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WOLFVILLE SAILOR HAS THRILLING EXPERIENCE

The Story of the Trip of the Schooner Georgette from Halifax to Miami, Fla.

(The following story which is copied from a Miami, Fla., paper, will be of interest to Wolfville readers since one of the crew of the vessel mentioned, Arthur Eye, is a native and until recently a resident of this town. Graphically told, it is a tale of one of the greatest storms experienced by sea-going craft in late years.)

Another schooner has crept into Miami harbor after struggling through the great October hurricane that smashed across the North Atlantic, smothering ships and men under falling mountains of gale-whipped water.

It is the Georgette, out of Halifax with laths for the Meteor Transport & Trading Co., near whose Miami Beach dock it is tied. It was 19 days overdue and 400,000 laths were missing from her deck when the schooner's four masts showed through the government cut early this week.

With a "green" crew, and a poor Captain, the Georgette nosed out of Halifax harbor Sept. 29. He expected to reach Miami 15 days later. He was 34 days at sea.

One of the crew had never been to sea before. Another was making his second voyage. Three had sailed in the little fishing craft of Nova Scotia. Leon Smith was cook, Arthur Eye first mate and C. A. Oykile "bo'sun". The seamen were Clyde and James Boutier, George Corkum, Bowes and Gerald Fleming.

One hundred miles south of Nantucket, at 3 a.m., the hurricane tore down on the schooner in a jumbled fury of westerly gales, waves 30 feet high and hail. The foresail was blown away.

With all sail reefed the laboring schooner pitched along under bare poles at more than 10 knots an hour.

Once the first mate, ducking to escape the smash of a great sea, narrowly escaped being swept overboard when the rushing water filled his rubber boots and dragged him across the deck.

Another sea, rising more than 30 feet, swept over the after-house, tore the compass from the cabin top and pitched it into the sea.

Men could not stand against the gale. New to the sea, the crew toiled on, pale faces stuck into the black skirts of the storm.

Almost two feet of water roared through the galley, sweeping all the schooner's vegetables overboard. The rushing water sucked away most of the coal, flooded the fore-castle and jerked bundles of laths from the schooner's deck.

Leon Smith worked in his galley. He could cook very little. It was hard to stand, with the water grappling him about the knees and the schooner tossing like a maniac.

"Brownie", the ship's dog, a collie, tumbled over the deck, trying to help the tired men fight the storm, refusing to stay below until the cook looked him from deck.

Slowly the storm died, faded off into strong swells, giant swells that rolled the schooner sickly. The Georgette was more than 200 miles off its course, dragged far out to sea by the black fingers of the storm.

Tuesday, the Georgette lay safe at dock. The sailors—young chaps who have just seen death—worked about the deck. Leon Smith stirred a boiling pot on his stove.

"I thought we were gone," said Gerald Fleming, who was never on the sea before.

"I felt we were going. I thought we were turning over. I guessed I'd be drowned pretty quick."

"I didn't think much about anything. There was too much to do. It was too hard to keep from being knocked overboard. But I guess I thought most of—"

For a while Gerald Fleming, who is 22, looked at his torn hands.

"Yes, I guess I thought most of Ruth. She has dark hair. She's the girl I'm going to marry when I go back home."

C. A. Oykile, "bo'sun", pulled on a black pipe and leaned against the rail. For 20 years he sailed as master and then left the sea. Now, once a year, he ships out again, going sometimes as master and sometimes as mate.

"It was very enjoyable, lad," he said, "I'm going out again next fall when it gets nice and snappy."

The cook said, "I didn't worry, son—if you go, you go; that's all there is to it. There were lots of times when it didn't look like we had a chance. But," he shrugged again, "what of it?"

And then Leon Smith, who has been shipwrecked, who served for three years with the "Fighting Twenty-sixth" in the trenches, who was wounded there and who boiled coffee in the Georgette's galley when he thought no one would live to drink it, wiped his forehead and began peeling potatoes.

"Nice and warm here, ain't it?" he said.

Acadia Seminary and Acadia Academy closed on Friday last for the Christmas holidays and the University closed on Monday.

Keeping Christmas

IT IS a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his little watch now and then by the great clock of humanity.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open? Are you willing to do these things for even a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you can keep it for a day, why not for always? But you can not keep it alone.

—Henry Van Dyke.

RALPH M. HUNT ORATORICAL CONTEST

Held Last Friday Evening at University Hall, Won by Alvin G. Robertson

The annual Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest, which is held at Acadia University on the Friday evening immediately preceding the Christmas recess, was held in University Hall last Friday evening with two students competing. The contest is for a prize of \$25.

The judges gave the decision in favor of Alvin G. Robertson of East Baltic, P. E. I., who spoke on the "Book of Books".

Charles F. Allaby gave the first address, taking as his subject the "Rediscovery of Hope on Western Civilization". He spoke of the wave of materialism which passed over our country just before the late war. With the clash of the armies in Europe came a form of artificial idealism with a superficial ground-work which left us, with the close of the war, wallowing in the quick sands of despair.

It was the purpose of the speaker to consider not the optimists and pessimists but rather those scholars in our civilization, and the audience showed their hearty approval at the close of the brilliant and well rendered address.

A. G. Robertson spoke next, choosing as his theme "The Book of Books". Mr. Robertson spoke well and began by tracing the history of the early manuscripts of the Bible: The Vatican, Sinaitic and Alexandrian versions. Next he referred to the great work of the translator, St. Jerome and then King Alfred the Great and Wycliffe.

The next step in the development of our present day translations came from William Tyndale. Tyndale's version was condemned and finally he himself was thrown into prison and martyred. Tyndale was the first of the translators to go back to the original Greek and Hebrew, and but of his great work have grown the authorized version and the recent revisions which make the Bible what it is today, the greatest work in the English language.

The judges were Dr. MacDonald, Dr. Marshall and Dr. DeWolf.

SPECIAL MEETING OF TOWN COUNCIL

Stipendiary Whidden Gives Information Respecting Outstanding Fines

A special meeting of the Council was held on Monday evening with all the Councillors present and Presiding Councillor Reach in the chair.

Stipendiary Whidden addressed the Council respecting fines outstanding in connection with a conviction made under the Nova Scotia Temperance Act. He recounted the facts connected with the case and suggested means by which a settlement of the matter might be made and the fines collected. Mr. Whidden received the thanks of the Council for the information given and the due consideration of the members was promised.

The following bills were read and passed for payment:

F. W. Murphy	89.50
C. S. Fitch	27.14
H. K. Whidden	1.78
Canadian Westinghouse Co.	26.09
H. K. France	2.40
H. Sattin	3.40
J. H. Baltzer	76.63
F. M. Barnes	18.95
P. J. Gertridge	7.50
S. R. Jackson	60.63
W. D. Withrow	30.00
T. McAvity & Son	20.40
Provincial Highway Tax	778.16
Halifax Industrial School	77.88

A letter was read from the Crawford Brush Co. respecting the operations of that industry and their purpose of erecting a factory in some suitable location in the Valley. Wolfville was asked to state what concession would be granted in case they decided to select this town as the future home of the company. No action was taken for the present, the matter being laid over for a future meeting.

CHRISTMAS DINNER AT ACADIA

On Saturday evening the annual Christmas dinner to the Acadia University students was held in the dining hall of the women's residence. Mrs. MacLean, Dean of the College women, and Mrs. Weeks, received the guests in the living room. They included President and Mrs. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. Hancock, Mr. Sylvester, Prof. and Mrs. Wetmore, Prof. Howard, the members of the Senior class residing in town and others, as well as the upper classmen.

The dining room was decorated with Christmas greens and cut flowers. A group of girls gathered around the entrance, greeted the guests with Christmas carols. After dinner was served, President Patterson said a few words in humorous vein, and the function came to a close with coffee served in the reception room.

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DEATH OF FORMER WOLFVILLE RESIDENT

The death of William Theakston, a former resident of Wolfville, occurred at Franklin, Mass., on Friday last. He was Nova Scotia's oldest printer and for many years had made his home at Truro, where members of his family still reside. In the early sixties with his brother, the late Major Theakston, he conducted a newspaper called "The Acadian" in this town, in the old Temperance Hall building which stood on the site now occupied by the Wolfville Book Store and was destroyed by fire in May, 1881. Mr. Theakston always gave evidence of a keen interest in THE ACADIAN of a more recent time and was always a welcome visitor at our sanctum. He was an Englishman, a printer of the old school, and a man who was respected by all who knew him.

The windows of Wolfville business places present an especially attractive appearance this year and show considerable originality and artistic taste.

Frank A. Munsey, well known newspaper publisher, died at New York on Tuesday.

BILLION DOLLAR CROP HARVEST IN THE DOMINION

OTTAWA, Dec. 22.—"Canada has just finished harvesting a billion dollar crop from her fields and returns from her studs, herds, flocks, will easily total another half billion dollars," states a bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture. "Agriculture" continues the statement, "is responsible for a return to the people of produce valued at something over \$1,500,000,000 this year."

The bulletin employing these figures is regarding the promotion of beekeeping in Canada, and announces that large quantities of nectar are annually going to waste in Canada. It is one of the farm industries which is still far from producing its maximum. One bee keeper near Lethbridge, Alberta, produced more honey this year than was produced by the entire province in 1924.

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Town Topics

Tid-bits on the Tip of Everybody's Tongue

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Bon Noel

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

To all our customers—and they are countless—we extend our keen appreciation of past associations, present friendships, future contracts.

May this Christmas be the happiest day of your life—and a precursor of many similar succeeding ones.