

The
SEA GULL



Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1937

Congratulations

to the students and teachers of the Lunenburg High School on the publication of their 1937 edition of "THE SEA GULL."

Lunenburg is noted for its neat, clean appearance and the attractiveness of its residential sections. This reputation can only be maintained by our citizens continuing to keep up their properties and to further beautify them. No matter how clean and attractive our properties may have been last fall, the winter, with its storms, has strewn them with debris, leaving behind a rather untidy condition and in this Spring season of the year, we earnestly urge everyone to clean up and deck their grounds in apparel fitting for the coming summer season.

Lunenburg has many fine homes, wonderful natural scenery and the hospitality of its citizens is unparalleled. Many strangers visit our town throughout the summer months and the impression of our community which they carry away with them is the direct result of the care and attention each individual gives to his own property.

That every citizen will co-operate in making the good old historic Town of Lunenburg as attractive and as pleasing to the eye as possible this summer is the desire of

THE LUNENBURG BOARD
OF TRADE

THE SEA GULL

MT. ALLISON UNIVERSITY, SACKVILLE, N. B.

A Residential College In Which The Attendance Is Limited
GEORGE J. TRUEMAN, M.A., Ph.D., President
COURSES IN ARTS, SCIENCE, ENGINEERING, TEACHER
TRAINING, PRE-MEDICINE, PRE-DENTISTRY, MUSIC,
HOME ECONOMICS, FINE ARTS, COMMERCE
Opportunities for good students to win prizes and bursaries
SUMMER SCHOOL, JULY 6th TO AUGUST 17th

Write for Calendar to
W. M. TWEEDIE, M. A., Registrar

H. A. Creighton, M.D., C.M.
W. A. Hewat, M. D. C. M.

Creighton And Hewat

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS

Telephone 333

Compliments of

Rayfield G. A. Wood

M.D.C.M.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Lunenburg — Nova Scotia

Phone: Office 2361 Res. 2571

RUSSEL C. ZINCK

M.D.C.M.; L.M.C.C.

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Phone 2222

Lunenburg

R. McK. SAUNDERS

M.D.C.M.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Lunenburg — Nova Scotia

Phone 444

DR. H. B. HIMMELMAN

D. D. S.

BOX 299

LUNENBURG, N. S.

Phone 174

P. O. Box 532

DR. J. A. TUPPER

DENTAL SURGEON

Lunenburg — Nova Scotia

THE SEA GULL

BIRKS 

SCHOOL RINGS and PINS, featuring:

Superior weight, finer finish, up to the minute designs
Sketches And Prices Submitted On Request

HENRY BIRKS & SONS LIMITED

DIAMOND MERCHANTS, HALIFAX

CHAS. HIMMELMAN



JEWELER AND OPTICIAN



GOOD GOODS—PROMPT SERVICE

C. H. R. ZWICKER

BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER

“THE GIFT SHOP”

SCHOOL SUPPLIES, ETC.

We can supply you with any Book, Magazine or Paper published

R. C. A. VICTOR RADIO

THE WISE HOUSEWIFE

ORDERS . . .

LaHave Brand

CREAMERY BUTTER

AND ASSURES HERSELF OF A QUALITY PRODUCT

Manufactured in a modern plant by the

LaHAVE CREAMERY Co. Ltd., Bridgewater, N.S.

Manufacturers of LaHAVE Brand ICE CREAM

THE SEA GULL

COMPLIMENTS OF _____

W. C. SMITH & CO., LTD.
LUNENBURG SEA PRODUCTS LTD.
and
LUNENBURG COAL & SUPPLY CO.

Lunenburg Outfitting Co., Limited

GENERAL DEALERS IN

Salt, Flour, Feed, Beef, Pork, Fishing Supplies, etc.

Lunenburg, N. S.

— — — Telephone 457

Robin, Jones & Whitman, Ltd.

LUNENBURG

— — — NOVA SCOTIA

GENERAL OUTFITTERS

PACKERS OF "HALIFAX" AND "ACADIA" BRANDS

PURE BONELESS CODFISH

ACADIAN SUPPLIES LIMITED

LUNENBURG

— — — NOVA SCOTIA

Dealers In

Best Quality Coal, Both Anthracite and Bituminous—Building Material Of All Kinds—Vessel Outfitting a Specialty

Write or telephone your orders and we shall endeavour to give good service and prompt dispatch

PHONE 456

THE SEA GULL

STUDENTS

Your new Spring Apparel is here. We cordially invite you to inspect it.

You Never Regret Buying Quality
W. A. ZWICKER & CO.

BRIDGEWATER

LAUNDRY

—and—

DRY
CLEANERS

WHERE YOU GET SERVICE

F. O. Box 112

Tel. 52-4

It always requires an investigation to

Learn The Truth

So why not make a thorough examination of the relative value and price of the goods we offer as compared to the price of the Catalogues?

AND FURTHER . . .

Remember that we sell the same manufacturers' goods from 20 p.c. to 40 p.c. under the price of City Dealers.

Moral

Try Silvers when you are looking for coats, dresses, millinery, etc.

G. W. SILVER & CO.

KINLEY'S DRUG STORE

This store, under the name of J. J. Kinley, has successfully served the public for thirty-five years. Its policy is based on SERVICE, FAIR PRICES and HONEST MERCHANDISING

We are now operating under the name of KINLEY DRUG COMPANY, LIMITED and will endeavor to sustain the sound policies which have characterized our store in the past thirty-five years.

We Solicit Your Drug Store Patronage And Are Here To Serve You
KINLEY DRUG COMPANY, LIMITED
W. F. KINLEY, Manager

THE SEA GULL

:.The Students Need Plenty Light :.

If your lamp bulbs are old replace them with new

WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA BULBS

You'll save on current as well as saving the eyes

POWERS BROS. LIMITED

*Success To The
"Sea Gull"*

Consult Us For

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, CAR-
PENTERS' TOOLS, PAINTS,
KITCHEN WARE, SPORTING
GOODS

Exclusive Agents For

"FRIGIDAIRE"
THOR WASHING MACHINES
"WE AIM TO PLEASE"

Lawrence L. Hebb

QUALITY HARDWARE

Phone 396 — King St.

Genuine Furniture

Whether its an entire house to
fit out or just a single piece, we
can fill your requirements.

Our new drapery department is
replete with the latest in window
dressings at prices that will as-
tonish you.

Your furniture and drapery buy-
ing will be done to best advant-
age at

Ritcey's Furniture

The Store Of Quality, Service and
Low Prices

Lunenburg — Nova Scotia

F. G. MASON

Telephone 388

ELECTRIC SUPPLIES—COMPLETE RADIO SERVICE

Washing Machines, Electrical Refrigerators, Radios, Accessories
and Supplies

Agent For Various Makes Of Radios And Tubes

Lincoln St.

Lunenburg, N. S.

WE SOLVE YOUR RADIO PROBLEMS

Dalhousie University

Halifax - - Nova Scotia

Maintains a high standard of scholarship.
Includes all the Faculties of a University.
Largest Staff, Libraries, Laboratories in Eastern Canada.

ARTS AND SCIENCE FACULTY

DEGREES: B.A., B.Sc., B. Com., B.Mus., Phm.B.

DIPLOMAS: Music, Engineering, Household Science, Pharmacy,
Education.

FOUR YEAR ADVANCED COURSES in —
Classics, Mathematics, Modern Languages and History.

GRADUATE COURSES, of recognized standing, leading to degrees
of M.A., M.Sc.

Courses preparatory to professional Faculties.

New course in Public Administration.

Many valuable scholarships, on entrance and through the courses.

THE PROFESSIONAL FACULTIES

in

LAW, MEDICINE, DENTISTRY, enjoy an unexcelled reputation.

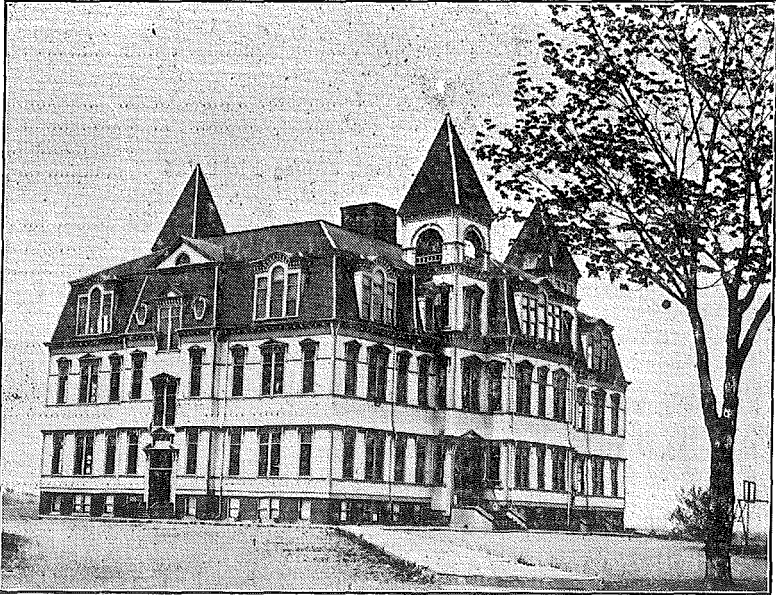
INCLUSIVE FEES, in the B.A. course average about \$160.00 a year;
in the B.Sc. course about \$190.00 a year.

RESIDENCE

Shirreff Hall, residence for women.

Carefully supervised residential facilities for men.

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



**BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS
TOWN OF LUNENBURG**

Chairman

MAYOR A. W. SCHWARTZ

Commissioners—

**MESSRS. L. L. HEBB
A. F. POWERS
CAPT. C. D. RITCEY
DR. R. SAUNDERS**

Attending Meetings of the Board—

Clerk.....Mr. L. W. Geldert
Supervisor & Principal.....Mr. D. H. Collins

THE SEA GULL

Table Of Contents

Board of School Commissioners	7
Board of Editors, Faculty	9
Editorial	
Our Problem, Lloyd Langille, '37	10
Poems	
Whistle a Tune, Burton Corkum, '37	11
The North Wind, Doris Knickle, '38	11
Breakers, Marie Levy, '38	12
To the Pioneers of the Fishing Fleet, James Flett, '35	12
Biographies	
Inspector Maxner, M.A., B.Paed., Marjorie Saunders, '39	13
Councillor L. J. Hebb, Barbara Corkum, '37	13
"Life in Ottawa," An Interview with Mr. J. J. Kinley, M. P. reported to Joan Mercer, '38	14
Short Stories	
Gambling for Life, Cecil Whynacht, '37	15
The Spin, Dena Bland, '40	17
All the Same—We Advise Regular Teaching, B. Mercer, '39	18
Stranded, Agnes Demone, '39	20
A Night in July, Clyde Westhaver, '38	22
Lady Aloft, Burton Corkum, '37	23
A Narrow Escape, Joan Mercer, '38	25
Essays	
Getting up and Going to School on a Cold Morning	27
Barbara Corkum, '37	
Music in the Lunenburg Schools, Lloyd Langille, '37	27
The School Library, Ruth Powers, '38	28
Lunenburg Foundry Company Limited. Martin Eisenhauer, '38	28
Lunenburg Sea Products, Lloyd Langille, '37	29
Hello V. B. Y., Burton Corkum, '37	30
The Academy Concert, Clyde Westhaver, '38	31
Articles	
The Story of Carborundum, Maxwell F. Corkum, '37	32
Early Types of Locomotives, Lucille Langille, '40	33
The History of An Old Dollar, Charlotte Maxner, '40	34
Sport	
Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition High School Track Meet	35
Cecil Whynacht, '37	
School News. Minnie Hunt, '39	37
Personals, Iris Oxner, Lucille Maxner, Agnes Demone, Mabel Falkenham	38
Biographies, Barbara Corkum, '37, Ena Fraser, '37	39
Jokes, Cecil Whynacht, Vivian Crouse, Thelma Thompson	43

POINTS BY CLASSES ON THE MATERIAL SUBMITTED

Grade XII	34
Grade XI	26
Grade X	15
Grade IX	6

The Sea Gull

VOL. 3 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1937 NO. 3

Board of Editors

Editor-in-Chief.....Lloyd Langille
Associate Editors.....Barbara Corkum, Ena Fraser
Business Manager.....Burton Corkum

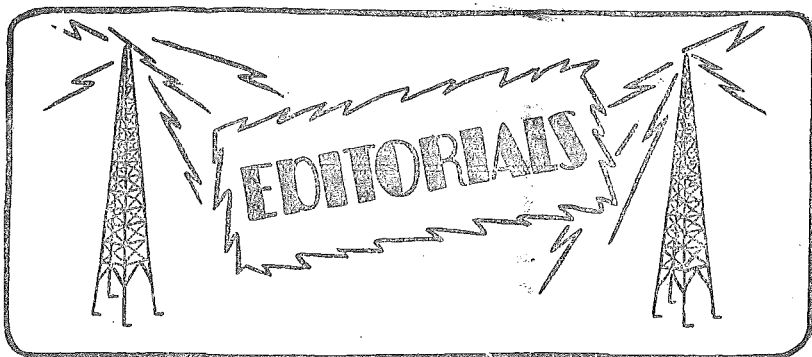
Literary Department

POETRY—Elizabeth Hebb, Marie Levy, Minnie Hunt, Joan Mercer, Ferne Mosher
STORIES—Ruth Smeltzer, Dena Bland, Ruth Powers, Marjorie Saunders, Clyde Westhaver
ARTICLES—Maxwell Corkum, Doris Knickle, Lucille Langille, Keithley Sinclair
SCHOOL NEWS—Norma Oxner, Warren Geldert, Robert Maclellan, Isabel Olsel
JOKES—Cecil Whynacht, Vivian Crouse, Thelma Thompson
BIOGRAPHIES—Barbara Corkum, Ena Fraser
PERSONALS—Iris Oxner, Lucille Maxner, Mabel Falkenham, Agnes DeMone

The first name in each committee is the chairman

Faculty

DONALD H. COLLINS, M. A., B. Paed., Principal-Supervisor
GEORGE H. MOORE, M. A., Vice-Principal
WILLIAM H. HILCHIE, B. A.
PHYLLIS L. WESTHAVER, B. Sc.



OUR PROBLEM

BY

H. LLOYD LANGILLE, '37

Everyone has their problems. The world, today, is faced with many of them. Every organization, every individual is faced with problems. We cannot seem to get away from them, so it is best to meet them half-way.

The class of '37 has its problems, too. They have been encountered through the passage of the school term, and now, as the year draws to a close, nearly everyone of this good old class of '37 is faced with another problem. A solution to this one proves even harder than to any Algebra or Trigonometry problem with which we have wrestled in the classroom. It is the problem of choosing our life-work—our career.

It is not as easy to do as it was twenty years ago, or even ten years ago. In those times, one was almost begged to work. Positions were much easier to obtain. A person could leave school in his first or second year of High School work and be fairly certain of securing a good position.

But times have changed. All this is not true today. A great deal of begging is still done, where there is a vacancy, but it is not the employer who does it. Vacancies are not as numerous as they were before. Moreover, it is rather difficult to secure a position without a complete High School course.

This is our problem. How are we going to face it? What are we going to do? What can we do? There is only one answer to all these questions. We must "dig in." There are many who sit and mourn, and say, "It isn't fair." Of course, "It isn't fair," but we cannot help that. We must make the best of the whole affair. I am reminded of a short poem, which I would like to quote—

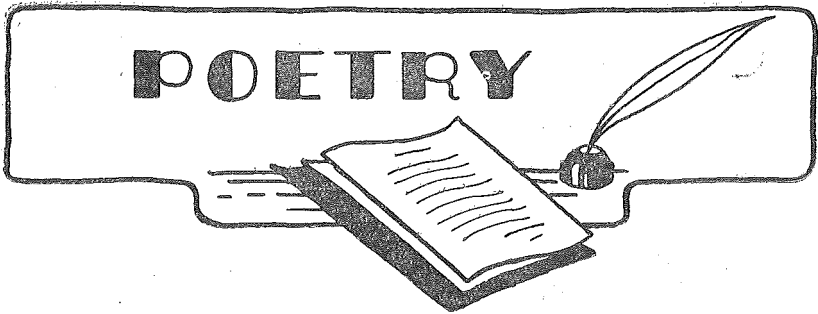
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
 We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
 Shun not the struggle; face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong, be strong.

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
 And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
 Stand up, speak out, and in God's name

Be strong, be strong.

In concluding, I would like to extend a challenge—especially to the Class of '37. Let us strive hard in our undertakings. Do not let misfortunes and handicaps hinder us. Then after the passage of, say 10 years, let us look back and recall the Class of '37 and the good times we had together. Then let us remember this challenge, and may we be able to feel that we have borne it well through the years.



WHISTLE A TUNE

BY

BURTON CORKUM, '37

When the world about you seems darkest,
Whistle a tune.
It will make you feel your part is—
To whistle or croon.

When all around you there's sadness,
Whistle a tune.
It will fill all hearts with gladness;
They'll do it soon.

When times are good and all are gay,
Whistle a tune.
Keep on doing it all the day,
Don't stop in June.

Let each and all now make a vow
To whistle or croon.
If you've never learned, I'll teach you how
To whistle a tune.

THE NORTH WIND

BY

DORIS KNICKLE, '38

O cold North Wind, that late doth blow,
O'er yonder barren hill,
That bringeth the first flurries of snow!

Thou, who blowest the leaves on high,
With a swishing, swirling sound,
As thou madly rushest by.

Thou, who sweepst along the bay,
Dashing the waves against the shore,
As if they were in mad affray.

Thou wast late for some vague reason,
Many thought thou would'st not come,
But e'er thou wilt return in due season.

THE SEA GULL
BREAKERS

BY

MARIE P. LEVY, '38

The scenes by the ocean are many,
Though the most magnificent of all
Are the billows of water called breakers,
As they violently dash and fall.

With spray as light as feathers,
They dash upon the shore,
Giving the mariner warning
By their loud, tumultuous roar.

Then, when their tempest is over,
They playfully dance and leap,
Causing a soft, tuneful murmur
From out of the boundless deep.

Thus by their dreamy voices
They cause all fears to cease;
And to the soul long weary
They bring content and peace.

TO THE PIONEERS OF THE FISHING FLEET

BY

JAMES FLETT, '35

Oft out upon the stormy sea they toiled,
Risking their very lives on tow'ring waves,
Rolling above a thousand sailors' graves,
As heavy winds the capped waters embroiled.
They fought to get their living from the waves,
And were determined never to be foiled.
Time passed. Those heroes old, who daily toiled,
Have Homeward gone to Him who always saves.
But there are others here to take their place.
When Lunenburg's fair fleet now sails away
Bound for Grand Banks or, perhaps, Cape Race,
Now all is changed and a new crew holds sway;
The old, are they forgotten? Ah, no! We place
Their names among the captains of the day.

BIOGRAPHIES

Inspector Maxner, M. A., B. Paed.

BY

MARJORIE McK. SAUNDERS, '39

Morris Osborne Maxner, son of the late Edward H. Maxner, Sr., and Mary Jane Maxner, was born at Lunenburg, N. S., October 4, 1886. He is a descendant of one of the first families to settle in this county.

Mr. Maxner received his Common and High School Education in the Lunenburg Schools. After graduating from Normal School with a First Class Diploma in 1905, he taught for ten years; at Blockhouse, Grades 7 and 8 in the Lunenburg School, Port Maitland and Mahone Bay.

Wishing to further his education, he entered Mount Allison University, graduating in 1919 with a B. A. degree and First Class Honors in Philosophy. The following year he received his M. A. Degree.

After graduating, Mr. Maxner wrote the University Graduates' Examinations, and was granted an Academic License, on which he taught at Amherst, Central Collegiate Institute in Calgary, Lunenburg Academy, where he was the principal for six years, and at Liverpool Academy, where he held the position of principal for seven years.

Mr. Maxner did post-graduate work in Education at the Ontario College of Education, and at the University of Toronto, which granted him the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy in 1932. He received his appointment as Inspector of Schools for Lunenburg County in November 1934 and began his work in January 1935.

During his tenure of office as Principal of Lunenburg Academy, he was very active and furthered the activities of the School by introducing the School Exhibition, the movement on behalf of Playground Equipment, Visual Education, Public Speaking Contests, Public Debating, the Reading Room (a very valuable asset in itself, as it acquaints the scholar with world-wide events), and Vocational Addresses by prominent citizens. The School Library was recatalogued and many volumes of up-to-date books were added.

Mr. Maxner is deeply interested in social welfare and religious matters. He was Superintendent of the Central United Sunday School at Lunenburg for a number of years, which position he again resumed upon his return to his native town in 1935.

Magister nascitur, non fit.

Councillor L. J. Hebb

BY

BARBARA CORKUM, '37

During the past quarter of a century, Mr. L. J. Hebb has been a prominent figure in the public life of the town.

In 1911, he was first elected to the town council. During the intervening time he has been a member of the Council for sixteen years. Throughout this long period as a Councillor, Mr. Hebb has served his town well.

The years since Mr. Hebb's first term in the Council have seen a great many improvements in the town of Lunenburg. In 1911, the first piece of concrete street was laid in the town. This first bit of paving was followed by other larger sections, until today a large part of the town has paved streets and sidewalks. A few years later a general system of sewerage was completed. Mr. Hebb was very influential in bringing about the last named improvement. He was among those in the Council to hold out against installing a sewerage system in any section of the town until the system could be made general. Among other improvements, was the erection of the new Fire Hall and the purchasing of the new Fire Engine.

Besides being a Councillor for such a long period, Mr. Hebb has also been a member of the School Board for a large number of years, always showing a great interest in school affairs. He has been present at many school assemblies, and has spoken to the students on a number of such occasions.

Thus we see that Councillor Hebb has been and undoubtedly will continue to be a very active citizen in the community.

“LIFE IN OTTAWA”

An Interview With Mr. J. J. Kinley, M. P.

BY

AS REPORTED TO JOAN MERCER, '38

“What are your duties while in Ottawa, Mr. Kinley?”

“My duty, like that of any other member, is primarily to attend the sittings of the House of Commons, of which one must not miss more than fifteen days while the House is in session. There are committee meetings in the mornings, where most of the discussions take place, regarding matters which are afterwards reported to the House. Then I must look after the individual interests of the people whom I represent. This entails numerous conferences and letters to Department Heads and also much correspondence with my Constituency. Fifty letters a day are not uncommon. Of course, as each one requires a special answer, it is necessary to keep well informed in all matters.

“Naturally, as a Member, I am allowed to do only what other Members permit me to do. A Member can only suggest and introduce matters when he is sure that other Members will support him and enable his motion to be successfully carried. There are numerous technical advisers in the Government, who are trained in every detail. They review and criticize the Bills and Acts submitted by the Members. The latter must have a knowledge of his subject, be able to cooperate with others, and above all, to be persistent.

“Team play is most essential because everybody cannot get his own way. Party differences are usually settled in “Caucus” before the matter is brought before the House.

“The Government in power usually refers all matters affecting a county to the Representative of that county before acting, and the Member does his best to obtain the benefits most needed by his constituency.”

“You appear to have to work very hard, Mr. Kinley. Have you no time for recreation?”

“Oh, yes. We have our committee meetings in the mornings, sessions in the afternoon and evenings, as well as time to handle our correspondence. Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoons are usually free. Most of the entertainment in Ottawa takes place on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and these social affairs are very important because mingling with people always brings in valuable information and knowledge.”

“You have experience in provincial and federal politics. Which is the more interesting?”

“Well, federal politics are of more national concern than provincial politics, particularly in matters pertaining to the Maritime Provinces, as “sea” matters are under federal government control. Provincial politics affect property and civil rights and are of more local importance. Federal politics, having a wider scope and range of interest, are more interesting in that they affect the whole of Canada.”



GAMBLING FOR LIFE

BY

CECIL WHYNACHT, '37

It was Saturday night in the trading-post. The night when the trappers and fur-buyers gather at the general store to discuss the weather and the price of furs, and to tell tales of their trips in the back woods.

Behind the counter stood the storekeeper. Gathered around the stove were a few trappers and the fur-company's agent. They were talking and smoking when the door opened and in came Joe White, a half-breed trapper. The men looked at him. He was an unusual sight even in that wild country. His face was dirty and partly covered with a thick black beard. His old clothes were scorched and torn and in his eyes there was a wild look of despair.

"Well, what do you want?" the storekeeper growled at him. The half-breed looked at him and then said in his poor English, "My shack burn down tonight; I nowhere to go; my furs burn up; my money all gone. Maybe you help me."

"Help you!" yelled the storekeeper, "why you dirty half-breed, you probably were drunk and burned the shack down yourself. Now get out of here before I call the Mounted Police."

Joe turned pale. He shrugged his shoulders and turned to go. The men at the stove laughed, and went on with their conversation . . . all but one. The agent got up and went over to the half-breed. He took a roll of money from his pocket, counted out five ten-dollar bills and gave them to Joe. "Here, Joe," he said, "take this. It will start you all over again. Sorry to hear your shack burned down; better luck next time." The half-breed was spellbound. He grasped the money and murmured his thanks. Then he hurried out the door.

The agent went back to his seat by the stove. The others stared at him in astonishment. "Are you crazy?" said one of them, "Giving all that money to a no-good half-breed. He saw your money and now that he knows you have a roll there's no telling what he'll do. His kind are treacherous, you know."

"Treacherous?" said the agent. "Yes, that is what I thought one time too. Let me tell you a story. Then perhaps you will understand."

"I was sent up here about twenty years ago by my company to inspect the country for fur-buying," began the agent. "When I arrived here," he went on, "I asked for a guide. The Mounted Police told me that the only one available was an old half-breed. They told me not to take him because he was treacherous and could not be trusted. I was anxious to go, however, so I took him, but resolved to watch him closely."

"Den't trust him any farther than you can see him," the Mountie told me. 'He has a passion for gambling. Always wants to draw lots. He always wins, because he has some crooked way of always drawing the longer stick.' I told the Mountie that I would be careful, and in a few days the old guide and I were deep in the back woods.

I was very careful of him. I did not let him out of my sight. There one day a terrible snow storm came up. The guide came to me and said, "We die if we stay out in this. We go in that cave, maybe storm over in morning." I saw that he was right, so we went into the cave. But the storm was not over in the morning. It did not let up for three days. Then a howling wind came up. It whirled the loosely fallen snow in gusts which took our breath away. There was nothing to do but to remain in the cave until the wind subsided. This kept up for five dreadful days.

"There I was in the cave with this treacherous half-breed. He never spoke unless I asked him a question, and then his answer would be a grunt. At intervals he went to the mouth of the cave to look at the weather.

"The eighth day he came to me and said abruptly, "Storm over." I jumped up and said, "That's great, now we can get back to the village." He looked at me with a curious look in his eye. Then he said, "It take us three weeks to get back in this snow. Our grub last us maybe only one week."

"Then I realized the horrible situation. What he said was true. Our stay in the cave had played unexpected havoc with our provisions. Before I had time to say anything, he said, "One of us could make. Grub enough for only one. Other must stay here and die."

"I can't describe my feelings when he said that. I looked at him. He looked bigger and more treacherous than ever. ONE OF US MUST DIE. Those words echoed in my brain. I would be the one to die. He would kill me, take the grub and go back to civilization. The thought made me speechless. Suddenly he said, "Maybe we draw lots to see who goes and who dies. I get sticks ready, huh?"

"When he said that I felt sick all over. I remembered what they had told me about his crooked way of always winning. Then I became enraged; I lost my head altogether. I called him a dirty half-breed. I cursed him, I pleaded with him; then I said, "No, I will not do it. You will fix it so that you'll win."

"Maybe I make you," he said, and held a gun in my face.

"Why don't you shoot?" I said. "You'll win anyway. Why draw lots?"

"No," he said, "We draw."

"He handed me two sticks a short and a long one. "You hold," he said, "I draw first." The one who draws the long stick takes grub and goes back. Other shoots himself with gun."

"No," I said, "you'll cheat, you—." He stopped me from saying anything further by again showing the gun. There was nothing left for me to do but to obey. I turned from him and fixed the sticks. Then I held them out to him.

"He looked at them, examined them closely, and drew one. Then he looked at me and smiled. I think my heart stopped beating. I was waiting for him to shoot me. But he held the gun to his head and pulled the trigger, before I could stop him. The shot echoed through the cave. He had drawn the shorter stick.

"Hardly believing my eyes, I bent over him. He was already dead. In his hand he still clutched the stick which spelled death for him. I took it from his hand and examined it. Part of the wood had been chipped from each end of it. He had probably done this with his fingernail while I was cursing him.

"I stood up, bewildered. Then the truth came to me. He had cheated, but not to win. He had cheated to lose, had purposely marked the shorter stick so that he could draw it and I could live.

"Again I cannot describe my feelings. I felt worse than when he handed me the sticks. This man whom I had cursed, had mistrusted, and treated like a dog, had died so that I might live.

"Reverently I buried him there in the cave. Then I gathered up the provisions and set out for the trading post. I arrived there in three weeks. They would not believe my story when I told them. They said that the hardships had affected my head. But it's true, men, every word of it.

"Now, perhaps, you will understand why I gave that money to Joe White. That old half-breed who I had thought was treacherous, and who now lies in a cave somewhere in the back woods, was Joe's father."

THE SPIN

BY

DENA BLAND, '40

It was a beautiful summer day, when Joan, seeing her friend down the street, ran to her and said, "Want to go for a spin?"

Joan looked so excited that Isobel guessed that something unusual was "in the air," and asked immediately, "What is a spin, if you please?"

Joan answered rather exultantly, "Dad has a speed-boat, and I know how to run it. Well, how about it? If we go we had better wear our bathing suits."

"Don't you think that is rather suggestive of being upset or having to swim to shore or something of that sort?" asked Isobel, without smiling or making the least hint of a joke.

"Of course not, and if you feel that way about it, you—"

"Oh, Joan, can't you take a joke? Come on, let's get ready, I'll be back in a jiffy with my bathing suit."

About three-quarters of an hour had elapsed by the time the girls arrived at the boat house and proceeded to row to the "Arrow."

"It's a great afternoon for a boat ride, and here's hoping everything goes okay," said Isobel, as they climbed aboard the speed-boat.

"It will, don't you worry," responded Joan as she worked at the engine. No sooner were the words out of her mouth, than the boat lurched forward with such speed that both girls were frightened.

"Steer it quick," shouted Joan, "I didn't know that was the way you started this thing."

"So it seemed," replied Isobel. "Well, now that you've got it going, what do you do?" she asked.

"Just steer," answered Joan, looking a little uncertain, then adding quickly, "Just a second, I'll see." As she said this she took out a small note book, read a few lines and then said, "Yes, that's all."

Isobel exclaimed suddenly, "Do you mean to say that you never ran this thing before?"

"Why no. Can't you just follow directions? It tells how to start it, and then says, 'Steer,'" said Joan.

"Doesn't it tell how to stop?" asked Isabel, with a frightened look on her face.

"No-o-o," replied Joan, "I never thought of that."

"So I see," said Isobel. "Well, now that we are going we might as well enjoy ourselves. What do you say—okay?"

"Okay! How could it be, if you don't know whether you are ever going to get ashore again. Nice time to enjoy yourself, I should say!" answered Joan, none too politely.

"It seems to me that I predicted this, didn't I?" asked Isobel, hoping to cheer Joan up.

But it didn't work, for Joan replied rather savagely, "How could you be so mean, Isobel Pamentor?" and having said this she turned her thoughts to the engine and worked steadily, never saying a word. All attempts at conversation were in vain. Isobel whistled to amuse herself.

Finally, Joan gave up and said, "I'll steer, if you'll work at this for a while." As Joan started to move away from the engine, she stumbled and fell, but as she did so, she struck something, and the engine stopped.

Joan forgot her crossness in her excitement, and cried, "Oh, Isobel, I've stopped it, I've stopped it, isn't that great? We have no need to worry at all now."

"None at all," replied Isobel, "except how we're going to get back to shore."

"Isobel, you always think of something to dampen my spirits," said Joan. "Of course we can swim."

"And leave the boat out here!" replied Isobel. "Very brainy idea!"

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked Joan.

"Row," said Isobel shortly. "There are oars here, and it's the only thing to do, though one doesn't usually row a speed-boat."

The girls rowed and rowed for well over an hour before they began to come near the landing.

But once Joan broke out with, "You won't mention this to anyone, will you?"

"Oh, I suppose not," replied Isobel half-heartedly.

"Thanks," murmured Joan, as the girls finally reached the landing and climbed up.

"I don't feel as if I can walk," said Isobel, "but I suppose I'll have to."

"Same here," agreed Joan. After a while they reached Isobel's gate.

"Good-bye, Joan", called Isobel, and "Thanks for the spin," she added with a grin.

ALL THE SAME, WE ADVISE REGULAR TEACHING

BY

B. A. MERCER, '39

Jean, running from the beach to her camp, glanced at her watch. A quarter to three! She wondered how she could have been so foolish as to stay out sailing so late. Still she had not known that the wind would change. Now she had fifteen minutes to change her clothes and ride the mile and a half to the West End Tennis Courts.

It was too bad that only last week the match committee had made a ruling that if a player was not at the courts by the time his match was scheduled, he would be "scratched". If only they had waited until next week. On this particular afternoon the team from Black's Cove, a summer resort near Milton, was to play the West End, a suburb of the city. Jean had seen the schedule and knew that she played in one of the four games that started at three. Hence, her wild haste.

As she hurriedly donned a pair of clean shorts, she wondered why one of the cars had not waited for her. Then she realized that each one of her friends probably thought she was with another group.

Snatching her racquet on the way, she rushed madly to the garage for her bicycle. Oh, horrors! The tire was flat. Jean knew that respectable girls did not swear, but at that moment she would gladly have sacrificed her respectability if she could have thought of words which sufficiently expressed her feelings.

Instead of deciding that she could not reach the West End Courts in time, Jean stubbornly refused to give up the idea of playing in the tournament. Not that she felt that the Black's Cove team could not win without her—in fact she was sure it could—but next week they would be playing the team of another near-by summer resort, which was probably harder to beat than the West End players, and Jean longed with all her might for a chance to play them. And how could they even consider her, if she was not able to turn up at a tournament in time?

As she ran through the yard, she reflected that she would have to thumb a ride. In her haste, she almost bumped into the car which was standing in front of the gate. An idea flashed into her mind. She hesitated, but not for long, as she had no licence, for she was not quite sixteen, but she could drive, she was sure of that. Hadn't she watched Dad teach Janet, her older sister? Dad, at this moment, was sound asleep and would never know and she had to get to the West End by three o'clock.

She climbed into the car. Luckily, Dad had the bad habit, which Mother had tried in vain to break, of leaving the key in the switch. Jean turned it, and thanked her stars that the car was headed down the road. She could never have turned it, she thought.

The road, not a very wide one, was on a small decline, and this meant that the brake was on. Failing to notice this, Jean started the engine, and as she let out the clutch the car gave a tremendous jerk, which sickened her for a minute. When she realized what was wrong, she took the brake off, and the car coasted of its own accord down the decline. As she reached the bottom she changed into second, and feeling that the engine didn't respond as it should, pulled out the choke, but it was too late—she had stalled.

With a sad thought of how easy he had imagined driving to be, Jean began all over again. This time, with a few preliminary jerks, the car got under way and began to crawl down the road. As she turned up the avenue leading to the main highway the girl turned too sharply and ran over the corner of Mrs. MacNeil's lawn.

"Oh, dear! Hope I didn't drive over any flowers," gasped poor Jean, but she did not have enough courage to stop to see. "Serves her right for having her garden out where the road should be." She knew, however, that the turning was really wide enough, and that no one else had ever run over Mrs. MacNeil's lawn in making the turn. The thought that probably no one else had ever taken that corner in their first hundred yards of driving comforted her a little.

Suddenly she noticed that the engine was making a funny noise. She was worried for a few seconds, but then realized that she was still driving in second gear. Quite unconcernedly she shifted into high, and reached the main road. In order to avoid her last mishap, she waited too late to turn, and it was lucky that no other car happened to come along, for they would certainly have met Jean on their side of the road. Gradually, however, she drew over to her own side and stayed there.

Kept busy watching the road, she did not even dare to glance at the speedometer, knowing that she would probably land in the ditch if she did. She had an idea that she was going about twenty. Rounding a turn she saw a car tearing towards her, and almost had heart failure. She slowed down, practically stopping, and gave a sigh of relief as it passed without smashing into her. She continued on her way. Up to this time she had found it difficult to keep the car running smoothly, but now, as she became accustomed to it, she managed to keep it at a fairly uniform speed.

Ah! At last she was on the paved road. Only half a mile to go. Passing cars held no terror for her now, and she went along like a veteran. Suddenly as a crossroad came in sight, she remembered that the police were inspecting cars there.

"Heavens they'll want to see my license," thought Jean. "I'll have to turn and go down that old side road." She stopped just abreast of a private driveway, and put the engine in reverse. Then wrenching the wheel around, she prepared to back up the driveway. Letting out the clutch, she shot back, and with a gasp took her foot off the accelerator. However, she never thought of putting on the brake, and so went back into the hedge. Fortunately she "only made a dent in it," as she later expressed it, so came out again, and driving back the road a short distance, turned down a side road.

This was not in the best of condition, but she managed to crawl over it, and soon reached the club house of the West End Courts—with two minutes to spare. She had imagined driving up grandly, but instead made herself a laughing stock for years to come by stalling in front of everybody. She heard Janet's surprised exclamation, and springing out of the car, explained the situation to her.

"Please drive the car home, like a dear, Janet, so Dad won't know," she pleaded. "Someone will drive down after you and bring you back," she added, looking at the boy who had been sitting by her sister. This young man rose, magnanimously saying, "Sure, I'll drive down in my car for you. I'd hate to see Jean get into trouble." So that was settled. Jean persuaded Janet to leave at once, so that Dad would still be asleep when the car was taken back.

Even then she she worried that he would come out and find the car gone, before Janet could reach camp. Maybe she should not have done it. Maybe—with these thoughts weighing heavily on her mind, she was not able to play in her usual snappy style. She would have been worse if she had heard Bob Davis, the head of the tournament committee, saying to his companion, "I thought we might play Jean Grant next week against Summerside, but if she keeps on like this, we can't." The answer was: "Oh, she'll get into her stride soon."

He proved correct, for in a short time Janet came back, and reported that Dad had not noticed the car's absence. Jean's game immediately improved. She quickly recovered the lead which her opponent had gained, and defeated her "with neatness and dispatch," to quote a spectator.

She had her reward as she left the courts, for Bob said to her, "Jean, will you play against Summerside next week?" We need a few players who are so anxious to play that they will risk their necks to do it."

Jean laughed happily but indignantly replied, "Well, I like that! Risked my neck! Why I knew perfectly well I could drive."

At that moment a bewildered Mr. Grant was saying to himself, "You know, I was sure I had parked the car facing the other way. Funny thing, that."

STRANDED

BY

AGNES W. DEMONE, '39

"Oh, Gail! What shall we do? We can't stay here much longer. The tide's coming in."

"Well," answered practical Gail, "just what is your best idea? We can't swim because it's too far, and we can't get the boat because it's nearly a mile from here. Anyway, you should have known better than to leave the boat untied when the tide was coming in."

"Oh, Gail, please don't preach me a sermon. Everyone makes mistakes. I j-j-ust d-don't care what h-h-happens to us. I'm so miserable."

"Heavens! Don't cry. That won't help."

Together the two girls watched their boat floating out to sea with the tide. It had become a mere speck on the horizon and they turned sorrowfully to face their predicament.

Early in the morning they had set out to explore White's Island, a fiat at the mouth of the Sound. The tide had been low when they arrived, so both girls had jumped out, and eager to explore the place, had forgotten to tie the painter of the boat to a boulder. Joan took the blame for this, since she had promised to tie it securely.

Now the tide was coming in and the tiny island would soon be covered with water. They were hungry, too, because they had not eaten for five hours. As they sat there, they wondered what Robinson Crusoe thought of first, when he landed on his island.

After a time, Gail jumped up and shouted, "Joan, buck up! We are not going to be drowned, because we are going to hail the coast patrol boat and get taken back to camp."

"That's useless! The boat passes nearly a quarter of a mile from here. They's never hear us."

"Well, if they don't hear us, they'll see us. I can do something to attract their attention, and so can you."

About half-an-hour later two doleful-looking girls were sitting on the highest rock they could find, anxiously waiting. They heard the putt-putt of the motor and got ready to do something to attract attention.

They were now just about one foot above the water on a flat topped rock that gave them very little surplus space. The rest of the island was covered with water. The prospect was terrifying.

The two leapt into the air, bent down and jumped again, frantically calling and waving their hands. However, the patrol boat held to its course. Joan gave up, and crying, sat close to the edge of the rock. Gail would not give up, but kept on with her leaping, and calling, saying, sarcastically, "Well, after this I should win the high jump."

Finally, she had the satisfaction of seeing the patrol boat sweep about in a circle and head back toward them. Now the water had crept over the top of the rock, completely obliterating it.

The boat could not come to them, so they had to swim out to it. Tired and relieved, they were pulled aboard by members of the crew who threw lines to them. They were so glad to be rescued that many minutes passed before they were able to tell of their unfortunate escapade.

"Now, Gail, we will get home safely, and when we do, I'm staying there. I say right now that I will never venture into a boat alone with you, and I mean it."

A very wet Gail drew herself up indignantly and said, "You don't imagine that I'd go with you, do you? Why, you don't even know enough to tie a boat when....."

Now, now, girls," interposed the Captain, "I really think that the fault was equally divided. Both of you lost the boat, and one should never blame the other."

Gail and Joan agreed that he was right, but the look that passed between them promised an argument in the not-too-distant future.

A NIGHT IN JULY

BY

CLYDE WESTHAVER, '38

I do not know what it was that woke me on that night last July. The heat was not excessive, and I had become accustomed to my spruce mattress in the three nights since my friend Scott, and I had come to the island. The air was in fact, rather chill. I strained my neck to look out through the opening in front of our tent. The fire in the small stone fireplace a few feet away sustained by the log that Scott had thrown on before going to bed, was a mass of glowing embers. My friend and his dog, Pal, were sleeping soundly. There was no noise but a light surf breaking on the rocky shore not far away. I lit a match and looked at my watch; it was a quarter past one.

It occurred to me that it would be a good idea to stoke the fire since we would be getting up about half-past four. I reluctantly left the warm bed, slipped on a pair of shoes, and shivering slightly, went outside. In the pale glow of the firelight I found a few knurls and placed them on the coals. I was about to re-enter the tent when something on Covey's island, half a mile away, attracted my attention. It was a light as of a small fire. But unlike a fire, its glow was steady.

Strange! There was no one on the island! I watched it for half a minute, fascinated. Though my more reasonable self dismissed the thought as foolishness, I suddenly remembered that it must be near the site of the Payzant Cabin and the scene of that famed Indian massacre of nearly 150 years ago—a rock with the imprint of the blood stained hand of one of the victims was, and is still, to be seen there. Then I went inside and called softly, "Scott."

Pal got up silently and went outside.

"Yes," replied Scott, rather sleepily.

"There's a strange light over on Covey's Island," I said.

Scott put on his shoes, and looked out of the tent. The light glowed with the same steady glow and at the same place.

Scott said, "That is strange. And the oddest thing is, it doesn't look like a fire."

"Shall we go over?" I suggested, for at camp no time was out of place to follow any inclination.

"Okay," replied Scott, rather reflectively.

We each hurriedly put on shorts and a sweater.

"Let's not light the lantern, in case some person is there," said Scott. The possibility of bootleggers dawned on me for the first time.

We hurried along the well-beaten path, through the sharp marsh grass, which leads to the shore of the quiet little cove on which we kept our boat. Our tent was on a short "isthmus" joining the two divisions of the island, midway between a rocky and surf-beaten shore on the one side and a beautiful calm cove bordered by a beach on the other side.

We waded into the cold water to launch our boat. Then, one at the bow, one at the stern, we started out, paddling in Indian fashion. We gained momentum as we passed out of the cove.

The light, our goal, was sometimes hidden as bushes intervened between us and it. The boat began to roll slightly midway between the islands where it was exposed to the full sweep of the surf from the sea outside. The shore line began to be distinguishable as we neared the other side. Soon we grounded in the soft sand. We could no longer see the light because of the height of the intervening hill.

Hurriedly pulling up our boat, we climbed the height before us. Yes, the light was still there, ahead of us. It was in the orchard, near that memorable rock. We tended to slow our pace as we approached it. It had a strange, cold, steady glow, which seemed to emanate from nothing. There was no movement near it.

We were both silent, and stopped cautiously when about fifty feet away from it. I felt that I was very close to one of those mysterious forces of the other world which had so often manifested themselves in such form. It was alluring—fascinating—and yet forbidding. We watched, motionless, for a few moments.

"We'll have to do something," I whispered to Scott.

"I have it. We'll throw a rock at it," he said.

He came nearest to scoring a perfect hit. There was a dull sound. The stone apparently lodged in something soft. Our wonderment increased. The next hit was more direct and affected the glow of the light somewhat.

Our confidence increased. We went forward boldly. We stooped to examine it. There in front of us was a mossy, phosphorescent growth on a rotten stump—the source of the mysterious light.

LADY ALOFT

BY

BURTON CORKUM, '37

I had known Captain Crank for some time. He had been a close friend of my father's, both being great old "sea-dogs" and knowing every mile of the seven seas.

It was late in October when Captain Crank had taken over the command of the large four-masted schooner "Laura Jane." She was loading lumber at Quebec for Liverpool, England. While the lumbermen were loading, Capt. Crank was looking about for a crew. Having heard about Capt. Crank's new ship, I was quite anxious to sign on "before the mast."

I went down to the lumber yards where the ship was lying and asked for Capt. Crank. The mate took me to his quarters and, after introducing myself to the captain, I was heartily received by a "Well, son, how's the world treating you." I'll not forget the handshake for a while either, as I can clearly remember the feeling of my hand when he was through with it. He signed me on, and told me we were to sail within two days.

After two days of gathering together my sea clothes, mending and patching them and making them seaworthy again, I was ready for sea. The day of sailing came, and I appeared on the deck about six-thirty in the morning. There was a brisk, south-westerly breeze blowing. The sun was just beginning to melt the thin coating of frost which had formed on the deck.

The mate ordered us to take in the heavy lines and loose the straps about the furled sails. We were busy at our work when the captain appeared on the dock. I noticed that he was in "bad trim." He seemed greatly bothered about something. I imagined that he had had a bad night at home, which I later learned to be quite true. The mate went up on the dock to meet him, and I heard the captain mutter and stammer about something unpleasant. The mate scratched his head in an amused manner and turned his rough, smiling face away. The captain then gave him a few orders, following which he went below to his quarters.

About three quarters of an hour later a buggy appeared on the dock, from which a defiant looking little woman stepped, followed closely by a short well-dressed man who carried in one hand a sputtering parrot. They were truly an odd looking couple. I later learned that the man was the lady's brother and that the lady was the captain's wife. When they appeared on the dock I could hear snickering and muffled laughter about me from the crew.

The greatest amusement was aroused when the mate announced that Mrs. Crank, her brother, who, by the way, was a retired professor; and her pet parrot were to sail with us to Liverpool. Of course this is what had caused the captain's anger and uneasiness earlier in the day. We had learned that the night previous to our sailing had been an unpleasant one for Capt. Crank, because he and his wife had quarreled all night long about the matter of her accompanying him to England. As it seems to be a woman's privilege to win her argument, Mrs. Crank, her brother and her parrot were to sail to England.

I can remember the day we set out. From the very beginning, the parrot decided to make a nuisance of itself. It began to patrol the deck yelling at the sailors. It would get under feet and cause us to stumble. Before long the parrot had acquired its first lesson in swearing. Once, when it had caused a big over-grown chap to trip, he kicked it clean across the deck. As he did this, Mrs. Crank was coming forward from the captain's quarters. He didn't see her but she saw him, and was after him in a bound with a belaying pin in her hand. As she was about to strike him, he noticed her, and I witnessed one of the greatest races I believe I have ever seen. I never saw a crew of men laugh so much in all my history of going to sea. The sailor chap's pleading with Mrs. Crank, and she yelling for all she was worth, added to our bellows of laughter, put all sport fans to shame.

Finally, the sailor took to the rigging, hoping to escape her there, but that didn't hinder Mrs. Crank, at least not at first, but when she was about three-quarters or a little farther up the mast, she happened to look down. The race was over. The sailor crossed over to the other rigging and descended to the deck, but poor Mrs. Crank, beginning to realize where she was, began to scream louder and louder. I thought the best way to win the old lady's favour would be to go aloft and help her down. I jumped into the rigging and in a few seconds was at her side, but to my astonishment she beat me on the head with her fists and yelled at me, "get out of here and let me alone." I pleaded with her, I told her she must be quite mad, that I only wanted to help her. She yelled again and told me that she didn't want any help and started to climb further aloft. When she noticed she was going the wrong way, she began to yell louder than ever.

During all this excitement, Capt. Crank paced the poop-deck scratching his grey head, not knowing what to make of the situation. His wife's brother was following him like a dog, begging him to do something. Once when the professor was following him quite closely with his head down he did not notice the captain's sudden about-face and bumped right into him. The little professor fell backward and sat on the deck with a thud. His derby (he happened to be wearing one at that time) was shoved down over his eyes. This added more humor to the scene. I thought the crew would go hysterical. The last "straw" was when the captain grabbed the professor's hat in an attempt to pull it off, but the hat was stuck. As the captain tugged, the hat did not move or budge. The captain stood up with a jerk, the rim of his hat in his hands. The crew rolled about the deck holding on to their stomachs. Some of them had to crawl into the galley lest they should see more and "die" of a fit.

During this time Mrs. Crank began to calm herself and my aching head felt much better. She descended to my side as Capt. Crank ascended the opposite rigging. It took about five minutes of his coaxing until she gathered enough nerve to make a slow but sure descent.

When we reached the deck the professor's hat was lying in shreds on the deck-house. He had asked one of the crew to take a knife and cut it from his head. He was below nursing a few cuts which he had received because of the sailor's unsteady hands. Mrs. Crank, her parrot and her brother, watched their step from then on. I must say that Mrs. Crank never went aloft again and kept her parrot in the cabin.

A NARROW ESCAPE

BY

JOAN MERCER, '38

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked Peter, addressing his friend who, looking very miserable, sat on the college steps.

"Everything," said Bob, without glancing up as Peter sat down beside him. He was silent for several minutes, then he said, "Peter, what would you do if you had asked a girl to go to the hockey game with you, and when the day of the game came, you found you had only five cents?"

"If that's a hint, I'm not going to lend you any," answered Peter, helpfully, "you owe me five dollars as it is."

"I know," groaned Bob. "I owe Albert two dollars, Jack and Bill one dollar each, and Frank fifty cents. I can't borrow any more. I'll have to tell her that I sprained my ankle."

"Who is the unlucky girl?"

"Nancy."

"Didn't you tell her that the last time," Peter asked innocently.

Bob stood up and picked up his books without answering the question. He said, "It's just a quarter to twelve, and my classes are over for today. I must find a dollar somewhere."

"Try to find six dollars, I might need mine soon."

Laughing at this, Bob walked down the steps and, as he disappeared around the corner of the building, he heard Peter call, "Good Luck."

He wandered aimlessly down the street. Unconsciously, he turned toward the business section of the city, and glanced into every window as he went along, because he had nothing better to do. Suddenly he saw a sign: "Dishwasher Wanted—Apply Within."

Bob did not look twice. He dashed into the restaurant and within five minutes he was busy washing the first batch of dinner dishes. By two o'clock he had finished them and left the restaurant until five o'clock when he would have to return to wash the supper dishes.

Putting a hand in his pocket, he rattled the thirty cents which had been the salary for that first job. He felt much richer—he now had thirty-five cents and would soon earn another thirty at supper time—but sixty-five cents would not take two people to a hockey game for which the tickets are fifty cents apiece.

He walked about the city until half-past four, hoping another job would fall into his lap, but he was disappointed. Finally he returned to the park near the college campus, and tried to compose a suitable excuse to send to Nancy, which would explain why he could not take her to the game.

"Dear Nancy," he began, "I'm very sorry, but due to unavoidable circumstances—suppose she asks me in class tomorrow what they were, what will I tell her? Maybe I can pretend I forgot—but no, if I don't come she'll call me up because she'll think I'm late."

He tried again: "Dear Nancy, I sprained my ankle this afternoon." No, that excuse won't do, because, as Peter said, I told her that last time. How's this? I have a terrible headache, a sore throat, and—that sounds too serious. She'll think I have 'flu, and will send a Doctor up to my room, and that will be worse than ever. Oh, what is the use? I'll simply——"

"Hi, there, Bob!" called a familiar feminine voice.

Bob looked up, startled. "Nancy," he cried, realizing that he would have to tell her the truth now.

"I've been looking for you all afternoon," Nancy said. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, everywhere," was the vague answer. Should he tell her he was washing dishes?

A friend of mine, Betty Keats has just come to the city. You know her, don't you?"

"I've met her once," he answered, feeling his heart sink, as he wondered if Nancy expected him to take them both to the hockey game.

"I asked her to come to the game with us," Nancy continued.

Bob groaned inwardly, and thought that suicide must be the only alternative to having to disgrace yourself by telling your girl that—but what was Nancy saying?

"—she would rather not come, so do you mind if I don't go?"

"What, not going, Nancy!" he exclaimed, trying to hide the relief in his voice.

That night a restaurant manager wondered why his new dishwasher did not come back!

ESSAYS

GETTING UP AND GOING TO SCHOOL ON A
COLD MORNING

BY

BARBARA CORKUM, '37

I suppose you have often awakened in the morning to find your bedroom window well frosted, and the temperature of the room like that in an igloo.

Your first problem is to figure out some way to get the window closed and the radiator turned on without getting out of bed. You decide that the best plan would be to call for assistance, and you begin to yell at the top of your voice. After yelling yourself into a weakened condition, you come to the conclusion that everybody is downstairs, and cannot hear you.

There is nothing left to do but to get up yourself. One leap from the bed brings you to the window. You start to pull on it, only to find that it will not budge. You pull still harder, but to no avail. (While you are struggling with the window, you are also freezing to death.) By this time you realize that the window is undoubtedly stuck and you might as well go back to bed and get warm.

Once back in bed, you tell yourself that you are getting nowhere fast, and after considerable thought, decide on a new plan of action. In an instant you are out of bed again, and gathering your clothes, make a dash for the bathroom. There you find it lovely and warm and you are soon dressed.

Now you happen to glance at your watch and find to your dismay that it is twenty minutes to nine! Immediately you realize that you have not a moment to lose. Breakfast is eaten in one or two enormous gulps. (You will feel the effect of this when you are settled in school.) In your great haste you become a little too rough with your overshoe laces and one suddenly snaps. At this point you are very likely to lose your temper, but always remember to count ten before you do anything desperate. You must pull yourself together, knot that confounded overshoe lace (a square knot is preferable), grab your books and run.....

Weak and exhausted, you arrive at school just in the nick of time, and you have to spend the entire first period trying to recuperate!

MUSIC IN THE LUNENBURG SCHOOLS

BY

LLOYD LANGILLE, '37

It has been long thought that music should be taught in the Lunenburg Schools. This idea has been realized in the past school year and is being continued.

A class of special instruction for the teachers of the Common School grades was arranged last year. Under the guidance of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, the teachers were made familiar with the fundamentals of singing. The art of sight reading, sight singing, counting time, instructing a singing class—all these were handed on to the teachers from their instructor.

Then, one day, the High School students heard weird noises coming from across the building. It was naught but the boys and girls taking their first singing lessons. Gradually, their efforts were rewarded and their attempts proved more successful.

The teachers have taken great delight in instructing the little ones in this field, and the little ones are also taking great delight in learning the fundamentals. It is hoped this music course will be continued and that its benefits may be shown in the future.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

BY

RUTH POWERS, '38

A good school library is one of the best sources of information a student can have. Our Lunenburg School Library, though it is very small, contains many valuable books.

Let me give you some idea how our library is supervised. First, all the books are numbered and alphabetically lettered. These numbers and letters, along with the author's name, are each put on a separate card called an index card. The cards are kept together, and by this means it is an easy matter to find the letter, number, name or author of any book.

The books themselves are divided into different classes. For example, books that are lettered "A" pertain to science, those lettered "E" to fiction, and so on. The Library is also divided into sections to accomodate each class of book.

Those books which are lost during the year, those that are donated, and those bought, are all listed in a large index book. The total number of books in the Library is 3,337, the greatest part of this number being devoted to fiction. Of these there are 1,325 and the books in each of the other divisions are comparatively few.

Every fortnight, from the time the playground equipment is taken down in the fall, to the time it is put up in the spring, the pupils from Grades V to XII inclusive, receive books. Each Grade has a record book in which is written the name of the borrower, the name, letter and number of the book, and the date it was borrowed. In this way all the books that are loaned may be kept account of.

It is not only the school students that have access to the books, but any person in the community who wishes to borrow one, may do so.

Besides the library, there is also a reading room, which is even smaller than the library. This contains reference books, periodicals and school and college magazines. There is also a very large reference dictionary, which was presented by one of the graduating classes.

You now have some idea of the number of books in our library, and of the size of it. How much better would it therefore be if we could have a combined library and reading room! We have been agitating for this for several months. Will you not help us to fulfill this desire?

LUNENBURG FOUNDRY COMPANY LIMITED

BY

MARTIN EISENHAUER, '38

The Town of Lunenburg is supported largely by its industries. They include as we all know, fishing, shipbuilding, manufacturing and a few others.

The Lunenburg Foundry Company Limited has for the past forty-five years or more been the mainstay of the manufacturing industry. This Company is one of the Town's greatest assets. It has been built up from a very small beginning to a large manufacturing plant by some of the most energetic men of the Town.

Started in 1891 its primary purpose was to supply the County and surrounding districts with cooking stoves. But the men who headed this concern looked at the fishing fleet and realized that here at their front door lay another opportunity to increase their output of manufactured goods. So the growth of the Foundry coincided with that of the fishing fleet. It supplied the fishing vessels with all sorts of ship machinery including hoists, steering gears, pumps, capstans, stoves, ship's bells and hundreds of other smaller equipment.

In 1909 the manufacturing of gasoline engines was started, making the Company one of the first to produce them in Eastern Canada. This department grew until it became the most important in the plant. The first engine made is still in use after being used constantly for the last twenty-eight years. It was installed in a fishing boat in summer and sawed wood in the back yard during the winter. The Foundry now manufactures over sixteen different gasoline engines from three to thirty horse-power in one, two and three cylinders, also a new V8 engine, the blocks of which are obtained from the Ford factory. This motor is used in speedboats, cruisers and heavy work boats, with straight drive, with two to one or with three to one reduction gears respectively. The Company has a capacity to turn out over two hundred engines per month working night and day.

For heating purposes they manufacture stoves, furnaces, heaters and automatic stokers. Over forty-five different models of stoves are produced. These are known all over the Maritimes for their good qualities and appearance. They range from large, smart kitchen ranges to the small "Sardine" for fishing boats which is only one foot cubic.

The firm also installs diesel engines in our schooners and carries on an efficient repair service in marine motors. At present two of their mechanics are in England taking a further course in this work so that they may serve the public even better than before.

The Lunenburg Foundry now occupies a floor space of well over 80,000 square feet which consists of a moulding room, machine shop, tank, tin-smith and fitting shops, drafting room and pattern shop and a few other departments including the offices and showroom. The most up-to-date machinery is used, amongst which is one of the longest lathes east of Montreal and an improved cylinder grinding machine. The power is supplied by electricity with an oil engine in reserve in the event of the failing of the former.

The firm has selling agencies throughout Eastern Canada, Newfoundland and the British West Indies.

At present nearly one hundred men are employed with the total of over one hundred thousand dollars flowing out into the community annually in the form of wages. This is quite a contrast with their beginning of only seven men employed. Twenty of our High School students are receiving immense benefit from the Company as a class in moulding is being personally conducted for their benefit by Mayor Schwartz, foreman of the moulding room and a director of the firm. These classes are very interesting and the boys appreciate it very much. So we can easily determine what a great asset this Company is to the community.

LUNENBURG SEA PRODUCTS

BY

LLOYD LANGILLE, '37

It has been arranged by our principal, Mr. D. H. Collins, for those school-boys who might be interested, to be present on several occasions at the "Lunenburg Foundry" and "Lunenburg Sea Products" to learn something of the respective industries. These boys have acquired a considerable amount of information regarding the operation of these two great industries.

The following article tells how the "Lunenburg Sea Products" appeared to one of those boys.

Arriving at the firm, the boys were placed in charge of one of the employees, by whom they were shown through the firm. The work being done in the different sections was discussed as a group, and the details explained.

Afterwards, the boys were divided and placed in the different sections and permitted to observe individually, the work as it was carried on.

The fish are removed from the vessels at the wharf, when they are assorted according to size. Some are placed in ice and kept for future use. Others are taken into the main building. They are placed on an endless belt, which travels down the centre of the table. Men on both sides of the table remove the fish and cut off the fillets.

The fillets are placed on another endless belt, which carries them to the end of the table. Here, the skins are removed. If the fillets are to be sold as fresh fillets, they are then taken to the section devoted to this work, after being in a brine solution for a short time. The fillets are examined and packed.

If they are to be sold as smoked fillets, the fillets first go to the drying vats. Here a small quantity of color is added. They are taken from the vats dried, smoked, and packed.

Smoked Finnan Haddie is also made. These also have to go through the last stages through which smoked fillets pass that is, drying, drying, and smoking.

In this plant, the bodies of the fish are not wasted. There is a fish meal plant which utilizes these bodies the product being sold on the market as fish meal.

In conjunction with this firm is the "Cold Storage". The fresh fish are stored here until ready for shipment.

A boy cannot expect to get along if he merely knows what is in his school books. He must have some knowledge of a practical nature to help him. This Lunenburg firm has been helping the academy boys in this respect. By permitting the boys to observe trained and experienced men working, useful bits of information and knowledge are picked up, which may later, be put to good use.

The Lunenburg Sea Products should be congratulated on their good work.

HELLO, V. B. Y.

BY

BURTON CORKUM

Modern ideas have been introduced to our fishermen, and modern machinery means as much to them as it does to our manufacturer or motorist. Some years ago diesel power was first introduced to our Lunenburg-built vessels, but at that time the machinery or power units were light and lacked power.

As years passed, these power units were enlarged and made more powerful, just as our automobiles were improved from year to year. At present our modern fishing vessels are powered with great engines which drive them at great speed.

This introduction to diesel power has been of great value to our fleet.

By means of this power it is able to manoeuver in almost any kind of weather and leave or go to the fishing banks whenever so desired.

Our fishermen did not stop with diesel power. They now have become "radio minded." There are about eight vessels of our fleet equipped with radio telephones. By means of these instruments, they are able to communicate with the land and also with one another. There are two land stations, both owned by W. C. Smith & Co., on situated at Lunenburg, the other at Lockeport.

These instruments have proved to be a great value to the fleet. They are able to communicate with their home port every day and report the doings of the day, whether fishing or not, good or bad weather and if fishing, the amount caught. They are also used in emergency cases, reporting trouble which may have occurred to their driving power, either losing a propeller or damaging the engine. On such instances the value of this radio-telephone is unbeneviable. With this communication, help may immediately be sent to the exact position of the vessel.

Each one of these radio equipped vessels have what is technically termed "call letters," but they use the name of the schooner in preference to these calls being slightly more convenient. The land stations have "call letters" which are used; Lunenburg's call being "V.B.Y." and Lockeport's being "V. B. T." These machines are worked on short wave receivers and transmitters at a wave length of 160 metres.

It is very interesting to tune your radio, if it so happens to have a short wave receiver, to these vessels and listen to their conversation. Calling one another you will hear such call as "Hello, Andrava" or "Hello, Arthur J. Lynn," then you wait patiently for such a reply as "Hello, V. B. Y.," or "Hello, V. B. T." Tune in sometime and listen to our fishermen putting their fishing experiences in their own words. You won't regret it.

THE ACADEMY CONCERT

BY

CLYDE WESTHAVER, '38

The Academy Christmas Concert held December 16 and 17 was, as usual, successful. This year, however, all the numbers were in keeping with the religious significance of the time of year. This was notably true of the play, an annual feature, which was undoubtedly the chief item of interest.

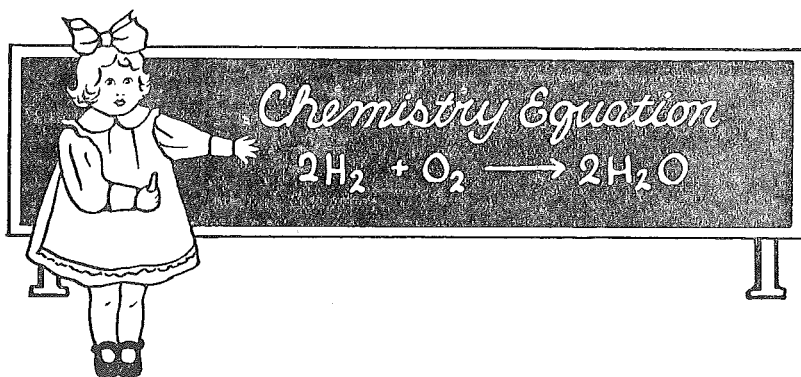
The Concert opened with an operetta by the Common School which was well rendered. Following this there were several short numbers by the Common School students, which were followed by the play, "The Bishop's Candlesticks."

This latter was of interest to young and old alike. It was an adaptation of an extract from Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." The setting was the home of the good Bishop, in a mountainous region of France. The chief character was a downtrodden and desperate convict who had shortly escaped from the custody of a prison to which he had been confined for stealing a loaf of bread to feed his starving family.

The play portrayed a night spent by the convict with the "good Bishop" and its outcome—the restoration of the soul of the former through the admirable kindness of the latter. The cast was well-chosen and gave a splendid performance.

The last number on the program was a pageant portraying certain circumstances surrounding the birth of Christ. It had considerable choral element and was made particularly effective by careful costuming and by contrast of the stage lights.

The Concert was well attended on both nights, also at the matinee held on the first day. At the last performance an instrumental quartet, the "Mason's Island Boys" supplied the music at the evening and between act in place of the piano numbers which were a feature of the first performances.



THE STORY OF CARBORUNDUM

BY

MAXWELL F. L. CORKUM, '37

How many of you readers have heard of, or have used Carborundum? I am sure that everyone has had some experience with it in their everyday duties.

Until the twentieth century began, the diamond was the chief high-grade sharpening tool. It would cut anything. The diamond, however, had a fault—it was expensive. Because of this drawback, a man named Acheson worked to discover a substitute for the diamond. His task was hard for he had to build up a substance that was sharper than emery; as sharp as the diamond, if possible; but it must be inexpensive.

During one of his experiments he placed a mixture of clay and coke in a small iron pot. He inserted a carbon rod and covered the pot. Next, he connected the iron pot and the carbon rod to a source of electrical energy. This experiment was continued for a length of time, then the experimenter decided to take a peep at this former mixture of clay and coke. The fused material was removed and after close examination, Dr. Acheson detected some blueish crystals clinging to what was left of the carbon rod.

Dr. Acheson soon found that his new substance cut glass easily. He named the new substance Carborundum. Since his first experiment, Carborundum has been perfected so that it is cheaper than the diamond and stands next to it in hardness. Later a factory was set up at Niagara Falls, which in time grew to considerable proportions. At the present time there is an annual production of 30,000 tons of Carborundum.

The uses of this substance are inestimable. It composes the dentist's grinding wheel, the housewife's knife-sharpener, the hay-maker's scythe stone. Machinists can produce steel ball-bearings, with Carborundum, to the accuracy of one-thousandth of an inch. Strange as it may seem Carborundum grains are being utilized in concrete to make it "slip-proof." Do you realize that the parts of the very watches on your wrists have been machined to accuracy by Carborundum? Your automobile would not work efficiently had not the parts been machined very accurately with the same material.

Surely we should look up with respect to such men as Dr. Acheson and others for their valuable contributions to our comfort and convenience.

EARLY TYPES OF LOCOMOTIVES

BY

LUCILLE LANGILLE, '40

At first steam propelled vehicles were not designed to run on rails, but on existing roadways and streets. The first was built by Nicholas Cugnot in Paris, France, in the year 1769. This steam-propelled vehicle had three wheels, two in the back and one in the front. It had two single-acting cylinders and pistons which acted alternately on its single front wheel. For a short time this vehicle carried four persons along the streets of Paris at a speed of from three to four miles an hour.

The first trip of the "Tom Thumb," which was the name of another steam locomotive, was made on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in United States, August 28, 1830, with Peter Cooper at its throttle. It had one cylinder three and one-half inches in diameter, fourteen inch stroke, and developed a little more than one horse power. Its weight was scarcely one ton. In a boat shaped car, officials and directors of the Baltimore and Ohio comprised the first load of passengers hauled by steam power on the Western Hemisphere.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Cooper had a steam blast apparatus of his own devising on this tiny locomotive. It consisted of a sort of bellows, operated by a belt running over a drum and geared with the car wheels. This blast was the cause of the "Tom Thumb" losing an important race with a horse owned by the competitive stage owners "Stockton and Stokes of Baltimore."

The account of this unique race, the truth of which is vouched for, bears retelling here as a historical item. The little engine had been tried out a number of times and, although starting off with much puffing and leaking of steam from its joints had answered all the expectations of its ingenious inventor. But on the day of trial just described, the stage proprietors, having learned that the engine was on the track, brought down a gallant gray horse of great beauty and strength and attached him to a car on the second track. From this point they determined to have a race back, and away went the horse and the engine—the snort of the one keeping time to the puff of the other.

The horse had the better of it at first, getting a quarter of a mile ahead while the engine was getting up its steam. The blower whistled, the steam blew off in vapoury clouds, the speed increased the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, the race was neck-to-neck, nose-to-nose, and then the engine passed the horse and a great hurrah hailed the victory.

But just at this time, when the horse's master was about to give up, the belt which turned the pulley that moved the blower slipped from the drum, the safety valve ceased to steam and the engine for want of breath began to sneeze and pant.

Mr. Cooper who was his own engineer and fireman, lacerated his hands in attempting to replace the belt on the wheel; the horse gained on the engine and passed it, to his great chagrin and although the belt was presently replaced, the steam engine did its best but the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken and came in winner of the race.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD DOLLAR

BY

CHARLOTTE MAXNER, '40

I am an old Canadian dollar, soiled and tattered from much use.

When I see ladies shrink from taking me in their dainty fingers, I could weep for shame. However, I notice they always take me for I am very useful.

In the year nineteen hundred twenty-seven I was issued from the mint at Ottawa, clean crisp and a lovely green and white in color. Surely I had reason to be proud of myself that day.

I was sent to a large bank in exchange for another bill as old and unattractive as I am now and from that time on was exchanged from hand to hand so often that I was dizzy.

Finally I came into the possession of a jolly old red-cheeked man, dressed in a red suit trimmed with white fur, who put me in his bill-fold, climbed into his aeroplane and after a swift journey through the air, and a swifter descent down a chimney, took me out of the bill-fold and thrust me down into the toe of a stocking. Then he put a number of other things on top of me, until I was almost suffocated and thought my end had come.

The next morning I heard laughter and someone shouted, "Merry Christmas."

I was taken from my hiding-place by a little golden-haired girl, who danced with joy at sight of me, and said, "Now I can buy that book I've always wanted!"

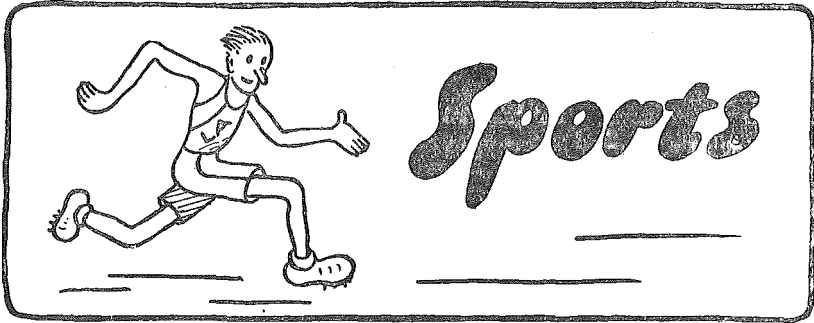
Within the next few days I was taken to a book-store and exchanged for a book. Then the book-store man deposited me in a bank, and for years I was kept busy.

The "Depression" came and stayed; it seemed I was squeezed a bit tighter by very hand that held me. I was paid out, first for books and toys, then for clothing, and my beauty was gone.

One day I was dropped on the dirty sidewalk and picked up by a half-starved woman, who clutched me as if I were her last hope. She bought food for her hungry family with me, and the next thing I knew I was brought back to the bank by the store-keeper.

The teller gave me one disgusted look, and said, "Back you go to where you came from, and we will get a nice new bill in exchange for you."

Ah, me, such is life! Now I must step aside for an upstart not more than half my size. However, I think you will agree that I have not lived in vain.



NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION HIGH SCHOOL TRACK MEET

BY

CECIL WHYNACHT, '37

On Friday afternoon of September 18, a track meet was held in connection with the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition. This meet is an annual affair, and is one of the most interesting events on the exhibition program. This year's meet was especially interesting, seven new records being established and one equalled.

Teams of both boys and girls from Bridgewater, Chester, Shelburne, Mahone, Riverport, and Lunenburg took part. Bridgewater led by Bill Feindel and Chris Pamerter, took an early lead to hold it all through the meet, and win by a wide margin.

The meet opened with the 60 yard dash for boys. Feindel of Bridgewater, took the heat to equal the track record for this event. He also won the 100 yard dash and the 220 yard dash, establishing new records in both events, and placing his team well on the road to victory.

Franklyn Emenau won the 880 yard dash for Lunenburg, making a new record. Next came the shot put. Blake Naugler, Bridgewater athlete, won this event with a throw of 37 feet 5¾ inches. Ralph Veinot, Bridgewater student, won the high jump. Both first and second place went to Lunenburg in the pole vault; Dana Smith winning and Lawrence Tanner placing second.

William Flemming of Shelburne won the broad jump. Bridgewater won both the 880 yard and the mile relay, Lunenburg placing second in both. A new record for the mile relay was established.

The girls' events were equally as thrilling as the boy's. Chris Pamerter of Bridgewater was the outstanding performer—winning both the 40 yard and the 100 yard dashes. Jean Newell, of Bridgewater, won the 60 yard dash. The Mahone Bay girls broke the record for the 440 yard relay by winning it in 11 3-5 seconds. Chester placed second in this event.

The meet ended with Bridgewater far in the lead both in boy's and girls' events, thus capturing the trophy formerly held by the Lunenburg Academy. The latter came second, with Shelburne placing third. Bill Feindel and Chris Pamerter, both of Bridgewater, won the prizes for highest individual scoring in boy's and girls' events respectively. The trophies are donated by the Exhibition Committee.

The following is a list of the schools represented, and the number of points won by each team:

Team	Boys	Girls
Bridgewater	69	20
Lunenburg	26	
Shelburne	12	
Chester	9	13
Mahone Bay	$\frac{1}{2}$	12
Riverport	$\frac{1}{2}$	

Highest Individual Scorers:

Bill Feindel, Bridgewater 23 points
 Chris Pamerter, Bridgewater 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ points

After the meet, the members of the competing teams were the guests of the Lunenburg Academy at a supper in the School Assembly Hall, where an enjoyable time was had by all.

SCHOOL NEWS

BY

MINNIE HUNT '39

Again we have had an interesting and successful year. In this review of school events, it might be appropriate to start from the last publication of our magazine and work up to recent activities.

First, we had our Oratorical Contest on April 10, 1936. It was, as usual, of much interest, not only to the High School students, but also a large number of parents and friends who were present. There was keen competition between all the chosen competitors. The contest was won by Grades XII and X.

The Parents-Teachers-Pupils Meeting was held on April 24. This is the second year for this, and the large number that attended proved its success. Short skits were presented by the four High School Grades, two comedies and two of a more serious nature. After the programme refreshments were served by the students.

We held our Closing Exercises on June 22, and the following evening had our Closing Party. A large number attended and all had a good time.

After an enjoyable summer vacation, we came back again to the routine of School life, most of us eager to be at it again. Soon after the school opening we had our Track Meet. There were competing teams from various Nova Scotia schools, the largest from Bridgewater. The Academy team did not do as well as was expected, but we hope to regain our old standard next year. A banquet was held in the Assembly Hall for the competitors after the Meet at which prizes were presented and speeches made by the various Track leaders.

During the year we have had several Monday Morning Devotional Services. The students were requested to be at school at 8:45 on every other Monday morning. Each Monday a different grade prepared a suitable programme, which usually is followed by a few comments by the Principal.

The Annual Christmas Concert was held on December 16 and 17, with greater success than ever. The main features of the programme were: an operetta by the pupils of the Common School; a Biblical Pageant by the High School; and a one-act play, "The Bishop's Candlesticks," based on an incident from Victor Hugo's famous novel, "Les Miserables."

The Christmas holidays began with the High School Party. The committees in charge worked hard to make the party a success, and it was voted one of the best of the year.

The Athletic Association, which was organized last year, has carried on its activities with a view to promoting interest in the various sports, especially rack and hockey, but the season so far has been a poor one for the latter. The Association has held several parties, charging a small admission fee to help build up its funds. The Executive is as follows:

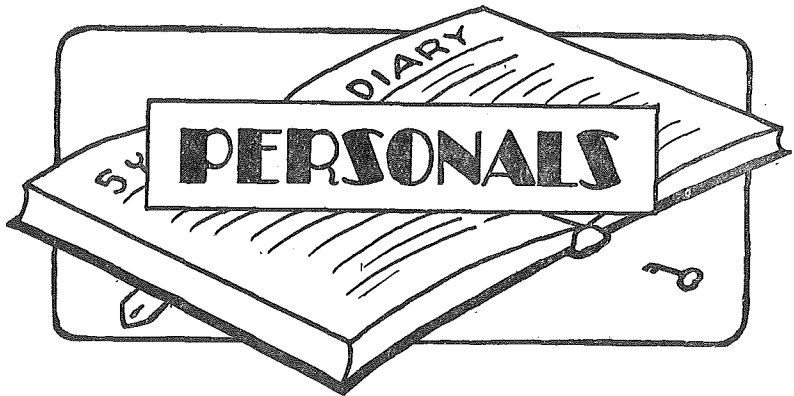
President—Cecil Whynacht

Secretary-Treasurer—Maxwell Corkum

Executive Committee—Robert Stein (Grade IX); George Zinck (Grade X); Gordon Frittenburg (Grade XI).

Before closing, perhaps it will be of interest to state that again this year, as last, night classes are being held in the Academy. Night school this year is much more successful than last year. Mr. D. H. Pyke has charge of Bookkeeping and Mr. G. H. Moore, the English and Arithmetic. In the evening classes the students are learning to express themselves orally as well as on paper. The Bookkeeping taught in night classes is the same as that given by the Maritime Business College.

This short summary is a general survey of our school life aside from classes, and indicates that our activities are both useful and interesting.



Isabel Spindler, A'36, Joyce Smith, A'36, Marjorie Corkum A'36, Edith Holland, B'35, are at present attending The Maritime Business College. Aubrey Smith, who was unable to finish Grade XI because of ill health, is attending the same college.

Gertrude Mason, A'35, Velma Schnare, B'36, and Melrose Emeneau B'35, are student nurses at the Saint John General Hospital.

Elizabeth Kohler A'36, and Kathleen Hail, A'36, are students in training at the Halifax Infirmary.

At Dalhousie University we find the following students furthering their education: Charlotte Corkum, B'35, and Marion Westhaver, A'36, are studying for their Bachelor of Arts degree; Charles Lane, B'35, is taking an engineering course; Constance Burgoyne, A'36, of Mahone Bay, who attended the Grade XII class last year, is taking a Bachelor of Arts degree preparatory to a librarian course.

Among the students taking a teacher's course at the Provincial Normal College are the following: Evelyn Beck, A'35; Mary Ernst, A'36; Elizabeth Buckmaster, B'35; Isabel Nichols, A'36; Ella Corbin, A'36; Elizabeth Manthorne, B'36.

At Acadia University we find Christabel Walters, A'36, taking a degree in Household Economics.

James Anderson, A'36 is at present an employee at W. A. Zwicker & Co.

Scott Bland, B'36, is attending Mount Allison University where he is taking a Bachelor of Arts degree.

George Heisler, B'36, is employed at Powers Brothers.

Robert Smith, A'36, is employed at the Lunenburg Sea Products.

Oriel Crouse, A'36, is taking a correspondence course in drugs. She is employed at the Lunenburg branch of the Kinley Drug Co. Ltd., for practical experience before entering Dalhousie University where she will take up a Certified Druggist course.

Donald Hebb and Douglas Hamm, who spent several months of this year in Grade XII, are employed in the Bank of Commerce. The former is stationed in his home town branch, the latter at Bass River.

Basil Crouse, who spent part of this year with us in Grade XII, is now an employee at the Lunenburg Foundry.

BIOGRAPHIES, CLASS '37

NORMA OXNER

"We love her for her smile—her look,
Her way of speaking gently."

Her sunny smile and disposition have made Norma one of the best-liked students in the class. We understand she intends to be a nurse, and may every success be hers.

GERALD BURKE

"But come what will, I've worn it still,
I'll never be melancholy, O!"

Throughout his school life, Gerald has always taken the above as his motto. Although he is fond of fun, Gerald is also a clever student. His choice of a vocation is unknown to us, but we wish him success in whatever he undertakes.

ENA FRASER

"From native land to foreign strand,
Achieving honor where'er she goes."

Ena has the distinction of being the only person in Grade XII this year who is studying the full course of subjects. Besides being a conscientious student she is a fine musician and has taken part in all school activities. We do not know what Ena intends to do in the future, but whatever it is, we know that she will have the same success that she has had here.

LUCILLE MAXNER

"Her face is fair, her heart is true."

During her years at L. A., Lucille has proved a true friend, a hard worker, and a cheerful companion. Next fall she leaves us to enter the Montreal General Hospital as a student nurse. Her cheery smile and sunny disposition will help many sick people forget their troubles.

BURTON CORKUM

"If music be the food of love, play on."

This proved to be Burton's "theme," especially during the last two years. He is an authority on all popular music and current movies. Strange as it may seem, Burton intends to enter the ministry on leaving school. We all feel certain that success will be his.

MARGARET HIRTLE

"Thus was thy life here,

Not marked by noise, but by success alone."

"Marg." is conscientious as a student and has wasted no time through the school year. Quiet and unassuming, she has made many friends and we wish her the best of everything.

RUTH SMELTZER

"Forever and a day

Her friends will linger on."

Ruth's pleasant disposition has always been one of her outstanding qualities. This quality will undoubtedly be an asset to her in her career as a teacher. We feel she will make a delightful school-m'am and the best wishes of her host of friends follow her.

LUCY DRAKE

“. . . , and lived from laugh to laugh”

Lucy always seems to have a hard time to suppress her giggle, so it has been great fun knowing her. She is an enthusiastic knitter and spends many spare moments thus engaged.

Lucy has plans for a business career. Here's to you, Lucy.

GILBERT CORKUM

“O sleep, come take me!”

“Frizzie” absolutely refuses to be disturbed by anything or anybody. His good nature and dry humor have won him many friends. He is still undecided about what he will do after graduation, but we feel sure that nothing in the future will ever excite him.

MAXWELL CORKUM

“He's either going into trouble,
Or just coming out.”

“Maxie” was born at East LaHave and moved to town at the tender age of three years. All through school “Maxie” has always been found where there is any fun and mischief—especially mischief. When he leaves us he will further his education in the field of electrical engineering. We wish him every success in his work.

DORIS SCHNARE

“The mildest of manners,
The gentlest of hearts.”

In the fall of '36 Doris was first seen at Lunenburg Academy. She soon became a friend to all, and entered wholeheartedly into school life. We wish you all the luck that you deserve, Doris, and our only regret is that you were not with us longer.

LUCILLE FEENER

“Moderation is the silken string running
through the pearl chain of all virtues.”

Lucille has only been our classmate for this year. Although quiet, she has made many friends who will miss her when she leaves. Lucille has been a good student and a hard worker. This characteristic will bring her success in whatever work she chooses.

ROSS DEMONE

“Think what a man should be, and he is that.”

A pleasant disposition combined with diligence has made Ross a worthwhile friend. Although he has been away from school for a few years, Ross has shown himself to be an able student. He is undecided about the future, but a person of such a fine character can meet with only success.

ELIZABETH HEBB

“Whatever it is, I'm against it”

“Lib” is decidedly of the athletic type, being very fond of all outdoor sports. Although she was not always in the limelight, she was a ready worker in all school activities. Her classmates all join in wishing her the best of luck in her medical career.

IRIS OXNER

“Gentle and kind and true is she”

Iris is not the noisy type of girl, but good nature and humor often accompany a quiet disposition. Sincerity is the keynote of her character. Iris plans to take a business course, and her many friends join in wishing her success.

MURIEL DARES

"It's a kind heart that has many friends"

We did not know Muriel until she became our classmate last year in Grade XII. As a conscientious student and a loyal friend, she has earned many "Aye, ayes." We wish you all the luck in the world, Muriel.

BEULAH ERNST

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
And most divinely fair."

A very welcome addition to this year's "A" class was this tall, fair miss from Blockhouse. During the past year she has proved herself a very capable student. We feel certain that a person of her determination and ability will meet with every success in whatever she undertakes.

LLOYD LANGILLE

"In arguing, too, he always showed his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

In the fall of '33, to the great joy of the pupils and the dismay of the teachers, Lloyd arrived from Bridgewater. The leading part he has taken in school affairs testify to his ability. There is no doubt but that success will be his in the future.

BARBARA CORKUM

"I'm one of those jolly people you meet
Who always enjoys a good time."

"Bobbie" is a special student this year, taking only those subjects necessary to her business career. Throughout her school life she has been very prominent in school affairs and has taken leading roles in many plays. Bobbie leaves this fall to enter Maritime Business College. In her work as a secretary we wish her every success.

FRED TOTTEN

"Radio is his work, school is his hobby."

"Jishie" became one of us last year in Grade XI. His wit and "wise philosophizing" have made him a favourite with everybody—especially the girls. He has encountered great difficulty in trying to decide whether he would rather sleep, eat, or "play radio." When he leaves Grade XII, he intends to devote his life to radio. Best of luck, VEIJK!

MARION SCHRADER

"A smile for all, a greeting glad,
A lovable friendly way she had."

Brown curly hair, lovely eyes, and a most attractive smile—that's Marion. She is another out-of-town student who has shown her ability as a scholar. We admire her for the success she has made of her school life and wish her the best in the work she means to continue.

ELAINE SLAUENWHITE

"Her lively looks a sprightly mind declare,
Quick as her eyes and as unfixed as those."

Elaine is one of those who received her early education at Mahone Bay. Since coming to Lunenburg Academy she has shown a keen interest in her work. She has made many friends by her happy-go-lucky nature, cheerful smile and sincerity. Best o' luck, Elaine!

THE SEA GULL

JEAN RHODENHISER

"Just being happy is the thing she likes to do,
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue."

Jean has been with us since Grade VIII when she came from First Peninsula school. During those five years she has proved a loyal friend who is always ready to help. We understand that she intends to enter on a business career when she has finished school. May good luck be with you always, Jean.

CECIL WHYNACHT

"He is a little chimney and heated hot in a moment"

As President of the Athletic Association, Cecil has proved himself a hard worker in the sport activities of the school. He shows a tendency towards journalism, but is also keen about a military career. Good luck, Cecil, in whatever you undertake.

FERNE MOSHER

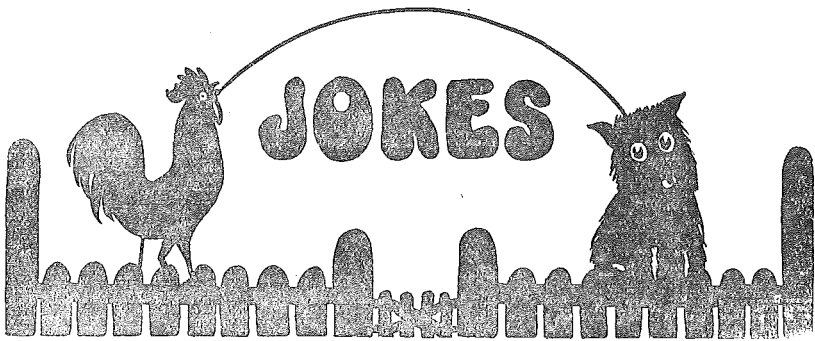
"A lot of friends are glad you came,
They like the way you play the game."

From Western Shore came one girl who has never found it any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e. Although inclined to be quiet, she is fun-loving, sincere and generous. To those who know her, she has been a real friend, the kind of friend who is always the same. We see success for Ferne in whatever she undertakes.

● QUINTIN HAUGHN

"I'll follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thoughts."

At the middle of the second term, a clever student from Riverport swelled the ranks of the "A" class. Although he has only been with us a very short time he has made many friends who join in wishing him the best of everything.



Philosopher—There are two things lacking in Grade X.
 Nit-wit—What are they?
 Philosopher—Brains and ink.

Maxwell C. (to Mr. Collins during lab. period) — This solution turned black.
 Mr. Collins—Did you drop anything in it?

Mr. Collins—I never take no for an answer, do I, Maxwell?
 Maxwell C.—No, sir.
 Maxwell C.—No, sir.
 Mr. Collins—Then you must have put your hands in it.

Mr. Hilchie (to Economics class)—After a man has been working at a certain machine for a number of years, what happens?
 Joan K.—He gets tired.

Lloyd L. (to Mr. Collins during lab. period)—The instructions tell us to use one hundred gallons of water. Shall we use that much?
 Mr. Collins—No, use your common sense.

Teacher—Give me the formula for water.

Student—HIJKLMO.
 Teacher—Why do you say that?
 Student—Well, you said that the formula for water was H to O.

Napier A.—Take a number between one and ten, and I'll show you a trick.

Lorimer L.—O. K. I have one.
 Napier A.—What is it?
 Lorimer L.—Four.
 Napier A.—That's right.

Mr. Collins (explaining algebra question)—Now watch the board closely while I go through it.

Miss Westhaver—Stuart, get at your work; what are you waiting for?
 Stuart M.—The second bell to ring.

Fred Totten—What advantage is there in going to school?
 Gilbert C.—Getting to the shows for half price.

JOKE-OGRAPHY OF STUDENTS

Name	Nickname	Present Occupation	Future Occupation	Weakness
Minnie Hunt	Minnie Ha Ha	Looking after G. C.	Old Maid	Knitting
Isobel Olsen	Pinkey	Hairdressing	still going to school	blushing
Gerald Tanner	Pole	trying to get fat	Thin man in a circus	food in general
Maxwell Corkum	Maxie	getting electric shocks	radio	violets
Kenneth Sterne	Carrot-top	speeding	taxi-driver	muscles
Olga Olsen	Pee-Wee	writing letters	still single	boys
Lloyd Langille	Romeo	destroying radios	loafing	Juliet
Henry Kohler	Egbert	just resting	gangster	getting the strap
Barbara Corkum	Juliet	knitting	taking shorthand	Romeo
Gerald Burke	Turkey	imitating the Shadow	detective	throwing stones at girls
Fred Totten	Jishie	hating girls	radio	Algebra
Marion Haughn	Goo Goo	Songbird of First South	singing teacher	duelling with "Ev"
Gilbert Corkum	Fuzzy	silence	husband	looking for M. H.
Mildred Rhuland	Millie	getting to Bridgewater	housekeeper	Doug. M.
Stuart Maxner	Gat	setting his waves	wireless operator	lady in red

CURRENT MOVIES

STARRING

Ladies in Love	Joan Mercer, Marguerite Mason, Marjorie Saunders
The Devil is a Sissy	Henry Kohler
Anthony Adverse	Clyde Westhaver
Small Town Girl	Olga Olsen
Every Saturday Night	Lorimer Langille
Petticoat Fever	Burton Corkum
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town	Gordon Frittenburg
Chatterbox	Ruth Powers
Three Musketeers	John Meisner, Lawrence Tanner, Douglas Oxner
Flaming Youth	Kenneth Sterne
Shipmates Forever	Ben Miller, Jean Powers
Gift of Gab	Warren Geldert
Klondike Annie	Betty MacIsaac
Things to Come	Summer Holidays
Going to Town	Mable Faulkenham
The Return of Fu Manchu	Gerald Burke
I Stand Condemned	George Crouse
Early to Bed	Barbara Mercer
Thunder in the East	Maxwell Corkum
I Live My Life	Cecil Whynacht
The Man Who Knew Too Much	Charnley Zwicker
Forbidden Territory	School Attic
The Iron Duke	Forbes Mountain
The Bohemian Girl	Iris Oxner
Rose Marie	Marie Levy
The Farmer Takes a Wife	Ross DeMone
Ginger	Alice Naugler
Love Me Forever	Napier Anderson
Mutiny on the Bounty	John Meisner
Mad Love	Barbara Corkum and Lloyd Langille
Gold Diggers of 1937	Violet Backman, Olga Olsen, Rita Schnare
The Devil is a Woman	Evelyn Thurlow
Splendour	Gerald Tanner
The Last of the Pagans	Present Grade IX Class

ACADEMY YELL

Zip, zip, ree,
 Zip, zip, ree,
 Who are we. Who are we.
 Lunenburg Academy (repeat)

THE SEA GULL

G. N. WHYNACHT

GROCERIES, FRUIT & CONFECTIONERY

If Its Service You Want Plus Quality

DIAL 344

PROMPT DELIVERY

Our Store Is No Farther Away Than Your Telephone

RAFUSE & EISENHAUER, LTD.

WHOLESALE GROCERS &

DIRECT IMPORTERS

Bridgewater

—

—

Nova Scotia

BERWICK BAKERY

"The Home Of Good Eats"

BREADS, CAKES, PASTRY

WEDDING & DECORATED CAKES

A SPECIALTY

"The Quality Kind Grocery"

MORE THAN A MERE NAME

—AND—

WORTHY OF THE HIGH GRADE PRODUCTS WHICH
WE FEATURE

KNOWN AS THE BEST FOR GROCERIES THAT SATISFY AS
OUR SHELVES AND WINDOWS SMACK WITH GOODNESS

B. G. OXNER

THE SEA GULL

ACADIA UNIVERSITY

Wolfville - - Nova Scotia

(FOUNDED 1838)

GRADUATE COURSES leading to degrees of M.A., M.Sc., B.D.
and Mus. M.

FOUR-YEAR COURSES leading to degrees in Arts and Science,
Household Economics and Music

ONE-YEAR SPECIAL COURSE in Education for graduates to qualify
for the Teacher's License of the Province of Nova Scotia
and the degree of Bachelor in Education

THREE-YEAR COURSE leading to a licentiate in Music

THREE-YEAR COURSE leading to a certificate in Secretarial Science

THREE-YEAR COURSE in Engineering, with diploma, leading to
final years in Nova Scotia Technical College and McGill
University

TWO-YEAR COURSE leading to diploma in Household Economics

TWO-YEAR COURSE leading to Home-Makers' Diploma

PRE-MEDICAL and PRE-DENTAL COURSES

IDEAL LOCATION

LARGE AND CAREFULLY SELECTED FACULTY

EXCELLENT GYMNASIUM AND SWIMMING POOL

For Information Apply To THE REGISTRAR

THE SEA GULL

BEHIND THE SCENES

The most important work we do goes on "behind the scenes"—in our prescription room. When your prescription is compounded by us you may be assured that you are getting exactly what the physician specifies. And each prescription is checked and double-checked to insure absolute accuracy.

When sickness comes, we want you to feel that you can confidently depend on us to fill the prescription right.

FULTON'S PHARMACY

Electric Servants For The Home

ELECTRIC RANGES
REFRIGERATORS
WASHING MACHINES

LUNENBURG GAS CO. LTD.

R. C. STERNE, LL.B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR ETC.

LUNENBURG, N. S.

CAPITOL THEATRE

Lincoln St. Lunenburg, N. S.

Situated on Lincoln St. in the I. O. O. F. Hall. Is one of a chain of Theatres in N. S., N. B. and P. E. I., operated by F. G. Spencer Co., of St. John, N. B. under the management of S. D. Herman. Seating capacity: 458 in the auditorium and 82 in the balcony, fitted with Northern Electric Sound System. Is considered one of the best in the Province. Operates two shows every evening, first show starting 7.15; the second, 9. Matinees on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 4 p. m. and Saturdays and holidays 2.30. It has the first run of pictures on the South Shore and shows the best pictures available.

J. S. SITEMAN

GROCERIES and
CONFECTIONERY

Free Delivery

Phone 2441

H
E
A
R
Y
E



H
E
A
R
Y
E

I Bring Ye News Of The Day

Be thankful, Mr. Merchant, you don't have to rely on an "old town crier" to broadcast news of your bargains or services. You'd be a long time waiting to make a sale. Modern times call for modern methods in making your sales appeal to prospective buyers. And your best bet for PROFITABLE RESULTS is:

CONSISTENT ADVERTISING IN THE
PROGRESS-ENTERPRISE

Consult Us Rates On Application Phone 458

Evening Technical School

CLASSES IN

BOOKKEEPING, ELEMENTARY
ARITHMETIC & ENGLISH

Board of School Commissioners

*Read Our
Advertisements*

THE SEA GULL

Autographs

THE SEA GULL

Dodge and DeSoto Cars Dodge Trucks

SALES AND SERVICE

We are now equipped with a "Vibro Centric" valve grinder and the latest instruments for a complete motor tune up.

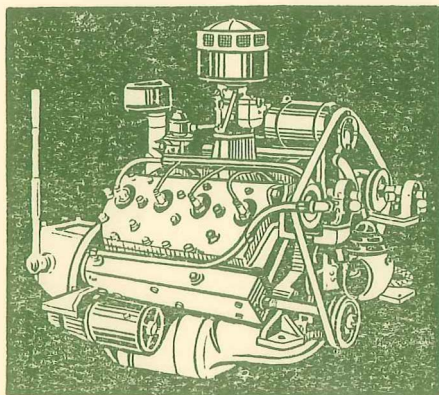
BODY AND FENDER WORK, DUCOING,
WASHING, GREASING AND WRECK-
ING SERVICE

GASOLINE AND OILS

VULCANIZING, DUPLICATE GLASS

GOODYEAR TIRES & WILLARD BATTERIES

Lunenburg Foundry Garage



ATLANTIC-FORD V-8

A new Marine Engine of amazing performance with the following points of superiority:

Low initial cost
Surprising power
Smooth running
Minimum vibration

Compact; saves space
Low priced replacements
Suitable for boats from 15 to 60 feet long, with direct drive or reduction gear of 2-1 or 3-1 ratio. Get further particulars from

Lunenburg Foundry Co. Ltd.

LUNENBURG, NOVA SCOTIA