Irving in the nets for the Normals was called upon to make save after save, and he did well to hold the boys to one more goal by Laurie Spurr, which was the margin of victory, and the game ended with the score 3-2.

Jan. 31 - N.S.A.C. - 2 Hilden - 0
This was the first game in which the A. C's had their new uniforms and they celebrated by whipping the Hilden Owls to the tune of 2-0 in a close hard fought game. Laurie Ellis earned his shut-out. Laurie Spurr starred among the forwards.

Feb. 7 - N.S.A.C. - 6 Londonderry - 0
The A.C's had a field night at the expense of the Londonderry sextette. In spite of the one-sided score it was a good game. Ian Reighton was the hero of the night with three goals to his credit. Laurie Spurr was right on his heels with two and D. V. MacDonald bagged the other.

Feb. 9 - Exhibition N.S.A.C. - 3 C.C.A - 3
In a fast, hard fought game the A.C's and the Academy boys skated off the ice with the honors all even at 3-3.
The game was played on the best ice the boys had had yet, consequently for a while their passes didn't click and the Academy ran the score up to 3-1, but in a last period drive, on scores by Spurr and MacDonald the score was tied up and so it stayed, neither team being able to break the deadlock.



REPORT
The First Side

The first period of the game was very quiet. Both sides were trying to get into the game. At the end of the first period, the score was 0-0. The second period was more active. The home side scored first in the 15th minute. The score was 1-0. The away side responded in the 25th minute. The score was 1-1. The third period was very exciting. The home side scored again in the 35th minute. The score was 2-1. The away side scored in the 45th minute. The score was 2-2. The game ended in a 2-2 draw.

The first half of the game was very quiet. Both sides were trying to get into the game. At the end of the first half, the score was 0-0. The second half was more active. The home side scored first in the 15th minute. The score was 1-0. The away side responded in the 25th minute. The score was 1-1. The third period was very exciting. The home side scored again in the 35th minute. The score was 2-1. The away side scored in the 45th minute. The score was 2-2. The game ended in a 2-2 draw.

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ports (Cont'd)

Feb. 14 - N.S.A.C. - 1 North River - 0

In gaining their fourth straight win and their third straight shut-out the boys had to go all out to defeat a hard fighting North River squad.

The first period was the A. C's all the way, but no score resulted. Things looked encouraging but in the second period North River forced the pace and they also failed to score. The third period was even, with the play surging from one end of the rink to the other. The break came when Laurie Spurr picked up a pass from MacDonald, in front of the net and made no mistake in putting it away for what proved to be the winning score. Laurie Ellis was brilliant in the nets for the A. C's, and stopped shot after shot that was labelled for a goal.

Feb. 18 - N.S.A.C. - 0 Bible Hill - 2

This was the night after the night or rather morning before, and this combined with rotten ice and the absence of Laurie Spurr through the flu, proved too much for the A. C's and they bowed to the Bible Hill Eagles 2-0.

Feb. 28 - N.S.A.C. - 3 McClure's Mills - 3

This was a very crucial game for the A. C's as they needed a win to hold any chance of making the play-offs. McClure's Mills scored early in the first period and held their lead until about midway through the third period when Wolliver tied it up. McClure's Mills came right back with their second goal and went into the lead again. This didn't last long. Laurie Spurr tied it up again on a nice play. Shortly after, the Mill's again took the lead from a mix-up in front of the net, but the A. C's, nothing daunted, tied up the count on a goal by D. V. MacDonald on a pass from Spurr. The bell rang shortly afterwards with both teams trying hard for the winning score. The final score was A. C's 3, McClure's Mills 3, and the A. C's while fighting hard, lost their last chance at a play-off berth.

----- B A S K E T B A L L -----

N.S.A.C - 24 Hubs - 25.

In a hard fought game which saw the Aggies miss many chances, the Hubs came out on top by a 25-24 score. It was a tough game to lose and the score could just as well have been the other way. "Greg" Ross starred for the Aggies.

N.S.A.C. - 27 Normals - 25.

In this game the Aggies avenged a previous defeat, and in doing so displayed fine form. The game as the score indicates was close and hard fought. MacDonald and Gillingham starred for the Aggies while Irvine was top scorer for the Normals.

W.S.A.O. - 2 - 1911
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1910
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1909
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1908
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1907
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1906
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1905
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1904
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1903
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1902
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1901

W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1900
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1899
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1898
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1897
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1896
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1895
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1894
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1893
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1892
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1891
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1890

BARRETT

W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1889
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1888
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1887
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1886
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1885
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1884
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1883
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1882
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1881
 W.S.A.O. - 1 - 1880

Sports (Cont'd)

N.S.A.C. - 24 Y - 25.

The Aggies dropped another heartbreaker to the Y team, losing out by one little point. Gillingham was the top scorer for the Aggies.

The Aggies also scored a win over the Cubs or Hubs, but the records were not available to your reporter and so the games are not written up.

"Sports"

This time of year we find little doing in our sporting world at the A. C. Due to heavy studies and the nearness to the close of the college year, sports are at a standstill.

Hockey

The hockey team has just reached the end of a successful year. Although not champions of the district league, I think champions in every other respect of the game. I think it is fitting at this time to congratulate the boys on their sportsmanship, gameness, and effort put into the game. Without further ado I say congratulations boys, and may next year's team have just as a successful year as you.

Basketball

Basketball is at its highest peak at the present time, and now that hockey is over I think we will have a greater attendance of the student body at those games. The games are interesting; the admission is free; and a good time can be had by all. - Remember the time - Monday nights.

Volley Ball

I see the general classes are getting into shape and it sure looks like an inter-class volley ball struggle. The senior degree class is the present holder of the trophy, so let's see the remaining teams get down to practise and capture the trophy for their respective class.

NOTE: The Faculty are practising hard and will be strong contenders for the trophy.

Before closing I would like to thank the student body for their splendid support rendered to the hockey team, and we hope you will now support your basketball team.

----- E. Hughes -----

M.S.A.O. - 24 - Y - 25.
 Aggie dropped another basketball to the Y team.
 y one fifty point. Gillingham was the top scorer
 Aggie also scored a win over the Cubs or Cubs, but
 were not available to your report.

a time of year we had little doing in our sporting
 A. C. Due to heavy studies and the nearness to the
 college year, sports are at a standstill.

hockey team has just reached the end of a successful
 though not champions of the district league. I think
 every other member of the team. I think it is fitting
 to honor the boys on their relationship.
 and effort put into the game. Without further ado I
 always have, and may next year's team have just as a
 year as you.

is at its highest peak at the present time.
 I think we will have a great
 of the student body at those games. There are
 a hockey team. I think that can be had by
 the student body. I think that can be had by
 the student body.

like an inter-class volleyball game and it
 is the progress of the game. I think that can be had by
 the student body. I think that can be had by
 the student body. I think that can be had by
 the student body.

Thank the student body for
 and support to the hockey team and hope
 you support your basketball team.
 E. Hughes

--- JOKES ---

Description of a ...



A cow is a mammal and tamed; she has eight sides, right, left, front, back, top, bottom, inside and outside. She has a tail from which hangs a plume which she waves off flies so that they cannot fall into milk. The head of a cow is like a horn and it can be milked. The cow has a udder which she uses to milk. The cow has a stomach full of food and she chews it and she always has a full stomach.

The U.S.A. was the first to have a white enamel with a court train. The bride wore a gorgeous gown of white enamel with a court train. The bride wore a gorgeous gown of white enamel with a court train. The bride wore a gorgeous gown of white enamel with a court train. The bride wore a gorgeous gown of white enamel with a court train.

The bride was attended by Miss Anne Thistle, Miss ... and Miss Ethyl ... similarly attired in short white ... of the neck and wearing picture hats, basin-shaped, with ... He also gave the bride a roll of absorbent, her only jewel being a family heirloom, a rare old gold tooth. Her veil of beautiful white gauze was worn in a slightly sterilized fashion. The guests were seated to their seats by Mr. Carter and Mr. Eppor Salt.



---- J O K E S ----

Description of a Cow



A cow is a mammal and tamed; she has eight sides - right, left, front, back, top, bottom, inside and outside. At the back end thereby hangs a tail from which hangs a plume with which she drives off flies so that they cannot fall into the milk. The head has for its aim to have horns and that the mouth can be somewhere. The horns are there for horning, the mouth for chewing a cud. Under the cow hangs the milk and it is arranged to be milked. When the people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the reserve. I have never learned how she makes more and more milk.

The cow has a good odour, one can smell her from far away; it is for this reason that there is fresh air out in the country. The mister cow is called a beef; he is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much but what she eats, she eats it twice, that is why she always has enough. When she is hungry she chews a cud and when she does not say anything, that is that her stomach is full of food.

Victor Smith - "Gosh, I'm thirsty".
Mona - "I'll get you some water".
Victor - "I said thirsty, not dirty."

Weddings

The N.S.A.C. Gym was the scene of a very charming wedding on Saturday, Jan. 7, 1939 when Miss Mercury Thermometer was united in marriage to Mr. Rapid Pulse. The Rev. Antiseptic officiated. The bride wore a gorgeous gown of white enamel with a court train of rubber tubing lined with barium and held in place by a small silver clamp. She carried a shower bouquet of pale pink bosins with streamers of pale green adhesive tape.

The bride was attended by Miss Anne Thestic, Miss Violet Ray and Miss Ethyl Chloride, similarly attired in short white gowns a la hospital, held in place with one safety pin at the back of the neck and wearing picture hats, bosin shaped, with hypodermic mounts. The groom gave them each a necklase of aspirin. He also gave the bride a roll of absorbent, her only jewel being a family heirloom, a rare old gold tooth. Her veil of beautiful white gauze was worn in a highly sterilized fashion. The guests were rushed to their seats by Mr. Castor Oil and Mr. Epsom Salts

Description of a cow



It is a mammal and tamed; she has eight sides - right, back, top, bottom, inside and outside. At the back hangs a tail from which hangs a plume with which she lies so that they cannot fall into the milk. The head she has to have horns and that the mouth can be somewhere else for drinking. The mouth for chewing is on the side. The milk and it is arranged to be milked. When milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the milk. I have never learned how she makes more and more milk.

She has a good odor, and she smells her from far away. It seems that there is fresh air out in the country. She is called a cow; he is not a mammal. The cow does not want the calf, she eats it twice, that is why she is hungry and she chews a cud and she has a stomach that is full of food.

"Good, I'm thirsty."
"Get you some water."
"Good, I'm thirsty, not dirty."

Weddings

The U.S.A. was the scene of a very unusual wedding. In 1937 when Miss Mary Thompson was married to Mr. Philip Jones. The Rev. Antipope officiated. A large group of white people with a crowd from the city with banners and held in place by a small force of police. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bride was escorted by Miss Anne Theistic, Miss Violet and Miss Opal. The bride entered in short white dress. The bride held in place with one safety pin at the back. The bride gave them each a necklace of pearls. The bride gave them each only jewel being a ring. The bride gave them each a beautiful diamond ring. The bride gave them each a beautiful diamond ring. The bride gave them each a beautiful diamond ring. The bride gave them each a beautiful diamond ring.

Jokes (Cont'd)

who acted as ushers. Miss Steryl Izer sang "O Promise me", during the ceremony.

Mrs. Bill Deo Colitus, grandmother of the bride, was an out of town guest. She wore a gown of yellow jaundice and a beautiful necklace of precious gall stones. Other out of town guests were the Misses Chronic and Acute Appendix, Lei Oster Myelitis accompanied by his daughter Polly Myelitis. Baby Rickets was also present.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Pulse left on their honeymoon and on their return will reside in Ward F of the hospital.

Corbett (at one of the A. C. Dances): "According to the Bible we are all made of dust".

Normal Student: "I don't believe you. If you were, you'd dry up once in a while".

Huxter: "You are the sunshine of my life, your smile falls like lightning into my soul..With you by my side I will defy all the storms of life."

Beatrice: "Is this a proposal or a weather report?"

Mr. Landry: "Hurry, Doane, get the feathers off that chicken, don't you know a stitch in time is worth two in the bush?"

Jackie B.: "The man who takes me for a fool is making no mistake".

Student: "Is that so?"

Student to Mr. Landry: "Have you a radio in your car?"

Mr. Landry: "No, but I have Frizzle in the class room".

Mr. Landry to Brown: "What is important to remember in producing eggs?"

Brown: "Output over Input equals efficiency".

Francis to Gillingham: "Where did Ross Hill get that cap he used to wear?"

Gillingham: "From wool sheared off Mr. Byers' Hydraulic Ram".

Lawrence: "How many kinds of milk are there?"

Mr. Chapman: "Why?"

Lawrence: "Because I am drawing a picture of a cow and I wanted to know how many faucets to put on her."

Mrs. Hill: "Where have you been all evening?"

Ross: "In the barn."

Mrs. H.: "Then you must be made of asbestos, for your barn burned down two hours ago".

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Jokes (Cont'd)

Mr. Fraser: I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?

Ferguson: Yes sir.

Mr. Fraser: Why is it wrong?

Ferguson: Because you ain't went yet.

Ross Burry: Gee, but you have a lot of bum jokes in this issue.

Peter Doane (Editor): Oh, I don't know. I put a bunch of them in the stove and the fire just roared.

Neighbour to Mrs. Chafe: Is your husband a sound sleeper?

Mrs. Chafe: Yes, but I don't like the sound.

Poor old Bill West had an awful blow. He signed the pledge and a few days after he had to sample Mr. Harlow's beer.

Some say that doll-like girls have sawdust in their heads.

Marriage, like a book, is only as good as its binding.

Have you heard about the Dumb Normal who brought soap to the bride's shower?

A bride may cook a man's goose and still be his little Duckie.

Peter Doane and Bernie Kuhn think that Mr. Chapman should go to church instead of the barn on Sunday.

Principal Chapman is very impressive with his figures on the proper feed and cost of a ration for a dairy cow, but Pete Doane has his ideas for a profitable business too. Hence the following plan: A cat ranch could be organized with 100,000 cats. Each cat will average 12 kittens per year. The cat skins will sell for 30¢ each. One hundred men can skin 5,000 cats per day. The sponsor figure a daily profit of \$10,000. What to feed the cats? A rat ranch would be established next door with a million rats. The rats breed 12 times faster than the cats, so there will be four rats each day to feed a cat. Now, what will the rats be fed? They will be fed the skinned carcasses of the cats. So you see this plan of feeding the rats to the cats and the cats to the rats will produce the skins for nothing.

Mr. Tompkins had been complaining that he could find no old clothes to put on the scarecrow. "Well", said his wife hopefully, "There's that flashy suit Dick wore at College last year." "Don't be ridiculous", he snorted, "I want to scare the crows, not make them laugh."

D. Gilchrist: You have acute indigestion.

Mary: Tee, hee! Do you think so?

Coldwell: You've reached for everything in sight; haven't you a tongue?

Gilchrist: Yes, but it isn't long enough.

Jokes (Cont'd)

Prof. Fraser (in English class): What are the two genders?

Duke McIsaac: Masculine and feminine. The masculine are divided into temperate and intemperate and the feminine into frigid and torrid.

Mr. Pickett: Durno, why were you late for class?

Durno: I was talking to one of the short course girls.

Mr. Pickett: What did she say?

Durno: No!

Prof. Harlow (gruffly): What are you doing back there? Are you learning anything?

Woolaver (meekly): No, sir, I'm listening to you.

Jack Stewart: Why is the electricity in my hair?

Peter Doan: Because it is attached to a dry cell.

Medus (to old farmer): Your methods of cultivation are one hundred years behind the times. Why I'd be surprised if you made \$10 out of the oats in this field.

Old Farmer (dryly): So would I; it's barley.

What is the difference between appendicitis and appendiseatus? Ask Dr. Hancock.

Smeltzer: I'm going to the dance tonight.

Trefry: Can I come too?

Smeltzer: I don't think you'll ever come to.

Some people have high blood pressure, while others have low. However, most of the A.C.'s just hang around "Normal".

Wilson: The Principal says he's going to stop smoking in the College.

D. Ross: Huh! Next thing he'll be asking us to stop it too.

Corbett: May I have the last dance with you?

Normal: You've just had it.

The hardest time to get a baby to sleep is when she is 18.

Longley: Where did the ear of corn come from?

Roland: The stalk brought it.

Spurr: My sister has a wooden leg.

Frizzle: That's nothing, my sister has a cedar chest.

Longley: (at 8:30) Well, I must be off.

L. Marshal: I noticed that.

We want to know if Mr. Chapman has the negatives of all his bird's-eye views. Who sharpens Mr. Harlow's fundamental points. Where Mr. Boulden spends his evenings.

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