

The
SEA GULL



ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI

Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1939

THE BUYER'S CREED

I BUY AT HOME

BECAUSE my interests are here.

BECAUSE the community good enough for me to live in is good enough to buy in.

BECAUSE I believe in transacting business with my friends.

BECAUSE I want to see the actual goods before I order.

BECAUSE I want to get what I want when I pay for it.

BECAUSE every dollar I spend at home works for the community in which I live.

BECAUSE the man I buy from stands back of the goods.

BECAUSE here I live and here I hope to remain.

BECAUSE the man I buy from pays his part of town taxes and thus helps to maintain the town's services.

BECAUSE the man I buy from helps support my schools, my lodge, my church, my home.

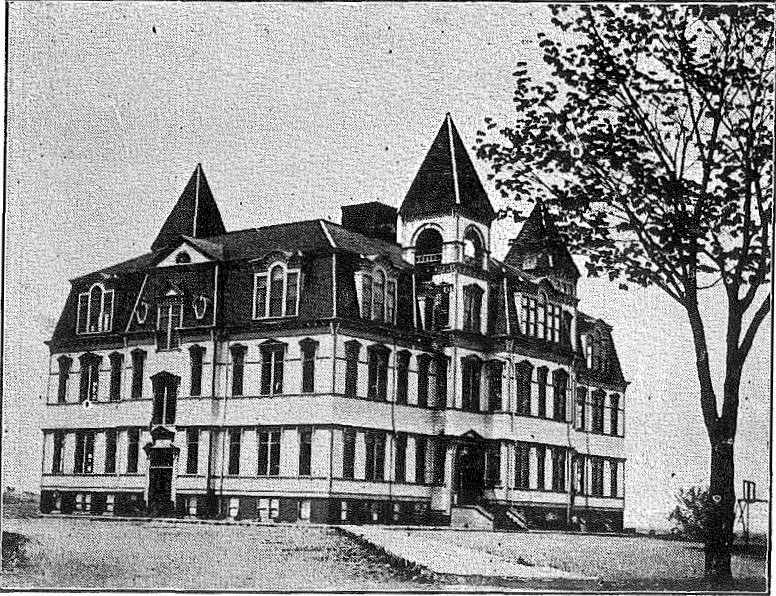
BECAUSE when ill luck, misfortune or bereavement comes, the man I buy from is here with his kindly greeting, his words of cheer and his pocket-book, if need be.

I SUPPORT THE LOCAL MERCHANT.

This Creed is recommended to all our members and to the citizens of Lunenburg generally by

The Lunenburg Board of Trade

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



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THE SEA GULL

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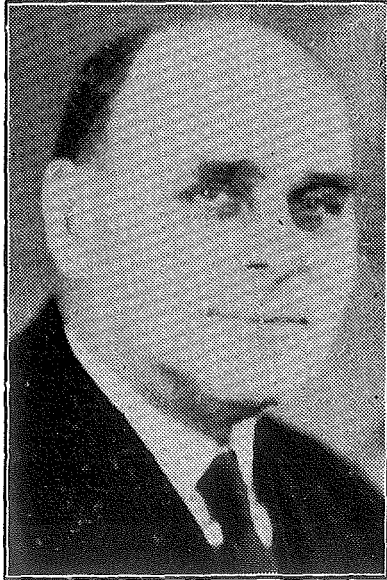
VOL. 5 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1939 NO. 5

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It is my privilege to write a few words regarding the publication of the Academy Magazine, the "Sea Gull." It contains an account of school activities, deep sea experiences of some of our fishing captains, and the general set-up of our historic and commercial position. I take pleasure on behalf of the Board of School Commissioners to congratulate the students and teachers on the contents and appearance of this magazine.

Lunenburg as a whole is proud of her educational centre, and we boast of the position our Academy holds among the public schools of the Province. When our thoughts go back to the pioneers who settled here one hundred and eighty-five years ago and whose interest was in the home, the Church and the school, we rest assured that these important things are not slipping, but have been well maintained.

We trust that our Academy will continue to make her contribution to the building of character, citizenship and the things that are worth while. This is the priceless service of the school to the community, in which students and teachers will continue to have the full support of the Board of School Commissioners.

ARTHUR W. SCHWARTZ.

Chairman - Board of School Commissioners.

The Board of School Commissioners for the year 1939,—

Chairman—Mayor, A. W. Schwartz

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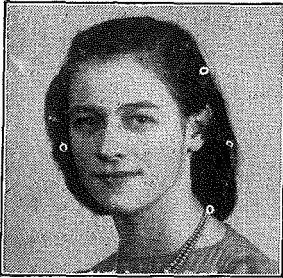
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MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICIALS OF THE STUDENT BODY



I wish to thank the students for giving me the opportunity to serve as President of the Student's Council this year. I also take this opportunity to extend "best wishes" to all members of the graduating class.

Dorothy M Crouse

Sincere thanks to all who have contributed to the success of "The Seagull."



Marjorie Saunders.

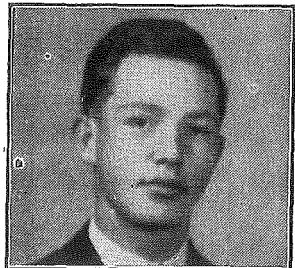
I hope our efforts to interpret the history of Lunenburg and distribute it through our year book will be favorably received. I wish to congratulate the other members of the staff and extend my best wishes to my fellow students.

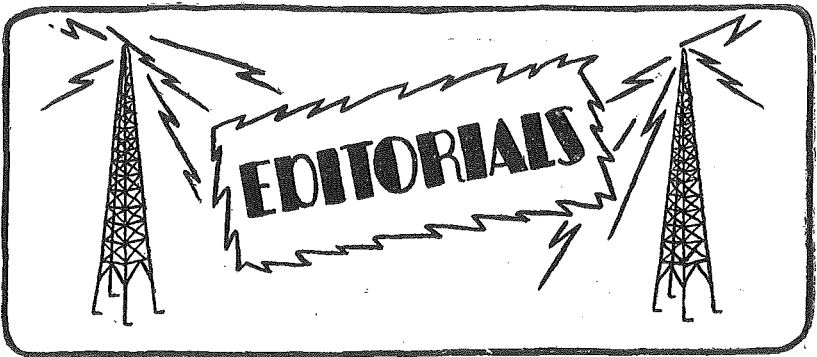
Mary Finley.



As Business Manager of the Sea Gull, I should like to thank all places of business, local and outside, who have given us advertisements. My work has been exacting, but I believe it has given me valuable experience.

K. Sterne





FROM THE EDITOR

BY

MARJORIE SAUNDERS, '39

History is a very fascinating subject. Modern civilization would certainly be at a great loss, and indeed could scarcely exist, if it did not possess the interesting and instructive tales of the hardships experienced by our forefathers in establishing a new home for themselves. It is for these reasons, since we believe that the history of one's home town could not fail to hold interest, that this year's edition of "The Seagull" has been made mainly historical in nature.

Lunenburg and its surroundings offer a veritable wealth of historical material. As one of the oldest towns in the province, it has played an important part in the development of the Maritime's outstanding primary industry — fishing. To-day, in spite of the fact that there has been a considerable decline in the foreign demand for such a product, our town is still the fishing centre of the province, and can boast of markets in many distant countries. We citizens may justly be proud of our heritage and should do our utmost to see that the recognition gained by so many years of hardships remains unaltered.

It is not only because of its importance in the fishing industry that Lunenburg has been "put on the map." Within the last ten years, the town has made a name for itself in all musical circles, indeed, wherever good music is enjoyed. Proof of the excellence of our singers may be shown by noting the number of awards received by them in the annual Musical Festival held at Halifax. For a period of about three months during last year, all residents of Canada were privileged to hear on the airwaves the splendid vocal music provided by one of the Maritime's outstanding singing groups, "The Lunenburg Glee Club." Many congratulatory messages were received by this group, testifying to the immense popularity which they so deservedly enjoy.

And last, but by no means least, the fishing schooner "Bluenose," has contributed another laurel to Lunenburg's history. She has done this by maintaining the championship of the North Atlantic deep-sea fishing fleet at races held at different intervals during the past decade. Winning first in 1922, the "Bluenose" has waged a continuous campaign of victory up to, and including, her final race off the United States coast last year. Because of her age, it has been proposed that the "Queen of the Atlantic" do no more fishing, and in future will race only for exhibition purposes.

In closing may we extend to our readers the wish that they will enjoy reading the magazine which we have done our best to make both interesting and instructive for them.

DAS GIESSEN VON LUNENBURG

VON DER ZWOLFTEN KLASSE

Im Jahre 1753 ist eine Gruppe Auswanderer, die früher in Deutschland und in der Schwiez wohnte, nach Neu Schottland gekommen. Die Auswanderer haben in Lunenburg angesiedelt. Sie haben die Stadt Lunenburg nach Lunenburg in Deutschland, von dem viele der Ansiedler früher gekommen sind, genannt. Nabe bei einem Bache, der in den Hafen leert, sind sie gelandet. Dieser Bache hat den Namen des Kapitans "Rous" empfangen.

Sogleich nach ihrer Landung, haben die Ansiedler eine Taufhandlung Danksagung auf der Lage, wo die anglikanische Kirche jetzt steht gefeiert. Die lutherischen Familien mitten in den Ansiedlern haben ihre Versammlungen in den Wohnungen festgehalten, bis sie ein passendes Gebäude versehen konnten. Dies Gebäude wurde im Jahre 1772 vollendet.

Die Ansiedler wurden freie Landerteilungen, Waffen, Munition und Ackerbaugerate gegeben, um ihre Grundstücke anzubauen, und Wohnungen aufzustellen. Die meisten Wohnungen wurden aus Klotzen, die anderen wurden aus gehautem Zimmerholz mit Strohdachern gebaut. Die Turen waren aus Planken mit massiven Eisenangeln und Bolzen. Das älteste Haus, das noch in Lunenburg steht, war im Jahre 1757 gebaut und es wird von Herrn Wilhelm Romkey bewohnt.

Die Geschichte der Beschwerden dieser tapfern Pioniere, die Schwierigkeiten, die sie aufgestossen und überwunden haben das Leiden wegen des strengen Klimas, die Schrecken der indianischen Raubzüge, wird nicht von irgend einer Bande Ansiedler, die anfangen, eine neue Welt zu bauen, gleich gemacht. Der kleine Hafen, wo sie gelandet sind, steht heute vor der Welt, ein schönes Monument ihres Mutes, ihrer Geduld, und ihres vorrückenden Lebenshauches.

LUNEBURG, GERMANY

BY

MARJORIE SAUNDERS, '39

Modern Lunenburg is a small Prussian city with a population of about 29,000 people. It boasts of many fine public buildings, generally built in late Gothic and Renaissance styles. The suburbs, however, with their fine homes and gardens, lend a modern touch. Beside salt works, used very early in the city's history, there are chemical, iron and cement works, and trade in wine, wool, lumber and wax. Despite a decline after the thirty years' war, Lunenburg began again to flourish in the sixteenth century and has continued to do so until the present day.

It is chiefly in the historical information about Lunenburg that we are interested, since it was the early Hanoverians who came to settle in our own town. This city can date its upward development to the building in 950 A.D., of a castle-fortress upon the summit of a near-by mountain, by a trusted vassal of the then ruling Emperor. It was due to his wise measures that Lunenburg began that wide expansion, which finally led to the success of its struggle for complete self-government, about four centuries later.

As a member of the powerful Hanseatic league, the city's influence was at its greatest height in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But further development was checked when the sovereign power brought the city under its dominion during the course of the Thirty Years' War.

It was during the period which followed, that a number of inhabitants, most of them persuaded by agents travelling thru the country giving all

sorts of promises to those who would settle in Canada, left to seek new homes in English colonies. Since these emigrations were favored by neither English or Hanoverian governments, a decree was passed which severed all relationship between the colonists and their mother country, and prevented any more people from emigrating.

Relations continued to be severed until the year 1937, when the crew of a German cruiser visited Lunenburg on her voyage around the world. Since then several messages of good-will have been exchanged. It is hoped that, provided the mother countries remain on amicable terms, Lunenburg people may become personally acquainted with the land which gave their town its historic name.

LUNENBURG

BY

LUCILLE LANGILLE, '40

It is almost impossible to ascertain the exact time when any settlement was made at Malgash, (Lunenburg) by the French; while the evidence that the Indians had a large settlement there is merely a supposition.

The name Malagash is also of doubtful interpretation, being spelt in various ways in the old records. It is said to be of Indian origin signifying "Milky" from the Indian word "Malagash" and is thought to refer to the peculiar appearance of the water in the bay during heavy storms.

In 1750 a proclamation was issued at Rotterdam, Holland, inviting in the name of the British Government, Germans and other foreigners to settle in Nova Scotia as British subjects.

In consequence of this invitation, fourteen hundred fifty-three foreigners determined to settle there. These people landed at Halifax in 1749. Some difficulty appears to have been experienced by the local government and so, as Malagash was a fine harbour, a good fishing locality and near Halifax, these settlers under Captain Rous arrived at Malagash on June 7, 1753.

They disembarked at the mouth of a small brook on the north-east side of the harbor. Immediately adjoining the brook is a hill which they called Rous' Hill, also the brook, Rous' Brook. Today the citizens of Lunenburg mark the Anniversary of their landing by parading to this historical spot where a monument stands in memory of these hardy settlers.

After landing, they proceeded to cut a road from the shore to a high hill which overlooks the town and harbor, and, on its summit they erected a blockhouse as a protection against the Indians. This hill has always been called "Blockhouse Hill."

Among these early settlers, the majority were Lutherans, although there were a number of English.

When the settlers left Halifax for Lunenburg, which was named by the Germans, they were promised a German minister. However these settlers did not receive what was promised them and instead Jean Baptiste Morreau was sent out as a minister of the Church of England. The British government desirous of seeing that the spiritual welfare of the people was not neglected, built them the Saint John's Anglican Church, 1753. Morreau's body was buried under this church.

In 1902 Mr. C. E. Kaulback donated to the Anglican church a beautiful set of chimes. The necessity of a Rectory was discussed in 1818. As one year had elapsed, a special meeting was held and Dr. Balman was instructed to purchase the new house. This contained three lots and are the present lots on which the Rectory stands.

In 1904 the old court-house was purchased and remodelled. It is, at the present time, our Parish Hall.

As most of the Germans could not speak or understand English, they still desired to have a German minister. When repeated appeals to the government failed, they went ahead and built their own church in 1770 completing it in six months. Then the question was to find a minister. Finally, Rev. Fredrick Schultz of Wurrtenburg, N. Y., came to Lunenburg in 1772. On the day of his arrival he consecrated the newly erected building and gave it the name of "Zion church." About a century later it was taken down and a second one built, which in turn was replaced by the present "Zion church" in 1890. The latter occupied the same foundation as that of the first church and has the distinction of having the oldest Lutheran congregation in British North America.

The first bell for this church was purchased and placed in the tower of the church. It originally came from France and was sent over to do duty in the fortress at Louisburg. When the fortress was destroyed in 1758, the bell was removed to Halifax and stored there until 1776 when the congregation of Zion's Lutheran church purchased it from the government. During the war of 1812, when the Americans threatened to invade our town, fearing that the bell might be captured, the owners sank the bell in the Back Harbour until the Americans were safely on their homeward journey. The bell is still in the church but not in use.

After Father Cossman, the fourth Lutheran minister, had been preaching a number of years in the Lutheran church, he bought from a certain Mr. Spindler and two other men a large grant of land in the year 1855 or thereabouts. It has been owned by his heirs until about forty years ago when the land was bought by Mr. Kenneth Crouse, Mr. William Anderson and the remaining strip of land is still owned by the grand-daughter of Father Cossman, Miss Liechti. The house in which she still lives is the house which Father Cossman built about 1855.

About the same time the Lutheran church was built, the Presbyterian church was opened. It is said to be the oldest Presbyterian church in Canada.

When the Germans landed at Lunenburg, they sighted a French fort where the Lunenburg Foundry stands at the present time. Cannon balls were found in the cove.

Across the cove from this landmark is an old cemetery in which is believed to be buried the French settlers and Indians. This cemetery dates back to before 1753.

The promontory of land next to the Head is called the Pofellkop. It was named "Pfaffen Koft" meaning "Priest's Head" by the Germans.

The old Romkey house is said to be the oldest residence in Lunenburg and the school was held in Mr. Harold Morash's home, these being but two more of the old landmarks in this historic town.

"Then hail to the day; 'tis with memories crowded,
Delightful to trace through the mists of the past —
Like the features of beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,
They shine through the shadows, time o'er them hast cast."

THE SEA GULL

OUR CHURCHES

BY

MARY KINLEY, '39

LUTHERAN

In 1760 the Lutherans secured a school-master for their children who conducted religious services in private houses as well. In 1770 the German settlers built the first church. In 1772 Rev. Frederick Schultz was appointed the first clergyman. His successor was Rev. Johann Gottlieb Schmeisser who was appointed in 1782. The next pastor was Rev. Ferdinand Conrad Lemme at whose christening H. H. Duke Ferdinand von Braunschweig had been a sponsor. Rev. Lemme was in the United States on a visit when he was invited to come to Lunenburg. Rev. Carl Cossman arrived at Lunenburg in 1835. He often visited Halifax where he administered communion. In 1880 the Lutherans of the County celebrated the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the presentation of the Augsburg Confession to Charles Fifth. Rev. Cossman, now an old man, read the Confession.

In 1840 a second church had been built. This was torn down and a third erected in 1880.

The bell of the church which originally came from France hung in the chapel of the fort at Louisburg. After the dismantling of the stronghold it was taken to Halifax. It was purchased by the Lutherans of Lunenburg from the Government in 1776. There is also a money box in the church which was originally brought from Germany.

PRESBYTERIAN

There were a number of persons belonging to the Dutch reformed church among the first settlers at Lunenburg.

In 1769 a church was built by subscription. A delegate was sent to Germany who brought some money and a communion service for the church. Mr. Bruin Romcas Comingo was ordained in Halifax in 1770 and was sent to Lunenburg as the first minister. It is recalled that he was the first Presbyterian minister ordained in British North America. Mr. Comingo preached in Lunenburg about fifty years. He died in his 97th year and his remains were interred under the church.

Rev. Adam Moschell was appointed his successor. He returned to Germany in 1873 and was succeeded by Rev. Donald Fraser of the church of Scotland. The next pastor was Rev. William Duff, a Scotsman. The work of a pastor in those days was exceedingly difficult but like a good soldier he endured hardships cheerfully. He died in 1888.

The present church was built by Grant, a Scotsman, in the time of Rev. Adam Moschell according to a plan sent from Halifax. It was built by free subscription. Since then it has been enlarged and renovated.

ANGLICAN

In 1749 the Society for Propagation of the Gospel was informed that in every township formed in Nova Scotia a spot was to be set apart for the building of a church in pursuance of which St. John's was built at Lunenburg in 1754. It was the first built in Nova Scotia after the erection of St.

Paul's at Halifax. The church has since been enlarged and many improvements made.

Rev. Jean Baptiste Moreau a former Roman Catholic priest who had been received in the communion of the Church of England was appointed the first minister. He held services in the open air every Sunday until the completion of the church. Mr. Moreau also acted as missionary to the Indians several of whose children he baptized. He died in 1770 and was buried under the church. In 1771 Rev. Peter De LaRoche was ordained to the "Cure of Lunenburg." He published several sermons during his residence at Lunenburg and it was through him that a school for the French was established.

Rev. Roger Aitken was the next minister and he was succeeded by Rev. James Cechrane. As a travelling missionary the latter worked laboriously in his large district. A window to his memory has been placed in the church at Lunenburg.

ROMAN CATHOLIC

St. Norbet's Chapel was completed about 1840 in the time of Rev. Edmund Doyle. In 1850 Father O'Reilly who had been a missionary among the Indians came to Lunenburg. For many years the county was visited by priests who lived elsewhere. Rev. David O'Connor was the appointed priest.

In 1935 the church was renovated and a special service was held at which late Archbishop O'Donnell officiated.

UNITED CHURCH

The first Methodist church was built in 1813. Rev. George Orth, who preached in German, was the first minister. For a long time the church was unfinished and rough benches were used for seats. In 1817 the church received two lots of land from Jacob Hange and his wife on which the parsonage was erected. In 1828 the founder of Methodism in Nova Scotia visited Lunenburg.

The church was enlarged twice during Rev. Teasdale's ministry because of an increase in the congregation. A site was fixed for the present church and corner stone laid in 1883.

In 1925 the congregation was enlarged by an influx of Presbyterians who had voted in favor of church union and the name of the church changed to Central United.

SCHOOLS OF LUNENBURG

BY

DENA BLAND, '40

Years ago, in fact, almost two centuries ago, German settlers landed in Lunenburg. Of course, the facilities for education then were very few, and for many years they had only an itinerant teacher who went from home to home, teaching and boarding. The lot of these teachers was very hard. They lived on the smallest of fares and slept anywhere.

However, as time went on, and the people became more settled, private schools were started. Parents wishing to have their children educated sent them to these schools and paid a set fee for their instruction. Schools such as these continued until 1864, when the Free School Act was passed.

As a result of this Act a meeting was held by the citizens of Lunenburg to decide whether or not to build an Academy. It was unanimously agreed that they should establish an Academy and that it should be supported by taxes. Trustees were elected and were as follows: Hon. John Creighton, James D. Eisenhower and William N. Zwicker. These Trustees appointed H. W. George as Principal of the new school.

Plans for the erection of the building were immediately begun, and the site chosen was what is now called "Jubilee Square" or "The Terrace." During the building of the Academy, classes were held in the old Temperance Hall.

The frame of the Academy was raised in 1865, and in honor of the occasion, the Captain of the Artillery at that time — James Dowling — fired a Royal Salute. The Academy was a one-storey wooden building. It had four class rooms, large enough to hold about 200 pupils. As the town grew the school enlarged, but unfortunately was destroyed by fire on September 28th, 1893.

Another Academy was erected in 1895 on its present site. It was designed by Mr. H. H. Matt of St. John, and was much larger and more modern than the first one. Both the first and second floors contained six rooms, with separate cloak rooms for girls and boys. The second floor also had a laboratory and library. On the third floor was a large Assembly Hall able to seat over 400 people.

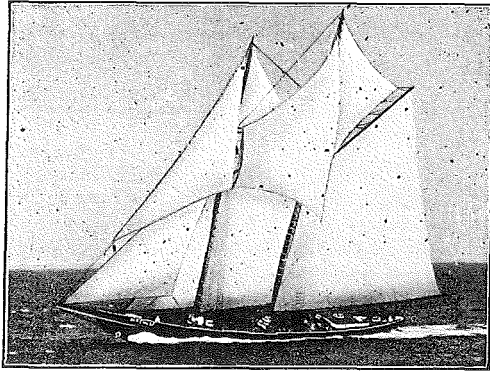
About this time a Newtown school was built. One teacher was engaged to teach the first three grades. However, this school was closed at the beginning of the 1938—1939 School year, as there were not enough pupils attending it.

Mr. B. McKittrick who was the principal of the old school before the fire, was the first principal of the new one. Among the later principals were Mr. M. O. Maxner, (now, Inspector of Schools for Lunenburg County) and Mr. D. H. Collins, our present principal.

Some changes have taken place since the school was first built. On the second floor there is now no laboratory but a well stocked reading room for the benefit of the pupils. On the third floor, there is another class room, a large and well equipped laboratory, and a Manual Training room.

The school play ground is well fitted with all kinds of apparatus for recess enjoyment. When the bell rings to end that time, the girls and boys find it hard to draw themselves away.

Through the years the Lunenburg Academy has kept a high standard, and we hope that in the future she will continue to be successful in doing so.



TALES OF THE SEA

BY

AGNES W. DEMONE, '39

We get the following story from Captain Joseph Himmelman, better known as "Cap'n Joey" to all those who frequent the breakwater at the entrance to Lunenburg harbor.

"The good ship, Canusa, tight and staunch, set sail from Lunenburg on the 25th of September, 1931, with a cargo of dried fish from Zwicker & Co. for Ponce, Porto Rico. I was mate on this trip. My Uncle George (Captain George Himmelman of Lunenburg) was Captain. On the 4th of October we arrived at Ponce, having made the trip in nine days. We discharged our cargo and three days later sailed for Turk's Island to take on a cargo of salt. The same day we finished loading salt — it was the 10th of October — we left for Lunenburg. We steamed along at half speed to let the salt settle.

"At eleven o'clock on Sunday night — our first day out — we heard a loud report and at the same time the engine began to race. On investigating, we found the shaft broken and the stern post split. We had to man the pumps because water was flowing in rapidly. The next morning we tried to make temporary repairs and get the Canusa to port. Starting the engine only made matters worse. On the 12th the wind breezed up to a gale from east-south-east. The next morning the crew turned out at five to have another try at repairing the shaft. Work continued until eleven at night. All the while the water was flowing in more rapidly.

"Then we decided we'd have to abandon ship. We began to make sails for our three dories. One sail was made from two blankets, one from table cloths, and the third from straw-sack coverings. Each dory was to carry three men and a portion of food and water, together with the most useful ship's articles. Having prepared everything, we said 'good-bye' to the good old Canusa on the 15th of October at 6 a. m.

"We navigated from the dories. San Salvador, famed as the island of Christopher Columbus, lay 153 miles ahead. We headed for it. Next day the wind hauled south-west-dead-ahead and we had to man the oars. The next twenty-eight hours are still something of a nightmare to me. We took turns rowing until our hands were so sore and blistered we couldn't hold the oar. While we rowed, every man looked to the sky and prayed for the wind to come fair. For four days and three nights we lived in those dories, alternately praying and rowing. At night we kept together by tying lanterns to the tops of makeshift and scantling spars.

"On October 18th we sighted San Salvador light, on the North Point of the Island. When we were about six miles from land, the wind came North in a squall and separated the boats. Our lights were useless, because the wind blew them out. The last one we saw was on Angus Mason's dory as we headed for land.

"Now, San Salvador is only a body of water surrounded by a narrow strip of land and we knew about the many shoals and reefs around the Bahamas, but we thought if we had to perish we might just as well die trying. About four miles from land, we set our sail and started in. First thing we knew, we struck a reef. 'Now our time's come,' we thought. After a time the sea washed us off again. Angus Mason and his mates landed a half-hour before us. He waved his flashlight to show that he had succeeded and to aid us in landing. We made straight for his light, trying our best to keep off the rocks. I don't mind admitting that was the worst time I spent in a dory in all my eighteen years of seafaring.

"We stayed close together on the shore, because we were afraid there might be wild animals in the caves that bordered the sands. Then we heard a dog bark. This relieved us a little. We looked up and saw, on top of the bluff, an old negro lady. She asked us what the trouble was. We told her we were ship-wrecked and asked if there were wild animals on the island. She told us to forget our foolishness and come up to her house. We declined, however, thinking we ought to wait for the Captain, who had not yet arrived.

"Mason and I put up our lights for him, but he did not appear. Meanwhile the natives, curious about the lights, had gathered on the beach. On San Salvador they didn't have any lights except the beacon on the north point. When daylight dies, activity dies. There was but one white man on the island, the priest, Father Dennis, with seven hundred black people. We didn't get any sleep that night. What with the jibbering of the natives and the swinging of our lanterns, we were kept busy.

"Next morning the sight that greeted our eyes was terrifying. On either side of the path we had travelled in the black night was a row of dangerous reefs.

"We landed on a beach on the Eastern side. Now there was another beach farther up with a high cliff between them. On this other beach the Captain landed next day. Thus we were all safe and sound eight days after disaster struck on that fateful Sunday night. We crossed the cliff to meet the Captain and his mates. His joy was indescribable as he looked up and saw the men he thought surely lost. He told us that he had some close calls the previous night. He had been obliged to hold one man over the side of the dory to sober him when he became hysterical and refused to row.

"We returned to our former beach, only to find that the natives had stolen nearly all our stores and clothes while we were away. Father Dennis said we would have to forgive them because, although they went to mass and sang hymns, they did not understand any principles except their own child-like ones.

"For two days we stayed on the East side of the Island to get some much needed sleep. Then we shifted to the West side. The natives took us across the creek in a sailboat to the Governor's house. The Governor was very kind to us and we stayed with him until the mailboat arrived.

"Funny thing about that mailboat, the *Alsada*! She was built in Lunenburg, N. S. by Smith and Rhuland. Captain Eleazer Zinck of Garden Lots took her down to Nassau on her first trip. Just goes to show how small the world is, after all.

"The mailboat took us to Nassau. On October 25th we sailed for home on the *Lady Rodney*. That ended our hardships. We cannot praise Capt. Armit too highly for the good treatment we received while aboard his ship. As soon as we came on board, I borrowed a pencil and wrote down the record

of our adventures in a book I had used on the *Canusa* to figure chronometer sights. We were landed at Montreal on November 2nd, and immediately left on the *Ocean Limited* for Halifax. We arrived at Lunenburg two days later, minus the *Canusa*, but thanking God that our lives had been spared."

Captain Amplias Berringer, instructor at the Lunenburg branch of the Navigation School and veteran of many disasters at sea, tells a very unusual story of a hurricane — one of the kind they had back in the good old days of 1897.

"The brigantine *W. E. Stowe* sailed from Lunenburg on August 21st, bound for Ponce, Porto Rico. We carried a cargo of fish and lumber. We had excellent weather for eleven days. Then it was calm — that peculiar calm that heralds a storm — and the vessel rolled in the heavy swell. On September 3rd, a hurricane descended suddenly. The prevailing winds were heavy from the South East and the rain poured down. The barometer fell steadily to 28.98.

"Captain Matias Smeltzer realized that we were in for a good storm and ordered the sail shortened and extra lashings put on. Disaster struck quickly. By the afternoon of the next day the spars were bare and nothing remained that could possibly be moved. The lee rail was under water and the vessel tipped dangerously. To save the deck we cut away the gallantmast and the rigging about three o'clock. A sudden squall carried away the spar, torn clear from the deck. Most of the jib-boom broke off.

"About eight o'clock the wind hauled north-west and moderated somewhat, although it still blew hard. A gale of seventy miles per hour had lasted for over two days. As soon as the wind was less severe we started to clear up the wreck and move on with what was left. Two days later we caught the Trade winds. Nine days later we limped into San Juan where we discharged our hold cargo. The deck load had washed away in the storm.

We were obliged to wait for two weeks in San Juan until another brigantine brought us spars and rigging. We rigged up the *W. E. Stowe* first-class with her own crew. Then we took on a cargo of molasses for Halifax and made an uneventful trip in thirteen days.

His head wreathed in the smoke from his trusty pipe, which he had been puffing all the while, Captain Berringer tells us of a shipwreck that took place nearer home.

"On November 20th, 1903, the schooner *Mascott*, under the command of Captain John Schwartz, sailed for Trinidad with a cargo of fish and lumber. In those times the captains sometimes knew very little about charting courses, so I went along as mate and navigator.

"We made the trip out in twenty days. Having discharged our cargo at Trinidad, we went in ballast to Turk's Island where we planned to take on a cargo of salt for Boston. The trip to Boston was uneventful. On January 26th, we took aboard ballast and sailed for Lunenburg.

Two days later we ran ashore on Devil's Limb, on the west coast of Sable Island, about one mile from Seal Island. A heavy south-west gale and cold rain had begun earlier in the evening. About eight o'clock the look-out reported a steamer light on the port bow, full ahead. As navigator I knew we were well off the steamer lanes, so I went on deck to make certain of our position. The first thing I saw was the curling foam of breakers. Although I called to the man at the wheel to put her hard down on the helm, it was too late. By the time the watch got on deck she had struck the rock.

"After all the sails were lowered, the boat was cut away and launched. All the crew got in except me. I had noticed that the Captain was missing, and went to find him. I crawled aft to the cabin house. There I found him crouched by the rail, waiting for a chance to get into the cabin. We had to be careful because the boom was shifting back and forth. I told him to stay there and I would try to get below deck. I succeeded. I made out the fire in the cabin and got mittens for the men. Then I came on deck.

"The boat was lying clear of the breakers. When the men saw us, they backed in and took us on board. It was about 9.30 when we left the *Mascott*.

"We rowed in a dense fog for three-quarters of an hour. Then we sighted land, and landed fifteen minutes later. We knew where we were as soon as we heard the fog-horn on Seal Island. The seven of us walked to the lighthouse. The light-keeper was alarmed when he saw us, but agreed to keep us when we explained the circumstances of our visit.

"The next morning after breakfast, we went out to the *Mascott* and got our clothes and the ship's papers. Then the wind hauled sharply from the north-west. At three o'clock the *Mascott* went to pieces, leaving only two anchors and chains on the rocks.

"We remained on the Island until Tuesday, when a lobster smack arrived and took us to Yarmouth. The fourth of February we arrived home, after being at sea about ten weeks."

Captain George Corkum has had many thrilling experiences and many narrow escapes from death on his "ship with nine lives," the *E. P. Theriault*. The following story, entitled "Thirteen Hundred Miles Without a Rudder" has gone down in the history of sea-faring and will be remembered long by the "old salts" who make their living on the sea.

"The journey out from LaHave to Turk's Island was uneventful. We loaded salt there in record time and sailed for home on January 27th, 1937. The trip, which we expected to make in twelve or fourteen days, was to take us forty-six days.

"About three hundred miles out from Turk's Island, the rudder broke clear from the stern-post and washed away. After that we had only the sails with which to navigate. This would have been all right if the winds had been fair. But the wind was north-west and we were driven off our course. Some days we made fifty miles ahead, only to go back thirty the next.

"Probably you wonder how the *Theriault* kept her bow towards Nova Scotia. I admit that the winter gales blew us off our course, but when they came we stripped the spars so she would not drift back as far as she had gone ahead. The story of manoeuvring the course is long and tedious. Suffice it to say that we arrived safely in port after a long, bitter experience in the Winter seas.

"Until we reached Cape Hatteras we could get an observation every day and our course could be plotted. Beyond that we got a shot only every two or three days. As one gale followed another, the deck was awash from stem to stern.

"Shortly after we lost our rudder, we sighted the *Jean and Frances*, another Lunenburg schooner. Captain Kenneth Iversen answered our distress signal, but could not help us because he had only enough provisions to last until he reached Panama.

"On February 15th, the Dutch freighter, *Amazone*, gave us food enough to last until we got home. Lucky for us we sighted her because our own supplies were running dangerously low. To save fuel the cook-stove had been moved aft and the cabin housed all the crew.

"About two hundred and forty-five miles off Cape Hatteras a pure-bred homing pigeon came aboard and refused to leave. The inscription 3151 F36 W.D.C. was on its leg. We brought it home and notified its owner in Washington.

"The *Theriault* arrived off LaHave on March 13th, and was towed up the harbor by a government patrol boat.

"We never thought of desertion because the vessel carried no insurance. Anyway, if we had abandoned ship, there was little chance of collecting our wages."

CHANGES ALONG THE WATERFRONT

BY

KATHYRN CORKUM, '41

1753—1939, one hundred and eighty-six years—not so long a time in the history of the world, but a period that has seen many changes in a country as new as ours. It has witnessed the growth of Lunenburg from the landing of a band of settlers to its present size, one of the greatest fishing towns in Canada — the home of the “Queen of the North Atlantic.”

I shall try to trace briefly some of the changes which occurred during this period of two hundred years.

Lunenburg was virgin forest, when Rous and his small band first set foot on our shore, but the marvellous harbor which nature provided called forth the skill of her new inhabitants, and thus, slowly, but surely, there appeared a line of wharves, warehouses, shipyards, and allied plants, which today help to make up nearly a mile of splendid waterfront.

The earliest names connected with vessels and outfitting are Lindsay, Finck, Zwicker, Anderson, and Eisenhauer. Zwicker and Company, one of the oldest firms, was founded in 1789. Many other firms followed; Adams and Knickle was founded in 1896; W. C. Smith and Co., Ltd. in 1898; the firm of Hirtle and Rafuse was opened in 1901 and is now owned by Robin, Jones & Whitman, Ltd. The success of these firms encouraged others to try their luck and they were soon followed by the Lunenburg Outfitting Co. and Acadian Supplies Ltd.

The late 1800's were the days of square riggers, and beauties they were, when, with sails full, they left the harbour with a load of fish for the West Indies and on returning brought a cargo of salt, sugar or molasses. Those were the days of busy wharves, when all the loading, unloading, packing of the fish and other work was done by hand.

Then came the day of “trawlers.” Captain Ben Anderson being the first to sail to the Grand Banks “trawling.” This fleet increased and took the place of the smaller vessels which used to go to the North Bay and Labrador for their catches. In the early part of the present century the fleet of “bankers” had increased to over one hundred and twenty vessels, and during all this time the trade to the West Indies and Europe had been carried on by sailing vessels.

All these changes in the method of fishing were accompanied by changes on the waterfront and in the firms expanding them east and west; shipyards were busy building vessels, there being at one time four shipyards operating along the shore. But gradually smaller vessels were replaced by larger ones, and one shipyard at the east end of town was capable of handling the work of supplying vessels. This yard, owned by Smith & Rhuland has now built over 180 vessels, one of them being the famous “Bluenose.”

The Marine Railway grew from a small beginning to great importance. It was at first capable of handling only small vessels, but it was improved until today it cares not only for our own fleet, but for vessels from other ports.

The Lunenburg Foundry, was originated in 1891, its purpose being to supply the County with cooking stoves; also supplying the fleet with iron work and vessel equipment, it branched out until now it is well-known for its stoves, diesel engines, machine work as well as exceedingly good work on vessel equipment.

As times advanced the type of fishing changed. Fresh fishing took the place of salt fishing, and the Lunenburg Sea Products with their very up-to-date plant provided a market for the fish landed by their own vessels and others owned elsewhere.

Vessels changed in style, the modern Diesel engine supplying power to drive the heavy laden vessels faster than sails could ever do, and making them independent of the breezes — though taking away the beauty of their spreading sails. Today although it is a rare thing to see a vessel sail up the harbour, the fishing industry in Lunenburg sails on, and its future, we hope, will excel even its glorious past.

THE WORK OF THE SALT FISHERMAN

BY

DOROTHY CORKUM, '39

The salt-fishing season usually extends over a period of about five months. Three trips are made between the first of March and first of September. The ordinary crew on a salt-fishing vessel consists of twenty-two men. Besides the sixteen fishermen, there are the cook, throater, header, salter, captain, and a boy (called by the fishermen, "the flunky") who does the errands on board the vessel.

The fishermen take turns standing watch during the night. When the vessel is anchored, only one man stands watch at one time, for a period of one hour. When the vessel is sailing three men stand watch at the same time, for a period of two hours.

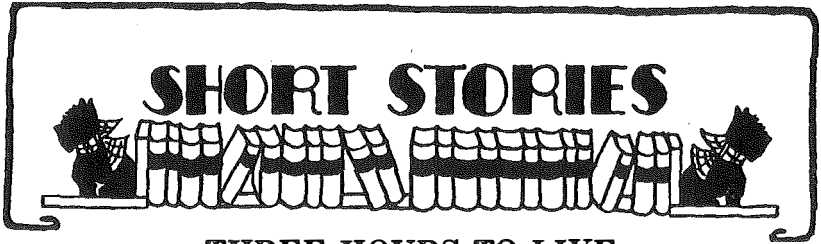
The man on watch calls the crew at three a. m., to take their bait from the ice-pens. This bait is either frozen herring or frozen mackerel, except during the summer, when the vessels sail to port each week, to obtain fresh bait. The fishermen next cut the bait into small pieces and bait their trawl. The trawl consists of strong hemp lines to which shorter hemp lines are fastened at a distance of about four feet apart. A baited hook is attached to each of these short lines. The trawl is then put into tubs, each man having two of these, which are put into the dories. There are two men in each dory.

Each man takes his course from the vessel by means of the compass which he carries in his dory. Each boat takes a different course, like a radius of a circle, thus dividing the surface around the vessel into eight equal sections. Each boat is rowed about one hundred yards from the vessel along the course which it is supposed to follow. Then the fisherman begins the process which he calls, "setting trawl." The one man rows the boat while the other sets the trawl. He puts out one anchor and one buoy and fastens the trawl to it. This process is called "bending." They continue on their course for about a mile, until they have all the trawl set, after which an anchor and a buoy are fastened to the end. The buoys enable the fishermen to locate the trawl. They then return to the ship and eat their breakfast at about half-past four.

After breakfast they take more bait and return to look over the trawl, taking the fish off the hooks and putting them in the dory, and rebaiting hooks from which the bait has been removed. This process is known as "under running." The fish are then taken to the vessel. The trips which are made to examine the trawl and bring back the fish are called, "runs." The fishermen usually make three runs a day in the spring, and four in the summer. They return to the vessel just before it becomes dark.

Meanwhile, the men on board the vessel are also working. The throater cuts the throats of the fish and rips them open. Then the header takes the heads off, after which the fish are split, salted, and put in the hold of the vessel. When the men return at dark, they help the header, throater and salter, and do not go to bed until the fish are all put away. This sometimes takes until twelve p. m. This is the fisherman's work for every fine day during the trip. When the weather is too rough for fishing, the men rest.

When they have enough fish, or when the required amount of time has passed, the vessels proceed to their home port to discharge their cargo.



THREE HOURS TO LIVE

BY

MALCOLM MILLER, '41

I have just killed a man. No, I am not wanted for murder because I have the pleasant job of executor of murderers at Sing Sing Prison.

My mind was in a trance as I walked home that dreary night, with visions of that doomed man haunting me. The low, flickering lights as I pulled the death switch and that ghastly look on the man's face seemed to stay with me as I entered my home.

Feeling restless, I sat down before the fireplace and started to read a book. It was a horrible night. The wind shrieked and moaned as the swaying, naked trees cast gloomy, reaching shadows in the dimly lighted room.

Suddenly, out of the darkness, I thought that I heard a sound. Perhaps it was only my imagination, but it resembled the low, monotonous hum of the slow death I had brought to that man. I turned in my chair, but saw nothing except deep shadows and the occasional flash of lightning, and heard nothing but the distant rumbles of thunder.

The storm was increasing and the rain, coming down in torrents, pounded against the window. I was looking into the dancing flames of fire and visions of those tortured men seemed to stare at me with vacant eyes.

Suddenly, from the darkness of the room, I heard a laugh filled with vengeance. I turned, but the voice overpowered me as I listened with fear.

"Jud Harkins, you killed me to-night, but I am alive now and I came to make you suffer, heh, heh, heh. You are close to death but I will give you THREE HOURS TO LIVE, so you may feel the way I felt in that death chair. Remember, Harkins, at midnight you die."

I jumped from my chair, snapped on the light, but saw no one. The storm had increased to a fury now and I felt a cold, clammy feeling down my spine as I listened with fear. The silence was broken only by the haunting storm and the tick — tock of the clock. Tick — tock! Tick — tock! Three hours to live!

Feeling like a trapped animal, I rushed to my bedroom and locked myself in. I sat down and tried to get these absurd imaginings off my mind, but they lingered with me.

My thoughts were disturbed by the increasing storm and as it broke in all its fury, the house was plunged into complete darkness. I again heard that voice saying to me, "you have but two hours to live, Harkins, you cannot escape, heh, heh, heh."

"What do you want?" I asked, filled with desperation and agony. "Your life, Harkins, your life came the answer."

In a semi-conscious state lying on my bed, I saw nothing but blackness. When I awoke, I looked at my watch. Two minutes before twelve. I looked into the blackness searching for that voice which had haunted me all evening.

"I have come again, Mr. Harkins, and this time I shall take you with me." Nearer, nearer came the voice until it hovered above me. I saw a gleaming silvery knife descending toward me. Slowly, slowly it came toward my throat. I jumped with an agonized cry and fell out of bed.

My wife hurried into the room and then I realized that I had had one of my frequent nightmares.

"EXTRA !! EXTRA !!"

BY

LUCILLE LANGILLE, '40

"Can't you spare me a few cents to get my children some food?" begged a poor crippled woman on a busy city street. Many people passed by her — men and women glanced at her, boys and girls laughed and mocked, but no one answered this pitiful mother's call.

Finally, a short, slightly built man, busy as he seemed, stopped in front of the woman. Wearily she asked for a few cents. She was just about to make this her last request and return to her squalid little room, when she thought surely this kind-faced gentleman would notice her sad condition.

She was not disappointed, for he reached into his pocket and pulled out its contents. He said, "Here, lady, this is all I have. Goodness, you remind me so much of my dear mother." She thanked him as he smiled and hastened to a waiting car.

Practically overcome with joy, she could hardly wait to return to her children who had been out earning a few cents, too. However, the poor woman was disappointed, for her oldest son, Jimmie, had not returned from selling his morning papers.

The cries, "Extra, extra," which were being yelled through the alleys gave her the clue to his lateness and so she wearily sighed, "O, probably some poor soul decided to end it all."

Suddenly Jimmie burst into the room. "Sold a lot a' papers m'm. A guy murdered an' old man and in order to escape he killed two policemen. An' that isn't the first crime he committed. He's a bad man. They can't seem to find him anywhere."

Then the poor mother told what happened that morning. She said that a man, who seemed to be in a hurry, had handed her the whole contents of his pocket and among these were a jack-knife, a few loose coins, and above all, a picture of himself and his mother. "Surely, he must have given the picture to me by mistake."

Jimmie asked to see it and he gave one yell, "That fellow's picture was in the paper this morning for murdering those men. You ought to turn that picture in and tell the story."

The poor crippled mother looking up in wonderment replied, "Should I? He helped me. Shall I help him?"

THE BITTER LESSON

BY

MARJORIE SAUNDERS, '39

SCENE I

Scene: Dimly lighted, well-furnished office, with a safe in prominent position.

Characters: Carl Bradshaw, well-dressed, spoiled son of owner of firm. Toni French, stenographer, and pretty in a cheap-looking way. Nightwatchman Jakes, rather elderly but spry.

As curtain rises, door at rear opens and Carl B. and Toni F. enter stealthily.

Carl—Well, we're safe so far. Guess we fooled old Jakes, all right.

Toni—Not so loud! He's not deaf. (Searching desk drawers with aid of flash light.) Wonder where the combination is? Would help a lot if we could find it. Wait a second, what's this? (Hold up bit of paper.) No, just a few notes on it. Well, what's the matter? Not getting scared—

Carl—(quickly) Of course not. Only—well, gosh, Dad's always been so good, I just hate to do anything that'll hurt him. But, no, I want that money and I'm going to get it. Here, hand me that flashlight. I'm going to work on this safe. (Bends before safe and begins twisting dial.)

Toni—(still searching) You know, first I thought you didn't have spunk enough to go thru with this. But I've changed my mind. Why, just think of all the fun we'll have with that five thousand of yours. Don't see why your old man—

Carl—My father—

Toni—All right, all right, your father, then anyway, I don't see why he wouldn't give you that money. It's yours, and you're of age. Might as well have it now when it'll do you some good.

Carl—That's what I say, too. And I don't see why he doesn't want us to get married. That foolishness about not knowing where you came from doesn't matter anyway. It's your business, and if you don't want to tell, who cares?

Toni—(Shuts desk and perches on top of safe.) He does. (Pauses to light cigarette.) Say, hurry up, can't you? It's twenty to one now and old Jakes comes around every half hour.

Carl—(crossly) I'm hurrying as fast as I can. I'm no experienced crook. (Sighs) Guess we'll have to use an explosive after all. I was kind of hoping I'd be able to open it without. I was pretty sure I knew the combination. (Eagerly) Wait, thought I heard a click. Now we're getting somewhere. Here, hold the light for me. (Pulls open safe door, reaches inside, searches a minute, then pulls out packet.) Here it is. Now let's get ready to scam before—

Toni—Not so fast, not so fast! Remember, you promised to let me have charge of the money. (Takes packet) Now, we're ready. Hey, don't forget to shut the door. Don't want Jakes to see it open, do you? We wouldn't have any chance of—

Carl—(Shuts door and stands up) Oh, don't talk so much. Here, hand me a cigarette. I'm all shaky. (Lights cigarette.) Say, you help. (Displays revolver) See. Now stand back while—

Carl (surprised) Toni! What's all this about?

Toni—(smirkingly) Say, big boy, you didn't think I really wanted to marry you, did you? All I wanted was the money. And since you're such an innocent, I let you play right into my trap. Thanks. Well, so long! (Jakes reaches for telephone) That won't do you any good—I cut all the wires this afternoon (Exits, laughing.)

SCENE II

Characters: Carl Bradshaw
His father, middle-aged with keen, but kindly, countenance.

Scene: Cosy den in Bradshaw home. Carl and his father sit in chairs a few feet apart.

Carl—And that's the whole story, Dad! You've got to believe it. I feel so—

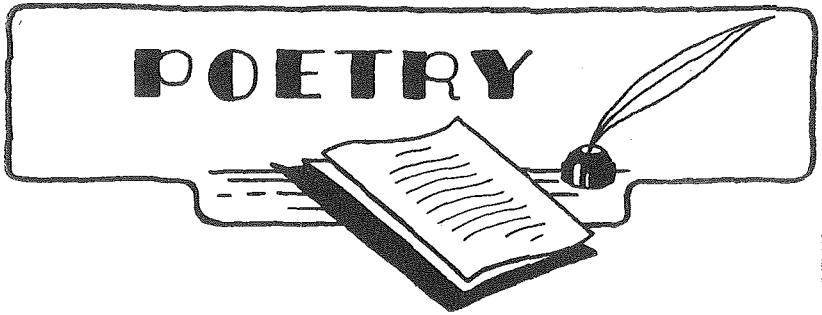
Mr. B.—Of course I believe you son, and I'm very glad you were caught before things went too far. You know, I never did think much of that Toni French, even although she was a competent stenographer. And it almost broke my heart to see that you were becoming interested in her. Then, when you asked for money so you could get married—

Carl—(penitently) It's all clear now, Dad, and I realize what a chump I was to let myself be taken in. But Toni seemed so nice whenever I took her out. I thought her interest in the firm was just—I mean, I didn't think she'd ever plan to do anything like this! (Sighs heavily.)

Mr. B.—Come on, son, cheer up! It's not so bad. Everything will turn out all right. Perhaps this was the best way. You've been taught a lesson you'll never forget. I'm very glad Jakes brought you home instead of calling the police. This way your self-respect has been saved and no one but we three will ever know that you were involved in what happened. And now—(Telephone rings. He picks up receiver) Hello! Yes, speaking. (Pause) Good work. I'll come down later and get the money Good-bye. (Stands up) Well, son, they've caught her and she has confessed everything.

Carl—(Brokenly) Gee, Dad—

Mr. B.—It's all over now, son. Come, shake hands. Then we'll have some breakfast. (Carl gets up, slowly. They are seen shaking hands as the curtain drops.)



THE HALLOWE'EN COSTUME PARTY

BY

MARIE HIMMELMAN, Grade VII

'Twas the night of the big Hallowe'en masquerade,
 With pumpkin pie, apples and marmalade;
 Two witches rode past, each on a broom,
 Just as the children entered the room.

Tommy was dressed as a big hoot-owl,
 And when he arrived he began to howl;
 Jackie was dressed like a coal-black cat,
 And he ran for a corner when the others called scat

Charlie was dressed in a really good rig,
 For he was a witch and he danced a jig;
 And everyone got a great big surprise
 When Charlie received the very first prize.

WINTER

BY

MARJORIE MOSHER, Grade V

The winter winds are blowing,
 The air is crisp and cold,
 The snow is gently falling
 Upon the young and old.

The children all are happy,
 'Cause coasting they can go.
 Their clothes are always covered
 With snow, from tip to toe.

THE OWL'S ESCAPE

BY

DOROTHY BAKER, '39

Deep in a forest,
Late in the night,
A little hoot-owl
With his eyes so bright,
Gave a little startled cry
For "who in the world,
Could be passing by
To disturb him from his restful sleep?"
He had an idea, so he took a peek.

Oh my! But what a surprise he got.
It wasn't at all the person he thought,
But instead it was a big black bear
Making his way up the tree with care.
Poor little hoot-owl trembled so, and said
"Guess I had better go."
So off he flew to another tree
Sighing with content that he was free.

PLAYING IN THE SNOW

BY

JACQUELINE BERRINGER, Grade V

Today we had a lot of fun
Playing in the snow,
Building forts and houses
Until the sun went low.

We hope its fine tomorrow,
We want to play some more,
There's lots and lots of things to do
That we've not done before.

Some want to try their snowshoes
And then perhaps their skis.
Now wouldn't anyone be glad
To have such sports as these?

WHERE DID YOU GET IT, MR. EUCLID?

BY

AGNES DEMONE, '39

Given four hundred pages of headaches and worry,
To be digested at will and without a hurry.
Oh, Mr. Euclid, if you'd ever been young
Your praises would not have been sung!
By hypothesis you were a genius, 'twould seem,
Running off theorems ream by ream;
But your inferences and axioms don't make sense,
Although a book of them costs a good number of pence.
The curve on this line, the square on that —
Though it's all quite sensible and simple as c-a-t.
It follows very simply what it takes hours to prove
With indirect methods and figures that move!
But now, Mr. Euclid, as we face our hopeless task,
Where did you learn your geometry, may I ask?

J. J. KINLEY, M. P.

BY

FRANCES GELDERT, '40

John James Kinley, son of Captain James F. Kinley and Louisa A. Loye was born October 15th, 1881, at Lunenburg. His father was of Scottish descent and his mother of German, but both were born in Canada.

Mr. Kinley obtained his early education at Lunenburg County Academy. After leaving school, he was employed by Mr. E. L. Nash, a druggist at Lunenburg, who was his teacher as well as employer. He worked and studied for four years, then wrote and passed the provincial examinations, and undertook to run a drug business for himself at Lunenburg. Later he expanded the business to Bridgewater, Halifax and Liverpool. Due to his Parliamentary duties he is not now actively engaged in the drug business, except in Bridgewater, where he is the owner. It is interesting to note with what success Mr. Kinley progressed in this phase of his career. He was at one time both President and Honorary President of the Nova Scotia Pharmaceutical Society, and to-day he holds the position of Honorary President of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Society.

Mr. Kinley assisted in building up the mainstay of the manufacturing industry of the town, the Lunenburg Foundry Company Limited, and he is President of that Company. He is also President of the "Progress-Enterprise," a weekly newspaper, and from 1931-36 was Provincial President of St. John's Ambulance Society; Commander of the Order of St. John and Jerusalem.

Mr. Kinley was Mayor of our town from 1911-12, having previously served as a councillor and acted as Chairman of the School Board.

Mr. Kinley was first elected to the Nova Scotia legislature at a general election in 1916, and re-elected in 1920. He was a member of the Nova Scotia Government from 1924-25, defeated in 1925, but re-elected in 1928. From 1926-28 Mr. Kinley was Provincial President of the Nova Scotia Liberal Association. In 1930 he resigned the Nova Scotia legislature to contest Federal Constituency, but was defeated. He was elected to the House of Commons, however, at a general election in 1935.

Mr. Kinley has always retained a keen interest in the Lunenburg fishing fleet, and has been a shareholder in many of the vessels for twenty-five years. He was the "father" of the Compensation Act for fishermen, and it was he who, against great opposition at the time, succeeded in passing an amendment to the Compensation Act through the local legislature, providing the same protection for men on sea as is accorded those who work in industry on land. He was always a strong advocate of the Old Age Pension and moved a resolution for its adoption in the local House after the federal statute was passed at Ottawa. In the interest of the employment of fishermen and to promote the industry along natural lines, Mr. Kinley is in favor of the hook and line system, rather than the beam trawler. In this he is supported by every Royal Commission, that has investigated the situation, including the Price Spread Commission, which made a report only a few years ago.

Recognizing the fact that markets are the chief need of the Nova Scotia fisheries, Mr. Kinley advocated in Parliament to have fish, especially of the cod family, included in the Trade Agreement with the United States. This was achieved in the Trade Agreement which is now being adopted in Parliament.

Queens and Lunenburg Counties have reason to admire their Member at Ottawa, and Lunenburg is justly proud of the success of one of its native sons.

THOUGHTS IN CHURCH

BY

MARGUERITE MASON, '40

Sunday morning I awoke and began to think of the good times I had had the previous night when I did not appear at home until the "wee small hours of the morning." As I stretched and tried to overcome my drowsiness, I rolled over and glanced out the window only to notice that the weather was very agreeable. I was already in an ugly mood and the thought of going to church made me even more so.

I rushed through my work trying to get ready on time, but as usual, at a time like this, everything went wrong. I could not decide which dress to wear. My gloves were among the missing. As I bent down to pick up my handkerchief I felt the knee go out of my new silk stockings. Finally I was ready.

Just as I thought I was getting an early start, the bell stopped and I rushed through the door.

Breathlessly I arrived at the church door but I was in no mood to enter. Peeking through the door, I found that my favorite pew had been taken. By this time I was quite angry.

Joe, the old usher, came limping along and led me to a hard uncushioned pew. My conscience feeling rather guilty, I tried to concentrate on the service. Soon a hat worn by a young girl attracted my attention.

"My what a hat!" I thought, "who would ever think of wearing that to church? Just look at those shoes; I do believe they were never shined."

"Here comes old Jake at last. He loves to trot up to the front seat just to be seen."

"Who is that young man with him? I know now — I bet it is Tim Jackson, the new banker. I wonder how long it'll be before Lou is running after him. There — she's glancing at him from the corner of her eye now."

"That certainly is terrible music. It wouldn't hurt the church in the least to buy a new organ."

"Oh! I must remember the announcements now. So sewing circle is at Mary's again, is it? I would have thought she had done enough entertaining for one week with bridge parties and everything, but then I suppose she must do her share for the church too. I'm certainly glad I'm not a social climber."

"My, what a long sermon! I bet he's reading most of it — preaching about giving too. If that man would only get his wife a new dress instead of talking about missions all the time."

"That young couple over there are so much engrossed in one another they don't even hear the sermon. I wonder if they plan to get married."

"What through already? That wasn't such a bad sermon after all. I must not forget to tell the parson how much I enjoyed it."

MY EXPERIENCE AS A CADDY

BY

FRANCES GELDERT, '40

On a scorching June day last summer, I was all "at sea" for something to do.

I noticed my sister making preparations to go out, and upon inquiry, found she was going to play golf. Here at last was an opportunity to while away the afternoon! She, however, seemed strangely opposed to the idea; but suddenly I noticed that inner gleam which bodes no one any good, shining out of her eyes. Yet she merely remarked, although the tones of her voice were rather too sweet, "Why, of course dear, come along if you like."

Now when my sister speaks to me in such a manner, I know something is wrong; but I said nothing and tried to persuade myself that perhaps someone had a little affection for me after all. When we arrived at the course my sister joined some of her friends, and I was left alone, which blissful state I enjoyed about five minutes. Then I saw Pat bearing down on me. She informed me in an extremely surprised voice, as though such a thought had never occurred to her before, "Why, you can caddy for me." Now I knew, but too late!

My "dear" sister deposited her far-from-light golf bag on my shoulder and off I started on the trek up the hill, like a "beast of burden," I muttered viciously to myself.

At last I was able to put the bag on the turf and watch her play the first hole. When she had arranged the ball very, very carefully, she spent about three and one half minutes speculatively deciding on a club. After choosing the wrong one, she struck what seemed to be an awkward and rather affected attitude and began swinging her club as if she were taking her daily dozen. She continued this until I began to imagine she was a pendulum of a clock.

Then I spoke; at which she glared at me out of eyes filled with venom and told me in a voice dripping nitric acid, that I should never speak to her when she was making a shot. With this sally, she took one last mighty swing, and missed! I emitted such a shriek that one veteran golfer coming up the hill, almost fell up. She swung, and missed again! Well, by this time I was almost hysterical, and so was Pat, though with different cause.

After missing the ball so often that I lost count, she hit it such a hard blow that off it sailed into the woods, and down she fell on me. When I had but partially recovered, I was sent after her ball, which, needless to say, I didn't find.

Now came the second hole, which was worse than the first and so on, until at the finish of the ninth hole my legs were numb, my eyes swollen from laughing; I had a headache and such a pain in my side that I was ready for the ambulance.

"The blow that killed sister," fell, however, when my sister calmly announced with unruffled expression, "Well, I didn't play such bad golf this afternoon, did I?"

I fainted for the first time in my life.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

BY

FRANK D. ANDERSON, '40

Although it was thought of a number of years ago, the first Students' Council in the Lunenburg Academy was only formed last year, under the supervision of Mr. Collins. The officers were elected from Grades XI and XII. There were also two representatives elected from Grades IX and X.

This year, however, the Council is run entirely under the direction of the president. The Principal and teachers do not attend the meetings at all. Although the Principal's opinion is obtained on all matters, it is not necessarily accepted or binding in the decisions reached by the Council.

The general powers and duties of the Council are as follows:

- (1) To endeavor to create and develop school loyalty among the students.
- (2) To co-operate with the Principal and teachers in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the Academy.

The particular duties are:

- (1) To make all arrangements for the Monday morning assemblies which take place every two weeks.
- (2) To appoint the different committees and supervise the work of the magazine staff.
- (3) To assist in the raising of money for sport and school activities.

This year the Council has formed both a boys' and girls' Athletic Association. The money is raised by means of high-school parties and candy sales.

- (4) To report the opinion of the student body regarding important matters. The student body, through the Council, are able to express their opinions and desires, and steps are taken to see that they are fulfilled as far as possible.
- (5) The last duty of the Council is to appoint a school reporter for the Progress-Enterprise.

The Students' Council has always done its best to see that the minor activities of the school are carried on. As long as the Council is in existence, it will take a keen interest in the welfare and government of the school.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT SKIING

BY

WARREN GELDERT, '39

Saturday morning, and the ground was covered with a deep blanket of white snow. I gulped a hearty breakfast, and feeling as if I would like to have a few thrills to aid the digestion of that breakfast, I dashed out of the house.

Grasping the tow-line of my bob-sled, I struck out briskly for a very steep hill which is situated about a quarter of a mile from our manor. Feeling full of the old vim, vigor, and vitality, I took a kick at a large hump of snow which was directly in my path. My friend, the hump of snow, had fooled me. The real hump was caused by an excellently formed piece of rock. After emitting a few howls (and, should I say, church words?) I continued on my way, whistling cheerfully, while all the time I felt like committing mayhem on anything that came in my way. On reaching the summit of the hill, I discovered that one of the runners of my front sled had fallen off. "Well, there goes my fun for the morning," I muttered to myself and seething inwardly, I parked my carcass on the cross-bar of the bob-sled. I decided to watch the boys, who were sliding down the hill on skis, and were jumping over a larger hump of snow than the one I had argued with earlier in the morning.

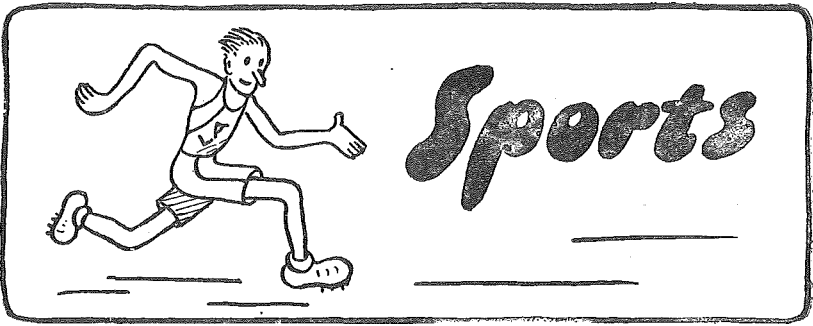
As it looked very easy to me, I asked one of the boys to let me try the jump, doing my best to act unconcerned, but, at the same time, quivering slightly as I gazed fascinated at the shiney, long slivers of wood.

My friends strapped them tightly to my heavy shoes, grinned widely, and asked me if I was ready. Gulping once, I nodded, and suddenly I felt my feet starting to descend the hill. Well, I decided my body had better follow the ways of my feet, so I leaned forward slightly and bent my knees. This was exactly what a skier is supposed to do, as I found out afterwards. I was beginning to be proud of myself for my intellectual ability and also feeling that I was not doing so badly, when suddenly I felt myself sailing through space and saw the snow whistling by not more than fifty feet underneath my skis. "Oh, yes, this was the jump. How stupid of me to forget about it." Looking down again, I noticed the astounding fact that the snow was rising to meet me. Then, everything went hazy, I started to fall backwards and instead of both skis pointing earth-ward, one ski was high over my head. I must have looked like a hockey-player trying to do a ballet dance.

My one ski hit the ground with such a jar that I am willing to bet my ancestors felt it, and unfortunately my left ski was still pointing toward the heavenly bodies. My arms waving wildly, I tried vainly to gain my balance, but only succeeded in reaching the ground more quickly than I had imagined possible. My head hit the snow with a thud, that to my mind, could be heard in the next country.

Meanwhile, the remainder of my body seemed to be sliding into that country, while the hard snow did an excellent job of sand-papering my face and hands. Finally, I came to a sliding halt, and crawling painfully to my feet I looked around me to see if there were any angels loitering near.

Counting to ten, and fairly bursting to emit a good, substantial oath, I kicked viciously at a hump of snow which lay at my feet. Pain shot through my leg, and there was that same rock, seemingly grinning at me maliciously.



A REVIEW OF SPORTS

BY

FRANCIS MILLER, '39

TRACK AND FIELD

1938 — 39

Lunenburg High School has always been represented at the Acadia Relays held at Wolfville. Although the team was not as strong as in previous years, the boys did their best at the annual meet.

The girls and boys teams from Chester High School swept both championships at the annual Fisheries' Track Meet held at the Arena track, Lunenburg, on Friday, September 16th. It was a day of brilliant competition; records being broken in both girls and boys events. It was left to a boy from Amherst and a girl from Lunenburg to top the record breakers.

Jean Covey, speedy runner from Lunenburg, won the 40 and 60 yard dashes in record time and also broke the record for the 100 yard dash in her heat.

Led by Grace Corkum, who broke the record for the 40 and 60 yds. in her heats, won the 100 yard dash in record time. The Chester girls piled up enough points to oust the L. H. S. lassies.

Gordon Boak of Amherst, who scored 15 of his teams', 21 points, broke the records for the 100 and 220 yards and the record time for the 60 yards. His time for the 100 and 220 yards was 10 1-5 seconds and 24 1-5 seconds respectively.

A record, which stood for many meets, was shattered when Harry Eisnor of Mahone Bay High School ran the 440 yard dash in 56 4-5 seconds, clipping 1-5 of a second off the old mark.

Following are the number of points won by each team:

	Boys	Girls
Chester	48	23
Bridgewater	26	2
Amherst	21	0
Shelburne	13	0
Mahone Bay	10	0
Lunenburg	8	20

At the conclusion of the meet, the contestants and officials were hosts to the Lunenburg High School at a banquet in the Assembly Hall, where cups and medals were presented.

Too much credit cannot be given to the efficient officials who handled the track meet so successfully.

The Lunenburg Track Team was also represented at the Dalhousie Interscholastic meet in October. Warren "Tarzan" Geldert set a new record for schoolboys to attain when he hurled the javelin 138 feet 6 1-2 inches. The other boys failed to break into the scoring. The team consisted of Robert Fox, Warren Geldert, Douglas Macklin, Donald Knickle and Edward Ryder.

HOCKEY

After the publication of our magazine last year, Lunenburg Academy entered a hockey team in the Provincial Intermediate High School play-offs. Drawing a bye, we played a total goal series with Lawrencetown in the semi-finals.

The first game at Middleton reminded one of a nightmare. The Valley boys, playing offensive hockey, scored almost at will, and when the smoke of battle had cleared, we were on the short end of a 10-0 score.

The second game played on our home ice proved to be the better game. The Valley team emerged with a 6-5 victory, taking the series by a score 16-5.

The Howlett, Leonard, Fiske line of Lawrencetown, were threats at all times and their passing plays were working to perfection. Anderson, Nauss and Schwartz played well for our team.

Through the efforts of Mr. Robinson, an Inter-Class Hockey League was formed this season. Teams from Grade IX, X and XI entered, and several games were played at the Arena.

The first game of the season was between Grades IX and X. The D class played good hockey and emerged with a well earned 4-3 victory.

Grades X and XI battled it out in the second tilt, and the C class received another defeat by their more educated (?) opponents.

We entered a hockey team in the High School play-offs this year. We played Halifax County Academy. Outclassed by our heavier opponents in all parts of the game, we were beaten on the total-goal series by a 19-0 score. We may be interested to know that Halifax Academy won the provincial championship.

The boys played home and home games with Mahone Bay High School. The visitors took both games by 5-0 and 7-2 scores.

The girls hockey team have made no effort to organize their team this year, but last year they had a successful season, playing several games with the Town Musketeers and Bridgewater High School.

Members of last years' "Pagans" L. H. S.—D. Crouse, goal; I. Baker, V. Crouse, B. Daurie, F. Tanner, M. Hardiman, defence; M. Schwartz, S. Demone, S. Corkum, M. Rhuland, F. Rhuland, B. Mercer, M. Nauss, forwards.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

BY

FLORA TANNER '40

Since the last publication of the magazine, there have been many interesting and outstanding events. They deal with hard work, amusement and sport.

Another Students' Council was formed and the following officers were chosen by the students:

President—Dorothy Crouse.

Vice-President—Marjorie Saunders.

Secretary—Frances Geldert.

Treasurer—Frank Anderson.

These officials look after all the affairs of the Academy.

The Morning Assemblies take place every fortnight. The students enjoy these gatherings, and endeavour to arrive at school on time, in order that they may not miss any of the programme.

The Parents — Teacher — Pupil Meeting was held on March 18th. A programme was provided by the pupils, in which the Choral Group took part. Refreshments were served after the programme.

On May 12, the Oratorical Contest was held in the Assembly Hall. Four students from each high school grade were chosen to speak, and there was keen competition. Many parents, pupils and friends were present.

In May, the Choral Group went to the Musical Festival at Halifax. Here the girls under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, placed second. These girls are still taking their vocal lessons and are now practising for the Festival, which will take place in the near future.

We had our closing exercises on June 29, and on the following evening we had our closing party.

The High School Track Meet was held at Lunenburg on September 16th. A number of students from various Nova Scotia schools took part. This year we have a new Lunenburg star, Jean Covey, who helped the girls' team win second place. Chester took most of the honors for both boys and girls. After the track meet a banquet was held in the Assembly Hall for the competitors and judges.

The Christmas Concert was held on December 16th and 17th. The Common school supplied several numbers and the High school presented a one-act play, "The Christmas Rose." An interesting feature of the evening was a contest produced by the four high school grades. Grade XII won with their presentation of an operation, while Grade X came second with "A Broadcast."

The boys and girls of the Athletic Association have raised money by selling candy and having parties in the Assembly Hall. This money is used for various sports.

Through the efforts of our principal, Mr. Collins, an up-to-date Sound Moving Picture Machine has been placed in the Academy. This machine is used mostly for teaching, but sometimes for entertainment.

The printing machine is now being used for Grades V and VI work. In these grades many notes are necessary and as the pupils had to take them from the blackboards, their writing was very poor.

Therefore, as we leave school and go out into the world, we may look back to those "good old school days." In spite of those lessons we considered hard we recall the good times and all the activities we enjoyed so much with our school pals.

CLASS ODE

BY

AGNES DEMONE, '39

In June we leave you
To take our places in the world outside.
We hope our efforts in the past, though few,
May be to those who stay as guide
To the higher things wherein we failed.

Though those who follow
May never meet us, we feel that they will
Take up the threads where we dropped them, and go
On themselves to drink success to the full,
And win glory forever for L. C. A.

As we turn our backs
We don't go empty-handed. We take not
Only knowledge but something nobler, dearer —
Our memories of the happy days we shared
At school in our work and play.

"A" CLASS PROPHECY

BY

DOROTHY CROUSE, '39 and MARY KINLEY, '39

Perhaps, some day ten years from now, we will be able to write the following about 1938—39 Grade XII class:

Dorothy Baker, after winning several beauty contests, became number one lady, at the Acme Escort Bureau in Hollywood.

Gwendolyn Baker is the star of Romeo and Juliet, now playing for the 100th time at the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Elsie Wamback, after much strenuous practice became a very talented skater and is now Sonja Henie's rival.

Mildred Rhuland won great fame for her hockey playing and is now the coach of the hockey team at Vassar.

Dorothy Corkum became a primary teacher in Labrador, where she finds the weather cold, but likes the work very much.

Jean Powers finally tired of boys, entered a convent. Who can imagine that?

Harley Zinck, becoming disgusted with chemistry, decided to try his luck at politics, for which the newspapers have dubbed him the "Romeo."

Vivienne Chipman decided not to finish her secretarial studies, because they interfered with her regular attendance at the shows.

Marjorie Saunders took six years to complete her librarian course, finally marrying a man who had a library of his own.

Lawrence Maxner received his diploma, despite the fact that he was very confused by a form of torture, better known as "Algebra."

Marguerite Hall became a missionary in China. She is a little afraid of the Japs, but endures them because she feels she is needed there.

Frances Jennings is now leader of the famous Beethoven Choral Society, which recently broadcast over a nation-wide hook-up.

Marguerita Hardiman received her diploma and made some use of her training. Then she decided she wanted to get married.

Francis Miller broadcasts bi-weekly over the N. B. C. and is now Walter Winchell's greatest rival.

Agnes Demone has become famous for her many discoveries in the world of medicine. She is now searching for a cure for spring fever and is using herself as the "guinea pig."

Ruth Myra is now working at the Paris office of the famous dress designer "Ganvin" and is at present busy designing a new costume for Mahatma Ghandi.

Nema Zinck, after finishing a business course, decided she would rather remain at home. Now she spends most of her time reading the latest French novels.

Warren Geldert, who has taken Clark Gable's place on the screen, will arrive in New York for a personal appearance tour.

Isabel Olsen opened another beauty parlor in Lunenburg, where she receives most of the business because she discovered a way to cut hair curly.

Mary Meisner is working in a Children's Hospital. It was reported, that one of the children swallowed a pin. This did not worry Mary, because it was a "safety" pin.

Mary Kinley, who was recently admitted to the bar, received great acclaim for her work in acquitting Evangeline Himmelman in a much publicized breach of promise suit.

Dorothy Crouse, upon completing her course at the M. B. C., was successful in obtaining a position as personal secretary to the present Governor-General.

DOROTHY BAKER

"And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!"

A winning way, a pleasant smile
and charming manner — Dorothy.
From the above equation, it
can readily be seen that Dorothy is
destined to go places.

GWENDOLYN BAKER (Gwennie)

"Wayward as the Minnehaha"
With her modcs of shade and sun."

Whenever there is any mischief
afcot, "Gwennie" is usually at the
centre of it. She is an enthusiastic
(k) nit — er, we mean she likes to
knit. With such a cheerful nature,
we feel sure that success will be with
her the whole way.

VIVIENNE CHIPMAN

"A true friend of the true."

Vivienne has really been a true
friend, accompanying us all through
school. She has a witty remark for
every occasion. We hope that she
will like her chosen business career
and we feel confident that she will do
well.

DOROTHY CORKUM (Dot)

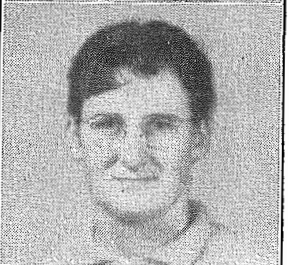
"Her heart is in her work."

LaHave's loss was our gain when
Dot decided to come to Lunenburg
Academy. She is very attentive to her
stud.es, but always ready to share a
joke. We think she is going to be a
school-marm, and we know she will
be a good one.

DOROTHY CROUSE

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes."

Dorothy has always taken a keen
interest in both studies and sports,
but the former is always her first
consideration. For this reason and
because of her ability as an or-
ganizer, she has well earned the posi-
tion of "President of the Students'
Council." Best of luck for the future,
Dorothy.



MARGUERITE HALL (Apple)

"Lassie with the rosy cheeks."

"Apple" came to us this year from Petite Riviere, bringing with her a good sense of humor and a comradely spirit. We are sure that such a combination will help her take her place in life.

MARGUERITA HARDIMAN

(Gertie)

"My apprehensions come in crowds."

"Gertie" always seems to be going somewhere in a hurry. We hope that she will go ahead just as quickly in her nursing career.

EVANGELINE HIMMELMAN

(Lanie)

"She gives a side glance and looks down. Beware!"

"Lanie" has been with us all through school. She always takes the good and the bad with a cheery grin, and we are sure this will help her in her chosen career.

FRANCES JENNINGS

"In weather rough and bleak,
That sparkle on her cheek."

One night the stork deposited a bundle at First South. Then came a loud wail, with a German accent. Frances has continued wailing, but with more musical tone. Her theme song is "I want to marry the butcher boy."

MARY KINLEY

"Nothing hinders me or daunts me."

When Mary returns to us every spring, she tends to show us up in the Mathematics classes. Nevertheless, she is always given a hearty welcome. It is certain that she will be successful in her profession as a lawyer.



MARY MEISNER

"I will do my best."

Mary has a thoughtful and happy nature. We know that every success which can be won by diligence will be hers. She is going to join the army of the "whitecaps," and takes our best wishes right along with her.



RUTH MYRA

"Always thoughtful, kind, and untroubled."

Ruth is exactly as her verse implies. She intends to be a designer. We wish her every success.



ISABEL OLSEN (Pinky)

"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now."

Pinky, as suggested by her name, is usually blushing. Next year she will probably be working on the "Progress" staff, and may she enjoy it.



JEAN POWERS (Spike)

"Talk not of wasted affection,
Affection never was wasted."

"Spike" is a happy-go-lucky sort of person, always looking for fun. We expect that she will further her studies in "Pole Land." Best of luck!



MILDRED RHULAND (Millie)

"Ever let the fancy roam."

"Millie" is distinctly of the athletic type, and so as President of the Girl's Athletic Association, she takes a keen interest in her duties. We are sure that she will be just as conscientious in whatever she undertakes.



MARJORIE SAUNDERS (Marj)

"Gentle of speech but absolute of rule."

"Marj" has a pleasant disposition and is always ready to lend a helping hand. After she leaves school, she plans to take a librarian's course.

ELSIE WAMBACK

"No endeavour is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing."

Elsie is another cherry lass from LaHave. Although she takes an interest in her studies, she still finds time to wield her knitting needles. She has not yet decided upon her vocation, but we know that she will be successful in any endeavour.

NEMA ZINCK

"Serene, and resolute, and still."

Nema, using our Principal's words, is a "good, steady worker." She has chosen a business career, and with these characteristics she should go a long way.

WARREN GELDERT (Ferdy)

"Learned in all youthful sports and pastimes."

The boys at the Dalhousie Track meet probably feared "Ferdy" when he set a new javelin record more than the real Ferdinand. His pet phrase being "I sail the deep blue sea," we are sure that he will be the admirer of the fleet some day.

**FRANCIS MILLER (Ben)**

"Say nay! say nay!"

"Dudley Knocked Out In The First Round." Looking down at the bottom of the write-up accompanying these headlines will be found the name of "Ben," our former classmate. We conclude this from the fact that he has shown such ability as a sports' writer. Long may he rave!

AGNES DEMONE (Aggie)

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure."

Ever since Aggie came back to us in Grade IX, she has been a ready and capable worker in school activities. Therefore, in future years, we will be sure to call on our former school-mate to remove our tonsils, etc.

HARLEY ZINCK "Arlie"

"A youth of quiet ways."

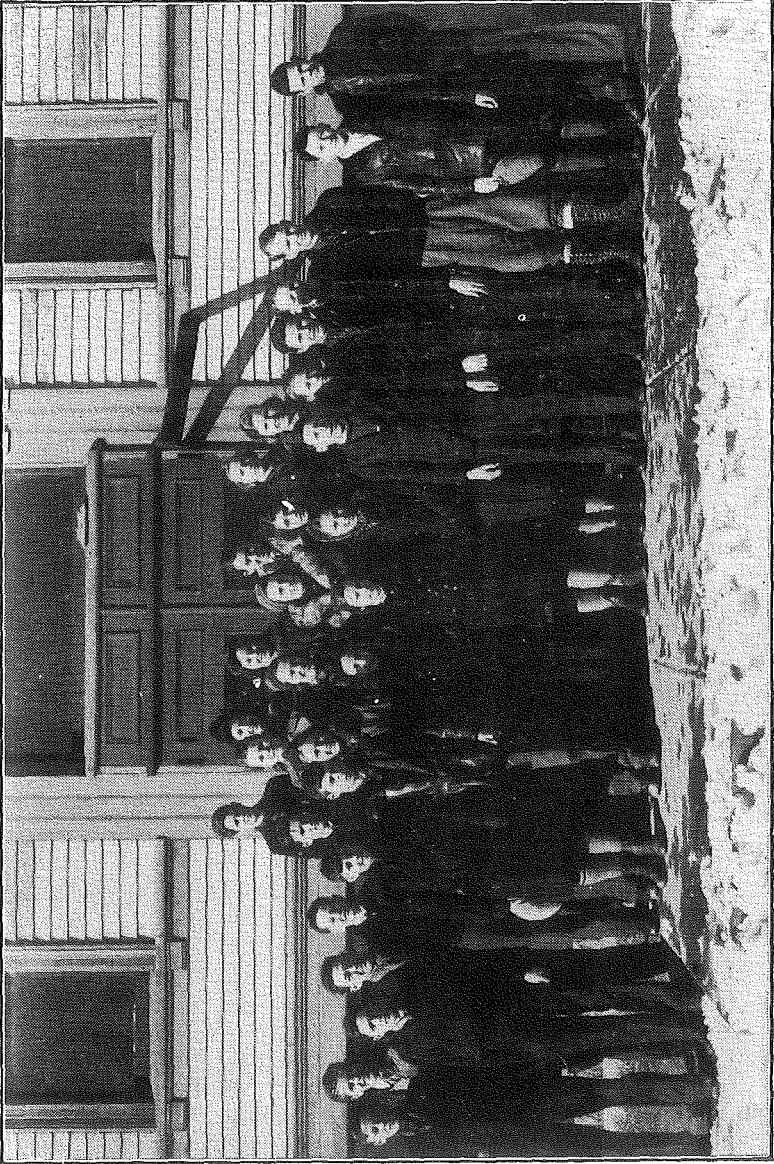
Hailing from Blandford, "Arlie" just joined the ranks of Grade XII this year. Although of "quiet ways," we are sure his ready smile will help him attain his goal.

LAWRENCE MAXNER "Kidney"

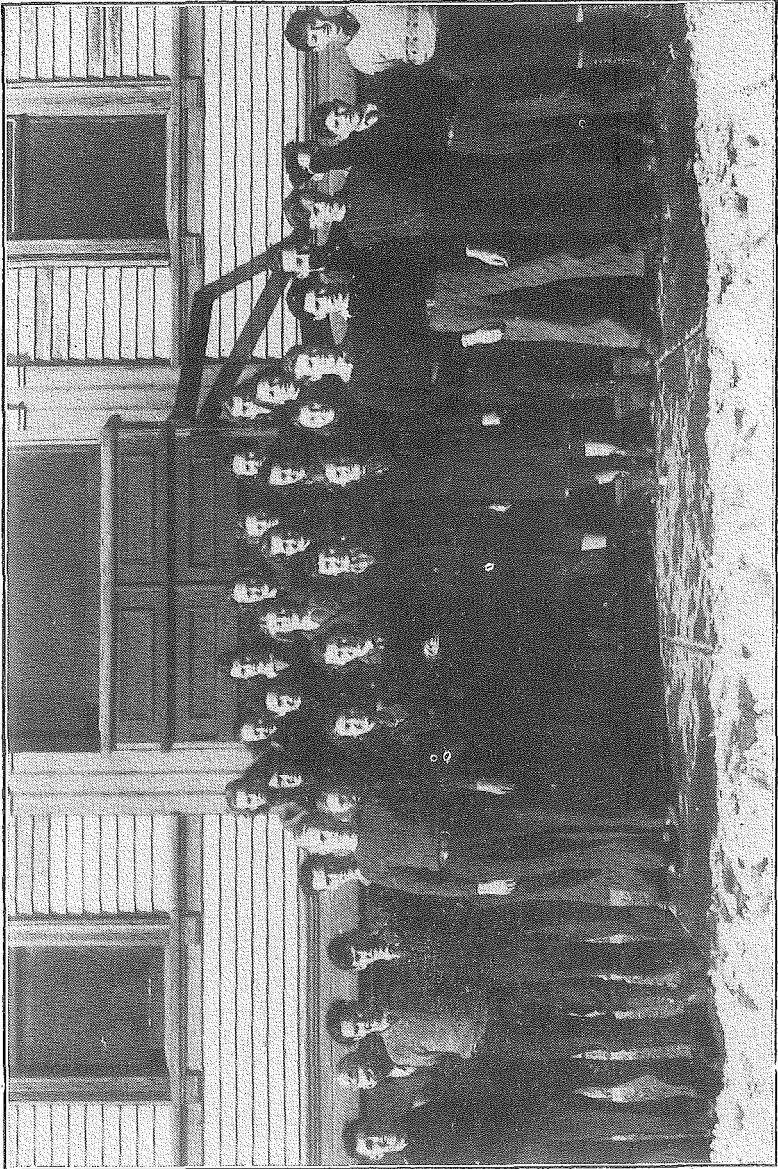
"Rest awhile nor longer waste Life, with inconsiderate haste."

Kidney, the "pet" of the algebra teacher, thinks he will spend his life mixing potent potions in some laboratory. May he excel in this and discover some serum to prevent blushing.

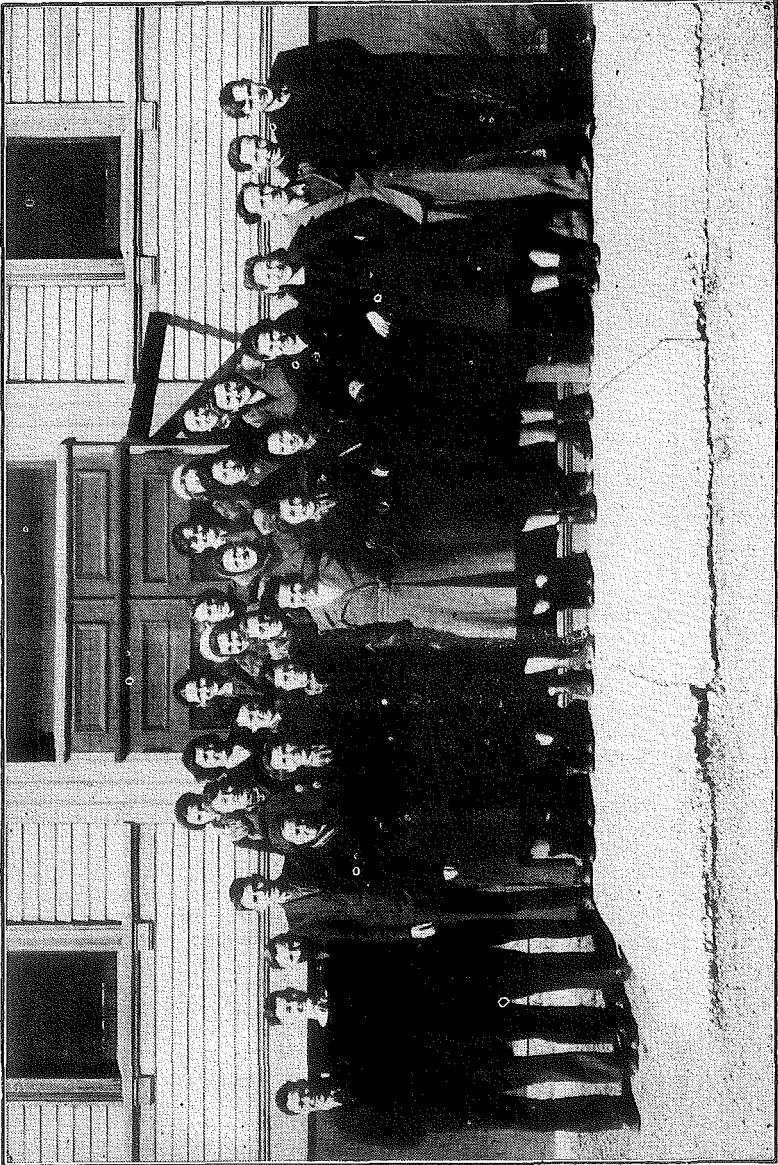
THE SEA GULL



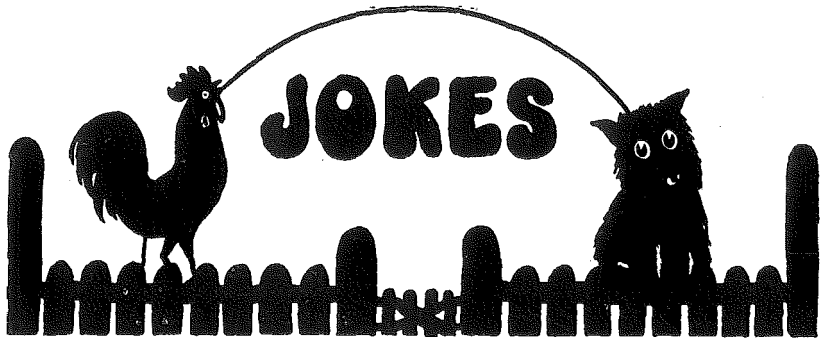
GRADE IX



GRADE X



GRADE XI



Economics period.

Mr. R.—Frank, give me an example of the Law of Decreasing Returns.

Frank A.—Send some clothes to the laundry.

Donald K. (to photographer)—Could you please make a few changes in enlarging this snap of my father?

Photographer—Certainly! What will they be?

Donald—Could you remove the hat?

Photographer—Yes, on which side does he part his hair?

Donald—Don't be silly, you will see when you take off his hat.

Mr. Robinson (preparing play for morning assembly)—This play will be easy to put on. As for costumes, you will need scarcely anything.

Mr. Collins (illustrating force required to lift body vertically by lifting Donald Knickle)—There is a difference when a dead weight is used.

Mr. Collins (during Grade 10 Algebra class)—Will all those who are dead, please raise their hands?

Miss Westhaver (during English Period)—What do Kingfish hunt for?

Gordon Conrad—Fish.

George Crouse (during History period)—Miss Westhaver must we pass in Napoleon Bonaparte.

Miss W.—No, just the account of him.

(Girl's on camping trip)

Isabel Oxner (giving Fran. a bowl of unset jelly)—Put this in a hole in the ground to cool, please.

Fran. (returning with empty bowl)
—Here's the bowl.

Mr. Collins to Donald Maxner, during Algebra period)—I can always tell when Maxner's been out with a girl. His algebra isn't done as well the next day.

Mr. Robinson—Who's cold?

Marie S.—I am.

Mr. R.—What are you going to do when it really gets cold?

Marie—Send to Stanfields.

Mr. Moore (during Latin period)—What is a derivation of "du" (meaning two)

Bob A.—Duet.

Mr. Moore—Come, come, my dear fellow, another one.

Gordon Conrad—Duke.

Jean G. (spilling ink on Christine's clothes)

Chris—I'll sue you.

Jean—I didn't spill it. I just took the cork off and tipped it.

Miss Westhaver (hearing speeches in Grade 9)—Lawrence Crouse you needn't hide behind Edward because I can see right through Edward's head and see what you are doing.

Jean G. (holding up free-air tube)—Hey, have you anything to put this in?

Kenneth Sterne (at a party)—Say, Marie, why do you always open your mouth before you put y-ur spoon in it.

Marie S.—Do I? Why, my gosh, I never noticed that before.

Economics period.

Mr. R.—Donald, please give an example of the Law of Increasing Returns.

Donald K. (after deep thought)—Hit Joe Louis!

Warren Geldert (cleaning the Grade 12 boards)—Who is supposed to clean these boards anyway? I

have been cleaning them for the last two years.

Miss Westhaver (during History class in Grade 10)—And at this time the French-Canadians were allowed to sit on the Council.

Pupil (in undertone)—Let's hope they didn't hurt it.

Miss Westhaver (hearing Grade 9 Geography)—How many pupils have ever been in Shelburne? (Robert Fox puts up his hand.)

Miss Westhaver—Well, Robert, what was it like?

Robert F.—I was only little then, I don't remember.



JOKE-OGRAPHY OF STUDENTS

Name	Nickname	Present Occupation	Weakness	Favorite Expression
Kenneth Sterne	Ken	Trying to be	Mathematics	Foo!
Christine Iversen	Christy	having a good time	Wong's Cafe	My Gracious!
Harley Zinck	Si!	studying	Chemistry	Terribly Hard
Lucille Langille	Lou	Things in general	Ironing	Bless Us!
Stewart Maxner	Gat	Loafing	School	Go way, boy!
Lawrence Maxner	Kidney	making short drives	A Brunette	Oh yeah!
Frances Geldert	Fran	making short drives	"Aggie"	Sure!
Bobbie Knickle	Dill	playing hockey	ham sandwiches	Go on!
Dena Bland	Dean	going to shows	Badminton	Dang it!
Warren Geldert	Whang	Goin' rabbit shooting	Girls	Darn 'ootin'!

BOOKS

	NAME
Sisters	Roberta and Hazel Geldert
Our Mutual Friend	Mr. Collins
Innocent	Gloria Ernst
The Tempest	Gertrude Schmare
Seats of the Mighty	Students' Council
Lady of the Lake	Jean Kaulback
Les Miserables	Grade XI Class
Gone With The Wind	Fran Geldert
Little Red Riding Hood	Alice Naugler
Believe It or Not	Ken Sterne
The Hurricane	Marion Greek
Little Women	Nema Zinck, Shirley Oxner, Betty Corkum
Fun and Frolic	Lou Langille
Tarzan	Warren Geldert
Conquest	Dena Bland
Three Bears	Harley Zinck, Isabel Baker, Donald Hebb
Three Musketeers	Duggie Himmelman, Bobby Knickle, Bobby Fox
Sleeping Beauty	Donald Knickle
Murders in The Rue Morgue	Donald Oxner

SONG

	NAME
When I Grow Up	Donald Hebb
What Have You Got That Get's Me	Mr. Robinson
What Goes On Here	Grade XI Class
Love Me, Love My Doggie	Mona Richards
I'll Be true To The One I Love	Alice Naugler
You'll Always Be Mine In My Dreams	Isabel Olsen
The Farmer's Daughter	Frances Jennings
Just Forgive and Forget	Agnes Demone
My Marguerita	Marguerita Hardiman
Loulou's Back In Town	Lou Langille
I Love Your Curls, Sweetest Little Girl	Shirley Corkum
I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now	Marjorie Saunders
When Did You Leave Heaven	Dorothy Baker

Girl From The North-West	Jean Kaulback
Little Lady Make Believe	Nema Zinck
Teachers' Pet	Nobody
Two Sweethearts	Kathryn Corkum, Donald Maxner
Love Is Like A Cigarette	Warren Geldert
You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby	Geraldine Smith
How'd You Like To Love Me	Marie Spindler
A Room With A View	Grade IX
Ferdinand	George Crouse
The Butcher Boy	Frances Walters
The Girl With The Dreamy Eyes	Christy Iversen
Jitterbug Jamboree	High School Parties
The Girl-friend of the Whirling Dervish	Fran Rhuland
Sleep, Baby, Sleep and Let The Rest of the World Go By	Donald Knickle
Thanks For the Memories	Barbara Mercer

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 Speedometer for Donald Knickle.
 Hair-bow for Miss Westhaver.
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 Rattle for Donald Oxner.
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 Ski pants for Mr. Collins,

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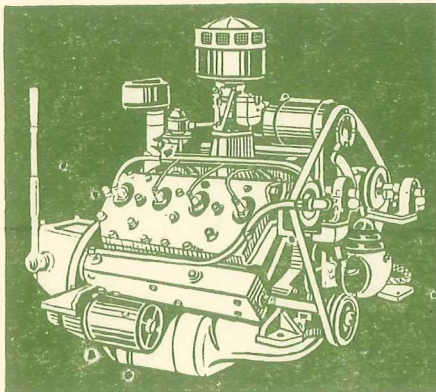
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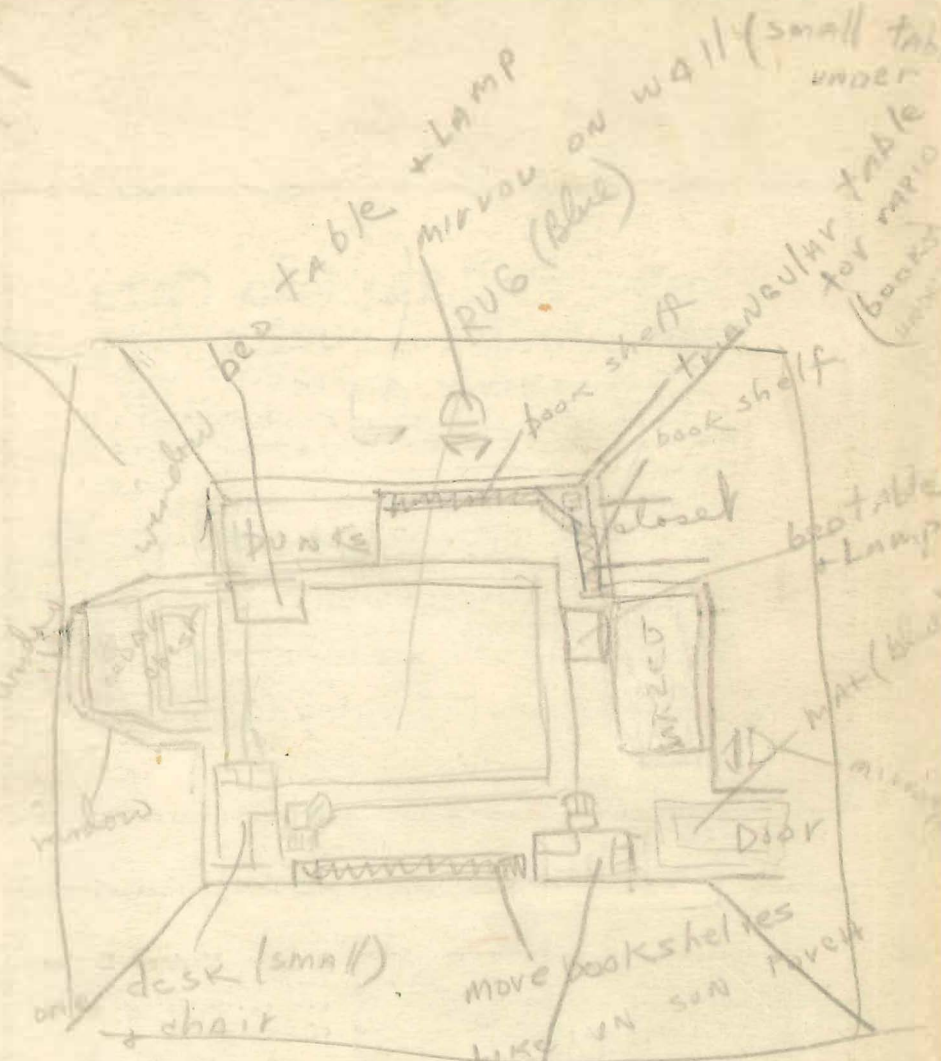
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