

Letter to the Editor

My Memorial Library

My family moved from Amherst to Sackville at the end of World War II. We lived on the edge of the Mount Allison campus and it was my playground. As a young boy I marveled at the magnificent university buildings. The fathers of my best friends Flora and David taught physics and chemistry in the impressive science building. Weekly I ventured across campus with my violin under arm for a lesson in the picturesque music conservatory with Miss Doreen Hall. She had a wonderful studio at the end of a long corridor in a turret overlooking the Swan Pond. Often there were recitals in Beethoven Hall under the bust of Beethoven. I vividly remember sitting on the edge of the stage with my sister Elizabeth with our quail and nightingale in hand practicing with the Mount Allison Junior Orchestra under the watchful eye of Miss Hall. She was an inspiration. Every Saturday morning Elizabeth and I would find ourselves in the basement of the Owens Gallery making art, etching metal, hammering leather and banging copper. But the library was my favorite. It was a grand building and I was in awe when I entered its doorway. The kind lady there, I believe she was Miss Ella Smith, would sit me down at a table with a big book called the 'History of the World'. But I remember my first question to that kind lady in the library, 'why are those words 'MEMORIAL LIBRARY 1914 1918' carved over the doorway?' She sat me down and told me the story of the Memorial Library. I have never forgotten her words. You see my Dad had just returned home after spending five years overseas trying to save lives on the front lines of battle in Europe. I was six years old and it was the first time I remember meeting my Dad. I considered myself a lucky lad indeed! In my eyes the Memorial Library embodies the spirit of Mount Allison!

Robert Eaton 135 Main Street, Sackville, NB 536-0987 bobeaton@nbnet.nb.ca