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THE WINGED WHEEL

MARCH - 1921

Vol. I. -- No. 8

MONTREAL, CANADA

Twenty-five Cents



MONTREAL **AMATEUR
ATHLETIC
ASSOCIATION**



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THE WINGED WHEEL

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 250 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA, BY THE
MONTREAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

VOLUME I., No. 8

MARCH, 1921

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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The editor's mail box in the lobby of the club-house is situated at the right hand side of the business office counter.

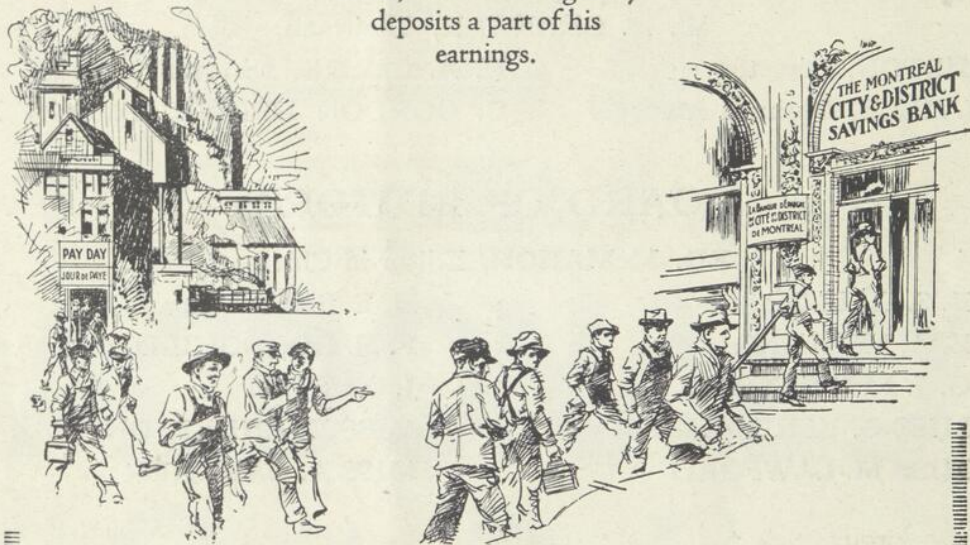
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Our Associates

HAIL! The Ladies.

For some years past we mere men of the Association have been more or less aware of the presence of ladies in our club's membership.

Like Cicero when he felt his own importance warranted it we are going to use the extensive pronoun **WE**. Were the subject of this editorial of lesser moment we would be content to hide under the first person singular **I**. Well, as we were saying some of us have known for a long time that there were ladies in the Association but we did not think much about it. But a couple of weeks ago we were brought up with a jolt. We had taken our magazine home, lit our pipe, stretched our feet towards the fire and settled down to read the mag. Of course we read our own contribution first and after a bit we came to a page on which there was a notice coolly forbidding us, that is we mere men, to read that page. Of course we read it. We suppose that was the object of the warning. We pondered what would be the effect of the ladies of the Association demanding their equal rights, as indicated by this literary invasion.

We are chivalrous and sporty, and after a very little reflection we became enthusiastic over the increasing activities of the fairer sex. We want their activities to extend, they are not encroaching, they are not invading; they are coming into their own and we welcome them with open—that is very heartily.

The ladies of Mrs. W. E. Findlay's committee did valuable work for the soldiers during the war and these ladies were not forgotten when the boys returned. Also for years the ladies have been chiefly responsible for the decorations at Christmas time, but it is only comparatively recently that we find the ladies coming forward in the athletic field. They have their polo teams, they have some swimmers who can leave all but a dozen or so of the men standing still in the water, they have some tennis players who can send

DO NOT PULL DOWN THE HOUSE OF ANOTHER

PROSPERITY is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

—*Abraham Lincoln (100-ton Booster)*

over a wicked drive, and they have some basketball players who seldom miss a basket. There are some men—oh, well, we won't rub it in. And now that ladies are to have the bowling alleys on Thursday evenings, we wonder when they are going to start boxing.

All these activities only make them the more welcome as associates, helpers, co-operators, and participants in the club's affairs. This branch of the membership has grown rapidly in the last few years and it is only fitting that the ladies should begin to do something besides dance and sew and knit. They have shown they can, so let them continue.

□ □

SIMPLICITY ITSELF

"Is your daughter going to a dance?"

"No, she wouldn't dress so elaborately for a dance. She's going to work."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

□

THE EVIDENCE

First Caddy—Man, he's awfu' rich.

Second Caddy—Hoo d'ye ken that?

First Caddy—"He lost a ba' yesterday and he's playin' again the day!

—*Bystander (London).*



CHAMPION OF CANADA: RUSSELL WHEELER

THE CANKER IN THE ROSE

"What reason have you got for grouching? Didn't you get \$100 for allowing your picture to be put in the paper as having been cured by Pudge's Pills?"

"Yes, I did, but hang it, my relatives are all asking me why I don't go to work now that I'm cured."—*Boston Transcript.*

DELIGHTFUL DIAGNOSIS

"Well, girlie, what did the oculist say about your eyes?"

"Oh, he was the nicest young oculist you ever met."

"Heh?"

"Said my eyes were beautiful."

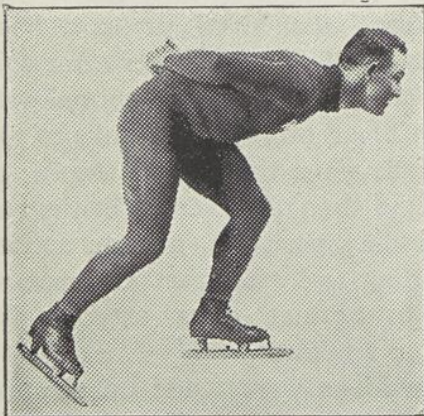
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

CHAMPION AGAIN

IN the last issue of *The Winged Wheel* mention was made of the new honors secured by Russell Wheeler, Canadian Amateur Skating Champion, who defeated all competitors in the annual skating championships at the rink in the latter part of February. Due to the short time between the event and the time of publication it was impossible to supply much data to the readers of *The Winged Wheel*.

Russell has been a member of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association for many years now and he has always shown the way to other skaters in speed skating. But several seasons ago it was whispered that Russell was done. It was said that he was getting past his prime, and in 1915, when Bobby McLean took the championship away from him, many persons said that he was through as a speed skater.

Wheeler went to the war and did his bit over there and he came back. This winter was the first chance he had to get back into the sport as far as the home fans were concerned and his speed at the championships last January was equal to that which he showed several years ago. And Russell regained his honors. By doing so he accomplished no mean task. He had to defeat Jewtraw, Gorman, and Goodman, three of the best skaters in America to-day. Still Russell brought the 1920 championship to the M.A.A.A.



BOBBY McLEAN

HARD LUCK BOYS!

THE rink has been most unfortunate this year by reason of the illness of committee men. E. S. Gallop has been laid up for several weeks suffering from pneumonia, and is still confined to the hospital. His condition is reported as improved at time of going to press.

Versatile Bill Roughton is another on the sick roll. Bill suffered in the early part of the season from neuritis, and towards the end of the month he had to go to the Royal Victoria Hospital to undergo an operation on his hand—the result of an accident at soccer being the primary cause.

The two committee men have been badly missed at the Westmount rink and their burdens have had to be taken up by the other members of the executive. But good spirit and good harmony have done the trick and everything has gone well.

□ □

KNOWLES' TEAM WON

THE Business Men's Volleyball and Basketball League had a very successful year. Each team played sixteen matches, which were very well attended, and competition was extremely close.

Team E, captained by W. H. Knowles and comprised of E. A. Uhl, C. H. Meyers, G. H. Hanna, E. S. Matthews, J. A. Bowen, G. H. Knott, and F. H. Baxter, was successful in winning the honors.

The teams finished as follows:

| | | WON | LOST |
|---|-----------------------|-----|------|
| E | W. H. Knowles | 13 | 3 |
| C | H. C. Christmas | 9 | 7 |
| B | A. C. Johnston | 8 | 8 |
| A | J. C. Colvil | 6 | 10 |
| D | E. J. Christmas | 6 | 10 |

The business men played two games of volleyball with the North Branch Y.M.C.A. on the North Branch floor, which were won by the Y.M.C.A. team. They were however victorious in two games they played at home, and now arrangements are under way to have a play-off on a neutral floor.

Physical Training

Second Article on the Benefits of Healthy Exercise and Body-building Methods by Doctor A. A. Mackay, Our Medical Examiner

THE American Medical Journal published an article by E. C. Schneider, of which the following is an extract: "The need of a measure for physical efficiency whereby degrees of fatigue, physical fitness, and health may be determined has been felt alike by the medical profession, instructors in physical education and school hygiene. The functional changes of the body, brought about by regular physical training, give the basis for a number of physical efficiency tests. The attention of trainers and athletes as well as of physiologists has naturally been directed to these. Certain differences between active and inactive animals throw light on these functional variations.

"The wild hare, which lives an active life in the open, and the wild rabbit, which lives an inactive life in seclusion and does not venture far from its burrow, have been compared by Dreyer of Oxford University. He found that a wild hare has double the blood volume, 30% more haemoglobin and three times more heart muscle than a wild rabbit of the same weight. The rate of heart beat of a wild hare is 68, and of a wild rabbit about 200 per minute; the respiration rate of the hare is between 18 and 20 and of the rabbit about 50 per minute, furthermore, the meat of the hare is dark, and that of the rabbit is light in color. No doubt similar differences exist between an athlete and a sedentary worker.

"Some authorities found considerable variation in pulse rate of different healthy individuals, but also showed a slow rate in men trained for muscular work. McCurdy, from a study of boys passing through the adolescent stage, decided that the heart rate serves as a fair indication of condition. A

high heart rate indicates poor condition, and a heart with wide variations between the horizontal and standing positions suggests poor vascular adjustment. Mitchell found the average rate of athletes' pulse was as follows: During 1st year of training, 69; 2nd year, 64.5; 3rd year, 56.8. Boney found that in some tired, listless, depressed and fatigued patients the pulse rate was normal when lying down, but when standing it was abnormally rapid, in some cases as high as 140. The difference between pulse rate lying and standing has been found to be a useful index to physical fitness. In young men the normal average pulse rate has been reported to be 78.9 standing, 70.1 sitting, and 66.6 lying."

Lewis and Meakins state the pulse should return to normal within one-half to one minute after exercise. The blood pressure is temporarily raised in the average person following a moderate amount of physical exercise, but soon returns to normal after rest. If the exercises are too strenuous, the blood pressure will fall at the termination of the exercise and will not return to normal until about thirty minutes. In athletes who have been trained for running races, bicycle riding, etc., the blood pressure has been found to be 20-30 mm. lower after the race, but it usually comes back to normal within an hour. A blood pressure that fails to rise, but rather falls when the subject stands; a pulse more rapid than the average in the reclining and standing positions, a large acceleration on standing and after exertion, and a short return to normal after exercise indicate fatigue or weakness.

Observations were made on some of the members of the Association who were inter-

ested in athletics. We endeavored to carry out the examinations in a similar manner to that adopted in the American universities. The physical condition of the members was noted as shown in their weight, color of skin, firm vigorous muscles. The members were then made to recline for five minutes; the pulse rate counted several times in order to check the results; the blood pressure taken in a similar manner. The members were then made to stand at ease for two minutes when the pulse and blood pressure were again taken, and the difference between the standing and lying recorded. These members were next sent out to play basketball for fifteen minutes following which their blood pressure and pulse noted. It was again noted after a rest of five minutes and the following results for girls between the ages of 17 and 25 were shown: Pulse reclining, 70; pulse standing, 76; pulse after exercise, 126; pulse after two minutes' rest, 76; blood pressure at rest, 118-75, blood pressure after exercise, 124-80. Three of the girls did not react so well. (a) Age 21: Pulse reclining, 90; pulse standing, 108; pulse after exercise, 156; pulse after five minutes' rest, 115; blood pressure, normal. (b) Age 17: pulse reclining, 84; pulse standing, 90; pulse after exercise, 120; pulse after five minutes' rest, 102; blood pressure, normal. (c) Age 19: pulse reclining, 78; pulse standing, 84; pulse after exercise, 120; pulse after five minutes' rest, 108; blood pressure, 110-75.

These three girls showed poor tolerance to exercise—fast pulse and slow return. They were short of breath, nervous, and had overreached the stage of fatigue.

The boxing class was examined and the majority found in excellent condition and could stand the more strenuous work. Several of the members had overtrained, they did not have the same vim to their work that characterized their boxing in the beginning of the season. One of the younger members reported for examination which showed pulse 84 reclining, 96 standing, 148 after boxing ten minutes, 120 after boxing five minutes,

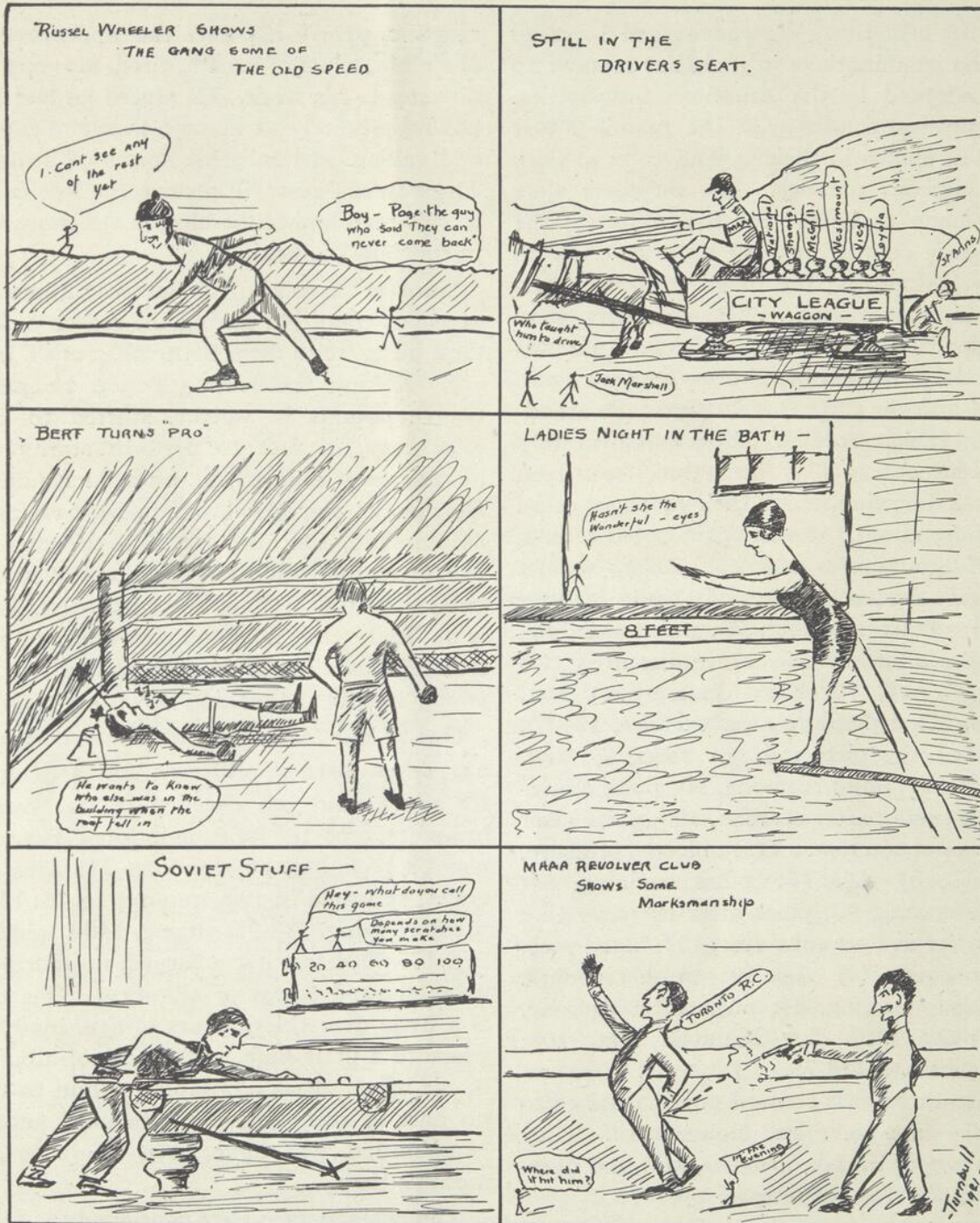
reaction poor. He had the appearance of one all in, short of breath, tired, nervous, and no snap to his work. He stated he had been boxing privately at home for several months and taking part in other forms of athletics. Three weeks' rest will restore the lost energy to this man and make him all the more keen to continue his boxing.

Another example: A lacrosse player in excellent condition during the season of 1920 took no exercise from September until January. During the resting period he gained twelve pounds in weight, started to train vigorously, in fact to perform stunts that he was only able to do when in condition. His reaction was as follows: pulse 76 reclining, 84 standing, 134 after ten minutes' exercise, 115 after five minutes' rest, breathlessness, pale, and dizzy feeling, heart irregular. There is no doubt that a too sudden onset of hard training has a lot to do with so many of our young members breaking down on training.

One of our leading athletic members, who has taken part in different forms of sport for years, and has excelled in the various branches, reported for examination. His pulse was 68 reclining, 76 standing, 115 after exercise, returned in two minutes to 76; blood pressure lying, 138-95; sitting, 140-95; standing, 145-90; heart not enlarged, no murmurs; urine showed traces of albumen. This man is a little over thirty years of age, his blood pressure a little high, and traces of albumen in his urine. It is advisable for him to take no part in competitive sports until another examination will have been made in one month's time.

The business men were cautioned they were not able to stop exercising for six months in the year, and then report at the gymnasium and expect to begin training where they had left off the year before. One must not change from one stage to the other too suddenly although the heart is quite capable of compensating up to a certain point, but when one reaches the age of 40, he has to be careful.

(Continued on page 139)



OF LITTLE USE

Not long ago a number of masons left Scotland to settle in this country. One of them wrote to his wife shortly after his arrival, and instructed her to sell their household property and to take passage out to him.

The good wife had a neighbor who came to help her with the packing. In the midst of it they fell upon Thomas's watch. The

neighbor examined it closely and then said: "It's a grand watch, Catherine. Ye'll be takin' it wi' ye?"

"Na, na!" was the reply. "It wad be o' nae use oot there, for Thomas tells me in his letter that there is some 'oors o' difference between the time here and in California, so I needna be takin' useless things."

—Harper's Magazine.

Annual Dinner Dope

A guy from somewhere got in on the Snowshoe and Ski Club Feed, and writes home to tell his pal what a swell affair it was.—Had to keep thirsty during his trip.

DEAR JIM,
Well here I am again or whats left of me. This old town of Montreal is sure some village and if you ever get a chance to grab some guys bank roll head this way sure. I told you in my last letter most of what I done since I struck this thirst queling burg but last Sat. I went on a little trip that was what the frogs up here call par exellense meaning jake. There is a swell club up here called the M.A.A.A. which is short for Montreal Amature Atheletic Association and a fellow I knew down in the works asked me would I care to come up on a trip with some of the boys over Sunday. I sure would says I and he says well can you get away from your dept on Friday aft. for 4 o'clock. Oh says I do I look like a guy that is being kept I have to work for a living you poor simp. Well he says if you cant make it for Sat. morning then you will be out of luck so I says I will see what I can do. Well the boss dont care much so I can fix it up and tells my friend who warns me to drag along a warm set of garments which turns out to be a wise steer O.K. as I would have been froze as stiff as your ivory dome if I hadnt fell for it. Well on Sat. A.M. around 9 I meets my pal at the Place Viger Station. Gee Jim they got some great names up here and he is all dolled up like a first class back woods merchant and has a whole armful of skis which I explained of to you in my last. He shows me a pair he has for me and they are a jake pair all right as them things go. Well we gets on board and he steers me in and shows me to some of his gang who like us aint genteel enough to get away from work in the middle of a week like most of the gang could who had gone up previous. Well we sat and swapped tales and smoked and next time I write I will tell you some of the



THEY'RE OFF!

tales if they keep which a lot would not only it is some cold in this country. Well I learn that this trip is the annual trip of the Old Tuke Blue which has lately changed its name to the Montreal Snowshoe and Ski Club and is a part of the M.A.A.A.

They have been having a real meal once a year for some time and this here event I am in is the 81st. At that rate if the gang live long enough they may get fat eh Jim. The regular O.T.B. outfit used to be a large gang that made a habit of tramping a long way for a drink on snowshoes and they sure must have been a thirsty lot. My friend tells me that most of them has only to walk to their cellar doors now or else get into their private jitney and go to a friends who has just layed in a large stock. You sure cant blame them for not hiking several miles in the cold when they can get a shot or six in their own homes. I guess if I could have got a drink in reasonable peace I might never have seen Montreal eh Jim. The gang that is the O.T.B. now with the long name is a younger crowd and drinking is so easy that they gets fed up at times and is dam glad to get away up in the hills where they have not such a swell chance to get lit without effort. They keeps up the

(Continued on page 135)

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

THE basketball practices have not been altogether satisfactory. M.A.A.A. girls have a habit of turning out for one practice and then vanishing for a couple of weeks or more. This does not tend to bring about good team work or combination play, but owing to Miss Moore's energetic and valuable coaching, the team held out better than was expected by the pessimists. The team was unlucky, as Carrie Moore, one of our best players, was put out of the game on account of ill-health and the team missed her quick playing. The girls need more time to practise in the gymnasium than the time allowed. Less than one hour a week is not sufficient to bring about good results.

WON ONE: LOST TWO

Some weeks before meeting the Westhill team the M.A.A.A. basketball players had met the Westmount High School and Montreal High School girls, and although our team tried hard it was beaten in both games, so our supporters were not very sanguine of our defeating the Westhill combination as they had won both their matches against Westmount and Montreal High School.

M.A.A.A. played Westhill School on February 18th in the evening—this game was to be staged as part of an entertainment that Westhill were giving in their gymnasium. The game was to start at eight o'clock but owing to some unforeseen delay the whistle did not blow until 9.30, by which time our team was a bit sleepy, but as soon as the game started the team was right on the spot. M.A.A.A. was leading at the end of the first half, the score being 10-6. The Westhill girls caught up quickly in the second half and caused great excitement when the two teams tied with a few minutes to go, but M.A.A.A. scored one point more, the game ending in our favor, the score being 18-17.

□ □

"Mother, what is a Dry Martini?"

"Heavens on earth, child!"

"Oh!"—*Washington Sun Dodger.*

LADY BOWLERS NOW

ANOTHER innovation for the ladies has been made by the directors of the club. From now on the ladies will be allowed to use the bowling alleys every Thursday evening. The ladies are interested in the sport and they are grateful that the innovation was made. So far they have not turned out in large numbers for their bowling nights but as the news gets to their ears it is likely that they will turn out in larger numbers each Thursday night. It is probable that a four-club league will be started shortly to encourage the bowlers of the other sex.

TRY LIFE SAVING

CLASSES, leading up to the various examinations of the Royal Life Saving Society, are now being held Wednesday and Saturday evenings at eight o'clock.

It is difficult to understand why so few of our swimmers become proficient in this branch of aquatic pastime, as accidents are fairly frequent at the many summer resorts near Montreal.

Possibly many doubt the practicability of the methods taught, and so do not avail themselves of the opportunity for instruction; however, those who are proficient feel confident they could be of valuable assistance if the need arose. At any rate it is unfair to the R.L.S.S. to doubt their work before giving it a personal trial. Come to the classes, secure the bronze medallion, and then judge.

Competition will be introduced by means of time tests, and exhibitions will be frequently held. Instructor Rose, who has passed the Society's most rigorous test, the diploma, has introduced several novel features to make the classes more interesting. The interest shown by the board of directors and the general manager is most encouraging, and there is good reason to believe that this year will be a record breaker.

"IN DAYS OF OLD"

I HAVE before me a copy of the first book of constitutions and by-laws published, and I am reminded that in the early days of the Association, in fact until 1907 or 1908, each affiliated club had its individual constitution. It is, perhaps, because I am an old foggy that I take pleasure in looking over these old records, and it is amusing to read in the little volume in question, under the rules of cycle racing, that "no open (sic) betting shall be permitted", and again in the regulations governing snowshoe races that "judges must not bet upon a race over which they preside".

It may be news to many latter day enthusiasts to learn that lacrosse games were then won by goals, the side obtaining the first three goals being declared the winners. Many amusing incidents arose through this rule. One that is fresh in my mind was a game between Shamrocks and Montreal, on Montreal grounds—then situated between Sherbrooke and St. Catherine Streets near where St. James the Apostle Church now stands—in which Montreal scored three goals in as many minutes, and the match was over before many intending spectators could purchase their tickets. Another game, I think against Cornwall, lasted for hours and had to be left drawn as the moon furnished insufficient light to follow the flight of the ball.

The year 1883 marked the organization of athletics in Canada by the formation of the A. A. A. of C. under whose control the amateur championships were in future to be held.

The gymnasium committee were extremely active in those days, and Dr. Gurd, the medical adviser, paid a visit to Dr. Sargent's gymnasium at Harvard to study the methods employed there. As a result of his report a large quantity of apparatus was installed, consisting of chest weights, leg and arm developers, and other fearful and wonderful contrivances by which old fogies, like myself, developed their muscular system. It seems to me, I may be wrong, and if I am Dr. Mackay



THE DAY OF THE SNOWSHOE HAS NOT GONE. HERE ARE SOME OF OUR BOYS IN THE MOUNTAINS

can correct me, that the physical training of forty years ago trusted too much on muscular development, to the neglect of the lungs, and other functional portions of the anatomy. However we had a real good time according to our lights, as Alf. Gardner, Dave Watson, and many other old-timers will bear me out.

In the Canadian Track and Field Championships held in the autumn of 1883 the final of the 100 yards was won by our still enthusiastic friend, W. R. Thompson, in $9\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. To save any discussion I may as well say frankly that the course was slightly on the slope.

I notice that season the membership of our "Old Tuque Bleue" was 637, and on the occasion of the Carnival torchlight procession 326 turned out. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Many well known names appear as winners of the snowshoe races, including J. G. Ross, the late Norman Fletcher, Jimmy Baird, and Don. McTaggart, the latter being honorary secretary of the club.

In the winter of 1884, the Montreal Hockey

(Continued on page 134)

Have You a Hobby?

Lingerie collecting, music, plain sewing, crocheting, fancy work, drawing, literature, painting and millinery recommended by "Gerry" as practical ways of using up spare time.

I WONDER how many of you girls have a hobby of your own? I dare say the majority of you have one; but then probably some of you have never given the word "hobby" a thought. And there it goes, many of your precious moments are wasted, whereas they could all be put to some profitable account by taking up such hobbies as lingerie collecting, music, painting, drawing, literature, fancy work, plain sewing, crocheting, and millinery. All these are ideal and practical, and once you start you will become so interested you will never want to give it up.

I know of a young girl whose hobby is collecting dainty lingerie, and she has a trunk which she calls her "little Patee Wonder Box", and really, girls, her collection is beautiful; she has been hobbying for nearly two years now, and during that time, with simply her "nothing-to-do" moments, she has made all by hand, seven complete sets. She makes a set consist of a camisole, pyjamas or slip-over, boudoir cap and combing jacket or morning sacque, and every piece is made of heavy crêpe-de-chine which wears for a lifetime, if carefully washed with lux and warm water.

Each set is made of a different color and style, and the one that took my eye was a soft salmon pink set, trimmed with narrow silver ribbon and French worked knots. The boudoir cap was made Dutch style; the only trimming was a chin-strap and streamers of silver ribbon, with little rosebuds attached here and there on the ribbon. The camisole was cut very plain and the yoke was heavily embroidered with French worked flowers and knots; the shoulder straps and draw-strings were of silver ribbon; the slip-over was worked

and trimmed in the same manner as the camisole. Then the little morning sacque.—oh, girls! it's a dream—three-quarters in length, empire effect, with Japanese sleeves, and trimmed with marabou; can you imagine anything prettier than that, and as I have mentioned before, every single stitch, both plain and fancy, was done by hand.

Girls that are handy with the needle can own just such pretty things if they use a little thought and taste. It may happen that a girl is not quite so deft with her fingers; well then, let her look out for bargains in this line, and re-trim them. I am sure any girl can work an initial or add Valenciennes lace and run different ribbon through, and the result will be that you will have just as pretty and expensive looking piece as the all-hand-made one.

Then there is painting as an artistic hobby. This is a wonderful pastime, and one that is indulged in by thousands of girls. A young girl who terms painting as her "greatest pleasure" makes all her own Christmas, birthday, Valentine, and Hallowe'en cards, and last Christmas the volume of hand-painted presents she sent out was unbelievable; in fact, the work she turns out is so great that recently one of Montreal's big departmental stores gave her an order to fill for Easter. The order in question is for slip-over-your-telephone dolls, which she intends to make out of stiff cardboard and China silk, and as it is quite a large one, it is her intention to vary this a little by painting each doll a different character, and likewise costumes to suit.

Another delightful hobby is music, but it has been sorely neglected of late for the Vic. and girls that were once splendid player

have fallen down considerably since this instrument came into effect. A Victrola is all right when it comes to dancing, etc., but give me every time a pretty piece played on the piano with feeling, and there is absolutely nothing to compare with it; so come on, girls, push back the piano cover and "go to it". After all one soon tires of hearing the same piece played on the machine, but one hardly ever tires of hearing the same piece played over and over on the piano.

Has it ever occurred to you that reading good literature is another wise way to spend the hours? Strange as it may seem, I don't think there is ever an entertainment which does not close without the usual conversation of books and their authors, and "ain't it a grand and glorious feeling" when you can chime in also, and quote on your favorite author and his works. Just interest yourself in some good author, get acquainted with his life, and then endeavor to get hold of all his works; after you know all about *him*, pick out another, and just keep on.

I may mention that the Montreal Technical School on Sherbrooke Street teaches nearly all of the above indicated at a very moderate fee, and any girl wishing to avail herself of this opportunity should do so at once.

There are countless other things which the writer could name as hobbies, but she really thinks the above mentioned will appeal to you the most.

We will take for our next subject "The Business Girl".

"GERRY"

JOHN ALLAN MARRIED

IN Toronto, on March 1, St. David's Day, John D. Allan, one of our well known members, was married to Miss Teresa Murphy, of the Queen City. John Allan was one time goalkeeper for our senior hockey team. Congratulations, John!

WE GOT SCALPED

THE M.A.A.A. hockey teams did not bring any championships to the Association this season but they at least gave a good account of themselves. Each team did its best and gave its opposition a hard run, and the winners deserved their victories in each case.

It was upon the senior team in the City League that the M.A.A.A. men pinned their greatest faith. The other sextettes were playing good hockey but as usual they were not as carefully watched as the "big" team.

Towards the close of the season, M.A.A.A. was well in front of the other clubs in the senior league and the prospects for winning a hockey championship, which would have been in accordance with expectations, looked healthy. But things were upset and when the first semi-final for the honors came along—bang!—M.A.A.A. was put out of the running.

But the Winged Wheelers were not disgraced. They put up a stiff battle and were beaten out by only one point, and that was scored in the final period of the match. Nationals were the fortunates who took our scalp. They played a great game and they deserved to win. The exhibition was one of the best which had been seen in amateur hockey in Montreal until the date of February 17 when the play-off took place.

Later on Nationals were also scalped and the final honors went to the McGill University squad. It is doubtful if mental training has anything to do with hockey, but fans are tempted to think that it has from the way the collegians have cut their way to the very top of amateur hockey in the Province of Quebec.

The M.A.A.A. and *The Winged Wheel* congratulate the McGill players on their success.

□ □

BELATED REFORM

Edith—Why didn't you marry him? Everybody says he has reformed.

Marie—Yes, but he reformed too late. His money was all gone.—*Boston Transcript*.

M.A.A.A. Man in Peru

The Travels and Adventures of Wilfred Park, One of Our Baseball and Basketball Players Who Has Taken a Position With a Company in the South American Republic

DEAR E

I promised to write you as soon as I was settled down and able to find my bearings, so now to fulfil my obligation.

I left New York on November 3rd, a bright chilly day which reminded me that winter was approaching, on a Grace Line boat, the Santa Luisa, operating between New York and Chile. The first stop was made at Panama where we took on mail and coal. This gave us a chance to see Christobal and Colon, the two towns on the Atlantic side of the Canal.

The next morning we started through the Canal at 5.30, first passing through the Gatun Locks, there being an uplift of 87 feet on the west side and a drop of about 75 feet on the east side, then through Gatun Lake (which is artificial), covering an area of 164 square miles. From there we passed through Culebra Cut, which is a wonderful engineering feat on which they are still working, then through the Pedro Miguel Locks, and the Moia Flores Locks which drop you about 75 feet into the Canal, the last leg leading out into Balboa Bay and the Pacific Ocean.

The city of Balboa is situated at the Pacific end of the Canal. There are quite a few islands at the Pacific end which are very heavily guarded against attack. After we got into the Pacific Ocean a series of sports was organized, in which we had quite a lot of fun. They had all the crazy games you could think of. We also had a swimming pool on deck. They had their usual ceremonies when crossing the equator, ducking everybody who had not been across before. The men got it pretty hard, but the ladies got off fairly easy, and we all have certificates to

show for it. We had a bridge tournament on board and quite a few dances. Altogether it was a very enjoyable time.

We landed at Callao on November 16th. They don't dock the boat there as there is no harbor, and a very big tidal rise and fall, so you are taken ashore in launches. After landing I proceeded to Lima, the capital of Peru, where our chief offices are situated.

Lima is one of those very old towns with very narrow streets, and the street cars are so close to you that they almost knock you down as you are walking along the side-walk. The people, mostly Peruvians, are very polite in their manners. When you meet a Peruvian he takes off his hat and shakes your hand no matter how many times you meet him in the course of a day's work.

I landed during a big railway strike on the Central Railway which runs up to Oroya, but fortunately the strike was called off the second day after I arrived. I started up the hill to Oroya but did not arrive there for two days and a half on account of many delays owing to an unexperienced crew on the train, whereas the journey ordinarily takes twelve hours. We had to climb to an altitude of 16,000 feet and then down 4,000 feet to Oroya where I am stationed. Oroya's altitude is about 12,000 feet. On the way up I saw most wonderful scenery, at times you could look down thousands of feet out of your window. We had to pass through sixty to seventy tunnels on the way up.

Peru is a country of 5,000,000 inhabitants, of which 1,000,000 are of the white race, descendants of the Spanish conquerors, mostly concentrated in Lima the capital and the larger cities. The remainder are Indians,

called Cholos, direct descendants of the ancient Incas. Spanish is the language of the country and is practically universal, although the Indians have preserved the language of the ancient Incas, "Quichua", which is general amongst the Indians in the mountains, most of whom speak Spanish as well. These do practically all the manual labor, and are a hardy industrious race, although little more civilized than when first discovered by the Spaniards. Historically, Peru is a very interesting country; the natural scenery in the Andes is beautiful; and the climate is cool and invigorating.

The Cerro de Pasco Copper Company employs a large number of white people (whom the Peruvians here call "Grenegos") in the operation of its mine and smelters, and living conditions are excellent. Every camp (of which there are five) has its club, with reading rooms, billiard rooms, tennis courts, and bowling alleys, etc., and as a number of the Grenegos have their wives here dances and other social features are quite frequent. In Oroya they have dances every Saturday night. We have baseball teams in each camp, and inter-camp games are not infrequent. During the last week we received \$1,200 worth of baseball goods, which goes to show that the Company are certainly willing to do all they can for the welfare end of it. The baseball team, made up of white people of the different camps, went down to Lima to play the Grenego employees of the various firms of Lima a few days ago. This is a trip of about 222 kilometres horizontally, 12,000 feet vertically, down to sea level over the Central Railroad of Peru, the highest standard gauge railway in the world, operated by an English concern. It is a magnificent trip, replete with scenic beauty, and a very interesting study from a construction point of view.

The camps of the Cerro de Pasco centre about Oroya, where a new smelter is in course of construction. This plant will have a capacity of 2,500 tons of ore daily and should be complete in about a year and a half.

Oroya is also the terminus of the Central Railway, which reaches the mines at Cerro de Pasco (the famous old Spanish workings now owned by the Company) and the present smelter at Fundicor. There is a town at the mines with a population of 15,000 natives, one of the highest towns in the world, and the highest of the Company's camps. The Company has another smelter at Casapalca, west of Oroya. The other principal producing mine of the Company is at Morococha also west of Oroya, and on a branch line of the railway.

Our baseball team went down to Lima to play a few days ago and won by the score of 22-1. That gives the teams one victory each as the Lima team won last time 8-7, so there will be something doing the next time we play.

Give my best regards to the boys,

Wilf. Park.

□ □

INDOOR HOCKEY

INDOOR hockey, which has now been installed, has, besides the great interest shown by the juniors, the attention of the seniors and the business men's classes.

It must have been invented by some noble personage who has had his tribulations and wanted to keep as much profanity out of the game as possible, for *there is no off side*.

Indoor hockey is here to stay, and you cannot appreciate it to its full extent until you get hold of the puck and try to rag it around.

GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION

PLANS are now being completed for the Gymnasium Exhibition which will in all possibility take place the latter part of April.

THE HUGHES TROPHY

THE Caledonia Curling Club will be the first to have its name inscribed on the new M.A.A.A. curling trophy—the W. R. J. Hughes Memorial Cup. The winners are to be congratulated, as the silverware is one of the finest pieces of work in that line which has yet been done in Montreal. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of the late vice-president of our Association that the new M.A.A.A. trophy should be presented as a memorial of him. He was an enthusiastic curler and it was on the ice at the Montreal Caledonia Curling Club that "Bill" Hughes suddenly died. And the first winners of the trophy bearing his name will bring the cup to the club-house where he was last seen alive by his comrades.

A total of 124 rinks with a total of 500 players were entered in the competition and the play was of the highest standard throughout the entire season. The Heather Club had 23 rinks entered; Montreal 20 rinks; Outremont 15 rinks; Thistle 18 rinks; St. Lawrence 8 rinks; St. Andrews 8 rinks; and Caledonia 14 rinks. It may be stated here that a large number of M.A.A.A. men played on these various rinks and that the Association was well represented on the four winning quartettes.

The runners up in the competition were the St. Lawrence rinks, who had been looked upon throughout the series as the most formidable players entered.

Caledonians had no small task in winning their honors and on the first night's play the Burnsiders were able to accumulate a lead of only three points. In the second night's play, however, the Caledonia men settled down to their task and won in handy fashion, taking three out of the four matches booked, while the fourth was a tie. The final was played on February 22nd, and the score on the last evening's play was 62 to 47 for Caledonia.

On the whole the competition was a most successful one and the rules were pretty well

lived up to. There was some slight difficulty in connection with the lists of substitutes, some of the clubs following out the letter of the law and not the spirit of the rule. Several first class players were kept on the list of unselected players in order that they might be played towards the end of the series and help to strengthen their club's rinks. It was also noted that several clubs registered their full membership this season, though they played less rinks than in previous winters.

□ □

ENGLISH RUGBY

Sir,

It does not appear to be generally known by the members of the club that a petition was recently put forward to the directors requesting them to grant facilities for the formation of an English Rugby Team representing the M.A.A.A. I am, therefore, writing to crave permission to use a little of your valuable space to give them an idea of how the matter stands at present.

English Rugby in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec just prior to the war was beginning to make great strides towards popularity, but, unfortunately, the war caused the game to be strangled in its infancy and the survivors of the original teams are very anxious to see the game started again. With this aim in view, they are anxious to get as many clubs started as possible, and the writer was requested to get up the aforementioned petition, and the directors have offered to do anything they can to help us along.

Members interested in the game, and particularly playing members, are requested to give their names either to Mr. Melville at the office, or to myself as soon as possible, as it is hoped to start organizing in about four to six weeks' time.

Trusting you will be able to see your way to print this letter,

Yours very truly,

J. A. CAMPBELL COLVIL.

STILL IN HARD LUCK

THE Reds are certainly having more than their share of hard luck, for owing to the numerous injuries which have deprived them of the services of their men, it has been quite some time since they took the basketball floor with their team intact.

We hear to-day that Dave Drysdale, whose work on the forward line is needed so much, is now down with grippe.

Art. Brophy is probably through for the season. Doc. Mackay examined "Big Six" and informed him "nothin' doin'" until next season. The Reds will sure miss the Wonder Man and are hoping that, should they be successful in holding their position and getting into the play-off, "old Man O'-War" will be on deck.

Harris Beecher, who can always be depended upon to give all that's in him, played against the Blues through sheer pluck. He is still recuperating, and as he was so unfortunate as to hurt his leg, which will take some time before it can stand any strain, it is doubtful whether he will be able to get back in the game this season.

Ed. Gronau is back again after six weeks' lay-off, but has not as yet got into his former form. Broken fingers are not to be fooled with, but "Old Slim" is sure a hard one to keep out of the game, and by the time they meet McGill, he'll be out working his head off.

The old reliables, Dick Sanders, Kenny Forbes, and Tom Miller, have been kept working overtime to keep the Reds near the top, and to them are due more congratulations than we can print.

Old man "Gloom" dare not show his face, for although a crippled team, the Reds are showing that they are still in the game for the game's sake.

This year has been productive of considerable new material, which should be developed. Our two senior teams are composed of veterans, who cannot forever be depended upon to carry on the work which they have done so

splendidly in the past. The junior team is developing very nicely, and if Mr. Richards keeps on with his work with these lads, they will prove their ability in a very short space of time.

With the season shortly coming to a close, the members should turn out stronger than ever, and give their teams the support due them.



HARRIS BEECHER

AIMLESS

"Some of these rusticators lead an aimless existence," commented the Maine farmer.

"They do," answered the hired man, "judging by the way they shoot at a deer and hit a guide."—*Washington Star*.

□

CALLED HER BLUFF

"For goodness' sake, Minnie, whose socks are you darning?"

"They belong to Willie Sharp. When I refused him I said I'd be a sister to him, and he took me at my word."—*Spare Moments*.

□

CLEVER RASCAL

"How extravagant of you to pay \$250 for a diamond ring for me!"

"Not at all—I shall save on your glove bills."—*London Opinion*.



CALENDAR

REGULAR APPOINTMENTS

MONDAYS

- Men.* Physical training, 5.30 p.m.; boxing, 5.30 p.m.; indoor baseball, 9.15 p.m.
Boys. Physical training (Selwyn Boys), 3 p.m.; water polo, 4 p.m.
Ladies. Swimming, 10 a.m.; life saving, 10.30 a.m.
Business Ladies. Physical training, 7.15 p.m.; swimming, 7 p.m.; life saving, 7.45 p.m.

TUESDAYS

- Men.* Recreative games, 6 p.m.; physical training, 8.30 p.m.; apparatus, 9 p.m.
Boys. Swimming, 4.45 p.m.
Ladies. Physical training, 10.30 a.m.; swimming, 10.30 a.m.; beginners, 11 a.m.

WEDNESDAYS

- Men.* Swimming and diving, 8 p.m.; basketball, 8.30 p.m.; water polo, 9 p.m.
Girls. Physical training, 3.45 p.m.; gymnastic dancing, 4.30 p.m.; swimming, 3-5.30 p.m.; life saving, 4.15 p.m.

THURSDAYS

- Men.* Physical training, 5.30 p.m.; boxing, 5.30 p.m.; indoor baseball, 9.15 p.m.
Boys. Physical training, (Selwyn Boys) 3.45 p.m.; water polo, 4 p.m.
Ladies. Physical training, 10.30 a.m.
Business Ladies. Physical training, 7.15 p.m.; swimming, 7 p.m.; life saving, 7.45 p.m.

FRIDAYS

- Men.* Recreative games, 6 p.m.; physical training, 8.30 p.m.
Ladies. Swimming, 10 a.m.; beginners, 11 a.m.
Girls. Physical training, 3.45 p.m.; gymnastic dancing, 4.30 p.m.; swimming, 3-5.30 p.m.; life saving, 4.15 p.m.

SATURDAYS

- Men.* Swimming and diving, 8 p.m.; basketball, 8.30 p.m.; water polo, 9 p.m.
Boys. Physical training (open), 9.30 a.m.; games and apparatus, 10.30 a.m.; swimming, 10.30 a.m.; water polo, 11.30 a.m.

□

SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

DUCKPIN BOWLING

MARCH 8

Class B, section 2. Decoys vs M.A.A.A.

MARCH 9

Class C, section 3. Hochelaga Purple vs M.A.A.A.

MARCH 14

Class A, section 1. Central Y.M.C.A. vs M.A.A.A. Blues.

MARCH 15

Class C, section 3. National Purple vs M.A.A.A.

MARCH 29

Class B, section 2. Steels vs M.A.A.A.

MARCH 30

Class C, section 3. Hochelaga Stars vs M.A.A.A.

APRIL 4

Class A, section 1. Emeralds vs M.A.A.A. Blues.

APRIL 6

Class C, section 3. Central Y.M.C.A. vs M.A.A.A.

□ □

GIRLS, LEARN TO COOK

"What of these unskilled female workers?"

"Oh, they figure on getting married."

"But they will still be unskilled workers."

Louisville Courier-Journal.

BILLIARD SKETCHES

NUMBER FOUR

A GOOD many years ago, when *Punch* was bringing out "Prehistoric Peeps", I remember that one of the cleverest drawings of the series was a spirited representation of the art of billiards as interpreted by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Their table is a huge mass of flattened rock—for cues they have fashioned crudely-trimmed branches—and apples represent the "pills". The Devil, in the guise of a billiard-marker, appears to exhibit a most unholy interest in the game. He undoubtedly has his sinister eye on those apples! Indeed, one could almost construct a new version of the Fall with this material—as follows:

It is Eve's turn to play, and the balls—well, apples, then!—are close together. She bends low over the table, her faultless features twisted into an expression of intense agony (have you ever watched the average female of the species play billiards?) and closely studies the position. At the same time a delicious aroma salutes her adorable little nose. The apples, bruised by the constant application of the primitive cues, envelop her with their subtle fragrance. She sniffs—if one may use the term in connection with such a glorious creature—and the Devil-marker, seizing his opportunity—and an apple—whispers in her shell-like ear, "Bite it! it's good to eat!" She does, and—well, not very long afterwards she and Adam are singing a prehistoric version of "Where do we go from here?"

Ah! well! Mother Eve, you broke up the game all right, but not for ever, for it has come down through the ages to us, your descendants. Did you foresee, dear, the countless ramifications we should introduce into your simple pastime? I trow not! We have added rules and regulations unknown in the Garden; we have superimposed parasitical growths on the grand old parent stem; and—here you may mark the still potent influence of the Devil-marker—we have even introduced that iniquitous variation of the

game known as "Bughouse"; but there! I had better stop.

□ □

CAROLS OF THE CUE

NUMBER TWO

WHEN I feel like consulting a doctor,
And ache in each muscle and limb,
I hide my spare cash, and refuse to be rash,
Why the deuce should I give it to *him*?
For I know he'll prescribe something nasty
Which I might as well throw down the sink,
Then he'll say—as before—"You must exercise more."
And bang goes three dollars—ker-blink!

Of course it is only my liver,
What else can a fellow expect
When he labors away at a desk every day?
'Tis a matter of cause and effect.
I fear I'm not much of an athlete,
Perhaps 'tis the cause of my ills,
But there's *one* game I play to drive sickness
away,
And that—you have guessed it—is "pills"!

No matter how bad I am feeling,
You will find me upstairs with a cue,
And I hop round the table—as well as I'm
able—
Just to "exercise more"—yes, it's true!
The hour-hand points to eleven,
For I won't leave till then, rest assured,
Then homeward I hie—heave a satisfied sigh—
And sink to sweet slumber—quite cured!

H. E. Skeates.

□ □

NOT ON GOOD TERMS

Kitty, aged four, had been naughty, and her father had had to administer vigorous correction before going to business.

That an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return from business in the evening, Kitty called upstairs with frigid politeness:

"Mother, your husband's home."

—*Boston Globe.*



THE CROWD ENJOYS A SIESTA

TURNING ON SKIS

TURNING on the Spot or the "Kick" Turn.

1. Raise the point of the right ski, at the same time advancing the heel.

2. Swing the right ski round and place it alongside the left, so that the two skis point in opposite directions.

3. Raise the point of the left ski, keeping the heel down, and swing the ski right round till it lies alongside the right.

The Telemark Swing. To swing to the left. From the normal position for running downhill advance the right ski till the right ankle is opposite the bend of the left ski. Raise the heel of the left foot off the ski and bend well down on both knees, especially with the left, at the same time throwing the weight forwards on to the right foot. Place the right ski on its left edge, turn the body and lean inwards, in order to sustain the balance. The sharpness of the curve depends on the force and suddenness with which the right heel is pressed outwards and the body turned.

The swing to the right is of course just the reverse of the above.

Notice particularly that *the turn is made entirely on one foot* and the secret in getting rid of the other foot is to raise its heel right off the ski till the toe alone rests there.

No attempt should be made to use poles though they may be carried.

The Christiania Swing. To swing to the right, hold the skis well together with the points level, or the right point a little ahead of the left. Distribute the weight evenly on both skis bending both knees. *Throw the weight forward on the toes* and at the same time, thrust around *both heels* forwards and outwards to the left just as you would thrust the heel of the leading foot forwards and outwards in the making of the Telemark swing.—*Cliffside Ski Club Annual.*

□ □

KEPT IN PARIS

Governor Channing Cox, of Massachusetts, discussing the high cost of living in France, said the other day:

"In Paris, you know, a good pair of shoes fetches \$50, and a good meal about as much.

"Well, a young lawyer started on a brief vacation trip to Paris in June, and he long overstayed his time. On his return in late September, a friend, who knew he was none too flush, said to him: 'Why did you remain so long in Paris, Jim?'

"My friends kept me there,' Jim answered.

"Your friends? Why, Jim, I didn't know you had any friends in Paris.'

"I haven't. My friends are all in Oshkosh, and they refused to send me any money.'"

HOW TO JUMP ON SKIS

TAKE your station at a suitable distance above the take-off. Just how far depends, of course, on the speed at which you intend to arrive there. At first you will naturally be disposed to be nervous about this, and to arrive with too little speed; it is therefore a safe rule for a beginner to go just a yard or two further back than he thinks he can manage.

See to it that your binding fits firmly, but not too rigidly, and that there are no lumps of ice or snow adhering to the bottom of the ski to check the speed. Pluck up good courage, determining to stand if possible, and start off in the usual position for descending hills on skis. When within about 15 yards of the edge of the take-off, crouch down, bring the feet nearly or quite level, draw back the arms, and let the weight of the body be distributed quite evenly between the soles of both feet. When within a few yards of the edge, swing the body and arms evenly forwards, throwing the weight on to the toes, and at the same time straightening up.

This movement is termed the "Sats", and is of vital importance, for on its correct execution everything depends.

Note particularly that no attempt should be made to lift the feet as in ordinary jumping. The straightening of the body, if performed vigorously, does indeed cause a slight rising from the ground, but just at first it is best to take things easily. Unroll yourself forwards, so to speak, with an easy sweep, avoiding all stiffness and jerking.

The exact timing of the "Sats" is also of great importance. It should be regulated so that the body is just straight as the take-off is left. This of course means that it must be begun some little distance before the edge is reached, the precise distance of course depending on the speed at which the runner is travelling and the vigor with which he straightened up. Beginners nearly always make the mistake of leaping too late. For example in a jump of 100 feet begin the "Sats" 5 or 6 yards before reaching the end.

The extent to which the weight must be thrown forwards on to the toes depends, as we saw above, on the angle which the alighting ground makes with the take-off. Assuming the take-off to be horizontal, then the steeper the alighting ground the more must one come forwards.

In the air the whole body should be erect, and at about right-angles to the alighting ground. The ski should be held horizontally or thereabouts.

A compelling necessity will be felt to wave the arms about in the air, but these movements, though allowable in moderation, are best held under restraint. It is also allowable to look down at the hill below to see where you are about to alight. A calm and easy carriage is the thing to aim at. Shortly before reaching the ground, one ski is advanced a little and the other drawn back and on alighting the knees are bent to relieve the shock. Many good runners throw the weight right forwards on to the front foot, as though to make a Telemark swing.

As soon as possible straighten up and finish the rest of the descent in the normal position, stopping on the level with a Telemark or Christiania swing.—*Cliffside Ski Club Annual.*



GETTING READY

□ □

DOOMED

"Were you surprised when your wife threw the ouija board out of the house?"

"No," replied Mr. Meekton. "I knew what was going to happen as soon as I saw the way it always managed to have the last word."—*Washington Star.*

"IN DAYS OF OLD"

(Continued from page 123)

Club was founded, and their entry into the game was marked by winning the championships against Victorias, McGill, Crystals, Ottawa, and Montreal Football Clubs, our team being composed of the late Tom Paton, Fred Learmonth, W. D. Aird, W. Hodgson, D. McIntyre, R. A. Smith, and F. W. Barlow. One game, against Ottawa, was memorable for its length; it commenced on Friday evening, and after 1½ hours' play without a score it was adjourned until Saturday morning at 9 a.m., and it required another 1½ hours' play before we secured a victory, W. D. Aird scoring two minutes before time was called. In the afternoon we were called upon to play the final game with McGill, when we won. Some record that! Four hours of hockey in twenty-four!

In 1887, thanks to the careful supervision of the directors who had guided our destinies so far, we were in the enviable position of having cleaned up the mortgage on our building, of having acquired additional property next door (which we still own) and a surplus of assets over liabilities amounting to \$32,000, but—with the problem in front of us of having to secure new grounds. As this was by far the greatest and most important step we had yet taken I will, with permission of our editor, devote my next chapter to the interesting story of this event.

□ □

MAY HAVE A BANK ACCOUNT

"What of the new neighbors?"

"It is hard to fix their places in society."

"Huh?"

"They have neither an automobile nor a graphophone."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

□

HIS TURN

"Bad luck can't last forever."

"What's the matter now?"

"I've had my turn at good luck. Struck a fine cantaloupe for breakfast this morning."

—*Detroit Free Press*.

HARD FOR JUDGES

THE annual waltzing competition was held on the Westmount rink on February 12th last. The committee was more than pleased at the entry list, there being eight couples on the ice. The judges were Mrs. L. A. Sewell and Mrs. H. H. Boyd, and they had a difficult task in determining the winners.

In the competition, the merits of style, edging, position, and time had all to be considered and the work was the more difficult because of the efficiency of the skaters.

The first period reduced the number of competitors to five couples and the second exhibition resulted in two more being eliminated. Then the serious part of the work ensued. The pointing of a toe, the dragging of a skate, the position of the skaters, and the general style and finish of the waltz brought about hard problems for the judges.

But the judges stuck to their task and with the greatest possible fairness decided each and every angle of the competition.

The winners were declared as follows: 1. Miss J. Riddell and T. K. Walton; 2. Miss M. Bader and C. A. Dowd; 3. Miss G. Bader and Maurice Badgley.

The prizes (M.A.A.A. silver spoons) were presented immediately after the declaration of the judges and the winners were complimented on the improvement shown over like events in past seasons.

The committee feels greatly pleased with the judges' criticism and with the fine showing made by the waltzers. This season the waltzing members have taken up the sport in a more serious manner, also figure skating, which, after all, is the groundwork of this most enjoyable sport. Instructor Burke has done well with his willing pupils and it is hoped that next season will show even more pleasing results. □ □

HER OCCUPATION

Mrs. Guyer—Poor, dear Alice is always awfully busy.

Mrs. Hughes—She wouldn't be if she minded her own business.—*Answers (London)*.

ANNUAL DINNER DOPE

(Continued from page 121)

once a year meal idea and they has a swell time of it believe me cause I know. They did not pack much licker with them either I could have got away with twice what they had all along but I kept quiet on that as I didnt want to get them sore on me. We gets off the train at a place called Saint Agath which is one of these spots they packs lungers to on account of there being a lot of fresh air and that aint a joke either.

We gets in a sleigh which is pulled by a pair of little ponys that is chucked full of pep and has swell condition too and we starts on the drive which is a good five or six miles and the air is fresh all the way up believe me and this is where I am glad I wears my long drawers too as we crossed some long lakes and the wind was something cruel on them. We finally pulls up at a clump of buildings and from the general look of relief I knows that we have stopped for the night. A bunch of guys run out and asks if we brought any luggage meaning booze and my friend explains that we left it on the train and I gathers from the looks we gets that we are as welcome as a family of black and whites but they gets over their disappointment pretty quick and is real friendly. This club where we puts up is called the Manitoo Club and is one of those places a man can get away from his wife for a rest. My friend tells me there is a long waiting list of fellows that need a rest and wants to join the club. It is a swell place too with shower baths and beer and outside there is a statue of a vamp minus half her skirt and that fair gave me the willies. Honest Jim I know that if I had a few drinks on board and passed that statue in this weather I would have peeled my coat and offered it to her. Thats one reason I kept thirsty all that weekend it was too cold to take any chances. My friend introduces me to the gang who is a fine crowd of boys all right and pretty soon we sits down to a very welcome meal which is also a swell affair. After we are well fed we sits around in front of a fire while

a little fellow with a ginger garret sits at a piano and tears off some rag. He can sure tickle the keys too and I am nearly asleep and feeling nice and happy when some unromantic fool suggests we go for a hike and if I had a known the gang better I would have told him where to hike to but the gang seemed to feel like he did so I went out and got ready with the rest. There was some of the gang who had been up playing craps all night and they wanted to stay in and try to get back what they lost and I tells my friend I am willing to take some of them on. Shut up he says you never know when you are well off come out in the cold with the rest of us wise guys so I shuts up and goes out with him.

Well Jim there is a guy in this outfit who is named Sid Hodson and believe me he can navigate on wood all right. If the guy who says we are descended from monkeys had been on this trip he would have changed his ideas as far as this Sid guy is concerned to Rocky Mountain goats. The rest of us was monkeys all right on that hike. First he starts across a lake about a mile or more on the double and just when I am wondering when we rest and my breath is all minus and my throat dry he starts up a series of hills that would make the hill near our home look like a half starved wart. He finally strikes one that pleases him all right and without asking us how we likes it he shoots down and of course being sports we has to follow. His tracks led into a forest that was as crowded as a Italian rooming house and how he got through without ruining the trees I dont know but when I starts down I get a feeling like I had been heaved out of some gents back window and I spread eagles long before I am near the woods. This idea the Sid party repeats several times all the while trying something worse and by the time the sun is dropping and I am dam fed up with dropping myself he leads us back to the club. Every one of us is cursing Billy goats and their descendants but the Sid gent seems quite happy and pretty soon the gang forgets and then the dinner gong goes and the feed which we has come away up

here for is on. Well Jim I wont enlarge on the food part of it or you will be calling me a first class liar but I will tell you of what they pull off after we are all well fed. First a slim guy with a lint upper lip which is the president of the O.T.B. and is called Graham McGowan gets up and asks us to drink to the king. I drinks with the rest and then we sits down and lights a long cigar all except a guy next me who whispers that he liked his meal fine and could I smoke his cigar for him. I shoves it into my pocket for future reference and then the slim gink arises and asks a guy named Holly Knowles to propose a toast to the Association which he does without kicking at all and says a lot of things about the club which makes me think that he does not hate it any and after that the president gets up, and asks a fellow who is older than some but not 81 or anything like that to answer the toast and he tells the crowd that just as we inherits measles croup and bad temper from our ancestors so has the present crowd inherited the M.A.A.A. from their ancestors or something like that only he put it nicer than that I only am giving you the idea, and he says they ought to be proud of it. This birds name is Bob O'H. Percy and the guy I got the smoke from says his middle name is O'Heritage but I guess he was kidding me. Then the president arises some more and suggests that the vice-president Marshall Seath do something for a change besides eating every thing he sees so he asks him to propose a toast to the O.T.B.

Well Jim he gets up and a bird near me says that if I ever want to start a fight pick this vice expert last and from the look of him I guess I will. He says a few things about what he got up to talk about and then the president asks an elderly gent named Art Harries to arise and answer this toast. He is one of the original 81 and tells us a lot of stories of the awful thirst they used to get and how some of the old birds used to get so discouraged at the distance between drinks that they used to have to drag them until they could see the swinging doors or other-

wise they would have perished in the cold. Then he explains that there is a song that the old bunch used to sing that he would like to sing for us only his doctor has told him that owing to Caruso being liable at any minute to bump off and sing in some other climate he should keep his voice in good trim until some other good man came along. Some guy hollers for Gods sake sing so he swells out his shirt and lets go. I never heard the tune before but it sounded all right and the O'H gent chimes in too. There is one other thing I meant to tell you. A little fat guy named Joe Evelay was in the bunch and he must have got a good trimming at craps and dropped quite a bunch for every little while the gang would holler Poor Joe Poor Joe and he would grin and look foolish but he was a good sport for most of the crap shooters that came out skiing with the gang were the ones that had cleaned up and needed a rest to steady their nerves.

You know that old idea Jim you used to pull that every time you killed. We finally left the table and went in the other room where we stood around the piano and yelled until we were thirsty and then I had a beer and went to bed and I was pretty dam tired too. Next day we had another grind on skis with the goat gent but it wasnt so bad and after dinner we had a game of football on the lake only it was not a real game just kicking the ball and the other guys shins every so often. We had a good hard workout all right and believe me I was all in when it was time to quit. We had another meal and then drove to the station and came down in a private car which is just like any other car only when you have one you can tell any stranger to beat it when he trys to horn in for a seat. Its good fun for a change to have a seat you can call yours for more than a block. Well Jim I guess I'll quit now with my best regards and tell all the girls I love them in the same old way only dont tell them about that show I saw at the theatre here as they wont understand never having been outside of a small town. So long Jim and good luck and write soon. *PETE.*

GENTLE KNOCKS

Montreal, Feb. 21, 1921.

EDITOR *Winged Wheel*,
City.

Dear Sir,

Some six or seven weeks ago, I sent to you by mail, a screed, which I had hoped, you know, would prove an amusing tale.

The subject I had fondly thought was one of interest tense: the words were most care-fullee sought, easily scanned by the most dense. I made it simple as I could to suit your readers' taste: I really never dreamed it would be considered so much waste.

The pathos in this tuneful lay would appeal to a man's innards, you'll understand it when I say 'twas entitled "Bug House Billiards". With such a subject who could fail to write up something tasty? And yet it seems my little tale has been treated somewhat hasty. For I have searched from front to back of your February number and something it did surely lack, it lacked my piece, by thunder. Now, sir, I ask you is this right, to ignore a contribution, which, when published, oh well, it might increase your distribution. Perhaps when all is said and done, you're not so much to blame: you may have thought the screed was bum and very much too tame and quite unworthy of a place among the *Winged Wheelers*: you see I'm trying to save your face by throwing out these feelers.

Well anyway, whate'er the cause, my piece did not appear: Now, sir, pray let me bid you pause ere you ruin your career. For if you thus go blindly on refusing such good matter, why you will find yourself ere long in very troubled water. But if, despite all I can say (as I, in fact, expect you), you still go blundering on your way, *may all the saints protect you*.

For you will need their assistance.

Yours very truly,

□ "RELLIM"

Sorry to have to contradict you, friend, but you are all wrong, though in a measure

you are right. Your poem did not appear in the February issue of *The Winged Wheel Magazine*—you are right there. But—there is a but—either your eyes need testing by an oculist immediately or (which is worse) you are not a regular subscriber to *The Winged Wheel*.

"Bughouse Billiards" appeared in the January number of *The Winged Wheel* under the heading of Happy Thoughts. It was also stated in the same issue that you had failed to sign your name to your contribution. In such cases articles are not used, but in this case the verse was good. Furthermore your letter is signed with an alias and this always exposes the writer to little sympathy from the editors of any publication.

Come again with your knocks or your verse, but please sign your name, even if you do not care to have it published.

EDITOR.

NORMAN ROSS HERE

NORMAN ROSS, Olympic swimming champion, visited the M.A.-A.A. tank on Monday, March 7, and gave an exhibition of swimming. George Hodgson, our championship man and an ex-Olympic title holder, also gave an exhibition. The spectacle was a treat to those interested in swimming.

"Is Mr. Hansen courting you, Alice?" her chum Doris asked her one day.

"Not exactly—yet," admitted Alice. "But he is approaching step by step."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when he first called he sat all the evening with a post-card album in his lap."

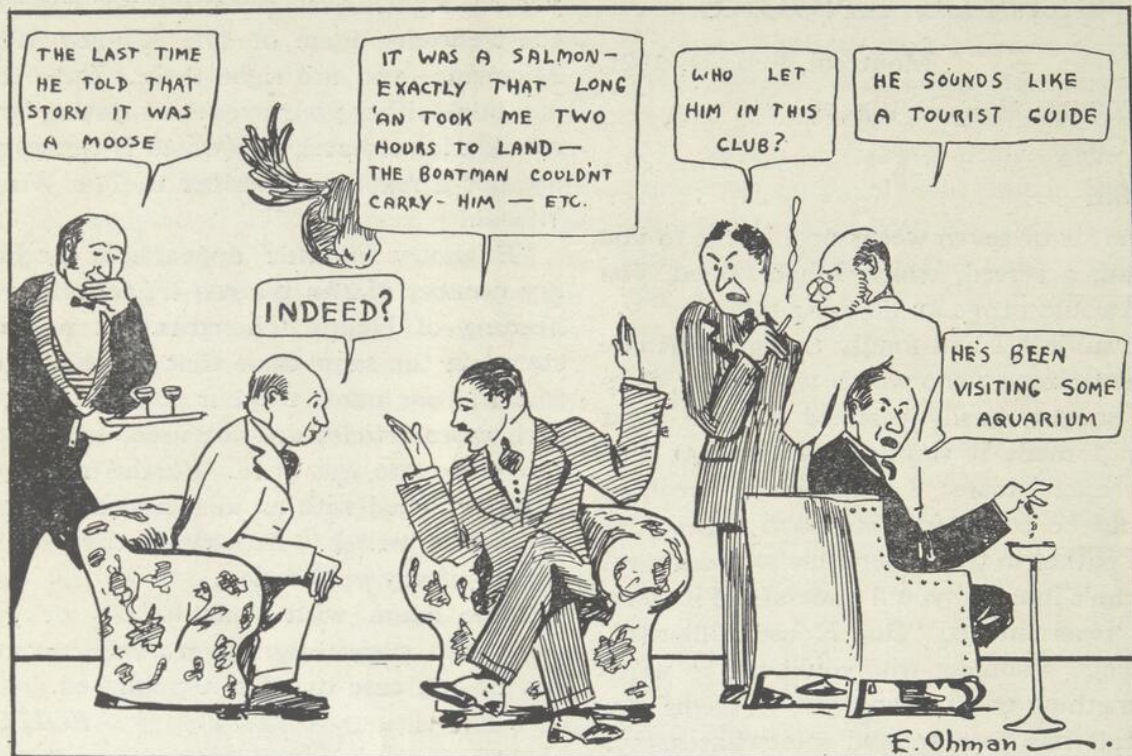
"Yes."

"Next time he sat with my poodle in his lap."

"Well?"

"Last night he took my little brother on his knee. So you see, I hope it will soon be my turn."—*Boston Globe*.

AMATEUR INDOOR SPORTS—No. 2.



GIRLS' GYM. CLASSES

IN the gymnasium, time has been devoted to floor work, apparatus and aesthetic dancing. In the latter we could be a little more proficient. From appearances it might be gathered that the modern girl's limbs are more given to apparatus work than Greek dancing, which is very graceful if done well, but miracles as yet have not ceased, so it is hoped that hard work combined with miracles and Miss Moore's instruction will produce an exhibition worthy of the M.A.A.A.

FIRST MUSICALE

THE first musicale of the season was given on Sunday, March 5, when an interesting and pleasing programme was offered to the many members who thronged the club-house. The soloists were Miss Ida McKerracher, contralto; Miss Gwenyth Hodgson, violinist; W. J. Stephenson, baritone; Leo Ross, cellist. Miss M. Guard and Mrs. F. J. Hodgson played the piano.

IT MUST BE LOVE

Father was giving the fair young daughter a lecture about her beau. He exclaimed, "Does he know who pays the light bills? Doesn't he know enough to go home at the right time?"

The daughter replied, "Yes, he knows enough to go, but he was sick last night."

With that father started in again. "Don't tell me that a big husky fellow like him was sick. What on earth was the matter with him?"

As the fair young daughter started for the door, she sang back, "He has heart trouble".

—*Indianapolis News.*

UNFATHOMABLE

"I have studied finance a great deal," remarked Mr. Cassius Chex, "but there is one thing I can't understand."

"What is that?"

"Why a man who borrows a hundred dollars and can't pay is a failure while a man who borrows a million dollars is a success whether he can pay it or not."

—*Washington Star.*

PHYSICAL TRAINING

(Continued from page 119)

After the declaration of war, orders were issued that all men in England between certain ages would appear before medical boards and be graded according to their physical fitness. When the figures were compiled later they showed the majority were not physically fit, and were placed in "C" and "D" categories. Several of the authorities demonstrated that they were able to determine the physical condition of each person brought before them, and in the majority of cases measure their degree of physical fitness. Acting on the advice of these men, the War Office introduced compulsory physical training under competent instructors. The training was divided, its sections including Swedish exercises, running, walking, drill, etc. With this form of training, outdoor work and regular hours for sleep and food, these physically unfit were changed to "A" men who were capable of carrying on under the most strenuous circumstances on active service. The lesson proved that no matter what your condition is, it can be improved with little effort to yourself.

To-day people are reconstructing their business and giving practically no time to their physical needs. It seems a shame that these men are allowed to degenerate into the stages in which they were before the war. Fortunately the universities have inaugurated a course in physical re-education whereby it is compulsory for all students to be medically examined and graded according to their physical condition, and where possible, the physical defects corrected. The students are compelled to spend a short time in physical training every day. The university authorities consider a graduating class should be sound in body as well as in mind.

The question arises why this work should not be carried on in our schools. It seems to me that the proper time to introduce physical training and correct physical defects is with our school children, as it teaches them discipline and how to concentrate. During

the year, several hundred children were examined in the M.A.A.A. gymnasium, who were members of the Association and were attending various schools. We found a number of defects such as poor teeth, large tonsils, and adenoids, poor posture, and small contracted chests.

Louis M. Warfield, from John Hopkins University, Baltimore, in his latest book on "Arterio Sclerosis, Hypertension, and Blood Pressure" states people habitually eat too much; many drink too much. Mild exercise is an essential feature of prophylaxis. One may, by judicious exercise and diet, make of himself a powerful muscular man without at the same time raising his average blood pressure. The man who goes to excess and continually overburdens his heart will suffer the consequences, for the bill, with compound interest, will be charged against him. It is a great mistake for any one to work incessantly with no physical relaxation of any kind, and yet, after all, it is not so much physical relaxation that is necessary but the pursuit of something entirely different so that the mind may be carried into channels other than the accustomed routes. Diversification of interests is as a rule restful. That should be the aim of every man who reaches adult life. The man who can keep the balance between his mental and physical work is the man who will, other things being equal, live the longest and enjoy the best health. As one grows in years, exercise should not be as violent as it was when younger, and food should be taken in smaller quantities.

There is no better form of exercise than graded walking. To strengthen the heart, selected hill climbing is one of the best therapeutic methods that we have. The patient is made to exercise his heart just as he is made to exercise his legs, and as with exercise of voluntary muscles comes increase in strength, so by fitting exercise may the heart muscle be increased in power.

A warning should be sounded against over-exercise. Men who have been athletes when

(Continued on page 141)

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young should guard against over-eating and lack of exercise as they grow older. Many of the factors which favor the development of hardened arteries are already there, and a sedentary, ordinary life, such as office all day, club in the afternoon, a few drinks and much rich food, will invariably lead to well advanced arterial disease. No brain work without moderate physical exercise in the open air; no physical exercise without moderate brain work. One other point that is important, the combination of concentrated brain work and consistent whiskey drinking. Amongst heads of business concerns we often find men who habitually take from six to eight drinks of whiskey daily, with possibly a bottle of wine for dinner. Such men appear ruddy and in prime health, but almost invariably careful examination will reveal unmistakable signs of arterial disease.

DO RIGHT

Do right, though pain and anguish be thy lot;

Thy heart will cheer thee when the pain's forgot;

Do wrong for pleasure's sake, then count thy gains—

The pleasure soon departs, the sin remains.

—Bishop Shuttleworth.

A SAGE MOURNS

What the girls need is more exercise and less candy, but when you ask your best girl to take a long walk and your rival sends her a box of candy you are misunderstood and underestimated.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Donal' (who has taken lectures on economy to heart)—An' dae ye return my love, *Kirsty*?

Kirsty—(who has ideas of her own on economy)—Weel, *Donal'*, it's about the only thing ye ha'e gi'en me that I could return!—*Bystander (London)*.

CAUSE FOR SUSPICION

"Maggie," said Jock, who had decided to propose, "wasna I here on Sawbith nicht?"

"Aye, Jock, I dare say ye were."

"And wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"And I was here on Tuesday nicht?"

"Aye, ye did happen here on Tuesday nicht."

"And I was here on Wednesday nicht."

"Aye, so ye were, Jock, so ye were."

"And I was here on Thursday nicht?"

"I'll no deny that ye were, Jock."

"And I was here on Friday nicht?"

"Aye, I'm thinking that's so."

"And this is Saturday nicht, and I'm here again?"

"Weel, what for no'? Ye are verra welcome."

"Maggie," (*desperately*) "d'ye no' begin to smell a rat?"—*Dallas News*.

□

ECONOMY

"They're to begin economizing."

"That so?"

"Yes. She confided in me yesterday that she thought she'd try manicuring her own finger-nails and dressing her hair herself to cut down expenses."—*Detroit Free Press*.

□

POOR FIDO

"What ails your wife?"

"Huh?"

"She seems disgruntled about her trip."

"Aw, she forgot to weigh Fido before she went away, and now she doesn't know whether the pup gained anything or not."

—*Kansas City Journal*.

□

THE CHANGING WORLD

A college professor approached the man who was mopping the floor of a large New York hotel and asked, "Young man, is that a Phi Beta Kappa key on your watch chain?"

"Your assumption is correct," the porter replied.

"And are you the proprietor here?"

"No, he's a retired coal miner."

—*Wisconsin Octopus*.

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OLYMPIC SHOOT

BY special request the following report on the Olympic shooting matches is published for the benefit of the readers of *The Winged Wheel*. The report, though late because of uncontrollable circumstances, is nevertheless interesting:

First of all, we would like to thank the many gentlemen who took so much trouble to get our entries in order. It must have been some piece of work, in the short time they had.

The Olympic Games were held in Belgium—all over Belgium. The track events in Antwerp, but many of the other events had to be held in some place where the Hun had not destroyed things. Hence the polo and equestrian events were held at Ostende, the trap-shooting at Hoogboom, and so on. The rifle and revolver events were held at Beverloo, a point about 180 miles east of Bruxelles.

Beverloo is a government range, and the largest military camp I have ever seen or heard of. There are permanent buildings to accommodate 100,000 troops (the Huns had more than a hundred thousand men at this point).

The place is immense, avenues over a mile in length, of one-storey barracks, with rows of large shade trees the whole length. The competitors were each given an officer's quarters and servant—each nation in a separate building.

The range part however would strike one as peculiar, a huge sandy plain, with targets in groups of three, and spaces of 100 meters between each group. The groups are designated by letters. Group "A", the furthest away from the camp buildings, is nearly four miles away.

The various nations competing had to draw for positions, and any poor chaps who drew the first letters had some hike before shooting. (Canada was lucky, we got "M", only 15 minutes' walk.) It was rather strange, all the competitors would meet at the mess for breakfast, and then scatter all over this huge range, and never see one another until night.

The weather was fine, with fairly strong wind, except one day, rain.

The only matches in which we were entered were the pistol and revolver. Individual (teams: five members). The shooting was from July 28th to August 3rd, each day special events, our shooting: pistol, August 2nd, revolver on August 3rd.

There were eighteen nations entered, but only seventeen competed, as Great Britain did not send any men over. Both matches were shot on the "International Target"; the pistol at 50 meters (55 yards) sixty shots, no time limit, the revolver match, 30 shots at 30 meters (33 yards), no time limit.

In the pistol match, any and every sort of weapon was used, some of them most weird. Barrels up to 18 inches long, most of the Continental people with grips on their guns as big as a boxing-glove, carved out to fit every finger, and scooped out so as to lap over and under the wrist, and all with hair-triggers. The Continental people seemed much upset about shooting in the open, as apparently they always shoot from a shelter, out of the wind. Prizes won: America, first; Brazil, second; Switzerland, third.

The revolver match was the one in which we were particularly interested, as much as anything else to see the "big fellows" shoot, and pick up pointers.

The regulations called for military service weapons. To meet these requirements, we went over with service Webleys, with service sights, and after some trouble I managed to get hold of some good service ammunition. My idea was that we should conform in every detail to the regulations—that no question could be raised.

The winner, a Brazilian, used a S. & W. .38 special with target sights, and special ammunition. (The Brazilians claimed that this weapon was the service arm of the officers in the Submarine Service, Brazilian Navy.) An American was second, also using S. & W. .38, but with fixed sights, and special ammunition.

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It will be readily seen that this part of the regulations might be "tightened up" somewhat. Unless the rules are made more explicit, there is nothing to prevent any nation using target guns in the next Olympics, claiming that they are using the "service" gun of the Brazilian Navy, as one is not bound to use the service arm of one's own country.

Just as a sidelight on the contests, it may interest you to hear the dope that the Americans gave out on their equipment. They stated that the rifles that the team had were selected from one hundred and twenty-five thousand weapons, after exhaustive tests of each weapon, and that the cost of their pistols and revolvers was \$40,000.

To resume, with all this, if I had the match to shoot again (and I wish it were so), I would still use the Webley but would make changes which would move my group of shots three inches higher and left. The Webley was new to Jim Boa, in fact he was undecided up to the last minute which gun he would use.

To sum it all up, we rather felt that our competing was a "scouting" trip, to see the big men from all countries shoot, and see how things were done, and get posted for future Games. We watched them all, and in the next Games, I truly hope that Canada will send some shooting men. I know that a team could be picked which would give all an interesting time.

I want to make a special point of thanking, most heartily, the officials of the Shooting Meet at Beverloo. They sure did have a hard proposition, so many of the competitors seemed so very unreasonable. I shall always like to think that we, at least, realized this, and made a point of not worrying the officials, and I know that the officials appreciated it, as they told us so, in no uncertain terms, before we left.

At the close of the Games, there was an invitation extended to us all to go to France and take part in the big French shoot at Rennes.

However we decided to return at once to Canada, and figured on being in time for the D.R.A. at Ottawa.

ON THE LEVEL

LLEVEL-RUNNING on skis resembles neither walking nor skating. It is rather to be compared with sliding. Lunge forward on one foot and slide on both, keeping the weight well on the front ski; then, whilst still moving, bring the other foot forward in the same way and lunge and slide on it.

When moving very fast, as in racing, the ski may be lifted a little off the ground at each step, much as in ordinary running, but as a rule the skis are not lifted from the ground at all.

The impetus is gained by throwing the weight of the body forward and a little sideways on to each foot alternately. The consequence of this action is that a good runner sways somewhat from side to side at each step. The difficulty the beginner will experience will be the sliding on one foot, for though the other foot is also on the ground it really assists the balance very little. He should not attempt to take too long steps, but rather endeavor to slide as far as possible. The knee of the foot on which he slides should be bent, and the top of his chest should be well over the bent knee.

The track should be as narrow as possible, so narrow that the ankles just clear one another at every step.

The pole should be used for pushing and so lengthening the slide, and not for aiding the balance. When moving slowly one gives a push with each arm alternately, but when the skis are sliding well, one pushes with both arms at once every two or three steps. It is just as well to preserve rhythm in doing this; a useful one which changes the foot on which the long slide is made is—left, right, left, long slide and push; right, left, right, long slide and push, etc.

The speed on the level depends very largely on the state of the snow. On the hard snow of a road, for instance, one slides very easily, and with two sticks to help four or five miles an hour is quite a comfortable pace and is much easier than walking; but in deep, soft snow the speed is much slower.

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Ordinary walking speed may perhaps be taken as the average.

To give some idea of what can be done on the level, the two following racing records are appended:

At the Nordenskjöld Races in Sweden, in April, '84, the winner, a Lapp named Tuorda, covered 220 kilometres (nearly 140 miles) in 21 hours, 22 minutes. In 1901, A. Autis, a Finn, covered 30 kilometres, in 1 hour, 46 minutes.

The courses in these races lay over practically level ground.—*Cliffside Ski Club Annual.*



HERE IS A NOVELTY—FOOTBALL
IN THE SNOW

□ □

A CAUTION

Mrs. Benham—What did the doctor tell you?

Benham—He said that I would have appendicitis if I didn't stop irritating my side by constantly putting my hand in my pocket for money.—*Boston Transcript.*

□

NOT SO BAD

"It must be terrible to have to spend most of your life in prison," said the curiosity seeker.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," replied the convict, "they only have visiting days once a month."

□

ALARMING

Stage-struck Maiden (after trying her voice)—Do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Stage Manager—Well, it might come in handy in case of fire.—*Nebraska Awgwan.*



THE CLUB-HOUSE

□ □

THE AMATEUR FARMER

The favorite avocation of a well-known surgeon is his model farm near Chicago. It pays no profit except great pleasure. He is hospitable, always asking friends to dinner. One Sunday about noon fourteen unexpected guests arrived. His wife was aghast. "My heavens," she said, "we haven't a thing to give them." "Oh, anything will do," said the doctor. So the lady of the house consulted the cook. "What about that crate of pigeons out in the barn?" asked the cook. "How many are there?" asked the lady. "About eighteen," was the answer. "Well, wring their necks and fix them up." Dinner was served and the large platter of squabs was brought to the table. "What's that?" exclaimed the doctor. "Now, Fred, just go ahead and serve," said his wife. "But what are these?" he expostulated. "Just some pigeons we found in the barn," she answered. "My God!" he exclaimed, "those pigeons cost twenty-five dollars apiece!"—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

□

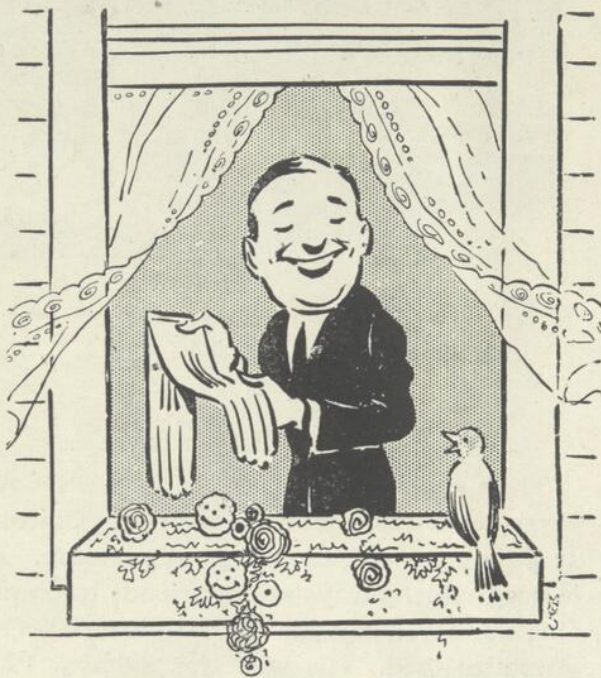
THE SPOTLIGHT SCRAMBLE

"I'd kind o' like to go to an old-fashioned dance," said Farmer Corntossel.

"You mean one of those affairs where the fiddler called the figures?" inquired Si Simlin.

"Yep. Wonder if we couldn't get one up?"

"Not a chance. You couldn't get any kind of a crowd together these days that 'ud think of allowin' one man to do all the talkin' besides bein' the instrumental soloist."



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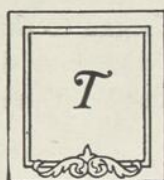
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THE ONE WHO KNOWS

"She is disappointed in the movie idol she married."

"Why?"

"Says he doesn't know how to make love."

"She missed a cue. She should have married a director."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

□

Flatbush—"Do you know when a baby begins to think?"

Bensonhurst—"Why, sure."

"Well, when?"

"Mine began to think that I ought to walk the floor with him the first week he arrived in the house."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

□

FAR FROM INDEPENDENT

"You are a fortunate man," said the automobile tourist.

"How's that?" asked the farmer.

"You are monarch of all you survey."

"I guess you are wrong, stranger. I still owe nine instalments on that tractor you see, my hired man won't pay any attention to what I say, and there's a mortgage on the old home place."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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