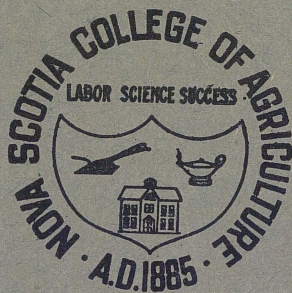


The  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE



“GATEWAY”

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Vol. xxiv.

FEB., 1933

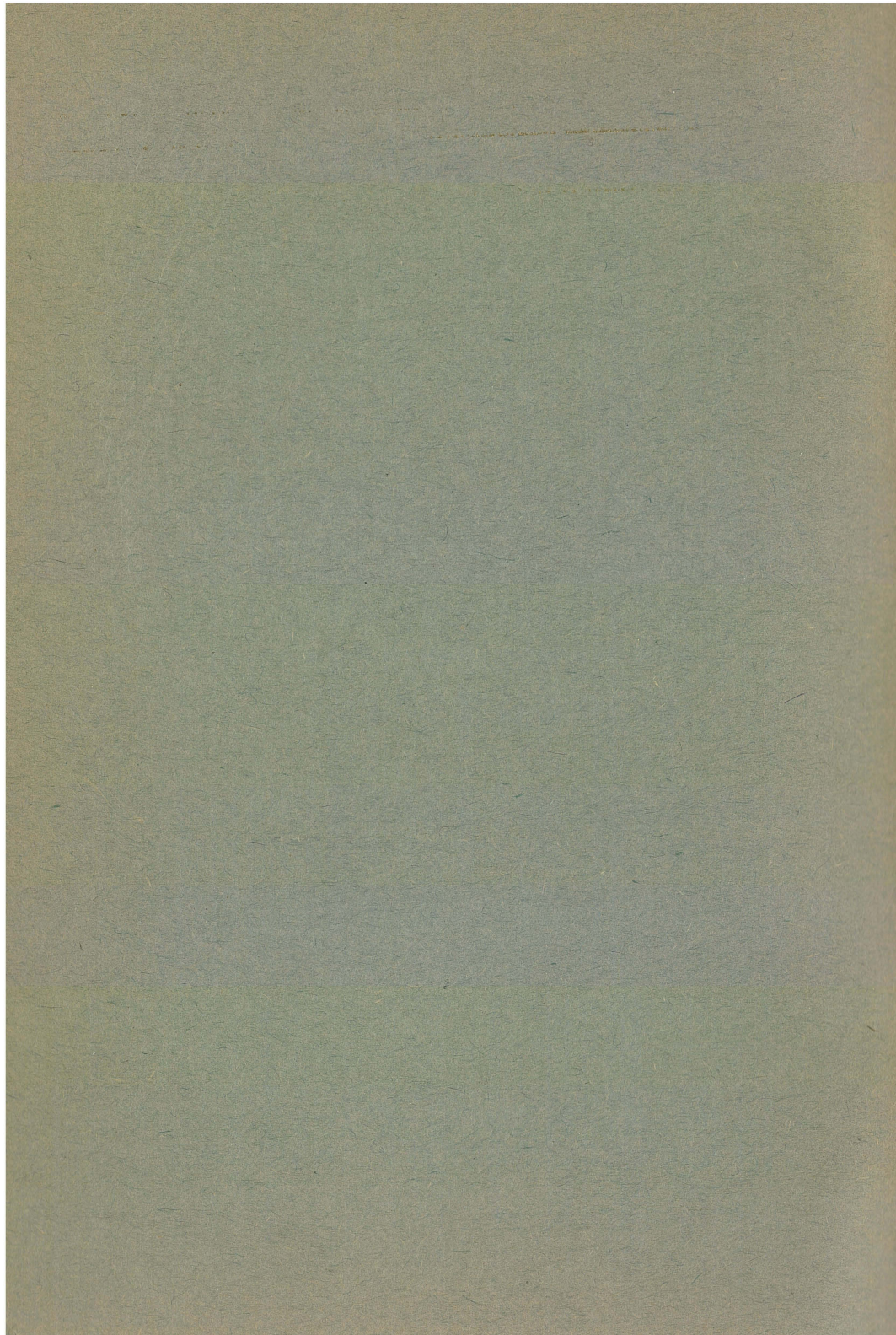
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MID-YEAR  
ISSUE

Nova Scotia Agricultural  
College



# AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

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The Nova Scotia Agricultural College located at Truro offers opportunities to young men and women to obtain training in Agriculture and Home Economics. Former graduates to whom this magazine may come are urged to do all they can to interest the young people of their acquaintance, who expect to live and work in the country, in the courses offered.

The courses are as follows:

1. Two years of a four year course leading to the degree of B.S.A. This course may be finished at Macdonald College, Que.
2. Three months Farm Course giving practical information to those who can only get away from home for a short time.
3. Three weeks course for young women in Home Economics.
4. Correspondence Courses in Home Economics.
5. Home study Courses in Agricultural subjects as follows:
  - a. Soils, Fertilizers and Lime.
  - b. Field Crops.
  - c. Horticulture.
  - d. Animal Husbandry.
  - e. Poultry Husbandry.
  - f. Cooperative Marketing.
  - g. Agriculture.

For further information, write to the Principal, Agricultural College, Truro, N. S.

## GREEK TO ME

I 'LL quite frankly admit that I know very little about agriculture. I couldn't, on a bet, tell you the value of and demonstrate that value in the use of more lime to get a greater yield of fodder nor could I suggest or advise how you could increase the revenue per acre of a farm.... but.... I can certainly tell you about the fit, finish and value of men's clothes.... that's my business and I'm conceited enough to think I know it.

And may I say to you that I do not know of a man, in the Maritimes, who can give you a better fit in a suit or in an overcoat than 'Jim' Stewart, our clothing man, who handles "Fit-U" clothes in Truro.

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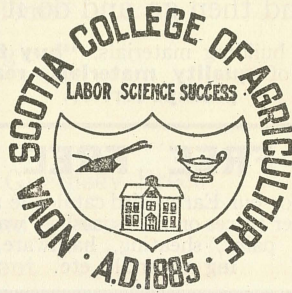
WAREHOUSE, BRUNSWICK ST.

TRURO,

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Nova Scotia



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*The*  
**Agricultural College**  
**“GATEWAY”**

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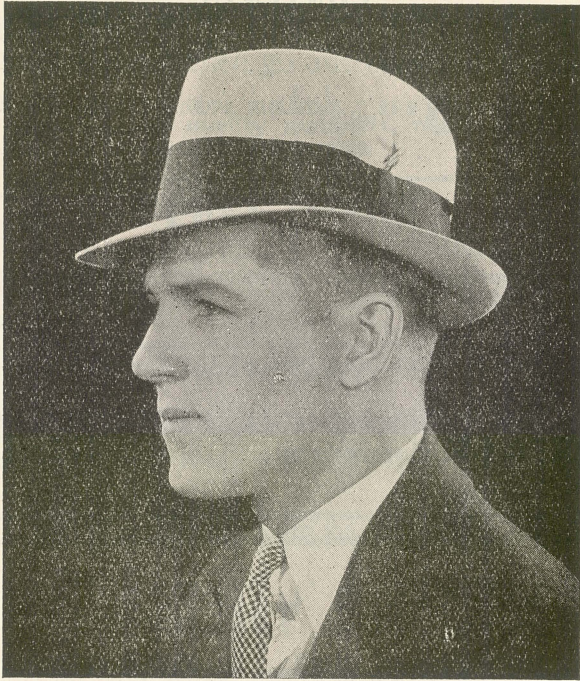
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## A MESSAGE TO STUDENTS

For many years past there has been a place for educated leaders in all lines of work in Canada. The young people who obtained an education and combined it with an ordinary amount of what is popularly known as "common sense" have been able to secure positions that justified the expense of going to College. During the last two years this condition of affairs has changed. It has been impossible for many college graduates to secure positions and those who have been successful in this respect have had to accept lower salaries.

Under these conditions some are questioning the advisability of spending time and money to secure a college education. Strange as it may seem this has not, up to the present time, resulted in any serious decrease in the number of students attending colleges in this country. Probably the main reason is that ordinary jobs are not available in any numbers and young people go to college because there is nothing else to do.

A time of business depression like the present is always hard on young people because it makes it extremely difficult to get started in life on a paying basis. I would like to give a word of encouragement, however, especially to agricultural students. In the first place, I do not believe that our present economic system will break down, at least for some years to come, and I do believe that we will gradually find a way out of our present depression and that there will be work for educated leaders. No matter what system is in operation leaders are necessary. The future will want even better trained leaders than we have ever had.

The proper procedure therefore is to work unceasingly to obtain the best training possible so as to be able to do your part efficiently whatever happens.

DR. J. M. TRUEMAN

### A PLEA FOR READING

Reading is in danger of becoming a lost art. Our time and our minds are being dissipated in a throng of things. One need only mention the motor car, the radio, the voiced cinema, contract bridge and depression discussions to realize how far we have moved from Tennyson's sentiment when he exclaimed: "I like these large, still books."

Here and there one comes upon a reader, usually in middle life or past it. We recognize him at once, often before he speaks a word to reveal his secret. He has no hysteria; his head is above the storm; his eyes have a level, far look and his spirit is touched with the serenity of the ages. He is aware that, "This also shall pass away." He may have been busy enough doing his bit of work, but he has taken time to step aside and watch the long procession—through books.

I believe, however, that it is a rare thing for a man to become a reader after his youth is past. The habit must be acquired early if it is to hold against the pressure of other interests or distractions. I venture here a brief plea to present students and to recent graduates for a definite place in their agenda for great literature. A wide range of grounds might be taken for such a plea. I shall mention only one group of motives, a group that may seem alien to a student publication, yet one that has some pertinence for everybody. It is the group that has to do with the inner quality of a man, with the stuff that makes him reliable, courageous, open-eyed and "a good sport."

A large section of people, probably the majority in this country, has found most of its intellectual and moral stimulus in the realm of religion. These are hard days on stereotyped religion. The amount of apologetic, or defensive argument one hears indicates that it is conscious of being on trial and is not quite certain about the verdict. The proportion of col-

lege trained men and women is on the increase. Student interest has moved across from the cultural to the scientific courses. There is, to say the least, a widespread suspicion that religion and science are fundamentally hostile.

Religion strives to maintain the far view. Only a small part of the scroll of life is unrolled in a time setting; its final argument is delivered in worlds beyond the veil. Science, on the other hand, tends to put life all under the lens, and to attribute its farthest fling of aspiration to biological motive. In other words, religion has the astronomical view, science the microscopical. Great literature is a definite agent in reconciliation. It takes note of both extremes, but traverses the whole gamut between. Taken by and large, its quest is truth, whether the truth be restful or disquieting, whether it lead to joyous hope or to somber melancholy. For the student who is puzzled about ultimate things, the field of great books is a wholesome place to wander about. Every question is not answered, but there is an atmosphere of rugged honesty and a demand for wholehearted action which discount at once the type of doubt that excuses a man from duty.

Great literature is more frank in its outlook than is ecclesiastical religion. One of the weaknesses of the church is its tendency to cultivate patches here and there rather than the whole area of motive and activity. It chooses to ignore or at least to approach timidly some of the mightiest agents in the human drama. Young people brought up in a church atmosphere, for example, are embarrassed by Shakespeare, and, to a lesser extent, by Eliot, Meredith and Hardy. These writers are as unconscious of prurient curiosity as a group of football players going to the shower after a hard game. They roam open-eyed over the whole field of fact and refuse to blush before naked nature. They strive to see life whole.

There is a tendency to take the teeth out of wrong doing

by doctrines of repentance and forgiveness. No man can read the authors I have mentioned and go away with the impression that wrong may be a trifle which can be washed out with a few tears or halted by a change of mind. To these and other great writers it is a living, growing, deadly thing, spreading its fateful blight over the whole personality and hurting sorely the innocent bystander. The man who sent it forth must meet it again, full grown and terrible. Even the milder forms of frailty and indecision bring tragedy in their train.

The text book of formal religion is largely the life story of a strong, stubborn, mystical people. It is magnificent, but it is old. It speaks the language of a far away time. True, its principles are timeless, but it is, none the less, a Hebrew literature with a strongly nationalistic flavor. Its principles need fresh presentation and a larger, more modern background. While the present day pulpit supplies more or less of this, I believe the young man of today owes it to himself and to his generation to absorb into his personality the rugged, rather stern interpretation of our greater English literature. Very new books may be great books, but those which have stood the test of a generation of unusually trying human experience are the ones to place on the nearest shelf.

I have set these two workers in the realm of conduct over against one another, not from any motive of disparagement, but to indicate that other great literature, notably great English literature, is a supplement to and interpreter of ancient religious and moral principles. I believe that many comparatively modern books sharpen the outlines of the precepts of long ago and bring them to bear definitely upon the practical problems of a new and more complex age. They etch more sharply the pattern of character.

—PROFESSOR H. J. FRASER.

### A CHALLENGE

Today with every student that goes forth from the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, there goes a challenge. It is a challenge from this province of Nova Scotia to remain with her to help make a bigger and better agricultural profession. But one may say, "Have I not a right to get my degree in agriculture?" By all means, but after doing so, are you coming back again or are you intending to enter professional lines in other parts of our country or in a foreign country? It may even be possible for you to go on to a Master's and a Doctor's degree, but are not most English speaking countries carrying a surplus of students with advanced degrees? Furthermore, is not the scientific side of agriculture far in advance of the knowledge and information now in the hands of the farmer? Are agricultural schools and colleges proving their ability to produce or turn out successful farmers and leaders in agriculture? It is up to agricultural college students to show what they themselves can do on the farm. One or two college graduates in every community, interested in the improvement of the farmer along organized lines, graduates who have been made to realize the need of rural leadership and who have received the proper training and education for that leadership, would revolutionize agricultural organization and co-operation.

The question may be asked, "But why should not the present government workers in agriculture provide the leadership required?" They try to do so as far as they are able, but the field for such leadership is far and wide, while the laborers, that is, trained leaders, are few. We know of agricultural college graduates going to foreign lands as agricultural missionaries. Is it not time for our agricultural schools and colleges to turn out rural agricultural leaders in much larger numbers, imbued with the spirit of leadership of our agricultural classes, from a non-conglomerate mass of bickering and bartering, unorganized, individualistic farmers,

to organized co-operative farmers' unions, worthy to demand their own just rights and worthy also to command the respect of other organized professions and occupations?

Students!—In this time of depression, when jobs are scarce—not even to be had at insignificant salaries, and people are turning to farming as a means of living—stop to think over the possibilities that are before you in agricultural leadership. Truly agriculture is waiting not for one Moses, but for scores of them to lead farmers the world over out of the wilderness of present economic conditions.

—D. R. K.

---

The world is a wheel, and it will come around all right  
—Disraeli.

---

Politeness is to human nature what warmth is to wax—  
Schopenhauer.

---

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched  
with nobler virtues.—Goldsmith.

---

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.  
—Emerson.

---

Far reaching as the earth's remotest span,  
Widespread as ocean foam,  
One thought is sacred in the breast of man,  
It is the thought of home;  
That little word his human fate shall bind  
With destinies above,  
For there the home of his immortal soul  
Is in God's wider love.—Anonymous.



: EDITORIAL :

As we cast a retrospective glance over the earlier publications of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College magazine, we feel that the standard of our more recent editions has depreciated. The fault, we believe, is not due to a lack of knowledge on the part of the student body, but rather to a lack of ability in expressing ideas. It seems fitting then that something might be said relative to the art of writing.

There is probably no greater guiding principle towards successful writing than that stated by Sidney Smith: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half of the words, and you will be surprised how much stronger it is." This is particularly true of this modern age when brevity means so much and when time is such an important factor. The writer who always aims to give the reader the most knowledge and take from him the least time is certain of success, for, in literature, our taste is discovered by that which we give and our judgment by that which we withhold.

Nothing is so fascinating as simplicity and earnestness. The writer who has a particular object in view and proceeds at once to accomplish it will compel the attention of his readers. Good writing, like good speaking, consists in simplicity and force of diction, and not in inflated, curiously balanced or elaborately constructed sentences. With few exceptions, the best writing is but a degree above the best conversation, and that only because the writer has a little more time to select his words than the speaker has. The communication of something important does not, by any means, necessitate a long article. On the contrary a tremendous thought may be packed into a small compass. Brief articles, characterized by compact thought, are generally more effective than long ones.

Of all things, however, we must ever remember that facility in composition as in all other accomplishments, can only be obtained by practice and perseverance.

“True grace in writing comes by art, not chance;  
As they move easiest who have learned to dance.”

Just as the perfection of a window pane is in concealing itself, so that as we look through it upon the objects beyond we do not see it, so also does the perfection of writing consist in the concealment of words and sentences that are but means for conveying thought and impression. “Art is in concealing art.” For the attainment of such a perfection the writer’s mind must be imbued with the subject in question, otherwise there will be a great tendency towards the use of weak arguments and strong epithets. Without wishing to be critical, we may justly say that a pin has as much head as many authors, and a great deal more point. Obscurity is commonly an argument of darkness in the mind, for learning is distinguished by plainness. Abstruse writers expressing ideas, as they do, in unintelligible language, are like turbid streams which appear deeper than they are.

“As ’tis a greater mystery in the art  
Of painting to foreshorten any part  
Than to draw it out; so ’tis in books the chief  
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.”

---

The human race,  
Of every tongue, of every place,  
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,  
All that inhabit this great earth,  
Whatever be their rank or worth,  
Are kindred and allied by birth,  
And made of the same clay—Longfellow.



### THE ORIGIN OF THE GUERNSEY BREED

In the English Channel between England and France is a group of small islands, known as the Channel Islands. Nine centuries ago they were the resort of pirates who raided the nearby coast towns of Normandy, in what is now known as France. The islands were the property of the Duke of Normandy, who in that century became William the Conqueror, when he invaded England and defeated the Anglo-Saxons under King Harold.

William sent monks to the Island in order to teach the inhabitants and to civilize them. The monks established schools and churches under the military protection of their Duke, and they came to a conclusion which we frequently believe to be a discovery of our own age. They told their Duke that there could be no civilization without agriculture. How often does a speaker of the twentieth century remark, "Agriculture is the foundation of civilization—and take credit thereby for an original thought! They further decided that successful agriculture is based on livestock and said as much to their Duke.

And so, from Normandy and Brittany, cattle were sent to them—cattle that were far more valued as beasts of burden and as meat animals than as milk. Some were big, red and white; others were smaller and yellow; there was no distinct breed of cattle in those days.

The islands were isolated from the mainland by dangerous seaways, and as time went on, the inhabitants became more and more agriculturally self-sufficient. Some of their cows gave more milk than others, and these were selected for family cows. Their daughters carried the same tendency to produce much more milk than was needed for the nourishment of their offspring.

The cattle on the island had slowly but surely changed. With the infusion of little or no outside blood, they had

developed and intensified characteristics until they were a race apart. The farmers realized that their cattle were different from those in other parts of the world. By selection they had laid the foundation for a new breed of livestock!

From that time on, the people of the Islands became what we might call "breed-conscious." Admiring and appreciating the qualities that made their cattle outstanding in certain respects, they set themselves seriously to the task of intensifying those qualities. Later generations of breeders added other characteristics, by selection and crossing of families and individuals.

The time came when their pride in their cattle caused the Islanders to jealously guard against infusion of other blood. There even arose a difference of opinion between the Islands themselves. The people of Guernsey, Alderney and the smaller islands maintained their own views and chose a type that was of greatest value to them. The result was that two distinct breeds of cattle were developed, although they came from the same stock. Today we know them as Jerseys and Guernseys.

In 1824, the people of Guernsey passed stringent laws against the importation of cattle. They wanted to keep free from any alien blood—in other words, to keep pure breeds.

From these few cattle, their numbers on the Island have never exceeded 6000 head—have descended all the Guernseys in the world. There are now many thousands in North America. It is an example of the fecundity of Nature, turned into useful channels by the assistance of man with his natural interest in livestock breeding.—(From a Radio Talk)

---

The past but lives in words: a thousand ages  
Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,  
And kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us  
From fleshless lips.—Bulwer.

## A GAME OF SCOTLAND'S OWN

Paddy's Milestone is the nick-name given to the great granite rock that rises out of the Atlantic and stands alone, a deep blue silhouette against the moody sea and changing sky which merge just beyond. The real name is Ailsa Craig, but owing to the fact that it lies directly in the course of the Belfast boats, sixty miles from the port of sailing, it has acquired the name of Paddy's Milestone just as the boat train is called the Paddy.

Except for the lighthouse keeper and wild goats, that delight more in scrambling over the rock than in the scanty faring, the rock is uninhabited. Nothing ever happens there, the rock just stands watching the ships go by or laughing at the fierce, angry waves that hurl and dash themselves against its massive form, foaming in their futile rage.

Yet this still, silent rock is famous as the birth place of curling stones, made from its own substance, solid, enduring, glittering granite, curling stones that are sent to all parts of Jack Frost's wide territory, the pride and joy of their Scottish owners, for curling, like golf, originated in Scotland, but has remained with true Scots as a favorite pastime, while golf has circulated to many nations.

When the frost comes, converting the restless waters of the loch into a smooth, glassy sheet, the men of the town are not to be seen pursuing their business, nor are town worthies in evidence loitering on the corner. The streets are deserted except for the women folk and hired assistants.

At four the children pour out of the school and tear along the hard, irregular road, their laughter ringing out in the sharp stillness of a frosty day, all heading in the one direction, responding to the magnetic attraction of the loch's sparkling temporary garb.

At the lower end of the loch the children skate and even their merry shouts fail to drown the continual swirl of the stones and dull toned acknowledgment when granite meets granite. The muttered oaths of the players, good natured chaff of the bystanders and reeking smoke from long favored pipes, intermingle whimsically above the curlers heads.

There is no class distinction in curling, everyone is respected according to his curling merit; nor is there age distinction, for men who but a week ago were bent with age and stiffening bones caper gleefully over the ice, putting the antics of their grandsons in the shade.

While the ice lasts the town is at liberty to burn down; anything can happen and no sensible wife makes demands upon her husband at such a time, though the curling season is usually accompanied by the children's annual croupy spell.

Just when the weather starts to moderate some over-zealous player is sure to throw too hard. "Canny, there, Jock" goes up a shout akin to a prayer. Too late, the stone strikes a weak spot and up spurts the water, surging cheerfully fully over the ice at every jar. It is like a death sentence to the enthusiasts who divide their glares between the hole and the offender, causing him to share a fellow feeling with the world's worst criminal. After the first appearance of the water it is impossible to entice the curlers from their game, even for refreshments. They play on, the stones splashing merrily through the water, swish, swish, swish. Gradually the water rises until the most dogged old timer is forced to retreat.

With the falling of the rain the town returns to its usual routine and the period of vanishing ice is one of constant complaints. The convalescent babies are crochety and the older children rebel against the indoor confinement, scrapping irritatingly among themselves. Even the head of the house is out of humor with his dear ones and scatters insults

heedlessly in his path. Poor grandfather, laid low with rheumatism, would fare very poorly for agreeable company were it not for faithful Rorey Jock, the Scotch Terrier pup, a disregarded outcast during a time of emotional eruption. But was it worth it? Say, just ask a Scot.

D. N. '33.

### THE SENIOR'S LAMENT

'Mid the busy hours I'm listening  
To the songs of the A. C.  
And thinking of the college shower room  
Where the boys yell loud and free!  
And I do not hear the awful noises  
Of the busy streets today  
For my heart is at the College  
With its buzzing harmony!

Ah, I hear the college students  
Sound their mighty chants again!  
And I see those modern farmers  
Using cribs and notes and brain!  
And the cole upon the hilltop  
Wrapped in Autumn's golden glow  
All unchanged since first I saw it  
In the days of long ago!

Place of learning, staped in glory,  
Home of wild and sweet romance;  
Where, midst bugs and books and lectures,  
Profs and students sit or dance!—  
I shall visit you most surely  
As the birds that homeward fly  
But content just for the present  
I must be to say good-bye.

—J.C.H. '33.

## **BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB MEMBERS AT THE N. S. A. C.**

First we may ask why do Boys' and Girls' Club Members come to College? No matter if a Club is primarily organized to promote one line of work, we find its influence soon shows on the member who is really interested to set a higher ideal in life as "Where there is no vision the people perish." Thus he may go back to school and strive to make himself a better citizen. From time to time Club Members meet instructors from the Agricultural College, men of capacity and vision, and, inspired by their accomplishments and outlook, they learn to realize the benefit offered by the extension service.

Club Members are frequently given the opportunity to attend Short Courses conducted by the Agricultural College and thus is created the thirst for more knowledge and they return for a full course. All these various contacts with men amid the problems and affairs of life seem to awaken youth and stimulate the desire to do and accomplish.

In College, the Club Member is better fitted for the work than the ordinary student turned out of our High Schools. This testifies to the value of Club work.

This year one-third of the number registered for the Junior Degree Class has been Club Members.

In the Senior Degree Class we have Harry MacDonald, who was a member of the Scotsburn Swine Club which came second in 1927 at the Royal Winter Fair; also Thos. Chas. Chiasson who judged at the Maritime Winter Fair in 1929 for the St. Joseph du Moine Poultry Club and in 1928 attended the Provincial Exhibition with his calf from the St. Joseph du Moine Calf Feeding Club. Among the seniors is also Robert Hilton who with his brother Edgar, who graduated in 1930, won the Maritime Egg Exchange trophy for the Yarmouth Poultry Club in 1929 at the Maritime Winter Fair. Another member of this class is Graham Longley who we will

remember was a member of the Lawrencetown Swine Club team which came 5th at the Royal Winter Fair in 1930. He was a member of the team which scored at the Provincial Exhibition in 1929 on a calf club demonstration. He also acted as a clerk and crier in the Live Stock Department there for three years. These students are among the highest in class standing this year and were high in their Junior year.

### **The Junior Class:**

The first year (1928) the Dr. W. J. Black trophy was offered, Gerald Johnston of the Riverside Guernsey Cattle Breeding Club was a member of the team winning the C.N.R. trip to the "Royal" bringing this trophy to Nova Scotia. At the Maritime Winter Fair, Gerald won the Canadian Guernsey Breeders special offered in 1931 for the highest score in judging Guernseys in the open class and at the same time he was a member of the winning Swine Club team in the Province representing the Lawrencetown Swine Club.

Direct from the "Royal" this year comes Otty Huggard who won *third* place for the Norton Calf Feeding Club in New Brunswick and competes with Johnston for top place in the Animal Husbandry Class. In 1929 Ethel Smiley, Newport Calf Feeding Club was a member of the team coming second at the Maritime Winter Fair and in 1930 she was girl delegate to the Moses Leadership Training School held in connection with the Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass. Another student judging at Amherst in 1931 representing the Keswick Calf Feeding Club is Donald Coburn.

In the Farm Class we have two "Royal" boys from New Brunswick, James Hornbrook, and D. S. Parlee. Among the Calf Feeding Club members at Amherst in 1931 was Bernley Cann from the Yarmouth Jersey Club who also attended the Provincial Exhibition in 1929 with his Jersey Calf.

### A LOCOMOTIVE RIDE

Every night at exactly seven minutes past eight, I stood in the window of our little village home, watching the evening train as it thundered on its way to the next station. Each time I watched that train go by I longed more and more to have the opportunity of riding in the cab of the locomotive with my hero the engineer.

At last, my opportunity arrived, I was to have the pleasure of riding, not on that familiar old locomotive, but on one greater, swifter and mightier. I stood with the Division Superintendent on the platform of the little station where the train must stop for water. Beyond the yardlights, its song rose clear and vibrant, with a flare of lofty headlight and the grind of brakes it was beside us, steel lungs panting heavily, a reek of oil sweating from heated sides.

The engineer, a torch in his hand, swung down, and we shook hands before I climbed the iron ladder to the cab. From the high window I watched him oil and stroke the sinews of his monster. Behind, on the top of the tender, the fireman was filling the tanks with a torrent of water. After this they climbed into the cab. By the light of the torch I could see the end of the boiler, a mass of bolts and nuts, and a tangle of pipes; water gauge and steam dial lighted by a small bulb.

There was a sharp little whistle in the cab and the engineer began gradually to pull back the throttle. The monster began to move forward. As we rumbled past the station, I could see telegraphers in shirt sleeves, fingering their instruments beneath green shaded lights. The cold night air entered the cab, causing me to button my coat collar about my throat as I peered ahead into the darkness. We were now swiftly gaining speed. As we passed waiting freight trains, it seemed that we were almost doomed to crash headlong into their wooden sides. About this time the roar of the drivers was deafening, and the sway of the engine almost drove me from my seat.



As the fireman opened the door of the fire box the cab was flooded with light and heat. Then darkness returned as he closed the doors.

The stars were racing beside us; the road bed streamed past us like a torrent. "Green," I caught the word above the tumult. Far ahead, four colored lights gleamed like gems against the sky, two rubies below; above, another ruby and beside it the pale green of an emerald. The green light was in the upper right hand corner of the square.

"Seventy-five to eighty," the fireman shouted in my ear. "The green light gives us a clear way through." Already the signal lights were behind us. "Almost ninety!"

Long ago the headlight had become useless except as a warning of our approach. We were past the farthest range of its illumination before the eye could discern what lay before us. Seemingly blind and helpless we tore on. I shuddered as I thought of our fate if we should encounter a broken rail, or another train, or an open switch, on our pathway.

Far off in Montreal, the chief dispatcher was following our flight mile by mile. Over the wires his voice and the voice of his helpers told the story of our rapid progress.

I looked back. Behind, the pullmans cast steady squares of light on the racing cut.

Out of the night came the instant crash of the east bound freight. With a blast of air and a slamming roar it seemed to brush past us. It was gone.

Denser and denser the switch lights beamed in a tangled maze. We were entering the city. On either side buildings piled up in shapeless walls like a canyon. We were slowing down.

Halifax, the station thronged with hustling and scurrying people. At last my long anticipated ride was over.

For many years shall I look back with joy at such an adventurous and thrilling experience.

—S.W. '33

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### **A VIEW FROM FORT CUMBERLAND**

A view of the surrounding marshes and continuous uplands is most admired on a bright summer's day. The first thing that catches our eye in the direction of Fort Lawrence is the Nova Scotia Relief Map which proudly directs tourists over the highways to the towns and historic sites of Nova Scotia. But before our eye reaches the map it passes over many cattle grazing on the fertile marshes and a muddy river winding down the marsh at the bottom of the opposite hill, which marks the boundary line between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

As we follow the course of the silt laden waters to Chignecto Bay, we see a larger body of water which cuts us off from Minudie, another large tract of marshland. We now follow along the bay shore which comes within half a mile of the bottom of the hill where, no doubt, the French troops were landed.

We are now facing the west; there Shepody Mountain looms up in the distance, and a large iron bridge which spans the famous Tantramar. On this side of the fort, the level marshland is dotted with hundreds of barns and broken by two rivers and numberless creeks. On each side of the rivers are winding dykes which keep the high tides of Fundy from flooding the marshes; some of the dykes built by the French are to be seen to the present day.

We now walk aimlessly about viewing the large mounds of earth and trenches in the immediate vicinity and the little stone monument erected to the memory of the French who were defeated defending the fort against Col. Lawrence.

During this time we are fanned by a cool, sympathetic

breeze from the muddy waters of Chignecto laden with the fragrance of thousands of tons of newly mown hay.

—A.R.A. '33.

### OUR A. C. CYCLISTS

Listen A. C.'s and I'll tell to you,  
Of the bicycle ride of the crazy two.  
The story is sad, pathetic and hazy  
Helping to show that both are crazy.

Said R. J. Hilton to me one day,  
"Professor Barteaux will be away  
Friday and Saturday, let's go for a ride."  
"O.K." says I and woe betide!

"Where shall we go?" I queried still,  
"To Halifax," said he, of his own free will,  
"All right" says I, "I'll go along too,"  
(But thought at the time 'twas all hoodoo)

Thursday morning came round, of course,  
I then suggested that we buy a horse;  
Instead we borrowed each a bike  
For comfort, on our mighty hike.

All that night did I hope and pray  
That rain might come and spoil the day,  
But morning came—half rain, half fine,  
And we started out at ten-to-nine.

We did not mind the cold and rain;  
We could stand the awful strain;  
For well we knew without rehearse  
First fifty miles would be the worst.

Five miles seemed ten and ten seemed thirty,  
Bikes and men were tired and dirty.  
We pedalled and ran and walked some too  
Till Dartmouth Asylum came in view.

The ferry pulled out for Halifax,  
Once on that boat we **did** relax,  
And viewed the City from afar  
As **wise** men did the guiding star.

A hearty welcome we received,  
Much better than girl friends believed;  
And ere we went to bed that night  
We viewed of many a wondrous sight.

No sooner had I closed my eyes,  
Than my head was filled with piercing cries,  
Bicycles creaking, bicycles moaning,  
Bicycles breaking and bicycles groaning,

Bicycles climbing up a hill,  
My partner getting a terrible spill,  
All kinds of catastrophes, one on another,  
Then I sat up with a violent shudder;

Awake, I found the cause of it all,  
My room-mate was kicking against the wall  
And making his feet go round like a mill  
Saying, "Darn it, what a terrible hill!"

The rest I slept the sleep of the weary.  
Morning soon came—wet and dreary;  
But I quickly arose, bathed and dressed  
For of all the sights there was still the best.

Sunday morning marked our stay,  
Having spent a most enjoyable day.  
Nothing of interest marks the return  
Except the way our feet did burn.

Never did lights appear so bright  
Never did pedalling seem so light  
As when the A. C. came in view  
Thus we landed—The Crazy Two.

—H.T. '33.

## THE APPLE AND THORN-LEAF SKELETONIZER

The Skeletonizer was first discovered on this continent in the United States in 1917, having come over from Europe some time previously. It appeared in Nova Scotia in 1924. It may now be found in practically any part of the province where apples are grown. During the past season there was a comparatively heavy infestation of this pest in Pictou County, the work of which was very evident to anyone passing through the infested area. The work of the Skeletonizer is easily recognized (as is suggested in the name) by the skeletonizing of the part attacked by the insect, which is the leaf. This is done by the feeding of the caterpillars on the upper surface of the leaves. If the infestation is very heavy the foliage may be entirely destroyed, the injured leaves turning brown, giving the trees the appearance of having been scorched by fire.

In orchards where spraying practices are carried on there may be considerable injury to the new growth, the reason for this being that the caterpillars hatch and develop on the growth which takes place after spraying has been completed, while those that attack the sprayed leaves are poisoned. The caterpillars spin a thin silken web over the leaves upon which they feed, which serves them as a protection. While the apple tree is their favorite subject, pear and hawthorn may also be attacked.

The adult skeletonizer is a small reddish-brown moth having its wings marked by irregular lighter and darker bands. The hind wings differ somewhat from the fore wings, being somewhat darker and having a silvery stripe along the front margin, and are dotted with grey. The caterpillars are yellowish in color with prominent black tubercles. They move about very actively and wriggle violently if disturbed.

The skeletonizer may winter in either the pupal or moth stage, though usually as moths. The eggs are laid

as soon as leaf growth begins in the spring. The caterpillars reach maturity in about a month and a half. They pupate for about two weeks, at the end of which time the moth emerges and lays eggs for a second generation. The caterpillars of this generation are the ones found on the new growth after spraying has ceased, where spraying practices are carried on, the caterpillar appearing about the first of August. In such cases a late spray of arsenate of lead, 1 lb. to 40 gallons of water, applied in July when the caterpillars are small, will control the pest, but if the caterpillars are allowed to become large a more concentrated solution must be used.

The parasites of the skeletonizer usually become abundant after the pest has been present in large quantities for a few years, and practically exterminate it; for this reason outbreaks of the pest will probably occur only periodically every few years.

H. G. L. '33.

### THE SAXOPHONE

It did create an awful din—  
I nearly did the blighter in,  
And saxophone.

It wrings my heart, it truly does  
To hear my best beloved tunes  
Un-saxophoned.

But still, perchance we all must learn—  
Myself, I often crave and yearn  
For saxophone.

But should I ever reach the stage  
Where noise from me made strong men rage  
On saxophone,

I'd seek a lonely spot and far;  
And blow and blow; learn every bar  
Of saxophone.

Meanwhile that awful noise has ceased  
I hope poor "Greg" is not deceased  
And saxophone.

J. C. H.'33.

### THE FATHER

The golden sun had just disappeared below the great horizon and twilight was growing rapidly into darkness as I sought in vain for a night's shelter. Seeing an elderly man seated a short distance from me I slowly approached him. He was resting his head in one hand while the other held an old-fashioned clay pipe. His clothes were ragged and worn. His white hair hung in locks over his shoulders. I stood beside him for a moment before he raised his head to speak. His salutation seemed familiar, yet I could not recall having seen him before. After asking me a number of questions he lowered his head again as if in need of sleep. Having compassion on the old man I did not wish to leave him. Soon he raised his head again, put his hand into his torn pocket, from which he took a small piece of tobacco. To my surprise he asked me if I cared to have some. Fortunately for him I did not wish for any as the piece was very small and looked as though it had been in his pocket for several weeks.

I was now beginning to feel more at ease with the old man. "Do you find the time very long?" I inquired. "No-o-o, not very, I work most of the time." "Where do you work, sir?" "Oh, any place at all. I have always had to work hard and I expect I will have to continue doing so for the remainder of my life. My path has not been one of roses at all times. Nevertheless, I have had joys as well as

sorrows. I have lived in times of war and in times of peace." "Have you ever been in the army?" I asked. "Yes, my good man, although I am and have been a great lover of peace, I have spent five years on the battle-field fighting for dear old England. I was a young man then with nothing to worry me. When the war was finished I had a good time travelling from one country to another. I enjoyed meeting strangers and conversing with them. Much may be acquired by coming in contact with people of other nations. There is also a great deal of pleasure connected with travel. I cannot forget the grand music and dancing in many of the smaller towns. Everybody seemed to enjoy life. Those days are gone, and what does it matter?"

These last words of his touched my heart. "What now is your greatest consolation and enjoyment in life?" I inquired. "Good health and the blessing of God is all I want." "Have you no person to care for you?" "Sorry to say, I have not. My good wife died twenty years ago, but she still lives in my memory. It would be impossible for me to speak too well of her."

"Have you no children?" The old man was silent. "We had only one boy." "Is he living?" "I don't know." He left home while quite young. He refused to fight for England. I have not heard from him since his departure but I still hope to see him before I die."

"My poor old father, I have returned—I am your son."

F. L. '33.

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The surest road to health, say what they will,  
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;  
Most of those evils we poor mortals know  
From doctors and imagination flow.

—Churchill.



**REVERIE**

One morning when I came to class  
I paused outside the door,  
Someone inside was talking  
Amid a deafening roar.

When I entered the classroom  
Mr. Wilmshurst held the floor,  
With a brief and curt good-morning,  
He bade me close the door.

“Boys”, said he, “Professor Harlow  
Was detained abroad today,  
He asked me to conduct the class—  
For the week he’ll be away.”

“Your lesson for tomorrow  
Will be chapter twenty-seven,  
You may go now, come tomorrow  
At a quarter to eleven.”

Next day we had a hard exam,  
But the questions were concrete:  
What color was blue vitriol,  
If sweet nitre tasted sweet;

What elements were in the compound KC,  
Give the formula of  $H_2O$ .  
And I answered all the questions  
Wasn’t one I did not know.

But away off in the distance  
I heard some sudden creep—  
“Come up and do this question”—  
Darn’t! I’d been asleep.

H. T. '33.

## N. S. A. C. ALUMNI NOTES

The "Gateway" welcomes Prof. and Mrs. "Charlie" Marshall back to Truro, where Prof. Marshall is taking up the arduous duties of an A. C. Chemistry prof. and even more arduous duty of basketball coach.

Bud Harlow '32, has obtained an assistant instructorship at McGill University where he is also taking post graduate work.

C. C. MacDougall '18 is Agricultural Rep. for Kings and St. John Counties in New Brunswick and has been doing good work particularly in Boys' and Girls' Clubs.

Edwin Grant '31 is at Macdonald this year, after working at Nappan for a year and a half. He is specializing in Bio-chemistry.

The "Gateway" regrets very much to hear of the death of Mr. Henry Pitman, Brooklyn, Yarmouth County. Mr. Pitman was the father of Benny Pitman '28, who is working at the Experimental Farm at Nappan.

The "Gateway" has several weddings to report this year:

Fred I. Bishop '24 was married on Sept. 7, to Miss Freda Messenger of Clarence. Fred is the son of Mr. F. W. Bishop of the United Fruit Company at Paradise. The couple will reside at Paradise.

Then we read of a post-nuptial reception being tendered Mr. and Mrs. Donald S. White at Berwick on New Year's Eve.

Donald White '27 married Miss E. Spinney who has been teaching on the Aylesford school staff. Mr. White is Agricultural Rep. for Hants County.

"Bob" Rowter '31 was married on Oct. 21 at Barss Corner to Miss Iris Awalt of North Brookfield. Bob is working with the Entomological Department of the Provincial Government.

Donald Boyd Burgess '30 was married on Sept. 9 to Miss Ermine Irene Calkin of Berwick. They will reside in Berwick where Mr. Burgess is a merchant.

John J. Murphy '29 was married on Sept. 12th to Miss Mary Helen Carroll, a daughter of Mr. Justice Carroll and Mrs. Carroll. They are making their home in the City of Halifax.

Arthur Mutch '11 is farming near Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Claude B. Anderson '13 is a carpenter, working for Rhodes, Curry Co. located at Amherst.

Wm. I. Crowdis '12 is located at the Ventrail Valley in California, where he is engaged in Fruit Farming.

Harry A. Butler '13 is with the Grenfell Mission in Labrador.

Arthur Burgess '14 is a storekeeper at his home in Burlington, Hants County.

J. H. Hoyt '14 is farming at his home in Hampton, New Brunswick.

Everett McLeod '16 is farming in the North Peace River District in Saskatchewan.

Jas. W. Robertson '21 is manager of a creamery in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Miss Janie Matheson '30 has graduated from Macdonald College and is at present connected with the Biology Department of our College.

Elmo B. Babin '29 is Deputy Sheriff of Richibucto County, New Brunswick.

Henry McLaren '26 is potato inspector at the Experimental Station in Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Gerald West '26 is farming at his home in Berwick, N.S.

Herman Riorden '30 graduated from Macdonald College last year.

R. E. Jones '30 is farming at Pownal, P.E.I.

C. C. Smith '30 is employed with the Entomological Laboratory at Fredericton, N. B.

Jack C. Bremner '30 is a Plant Disease Investigator in the potato Inspection Service at the Experimental Farm at Fredericton, N. B.

C. Howatt is living in Charlottetown, P. E. I. where he is an inspector for the Dominion Fruit Branch.

Geo. W. Lyons '21 is farming at Blomidon, Kings County, N. S.

Will W. Brown '21 is Fox Farming at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Antoine Gougen '20 is associated with the Dominion Live Stock Branch at Moncton, N. B.

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Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,  
Hunt after honor and advancement vain,  
And bear a trophy for devouring death,  
With so great labor and long-lasting pain—  
As if life's days forever should remain?

—Spenser.



: : EXCHANGES : :

The exchange department, on the whole, measures well up to our former standards in quality as well as in quantity. It is regrettable that the Editor finds himself unable to take time to read all the publications which come in from other colleges and high schools, especially as contributors to this department seem noticeably lax in voicing any opinions.

However, the writer has been very much interested in reading the January issue of the "Athenaeum" which has recently been received. For a publication put out entirely by young men and young women attending college, it verges almost beyond the pale in its apparent attempt to be both modernistic and pessimistic. Of high literary quality, doubtless the material is, yet with all due respect to D. S. Wilson, the writer ventures to hope that there may be some students who are light-hearted yet earnest enough to realize that much which goes to make up the "real life", of which he speaks, may mercifully be kept from our reading material. Students will doubtless be soon enough faced with the stern realities of "real life" after Graduation Day, but while we are at college, let us enjoy life to the full, look upon its brightest side and put a little more cheer into our college magazines.

On our library tables, we have magazines and weekly papers from several colleges and high schools, which are well worth reading, both for their literary value and for the insight which they give to us, of life in other colleges.

The "Gateway" is hereby gratified to acknowledge—

*The Acadia Athenaeum.* This splendid publication from Acadia University is an old standby at our library and its arrival is looked forward to by all the students. For a publi-

cation with its reputation, however, we would suggest a closer checking-up on the quality of the short stories submitted.

Another frequent visitor is the "Kings College Record" in which much very good historical matter pertaining to Kings is enlarged upon. This is certainly commendable and we feel that in this way, just attention is shown to the old graduates. More student publications should follow the example of the Record.

Of the "Argosy Weekly" and the "Dalhousie Gazette" little can be said, due to lack of space. However, we find much interest in each, although being weeklies, they are forced to confine themselves almost entirely to student activities.

The "Voice of the Y.C.A." is again noticed on our shelves and is read with interest by all of our students. This high school paper from the Yarmouth County Academy is, in our opinion, not quite up to the standards set by the issues of '31-32, but as the winter progresses so, no doubt, will the "Voice of the Y.C.A."

A new and much appreciated arrival among our exchanges is the "College Times" from Charlottetown. The December issue is the first to come and we welcome this attractive little magazine from "Prince of Wales College". The joke department is well organized, but more attention should be paid to good prose instead of the poetry, which is so much in evidence. In our experience a reputation for a college magazine cannot be built on poetry. We hope sincerely to see many more issues of this magazine in the future.

—R. J. H.'33

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### NECROLOGY

To Dr. J. M. Trueman, to Claude Thompson and to Thomas Chiasson, on the death of their mothers, The A. C. Gateway extends its sincere sympathy.

A decorative border consisting of a series of small squares and circles, forming a rectangular frame around the title.

## COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

### THE DEBATING CLUB

We feel that this magazine would not be complete unless some mention is made of the Debating Club or better named Literary Club. This interesting society has the whole-hearted support of the student body, as illustrated by the attendance every Tuesday night. Each student has his or her opportunity to take part in both the debate and the discussion following. It has been the practice through the year for one student each night to review the week's news and elaborate upon it. The debates to date have been of high order. Worthy mention should here be made of the annual inter-class debate between the Senior and Junior Class representatives. This was one of the most interesting events of the College year, and was held January 10th. Lacey, Hilton and Thompson represented the Senior Class and took the affirmative of the subject: "Resolved that the maintenance and organization of labor unions should be encouraged," against the Junior anti-labor-union men, Tait, Miss Durden, Johnson. The judges, Professors Bird, McKean and Eaton, rendered a decision in favor of the Senior Class. Our good friend, Chas. V. Marshall, criticized the debaters in a humorous and pleasing fashion.

As an illustration of the life of this club, let me say that those who heard the discussion on "Technocracy," which is a subject of interest in world news, may form a very favorable conclusion as to the value of such a society.

—C. E. T. '33.

## BASKETBALL

Basketball opened with a flourish this season, a large number reporting for practise.

Interest has kept at a high pitch with the result that two forward lines and a guard squad have been developed, which have on many occasions demonstrated their ability to take the bumps and stand the test of long gruelling periods.

The season, up to the time of writing, has been a markedly successful one, inasmuch as we were successful in winning seven out of eight games played. Of the games won were three with Bible Hill and four with the Normal College team, with a more or less varying score.

The game lost was with our old enemies the Y. M. C. A. from whom we have yet to win a game. The season, however, is but half over and we are looking forward with much confidence to a return game and a reversed score.

Our team this year is, without a doubt, one of the best in years, and we are hoping for a correspondingly successful termination of the season's work along this line.

—L. R. B. '33 Capt.

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## SOFTBALL

Fellow students, let me thank you, firstly for your confidence shown in selecting me as captain of the softball team this year, and secondly, for your loyal support which made possible our record of non-defeat.

This season the softball team played four games with the Provincial Normal College. All games were played



on the park diamond and witnessed by a large number of spectators from both Colleges. The scores of the games were as follows: 25-13; 39-5; 21-11; 28-24.

Each team showed keen enthusiasm and clean sportsmanship. The manager of the Normal College team is to be thanked in no small measure for cooperating in giving a good brand of ball.

Byers behind the bat and Thompson in the box formed a steady battery. Hilton first base, Longley second, and MacNab third, with Burrell short stop, formed our air-tight infield; while Anderson, MacPherson and Crosby kept the ball off the outfield.

Hill and Reid were official referees, while Trevors scored to the satisfaction of all.

I sincerely hope we shall have a few tilts next spring and may say that everybody is looking forward to a student-faculty tilt as soon as the weather becomes favourable.

—A. M. '33.

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### SENIOR PROM OUTSTANDING SUCCESS

The first social event of the Class of '33—the Senior Prom—was an outstanding success and will not soon be forgotten, from all reports. Those who made it possible consider it a pleasure and appreciate the way in which their efforts were received.

The decorations were very effective but simple. The intricate lighting system of blue, yellow and green, was decidedly unique. The windows and doors were covered with blue and gold crepe paper, while between the windows were hung many college banners. The orchestra played from the stage of the auditorium, which was very cleverly

decorated with crepe paper, and potted plants from the College greenhouses. During the dance various lighting effects were used, one of which consisted of an immense spot-light placed on the ceiling of the stage in such a way as to cast hundreds of little shadows over the dancers as it shone through the paper streamers which were used to decorate the stage.

An interesting feature of the Prom was a "spot dance", the prizes being awarded to Miss Gertrude Lynds and John Irving, two outside guests. The orchestra, under the direction of Lloyd McLaughlin, played twenty-one snappy numbers.

The guests were received by Mrs. J. M. Trueman, Mrs. W. V. Longley, and Mrs. E. L. Eaton, who acted as chaperones. Members of the Faculty, as well as many guests from outside points were present.

—C. S. R. '33.

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In the lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail—  
Lytton.

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Loss of time is irreparable—Napoleon.

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Learn to say "No."—Spurgeon.

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They also serve who only stand and wait—Milton.

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There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will—Shakespeare.

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Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men—Byron.

## WHO'S WHO?

Name	Nick Name	Weakness	Favorite Saying
Jean Cribb.....	Cribb.....	Hockey Players.....	Oh, Larry?????
Dorothea Nairn.....	Scotty.....	Chasing Cats.....	Look, Tommy!
George Cook.....	Cookie.....	Poultry.....	Judas priest!
Gerald Byers.....	Gerry.....	Hockey.....	Gee, whiz!
Anna Durdin.....	Ginger.....	Poetry.....	My godfrey!
Alex MacNab.....	Curly.....	Basketball.....	Holy cats!
Stanley Wilmshurst.....	Pat.....	Elsie.....	Pretty nice.
Hazen Trevors.....	Bud.....	Ena.....	Hello, good-looking!
Claude Thompson.....	Claude.....	Wentworth.....	Listen to me.
Norman MacPherson.....	Mac.....	Plus fours.....	I'll say so.
Gregor Archibald.....	Greg.....	Traps.....	Oh, yeah?
Robert Hilton.....	Bob.....	Marion???	A mean trick.
Clyde Brown.....	Clyde.....	Chemistry.....	C <sub>6</sub> H <sub>5</sub> .CH(OH).COOH
Graham Longley.....	Graham.....	Laughing.....	By George!
Clayton Reid.....	Reed.....	Bishops.....	Oh Doris!

### **A TRIP TO THE ROYAL WINTER FAIR**

One night last fall twelve farm boys from the Maritimes, with their coaches and leaders left St. John for the Royal Winter Fair. They were the winners of the trip from each province in the different club projects and I was fortunate enough to be one of them. It was a happy party and with the making of acquaintances of other members of the party and general excitement it was late before we settled for the night.

The next day we were joined by the Quebec teams and spent several hours in Montreal. From here we took one of the fastest trains in Canada and made a quick run to Toronto where we were met by the secretary of the Canadian Council on Boys and Girls Club Work, which had given us this splendid trip.

After meeting the club members from Ontario and Western Canada we spent the next day about Toronto visiting the Bank of Commerce Building, which is the highest in Canada, T. Eaton's departmental store and Hart House of the University of Toronto. This building is used for all kinds of recreation and is run entirely by the students. It contains a swimming pool, several gymnasia, billiard room, library and reading rooms, a music room and a theatre.

Then came the day for which we had all come so far, which we all dreaded. The time had come when we had to show the judges our knowledge of club work and our skill in judging. It was a long day for we had to judge several classes besides our oral questions. We were all glad when it was over for we had done our best and felt more free to enjoy ourselves—no matter what the results happened to be. That evening we attended a banquet and entertainment given us by the Ontario Government, which certainly made us forget any remaining worries.

Our program had been arranged so that we could see the most possible in the time remaining and the next day was

well filled with a visit to the Union Stock Yards and Swifts Abattoir in the morning. Here we learned many facts among them the mystery of bologna and sausage, but the one which stood out was, "Quality is most important and most profitable to farmer, buyer, butcher, and consumer."

In the afternoon, after a visit to the Star Publishing Company, we went to the fair buildings and had dinner, after which the trophies were presented to the winning teams.

Then we went into the arena. It was a magnificent spectacle when Honorable R. B. Bennett opened the "Great Fair", and I do not believe that one of over two hundred and fifty of us will ever forget the horse show.

The next day we spent at the fair, but we failed to see everything, for besides two thousand head of cattle, twelve hundred horses and thousands of other live stock, there were many other attractions which make it the best in Canada.

We had only one more day after this and I believe it was our best for we visited Niagara Falls and the surrounding country. Our first view of the Falls was more than we expected, but it was not nearly all, for, after being fitted out with rubber suits we were taken down over a hundred feet behind the Falls and we could watch the water pouring down in front of us. Then we had a trip along the rapids above the Falls and a visit to one of the power houses which receive their power from that mighty cataract. After going through this building we turned about and went down along the gorge and across the whirlpool on the Spanish aero car over one hundred and fifty feet above the water, then to Queenston Heights Park where that famous battle was fought. Here are monuments erected to General Brock and Laura Secord. By the time we had seen all this we had to leave Niagara to return to Toronto.

That night the Western teams left and we had to bid good-bye to many new-made acquaintances, but hoping

that we might again meet them at some future time. The next morning we left for home and arrived the day after. We had spent the happiest and fullest eight days of our lives, but I think that all were glad to be home again.

The Maritime teams got the following placings:

#### **Dairy Cattle**

- 2nd.—Nova Scotia  
 3rd.—Prince Edward Island  
 5th.—New Brunswick

#### **Swine**

- 5th.—New Brunswick

#### **Potatoes**

- 3rd.—Nova Scotia

#### **Poultry**

- 3rd.—Nova Scotia

—O. N. H. '34.

### **THE RIVER OF THE LOYALISTS**

Some people find pleasure in dodging alder bushes and swatting mosquitoes along a trout brook; others find pleasure in sitting in a rain-soaked shelter waiting to wing an elusive black duck; and still others will stand for hours waiting for a moose that never comes; but after all is said and done, the average citizen given a motor car, a good lunch and somewhere to go, is perfectly sure that he has found the ingredients of a happy day.

In New Brunswick, whatever direction the motorist may take, good roads, pleasant picnic spots and beautiful scenery are a reasonable certainty. One of the most delightful of all lovely trips is to be found along the "River Road" in the valley of the historic Saint John River, between Fredericton and Saint John.

Fredericton, the capital of the Province of New Brunswick, is situated nearly opposite the site of the fort built in 1692 by Villebon, Governor of Acadia, and was itself once the Acadian Settlement of St. Anne. It has been the scene of many military actions. English military engineers, during the latter part of the Eighteenth Century, laid out the city on the level land along the water front, with hills rising around it in the background. It is now the centre from which the good roads of the highway radiate.

Across the river from Fredericton lies the town of Devon, extending between the Nashwaak and the Nashwaaksis Rivers. About three miles up the Nashwaak is the beautiful little town of Marysville. Lumbering is still an industry of Marysville and one of the largest cotton mills in the Dominion is situated here.

Fredericton is left behind as the "River Road" starts down through Salamanca and the lumber yards at Morrison's Mills, where the visitor is reminded of one of the province's chief industries.

On a rise of hill to the right, a mile or so below Fredericton, a glimpse of the Dominion Experimental Station is caught. A gateless avenue leading up to the buildings invites one to take a run around the grounds, past the flower gardens, the up-to-date farm buildings, the recreation grounds and the experimental plots, and back to the road again.

Soon the road crosses the York County line into Sunbury, the oldest county in the Province. Ahead a little village crowns a hill, and we soon run over the Oromocto River bridge and into Oromocto. Opposite, beyond Oromocto Island is Maugerville, an old Loyalist settlement with an old wooden church. Oromocto also was founded by the Loyalists and its old churchyard forms a grassy volume in which are recorded names prominent in the early settlement and rule of the Province. Those who have visited the church-

yards of the Loyalist settlements along the Saint John river have remarked that from the similarity of names they might easily believe themselves to be in the old graveyard at Hempstead, Long Island, New York, the home before the Revolution of many of those families who came as voluntary exiles to the wilds along the Saint John.

Oromocto has an Indian reserve and a well equipped Indian day school. A sawmill and a lumber yard again give a touch of modern industry. A mile below the village is Burton Court House, a severe old Colonial building, and further down Burton itself, a prosperous farming community.

The wide interval lands which lie all along the river through Maugerville and Sheffield provide hundreds of tons of hay. The view from the hillside road at Burton across to the Sheffield side of the river is particularly lovely. Maugers Island divides the river and here the water, narrowed into two channels by the island, seems always calm and full of dark shadows. In this, Bliss Carman's country, one thinks of Carman's words:

“Fair the land lies, full of August,  
Meadow island, shingly bar,  
Open barns and breezy twilight,  
Peace, and the mild evening star.”

At Sheffield the Congregational Church, the oldest Protestant church in New Brunswick, stands out white and clear against the forest background. It was in 1792 that a band of Puritan settlers from New England founded the settlement at Sheffield and the next year drew up their church covenant. A few years ago a memorial cairn was unveiled.

Below Burton the winding road passes over Swan Creek and on to Upper Gagetown; thence over the Mill Stream and by the Mill Road to Gagetown.

At Gagetown was once located the meeting ground of the Indians on their way up and down the river. There in 1758,



a French village was burned after the exile of the Acadians; and on the same ground was built by the Loyalists from New England the present village, whose history, dating back to 1784, may be read in the Registry Office and on the stones in the old graveyard. Here was the birthplace of Sir Leonard Tilley, one of the "Fathers of Confederation." Many houses of Colonial type speak of Gagetown's Loyalist origin. At Hartt's Lake, three miles above Gagetown, traces remain of the old Acadian village destroyed by Monckton.

Across the river is Jemseg, where the mound on which stood Fort Grimsec, built as an Indian trading post, is now marked by a bronze tablet and cairn. The Jemseg River connects, a few miles further on, with Grand Lake, one of the largest Canadian lakes east of the Great Lakes.

At the entrance of Gagetown Creek a lighthouse gives a nautical touch, while a cable ferry provides a convenient means of crossing the river to Jemseg and Grand Lake. Below Gagetown another sawmill reminds us that lumbering is Gagetown's oldest industry. At Lower Gagetown is located the Cossar Farm, founded by Dr. G. C. Cossar of Glasgow, Scotland, to train Scotch boys for farm life in Canada. Pure bred stock is raised by this institution, and here and on adjoining farms are many fine orchards.

The car goes on through Otnabog, originally settled by freed slaves who came to the Saint John River with their Loyalist masters. On a hot day in summer, when the settlement is taking its recreation outdoors, it is like straying suddenly into a bit of the "Sunny South." The settlement has a church, a post office and a school, the latter, unfortunately, quite often without a teacher.

As we go on we soon come to a hill overlooking Queens-town and who is there with soul so dead that he would not pause a while to look out over one of the finest views in the Province. The blue sky is reflected time and again in the

waters of what seems like a dozen rivers and lakes spread out in a wonderful panorama.

The drive continues to be a succession of beautiful scenes. The river is getting wider. Dark evergreens begin to replace the willows of Sunbury County and the elms of Queens, as the Kings County line draws near. The pretty village of Hampstead is passed and below Hampstead, the quarries, where granite is manufactured into paving blocks and building material. Far down the river may be seen a staunch little steamer, white against the blue, or the Valley railway, running almost parallel with the highway, as reminders of other ways of seeing the Saint John River.

Evandale, Greenwich, Oak Point and Glenwood are passed, each turn of the road a delight to the eye. In the distance, across the river from Greenwich may be seen the mouth of the Belleisle—another beautiful tributary of “the Rhine of America.” Out in the river, a short distance below Oak Point, is Caton’s Island, where French settlers held a trading post in the early part of the Seventeenth Century.

We soon come to the popular Summer Resort of Brown’s Flats. Near here the road passes the summer home of Archdeacon H. A. Cody, Canadian Novelist and poet. From here down to Saint John, summer homes of every size are tucked into picturesque corners, or are placed on commanding views. Grand View is well named; and then come Greenwich Hill, Public Landing, Lingley and other attractive places on both sides of the river, before Westfield is reached.

At Westfield, once the site of another old French port, the beautiful Nerepis finds an outlet in the Saint John. Back of Westfield rises Bald Mountain; New Brunswick’s highest peak, and near here the motorist may enjoy the unusual sensation of coasting down the Devil’s Back, and getting away with it.

Below Westfield, from Ingleside through Grand Bay to

South Bay, a magnificent view of the Kennebecasis River, its entrance marked by bold, rocky, densely wooded headlands, unrolls before the eyes.

The hard, white road leads onward, until the mingled breath of salty air and cool smoke greets the motorist as he crosses the bridge over the Reversing Falls from Fairville into "grey" Saint John, one of Canada's great winter ports, a link between the richly endowed Valley of the Saint John and the countries beyond the sea.

—M. V. J. '34.

It may interest our readers to know that the following N.S.A.C. graduates are now at the O.A.C.:

- O. L. Davis '30—Fourth year Horticulture.  
Jack Walsh '30—Third year Animal Husbandry.  
F. T. Lord '30—Fourth year Entomology.  
L. O. Weaver '31—Third year Botany.  
F. A. Wood '31—Third year Entomology.  
R. E. Wetmore '31—Fourth year Field Husbandry.  
Arnold Travis '32—Intermediate year.

Each climate needs what other climes produce,  
And offers something to the general use;  
No land but listens to the common call,  
And in return receives supplies from all.—Cowper.

While yet a child and still a fool of fame,  
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came—Pope.

What the child admired,  
The youth endeavored, and the man acquired—Dryden.

: JOKES :

“If you can’t laugh at the jokes of the age,  
Laugh at the age of the jokes.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Hill (over phone in London Hotel): “Hello! Hello! Is that the manager?”

Manager: “Yes, sir.”

Hill: “Well, I say old chap, there is only one sheet on this bed.”

Voice over phone: “Oh! don’t worry about that, Sir, Ghandi had that room last night.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Eleanor: “I have found the cause of the depression.”

Jean: “What?”

Eleanor: “The cows have been fed too much grain.”

Jean: “Why, how do you know?”

Eleanor: “They chew incessantly.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Boyd (rushing into Hilton’s room): “I kissed a Normalite.”

Hilton: “How many times?”

Boyd: “I’m just confessing, not bragging.”

\* \* \* \* \*

### WE WONDER

Why Jean Cribb is always singing, “The flies crawled up the window?”

Why Hilton and Trevors went to Halifax?

Why MacPherson changed boarding houses?

Who cooks for Pat and Frank?

Who is stocking up with sweat-shirts, etc?

If the social committee refunded Miss Smiley’s money?

Who pays the social leader's admission to the dances?  
Who attracts Gilbert to Logan Street?

\* \* \* \* \*

McNab: "How did you like to deliver that speech the other night?"

Thompson: "Oh, It was all right except that I was hit with a cowardly egg."

McNab: "Cowardly egg! What's that?"

Thompson: "You know; the kind that hits and runs."

\* \* \* \* \*

McNab: (at a phone in the Wallace hotel): "Listen clerk, there's a mouse in my room."

Clerk: "Send it down to register at once."

\* \* \* \* \*

Johnson (in English class): "I never had an irresistible attraction."

Cribb: "What did you have when you took those four girls to church?"

Johnson: "Distracted attraction."

\* \* \* \* \*

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

Larry: "I don't know, why?"

Jean: "I'm drawing a picture of a cow and I want to know how many faucets to put on her."

\* \* \* \* \*

Crosby: "Hilton is breaking some records this year."

Greg: "What ones has he broken?"

Crosby: "The long distance bike ride to Halifax."

Greg: "What others?"

Crosby: "Keeping late hours."

Miss—: "Oh! Hilton left at 3.30 a. m. but Greg stayed for breakfast."

Longley (boxing): "Don't hit me on the head."

Tommy: "Why?"

Longley: "That's a weak spot of mine."

\* \* \* \* \*

Normalite: "What shall we do?"

Hill: "Anything you wish."

Normalite: "Let us part."

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. in Chemistry: "Too much of this gas is poisonous.  
Step up closer please."

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Marshall (at 12.15): "Any question, boys?"

McNab: "What time is it?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Hilton: "Why are you scratching your head?"

Studios Senior: "An inspiration."

Hilton: "Ahem, a new name, I declare."

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Marshall: "How many kinds of water are there?"

Junior: "Nine, Sir."

Prof. Marshall: "Name them."

Junior: "Hard, soft, cold, hot, clean, dirty, salt, fresh  
and soda."

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. in English: "How does alum taste?"

Hill: "Foul."

Tommy (not paying attention): "Professor Landry  
says fowl can't taste."

\* \* \* \* \*

Junior (entering the ice cream parlor with Miss —):  
"Two strawberry ice creams, please."

Waitress: "Sundae?"

Junior: "No, we want them now."

Pat: "I pity my son when he comes to this college."

Reg: "I pity him anyhow."

\* \* \* \* \*

McNab (seeing Hill lying on the ice): "Did the fall hurt you?"

Hill: "No, but the stop did."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tommy Chiasson (meeting Norman Tait): "Well Norman, how is the weather?"

Norman (in surprised tone): "Fine, Sir."

Tommy: "Is it? Why, its snowing down here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ethel Smiley: "Gosh! I bet they have an awkward time making those big holsteins sit on little half pint bottles."

\* \* \* \* \*

Trevors: "How many hives constitute an apiary?"

Payne: "Two or more."

Trevors: "When I had the hives I had over a thousand, wouldn't that be one of the largest apiaries in the world?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Johnson: "Did you say farmers were capitalists?"

Miles: "No, Sir."

Johnson: "What did you say they were?"

Miles: "Poverists, Sir."

\* \* \* \* \*

Longley: "If I was as crazy as you I'd go where I belong."

Cribb: "It's time you were leaving here then."

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof. Harlow, (impatiently): "What are you doing, does it not say to add  $H_2SO_4$  and ignite?"

Trevors: "Yes, Sir, but I can't find the bottle of ignite."

Prof. Payne: "Who can give me a definition for Apiculture?"

Hill: "Oh! it is the cultivation of apes, I presume, Sir."

Prof. Payne: "Well, I have a fine class to cultivate."

\* \* \* \*

Trevors: "Hey you! gimme a light."

Brown: "G'wan, what do you think I am, a firefly?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Crosby: "What made you give up cigarettes for a pipe?"

Hill: "None of my friends smoke a pipe."

\* \* \* \* \*

Longley: "You've got your socks on wrong side out."

Miss—: "Yes, my feet got hot, so I turned the hose on them."

\* \* \* \* \*

Crosby: "How are you getting along courting the Annapolis Royal girl?"

Hilton: "Not so bad. I'm getting some encouragement."

Crosby: "She's beginning to smile on you is she?"

Hilton: "Not yet, but last night she told me she had said "No" for the last time."

\* \* \* \* \*

Brown (to partner in dance): "Boys! you're swell. What's your name?"

Normalite: "Je ne comprends pas."

Brown: "How do you spell it?"

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own—Pope.



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I Can't Get Along Without Ena—by—Hazen Trevors.

Ella Fletcher Now But Not For Long—by—Claude Thompson.

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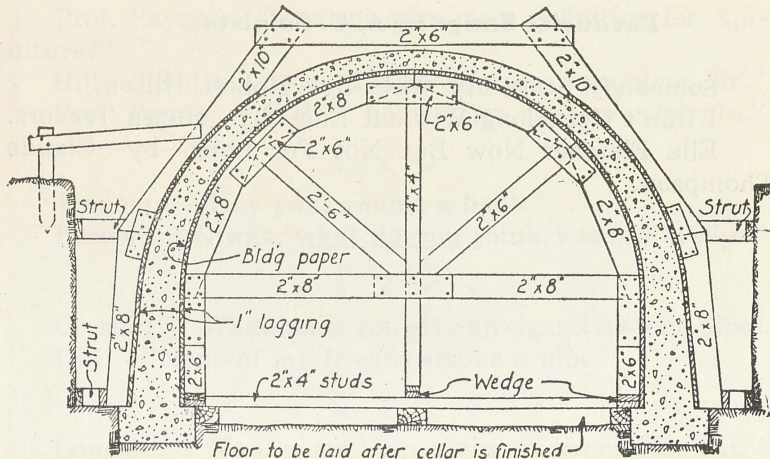
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