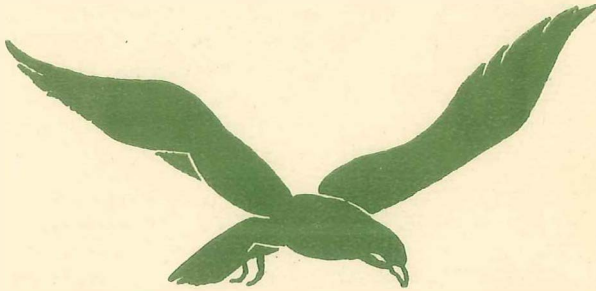


Isabel Olsen

The
SEA GULL



ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI

Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1938

CONGRATULATIONS..

to the students and teachers of the Lunenburg High School on the publication of their 1938 edition of "THE SEA GULL"—another achievement to build up the good reputation already established by the Lunenburg Academy.

Every accomplishment in the school is added assurance for the future development of this community. The boys and girls who accomplish things in school become the men and women upon whom we must depend for future leaders.. Without such leaders, who are able and willing to assume public responsibilities, any community would lack distinctiveness and character.

"In every variety of human employment there are those who do their task perfunctorily or just to pass and as badly as they dare; there are those who love work and love to see it rightly done, who finish their task for its own sake; and the state and the world is happy who has the most of such finishers.

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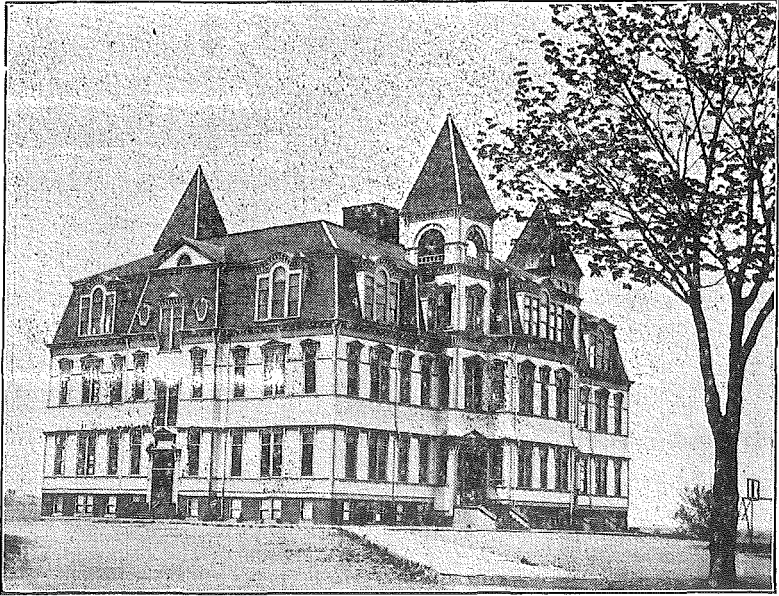
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THE SEA GULL



As president of the Students' Council I wish to thank the student body for the co-operation they have given me during the year. I have found my duties exacting but very pleasant.

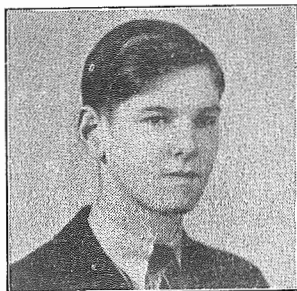
Vivian L. Crouse

As vice-president of the Students' Council, my duties have been light and pleasant. As a member of the graduating class, however, I want to extend a greeting through the years to my friends, the grandpas and grandmas of tomorrow who are this year graduating with me from Grade XII.



Clyde Westhaver

As business manager, I wish to thank the merchants and firms from Lunenburg and from outside points, who have made possible this edition of the "Sea Gull." My work has been exacting, yet I have had valuable business experience.



Arthur Anderson

Greetings to all the readers of the "Sea Gull."



Ruth M. Powers

THE SEA GULL

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The Sea Gull

VOL. 4 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1938 NO. 4

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Clyde Westhaver
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WILLIAM H. HILCHIE, B. A.
PHYLLIS L. WESTHAVER, B. Sc.



People in general are continually striving to improve and better their lot in life. Sometimes they fail; often they succeed. The effort put forth will certainly bring some measure of success.

So we the students of the Lunenburg Academy are striving to improve our magazine. Last years publication surpassed any previous one. This year we have endeavoured to continue the improvement.

The edition this year has been devoted mainly to fishing and fisheries. The students have interviewed the owners of the fish firms and obtained information about their history and operations. In doing this, we have presented a side of the question with which you are, perhaps, unfamiliar. We trust you will find it interesting and instructive.

Since the last publication of the magazine several outstanding events occurred in Lunenburg.

Unique in the history of the town was the completion of the Fisherman's Union and the resultant tie-up of the fresh fishing fleet. The tie-up continued for about a month and too much credit cannot be given to both the fish merchants and the fishermen for their peaceful attitude during that time and the co-operative spirit displayed while negotiating.

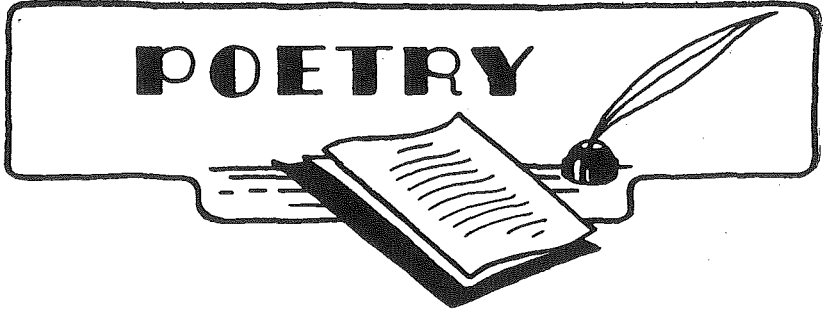
Lunenburg again won fame for itself in the musical sphere. The Lunenburg Glee Club, and the Misses Lillian Ethier and Jean Zinck, all won first place in their respective groups against strong competition at the Musical Festival held at Halifax last May.

Another singular honor that came to Lunenburg, was the Dominion Government's choice of Mrs. B. G. Oxner as contralto singer in the Canadian choir at the Coronation. Lloyd Langille was also sent to the Coronation. He was one of two students sent from the counties of Lunenburg, Queens, Shelburne and Yarmouth to represent the school students. Fred Fox Jr. represented the Canadian Legion of this district.

In the field of sport the Soft Ball team reached the finals but lost out to Stellarton. Our tennis players, especially the juniors, made an excellent showing at the provincial tournament. The Senior Hockey team won a sensational victory over Chester but were defeated in the playoffs by Bridgewater. The curlers also made a record this year, winning the Smith cup in competition with Liverpool and Bridgewater, the Ernkin Cup from Bridgewater and the Ralston trophy in the Western Counties Bonspiel held here.

And talking of sport, an event to which we are all looking forward with much interest is the International Schooner race between the Gertrude L. Thebaud and the Bluenose, which is to be held in Boston Bay this fall. Good luck to the Bluenose!

In closing may I say that we have done our utmost to make this magazine attractive and we sincerely hope that you will enjoy it.



THE BELL BUOY

BY

MARIE P. LEVY, '38

My home is on the deep blue sea,
 The brine my body laves;
 My duty is to sound my bell,
 Across the rolling waves.

I like to see the ships go by—
 White sails and red flags gay;
 While others with pulsating sound,
 Go speeding on their way.

Sometimes they scarcely look at me,
 Such times they seem to say:
 "We've sailed this course so many times
 We surely know our way."

But when there's fog or mist, or snow,
 They listen for my bell;
 They cannot do without me then,
 But plead, "Our way do tell."

So I send out my warning clear,
 Across the boundless wave;
 For my sole task is this alone
 The mariner's life to save.

EVENTIDE

BY

CLYDE WESTHAVER, '38

When the russet glows of sunset
 Show Heaven in the west,
 Let me go to the dusky hilltops,
 Where my soul may be at rest.

Far below in the gleaming waters
 Where no breath or sound doth stir;
 Up over the dusky woodland
 Of spruces and oaks and fir;
 Down in the shady valleys

Where lamp lights now appear,
 Each a star in its murky setting,
 Breathing of home's sweet fare;
 The evening star, faint in the heavens,
 The spruce trees dark and still
 Against the sky's flaming amber,
 All breathe of His great will.
 His peace, like a benediction,
 Pours o'er earth's quiet breast—
 Ah! come to Him and find Him
 And you shall have sweet rest.

SPRING

BY

PEGGY MILLER, '40

After the cold drear winter,
 Comes a beautiful time of year,
 When the first flowers burst into blossom,
 Then we know that Spring is here.

The beautiful tulips and daffodils,
 Also narcissus so bright,
 Open their gay colored petals,
 To catch the warm rays of light.

The sweet, clear song of the robin
 Is heard from the tree tops high,
 As it calls to its mate in the springtime
 Through the bright and cloudless sky.

The sweet soft breezes are blowing
 Tossing the kites on high.
 And the rivers are gladly rippling,
 As they flow so swiftly by.

SKIING

BY

DORIS KNICKLE, '38

Oh, what a glorious thrill
 To ski on the hill!
 Gathering speed as you go
 O'er the glistening snow.

Leaving the top behind
 One thing only on your mind—
 To keep your skis a-going straight,
 While travelling at so good a rate.

Gliding smoothly along,
 Humming a little song
 You see the first jump
 With a little heart thump.

Now up in the air so high,
 Seemingly touching the sky,
 Then suddenly down you go,
 Gliding along the snow.

THE SEA GULL

Balancing yourself again
 With all your might and main,
 Ready now for the next leap.
 Think of landing in a heap!

Succeeding without a spill,
 And continuing down the hill,
 You gradually come to a stop,
 And climb once more to the top.

 THE QUINTUPLETS

BY

GLORIA ERNST, '41

In a little village near Corbeil
 Were born "Quintuplets"—Yvonne, Annette, Emelie, Marie and
 sweet Cecile.

None of them weighed over two pounds,
 So the news was spread through cities and towns,
 They were tiny, as tiny could be,
 They would not live, 'twas plain to see.
 But through Dr. Dafoe's careful work,
 Those children are living since their birth.
 They kept on thriving, still growing more lively
 Till on the next twenty-eighth of May
 The "Quints" celebrated their first birthday.
 Over three years have flown away,
 The "Quints" growing sturdier day by day.
 They are the only Quintuplets that ever survived,
 For after three years they are still alive.

BIOGRAPHIES

THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM DUFF

BY

AGNES W. DEMONE, '39



On April 28, 1872, William Duff first saw the light of day at Carbonear. His parents, William Duff, Sr. and Mary Ann Duff were both Scotch. Mr. Duff inherited his love for parliamentary affairs from his father, who was a member of the Newfoundland Assembly for twelve years.

Mr. Duff received his education at Carbonear, Nfld. and at Falkirk, Scotland. He came to Canada in the year 1895.

He was in the past as in the present active in local affairs. For twelve years he served as Municipal Clerk and Treasurer for the Municipality of Lunenburg, and was Mayor of the town from 1916 to 1922. In the latter year he was chairman of the B. C. Fisheries Commission.

At a by-election in November 1911, Mr. Duff was Liberal candidate for the Nova Scotia Legislature. He, who was later to become a Senator, was first elected to the House of Commons as a Liberal Member for Lunenburg County, with a splendid majority of 3485. He was re-elected in 1921 and again in 1925. In 1926 he became Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons. Defeated in a general election in 1926, he was elected as member for Antigonish-Guysborough at a by-election in 1927. In this constituency he was re-elected in 1930 and again in 1935.

Mr. Duff opposed the imposition of high duty on Cuban sugar, also the Dumping Duty, because of its effect on Canadian exports of fish and potatoes. High tariff and dumping duties on Cuban sugar mean that the people of Canada must pay more for sugar than they otherwise would.

As a fish merchant and a ship owner, Mr. Duff worked for many years for a bounty on dry and pickled fish, and last year saw part of his work accomplished when the Provincial Government gave a bounty on dry fish. Because of his interest in marine affairs, his friends sometimes call him "The Admiral."

In 1934 Mr. Duff introduced a resolution in the House of Commons for a Reciprocal Trade Agreement between the United States and Canada, whereby fish, potatoes, and all natural products should pass over the border duty-free and in return the consumers in Canada were to get certain goods imported from the United States at lower rates. No results were obtained that year. In 1935 the same resolution was again introduced, and it was not until after the General Election of 1935 that a Reciprocal Agreement was drawn up. The fishing industry, however, did not receive many concessions.

On February 28, 1936, Mr. Duff was called to the Senate of Canada. The Chief Justice of Canada who also acts as Deputy Governor-General, Sir Lyman Duff, signed his certificate of appointment. Mr. Duff has the distinction of being the only Senator appointed during the reign of King Edward VIII.

Senator Duff is interested in religious matters and holds high offices in the historic Presbyterian Church of Lunenburg.

The story of his life since coming to Canada is one of steady progress up the ladder of success. Not only has he attained the honor of becoming a member of the Canadian Senate, but he has acted as President of several Lunenburg companies such as the Lunenburg Outfitting Company, Lunenburg Marine Railway, Ritcey Brothers Limited, and the Chester Basin Shipbuilding Company.



GREAT SPIRIT TAKE REVENGE

BY

CLYDE WESTHAVER, '38

It was in those dim days of long ago, the tradition of which has practically disappeared among us, days before German or Englishman had come to make his home on this South Shore of Nova Scotia. Here and there over the wooded countryside outside the present town of Lunenburg, French log huts were found, inhabited by that fascinating race from the Province of Brittany in northern France. The place of our concern was a picturesque little inlet, now a thriving hamlet, on the coast between Lunenburg and Mahone Bay.

It was a September morning, some time about the year 1725. The sun, rising from behind a somewhat elevated ridge of land to the east, was just beginning to shed its warm and pleasant rays over the hill tops on the western side of the harbour, as the one-masted fishing boat of Julien Erot entered the harbour from the sea to the east. A light westerly breeze from the land forced it to tack, first to the long green mass of peninsula jutting out far behind it to its left, and then toward the second and smaller of the two wooded islands which, on the other side, bounded the comfortable harbour. The attention of Julien was directed, however, toward a point near the inner harbour mouth, a half-mile before him to the west.

Through the trees at this point, just a little up from the shore where he had his crude landing place, he could distinguish the browned front of his little cabin, where his busy wife, Armande, was preparing breakfast for them and for their little daughter, Marie. Extending seaward from the cabin of Julien, was a somewhat clear strip of land, narrow and long, now wet with the heavy dew of early fall, and still sunless in the morning air. Partway along this strip of land stood another similar cabin, that of the Bourneuf family, while still farther over on the hillside, the entire track fronted by a swamp, was the third and only other member of the little group that made up this tiny Breton community in the New World.

As Julien neared land, he became aware for the first time of a long typical Indian canoe, putting out a little farther up the shore, from the seclusion of the great alders that overhung the water at high tide. What could the Indian want at this hour? As the canoe glided swiftly toward his idling boat, propelled by the powerful strokes of an expert paddler, Julien recognized his old friend, Indian Joe, as we would have called him. The latter rested his paddle against the birchbark gunwale, and called out the customary Micmac greeting "Kwa." As is characteristic of the Micmac, Joe came promptly to the point, in French that would correspond to our well-known Indian English:

"Squaw heap sick. Indian medicine do no good. You give white man's medicine. I pay you two pelts muskrat."

Julien at once grasped the situation. The Indian referred to that mystic preparation which, as Julien's parents had taught him in his youth, back in the home land, had marvellous curing and strengtning power, pro-

vided the necessary herbs and substances were gathered under the right conditions. He could remember the going out into the woods at the full of the moon at one time, the gathering of the different animal fluids at the killing season, and so on until all the ingredients were ready for compounding. This process was in itself a ceremony to be carried out with the greatest care and with all the mysticism and quaintness of strong Breton superstition and deep-rooted tradition. But if they performed the rite carefully, they guarded the secret with no less care. To them, the potion was as a sort of elixir of life which, when taken in youth, would ensure long life and soundness of body. They treasured it as an alchemist would have treasured the true elixir. To betray this secret or even share this birth-right of the Breton peasant would be treason which no circumstances could excuse. Here in the wilderness was no exception.

Julien brought his boat skilfully to the log and rock quay which was his base of operations, while the Indian followed, bringing the bow of his canoe alongside. For the moment, Julien was scarcely able to deal with the situation. He began hesitantly, hardly knowing how he might avoid bringing upon himself the ill-will of this important ally. Then he said:

"Sorry, Joe, I could let you have almost anything but that. My people would burn me out. You Indians have good medicine. Maybe your squaw isn't so sick after all. No, I couldn't let you have it."

The Indian grunted. Then his face took on an unpleasant expression and he said:

"You no give poor Indian help so his squaw no die? You no friend of Indian Joe. We come sometime, maybe takum away white papoose. You be sorry."

With this threat, the Indian abruptly pushed about the bow of his canoe, and with a powerful stroke, the canoe shot off from the land and headed up the harbour where, a little inland, the Indian then had his encampment. Julien looked after him with a frown, and no little misgiving. It was no light thing that he had done. He remembered the savage ruthlessness with which the Indians had revenged themselves on the colonizing English. He brooded over what to expect from this sudden change of relationship as he took from the boat and cared for his meagre catch of the night before. Then he mounted the rough steps dug into the steep bank from the shore to the clear expanse of grazing land which fed the few animals on which he depended for the sustenance of himself and his small family. About a hundred feet away stood his cabin.

With usual Breton joviality, he pushed open the oak door of the cabin and entered the dim and not very spacious interior, with the quick greeting: "Comment ca va donc ce matin?" to his wife. Little Marie was cooing softly in her cradle. Breakfast was served in the usual manner, Julien showing no indication that anything out of the ordinary had happened. After breakfast the cow had to be milked, the other animals fed and turned out to pasture. Thus the routine work of the household was carried out.

So the days passed until the foliage on the great oak at the edge of the clearing had become tinged with brown, and the leaves on the maples, intermittent with the spruce had taken on orange and vermilion hues. October had come. There had been one trip over the trail to the somewhat larger fishing settlement of Merliguesche, about a league away. The three families had gathered once in a social mood on the occasion of a fete day in that far off land of home. The incident of the Indian would almost have been forgotten. But one day in the gloom of early morning Armande took the babe in her arms to go across the hill to the cabin of her cousin, Arlette, while Julien had not yet returned from his fishing. Marie had not awakened with her usual vigor and glee. She was obviously ill. As they went over the hillside, Armande had the uncomfortable feeling that one gets when one's movements are being watched. Not a leaf stirred in the nearby thicket

The morning air was quite still. She dismissed the fear that came to her, as foolish. But what was that? A strange, low cry like the cry of a bird. She thrilled to it and hurried along the path.

That evening at their supper, she told her husband of the incident, and he, in turn, told her of his encounter with the Indian, about a month before. It was unusual, moreover, as they noted, that no Indian had been seen at their settlement for so long a time, for the visits of the Indians had been frequent, and they had been on quite friendly terms. Altogether it cast a shadow over their happy home at a time when Marie was a source of worry, for her condition had become worse since the morning.

When supper was over, Julien went to the rough cupboard on one side of the kitchen and brought out an earthenware vessel containing a dark, unpleasant-looking liquid. In a wooden spoon, they administered a dose to their fevered little one. Night came on. The fever became worse. But at dawn the little form had become cold and there was no longer a little girl in the Erot home. The dark, superstitiously-dark preparation had done its work in a way that could not have been foreseen.

There was a hush over the little group of cabins that morning, the father and mother quite stricken and tortured by doubt of their own action. Work ceased or became a minimum for that day. The women of the neighboring homes came in silently and with bowed heads to view, for the last time, the beloved little one.

On the next morning, the families gathered in a solemn assembly to perform the simple rites possible in this remote country, according to Breton custom. At the conclusion, the body was borne in a sheet to the long grave on the hill. The morning air was, as before, still, like the hush in the hearts of the women who carried the tiny form, as they crossed the clearing and took the path leading into the woods. They were already near the edge of the clearing when—suddenly—brushwood cracked. Before the unsuspecting women realized what was happening, a horde of savages had sprung from the thicket upon them. Shouts resounded. Weapons were brandished. The women had barely time to lower their burden and flee, screaming, to the nearby cabin when the Indians had reached the sheet. They went no farther; they had the object of their seeking.

The first one to lay aside the coverings of the bundle was Indian Joe. Puzzled and astonished, he looked upon the pitiable little form, the innocent victim of the mistaken practices of pagan superstition. The Indian's experienced eye could easily detect the signs of poison. Joe, great hunter and warrior, taker of many English scalps, stood with bowed head. Words, strangely soft and sweet, came from his tight lips:

"Great Spirit greater than Indian—greater than White Man. Great Spirit take revenge. White man's medicine no good."

THE SHIP'S MODEL

BY

RUTH POWERS, '38.

"Goodness, I just remembered there's an auction this afternoon at the old Young house," said Mrs. Martin to her husband, who sat reading the paper.

"Huh, what's that you say, dear?"

"I said there's to be an auction this afternoon and I want to go to it to get a chair. We need another one in the living room. I want one just like Mrs. Rafuse's. Her's is walnut and has a fiddle-back.

"Oh," said her husband, "another auction! How much do you want?"

"Not so much—fifty will do, I think'."

"Ch-h," groaned the poor man.

"On second thought, maybe you'd better give me seventy-five. If Mrs. Anderson starts bidding against me, I'll need plenty."

"Well, if she bids too high just don't bid any more and I'll buy you any chair you want at the furniture store."

"Oh, I'm not going to let her get ahead of me. What do you think I am, a softie?"

"I don't know about you, but I know I'm one."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is. Here's your money, and you'd better get something good with it."

"All right, all right," and out went Mrs. Martin to get her chair.

When she arrived at the auction, the room was almost filled. Immediately she began to hunt around to see what she could find. She soon was surrounded by many of the women she knew—women who were anxiously inquiring about what she wanted and what she would bid for it.

She had been there only about ten minutes when the auctioneer came in and declared the auction open. The first article to be auctioned off was a silver tea service. Great was the clamoring for this but, as always at such an affair, there can be only one winner. There followed numerous tempting articles but Mrs. Martin did not put in a bid for any of them, as she was saving all her money for the chair.

"How much money do I get for this beautiful ship's model?" bellowed the voice of the auctioneer. "Made of gen-u-ine walnut, with a lovely finish."

Mrs. Martin found herself admiring the thing and when Mrs. Brown bid fifteen dollars, she raised the bid to eighteen.

"Twenty dollars," came a voice from another corner of the room.

"Twenty-five," bid Mrs. Martin. And so they kept on until it was up to sixty dollars.

"I must get that model," resolved Mrs. Martin. It would look so nice over the fire place in the living room. And because she had fifty dollars of her own besides what her husband had given her, she kept raising the bid. It stopped at eighty dollars, whereupon she got her model.

As she paid the money to the auctioneer, she realized that she had only forty-five dollars left for the chair, and wondered if it would be enough. She sincerely hoped it would. The only possible way to get the chair, she decided, was to make herself the first bidder and offer as little as she could. So she waited in anxiety until the chair's turn came around.

When the auctioneer had finished his speech about the history and the fine quality of the chair, Mrs. Martin began the bid.

"Ten dollars," she said.

The auctioneer looked as if someone had given him a gentle tap on the head with a mallet.

"Ten dollars," he yelled, "for that beautiful piece of work! Come on, come on, who'll bid a decent amount?"

Mrs. Martin felt rather ashamed of herself so she raised her own bid to twenty dollars.

"That's better," came the auctioneer's voice, but I should be able to get more than that.

"Twenty-five," bid Mrs. Anderson.

This was just what she feared. Mrs. Anderson was bidding on the thing she wanted most. Mrs. Anderson, who had all the money she wanted to spend at auctions—or any other place, for that matter!

"Thirty," said Mrs. Martin, scarcely able to be heard.

"Did I hear thirty?" inquired the auctioneer. Who'll make it thirty-five?"

"Thirty-five," replied Mrs. Anderson.

"Thirty-eight," said Mrs. Martin, desperately.

"Forty," challenged her opponent.

"Forty-five." If only Mrs. Anderson would drop the bid there, she could have the chair. Then she would—

"Fifty," Mrs. Anderson's voice pierced her heart like an arrow. She could not have the chair after all.

Disappointed, but consoling herself with the thought that at least she had the ship's model, she made her way through the now not-so-crowded room and out into the street.

She arrived home to find her husband fuming because there was no supper ready. She attempted to show him her model, but he told her his stomach was more important than "an old boat."

So she made the supper longing all the while to show him the model. When they finally sat down at the table she could no longer restrain her eagerness, and she rose and went out to get her cherished possession. She marched proudly back to the table and showed it to her husband.

Mr. Martin promptly fell in love with it.

"Boy you certainly are a good picker, dear," he beamed on his wife. "Oh-h, won't that look grand over the mantle in my den?"

"Where?" exclaimed his wife. "That model is going to be put over the fireplace in the living room."

"But I want it for my den. It will look much better there than in the living room. Something like that certainly does not belong in a fussy parlor."

"It's not a parlor, and it's not fussy," she said, slightly raising her voice.

"Not fussy, my eye," returned her husband. "I'd like to know what you call it. Huh, I couldn't imagine anything funnier than a clumsy-looking ship's model in a "good room."

"Well, I bought it for myself. And I couldn't get the chair either, because I didn't have enough money left after I paid for this," she added pointing to the model. "Mrs. Anderson got it."

She had begun to plead now and Mr. Martin knew if he did not do something in a hurry, he would be handing it over to her "with love."

So he said quickly, "That's too bad, dear. But I'll tell you what, you give me the model and I'll buy you a chair that you'll be crazy about."

"Well," she hesitated, "I don't know."

"We'll get it first thing tomorrow," he hurried on. "It will be the nicest chair in the house and I won't even sit on it if you don't want me to."

"Oh, all right," she agreed, "if you must have the model!"

And with a smile they both turned back to their supper.

STRANGE LIGHTS ON THE SEA

BY

MARIE P. LEVY. '38

"Have all the old ghosts disappeared, even those of the sea?"

The old man, to whom this question was addressed, scratched his head thoughtfully.

"It almost seems as though they have," he said somewhat sadly. "At least even we old fishermen are not supposed to believe in them any more."

He fell silent and a cold disappointment filled my heart. I was not going to hear a ghost story from this old man, after all. My trip to his cottage had been made chiefly for this purpose, and although I was quite repaid for my visit in viewing his old sea-shells and broken chinaware which he had picked up on the beach, yet I could not help feeling that my trip was in vain.

The old man reached down, and began picking the herring scales from his boots, in a meditative manner. They fell on the floor, unheeded, where they lay shining like silver coins. Pale moonbeams shone through his small windows. From the beach came the lap, lap of the waves as they ran in and out over the sand. A peaceful stillness which I refrained from disturbing rested over the place. Soon the old man looked up and began to speak.

"The night is too fine," he said for telling real ghost yarns. They sound best on stormy nights. The story which I am going to tell you may not be a ghost story for it actually happened on a fine, moon-light night."

These words tended to quicken my pulse. Who ever heard tell of a ghost appearing on a fine night, or even of a ghost story having such a setting?

"Two years ago," he said, "my brother and I were watching for a coal steamer. One of those Norwegian boats, you know, that always needs a pilot. Well, I was standing by that window looking out, and suddenly I saw bright lights like rockets rising in the air. I called my brother and told him that our steamer had arrived. We hurried into our coats and boots and started for our boat. On the way we had to pass through a small group of trees which shut out the sight of the sea for a few moments. When we came into view of it again, the lights had disappeared. We steamed off to where we thought the boat should be, but found nothing. We decided, however, that the ship had only moved away, and could not have gone very far, for it was only a few minutes since we had seen the lights. We went around the whole island, but saw no sign of a boat anywhere. The moon lit up the water making it almost as light as day, and the night was so clear that a light could be seen for miles. We certainly were dumbfounded, but there was nothing for us to do but go back home.

The next day the neighboring fishermen asked us if we had got our steamer. We had to tell them, of course, that there was none to be found. They were not surprised and told us they had seen those mysterious lights come and go for several years."

Here the old man paused and began to pick scales from his boots seemingly lost in thought. I felt that the story was ended, but to my surprise he spoke again.

"Last fall," he said, "I was again standing by my window at the time the moon was about the same size as it had been that other night. It was shining as brightly as it is tonight. I happened to look out, and there were the lights again, rising from the sea toward the sky. This time I stood still and watched until the last light had died away. It was really hard to believe my own eyes but as my sight is good, I felt they must actually be there. A few days later, I read in a newspaper that an American captain had seen strange-looking lights near his ship, somewhere off the Nova Scotia coast. I believe they were the same lights. No one could account for them properly; but, remember I am not saying they were "ghost" lights. It may have been only some strange freak of nature, since we are not supposed to believe in ghosts any more. This I can tell you, however, I and several others have seen the lights, and if you would be here at the right time you could see them for yourself."

Here silence fell again, and I realized that the story was ended. It was time to go. After bidding the old fisherman goodnight, I made my departure.

As I walked along through the moonlight I kept wondering about the story which he had told me. What were the lights he had seen? Were they those of some old privateer which had been wrecked or wronged on our coast? Common sense says, 'No!' and yet, who can tell?

ALONE IN A GREAT CHURCH

BY

LAWRENCE MAXNER, '39.

It was raining hard, and I was in a strange country. My car was bouncing and plunging over rocks into ruts and mud puddles. The thunder rumbled and rolled through the black hilly country. Sharp lightning lit up the hills momentarily before they were plunged again into inky blackness. My car was nearly out of gas, and I was many miles from the nearest service station.

As the storm continued unabated, I began to look for a house at which to stay. All at once I noticed that I was passing through what appeared to be a village or small town. Grass had grown up in the streets, and not a light was to be seen in the whole dismal place. Hardly a house had a window in it. Doors hung by one hinge, shutters banged against desolate houses. Some roofs were caved in. In fact the only building which seemed to be intact was a large church. I wondered why such a small settlement should have so large a church, but there it was!

Stepping out of the car into the muddy street, I walked into the churchyard. Tombstones, some broken, some sunken far into the earth, greeted me on all sides. The lightning played weirdly about them. Climbing the steps I opened the door and a shower of dust engulfed me. As I walked up the aisle a bat fluttered in my face. A number of cobwebs stuck to my face like strong silken ropes. The floor creaked and groaned under my weight. The church although complete in every detail, was terribly dirty. It, however, was dry!

I sat down in one of the pews. As I sat there, a weird chanting seemed to come from behind the altar. Thump! thump! thump! A person was walking toward me in the inky darkness. He was coming nearer; nearer still! A flash of lightning lit up the figure of a man. What a ghastly sight! His face was white, sunken and hideous.

In a low tone he asked me what I was doing there. I told him of my predicament, and incredible as it may seem, he supplied me with five gallons of gasoline. I put the gas into my car and travelled swiftly away. The storm abated, and soon after I thankfully arrived at a populated town.

THE CHINESE CAMEO

BY

CHARLOTTE MAXNER, '40

Shanghai, in the year 1861. The narrow, dirty streets in the old city teeming with yellow humanity unsavory in the extreme, but none the less interesting. Coolies darting here and there trying to eke out a precarious living with the few "cash" they could earn; filthy beggars whining and wheedling; evil faces, stolid faces, unappetizing odors. Over all this was an air of expectancy of troubles and horrors to come, for the Tae-ping rebellion, which had been repulsed the preceding year by the French and English, was still simmering and perhaps gathering momentum for a fresh outburst.

Along the bank of the Woosung many of the foreign inhabitants of the beautiful "Bund" were still sleeping. A few coolies loitered on the quay, anxiously waiting for the "foreign devils" to come to life. Ships were riding at anchor; blue sky, shimmering water, a glorious morning in June.

In one of the homes in the English quarter a young bride opened her eyes with delight at the sun shining in through her window. Pain soon clouded those blue eyes, however, as she remembered what was to happen ere sunset of this cloudless summer day; for her young husband of only a

few short weeks was to leave her, perhaps for many months, on a slow and more than likely hazardous trip to India.

How she longed for her girlhood home in Canada, or even for her husband's home in England! The very thought of being left alone in this Chinese city among comparative strangers was repugnant to her; especially so, when she thought of the state of unrest in the old city.

On the moment she made up her mind that she would not be left alone. She would go with her husband on his trip, and when Mary Bell made up her mind, the thing was as good as settled. One thing was certain. Young William, her adoring husband, could not change it as her word was always law to him.

At this time he entered the room quietly, fearing to awaken her, should she be asleep. He was greeted with the words, "William, I am going with you."

"Going where with me?" he inquired.

"Why to India, of course," said Mary.

"But that is impossible," replied the much surprised William, "it would not be safe."

"If it is safe for my husband, it is safe for me," answered Mary, and the matter was settled.

All went well on the trip to Calcutta, and Mary enjoyed it all. Being an excellent sailor, she was never ill. They were to bring an extremely valuable cargo back from India; some precious stones were included, to be delivered to the Chinese Emperor.

Although thought to be an absolute secret, it had somehow leaked out that there were to be thousands of dollars worth of jewels on board, and as the Chinese crew were a particularly villainous looking lot, Captain Bell was worried; not for his own safety, but for that of his Mary.

The mate also seemed to feel something ominous in the air. To make matters worse, the water had run low and had to be rationed. The Captain told his wife not to appear on deck—she would be safer in her cabin in the event of any trouble; but as I have mentioned previously, Mary had a mind of her own, and as she was the owner of a revolver, and knew how to use it well, she felt she might possibly be more of a help than a hindrance.

About eight o'clock one morning, while the captain was on the quarter-deck, he heard a stealthy movement behind him. Turning quickly he saw three evil, grinning Chinese coolies advancing. They demanded a larger ration of water. The captain refused, saying everyone was being treated alike, his wife and himself included. Whereupon they snarled, and were promptly joined by several others with knives and belaying pins. Captain Bell was struck on the head and fell senseless, whereupon they started off to do likewise to his wife and the other officers, and then help themselves to all the water they wanted as well as the jewels.

However, they were met by the mates, who, hearing the commotion, had rushed to the captain's aid. In the rear appeared blue-eyed Mary, revolver in hand. But her eyes were not blue now, they were cold steel, and the hand that held the revolver did not tremble.

She took careful aim, fired, and the ringleader fell to the deck. This so surprised the rest that some turned and fled, the others being so demoralized that they were easily overpowered by the mates. The captain was revived and Mary was the heroine of the hour.

Such news travels even along the waterways, and upon their arrival in Shanghai they were greeted by a delegation from the Emperor, and Captain Bell and his Mary were showered with gifts to reward them for their bravery. To Mary especially, a beautiful Chinese Cameo was presented, one from the Emperor's private collection. Some day, I suppose, it will belong to me. At present it is in my mother's keeping, as Mary and William Bell were her grandparents.

HOW I ASTONISHED THE NEIGHBORS

BY

DONALD HEBB. '41

Everybody in the neighborhood thought that I was a coward. On numerous occasions I had been asked to do something and as I did not do it people thought that I was scared. One day I decided to rid myself of the name. One of the Newtown bullies picked on me occasionally, so I sent him a challenge to fight. We sold tickets for the fight which was to take place in the barn. The barn was so crowded that some had to be asked to go away.

The first two rounds went by without much action, which did not please the audience. In the third round the bully rushed out and started shooting punches. I rolled and ducked and most of them missed me. I decided to start things myself, so let fly two right hand punches, both of which landed, and followed up with left jabs to the face.

The fight was stopped because the one rope broke and had to be fixed. This took some time but the fourth round was soon under way. I punched him with right hand punches. These made him wobble and I remember he was weak in the stomach, so I hit him hard and while he was holding on to his stomach I punched him again in the face and he went down for the long count.

This fight partly relieved me of the name of being scared and a coward. Three weeks later, after trying everything, I could not quite erase the other half of the dreaded name. But some time later there was a fire in the town, which provided an opportunity.

I arrived at the river and saw the fire. Rushing up I got too close, and one of the firemen chased me back to the line. None of the firemen had noticed that a small boy was trapped in the burning building. I yelled to one of the men, but the noise was so great that he could not hear me. I rushed forward and climbed up the ladder before any of the firemen saw me. One of them who was on top the veranda tried to stop me, but I got past him without much trouble. I saw one of the smoke masks lying on the floor, and a short distance from it I noticed another. Picking them up I went on my way.

When I reached the little boy, I found he had one leg tangled in the bedclothes and could not get up. I smashed out one of the windows and put a fresh supply of air in the oxygen tanks of the masks. One I put on the little boy, and one on myself, then picked up the little chap with the fireman's hold. When I got him down I began to give him artificial respiration and he was just becoming conscious when a doctor arrived.

After that incident nobody called me scared or a coward. I had cleared my name and won a medal for saving the boy's life.

A SECRET OF THE INDIANS

BY

ERIC POTTER, '41

In a small village near the Indian reserve, Maniho, lived two young boys David and Bob.

It was Friday afternoon and the boys were coming home from school, wondering what they would do during the week end. Bob suggested they take their packs and go to visit their old Indian friend, Lodoga, at the Indian reserve. Both boys agreed, so they went home immediately to get their things ready and to have a good night's sleep.

At eight o'clock the next morning the boys set out from their homes to the Indian reserve. They arrived there in a short time and went straight to the small cabin of Lodoga. As they came up his front steps, Lodoga heard them and came out to greet them. He had just finished his breakfast. He asked the boys if they would like to go camping out on the lake-shore with him. The boys agreed at once, for it was exciting to go camping with an Indian, and they liked to hear his stories of ancient Indian tribes.

About an hour later the boys got into Lodoga's canoe with Lodoga as head paddler. Crossing to the other side of the lake, they picked a good spot to land and to have dinner.

While Lodoga made the dinner, the boys took a swim in the lake. As they swam along David noticed a small straight point which looked like an excellent place from which to dive, so he ran along the shore and out to the point. To his surprise he noticed that the surface of the point was made of very smooth rock.

He examined this carefully, and found that it was not one large rock, but small hand-carved rocks which had been made into bricks and cemented together. Then he saw a piece of rock with strange writing on it. He could not read it, so he called Lodoga to read it for him.

Lodoga and Bob came running to the spot where David was standing. David showed the writing to his Indian friend, who knelt down to read it.

After a few minutes of silence, Lodoga stood up with a strange expression on his face. Both boys stood intent, waiting to hear what Lodoga would tell them.

Then he said, "My boy, you have discovered the spot where the Great Indian God, Maniho, left the happy lands of the Indians. It was here that he bid farewell to the Indians, so they built this point of stone in memory of him. Every year at this time they would come here and throw flowers and wreaths of leaves in memory of their Great God.

Both boys were amazed at the story Lodoga told them.

That week end was a very happy one for them both. They never forgot the great discovery which David had made and the story of the departure of the Great Indian God of which Lodoga told them.

ESSAYS

DIFFICULTY IN CHOOSING A COMPOSITION
TOPIC

BY

JAMES HIMMELMAN, '40

From the assigned topics, I was altogether unable to choose one that I could write a great deal about, as I shall tell you.

I have often been on a skating party, but nothing ever happened of any particular importance except skating and maybe a bonfire. I have also eaten in a Chinese restaurant, but apart from the good food and the excellent service, nothing occurred to be excited about.

"The Confession of a Bluffer" may be a good topic for some people, but to me it means nothing. I have known people who were bluffers, but have never heard any one of them confess it.

"A Night in a Prison" may strike some boy's fancy, but I have never been in prison to experience it. People have told me about prison, but never brought in any riots or massacres to make it exciting.

"Being Caught in a Trap" may do for the adventurous type of boy or girl, and I may have been caught in traps before now, but I could describe them in a very few lines, which would not be a composition.

What the feeling is when you are very near death is very exciting; I have been near death more times than I realized until it was over, but the feeling of whatever-it-might-have-been soon passed away to be replaced by another narrow escape.

As many times as I greased a bicycle, which are innumerable, I never experienced anything else but having half the grease on myself, and the rest on the wheel.

So you see I could not write a very good composition on any of these topics that I have mentioned, could I?

EDUCATION FOR RECREATION

BY

BRUCE COCHRANE, '38

Education is not all obtained from books. Indeed, the most vital part of our education lies not in the fact that "all Gaul is divided into three parts," or that "in a right angled triangle the square on the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares on the other two sides," but in the fact that we must learn to make the most of ourselves.

We go to school to learn how to learn—and how not to learn. The very word education, taken from the Latin 'educō,' means to lead out, not to cram in. And one of our most perplexing problems today is to learn how to "lead out" our personalities and ward off the growing stigma of stagnacy.

This modern age cannot be content with amusing itself; it must be amused. Every age craves amusement of some kind—it is just as vital to the soul as bread and water to the body. Why is it that in this one respect we are inferior to our parents? The answer is that we have had so much contact with the outside world that we are dissatisfied with amusing ourselves—in other words, mere parasites in the world of amusement. But we must keep up with science.

It is true that the radio, the movies, the telephone, and modern means of transportation are wonderful boons to civilization, but also they tend toward a contra effect. In our parents' day, these facilities were uncommon, if not unheard of, and it was next to impossible to live a socially isolated

life. They were forced to make their own amusement. But today it is different—quite different—and one may live almost completely isolated, even to having all his needs delivered to his own back door.

What is the way out? My answer is encourage more social activities in the school, for it is there we are set "to jell." It is true, we have an occasional party in the school, but that is not enough. It is true that we have athletics for both boys and girls in which to engage in social competitions, but still that is not enough. School functions should be a part of the school curriculum and should be made compulsory, just as English is an imperative subject to be taught in our schools, for not until we have learned to conduct ourselves socially are we educated enough to take our place in the world. The major object of the school is to fit the student for the world, not to fit the world for the student.

STUDY OF FACES IN A STREET CAR

BY

RUTH MYRA, '39

Another tiresome ride on the street car, I thought, as I stepped blithely up the steps and walked to my customary seat in the car. It was becoming monotonous taking that long ride every day to my work. As it was rather cold, I pulled my coat collar close to my neck, and huddled up in the corner of the seat. There were more people than usual coming on the bus that morning. Some were fat, some were thin, and others had their arms piled high with Christmas parcels.

As I sat there watching the people come in, I thought it would be rather amusing to make a study of their faces. Sitting a seat ahead of me across the aisle was a freckle-faced young boy and an old lady. The boy, who was enjoying a chew of gum, appeared to be interested in everything in general. Now and then when he saw something especially interesting, he stopped chewing, and his mouth stood wide open.

The little old lady sitting beside the boy was dressed in black. She was watching two girls who sat in front of her. They were talking eagerly about Christmas, and now and then I caught a word about a party. The old lady was probably thinking about her youth, for once in a while I saw a happy gleam in her eye as she looked off into space.

The car stopped presently, and a very fat lady with two small children entered. Their noses and cheeks were red, and the fat lady mentioned something about the cold weather to the conductor. With difficulty she finally led the children to a seat. I was listening to them talk eagerly about what Santa was going to bring them, when I noticed someone come on the bus.

She was a very pretty girl, beautifully dressed. It seemed to me that I had seen her before, but I could not remember when or where. As she walked to the seat ahead of me, she gave me a second look, but that was all. I studied her profile for some time, for I was sure that I knew her. I sat there about two minutes pondering, and trying to recall who she was. I had to find out. Then like a flash I remembered that she was an old school mate, whom I had not seen for years. But it was time for me to get off, and I did want so much to speak to her. Then I noticed that she was getting ready to leave also.

When we were on the street, I greeted her and told her who I was. Imagine my surprise when she told me that she had come to the city especially to look me up, and had almost missed me. I was glad then that I had taken the time to notice the faces in the street car. It was the most interesting ride I had had for a long time.

TREASURES IN OUR ATTIC

BY

DENA BLAND, '40

Four small faces pressed against the windows and saw the rain come down harder and harder, and the owners of these faces tried to conceal their joy at not being allowed to go out, but failed. There were just the four of us—Ned, Blair, Jeannie and myself—all fun-loving children, full of mischief and jokes, always ready for a hearty laugh or squabble, whichever the case happened to be. A day in the house meant a day in the attic, treasure hunting, playing house or school, acting Queen Elizabeth, and numerous other things. How we enjoyed those days!

It was no wonder, for our attic was really a place to romp in. Large and clean (Jeannie and I saw to that) so high up that we could not disturb anyone, (not even some of the prim visitors who occasionally came) and there was everything in the attic a child desired. Grand nooks for playing hide-and-seek or ghosts, and plenty of room for us to act our plays or do figure dancing: that is, Jeannie and I did the dancing. Generally when we did this Ned and Blair would play pirates.

After we had played numerous games and were pretty well exhausted with the exertion, we turned to the trunks. What marvellous things we found there that made our young faces light up with joy! Great grandad's old sword and case that he used in the War was the boys' favourite treasure; and ours was a lovely old china doll which had belonged to great grandmother. It had been purchased in Europe, and it certainly was a thing of beauty. Its dress was made of satin, trimmed with lace, and was very old-fashioned. And its petticoats—well, there were so many that we couldn't count them, although our elders could. Then came a beautiful old kite and a little house, which took the boys' attention for a long time. The house was a miniature of great grandad's, which he had carved as a boy, and had, in later years, fashioned his own house after it. While they were playing with these, we girls revelled in the beauty of old jewelry—great grandmother's locket given to her by her mother when she was a child, a beautiful plain gold chain she had received on her fiftieth wedding anniversary, and a few small rings.

After trying on the old fashioned clothes, we came upon Mother's wedding dress and veil and Dad's wedding suit. Very soon we had a lovely young couple (Jeannie and Ned) marching down the imaginary aisle to the tune of "School Days," the only thing I could play on grandfather's fiddle. All during the ceremony this would be played, and Blair, dressed in one of his grandfather's suits, performed the ceremony. It was really impressive, even when the groom was supposed to kiss the bride and refused to do so.

So we children played among memories, although we knew it not at the time. Those days we cherish as the best, and now that we are separated we often wish that we could be back in the old attic, playing with great grandma's and grandad's things. Even our one-time groom would be glad to be back and would actually kiss the bride to avoid a squabble.

A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

BY

BRUCE COCHRANE, '38

"The boys and girls of today will be the men and women of tomorrow"—how often we have heard this familiar quotation— But how often have we stopped to give it a few moments of honest rock-bottom thought?

Do we, the youth of today, realize that being the men and women of tomorrow implies a vast responsibility for which we must be prepared?

Do we realize that it is inevitable—that it must be borne? And do we realize that it is our primary duty to bear it well, with the objective always in mind that we, although numerically speaking merely an infinitesimal fraction of countless millions but generally speaking one of the world, should and can contribute something to elevate the *status quo*?

Today, as yesterday, youth is confronted with many problems, and will continue to be for countless generations. In this respect, whether we seek riches, culture, health, or any other end in life, the fact always remains that there is no substitute for sound experience. For this reason we should, to quote Denton Massey, Canadian delegate to the World Youth Conference, "Govern our todays and plan our tomorrows by the light of yesterday." We must learn from those who have gone before us and profit by their mistakes. We must honor the past but not be servile to it. We must respect the point of view of our elders but not be invariably bound to it.

Youth controls our destiny. For this reason it is our duty—your duty and my duty—to acquaint ourselves with the various governments of the world, their ways, policies and principles. We should be unbiased in judging such nations today as Spain, Germany, Italy and Japan, to mention only a few, until we view their problems along with our problems; then, and only then, are we entitled to an opinion.

Above all, youth must realize from the blunders of the past that war is futile and peace is everyting. However, pacifists as we may be, we must, absolutely not allow ourselves to be influenced by anti-militarists—the peace of the world is too far from secure. We must be prepared for almost anything—war included—but hasten only what is for the ultimate good of all.

We must learn to accept defeat; for after all, defeat is the true index of character. We have to convince ourselves that we can not always have things as we want them to be, for no matter how hard we may try, there is bound to come a time when we shall lose. Many a winner is begrudged the laurels he has won and many a loser carries the sympathy and respect of every onlooker. As Edgar A. Guest has put it, "To be a loser, loved, honored, and respected, is in itself to be triumphant. Bad losers are merely spoiled children grown up."

Youth must be faithful to its inferiors as well as to its superiors. It must be true to its servants as well as to its masters. As we go out to assume responsibility, the task to which we are compelled to put our shoulders, if we would succeed, is that of never betraying any confidence that is placed in us. Our honor comes first.

MY SUPERSTITIONS

BY

BARBARA MERCER, '39

There are a few things I do not like to do, although I am not a particularly superstitious person. One of them is sitting at a table with twelve other people. Up to now, I have usually waited until later for my meal or sat at a different table. The other day, however, I read about a woman who did the former, and when she was half-way through her solitary dinner she fell dead of a heart attack. This leaves one in a dilemma, for I do not relish the idea of dying of a heart attack. Apparently I will just not have to eat if there are thirteen at the table—and then probably die of an emptiness attack.

When I was a youngster, I heard of an odd belief which Indians have—that if you go to sleep with the moon shining on your face, you will wake up with a cold. I cannot say whether or not this is true, because the only time I ever went to sleep with the moon shining on my face I

did wake up with a cold, but that does not prove anything, as I had the cold before I went to bed. Nevertheless, I do not like taking any chances, so when I woke up the other night with a light on my face, I decided I would not go to sleep again until the light was gone. I expected the moon to move enough so that its rays would have passed along in five minutes. Well, I was beginning to think the moon must have become stuck up in the sky, so I sat up, just out of curiosity, only to find that the light had come from the hall.

There is only one superstition which I test every time I get a chance. It seldom works, but that does not worry me. It is that if, on the first day of the month, you say "White Rabbits" before uttering another word, you will receive a present some time during the month. At least it always comes true in December and in August, my birthday month. This may, however, possibly be only a coincidence.

GLASS

BY

MURRAY YOUNG, '38

Glass has been known from very early times. Remains of glass furnaces and workshops were discovered in Egypt. The Egyptians used it for vases, beads and ornaments as early as 3200 B. C.

The use of glass for windows is much more recent than its manufacture for other purposes. It was not used in buildings until 250 years after the beginning of the Christian era.

Today we could not live without it. There would be no electric lights, telescopes, microscopes, and thousands of other useful things would be unknown.

Glass is usually a mixture of sodium and calcium silicates. These two silicates mixed together give us the glass with which we are most familiar, in the form of window glass. It is brittle, generally transparent or translucent, and is made soft by heating. It can be made by heating sand, lime and sodium carbonate in special furnaces.

Many varieties of glass are known. In manufacturing these various kinds different materials are used, such as fine sand or powdered flint, with salt, alkaline earth, or metallic oxides.

Crown, sheet, and plate glass are made of silica, lime and soda. Window glass was formerly made by gathering the molten glass on the end of a blow pipe. By blowing and spinning, a cylindrical form was produced, which was split down the centre and flattened into sheets. This glass was then annealed by allowing it to cool slowly.

Flint glass, used for bottles, dishes and other such articles, is tougher than window glass. It is made of silica, lead and potash. Any kind of glass can be colored by adding metallic oxides.

Frosted glass is prepared by roughening the surface. This destroys the transparency of the glass.

Plate glass is produced by pouring the molten glass on a flat table, the edges of which are built up to the height desired for the thickness of the glass. It is then rolled, and when cold, polished to remove unevenness. It is also annealed.

Hard glass contains potassium silicate instead of sodium silicate as is used in the window glass. It has a higher melting point than other glass.

Cut glass is made from ground flint, lead oxide and potassium carbonate. It is shaped or ornamented by cutting or grinding with polished wheels.

Optical glass, which is used for lenses, microscopes, cameras and such purposes, contains phosphorus pentoxide instead of silica, barium oxide instead of lime, and often zinc and lead oxide.

In making stained glass, the paint is applied when the glass is cold, and the colors are then stained into the glass by heating it again.

Glass of recent discovery as monax and pyrex contains compounds of borax. Pyrex contains a proportion of boric acid and alumina. They are known as boro-silicate glasses, and are not likely to crack with change of temperature.

Among the most important properties of glass is its transparency and its resistance to acids. When heated it can be formed into any shape, spun into fine threads, and used for ornaments. It is not a conductor of heat and can be cut by a diamond.

ARTICLES

SALT

BY

MARIE LEVY, '38

Salt is more valuable to man than gold. "Nonsense," someone will say, "I can get all the table salt I want for three cents a pound, and a hoghead—eight bushels—of coarse salt for three dollars." True enough, but when one considers the numerous ways in which salt is used, it is obvious that it does play a more important part in life than gold does. Essential articles such as soap, lye, glass, soda, bleaching powder, and many others are obtained directly or indirectly from salt. Again, our food would be very unpalatable without salt.

Nova Scotia is fortunate to have vast deposits of this mineral within her boundaries. At Malagash Peninsula, Cumberland County, there are salt beds extending throughout the length of the peninsula. These beds were discovered in 1912, when a man drilling a well for water, encountered strongly saline water. Tests showed that it contained a large amount of common salt. In 1919 salt was first obtained commercially from this source.

Since that time, mining has begun on a large scale in this district. A vertical shaft has been sunk to a depth of two hundred and twenty feet. From this shaft two levels have been driven, one at a depth of a hundred feet from the surface, the other at a depth of one hundred and twenty feet. An inclined winze has been sunk to a much greater depth, and further sinking and levels are being projected. At the present time, however, operations are confined to the one hundred and eighty foot level, and that of the winze.

The salt is mined by both overhead and underhand sloping. The drilling is done with electrically operated drills. A special kind of dynamite is used in order to prevent dust from making the salt dirty. The mine is dry and well lighted. The only timbering used is that in the shaft.

When the rock salt has been broken off, it is loaded on cars which carry it to the shaft. It is then hoisted to the surface where it is crushed and screened. Some of this powdered salt is sold for certain uses where purified salt is not required. The rest of it is put in solution ponds and dissolved in fresh water. Water is also allowed to come in contact with the waste salt pile, thus dissolving as much of it as possible. This brine is also carried to the solution ponds. These ponds, five in number, are boarded on the sides and the bottom is made of impure rock salt. Much of the insoluble material in the brine settles to the bottom.

From the ponds the brine is pumped to three large wooden tanks. It is treated to get rid of the small amount of impurity and then put in three large shallow evaporating pans. Each pan is fired separately. The flame and hot gases pass under the full length of the pans, and the smoke escapes through one central stack. Coal is used as fuel and a high temperature is obtained. Great care must be exercised to prevent coal dust from getting into the brine or the finished salt.

As the salt crystalizes, it is raked to the sides of the pan and then shovelled on to drainage boards where it is allowed to drain. It is then taken to the storage shed where it is kept some time before it is shipped.

The salt obtained from this mine has various uses. Large quantities of the impure salt are used by farmers for salting hay, and also put on their lands as a fertilizer. Another grade is used in refrigerators, while still another grade is used in salting fish. The evaporated or purified salt has many uses in the home.

SALT FISHING

BY

MARIE LEVY, '38

Fishing is the backbone of Lunenburg. Upon this industry all the other industries of the town are dependent. Her prosperity varies as that of her fishermen, and their good fortune, or lack of it, has a widespread effect.

A visit to the wharves in early spring proves an interesting sight. The vessels have been hauled in from the stream, their sails are being bent, pens are being put into the holds, and large quantities of salt and frozen bait are taken on board. Food supplies and water are also put on board, and a day is named for sailing. When this day arrives, if the weather is suitable, the ropes are untied, and the vessel sets out, her white sails filled with the wind, and her flag floating gaily at the top of the mast.

A forty-eight hour sail with favourable wind brings the vessel to its destination which is usually the Western Bank, at this time of year. After a depth of forty-five or fifty fathoms of water has been found, the vessel is anchored and the dories are put out. Each vessel carries eight or more dories, with two men to each. The dories are fitted with oars and a sail. When the wind is adverse, the dory must be rowed, and it is then that strong muscles are needed. Each dory takes a different course from the vessel, hence each has its own fishing ground.

The trawl is made ready, with bait on the hooks, before the dories leave the vessel. Then comes the task of setting it out. A leading line, which makes it possible to take the fish from the hooks without taking up the trawl, is put out. At one end of this line is an anchor. At the other end is a keg having a painted piece of canvas, called a "high-flyer." This keg is kept in place by means of a large drilled granite. The trawl is tied quite near the granite and set out in a straight course. When all has been set out, an anchor is dropped and a leading line arranged as at the other end.

The dories return to the vessel where they are put on deck and fastened down. Night is now drawing on and the men gather below for supper. After supper they retire to their bunks, except for one man who remains on deck to keep watch. When his hour is up he gives his post over to another man, and so on, dividing the night into one hour watches.

About three o'clock in the morning when everyone is still sleeping the cook gets up to make breakfast. He must prepare four meals each day. An hour later the men appear. Breakfast, consisting of baked beans, bread, hash, and huge mugs of tea, is eaten in a hurry, and the men hasten on deck. They lower their dories, and go to the trawl. The man in the bow hauls the trawl, takes off the fish, passes it on to his mate in the stern, who baits up the hook and throws the trawl overboard. Three hauls are made each day, weather permitting.

When the dories arrive back at the vessel, which is sometimes hard to find on account of snow or fog, the fish are forked on deck. They are throated by a boy called the "throater," the heads cut off by the "header" and split by the captain. Then they are washed, forked in the hold and salted. The liver of the fish is saved to make cod liver oil.

This work continues day after day, whenever the weather permits. Sometimes a good bed of fish cannot be located, and shifts have to be made. When this is necessary the trawl must be hauled and coiled in the tubs and the vessel moves to some other part of the Banks.

The "frozen baiting" trip lasts for about a month. The vessels then return to their home port, land their catch, and set sail again. On this trip their bait consists of fresh herring obtained from a nearby port, and kept on ice. The men now manage to get four hauls a day, if possible, instead of three.

About the first of June the vessels arrive home from the second trip, unload their catch and take on fresh supplies. Then they sail for the Banks of Newfoundland or the shoal water around Sable Island. The latter place is very dangerous because of its shifting sand. Many vessels have been lost here during August gales, and in other storms. This third trip is the longest, and results in the largest catch. Capelin and squid are used as bait. The vessels, coming home in September often have as many as two thousand quintals of fish on board.

What happens to all these fish? A line of fish-flakes stretches along the northern and southern side of Lunenburg harbor, and along the shores of the adjoining bays, and the LaHave River. Here the fish are landed, washed with a brush, and spread out to dry in the sun. When they are sufficiently cured, they are loaded in dories, on ox-carts, or trucks, and taken to the various firms of the town which handle fish. From here they are exported, principally to the West Indies.

Many improvements have taken place in this industry during the past ten years. Engines have been installed in many of the vessels, deck engines are used for various purposes, radio keeps the vessel in touch with weather forecasts, bait and ice conditions, etc. The use of an engine not only makes the industry safer, but affords a means of getting about more readily to better fishing grounds, and because the catch can be brought to market rapidly permits the vessels to carry on the fresh fishing industry for the winter months.

THE LUNENBURG OUTFITTING COMPANY

BY

DOROTHY CROUSE, '39

The Lunenburg Outfitting Co., Ltd., was founded in 1917. Previous to this date the buildings of James Eisenhauer & Son had been bought by Mr. Duff. This same property was bought from Mr. Duff by the founders of the Lunenburg Outfitting Company Ltd. The business was then begun under the management of Mr. E. C. Adams, with Mr. Duff as President.

The main business of the firm is to handle supplies for vessels. When the business was first started, it fitted out about twenty-two vessels. The outfits included salt, provisions, rope, lines, etc. The number of vessels that buy their supplies from the Lunenburg Outfitting Company has been greatly reduced since the depression. The main business now is to supply shore fishermen with salt and supplies. Since the deep sea fishing vessels have been reduced in number, there are only five outfitting with this firm.

Later, in connection with the Lunenburg Outfitting Company, Ltd. Mr. Duff set up a private fish business, handling dry and pickled fish for home and foreign markets. Having control of several vessels, these were outfitted by the Lunenburg Outfitting Company, and sold their catches to Mr. Duff, who in turn exported the fish.

Employed in the two branches of these allied firms are about twenty-five men, including the office staffs and the laborers in the different branches of work.

HISTORY OF W. C. SMITH & CO. LTD. and LUNENBURG SEA PRODUCTS LTD.

BY

VIVIAN CROUSE, '38

As a reporter I shall give you the fascinating history of W. C. Smith & Co., Ltd. and the Lunenburg Sea Products, Ltd., as it was told to me by Mr. W. H. Smith.

W. C. Smith & Co., Ltd. was founded in the year 1898, and was incorporated in the year 1899. The founder of this firm was the late Mr. William Charles Smith.

The firm's line of business was general merchandizing, vessel outfitting, and the buying of fish products. It also built fishing schooners on the property adjacent to its main office and warehouse.

In later years, the younger members of the firm entered the Export Market of dry, salt and pickled fish. A gradual decline came about in post-war days, in the salt fish business, owing to keen foreign competition on the part of Norway, Iceland, Great Britain, and other European nations. They developed their fisheries to such an extent that, in many instances, surpluses were created which were exported to markets enjoyed by both Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, resulting in restricted markets for both.

The executive of W. C. Smith & Co. Ltd. realized the situation. They embarked upon a new enterprise in the fish business, and incorporated their subsidiary, namely the Lunenburg Sea Products, Ltd. This was founded primarily for the development of the frozen bait business and the carrying on of the fresh fish business.

A careful survey and canvass of the potentialities of both Canada in general and Nova Scotia particularly was made by representatives of this firm. While doing so, they made some very fine connections, with the result that a general fish business was developed for fresh, frozen, smoked, and pickled fish, also for two important by-products namely fish meal and fish oil.

Markets were gradually developed to such an extent that today the Smith Organization purchases from the fishermen of the province of Nova Scotia approximately fifty million pounds of fish, consisting of cod, had-dock, halibut, herring, mackerel, salmon, smelt, lobsters, etc.

The fish, processed and packed at Lunenburg and its subsidiaries throughout the province, finds its way to markets in the United States, Canada, the West Indies and Europe. It may be surprising to the layman to note that smoked and frozen fish cross the continent as far as the coast to Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles in the United States; to Victoria and Vancouver in Canada; and to all parts of Central Canada and the middle west of the United States.

The Lunenburg plant, while not as large as some other plants in the world, is recognized by leaders in the fish industry of other countries as being most modern and up-to-date. Special attention is paid in the plant to sanitation, ventilation, light, heat and comfort, which tends to bring about a high degree of efficiency among its one hundred and twenty-five employees at Lunenburg. It is also recognized as one of the most self-sustaining units of its kind in the fish business.

Its special brand is "High Liner"—the name of which the firm is very proud. They credit their success to four reasons—Unity, Efficiency, Quality and Service. This modern, progressive firm is a credit to the business acumen of the leaders of the firm.

ZWICKER & COMPANY

BY

DENA BLAND, '40

Zwicker & Company is one of the oldest firms in Lunenburg. It was founded by John Zwicker in 1789 and since then has remained in the same family—an unusual thing for firms of today.

John Zwicker had been a partner in the firm of W. & M. Rudolph, but this firm went out of business in 1788, so he moved to Lunenburg and set up his own concern.

The business carried on then differs a great deal from that of today. Mr. Zwicker was known as a "General and West Indies Merchant," shipping fish, lumber and staves to these islands, and importing sugar, molasses, tobacco and coffee. He sold many of his imports to Halifax and made very rapid progress for at one time he owned twelve full-rigged brigs, two ships and several schooners. Mr. Zwicker will be remembered as one of the pioneers in trans-atlantic trade.

When he died his two sons took over the business, which was then called E. & N. Zwicker. These men were very successful, and after them W. N. Zwicker took charge, taking into partnership with him J. M. Watson, the name of the firm being changed to Zwicker, Watson & Co. These men started a new line of business by building outfitting stores in Mahone Bay and Lunenburg.

In the year 1881, Mr. Zwicker admitted his eldest son, Arthur Zwicker, as partner. Once more the name of the firm was changed to that of today: Zwicker & Company, Producers and Exporters of Fish Products.

Later, W. Norman and E. Fenwick Zwicker were taken into the business and as the years went by the firm grew and business increased. Today the officers of the firm are:

President:—E. Fenwick Zwicker.

Vice President:—W. Norman Zwicker.

Secretary-Treasurer:—F. Homer Zwicker.

Zwicker & Company now own, or have shares in, eleven regular fishing vessels, and one larger ship, a four-master, used for freighting purposes. This ship, the "James E. Newsome," with Capt. Dawson Geldert in charge, has sailed in many seas, and many are the interesting stories of her journeys.

The fish brought in by the fishing vessels is dried or "made" at various points along the shore, and then brought to the large warehouse of Zwicker & Company, until sold. Sorted, packed and branded, it is shipped to various ports. Last year, 1937, this firm handled 28,599 quintals of fish. This, while not a banner year, was certainly a great increase when compared with the amount of business handled by the company in its earliest years.

Thus we see that for almost 150 years the firm of Zwicker & Company has been closely linked with the development of Lunenburg, and its present strong position indicates that the future history of this town will present a further story of useful service rendered by this old established firm.

ACADIAN SUPPLIES LIMITED

BY

MARJORIE SAUNDERS, '39

During the year 1919 a number of the outstanding Fishing Masters of the Town and County of Lunenburg seriously considered the possibilities of operating a business dealing in fishing supplies, fishermen's outfits, the purchase and sale of fish, building supplies, coal and wood, etc. As a result of these deliberations a Certificate of Incorporation in the name of "Acadian Supplies Limited" was granted on the 12th day of January, 1920. The provisional directors at the time were: Sydney M. Corkum, Jean E. Tullock and Harris A. Ritcey, all of Halifax, N. S.

The Certificate of Incorporation granted the firm the right to an authorized capital stock of \$100,000.00. Of this amount, shares to the sum of \$58,700.00 were sold to a number of Fishing Masters, merchants, clerks, fishermen and tradesmen.

A general meeting of the company was held on January 18, 1920, when the following directors were elected: Captain Richard B. Silver, Captain Scott Corkum, Captain Freeman Corkum, Captain Henry Winters, Captain Willett Spindler, David W. Smith and Hugh R. Anderson. The first officers of the Company were: Capt. Scott Corkum, President; Capt. Richard Silver, Vice-President; C. Aubrey Anderson, Secretary-Treasurer and George H. Holder, Auditor.

The site of the business was the property operated as coal, wood and builders' supplies under the name of A. & H. Anderson, during the years 1905-1920. Previous to 1905 the business was operated and conducted by the late Benjamin Anderson who, in his younger days, was one of the leading fishing masters of the town. In fact, he was the first to introduce trawl-fishing as used by the fishing vessels of today.

During the early years of its business life the Acadian Supplies had many difficulties to overcome. However, due to the perseverance and optimism of the men at the helm, the period of business unrest following the war, and the loss of vessels and men due to storms, were overcome so that today the firm is recognized as one of the leading places of business in Lunenburg.

The management of the firm and also the Masters and Fishermen associated with it have ever been ready to do their part in keeping up the good name of the fisheries and of the town of Lunenburg. So that in going over the history of the early fishing races, you will find the names of Masters and vessels that operated out of this firm. In addition to this many of the shareholders were among the early promoters of the Fishermen's Re-union and the Fisheries Exhibition.

Due to the sale of older vessels, and to losses at sea, many orders for new ships were placed with our local shipyard, giving work to many in the town and country.

As salt is a necessity in the fishing business, many cargoes were brought here from the West Indies. In some cases vessels operated by the firm would exchange cargoes of fish for cargoes of salt. During the eighteen years that the firm has been operating, vessels from many foreign ports have visited her docks. In fact, there were times when an interpreter was needed before the requirements of the ship could be filled.

Today the Acadian Supplies is under the efficient management of the following: Capt. H. C. Winters, President; Capt. Richard B. Silver, Vice-President; and C. Aubrey Anderson, Secretary-Treasurer.

ROBIN, JONES & WHITMAN, LIMITED

BY

DORIS KNICKLE, '38

In the fall of 1901 the firm of Messrs. Hirtle & Rafuse opened business in the eastern end of Lunenburg, on the property that is now owned by Robin, Jones & Whitman, Ltd. The main store and a dry fish store were then in use and for four years this firm carried on a thriving business, buying and selling fish, salt and other allied lines.

In 1905, the business was taken over by the Atlantic Fish Companies, Ltd., under the management of Mr. Duff. The "New Firm" as it was locally called, dealt in dry fish, salt, outfitting of vessels, and the manufacture and export of boneless fish, the factory being at LaHave.

In 1911 the Atlantic Fish Companies, Ltd. were absorbed by Robin, Jones & Whitman, Limited, of Halifax, and under this name has carried on business since that time. The plant was enlarged from time to time, by the addition of a dryer for processing salt fish, by the building of a factory to take care of the boneless fish business, a new wharf to facilitate handling of the green fish taken in from the shore boats, etc.

Though various kinds of salt have been tried out in the fish business, Turks Island salt has proved to be the most suitable, and therefore many cargoes of salt are brought to Lunenburg annually from this source. The import and distribution of salt has always been one of the main features of the business.

During the spring and summer shore boats bring their catches of green pickled fish here, where they are kept in butts until the cool weather sets in. Then they are dried, boned and packed in various types of containers for marketing. "Acadia" and "Halifax" brands of Boneless Fish are well known, all over Canada.

The buying of dry fish and exporting of the same, and the outfitting of fishing vessels and coasting vessels has always been a feature of the business carried on by this firm, and has given employment to many Lunenburg men. We hope that Robin, Jones & Whitman, Limited may be as successful in the future as it has been in the past.

THE STORY OF THE BLUENOSE

BY

BARBARA MERCER, '38



Courtesy of Halifax Chronicle

(1) CAPTAIN ANGUS WALTERS

Captain Angus, like most Lunenburg boys of his time, followed in his father's footsteps and went to sea. Born in 1881, there were not as many occupations to choose from as confront youth of today, but his inclination was for the sea, and he has been satisfied with his choice of his life's work as a fisherman.

He made his first trip at the age of thirteen, on his father's vessel. For a few years he fished in the summer and attended school in the winter, but later he was employed on the sea the whole year around, fishing during the summer and coasting during the winter season. For a number of years he sailed with his father, who taught him all he knew of navigation and vessel-lore. At the early age of twenty-four Angus became a captain, an advancement attributed to the good training his father had given him.

Capt. Walters' name became famous when he first sailed the "Bluenose." He himself is not certain why he was chosen for the honor. He was master of one of the vessels sailing in the Halifax race in 1921, and apparently impressed the officials favorably, for a few months later, when the "Bluenose" was planned, he was asked to take charge of her. As he had just received command of a new vessel less than two years before, he refused. He was persuaded to meet the promoters in Halifax, but he again refused them, for he did not wish to sail a vessel owned in Halifax. This difficulty was met by offering him 70 per cent of the shares to be disposed of in Lunenburg. He agreed to these conditions, provided he approved of the plans for the schooner.

Roue showed him his designs, which he would not consider, so they were altered to his satisfaction and he accepted the position. He had no difficulty in selling the 70 per cent of the shares locally (the rest are held in Montreal, Toronto and Halifax), and the matter was then left entirely in his hands.

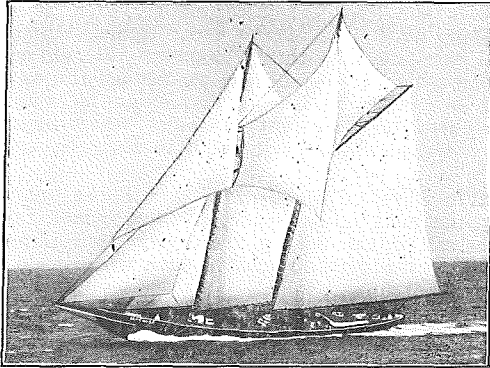
Captain Walters has travelled fairly widely. On his trading trips he has seen Spain, Italy and most of the West Indies. He has been to Toronto, Chicago and England with the "Bluenose." He enjoyed especially the English trip, during which he and his crew attended the naval review in the King's Silver Jubilee Program. During the review he was invited on board H. M. S. Hood, and also the King's private yacht, where he and six other men from trawlers in the review were presented to King George.

Captain Walters is proud of the fact that he has never lost a vessel, and has lost only one man. Altogether, one would look far to find a more capable representative of the fishing fraternity than Lunenburg's Captain Angus. It is given to few men to achieve such world-wide fame from comparatively humble beginnings.

(2) THE BUILDING OF THE BLUENOSE

BY

BARBARA MERCER, '38



The first race for deep-sea fishing schooners, held in 1920, resulted in a defeat for the Canadian entry, the "Delewana," of Lunenburg. This was a source of great disappointment to Nova Scotians, and they immediately set to work building a schooner which would bring credit to their fleet by winning the International Fishermen's Trophy. W. J. Roue, of Halifax, designed the schooner, which was to be named the "Bluenose," and Smith & Rhuland of Lunenburg, a well-known ship-building firm, built the schooner. The wide-spread interest which the "Bluenose" aroused in Canada is shown by the fact that the Governor-General, the Duke of Devonshire, made a special trip in order to drive the first spike in her keel.

When the "Bluenose" was planned, it was by no means certain that she would be successful. In spite of the care in design and workmanship, it was mere speculation, until the time of her first trial trip, whether she would be any faster than other vessels. If she had not been, the "Bluenose" would have been just another fishing vessel, and again Nova Scotians would have been disappointed. Fortunately, this was not the case, for she has fulfilled all hopes. This does not, however, always happen, for Mr. Roue later designed another vessel, the "Haligonian," which was expected to beat the "Bluenose," but did not, and is now fishing.

Planned as she was to be a challenger, the "Bluenose" differed in some respects from an ordinary fishing schooner. She was deeper, and had finer lines generally, than the usual type. The spars were longer and she was given special sails. These were made by the late Arthur Hebb, of Lunenburg.

These changes accounted for a difference in price, the "Bluenose" costing about \$27,000, whereas an ordinary fishing schooner at that time cost around \$23,000. Apart from these changes, her construction was identical with that of other fishing vessels. Except for her masts, she is entirely of Nova Scotian stock. The frame is of spruce and oak, the bottom is planked with birch, the rails and top are of oak and the decks are of pine. The spars are also of pine, which came from Oregon.

In another respect, the "Bluenose" differs from the ordinary fishing vessel. Most of these are operated by the shareholders on a partnership

*Barbara
Mercer*

basis. The "Bluenose," on the other hand, is operated by a limited stock company, and nearly all the shares are held by Lunenburg people.

The "Bluenose" was launched on March 21, 1921. Audrey Smith, daughter of one of the builders, christened her. Angus Walters, widely experienced, and a capable sailor, was chosen as captain, and on April 15th he took her for a trial sail. Her performance satisfied everyone. She left soon afterward for the Grand Banks, to fulfil the clause in the Trophy Contest rules that the chosen vessels must have spent at least a season on the fishing grounds, and in October of the same year she began the series of races which have made her world-famous.

Since her last race, the "Bluenose" has been altered to make her suitable for fresh-fishing. Engines have been installed, and the spars and keel shortened. If she races again these will have to be changed again, for as they are now they are detrimental to sailing speed. The changes can be made readily, however, and willingly, for there is nothing which our people would like to see more than another race between the champion "Bluenose" and an American challenger. Nova Scotians still have great confidence in this vessel which has so often reflected credit on her designer, her builders, her captain and her sailors.

(3) INTERNATIONAL RACES

BY

LUCILLE LANGILLE, '40

In 1920 the "Delewana" of Lunenburg, which was the representative of the Nova Scotian fleet, was defeated by the American "Esperanto" in the annual international race for deep sea fishing schooners.

This misfortune, though a great blow to Nova Scotians, encouraged them to build in the following spring, a schooner, bearing the name of the "Bluenose."

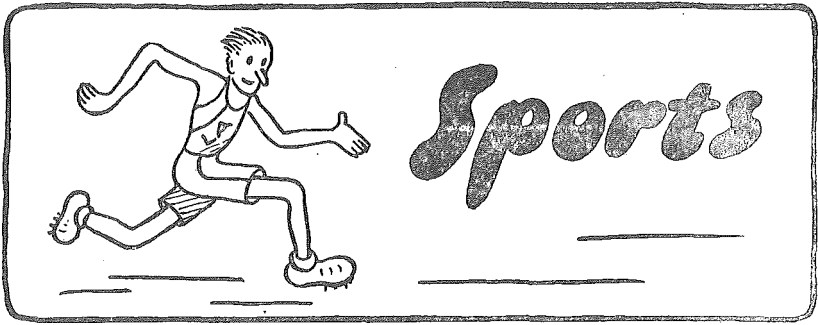
After the launching, the "Bluenose" left for the Grand Banks and there had a very successful first season. On her return she was groomed and made ready for the Nova Scotia fleet race. By winning this event this schooner qualified to meet the American "Elsie," the challenger, as the "Esperanto" had been lost.

The races were held off Halifax, and Lunenburg achieved her ambition—the International Trophy.

In 1922 and 1923, two more victories were added to her list. In the year 1930 our schooner "Bluenose" defeated the "Gertrude L. Thebaud" in the struggle for the supremacy of the North Atlantic.

In 1933, the "Bluenose" took part in the "Century of Progress" where she was Canada's official representative, and in 1935 she went to England on a good-will trip. On her return from England a storm arose in which she was driven off the coast of Sable Island. It is believed that no other schooner except the "Bluenose" would have been able to withstand such a storm.

Today, after many strenuous and exciting races and fishing trips, the gallant "Bluenose" is as fast, and as fine a vessel as ever. She won a great reputation for her designer, Mr. W. J. Roue, of Halifax, for her builders, Smith & Rhuland, Lunenburg, and for her skipper, Capt. Angus Walters. No other fishing schooner has ever matched her record.



THE GIRLS SOFTBALL TEAM

BY

FLORA TANNER, '40

During the month of September, 1937, some of the High School girls thought it would be interesting to organize a girl's softball team. They asked the principal, Mr. Collins, for permission to form a team and if they might buy a softball and bat. Mr. Collins gave his consent.

Then it appeared on the High School boards that all those wishing to play softball should go to the arena grounds. It was decided that after practising a few days a team would be picked.

Many girls turned out and everyone seemed interested. Warren Geldert, a High School student, was asked to coach them. Warren was aided by Wallace Nauss and some members of the Lunenburg Cubs. Although it was the first time these girls played softball, they made some successful attempts.

Many people thought it was too late in the season to begin a softball team but the girls wished to play some outside team before the cold weather came. The Bridgewater High School girls were invited to come to Lunenburg for a friendly game. They accepted the invitation and arrived one morning at ten o'clock.

Both teams played very well. As it was their first game, the Lunenburg girls were very nervous and lost several points in the earlier innings. The game ended with a score of 19-17, Bridgewater winning.

Then the Bridgewater girls asked the Lunenburg team if they would like to come to their town during the fall. Of course, the girls wanted to go, so they left one afternoon after school.

Lunenburg again lost out in the first innings and were defeated with a score of 21-12.

The Lunenburg team and their positions were: F. Tanner, c. M. Schwartz p., B. Mercer, 1b., B. Daurie, 2b., A. Naugler, 3b., M. Nauss, s.s., M. Rhuland, l.f., M. Greek, c.f., L. Knickle, r.f. and R. Powers, r.f.

They intend to play again this year but are hoping with an earlier start for a more successful year.

THE LUNENBURG FISHERIES TRACK MEET

BY

FRANCIS MILLER, '39

The Lunenburg Academy has always shown interest in their sport activities throughout the school season. Track, field and hockey continue to hold the spotlight but interest is being shown in softball during the last year.

It would be appropriate if we summarized the sport activities from last year's publication of the magazine.

Track and Field

On May 24th the L. H. S. Track Team journeyed to Wolfville to compete in the Acadia relays. The team gave a good account of themselves at the meet.

One event of particular interest to the school was the Provincial High School Meet which was held on Friday, September 18th, at the arena track.

Entries for boy's teams were received from Amherst, Bridgewater, Chester, Indian Point, Lunenburg, Mahone Bay and Shelburne.

Bridgewater, Chester, Lunenburg and Mahone Bay were also represented by girls' teams.

The meet proved to be more interesting than that of last year because of keener competition.

Amherst High School, paced by C. MacAllister, who was individual high point scorer with 20 points, won the meet with a total of 42 points.

MacAllister placed first in the 60, 100 and 220 yd. dashes and also ran with the Amherst relay team.

B. Naugler, of Bridgewater High, won the 440 yd. dash and the shot put. He was the second individual scorer with a total of 19 points.

Harvey Nauss, of Chester, won the 880 yd. run, broad jump, and placed second in the 440 yd. dash.

C. Huskins, of Shelburne, won the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 1½ inches.

The girls' events were also interesting.

G. Corkum, individual scorer with 17½ points, led the Chester team to victory when she won the 40, 60 and 100 yd. dashes, smashing the record for the 100 yds. and tying the 40 and 60 yd. records. She also ran on the Chester 440 yd. relay team which shattered the old record. The time for this event was 1 min. 1 sec.

Following are the number of points won by each team:

Team	Boys	Girls
AMHERST	42	0
BRIDGEWATER	33	16
CHESTER	16	27
LUNENBURG	11	0
SHELBURNE	5	0
INDIAN POINT	1	0
MAHONE BAY	0	2

THE SEA GULL
SCHOOL NEWS

SCHOOL CHORUS

BY

VIVIAN CROUSE, '38

During the Summer Vacation of 1937, the principal Mr. Collins circulated the news that the Academy was to have a Girl's Chorus. This chorus was to participate in the contest which was held at the Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition at Halifax.

Mr. Collins had a list of twenty girls who were asked to take part. It consisted of three girls from Grade 8, four from Grade 9, four from Grade 10, two from Grade 11, and seven from Grade 12. This idea aroused much interest among the students. The girls were very excited and eagerly agreed to take part.

When school opened, after the Fisheries Exhibition, practice started in earnest, under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, a well-known singer. She directed the girls with much patience, teaching them exercises, their different parts, harmony, and all the essential things required for good singing.

The song which was chosen was "The Bell's of Saint Mary's," that well-known, beautiful selection, sung in parts. The chorus was divided into first and second soprano, and alto. The girls practised their parts faithfully as they had a month before the contest.

Saturday morning, the last day of the Halifax Exhibition, the Lunenburg Chorus motored to Halifax. When they arrived there they were informed they had to sing against St. Mary's Girl's Chorus. They had won over the other Halifax schools during the week. They had won with eighty-seven points, which our girls knew to be a very high count.

It was with seriousness that the L. A. Chorus stood in front of Mr. Ashdown, also their director, Mrs. Oxner, in their costumes of white shirts and green ties, the high school colors, and navy skirts. They were to sing first, followed by St. Mary's. The criticisms were to follow.

The girls of both choruses sat in silence while Mr. Ashdown went to the platform to give the results. He gave Lunenburg's criticisms and the number of points, being eighty-four. The criticisms of St. Mary's were given and their result was eighty-three.

A great applause followed. The cups were presented after the contest was all over. Some of Lunenburg's girls took solo parts in voice and piano.

The Lunenburg Academy Chorus received a cup, Lucille Langille, alto soloist, and Isabel Oxner, were awarded with individual cups. The chorus girls were congratulated by the sisters before they departed.

This same chorus was heard in the Christmas Concert singing carols. The success of this chorus can rightly be attributed to their director, Mrs. Oxner. Every girl enjoyed it, I am sure.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

BY

DORIS KNICKLE, '38

The first outstanding event of the year in which the entire school participated was the Fisheries Exhibition. Every grade was represented in the parade. The exhibits have shown the good quality of work which the students have done.

At the annual Track Meet held in Lunenburg on September 17, seven schools of the province took part. They were Amherst, Chester, Bridgewater, Shelburne, Indian Point, Mahone Bay and Lunenburg. Amherst won first place. A banquet was served afterwards in the Assembly Hall, at which speeches were given and the prizes awarded.

A girl's chorus, under the capable direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, won the silver cup at the Halifax Exhibition. This chorus is divided into three parts; first soprano, second soprano, and alto. The chorus has recently been enlarged, and Mrs. Oxner is now training a group of forty-five girls from Grades 8 to 12 inclusive.

The Christmas concert was held in the Assembly Hall on Dec. 20 and 21. It was one of the best ever put on by the school. A new feature on this program was a contest in the form of a pretended Radio Broadcast. Each High School Grade presented a number both nights. These numbers were then judged. Grade 12 won with their presentation of a wedding. While Grade 11 came second with "Sidewalk Interviews."

The Common School presented one At Home during the year, and also supplied several numbers for the Christmas Concert.

The High School Christmas party which was held on December 22, was a great success.

The Monday morning School Assemblies were held every fortnight. Each High School Grade took its turn in providing a program.

Through the efforts of our principal, Mr. Collins, a Student's Council was formed. The following officers were chosen by a vote of the students:

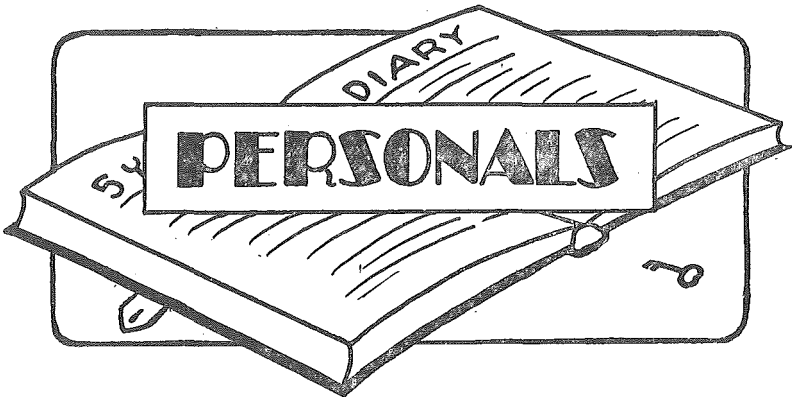
President—Vivian Crouse
Vice President—Clyde Westhaver
Secretary—Marjorie Saunders
Treasurer—Francis Miller

The Student's Council has complete control over matters concerning sports, parties, and anything else pertaining to school affairs.

The boys of the Athletic Association have formed a hockey team, and have played several games this season.

On October 29, the Presentation of prizes was held in the Assembly Hall, the prizes being awarded to the pupils of highest standing in their classes. The principal gave his annual report. The special speaker was Lloyd Langille who told of his trip to the Coronation.

Efforts are being put forth to get an up-to-date sound moving picture machine in the school. This would be very helpful to both teachers and pupils. We hope that this new system will be installed in the near future.



Beulah Ernst, A'37, Norma Oxner, 'A37, Ena Fraser, A'37, Lucille Maxner, A'37, Margaret Hirtle, A'37, Lucy Drake, A'37, Lucille Feener, A'37, Muriel Dares A'37, Marion Schrader, A'37, Elaine Slauenwhite, A'37, are at home at present.

Gerald Burke, A'37, is employed at Oxner's Grocery Store.

At the Maritime Business College we find: Iris Oxner, A'37, Barbara Corkum, A'37, Jean Rhodenizer, A'37, Guintin Haughn, A'37.

Ross Demone, A'37, is attending Acadia University.

Ruth Smeltzer, A'37, Frene Mosher, A'37, are furthering their education at Normal College.

Gilbert Corkum, A'37, is employed in the Bank of Montreal.

Doris Schnare, A'37, is working in the Cash Grocery Shop in Mahoe Bay.

Cecil Whynacht, A'37, will be working in Centerville with his father.

Burton Corkum, A'37, is studying for the ministry at Mt. Allison University.

Lloyd Langille, A'37, is employed at Wright's Radio shop in Lunenburg.

Fred Totten, A'37, is studying at the Marconi School in Halifax.

Elizabeth Hebb, A'37, is taking a pre-Med. course at Mt. Allison

Maxwell Corkum, A'37, is studying at Toronto.

Joan Mercer, B'37, is taking a business course at the Packard School of America, New York.

Martin Eisenhauer, B'37, Forbes Mountain, B'37, Robert MacLellan, B'37, are attending Dalhousie University.

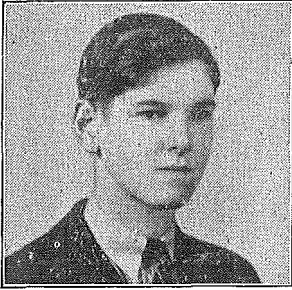
Olga Olsen, B'37, is working in the Progress-Enterprise office.

Perry Byers, C'37, is taking a drug course at Kinley's Drug store.

George Zinck, C'37, is working at Whynacht's Grocery Store.

Gilbert Burns, C'37, is the messenger-boy for the Telegraph Office in Lunenburg.

Charnley Zwicker, C'37, chose the Navy for his chief occupation.



ARTHUR ANDERSON, "Mickey"

"A manly stride, a steady grin,
Some pep, some brains, his fame
will win"

"Mickey" is decidedly of the athletic type, excelling in tennis. Wherever there is any mischief, "Mickey" is sure to be present. Although he has not decided the course of his career, we are sure he will be a leader in whatever his choice may be.



VIOLET BACKMAN, "Vii"

"Oh why should life all labor be?"

"Vii" has been with us all through school. Her likable nature has won her much popularity. We hope her future will be cloudless, carefree and choice.



LINDA BACKMAN, "Lindy"

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

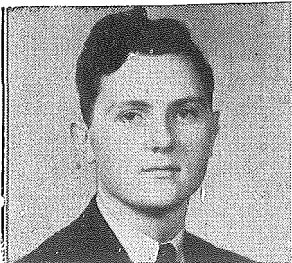
"Lindy" is a fair haired girl with blue eyes. She is decidedly of the quiet type and is a great friend to everybody. We are sure "Lindy" will make a good secretary and we all join in wishing her success.



ISABEL BURNS. "Is"

"She who labors diligently need
never despair."

"Is" is of the quiet type, but always enjoys being where there is any mischief. She is a conscientious worker and devotes much of her time to studying. We all know she will achieve nothing but success.



BRUCE COCHRAN, "Cutie"

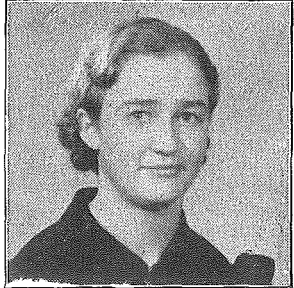
"The actions of men are the best
interpreters of their thoughts"

Lunenburg Academy never recovered from the shock when "Cutie" came to swell the ranks of the Grade XII class. He is one of those fortunate persons who have the faculty of making friends rapidly and his pleasing smile has made him a favorite. We wish him luck in his medical career.

**BEULAH CORKUM, "Boo"**

"We stay to warm our spirits by the glow of her friendly heart."

Being with us all through school, "Boo" has proved herself to be a great friend to everybody and is noted for always looking on the bright side of things. On leaving us she intends to take up a course in hairdressing. We all join in wishing her a good "curl".

**VIVIAN CROUSE, "Viv"**

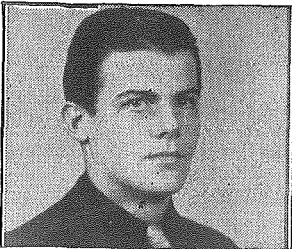
"Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shines

Besides being a good student, "Viv" is also of the athletic type. She takes a part in all school activities and leading roles in plays. By her friendly manner and good nature, she has won many friends. Here's to you in your nursing career "Viv".

**GORDON FRITTENBURG, "Gee"**

"There was a man——"

"Gee", is another athlete and shows special interest in hockey. He is a great lover of parties and social affairs. "Gee" plans to take a business course and we know he will make the greatest progress.

**WARREN GELDERT, "Wang"**

"His limbs were cast in manly mold"

"Wang" is a person who likes all kinds of sports and has already shown his great ability in playing hockey. He intends to take up a military career and we know success will be his.

**RUTH HYNICK "Ruth"**

"She's little, but she's wise,
But oh, there's mischief in her eyes".

Ruth is not one of the noisy type but enjoys all kinds of mischief. Being very industrious she has proved herself a good student. We know she will achieve nothing but the best.



ERIC JOHNSON, "Ike"

"He's either going into trouble or just coming out."

Besides being a good student, "Ike" is a good athlete and takes special interest in swimming. He intends to take up work concerning the sea. We wish him "bon voyage".



DORIS KNICKLE, "Doris"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Doris has been with us all through school. She has always proved herself to be willing to help out in times of need. Her greatest hobby is stamp collecting and she also takes great interest in sports. May success be yours, Doris, in whatever you undertake.



LOUISE KNICKLE, "Weezie" ..

"For she is true and sweet."

"Weezie" is noted for her sunny smile and good nature. She is a great lover of sports—especially hockey. As "Weezie" leaves us this year to go in training, she takes with her our best wishes.



MARIE LEVY, "Marie"

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Marie came into our midst in Grade IX. She has much talent as a student, and her friendly ways have found her a place in everybody's heart. We feel sure that these virtues will give her a leading part in whatever she undertakes.



PATRICIA MEISNER, "Patsy"

"Now I'm in a holiday humor."

"Patsy" finds it hard to settle down to work and cannot seem to keep out of mischief. She is a great lover of music and is taking this as a course in her Grade XII studies. Her friends wish her nothing but the best.



WILFRED MYRA, "Willie"

"For he's a jolly good fellow".

Coming to us in Grade IV, "Willie" has won our favor by his winning smile and red hair. You cannot mistake him with his mischievous gleam, and wherever there is mischief he is sure to be present. We all join in wishing him good fortune.



RUTH POWERS, "Ruthie"

"Blessings on the man who invented sleep,

But curses on the one who started early rising".

"Ruthie" is one of those persons who you find crossing the playground when the bell has ceased ringing. Besides being a friend to all, "Ruthie" has shown great ability by taking a leading part in plays and school affairs. Best of luck "Ruthie".



LILLIAN SHANKLE, "Lil"

"Just being happy is the thing she likes to do."

"Lil" came to us this year from LaHave and she has won our favor by her sunny disposition. We will be sorry to have her leave us and wish she could have remained with us longer. Good luck, "Lil" in the future.



FLORENCE SMITH, "Flossie"

"I chatter, chatter, as I go"

The silent moments of the classroom are always brightened by the continual chatter from "Flossie". She has shown great ability in mathematics and her greatest hobby is knitting. She is still uncertain what she will do after graduation but we are certain luck will always be with her.



EVELYN THURLOW, "Ev"

"A good time in life

Anything else an impossibility"

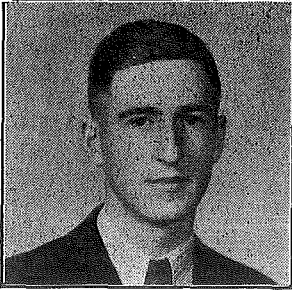
"Ev" is one of the many who submit to laughter. She is a jolly person and has proved herself to be a good sport. We wish her lots of luck in the future.



CLYDE WESTHAVER, "Clydie"

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

Coming to us in 1934, Clydie has proved himself a very efficient student. He takes great pleasure in being pedantic and adds much relished humor in what we term "dry periods". Whatever "Clydie" intends to do on leaving school, we know success will go with him.



MURRAY YOUNG, "Muts"

"We grant although he had much
wit.

He was very shy of showing it."

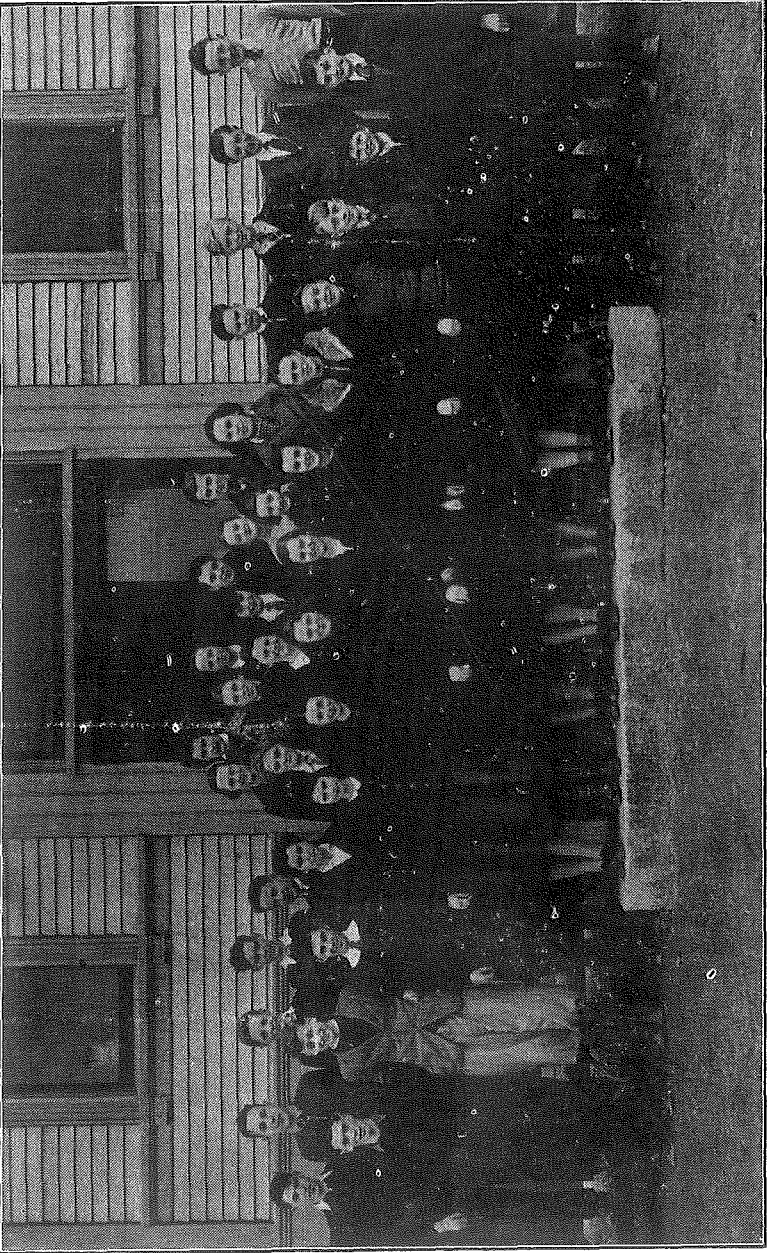
"Muts" has proved to us that he has great ability in science and mathematics. His good nature and humor has won him many friends and we all join in wishing him well.

ROBERT CROUSE "Bobby"

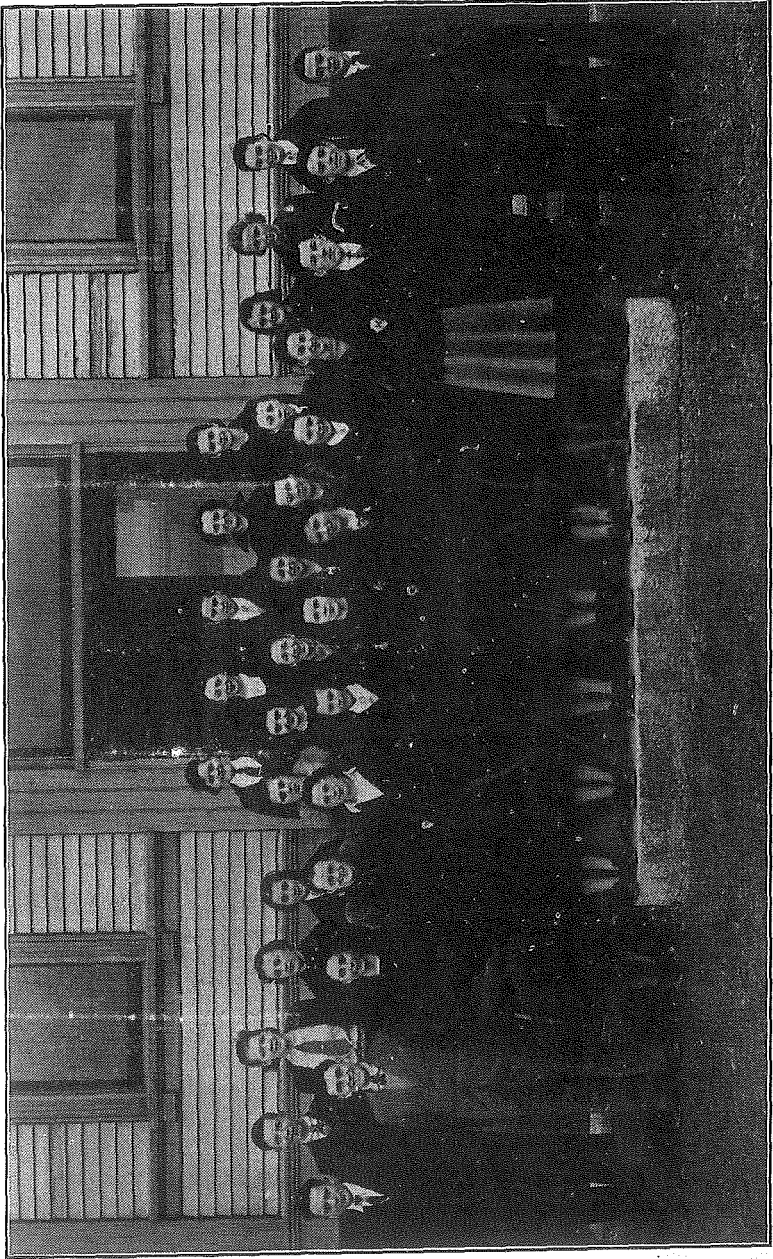
"A glass is good, a lass in good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather."

"Bobby", is another one of those persons who joined the ranks of the Grade XI class two years ago. He refuses to be one of the working type and believes in making his own holidays. He will steer his own course.

THE SEA GULL

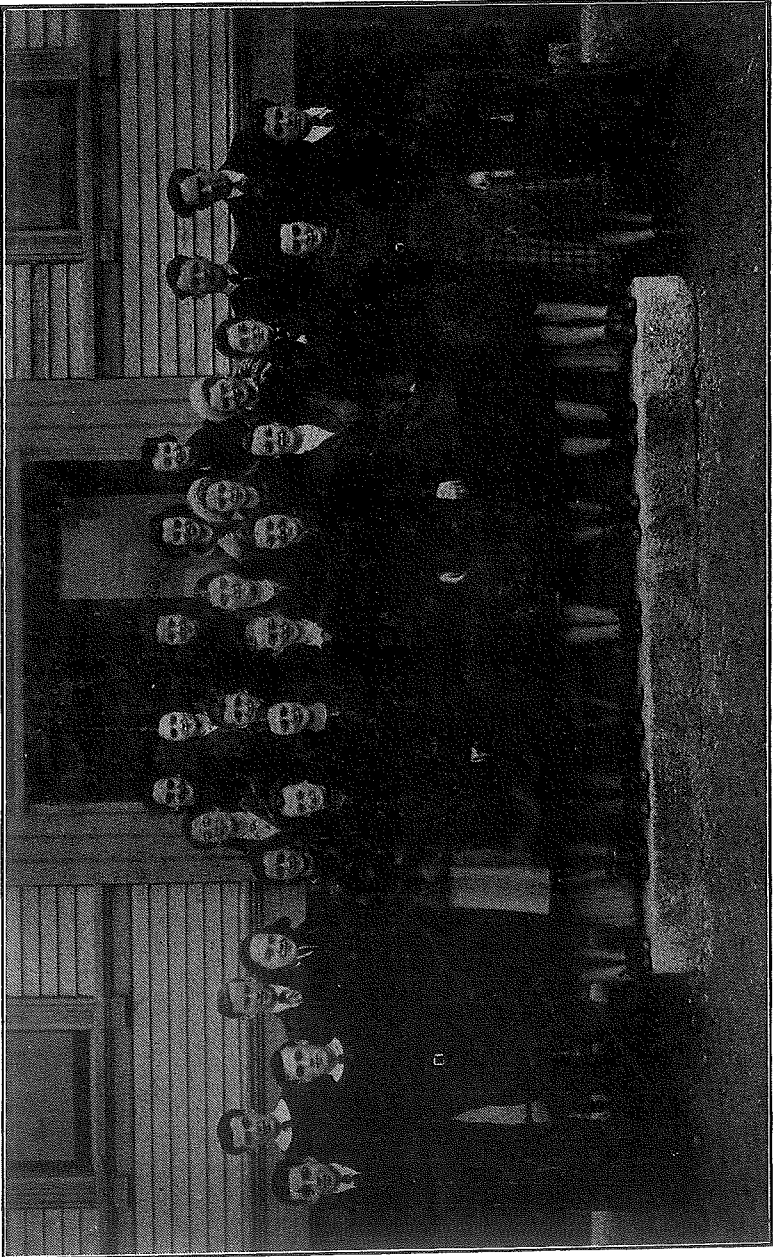


GRADE IX



GRADE X

THE SEA GULL



GRADE XI



- Miss Westhaver in Social Problems Class—Murray, do you think that you and your neighbor should be put on an equal basis or would you rather that your neighbor be classed above you?
- Murray Y.—Sure, that would suit me all right.
- Vivian C.—What makes boys so foolish these days?
- Murray Y.—Girls, I guess.
- Florence S.—Gordon, did you hear about your grandfather being hit by a car?
- Gordon F.—No, was the car damaged?
- Mr. Hilchie—Why is it that some people read one detective story after another?
- Robert C.—Maybe they don't know any better.
- Mr. Hilchie—Evelyn, you can come back after school.
- Evelyn T.—What was I doing?
- Mr. Hilchie—That's the trouble, you weren't doing anything.
- Bruce and Evelyn on a car drive. Evelyn—Can you drive with one hand?
- Bruce—You bet I can.
- Evelyn—Have an apple.
- Robert C.—Do you know the difference between Clyde and I?
- Gordon F.—No, what is it?
- Robert C.—Well, Clyde knows all but I'm all nose.
- Mr. Hilchie—Evelyn, you may remain after school for talking.
- Clyde W.—I didn't know they taught talking in school.
- Mr. Collins (during lab. period)—Is this HNO_3 , Arthur?
- Arthur A.—No, it's KNO_3 .
- Mr. Collins—It looks like H—to me.
- Mr. Hilchie—Barbara, empty your mouth in the basket.
- Mr. Hilchie (to Grade XI)—I'll run off—perhaps I'll do it tonight.
- Mr. Hilchie—Sit up ahead, Earl. (meaning Stuart).
- Stuart M.—My name is Stuart, so don't insult me.
- Agnus D.—Why pay \$500 for a horse when you can get a pony for \$25 and let it grow.
- Isabel D.—When a submarine is to be submerged the shutters are opened.
- Gordon F. (in poetic mood)—
Hickory, dickory, dock,
Two mice ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The other got away.
- Donald H.—Please may I leave the room?
- Mr. Hilchie—No, I can't let you go or there will be a steady stream all morning.
- Mr. Collins (writing on blackboard) C'est la fille. (Adding) That's what Hebb will be saying some day, 'It's a girl.'
- Mr. Moore (to noisy class)—Did you have permission to talk? If you did ask you wouldn't get it.

JOKE-OGRAPHY OF STUDENTS

Name	Nickname	Present Occupation	Pet Phrase	Weakness
Eric Johnson	Keg	breaking things	Listen you guys	Doris
Frances Geldert	Pusgh	imitating Olive Oyl	Oh, dear	kidney
Agnes DeMone	Aggie	trying to get thin	I don't know	bluffing
Clyde Byers	Clydie	sleeping	Oh Yeah!	making noises
Donald Knickle	Don	dreaming	Does he say anything	Shirley C.
Lucille Langille	Toad	working geometry	My goodness	ice-cream sodas
Isabel Oxner	Weenie	playing paper dolls	Oh! Nuthin'!	Musical Festival
Gordon Romkey	Ponkey	chasing girls	anything he happens to think of	telling yarns
Mildred Rhuland	Millie	resting	holy cats	skating
Katherie Corkum	Kay	looking for Don	and-er-er	boys in general
Virginia Tanner	Ginnie	thinking about the future	come on	blushing
Elvin Faulkenham	Elvie	delivering milk	Oh heck!	girls
Thomas Pierce	Tommy	running after girls	Winken	Curley
Louise Knickle	Weezie	waiting	Christopher Columbus	dancing
Bernice Daurie	Bunny	flirting	gawsh	boys
Flora Tanner	Lofty	loafing	Come on you guys	Stews
Gordon Frittenburg	Geedunk	waving his hair	go on	fair sex
Wilfred Myra	Willie	tormenting girls	the dirty dying	continuations of the present
Betty McIssac	Speed	chewing gum	one never knows	clocks
Jean Walters	Pussy	buying hats	does one	in general
Marion Tobin	Eli	falling into eel-holes	Oh my!	Ford V-8's
Margaret Mason	Grite	waiting for letters	come on	fighting
Dena Bland	Dean	trying to beat "Toad"	let's go	with cipher
Isabel Burns	Issie	laughing	Oh yeah!	K. C. S.
Margaret Upham	Ting	being late for school	well anyway	Martin's Brook
			boomdy	milk boys

SCHOOL CHARACTERS

1. School Flirt Jean Powers
2. School Lier (in bed) Bab. Mercer
3. School's best Loafer Charnley Zwicker
4. School's biggest Eater Eric Johnson
5. School Romeo Gordon Frittenburg
6. Scholar with the reddest hair Ken Sterne
7. School's best Athlete (Spanish) Gordon Romkey
8. School's best One-armed Driver Bruce Cochrane
9. School's best Student Clyde Westhaver
10. School's Chatterbox Ruth Powers
11. School's most efficient girl Vivian Crouse
12. School's most frequent visitor Robert Crouse
13. School Carpenter Mr. G. H. Moore
14. School's Best Dancer Warren Geldert
15. School Blusher Vie Backman

CURRENT MOVIES	STARRING
She Had to Eat	Agnes Demone
The Boss Didn't Say Good Morning	D. H. Collins
Song of Revolt	Grade X Class
Fight to the Finish	George Crouse
Little Miss Rough Neck	Catherine Corkuna
No Time to Marry	Clyde Westhaver
Stolen Holiday	Robert Crouse
Love is a Headache	Douglas Oxner
Bring up Baby	Mr. Hilchie
Sing and be Happy	Frances Jennings
100 Men and a Girl	Isabel Olsen
Sing, Cowboy, Sing	Francis Miller
Lovesick	Patricia Meisner, Jean Walters
Forget-me-not	Jean Kaulback
Danger, Love at Work	Florence Smith
Holy Terror	Robert Fox
Go-Getter	Jean Powers
It Can't Last Forever	Latin Period
Personal Property	Evelyn Thurlow
Good Old Sock	Murray Young
Live, Love and Learn	Jimmy Himmelman
Bad Guy	Stuart Maxner
Hurricane	Grantley Berringer
This is my Affair	Ruth Powers
Fight for your Lady	Eric Johnson
A Girl with Ideas	Vivian Crouse
From Bad to Worst	Grade IX Class
Thin Ice	Marion Tobin
Cut Out For Love	Arthur Anderson
Life of the Party	Kennie Sterne
Wild and Wooley	Marion Greek
On Such a Nite	Bruce Cochrane

IT NEVER FAILS TO HAPPEN

Matinee Day—Pupils miss lessons or misbehave. Kept in.
 Warren Geldert visits Grade XI room before school goes in.
 Good Ice—Lab. after school.
 When you study your lessons, you are certain to miss them.
 Wherever there is a noise, Eric (Keg) Johnson is present.
 Wherever there are B'water boys, there are L'burg girls.
 Bell stops when Barbara Mercer and Charnley Zwicker come round the corner.
 When you go out at night, you are certain to meet the Principal.
 Grade X Class is always in a turmoil.
 Morning Assembly—Half the pupils are late.
 Warren Geldert falling asleep during Miss Westhaver's period.
 Ben Miller and Charnley Zwicker discuss hockey during Economics period.
 Keith Young is annoying Grade IX girls.

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



EDUCATION + HEALTH

Are you interested in the health as well as the education of your child?

IF SO

it is well worth while to take the precaution of insisting upon pure food products and seeing that you get them.

Our stock of food products is very highly rated, and when you purchase them, you know you are getting the best.

"The Quality Kind Grocery"

B. G. OXNER

AD "toward" VERTO "to draw"

Perhaps you, also, have been forced to arrive at a rather uncomfortable conclusion from the things you have been seeing and the sounds you have been hearing recently . . . a conclusion that many advertisers do not know—or, knowing, do not remember—just what that much misused and abused word Advertising means.

Our dictionary tells us that Advertising is derived from the Latin, Ad (toward) and Verto (to draw)....It means to 'draw toward.'

Comes the question: Is it possible to attract the greatest number of buyers toward a specific product by imitation, senseless ballyhoo, deceit, or quicksand reasoning? Can it be accomplished by tingling language or by pictures of beautiful feminine legs?

To draw toward—no mean job. But a job which can be done well, as demonstrated by the scattered few who are doing it. And to do it is not complicated. It requires the certain knowledge of how much benefit the buyers can get from your product. It requires an ability to give people this knowledge in a simple, truthful, interesting manner . . . and the courage to keep telling until the stars fall.

This screed opens with the word Perhaps. With your permission we shall end it the same way.

PERHAPS it might be well for us to remember that the word Advertising does not mean cleverness, trickiness, sexology, wit, art, nor self-glorification. It means to 'draw toward.'

It means to **DRAW TOWARD**

MR. LOCAL BUSINESS MAN:

If you want to **DRAW** customers **TOWARD** your store you should be a regular advertiser in

The Progress - Enterprise

THE SEA GULL

SEVEN COURSES

SEVEN DIPLOMAS

at the

MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE

Halifax, N. S.

ACCOUNTING
COMMERCIAL

SHORTHAND
STENOGRAPHIC

COMPLETE OFFICE TRAINING

SECRETARIAL

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Applicants for the three advanced courses must be University
Matriculants

Tuition \$18 per month

Enter any day

Graduate any month

E. KAULBACH, C. A.,
Principal

W. A. STETCH, C. A.,
Vice-Principal

SIR HENRY COWARD WROTE

"If you take a thousand men or women in any station of life who value music according to their one or ten talents, and take a thousand people who ignore music, you will find a higher grade of business mentality, capacity and personality in the musical than in the non-musical people. The most thriving business districts of Britain are the most musical."

**The PHINNEY MUSIC
CO. LTD.**

Bridgewater, N. S.

"A Complete Musical Service"

Call Your Physician

for all illnesses which may prove serious.

Follow his directions and if a prescription is required see to it that the prescription is filled by a competent druggist.

We use only the best drugs in compounding prescriptions. The work is done by competent Registered Pharmacists.

If you let us do your Prescription Work you will always be assured of the best.

For Drug and Drug Sundries
Kinley Drug Co. Ltd.
The Rexall Store

Open every evening
Lunenburg — N. S.

Phone 437

Capitol Theatre

Lunenburg — Nova Scotia

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.

R. C. STERNE, LLB.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Etc.

LUNENBURG, N. S.

"The Snapshots you'll want tomorrow—you must take today."

KODAK FILMS and
KODAK CAMERAS

—at—

KNICKLE'S STUDIO

J. S. SITEMAN

GROCERIES and
CONFECTIONERY

Free Delivery Phone 2441

Lincoln St. Lunenburg, N. S.

Please Read

Our

Advertisements

Jesse Embury
Charles C. Embury

THE SEA GULL

Gordon Tomkey Jr.
Bat. music.

Autographs

Vivian Klerouse
Harry F. Winters

Barbara Merrill

D. W. Collins
M. Paul Dyer
"Beethoven's Choral Club"

Dodge and DeSoto Cars Dodge Trucks

SALES AND SERVICE

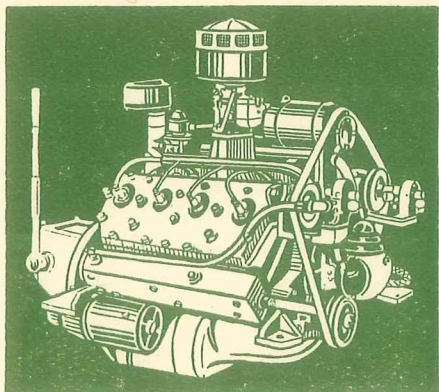
We are now equipped with a "Vibro Centric" valve grinder and the latest instruments for a complete motor tune up.

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

GASOLINE AND OILS

**VULCANIZING, DUPLICATE GLASS
GOODYEAR TIRES & WILLARD BATTERIES**

Lunenburg Foundry Garage



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

ATLANTIC-FORD V-8

Lunenburg Foundry Co. Ltd.

LUNENBURG

NOVA SCOTIA