

August 17, 1968

Mr. Winslow L. Gates,
35 King Street,
Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Winslow:

I return herewith the Class Prophecy of Grade Nine, Chebucto School, which you so kindly lent me. I have made a copy. Some of the names I had forgotten, but now they are familiar again. The class scattered so far and so widely after War One that I never met more than a half dozen of them again, including yourself.

That was a pleasant meeting in Yarmouth and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Drop in and see me if ever you come this way, and we can chat about old times.

Sincerely,

1
CLASS PROPHECY, GRADE NINE, CHEBUCTO SCHOOL, HALIFAX, N.S. TERM BEGINNING
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ SEPTEMBER 1917, ENDING MAY ~~XXXX~~ 1918. WRITTEN BY WINSLOW GATES.

(Note by THR: Chebucto School was badly damaged in the great explosion of December 6, 1917. It was used as a morgue for some weeks, and remained untenable for several months. Classes were arranged for us, on alternate mornings and afternoons, at the Halifax Academy, on the corner of Brunswick Street and Sackville Street. I was unable to put my mind on study, probably due to the shock of the explosion and the sight of hundreds of hideously mangled corpses brought into Chebucto School, a few yards from my home. In August 1918 my father was killed in battle in France. I determined to enlist, and in September I began training as a marine wireless telegrapher. Subsequently I spent several years at sea, and on various coastal wireless stations. My school companions had scattered in the interval, and ~~now~~ ^{after} I ~~was~~ left Halifax to live on the South Shore I saw few of them again. At Yarmouth, in August 1968, I addressed the Yarmouth Historical Society, and Winslow (nicknamed ~~himself~~ "Pearly" and "Tubby") Gates was there. He showed the much worn and tattered class prophecy of fifty years before, and I made this copy of it.)

It is now 1938. ~~It~~ Just twenty years since the ~~Second~~ Great War ended. Great changes and advancements have been made in this reign of Peace. As everybody has their own "Air force" now, the Halifax Tramway service is being used to torture Criminals in China. The Dartmouth Ferry is in the War Museum, Ottawa.

While talking to our old friends Alec Robertson and Tom Raddall the other day, we spoke of the trip around the world that our former Principal, Mr. Marshall used to take us for in 45 minutes sharp, via the reflectoscope. We decided to do it ~~by reflectoscope~~ by aeroplane. Calling him up at MacOdrum's Latin University, Honolulu, we told him we would arrive at 12 the next day. After making the necessary arrangements we took the A.R.'s areo-limousine from the

roof of the hotel, and soon left Halifax in the distance.

Arriving on time we picked up Mr. Marshall and headed our machine for Australia. We landed at Sydney, and the first person we saw was the sleepest "cop" in the world, Charlie Mont.

Feeling strongly the pangs of hunger we went into a Fish and Chip restaurant and were served by Winnie Berringer.

Leaving there we took a walk through the Park and here we found "Unk" Lindsay on a soap box giving forth on the antiquated subject "Votes for Women".

Calcutta was our next ... (three words unintelligible) ... Art Baker is head of the Canadian East India Co. here.

At Jerusalem, Edna Appleton, Doris Covey and Francis Davidson are Missionaries to the Mohammedans.

Landing near the Spinx we found "Scoop" Butler feeding this animal ice cream by order of the S.P.C.

The course was now shaped for Capetown where Harry (Niger) Nye is running a high class dancing class for negroes only.

Leaving Africa we started for South America. Just as we were approaching land we sighted the Brazilian Navy, of which Clarence Burbidge is an admiral. The Navy consists of two moter boats.

At Rio Janeiro we discovered Gordon Wonnacott running a second hand bycycle business.

The next stop was Mexico City. Here as editress of the Suffragette la Mexico was Edith Doyle. Somewhere in this country is "Coley" Cole who has become a desperate outlaw.

Arthur Hamilton is at Key West Florida where he runs a soda fountain in a hotel. Also in this state is Jean Webber who is an agent for fur coats.

The moving Picture world was the next place visited. A famous old pal has stepped into Charlie Chaplin's shoes, "Edge" Allen. Another star is Ethel @ Dobbie.

On arriving at New York we were much surprised to see formerly quiet fellow Jack Taylor, trying to paint the "White Way" red. The cop trying to pinch him was Miss Edna Parker. On one of the cars was Conductress Edna Clancy.

Only one of the old class is in Boston and he is playing in a production known as "Rosie's Beau". Ross Maxwell.

At Montreal, Surgeon "Mush" Morton is in charge of a hospital for the insane. Mush told us that he never broke the record he made in getting out of school Dec. 6th 1917.

Halifax now loomed in sight. We noticed a great commotion, which was not another explosion but a circus. In landing we narrowly escaped a collision with an erratically driven aeroplane. ~~There were several other planes in the air.~~ The pilot was Harold Dockrill, who when he is not banking at Ecum Secum is banking in the air.

Of course a lot of our class are in Halifax. The first person we met was Susane Marchial (i.e. Suzanne Michel -- THR) She informed us that she and Beatrice Mensions were owners of the circus.

On the corner of Prince and Barrington St., where Mahon's used to be, stands a 14 story building with a sign reading like this: Misses Marshall X and Knowdell, Wholesale Milliners. At this store we found the head buyer to be Gladys Keating, and the shipper Margaret Mosher. No men are employed.

Going down the hill we entered the Provincial Building where Parliament was in session. A very eloquent speaker was on the floor. She was the leader of the opposition, Hazel Jones, Evelyn Cox was the reporter for the Herald & Mail, while Mable MacDonald did the same duty for the Chronicle.

Across the street from here is a building displaying this sign: Stock Brokers, Blackie & Blackman. Margaret McDuff manages the Bank of Canada.

We now had but one place to visit before going to the School. This was "Slabtown". Going across the drawbridge in an auto we were met on the other side by the Mayor and Town Band. The Mayor, Rudy Kidston.

We now went back to the School, which is covered with ivy planted about 1915. Madge Dobson, Louisa Hayward, Gladys Crooks and Alethea Johnson are on the staff.

The school is composed of a bright group of children, but of course they do not come anywhere near the class of 1917-18.

(End)