



Bits & Pieces – Issue No. 91

Christopher L. Murphy

Edited by Gene Baade



After about 25 years I have finally gotten some answers as to the magazine called *Liberty* that featured articles on the sasquatch by John W. Burns (as told to Charles V. Tench). As I explained at length in previous papers, this magazine was not the famous magazine of that name which ceased publication in about 1950. I phoned and talked to the man who bought the magazine's archives. I explained things to him and he said it was definitely not that *Liberty*; it was probably a religious magazine of the same name. I tracked down that magazine (published since the early 1900s) and one of their people advised it was definitely not their magazine.

I finally tracked down John Burns' son, Ralph, but he could not find a copy of the magazine in his father's possessions.

As time went on, I amused myself in searching the web for any evidence. In looking at archival material for the Royal BC Museum (old Provincial Museum) in Victoria, BC, I saw a reference to John W. Burns and *Liberty* magazine. I asked Alex Solunac, who lives in Victoria, to check this out for me. To my delight he found a *Liberty* magazine (the correct one) for 1941 that contained an article by Burns (front cover shown here). He asked the museum to provide a pdf and I have processed this on the following pages.

At the end of the article, I have provided two ad pages for the magazine in which people are interviewed on their thoughts as to the magazine. We learn that the magazine was published in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and was sent each week to 29% of Halifax homes. I can't find the population of Halifax in 1941, but in 1996 it was about 114,000, so we are



not looking at a very large circulation. Nevertheless, it appears from the testimonials that the magazine had a good reputation. Evidently people in other provinces subscribed to the magazine and John W. Burns appears to have been one of them.

Burns had managed to get a sasquatch article in *McLean's Magazine* in 1929 (See BP #31, page 3), a very large publication. The article presented here appeared in *Liberty* in 1941, and then another in

the same magazine in 1954 (See BP #32, page 3).

Much material is repeated in the *Liberty* articles, but this 1941 article has some material not mentioned before or after.

I don't think people in Halifax would have been very interested in sasquatch, although some indications of sasquatch in that province.

Continued

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FOREWORD: After many years of patient investigation, Mr. Burns, a responsible government official, shares the firm belief of his Chehalis Indian charges that, deep in the unexplored wilds of British Columbia, there still lurk a few scattered survivors of the mysterious "Sasquatch," who have figured in Indian legends for centuries. Mr. Burns recounts a number of well authenticated instances of encounters with these wild giants, who carefully avoid all contact with civilization, and whom scientific expeditions have sought in vain. He is confident that his Indian charges are perfectly sincere in their beliefs. They are not in contact with tourists, and have no reason whatever to invent fables. Moreover, they are simple-minded, unimaginative folk; the invention of so many different stories of encounters with the wild giants would be quite beyond their powers.

C. V. TENCH.

★ **UTTERLY** terrified, the Indian raced madly toward the Chehalis River, where his dugout canoe was moored. In pursuit lunged a giant of a man at least eight feet in height and broad in proportion. He was stark naked and covered from head to toe with a thick growth of black woolly hair.

In his fright the Chehalis Indian, Peter Williams, completely forgot the rifle he clutched; he made no attempt to stop and fight it out. When he had suddenly caught sight of the monster standing on a huge boulder, all reason had fled, to be instantly supplanted by sheer panic as the giant had growled and sprung toward him.

Heedless of the tangled undergrowth, the Indian plunged wildly on, occasionally jerking his head round to gaze affrightedly at the horror behind him. Reaching the riverside, he gave a frantic heave and the dugout shot out into the turbulent stream. The water, however, did not daunt the giant; he plunged in, still in hot pursuit.

The instant the bow of the dugout scraped the opposite bank, Peter Williams leaped ashore. The giant was now almost in midstream, swimming strongly. Once more Peter Williams took to his heels.

Well-nigh dazed from exhaustion, he finally reached the frame shack that was his home. Frenziedly he herded his wife and children inside, bolted the door, and barricaded it with every article he could lay hands on. Then, his rifle at the ready, he tremblingly awaited the giant's arrival.

Presently there came the sound of a heavy body forcing its way through the brush. Darkness had not yet set in, and, peering through a crack, Peter Williams took a good look at the monster. It was undoubtedly a "Sasquatch"—one of the hairy giants who, according to Indian beliefs, still inhabit the wilds of British Columbia.

Growling deep-chestedly, the huge figure made a circuit of the shack. Then, putting one shoulder against

The Wild Giants of

Some intriguing stories of the mysterious Sasquatch Indians who have figured in legends for centuries

BY J. W. BURNS

Indian Agent, Chehalis Indian Reserve, British Columbia

as told to C. V. TENCH

a wall, he heaved with such tremendous force that the flimsy dwelling shook. The timbers creaked and groaned so loudly under the strain that the Indian feared the roof would collapse, and whispered to his squaw and children to crawl under the bed. They promptly obeyed, leaving him to face the monster alone.

But the Sasquatch failed to force an entry; after prowling and grunting round the house for several minutes he stalked away into the bush. Next morning the Indian found the giant's tracks in the mud outside the house. The footprints measured twenty-two inches in length. (An ordinary man's measure ten to twelve inches.)

The foregoing is a condensed account of what Peter Williams later told me. I have known him for a good many years; he is intelligent, honest, and trustworthy. Speaking for myself, I do not question the truth of his story, for it is only one of many concerning the mysterious Sasquatch or wild giants that I have heard firsthand from Indians under my official care. The incident happened, moreover, in my own district, the Saskatchewan area of British Columbia—and to an Indian the word Saskatchewan means "Place of the Wild Men."

Before proceeding to relate further incidents connected with the mysterious Sasquatch, I ought to explain that for the past fifteen years I have occupied a government position as Indian agent, stationed at the Chehalis Indian Reserve, some sixty-odd miles from Vancouver, British Columbia. My charges are also my friends, and because I have always reciprocated their regard, endeavoring to help them in every way possible, the Chehalis Indians gradually took me into their confidence and eventually told me all they knew about the Sasquatch, a subject never previously discussed with any white man. Being proud and somewhat aloof by nature, they are extremely sensitive to ridicule. If a white stranger inquires about the Sasquatch, he is invariably met with the guarded reply: "No! White man won't believe. He make joke of Indian."

Although I have never personally encountered a Sasquatch, there is ample proof that the hairy giants formerly inhabited the Chehalis district in considerable numbers. Its ancient name—"Place of the Wild Men"—was until recently accepted as an echo of primitive superstitions; but the accidental discovery a few years

He saw a huge man leaping down the steep slope. Under one arm this man carried another big rock.



British Columbia



NOVEMBER 22, 1941

ago of two crude cave dwellings confirmed the Indian legend that during the later troglodytic period this region was the abode of human beings of tremendous stature. Survivors of this prehistoric race, the Indians believe, still lurk in the mountain fastnesses.

Indian legends tell of two tribes of Sasquatch who dwell in this section of the country. They were deadly enemies, and practically exterminated each other, fighting hand to hand with war clubs on the wild mountainsides.

Skeptics may laugh at the idea of primitive man, in the shape of eight-foot giants, still living in British Columbia. Nevertheless I have painstakingly collected a good deal of evidence tending to prove that the Sasquatch may not be extinct.

The Indians are by no means unintelligent, nor are they prone to imaginative lying; and when a keen-witted young woman like Emma Paul declares that she saw one of the hairy giants close to her home one recent summer evening, I feel convinced that she is telling the truth. Here is her story:

"I saw the Sasquatch a few yards from the house. I was standing by the door at the time. He was watching me closely, and I had a good look at his face. He was very big and powerful in appearance. Other members of my family were present, and they also saw him. We went inside and bolted the door, but he prowled around the house for some time. Since then we have often heard the wild men; one of them used to rub his fingers over the windowpanes. Only a few nights ago a Sasquatch tramped loudly round the house. All of us heard him, and so did the white carpenter who lives next door."

★ THE Indians stoutly maintain that each summer the remnants of the Sasquatch hold a gathering near the summit of Morris Mountain, which commands a wide view of the vast solitudes all around. Prior to this rendezvous, the giants send scouts out to make certain that the area is clear. It is these scattered scouts, the Indians believe, that individual natives have encountered.

Anthropologists all over the world are naturally keenly interested in the alleged existence of this race of hairy giants, and two years ago the University of California sent a party into the British Columbia wilds in search of the Sasquatch. Knowing of my interest in the subject, they came to my home and sought my assistance in securing Indian guides and packers.

Even though they were offering ten dollars a day and all found, not one of my Indians would volunteer for the trip. They declared that such a quest was doomed to failure; that the Sasquatch, detecting the approach of so many strangers, would immediately go into hiding. The university men therefore set out without native helpers. In less than two weeks they returned, gaunt and trail-weary. They had discovered no trace of the wild men, and they vowed that, so far as

ordinary white folk are concerned, the route to the top of Morris Mountain was utterly impassable.

A few days after their departure, ironically enough, another of my Indians said he had encountered a Sasquatch.

This Indian, an old man named Chehalis Phillip, had previously told me that in his younger days he had often seen the hairy giants. This time, he said, he was fishing for trout in Morris Creek, a tributary of the Chehalis River. His canoe was gliding quietly along the sluggish mountain stream, close to the bank, when without warning a big rock was hurled from the shelving slope above, to fall with a tremendous splash within a yard of the canoe, almost swamping it.

Startled, Phillip glanced upward and saw a huge man, covered with hair, leaping down the steep slope with the agility of a mountain lion. Under one arm this man carried a bulky object which proved to be another big rock. Reaching a point of vantage, he deliberately slung this rock at the now thoroughly scared Philip, missing the canoe by inches.

Believing that the Sasquatch was about to dive into the water and attack him, the old Indian cast off his lines and paddled away.

Not all Sasquatch are unfriendly, however. Apparently their individual characteristics are just as strongly differentiated as those of ordinary mortals. An Indian named Henry Napoleon told me this:

"The first time I found out for sure that the wild men do still live around here I did not see any of them. Some years ago, three other young men and myself were picking salmonberries on a rocky slope. We suddenly stumbled upon a large cave in the side of the mountain. The discovery greatly surprised us, for we had never heard of a cave in that vicinity. Just outside the mouth of it lay a big boulder. We peered inside, but could not see anything.

"Gathering some pitch wood, we lighted it and began to explore. Before we got very far inside the opening we came upon a sort of stone house or enclosure. We couldn't make a very thorough examination, for our pitch-wood torches kept going out. Finally we left, intending to return in a couple of days and continue our search.

★ "OLD Indians to whom we told the story warned us not to venture near the cave again, as it was undoubtedly occupied by the Sasquatch. But we paid no attention to them and went back to it. To our great surprise and disappointment we found that the big boulder had been rolled into its mouth, fitting as tightly as if it had been made for the purpose, and we were quite unable to move it.

"Some years later I was out hunting deer in the same district. Just about dusk I saw something I took to be a big bear standing on his hind legs; but when I stopped and raised my rifle, the creature spoke in a tongue



very much like my own. He invited me to come closer, and when I did so I saw that he was a man over seven feet tall. His body was very hairy.

"At first I was terribly scared; but his eyes looked kind and he asked me to sit down and talk. He told me that during the winter the Sasquatch sleep like bears, and that their home is on top of Morris Mountain, where no Indian or white man could ever find them. He said they lived on roots, fish, and meat—just like us Indians. Then, as it grew dark, he slipped away."

Another of my Indians, Charley Victor, has told me the following story in his terse Indian dialect:

"There are now only a few of the wild giants on the mountains. They are rarely seen and seldom met, but I have met them on several occasions. Some of the times I saw them nothing happened; we just stood and looked at each other. But the last time was not a happy meeting. It happened this way:

"I was hunting in the mountains and had my dog with me. One day I came out on a plateau where there were several big cedar trees. The dog rushed up to one of the trees and began to growl and bark. Looking up to see what had excited him, I noticed a large hole in the trunk about seven feet from the ground. The dog kept jumping at the tree and scratching, looking around for me to lift him up. When I did so, he dropped down inside the hole.

"Then there was an awful noise. I heard the dog growling and barking and something screaming. I thought he must be fighting a bear, and, holding my rifle ready, called to him to drive the animal out. A moment later something shot out of that hole. I fired, and the creature fell to the ground. When I looked at it, I felt sick, for what I had shot looked like a naked white boy about twelve years old!

"He was bleeding from a bullet wound in his leg; but when I stepped forward he twisted away and let out a wild scream. From deep among the trees came a reply. Nearer and nearer came the voice, and every now and



again the wounded boy would cry out as if calling directions. Then out of the forest came a Sasquatch woman. She was about seven feet tall, big-built all over, and her skin was as dark as mine. Her long straight hair fell to her knees. She looked so big and strong that I am sure, if she had laid hands on me, she could have broken every bone in my body.

"When I saw her I felt scared. Instinctively I lifted my rifle, in case I had to defend myself.

"She ran toward the boy, bent over him, and then turned on me savagely, her eyes like balls of fire. In the Douglas dialect she said:

"'You have hurt my friend.'

"I explained in the same language—I am part Douglas myself—that I had mistaken the boy for a bear and was very sorry for the accident. Anyway, I pointed out, he was not badly hurt.

"She made no reply, but, picking up the boy as easily as if he weighed nothing, lifted him to her shoulder and strode off into the woods. I do not think the boy belonged to the Sasquatch people, because he was white-skinned and she called him her 'friend.' No; she must have stolen him as a child, or run across him in some other way."

A well authenticated Sasquatch encounter happened two years ago last September when Indian hop pickers were having their annual picnic near Agassiz, British Columbia. A young Indian man and maid, William Point and Adaline August—both graduates of a Vancouver high school—had walked some distance from the picnic grounds when they suddenly came across a Sasquatch.

Hearing of this occurrence, and being anxious to verify it, I wrote to William Point for particulars. Here is his reply:

Dear Mr. Burns:

I have your letter asking is it true or not that I saw a wild giant at Agassiz last September while with the hop pickers there. It is true and the facts are as follows:

Adaline August and myself started for her parents' house, which is about four

miles from the picnic grounds. We were walking along the railroad track when Adaline noticed some one walking along the grade coming toward us. I also saw this person, and at first thought it another man walking the tracks as we were. But as he came closer we noticed that his appearance was very strange, and on coming still closer we halted in amazement and alarm. We saw that the man wore no clothing at all and was covered with hair like an animal. We were both very frightened. I picked up two large stones with which I intended to hit him if he attempted to molest us, but within fifty feet or so he just stopped and looked at us.

He was twice as big as the average man, with arms so long that his hands almost touched the ground. His eyes were very large and as fierce as a mountain lion's. The lower part of his nose was wide and spread over the greater part of his face, which gave him a very repulsive appearance. Then my nerve failed me and I turned and ran. I looked back as I ran, and saw that he had resumed his journey.

Adaline August had fled first, and she ran so fast that I did not overtake her until we reached the picnic grounds, where we told the story of our adventure. Older Indians who were present said that the monster we encountered was undoubtedly a Sasquatch, one of a tribe of wild hairy giants, now almost extinct, who live in the district in tunnels and caves.

Assuring you of the truth of this,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM POINT.

I do not doubt the authenticity of William Point's story, as he is both intelligent and well educated.

And now let me illustrate how extremely sensitive the Indians are regarding the Sasquatch, and how indignantly they resent their word being doubted.

Recently during springtime, a festival known as Indian Sasquatch Days was held in British Columbia. Having obtained special permission from the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, I took several hundred of my charges to the event. Unfortunately, in his opening speech over the radio, a very prominent official of the British Columbia government made a bad slip, thus offending all the Indians present who understood English. After a few preliminary remarks, he went on to say:

"Of course, the Sasquatch are merely Indian legendary Indian monsters. No white man has ever seen one, and they do not exist today. In fact—"

Thereupon his voice was drowned by a great rustling of buckskin garments and the tinkling of ornamental bells as, in response to an indignant gesture from old Chief Flying Eagle, more than two thousand Indians rose to their feet in angry protest. Chief Flying Eagle then stalked across to the open space where the speaker stood, surrounded by important dignitaries and others. Absolutely ignoring the entire group, Chief Flying

Eagle turned to the microphone and thundered in excellent English:

"The white speaker is wrong! To all who now hear I say: Some white men have seen Sasquatch. Many Indians have seen them and spoken to them. Sasquatch still live all around here. I have spoken!"

The chief then strode back to his place and signed to the other Indians to sit down, leaving behind him a government spokesman whose face was very red.

I was one of the party gathered about the microphone, and immediately said a few words over the loud-speakers to appease the incensed Indians. I corroborated Chief Flying Eagle's statement that white men have seen Sasquatch, adding that, although in sadly reduced numbers, Sasquatch are still believed to inhabit the vast mountain solitudes of unexplored British Columbia.

★ DURING the many years I have been delving into this fascinating subject I have come into possession of much well authenticated data. The oldest written record I have so far discovered is that of the late Alexander Caulfield Anderson. He was a noted explorer and pioneer adventurer, and Caulfield, a suburb of West Vancouver, is named after him.

In the year 1846, when an inspector for the Hudson's Bay Company, Anderson was sent out by that company to establish a post in the then virgin wilderness in the vicinity of Harrison Lake. He must have encountered Sasquatch, because he mentions the wild giants of the mountains several times in his official reports. For the most part, he writes, they were as wary as wild animals, but on one occasion he and his party had to retire before a bombardment of rocks hurled by a number of Sasquatch entrenched on a hillside.

Not until three years ago, however, did I actually meet and talk with a white man who had ever seen a Sasquatch with his own eyes. That man was a young mining engineer named Roy King. At first Mr. King was reluctant to relate his experience, fearing ridicule; but after I had convinced him of my own firm belief that the hairy wild men still inhabit certain sections, he told me the following:

Some two weeks previously, entirely alone, he had been prospecting in the mountains adjacent to Harrison Lake. He had established his solitary camp beside a likely-looking creek that churned its turbulent way through rocky walls several hundred feet in height.

One evening, on his way back to camp after a day of prospecting, he was walking along the top of one of the walls. As he came within view of his camp site he looked down and saw something moving. Thinking that it was probably a thieving grizzly bear, he stopped and unslung his rifle and his binoculars. Focusing the powerful glasses, he was startled by the image they brought to him—a giant of a man

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THE WILD GIANTS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Continued from Page 13

entirely naked and, excepting for a small space around the eyes, covered from head to foot with black fuzzy hair. The monster was examining the young engineer's personal belongings.

Mr. King admitted that at first he thought he had been too long alone in the wilderness and that he was "seeing things." Then it slowly dawned upon him that through the glasses he was actually getting a close-up of the supposedly mythical Sasquatch.

Thereupon he did the most sensible thing he could think of—stood perfectly still, watching through his binoculars until, a few minutes later, the giant strode off. Then he made his way slowly and cautiously down to his camp. He found that most of his possessions had been moved but nothing had been taken away.

Mr. King's story bears out what the majority of the Indians maintain—that, generally speaking, the wild giants are neither belligerent nor thievish. However, they will purloin food when hungry.

Last fall an Indian named Paul and his squaw were returning from a duck hunt carrying some half dozen waterfowl they had bagged. Suddenly a Sasquatch stepped quietly out of the thick bush on one side of the trail and stood directly in their path. Utterly terrified, they dropped the birds and took to their heels. Some time later, accompanied by other Indians, they cautiously returned to the spot. But the Sasquatch was gone—and so were the ducks.

An Indian named Frank Dan, who asserts that he has seen Sasquatch on many occasions, told me that one night, peering half hidden from a window, he watched a Sasquatch take two salmon from the branches of a small tree beside the house where he, Dan, had hung them to keep fresh until morning.

★ AGAIN, on a Sunday a year or two ago, when most of the natives were at church, a Sasquatch entered the village and, seeing that all was quiet and nobody apparently about, went into one of the houses. An Indian who had stopped at home saw the wild man come out burdened with loaves of bread and smoked salmon.

Perhaps the strangest and most terrifying experience any Indian has had with the Sasquatch is that related by an Indian woman named Serephine Long. Now very old, Serephine declares that many years ago, when she was a girl in her teens, she was kidnapped by a wild giant and lived in the haunts of the hairy monsters for almost a year! She has told me the story many times, and I have set it down as nearly as possible in her own words.

Before submitting it, however, I should explain that among the natives of Canada, both Indians and Eskimos, there is a shortage of marriageable

girls. Probably a similar condition exists among the Sasquatch, thus explaining the action of the wild giant in this case. I should add that—although her present-day photograph hardly bears this out—the evidence of her contemporaries goes to prove that in her girlhood Serephine Long was considered one of the best-looking girls in her tribe. Here is the story in her own words:

"I was walking toward home one day, many years ago, carrying a big bundle of cedar roots and thinking of the young brave, Qualac [Thunderbolt], whom I was soon to marry. Suddenly, at a place where the bush grew close and thick beside the trail, a long arm shot out and a big hairy hand was pressed over my mouth. Then I was suddenly lifted up into the arms of a young Sasquatch.

★ "I WAS terrified and fought and struggled with all my might; in those days I was strong. But it was no good; the wild man was as powerful as a bear. Holding me easily under one arm, with his other hand he smeared tree gum over my eyes, sticking them shut so that I could not see where he was taking me. He then lifted me to his shoulder and started to run.

"He ran on and on for a long, long time—up and down hills, through thick brush, across many streams, never stopping to rest. Once he had to swim a river, and then perhaps I could have got away; but I was so afraid of being drowned that I held on tightly with my arms about his neck. Although I was so frightened, I could not but admire his easy breathing, his great strength, and his speed of foot.

"After reaching the other side of the river he began to climb and climb. Presently the air became very cold. I could not see, but I guessed that we were close to the top of a mountain.

"At last the Sasquatch stopped hurrying. Then he stooped over and moved slowly, as if feeling his way along a tunnel. Presently he laid me down very gently, and I heard people talking in a strange tongue I could not understand. The young giant next wiped the sticky tree gum from my eyelids and I was able to look around me.

"I sat up and saw that I was in a great big cave. The floor was covered with animal skins, soft to the touch and better preserved than Indians preserve them. A small fire in the middle of the floor gave all the light there was.

"As my eyes became accustomed to the gloom I saw that besides the young giant who had brought me to the cave there were two other Sasquatch, a man and a woman. To me, a young girl, they seemed very, very old; but they were active and friendly, and later I learned that they were the parents of the young Sasquatch who

had stolen me. When they all came over to look at me, I cried and asked them to let me go. They just smiled and shook their heads.

"From then on I was kept a close prisoner. Not once would they let me go out of the cave. Always one of them stayed with me when the other two were away.

"They fed me well on roots, fish, and meat. After I had learned a few words of their tongue, which is not unlike the Douglas dialect, I asked the young giant how he caught and killed the deer, mountain goats, and sheep that he often brought into the cave. He smiled, opening and closing his big hairy hands. I guessed that he just lay in wait and, when an animal got close enough, he leaped, caught it, and choked it to death. He was certainly big enough, strong enough, and quick enough to do so.

"When I had been in the cave for about a year I began to feel very sick and weak and could not eat much. I told this to the young Sasquatch, and pleaded with him to take me back to my own people.

"At first he got very angry, as did his father and mother; but I kept on pleading with them, telling them that I wished to see my own people again before I died.

"I really was very ill, and I suppose they could see that for themselves; because one day, after I had cried for a long time, the young Sasquatch went outside and returned with a leaf full of tree gum. With this he stuck down my eyelids, as he had done before. Then he again lifted me to his big shoulder.

★ "THE return journey was like a very bad dream, for I was light-headed and in very much pain. When we recrossed the wide river I was almost swept away; I was too weak to cling to the young Sasquatch. But he held me with one big hand and swam with the other.

"Close to my home, he put me down and gently removed the tree gum from my eyelids. When he saw that I could see again, he shook his head sadly, pointed to my house, and then turned back into the forest.

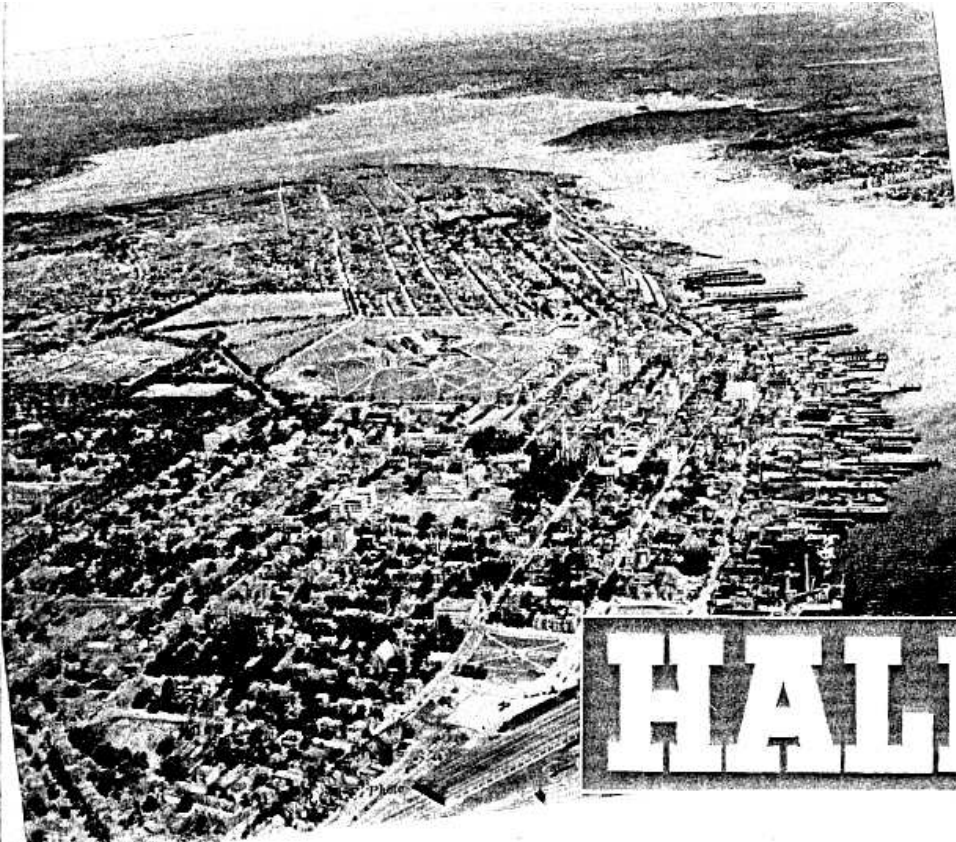
"My people were all wildly excited when I stumbled into the house, for they had long ago given me up as dead. But I was too sick and weak to talk. I just managed to crawl into a bed, and that night I gave birth to a child. The little one lived only a few hours, for which I have always been thankful. I hope that never again shall I see a Sasquatch."

That is Serephine Long's story, the only one on record of a Sasquatch ever abducting an Indian girl.

I could repeat more firsthand accounts of the wild giants of British Columbia, but in this article these few must suffice. My Indians are sincerely convinced that Sasquatch—or at least a few of them—live to this day in the unexplored mountain fastnesses. And, like my Indians, I myself believe they do.

THE END

Ad Pages



SIR JOSEPH CHISOLM, Chief Justice for Province of Nova Scotia, states "Your magazine Liberty is interesting to old and young. Among your noted contributors I was able to find the name of so versatile and competent a writer and publicist as Mr. M. G. O'Leary. Its interest to the young is evidenced by the fact that my young grandson, Chish Lyons, (aged 13 years) insists upon my buying it for him each week."

HALIFAX

"HALIFAX is probably the most important port in the world today. Here the British and their friends and allies may win or lose the war."

Such was the statement made recently by Admiral Bonham-Carter, hero of the Royal Navy's effort to block the German base of Zeebrugge in the First World War.

And if Canadians could visit Halifax in these days, if they could see the teeming activity of the city and the waterfront, they could well believe the Admiral. For this hundred-year-old, First British City in Canada, has become a key center in the very life of the Empire.

Halifax is the chief winter port of Canada and the most strongly fortified city in America. Its eleven forts have capacity for mounting over a thousand guns. The harbour is more than five miles long and, to the North, beyond the Narrows, lies Bedford Basin, a sheet of water nine miles long and five miles wide, capable of containing all the navies of the world. Today, Bedford Basin is crowded with loaded ships awaiting convoy to Britain.

Halifax is the thirteenth largest city in Canada and capital and leading city of Nova Scotia. Chief among its industries are foundries, saw mills, oil refinery, sugar refinery, dock yards and ship repairing. The city has one of the finest drydocks in the world, capable of accommodating vessels 610 feet long and built at a cost of about \$2,000,000. Every year, more and more Canadians are visitors to this historic city and to the district which is so rich in the romance of this country's colourful past. Halifax is the educational centre of the Maritimes and along with its modern highschools, there are several colleges offering technical training and entrance to the professions. For many years the city has benefitted by Town Planning and today it has many fine parks and beautiful buildings.

The city's incorporation a hundred years ago—the first in Canada—was a victory for men and women who had struggled for almost the previous hundred years for the right to manage their own affairs. And today this same spirit of responsible citizenship, of realization of their trust in developing for the Dominion this great Atlantic harbour, assures Halifax of a prosperous future. And this spirit of progressiveness of the people of Halifax is reflected in their choice of magazines—in the fact that Liberty goes each week into twenty-nine per cent. of Halifax homes.

Photographs taken Specially for Liberty by Climo Studios, Halifax, Nova Scotia



MAYOR W. E. DONOVAN, Owner and President of W. H. Donovan Carbonated Beverages and Chairman of Halifax Playgrounds says, "From time to time I have found Liberty of considerable interest to me. The articles dealing with matters of general interest at this time are well written and appear equally well authenticated," says Mr. Donovan. "One thing in particular has appealed to me of recent date, and that is the way in which Liberty is treating matters of a strictly Canadian interest."



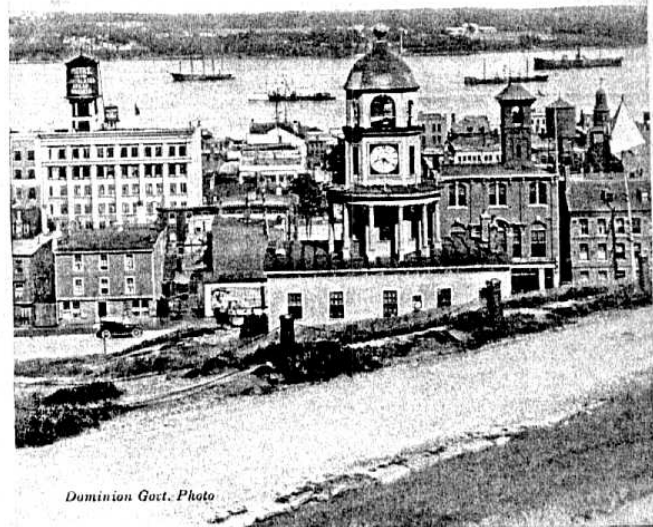
One of Halifax's most prominent citizens is MELVIN S. CLARKE, President of the Nova Scotia Trust Company and The Melvin S. Clarke Co. He states: "Liberty's editorial page is always an inspiration. The articles by Gerttug O'Leary, Kim Beattie and others are factual and of special interest to all thinking Canadians at this time. In most issues I find fiction that is quite outstanding. I buy Liberty and read it every week."



Magazine is doing a very fine piece of journalism in Canada," is the way GORDON OR, Member of Parliament and prominent business man of Halifax, Nova Scotia, says. "I'm glad to see that practically every issue carries some article or feature of great interest to every Canadian who is seriously interested in what is going on in the world."



MR. JOHN A. O'MALLEY, President of the Halifax Rotary Club and O'Malley's Limited, has this to say, "I have always found reading Liberty pleasant, because the articles are condensed to a point where the main facts are presented clearly and concisely and authoritatively. In a busy day this is important. Besides this, the articles seem to always be on matters of great importance, often covering major events before they appear as news in the daily press."



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read so many original things in Liberty it is difficult to say which feature or feature to me most," says HOWARD B. ELLIOTT, President of the Kinsmen Club of Halifax. Elliott is also Managing Director of Aquatic Corp. Ltd. as well as Manager of Point Beach Lodge. "You publish, k, a very wonderful magazine that is meant for the business-man because your articles are not only timely, but they are full of interest. I like the fiction and if ever I want to refer to any matter of international importance, I am almost sure to discover a full article of it in Liberty's pages."



"When I buy Liberty," stated MR. D. R. TURNBULL, President of The Halifax Board of Trade and General Manager of Acadia Sugar Refineries, "I buy it for the specific purpose of obtaining first hand information on some matter of outstanding interest at the time. Recently you carried a series of articles on 'How Churchill Has Remade the British Army.' These were well written and of vital interest. Liberty is to be congratulated on the manner in which it is going about promoting the interests of Canada editorially."



"Joseph Lister Rutledge is one of the finest editors I know," stated MR. J. P. DONALDSON, Proprietor of J. P. Donaldson Stationers, Past-President of the Progressive Club and prominent member of the Kiwanis and Commercial Clubs. "His editorials are to me worth the price of the magazine alone. Liberty, I think, has a wide appeal to practically every one. Edward Doherty, Vina Delmar and other such writers are widely recognized as tops. Every issue, with but few exceptions, carry outstanding short short stories. Men, I'm sure, will find the Liberty mystery stories very intriguing."



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"I read Liberty every week," states J. D. MONAGHAN, President of The Commercial Club, Halifax, Director of Province of Nova Scotia, President of Halifax Unit Army and Navy Veterans in Canada, Past-President of Warg Watic Club and Manager of Bakery Division of Moirs, Ltd., Halifax. "It gives me a splendid picture on world-wide affairs. Such articles dealing with Hitler, Goering and so forth met a ready appeal with me. Your fiction is usually fine and the mystery stories are excellent. The articles you ran recently about Roosevelt and King are the type of journalism that is sure to promote a friendlier feeling between Canada and the United States. In fact, Liberty is an all-round excellent magazine."

Liberty

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