

The
SEA GULL



Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1936

THE LUNENBURG
BOARD OF
TRADE



heartily congratulates the student body and teaching staff of the Lunenburg High School on the appearance of their second annual edition of the "SEA GULL."

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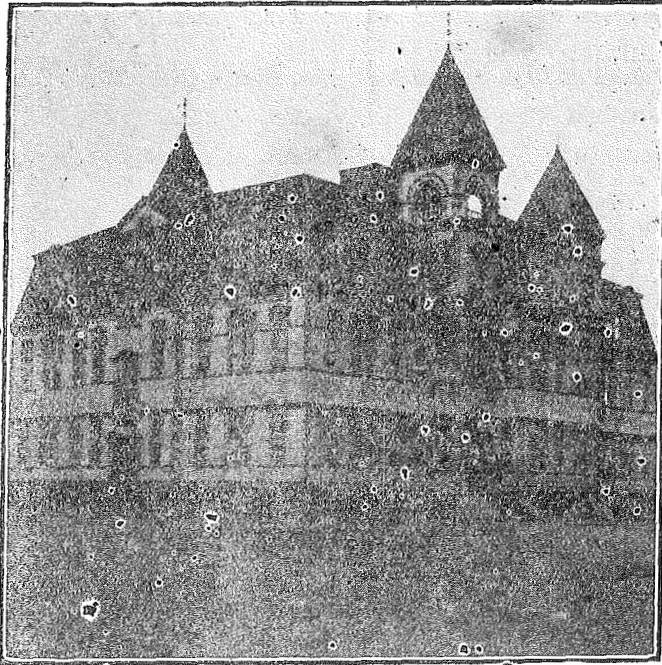
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THE SEA GULL

Table Of Contents

Board of School Commissioners.....	7
Board of Editors, Faculty.....	9
Editorials.....	10—11
The Future of High School Graduates, Evelyn Beck, '35	
D. H. Collins, Principal.....	12
Biographies.....	13—15
Mayor A. W. Schwartz, Lloyd Langille, '36	
Mcarris Watson Wilson, Elizabeth Kohler, '36	
Burgess McKittrick, B. A., Elizabeth Kohler, '36	
P o e m s.....	16—18
Call to Arms, Elizabeth Manthorne, '37	
Wind, Marie P. Levy, '38	
Nightfall, Clyde G. Westhaver, '38	
Nature's Priceless Gift, Marie P. Levy, '38	
Sleepy Heads, Dorothy Crouse, '39	
Tobogganing After Dark, Barbara Mercer, '39	
Short Stories.....	19—23
The Red Lamp, Agnes Demone, '39	
Buying a Hat, Ruth Powers, '38	
When Frances Disobeyed, Barbara Mercer, '39	
Lost and Found, Marjorie Saunders, '39	
Essays.....	24—26
The Monument, Vivian Crouse, '38	
Opinion, Clyde Westhaver, '38	
The Laboratory, James Anderson, '36	
My First Attempt to Paint from Nature, Clyde Westhaver, '38	
Articles.....	27—30
Diamonds, Minnie Hunt, '39	
Stamp Collecting, Forbes Mountain, '38	
The Building of a Gasoline Engine, Martin Eisenhauer, '38	
A Strange Storm, Forbes Mountain, '38	
School News, Joan Mercer, '38.....	30—31
Personals.....	31
Ruth Powers, '38	
Charlotte Corkum, '36	
Burton Corkum, '37	
Biographies, Class '36, Evelyn Beck '35.....	32—34
Jokes.....	35
Lloyd Langille, '37	
Maxwell Corkum, '37	

POINTS BY CLASSES ON MATERIAL SUBMITTED

Grade X.....	22 points
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The Sea Gull

VOL. 2 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1936 NO. 2

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THE FUTURE OF HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

BY

EVELYN BECK, '35

This is a world of change!

June 1926—A fresh group of graduates is leaving Lunenburg High School equipped with certificates indicating good scholarship. They are educated people. They may enter banks. They may become stenographers. They may be bookkeepers. They may go to college, with every prospect for a bright future. Each one of them has a chance to become of some importance in this world.

Time Marches On!

June 1936—Another group of students is receiving certificates from Lunenburg Academy—a group far larger in number—a group with no less ability and with just as high a grade of scholarship. But! Dark is the future! Few are the hopes for good positions. Slight are the chances to attend college! Discouraging are the prospects, even with a college education! Poor are the openings for becoming either banker, stenographer, bookkeeper or student.

Yes, this is a changing and a changed world.

Is it fair? Certainly not. But this world is not one in which we can question the fairness of anything. We must accept the situation as we find it.

What then should be our attitude towards the environment in which we find ourselves? We can best find the solution by answering this question: What man has actually achieved most in this world? And the reply is: The man who made the best disposal of the resources he had at hand. As Burns says "the lowly train in life's sequester'd scene" many render far greater service than a person better equipped in money or knowledge. If High School graduates do the most with the little they have, they may be said to have done a useful work. Even if the work be purely physical, the person who performs it may be said to have done his bit providing it is an honest and a necessary work.

But have we no opportunity to do still greater service to mankind?

Our present Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir, addressing an authors' association said words to this effect: "A great deal has been written in the field of literature. It may seem that doors are closed to newcomers. But even here there are fields which have scarcely been touched." Yes, the field of literature is open to us. Count the number of really good Canadian novels. One of us may be able to add to the exceedingly small list.

We have studied in science that if the atoms of matter could but be broken into their component parts the amount of power to be generated could only be imagined. Who knows but that it might be one of us who finds the way? The field of physics offers scope for any of us.

Medical men are becoming alarmed at the appalling increase in the cancer death-rate. For all we know there may be a possibility of giving immunity to man against tuberculosis. There are ductless glands in our bodies of which we cannot understand the working. Could we not interest ourselves in promoting a healthier universe?

A few years ago, Canadians were shocked by the Beauharnois episode. The Canadian National Railways system, if allowed to pile up debt, will eventually lead to the bankruptcy of the Nation. The efficiency of our Governments, Dominion, Provincial and Municipal leaves much to be desired. Are we interested in the well-being of Canada? The field of politics and government lies open to us.

And yet there stands before us a far greater duty. Since 1929 the world has been almost paralyzed. The generations ahead of us seem unable to cope with the difficulties. Unemployment, poverty, dissatisfaction,

and a host of similar enemies are with us. Will they always be with us? Apparently they will, if the same generation that brought them remains with us. Who can provide the leadership? Youth alone! And what youth? The youth who have equipped themselves with an education necessary to meet problems of this kind. And WE are that Youth. We should be like Matthew Arnold's "Youth." Addressing them he says:

Then, in such hour of need
 Of your fainting, dispirited youth,
 Ye, like angels, appear,
 Radiant with ardour divine!
 * * * *

Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
 Panic, despair, flee away.
 * * * *

Order, courage return.

Can we dispel panic and despair? Can we help to bring back order and courage?

COMMENTS BY THE PRINCIPAL

As there are several phases of our school work to which I should like to refer which have very little relationship to one another, I shall divide what I have to write into chapters. I have a legitimate precedent in a booklet sent me recently by no less an authority than Prof. DeWolfe of the Normal College. Naturally these chapters will be brief.

(1)

In an Academy like ours, a wholesome school spirit is to be desired. Opinions vary as to the best methods to obtain this. Should it be developed by emphasis on sports, getting results in the final examinations, or other equally questionable objectives? No staff desires to neglect the foregoing, but isn't there such a thing as over-emphasizing them? All the activities of the school should contribute to the development of right attitudes in the students, the opportunity for the growth of good citizenship. Those who live in Lunenburg know how the Academy staff is attempting to attain these objectives.

The Oratorical Contest held in April is an example of what the Academy is trying to accomplish in the wider expression of education. Each student took part in the Preliminary Contest for the selection of those to orate before the public. The students, under the guidance of the teachers, selected four speakers to represent each class. This was an attempt to teach the students to exercise the franchise. The opinion of the student body was justified by the excellent speeches delivered before a capacity audience.

(2)

The Board of School Commissioners exercised good judgment in the opening of a Night School for the winter months. Forty pupils enrolled; the majority with a keen desire to improve themselves. Only a few failed to complete the term. The Night School was in keeping with the modern stress on adult education. The Board and students deserve the congratulations of the community.

(3)

Another innovation during the present school year, was a music class for the teachers of the Common School. The class was under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner. The course presented paralleled the work laid down in the school curriculum with the idea that the teachers could impart what was taught them in the classroom. I have been pleased with the manner in which the teachers responded, and the work they are doing along this line in their respective classes. If music is taught in our schools, it will add much to what the school is doing for our future citizenship.

(4)

In a school as well-equipped as ours is, it is regrettable that courses in Manual Training and Domestic Science are not offered. Will Durant, in a recent article, writes that every boy should be taught the use of tools. It is to be hoped, as times become better, these courses will be added to the school curriculum.

(5)

I should like to congratulate the students who have contributed to the Seagull this year. The public are the judges of the quality of these contributions. I am particularly pleased to find that Grades IX and X are taking a keen interest in the magazine.

I wish to call attention to the firms, stores and educational institutions which have taken advertising in this issue of the Seagull. If you think of it, let them know that you have seen their advertisement.

D. H. COLLINS, Principal

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

Mayor A. W. Schwartz

BY
LLOYD LANGILLE, '37

On the thirteenth day of February 1936, Mayor A. W. Schwartz celebrated his tenth year as Mayor of Lunenburg.

Mayor Schwartz was born in Lunenburg in 1879. He obtained his early education here, in the common school. At a very young age he left school and helped his parents on their farm. He went with his brother, a captain of a sailing vessel, on a few sea-trips; but lacking the sea-spirit, which is born in nearly every Lunenburg boy, Mr. Schwartz did not follow the sea. Instead, at the age of sixteen, he secured a position as moulder in the Lunenburg Foundry, then known as "The Lunenburg Iron Company." The staff then consisted of six moulders, one machinist, and one stove-fitter.

Mr. Schwartz worked in the Lunenburg Iron Company for four years. Having learned his trade by this time, he accepted a position in an Amherst foundry in 1899, and worked there until 1903, then in Lunenburg during the following three years. While in Amherst, he expanded his knowledge by attending a night school.

He was offered a position as superintendent of Thompson's Foundry in North Sydney. Being superintendent of a foundry was a very great achievement for Mr. Schwartz for he was then only twenty-seven years old. During the first few weeks away from home, Mr. Schwartz was often overcome by homesickness. He always looked forward to the Christmas vacation and "week off" during the summer, which he spent at home, and which he describes as "the best time of his life."

Mr. Schwartz was, and still is extremely fond of his home town, and in 1910 he had the opportunity to return home and accept the position of superintendent of the moulding department of the Lunenburg Foundry. From then till now, he has been employed in this business. In 1924 he was made a director, and in 1928 was elected vice-president of the Foundry—a position he is still holding.

Mayor Schwartz has played an important part in the civic affairs of Lunenburg. In 1914, he was elected Councillor, an office which he held for eight years. In 1922 he was elected Mayor and retired in 1930 after occupying this office for eight years. After four years of retirement, he was again elected as Mayor and at the present time he is filling that position.

Mr. Schwartz is chairman of the Board of School Commissioners, and he has helped the school in various ways, on several occasions. Last year he gave one in a series of vocational talks. "Foundry Work" was his subject, one with which he is thoroughly familiar.

Mr. Schwartz is also a prominent figure in Church work. Thirty-eight years ago he began to teach a class in Sunday School. He was elected an elder of the Presbyterian Church in 1911, and in 1915 was appointed Superintendent of the Sunday School. August of this year will mark his twentieth year in this capacity. In 1923 he was made representative of the Church Elders. Mr. Schwartz has delivered sermons on several occasions, in the absence of the regular minister.

As a boy, Mr. Schwartz made all his toys. He constructed a miniature railroad through the orchard and around the house. He had an animal circus, composed of such animals as rats, toads, frogs, and other rare species—a rabbit for the elephant—whose performances were so highly praised by a certain citizen that the proud owner was asked to perform with his circus, in some public place, but the offer was not accepted.

Mr. Schwartz recalls many humorous incidents of his youth, one of

the most outstanding being this: "One day his elder brother purchased a watch, and, to young Arthur, this watch was one of the seven wonders of the world. Every day he would check the watch's time with that indicated by the grandfather's clock in the hall. One day he noticed his brother's watch was a few minutes slow. With the mischievous inheritance of every young boy, he decided to correct the error. He removed the crystal, and began to set the watch in the same manner as he had seen his father set the clock in the hall—by moving the hands. But being unskilled in this work, he found to his great amazement, the hands broke off! Here his inventive mind came into play, and he contrived a scheme by which he might escape suspicion. He placed the watch on the floor and laid his brother's vest over it. At noon, his brother came home and went to his room. He promptly returned, and told the family how his vest, containing his watch, had slipped off a chair, and in striking the floor, the hands had broken off the watch. He asked his young brother to take it to the jeweller and have the hands replaced. When little Arthur returned, his brother offered him, for his trouble, a dime, which was at first refused, but later accepted."

Mr. Schwartz was very fond of sports, and in 1916, was elected President of the Lunenburg Athletic Association. He still participates in sports, being an ardent golfer and curler.

At his home, one may observe many beautiful lamps, all of which have been made by him. Mr. Schwartz is very skilled along this line, and his skill is demonstrated in the "Special Feature" in the Foundry booth at the Fisheries Exhibition. Each year, he has a new idea, which he develops alone.

Mr. Schwartz possesses a fatherly love for all young people, chiefly boys. Numerous times he has invited boys to his house for a "little chat." Again, at the Sunday School picnics, Mr. Schwartz is a leader in all the boys' sports, taking part as if he were a boy himself.

There is an old proverb which goes something like this:

"Jack of all trades, but master of none."

In Mr. Schwartz's case, however, only the first part of this is true. Indeed, he is able to do almost anything which he sets out to do, and it is always done well.

Lunenburg has produced many fine men, of whom she can be very proud, and in this number she is proud to include Mayor Schwartz.

Morris Watson Wilson

BY

ELIZABETH KOHLER, '36

With the appearance in Lunenburg of the morning papers on December first, nineteen hundred and thirty-four, an article that attracted the eye of every person reading it was that a native son, Morris Watson Wilson, had been awarded an honor, a position of trust and an appointment won mainly on merit—the Presidency of the Royal Bank of Canada.

With what pride his townspeople read the news, many recalling his boyhood spent in the shire town of Lunenburg. Today, his principal, Mr. McKittrick, takes great pleasure in relating many anecdotes of his school days and his ability for leadership, even at that time. The people of Lunenburg are justly proud of him, and appreciative of the honor he has brought to this seaport town.

Born of hardy stock, reared in a coastal town, he developed a physique which, as he grew to manhood, made him outstanding in physical fitness. At the early age of fourteen, Mr. Wilson started his banking career in his home town, as a junior clerk. His life has been marked by a series of pro-

motions through which he has acquired experience in every phase of banking activity.

Twelve years later, he received the first promotion when he was transferred to Vancouver. After two years at that branch he became manager of the main office there—a position that he held for five years. In 1916, another appointment came to him when he was made Chief Inspector of the Head Office in Montreal and from then on other promotions followed. In 1922 he became Senior Assistant Manager and in 1929 General Manager as well as Vice President.

Preceding Presidents of the Royal Bank of Canada had been prominent in industry and commerce, while Mr. Wilson is really the first professional banker to fill that position. Like any other man, he enjoys work and pleasure, but has found it necessary to draw a sharp line between both and prevent one from interfering with the other. His interests do not all lie wholly in banking but also in golf, a game which he regards as a pleasing recreation.

On days when the weather proves too inclement for outdoor sport, he diverts his time with other hobbies.

Today in the prime of life as head of one of the largest banking institutions in the world, Morris Wilson has reached the top of the ladder without any visible sign of loss in power. This characteristic was a prime factor in bringing about his selection as the active head of the "Royal Bank of Canada."

Burgess McKittrick, B. A.

BY

ELIZABETH KOHLER, '36

Burgess McKittrick was born at Cornwallis, Kings County, Nova Scotia. It was here he spent his boyhood days and received his early education.

Having completed this phase of his education, he entered Dalhousie University. He graduated in 1877, winning the Governor-General's medal for scholarly attainments.

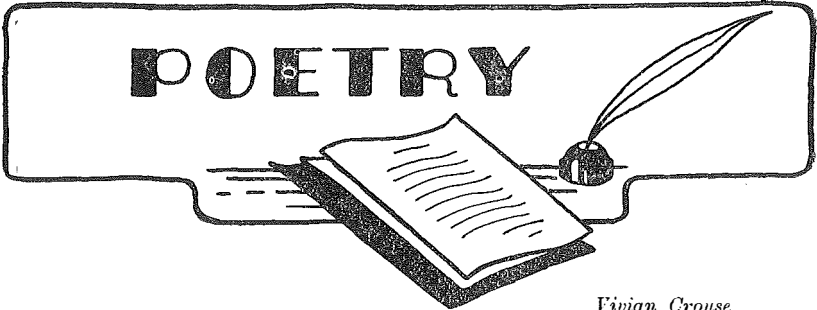
After leaving college, Mr. McKittrick was appointed principal of the Sydney Academy and public schools, a position that he held for eleven years. In May 1890, he accepted the principalship of the Lunenburg County Academy. A successful teacher of several years' experience, his fine scholarship, sound judgment and unremitting energy, made him eminently fitted for his responsible position. Under his able management, the public schools of this town received a healthy stimulus.

In July 1918 he resigned as principal of the Lunenburg Academy and public schools, thus ending a fine career of forty-three years service in the schools of Nova Scotia.

As a citizen in our town, Mr. McKittrick is highly esteemed. The people of Lunenburg know their ex-principal as a man of character, intellect, and liberal outlook. Though he retired from active work some years ago, he still takes a keen interest in town activities.

Lunenburg Academy ranks high among the public schools of the Province today. Much credit is due to the early efforts of one who spent the best years of his life as its principal.

The people of Lunenburg, young and old, say "Long live Burgess McKittrick."



Fivian Crouse

CALL TO ARMS

BY

ELIZABETH MANTHORNE, '37

To every tiny hamlet came the call,
 To forest glen and craggy mountain tall;
 To arms! to arms! the foe invade our land!
 We grasp the sword and bravely take our stand.

While loyal blood still flows in British veins,
 Their love for Britain's Empire still remains:
 The first, the last, the greatest love of all,
 That brought her sons to answer to her call.

The call that never yet was giv'n in vain,
 That strengthened weary arms on battle plain,
 Until the ruthless foe were driven back,
 And victory once more crowned the Union Jack.

WIND

BY

MARIE P. LEVY, '38

O blowing breeze above the earth and billow,
 That bringest sunshine and causest clouds to frown;
 Thou makest trees bend by thy mighty power,
 And sendest ships far, far away from town.

Strong is thy hand when in thy fiercest tempest
 Thou the brave seaman makest sore afraid;
 But, oh, how pleasant are thy sweet caresses,
 When o'er the earth thy gentle breeze is laid.

O soaring wind, thou knowest greatest freedom;
 As o'er the teeming land and foaming ocean
 No obstacles can stop thee in thy flight;
 Thou speed'st from early morn till silent night.

NIGHTFALL

BY

CLYDE G. WESTHAVER, '38

Dying embers of day's bright fire,
Alloys of blood-red and gold;
Ineffable colors of the Divine,
At sunset His glory unfold.

They linger but few precious moments,
Then fade, gently fade, pale and wan,
Then deepen to shadows of evening,
And blueness and darkness they don.

O'er earth's dew-laden grasses
Dark forms flit by eerily;
Small lights begin then to twinkle—
Creatures by darkness set free.

Ere night brings dark and peril,
Small voices cease to trill
From soft shadows near the alders
On the bank of a soft-flowing rill.

But soon o'er the calmed waters
A faint breeze is beginning to stir,
And a glimmer of light betokens
Life which night does not deter.

The ruddy tip of a fair, full moon
Silhouettes the eastern isles,
And paling the light of a heaven of stars,
O'er all Nature coldly smiles.

NATURE'S PRICELESS GIFT

BY

MARIE P. LEVY, '38

Of all the gifts of Nature,
The fondest and most dear,
Is one we love so truly
E'en in our earliest year.

With soothing words of comfort
She scatters ills and woes;
She understands our trials,
Our failures, too, she knows.

Still tenderly she loves us,
Remains our truest friend;
E'en though we prove unworthy,
She loves us to the end.

"Who is this priceless person?"
The question comes to mind.
She is that well loved MOTHER
The best friend of mankind.

THE SEA GULL

SLEEPY HEADS

BY

DOROTHY CROUSE, '39

So many little sleepy heads,
 Each lying in a trundle bed;
 Among them many a fevered cheek,
 And also weary ones and weak.

In early morning, at the dawn
 How these sleepy heads do yawn.
 When the sun rose in the morn
 Many wished they ne'er were born.

Mothers call to make them rise,
 But they think she is not wise.
 When off to school they soon must go,
 Then all of them are filled with woe.

TOBOGGANING AFTER DARK

BY

BARBARA MERCER, '39

When the moon is shining brightly,
 And the stars are all out, too,
 Round up a crowd of boys and girls
 And bid them follow you.
 Then take them to a snowy hill
 And oh! they'll have a lark;
 There's nothing they'll like better than
 Tobogganing after dark.

So quickly you go down the hill,
 Bumpity, bumpity, bump—
 O'er everything it possibly can
 The toboggan takes a jump.
 You may, at times, be over turned
 And oh! you'll have a fright,
 But these things happen when you go
 Tobogganing at night.

Though heavy the toboggan be
 As you drag it up the hill
 Just think of coasting down again
 Then haul with right good will.
 And when at last it's time to go,
 You near the bedtime mark,
 You'll sure be glad that you have gone
 Tobogganing after dark.



Virian Crouse

THE RED LAMP

BY

AGNES DEMONE, '39

It was just a scarred red lamp that looked out of place in the modernistic Park Avenue apartment. It stood majestically on a black lacquer table. The room was a contrast of black and silver with vivid splashes of color for curtains and cushions. Such were the surroundings of the queer lamp.

Mr. Brooke had brought the lamp with him from China years ago. It had been scarred then, but now it looked like a patch work quilt because the shade was composed of different colors.

Mr. Brooke's first employee was a Negro, who was very superstitious. His first night at the apartment he said to Mr. Brooke, "Ah'm powerful scared ob dat dere red lamp, c'os ah tink it reminds me of de judgment."

"Rastus," replied his employer, "that lamp won't hurt you if you don't touch it."

Rastus did not touch it. He was so frightened he left the next morning.

The next servant was a nervous little man who insisted that the lamp should be broken. However, every time Mr. Brooke turned on its light, his fright got the better of him, and he ran trembling from the room. He said he was afraid to stay alone, so Mr. Brooke employed a French butler. The butler had been a strong man when he was young, and he feared nothing.

The butler's room was next to the "red room," as he called it; because, he said, "When you turn on that funny lamp, the room becomes red and I always think I can see people moving in the shadows."

This particular night Mr. Brooke told his employees he was having some of his friends in for the evening. He told the butler and the cook that they must dress in their best uniforms. So, in half-an-hour's time they were looking as the cook said, like starched peacocks.

Mr. Brooke's friends came and talked until they were tired. The red lamp was burning and the cook was trembling. The butler stood at the door, waiting grimly till eleven o'clock when the refreshments were to be served. He saw red flashes in the room. He knew at once that they were signals for something. A few minutes later he heard the buzzer. He opened the door, and behold—there stood three detectives with their pistols levelled. When the cook saw this strange sight, he promptly ran toward the nearest cupboard. The detectives entered the room and stood behind each of Mr. Brooke's friends while Mr. Brooke explained that they were the much-talked-about jewel thieves. They were handcuffed and pushed roughly from the room.

Mr. Brooke noticed his gaping servants—the cook had come back by this time—and told them to sit down and stop asking questions. They did sit down, but the questions still continued to flow from the interested group. Mr. Brooke told them the story of his life, and ended by saying, "Yes, I am

the chief of private detectives, and this red lamp is used as a signal telling my men to come to this apartment. The men live just across the street, as you know."

The butler and the cook stayed with Mr. Brooke a long time, and as far as they were concerned, the lamp was just a red lamp with no mystery connected with it at all.

BUYING A HAT WITH THE HELP OF THREE BROTHERS

BY

RUTH POWERS, '38

Molly Chipman and her three brothers Bill, Jim and Charlie, motored into the city one day on some business. They had luncheon together though Molly had trotted around alone all morning.

"I tried to get myself a hat," she said, "but I saw so many I liked, I didn't know which one I wanted. Will you come and help me decide this afternoon?"

"We have a little business to finish first," said Jim, "but after that we'll come and help you. Where do you want us to meet you?"

"Well, how long will you be?" asked Molly. "Can I meet you at Johnson's at three-thirty?"

"Yep, that'll be O. K." answered Bill. "It's a date."

So three-thirty found them all at Johnson's Hat Shop. As usual, Molly was the last to arrive.

"Well, since we're all here we might as well go in," she said as she came up. "The nice hats are upstairs. Just follow me; I know the way."

They trooped up the long stairs with Molly in the lead, each one occupying a step, and feeling as though he were playing follow the leader.

When Molly had tried on several hats, she came to the one she thought she liked best.

"Oh, I do like this," she commented, "Don't you? If you don't, you might as well say so because I can tell anyway."

The hat was blue with an up-turned brim. It had a ribbon running round the back and disappearing under the brim. In the front was a pin containing many brilliants.

"Of course I could get a nicer pin," she continued, "but the main point is whether I like the hat or not. How about you, Jim, do you like it?"

"Why-er yes, I think you look lovely in it."

"Now Jim, you don't like it," said Molly, frowning. "I just know you don't. Tell me why."

But I do like it, Molly," argued Jim.

"No, you don't, Jim, and I want to know the reason. Please tell me," she pleaded.

"Well, if you must know, it makes you look too tall and thin," confessed Jim.

"Then that's out of the question," stated Molly flatly. "Now to look for an—"

"Oh, don't throw it aside for my sake, Molly," said Jim.

"Oh yes," she answered briskly. "I'm going to get one you all like or not get one at all. And that is that."

Soon afterwards she came to another that she thought she liked very well, but it raised a complaint from both Bill and Charlie, and so she laid that one aside.

When closing time came, she was still without a hat.

"Goodness," she sighed, as they descended the steps. "I suppose I'll

have to wear my black one for a while. I did see a cute one home that I suppose I'll have to take if I want any at all."

"Do you mean that one you had out on approval the other day?" asked Charlie. "Because I thought I'd get something better in the city." answered Molly. "That was a peach, why didn't you keep it?"

"But I guess I didn't and I'll have to take it. I had them put it away for me, thank goodness."

"And you spent a whole afternoon doing nothing," said Bill pretending disgust.

"And which all goes to show you what happens when you go shopping in the city for clothes when you can get better ones at home," finished Charlie.

At this they all laughed and continued happily on their homeward journey.

WHEN FRANCES DISOBEYED

BY

BARBARA MERCER, '39

It was the hour at Guide Camp when the girls could do very much as they pleased. Two of them were wandering round the grounds and came down to the edge of the river where two boats were tied at a small wharf.

"Let's go rowing," suggested Frances.

"Why, you're not allowed in a boat, are you?" asked Helen.

"I'd like to know why not; I can swim as well as anyone at camp."

"Yes, but while you were off in the woods with Mary yesterday, Captain said that no one could go in a boat unless they could swim one hundred yards, and she tested the girls who wanted permission to go," answered Helen. "You weren't tried out and now she is in town."

"Well, I'm going to ask Jean, then," said Frances. "Come on."

The girls went off to find Jean, the lieutenant, and Frances asked permission to go rowing, but Jean would not give it.

"Oh, Jean, you know I can swim one hundred yards," pleaded Frances.

"Yes, I know you can, but Captain told me not to permit anyone to go in a boat unless she had passed the test, and you haven't. Helen may go, if she likes."

"Oh, I'm not going without Fran," said Helen quickly.

"There's still plenty of time, you know Frances. This is only the second day," Jean reminded her as the girls turned to leave. Before they had gone far, she called them back. "Did you notice if the oars were in the boats?" she asked. The girls replied that they had not noticed, but offered to go and see.

"If they are, please put them in the boat-house," said the lieutenant. "And be sure the boats are well tied. We will not be needing them today. When Captain comes back we are all going for a hike."

The girls left Jean, and Helen ran over to the tents to get a sweater, calling over her shoulder to Frances that she would meet her in a few minutes. Frances walked on, and as she neared the beach, she heard a child crying loudly.

Locking up quickly, she saw a little girl drifting out toward the sea in a small row-boat. She was standing in the middle of the boat and screaming at the top of her voice. The boat was moving fairly slowly, as the current was not strong, but the child was in danger of falling overboard for she was becoming more excited every minute.

"Well, orders or no orders, here I go," thought Frances as she dashed to the wharf and jumped into a boat. Quickly she untied it and rowed as fast as she could to the little girl who was quite far from shore. As she

neared the boat, the child noticed her approach and stopped screaming.

Frances climbed into the drifting boat and made the rope fast.

"Never mind," she said to the little girl. "We'll soon be on shore, safe and sound."

Meanwhile, Helen had found her sweater and had come to the shore, arriving at the moment when Frances was climbing into the other boat. Seeing that she needed no help, Helen waited on the wharf until Frances reached her.

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An explanation was quickly made, and the girls started up to the camp with the rescued child, who by this time was in the best of spirits. The Guides crowded around them and made so much noise that Captain, who had returned earlier than was expected, came to find out what was going on.

When at last, with everyone talking at once, she heard what had happened, she asked the little girl her name. "Doris McKinnon," replied the child, "and I live at Green Cove." At this, one of the girls spoke up quickly.

"Why, that's where Nan Anderson's summer camp is," she said, "she must know this kid."

A girl ran off to get Nan who had not joined the group, and soon returned with her. Seeing Nan coming, Doris ran to meet her. Nan explained that her camp was next door to the McKinnon home, and that, if Captain wished, she would drive down to Green Cove with her to take Doris home.

Captain agreed, so she and Nan drove off, leaving Frances in the midst of an admiring crowd. They returned in half-an-hour and all the girls gathered in Nan's tent to hear what had happened.

"Well," she said, "with everybody chattering it was hard to get the story, but I'll do my best to tell you. It seems that Doris and her big brother were going for a row. She was very much excited, for Bill does not get down to camp often, as he works in the city. She ran down to the wharf while he was getting ready, and as he was taking a long time, she untied the boat. Then she sat down to wait, and didn't notice, I suppose, that she was drifting away until it was too late. That's all."

"Didn't they even look for the kid?" asked an inquisitive Guide. "Seems funny to let her disappear and not do anything about it."

"Well, just as Bill was going out, Mrs. McKinnon asked him to get some water, and he called out to Doris to wait a few minutes. She didn't answer, but he thought she must have heard. When he came back she was gone. He had seen my kid brother around when he had called to Doris, but now he was gone too, so he thought that Doris had become tired of waiting for him, and had asked Jack to take her out. So they weren't worrying."

That night, when all the girls were seated around the campfire, Captain rose.

"Before we start singing," she said, "I have something to say. You all know what happened this afternoon, and I think that Frances has proved that she can handle a boat satisfactorily. I'm glad she was Guide enough to rise to the occasion, and after this if you feel that something absolutely must be done which you have been forbidden to do, disobey intelligently. Obey the rules as far as possible but at times like this you are justified in ignoring them. It is better to disobey intelligently than to obey stupidly and blindly."

"You had your row, after all, and I didn't," said Helen, as they climbed into bed an hour later.

"Yes," Frances sighed happily, "but as Jean says, 'It's only the second day.'"

LOST AND FOUND

BY

MARJORIE SAUNDFRS, '39

"George, come here!"

"Coming," shouted George, as he hurried out the door and ran into the street.

"Look what I've found," said Phyllis.

There, in the street, lay a cute little Scotch Terrier, holding up his paw, and wincing with pain.

"Gee!" exclaimed George, "what happened to him?"

"I don't know for sure," said Phyllis, "but when I came out of the house to go on an errand for mother, I heard a car jam on its brakes and heard this little pup whining, so I came out to get him."

"Well, we better take him in the house and ask mother what to do," said George.

"All right," said Phyllis, "you carry him in but be careful not to touch his paw, as it hurts him so much."

When their mother saw the little dog, she said the best thing to do was to call the veterinary; so George telephoned Dr. Smith.

The doctor arrived in a few minutes and found the paw was broken. He set it and told Phyllis to bring the dog over in a day or two and have the paw re-set. After the doctor left, the children asked their mother what they should do with the pup.

"Well," said Mrs. Lynn, "I think we had better wait until your daddy comes home, and then decide. In the meantime, we'll make him comfortable."

The children got a chair and cushion and put the pup there. Then they went on an errand for their mother, and on their return met a little boy who was crying bitterly.

"What's the matter?" inquired Phyllis.

"Pat's g-g-gone," cried the little boy.

"Who is Pat?" George questioned.

"He's my doggie," sniffed the lad. "I was out in the park, playing with him, and he runned away."

"What color is he?" asked George.

"He's all brown, with a little white on his nose," replied the little boy.

"Why, that's the color of the pup we found," said George, looknig at his sister.

"Do you think it could be Pat?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"Of course it could," replied Phyllis. "You come home with us and find out"

The little chap went home with George and Phyllis and when the pup heard the lad's voice he started barking, so then they knew that this must be his master.

"Well, I guess you had better take your little dog home now," said George, slowly and reluctantly.

"Yes," said the little boy, going out the door, "my daddy gibbed him to me, you know."

THE MONUMENT

BY

VIVIAN CROUSE, '38

The monument is built on Memorial Square. It was placed there after the World War in remembrance of those who gave their lives for us in defending our country.

Many people look at the monument and think of it only as a plain monument. They never stop to think of the story that lies behind it. If, perchance, any citizen thinks of the true reason why this statue was placed there, he will realize the gratitude he owes to the soldiers of 1914-18 and regard it with deepest reverence.

In 1914 when the World War broke out, there were many people of Lunenburg who left their homes to face the foe undauntedly. During the War they fought like true Canadians.

When we study the countenance of the soldier on the monument, we perceive that he is looking across the sea, as though he were waiting and looking for his friends who never returned. The manner in which his gun has been placed is a clear indication that he was glad to lay it aside, but if need arise, will use it for the sake of his native land.

The names of those who fell on Vimy Ridge, Flander's Field and elsewhere, are recorded here. Every Armistice Day, November 11, the citizens of this town, young and old, go to this memorial spot, to honor the memory of these heroes. Any loyal citizen should feel that he has a right to respect this token of appreciation of sacrifice and service.

OPINION

BY

CLYDE WESTHAVER, '38

It is dismaying, when you stop to analyze the matter, to find what whimsical motives govern most of our opinions and how many "opinions" have been taken for granted without being questioned.

A great many opinions are decided by the environment in which we live. When we become aware of this fact and seek to be original and to gain independent opinions, I have found from experience that we are assailed by myriad doubts and much bewilderment on every side. As we waver between two opinions, a very trivial or whimsical thing may incline us to one side or the other. If we analyze ourselves carefully, to most of us it will seem that many of our present "views" are mere prejudices and have been held for no very definite reason except, perhaps, that they are held by those persons who have most influence on us, or, possibly, because every body else thinks so. There is also danger in drawing hasty conclusions without due reasoning, or in an adverse mood forming an opinion.

Many things we take for granted are accepted, as Tolstoy, the great Russian writer, has said, because we belong to the circle of those who think thus. Some criminals are proud of their dark achievements, especially if they have been bred to crime. The reason we take for granted the business of national murder, called war, is because we belong to the vast circle of those who too readily sanction it.

THE LABORATORY

BY

JAMES D. ANDERSON, '36

When a student first enters Grade XII, he looks forward to his work in the laboratory, where he can perform experiments by himself. After attending two or three lab. periods, he soon changes his mind (and also minds his change, as we shall see later).

Let us take an example. The students of the Latin class are just finishing their Vergil, which, incidentally, doesn't make sense when it is finished—but then, Latin never does. When they enter the lab, they will probably be greeted by a smell strongly resembling that of rotten eggs—that's most likely the work of some joker who has been making sulphuretted hydrogen. Never mind, the worst is yet to come.

At the first of the year, they had perfectly good lab. utensils. Now, however, instead of a new pneumatic trough, they see a sorry-looking something on three legs. This, when filled with water begins to leak at every seam. Now is the time when a knowledge of plumbing and expertness with sealing-wax comes in very useful.

Having succeeded in setting up some sort of apparatus, the students begin to carry out the experiment. For example, let us say they are making chlorine.

When all the chemicals are mixed they look for the gas to appear, but they are disappointed at first. Then, when they are least expecting it, the chlorine begins to come with a vengeance. To make things worse, the apparatus begins to leak, and the students begin to wish for gas masks. Failing this, they stand by the open windows and delight in the view over the cemetery.

If they have any strength left after weighing and wheying they proceed to dismantle the apparatus, after half-heartedly performing some tests. If the materials are hardened into a solid mass, the student is not daunted. "Oh, ho!" he says, "I'll soon fix that."

The result of his fixing will probably be a flask minus one perfectly good bottom. Here's where his debt begins to run up, if he has no change on him at the time.

So ends a perfectly delightful lab. period, which everyone has enjoyed fully. Let this be a warning to students entering lab. work not to be too enthusiastic.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT TO PAINT FROM NATURE

BY

CLYDE WESTHAVER, '38

This is the story of my first attempt to paint a picture directly from Nature. Hitherto, in my brief art career, I had copied the work of "other" artists (in a manner which did not do credit to the originals). But Rome was not built in a day! My art training had consisted of a period a week for several months of the previous years at school; my equipment was elementary.

It was a beautiful midsummer day in the country, such as would inspire any devotee of the noble art—a day in which any artist would have revelled. After dinner, having nothing particular to do, I decided to get out my painting outfit and go to a near-by hill to paint. I filled a small tin can with water, and with a drawing pad as my palette, I climbed the hill. The scene

from the top, even under adverse conditions of weather, would send an artist into dithers of delight. It was a magnificent panorama.

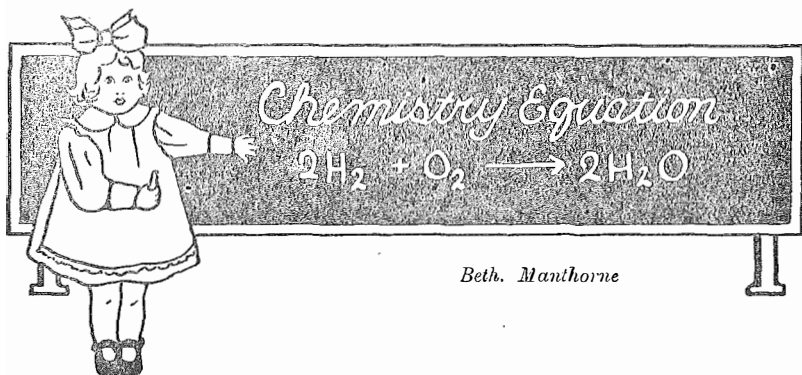
I found a convenient spot on a rock under an apple tree, near the summit of the hill. I sat down, laid out my materials, and prepared for work. But from the very first moment, the wind proved a troublesome element. It blew in very strong gusts.

The first difficulty was to get my palette securely anchored. The wind defied my most frenzied efforts to keep it spread out and in place. However, I began hopefully to block in, about two-thirds of the way toward the top of my "canvas," the outline of an island near the horizon.

Suddenly, with a shudder, I discovered a small, green, furry, repulsive-looking grub carefully climbing my arm. Another of its kind was exploring the creases of my pants. In an irregular train, down the trunk of the tree at my elbow, wound in slow procession a small army of these grubs. I changed my position slightly, put the grubs carefully back on the tree, and resumed my work. Now the wind ravaged my equipment still more. As I suppressed one corner of the paper, the other literally "rose up" in rebellion.

Soon a fine specimen of Jersey cow came on the scene, and being female, came up to make my acquaintance. Fortunately, she proved to be not exceptionally inquisitive, and was content to crop grass nearby without investigating the intruder.

By this time, the seat of my trousers was beginning to absorb moisture, so I decided to leave the field. The fruit of my labor was a dirty piece of paper with a daub of paint at the one end. Thus disillusioned as to the joys of painting without adequate apparatus, and rather discouraged, I began my descent.



DIAMONDS

BY

MINNIE HUNT, '39

We usually refer to diamonds as gems, but we rarely refer to them as being part of an element. This element is carbon, which we know as a black powder. Sometimes, however, carbon occurs in heaps of tiny crystals. It occurs also as larger crystals of a different shape, and it is these larger crystals which we know as "diamonds." These, as we all know, are rare, hard, bright, and therefore valuable.

After a diamond has been found it must be cut. An uncut diamond is not very pretty, for in this stage it resembles a rough gray pebble very different from the beautiful jewel it becomes after it has been cut, shaped, and polished.

Diamonds are grouped under different names according to their color. There are many colors, but the most valuable is the blue diamond. The two most beautiful diamonds known are the Hope Diamond and the Giant Jonker. The Jonker has been worn only on a King's crown until recently, but is now being cut into smaller diamonds.

Some may ask why diamonds are costly. First, they are very rare. They are found only in certain parts of the world and require a great deal of searching. Second, they are very hard, which quality makes them of great commercial value. It is due to this quality that the diamond has been referred to as the emblem of fearlessness. The third reason for the great value of the "King Gem," as it has been called, is its great brilliance which has caused it to become one of the most sought after jewels known.

I believe that diamonds are not worth the life and money spent in digging them out of the earth. Therefore, we hope that chemists will soon learn how to make diamonds so that all this life and money may be saved. If this feat is accomplished, everybody may have as many as they wish. We must remember that beautiful things cannot be too common.

STAMP COLLECTING

BY

FORBES MOUNTAIN, '38

Although there are hundreds of thousands of stamp collectors in the world, there are not enough to enable stamp collecting to be considered as common-place as the radio. People who do not collect stamps often have a very poor opinion of the hobby and, sometimes, of the stamp collector too.

These stamp collectors may be divided into three main classes: the beginner, the general collector, and the specialist. The beginner is a novice at the game and he will soon come across quite a few technical names which he will not be able to understand. The best thing for him to do is to collect stamps and, by these stamps, gradually increase his knowledge until he may consider himself in the general collector's class. This general collector's class may be said to be the largest of the three, and it is from this class that the beginner will be able to gain much of his knowledge. Perhaps if you have read this far, you are wondering what all this talk of knowledge is about. If you are not a stamp collector, you are likely to say that all anyone needs to know about stamps, is what country they come from. A beginner would probably agree with you, a general collector gently smile at you in a mildly superior sort of way, a specialist . . . well, it would be more advisable not to say that.

Although recognizing the countries is a most important fact, there are others which are quite important. First of all, even a mere novice will come across stamps which have some sides straight and others perforated. Perhaps "perforated" will trouble you. No, don't get the dictionary, I will tell you the meaning. Those tiny holes which appear between the stamps when they are in a sheet are the perforations.

Stamps which have one or two adjacent straight edges are called straight edged stamps. Those stamps which have the straight edges in pairs are called coil stamps. Those which have all straight edges are imperforate stamps. There is just one more point about perforations. That is their size. Machines punch differently sized perforations which vary so little, however, that it is almost impossible to see the difference with the eye. Therefore, a collector uses a perforation gauge.

The next thing in the beginner's education may be said to be the water-mark. Stamps of Britain and her Colonies and those of a few other countries, are printed on water-marked paper. To discover this water-mark a collector has at his disposal a water-mark detector which, if used correctly, will not harm the stamp. Canadian stamps are not, however, water-marked, so do not look.

Perhaps the thing a beginner might now discover is the "distinction of dies." When stamps are made and issued for a long period of time new plates are needed. Occasionally, in the making of these plates the former design is not carried out exactly and the new stamp will have a dot or a line or some other minor change that the old die did not have. Sometimes the dies are changed purposely. A magnifying glass will be of great benefit to those who go die-hunting. When a collector has reached this stage or even an earlier stage, a stamp catalogue will be of immense help to him in his classification of stamps. It enables him to find the year and the set to which any stamp he may own, belongs.

When a stamp collector knows and can use his knowledge of the above points, I should say that he could call himself a member of the general collector's class, no matter how small his stamp collection. I cannot say very much about the class of specialists because every stamp collector could specialize in something different. Just to give you a hint, shades and plate numbers constitute a large proportion of a specialist's collection.

THE BUILDING OF A GASOLINE ENGINE

BY

MARTIN EISENHAUER, '38

The first step in the making of a gasoline engine is the mining of the iron ore. In Nova Scotian-built engines most of this ore comes from Newfoundland. It is received by the factories and foundries in the form of bars called "pig" iron. Each bar weighs about seventy-five pounds.

The moulders get their moulds ready from wooden patterns, which are made in the pattern shop. They place sand, which is treated with chemicals and slightly moistened, in wooden boxes that have a top "cope" and a bottom "drag." The pattern is put in the sand and the sand is packed around it. The top part of the box is then taken off and the pattern removed. The sand keeps the shape of the pattern. The box is put together again and a hole is made in the sand through which the iron is poured after smelting.

The pig iron, with a small quantity of scrap iron to make it stronger, is then melted by a cupola furnace after which it is poured in its liquid form into the mould. When the hot iron enters the mould it ignites the cores. They are made of sand which is treated with an oily substance and are used to shape the interior of hollow castings. The burning cores send forth gases which have to be set on fire to prevent the casting from exploding. After the iron has hardened the boxes are taken apart and the different parts removed.

A few of these parts, which have to be extra strong and hard, are baked for hours to give added strength. The moulding of an engine cylinder requires the utmost skill and it is generally agreed by moulders that it is one of the most difficult articles to mould. When the parts come from the moulding room, they have a thin coating of sand on them from the moulds and are taken to a machine which cleans them.

They are then all taken to the machine shop where they are machined and go through a long line of processes. Here great skill must be practised and some parts must be accurate to the thousandth of an inch, which is about one-half the thickness of this paper. This applies especially to the crankshaft and cylinder. If the slightest error is made it may prevent the engine from running.

The first step in the machine shop is to plane the base of the cylinders and the crank case carefully. Next the cylinders are bored. This machine has to be very accurate. Other holes are bored for nuts and bolts. After all the parts have been carefully machined, polished and tested for accuracy, assembling starts.

Piston rings and rods are put on the pistons. They are in turn fastened to the crankshaft. The crank case is bolted together and camshaft adjusted. The intake and exhaust manifolds are fastened on and also miscellaneous parts such as the carburetor, valves, grease cups, etc. After the engine has been assembled it is wired and made to run for hours as a test. It is then painted and is ready for installation.

By far the most gasoline engines are used in motor cars. These are all four-cycle engines and have as many as sixteen cylinders.

Four-cycle engines are also used in pleasure boats and to a lesser extent with the fishermen with whom they are becoming more popular. For the last twenty-five years fishermen have been using two-cycle marine engines of one and two cylinders. This type of engine is very sturdy and they have been known to last for over twenty-five years in constant service. When an engine is worn out, it can be sold for scrap iron, broken up, melted and used in the making of other gasoline engines.

A STRANGE STORM

BY

FORBES MOUNTAIN, '38

Rain storms and snow storms are very common occurrences to us. Land storms and wind storms are also common to the inhabitants of the desert and to mariners, but a dust storm at sea is a very strange occurrence, and yet it happened to a certain Captain on the Pacific Coast in 1931.

The British-made Oil Tanker "Albertolite" was proceeding to her port of destination, San Pedro, which is the seaport of Los Angeles, from Vancouver, British Columbia. Once, the day turned into night at least that is what it looked like. The Captain was compelled to navigate the boat as if she were proceeding in a dense fog.

The air was filled with very fine particles of dust, which were being blown to sea by a north-west wind, and there was an odor of a smoky substance. It caused the stokers and engineers some trouble. As this dust alighted on a hot surface, its effects became like that of pepper only stronger. Between weeping and sneezing, the men had a hard time to get on with their work.

Although the "Albertolite" was steaming at eleven knots, it required at least four hours to pass through this storm. When at last she won out, all her top sides were covered with a very fine covering of a yellowish substance.

Scientists think that this sulphuric substance of which the dust storm consisted was composed of volcanic ash from Mount Lassen. This is the only volcano in the Oregon district from which it could have come. This is, however, only a belief and it is yet to be proved whether it is true, or whether there was some other cause for this peculiar storm.

SCHOOL NEWS

BY

JOAN MERCER, '38

This has been an interesting and successful year, the activities ranging from inevitable school work to a round of sport and amusement.

The first sporting event was the track meet held in Lunenburg on September 10th. Eleven teams representing various Nova Scotia schools took part. The Academy, upholding her old standard, won an easy victory over all. We are very proud of the hero of the day, Fred Spindler, who won the cup for the highest individual score. After the meet a banquet was held in the Assembly Hall for the competitors. Speeches were made and the cups presented to the winners.

Hockey, as usual, is one of the favourite sports of the school and one to which many boys look forward. Although in the few games played with Bridgewater our boys were defeated, they are holding their own against the town teams. Several minor accidents among the hockey players have resulted in the loss of these boys to the team for this year at least.

The entire school again took part in the Fisheries Exhibition. Besides taking an active part in the parade, the exhibits were up to the usual quality and showed the progressive nature of the students.

On December 18 and 19 the Academy presented its annual Christmas Concert, with great success. Two plays were presented by members of the High School, supplemented by a rhythm band, composed of small boys, and a quartette, the latter being under Mrs. B. G. Oxner's instruction. The plays were directed by the H. S. Faculty and Misses G. and M. Powers.

We regret that the Monday Morning Sessions, organized last year and held every two weeks in the Assembly Hall, have, owing to the rush of other activities, been omitted since Christmas.

A new phase in teaching introduced into the Common School is that of singing instruction. This addition to the curriculum should be particularly appreciated in so musical a town as Lunenburg.

Another new feature, the Night School, begun after Christmas, is apparently quite popular. It is well attended by the young people of the town, being under the competent instruction of Miss K. Heckman and Mr. G. Moore.

Parents' Week—February 24-28—was a great success and many parents visited the school, particularly the lower grades.

Now let's glance at the social side. On December 20th the Christmas party, sponsored by members of the High School, was well attended. Another interesting social event was the skating party. About 100 students enjoyed skating at the rink for two hours, afterwards gathering in the Assembly Hall, where refreshments were served and games were played.

But the activities of the year are not ended, for coming in the near future is the Oratorical Contest and the Parent-Teacher-Pupil's Meeting. These remain for another magazine to describe.

PERSONALS

RUTH POWERS '38
CHARLOTTE CORKUM, '36
BURTON CORKUM, '37

Fred Spindler, A '34, one of Lunenburg's prominent young athletes, who was studying with us last year as a special student, is now at Mount Allison University.

Another prominent athlete, John Smeltzer, A '35, is attending Normal College at Truro.

Gladys Dares, A '35 is training at the Nova Scotia Hospital.

Employed in a furniture store at Halifax, you will find Charles Ritecy A '35.

Willis Langille, A '35, is now employed in the Bank of Nova Scotia in River John.

Marian Geldert, 'A 35, is studying voice and piano at the Maritime Academy of Music and is specializing in English and French at Dalhousie.

Eunice Hamm, A '35, is training at King Edward VII Memorial Hospital in Bermuda.

Maud Pyke, who returned to Grade XII last year to specialize, is now a nurse in training at Ottawa.

Marion Tupper, who took her A here last year, is teaching at Upper LaHave.

Edgar Veinotte, A '35, of Mahone Bay, is attending Acadia University.

Frances Whynacht, A '35, is taking a business course at the Maritime Business College.

Jeanette Zinck, B '35, is taking a teacher's course at the Provincial Normal College.

Burton Schaufelberg, graduate of A class of '35, is attending Normal College, Truro. His popularity there is shown by his being President of the Student Body.

Melrose Emeneau, who received her Grade XI certificate last year, is now training at the Hospital in Saint John, N. B.

At Mount Allison University, preparing for a business career, is Pauline Langille, A '35.

Paul Nonamaker, A '35, is now studying at Mount Allison. Paul was a Mahone Bay student who completed his course at Lunenburg Academy.

Douglas Canteloupe is also at Mount Allison. "Doug," an outstanding athlete, is now interested in the medical field.

Mary Simpson, special student of Class A '35, and editor of the Seagull," left Lunenburg last spring and now resides in New Glasgow.

BIOGRAPHIES, CLASS '36

JAMES ANDERSON

"What men have done, can still be done,
And shall be done today."

"Buddy" is one of the best-known and best-liked students in school. He takes a keen interest in school activities and his name will always be found at the top of the list. Wherever he goes and whatever profession he follows, we know that for him everything will be all right.

NAPIER ANDERSON

"Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat.
And so let us be merry."

We chose these lines especially for Napier, for they well suit him. He has taken a ready hand in all sports—especially hockey. We know that his genial nature and ready wit will elevate him to an enviable position in life.

VERDA BRUHM

"A girl who ne'er would cause a tear,
She is both jolly and sincere."

Verda came from Blockhouse to finish school with us. Her ready smile and good nature will always be remembered. Here's to you and success, Verda.

CONSTANCE BURGOYNE

"Mistress of herself though nations fall."

For the past year our classroom has been brightened by the presence of "Connie," who hails from Oakland. Her natural wave is a source of envy to all of us. She expects to resume her studies at college next year. Here's wishing you luck, "Connie."

ELLA COREIN

"Happy I am—from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all content like me."

Although Ella has been with us only this past year, she has made herself a worthwhile friend because of her pleasing disposition. She has chosen teaching to be her future work. May she have every success.

CHARLOTTE CORKUM

"I like fun, I like jokes,
About as much as the most of folks."

Charlotte's part in school life was never to the neglect of her knitting. A sunny disposition and a friendly smile will go a long way in the journey of life.

MARJORIE CORKUM

"Her cheery voice, her pleasant smile,
Do make us merry all the while."

Marjorie has made many friends during her school days. She is interested in all school affairs and also in sports. Although "Marj" is undecided yet about the future, we wish her success in whatever she undertakes.

MARGUERITE CORKUM

"A lot of friends are glad you came
They like the way you play the game."

Marguerite first opened her eyes in LaHave. She came to take her Grade XII work at Lunenburg. During her stay here she has been well liked by everyone and we shall miss her when she leaves us.

ORIEL CROUSE

"Diligence is the mistress of success."

Oriel is a student who makes excellent marks, yet has time for various other activities. Though quiet, we could hardly call her a book-worm, since she has found time to make numerous friends. We wish her the best of luck wherever she goes.

FRANCES DAUPHINEE

"It's good to be merry and wise,
It's grand to be honest and true."

A pleasant disposition combined with diligence has made Frances a worth-while friend. She is sincere without being serious-minded; there is always some spicy bit of news (not gossip) forthcoming if you happen to meet her. Good luck, always.

FRANKLIN EMENEAU

"Let it go!
Who cares a hand, anyway?"

Franklin is another valued member of the hockey team and takes an interest in all sports. Although we do not know what he intends to do after leaving school, still we wish him every success.

MARY ERNST

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

There are quiet and agreeable personalities whose lasting charm is most revealed to their intimate friends; such a personality is Mary. We do not know what adventures await her after she leaves school, but we do know that they will be interesting and most of all successful.

MYRTLE FEENER

"It is a friend who has friends."

Although Myrtle has been with us only this last year, she has proved herself willing and capable. We shall miss her, but what is one's loss is another's gain.

HELEN FRASER

"She's just the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."

Helen is particularly noted in school for her dry humor. Her agreeable personality makes her a congenial friend. She has not decided on her life's work, but whatever it is we wish her every success.

KATHLEEN HALL

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

She never makes any sensation about her work or her activities, but somehow "Kay" has become known as a good sport and a fine friend. She intends to be a nurse, and we all know she will be a success in her vocation.

MYRTLE JENNINGS

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

Myrtle was born outside of town but joined us four years ago. While she has not been conspicuous in school activities she is always ready with her support. She is thinking of entering the nursing profession. Good luck to her in whatever she undertakes.

ELIZABETH KOHLER

"A good sport, a true friend,
What else counts in the end?"

"Kitty" has taken a keen interest in all student activities, showing her ability in plays and oratory. Her winning voice and "Will"ing ways will no doubt cheer many a sick bed, for she intends to be a nurse. May good luck be with you always, Kitty.

CHARLES LANE

"I never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles me."

Charlie is more inclined to the world of sports. He excels at both tennis and hockey. Although Charlie is not definite about his future, we know it will hold great things in store for him.

LORIMER LANGILLE

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

Until the past year, Lorimer had lived in Tatamagouche. He came here to take his Grade XII work, and immediately became very popular. He is fond of all sports—especially "hockey." Good luck to you in whatever you do.

ISABEL NICOLL

"Her care was never to offend
And every creature was her friend."

Isabel came here from Clyde River to finish her schooling. Because of her friendly ways we are sorry we have missed knowing her all these years. When you leave us, Isabel, we'll send you off in a car full of golden horse-shoes.

MARGUERITE OXNER

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Marguerite's jolly smile and friendly manner have won for her a warm spot in the hearts of all who know her. We are sure to miss you, Marguerite, but we won't forget you.

JOYCE SMITH

"None knew thee but to love thee
None name thee but to praise."

Joyce has won a special place for herself by her willingness and her pleasing personality. She is a good student and a fine musician. What more is needed for success?

ROBERT SMITH

"What's the use of worrying
Everything will be o'okay."

"Rosie" is a staunch supporter of the hockey team, and is interested in other sports. His friends join together in wishing him success in whatever line he may choose to follow.

DANA SMITH

"His quiet unassuming way——"

Interested in all sports and a member of the track team has put him in an enviable position. Because of his helpfulness and good nature, we shall all miss him, but we send him off with the best of luck.

ISABEL SPINDLER

"We knew her, we liked her,
She was one of us."

Tall and fair is "Diz" and noted for her many skirts and sweaters. When she leaves us, her place will not be so readily filled. Normal College will gladly welcome her next year, so here's to you, Isabel and your teaching.

CHRISTABEL WALTERS

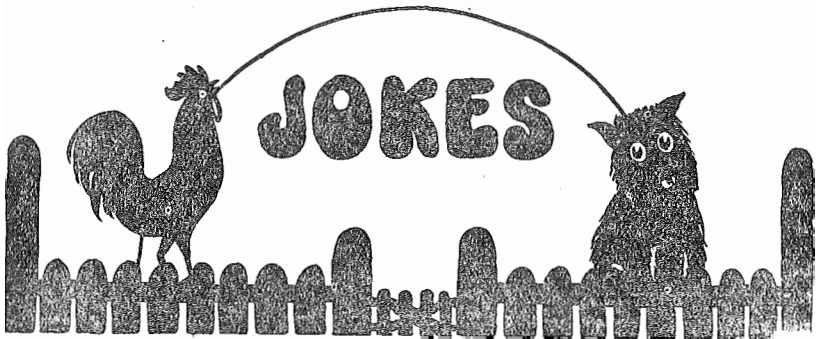
"Such a one as everyone would like to be."

The girl who fits in wherever she happens to be, who is good company and an addition to any group. Here's to you and your knitting, Kippy.

MARION WESTHAVER

"And true she is, as she has proved herself."

From her first view of this world, Marion liked it so well that she proceeded to elevate herself above the average. She is not only a bright student, but also capable and willing. We wish her every success in her chosen profession.



Mr. Collins (to pupils staying in after school): Are you ready to write?

Answer—Yes, sir.

Mr. Collins—Well, get chairs and write, ten feet apart.

Mr. Hilchie (to Economics class)—This particular president of that company resigned, shortly after he died.

Customer—How much are your radishes?

Merchant—Eight cents a bunch; three lunches for a quarter.

Miss Westhaver—Your mother's name should be on this report card as well as your father's.

Aubrey S.—Aw, pop's the boss in our house.

Mr. C.—What did Joseph Lister do for mankind?

Gordon—He discovered listerine.

Lloyd L.—Were you at the party?

Gilbert C.—No.

Lloyd L.—Was I there?

Gilbert C.—I didn't see you.

Mr. Moore (to French class)—You all take French?

Class—Yes, sir.

Mr. M.—How many study French?

Lloyd L.—What does the air contain?

Maxwell C.—Nitrogen, oxygen and radio programmes.

Beth. Manthorne
Mr. Moore (address class).—Now this is the process to pasteurize cows—I mean; well, heh, heh; it is too late to put it in the school magazine

RHYM IN YOUR NURSERY
RHYMES

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get their dog a bone;
When they got there, the cupboard
was bare,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleas were white as snow;
And everywhere that the lamb went,
The fleas were sure to go.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his curd and whey,
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a
plum
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Little Boy Blue come blow your horn,
It's time to go to bed.
Jack and Jill went up the hill,
And the Big Bad Wolf was dead.

Ding! Dong! bell.
Pussy's in the well.

Who'll get her out?

"I will, then," said the Little Red Hen
And she did.

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Rip, zip, ree,
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Lunenburg Academy (repeat)

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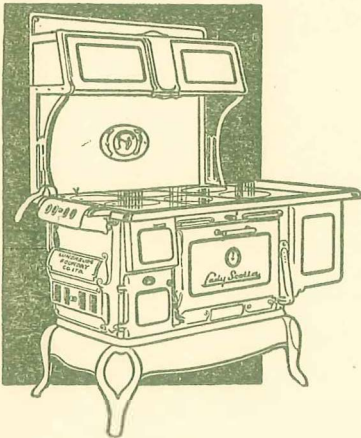
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