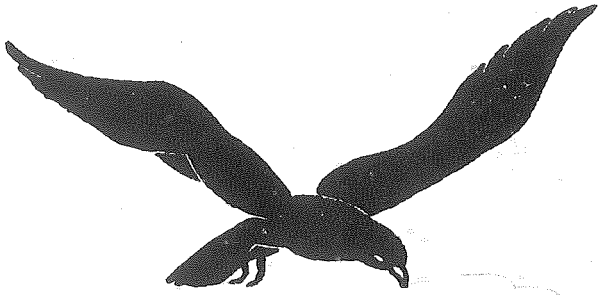


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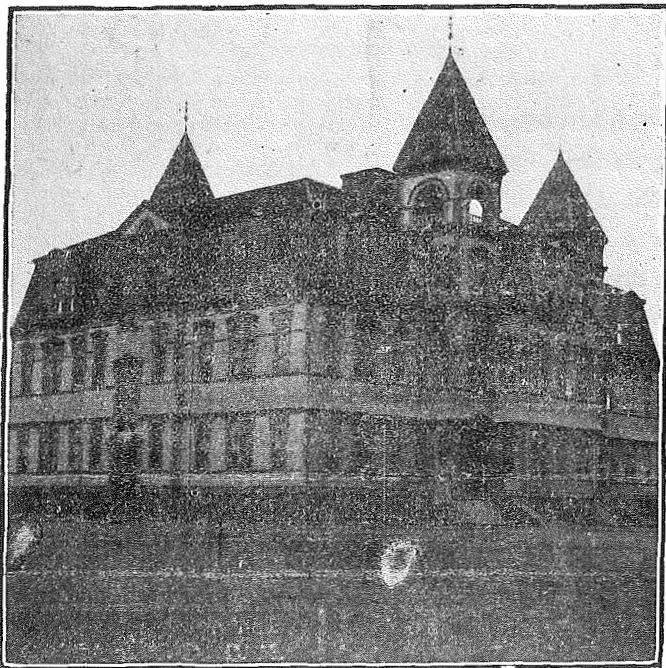
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Table Of Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| Board of School Commissioners | 8 |
| Board of Editors, Faculty | 9 |
| Getting Out A Paper | 10 |
| Editorials | 11 |
| Mary Simpson, Editor | |
| D. H. Collins, Supervisor | |
| Our School, Burton Schaffelburg '35 | 12 |
| A Story of Lunenburg, Marjorie Corkum '36 | 13 |
| The Haunted House, Elizabeth Manthorne '36 | 14 |
| Day (Poem), John Smeltzer '35 | 16 |
| Honesty is the Best Policy, Joan Mercer '38 | 16 |
| The Mariner's Warning (Poem), Marie Levy '38 | 18 |
| A Visit to a Coal Mine, Scott Bland '37 | 18 |
| The Fisheries and Allied Industries, Joyce Smith '36 | 19 |
| Lost and Found, Aileene Langille '35 | 20 |
| At the Foot of the Rainbow (Poem), Douglas Cantelope '34 | 23 |
| Advice to Students, Marion Geldert '35 | 23 |
| Winter Flowers of Bermuda, Elizabeth Manthorne '36 | 24 |
| The School Playground, Ruth Powers '38 | 25 |
| Shipbuilding in Lunenburg, Burton Corkum '37 | 25 |
| To a Child (Poem), Elizabeth Manthorne '36 | 26 |
| The Beauty of the Woods in Autumn, Clyde Westhaver '38..... | 26 |
| New School Activities, Marion Geldert '35 | 27 |
| School Sport, Fred Spindler '34 | 27 |
| Jokes | 28 |
| Moonrise (Poem), John Smletzer '35 | 29 |
| Biographies, Class '35 | 29 |
| By Evelyn Beck | |
| Pauline Langille | |
| Vocational Guidance | 34 |
| Track Team | 35 |

The Sea Gull

VOL. 1 LUNENBURG, N. S. MAY, 1935 NO. 1

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GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety.

If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we are rustling news, we are not attending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we purloined this from another paper.

We did—and we are very thankful.

The name of our magazine is the Seagull. There may be a few who will be shocked at the lack of classic ancestry. Our explanation is that: (a) we wanted something expressive of our proximity to the sea; (b) we wanted a name to suggest higher things, altitude, on-the-wing if you will.

Our Academy motto is "Animus obibusque parati" which means in English "Prepared in mind and resources."

With appropriate apologies, we submit our new Academy yell. (We never had one). You might be surprised at the senseless jargon, but it is surprising the noise one hundred and sixty students can make.

Rip, zip, ree,

Rip, zip, ree,

Who are we. Who are we.

Lunenburg Academy (Repeat).

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITORIAL

In the month of May 1935, the Seagull, published by the Lunenburg Academy, makes its bow.

For a long time it has been the desire of the Faculty, as well as the pupils, to produce a publication worthy of the school, which would tend to create an interest among the students of the Academy and bind together more firmly the various units of which the Academy is composed.

College and school papers are undoubtedly subject to severe criticism. It will be admitted that to produce a paper in which all the material is original, is not an easy task for beginners and entails considerable work. We ask the leniency of our readers in their estimate of our first issue.

It is with considerable pride that we point to the standing that our Academy has among schools in general. We may be pardoned for reflecting on the fact that it has turned out many capable young men and women. This is due, in no small degree, to the interest the citizens show in their schools; and the interest which is stimulated by the generosity of the citizens in providing funds for prizes each year; and to the co-operation of the Board of School Commissioners in providing up-to-date equipment and facilities for carrying on the work of the school. It will be admitted that the Board has been particularly fortunate in its choice of teachers.

The production of this paper is, to a large extent, made possible by the public-spirited business men providing advertising, and to these we extend our sincere thanks. Special mention should be made of the capable manner in which Fred Spindler and Douglas Cantelope assisted, by securing contracts for advertising. The Board of Editors also wishes to thank the members of the Faculty, who have lent assistance and the contributors who furnished material in an effort to make this issue a success.

COMMENTS BY THE PRINCIPAL

"It were good that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which, indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived." Roger Bacon.

For a period of eight years, it has been my desire to publish an Academy magazine. On several occasions I became quite enthusiastic about the idea. Conditions this year, however, have shaped themselves so that the idea has become a reality.

School magazines are not money-making ventures as they often have deficits. In my opinion their existence is justified because:

- (1) They become a vehicle for student expression. Where such magazines do not exist, the literary talent of the school lacks incentives for excellence in expression.
- (2) They have a salutary effect on school spirit and pride. That community is handicapped if school interest consists entirely of destructive criticism. Progress in anything consists in the positive attitude and action—in doing.
- (3) They demonstrate to the public that the school is doing something, getting somewhere. After all, the tax-payer must meet the cost of education and consequently he has a perfect right to inquire what the school is doing to warrant such an expenditure. The school, with one

or two exceptions, is the most important institution of the state. Should it be a propagandizing agency for particular groups, or strive to produce citizens who are god-fearing, broad-minded and capable of adjusting themselves to changing conditions?

The people of Lunenburg are to be congratulated on the interest they manifest in their schools. There are very few functions that fail to elicit the support of the citizens. For example, much of our advertising in this magazine has been made possible through the generous support of our business houses. Our school functions have been better attended this year than any since I came to Lunenburg nine years ago. It might interest the public to know some of the things we have had. They are:

A Christmas Play that played to capacity houses for two nights and a matinee.

A Parent-Teacher-Student meeting attended by approximately two hundred and fifty.

An Oratorical Contest that had an audience of over three hundred.

Now we have attempted to give the citizens another demonstration of the ability of the students by producing an Academy magazine. We trust that it will receive the support that it merits.

In reading the magazine I trust that the reader will not expect too much. After all, the writers are Academy students ranging from the ages of fourteen to seventeen. Another quotation from Roger Bacon will illustrate what I mean:

“Read not to contradict and confute, nor to accept and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.”

D. H. COLLINS, B. Paed.,
Supervisor and Principal

OUR SCHOOL

BY

BURTON SCHAUFFELBURG '35

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sound of the school bell coming through the mellow air of a summer morning with the sun riding high, or over the snow-covered ground of winter, not too long after the sun has risen, is calling the students to session.

They come, at first, in straggling twos or threes, but then the groups begin to thicken as the bell gives forth its last few clangs. With them, the students are all there except, perhaps, the lone straggler who stayed abed too late, or took too long at breakfast.

A few have been eager to come, others, perhaps, a bit reluctant, in need of urging. But after all, why not be eager? When one takes time to analyse the matter, the picture school (particularly our school) presents is, indeed, an enticing one.

Besides being taught by our splendid faculty, through the school we come in contact with so many things with which we would otherwise have no association whatever.

Let us take a few examples.

There is our library, said to be one of the finest, if not the finest, school library in the province. There are in it nearly three thousand books to which the students have access for the asking. The public, too, are given the privilege of using them.

There are books of all kinds: poetry, prose, fiction, classics and many reference books.

On a par with our splendid library is the reading room. Here, the stu-

dents sit around a large table and read the leading Canadian and other noteworthy magazines. The local and provincial papers, made possible through the generosity of the public, are at the disposal of everyone.

Then, there is our laboratory. Chemical and electrical apparatus and supplies to the value of no few hundred dollars, are placed in the hands of the pupil.

The student, however, does not recognize the value of the laboratory until Grade XI is reached. There he commences to do his own experiments, and in Grade XII the student does all his own work with the teacher acting only as advisor and supervisor. It is here that the value of the laboratory work is of indisputable benefit.

Even these few outstanding facts should not fail to convince the doubtful one.

Some of us expect, or at least, hope to complete our studies here this year, and not a few of us, in after years, who return to our home town and brings friends with us, will march them up to the hill and point with pride to our spacious Academy and say "There's where I went to school."

A STORY OF LUNENBURG

BY

MARJORIE CORKUM '36

"Would you like me to tell you a story about Lunenburg?" asked Grandpa, taking his little granddaughter upon his knee.

"Oh, please do!" she cried.

"Our town was founded in 1753," he began, "by a party of German, Swiss and French settlers, under Captain Rouse. They built Lunenburg on a commanding eminence overlooking two harbours, and named it for the ancient city of Luneberg, in Germany.

"The fierce Indians who lurked near the settlement made their presence felt by murdering every settler who happened to go beyond the line of defence. Our brave forefathers suffered much from disease, insufficient food and scanty clothing. How we should honor their courage, their faith, their hope, their toil—toil that gave but little promise of what we, as their descendants, enjoy today."

"Those heroic settlers built block houses, homes and churches. But despite all precautions and the employment of every available means of defence, many settlers lost their lives at the hands of their dusky foes.

"After the Seven Years' War in 1756, there passed a short period of peace in Lunenburg. Then came the American Revolution, when many hardships were endured from the attacks of the rebels.

"How brave our forefathers must have been," said the granddaughter. "Was Lunenburg ever attacked during the Revolution, Grandpa?"

"Yes, it was," he said. "I shall tell you about it."

"At sunrise, on July 1, 1782, the people of Lunenburg were alarmed by the firing of a number of small guns near the blockhouse," he began. "The privateers had come and the commander, Captain Noah Stoddard, was directing a combined attack by sea and land, upon the town. The Americans were in overwhelming force, for at the time there could not have been more than twenty men available for defence."

"The privateer's men planned to surround the house of Col. John Creighton. But they were seen and the Colonel, with five men, opened fire upon them, wounding three of the enemy. Soon, however, they were forced to surrender. The Colonel and his men were made prisoners, and his house was burned.

"In the meantime, other parties had run all over the town, entering every house. Their objective was the blockhouse in the west of the town.

Major Jessen tried to defend his home single-handed. Some of his possessions were saved by a colored servant, who put them in a chest and then concealed them in the folds of her skirt.

"The privateer's men took from the shops and dwellings everything of value to them. Soon the streets were strewn with laces, ribbons, cottons and other articles. What a spectacle the town must have presented! At five o'clock the privateer's men left, the vessels deeply loaded with plunder.

"Did the rebels ever come back again to attack Lunenburg?" asked the little girl, when her grandfather paused.

"No," he said, "Lunenburg fished and slumbered during the ensuing years of war and revolution. Since that time, great improvements have marked its history, until today Lunenburg rivals, in wealth and beauty, the old "Luneberg" on the Elbe.

"Thank you, Grandpa," said the little girl, after he had finished, "That is a very interesting story."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

BY

ELIZABETH MANTHORN '36

Ever since I can remember, the old Jarvis house was said to be haunted and not a darkey in the neighborhood would pass it after nightfall, preferring the long way around the square to the short cut past the old house.

It stood in rather spacious but neglected grounds on the out-skirts of the village and from the road an avenue of huge trees with branches interlacing so closely as to shut out all but the more venturesome rays of sunlight on the brightest summer day. From the pillared gateway, whose polished stone had long been defaced by time and weather, the gloomy avenue led in a curve to the main entrance of the old house and opened suddenly on what had once been a court with a large fountain in the center from whose broken basin dripped the stagnant water collected in the last rain. It had once been surmounted by a figure of Cupid, but his figure lay in fragments on the ground with broken bow and arrow beside it. The shutters had either blown to the ground, or were hanging by one hinge beating a tattoo on the unresponsive walls, with every gust of wind that blew around the old house. The windows large and blank stared at invaders of its privacy forbiddingly with no warmth of welcome in their stare. The ghostly silence pervaded the whole place and involuntarily one stepped more lightly and spoke more softly within its shadow. The massive oak door, studded with nails, make us think of some gloomy old prison of which we had read in our history and we dubbed the place, "The Bastille" for our class in history was just at the "French Revolution." We were at the age when wild west tales and pirates' caves were more real than everyday events and this old deserted mansion with its reputation for ghosts seemed to us a gift of the gods, for our play-life beside which school-life seemed the unreal and this the real.

Our gang lived over again Ivanhoe, Robin Hood, Robinson Crusoe, The Last of the Mohicans, and all the heroes of boyhood's early teens; for the house became in turn an English Castle, an Island Fortress, an Indian Barricade, or a Robbers' Cave, as the mood of the time demanded. Many were the happy days spent in undisturbed possession of our stronghold, and the pass words "Bastille" passed around the gang meant a meeting at the rendezvous, which to escape detection we reached by various circuitous routes. It was an unwritten law that we leave the vicinity before sunset, for not even the bravest of us would face those gloomy windows and darkened avenues after nightfall.

About this time, from various sources came tales, almost forgotten:

but recalled by our elders, about the haunted house. It began to be whispered about that at midnight a belated villager, passing that way, had heard sounds of steel striking steel, and mysterious lights had appeared, now on the second floor, now on the first and then in the tower. The man had not waited to investigate for he recalled tales told him by his grandfather, who had worked there with the gardener as a boy. Others corroborated this tale, and told of the mysterious lights, the striking of steel and various other embellishments, such as voices raised in anger, groans and a crash as from the fall of a heavy body.

Some few of the oldest villagers recalled various tales of family feuds, quarrels between the two brothers, the last of their line, drinking bouts, and of a duel in the tower and a body found in the early morning beneath the tower window facing the fountain, the disappearance of the younger brother and the impossibility of finding tenants who would stay more than a few weeks at a time, till the old place gradually became the ruin of today and our "Garden of the Gods."

"I reckon," said old Joel North, taking his pipe out of his mouth and pointing with its stem toward the "Bastille," "I reckon as how Master Gregory be a-visitin' the scene of his takin' off." "'Tis nigh on fifty year since his body were found neath the tower winder." "I reckon as somepin' has called him from his tomb."

"What did Mr. Gregory look like, Nr. North?" we asked.

"Oh, a fine figger of a man," said old Joel. "Black hair as curled back from a high forehead, black eyes, that could flash lightning when he were angry, high cheekbones, thin nose, and a chin always carried high, that showed he could and would be master." "I can see him now in riding togs on his big black horse taking the highest hedge as easy as a bird." "Ah well! He has been laid low these fifty year but I heerd as how the ghost of one who met his death by violence comes back in fifty years to revisit the scene of his death and I wouldn't disbelieve that his spirit wanders o' nights now."

We boys decided after a council of war, that if the ghost walked only by night we could still be safe to continue our occupation of the place in the daytime.

Next afternoon we were playing the "Prisoner of Chillon" and I was the prisoner in the dreary dungeon (the part of the basement originally the wine cellar). I was chained to one of the posts and was making a dreary lamentation over my sad fate when a sound of wood sliding on wood made me peer into the dark recesses of the cellar. A ghostly light held high in a gloved hand, shone on a face and figure which tallied so exactly with old Joel's description of Gregory Jarvis dressed in hunting togs that I shrieked with horror. Immediately the light was extinguished, the figure vanished to the accompaniment of the sliding sound and I was alone. Loosing my bonds I fled up the steps and out into the court. The boys, startled by my appearance, could just hear my voice as I gasped breathlessly, "The Ghost! the Ghost of Gregory Jarvis, riding togs and all, with a candle in his hand."

Down the avenue we fled and out on the village road we rushed pell-mell, without once looking back.

"Hello boys! Where are you off to in such a hurry," and there was my Uncle Jack, who is a coast guardsman. "Oh, Uncle Jack, we've seen the Jarvis Ghost." "Where?" said Uncle Jack. "In the wine cellar of the haunted house!" He appeared and disappeared with just a sliding sound.

Uncle Jack didn't laugh at us as most grown-ups do, but said, "Pile in the car and tell me all about it." We did, and Uncle Jack just said, "Think I'll have a look at that ghost sometime. How would some hot-dogs and lemon pop go, boys?" to which we all shouted, "Fine!"

Next morning the whole village was agog with excitement. A boot-

legging gang, for whom the authorities had long and anxiously searched, had been run to earth in the wine cellar of the old haunted house by the police, led by Uncle Jack. They proved to be old offenders who had eluded capture for years, and conviction and sentence were a mere matter of form.

The most thrilling part (to us) of the story came, about a week later when Uncle Jack showed us a letter from headquarters which stated, "The reward of five thousand dollars offered for a clue leading to the discovery of the boot-leggers' cache is enclosed."

"This money," said Uncle Jack, "belongs to you boys, for without your hint I should still be searching for that gang. Now decide among yourselves what you will do with it."

Do with it! There was only one thing we wished to do with it. The old house must be ours; and today if you visit our village you will see on the outskirts a clubhouse for boys with gymnasium, swimming pool, reading-room, in fact, everything pertaining to a modern clubhouse on the site of the "Haunted House."

ELIZABETH MANTHORNE '36

DAY

BY

JOHN SMELTZER, '35

The sun is making his ascent of space,
 And turns upon the world his smiling face,
 While bidding to depart the shades of night,
 And calling us to view the morning light,
 The laborer thinks, "Another day begun,"
 But not all those who view thee now, O Sun.

You change the sea from blue to shining gold
 Until it is a wonder to behold,
 You make the dewdrops sparkle through the trees,
 And once again call forth the seaward breeze,
 Your beams descend upon us, by God's grace,
 Until our spirits soar with us through space.

But now the day is drawing to a close,
 The workman, weary, slowly homeward goes,
 But, cheered, because his toilsome work is done,
 He now looks at the glorious setting sun,
 Who, tired out, is lying down to sleep,
 And lays its face upon the darkening deep.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

BY

JOAN MERCER '35

"Hurry up, Rachael," said Mary Anne impatiently. "Mother said I should come home from school early."

"Please wait," said Rachael, as she finished packing up her books.

In a few minutes the girls were hurrying across the school playground.

They lived quite a distance from the school, on a road that was rather lonely.

As they reached the outskirts of the town, Rachael saw the sun shining on some bright object which was lying in the road.

"It's only a piece of tin," said Mary Anne.

"No, it isn't," said Rachael, running ahead and picking it up. "It's money, and there's a letter beside it addressed to a Mr. Tilton. I wonder who he is."

"Oh! I know," said Mary Anne, turning pale. "It's the man who collects our rent, and Daddy cannot pay it till next week and if we cannot pay it now we must move out. He's a horrid man, and he won't wait till Daddy gets back from Montreal, where he is working, you know. Let's hurry, because Mother is home alone.

"I don't think I will give him his things back," said Rachael.

"Oh! but you must," said Mary Anne, shocked at what her friend had said.

"No, I won't and you can't make me, because I have it in my pocket," said Rachael. Mary Anne tried to argue, but Rachael would not listen to anything she said. "If it's dishonest for me to keep it, it's very mean of him to treat you like that."

"Because he is in the wrong, you needn't be too," said Mary Anne.

By this time they were nearing the house and Rachael insisted upon coming in with her friend. As they opened the door they heard a harsh voice saying, "Well, Mrs. Smith, I am very sorry, but you will have to vacate this house by to-morrow."

"But, Mr. Tilton, when my husband comes home we will be able to pay," Mrs. Smith said pleadingly.

"It is quite settled," they heard him answer, "you must go to-morrow. Good afternoon," and with these last words he strode out of the door, past the two girls standing on the porch. They hastened into the room where Mary Anne's mother was.

"I suppose we must go, although he might wait three days, and I do so love this house," she told the girls sadly. "He was in a bad temper, because he had lost an important letter and some——"

Here she stopped because Rachael had suddenly run from the room. Looking out the window, they saw her running down the road after Mr. Tilton. After talking for a few minutes, much to their surprise, they saw them both returning to the house.

"Mrs. Smith," said Mr. Tilton as he came into the room, "I am going to allow you to remain here until your husband returns." Then, seeing her surprised but grateful look, he continued: "When I came here, as I told you, I had lost an important letter. This little girl, (pointing to Rachael), has found it and when I offered her a reward she said she would rather not accept it, but wouldn't I give you people a few more day's grace. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Mr. Tilton, and thank you so much," said Mrs. Smith. After he had gone Mary Anne gave Rachael a big hug.

"That was very sweet of you, my dear," said her Mother.

"Don't thank me at all," said Rachael. "You know," she said, turning to Mary Anne, "I think honesty is the best policy after all, because if I hadn't given it back you——"

"Please don't talk about it," interrupted Mary Anne, giving her a kiss.

"All right," said Rachael, returning the kiss, "except to remember the lesson it has taught me."

THE MARINER'S WARNING

BY

MARIE LEVY '38

On a rocky coast of the ocean
 Stands a lighthouse, for many years
 Guiding the ships to safety
 Through shoals that lie quite near.
 With blinking light, so clearly
 It guides the mariner on;
 Not stopping to rest for a moment
 Till the sun gives light at morn.

Then through the day it takes its rest,
 Well earned, as all will say;
 And in the night it guides again
 The mariner on his way.
 Thus it keeps on from year to year,
 Its work of wondrous need—
 Guiding home, leading home,
 The wanderer from the sea

A VISIT TO A COAL MINE

BY

SCOTT BLAND '37

It was during the month of July, two years ago, when motoring through Nova Scotia, we decided to visit the coal mine at Springhill. This decision was arrived at while in Fort Lawrence, about three miles from the town of Amherst.

The necessary arrangements having been made with the Superintendent of the Mine, we proceeded to Springhill early next morning. Our route took us over the new National Highway, which is being built by the present Bennett Government. Approaching Springhill one realized that it was a typical mining town. Large clouds of smoke could be seen arising from tall smoke stacks, which were apparently near the mine. The town itself is small and the streets are bare of trees. The large buildings around the mine guided us through the town.

The mine was reached about ten o'clock. We were delighted to find that the manager himself would show us through the mine. First, he took us through the buildings above the mine. One small building, which was very clean, was used for First Aid purposes. Other larger buildings were used for store houses. In the main building, where the mouth of the mine was situated, there was a room which greatly interested us. In this room there was row upon row of small portable electric lamps. The batteries of these lamps were being charged. The guide said these lamps would burn for about twenty-four hours, but were only used about eight hours and then recharged. The men work in eight hour shifts, there being three shifts each day. Before entering the mine a miner is supplied with one of these lamps which he fastens to the brim of his cap. Entering the manager's office, which was a little building off by itself, we found small charts which recorded the work of the ventilating and pumping machines in the mine. Here also were found records of the amount of coal mined each day.

While at the manager's office each one was supplied with the necessary overalls, miner's cap and lamp; also careful instructions were given telling us how to act in case of an accident.

Entrance to the mine was made in small trolleys, which were connected

together. These trolleys were controlled by a large engine at the mouth of the mine, a thick, heavy steel cable being used to lower them into the mine, or to haul them out. We descended almost straight down for almost five minutes, then turned into a horizontal tunnel and stopped. Leaving the cars, our guide led us to the end of the tunnel where men had been working the day before. There was a large machine here, which was used for digging the ground away. This machine was something like the steam shovel used above ground. While listening to the guide explain how the work was done a cool breeze blew across our faces. On asking where it came from we were shown some large pipes at the top of the tunnel where fresh air was being pumped to the mine from above the ground. We then took a short cut by crawling through a small tunnel which would just admit one person at a time. This brought us to a new lead where a few men were working. The manager said that these men had just uncovered a large new seam of coal. One miner handed us his pickaxe and gave us the privilege of being the first ones to chop a piece of coal from that new seam. This I kept as a souvenir.

After having explored most of the tunnels on that level, we were led to a lower level and were shown the water pumping system. Our guide opened a carefully made door leading into a large, well lighted room. It was so clean and bright it hardly seemed possible that we were over two thousand feet underground in a coal mine. The larger part of the room was filled with powerful motors, which ran steadily day and night pumping water from the mine. The room was made of cement, and was well ventilated. Having examined the motors and rested for a short time, we returned to the mouth of the mine making the journey in the trolleys along with a dozen or more miners.

We thanked the manager for our most delightful trip and returned home well satisfied with our visit down into the earth.

THE FISHERIES AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES

BY

JOYCE SMITH '36

Many industries derive benefits from the fishing industry. Not only the manufacturing concerns of the fishing town itself benefit, but also factories in towns and cities on the other side of the world. The fisheries thus give employment to thousands upon thousands of men both directly and indirectly. Products from many parts of the world are used in the construction of the fishing vessels and in their operation.

The lumber industry is the first to gain advantage. The lumbermen cut down the trees which will eventually be used to construct the vessel. The logs are converted into planks at the saw-mills and sent to the fishing town where the vessel is to be made.

The ship-building industry is the first to benefit directly from the fisheries. Many men are employed in the making of the vessel, which takes several weeks or months to complete. The paint industry is also involved in the construction. Masts are made for the vessel, thus bringing in the lumber industry again. Cotton is imported from some foreign country and sails for the ship are manufactured in local sail lofts.

Fishing vessels are now equipped with engines. The Lunenburg Foundry manufactures such engines for local boats. Ship's gear, including the windlass, pumps, etc., is manufactured there. Anchors and anchor chains are imported from other places as well as steel wires for rigging.

All fishing vessels are equipped with a large quantity of rope. Manila hemp, growing in the Philippine Islands, is manufactured into manila ropes which the ships use. Here again a foreign industry is assisted.

No fishing vessel is complete without several small boats, called *dories*, in which the crew leave the vessel to set their trawl. In every fishing town dory-building is an important industry.

Many men are employed to equip the vessel for the banks by putting up the masts, the rigging, wires and the numerous other things necessary for such a boat. The men are called riggers. The fishermen import the material for their trawls and make them.

When the vessel returns from the Banks the people benefit again. The salted fish are placed in the hands of the fishmakers who wash the fish and dry them in the sun. The cases in which the fish are shipped to other countries are all manufactured in Lunenburg County.

At present fresh, frozen and smoked fish of all kinds, are handled at Lunenburg. Many people are engaged in packing these fish for export.

Thus we see that the fishing industry is an allied industry because of its connections with so many other industries. As the industry improves from year to year it concerns more and more industries, both local and foreign. In later years many new products have been manufactured from parts of the fish formerly considered as waste. This augments local employment.

LOST AND FOUND

BY

AILEENE LANGILLE '35

Bruce slowly mounted the steps of his father's lovely home. His handsome face bore a cloud of sadness and anger. He had just completed a country walk and on the outskirts of the town he had noticed a gypsy camp. Oh! How the sight of that camp revived old memories. Bruce was eighteen now, but it seemed only yesterday when, as a child of six years, he had been visiting with his parents and twin sister, Barbara, at his grandfather's home in the country.

One sunny afternoon, he and Barbara had been playing in the forest, back of the farmhouse. All around them birds were singing gaily, and the many colored flowers were gently nodding in the breeze. To the twins, the forest was "the world," their enchanted world of fairies, birds and flowers—a beautiful place in which to live and play.

But suddenly the scene was changed! A band of wandering gypsies, stalking through the forest, noticed the children and attempted to kidnap them. Bruce, though only six years of age, miraculously avoided being caught, but not so with Barbara. Frightened by the appearance of the strangers, the little girl fainted, and thus was carried away by her captors.

Bruce rushed to the farmhouse and told his parents what had happened. An alarm was sent out over the countryside, and soon the woods and highways were swarming with volunteers, searching for the gypsy band and Barbara. But, evidently, the gypsies had expected the searching party and, accordingly they had disappeared as only gypsies can. Many days were spent in the search but to no avail. Barbara had vanished!

Soon after this event Bruce and his heart-broken parents returned to their town home. No word of Barbara was spoken in the household, but she was not forgotten. For many years Bruce's father carried on a private search and offered a large reward for the return of the little girl. But all efforts were fruitless. Either the gypsies never heard of the reward or they feared to reveal themselves.

Thus twelve years had passed, and Bruce was now approaching manhood. In his mind, however, lurked the memory of that sunny day when Barbara was stolen, and the sight of the gypsy camp today had served to recall the horrid incident. How he had missed Barbara! He had no other sisters or brothers and all through his childhood and youth the memory of

Barbara's large black eyes and beautiful black curls had lived, until now it was as real as if she had been at home all the years.

As he opened the door of his home, he was thinking, "Poor little Babs! I wonder if she is still alive!" He smiled grimly, as he thought, "She would make a beautiful gypsy though, and no doubt that cowardly band made quite a queen of her."

Just then his mother entered the hall. Seeing Bruce standing there with such a sad expression on his countenance, she went up to him and said, "Well, son, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Bruce hardly knew how to reply. To mention the gypsy camp would revive the memories which for years Bruce and his father had been endeavoring to make her forget. No! he just couldn't tell her about it. So, forcing a smile, he answered, "Why no, mother, I'm not ill. I was just thinking, that's all."

Having said this, he mounted the stairs to his room. He made an effort to read, but today his most exciting books held no interest for him. Always his mind would wander back to the gypsy camp on the outskirts of the town. When the maid came to summon him to tea, she found him in a deep reverie, and all through the meal he felt ill at ease. His parents noticed this, but remained silent for they knew that if Bruce wished to share his confidence he would presently do so.

After tea, Bruce again went to his room to try to study. But he could not content himself in this way. Walking to the window he looked out over the spacious and well-cared for lawn. The moon was rising, casting a silver glow over the town and, yes, there on the edge of the forest which bordered the town, shone a dull red light. It was a gypsy camp-fire! Suddenly a great desire to visit that camp overcame Bruce. It seemed he just had to see it again, if only to glimpse the race of people with whom Barbara (if she were still alive) was residing.

No sooner had the desire entered Bruce's heart than he had begun to put it into action. In a few moments he was on his way to the gypsy camp! Arriving there, he stood behind some trees watching the scene. Indeed, it was a picturesque view! Even if they were gypsies, and even if he did hate them, Bruce had to admit that they looked happy. The huge bonfire sent up rich, glowing flames, which lighted up the gloomy old forest, and cast a glow on the men, women and children in gorgeously colored costumes of red and yellow, and bedecked with rings, beads and bracelets galore!

As Bruce stood watching the scene he was thinking, "If Barbara is still alive, I wonder if she likes this life." Suddenly his reverie was interrupted, for out of the largest and finest tent stepped a gypsy girl. For one moment the fire light fell full upon her face. It was a face beautiful beyond comparison.

Suddenly queer little chills began to chase each other up and down Bruce's spine! His body grew hot and cold by turns. Somewhere—long ago—Bruce had seen that face before! Could it be—oh! was it Barbara? "Is it possible?" he murmured to himself. "Oh, if I could only speak to her alone!"

As if in answer to his wish the girl turned from the fire and stole away into the forest. Bruce held his breath. Would they see her? But no! Lady Luck favored Bruce and the girl. Not a glance was turned in her direction! All were too much interested in the gypsy youth who was strumming a guitar and singing love songs for the assembled group.

As soon as the girl passed from sight, Bruce began to follow her. On and on she went until at last she reached a stream. Sitting on the bank, she stared sadly into the shining water, while a frown flitted across her pretty features.

Bruce stole softly near to her. But now a new difficulty presented itself.

Suppose he should frighten her and she screamed! The gypsies would surely hear her and then—what would happen?

Bruce did not want to think of it. He decided to risk the danger and stepping quietly up to the girl's side, he said, "Don't be alarmed, please! I won't harm you, I only want to talk to you."

But evidently the girl was too much surprised to be afraid, for she only looked at him with her lovely eyes wide open. Suddenly a smile dimpled the corners of her mouth and she said, "Are you a fairy prince come to rescue poor little Juanita?"

Bruce's heart began to beat like a trip-hammer. "How on earth would a gypsy know about fairy princes, unless—and then he thought, "Oh! can this be Babs? If it only were true!" Aloud he said, "You appear lonely, little moon girl, altho' your friends back at the camp seem to be quite happy."

The girl gave him a puzzled look. "Yes," she replied, "I am lonely—I do not enjoy their fun, their pleasures—I sometimes feel I am not one of them—I long for books, education, white friends, and clothes like white girls wear, not these!" and she pointed to her embroidered gown of red trimmed with gold and silver.

Then she continued, "You know—sometimes I seem to have visions. It seems that once I was a white girl with pretty clothes and playmates; my name was not Juanita then—and, oh, yes! I had a brother just my size. All through the years, I imagine myself see him grow up, and I know you won't believe it, but oh, I imagined him to look just as you do! But—oh, dear, what am I saying? And to you—a perfect stranger!"

But Bruce's eyes were eager and his whole body was trembling with emotion—"Think, oh please think," he murmured, "can you not remember the little brother's name? Please try, oh, do!"

The girl gazed at him in amazement. Then she laughed, a sad little musical laugh. "I see you are quite excited," she said. "But please don't mind me—it's just my imagination, I suppose. As for the little brother's name, it seems it was Bruce—the last I can remember of him was one day we were playing in a beautiful forest—after that all is blank—I can recall no more about him."

"Little gypsy queen," Bruce said, "You are—you must be my sister Barbara, whom the gypsies captured about twelve years ago. Yes, I really believe you are my twin sister. Oh! If it is only true."

"Did you say Barbara?" asked the girl, her eyes two bright pools of excitement.

"Yes! Yes! Barbara," Bruce replied, repeating the name again. "Does that recall any memories to you?"

"Indeed it does!" she replied, "That is the name I meant. I'm sure it is. My name was—no—my name is Barbara—and you are my brother. Oh, I'm sure it's true—it must be."

"Of course it's true," Bruce answered, "but we must prove it. Come with me quickly."

The girl required no second bidding. Rising silently she stole from the forest in Bruce's company, and together they hurried to Bruce's home. Mr. Mills, fortunately, was at home when they arrived, and Bruce quickly told his story.

"Quickly Bruce! Get the police," said Mr. Mills. "We must catch those gypsies and get a confession from them. I've no doubt this is our very own Barbara, but we must prove it, son."

Four policemen soon arrived at the Mill's home, and then Mr. Mills, Barbara, Bruce and the policemen quickly returned to the gypsy camp.

This time the gypsies did not have a chance to escape. Great was their surprise when they saw Barbara, accompanied by the men, enter the circle of their camp fire. The gypsies realized they were caught and acknowledged their guilt. In a few words the leaders of the band confessed their wicked

deed, and Mr. Mills was so happy over Barbara's return that he did not have them punished.

It was a happy group who returned to the Mills' home that evening. Mrs. Mills was overjoyed at her daughter's return and everybody in the whole town shared their joy.

In a few days every thing was again running on as before, with one exception—happiness was again restored by the return of one whom they never expected to see again—Barbara.

AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW

BY

DOUGLAS CANTELOPE '34

The foot of the rainbow is never where
 The wanderer thinks it to be.
 Perhaps there is a gold-pot there
 That he expects to see.
 But there are other pots of gold,
 He'll pass upon his way,
 And turn them down, with shoulder cold,
 Still wandering, day by day.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS

BY

MARION GELDERT '35

Possibly this bit of information should be entitled "How to Cross the Playground on the Morning of a Snowstorm, with the Wind Blowing a Sixty-mile Gale," but, as this would be a somewhat cumbersome title, let us accept the other.

Now, in order to accomplish this feat and yet arrive at the Academy in a happy frame of mind, you must exert three virtues, namely—Perseverance, a Sense of Humor, and Self-control. Lest this sound too momentous, I hasten to explain.

On leaving the edge of the sidewalk, mayhap you will perceive before you a fine stretch of ice. "Aha," you gloat, "a lovely slide," and you promptly take advantage of it. When almost at the playground pavement, you suddenly strike a snag, your books bounce kittenishly into the air, landing in the nice, wet snow, whilst you descend to the same position. Be not dismayed, arise, pick up your books, and—forward!

You proceed, tightly clutching your moist books and closing your eyes in the face of the blinding snow. All at once, the snow seems strangely soft and deep; you open your eyes to get your bearings, and find that you have strayed from the "straight and narrow" (the sidewalk), on a tangent, to the cemetery. You must now conquer that desperate feeling and exert your perseverance.

By this time you have arrived at the fatal spot where the pavement branches off into two walks, and where the wind rushes gleefully around the building like a gentle tornado, fairly shrieking, "Surprise! Surprise!" This leaves you in a weakened condition, so that henceforth you would do well to beware of this place.

And now beware of danger from above! The sills outside the Grade Nine classroom form convenient receptacles for the fallen snow, the "sticky kind, from which those cunning little white balls are made. Probably you had better sprint a bit when passing under this spot, you will feel, and be,

much safer. But, should you sense a hard, icy mass sliding down your back, remember that sense of humor!

You mount the steps, and pull on the door. Queer, but it won't open. It must be stuck. You pull again, harder this time, and then in a final despairing plunge, heave with all your might! This time it opens (it would), and if you are extremely active you have a fairly good chance of retaining your equilibrium and not tumbling backward down the steps.

Now you are in the hall. Regarding you with innocently laughing faces are four or five of the primary kiddies, and immediately you understand why the door was "stuck." Feeling somewhat murderously inclined, you pat them kindly on their heads, trying to remember that you, too, were once young, and fall up the steps just as the bell rings.

WINTER FLOWERS OF BERMUDA

BY

ELIZABETH MANTHORNE '36

The never failing succession of blooms in every season in Bermuda, is a source of joy, particularly to the winter visitors from the north, who have left their own gardens blanketed in several feet of snow, after being tucked away safely under a deep covering of straw.

The poinsettias which we treasure up north as potted plants grow here as sturdy trees and bloom most profusely at the Christmas season, and for one who has seen them for the first time, their beauty is breath-taking, seen in great crimson splashes against the white background of the houses.

Hibiscus, flaunting their beautiful rose-colored flowers varying from the palest pink to the deepest crimson, look the superlative of insolent beauty as they impudently stick out their tongues at the passers-by.

The morning glory makes a very real glory, climbing walls, covering waste places and old trees, with its bell-shaped blooms, in the morning the color of the bluebird's wing, and as the day advances changing to lilac and lavender. Every morning witnesses the birth of their beauty, in spite of the determined effort of the farmer to exterminate them, for to him they are only weeds. To look down from a train window on an area covered with these, interspersed with the pink and crimson clusters of the wild sage is to see a vision of beauty that is a joy forever.

The oleanders, at this season, appear as stately trees, with but a few scattered blossoms suggestive of the splendor of later months.

Some varieties of roses bloom generously at this time of the year. What a delightful experience on Christmas Day to cut roses from one's own garden to grace the Christmas board.

The white field daisy reproduces itself year after year without cultivation, and though outshone by its glorified sister, the gerbera still has a charm all its own.

All along the walls and by-ways grows the life-plant, called by the Bermudians "flopplers," whose blossoms look like green frocks beneath which shows a red flannel petticoat.

The oxalis, also ranked as a weed, lets its dainty pink petals sway on a slender stem, seeming to claim that beauty is its own excuse for being.

Here and there, in the fields of long green snikes, some clusters of Easter lilies lift their fragrant heads and gaze complacently at the humbler blossoms, for well they know that when Easter brings its message of resurrection to the world the lilies surpass all others in beauty, fragrance and significance and, "Though they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

THE SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

BY

RUTH POWERS '38

The playground of the Lunenburg School is well situated and is equipped to provide recreation and exercise for children from five years of age to boys and girls of eighteen and nineteen.

When the signal for recess sounds, the children, especially the small ones, become very much excited. They rush out, anxious to get the first turn on the swings, teeters, or whatever apparatus is to be used. While the children are playing, the teachers supervise them so that none of them get hurt.

The apparatus for the small children of the Primary to Grade Three are swings and the sand box. For the children from Grade Three to Grade Five are the swings, teeters and the ocean wave.

The boys and girls from Grade Five to Grade Eight have the use of the teeters, rings and swings, slide, stride and the volley ball.

The Academy students have basket ball and base-ball. They also have other sports, such as running and jumping.

The school and playground are situated on a hill overlooking the Back Harbour and away from the traffic of the town, thus making it comparatively safe for the children.

It is the duty of every boy and girl to keep the playground as tidy as possible. Each Arbor Day the boys, under the supervision of the principal, give it a thorough cleaning. This not only makes it look nice, but its appearance leaves a good impression on visitors.

SHIPBUILDING IN LUNENBURG

BY

BURTON CORKUM '37

The first step in the building of one of Lunenburg's noted motor vessels is the laying of the keel, which is hewn out of long birch or beech logs, to a thickness of twelve inches.

A heavy stern post is then made secure to this keel, after which the timbers forming the shape of the vessel are erected and fastened.

These timbers are pieced together and are strongly dogged and spiked with treenails. They are made in two sections, and are placed close together. They are made in size according to the lines of the vessel.

After the timbers are placed and held by long pieces of scantling, the topsides of the vessel are planked with three inch planks of birch or beech.

Following this the vessel is sealed with three inch spruce and while this is being done the beams are placed. These are made of spruce, their dimensions are eight by twelve inches and of various lengths.

After the beams are placed the deck planks are put on, which are made of pine and spruce and are also three inches thick.

While the deck is being planked, the cabin house, hatchways, skylights and companionways are constructed in their proper places. When the fore-deck is finished the windlass and pawl-posts are placed.

The bottom of the vessel is planked with birch or beech of the same thickness as the topsides, except for the garboard, which is the very lowest plank, next to the keel, and which is four inches thick.

The railings are next put on. They are made of birch or oak and fastened to the stanchions, which are projecting timbers.

The cabin and fore-castle are then made. The cabin varies in size and length according to the size of the vessel, the average length being about seventeen feet. The walls are finished in oak, and the floors with various

hardwoods. The sides are lined with "bunks" or berths, with lockers underneath. There are three double and three single berths, of which one single berth belongs to the captain permanently. There is also a large desk or chart table in the cabin, alongside of which is the radio stand and engine room entrance.

The engine room is not finished until the engine has been installed, but the engine bed, which is hewn out of heavy hardwood timbers, is laid and made in size according to the engine.

The forecastle, like the cabin, varies in size according to the dimensions of the vessel. It is finished in "tongue and groove" spruce. A small galley is built at the aft section and contains vegetable bins, table, sink and pantry.

In the fore section are the bunks, which are built in two rows, along the sides. They are all single and there are from fourteen to sixteen of them. In the centre of the forecastle is a table about fifteen feet long around which the crew sit at meal time. In back of the steps leading to the deck is a large cook stove.

Between the forecastle and engine room is a large fish hold fitted with pens for fish, ice, bait and salt, the size and construction of the same depending on the type of fishing in which the vessel will be engaged.

When completed as far as is required at the shipyard, the vessel is caulked, puttied and painted. She is launched and taken to the Railroad Wharf to have the engine boarded. The spars are then stepped and rigged.

The vessel is then towed to the Foundry Wharf to have the engines installed. After the dories are made and fitted, sails made and bent, she is, at last, ready for sea.

TO A CHILD

BY

ELIZABETH MANTHORNE '36

Oh child with sunny hair and winsome smile,
 Whose merry laugh the hours for us beguile,
 Who finds in each new day a world made new,
 As fresh and fair as roses bathed in dew.

May each succeeding year but ope thine eyes
 To greater glories of the earth and skies
 Shield thee from all things that engender fear,
 And keep thee sweet and pure as thou art dear.

THE BEAUTY OF THE WOODS IN AUTUMN

BY

CLYDE WESTHAVER '38

Few scenes of nature can surpass that of a woods in the autumn. I do not mean a woods composed entirely of spruce trees, with perhaps an occasional variation, but a woods composed of a conglomeration of spruce, pine, oak, maple and beech trees. Such a scene becomes indescribably beautiful when the frost has touched and painted each leaf.

I have in mind a certain scene with which I have been familiar for several seasons. It is a beautiful grove; almost the realization of the ideal mentioned in the preceding paragraph. It is fringed with lovely dark green spruce trees, with an occasional pine, at one end. There are maples, oaks and beeches in proximity to the spruce and situated at nearly equal distances

from one another. Nature has balanced them as an artist balances a picture.

The ground is strewn with a carpet of dead brown leaves, most of which are mute relics of the previous autumn. The maples, oaks and beeches are clothed in a glorious raiment of colours. The leaves of each tree appear slightly different when compared with its neighbor. Between others there is a more marked contrast. Some are light red, others a dark red, and still others a beautiful orange. These hues are modified in various ways, and contrast sharply with the dark green of the spruce and the softer green of the pines. It seems as if each tree is trying to excel its neighbor in beauty and appearance.

The most beautiful leaves are almost invariably situated near the top of the tree or at the outermost tip of a branch, temptingly beyond the reach of the most agile devotee of Nature.

Squirrels are active in the tree-tops, completing their store of nuts, and linger momentarily to cry defiance to any admirer. Numerous other little denizens of the forest scamper away at the approach of a human. The intruder is too often unconscious of the commotion he is causing and thinks the silent forest a solitude.

NEW SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

BY

MARION GELDERT '35

Two very interesting and beneficial activities were first introduced to Academy students at the beginning of this school year.

The first is a series of meetings held every fortnight on Monday morning. The students make it a point to be in the Assembly Hall at eight-fifty on these mornings, so that no time is taken from the first class. These "get-togethers" are primarily of a religious nature—hymns are sung, and a Bible selection read by one of the teachers. A program is arranged by each grade in turn, and at the conclusion the principal makes any necessary announcements. The meetings are very pleasant and helpful to the students and teachers.

The second is a series of "Vocation Talks" delivered by various persons of the Community. Such subjects as "Religious Work," "Public Service," "Homemaking" and "Merchandizing" have been dealt with. Many people of High School age have no clearly defined idea of what sphere of activity their future life will participate in, and it is to help these pupils make their decisions that the lectures were begun.

The Academy activities are broadening constantly, and these two innovations are examples of the fine progressive spirit of our school.

SPORT

BY

FRED SPINDLER '34

Lunenburg Academy is a "two-sport" school, "going in" for track and hockey. Although at present, hockey is foremost in the minds of the athletes, the Academy has gained more fame in track. The Dalhousie Bowl, emblematic of Maritime Interscholastic Championship, now rests in its case atop one of the bookcases in the library.

Track and field teams have produced a large number of record-breakers. In 1930 at the "Acadia Relays," George Chipman won the mile—a new event—in 4 min. 58½ sec., time which hasn't even been threatened since. At the same meet, Fred Fox ran the 220 in the record breaking time of 24½ secs.

The next year he beat this time, and also the time for the 100 yard dash, winning in 24 secs. and 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs. The 220 mark was beaten the next year, but the 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.—100 still stands as the record.

In the Maritime Interscholastic Meet at Dalhousie in 1932 Frank Oxner tossed the javelin 139 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for a new record. At that time Frank was a comparative greenhorn, and had to do his training without a regulation javelin. The next year George Naas, his teammate, broke this record with a throw of 154 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. George now holds the record at Dalhousie. In 1934 the javelin event was added to the list at the "Acadia Relays," and was won by Frank with a toss of 152 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., a record which will probably stand for some time.

Lunenburg Academy has produced another champion, although not a record-holder. Last season Harry Fox, brother of Fred, was quarter-mile and furlong champion of the Maritimes. By winning these two events and being high point scorer at the 1934 "Dalhousie" meet he earned a trip to Hamilton, Ontario, and a chance to make the Canadian schoolboy team which competed in Australia later in the season. Although Harry failed to make the grade, at least he has "gone farther" in track than any other L. H. S. athlete.

This year's sport activities began at the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, in the form of a track-meet, held for Lunenburg County High Schools. Bridgewater and Mahone Bay entered teams as well as Lunenburg. L. H. S. proved its superiority by taking every event but two, scoring 52 points against 19 for Bridgewater and 6 for Mahone Bay. Lunenburg High was awarded a beautiful cup given by the Exhibition Committee for annual competition. John Smeltzer of L. H. S. won the individual scorer's cup.

High School Hockey on the South Shore hasn't been organized successfully for a number of years. One year the teams play under the Headmaster's Rules, with a chance at the Nova Scotia championship and the next year "anything goes."

Last year Lunenburg Academy was not entered in an organized league, but played exhibition games. The team did not suffer a defeat. This year Lunenburg and Bridgewater formed a league and played under Headmaster Rules. Lunenburg lost three games and tied two.

JOKES

Franklin—What does T.N.T. mean?
Douglas—Look it up in the dictionary.

Franklin—Oh, no! I don't go in for research work.

Earl—Gee, I hate exams!

Edgar—Well, there's one advantage about it—you don't have to stay in after school if you can't do your work.

Mr. Hilchie—(Speaking of nymphs)
What are young grasshopper called?

Fred S.—Junior

Mr. Hilchie—James, why don't you give this work your attention?

James F.—Well, I'll be hanged!

Mr. H.—You may not be hanged, but I'm sure you will be plucked.

Burton C.—How do you spell Tuberculosis?

Scott B.—T. B.

Donald H.—What are you going to do next year, Fred?

Fred S.—I guess I'll get a pick and shovel and dig ditches.

Franklin—You'll go in the hole doing that!

Miss W.—(Entering noisy classroom)
When you students stop acting foolish, I'll begin.

Mr. Moore (during class)—Do I hear anyone talking? If I do, I hope I don't.

Mr. Collins (viewing student's legs stretched in the aisle)—John, please go down and get the saw.

MOONRISE

BY

JOHN SMELTZER '35

Far, far across the silent Head
 The starlit heav'n o'erspread
 As I went to the Poffacup
 To watch the moon come up.

Then went I to a well-known spot
 Where history was made,
 Beneath the gloomy, silent hills
 It lay in peaceful shade.

Across the harbor lay the town
 Now slowly growing bright,
 And, conscious of the stilling air,
 I watched the harbor lights.

A golden light crept o'er the fields
 So calm and peacefully,
 And the yellow orb of Luna rose
 Out of the silver sea.

The sky becomes a starlit blue
 And golden from the moon,
 While the waves nearby are whispering
 A soft and sleepy tune.

At last I rose from watching, as
 The clock tolled through the dusk,
 And thanked the God in Heaven above
 Who gave such nights to us.

 CLASS BIOGRAPHIES

MARGARET ANDERSON

Special Student

"She is just what she is, what better report,
 A girl, a student, a friend and a sport."

Margaret first started waving her arms in Sault St. Marie and has been waving them ever since. She arrived here fifteen years ago and graduated last year and hopes soon to be called "nursie." Her capability insures her a promising future. We all wish her the best of success.

EVELYN BECK

"Happy-go-lucky, gay and free
 Nothing is it that bothers me."

Loud wails one April night announced the fact that Evelyn was among us. Although she has almost a passion for reading, and enjoys swimming and other sports, we have reason to believe that wielding a tennis racquet is her favorite. Even with all these diversions, she still has found time to keep up her enviable record all through High School, and when she goes from us to take up her work elsewhere, she has the wishes of everyone for success.

DOUGLAS CANTELOPE

Special Student

"A good fellow with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming curiosity mixed in him."

Douglas, or "Peter," as he is more familiarly known, is another '34 graduate. Throughout his Academy career he has been active in all school athletic and social activities, and he will be missed by all. During the past year, he has devoted himself to hockey, the school magazine and the performing of wierd chemistry experiments. We know that such a lad will reap a most successful future.

JAMES FLETT

"To theorize and to debate
Philosophize and then orate."

James walks in a realm above the grasp of mere humans like us—the world of books. He has at his command the most astonishing flow of English, and did we hear you speaking Russian the other day, James? He tells us that the ministry is his goal, and perhaps missionary work. Whatever you undertake, we send with you our best wishes!

HELEN FRASER

"Unperturbed by storm or flurry,
Inclined to work, but not to worry!"

We caught our first glimpse of Helen when she was at the tender age of two. Of course she attended the Academy where her plaintive, "I don't understand," was frequently heard. But we have learned not to be misled by this, for she is really very sympathetic and understanding. When you leave, Helen, we'll give you a big silver horse-shoe for luck!

MARIAN M. GELDERT

"Let's have an opera (uproar)"

Marian's genuine friendliness, never ending "line" of humor and witicism has made for her many reliable friends.

The gal can sing, dance, recite and tickle the ivories—believe you me! Best of luck to you, Marian.

EUNICE HAMM

"Pleasant to look at, pleasant to know."

We chose these words especially for Eunice, for they so aptly describe her. Interesting to talk with, helpful to work with, and an infectious laugh that puts everyone in a jolly mood. That's Eunice.

We've had her with us all our school days and when she leaves us to enter the nursing profession, the old school won't be quite the same.

AILEENE LANGILLE

"A dusky maid with laughing eyes."

Aileene has been with us all through High School. She is a hard worker and deserves everything she gets. By her unfailling good nature and ready smile she has won many friends.

PAULINE LANGILLE

"Oh, maid, thou hast a roguish eye!"

Students of Lunenburg High School once awoke with the feeling that something nice was approaching. The "something nice" turned out to have blue eyes, a lovely smile and was called "Pauline." She was made to listen to, and sympathize with conquering heroes, yet she keeps her own

conquests to herself. It's fun to walk and talk with Pauline. If you don't believe it, try it!

WILLIS LANGILLE

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

Willis hails from Tatamagouch. From the time he first came here, two years ago, he has always been found where there is any mischief or fun, and many are the times he set us dancing with his snappy piano-playing. His favorite pastime is taking "long walks." Here's to you, Willis!

EARL LOHNES

"O women! you don't interest me—as yet."

One of Earl's beliefs is that humanity takes itself too seriously, so he is constantly attempting to make things a bit more jovial. He has not decided in what field he is going to take his place in life, but we wish him good luck in whatever it happens to be.

GERTRUDE MASON

"Gentle and kind and true is she"

Although inclined to be quiet, Gertrude is fun-loving, sincere and generous. To those who know her since she came to us in Grade V from Falkland Ridge, she has been a real friend, the kind of friend who is always the same.

PHYLLIS MCLELLAND

"Why should the devil have all the good times."

This surely seems to be Phyllis' motto, for wherever good times are, something would be lacking without her presence. And sometimes she throws in added entertainment by way of her trusty harmonica, which she plays with great gusto.

We haven't heard what "Phil" plans to do after she leaves school, but we feel that she will do well at anything.

PAUL NONAMAKER

"A fine student, a great athlete, a perfect pal."

Last fall the number of our "A" class was increased one, by a popular blond lad from Mahone Bay. Through his High School days he has been a good all-around student, but is better known for athletics. Both track and hockey have claimed his interest and Mahone and Lunenburg may well be proud of his efforts. With such a record we feel sure of a splendid future for you, Paul!

MAUDE PYKE

Special Student

"Divinely tall, a daughter of the gods."

"Torchy's" glowing head was first seen and wondered at on a certain July morning about—years ago. She has attended L. A. during her whole school career and graduated last year, always being willing to lend a helping hand to any activity. Needless to say, the Academy will lose much of its brightness and cheerfulness as Torchy leaves us. She goes to Ottawa in the near future to enter the nursing profession. Here's luck, Torchy!

THE SEA GULL

CHARLES RITCEY

"A manly stride, a steady grin,
Some pep, some brains, he's sure to win!"

His good sportsmanship, sincere friendliness and willingness to help in any cause, even if it is "only" the planning of some jolly party, have made Charlie a popular figure in High School life. As a burly defenceman, he has proved a tower of strength for our hockeyteam, while he plainly showed us his ability behind the foot-lights last Christmas in our play. May the future hold great things in store for you, Charlie!

BURTON SCHAFFELBURG

"A man he was to all the country dear."

Born several miles outside of Lunenburg, Burton took up residence in town at an early age. He has attended the Academy since then and will be greatly missed after his graduation.

He is an excellent scholar, a fine musician and a true friend. We all wish him the very best of luck!

JOHN SMELTZER

"The muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

Who is this mighty sprinter we've heard so much about? Can it be that our old school pal, John Smeltzer, has risen so high in the athletic world? But these are honest-to-goodness facts, for whenever we hear of fresh laurels won by the Lunenburg High School Track Team, we also know that among them was John. May you "speed" your way through life as victoriously!

MARY SIMPSON

Special Students

"A pleasant, smiling cheek,
A sparkling eye,
A brow you love to banquet royally."

Mary arrived in Lunenburg about 1925 from Antigonish and finished her school career last year, returning this year as another special student. By her charming personality she has won a host of friends who wish her every success in her chosen profession.

FRED SPINDLER

Special Students

"He's the makings of a considerable clever man."

Having graduated from L. A. last year, Fred returned for this term, presumably to take Biology, Geometry and Chemistry. However, he spent most of his time warming a seat in the reading room, and managed to crowd in some hockey between sittings. He has been a great help in the publication of our first school magazine, and we are going to miss him greatly. Best of luck, Fred.

FRANCES SILVER

"A merry heart goes twice the way
That tires a sad one."

Whenever you hear an irrepressible giggle, there also is Frances. Always ready for the fun of the moment and an energetic worker for every cause is "Fran." She has been with us all our school days and although she has not planned anything definite for the future we know that she will do well. Success to you, Frances!

MARION TUPPER

"A winning smile, a happy face,
In all our hearts she's found a place."

After a year of good times and success at the Provincial Normal School, followed by a year of teaching, Marion joined us to take her "A." Since she arrived in Lunenburg, her jolly manner has won her a place in the hearts of everyone. Best wishes to you in your chosen career!

EDGAR VEINOT

"Not over serious, not over gay—
But a rare good fellow in his own quiet way."

After attending High School in his home town of Mahone Bay, where we hear he was fond of playing hookey, Eddie decided to further his learning by taking "A" work in Lunenburg High. His engaging manner has made him well-liked and when he leaves will have the good wishes of all.

FRANCES WHYNACHT

"She's little but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."

Her first breath of air was salty, for Frances was born in this old sea-town. She received her education at the Academy and has frolicked her way through High School. Everyone is included in her wide circle of friends and her pleasant disposition will be greatly missed when she leaves us. Best of luck, Fran!

VERNA YOUNG

"Affection warm and faith sincere
And soft humanity are here."

Once more we must take off our hats to an outside student. Verna shows us that a daily walk does neither harm to her ability, for she has captured a number of school prizes, nor to her disposition which remains just as sunny as ever.

 WOULDNT IT BE ODD TO SEE?

Mr. Hilchie's hair with a fine, smooth wave.

Some of our athletes obtaining glory as often as they do athlete's foot?

Dictionaries used for other reasons than to settle arguments.

Toast that won't burn.

The tender-faced boys stop cutting everything but their throats and calling it a shave.

A pin-pong ball that doesn't require intensive search under the table on hands and knees and then suddenly is crunched under the foot.

Mr. Moore playing "Bull in the ring" with the School Board.

The ragged exhibition of stuffed fowls in the reading-room eliminated, and the Hon. Mr. Bennett hanging beside the Hon. Mr. King above our magazines.

Everyone quiet in the reading-room during a free period.

This magazine named "The Duck," instead of "The Seagull." Then the circulation manager could ask, "Wanna' buy a duck?"

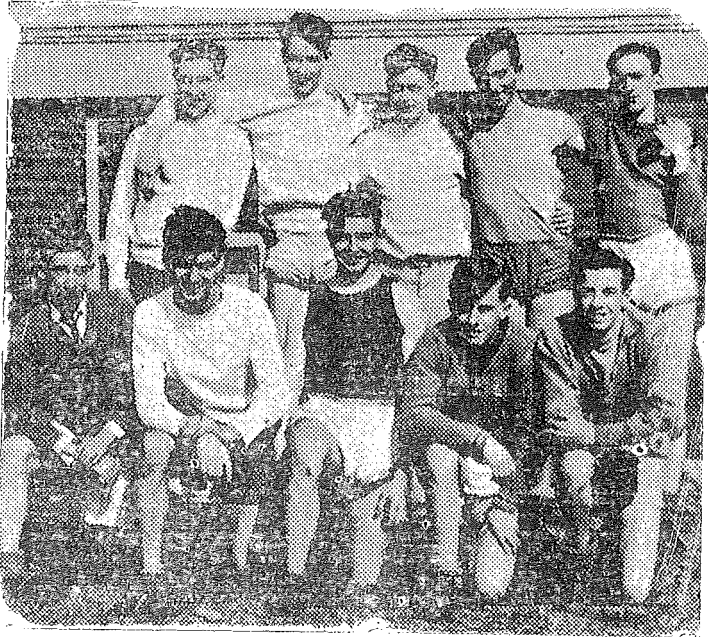
VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

Vocational Guidance is an unexplored field. Secondary schools have not done much to direct and interest students in the choice of their life-work. As an attempt to fill the gap the Lunenburg Academy sponsored a series of talks on the professions during the winter and spring months. The speakers and their subjects were as follows:

The Ministry by the late Rev. L. F. Hartzell
Public Service by J. J. Kinley, ex-M.P.P.
The Home by Mrs. Charles Thurlow
Merchandising by W. T. Powers
Teaching by Inspector M. O. Maxner
Banking by H. E. Mercer
Dentistry by Dr. H. B. Himmelman
Journalism by Comm. H. R. Arenburg
Law by Lawyer R. C. Sterne
The Fishing Industry by M. M. Gardner
Foundry Work by Mayor A. W. Schwartz
The Building Trades by Comm. A. F. Powers
Medicine by Dr. R. C. Zinck
Nursing by Miss Hunter

THE SEA GULL

1934 Track Team



(Courtesy of Halifax Chronicle)

Presenting the Lunenburg Academy Track and Field Squad, which made a splendid showing at the 1934 Acadia Relays. Six of this team later won the Maritime Track Championships at Halifax on July 28. First row, left to right—Dana Smith, Douglas Cantelope, John Smeltzer, Earl Quinlan, Ernest Smith. Standing—Frank Oxner, Harry Fox, Fred Fox, George Naas, Frank Whynacht.

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CONGRATULATIONS ..

to the teachers and students who have undertaken the publication of an official High School paper. We wish them success in its development, and believe their endeavours will be not only of interest to the community, but also of benefit to those whose contributions appear or who take part in the business management. We shall look forward with much pleasure to succeeding issues.

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Nobody Important '35. - ?

(El) Somebody Else '35

Warren '35

Aileen Langille '35

James G. Holt '35

Spencer H. Hamm

Willis Langille + to d.

Sidney Spickle,

Janitor

THE SEA GULL

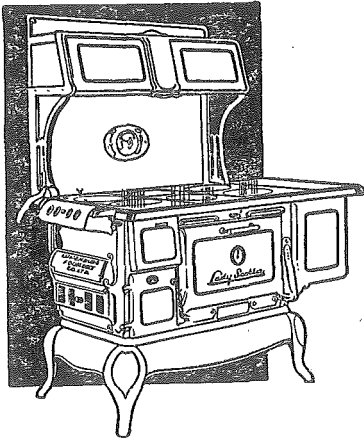
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