

The
SEA GULL



ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI

Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1940

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.

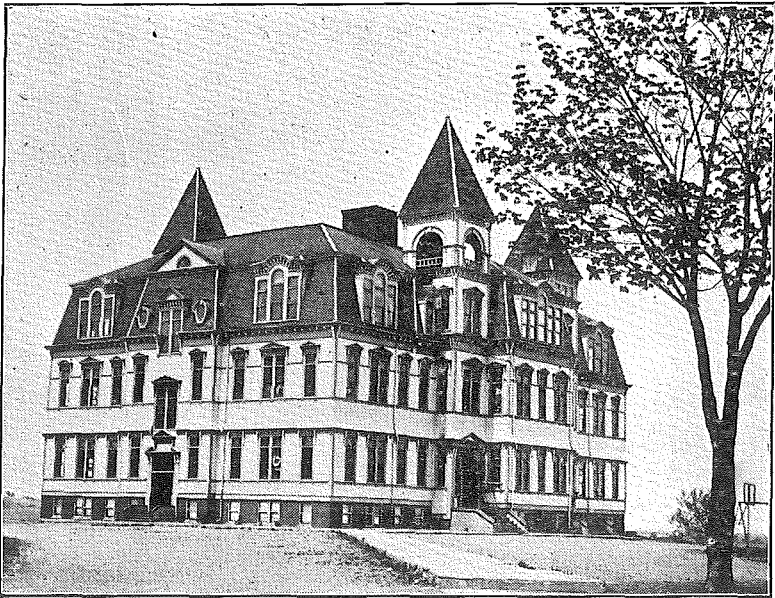
BECAUSE when ill luck, misfortune or bereavement comes, the man I buy from is here with his kindly greeting, his words of cheer and his pocket book, if need be.

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

THE SEA GULL



LUNENBURG ACADEMY

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



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THE SEA GULL

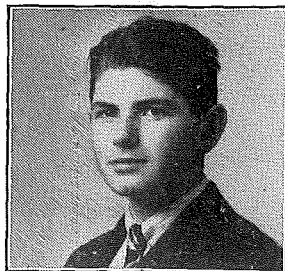


As President of the Student's Council, I desire to extend heartiest congratulations to all who have written and worked for the success of this edition of the sea Gull. We hope for its continued success in the future.

Frances Eldert

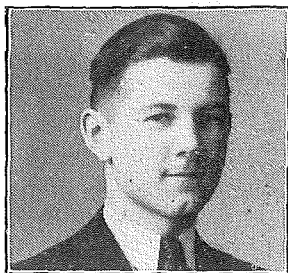
I trust that our efforts to familiarize the Reader with the musical history of Lunenburg are favorably received. While it was impossible to obtain complete information on all the topics considered, our authors have done their best. Best wishes to my fellow students.

Donald Hebb



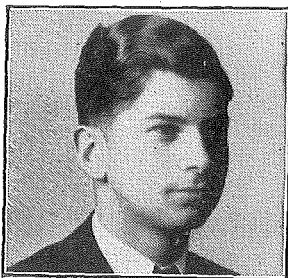
As Business Manager, I wish to thank all those who have taken advertising in the "Sea Gull." I am certain that I have acquired a valuable business training in the course of my work.

Frank R. Anderson



I should like to thank the Students and Teachers for their co-operation in my work as Editor-in-Chief. We hope that our readers will enjoy this issue of the Sea Gull.

D. A. Eisenhauer



THE SEA GULL



It is my privilege once again to comment favorably on the magazine "Sea Gull" which in spare time is published by the students of the Lunenburg High School. This journal contains a review of the musical talent and other outstanding features of our Town.

When our forefathers landed on these shores one hundred and eighty-six years ago they bought with them their interest in beautifying their homes and surroundings and also a love for music. Through the years their talents for music made Lunenburg noted for its Bands and choral societies, which are still being maintained.

These young artists deserve much praise in the production of this publication and on behalf of the School Commissioners I wish to congratulate them with the assurance that the Commissioners are always ready to assist in their undertakings.

ARTHUR W. SCHWARTZ,
Chairman - Board of School Commissioners.

The Board of School Commissioners for the year 1939,—

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THE SEA GULL

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The Sea Gull

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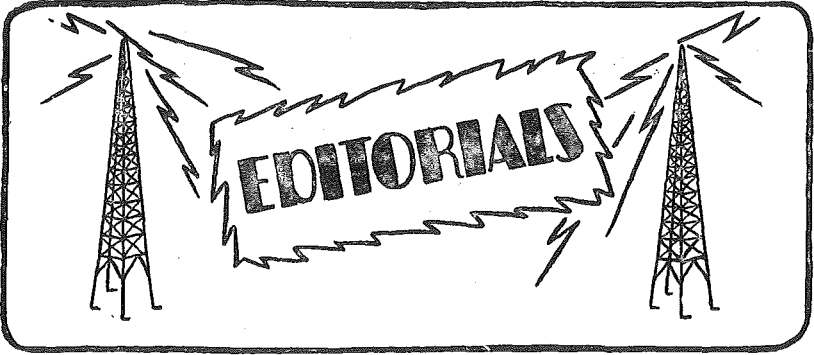
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Stories: Frank Anderson, Alecia Strothard, Marguerite Mason, Marion Tobin

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THE SEA GULL



By ANDREW EISENHAUER, '40

This year has seen many changes in the school. Through the financial aid of many of our town folks and of former students, the school now has an excellent and well-equipped library. The shelves are almost full of books and magazines, but there is still space for late editions.

The Mechanic Science room is now full of activity after many years of silence. It is under the skilful supervision of Mr. Wm. Moore. It now contains many power tools and modern equipment.

The laboratory has seen changes. Through the work of some of the students, the shelves were taken down and the chemicals re-arranged in new cases. A marked and important change is the installation of Bunsen burners. The Pyrofax tanks are in the basement, and the gas is piped to the desk compartments in the laboratory.

The "Sea Gull" this year is given principally to the musical talent in Lunenburg. We have taken many honors in this art, especially in the Halifax Musical Festival. The most renowned event of the year was the success of the Male Choir, under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, at the New York World's Fair. The writers of this magazine have interviewed many people to get data of Lunenburg's musical history which I believe to be very accurate.

This year we are in the midst of another Great War. It will undoubtedly be very deadly and probably will be very long. At this writing, Germany has taken Denmark and is invading Norway. It would be well for the people, including students, to remember the burden that is placed upon our shoulders. It is a fight for freedom and democracy — for right over wrong. Many people in Canada seem to think that we are immune to war and just laugh at the caution posters they see. If they would justly realize our position in this war, they would heed these warnings. The attitude of students should change and become more patriotic. There are a good many students who do not read newspapers, editorials or listen to broadcasts and radio commentators. It would be well if these people would follow current events more closely. If the War lasts long enough, perhaps some of us will have a chance to help directly in giving Herr Hitler what he deserves. At any rate, we should, all of us, be aiding indirectly at least, in helping to repulse the forces of evil now rampant in Europe.

I hope that this year's "Sea Gull" will meet with the success of previous years.



THE OLD SCHOOL OF MUSIC

By MARGUERITE MASON, '40

Lunenburg has become exceedingly well-known for its possession of musical talent during the past years, especially along the vocal line. The first of this talent was brought out when singing classes were held for those interested during the early 1800's.

These classes were held at Heckman's Island, Kissing Bridge, Martin's Brook, and Lunenburg. They usually began shortly after the New Year. There were two lessons a week, lasting the whole evening — from 7:30 until 10 p. m. Twenty-four of these lessons constituted a quarter; but the most amazing thing to us is that the fee for the lessons of the entire season was just \$1.00 per person.

Mr. Isaiah Westhaver was one of the instructors. He thought very little of walking to Heckman's Island to teach a group of singers for the evening. The books used at this time were "The Gospel Choir" and "The Vocalist." The latter was printed in 1874.

Mr. Joseph Selig was one of the later instructors, also teaching at the places mentioned. He taught from the old hymn book "The Dulcimer."

The teaching was entirely of the do—re—me—fa—method. They sang a'l music by note until the tune became familiar and only then substituted the words.

There was no piano used, not even an organ — people were considered very fortunate to own an organ at this time. The instructor pitched the tune and the class followed. During the latter years, these classes were held in the old Wilson building, now Risser's Restaurant on Pelham Street.

These gatherings for the singing lessons, or "Singing School," were considered the greatest events of that period, and those who attended looked forward to those two nights a week. At the close of every term, the class presented a concert featuring dialogues and duets, class singing and special numbers, which was the crowning event of the season.

The last sessions were held about the year 1896.

MUSIC IN THE LUNENBURG ACADEMY

By EVELYN RITCEY, '42

In 1936 a group of high-school girls were trained by Mrs. B. G. Oxner, to enter the Music Competition at the Halifax Exhibition, where they competed against other schools much like their own. In spite of having had only a short training period, they placed second, Maryland School taking the highest honors.

The next year, 1937, a Choral Club was formed under the direction of Mrs. Oxner. The members of this club were from Grades Eight to Twelve. The girls paid a small fee of ten cents a lesson in order to buy the required music. This year they entered the Music Festival at Halifax as a school chorus, in competition with other schools, and again they placed second.

In 1938, the Choral Club was given the name of "The Beethoven Choral Club." Mrs. Oxner arranged a joint program with the Mayfair Dancing Studio from Mahone Bay. The concert was held in the Lunenburg School Assembly Hall, and the program was most enthusiastically received. The proceeds went to the Victorian Order of Nurses.

The same year the Choral Club entered the Music Festival as a young ladies' group. Among their competitors was the Lunenburg Glee Club. The girls again placed second with a margin of two points.

Each time a concert was put on by the Lunenburg Academy the Choral Club assisted by rendering a few numbers. The same thing was done at the Closing Exercises of the school. Mrs. Oxner has also directed a number of dramatized songs with the group.

In 1939, the Choral Club achieved still greater honors. They again entered the Music Festival but this time they returned home with the cup. Mr. Cellingwood, the adjudicator, gave both the singers and their director great praise for their progress and the direction of their work.

Throughout its musical career, the Beethoven Choral Club has been accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Bernard Zinck.

THE LUNENBURG MIXED QUARTETTE

By ISABEL OXNER, '41

The Lunenburg Mixed Quartette was organized in 1925. The personnel of the group was Mrs. G. O. Baker, Soprano, Mrs. B. G. Oxner, Contralto, Mr. G. Ray Silver, Tenor, and Mr. W. A. Whynacht, Bass. Mrs. W. A. Whynacht was the accompanist.

Both Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Oxner are natives of Lunenburg. They both sang at an early age, and together attended Mount Allison Conservatory of Music, where they took an active part in the musical life of the college.

Mr. Silver was born in Lunenburg and showed an interest in music from a child. When a young man, he left Lunenburg to reside in Boston. He continued his musical activities there and studied singing for a number of years.

Mr. Whynacht, also a native of Lunenburg, was for years well-known for his interest in band work as well as being one of Nova Scotia's outstanding baritones. Mrs. Whynacht, the accompanist, received her training at the Halifax Conservatory of Music.

This group of singers gave their first performance over the Canadian National Radio Station at Moncton, presenting upon that occasion Petrie's Cantata "The Greatest Love." Comments were received regarding this broadcast from points as far distant as Miami, Florida.

The Quartette gave various recitals in Halifax, including dinner concerts at hotels, Anniversary Services in churches; and they also sang a group of numbers at the first concert to be presented from the stage of the Capitol Theatre. They were featured at a huge benefit concert held in the Public Gardens, Halifax, by the Halifax Herald.

These singers presented numerous programs in all the important towns of the province. For a few years they were the featured artists at the annual Berwick Camp Meetings, singing on Sunday and giving a concert at the closing. They were the featured attraction at the opening functions of the New Pines Hotel, Digby, N. S.

The Quartette made several appearances at Saint John and Fredericton, N. B., singing at Anniversary services there.

As members of the Quartette, the ladies were invited to sing in a group representing the Maritime Provinces at the empire-wide broadcast of the landing and the official swearing-in ceremonies of Lord Bessborough, when he arrived in Halifax to take over his duties as Governor-General of Canada.

This Quartette sang together for about ten years, and were much sought after by the music-loving public of the province. During this time they mastered many well-known works, such as

"Spinning Wheel Quartette" from "Martha"

"Quartette from "Rigoletto"

"Le Miserere" from "Il Trovatore"

"Sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor" (with augmented voices).

They also sang excerpts from light opera, musical comedy, as well as standard concert numbers. Many concerts were given in costume.

Due to the pressure of other activities, the quartette was disbanded. Mrs. Baker took over the work of directing the Junior Choir of Central United Church, and subsequently the Lunenburg Glee Club. Mrs. Oxner organized the Lunenburg Male Choir, and later took over the direction of Central United Church Choir. She is also leader of the Beethoven Choral Club of the Lunenburg Schools.

Mr. Whynacht is at present director of the Choir of St. John's Anglican Church, Lunenburg. Mr. Silver has retired from musical activities.

LUNENBURG GLEE CLUB

By FRANCES GELDERT, '40

The Lunenburg Glee Club was organized in 1928 under the capable direction of Mrs. G. O. Baker, who remained the leader throughout its entire career. It began as a Junior Choir for Central United Church, and consisted of fifty members between the ages of twelve and sixteen, of whom twelve were small boys. The choir was in existence for about three years, and was very popular.

Encouraged by their success Mrs. Baker decided to form a mixed Glee Club of young people. In the fall of the year 1932, a choral society was formed, known as the Lunenburg Glee Club. There were sixty-five members. After two months rehearsing, the Glee Club started its musical career by singing to a packed house on a Sunday evening in the Capitol Theatre. The program was a great success, and the club continued giving entertainments.

Two years later, the number of singers was reduced to twenty-five, and better work was achieved by the smaller group. Striking costumes were now adopted, the girls wearing black dresses with white jackets; and the boys dark suits with dress ties and collars.

The Glee Club rose to fame by Mrs. Baker's fine leadership, combined with the natural ability of the club and sympathetic co-operation between leader and members. During the seven years of the Glee Club's existence, it financed itself by giving concerts in various parts of the Province.

When the first Musical Festival was held in Halifax, five members of the Glee Club entered the contest, under Mrs. Baker's direction and four cups were captured. The second year, out of eleven entries, ten members won cups, and the Glee Club itself won the Eaton Shield. This was the highest award to be given at the Festival, and was presented to the most outstanding musical group present.

The following year, the Glee Club carried off eleven cups out of twelve, and had the honor of winning the Eaton Shield for the second consecutive year.

These were notable achievements, and brought Lunenburg very much to the foreground in musical circles. Dr. Arthur Collingwood, Dean of the Society of Music at the University of Saskatchewan, said that the Ladies' Chorus of the Glee Club, which sang at the Musical Festival, when he was adjudicator, was equal to any he had ever heard. This group of singers was also loudly praised by Sir Ernest MacMillan, and Mr. Reginald Stewart, teachers at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

The Lunenburg Glee Club was chosen for a coast-to-coast broadcast for Christmas Day in 1937, and their work was outstanding, ranking with any other feature presented on the broadcast. Letters of commendation were received from headquarters at Ottawa, and also from many other parts of Canada.

At the fifth World Concert presented by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, through the invitation of the International Broadcasting Corporation, Sunday, October 23, 1938, the Glee Club again took part in the program. This time its members had the honor of singing to every country in the world.

The Glee Club was again brought into the lime-light by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, when they were asked to give a series of programs from September to the end of December. The programs became very popular with radio audiences, and hundreds of letters were received from musical celebrities and music lovers in Canada and the United States. Many famous people in the musical world sent their compositions to the Club to be sung.

Members of the Glee Club gave concerts at Halifax, Liverpool, Windsor, Kentville, Wolfville; and they performed at the Annual Apple Blossom Festival at Kentville for two years. They also received invitations to sing at Moncton and at Saint John.

The Glee Club had a fine trio, five individual soloists, and fine accompanists who assisted in their success.

Lunenburg can well be proud of the musical ability of its sons and daughters, which has been shown to such advantage through the efforts of the Glee Club, and kindred organizations.

WEST NOVA SCOTIA REGIMENTAL BAND

By GEORGE MASON, '42

Our present military band has originated from the 75th Regimental Band, which later changed its name to the 1st Battalion Lunenburg Regiment Band. About this time, the Annapolis and Lunenburg Regiments united to form the West Nova Scotia Regiment. The band of the former dropped out, leaving that of Lunenburg to carry on. It became known as the West Nova Scotia Regimental Band.

This band was supplied with government instruments. At home it played at recitals, public and regimental gatherings, under the capable leadership of Lieutenant Rayburn Beck. Last year it attended the celebration of the Royal Visit to Halifax.

When war was declared, the Band was called for military duty. It then consisted of about thirty members. In war time a band consists of twenty-two members, twenty of whom are stretcher bearers, the other two are corporals or N. C. O.'s, as they are called, who are in charge of the men. Of the original members some were turned down because of age, or physical unfitness, leaving only sixteen to go overseas. Of these, four had other military duties to perform, including the bandmaster. This left twelve of the group with Corporal Fred Rodenhizer acting as Bandmaster. This small group may not do stretcher-work as some have already taken, and others are now taking, special courses as sanitary inspectors for food, water, etc.

There are enough of the original members left in Lunenburg to form a Citizens' Band, toward which end they are now working.

The West Nova Scotia Regimental Band is the third oldest military band in Canada, and is at present the only brass band from Canada serving overseas. These brave boys make our hearts swell with pride as we think of how valiantly they are serving their country to make our land a better place in which to live.

HISTORY OF THE OLD BAND

By JEAN GERHARDT, '41

The Lunenburg band had its origin in pre-confederation years. The exact date of its birth is not known. It was connected with the Nova Scotia Militia. The instructor was a Mr. Baker, and later Mr. Percy, both of Halifax.

After the confederation of the provinces into the Dominion of Canada, the Nova Scotia Militia was replaced by the Canadian Militia. In 1870, the 75th Battalion of Infantry was organized. Mr. Charles Jeffrey, an Englishman, was the first band leader. He retired from his office about 1883. William Delaney, of Halifax, was then engaged as Bandmaster. He entered upon his duties in 1884, and remained until 1892.

In those days the officers of the Battalion assumed no responsibility regarding the employment and salary of a bandmaster. Funds for the payment of the salary of the bandmaster and for the purchase of music were obtained from a Government grant of seventy-five dollars, from membership fees, bazaars, concerts and donations.

The musical education had been primary, and very few had the opportunity of hearing the great musical organizations, as the gramophone and radio had not yet come into being. Then came a new urge for advancement in the art of music. Mr. Delaney introduced an era for better music. He was an excellent bandmaster, and within a short time the band made noticeable progress.

In 1885 the citizens of Liverpool decided to have a special celebration on Dominion Day. A band was required to add to the attractiveness of their program and the 75th Battalion Band was chosen.

At this time the 75th had no regimental camp, but in 1886 a camp was authorized. In the early nineties, the band provided music for celebrations at Middleton, and at Bridgewater.

In 1892 the membership decreased due to migration and other causes, but shortly after that Mr. John T. Arenburg became bandmaster and under his leadership the band took on a new lease of life and flourished.

In 1895 the Orange Order of Nova Scotia held a large gathering and a special celebration at Halifax. The 75th Battalion Band was engaged for the occasion, and was chosen to lead the procession.

The Band, with the Battalion, attended camps at the "Old" Aldershot at intervals between 1891 and 1901. In 1903 the Band camped at "New" Aldershot, at Kentville.

In October 1910, the band consisting of about fifty players, performed for two weeks at the Fair, in the Mechanics' Institution in Boston, under the leadership of Mr. Arenburg. Capt. J. J. Kinley of the 75th Battalion was the officer in charge. The Band was accompanied to Boston by the Mayor, A. J. Wolfe, and a number of other citizens of Lunenburg. In honor of the occasion Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, went down to Boston for a few days. The band played two programs daily for twelve days, which was an exceptional undertaking for band from a small town.

In 1923 the 75th Battalion was re-organized, and then was referred to as the 1st Battalion Lunenburg Regiment. In 1937 the Regiment was disbanded, and the Nova Scotia Regiment was organized.

For many years the 75th Battalion Band was the outstanding band in the Militia camps in Nova Scotia. Very few rural Militia bands have lived and continuously functioned as long as the Lunenburg Band, which is today on active service for the Empire.

MALE CHOIR

By MILDRED CLARKE, '41

The Lunenburg Male Choir, comprised of a group of talented male singers under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, was organized about eleven years ago, starting as the Male Choir of Central United Church.

At its inception, this Choir led the choral part of the Church Services about once every six weeks. Services were also exchanged with the Middleton Male Choir and the Liverpool Male Choir, as well as with the West Memorial Choir in Halifax. They also took part in Anniversary Services in Dartmouth. Later they sang at St. Matthews Church, Halifax; at the Berwick Camp Meeting; and at the Sanatorium in Kentville.

The Male Choir was invited to sing at the Apple Blossom Festival in Kentville one year. They also presented two programs at the theatre in Lockeport. Several concerts were given at Milton.

On one occasion a group from this organization broadcast from Halifax, representing the Maritimes on a coast-to-coast program sponsored by the London Life Insurance Company.

Last year the Choir sang at the Apple Blossom Festival in Kentville, giving a concert in Convocation Hall, Acadia University. On another occasion they presented a program for the Goodfellow's Club at the Capitol Theatre in Halifax.

Before the International Schooner Race, between the *Bluenose* and the *Gertrude Thebaud*, the Male Choir sang an exchange program from the Schooner *Bluenose*. After this program, they received fan mail from points as far distant as Richmond, California.

At an official opening of the Lunenburg Fishermen's Exhibition, the Choir sang *Sea Songs and Chanties*. They have also presented concerts and minstrel shows at the Exhibitions. At another time, they sang at the Tuna Fisherman's Convention, sponsored by the Liverpool Tuna Club, at Murray Lodge, where the entertainment took the form of a barbecue dinner.

At the Musical Festivals in Halifax the Choir competed, winning the trophy three successive years, thereby holding the same permanently. After the Festival, one year, the choir presented a program over the Radio Station C. H. N. S.

Last year, as members of the Associated Glee Clubs of America, they went to the New York World's Fair, and formed a part of the largest Male Chorus ever assembled at one time. They sang two programs under the various outstanding conductors of the Metropolitan Clubs. These programs were heard over three radio networks. The numbers were also all recorded, to be released during this year.

The President of the Associated Glee Clubs of America, in his remarks over the radio, mentioned Lunenburg, and Mrs. Oxner was invited to sing a number during the informal sing-song, the whole ensemble of thirty-five hundred voices joining in the chorus. The whole event was the high spot in a colorful career.

Mrs. Oxner, the charming and talented leader of this group of singers, was selected as one of a group of twenty-four Canadian singers to sing at Westminster Abbey, at the Coronation services of our most gracious King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, in May 1937.

MR. ALLAN R. MORASH

By FRANK ANDERSON, '40

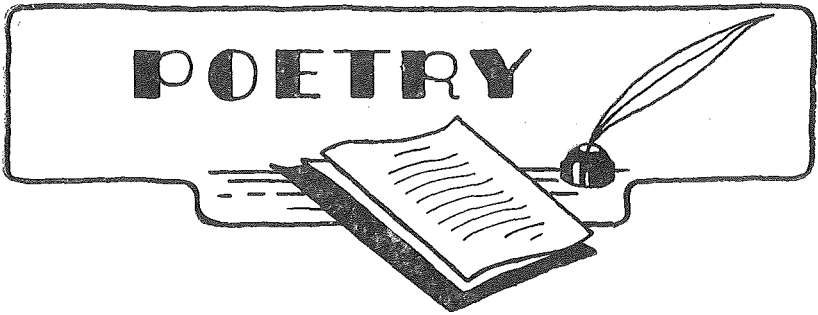
Mr. Allan Morash was one of the most versatile musicians this town has ever produced. In his younger days, Mr. Morash started his musical career as leader of a brass band in Lunenburg. He later became leader of the Lunenburg Civilian Band, a position which he held for many years. Under his direction his band won distinction at competitions held in Halifax and elsewhere, and became well-known throughout the province. Mr. Morash could play every instrument in the band except one.

He was also well-known as a singer. For a time he led the Presbyterian choir, and then became leader of the old Methodist Church choir. He held a singing class in the town which was well attended.

In later years, Mr. Morash became interested in the violin, and for some years devoted much time to practising on this instrument. He could also make violins. He taught lessons in this field for a number of years, and became distinguished for his playing also.

It is said that Mr. Morash could write music almost as well as he could write a letter.

From a musical standpoint, Mr. Allan R. Morash contributed much to placing Lunenburg in the forefront amongst the best known towns of the province.



CAPTAIN KITT

By ORLANDO LACE, '43

His beard was white and frosty,
 And he lived on the Isle of Anticosti.
 His treasure chests were many and great
 And filled to the top with silver plate,
 And their big brown locks were rusty.

A fearless man was Captain Kitt
 He wasn't content to stay, and sit
 At home and rest his weary feet
 When he could sail his little fleet
 With crews of men quite full of grit.

He sailed right down the Spanish Main
 He sailed — and sailed right back again;
 And in the holds were gorgeous things
 Costly enough to ransom kings.
 And the galley was full of sugar-cane.

Now when he landed there was quite a stir
 For his grateful queen knighted him — sir!
 And before he was ready to set sail again
 A war broke out, with might and with main.
 And His loved Queen's navy he headed for her.

Now Captain Kitt thought this honor was fine,
 And quite pleased with himself he sat down to dine,
 For naught he liked better than to sail and to fight
 And cruise over the deep from morn until night;
 He was always at home on the brine.

Then when at last the war was over,
 The Captain bold returned to Dover.
 And though he still was hale and spry,
 A thing that no one could deny,
 He vowed he'd no more be a rover.

So in Dover he spent the rest of his days,
 While all his countrymen gave him due praise.
 And honored the rover and his little fleet
 That could always beat any ship they would meet,
 At least, so the old story says.

ROGER AND HIS BAND OF FORTY

By ARTHUR CORKUM, '42

A lonely group of Palestines
Were on their homeward journey bound,
And o'er the snowy desert flew,
Their horses shining greyish blue.

On the other side of the desert bright
Roger and his band drew up from the right,
But from the crowd a captive spoke:
"Roger, you'll regret your sin this night."

Onward the merry band did ride
Until they reached the highest stride,
When, ah! with his bold eye he spied
Yon lonely group of Palestines.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" old Roger cried,
"To-night we feast with greatest pride."
Again the captive did comment make,
"God aid those innocents in their wake."

Faster and faster those Arabs rode,
The gaudy colors of their robes
But added to the bloody threats
As the Arabs all beat on their breasts.

When Roger and his band of forty
Drew near unto the Christian party,
At women's shrieks and children's cries
Brave men stood by with saddened eyes.

Roger dispatched his messenger thence
Asking the band if they would consent
To surrender at once as captive band
Or with their blood to wet the sand.

With frightened hearts they all replied,
"To you we yield, oh, spare our lives!"
So, soon the reckless band of Roger,
Were riding on, with greater splendor.

Again the captive did reply,
"Soon you, and all your men, shall die."
For on the eastern sky was seen,
A desert storm, with murky sheen.

Ne'er prophet uttered truer words,
For as the storm came hastening near,
They all were buried, deep and drear,
'Neath desert sand, forever more.

THE STREAM

By DOROTHY NAUSS, '42

I sat one day on a mossy bank,
 'Neath the drooping, shady willows,
 And watched the crystal waters flow,
 Like soldiers marching, row on row,
 To join the glittering lake below
 Where the lithe trout rise and the soft winds blow.
 Far above spread the bright blue sky,
 Tinting the stream as it hurried by;
 And I wished that I might as carefree be,
 As the crystal stream on its road to the sea.

SPRING

By MARGUERITE TANNER, '42

Spring is the season of the year
 When new life begins to appear.
 Trees so long bare
 Their new attire doth wear.

Birds fill the air with their song;
 Days begin to grow long.
 Violets and mayflowers are found on the hills;
 Sunbeams go dancing over the rills.

BUSINESS FIRST

By MARION GREEK, '41

"Good morning, my friend," said the cat to the mouse,
 "I'm giving a Valentine party.
 I've long wished to meet you, so come to my house:
 You'll find that the welcome is hearty."

"Thank you, kind sir," said the mouse with a squeak,
 "Though parties are fun, I am certain,
 'Tis an opening in life that a young mouse must seek."
 And he slipped through a hole in the curtain.

MY DREAM

By ROBERT HILYARD, '43

One night when I was walking home,
 All by myself, and so alone,
 I glanced up at old Gallows Hill,
 And what I saw made me feel ill.
 For there arose a glorious pile,
 Not, 'tis true, in modern style,
 Topped by a handsome old bell tower
 From which rang forth the changing hour.
 Then I saw a flash of light!
 The school's on fire! Oh, what a sight!
 I saw the curling, greasy smoke
 And then to spoil it I awoke.

FROST ON MY WINDOW

By ISABEL OXNER, '41

One winter's morn, my window wrought, it seems with careless grace,
 Reminds me of some pixie's work, or even fairy lace.
 A fairy castle there I find, with turret's standing high;
 And as I marvel in my mind, I see a garden nigh.
 But then Old Sol appears, with sunbeams shining bright,
 To change the pattern which Jack Frost had fashioned over night.
 Alas for fairy castles fine and pixie gardens gay!
 The sunbeams quiver, warm and light, and melt them all away.

OLD UNCLE JOE

By JEANNE KAULBACH, '41

On the edge of the town where the long, dusty road
 Winds over the hills far away,
 Lives a little old man all alone in a house
 That is shabby and old and grey.

He's as wrinkled and brown as a crab-apple tree,
 With a beard that's white as the snow,
 And the children who gather about him to play
 Know him simply as old Uncle Joe.

SAFETY FIRST

By AUBREY TANNER, '43

There sailed a grey-hound privateer
 Across the Seven Seas;
 And at her mast-head floated clear
 Her ensign, in the breeze.

With sails all set, she sped along
 In search of costly prey;
 The guns all manned with pirates strong,
 All ready for the fray.

The "Ship Ahoy!" her helmsman cried;
 A distant sail he'd sighted.
 It was the gallant "Nancy Pride"
 The captain was delighted.

But picture the dismay so grim
 When close beside the "Nancy"
 Appeared a gun boat large and trim,
 Whose shots they would not fancy.

Their course they altered then with speed,
 To search for other treasure.
 When odds against them seemed too great,
 Flight was the better measure.

MEN AT WAR

By FRANCES JOHNSON, '41

Sad women, waiting and weary,
Lorging, yet dreading to hear
Word from the ghastly trenches,
Ghastly with filth and fear.

Rats crawling over our loved ones,
Gnawing the flesh from their bones;
Bodies broken and bleeding,
Sobs, and curses, and groans.

Boys filled with love of adventure —
Our sons — crashing high in the sky,
Falling in flames from the heavens,
Living torches to suffer and die.

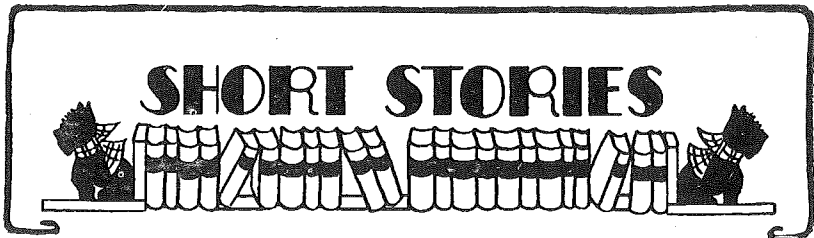
HOMEWARD BOUND

By FRANCES GELDERT, '40

Sparkling waves and dashing foam
Spray gaily o'er her lofty bow,
While eager eyes keep watch for home
And dear ones whom they'll soon see now.

The wi'd, mad wind fills full the sails;
Her wheel is lashed; she sails alone.
The sun looks down and warmly smiles
On happy hearts which dream of home.

Oh! glorious, grand, and matchless ship,
With stretching wake so blue and clear
How fine you look, and those on board
Are filled with joy and peace and cheer.



KIDNAPPED

By MARION TOBIN, '41

On that eventful day in October I awoke feeling very happy. My room in the girls' residence was flooded with bright sunlight, and under the influence of its shining illumination, I remembered that I had a good reason for being happy: yesterday I had been invited to join one of the best clubs in the school. That was certainly something to be supremely happy about, in spite of the fact that I had to pass a rather severe initiation to become a member.

A sharp rap on my door awakened me from the day dream that occupied my mind, and I jumped out of bed to see who my visitor was. By that time I opened the door, the person who had knocked had disappeared, but on the floor was a letter addressed to me. I opened the letter. A few lines of writing told me to be at the corner of James and Charles streets at nine o'clock that night. There was no signature, but a close look at the writing convinced me that Jane Thomas had scribbled the lines. And this was just such a trick as Jane would delight in playing if she should happen to be in town. Of course it was Jane, and I just had to see her, for it had been months since I had even heard from her.

That day passed slowly. At eight o'clock I was ready to set out for James and Charles streets, and by walking slowly I reached the place at exactly the appointed time.

There was no sign of Jane, and so I waited under a street light for her to appear. Fifteen minutes passed, and still she did not come. Impatiently I walked a few steps along the sidewalk, glancing up and down the street, and these glances showed me some things I had not noticed before. The houses in that neighborhood were shabby and dirty, and the few windows which were lighted did not have curtains. In the deathly silence my footsteps echoed sharply along the street, adding to my nervousness, which had been aroused by the shabby drabness of the place.

I turned to walk back towards the light, and I had taken no more than two steps when I heard a slight scuffle behind me. I turned quickly and almost bumped into two men, who must have come from the deep shadow of a little alley that opened a few yards from the corner.

They grasped me roughly by the arms, and one of them dug a hard, round object in my back.

"Quiet, you, if you want to live," growled the one on my left, and I stifled the scream that rose in my throat as I noticed the black masks which covered the faces of the two.

A long, black car pulled silently beside the curb, and I was bundled roughly into the back seat, where I was blinded by a cloth that was tied tight'y over my eyes. Then, as the car moved out into the street, my hands were pulled behind my back and were tied with a rough rope that scraped my wrists.

For what seemed to be hours, the car drove through the town. It turned and turned through numberless streets, and the farther it went, the more frightened I became. At last when it stopped, I was so weak from fright

that I was sure I would not be able to stand on my feet, but when I was shoved out, I found that I could remain upright although I needed all the will power I could summon to keep from screaming.

I was led into a house, up a flight of creaky stairs, and finally I was pushed into a room which I felt was occupied by a number of people. There were vague rustlings and the sound of someone breathing heavily. I tried to check the sobs that choked me, but I could not prevent the tears from streaming down my face as I thought of the situation that faced me. It was like some terrible nightmare, and in a dazed fashion I hoped that I would wake up soon.

"Now, Miss, just answer these questions," a smooth voice stated, breaking my dazed thoughts. "If you give us any trouble, I promise you you'll live to regret it."

I don't remember the questions, and I don't remember the answers I gave, but in view of what happened later, I am certain they must have sounded funny. Anyway, they were humorous enough to cause one of the people in the room to giggle, and at the sound of that high titter, I stopped crying, for it could have come from no one but Sigred Jensen, a girl whose room was next to mine.

The realization of my predicament came like a sharp blow. This was my initiation! And I had been crying over it like a baby.

I was so relieved that I felt the need of something to hold me up, and I swayed slightly before I could catch myself. But from that time to the end of the ceremony I enjoyed myself; I laughed when I had to walk the plank and get soaking wet; I enjoyed my pillow fight with another blindfolded initiate; and what a deep breath I took when my blindfold was taken off and I found that I was in the school gymnasium.

THE HORROR IN THE SOUND

By FRANK ANDERSON, '40

After supper the children gathered around Grandfather Pete Flaherty's chair to hear him relate once more the strange adventures which had happened to him in his youth. Old Pete chuckled as he watched the anxious young folk seat themselves on the floor.

"Well, youngsters," he said, lighting a battered brier pipe, "If yez want me to tell ye about the strangest experience of me whole career, ye'll have to set still an' pay strict attention."

He puffed out three clouds of blue, aromatic smoke and then began his story. "It was in the year 1910 that it happened, when I was one of the divers on the schooner Saucy Sally that was sent to bring up the gold on the old Nascopia after she sunk in the Sound. Of course ye've never heard of the Nascopia, an' I doubt if yer parents will remember her, although they may recall the accident that happened to her 'cause it was a terrible disaster.

"However, it ain't that disaster that me story has to tell about, an' so all ye need to remember about the Nascopia is that she had many millions of dollars worth of gold in her strong room — gold that was to pay the debts of some foreign country — an' our government wasn't goin' to let all that wealth lay idle on the bottom of the Sound. I was one of the divers who was hired to bring up that gold, an' though I was happy enough about the job, devil a bit of joy did I get out of the work, as ye'll soon hear.

"The wreck was lyin' in about twenty fathom of water, an' very strange water it was as we soon found out, for it took the life of every diver that went into it. Six times divers went down into the black depths, an' nothing but a piece of air tube an' a broken cable ever came up to show they was gone. After the last one went, there was only two divers left, me and Jake Lane, an' it made the two of us as jittery as hogs in a butcher yard to think of goin' down into that water."

"Didn't the bodies ever come up, Grandpa?" asked one of the children.

"What happened to them?" cried the others breathlessly, wiggling closer to the old man's chair.

"Tut-tut, now, me darlins," laughed Pete, "surely ye wouldn't be after hurryin' an old man so, an' I can't tell yez what happened to them without spoilin' the whole story.

"Me and Jake had to wait until they brought us stronger cables and air tubes; then when everything was ready we went over. Down, down, down we went through the dark water until we reached the muddy bottom of the Sound. I reached the port side of the *Nascopia*, or at least what was left of the port side, for she had a hole in her such as I never seen the like before, and the heavy tides of the Sound had tore the hole bigger.

"Jake landed on the upper structure about twenty minutes after I had reached the bottom, an' I went over to him as fast as I could — which wasn't very fast, considerin' the current an' all — for we was supposed to stick together an' protect each other.

"I'd nearly reached him, when I looked up to see what he was doin', an' to my surprise I saw him being helplessly drawn to a huge brownish — green growth that waved back and forth in the current near the bow of the *Nascopia*. The thing looked like an enormous plant with large pores in each leaf, an' one of those leaves was drawin' Jake so fast that I felt the force of the rush of water. He grabbed at a hunk of rail as he went, but the rotten, water-logged stuff gave way an' in a second poor Jake was gone.

"He disappeared into one of the great pores. Then I saw the tube an' the cable break about fifteen feet from the green thing.

"At once after the tube and cable broke, the thing moved towards me in a slow, smooth glide, an' I seen that I was to be the next victim. That started me out of the shiverin' terror with which I'd watched the end of Jake, an' I sez to meself, 'No ye don't; ye've maybe got Jake and the others, but ye don't get me!' An' I gave three jerks on me cable, which is the emergency signal that told them up on the *Sally* that I was in trouble. They began to draw me up at once.

"But before I was out of sight of the bottom, I saw the green thing sway past about five feet below me. Thank Heaven I wasn't close enough to get drawn into one of those pores!

"The rest of the way up I went slow so that no quick change of pressure would give me 'bends', a sickness divers get when they come to the surface too fast, an' during all that slow rise I had to watch poor Jake's tube and rope sway back and forth beside me. I'll never forget that feelin' as long as I live.

"Well, youngsters, there ye are. That was the last time I ever went down in the Sound, an' it was the last time anyone ever went after the wealth on the *Nascopia*. It's still layin' there to this day, an' I imagine it'll be layin' there when the end of the world comes, 'cause the thing that's guardin' that gold is somethin' no diver will face. Don't ask me what the thing is, for I don't know."

"Thanks, Grandpa," cried the children, "you'll tell us some more sometime, won't you?" "To be sure", chuckled Pete.

JOAN'S DECISION

By JACQUELINE MOSHER, '43

When Joan Colbert arrived home from the closing exercises at her school, she was as proud and happy as a fifteen-year-old girl could be. It was not the prospect of a long summer's vacation that alone made her feel so happy, nor was it the fact that when school opened again in the fall she would be advanced to a higher grade which contributed entirely to her pride, for in her blouse pocket nestled three crisp, folded five dollar bills, the prizes she had earned for leading her class in three subjects.

Joan raced up the path to her small home to tell her mother of her good fortune, and her joy was increased as she saw her own happiness reflected in her mother's face.

"You have worked hard, my dear," said her mother quietly, "and it makes me very happy to see you so well rewarded."

"But how shall I spend it?" asked Joan.

"Well, it is quite a sum for a girl of your age to possess so suddenly, but you have earned it and it is yours to do with as you please. I feel certain you will not waste it."

Joan went out on the front porch to think the problem over. She patted the pocket which contained her awards and began to consider the possibilities that lay in the spending of such a sum. First of all there was her vacation to consider. All her friends were going away: Bess, to the mountains; Clubby, to the country; Peggy, to the seashore. What fine stories they would have to tell when they came back! And she would have to say that she had stayed home and sucked her thumb (as Bess would say) while all the other girls were having a perfectly wonderful time. She knew that her parents could not afford a vacation for her because every cent they could spare was being saved to buy a wheel-chair for Teddy, her crippled brother. Only that morning she had heard her mother say that they would be able to get Teddy's chair as soon as they had fifteen dollars more.

Therefore, it seemed that she could best enjoy her money by going to Mrs. Jones' small Roadside Inn, which was situated a few miles outside the town, and staying there as long as her money would allow. She could picture a vacation of complete rest. She could go for early morning swims in the creek, she could see the spotless table linen, the glistening silver and china, vases of fresh flowers, and above all, a breakfast so delicious that she actually began to smack her lips. Then she thought of the woods and the rides on 'Beauty', the saddle pony. She sighed heavily.

Joan's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the voice of Teddy, who had been brought downstairs by his mother to talk with his friend, Tommy, a boy who lived across the street. The two were in the living room, and the open window carried their voices to her plainly. They were talking about the ball game which was to be played that afternoon, and Teddy was saying that he did not mind missing the game because when he got his wheel-chair he would be able to go to all the games. Joan knew that he must have looked down at his pitiful, cangling legs as he talked.

With a sharp feeling of shame Joan remembered her thoughts about her vacation and saw how selfish she had been. She knew that Teddy would have to spend not only this vacation but all the rest of his life in an unhappy, crippled state. Slowly she took out the clean five dollar notes and smoothed them flat. They could mean so much to her, but how much more they might mean to Teddy!

Then she thought of Pierce and Company's furniture store where her parents planned to buy the wheel-chair, and clutching the money tightly she went into the hall where the telephone was hung on the wall. A few minutes conversation with the furniture store decided the spending of her prize money.

Joan went into the living room to be sure that her mother and Teddy would be there when the chair arrived, for she wanted them to enjoy her surprise. In a few minutes the furniture van arrived, and the driver unloaded the wheel-chair and carried it up to the front door.

"Here's the wheel-chair, Mrs. Colbert," he said when Joan's mother opened the door in answer to his knock.

"But I didn't order it sent up yet," gasped Mrs. Colbert, "there must be some mistake."

"There's no mistake, mother," said Joan as she stepped out into the hall. "I ordered it, and here is the rest of the money you will need to pay for it."

MURDER IN THE SNOW

(A Radio Play)

By ALICE NAUGLER and FLORA TANNER, '40

Setting:—Jim Murphy's camp on White Owl River in Northern Quebec.

Characters

Jim Murphy—manager of a mining syndicate

Edward Watson

Bob Lawrence

George Williams—guests of Murphy

Corporal Alan Edwards of the R. C. M. P.

Judith Pamentor—sister of William Pamentor.

(Music, *Sorcerer's Apprentice*, fades out to the sound of a blizzard, which continues throughout the play.)

Announcer: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Station CJB presents for your entertainment the one-act play entitled 'Murder in the Snow.' The scene opens in Jim Murphy's hunting camp in Northern Quebec. Corporal Alan Edwards of the R. C. M. P., a storm-bound visitor at the camp, steps sleepily into the living room.

* * * * *

Cpl. E.—(Yawns) Ho-hum! What a storm! Looks like I'll be here for another day at least.

(Sound of door opening and tread of heavy footsteps)

Good morning, Mr. Murphy. I'm sure glad I happened on your camp last night. I'd have had a rough time of it in the bush in this storm. Hope I'm not causing you too much trouble.

Murphy—Good morning, Corporal. No, you ain't the least bit of trouble — glad to be able to help you, in fact. We don't often see one of you fellows actually performing your duty in the north. Yeah, you were lucky to hit on my camp, 'cause its the only real shelter in this whole district. My friends will be glad to continue the talk they had with you when they wake up. We ain't had much hunting on this trip, you know, and us business men get kind of sour doing nothing all day.

Cpl. E.—Well, this doesn't bring breakfast any nearer. I'll get some wood — the pile's in the shed at the end of the camp isn't it?

Murphy—Yeah. I'll get some ham and eggs together.

(Sound of door opening and the noise of the storm becomes louder.)

Cpl. E.—What's this? Murphy, there's a man here in the snow! He's hurt!

Murphy—Holy Moses! He's a young fellow, Corporal. Is he hurt bad?

Cpl. E.—(After a few seconds of silence) He's dead, Murphy — been dead for some time. Wait, man, this fellow was stabbed. Look at the caked blood on his shirt. And there's something in his hand — a piece of paper.

(Rustling of paper is heard.)

Murphy—Who is he? How did he get here? His body must have been brought here from some place.

Cpl. E.—How can that be? Didn't you tell me that there aren't any camps handy here? And you've no visitors except me. Well, let that go for now. You dig out some food while I take this poor fellow back to the wood shed.

(Sound of closing door and sound of storm diminishes — Murphy's feet as he moves into the kitchen and the rattle of pans.)

Murphy—Lord preserve us! First this snow storm ruins our trip, and now its murder we've got among us.

(Crackle of the fire starting and another rattling of pans)

Let's see, two eggs a-piece and two cups of coffee — that ought to be enough. And I ain't dumb enough to think that Corporal don't think one of us killed that young feller. I wonder what was on that paper?

(Door opens and closes quickly.)

Cpl. E.—Well, the body's in the shed, and now I want to know some things about your guests, Murphy.

Murphy—Now that's easy, Corporal. Bob Lawrence is just one of us, interested in mining but tired of business just now, and that's why he's out here with me. Then Ed. Watson is here for the same reason. He owns the controlling stock in a couple of good mines. If you're thinking of pinning that killing on either of them, you're barking up the wrong tree. They'd rip the hide off your back in the mining game, but murder's not in their line of business.

Cpl. E.—How about the other fellow?

Murphy—Oh, that's George Williams, a personal friend of mine. George ain't doing so good right now, but I've put him in the way of a couple of good things that'll put him on his feet again. And you can leave George out, too, when it comes to murder.

Cpl. E.—Quiet! Here they come! Let me do the talking, and don't say anything about that dead man until I tell them myself.

(Sound of voices and footsteps)

Good morning, gentlemen, it sounds as though that storm outside is going to put your hunting off for another day. What do you think about it Mr. Lawrence?

Law.—'Morning Corporal,' morning, Murphy. Yes, it looks bad outside.

Cpl. E.—And how do you like it, Mr. Watson?

Wat.—We have to take such things as they come, Corporal, since we can't change them.

Wil.—That's right, Ed., it's a poor trip as far as hunting goes, but at least its giving us a change.

Cpl. E.—Yes, your philosophy is sound, all right, but I'd be willing to bet some small change that you fellows spent half the night getting up and looking to see how the weather was setting in.

Wil.—Well, you're not so far wrong in that. Last night when I went out for water I took a look around just to see how things were, and I knew then that the storm wasn't going to let up.

Law.—That's right! I went out to look, too, just before I turned in, and things looked mighty black.

Cpl. E.—How about you, Mr. Watson? I suppose you had to look after the weather as well as the rest.

Wat.—Well, come to think of it, I did peek out the door, and I soon closed it again when I saw how thick the snow was coming down.

Murphy—Here's breakfast, fellers. Help yourselves and don't wait to be served. If you want more, you'll have to make it.

(A clatter of dishes and a scraping of chairs.)

Wil.—Gosh! That ham and eggs certainly hits the spot.

(A knock at the door.)

Murphy—Who could that be out here in this kind of weather?

Cpl. E.—We'll soon find out.

(Sound of door opening and storm becomes louder.)

A girl!

Jud.—(Breathing hard) Good morning. Is my brother here?

Cpl. E.—Who is your brother? How did you get out here?

(Door closes and sound of storm diminishes.)

Jud.—I am Judith Pamenter and my brother, Bill, left our camp over on that little hill last evening without telling me where he was going. I found out where he went, because he left behind part of a note on which I could make out the words 'Jim Murphy's camp.' Did he come here?

Cpl. E.—Let me see that paper. Yes, it fits; this is the other half.

Jud.—Then he's here! My! That's a relief! I was terribly worried last night.

Cpl. E.—Miss Pamenter, I'm afraid I've got bad news for you. Now don't get excited and I'll tell you all about it. Early this morning I found a man lying outside the door in the snow — a man who had been murdered. He'd been dead for some time before I found him.

Jud.—Oh! Murdered!

Wat.—Did you say murdered, Corporal? Why didn't you tell us about it?

Jud.—Could it be my brother?

Cpl. E.—We'll have to see about that now, Miss Pamenter. Come with me to the shed, and see if you can identify the body. The rest of you had better finish your breakfast. I'll probably have something to say to you when I come back.

(Sound of door opening and closing, and the sound of the storm increases.)

Jud.—(Shouting above storm) I — I don't know what to think about this, Corporal, for if it should be my brother, what will I do? I've only been here two days. This is my vacation.

Cpl. E.—We can think about that later. Here we are.

Right in this door, Miss Pamenter.

(Creaking as door opens — door slams and sound of storm decreases.)

Well, Miss, is that him?

Jud.—(Sobbing) Yes, yes! Oh, what will I do?

Cpl. E.—Believe me, I'm sorry to have to meet you under such distressing conditions, Miss Pamenter, but I must bother you with some questions.

- Jud.—I'll tell you anything I can; only find out who did this to Bill. Oh, it's unbelievable!—Murdered!
- Cpl. E.—What was your brother doing here?
- Jud.—He was a prospector. I think he'd discovered a rich gold mine — at least he said it looked rich. When I got my vacation — I work for the Eastern Trust Company in Montreal — he wrote me to come out, and spend a few days with him in his camp. It was beautiful in the woods until this storm came, and then — (Sobs.)
- Cpl. E.—That explains your being here. Now, did your brother have any enemies?
- Jud.—No, none that I know of. Everyone who knew Bill liked him.
- Cpl. E.—Come, Miss Pamenter, you must pull yourself together. Try to think hard. These men here are all interested in mining, and certainly one of them must have killed your brother. That mine must have been the motive.
- Jud.—Yes! It was the mine they were after, but I don't know any of the men here and I never heard Bill mention them. He wouldn't anyway, because he never talked to me about his business.
- Cpl. E.—Well, that's all you know apparently. I must think this thing out before I go back. Mind if I smoke? Thanks, it will help me puzzle this thing out. Oh! I dropped my match. Here it is — hello! What's this under the wood? A knife!
- Jud.—Oh!
- Cpl. E.—This is the thing that did the trick. Pretty bloody job; the blade's sticky with it — I beg your pardon, Miss. Come, let's get back. I think I recognize this knife, and if I can only find who hid it, I'll have the one we're after.
- (Door opens and closes — sound of storm — another door.)
- Murphy—Well, here you are again. Was that your brother, Miss?
- Jud.—(In low voice) Yes.
- Cpl. E.—Miss Pamenter, are you sure you've never met any of these men? Well then, may I present Mr. Murphy, Mr. Watson, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Lawrence.
- Jud.—How do you do, gentlemen.
- (Watson, Williams, and Lawrence acknowledge the introduction.)
- Cpl. E.—(In whisper) You're certain you've never heard of these men?
- Jud.—(In whisper) No.
- Cpl. E.—Now, gentlemen, I've some serious news for you. That man was William Pamenter, identified by his sister, and from evidence I have obtained, **one of you is a murderer.**
- Wat.—Now look here, Corporal, that is a strong statement. That means you are accusing us, you know, of a mighty serious crime.
- Law.—By Jove, yes, you policemen sometimes make mistakes. Why, it might have been anyone — a trapper or anybody else wandering through this country.
- Wil.—You're right, Bob; it needn't have been one of us.

THE SEA GULL

Cpl. E.—Mr. Lawrence, I recall that you used a knife to cut some bacon last night — it was a heavy knife, remember?

Law.—Yes that was in the kitchen when ——

Cpl. E.—Never mind the rest. Was it your knife?

Law.—Yes, it was.

Cpl. E.—Do you know where it is now?

Law.—Come to think of it I haven't seen that knife around lately ——

Wat.—Why all this fuss about a knife? Let's get back where we were.

Corporal, I think you are exceeding your duty to accuse us.

Cpl. E.—Do you, now? Well, just take a look at this.

Wat.—Heavens! Where did you find that?

Law.—Good Lord! My knife! And look at the blood!

Cpl. E.—Now just be quiet. Here is my evidence to show that **the murderer is here in this camp**. And, gentlemen, I cannot impress on you too strongly the danger of allowing the man who did this to have his liberty. He's killed once; he may do so again if he sees the need of it. I call upon any of you to give me what evidence you may have that will help me catch the one who killed Pamerter.

Wat.—Well, I hate to say this, but it seems as though you have all the evidence you need right in your hand. Didn't you say that's your knife, Bob?

Law.—Meaning just what, Ed?

Wat.—It won't take any calculation to figure it out, Bob. Your knife did the murder; you must know more about it than any of us.

Law.—Why, you sneaking rat! Do you insinuate ——

Cpl. E.—Keep quiet, you two! I'll do the questioning here.

Murphy—Holy Moses! I'll be afraid to eat dinner after this unless I cook the food myself, and so I'd better go and get the grub ready before anyone else gets at it.

* * * * *

Announcer: Well, who is the murderer? You'll have a chance to hear how the Corporal solves this crime in a few minutes. But before going any further, let me remind you to obtain your copy of the 'Sea Gull,' the magazine which is being sold by the students of Lunenburg Academy.

Keeping this in mind, let us return to the 'Murder in the Snow.' A few hours have elapsed and both dinner and supper have been eaten by the storm-bound folk in Jim Murphy's camp on White Owl River. The strain of waiting is beginning to tell on all of them, even on Corporal Edwards who knows he must wait calmly until the correct time comes for him to act. The group is now seated in the living room where lamps have been lighted and a comfortable fire made in the fireplace.

* * * * *

Cpl. E.—Now, gentlemen, the time has come for me to take my man away. I wasn't sure of myself until after supper was finished and I had a talk with Lawrence.

Law.—Why, you ——

Cpl. E.—Just keep quiet and let me finish. I have now all the evidence I need, and you may have no further doubts about it: I know the murderer. He is the one who sent the note to Pamenter asking him to come to the camp tonight to talk over a business deal concerning Pamenter's mine. It is on that business deal that the whole affair hinges, for Pamenter wanted someone to organize a company and it so happened that the one he chose, the murderer, wanted the mine himself. Pamenter knew the worth of his discovery and he would not sell at the figure offered him by the murderer. Therefore, Pamenter was killed. But the murderer did not know that Pamenter's sister was visiting her brother and that Pamenter told her about the deal. My talk with Lawrence has given me the only thing lacking in my case, gentlemen, the murderer is _____

Wat.—Stop! I knew you had me from the first. Stay where are everyone; don't move or I shoot!

Cpl. E.—Put down that gun, Watson!

Wat.—Yes, Corporal, I will put down this gun — after I've used it to destroy all the evidence against me. All of you have got to go; it's my only chance now. I'd hoped to get back the fortune I'd lost by taking Pamenter's mine, and if things had gone right I'd be free and all of you would be living. That girl ruined it _____

(The sound of a crash and a shot.)

Jud. — The lamp's gone!

Cpl. E.—Get to that door, Murphy.

(The sound of furniture falling and feet thumping on the floor.)

Murphy—He ain't here, Corporal!

Cpl. E.—Take this, you murdering rat!

(Sound of two shots and the smack of a fist against flesh.)

Law.—Are you hurt, Corporal?

(Sound of groans.)

Cpl. E.—Light a lamp someone, I'm afraid I broke the one on the table when I knocked it over. I've got Watson.

Murphy—Here's a lamp. Wow! It looks like you broke his jaw, Corporal. Well, it was fine work you did, but how did you know it was Ed.?

Cpl. E.—I didn't. I just let you all work yourselves up to a high nervous pitch and then I tried a bluff. I knew the murderer would not know how much Miss Pamenter had heard from her brother and I knew that if he tried to find out by asking her then I'd be certain of my man, for she would tell me about anyone asking her questions on the matter. A crude method, perhaps, but it worked and when this storm lets up, I'll take my prisoner back to headquarters.

ON DOING HOME WORK

By ALICE NAUGLER, '40

Most people, especially the teachers, think it a very easy matter to do one's home work. "Only a trifle, merely two hours' work," they say, but, oh dear! they do not seem to realize the interferences which are sure to occur.

Of course you will be sure not to miss the sign reading:

Hockey To-Nite

Best of the Season

Come and give the team your support.

The first idea to come to your mind is "Oh, how jolly, I must go," but that idea is soon blacked-out by the thought of homework.

"Home work! Home work!" you think, "b'ast those lessons! Why must there be any such thing? Don't we spend enough time, from nine in the morning, until three forty-five in the afternoon, dragging and boring ourselves through those seven long periods?"

And yet, very seldom do we all get the pleasure of leaving the school at the seventh period. No, rather we must stay and finish this or study that; always something. For one day?—I should say not; five whole days out of every seven.

Dishes washed, kitchen cleaned, now for reading that grand magazine you borrowed. But no, instead you hear mother's voice, "Dear, are you studying?"

"No, I want to read a little while first," you answer.

"I am sorry," comes mother's reply, "your studying must come first."

"All right," is the answer in an annoyed tone.

Then you pile up your books to be used next day (a load large enough for a truck) and start off for a quiet corner.

Your sister holds a monopoly on the den, so the first stop is the living room, but this is found to be occupied by father and mother who are interested in their favorite radio programme. The kitchen is taken by your industrious brother and you cannot use the dining room for you may mess the clean table cloth. Well, the next best place is your bedroom, a place you despise for studying. You are sure to want to lie down, and then you fall asleep, waking to find the evening gone and no lessons done.

There is no such luck tonight. Rather, you find yourself settled comfortably with your Geometry open to give it a start when "Where is this morning's paper?" comes father's voice. "You had it last." Then of course you must find the paper.

Back again. Now you have your Geometry and French studied, time for a few minutes' recess. You go and make yourself a small lunch, and while eating this (small, but it takes you as long to eat it as a full dinner) you snatch a few minutes reading that tempting magazine.

Then you find you have used a half hour of your precious time, so off to your bedroom you go. But alas, you find that it is necessary to "move out" as your sister (who shares the room with you) is going to bed. Off to the kitchen you go, this being the next best place, and here finish your lessons, or rather think you do, to the music of the radio in the distance and the mumble of your brother's voice near at hand as he translates his French.

So your home work is merely a trifle, only two hours' work.

THE VISIT OF THE KING AND THE QUEEN TO CANADA

By BETTY POTTER, '43

Early in October of 1938 a brief announcement was made to the effect that Their Majesties, King George and Queen Elizabeth, would accept the invitation of the Prime Minister of Canada to visit the Dominion the following year. They also decided later to visit the United States if it were possible.

On May sixth, their Majesties embarked on the **Empress of Australia** and left Portsmouth amid the cheering of the crowds, and the firing of the Royal Salute. The **Repulse**, His Majesty's ship, escorted the **Empress of Australia** far out into the Atlantic and then turned back to England, leaving the **Glasgow** and the **Southampton** to guard her.

Icebergs and fog delayed the Royal ships for two days longer than was expected. His Majesty's Canadian ships, **Skeena** and **Saguenay**, escorted the **Empress of Australia** to port. At twenty past ten on the morning of May seventeenth, the graceful white ship bearing Their Majesties docked at Wolfe's Cove, Quebec. The Right Honorable Mackenzie King, and the Right Honorable Ernest Lapointe, wearing the uniform of Privy Councillors, greeted them. The French Canadians cheered, "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Reine!" while the English Canadians cried "Long Live the King and Queen!"

His Majesty inspected a guard of honour from the Royal 22nd Regiment, and then drove to the Legislative Council where the Premier delivered an address of welcome. They had luncheon at the Chateau Frontenac, where the King spoke to his Canadian subjects.

The next morning their Majesties boarded the royal train and left Quebec for Montreal. Here they were met by crowds of cheering people. The guard of honour was composed of the Black Watch and Les Fusiliers Mont Royal. Then Their Majesties drove to the City Hall where they signed the Golden Book and unveiled a memorial, where Jacques Cartier had planted a cross centuries ago.

Next day, the Royal Visitors reached Ottawa and were greeted by the Governor-General. That afternoon King George gave his assent to Bills passed by the Canadian Parliament. On that same day His Majesty gave a speech in both French and English. The following day Queen Elizabeth gave her first speech, and laid the corner-stone of the New Supreme Court Building. On Sunday, May 21, King George unveiled the new memorial of the World War. When the unveiling ceremony was over Their Majesties walked among their people, unescorted, to the delight of the throng.

From Ottawa on to Kingston and Toronto, along tracks that passed through throngs of loyal subjects eager to show their welcome. While in Toronto they visited the Christie Hospital, drove to Woodbine, received the Dionne quintuplets, and the Queen reviewed the Toronto Scottish Regiment of which she is colonel-in-chief, and presented to them new colors.

At Port Arthur and Fort William they were met by a band of Chippewa Indians who had travelled fifty miles by canoe to see their sovereigns.

When the Royal Party arrived at Winnipeg, the King broadcast an Empire Day speech to his subjects all over the World. The Royal Mounted Police entertained Their Majesties at their Barracks in Regina.

As they neared the Rocky Mountains the scenery changed and the Royal Visitors got their first glimpse of the beautiful mountain scenery at Calgary, where cow-boys and cow-girls and Indians joined in cheering them lustily. The Indians called the King "Great White Father" and offered him gifts. The cow-boys and cow-girls performed before Their Majesties while the Indian warriors did a tribal war-dance.

That evening Their Majesties arrived at beautiful Banff for their first rest. Major P. J. Jennings, superintendent of Banff National Park, took them to the top of Tunnel Mountain. His Majesty, the King, got a moving picture of two black bears, while on the trail. On Sunday the Royal Visitors motored to beautiful Lake Louise and from there to the royal train.

Soon the Rocky Mountains were left behind, and the King and Queen arrived at Vancouver. After being received and welcomed, they boarded the S. S. *Princess Marguerite* to cross the channel to the city of Victoria, at the end of the day. Indian war canoes and aeroplanes followed the ship to Victoria.

Here His Majesty made a speech to the Dominion and in the afternoon presented colors to the Royal Canadian Navy. On the 31st of May, Their Majesties motored to New Westminster, and there boarded the royal train.

They rested for a few hours at Jasper Park, and early the next morning the train left the Rocky Mountains. In the afternoon they arrived at Edmonton, and Their Majesties drove through the city, throngs of people having gathered there to greet their sovereigns. After dinner Their Majesties continued their tour to Saskatoon.

Wherever King George and Queen Elizabeth and their party visited in Canada they were warmly and enthusiastically greeted by thousands of cheering, happy people, all eager to see them. The interest of the Royal Visitors in military hospitals and in the Great War Veterans was clearly shown again and again, especially at Ottawa where they separated from their suite and walked among the densely packed crowd of Canada's War Veterans. All along their route they stopped frequently to speak to old soldiers.

After leaving Winnipeg, on their return route, they stopped at Sioux, where the miners gave the Queen a blue case containing gold nuggets to give to the Princesses. Sudbury, the nickel city, greeted Their Majesties lustily and invited them to go down in the shaft of the Froid Mine.

Guelph, London, Windsor, Woodstock, Brantford, Hamilton and Niagara City were other Ontario cities visited by Their Majesties. While at Niagara City, they saw the beautiful Niagara Falls.

Then they left Canada and entered the United States. Here they were greeted by Mr. Cordell Hull and a Guard of Honor. Twelve hours later, President Roosevelt and his wife welcomed the King and Queen of Great Britain. The American citizens gave the visitors military honours, and the United States Marine Corps Band played "God Save the King."

They attended a Garden Party at the British Embassy and had dinner at the White House. That afternoon, for the first time in history, the Royal Standard flew over a United States Ship when the King and Queen sailed down the Potomac River to visit Mount Vernon. On their way back to Washington, they visited the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

That evening the King and the Queen gave a banquet in honour of President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

They visited the New York World's Fair, and spent the week-end with President and Mrs. Roosevelt in their Hyde Park Home. On Sunday morning they attended Church with the Roosevelts.

Then the Royal Party returned to Canada, through Sherbrooke, on to New Brunswick where they visited Fredericton, Saint John and Moncton.

The next morning Their Majesties visited Prince Edward Island. After having luncheon with the Lieutenant-Governor in Charlottetown, they crossed the Strait on the *Skeena* to Pictou. Here they stopped for a few minutes before boarding the Royal train and continued on their way to Halifax.

At noon the next day, the Royal train arrived at Halifax, the last city they were to visit in Canada. They were welcomed by Honourable Robert Irwin, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. The King inspected the Guard of Honor, and then bade good-bye to the train crew.

Their Majesties were welcomed at City Hall, and later at the Garrison Grounds a pageant was presented for them. Both the King and the Queen made a farewell speech from the banquet room of the Nova Scotian Hotel speaking in French and in English.

That evening they embarked on the great white ship, the *Empress of Britain*, and left Halifax Harbor amidst the cheering of the people. The *Skeena* and the *Saguenay* and a large number of vessels accompanied the *Empress of Britain* for quite a distance out of the harbor. The *Skeena* and the *Saguenay* then handed the Royal Ship over to the *Glasgow* and the *Southampton*.

Thus ended the first visit of a British Sovereign to North America.

LUNENBURG SCHOOL AND PUBLIC LIBRARY

By ERIC POTTER, '41



About thirty-five years ago, Lunenburg Academy started a school library. For years this library, which occupied a small room used also as the school office, became more and more congested with books. Since the space was limited, another room was opened. This was used as a reading room and mainly reference books were kept there. These rooms suited the purpose at that time for the school attendance was not so large. Gradually, the High School attendance grew, and the need of a new, larger library became a pressing problem.

Mr. D. H. Collins, our Principal, took the problem seriously and for several years suggested a new school library to different organizations and to several citizens of the town, but without much success. However, Mr. Collins did succeed in getting Dr. W. A. Hewat interested in the matter.

Dr. Hewat, who always takes keen interest in school affairs, is a member of the School Board and also of the Board of Trade. He brought the matter before the Board of Trade at one of its meetings. The Board accepted the proposal and elected a committee to deal with the matter. This committee consisted of Dr. Hewat, Mr. Hoppood, and Mr. M. M. Gardner. One member was elected also from each of the following organizations:—Women's Institute, the I. O. D. E., W. C. T. U., and the School Board, to form the library committee.

Mr. M. M. Gardner was elected chairman and Mr. Collins secretary-treasurer for the library committee. It was agreed that the library would be for the use of the community as well as the school. They decided that the large spare room on the top floor of the school would be used as the library.

Preparations were made for the furnishing of the room in which work Mr. A. F. Powers took a prominent part. The next problem with which the committee had to deal was the financing of the project. Mr. Collins wrote letters to old graduates of the school, asking them for their support. The result clearly shows that the graduates still think of the school, for the amount contributed by them was about four hundred and fifty dollars. One hundred dollars was taken out of the school funds, and almost four hundred dollars was donated by several generous citizens. The work on the library was started in the summer and completed in September. The cost amounted to about nine hundred dollars. Tables, cases, pictures, light fixtures and blinds were all donated by generous people of Lunenburg.

Mr. George Moore, and Miss P. Westhaver, took a prominent part in the arrangement of the books. The library contains over three thousand five hundred volumes, many of which were donated by citizens of the town. The books are arranged satisfactorily and persons who wish to borrow a certain book may locate it easily by looking up the title or the author in the files kept at the head desk. There is always someone in the library to supervise it, either one of the teachers or a pupil from one of the high-school classes, appointed by Mr. Collins.

The immensity of the field of reading material contained in our library should be taken advantage of by all pupils and citizens of Lunenburg. A public opening of the library is to take place soon.

THE MECHANIC SCIENCE AT LUNENBURG ACADEMY

By ORLANDO LACE, '43

It is realized by educationists that there is something lacking in training the mind alone. To remedy this many schools, of which the Academy is one, have introduced Mechanic Science as a practical course for boys. Although outwardly it teaches boys to work with their hands and to make things for themselves, it also improves the mind, as the mind rules the body.

There are different branches of manual training, such as metal working, wood working, mechanical drawing, measurements and the use of tools. At the Academy, manual training has recently been re-established. (I say re-established because it was in existence for a time but was dropped for some reason unknown to me. In the class or "shop", as it is called, the boys from Grades VI, VII, VIII, IX and X spend a whole afternoon each week.

A few things already made by the boys are stools, bookcases, tie racks, fern stands, metal ash trays, cookie cutters and scoops. There are several power tools which are being fitted to a long table referred to as the "power table." They are: circular saw, jigsaw, lathe, bar folder and a few other tin working machines run by hand.

Mr. William Moore, the instructor, shows the boys the use of different tools, the working of materials, the different methods of use applied to certain materials. After a boy has learned the necessary fundamentals, he is allowed to find his own project and follow it through without any help from the instructor. Jobs can be obtained from blue-prints, plans or magazines.

The boys always work hard, and try to do their best in the shop. While they are at Mechanic Science, the girls have knitting, sewing and art. This is under the direction of the teacher.

THE ISLAND OF THE BLOODY HAND

By MARGUERITE MASON, '40

The sparkling surface of Mahone Bay is covered with many little green islands which dot the water with various shades of brilliant foliage and grey rocks and white beaches. Like tiny worlds in the clear, blue expanse of water, each of these tiny isles has its story to tell, a story of pirate's gold or of pioneers' struggle against the wilderness or of the mad years when our rocky coast proved to be an excellent inlet for a flood of contraband liquor. The most of these stories are known, but there is one crescent-shaped isle which has a story that is not common knowledge, a tale that has to do with the faint, brown imprint of a human hand which can still be seen on a flat granite boulder near the rocky shore.

The tragic events which form the story began in Normandy at the time when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes forced the French protestants to leave their homes, or abjure their faith. Among the exiles was a family named Payzant, who went to the Island of Jersey, where in 1754 one of the sons, Louis, sold two ships he had obtained in a trading venture and sailed in another vessel to Halifax, taking with him his wife and children. From Halifax he obtained permission to secure a grant of land near Lunenburg, and for his property he chose the island with which this story is concerned — Covey's Island.

After two years of hard work, Louis had nearly completed the building of a large, two-story house, and he had cleared enough land to assure him of a fair crop. Life had been kind to him in the wilderness, and his thrifty Norman mind was contented with his home in the new world for he could look towards a future that would be free from strife.

Then came the spring of 1756. In one night the home which had taken him two long years to build was destroyed and his family was scattered.

It was on the evening of the eighth of May that the blow fell. The labourers and mechanics who were working on the settlement had gone to their homes in Lunenburg, three miles away, and Louis was preparing to enjoy an evening's rest, when the family was aroused by an unusual noise near the house. They were certain that the sound came from some colonists who had risen in a half-hearted rebellion or from thieves. Louis had been warned by the authorities that if he were molested by any rebels he should fire upon them, and so he seized his musket, stepped to the door, and fired a shot into the air in hopes that he could frighten the intruders away.

The flash of the gun revealed not the familiar shapes of colonists or the hurrying figures of thieves; instead, the light flickered on the glistening, snake-like bodies and the gleaming eyes of an Indian war party. Before Louis had a chance to reload his musket or snatch up another weapon, the yelling band was upon him. A tomahawk flashed down, gleaming dully in the starlight, and Louis crumpled down across the threshold of his uncompleted home.

Madame Payzant rushed out to catch her husband as he fell, hoping to drag him across the doorstep to safety, but she was too late. "My heart is growing cold — Indians," Louis gasped brokenly as he died. His wife was forced to leave him and run back into the house as the savages turned their attentions in her direction.

She bolted the door quickly, and then, gathering her children around her, waited for the doom which seemed inevitable. She heard the Indians break into another apartment through a separate door, terrified she listened to the piercing screams of a servant woman whom the savages killed there,

and her heart a'most stopped as she remembered the servant's baby who was with its mother. Then a heavy pounding on the door told her that the raiders were trying to enter her refuge.

Finding that their attempts were useless, the Indians prepared to burn the house, and realizing this, Marie Payzant told her eldest son to open the door. The raiders rushed in, and the family resigned themselves to death.

But for some reason the Indians were content to let the family live. Perhaps prisoners were worth more than scalps at that particular time, or perhaps the savages were impressed by the calm exterior of the Payzants in the face of death. Whatever the reason, Madame Payzant and her children were saved.

There still remained one more victim, however, the son of a settler whom the raiders had captured on Rouse's Island after they had killed his father. The boy had been the Indians' guide to the Payzant home, and since he had lost his usefulness to them, they knocked him down and took his scalp. After that bloody work, one of the band wiped his hands on a granite rock near the shore and left the stain which can still be seen.

Although the Payzants had been spared, they still had many hardships to contend with, for the Indians took them far into the wilderness. From Chester the band went to the head waters of the St. Croix River, a journey which was made without sleep or rest and probably without food.

From there Marie Payzant was sent to Quebec alone where she remained for seven months without her children. Then at the end of that time she managed to get her family back, and they lived for four years in Quebec. By August, 1761, they were back in Halifax, where they received permission to sell their island and to settle in Falmouth.

In the peaceful years that have passed since that tragic night in May, no permanent settlement has been made on the little isle. It has remained a monument to remind us that our new nation once passed through times that were not as quiet as those we live in today. No more do Indians raid out-lying settlements, no more do husky farmers reach for the gun above the fireplace and women desperately clutch the children as they hear war-whoops shatter the stillness of night. All such conditions have passed — but to remind us of those dangerous days, the faint imprint of a bloody hand can still be seen on that boulder on Covey's Island.

A COLLISION IN THE FOG

As told By SYDNEY KNICKLE to FRANK ANDERSON, '40

One fine morning in August, the three-casted schooner *Courein* sailed out of New York harbour bound for Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. She lay low in the water as she made her way towards the open sea, for her hold was laden with hard coal from Hoboken, New York.

Everything went as usual on board during the first day and nothing worth mentioning happened. On the second day, however, a dense fog smothered the face of the sea, an event which aroused some nervousness in both officers and crew, for we were near the steamer lanes, and all of us felt somewhat relieved when we caught a strong breeze from the southwest; a breeze that might carry us quickly out of danger. All that day we slipped along through the grey curtain that surrounded us, and just as darkness came on we sighted Black Island. We set our course for the Nantucket Lightship.

At approximately eleven o'clock that night, I was on watch; while I was blowing the fog horn, I noticed a white light gleam out suddenly on the port bow. Since the light was not far away, I reported it to the Captain immediately. He came on deck at once.

"I see it," he said, peering into the dull smother to port, "are the sidelights burning?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, while I anxiously watched the light and blew the foghorn at the same time.

My strenuous blowing had no effect on that strange white gleam, for it came closer and closer, until it was evident that we could not avoid a collision with whatever type of craft was carrying the light. Then I left my position on the bow and ran aft, for it seemed to me that our vessel and the stranger were going to meet head on.

I had not taken more than ten steps when there was a tremendous crash. The *Courein* was shaken from stem to stern with such a violent shock that her masts cracked from the strain. I was thrown flat on the deck, and then I rolled close to the rail, where I lay until the commotion that followed the collision died down.

In a dazed way I wondered what we had struck. Was it the lightship? Was it a shoal? Whoever it was, why had they not heard our foghorn? Why had they not tried to avoid a collision? I scrambled to my feet and peered through the thick fog, trying to see what we had run into. I could see no sign of another ship.

"Man the lifeboat!" shouted the Captain, and I hurried toward him, realizing that we were sinking. Quickly our crew of six lowered the lifeboat, scrambled into it, and pulled away from the *Courein*, each one wondering what we had struck.

It was a sad experience to pass through, and the sight of our sinking vessel did not raise our spirits in the least. Bow first, with sails set and lights burning, she slid under the heaving water, and as I watched her go, I felt certain that she had not struck a shoal, for in that case she would not have sunk so quickly.

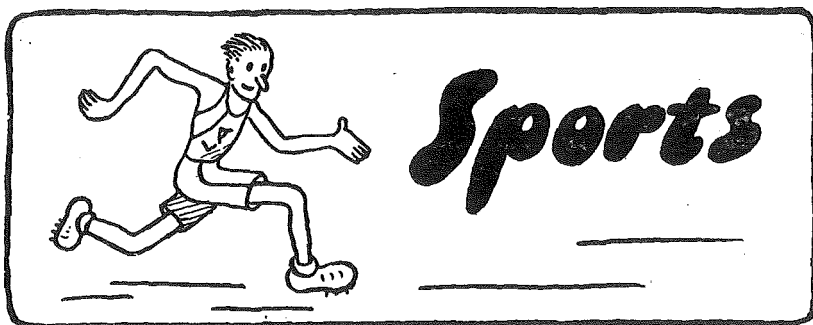
That was no sign of the thing we had struck. The mysterious white light had disappeared, and to all appearances we were alone on the dark, rolling surface of the North Atlantic.

Reading his compass by the light of an electric torch, our Captain steered the lifeboat towards shore, while we did our best to row through the heavy sea against the wind. Then, just about midnight, we saw rockets flaming high into the air from a point astern of us. We swung our boat around, as fast as possible and headed towards the source of the rockets, which seemed to be coming from a flat, black object.

When we came close enough to the dark mass to examine it with our flashlight, we saw that it was a submarine. The crew of the ugly craft told us that it was an American boat and agreed to take us on board.

It was no easy task to get from our small boat to the huge submarine, which looked like a gigantic pork barrel, swaying and rolling in the heavy sea, but we managed to make the transfer without any accidents.

The crew of the submarine were busy trying to repair the conning tower, which had been bent back by a terrific blow. When we saw the damage, we had no more doubts concerning the thing we had run into. But in spite of the damage, the craft was not completely disabled, and by travelling at half speed she took us to the Black Island buoy. From there her course was set for the New London naval base, where we were given quarters until we could proceed home.



LUNENBURG ACADEMY SPORTS

By FLORA TANNER, '40

Lunenburg Academy has always had a certain percentage of its students interested in sport. Since the last publication of this magazine, some interesting and outstanding events have taken place. They deal with track, field, water and hockey.

I shall, therefore, give you to the best of my ability, a brief summary of these activities.

Track and Field

As usual, the Lunenburg Academy took part in the Acadia relays at Wolfville, in May. The boys did well, especially Warren Geldert, who was the second highest scorer at the meet. He was successful in gaining first place in the javelin hurling, and second in the shot put.

A number of the boys and girls attended the Bridgewater Junior High Track Meet held on June 3. The team did their best and was fortunate in winning several honors. The outstanding athlete of the Lunenburg team was Robert Knickle. He won many victories and received a cup for the high point scorer.

This year the Lunenburg Academy Track was not represented at the Dalhousie Interscholastic Meet.

Water Sports

Mr. Robinson organized a team to compete in the swimming races at Acadia. Although they were unsuccessful in winning any awards, they did their very best. The team consisted of Edgar Himmelman, Eric Potter, Warren Miller and Angus Byers.

Hockey

The Lunenburg Academy students find hockey the favorite and the most interesting sport. This year there has been both an intermediate and a junior team.

The intermediate team has played several games with the "Clerks" of Lunenburg, but were winners in only one of the games. They did their best against Mahone Bay and Bridgewater in various games.

We were pleased to have the Liverpool Academy team at Lunenburg for a friendly game. The town boys found their opponents too much for them and lost by a score of 6—5.

Lunenburg Academy entered a team in the Provincial Intermediate High School play-offs. They played the best hockey that has been played by any Lunenburg Academy team for some years.

The first game was played at Kentville. The Kentville team played offensive hockey and defeated our boys with a 4—3 score. The second game was played on our home ice. Of the three periods, we found the last one the best, the home boys getting their three goals in this period. Kentville took the game with a 5—3 score, also the series by a score of 9—6.

With these games may we mention our valuable goalie, Donald Maxner. He played extremely well in the net and saved us from losing the games by larger scores. Gordon Rockwell and Robert Fox were also in the spotlight, Gordon getting four of the six goals.

The members of this team are: D. Maxner, goal; G. Rockwell, D. Oxner, A. Eisenhauer, defence; R. Fox, A. Byers, L. Crouse, B. Zwicker, W. Miller, D. Himmelman, forwards.

The boys of the junior team played home and home games with Mahone Bay and Bridgewater. Of these games they lost only one to Bridgewater, the score being 4—1.

Although they played good hockey in the Junior High School play-offs, they lost the series to the successful Halifax team. The first game, which was played at Lunenburg, ended with a score of 6—2, for Halifax. At the game in Halifax, our home team lost again by a 5—1 defeat.

The players are: G. Innes, goal; I. Bruce, S. Heisler, defence; W. Miller, A. Byers, V. Walters, D. Beck, E. Himmelman, E. Ritcey, D. Himmelman, R. Fox forwards.

I am sure that you, as well as I, are hoping these young players will develop into hockey stars.

SCHOOL NEWS

By KATHRYN CORKUM, '41

1939

- May 12—Our annual Oratorical Contest was held. The winning teams came from Grade X and Grade XII.
- May 16—The school chorus, the Beethoven Choral Club, under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, competed in the Musical Festival at Halifax. Since we were the only Ladies' Chorus to enter this year, we received the cup, with the marks of 90 and 92.
- June 12—Our final examinations began, but were interrupted by the visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth to Halifax.
- June 29—The Closing Exercises, at which we received our diplomas, were held. The speaker for the evening was the late Hon. William Ernst.
- June 30—We held the closing party for the year. Dancing and games were enjoyed by everyone.

Aug. 30—After the summer holidays, another school year began. There had been many new improvements in our old school. Gas had been installed in the laboratory. One of the vacant rooms was in the process of being remodeled into a semi-public library and reading room. A manual training room had been completed.

Sept. —It was decided to have Morning Assembly each Monday.

The Students' Council was chosen by the student body as follows:

President: Frances Geldert
 Secretary: Christine Iversen
 Treasurer: Frank Anderson

Each High School grade is represented by one member.

Sept. 29—Because of the war, the Nova Scotia Fisheries' Exhibition was cancelled. Nevertheless, an exhibition of the school work was held in the Assembly Hall. School art, fancy work, cooking, soap-carving, and flowers were judged, and prizes awarded to the winners.

Oct. —The School Chorus was organized, and is again preparing to enter the Musical Festival at Halifax, in May.

Nov. 13—

17—We wrote our first examinations for this year.

Nov. 24—A party was held, the proceeds of which went toward the new library. The first part of the evening was spent on a scavenger hunt, and the rest in games and dancing.

Dec. 14—

15—The Christmas Concert was held. The Primary, Intermediate and Senior Grades each presented some forms of entertainment.

Dec. 22—We had a Christmas Party. Last year's graduates were invited to attend. The evening was spent in dancing and games. Refreshments were served and everyone had a good time.

1940

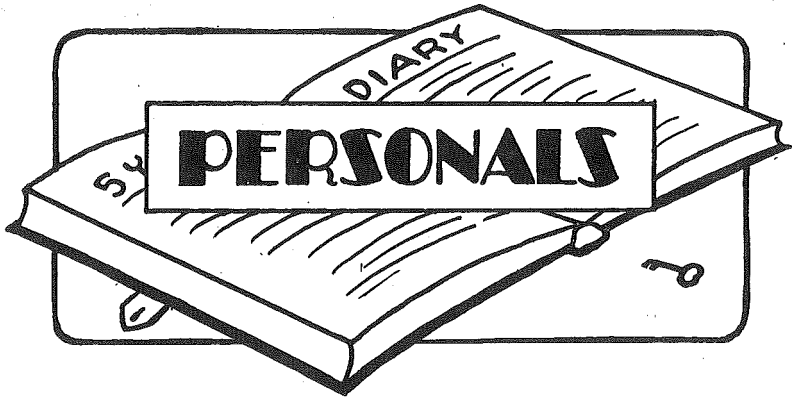
Jan. 8—We returned to school after a very delightful Christmas vacation, with many new resolutions for 1940.

Jan. 15—At Morning Assembly we were told by our principal that in future we were to have Morning Assembly twice a week, Mondays and Wednesdays. These assemblies were to take the place of our opening exercises, and all important items were to be announced here.

Feb. 16—A tea was held in the Central United Church Hall to raise money for the junior hockey team.

Mar. 11—

15—We wrote our second examinations for this year.



Dorothy Baker, Vivienne Chipman, Dorothy Crouse, Evangeline Himmelman, Ruth Myra, Mildred Rhuland, Nema Zinck, Isabel Olsen and Dorothy Corkum are all at home at present. They were among the graduates of the A'39 class. Also at home are Elizabeth Crouse, Charlotte Maxner, Eloise Ernest Crouse and Isabel Baker of the B'39 class.

Francis Miller, A'39, is employed at Hebb's Clothing Store.

Jean Powers, who was unable to finish her Grade XII last year, because of illness, is attending Acadia University.

We find Mary Kinley, A'39, Marjorie Saunders, A'39, and Agnes Demone, A'39, furthering their education at Dalhousie University.

Gwendolyn Baker, A'39, and Harley Zinck, A'39, are taking teachers' courses at the Provincial Normal College.

Lawrence Maxner, A'39, and Dena Bland, B'39, are attending Mt. Allison.

Warren Geldert, A'39, the outstanding athlete of last year, is studying to be a "Mountie."

At present, Elsie Wamback, A'39, is working in Halifax.

Marguerite Hall, A'39, decided to study Latin and Chemistry at home, before attending Normal College.

Marguerite Hardiman, A'39, is training to be a nurse at the Halifax Infirmary.

Frances Jennings, A'39, is now Mrs. Lee Hatt.

Barbara Mercer, who went to Montreal before finishing her Grade XII, is now attending McGill University.

Lucille Langille, B'39, is taking her Grade XII at Bridgewater High School.

Kenneth Sterne, B'39, is now employed at the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Clyde Byers, B'39, is working at Hebb's Hardware.

Ruth Oickle, a special student of last year's Grade XI, has chosen a nurse's career for her occupation.

"A" CLASS PROPHECY

By FLORA TANNER and ALICE NAUGLER, '40

Now we don our shawls and turbans, and together look into the clear heart of the crystal globe, in which we hope to see revealed the future of our classmates.

Lo! a cloud obscures the crystal brightness. There! it passes! And anon returning hazily outlines a picture of Mary Meisner standing beside a bed, checking the work of her undernurses — she having gained a position of authority at the — where? alas the picture has faded, not giving us the name of the institution.

Now forming before us we observe the familiar outline of the Lunenburg Academy. In it we catch sight of Marguerite Mason teaching her pupils the technique of her new Latin grammar, minus declensions and conjugations.

Goodness, an aeroplane! At the controls we discover Lee Corkum, the pilot of this small racer. At his side is Roberta Geldert. Together they are making a trip around the world, Roberta having left her position as stewardess to join her fiance in his flight. My! how Lee has overcome his shyness!

Many times we have wondered where our energetic school pal, Dot Crouse, would begin her career. Our globe has given us the solution. Here we see a picture of Dot, surrounded by hard work, as a personal secretary. She is taking a letter in a capable manner, which is being dictated to her in rapid fire fashion by a well-known figure in the financial world.

What? Another classroom! Oh, dear, still at school! No, at College with Professor F. Anderson, who is delivering a learned lecture at McGill University. Gracing the platform with him are a number of other professors, among them the familiar figure of Andrew Eisenhauer, little changed with the passing of time. His position shows that he has not outlived his old habit of sprawling his legs in the aisle.

Seeing Andrew we were reminded of Frances Geldert and what? Hollywood! We see no other than Frances taking the role of Scarlett O'Hara in a revival of the old Southern story. She has turned to pictures after finishing her five-year contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Ah, what a magnificent estate! To satisfy our curiosity we go inside, finding here Miss Peggy Miller, who after having served her apprenticeship at teaching school, is now governess to the children of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

A pretty domestic scene appears. A charming young mother and her lovely young son awaiting the return of "Daddy". She does look familiar. Of course, Vivian Deal!

"Stop! Go!" are the instructions given by the steady hand of Donald Oxner, who has now taken the position of Traffic Policeman at the corner of Barrington Street and Spring Garden Road. This shows how he has put to good use his ability to issue orders.

A beautiful desk in a large corner of a famous old English library appears. And who is the absorbed and very busy librarian behind the desk? No other than Isabel Demone, who has surely achieved her ambition.

And here, last but not least, appears Florence Zinck, concentrating on her daily editorial for "News Within News".

But my helper has vanished. I am left alone to gaze into the crystal sphere. The Fashion Academy, New York! And the figure of my partner in this crystal gazing appears. I have learned that she despises the clothes school girls wear, so it is not surprising to see her occupied in this manner, designing suitable and attractive clothing for students.

I wait with interest to see if my own future will be disclosed. Soon appears an interesting sight. A huge crowd of people in Madison Square Gardens. And in the reporters' box, among the group with note-books and flying pencils I see myself, covering the fight for the World's Heavyweight Championship.

We hope our glimpse into the future has been of interest to you all, and if we have misinterpreted the pictures we have seen, give us your kind forbearance, and strive to change the omens to conform with your ambitions and desires.

FRANK ANDERSON

"He loves to whistle and we hope some day he will learn."

Frank has been with us throughout his school life, and we have always enjoyed his jokes and witty remarks. He likes to get into mischief, but he is always a good sport. This year he was chosen as business manager of the school magazine. Frank plans to join the navy on leaving school. Ship ahoy!

LEE CORKUM

"Diligent without a doubt, and ever ready to win out."

Lee came to us this year, from Middle LaHave. He is the quiet type, but he is very industrious. At present he is undecided as to what he is going to do when he leaves school, but we know he will win through to his set goal.

DOROTHY CROUSE

"Industrious, dependable and willing to help."

Everyone was pleased when "Dot" joined us a few years ago, from Northwest. Dorothy is a member of the Choral Club, and this year she was chosen as vice-president of the Students' Council. Dorothy has found a place in every student's heart. We all hope that she will always carry her good nature with her in the work she chooses.

VIVIAN DEAL

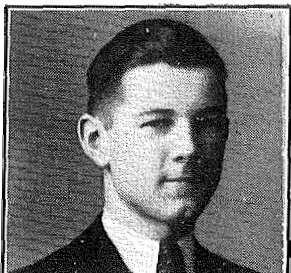
"Meek and mild with dark brown eyes."

Vivian is a student from Riverport, who joined our class this year. During this short time, she has made many friends, with her winning ways. Vivian plans to take up a business course. We know she will be a leader in the commercial field.

ISABEL DEMONE

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

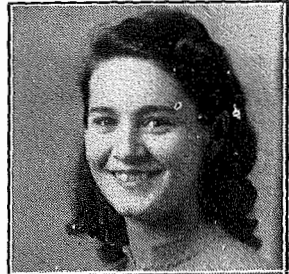
Isabel is a very good-natured and happy person. She has one weakness, and that is hockey games. So far she has not decided on a career, but we wish her good luck in whatever she undertakes.



PEGGY MILLER

"Cheerful, determined - and talkative."

Peggy is distinctly the talkative type, and she is always able to take her own part. She is a good student and has shown ability in dramatics. Peggy plans to teach school, and we all wish her good luck.



ALICE NAUGLER

"Birds of a feather flock together."

Alice, coming from Mahone Bay, joined our class in 1936. Alice is fond of school parties. Like most red-heads, she has a good time, especially when refreshments are served. She is a good school worker, and has shown this ability at different times. Alice plans to be a designer.



DONALD OXNER (Yutch)

"He's full of wise sayings, and enjoys them himself."

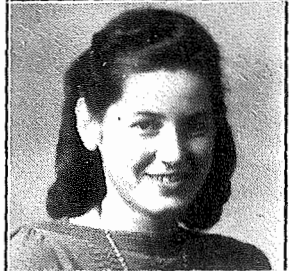
Donald takes a keen interest in all kinds of sport, especially hockey. He walks with long strides, which may help him to overtake Success. Donald plans to take up engineering at Saskatchewan.



FLORA TANNER

"There's a gleam of mischief in her eye."

Flora is a tall, thoughtful girl, who has proved to be active in the school life. She is not very fond of studying, but she loves the "sea." In the future, when Flora stands before a class of school children and talks, we are sure they will listen.



FLORENCE ZINCK (Flossie)

"It takes a level head to win."

Florence comes in from First South every morning to attend school. She is very studious and dependable, although she enjoys a joke as well as the rest of us. Good luck to you, "Flossie."



ANDREW EISENHAUER

"If the teachers can't answer it, I'm sure I can."

Andrew joined us this year after having attended "King's Collegiate School. He is the editor of our magazine this year. "Andy" has great ability to do Geometry, and has often showed up the remainder of the class in this subject. He tells us that some day he is going to make the world's fastest aeroplane. Happy landing, "Andy."

FRANCES GELDERT (Fran)

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

"Fran" has been with us all through school. Because of her dependability, she has been chosen this year as president of the "Student's Council." She is always ready to carry out her duties. A happy future, "Fran."

ROBERTA GELDERT (Birdie)

"If there's mischief around, she's sure to be in it."

"Birdie" pleases all of us with her winning smile. No matter what happens, she always knows a way out of the difficulty. "Birdie" is too young to attend Normal College next year, but she plans to go there later. We hope she will succeed as a "school marm."

MARGUERITE MASON (Grete)

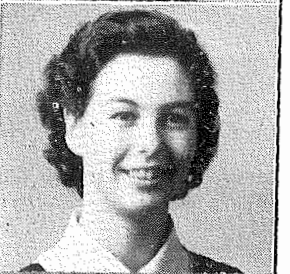
"Where there's eats, there's Grete."

"Grete" is one of those jolly persons who looks always for fun, especially for good things to eat. She takes the good and the bad with a cherry smile, and shows much interest in such sports as tennis. "Grete" plans to be a school-teacher, but no matter what she undertakes, she will always be the same old "Grete" to us.

MARY MEISNER

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

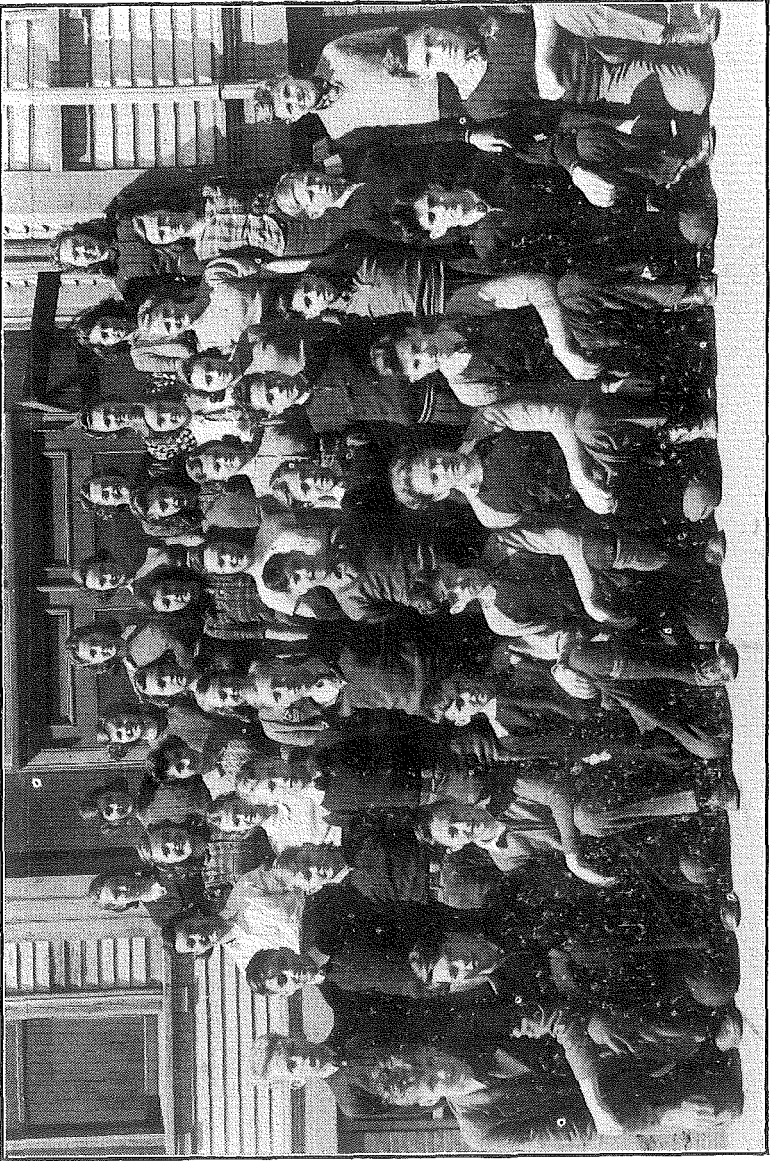
Mary is a friend to all and a good companion. She is greatly interested in her studies. Her hobbies are knitting and reading. Mary plans to be a nurse, and we are certain she will make a good one.





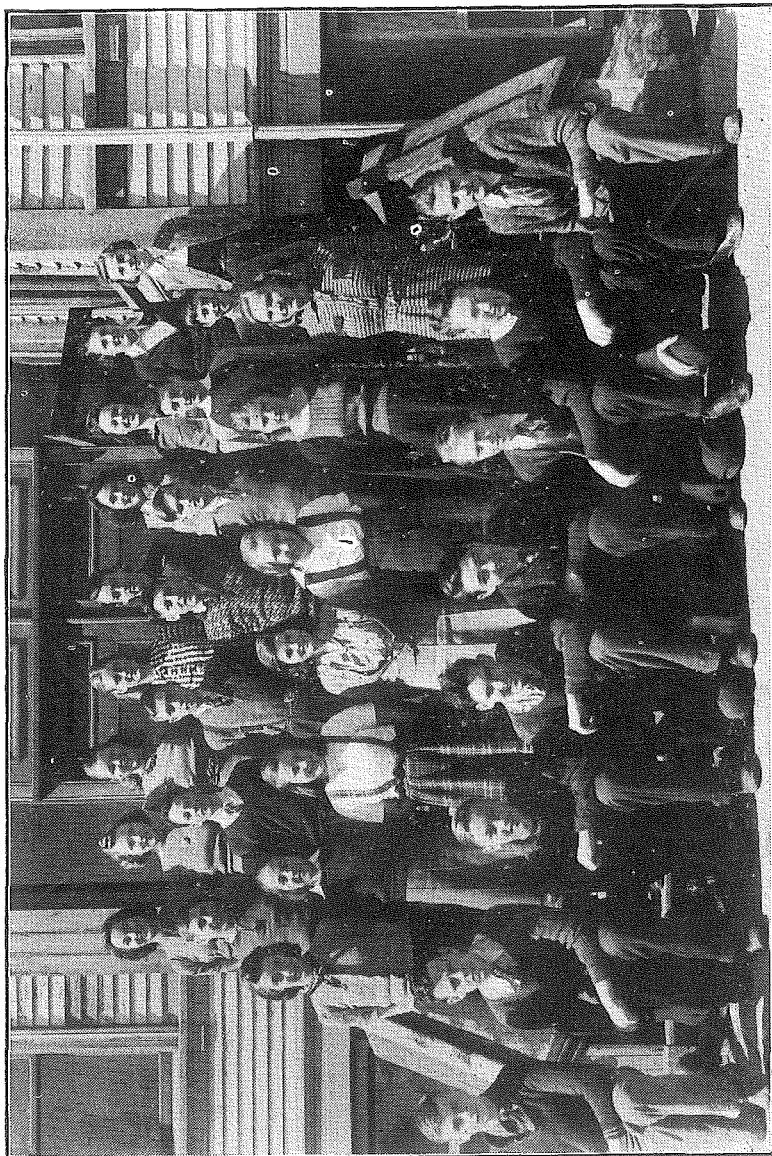
GRADE VIII

THE SEA GULL



GRADE IX

THE SEA GULL

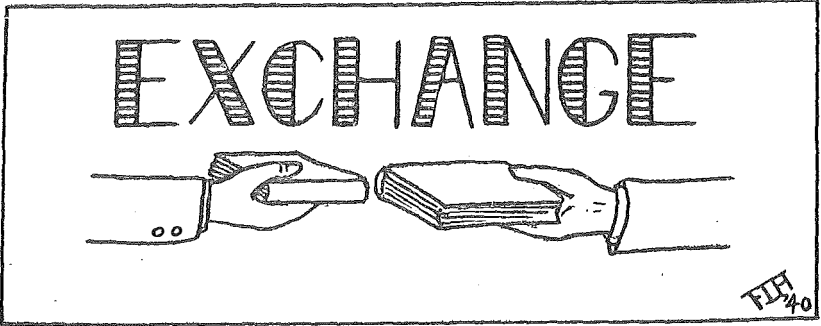


GRADE X

THE SEA GULL



GRADE XI



By MARGUERITE MASON, '40

This is the first year we have had an exchange department. We wish to thank all the schools which have sent us their magazines and assure them they are placed in a prominent position in the Public Library in our school.

"The Watchword"—River Herbert, N. S.

Congratulations on a splendid magazine! Your material is well organized, and you have the right amount of advertising — a very neat edition. Keep up the good work.

"Glooscap's News"—Parrsboro, N. S.

Your literature is all well-written — an interesting paper.

"Loud Speaker"—Middleton, N. S.

Your literary efforts exhibit great ability on the part of the students, especially in poetry. We suggest a table of contents.

"Kings County Academy"—Kentville, N. S.

Your 1939 edition of the school activities is very interesting. Your print and pictures are very clear and distinct. We are interested to know the grade of the pupils who write the articles.

"Brown and Gold Annual"—Glance Bay, N. S.

Your magazine has good department headings. The witology section is amusing and we like the photographs especially well — an exceptionally fine edition.

"Spectator"—Dartmouth, N. S.

The June edition of "The Spectator" contains interesting "Glimpses of the Royal Procesion." The Christmas issue is also good, containing a fine editorial, but a slight improvement might be made by avoiding the mixture of literature and advertisements.

"Blue and White"—Bridgetown, N. S.

Your literary section containing "The Visit of the King and Queen" is especially interesting and of good quality. The print is clear and the illustrations amusing.

"Tribune"—Springhill, N. S.

You have a good "Current Events" section, and the "Information Please" is a good idea. The illustrated comics are also amusing, but we find there is room for improvement on a neater cover.

"Echoes of the East"—Florence, Sydney Mines.

You have a good account of world events, and your cover is good. You have a commendable publication, but a little too much advertising.

"Glooscap"—Wolfville, N. S.

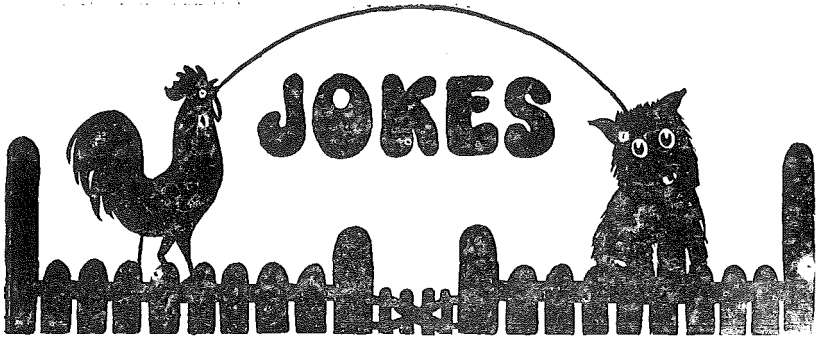
The Christmas issue is very good and "Doing Geometry" is interesting and typical of high school students.

"Mahone Highlight"—Mahone Bay, N. S.

The "Highlight" is a good paper in consideration of the size of your school. We suggest you try for clearer print.

"Joggins Journal"—Joggins, N. S.

We consider this a very satisfactory journal.



Alice N.—Give me a joke to put in the magazine.

Roberta G.—Just think of something funny,—you, for instance.

Miss Knock—(speaking hurriedly to Grade IX during French period)—Sit quietly on page 65 in your text-book.

Keith S.—Will you please do the 13th algebra question?

Miss Westhaver—It's all worked out for you in the text-book.

Keith S.—Yes, but I can't dissolve it.

Mr. W. Moore—Here we have radiators to keep the room warm. What is a radiator on a car used for, Douglas?

Douglas—To keep the engine warm.

Eric P.—(to small boy who usually walks around in his bare feet)—Where are your bare feet today, sonny?

Small boy—In my shoes, big boy.

Lee C.—(filling in blanks in a French sentence, spelling)—D-O-N-T — Dont.

Mr. G. Moore—Pardon?

Lee C.—D-O-N-T — Dont.

Mr. Moore—Will you please spell it?

Mr. Robinson—Is there any law concerning fashion?

Fran. G.—Yes.

Mr. R.—I don't think so, you can wear anything you wish.

Fran. G.—Try it some time.

Mr. Robinson—Must all people work for a living?

Gordon C.—No.

Mr. Robinson—Give me an example, Gordon.

Gordon C.—Old Age Pensioners.

Miss Westhaver—(In English class)—What do you think of when you hear the word "nut"?

Andrew E.—Donald Oxner.

Dorothy C.—What would you say was the difference between Roberta and Flora?

Peggy M.—Well, Flora is a girl and a half long and only half a girl wide; and "Birdie" is a girl and a half wide and only half a girl long.

Mr. Robinson—Compare some action of the lower class of vertebrates and that of humans.

Lloyd C.—A cow chewing its cud and Frances W. chewing gum.

Mr. Robinson—Hm-m-m—the only difference I see is that Frances shows more rhythm.

Miss Westhaver—Flora, please give another use for the word horse, besides the indication of an animal.

Flora T.—A ho(a)rse throat.

Frank A.—How long will it take this Christmas card to get to Australia?

Postmaster—The party should receive it by February.

Frank A.—How much will it cost to send it by air-mail?

Postmaster—Thirty-six cents.

Frank A.—I think I'll send an Easter card immediately.

Mr. Collins—Vivian, put your gum in the waste-paper basket.

Vivian D.—I'm not chewing gum, sir.

Mr. C.—What are you chewing, your tongue?

Vivian D.—No, sir, it's pitch.

Mr. Collins (during Lab.)—Marguerite, what are you doing,—the rhumba—?

Marguerite M. (quite surprised)—No, sir, just following the instructions which read—"Mix the solutions and shake."

Donald O. (as usual, was borrowing paper from his neighbor).

Miss Westhaver—Donald, I should think your credit would have expired by now.

Mr. Robinson (after having discussed the value of money)—Frances, what would you say happened if one year a chocolate bar cost 5c and the next year 10c?

Frances G.—They increased the size of the bar.

Miss Knock—Charles, go to the board and write in French the names of ten articles or things which are in this room.

Charles H.—(writing)—les elevés
Miss Knock—Yes, most of the pupils of this class might be called inanimate—

Charles H. (after thinking a while, writes again)—Les professeurs.

GRADE XI History is divided into the following quests:

Quest for Comfort — Grade XII seats

Quest for Common Good — Student's Council

Quest for Harmony — School Chorus

Quest for Knowledge — School Teachers

Quest for Security — Everybody

Quest for Power — Hitler

Quest for Utterance — Kathryn Corkum

Quest for Beauty — All the Girls.

COMIC CHARACTERS

Olive Oyl

Lil' Abner

Mammy Yokum

Little Beaver

Detective Dick Tracy

The Lone Ranger

Popeye

Tillie the Toiler

Joe Palooka

Moonshine Mullins

Nippie (he's always wrong)

Red Rider

Broncho Bill

Blondie

Wimpy

Superman

"Good Deed" Doty

Prince Valiant

Count Screwloose

Lena Pry

Tarzan

Ketzenjammer Kids

Knobby

Flora Tanner

Keith Selig

Betty Corkum

Buddy Lace

Mr. Collins

Gordon Rockwell

Robert Hillyard

Miss Westhaver

Malcolm Miller

Ivan Tanner

George Crouse

Edward Ryder

Mr. W. Moore

Frances Johnson

Philip Dauphinee

Mr. Robinson

Dorothy Crouse

Charles Hopgood

Keith Young

Kathryn Risser

Lynn Smith

Spurgeon Covey & Leslie Mosher

Mr. George Moore

TYPICAL EXAMINATION OF THE FUTURE (?)

1. Were the ancient Egyptians, Indians or Eskimos? If not, how?
2. Why do we come to school, (N. B. Watch your step).
3. Explain and explode on which you consider are the more alike: Hitler, Vesuvius, or vice-versa.
4. Which one of the following was Henry VIII's spouse — Annie Bowlin' or May West? Be concise.
5. Why and when was Euclid?
6. Which of the following literary works do you prefer? Why not?
 - (a) The Defences of the Posies — by Fill-up Sidney
 - (b) Pilgrim's Onward Morash — by Bunion
 - (c) Poe's "Ravin"
7. Sketch a graph of Moose's or Leany's chin, computing its maximum value. OR: Fill in the following blanks:
 1.
 2.
 3. (a)
 - (b)
8. If a cargo of monkeys leaves Berlin on April 7, and arrives at New York on April 10, what is the price of cheese in Switzerland?

SONGS

Chatterbox
 Little Red Fox
 My Prayer
 Too Romantic
 It's a Hap-hap-happy Day
 Scatter Brain
 Wishing
 Faithful Forever
 A Man and His Dream
 Day In — Day Out
 If I Only Had a Brain
 I Didn't Know What Time It Was
 Baby Me
 As Round and Round We Go
 Moon (y) Love
 It's Funny to Everyone but Me
 What's the Matter with Me?
 Deep Purple
 Are You Having Any Fun?
 Stop — It's Wonderful

APPLICATIONS

Kathryn Corkum
 Alice Naugler
 May I Pass the June Exams
 Arthur Corkum
 Last Day of School Term
 G'loria Ernst
 Everybody
 School Bell
 Keith Y. and Roberta G.
 School
 Robert Fox
 Usual Excuse for Lateness
 Marie Spindler
 H. S. Parties
 Marguerite L. for Douglas H.
 Marion Takin
 What Do You Think?
 School Haze
 Christine Iversen
 School Library

POINTS BY CLASSES ON MATERIAL SUBMITTED

Grade IX	12
Grade X	10
Grade XI	20
Grade XII	27

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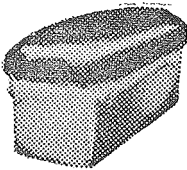
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When you put your advertising message in this newspaper, you know it will enter the home as a welcome guest, to be read and appreciated. Your message will not be slipped under the door or thrown on the porch.

You wouldn't waste time and money preparing a letter and then drop it in an ash can instead of a mail box. Be sure you put your advertising message in a newspaper that goes straight to the mark - your prospect, who will read it.

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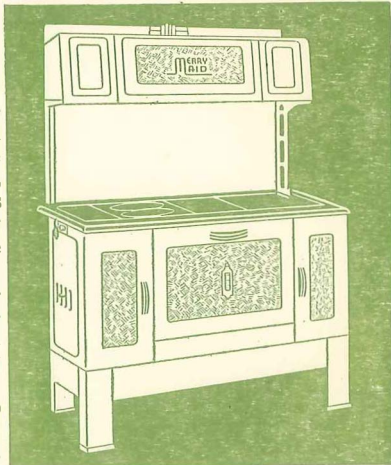
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