

RP# 2, Oldie
Alberta

TOM IPO

Aug. 24, '92

8
McCulloch House
Pictou, N.S.

When visiting you last June I mentioned that I had this Christmas Souvenir and would send it for your collection. Mary Rae, mentioned half way down the second column was my mother in law.

I graduated from P.A. in 1952 so especially enjoyed your museum.

Sincerely,
Peggy Church

P A R O D Y

(Tune) It's a Long Way to Tipperary.

Sung by E. Ross Davies.

The fame of our old 'Cademy has spread both far and wide,
And P. A. students stand the test wherever they are tried;
Ministers and lawyers great are thick as they can be,
Not to mention all the rest who fight across the sea.

Our teachers are the very best this country has sent out,
And in the fame of Dr. Mac. we rest without a doubt;
His humor and his patience win the honor to him due,
And when we raise our caps to him, the cheers all will ring true.

Take notice of the four great Macs. who make our faculty;
MacInnis does math'matics teach and also Geometry;
MacDonald tells us that his fists two heavenly bodies are;
MacLeod in Chemistry excels and lectures on the war.

Of our school in dear old Pictou,
Many songs have been sung;
And the shouts of the busy students
For a hundred years have rung;
Christmas best of all times,
Has come round again;
And on all the trains tomorrow morning,
We go home again.

Our girls at keeping house, sometime, will surely not be slow,
For thoroughly does Miss Young teach them how to cook
and sew;

Miss Thomson to the lassies teaches chords we like to hear,
And in our concerts helps us out with very best of cheer.

In basketball our girls win out because they know the way,
Thanks to Miss Harris, who has taught them all just how
to play;

Our janitor, the cold north wind from P. A., does keep out,
In praising him and his "Better Half" we always want to
shout.

In the bright and brilliant "A" class there are thirty-four,
And they are privileged (?) characters up to MacDonald's
door;
They fain would skip if it were not that the four Macs would
scoff,
For in a certain room upstairs they dare not even cough.

Now give three cheers for the Academy,
It's a fine place to go,
We have many happy moments,
In this life of weal and woe;
Studies, socials, coasting,
Drilling at the call,
Make us such a jolly bunch of students,
We're envied by all.

Elwood Mac, the first in line, does surely like to "Reid,"
And when down street he spends his time inspecting hats
we need;

While Allister MacLellan goes for week-ends out the line,
And with our friend Miss Murray, Gordon L. spends all his
time.

Bert Arbuckles holds his own in any court of law,
In the matrimonial ring poor Chapman put his paw.
Miss Creighton pulls our faces and she fixes them up fine,
While Tunny is as usual some years behind the time.

Catherine Fraser is expert at tipping E. the wink,
Thomson, John, sure wants the medal, so he makes us think,
Catherine A. provides our Josh. with small glass tubes of
snuff,
Of Donald Glichrist and the cop we all have heard enough.

Alfred Fulton is a star whose light does always shine,
His Geometry and Algebra he knows just like a rhyme,
Big, long Cameron, our policeman, scorns our classy girls,
Anne MacKeigan stirs the "A" with smiles and pretty curls.

Now give three cheers for the Academy,
It's a fine place to go,
We have many happy moments,
In this life of weal and woe;
Studies, socials, coasting,
Drilling at the call,
Make us such a jolly bunch of students,
We're envied by all.

Bessie Bower leads the School in forceful oratory,
Ira E. is often seen out walking with J. B.,
Sadie and Jean Dickson they do often bring us cream,
And Mary Mowat center plays in our famous B. B. team.

E. Ross Davies says that he soon to the war will go,
But just now can't leave Pictou and the fun that he likes so;
J. MacNeil, who is our judge, sure is a sport alright,
While Hughie S. and Winifred go walking with delight.

Myrtle Grant was shifted when she talked so much with
"Woof;"

The note that Wilfrid threw to Sylla hit her on the roof;
Henderson, to shut his mouth, needs gravity to act,
And when he's asked to pass a note should use a little tact.

Goldie Talbot, who is now star actor in the "A,"
Without Joan F. at all our times there would be some delay,
Misses Priest, C. Baillie, Urquhart last but not the least,
Uphold with patriotic pride this "A" class of the East.

It's just work, work at Pictou 'Cademy,
We all work hard up here;
Which is seen by all our records,
At the end of every year.
We debate with vim and ardor,
Unexcelled in years gone by;
And to keep us straight and out of trouble,
On mock trials rely.

For cleverness (?) and brightness the B class takes the cake;
Because they're not a privileged lot, they have to walk quite
straight,

Now Mr. Smith, our soloist, in Tipperary shines,
While Struan R. accompanies him to the tune of Auld Lang
Syne.

For singing songs of joy and bliss we on Margaret M. rely;
And at some jokes Miss Harris laughs until it makes her cry.
Eva Sinclair giggles hard at all the boys in turn,
Miss Madden rolls her eyes around to see what she can learn.

Liza is still full of fun and good at making dough.
When Lilly smiles at Murdock M. his head reels to and fro;
Albert gives his thoughts to Norma without much to say,
And when we want some good advice we go to Mary Rae.

I. MacLellan sure feels bad for A. D. at the front,
Richard Hurst about THE GIRL is very hard to pump.
Catherine Myers of the boys does very seldom think,
While Walter wouldn't let the boys at Hazel even wink.

It's just work, work at Pictou 'Cademy,
We all work hard up here;
Which is seen by all our Records,
At the end of every year.
We debate with vim and ardor,
Unexcelled in years gone by;
And to keep us straight and out of trouble,
On mock trials rely.

After school when Ralph goes home he almost every day,
Selected solos on his cornet happily does play;
Ernest winks at Kathleen but thinks he shouldn't dare,
When Miss MacKean got struck on Lewis, he lost his head
for fair.

Laura Reid, who leads the class, has banking on the brain,
Charlie Innis does debate with all his might and main;
Miss Myrtle surely takes great pride in History and Trig,
John Talbot's mind is over grown, his body not so big.

Three cheers for all the forty C's who come up to P. A.,
All of them dearly love their studies, so the teachers say,
Eleanor with a Scotch Hill sport spoons every Saturday night,
When John H. lost his overshoes, May cried with all her
might.

Now hurrah for the Xmas dinner
And hurrah for the fun
We are all in expectation,
Of the happy days to come.
For just think of the skates and coasting,
And the drives to us so dear;
Now we wish you all a Merry Xmas,
And Happy New Year.

When MacFadyen chews spearmint his jaws do always click,
Elmer M. plays trombone till he fairly makes us sick.
Dave MacLaren with yeast cakes gets money for the show,
And when we rang up Hazel she said Walter could not go.

Jessie R. once set a snare for rabbits from Scotch Hill,
Orison with sign board large hands out the druggist pill.
Murray Mas does "Squirm" around to wink at Mary E.,
But the "Man of Inspiration?" is MacQuarrie from the C.

Beware, beware of this year's "D's," they're worse than e'er
before,
And only for MISS MURDOCK we would leave them at the
door;
Their rank and file is fifty-three, a rough and ready class;
But even if they won't this year perhaps some day they'll pass.

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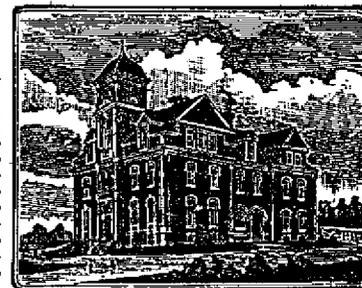
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Souvenir Christmas 1914



PICTOU ACADEMY,
PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA.