

The
SEA GULL



ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI

Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1941

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.

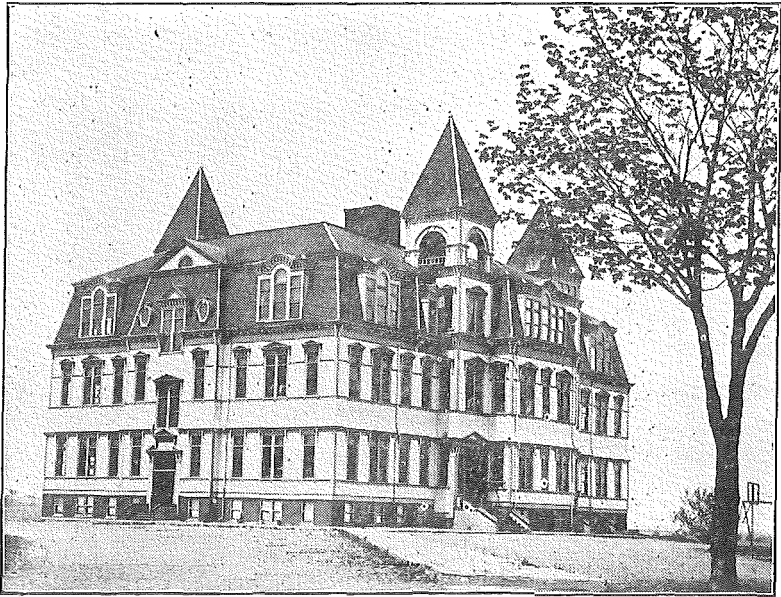
BECAUSE when ill luck, misfortune or bereavement comes, the man I buy from is here with his kindly greeting, his words of cheer and his pocket book, if need be.

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

THE SEA GULL

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



G.H. MOORE, M.A.
VICE-PRINCIPAL



SADIE MACDONALD, B.S.C.



P.L. WESTHAVER, B.S.C.



D.H. COLLINS, M.A., B. PED.
PRINCIPAL - SUPERVISOR



EDITH C. KNOCH



FRANCES L. KNICKLE



W. A. MOORE
MECHANIC SCIENCE

JUNIOR - SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

THE SEA GULL
MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS OF THE
STUDENT BODY

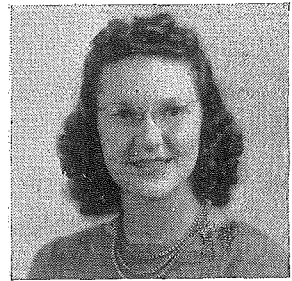


I have enjoyed acting as President of the Student's Council immensely. The Council has held its meetings every Friday morning and matters of interest regarding the school have been discussed. Several high school dances have been held by the Council. Lots of luck!

Sylvia P. Mosher

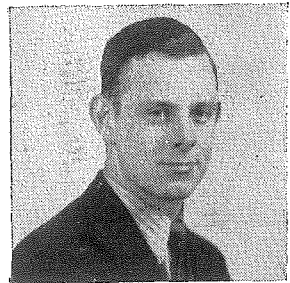
I hope the readers will consider our chosen theme interesting and instructive. Through the full co-operation of both students and teaching staff this edition of the "Sea Gull" has been made possible. As editor, I sincerely hope it will be a success.

Kathryn E. Corkum



I have had great pleasure in serving as Business Manager of the "Sea Gull" for 1941. I have been graciously received everywhere and wish to express my thanks to all for their hearty response, good-will and generous support.

Edward E. Ryder



Success to the 1941 graduation class.

Roberta L. Geldert



THE SEA GULL.



Once again it becomes my pleasure to congratulate the students on their latest publication of the Academy magazine, "The Sea Gull."

I know, as in the past, this popular edition, based on facts, will enable our citizens to appreciate more fully the training program and efficiency of our school.

On behalf of the Board of School Commissioners I endorse the efforts of both students and teachers in the production of "The Sea Gull" and extend to them our hearty congratulations.

ARTHUR W. SCHWARTZ,
Chairman - Board of School Commissioners

The Board of School Commissioners for the year 1941—

Chairman—Mayor A. W. Schwertz

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Clerk—L. W. Geldert

Principal-Supervisor—D. H. Collins, M. A., B. Paed.

THE SEA GULL

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BOARD OF EDITORS

Editor:—Kathryn Corkum

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Business Managers—Edward Ryder, Gordon Conrad

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Biographies—Christine Iversen, Evelyn Ritcey, Arthur Crouse, Claire Mosher

School News—Frances Johnson, Arthur Corkum, Lillian Schlenger, Marie Himmelman

Jokes—Keith Young, Edward Ryder, Orlando Lace, Vernon Walters

Special Features—Kathryn Risser, Margaret Ritcey, John Kinley, Jean Macartney

Committee to recommend new features—Sylvia Mosher, George Crouse, Malcolm Miller, Marguerite Tanner

THE SEA GULL



KATHRYN CORKUM '41

1935—1940. Each year the students of Lunenburg Academy have been successful in producing an interesting and instructive magazine. This year, 1941, we students are attempting again to give the public a worthy publication of "The Sea Gull." When a magazine for this year was first spoken of, there was some doubt as to its success due to the present war. Regardless of this strife, it was decided to publish our Academy Year Book.

"Lunenburg's Military History" has been chosen as the theme. The history of one's home town is always interesting and added to this we are at present fighting a terrible war. It is well to know something of our military past as well as the present.

We are now fighting a long and dreadful war. This is not a remote war. Rather, it is our war; Canada's war, as well as the Western Hemisphere's war. We are fighting for democracy! This time everyone is in the front line, and everyone must do his or her share. During the first few months of the war, it was stated that, "We shall win this war comfortably," but since then public opinion has changed decidedly. Now we see and feel the affect of this Second World War everywhere.

This war has brought about changes in our school life. During the month of October our principal, D. H. Collins, was absent for ten days while he took a voluntary training course at the C. O. T. C. camp at Halifax.

There has been a change in our teaching staff—Mr. Laurence Robinson, who volunteered for military service was called into the ranks, and was replaced very efficiently by Miss Saide MacDonald. Mr. Robinson, although he had only been with us for three years, had become a friend of all the students and everyone regretted his leaving.

In October, Mr. William Moore was required to take his thirty days of military training at Yarmouth. During his absence he was replaced by Mr. Harold Thompson.

The attitude of the students to their school work this year is very different from that of previous years. There seems to be a lack of interest in work and lack of desire to learn and succeed. This attitude should not exist in a school like our, where we have many improvements and advantages over other Academies. The change in the teaching staff has, without doubt greatly affected the students in their work. It is a difficult task for a teacher to confine another's work in the middle of the term, but Miss MacDonald has been very successful in her task. It is equally difficult for the students to become accustomed to a new teacher immediately. All the blame, however, cannot be placed here for the students are not applying themselves to their work as well as they should be.

The students attitude toward school activities is decidedly better than their attitude toward their work. Many students have become active in the many sports, and other activities which the school provides.

One evidence of the interest of the students in school activities is the successful organization of the Auxiliary Red Cross Society. This Society, with the help of the teachers, is doing splendid work. Three committees have been chosen and they are carrying on the work of the society. The Knitting Committee obtains wool from the Red Cross, and distributes it to the voluntary knitters among the High School girls. The Committee for collecting Medicine Bottles and Magazines has collected, with the aid of all the students, a great many magazines and games which will be sent to the training camps. The War Saving Committee has done the most outstanding work of all the committees in encouraging the purchase of War Saving Certificates, and the signing of the Pledge to become regular War Savers.

Lunenburg High School sends its best wishes to all former students who are now serving their country. We hope that they along with our other readers will enjoy this edition of "The Sea Gull."

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR AND THE FIRST BLITZ

RICHARD THOMAS, '42

Before the war broke out, the schools had a plan of evacuation worked out, and when, on Saturday, the 31st of August, it was obvious that war could not be averted, the government commandeered trains and the school children were rushed to the surrounding countryside. Our school was taken to a very famous Wiltshire town called Marlborough. Once here the boys were billeted out into the local houses and the school had to settle itself down to a completely new life. Here we all lived more or less happily, but annoyed the college very much by digging up a part of their playing fields and by making trenches. As the winter came along there was a mad scramble to obtain suitable material for black-out curtains. At the beginning of the war the black-out was the only marked change that took place. In fact, if one did not read the newspapers one would hardly know that there was a war on.

But soon the tightening of the belt began. The first thing one noticed was that the twenty-five page newspaper shrunk to six pages, and soon after that rationing began. At first it could hardly be called rationing, but gradually it increased, or should I say, decreased. Luckily, it did not start until after Christmas, and so the first war-time Christmas was almost normal.

It was in Marlborough that I experienced my first alert signals. It was one o'clock in the morning, and since our lodging house was only about one hundred yards from the siren, the force of it almost blew me out of bed. With everything else dead silent the siren made a colossal din, a most terrifying noise, but the planes were miles away. Soon after this there was a law passed saying the siren was not to be sounded unless the planes were overhead, and, in the case of a small town like Marlborough, until bombs were actually dropped.

The next day everybody arrived at school sleepy-eyed and the headmaster advised us all to stay in bed unless things really began to happen, because we were much more likely to suffer from lack of sleep than danger of bombing. This everyone gladly did. But since that time conditions have changed.

On the whole, things were so quiet that we were allowed home for our holidays and after the great political shuffle in May, things began to happen. Men arrived home from the Dunkirk disaster and they were all feeling pretty down-hearted. But how could their hope remain dimmed when that man of the moment, Churchill, came to the front? His inspiring words were being repeated everywhere, "In every ditch, behind every hedge, we will fight to the last."

At last the summer term came to an end and we returned to London. How changed it was! Everything camouflaged and sand bags everywhere. Little did we then realize how London was soon to be put through the great-

rest Blitzkrieg ever. In August it started. At that time I was at Hoyling Island, just three miles off Portsmouth and that day they came over and dropped a thousand pound bomb on the island, killing two hundred chickens. After this, the air raid siren sounded four, five and even six times a day and every day for a week the German losses ran into sixties, eighties, and even a hundred and forty. What dog fights there were to be seen and what cheers went up when a German plane "bit the dust!"

After seeing a few days of these raids, I returned to London, where the raiders were just beginning to come and dog fights overhead became the usual amusement, so much so, that the E. B. C. gave a running commentary on the dog fights overhead at Dover.

At first the greatest loss in these raids was sleep, and the people began to dig in for the night in the subways. Such a practice was very annoying to those wishing to travel, but one could not help sympathizing with those sleepers for their homes were right in the heart of London.

The most striking raid I ever saw was the one in which the London docks were set afire. For two whole days this fire burned, lighting up the whole of London, until, at last, it was got in hand by almost every regular and auxiliary fire-fighter in London. It wasn't until then that one realized the seriousness of the situation. The day raider had been met with and beaten back, but not so yet the night raider, and what could make a better target than London? Until then it was just an occasional jagged hole in the road that showed the results of last night's raids. Now it was the charred remains of whole buildings. Hardly a family has not suffered some loss.

SUNK BY A MINE IN THE NORTH SEA

ORLANDO LACE, '43

Stuart Maxner was the wireless operator on the Ship Oslofjord, the flagship of the Norwegian Merchant Marine.

The Oslofjord left Halifax on November twenty-fifth, and sailed across the Nazi infested ocean for Scotland. The crew did not know if they would bring their ship safely to Scotland, but they did know, as they watched the land disappear below the horizon, that they would do their best to outwit the Nazi hordes. Maybe a hidden mine, maybe a foamy white streak as a sleek torpedo churned up the dark-blue water, maybe the scream of a dive bomber as it dropped like a hawk to grip its prey with fingers of flaming bombs awaited them on the other side.

A sharp lookout was kept and in mid-Atlantic the dirty, grey shape of a Nazi sub was seen. The master knew that his ship was not equipped to battle with the undersea raider, so he ordered speed to be increased. While the Oslofjord was making twenty-eight knots, her sailors were relieved to see the slinky shape fade into the distance astern. No other ships were seen and the men were hoping that they would arrive in port safely.

Suddenly, the ship struck a mine. Just three miles from her destination! What a pity! Watchers on the shore declared that she rose eight feet out of water before she began to sink.

Just before the explosion Stuart was doing some routine work at his desk in the wireless cabin. When the explosion rocked the ship like the hand of a cruel giant, the noise was deafening. A transmitting set, weighing five hundred pounds, was dislodged, and Stuart was lucky enough to escape with only a cut hand as it tumbled from its place, with a crash. His typewriter was flung against the opposite wall by the terrific impact. The ship listed badly from port to starboard but Stuart remained on duty in the wireless room until the chief officer ordered him to abandon ship. Then he ran across the sloping deck and, grasping a rope hanging over the side, slid into a waiting lifeboat.

With the crew safely in the ship's lifeboats, the Oslofjord was towed toward shore until she sank in a depth of water that did not cover the bridge. As the men were picked up they probably reflected that they had not expect-

ed their voyage to end in such a manner. The crew were put up in a hotel until they got another ship. Stuart left for Liverpool to embark on a ship for this side of the Atlantic.

While in Liverpool, on a ship that was to bring him to America, Stuart saw the German raiders bombing a British dockyard. Geysers of foam rose in the harbor as some stray bombs dropped about the ship. After this raid the convoy left England for the dangerous journey across the Atlantic.

This convoy was also menaced in mid-Atlantic by a sub, but they, too, escaped, this time by changing their course in the night. Nothing else occurred to interrupt their crossing, and Stuart arrived home safely.

CANADA'S WAR EFFORT

LLOYD CONRAD '41

"The cause of freedom needs the help of every Canadian. We, as citizens of this great land, must lend freely in order to help save human lives and thus defend freedom."

Canvassers in the war savings certificates campaign now under way are voluntary workers. They receive no fees, premiums or commissions of any kind whatever. They are working because they realize that this country is confronted with the most serious crisis in its history. They realize that Canada needs all the millions her people can lend. They are prepared to set forth the facts to the public and to answer any questions concerning the certificates, the methods by which they may be purchased, their values, the need for savings at this time.

Buying war savings stamps is not a question of "giving," it is a matter of "lending" and making an investment in Canada's future. Actually, for every four dollars which the individual invests in certificates the Government of Canada directly assumes the obligation to pay five dollars at the end of seven years.

To make savings requires household and personal management at any time. It is imperative that planned living be adopted to-day and a plan to subscribe to the certificates sales campaign be included.

The question is, "How much can I buy?" not "Can I buy, or not?" The measurement of ability to-day is not that of ordinary times. This country is at war. All must make sacrifices. In enemy countries, they are compelled to make. In Canada, if this war is lost, intolerable sacrifices will be demanded by a ruthless foe. Moreover, today's should be on a planned basis, not occasionally, not sporadic, not the purchase of a few stamps or a certificate occasionally, but on a definite basis, relative to income.

Many talk of saving—that's a habit we all have. But how many actually do set something by for the proverbial rainy day unless they do it by systematic planning? Not many! Systematic thrift is sensible; it is workable; it has proved itself in the every day affairs of life. It will prove itself, even more so, in time of emergency—in this period of war. Here is a ready-made system of saving—by bank pledge, by payroll pledge, by honor pledge. These last are sent to Ottawa for reference there.

With such vast sums mentioned so casually in discussions of war costs, there are those who will say their incomes are too small, that the sacrifices they might make, the certificates they might buy, mean nothing in the national picture. Such is not the case. The savings, more than ninety per cent of them in this country and they aggregate far more than a billion dollars, are in the "Little Man's Name"—they are in accounts of \$1,000 or less.

So it is the ordinary citizen, the man with the small income, to whom this appeal is made. Those with the big incomes and the huge profits pay theirs through taxation, which may take as much as three quarters of their incomes, whether they like it or not. In the army, generals are essential, but they don't win the wars. So it is with the public. Millionaires are to be found but they cannot finance the country.

As the Halifax Herald states, "Just as the general must have his junior officers, his N. C. ●'s and his millions of men in the ranks to fight and

win battles, so must the treasury of Canada have its millions of people, all contributing of their means to the common cause, the winning of the financial side of this titanic struggle."

The main things are to give regularly, to give substantially, to lend, to invest in these war savings certificates. There are, it may be said, two ways of collecting the money with which to fight this war. The first is taxation, and many people in this country, right now, are feeling the pressure of higher imposts than ever before. They are straining their resources—they think—to meet this inescapable obligation. They do not yet know the extent to which taxes can be levied even on those of small incomes. They do not realize that half their incomes may be consumed by taxes before this war is over, as they are being consumed to-day in Great Britain. In this campaign, Canadians are not being asked for taxes or gifts, they are being asked to lend, to protect themselves for the future, the years after—the inevitable years of let-down when war-fed industry no longer has its orders for supplies of food, of munitions, of clothing, of lumber, of all the products of modern industry. The people of Lunenburg are making greater contributions every day for the war, especially in buying war savings certificates and bonds. The children of Lunenburg Academy saved their pennies and small earnings, and since the war bought in the vicinity of \$6,000 worth of savings certificates.

From the salt bankers and the powered schooners in the fresh fishing trade, from the motor boat and the dory which operate closer to shore, from the desk and ditch, Nova Scotians are volunteering for service in the merchant marine.

No, there was no shortage of men. They were always on hand to fill every berth on every vessel that calls for them.

Canada's merchant marine is small, but that does not bar Canadians from the sea it was explained. Today they are to be found in Norwegian and ex-French vessels, aboard Swedish crafts and manning the finest in the British merchant marine. They sign on in Halifax and they may turn up a half-a-world away in another port. Sometimes they make a round trip between this country and Great Britain in a few weeks; more often they sign on and do not re-appear in the shipping office for months. Room and lodging is provided for them at once—and it is on a scale provided by the British Board of Trade—no luxuries—but plenty of comfort.

The upsurging of military enthusiasm in Nova Scotia has been reached in the schools. Today, where a year and a half ago there was no interest in world affairs, and little in national affairs there is an intense desire among boys and girls alike to do their share in defending the country and the Empire.

Age is the barrier that prevents them joining the regular army and navy, but they are determined that when they do reach the proper years and the way is open to them, they will not be unprepared.

EDUCATION OF THE FORCES

GLORIA ERNST, 41

Canada's educational movement, more ambitious in its aims and far wider in its scope than any previous similar effort, has now been in progress for more than a year. Because of its successful beginning, it may end with the Royal Canadian Air Force, Canadian Active Service Forces and the Royal Canadian Navy taking rank as the most scholarly war machine the world has ever known.

In the year 1940, Parliament passed an act for compulsory training of recruits for the Army. The period of training for these men, who are called up in various age groups, has been raised from thirty days to four months. When this training is complete, Canada will have three hundred thousand men fully trained and equipped.

Canada, in agreement with the United Kingdom and other nations of the Commonwealth, undertook to train men for the Air Force. This agreement is known as the British Empire Training Scheme from which recruits

from the Empire will receive preliminary and final training in Canada. With this training complete, the men are qualified to man bombers and pursuit planes. Still others are qualified as radio operators and ground crew men and are at present overseas with the Canadian squadrons excelling themselves in combat with the enemy.

When this Air scheme is completed, Canada will be supplying over one thousand airmen monthly. It is through the expected torrent of super-trained air-men emerging from this Empire co-operative plan that Britain hopes to achieve mastery of the air, and ultimate victory over the Axis powers.

Sweeping the seas in ever broader and stronger patrol, the Royal Canadian Navy will marshal over four hundred ships and twenty-six thousand nine hundred men, by March 1942, to serve side by side with Britain's fleet in convoy and blockade work. The men, necessary to man the ships, have already been recruited and are undergoing a period of training. At present the Navy is playing a leading part in the conveying of ships as well as in protecting her own coast and trade routes.

Swiftly moving events have placed upon each and every one of us new responsibilities. Canada's manufacturing industries are now producing war materials in great quantities. Skilled workmen are required in the producing of these goods.

Canada's educational movement is proving to be beneficial, since a well-educated man is likely to be a more efficient producer or a more efficient soldier, air man or sailor, than one with little or no education. This educational plan enables a man in the ranks to improve his intellectual equipment, and so greatly assist his chances for promotion. Modern conditions of warfare require expert knowledge of such intricacies as radio communication, long range artillery fire or navigation by sea and air and thus make demands upon mental equipment of service men greater than ever before.

The plan is being carried through by a Legion Subsidiary with the assistance of professional educators. Every man of the C. A. S. F., R. C. A. F., Royal Canadian Navy, Naval Reserves and of the Newfoundland Active Service is eligible no matter where he is stationed. Some of the mechanical and chemistry courses require work in shops and laboratories. Other courses are taught through correspondence school systems. Programs of study are mapped out.

Men, who are accepted for service in the R. C. A. F. but who are not yet called up, are being taught in classes arranged in home towns. Applicants for courses have been increasing in number during the past six months. At the beginning of this year, twelve thousand men were registered in camps and an additional three thousand overseas.

An enormous amount of work plus a national co-operation, unique in the history of Canadian education, has been required to establish machinery necessary to enable this vast educational project, which involves thousands of men on two continents and several oceans. The Canadian Legion War Services Incorporated is the supervising body, working through the subsidiary of the Canadian Legion Educational Services and in partnership with the Canadian Association for Adult Education. Financial responsibility rests with the Canadian Legion War Services.

The Legion Educational Service is a vast undertaking, possibly capable of improvement. The training received will be valuable in life after the war, as well as in producing men better qualified to engage the enemy and ultimately suppress Nazism.

THE WEST NOVA SCOTIA REGIMENTAL BAND IN THE PRESENT CONFLICT

MARION BRUCE, '42

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.

The Lunenburg people have always thought highly of this band, and are now proud that it is doing its part in the fight for freedom.

Our former military band had originated from the 75th Regimental Band, which later changed its name to the 1st Battalion Lunenburg Regimental Band. Later, 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 the band played at recitals, public and regimental gatherings, under the capable leadership of Lieutenant Rayburn Beck.

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, two are corporals or N. C. O.s.

Of the original members some were turned down because of age, some because of 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. Out of this small group some have taken up stretcher-work, others have become sanitary inspectors for water and food.

But we know, that whatever their duties, and wherever they serve, they will carry out with courage and effectiveness the work entrusted to them, and we shall have cause to be proud of the service they render.

ENGLAND — CANADA

RICHARD THOMAS, '42

On Tuesday, the 11th of September, I left London "en route" for our port of sail, somewhere in England. It was a very nice, sunny day and during all the journey I looked out of the window, taking my last glimpses of the English countryside. How different it was from this rugged coast line of Nova Scotia! In no time, it seemed, we arrived at our destination and then on to a residence to wait for the ship.

It was not until Friday, the 20th, that we left the chalky cliffs of England behind us.

The journey itself was a very pleasant one. For the most of it the weather was fine and we never felt lonely as we had twenty or so sturdy merchant ships following us. On our first day out we passed a wreck of a ship; and as a grim reminder of the fate of a U-boat we sailed through about half a mile of oil on the surface of the water. For the first two days the water was as flat as a duck pond, and I thought we were going to get across without being sick. But no such luck came our way! Only one boy experienced no ill effects, and he must have had a cast iron stomach.

The weather broke on the third day. On that day about three-quarters of the group were violently ill; that day only seven brave persons arrived to dinner. I was one of them. But four came to supper, and I was not one of them. All the next day I felt miserable and did not eat a morsel, but the next day I felt better, and my appetite returned. Soon we had all recovered and set about to enjoy the remainder of the trip.

During the long days that followed my chief amusement, apart from annoying the very bad-tempered barber, was to stand at the stern with a very good friend I had made and watch the jelly fish float by. Other people, with more ambition than I, learned from the Dutch sailors on board how to carve wooden clogs, but I fear most of them were not very successful.

It is a law that makes life boat drill unnecessary on an ocean liner and especially is this so in wartime. It was on about the sixth day out that I saw an example of the grim work going on in the Atlantic. A ship in the convoy was torpedoed, and she went straight to the bottom in four minutes. No given signal was needed for the other ships to scatter out over a large area, and every ship was crammed every inch of steam available into her turbine, at the same time zig-zagging all over the ocean.

For the whole night we did this and during that night the U-boat got two more ships. That week the shipping losses were the greatest of the war and the same week it was decided to postpone the evacuation scheme until the following spring.

Strange things happened on that voyage that were never allowed to reach our ears, but it is sufficient to say that from five o'clock to eight o'clock one morning all the passengers were assembled ready at a moment's notice to man the life boats.

After that experience, the rest of the journey was quite uneventful until we sighted at last a smudge on the horizon which gradually turned into St. John's, Newfoundland.

My first great surprise here was to see that cars still went on the left side of the road. On the whole, I was rather disappointed with St. John's, and this made me look forward all the more to seeing Canada.

Unfortunately the day on which we landed at Halifax was absolutely "lousy" and my first impression of this city was not very good either, but since that time that first impression has changed.

My first visit to Halifax lasted only a few hours. From there we went by bus to Truro by which time the weather had cleared up, and the journey was very pleasant. My first surprise here was the food. I have travelled a bit of Europe and I have tasted many strange foods, but never before in all my life had I heard of drinking apple juice for breakfast. Luckily, I grew to like it quickly.

The day after my arrival in Truro, I decided to explore the town. I had been to Truro in England, but that was only a small fishing village. I liked this Truro and in the main street the thing that attracted me most was the drug store. I had heard a lot of talk about them from the films, but this was the first one I had ever seen. I think drug stores are a good thing, and have often wondered why there are none of them in England.

There are so many things here that are so different from in England, the huge trains, the cars, and it struck me funny to see the people going about perpetually chewing gum, and how nice it was to sit in a show and not have to peer through a thick haze of tobacco smoke.

While in Truro I often walked through the National Park. Here I was struck by the beauty of the dying maple leaves. This was the first time I had ever seen a maple tree.

After this short visit to Truro, I came to Lunenburg and here I still remain. While approaching the town, along the Mahone Bay road, the first thing I saw was a large, imposing, almost fortress-like building, which I soon discovered was the school, and the very next day I was introduced to it. Apart from the boys and the girls being together, and the system of grades and grading, the English and the Canadian schools are almost the same. But one change I did notice, and that was the Easter vacation—we have four weeks holiday in England.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE HISTORY OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETY AND OF ITS WAR WORK

GLORIA ERNST, '41

The Red Cross Society is an international organization functioning at all times in all countries. The name is applied generally to those societies maintained in various parts of the world for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of mankind in time of war, flood, earthquake and similar disasters.

Henri Dunant, a Swiss gentleman, secured the co-operation of the Swiss Federal Council in calling for an international conference to devise some plan for the alleviation of suffering during wars. A conference was held at Geneva in 1863, when sixteen governments were represented. The first Red Cross Organizations were formed immediately after the Geneva Convention. Since that time more than fifty nations have agreed to the principles of the Red Cross movement.

Peace time service of the Red Cross Society is a vital contribution to world welfare. Everywhere it assumes a burden of relief almost at the moment disaster is reported. War, however, places many new duties upon this Society.

In the present war, our Canadian Red Cross Society is supplying ten thousand parcels of food each week to British and Canadian prisoners of war in Germany. Proof has been obtained that prisoners in Germany actually get these parcels. They are dispatched in American ships to Lisbon, thence to Geneva. From Geneva they are shipped to British prisoners. Parcels of invalid comforts are also sent for distribution in all camps in Germany. This great undertaking costs approximately a million and a half dollars a year.

The Canadian Red Cross is giving relief to air raid victims and to people in war torn areas. It is lending blankets, sheets, pillow-slips and towels to the Immigration Department for the comfort of refugees and evacuees travelling on trains. Thousands of blankets have been presented to the Society. These are being sorted, washed, sterilized and baled for shipment to England. The Society is also providing essential equipment for a number of hospitals in Britain that could not function without Red Cross Aid.

The Canadian Red Cross is financing the production of concentrated blood serum. This blood serum, which is made possible by voluntary services of many hundreds of donors, is proving of great value to wounded men overseas.

The Red Cross is also co-operating with the Government in the establishment in Canada of seven convalescent hospitals or homes for the reception of sick and wounded men of the fighting forces.

Hundreds of ambulances have been presented to the Society by individuals and organizations. A number of these ambulances have been sent to the United Kingdom; others are being used in the Royal Commonwealth Air Training Scheme in Canada.

Various institutions are now aiding the Society in its War Work. The Junior Red Cross, organized during the World War, permits children to participate in phases of war service. The school children are knitting clothes and are contributing magazines and games for the fighting forces. Thus, everyone is able to contribute to the Society in the war effort.

The Red Cross stands ready to assist British and Canadian services at any moment with supplies. Large quantities of medical and surgical supplies, as well as comforts of all kinds have been sent to England. Members of the Society are busy knitting scarves, sweaters and other articles to be used by the men of the Army, Navy and Air Forces.

The cost of materials to be sewn or knitted into garments for our own fighting men, refugees, and evacuees alone is tremendous. Campaigns are the only means of raising the necessary funds, since the Red Cross is entirely dependant for funds on the generosity of the citizens. Thus the subscribers, knowing of the humanitarian work done by this organization, always give willingly.

So far, the Canadian Red Cross campaigns have been successful and have reached their objectives. In order that this Society may continue successfully, we need to continue sharing our goods and wealth to the utmost. We need feel justly proud of our Red Cross, whose quality of service is so cordially volunteered in the great war effort.

POETRY



THE BRITISH NAVY'S VICTORIES

JEAN MACARTNEY, '44

Britain's valiant battleships,
And cunning submarines
Have fought the Nazi naval boats
And shattered German dreams.

To Jervis Bay we point with pride,
Through shot and shell she sped,
And held at bay the enemy
And saved the ships she led.

Her crew of staunch, courageous men,
Were never known to falter.
Though shell-shot ripped her greyish bow
Her course she did not alter.

Though many of her crew were killed,
And of survivors there were few;
This same brave ship had proved the power
Of the grand "Red, White and Blue."

Again the British navy,
Showed up the Nazi hate,
When the H. M. S. Achilles
Chased the Graf Spee to her fate.

The Exeter and Ajax
Joined in the little game
And together with Achilles
Put the Graf Spee to shame.

In Montevideo Harbor
The cowardly Graf Spee lay;
Too badly damaged (so she said)
To end her foes' good play.

Two days expired, however,
When, obeying neutral laws
The Graf Spee left the harbour
And broke the lengthy pause.

No sooner was she out of port
Then clouds of smoke arose
From all about the German craft,
Destroying her proud pose.

The British Navy will ride on,
Patrolling oceans wide;
And smashing German naval boats
As well as German pride.

THE SEA GULL
OUR EMBLEM

DOUGLAS MACKLIN, '41

Our emblem of security,
Our flag unfurled and free!
To guide us through these years of strife,
We humbly ask of thee.

Our emblem of true liberty,
Forever free from cruelty
Though foe meets foe in sudden death,
Who long for peace, as we?

Thy faith and favor we implore,
Oh, keep us, when we need thee more.
Oh, save us when we grow too bold,
And thee in reverence do not hold,

Our valiant race may stand alone,
To fight for freedom and for home.
No nation's might shall bar the way,
Or stem the tide of life we know.

THE STRIFE FOR JUSTICE

FRANCES JOHNSON, '41

Many are there who have known
Britain's right to reign.
They said "We'll fight for freedom,
Happiness to gain."

So against the waring Axis,
Our country took up arms;
Again we hear the bullets hiss
Grim battle dread alarms.

In time to come we'll win our cause;
Shake off the weighty yoke;
Then for a winning breath we'll pause,
A free race, a happy folk.

DO YOUR PART

BLOSSOM ZINCK, '43

We should all be thankful
When we look upon our lands;
And do our best to keep them
Out of the German hands.

Our soldiers in England
Are fighting just for us;
While some folks live in luxury,
And others live on crust.

Although we're not in England,
We still should do our bit;
By buying war savings stamps,
And then certificates.

THE SEA GULL

"THE MERCHANT MARINE"

GEORGE INNIS, '44

The word comes through—S. O. S.—
 "Blimy—we're in a deuce of a mess;
 —Guns shot off, both aft and fore;
 Please send aid, or we'll be no more."

Another message—S. O. S.—
 "Blimy—we're, too, in a deuce of a mess.
 —Fuel near gone—low on grub—
 Send out help—being chased by a sub."

Yes, we hear this every day
 But we also remember the **Jervis Bay!**
 Britain delivers the goods for the Queen,
 Thanks to the men of the Merchant Marine.

The merchant sailors of toughest breed,
 Men of every race and creed,
 Never daunted by word or threat;
 They live a life of grease and sweat.

But the Merchant Marine is the Empire's "Life Line"
 Dodging the U-boats and magnetic mine;
 Seldom aided by gun or smoke screen:
 We proudly present "The Merchant Marine."

ALL'S WELL

QUEENIE ZINCK, '43

At dusk I walked within the woods,
 The smell of flowers was so good,
 The birds, they flitted overhead
 The maples, they were turning red;
 The cattle's call rang through the dell;
 The housewife rang the supper-bell
 And all was well!

And in the morn when I awoke,
 Just at the time that daylight broke;
 The sun was shining in the sky,
 The birds already flitting by;
 And leaves were fluttering to the ground;
 The distant calling of the hound
 Told all was well!

THE SEA

LESLIE MOSHER, '44

There at the edge of the cliffs I sat
 Watching the sea below.
 The seagulls gliding overhead
 Called to the waves below,
 While on the far horizon
 A sail came drifting near.
 As I watched the changing scene,
 It seemed that birds and waves
 The sky and the sails
 Formed a picture rare;
 From green to grey
 From grey to blue
 Never the same, but always new.

WINTER

MARIE HIMMELMAN, '44

Pearly-grey skies;
The sun a glare;
Fluffy white snow;
Cold frosty air.

Ice-covered streets;
Tall leafless trees;
Jack Frost is here
In the fresh tangy breeze.

All this is winter;
Best time of the year!
Everyone's glad
When winter is here.

ON LOOKING FOR A BOOK

GEORGE INNES, '44

I once was looking for a book
In our school library.
My eyes roamed up and down the shelves
To see what I could see.

I looked upon the "fiction" shelf;
Through novels, big and small.
Through Milton and the Classics great—
Which did not suit at all!

"I really must," says I to me,
"Here find a book to read."
I glanced through Keats and Shelley too,
Which hardly filled the need.

"Travel," "Description" were quickly scanned,
Before my choice I met,
With satisfaction and great joy I stood
With "Romeo and Juliet!"

THE SEA GULL
BILLY'S DREAM

ROBERT HILDYARD, '43

One night, just after Billy Brown
Had been tucked into bed;
The covers up around his neck,
And all his prayers said,
A knock came at his bedroom door,
Then all again was still,
 But after that, again the knock,
 Upon his window sill.

Now Billy was a little boy,
Who did not know real fear;
And so he called, "Come in at once,"
And nothing did appear.
Then out of bed he quickly jumped,
And looking out did see
 The strangest looking gentleman
 With a beard down to his knees.

He took Bill in his waiting coach,
Right up into the air,
So soon he found himself inside
A land so strange and fair.
Some other dreams were floating round,
Who took him by the hand
 And to a garden he was led,
Where a great gate opened wide.

Right through this great wide gate he sped
To a land of flowers and trees.
There were stores with candy, fruit and toys
There were great blue rolling seas,
Whee he could swim and roll about
 And oh, how pleased he was to be
 In such a lovely land.

It didn't last for very long,
Because as he did see
The stranger came back very soon
And shouted merrily:
"You've played so long, it's almost morn
'Tis time to leave," he said.
 No sooner said, than it was done,
 And Bill was back in bed.

THE GRADE IX CLASS

MARIE HIMMELMAN, '44

Paul and Eileen are rather small,
But everybody can't be tall.

Delma Knickle is bright and gay,
Her smile is like a summer day.

Walter Cook has up-standing hair,
And when there's fun, he gets his share.

Pauline Greek talks very much;
Therefore, she often gets "in Dutch."

Marie DeMone, a very nice girl,
Is never seen with her hair out of curl.

A good hockey player is Vernon Walters,
For an alibi he never falters.

Jean Macartney is very clever,
Her friendship with Grace you cannot sever.

Alexander is often late,
His love for Latin is not very great.

And never yet have broken a rule.
Nema and Roselea now go to our school,

Eleanor Randall is tall and dark,
And always ready for a lark.

From Corkum's Island we welcome Claire,
She, with the lovely curly hair.

Jolly and plump is Bobby Bailly;
He sure must get his vitamins daily.

From Garden Lots comes Marjorie Tanner,
Who's liked by all, for her kindly manner.

Robert is quite a popular name;
For four of the boys to it lay claim.

There are also George, John, Carl and Sonnich,
Whose capers and tricks are practically chronic.

Then there is William, and also Bill;
They giggle and laugh at Vernon, until——!

There are still some more I could write about,
But my rhyming powers have petered out.



SABOTAGE IN CANADA

ROBERT SILVER, '44

It was a beautiful sight over the flying field at Halifax. The sun was just setting and the sky was blood red. Stormy black clouds were forming to the east and Captain Barstow R. C. A. F. wondered if more blood would be spilt before the war was over. This scene did something to him inside, the black thunder clouds and a blood red sky, a wierd combination.

"I wonder," murmured Capt. Barstow.

"Wonder what, Captain," said a voice from behind.

"Oh! Major, I'm sorry I did not see you. I was just wondering when this mess will be cleared up; yes, I wonder how much more blood will be spilt because of two maniacs."

"Much more, Captain, yes, more blood will be spilt," replied the Major.

Far out in the Atlantic a Dornier Do 15 flying boat bearing the hated Swastika was winging its way towards Canada with a very important cargo. What would a German plane be doing on this side of the Atlantic? Surely it was nothing good.

Three very important men were in this plane and a conversation was in progress.

"Well, Lieutenant, you know what is expected of you. You must succeed with your work here in Canada. You will pay with your life if you fail," said a high ranking Gestapo official.

"I do," replied the young and crafty lieutenant.

"You will meet our agent at this point on the map. He will give you your orders. You must kill yourself if you are captured you must not fail the Reich," said the Gestapo agent.

"Yes, sir," replied the Lieutenant who did not waste words.

"But where do I come in on this scheme, Herr Huntz," said the third man, who was rather stubby.

"Swine, I am not known as Herr Huntz. I am agent K7 of the Gestapo. You are commander of the V-426, which is our submarine. Lieut. Willimstien or R47," said Agent K7 nodding to the Lieut. "We'll give you your orders. If they are not carried out perfectly you will be shot."

"What, me be ordered by a mere lieutenant! No, I will not do it," screamed the sub commander.

"You will do as I say," roared the Gestapo agent.

"Yes, sir," replied the commander very meekly.

The large Dornier flying boat landed by a German submarine off the Nova Scotian coast. R47 went ashore in a small boat and the commander assumed command of his submarine.

Two weeks later things were popping in the Canadian Intelligence Service offices. Men were hustling about and something had to happen soon.

In the head office, Major Hopkins and Captain Barstow were finishing an important conversation.

"You know what is expected of you, Captain. This spy ring must be cleaned up," said the Major.

"I understand perfectly," replied the Captain.

"Three squadrons of Hawker Hurricanes and a troop train were destroyed without a trace of bombs or anything, absolutely no clues. All this happened in Sector K35," stormed the Major.

"I will do my best," replied Captain Barstow, still very calm. "And now, good-bye and wish me luck; I'll need it."

After this meeting, Captain Barstow went to Sector K35 and arrived at midnight. After arriving in Sector K35, Captain Barstow went to Canada's largest airplane factory which happened to be in Sector K35. After a hurried conversation with the manager, he went to the nearest newspaper office and talked with the editor. The Headlines for the next paper read:

"New Bombsight is Perfected at Canadian Aircraft Co."

Below that it gave details concerning this Bombsight and its great effectiveness.

In a lonely, tumbledown shack in Sector K35 near the Canadian Aircraft Co., two mysterious men were talking in low tones.

"Well, Commander, your plane is ready for immediate use," said R47.

"Yes, sir," replied the other.

"Then you strike at 5:30 a. m. At 4:30 R47 will steal the blueprint of the bombsight for my country. Is my plane ready, scum?"

"I resent being called scum, even if you are my officer you can't insult me that way," replied the other in a harsh way.

"Is my plane ready, scum?"

"Yes—yes, sir," replied the other in a meek voice.

"Good. It is 4:15 a. m. We have 15 minutes to get there. At exactly 5:30 a. m. you will strike with the radio controlled bombs. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," grumbled the commander.

With that R47 strode to his waiting plane, and flew directly east for 15 minutes. Then he landed in a field near the Aircraft factory. After landing, he stealthily crept to the west gate of the Co. and walked past a sleeping guard. He would have been very much surprised if he had turned around because the guard came to life and spoke lightly into a telephone in the sentry box. Captain Barstow got that call but R47 did not know this. He skilfully picked the lock on the blueprint house door and went inside where he began to twirl the dial on the safe.

Instantly a light went on and Captain Barstow and three armed soldiers captured Germany's master spy. The great spy was caught by a simple trap.

"Now my fine Nazi spy we're going over to the ammunition storehouse and wait outside until something happens. There are tons of high explosives there and if you do not tell me what's going to happen we'll be here when your henchmen blow this plant to pieces," said Captain Barstow.

"You can't prove anything, nothing is going to happen to this dump," squealed the spy.

"O. K., we'll wait until you decide to talk," said Captain Barstow.

They all settled down in chairs and began to wait. The Nazi spy kept looking at his watch which was now 5:20 p. m. He was sweating furiously and, like any Nazi, turned yellow at the last moment.

"They're going to blow this joint to bits with radio controlled bombs from a Dornier flying boat at 5:30 a. m. Quick get me out of here. We've only ten minutes left. Don't let me die. Please get me out."

Instantly Captain Barstow was out of the building and into his waiting Spitfire. With a grunt and sputter the engine came into life and he was off. Only eight minutes were left to save a factory and thousands of skilled workers.

Up into the coming dawn streaked the Spitfire. At 25,000 feet he sighted the Dornier flying boat. No radio bombs were in sight so she must be still on the plane. Only a minute more and the Spitfire came diving down on the flying boat with 8 streams of fire coming from the wings. The bullets must have hit a bomb because the flying boat exploded in mid air and the spy ring was broken.

Captain Barstow went back to his home field and saw the sun just coming up. The sky was still blood red but the black clouds were gone.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

DOUGLAS MACKLIN, '41

A group of seven pilots were assembled in the office of Major Cummings, C. O. of the 96th Pursuit Squadron. They had been there for the past ten minutes, and were about to leave.

"You may dismiss," said the Major, "but remember, I want that bridge destroyed at all costs. Your planes are ready, and loaded. You know what to do, Sherwood."

The pilots trudged out of the Major's office, and headed toward their planes, which were awaiting them. They gathered round the centre plane, and received their final orders from Captain Sherwood, their Flight Commander.

"Follow me up to ten thousand. We'll fly straight for the target, then glide in. Wait for my order to break up, and if anything goes wrong, disperse. Good luck."

Capt. Sherwood led his seven aces off the field, and at ten thousand they formed a close-knit wedge, headed for Germany. They flew along without sighting enemy planes. Then Capt. Sherwood gave the signal to dive. The bridge was a mile away.

The Captain had just completed his signal, when bullets punctured his wing tips. A large formation of German Heinkels were diving on them from the rear.

Two British planes were going down in flames from the first bursts of Spadaus fire. That meant that five British remained to face twelve German pursuit planes. Capt. Sherwood gave the order to break formation, every man for himself. He looped his plane into the midst of the battle.

He centered his sights on a German target, and loosed a long burst. The German plane literally broke up in mid air. Sherwood then swerved to the side in time to escape a burst from behind.

Glancing down he saw another British plane being boxed in by three Heinkels. He put his plane on its nose and made a vertical dive for this small group of planes. He kept pressing his tripps along the way, and sent one more German diving in scarlet, as it tried to bar his way.

Sherwood realized that he could not save the British pilot, but he remained in his dive and opened his guns on the enemy planes. One Heinkel received a burst in the cockpit, and went down with a dead German at its stick. Another received the charge in its motor, and went down in flames.

Sherwood was after his third enemy when he remembered his mission. He glanced around; only one British plane beside his own and that one hard pressed. Only himself to do the job, with only a limited supply of Mills detachable bombs to do the job, and twenty or more German planes below to stop him.

But he did not hesitate. He set his place in a glide, straight for his objective. He kept his thumb on the tripps, and worked the mechanism of his small cannon with fervor. The small shells did small destruction to the bridge, bursting some supporting wires. Plowing through the enemy plane below, his Vickers still chattering, his plane hit the central span of the bridge. Bombs and tank exploded from the concussion.

The centre support crumpled, the bridge sagged, and finally broke in two from its own weight and the weight of the machine on it, and both disappeared into the river beneath.

Sherwood and his men had done their job, though at the cost of their own lives.

THE UNINVITED GUEST

JEAN MACARTNEY '44

It was on one of those stifling summer nights that we find a gay party taking place in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Holden, just outside the town of Arnprior. A storm was threatening and the sky clouded over.

The charming hostess chatted gaily with the five guests. The youngest guests were Myrna Lawrence and her handsome escort, David Warner. Myrna had a strikingly pretty face. Her large brown eyes were outstanding features upon her softly moulded face. Her hazel hair hung freely down to the nape of her neck, where it curled loosely. She was cheerful and witty but there was a slightly puzzling look in her eyes. Her charming escort was a typical orchestra leader. His laughing eyes followed Myrna wherever she went.

The next couple was Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hutton, a young married pair. There was nothing peculiar about them.

Mr. Hugo Mulley was a tall, broad shouldered man. His squared head contained very homely features. His protruding cheek-bones drew attention to his deeply inset grey eyes. His mouth was rather large, being trimmed with thick lips.

The gay hum-drum which usually encircles a party, was suddenly interrupted by a strange noise—it sounded almost like a muffled scream, and seemed to come from the library. Mr. Holden rushed to the library followed by David Warner and Hugo Mulley. As they opened the door, a horrible sight awaited them for there, on the floor lay the corpse of a man, with a horror-stricken face. Holden gasped at the sight and uttered, "Why, who on earth could this be?" Tim Holden glanced around at Mulley who seemed a trifle pale. The question brought no response.

The curious women, meantime, had come to investigate the trouble, but, upon seeing the body, had retreated quickly. Myrna Lawrence uttered a short scream as she quickly fled from the room.

Picking up the phone, Tim Holden called Inspector Martin of the Arnprior police department. Martin also had close connections with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Within ten minutes a knock was heard at the door. Answering it, Tim Holden was heard to say, "Won't you come in, Inspector?"

The proceedings were explained to Martin, who requested that he be shown the body. The Inspector knelt by the body and searched the pocket-content; which might give some clues. The various articles were placed on the table and the inspector requested he be introduced to the guests.

As Tim Holden did so, the Inspector eyed each guest from head to foot. His eyes rested on the troubled face of Myrna Lawrence, who flushed as his piercing eyes surveyed her. First, he asked if any person could give any information that might lead to the identity of the man, but there was a lack of response.

"Mrs. Holden, I believe you said that your butler had resigned his position yesterday," said Martin. "Did he give you any logical reason for doing so?"

"Well, Inspector, he claimed that he had been offered a better position elsewhere," answered Mrs. Holden.

"I see; well, there's nothing I can do just now, but I'm afraid I'll have to put you all under custody for the murder. You will all have to spend the night here," ordered Martin.

Protests were made in vain and while Mrs. Holden prepared accommodations for all, Inspector Martin called the mortuary and instructed for the body to be removed. Martin left soon after the body had been removed and Tim Holden retired.

Mr. Mulley, it appeared, was spending a very restless night. His light was burning till quite late. In fact, several occupants of the Holden house had a difficult time getting to sleep that night. Myrna Lawrence tried in vain to calm her nerves by reading a book; while her escort pondered over his own thoughts at the other end of the hall. Mr. and Mrs. Holden discussed the events until the latter fell asleep, her husband soon following her.

Just as the old clock downstairs chimed its shrill three o'clock, Evelyn Holden was awakened by a shuffling in the hall. She expected that her jumpy nerves were getting the better of her and she tried to sleep again. Again she heard the strange noise, and awakened her husband. Together, they investigated the noise in the hall. Evelyn Holden let out a gasp as she saw the body of Myrna Lawrence hanging limply over the bannister of the staircase. Soon, the others came to the scene. Tim phoned the doctor and then Inspector Martin, while David Warner carried the unconscious girl to her bed. The doctor and inspector arrived at the same time.

"I'm afraid there isn't much we can do for the girl just now" said the doctor. "She was injured by a sharp object which made two identical cuts in the back of her neck.

"Why," exclaimed Tim Holden "that's the same way that the other man was murdered!"

Martin left instructions that if Myrna became conscious, to call him. Then he gathered the guests into the den.

"Now somebody in this house tried to murder Myrna Lawrence. It will be better for that person to admit it now," said Martin, as he eyed the guests seriously. His eyes rested for some time upon Mr. Mulley, who shifted uneasily.

"Don't you think that we should co-operate with Martin, folks?" said David.

"I agree with David," said Mrs. Hutton, "The only thing I could say is that about 2.30 a. m. I heard Myrna's door open and, presuming that she was going for a glass of water, I thought nothing of it."

"Well, said David, "I heard Myrna get up but I thought nothing of it. I did hear Mulley get up and open his door but that didn't seem a peculiar action as it was extremely hot in the bedrooms. I heard nothing more until I was awakened by the shuffling in the hall."

"Mulley were you out of bed at that time," pointed Martin.

"Why—why yes, I did get up to get a breath of fresh air. I haven't any idea what time it was, but I did see Miss Lawrence returning to her room and we exchanged friendly greetings," answered Hugo Mulley.

"It appears that you were the last person to see Myrna before the accident," accused Martin.

It was about eight o'clock when the doctor came downstairs.

"Miss Lawrence is slowly gaining consciousness, Inspector," he said. "If you would like to see her you may come up now."

"Holden, will you come up with me?" asked Martin.

The two men entered the room just as Myrna opened her eyes. She muttered something about "baron—papers" Then there was silence again.

"Miss Lawrence, what do you mean?" asked Martin softly.

"The papers," faltered Myrna. "Did the baron escape?"

"Myrna, could you tell us who you saw in the hall tonight?"

"Hall? Baron Mull——," again Myrna fell into a faint.

Inspector Martin gathered his information and returned to the office. The activities of the previous evening was the chief topic discussed at breakfast. The Huttons chatted freely, but Hugo Mulley remained somewhat reserved.

The doctor came downstairs again about noon and reported that Miss Lawrence had regained consciousness and was on her way to recovery. Inspector Martin, who had returned went upstairs with Tim Holden and David Warner. They entered the room and found the girl very pale but quite cheerful.

"Myrna what happened," asked David.

"There's so much to tell," said Myrna, "and it's all so muddled up. You see, in the pre-war days. I was stationed as a spy in Germany. While there, I made friends with the Baron Von Muller. (He is the person who calls himself Hugo Mulley). I knew that he was the head of a large military project of Germany. One night, when we were out together, he became drunk. I knew that in his pocket he carried the plans for a secret German weapon. While his mind was drowsy, I took the plans and was many miles out of the country before he discovered his loss. The Baron vowed he would get revenge on me and tonight he tried. The man who

was killed in the library was Gerry Reiters, my partner spy and the one who was to protect me tonight. When Mulley saw Gerry he recognized him as my partner and with blow-pipe, which is common in Germany, he murdered Gerry Reiters and attempted to do likewise to me. The horrible look on Gerry's face was caused by the circulating poison in his body given off by the arrow-like affair from the blow-pipe. The other details can be told later, but now I am very tired and would like to rest. Have I supplied the necessary evidence, inspector?"

The astonished Martin gave his affirmative answer and immediately went downstairs to arrest Mulley while David Warner remained with his fiancée, Myrna Lawrence.

A DANCER'S DREAM COME TRUE

MARIE HIMMELMAN, '44

Sheila's mother had been a famous dancer, the star of the "London Theatrical Company" productions. But at the height of her career, she had had to retire from the stage because of serious heart trouble.

Now, she was determined to make her daughter, Sheila, a dancer too. She was not disappointed. Ever since Sheila had begun to walk, she had danced.

After a few years spent at a girls' school in the suburbs of London, it was decided that dancing should be Sheila's career. Her mother spared nothing, so that Sheila could have the much-wanted dancing lessons from expensive and experienced teachers. Sheila was fourteen years old now, and had shown really marked ability in ballet dancing.

Her mother was anxious for her to appear in public. She wrote letters to the company where she had starred years ago. At last she and her daughter were granted a personal interview with Sonia Stefansson, the star of the company's recent performance and her husband, Mr. Franklin, the manager of the company.

It was a cold winter morning when Sheila and her mother drove to the large, pretentious building where the performances took place, and where Sheila would be tested for the ballet.

Sheila, having never known stage-fright, was perfectly at ease, and danced better than ever before; whirling and pirouetting before the astonished eyes of Mr. Franklin and Sonia Stefansson. As she finished the dance, she dimly heard the voice of Mr. Franklin saying, "She really is a dancer! We'll put her in the ballet at once. She'll be the youngest member, by far."

At first, Sheila was an insignificant member of the host of girls who made up the ballet. For two years she worked terribly hard, harder than any of the other girls, who were older than she. But she made progress. Aside from learning her own steps, she secretly learned all the dances that the star, Sonia Stefansson performed, and Sheila's superiority above the other girls of the ballet was soon noticed by Mr. Franklin.

One night, when she was sixteen years old, she was making her way to the crowded dressing room, before the performance, she was frantically beckoned to Mr. Franklin's office. She heard with disbelieving ears that Sonia Stefansson, the star, was suddenly taken ill with pneumonia, and that she was expected to take her place. She dimly heard his last words, "You know all the steps, don't you? I believe you have been practicing them."

"But Sonia's understudy?" asked Sheila.

"She, unfortunately, was discharged yesterday because of drunkenness," said Mr. Franklin.

Sheila nodded, and hurried to the dressing-room in a daze. For the first time, Sheila was afraid. As the maid helped her slip on her gauzy blue costume, she was trembling. As she put on her make-up, and sat down waiting for the call-bell, she was in agony. Even the thought that her mother would be in the audience watching her performance, did not comfort her. Thoughts that she might make a mistake, forget some of the

steps, ran through her brain. At last the call-bell rang, and she hurried nervously to the wings. She heard the orchestra playing the overture. In a moment she would be on. She must do her best, for her mother's sake and for her own.

She heard the opening chord and a moment later she was leaping and whirling gracefully through the series of dances that made up "The Forest Fairy." It seemed only a moment until the Finale came, and she realized that it would soon be over. She must do her best, must make the most of her opportunity now. It was ended. She sank gracefully to the floor, amid the thunderous applause of the audience.

The curtain fell, and she ran off the stage, only to be pushed on again with whispers of "Do it over again. Can't you hear them? They want an encore." So she went on again and did it over, this time with confidence and assurance.

As she finished, the audience applauded even more loudly. Sheila rose, smiled and bowed again and again. At last she ran off into the wings in time to hear Mr. Franklin say to her mother, "Your daughter is marvelous! She's on the road to success! I've just decided to make her Sonia's understudy."

MOMMY IS NO. 1

DORIS BEGINN, 43, LILLIAN SCHLENGER, '43

Margaret and Ann were on their way to Canada. Margaret who was ten, looked like a pixie. Her hair hung down her back in two thick braids and her eyes were like dewy purple pansies. Ann was only six. She had curly flaxen hair and dancing blue eyes that put the sky to shame. Margaret felt as if this bundle of sunshine belonged to her, and when they left England she had promised her mother that she and no one else would look after Ann.

Now, the two small girls stood at the ship's rail. Ann clutched her sister's hand, and watched the small boats going into the harbour. She just couldn't understand the meaning of all the fighting and killing. For the fifth time that day she asked, "When we get there will we have funny iron houses and big masks?"

Margaret patiently answered the piping baby voice, "No, dear, we won't. Mommy said we'd have fun."

"Margaret."

"Yes, dear."

"Why couldn't Mommy come with us?"

"Why why-er-because-I mean——— let's go inside, Ann."

The blast of the big whistle announced that the ship was entering the harbour. Fifteen minutes later fifty small girls walked down the gang-plank to a special street car. All the evacuees were to be taken to Red Cross Headquarters in Montreal. It was now about 5 o'clock and all the lights were on. How delighted the children were to see lights once more! At the sight of so many people milling about in the streets and stores Ann drew closer to Margaret who squeezed her hand reassuringly.

The street car stopped before the Red Cross building. The elevators shot upwards with their precious passengers. The children were then taken to a large bright room off the main corridor where their war hosts and hostesses were awaiting them. Margaret saw a beautiful woman coming towards her. She was dressed in a fur coat and a little fur hat. Her eyes were grey and smiling, and her hair—her hair had just enough grey in it to make her look distinguished.

"But," Margaret thought, "she doesn't look as if she ever got cross. She may look distinguished but I bet she's just as nice as—as Mommy."

Ann wasn't saying much but she, too, was thinking. She, too, was puzzling and wondering what nice lady that was coming towards them.

Suddenly to her surprise and joy the nice lady spoke. "My dear! You're Margaret? And who is this little sunbeam?"

"Yes, ma'm, I'm Margaret. This is Ann, my little sister. I have to look after Ann."

"Well, I'm Mrs. Howard. My husband and I haven't any little girl, so we wanted you."

Margaret looked appalled. She couldn't go without Ann! In a faint voice Margaret asked, "Who's going to take Ann?"

It was Mrs. Howard's turn to look startled. "Why, my dear, I hadn't given it a thought. But I———Ann, dear, how would you like to stay with that nice lady over there?"

Ann's small face looked even smaller, now, her lips quivered and it seemed as if the tears would fall very soon. The expected happened. In a moment Ann was sobbing in Margaret's arms.

"I don't want—to go—with her. I want to stay—with—you!"

Mrs. Howard looked from Margaret to the sobbing little figure. Then she called Mrs. Braimey who was president of the R. C. movement in Montreal. "Mrs. Bradley, I'd like to change my application. Instead of one little girl I'd like to take two."

Driving home Ann's cloudburst subsided and the sun shone again. Margaret was about to say something once or twice, but refrained. Finally she spoke, "Mrs. Howard you're the nicest person I've ever known."

Ann piped up, "Next to Mommy."

Mrs. Howard had a hard time to keep from smiling as she said in a very serious tone, "Next to Mommy, of course!"

THE BENEFIT OF THE EXCHANGE

ELEANOR RANDALL '44

Jim Dorand and his wife paused at the windows of "Grand Display—War Souvenirs." Jim held Junior up so that he could see.

"Some collection, Anne," Jim said, admiring the bombs, helmets, rifles, tunics and many other things on display. "I wonder what the new fellows think of them."

"I'm glad you're a veteran and you've got something in there" replied Anne.

"A lot of good I get out of it" replied Jim carelessly.

"See Daddy's tunic in there," Anne pointed for Junior.

"Go on with your mother, Junior. I'm going over to that shop again, Anne. If there isn't any war work, I might get a chance," said Jim.

It was evening when he returned home—tired and shoulders sagging.

"There's a chance for a job Monday and I can't get it on account of twenty dollars."

"What has twenty dollars got to do with getting a job?" inquired Anne.

"You have to buy your own tools and make a deposit with the company before they give you a job."

"Well, Jim, surely we can get——"

"I don't know where, I've been to everybody."

The telephone rang.

"Just a minute please," cried Anne. "Colonel Waverly wants to buy your German tunic for his collection!"

"How much?" drawled Jim.

Anne talked again. "Wait please," she said excitedly. "He'll give you twenty dollars. Isn't that just gr——"

"I can't," said Jim.

"I'll call later if he's willing to sell," she replied to Colonel Waverly.

"Listen," said Jim. "I was in a shell-hole that morning with Bill Himes. We got an order to get back to the trench when I saw the tunic. Bill went for the trench, but right then a shell hit the trench. I wouldn't be here if I hadn't stopped. That's why I want to keep it."

"But the Colonel wants it because it's different and we need the money," said Anne.

The next evening Jim looked tired. "I see the souvenirs have gone out of the windows. Did they send the tunic back?"

"It's there," pointed Anne to the chair on which it lay. She was white and did not look at him.

He unwrapped it, fingered and folded it. Suddenly, he felt excitedly at a corner seam.

"Anne, there's something in the lining. It's been sewed up again!"

He ripped the stitches and quickly fumbled inside.

"Anne, look! Three one £ notes."

"Jim, how much is it?"

"Here's one more. Four of them should make twenty dollars. The German who wore this, likely got the money off an English officer. Better put the tunic in your trunk."

She went into the inner room. It would be hard to keep on skimping when she had twenty dollars in her bureau that she got through her exchange of tunics with Colonel Waverly.

SKIPPER ANDREWS

Radio Play

RICHARD THOMAS, '42

Narrator:—Ladies and Gentlemen: It is our pleasure to present to you at this hour, "Skipper Andrews," having as its historic setting, Dunkirk. Yes! that word, Dunkirk, will be familiar as long as the English tongue is spoken. From that death-hole a miracle delivered our fighters for democracy.

The first scene of our play is centered around a fishing boat returning with its catch. The skipper is just another of the many hardy seamen who own and man these staunch little fishing schooners of the English Channel. Aboard ship the radio bursts forth with the tragic news of Dunkirk—the trapping of 200,000 men. Let us follow the little boat.

Skipper—Well, that's pretty grim news.

One of Crew—The whole B. E. F. 200,000 men! Only a miracle can save them.

Another—It all came so quickly. How could such a thing be allowed to happen? The whole line broken! But they'll fight through all right.

Skipper—I only hope so.

One of Crew—Sure they will. I can't imagine them not coming back. If only we could help them.

Skipper—Here she comes! Throw the rope up, Jock. Huh! Frank's in ahead of us today.

Frank—Hi there, Skipper. Just in time to get your orders. We're all going over.

Skipper—Over?

Frank—Yeah! Sure! Here comes the military policeman now to see you.

M. P.—Hello, Skipper?

Skipper—That's me, Captain Andrews.

M. P.—You've heard the news?

Skipper—Yeah! Not so good.

M. P.—Would you be willing to go to Dunkirk?

Skipper—You mean it? I'll say so!

M. P.—Your crew willing?

Skipper—Fear that, you lads?

Crew—Yeah—Let's go—Com on—

Skipper—You heard that? Well, you boys set about unloading her while I get a few instructions.

One of Crew—This is going to be an exciting trip.

Another—This is what you were hoping for, Dan.

Dan—Yeah—I didn't expect it as soon as this, though.

Narrator:—While the crew are unloading the vessel the policeman gives the skipper his instructions and maps out the course he is to take. All orders having been collected, the ship sets sail. The crowd that gathered on the wharf cheer the skipper and his boys, and the ship is off on

its adventure. The voyage across was uneventful, but let's join them as they come within reach of the coast.

One of Crew—Blimey! Take a look at that fire!

Another—Strike a light!

Skipper—Look at the beach—it's black with men—and the fires! The whole place is on fire.

One of Crew—And there they are still fighting back.

Skipper—And all the ships here. Why, I never saw so many ships in all my life. Big ships, little ships, all kinds of ships.

One of crew—You can hear their shouts from here.

Skipper—And the planes! Look at them trying to hit the pier over there.

One of Crew—What kind of a pier is that? It's no ordinary one. I didn't think Dunkirk had a pier just there, anyhow.

Skipper—It hadn't when I was here last.

One of Crew—Why, look—it's made of trucks driven into the sea.

Another—Gosh! so it is. How many do you think she can take, skipper.

Skipper—I don't know, but we'll soon see. Only a few yards now.

One of crew—Look at those men on the ground over yonder. See—they are bearing them on stretchers. Could all that group be wounded?

Another—Listen to the men cheering us all.

Another—Aye! They're wonderful—my son's there somewhere.

Skipper—Don't worry, he'll be all right, Jack.

Jack—Sure he will, I'm not worrying.

Skipper—Climb ashore men, and lend a hand. Major, what shall we do?

Major—God bless you men! How many can you take?

Skipper—She'll hold 50.

Major—Good—let's get some of the wounded off. Many are bleeding badly.

Take about 30—I'll send along 20 more.

Skipper—All right, boys! Off with your coats—use them as stretchers—get the men aboard.

Crew—Aye, Aye, Captain!

One of Crew—Come on, Joe, let's take this man—lift him easily.

Wounded—No—No—Not me. Take another.... I can't.... last.

Joe—Blimey, mate—don't talk like that!

Wounded—Leave me....leave me....take another who can live and fight again.

One of Crew—He's determined to stay, Joe—he's gasping—poor old boy—he's gone.

Narrator—And so the Skipper and his men do their part. Amid fire, destruction, death, they bear thirty wounded aboard. About 20 others, still able to move under their own control, have been ordered to join the ship. Skipper Andrews is ready to sail for home. Sight of this Hell, such as never raged in any harbor on earth before, has not daunted his spirit. Oh, no! He's in a hurry to get back for another load. Let's join him again.

Skipper—Take your last look at Dunkirk for a long time, you lads. Cook, put some stew on. These lads must be hungry.

One of Crew—The planes must have given you a pretty hard time of it.

Soldier—Yes, they did.

Skipper—Phew! They've done an awful lot of damage. Tell us all about it.

Soldier—Oh, it was terrible. Trucks, guns, tanks, all forms of equipment, everywhere. The road into Dunkirk was filled with dead, and abandoned trucks and guns were all about. At one place the German dead were piled five or more feet deep. Remember that, Tommy?

Tommy—Remember? I'll never forget it.

Soldier—All the way back through Belgium we retreated. I don't know yet how we got out. I never expected to.

Another Soldier—The German army is lots smaller than it used to be.

Another—The most extraordinary sight was the tanks blown to bits by the French 75's.

Frenchman—Ah! Nos soixante-quinze.

Soldier—But the Germans were too many for us, and now England is the

battle line. They won't be too good for us long though. Churchill's there now, and if Hitler ever made a greater enemy than Churchill I'd like to meet him.

Frenchman—Ah! Churchill "est mes amis."

Soldier—See that wild looking chap over there. His brother was killed by a German just before they reached Dunkirk. This chap went insane—has been ranting and swearing revenge ever since.

One of Crew—Look now. He's foaming at the mouth and jumping up.

Wild Soldier—Come on, you fellows, follow me—Let's go back—what does this boat mean taking us away from those devils. Come on, boys. Let's go back—we'll kill—slay—burn! After the skipper! He can't take us to England—we want to kill! kill!

Soldier—He's apt to be dangerous. We'd better secure him, just to make sure he won't go overboard, or something.

One of Crew—Hey! Look at that ship—she's struck a mine.

Skipper—I knew him. That was Frank. Every day for 15 years I've been fishing with Frank. He'll get in somehow. I'd... Look! look! up there! And it's coming our way.

Soldier—Let's hope it's not set on visiting us.

Skipper—Well, if she does, I've got a good gun up there that I haven't tested yet.

Soldier—Well, I think you're going to have your chance, Skipper, because... Gosh, never saw one move so fast in all my life.

Another Soldier—Looks as if we're in for it! Here she comes. Duck!

Skipper—(gun) Rat, tat, tat, tat—Ugh! Missed. Anyone hurt?

Soldier—No, but here she comes again.

Skipper—Rat, tat, tat,—rat, tat, tat—I got it! I got it!

Crew—Oh, look! See it come down! Oh, oh.....

One—Good shooting, skipper.

Another—One more Heinkel hit the dust! (Cheers)

Narrator—Let's congratulate the Skipper on shooting down the plane. Immediately his ship goes to pick up the crew. As they near the plane they see the three crew members swimming. A rope is thrown to them and they are hauled up.

German—Heil Hitler!

Crew & Soldiers—Hah, Hah! Bah, Bah! (Guffaws).

One Soldier—Come here you three stooges! Come on! Here, must I use force?

One German—Was spricht er?

2nd German—Ich weiss nicht Hunde!

Tommy—Hund! Hound! Dog! Hey, he called us dogs, you fellows.

Skipper—Tie them up, you chaps, here's some rope, and tell them to shut up jabbering... they've interrupted our conversation.

Soldier—Take a look at our revengeful friend. He's mad now. Hear him swear and struggle with those ropes.

Skipper—Gag those Huns.

Soldier—Sure! It's a pleasure.

German—Gr. r. r. r.

Skipper—It's good to see those red chalk cliffs again.

Soldier—Righto! It won't be long before we're home now.

Skipper—No, you boys have certainly something to look forward to. Well, here we are, home again, and we've done a pretty good day's work.

Soldier—I'll say so. Three cheers for the Skipper.

Others—Hip, hip, Hurrah! Hip, hip, Hurrah.....

Narrator—Troops are landed and welcomed by thousands of people standing by. They are fed and grouped into various divisions. The skipper, meanwhile, with military aid, has taken his three prisoners to a military station and explained how he shot down the plane, and captured the three men.

Skipper—Well, chaps, that's how I did it.

Officer—You certainly did a good job, skipper. It's a pretty grim sight over there, isn't it?

Skipper—Yes, it certainly is. But look at this man. He's no ordinary

German officer. He looks like a staff officer to me.

Officer—By George! you're right, skipper.

Skipper—What would a staff officer be doing in an aeroplane?

Officer—We'll search him.

Skipper—You hold him, and I'll search him.

Officer—All right; ha, ha, he must know what's going on, he's getting quite frisky. Catch hold of him, skipper, the brute got his arms loose.

Skipper—Hold him, don't let him go, for goodness sake. I believe we've got something here. Now, we'll start with his pockets. Hum, nothing much here.

Officer—I think we'll have to strip him.

Skipper—Yes, you're right. Start with his coat. We can examine that later.

Officer—Where shall we look next?

Skipper—Let's try his boots.

Officer—That's a good idea. I'll catch hold of them, and you unlace them..

... boy, oh boy, he's kicking.

Skipper—Hum, nothing in this boot, now for the other.

Officer—Keep still, you brute.

Skipper—Now let's.....hey, look, paper.

Officer—Open it up—Ah! So you'd kick me, eh? Let's tie him up so he'll never get loose.

German—Donner und Blitzen

Skipper—It's a map—map of the Channel. Here's France and England, and here's another page full of German writing and it may as well be Chinese for all the meaning it has for me.

Officer—This will have to be sent to headquarters. Oh! It certainly looks as if you've found something big here, skipper.

Narrator—And as the Lieutenant said, he had found something big. The papers were sent to headquarters in London, and examined. Let us now drop in on a group of officers who are discussing them.

1st Officer—This map was sent up from Station 514 on the East Coast. I've just looked at it and got Capt. Simpson to translate it for me.

We found it to be some very intricate plan for the invasion of England.

2nd Officer—Show me it. Great guns! June.....just ten days away. Why this may have averted a real catastrophe. Look at it.....drawn to scale and all the times marked in. Almost perfect.

1st Officer—We'll have to see that the man who got this for us is rewarded.

Narrator—And within a week of this episode Captain Andrews received a summons to Buckingham Palace. There he was presented to his King, and received the commendation and reward that his gallant action deserved. After this honor the Skipper went back to his home town. There was but one thing worrying him now. That was his friend, Frank. On arriving home he is met by three of his friends, Jack, Eric and Harry.

Jack—Welcome, welcome home, Skipper. What's it like to talk to the King?

Eric—Yeh! Tell us, what did he say?

Skipper—Oh, nothing much!

Jack—Why I do believe the Skipper's bashful.

Eric—Show us your medal! Ah, boys, look at this!

Harry—What the matter, Skipper? If I were you, I'd be celebrating.

Skipper—Well, I was just thinking of poor old Frank.

Harry—Frank? What the matter with him?

Eric—Why here he comes now.

Skipper—Frank! I knew they couldn't sink you!

WHY OUR ANCESTORS CAME TO LUNENBURG

MARIE SPINDLER, '41; JEAN GERHARDT, '41

The government of Great Britain had resolved, in order to secure possession of Nova Scotia, to colonize it without delay. About the middle of the eighteenth century, people from Germany were invited to come to settle there.

Conditions in Germany, where the overlords were harsh and overbearing were proving distasteful to many of the inhabitants. Invitations to settle in far-distant Nova Scotia offered an escape from dictatorship. Coupled with this was their taste for adventure in a new land, and Nova Scotia certainly offered food to satisfy this desire.

Most of these people knew nothing of the new country, because there were no accurate maps, and they had no means of getting reliable information. They left Germany with the idea that they were going to settle in the near neighborhood of New York or Pennsylvania, where many of their countrymen were already prosperously established.

The manner of their departure from their native land was interesting and pathetic. They assembled in the church of their native village of Lunenburg, where on the eve of their departure they held a special religious service. There they sang together for the last time in their native land their sacred songs, and prayed for their guidance and protection. Then amid tears and farewells, they took their leave from the land of their childhood and the associations of their youth. The condition in which these emigrants later found themselves after their departure from Germany was tragic.

When the first company arrived, they were given provisions by the government and fifty acres of land, free of all taxes for ten years. They were given further privileges in proportion to the number of acres cleared and brought under cultivation. They had been promised arms and ammunition, housekeeping utensils, tools for clearing and cultivating their lands, as well as for building houses and for carrying on fishing. They had been assured that the climate was favorable, the water pure and plentiful, and the soil fertile. The sea-coast was filled with edible fish, and the harbors were well adapted for fishing and commerce.

Induced by these favorable conditions, many had accepted the invitation, coming at different times so that within two or three years nearly two thousand Germans arrived in Halifax.

The site of Halifax presented a busy scene. A landing was built, stores and provisions were taken ashore. Work was at once begun to prepare buildings for the coming winter. But the German settlers were unlike the other colonists in their language and customs, therefore they shortly choose to form a settlement by themselves. In the year 1753, most of them removed to Lunenburg, under the guidance of Rev. Peter de la Roche. The name of "Lunenburg" applied to the town and county which they settled in Nova Scotia showed the affectionate regard of the Germans for the land of their birth. Many of them had come from the Duchy of Luneburg, in Lower Saxony, the capital of which is a fortified town of the same name.

Lunenburg was given the status of a county by Act of Assembly in August 1759. Next to Halifax, it is the oldest settlement formed by the English government in the Province of Nova Scotia.

THE TEASER

ROBERTA GELDERT, '41

What is more fascinating or interesting than a ghost story? We know that they are nothing more than imaginary stories, yet there is something mysterious about some of them.

The Teazer Light is a very common story among the older folks, and cannot be told better than by one who has really seen it.

I had been told that Capt. David Heisler, a highly respected citizen of this town, who had been born on Heisler's Island, one of the many islands in Chester Bay could give me the information I desired, so I went to see him about it. Captain Heisler said he would be pleased to tell me all he could about it, and this is the story as he told it to me.

"It has been seventy years since I last saw the light. I was a very young lad, but had often heard my parents say they had seen the Teazer Light. Naturally, I wished them to call me the next time it appeared.

"One evening my father called me from my work, and asked me to go to the top of the hill with him. There he pointed out to me a strange light, which as we watched took the shape of a ship, under sail, in flames. It moved away very rapidly, and was soon lost to sight behind one of the many islands in the Bay.

"Though I have seen this light many times since, I never saw the forms of men moving about on the deck, in the fire, as many people declared they had seen."

When Captain Heisler finished his story, he told me he was not certain that this light was the Teazer. But there has never been another explanation for this mysterious fire that appeared a different times in these waters over seventy years ago. What could the light have been?

The Young Teazer was an American privateering ship which had come to our shores to plunder. She was sighted by the British ships LaHague and Orpheus, who pursued her. Mr. John Heckman, who was on guard on Blockhouse Hill, watched the pursuit. The Teazer sailed in as far as Sculpin Rock, closely followed by the British ships, but then tacked and passed out of the harbor between Cross Island and Eastern Points. The wind died out, and the Teazer forged ahead. Smaller boats picked up the trail, and headed her off.

The Captain called his men together to decide upon the best course. Had the Captain decided for himself he might have sunk the pursuing boats with his heavy guns, but while they were holding counsel a young sailor came running, telling them that Lieutenant Johnson had been going into the cabin with coals of fire. The next moment there was a huge burst of flames, and a terrific explosion.

Lieutenant Johnson was a young officer who had deserted from the English navy, and he, fearing punishment if captured, set fire to the ship's magazine, and blew up the ship.

The wreck was towed to Eastern Island, where the hull was found to be too badly damaged for repairs. The wood which was useable was sold to men in the community that could make use of it. The surviving men of the Teazer were taken prisoners to Lunenburg and lodged in the jail there.

Mrs. J. A. English, another of Lunenburg's respected citizens, told me the same story, as it had been related to her by her grandfather, Mr. James Wilneff. He had gone out to the wreck, and brought back two large earthenware jars, and a small black chest covered with oilcloth. These articles are still in existence, in possession of one of Mr. Wilneff's granddaughters.

This is the story of the Teazer. I hope that the light that Capt. Heisler and many others have seen will always remain a mystery. For if it could be explained, the spell would be broken and all the thrill would disappear.

THE BEETHOVEN CHORAL CLUB

MARIE HIMMELMAN, '44

In 1936, a singing class was formed under the capable leadership of Mrs. B. G. Oxner. In 1937 it was named the Beethoven Choral Club. Each year girls from Grades VIII to XII have joined this club. This year there being a membership of about thirty-five girls. Each member pays the small fee of ten cents a week and in return receives valuable musical instruction.

Last year in May, Mrs. Oxner made arrangements for the Choral Club to enter the Halifax Music Festival in the Ladies Three-part Chorus class. Here it won the cup offered by the Halifax Ladies' Musical Club. Mrs. Bernard Zinck was the accompanist.

At the annual school Christmas Concert an active part was taken by the Choral Club. A cantata, entitled "The Romance of Cinderella," a compilation of themes from Mozart's works, was presented. This cantata is very tuneful and the practising of it was enjoyed thoroughly by the girls. The chorus was seated on an elevated platform by the side of the stage. As the story of Cinderella was told in song, it was dramatized by groups on the stage with special lighting that was very effective. The solos in the cantata were sung by Alecia Strothard, Marguerite Tanner, Mildred Thurlow and Levaughn Jennings.

The beautiful and elaborate costumes worn by Cinderella and Prince Charming were very much admired. This entertainment was a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Mrs. Lee Hatt was the accompanist.

Last spring one of the members of our club, Isabel Oxner, daughter of Mrs. Oxner, had the distinction of being chosen as a scholarship student. She was awarded this honor for outstanding talent in singing by Sir Ernest MacMillan of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. We offer her our heartiest congratulations.

Now the Club is practising the selections for the coming Music Festival in June. The Choral Club has been doing splendid work and we hope the Club will be continued in succeeding years.

THE OLDESTS HOUSE IN LUNENBURG

JOHN KINLEY JR.. '43

At the corner of Pelham and Cumberland Streets, west of the Royal Bank, is located what is now the oldest house in Lunenburg. The exact date of its building is unknown; but it was before 1783, for it is recorded that in this year a relative of the late James A. Anderson came from Shelburne and lived in the house.

He and his family occupied the house for some time. In the east room one of the family had a tailor shop. This room still has a front like an old-fashioned store. Later this tailor shop was run by Alexander Cummings, who lived in half the house with his family. The other half was occupied by John Christian Burns and his wife Eliza Anderson who were married in the house and occupied it for many years.

In 1865 Edward Dowling bought the property from Louis Oxner. Mr. Dowling was the father of Mrs. W. L. Romkey, who owns and occupies it at the present time.

This old dwelling is roomy and comfortable. In spite of its age it is in very good condition. It follows an old time style of construction especially adapted for building on the side of a hill. While it looks very small from the front, it is really a large house. Originally built of logs, the frame is fastened together with wooden pegs. The nails used were home-made! When a carpenter shingled the roof in late years he found, to his surprise, that at one time it had actually had a thatched roof. This house had the old-fashioned bake oven so often found in the houses of the early settlers. Though the oven has since been taken out, the open fireplaces, with cranes and cooking irons, still remain.

This house is a very interesting place with its historic background. The rooms are furnished with fine antiques, the collection of generations. Tourists and visitors to the town take great interest in this old landmark, and like to explore its treasures, from which they can get an idea of what life in Lunenburg was like in the past.

LUNENBURG SCHOOL AND PUBLIC LIBRARY

PRINCIPAL D. H. COLLINS



The Lunenburg School and Public Library has been open for about a year and a half. This project was accomplished by a committee consisting of:

M. M. Gardner, Chairman
 D. H. Collins, Sec'y-Treasurer
 Comm. A. F. Powers
 Dr. W. A. Hewitt, Comm.
 R. St. C. Hopgood
 Mrs. C. J. Morrow
 Mrs. Gordon Harrington
 Mrs. Harold Mason

You will no doubt be interested in the record of book loans since the opening of this community undertaking.

Year 1940		to April 18, 1941
Pooks to students	1261	1354
Pooks to adults	181	485
Total number of books in the Library		3601
Books added	219	Books withdrawn 208

I should like to appeal to the citizens of our town to contribute books, magazines, and whatever financial assistance is possible. The extensive use of our books necessitates a large number of withdrawals during the year. This involves the expense of expansion and replacement. If our Community Library is to be a success, we must have the active support of every thinking citizen.

We invite you to send or to visit the school for the purpose of borrowing books. The Library belongs to you.

D. H. COLLINS, Sec'y Treasurer

This list contains the names of all those graduates and friends who contributed towards the expenditure of \$1000 required to establish the Library.

Col. Albert H. Anderson	Morrell J. Hebb
W. C. Acker	Miss Minnie Hewitt
Dr. T. B. Acker	Miss Nina Heisler
Dr. J. C. Acker	Cedric Holland
Miss Marion Adams	Mrs. Gordon Harrington
Miss Verna Adams	Leonard Holder
H. R. Arenburg	Mrs. Harris Himmelman
Nellie M. Alexander	Katie Hunt
Board of School Commissioners	Miss Blanche G. Herman
Miss Ellen Beck	Mrs. Walter Herman
Miss Ida Beck	I. O. D. E.
Murray Beck	Capt. K. Iversen
Roy Buckmaster	Miss Mary Johnson
Mrs. D. A. Berringer	J. J. Kinley, M. P.
Mrs. H. Ball	Miss Bernice Knock
Miss Lisles Berringer	Miss Frances Knickle
Miss Muriel I. Berringer	Miss Edith Knock
Miss Evelyn Beck	Mrs. W. F. Kinley
Capt. Ormus Berringer	Mrs. Sydney Knickle
Miss Marion M. Bailley	Andrew F. King
Mrs. Daisy Burke	Lunenburg Academy Students
Miss Tessie Beck	Miss Pauline Langille
Mrs. H. Boucher	Miss Rita Lohnes
Common Land Fund	Miss Marie Levy
Mrs. Mildred A. Callahan	Mrs. Jean R. Lohnes
Miss Annie Corkum	Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Morrow
George Chipman	W. E. Mason
Miss Erna Conrad	F. M. Messer
Kinsman Crouse	Gladys M. Munro
Miss Charlotte Corkum	Rev. A. V. Morash
Lloyd Crouse	Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mack
Mrs. James Creaser	Miss Irene Maclelland
Ada Creaser	Capt. Philip Mader
Miss Isabel Cook	Miss Lila McLaughlin
Mrs. Nina Knickle	Judge Ethel McLaughlin
Lawrence V. Corkum	Miss Margaret S. McAllister
Mrs. Howard Creighton	Mrs. Hector W. MacGregory
Mrs. Gordon Corkum	Mrs. E. Morash
Mrs. Harold Clarke	Arthur B. Miller
Miss Lela Dares	Miss Kate Maxner
Miss Beatrice Dowling	Gordon Mason
Mrs. Aubrey Deal	Samuel Maxner
Miss Flo Dauphinee	Miss Iris Oxner
Extension Fund, Lunenburg Academy	M. K. Olsen
Martin Eisenhauer	Mrs. B. G. Oxner
Dr. Murray Emeneau	Mrs. Walter Pryde
Harry Fox	Mrs. W. P. Potter
A Friend	Miss Jean L. Ross
Martin L. Fraser	Mrs. Murray Ryan
M. M. Gardner	Charles Ritcey
Mrs. Kathleen Grier	Miss Lola Ripley
Grade IX Girls, 1940	Miss M. Rockwell
Mrs. Munro Gardiner	Mrs. George Randall
P. V. Holder	Mrs. Benjamin Smith
Dr. W. A. Hewat	Wallace Smith
Archibald Y. Hubley	William H. Smith
Ralph Hall	Mr. and Mrs. Owen Smith
H. W. Hewitt	Miss Gladys Smith
Donald Lawrence Hebb	Ronald Smith
Miss Kate Heckman	Miss Mildred Schwartz

Miss Charlotte Smith
 C. D. A. Smith
 Aubrey Smith
 Burton Schaffelburg
 Miss Clara Schwartz
 Harry S. Smith
 Mrs. Madge Sampson
 Minnie B. Smith
 Miss Hazel M. Smith
 Fred Totten
 Mrs. A. S. Turnbull
 Miss Evelyn Thurlow
 Florence Tobin
 Mrs. June Cluett Tanner
 Capt. and Mrs. Angus Tanner
 Miss Viola Veinotte
 Morris Wilson, Pres. Royal Bank of
 Canada
 George Whitney
 G. Warren Winters
 Thomas Walters
 Robert Winters
 Mrs. Jarvis Wilson

Charles Winters
 Miss Erna E. Westhaver
 Miss Christabel Walters
 Miss Phyllis Westhaver
 Walter Wilson
 F. Homer Zwicker
 Cecil Zinck
 Mrs. Olivette Zinck
 Fenwick Zwicker
 Mrs. Bernard Zinck
 Following gave furniture and
 fixtures:
 Elvin Bailey
 Warren Geldert
 Frances Geldert
 Mrs. Marion Duke
 A Friend
 R. C. S Kaulbach, K. C.
 Powers Bros.
 H. N. Pyke
 Capt. Colin Ritcey
 Miss Jean Ross

LIEUT. L. ROBINSON

KATHRYN CORKUM '41
 SYLVIA MOSHER, '41

On the first day of the school year of 1938-1939, we were introduced to our new teacher, none other than Mr. Laurence Robinson. He immediately became a friend of all the students with his winning personality. Mr. Robinson was especially interested in sports. He coached the hockey team and a swimming team for Acadia. He was also interested in softball and baseball. These interests led everyone to think of Mr. Robinson as a sport and a friend, as well as a teacher.

While we were writing our November examinations of this year, our Principal announced that Mr. Robinson, who had volunteered for active service, had been accepted. Mr. Robinson was given leave of absence for the duration of the war, and is now Second Lieutenant at the R. A. Park Anti-Aircraft School. The school's loss was the country's gain. Best wishes from all the pupils of L. C. A.

COLONEL CHARLES MILLER

SHIRLEY and KATHRYN CORKUM, '41

Col. Miller has to his credit a long military career, serving his country in the Boer War and in the First World War. His army life started back in 1894, when he joined the regiment to train for a short period at Aldershot Camp. Colonel Miller continued this training each year until the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899.

Col. Miller, then at the age of twenty, joined the army immediately, the only volunteer from Lunenburg. In November, 1899, the "Sardina," a tramp steamer, sailed from Quebec, carrying 1,100 men. This boat, in normal times, would not have accommodated half that number, so the men were obliged to sleep in hammocks, which were taken down by day. The trip took about one month, and they sailed into an African port on December 1, which happened to be Col. Miller's birthday.

The Canadians took part in many engagements, but by far the most important was the Battle of Paardeburg, which was a complete victory for the British. Five thousand Boers were taken prisoner in this battle.

During another battle, when Pretoria, capital of Transvaal was captured, Colonel Miller had a very "close call." In the heat of the battle he was struck by a bullet which went through his helmet, singeing the hair off the top of his head. Col. Miller kept the helmet, which is now prized by both him and his wife.

Not until after the war ended, in 1902, did Col. Miller return to Canada. The trip back was much more comfortable than the trip over, since the ship was larger; but it took just about as long, as they had to land three hundred war prisoners on the island of St. Helena.

During the War of 1914-1918, Col. Miller went overseas in 1916. He was a conducting officer in this war, being over the age for front line service. He conducted troops from England to France.

In 1922 the Lunenburg Regiment was re-organized under Col. Miller. After a few more years of military service, he retired from army life, but the tradition of the family is being ably carried on by his son, Captain Chas. E. Miller, now in England.

CAPTAIN A. A. MACARTNEY

KATHRYN CORKUM, '41 and ALICIA STROTHARD, '43

"War's been declared."

Not long after these words were uttered Mr. Macartney joined the ranks of Canada's fighting forces. Following a month's training at Valcartier Camp, Quebec, he set sail for England with the first Canadian Division. Thirty-three ships, carrying a total of thirty thousand hardy boys crossed the treacherous Atlantic.

During the winter, he trained in England, leaving in 1915 for France, with the 13th Battalion Royal Highlanders (Black Watch). Mr. Macartney was one of the many Canadians who fought in the battle of Ypres, where the Germans first used gas. In the middle of the attack, he received a painful wound in his ankle, and during convalescence in England was granted a commission as Lieutenant.

After joining his Battalion at the Battle of the Somme, he took part in the capture of Vimy Ridge. One night during this attack Lieutenant Macartney led his detachment to the front. To his surprise, on arriving there, he found his services were not required. Since they already had sufficient officers, he set out on the dark and dangerous journey to the reserve unit. Groping his way through the darkness, stumbling and slipping into shell-holes, he was suddenly cheered by the sound of human voices in the distance. At closer range he discovered to his dismay that these voices were speaking in a strange language—Germans! He had wandered into No Man's Land! His first impulse was to put as much distance between himself and these enemies as possible. After a time of half-crawling and half-running, he found himself again near the Germans—he had travelled in a circle. His next attempt proved more successful, and he arrived in his trench, none the worse for his thrilling experience.

On Hill 70 he led the first wave over the top. Seeing a group of Germans in the distance he followed them. When about fifty or sixty yards from the pit in which the men had taken refuge, he took out a hand-grenade, and was about to remove the pin, when the crack of a rifle, followed by a sharp pain in his wrist stopped him. Due to the timely arrival of his own men, the Germans were forced to retreat, and Hill 70 was captured by the Canadians.

On his return to England to recover from his wound, Lieutenant Macartney was promoted to Captain. He stayed in England for the remainder of the war, where he served as instructor for cadets who were receiving their commissions.

SERGEANT FRED FOX, M. M.

SHIRLEY and KATHRYN CORKUM, '41

Sergeant Fox enlisted in January, 1916, at Lunenburg. Leaving for England in July, he proceeded to Oxney, then to Bramshot, and finally in April 1917 to France. He arrived there just in time to join the Royal Canadian Regiment for Vimy Ridge Battle.

This battle, fierce and furious, lacked some of the handicaps that made some other battles even more desperate. At Passchendale, mud filled every shell hole, making work difficult. Here Sergeant Fox went into action with a group of forty-two men and came out with five. Casualties were high, and death struck on every side. Sergeant Fox was standing close to Sergeant Duncan, when planes overhead dropped bombs, one of which found Sergeant Duncan. A similar incident occurred when a comrade was killed beside him in the trenches.

Sergeant Fox was gassed twice at Passchendale. At Amiens he led his men under heavy artillery fire, capturing their objective in less time than was given them, and for bravery in this action he won the military medal.

At Canbury, Sergeant Fox went into action again at Canal de Nord, an extremely difficult line. After this campaign, he proceeded to..... band other small towns until the outskirts of Mons were reached. The day before the taking of Mons, he advanced with his men through the woods, where a few prisoners were taken, and slag heaps were patrolled. Two machine gunners were found here, and were dealt with. At Mons, while proceeding near a hedge fence, he was challenged by an unseen person. But the voice was familiar, and recognition was mutual, fortunately, or one of the two might have been listed with the casualties.

After the taking of Mons, Sergeant Fox remained here for a month on guard duty. Becoming ill, he was sent to a convalescent camp where he recovered in a short time. After his recovery, he proceeded to many small towns, one of which was..... where he met several Lunenburg boys, and thoroughly enjoyed their company.

One outstanding event in the less tragic side of war, was the taking of a German bakery. He and other soldiers were doing a grand job when they were ordered "out" by a higher officer. Thinking they deserved a treat, they obeyed very slowly, making the most of their time.

Some of the best times Sergeant Fox spent overseas were connected with boxing, and for three years he held the title of "champion." Several medals are still retained by him, to remind him of his service overseas.

RECENT ACADEMY GRADUATES NOW OVERSEAS

JOHN SMELTZER

GEORGE INNIS, '44

John is one of the Academy's former students, who is now serving with the First Canadian Division in England. While at school John took an active part in Interscholastic Track and Field events. He graduated from Grade XII in 1935.

He attended Normal College, then taught for several years. He was much interested in music, piano, voice and band, and spent much time and energy in practice.

When the war broke out, he joined the ranks, and went overseas. He has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant since his arrival in England, and his knowledge of music has been of benefit not only to himself but to his comrades.

Since his arrival in England he has been married, and we extend to him our congratulations.

THE SEA GULL

CHARLES E. MILLER, Jr.

KATHRYN RISSER, '41

Charlie spent the greater part of his life in Lunenburg, was a good student at the Academy, and graduated from Grade XI in 1930.

He began his military training in 1923 when his father re-organized the Lunenburg Regiment and took over the command.

When war broke out, Charlie was working in the machine shop of the Lunenburg Foundry Company, Ltd. He joined the West Nova Scotia Regiment for Overseas service. In December 1939, he went across as Lieutenant in "A" Co., W. N. S. R. He is second in command of the company, with the rank of Captain, Somewhere in England. Good luck, Charlie!

ROY YOUNG

GEORGE MASON, '42

Roy Arthur Young, age twenty-two, obtained his "B" certificate at Lunenburg Academy in 1936.

Before he went in for military training in 1939, he worked as a machinist in the Lunenburg Foundry. After completing his training, he went overseas with the First Canadian Division. He plays in the Regimental Band, and is at present acting as stretcher bearer Somewhere in England.

During his school career, Roy took an active part in school sports. He was well liked by all, and we join in wishing him the best of health and luck in his army life. We hope he will soon be back in our midst again.

ORMUS BERRINGER

SYLVIA MOSHER, '41

Ormus Berringer, a graduate of Lunenburg Academy, is now serving Overseas with the West Nova Scotia Regiment.

Ormus was a good student and was also interested in athletics when he attended the Academy. He was also always interested in army life, and went to Aldershot at an early age.

He attended Nova Scotia Technical College and after graduation worked in the office of the Halifax Shipyards. He now holds the rank of Major. Good luck, Ormus.

CECIL WHYNACHT

ARTHUR CROUSE, '43

Cecil, having spent all his school days in the Lunenburg Academy, graduated from Grade XII in 1937. During his school life he showed much interest in sports. Besides taking an active part in sports, he took a keen interest in military life. As soon as he was old enough, he went to Aldershot to train as a soldier.

For two years after graduating from school, Cecil worked with his father. When war broke out in 1939 and the Canadian Government mobilized an army, he was called up for service. Later, when the soldiers had the choice of either leaving the army or signing up for active service, Cecil signed up for Overseas Service. He became Quarter-Master Sergeant in "A" Company, West Nova Scotia Regiment. When the First Division of Canadians went overseas, Cecil was one of the boys in the group. He is now Somewhere in England.

DANA SMITH

ARTHUR CORKUM, '42

Dana Smith, an enthusiastic athlete during his years at school, graduated from the Lunenburg Academy in 1936. During his first year away from school he worked with his father at painting and decorating. In April 1937, he acquired a position as clerk with the firm "Robin, Jones & Whitman, Ltd.," and remained in their employ until September 1, 1939, when he was summoned to report for military duty.

Dana had a distinctly musical bent, and became a member of the Regimental Band, stationed at Bridgewater. He was soon, however, transferred to Aldershot, where he trained until July 14, 1940, at which time he went overseas.

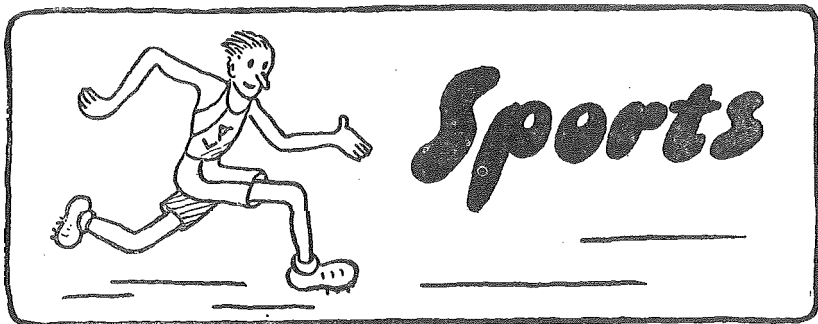
Since that time he has taken a course as signaller, and is at this time Somewhere in England.

ERIC JOHNSON, '42

ERIC POTTER, '42

Eric Johnson took part in nearly all sports that the school provided. He was especially interested in hockey, and always played a good game. Eric stood out among the other students, because of his ability to take part in all activities. He graduated in 1939.

At first, after he left school, he found it difficult to get work that suited him. When war broke out, he answered the call to the Canadian forces. On January 6, 1940, he joined the Canadian Navy, and trained at Esquimalt for six months. Now he is serving in England on one of the American Mine Sweepers given to England.



LILLIAN SCHLENGER, '43

Lunenburg Academy has always shown much interest in sports throughout the school years. Track and hockey hold first place but some interest has been given to basket-ball and baseball.

The Academy is proud to have two hockey teams—Junior and Senior, coached by Mr. William Moore and Mr. D. H. Collins. The following are the hockey scores for this year.

L'burg High School vs. B'water High School; score 2-2.

L'burg High School vs B'water High School; score 3-3.

L'burg High School vs B'water High School; score L'burg-3; B'water-6.

L'burg High School vs Liverpool High School; score: L'burg-3; Liverpool-0.

L'burg High School vs Halifax High School; score, 2-2.

L'burg High School vs Halifax High School; score: Halifax-6; L'burg-0.

Last year in May our boys' track team again made the trip to Wolfville. Here are the names of the boys and the events in which they participated:

Douglas Macklin: 1-mile run; 880-yard relay; 1-mile relay; 220-yd. dash

Warren Miller: 110-yd. dash; 60-d. dash; 880 yd. relay; 1-mile relay; 220-yd. dash.

Ira Bruce: 100-yd. dash; shot putt; 220-yd. dash; 1-mile run.

Edgar Himmelman: 100-yd. dash; 60-yd ; 880-yd. relay; 1-mile relay.

Donald Beck: 220 yd. dash; 100 yd. dash; 60 yd. dash.

Benjamin Kaulback: shot putt; 440 yd. dash; 100 yd. dash; 220 yd. dash

Arthur Byers: 60-yd. dash; 100-yd. dash.

Frank Anderson: high jump.

The Antigonish Highland Games also afforded our boys another chance to show their splendid training and ability. Those participating were as follows:

Warren Miller: 100-yd. dash; 60-yd. dash; 880 yd. relay; 1-mile relay;

Edgar Himmelman: 100-yd. dash; 880-yd. run.

Douglas Macklin: 1-mile run

Mr. William Moore: javelin throw; shot putt; discus throw.

George Walters: javelin throw; high jump.

Arthur Conrad: shot putt; high jump.

During the month of May last year a team of both boys and girls went in training preceding the track-meet at Bridgewater. On this occasion Bridgewater claimed the honour of being the winner, with Lunenburg a close second.

Lillian Schleger, of Lunenburg, won the cup for the girl having the highest individual score. Earle Corkum, of Chester, won the cup for the boy having the highest individual score.

As I have already mentioned, a girls' basketball and baseball team was organized. Miss Phyllis Westhaver acted as basketball coach and Mr. Lawrence Robinson as the girls' baseball coach.

A swimming meet was held at Wolfville in September in which the following participated: Angus Byers, Warren Miller, Eric Potter, Edgar Himmelman; Coach: Mr. Lawrence Robinson.

This year more of the Junior High boys are taking part in sports and each one is getting a chance to play hockey. Sports are finding a place in the students' lives.

SCHOOL NEWS

FRANCES JOHNSON, '41

1940

Mar. 11—15

The High School students wrote the second set of examinations for the year.

May 3—A Leap Year party was held, an event to which the girls invited the boys. Dancing and games were the main features of the evening.

May 17—The Beethoven Choral Club, under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner presented the selected song at the Musical Festival, Halifax. The Choral Club again carried away the cup with 86 and 87 points.

June 25—The Closing Exercises were held, at which the students received their certificates. A very interesting and instructive speech was given by Mr R. C. S. Kaulback, K. C.

June 26—The closing party was held for the school year. Dancing and games were enjoyed by all. Delicious refreshments were served by the girls. This was also a farewell party for the graduates of 1940.

Sept. 3—After spending the summer vacation, the pupils returned again to the good old L. A. for another year. There were a few improvements made during the summer. There were about one hundred books added to the library, and the former reading room was remodeled into a biology laboratory.

Sept. 4—The matter of holding Morning Assemblies every Monday and Wednesday was discussed and decided upon. A committee from each High School grade was appointed and was responsible for the program of these Assemblies each week. A pianist was chosen from each of the High School grades as follows:

Grade XII—Hazel Geldert

Grade XI—Marguerite Tanner

Grade X—Marie Himmelman

Grade IX—Jacqueline Mosher

Sept. 10—The Students' Council, which represents the student body, was elected.

President—Sylvia Mosher

Vice-President—Robert Geldert

Secretary—Edward Ryder

Treasurer—Donald Hebb

Two members from each High School grade represent their class.

Grade XII—Margaret Ritcey and George Mason

Grade X—John Kinley and Lillian Schlenger

Grade IX—George Innes and Jean Macartney

Sept. 27—A School Exhibition was held in the Assembly Hall. There was an effective presentation of flowers, fancy work, soap carving and school art. Proceeds at the door were given to the local Red Cross Society.

Oct. 10—The presentation of prizes was held. War Saving Stamps and Certificates were given this year instead of money.

Nov. 18—22

The first set of examinations for the year were written.

Nov. 29—A public party was given. Dancing and games were enjoyed by everyone.

Dec. 17—18

The Christmas Concert was held. A play was presented by the Primary and Intermediate Grades entitled "Betty Want It All." The Senior Grades presented a cantata with Geraldine Smith and Eric Potter taking the leading, dramatized parts on the stage, while the Beethoven Choral Club furnished the music, which consisted of abstracts taken from the German composer Mozart. The Cantata was entitled "The Romance of Cinderella."

Dec. 20—The School had a Christmas party which everyone enjoyed. Dancing and games were the main features of the evening. Delicious refreshments were served.

1941

Jan. 6—After a delightful Christmas vacation, we again returned to school.

Jan. 13—Grade X presented a play in order to raise money for the Red Cross purposes. The play was written and directed by Queenie Zinek. At the Morning Assembly the principal announced the organization of a knitting club which works in conjunction with the local Red Cross. There have already been twenty-one volunteer knitters. The pupils of the school were requested to buy War Saving Stamps and Certificates to help in the aid of Canada's war effort.

Mar. 17—21

The second set of examinations were written for the year.

SUPER-SWIFT HOMEWORK HANDLER

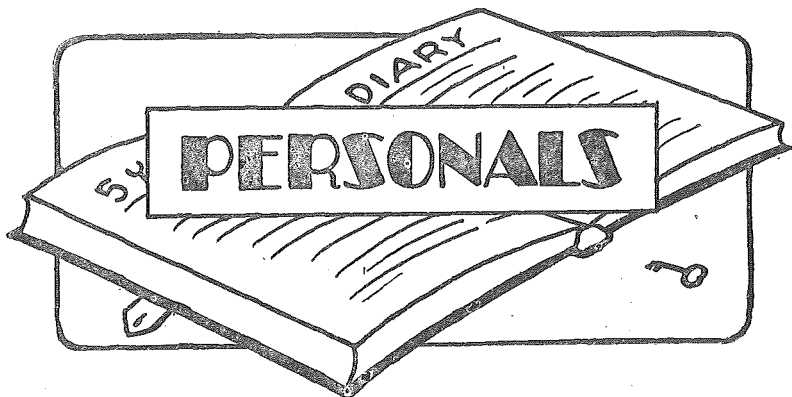
ORLANDO LACE, '43

This machine is contained in a compact metal case the size of an ordinary rectangular suitcase. Inside the machine a book has been placed containing every fact concerning schoolwork that is known to teachers. Along the front of the case are found push-buttons for the subjects of History, Geography, Geometry, Algebra, German, Latin, French, Chemistry and Biology, etc. Below these is a dial whereby you may regulate the time spent on your homework.

On the right hand side is a power switch, and on the left a whistle (The whistle blows one when the machine cannot do the problem). A chute on the top admits blank paper and one at the bottom flips the answers on the table or the floor. Besides, there is a microphone attached into which you ask your question or questions.

Now to get the homework done for you, turn on the power switch. Insert blank paper in the chute at the top. Push the button for the subject which your question concerns and ask your question in the microphone. If the whistle does not blow, wait comfortably for ten minutes, or slightly longer, according to the type of question asked, until the whistle toots twice. Then out flips the answer all ready to be taken to school.

Although this machine has been on the market for a short time only, it is in increasing demand, and the first supply has become exhausted. It is likely to strain even mass production supplies as it becomes more widely known.



K. CORKUM, '41

The students of A'40 are now doing the following:

Frances Geldert and Donald Oxner are both taking business courses at Mt. Allison.

Vivian Deal, who was also taking a business course at Mt. Allison, was forced to return home through illness. She will return to college again next year to continue her course.

Peggy Miller, unable to enter Normal College last year because of her age, is at present employed in the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg. She still plans to become a school teacher at a later date.

Robert Geldert returned to school this year as a special student. In September she will enter the Montreal General to train.

Isabel Demone and Florence Zinck are taking business courses at the Bridgewater Commercial School.

Alice Naugler is now employed at a Branch of the Royal Bank of Canada, Halifax, after having taken a course at the Bridgewater Commercial School.

Mary Meisner and Frank Anderson are both at home, undecided as to their future.

Flora Tanner, after attending Maritime Business College, accepted a position in the Bank of Montreal in Lunenburg.

Andrew Eisenhauer is at Dalhousie studying engineering.

Dorothy Crouse is gaining practical experience at Kinley's Drug Store Co., Lunenburg, after which she plans to take a course in pharmacy.

Marguerite Mason, who took a business course at Halifax, is at present employed in the Royal Bank of Canada, in Lunenburg. She plans to remain here for the duration of the war and then attend Normal College.

Lee Corkum, of LaHave, who took his Grade XII at Lunenburg, is at present employed at a branch of the Bank of Commerce, Halifax.

The students of B'40 are doing the following:

Mildred Clarke, who came from Upper Kennetcook to take her Grade XI at Lunenburg, is taking her Grade XII this year at Windsor.

Lynn Smith is employed at Hebb's Clothing Store.

Ruth Burns and Frances Tanner are at home at present.

Marjorie Naus and Isabel Oikle are both taking a business course at home.

Isabel Oxner, who won a scholarship, is at present studying at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

"A" CLASS PROPHECY

MARION TOBIN, '41

One of my class-mates and I went visiting that greatest of all inventors, Kalla Kopak (do you read the funnies?) and in our most ingratiating manner requested the use of his time machine. Entering his laboratory, we were escorted to the machine, and immediately dialed the year 1950.

On the screen before us a picture slowly formed. Here we saw, in a luxurious apartment, two distinguished gentlemen in conference. A close-up showed, of all people, Keith Young, explaining his latest theories to Einstein, who seemed to be having difficulty in grasping the idea. No wonder!

The scene changed, and before us stood a hospital. In the rooms of this building we were shown three of our 1941 class-mates. Standing beside the operating table was Chris Iversen, who was specializing in surgery. (Remember how viciously she used to attack those insects in biology class?) Here too was Marie Spindler, diligently counting swabs, but taking time out to wink. To whom? To the handsome interne, of course. We might have known! Behind the operating table we saw Birdie Geldert, as head nurse, in charge of a group of probationers, who with pale faces, witness their first operation.

Now an air-port is seen, with a plane all ready for the take-off. Here comes the pilot, looking simply marvellous in his uniform. Goodness, it's none other than Donald Hebb. He waves to the girls who are there to say "adieu." Ah, Cassinova!

We glanced inside the plane. There is the stewardess preparing the passengers for the flight. She has oodles of curly hair, and is quite athletic looking. Guess who? Of course, Shirley Corkum. "Now just be calm, and fasten your safety belts." Zoom! A perfect take-off, and there'll be happy landings for everybody with Donald and Shirley in charge.

Click! Click, go the keys of a type-writer under the efficient fingers of Kaye Risser. Buzz! Oh, that's the boss. I wonder what he wants. Oh, of all people to have for a boss! Donald Maxner! Well, Kaye must have it easy, for Donald was never a slave driver, he always believed in taking things easy—at least in 1941.

Can we never get away from school? Before us, a class-room and Kaye Corkum, the perfect teacher. "Now, children, you should never talk in school, at least not about anything but school work." Gracious! Kaye could never have said that. Has she forgotten her school days?

Another change, and we saw Frances Johnson with her adorable little son, standing on the dock at Halifax, all ready to greet her husband who is just arriving on a huge ocean liner. Ever since he was risking his life in convoy duty in the war, Frances is worried when he is away, and more than glad to welcome him on his return.

And now a Church, and strains of organ music. A view of the interior shows Hazel Geldert seated at the organ, her talented fingers all ready to begin playing the Wedding March. She strikes the first note, and we see the tiny figure of Gloria Ernst, all gowned in bridal array, floating up the aisle on the arm of her father. At the altar waits the groom, none other than Bob Adams. The minister begins the ceremony. That voice! That sounds familiar! And we look into the face of the Rev. Lloyd Conrad. Little did we realize!

Now who's this bouncing down the street? Of all people, it's the petite but dynamic Jean Gerhardt, who is now star reporter for "The Globe." She is all set to get a story for her column, and now enters a beautiful home to interview the present poet-laureate. He enters the room and we look up to see Douglas Macklin. To think that this is what came of that verse-scribbling that he delighted to do during English periods.

A Mountie holds up his hand to stop a speeding car. Oh; does Gordon Rockwell, otherwise known as "Rockey," look handsome in the uniform of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police! "Hey, where do you think you are going at 80 m. p. h.?" And Malcolm Miller sticks his head out the window

to answer, "Oh, me and the bride are headed for Niagara Falls for our honeymoon." Gazing into the car we see that the bride, with that adoring husband look in her eyes, is Arleen Meisner. The Mountie, being soft-hearted, as of old, excuses them, with a warning that it's not to happen again.

And here appears Sylvia Mosher, jerking sodas and slipping them over a counter with great vigor. She'll soon be a full-fledged druggist, and we hope there'll be no sudden deaths due to poison pills. The door opens and in comes Marion Greek. "Give me a banana split and two sundaes!" Well, we always knew that Marion had a taste for the better things of life.

And now my own face appears. I turn away quickly and my friend tells me the worst. But that worst wasn't so bad after all, for she informed me that my wishes for the future had materialized and that I had become a very efficient private secretary, apparently in the very good graces of my employer.

"DAFFY" NITIONS

GRADE XII—SOCIAL PROBLEMS

1. Mandate: date with a man.
2. Minorities: good dancers among high-school boys.
3. Neutrality: "I ain't talkin'"
4. Disarmament: Put those rubber elastics away. Grade X.

GRADE X

5. Blockade: Invisible wall raised around the library to prevent talkative people from entering.
6. World Court: Students Council
7. Cornering: A teacher meeting you in the hall, when you had planned to skip her delinquent work.
8. Hedging: putting the blame on the teacher when you "flunked."
- 9.: Barter: exchange of algebra for Bradley assignment.
10. Disequilibria: unequal ratio of girls to boys in Grade XII.
11. Propaganda: exaggerated or false excuses given to teachers by students
12. Joint Stock: history books in Grade XII.
13. Sweated Labor and Minimum Wages: exams.
14. Quantity Theory of School Girls' Social Life: MV—PT
 When M—No. of men in social life
 V—No. of changes
 P—Places they get
 T—Time wasted
15. Depression: week after exams.

A FEW "WHY DON'T THEYS"

By THREE SHY GRADE XII GIRLS

WHY DON'T THEY—

- (1) invent a gadget to keep the seams in girls' stockings straight?
- (2) have asbestos linings in boys' pockets? These would serve as ash trays while on dates, and save our mothers' rugs.
- (3) have easy chairs in Grade XII, instead of those uncomfortable seats?
- (4) invent kissproof lipstick (we do mean kissproof)?
- (5) have a little whistle blow when a teacher approaches the reading room, to warn the students?
- (6) invent something to keep a certain tall, tall boy's hair in place?
- (7) invent a machine to cure love-sick girls?
- (8) invent a pill which one could take before exams to increase one's knowledge, e. g. chemistry pill, math pill, English pill.

Robert Adams
"Bob"

Lloyd Conrad
"Wessie"

Kathryn Corkum,
"Kaye"

Shirley Corkum
"Shirl"



Weakness: languages
Ambition: to get his "A"
Sport: hunting
Pet Hate: women gossips

ticklishness
minister
bicycling
being winked at

food
school ma'am
dancing
flirts

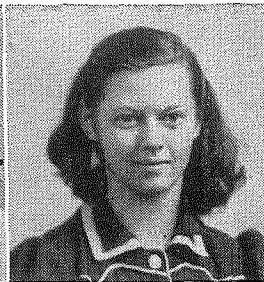
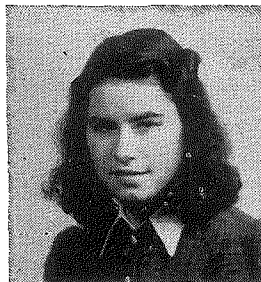
B'w' ter boys
Airline stewardess
skating
being called Shrimp

Gloria Ernst

Roberta Geldert
"Birdie"

Hazel Geldert

Jean Gerhardt



Weakness: winking at Lloyd
We wonder how she keeps so thin
Ambition: stenog.
Pastime: going to B'water

procrastination
why she's so fat
nursing
eating

Monday
source of giggle
organist
music

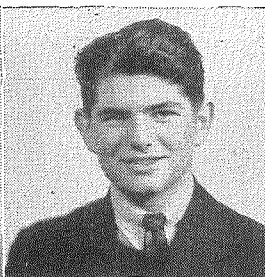
giggling
who will be next
to stop laughing
studying

Marion Greek
"Greek"

Donald Hebb
"Hape"

Christine Iversen
"Chris"

Frances Johnson
"Fran"



Hobby: foreign languages
Ambition: teaching
Weakness: walking
Pet Hate: clocks

tormenting
R. C. A. F.
Scotch lass
social problems

skating
nursing
school
censored

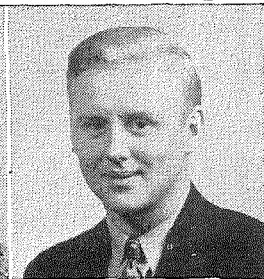
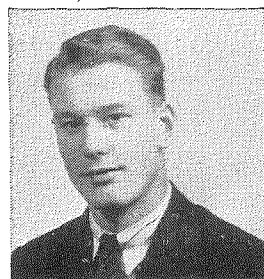
day dreaming
pharmacy
Binar
Geometry

Douglas Macklin
"Joey"

Donald Maxner
"Donnie"

Arleen Meisner
"Lussa"

Malcolm Miller
"Murdock"



Weakness: poetry
Sport: track
Future: projectionist
We wonder when he studies

boats
goalie
sea
why he's so popular

blondes
racing
teacher
what to say

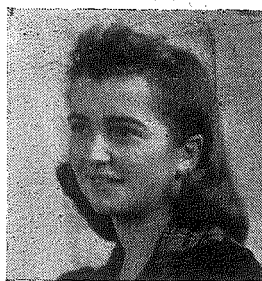
gum
lacking
somebody's husband
why he's shy

Sylvia Mosher
"Sylvie"

Kathryn Risser
"Kaye"

Gordon Rockwell
"Rocky"

Marie Spindler
"Spinny"



Sport:
Future:
Weakness
Where seen most:

dancing
pharmacy
boats (anchor)
with Kaye

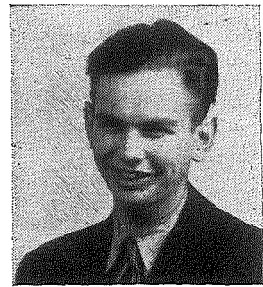
jitterbugging
pounding a typewriter
French
Grade XI

hockey
R. C. M. P.
Bradley
Topper's

skating
nursing
b-by talk
by the radio

Marion Tobin

Keith Young
"Yunk"



Hobby:
Future:
Weakness:
Pet Hate

knitting
stenographer
homework
Marines (ho-hum)

chemistry
photographer
green
birds (oh yeah)



GRADE IX

THE SEA GULL

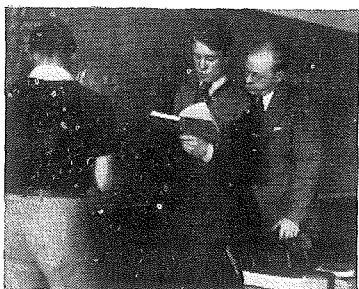
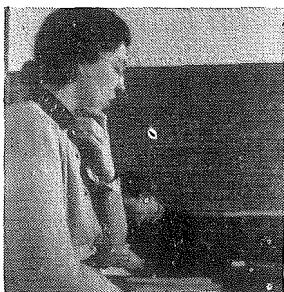


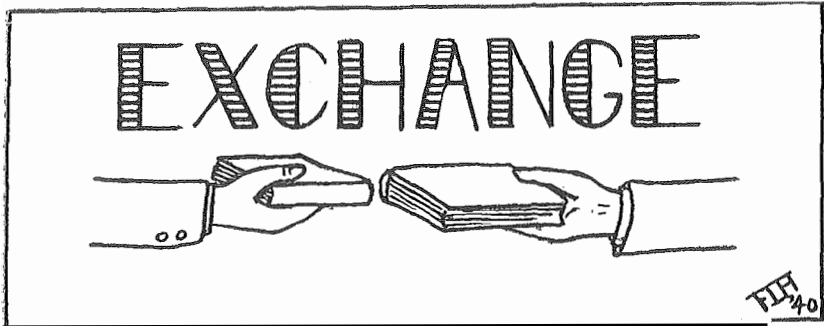
GRADE X



GRADE XI

STAFF AT WORK





EXCHANGES

SYLVIA MOSHER, '41

We wish to thank all the schools which have sent us their school magazines this year. It is through our exchange department that we are able to keep in closer contact with the schools all over the province. We take this opportunity to congratulate the boys and girls who have written material for the various magazines. We exchange with the following:

River Herbert, N. S.—**"The Watchword."**

We consider this a splendid magazine.

Mahone Bay, N. S.—**"Mahone Bay High Light"**

We wish to congratulate the younger pupils of the school on their contributions to your magazine.

Glace Bay, N. S.—**"The Brown and Gold Annual."**

Your photographs are very clear and I am positive all students will agree with the poem "On Doing Algebra." A very good edition.

Dartmouth, N. S.—**"Spectator."**

Why not try to avoid the mixture of material and advertisements? However, we find this an interesting paper.

Joggins, N. S.—**"Joggins Journal."**

We enjoyed your journal very much, but an improvement may be received by placing all the jokes in one section.

MacDonald College—

We wish to congratulate you on your clear photographs and also on the fine quality of the paper.

Kings College Record—

We, the students of Lunenburg Academy, enjoy your humor section very much. Your magazines are always popular with us.

Bridgewater, N. S.—**"Bridgewater High School Year Book."**

The material in your year book shows great ability on the part of your students. We suggest a table of contents.

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

We thought that the cover was very suitable, but we suggest a little less advertising.

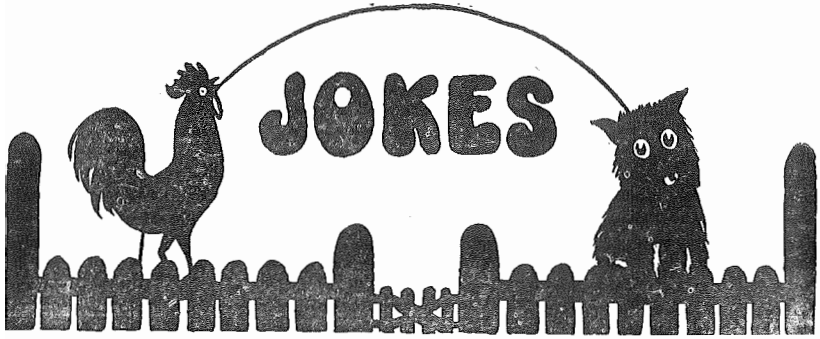
Amherst, N. S.—**"The Echo."**

A fine paper—keep up the good work.

Pictou, N. S.—**"Up On the Hill"**

We suggest you print the names of the Year Book Staff. Your photographs are very clear, interesting material—a very fine magazine, indeed.

We would appreciate exchanging magazines with other schools, and we welcome any criticism that would give improvement to the "Sea Gull."



Miss Westhaver (as Donald is muttering through a paragraph of English):—"What are you doing, Donald?"

Donald H.—"Why, reading!"

Miss Westhaver—"I'm glad you have a name for it."

Dinner guest—"Will you pass the nuts, Mr. Collins?"

Mr. Collins (absent-mindedly)—"Yes, I suppose so, but I really should pluck most of them."

Robert A.—"When you come to my party push the doorbell with your elbow and when the door opens, put your foot against it."

Lloyd C.—"Why use my foot and elbow?"

Robert A.—"Well, you're not coming empty-handed, are you?"

Billy Z.—"What are you running for, Donald?"

Donald B.—"I'm trying to stop a fight."

Billy Z.—"Who's fighting?"

Donald B.—"I and another fellow!"

Mr. Collins (to 'Twinney' after a hockey game)—"Well, Twinney, that sure was a good clean game of hockey you refereed to-night. Have you anything to say about it?"

"Twinney"—"No-o. Except that it was my brother who refereed the game."

Queenie Z.—"What would you like me to buy for your birthday?"

Blossom Z.—"You had better buy me a shingle."

Queenie Z.—"A shingle! Why?"

Blossom Z.—"My birthday comes about the time we receive our report cards!"

Miss Westhaver (as Keith is trying to change his seat)—"All right, Keith, back to your seat. Haven't you practised that enough?"

Keith Y.—"Well, you know the song—'Practise Makes Perfect!'"

Mr. G. Moore (during a Geology test)—"Now we know that waves do both destructive and constructive work. Now, which one do they do?"

Mr. G. Moore—"Orlando, why haven't you your algebra homework finished?"

Orlando L.—"I didn't get my lesson."

Mr. G. Moore—"And where do you live? Blue Rocks?"

Douglas M.—"Well Donald, what have you been doing all afternoon?"

Donald M.—"Shooting craps."

Gloria E.—"You shouldn't do that; those little things have as much right to live as you have."

Douglas M.—"Miss Westhaver is always dictating notes."

Malcolm M.—"Yes, she's something like Hitler—just a dictator!"

"Is this Douglas?"

"Sure, this is Douglas."

"Doesn't sound like Douglas."

"It's me, all right."

"Can you lend me a dollar, Douglas?"

"I'll ask him as soon as he comes in."

Grade XII girl (in curiosity shop): "I suppose this is another of those horrible futuristic paintings you call art."

Shopkeeper—"Excuse me, Miss, but that's a mirror!"

Mr. G. Moore—"What is an alien?"
Gordon C.—"A Fifth Columnist."

Miss MacDonald—"And when they die, they are given a pension."
Voice—"That's a good time for it!"

George C—"I see Roberta has been practising surgery in the library."

Edward R.—"Surgery in the library."

George C.—"Yes, I saw her taking the appendix out of a book."

Kathryn C.—"Keith sure takes the worst possible view of everything."

Shirley C.—"A pessimist, eh?"

Kathryn C.—"No, he's a candid camera fiend."

JOKES FROM RECENT EXAMINATIONS

- (a) When a liquid becomes covered with a rubber membrane, the queer action is called "surface tension."

- (b) Vacume _____
- (c) Inertia is the force acted upon a body when you strike the end of the handle, you are applying force to it. This, due to the force of gravity goes into the hammer.

Points by Classes on Material submitted:

GRADE IX—55

GRADE XI—24

GRADE X—38

GRADE XII—58

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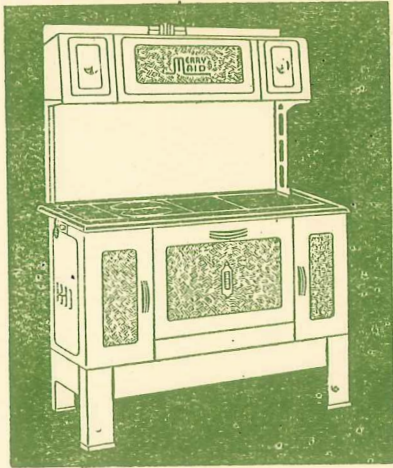
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