

Students' Society.

Mr. Howard Hamilton, President.
Thomas Ross (Sec.) Geo. Pringle (Treas.)

Committees.

GENERAL MANAGEMENT.

George Pringle, Chairman.
Cecil Garret. Elsie Harris

PARODY.

Harold Scammell, Chairman.
Dickson Wallace. Tom MacLean.
Florence Brown. Erwin Elliott.
Beatrice MacNeil. Cecil Garrett.
Flossie MacKay. Annie Lochead.
Dorothy Fraser. Elsie Harris.
Millicent Munro. Howard Hamilton.

MUSIC.

H. Hamilton, Chairman.
Ruth Thomson. Eunice MacKay.
Douglas MacDonald. Miss Hurst.

FARCE.

Mr. Kedy, Chairman.
Harold Scammell. Ina MacDonald.

DECORATING AND SEATING.

Mr. P. E. Keeping, Chairman.
Florence Brown. Muriel. MacKay.
T. W. Daniel.

SOCIAL.

Miss Irene MacKay, Chairman.
Harold Frame. Dorothy Fraser.
Thomas Ross. Thomas MacLaren.
Edward Powell. Elda Wood.

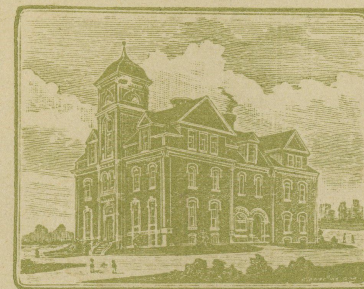
Ruth Thomson.
Clarence



Souvenir

of

Pictou Academy



Christmas

1920



Parody, 1920.

TUNE—"SHIP AHOY"

SUNG BY HOWARD HAMILTON.

Over all our great Dominion
Pictou Academy's name is known;
'Tis spoken oft with pride,
YOU hear it on each side;
YOU hear it on each side;
'Tis to Dr. Thomas MacCulloch
That our Bluenose Province owes
This grand old institution,
Which conquers as it goes.

O'er this famous institution
A famous man presides;
C. L. Moore, so grand,
The best Princ. in the land;
Behind him rolls with thundering step
That man of mighty weight,
Who teaches us our Ectany,
And at the French is great.

The Res'dence has a man worth Keeping;
He teaches English here.
Mr. Kedy rules the Lab.,
At that work he's a dab;
And he travels round the country
In a fine "Grey Dort."
Harris teaches languages,
And makes the lessons short.

Now Mr. Ross he is the Dean
Of our new Residence;
He's a mighty athlete,
And knows a lot of Greek.
The Misses Hurst teach useful ways
Of how to cook and sing;
Miss Murray teaches Shorthand;
At cleaning, Hughie's king.

CHORUS:

We've got a great bunch of ball players,
And they know their business, too,
For they've trimmed up all the others,
And they will again, that's true;
Bright and breezy, free and easy,
They're the ladies' pride and joy;
When the Spring is on the wane
They will start the game again,
Atta boy! Atta boy!

First of all our great assembly
The "A" class stands out clear;
In French "Peggy" excels;
The History Sinclair yells;
Elda and Grace like "Chili Sauce;"
Muriel to Howard's heart is dear;
Frame leads the class in aggregate,
But Pearl is pretty near.

Ross wanders back to Amherst,
Where in a cafe he dined;
At "love cope" Daniel's smart;
The Bank holds Beatrice's heart;
Edith S.— in Algebra
Is as good as Jean in Trig.,
But Jimmie Rob in Physics,
Thinks air-pumps just a "frig."

Harold Scammel in the Library,
Takes care of all the books;
Jean R. works with a will,
She's fond of Underhill;
Charlie C. takes many naps,
And dreams of River John;
Geo. wanders up to Battery Hill;
On Mt. A. "Eunc" is gone.

Ollie, Jean and Florence A. are
The "A" class "tiny tots;"
Margaret S. is tall and thin;
To tease "Wool" is a sin;
Frances Y. and Donald G
Study very well;
Of all the other brilliant "A's" (?)
We cannot stop to tell.

CHORUS:

Our studies are increasing,
And they're getting harder, too;
The teachers are always saying
How much work we've got to do.
"Do not shirk! Do more work!"
Is the cry we hear each day;
Five hours' study every night,
Will get you thru alright,
"It'll pay," so they say.

Hester Gravestock leads the "B" class,
With Creame at her heels;
"Goo" thinks Charlie meek;
Johnnie studies Greek;
Hopewell's quite a place for Latin;
Rip sure can debate;
Dooley studies Med-i-cine;
At running Andy's great.

Byron J. and Osborne S.
Are fond of climbing hills;
The "C" class has a doll,
But Dick says "Not-at-all;"
Now Irene just thinks of China,

And Tom of Kenny Mac;
Doug. MacDonald visits Lena;
'Lonzo's very neat and nac.

Down from Westville comes Dolein Smith,
Along with Kelvin Ross;
Dot in Jack's eye shines;
Joan for New Glasgow pines,
But when it comes to "C"ing visions,
Ernest Priest is at his best,
And now we leave our clever "B's",
Best wishes to the rest.

CHORUS:

We are students of Pictou 'Cademy,
And we're proud to say it, too;
But the magic word, "vacation,"
Works wonders thru and thru.
There'll be skating! There'll be hockey!
Two weeks will soon pass by,
They will go too soon, alas!
Then its back again in class,
Oh-h my! Oh-h my!

The "C" class now we'll speak about,
They number seventy-three;
MacQuarrie heads the list;
Chase at Cameron shakes his fist;
Beaton's always wanting 'lasses;
Bessie C. is fond of "Muck;"
Jean winks at all the pretty boys;
Sylvia never has good luck.

Roddy goes no more to Trenton,
Up Battery Hill instead;
"Elda," so they say,
"Gets called back every day."
Howard and Dorothy think of linkin';
Rollie never does play hook, (ey)
Now to the "C's" we say "farewell,"
And to the "D's" we'll look.

Last, not least, of all our classes
Come the brainy "D's".
At studies they're all right,
They plug away all night.
To start them on to fame
Is all the teachers' joy,
For they take a special interest
In every girl and boy.

CHORUS:

Our Parody has 'bout ended,
We are going to say "Adieu,"
And as Christmas is advancing,
Our best wishes go to you.
"Merry Christmas! Happy New Year!"
Is what we're going to say.
For every person that is here
We would like to give a cheer;
Hip-hooray! Hip-hooray!