

Dean Allen

The
SEA GULL



ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI

Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1942

YOUR BOARD OF TRADE

Nobody "stands on his own feet" except the hermit who lives in a cave. You are a part of the community. If the community goes ahead, you go ahead. If it gets "down at the heels" you're pretty sure to get the same way. Self-reliance is a fine trait, but there is another fine trait that goes with it and supplements it — co-operation, "team work."

That was at the bottom of the old Lunenburg town meeting in which neighbors came together to talk over their common problems and interests - cooperation was also the foundation upon which was built the successful fishing industry of Lunenburg founded by the early settlers. Co-operation set the example for the Canadian plan of business as well as government. Both should be built upon a solid foundation.

Your Board of Trade is the "town meeting" of today - it covers every phase of community activity. It works for the whole community, develops its resources, speeds up its trade, encourages enterprises, builds up its institutions.

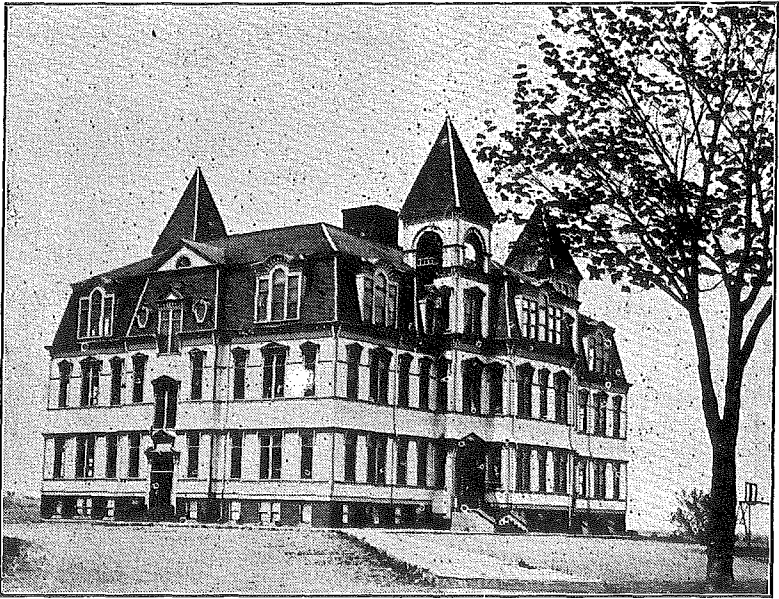
Across the years the Lunenburg Board of Trade has been doing many jobs - promoting trade; advertising the town's resources; encouraging industries; promoting recreation centres; protecting public health; sponsoring Red Cross and other service campaigns; and in general assisting to look after the welfare of the community.

Think it over. Don't ask yourself only what the Board of Trade has done for you. Ask also what you have ever done to help make your community a better and a more prosperous place to live in.

Join today and assist in carrying out the Board's duties and obligations. "Work well done is the true happiness of life."

THE LUNENBURG BOARD OF TRADE

THE SEA GULL



LUNENBURG ACADEMY

THE SEA GULL

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



E. Ross Payzant B.A.



R.A. Campbell, M.A.



E.L. Westhaver B.Sc.



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



Dorothy B. Anderson



Frances L. Knickale



W.A. Moore
Mechanic Science

JUNIOR~SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

THE SEA GULL

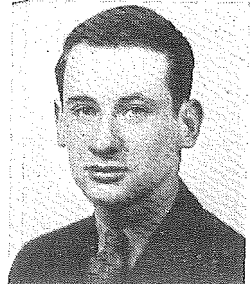


I have enjoyed my work as President of the Student's Council very much this year. Every Friday morning the elected Council and two appointed members from each High School grade met to consider important items of business. By attending the meetings, the students were able to see how the Council operates in the affairs of the school. I should like to take this opportunity of wishing the best of luck to all the graduates of L. C. A. who are serving their country overseas.

KATHRYN RISSEK, '42

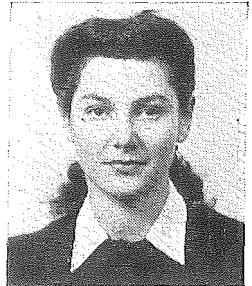
As editor, I hope you, the readers, will enjoy this edition of the Sea Gull. Sincere thanks to both the Teaching Staff and students through whose efforts this magazine has been made possible.

ARTHUR CORKUM, '42



As Secretary of the Student's Council, and as Assistant Editor of the magazine, I should like to add my best wishes for the success of the Sea Gull. I sincerely hope that each edition will meet with your continued approval.

EVELYN RITCEY, '42



My work as Business Manager of the Sea Gull has been my first experience in practical business. I have enjoyed the contacts with our Merchants and Firms, as well as writing letters to out-of-town clients. I wish to express my appreciation of their kind co-operation.

JOHN KINLEY, JR.



THE SEA GULL



The students of our Academy have once again been using some of their spare time preparing material for the School Magazine. This year's edition presents a picture of school activities, also a description of our active services, the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force. I feel sure that this latest publication will enable our citizens to appreciate more fully the training programme and efficiency of our school.

On behalf of the School Commissioners I endorse the effort of both students and teachers in their latest production of the "SEA GULL" and extend to them our hearty congratulations.

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

The Board of School Commissioners for the year 1942--
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L. L. Hebb

Dr. W. A. Hewat

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THE SEA GULL

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THE SEA GULL

The Sea Gull

VOL. 8 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1942 NO. 8

BOARD OF EDITORS

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Donald Mills

ARTICLES: Mildred Thurlow, Benjamin Kaulback, Jean Macartney,
Garnice DeMone.

(The names in heavy type are Chairman.)



By ARTHUR CORKUM, '42

THE WAR

September 1941 the beginning of the third year of war - the beginning of another term at good old L. C. A.

Talk of a long, tiring war is no longer taboo. Prime Minister Churchill, when he spoke to the American congress a short time before he made his tour to central Canada, said, "I speak of a long, hard war. Sure I am that this day now, we are the masters of our fate; that the task which has been set before us is not above our strength; that its pangs and toils are not beyond our endurance; as long as we have faith in our cause and unconquerable power, salvation will not be denied us."

We prefer to know the truth, sombre as it may be. But to be masters of our fate, each man, woman and child must take the place in which he or she is of the most service. By this time we should all know that the war is approaching our shores. Yet do we? A negative replaces a needed affirmative. Recently a commentator on C. B. A. criticized the lack of protection that Nova Scotia has taken against invasion by the foe. Mention was made of our town even. "Having sand to extinguish incendiary bombs is really absurd," thought many. However, credit must be given where credit is due. At the time of this writing there have been practice blackouts which have been termed by those in authority as complete successes. Here the work of the Red Cross Organization, the St. John's Ambulance Corps and the Air Raid Precaution Organization must be esteemed.

THE SCHOOL

The beginning of another term at Lunenburg Academy - yes, school life must carry on regardless of war. To-morrow, when the war is over, citizens - educated citizens trained for their places in social life - will be of more importance to our Dominion than at any other time in its history.

With this purpose in view L. C. A. has endeavored to produce, as a previous editor has said, "another worthy edition of our Academy Year Book,

the Seagull." The theme chosen is "Lunenburg in Wartime and Sports," combined. With such a suitable theme we hope that this book is not only interesting but educational as well.

At the beginning of this term two new teachers, Mr. Robert H. Campbell and Mr. E. Ross Payzant, joined the High School teaching staff. They replace Mr. George Moore who has received leave of absence for the duration of the war and Miss Sadie MacDonald who is now teaching at Annapolis. Both our new teachers were graciously received and within an unusually short time had made the acquaintance of all.

This year we are glad to report that there have been no major disturbances or distractions in our school life. During the week that our Principal was housed with influenza, the pupils readily co-operated with the other members of the teaching staff and progress in our studies advanced with the usual tempo. The school's war effort has been better than any previous year during the war. At this date the sale of war saving stamps has reached \$2600.00.

Unfortunately we must say that at least eighty per cent of the purchases have been made by pupils of the common school. The Knitting and Magazine Collecting committees are continuing the splendid work they began last year.

Again another Grade XII class has its problems. Many of us are deciding what our life occupations shall be. Our choice now will determine what path of life we shall be treading in years to come. Let us boldly, but wisely, accept the challenge which faces us. Whether the road to our hidden ideals is long and difficult to climb, whether we become discouraged by unforeseeable hindrances, the thought of our last year at L. C. A. will inspire us to continue the struggle. Once more we shall be certain that we acquired during the year 1942 something, the quality of which forms an incentive to go forward.

THE BRITISH NAVY

By JEAN ALLEN, '43

When King Hal in 1514 gave orders for the launching of the "Great Harry", he put England in the foreground as a naval power.

The "Great Harry", or "Henri Grace a Dieu", was the biggest ship afloat in her day - measuring more than 1,000 tons burthen, and carrying 700 marines, soldiers and gunners to man her thirty-four cannon.

The next highlight in Britain's naval history came in the days of good Queen Bess, when Philip of Spain, her rival, decided to put an end to Drake's, Raleigh's Hawkins's and Frobisher's ideas as to who's who on the high seas. So the Armada, the mightiest flotilla of warships the world had ever seen or believed possible set forth to invade England. Elizabeth, with a closeness and a "can't happen here" attitude equalled only by the honorable men in charge of England's affairs between 1932 and 1938, did very little about it; so the men had to go to sea and face a power ten times or more their own strength, with hardly any ammunition. The sailors of England, with a little help from the weather, licked the Armada. The folk of England breathed a sigh of relief and the court musician to Elizabeth composed "God Save the Queen."

So ended the invasion of England, with the exception of the unsuccessful attempt by the Emperor Napoleon two hundred and some odd years later.

Following Elizabeth we don't hear much about the Navy until Sam Pepys sits writing his diary. Charles II was spending the Public Funds, the Commissioners of the Navy were wrangling among themselves, the ships were poorly equipped, men unpaid and the Dutch in the Thames burning English ships. But Samuel Pepys was not going to be beaten, and he finally put the Navy in shipshape condition.

When a nation falls asleep it needs a real scare to get it up and going. The Dutch gave us the scare and Pepys organized the action. This rather modest little man did more for the Navy than any individual had done before his time, or since with the exception of Winston Churchill.

Following Charles II, James II did much for the Senior Service, if he did nothing much else of value before he had to turn the wheel over to Dutch William, and from then on the Navy grew in tradition and strength. It broke the power of Napoleon at Trafalgar. It broke Kaiser Wilhelm in the Great War. It will break Herr Hitler in this war.

While Britain has always found the man for the moment, it is to the common people that the real credit is due, for they are the ones that manned the ships, and, up to our time, with very little encouragement.

At the beginning of the flare-up in 1914, the Navy was put on a war footing on a few hours' notice. It was a more powerful fighting instrument at the end of the war than it had been at the beginning. "Ready, aye ready!" was its watchword, and it lived up to it. Unfortunately, and no fault is attached to the Navy, the slogan has lost most of its meaning between 1932 and 1938.

So history repeats itself as it is usually supposed to do. In Elizabeth's time, the Spaniards; in Charles II's days, the Dutch; in George III's day, the French; in George VI's day, the Nazis.

With the moment arrived the man - Winston Churchill - a voice crying in the wilderness, until the last split second. He is the living symbol of Shakespeare's immortal lines:

"This English never did, nor ever shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

In preserving the meaning and truth of these words, the Navy will play the greater part alone, without the French, the Italian and the Japanese Navies, allies in the last war. She will keep the life-lines of Britain open, defend her coasts, smash the visible enemies.



T. R. H. Crown Prince Olav and Crown Princess Martha of Norway who paid their second visit to Lunenburg on January 24 - 26, 1942

PREPAREDNESS

By WINNIFRED FRALIC, '44

The battles of the Atlantic, of the Mediterranean, of Europe, of Africa, and of the Far East have yet to be won, and it would be the sheerest folly for the free peoples of the world to take a complacent attitude. So far from having "turned the corner" we have not reached it yet. We are only in sight of it, and there is a long, hard stretch ahead. The formula for winning this war, for destroying Hitlerism and Nazi tyranny for ever and ever is very simple. Fight in unison, give in unison, and work and obey in unison.

Something which we Canadians have not had to bother about very much in the past is, "Watch that Window." Our credit has been good and our reputation for level-headed democratic self-government has been unexcelled. Not being one of the "great powers", our role in international affairs has been unimportant, so much so that other countries have taken little if any interest in what we said, or did, or thought. All that is changed. We are being talked about, watched and considered. Our every move is a matter of public interest abroad, and attempts are made to analyse our domestic problems. It would be well for us to be fully conscious of the interest that is now being displayed in our affairs.

The extremists, of course, care little or nothing for what people think, either inside Canada or without. They will distort and magnify our problems to attain their own selfish ends, regardless of the consequences.

Many people may say that air-raid precautions are needless in Toronto, but the time has gone by when the "It can't happen here" attitude is heard. The surprise developments in this war indicate that anything may happen anywhere. Supporters of democracy elsewhere have paid a terrible price for indifference. We trust it can be said truthfully that Toronto is unlikely to be bombed. But some time ago dwellers along the Atlantic coast, from north to south, thought they were immune to attack. It couldn't happen there either. They are not so sure now. The coastal waters present daily and deadly perils.

Suppose Toronto never is bombed, - even so, air-raid precautions are all to the good. Many thousands of citizens engaged in the work are keenly war-conscious, and their example has a good effect on others. Lack of war-consciousness, failure to realize the spreading of a terrible danger, has been a weakness in Canada.

Anything helping to overcome this affair is worth all the labor and thought devoted to it. Constant watchfulness is necessary to keep the saboteurs inactive. Therefore, without sensible precautions, what a hopeless condition of panic would follow! No one would know what to do, and probably would do the wrong thing, thus creating further confusion and danger.

Must the defence of Halifax be blasted, must Vancouver and Victoria be laid in ruins before we are ready to do our part? Everyone thinks better because Canada's greatest hour is yet to come, and it may be nearer than many of us think. But let us be certain, whenever it comes, that we do not falter. Let us grasp greatness without waiting for it, to be forced upon us!

BLACKOUTS!

By JEAN MACARTNEY, '44

Wheeee! Wheeeee! Wheeeee!

The air-raid siren shrieks in its eerie tones, carrying the message that a blackout and perhaps a mock air-raid practice, is to be carried out.

The people have been told previously that the safest place to be during a blackout is at home, and thus they hurry to get off the streets. All cars, except the necessary ones, are stopped and forced to turn off the lights. Neon signs, store lights, street lights, and house lights are extinguished all over the town. Nothing must be left visible to the enemy or the town would be a sure target for enemy bombs or shells.

The people in their homes have received their blackout instructions, and quickly see that all of their windows are sufficiently covered to prevent the escape of a single light ray. The instructions for the home say that it is strictly necessary to stay away from windows in the event of an air-raid or blackout.

Each section of the town is under the direction of an air-raid warden, whose duty it is to see that all of the lights in his district are extinguished, and in the event of an air-raid he sees that all people are kept off the streets. During the entire blackout the warden must patrol the streets of his district.

Most of the Boy Scouts have received cards to signify that they have become full-fledged members of the local St. John's Ambulance First Aid Corps. At the first shrill of the siren they must report for duty at their assigned first-aid posts. The local first-aid centres are the Foundry Garage, Wamboldt's Store, Fire Hall, Post Office, and the R. C. M. P. office.

All casualties are reported to the Court House, which is the headquarters for the first aid corps. The workers at the Court House then phone the first-aid post nearest to where the casualty is, and report the injury. Local men have offered their trucks as ambulances and these are used to convey the casualties to the hospital which is the Masonic Building. Thus the casualties are cared for.

The firemen also stand by to extinguish fires which may be started by enemy action. They are posted at the Fire Hall, and are ready for duty within a moment's notice.

The Women's Auxiliary Corps have been holding classes for the last few months under the direction of the local doctors, and these girls have now become members of the St. John's Ambulance Unit, being attached to the first-aid posts and hospitals.

During a blackout nobody, except A. R. P. workers, must use the telephones. It is vitally important that the wires be kept open so that the various first-aid posts can get in touch with their headquarters, without interference.

With the war getting closer and closer to our shores, it is necessary to have blackouts. It is vitally important that we guard against enemy action along our coast line. Therefore we must co-operate during these blackout sessions, and be prepared in the event of a real raid on our town.

CANADIAN AIR CADETS

By ROBERT SILVER, '44

Most Canadian boys today are air-minded. "Why are they?" is an unanswerable question. Perhaps it is the romance and adventure of flying, or perhaps it is the thought of getting away from everyday life, to be among the clouds and free. Perhaps some are enchanted by the science of aerodynamics. Whatever, the reason, Canadian youth is air-minded. The elder boys are following the example of Billy Bishop and other Canadian Aces, who served with the B. F. C. in the last war, by joining the R. C. A. F. Younger boys are not eligible for the R. C. A. F. so they are joining the Air Youth Movements of which the Air Cadets League of Canada is foremost.

The Canadian Air Cadets are modelled after the Air Defence Cadet Corps established in England in 1938. On November 19, 1940 an Order-In-Council granted permission for the formation of the now rapidly expanding Air Cadet League.

The Air Cadet League is operated independently although it is under the supervision of the "Dept. of National Defence for Air" and works co-operatively with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Each Unit of Cadets is developed and supported by local efforts such as a School Board or Board of Trade. Each unit has a minimum of twenty-five Senior Cadets. A Senior Cadet must be between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and a junior cadet between twelve and fifteen. All commissioned officers must be adults and non-commissioned officers are appointed from the Cadet body. Commissioned officers must be British subjects and preferably between the ages of thirty-two and fifty-five.

The Air Cadet Training Course consists of a basic general course and a variety of advanced specialized courses. This basic course is the combination, with minor changes, of the Ground Courses of the Initial and Elementary Flying Training Schools of the R. C. A. F.

The Basic Training requires about 215 hours of training and the average Unit covers it in about two and a half years. Of this time sixty hours is given to P. T. and the rest to instruction in Administration, Aero Engines, Aircraft Recognition, Air Frames, Ornament, First Aid, Knots and Splices, Maps, Mathematics, Model Buildings, Signals and Theory of Flight.

A recruit, Air Cadet 2nd Class, is required to pass courses totalling 108 hours in order to be promoted to 1st class Cadet. Then he must pass all courses, totalling 216 hours, to become a Leading Cadet. Then, depending on the local facilities, the Leading Cadet may take special courses in Aero Engines, Aircraft Construction, Air Ornament, Aerial Navigation, Meteorology, Aerial Photography, Radio, Wireless, and Air Crew Training.

Our local Air Cadet Unit, No. 48 (Lunenburg) Flight is commanded by Air Cadet H. A. Creighton, M. D., with Air Cadet R. L. Zinck, M. D., as Medical Officer. About fifty local boys have enrolled in the No. 48 Lunenburg Flight and are beginning their training with the Lunenburg Armories as their headquarters.

Under the skillful guidance of George B. Foster, K. C., D. F. C., President of Air Cadet League of Canada, the Air Cadets will do more than their bit to "keep 'em flying."

THE ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

By SYLVIE WALTERS, '44

Nearly every episode of this war has merely underlined the one new principle of modern warfare, which is no longer disputed, namely that neither land nor sea power can operate effectively if the air overhead is controlled by the enemy. Therefore air power has become our first line of defense.

In Britain this first line of defence grew from what she had left of her air force in 1918. Sir Samuel Hoare was Air Minister from 1922 to 1929. He fought a reductant treasury for the needs of the Air Force. He created the Auxiliary Flying Scheme, known as the week-end Fliers. It was planned on a territorial basis. The younger members of the prominent families formed their squadrons as the knights of old formed their companies for adventure abroad.

The government supplied the machines and paid the ground staffs. Strangely enough or perhaps naturally enough, recruiting became more brisk and the squadrons multiplied.

In the meantime the shadow of the Germans had appeared and the Air Force had to increase in size very rapidly. The factories visualized fast moving machines while the Air Force asked for guns to destroy the enemy. These two features, speed and heavy fire power were united. The next step was the development of powered turrets armed with multiple heavy caliber machine guns for bombers. This enabled our bombers to protect themselves from even the German Messerschmitts.

When the war broke out, all the amateur squadrons which were formed by the week-end Fliers were mobilized immediately. They numbered over thirty squadrons and their deeds were to write a glorious chapter in the approaching battle, but England and Canada needed more machines and especially more men in a hurry.

Thus began the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. This plan cost about \$900,000,000 but it turns out tens of thousands of crack airmen yearly. Starting from scratch, it pours out from 91 schools and 100 flying fields fighter pilots in 22 weeks; bomber observers in 29 weeks and radio gunners in 24 weeks.

In order to follow the Air Training Scheme one should have to begin from the Recruiting Stations where the future students are signing up. Inside these stations are desks everywhere for volunteers to register and fill enlistment forms. If they are accepted the new recruits go to the Manning Depots, their first place of learning.

In the Manning Depots, the Flying Officer on looking over the students' favorite hobbies advises him to study one certain branch of the Training. He may become a pilot, air observer, or wireless operator, which includes air gunner training.

If a student wishes to become a pilot, his total training last for 22 weeks. The pilot will first go to the Initial Training School where his Air University Course begins. His training includes ground instructions, whirling flips in a dummy plane, hours of studies in Air Force laws, mathematics, mechanics and many other smaller courses. The pilots are then taken to

Elementary Flying Training Schools where they learn more about primary flying and ground work. Final stages for pilots are in the Service Training Schools, where fighter men fly speedy planes, and about one-third of them become officers on graduation. After these 22 weeks training they are sent to Embarkation Depots where they are ready for overseas.

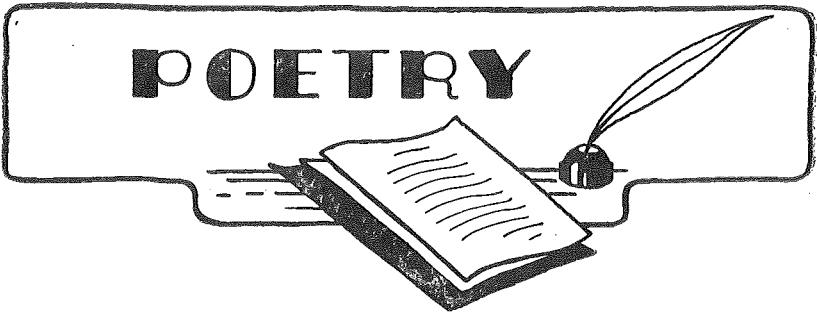
The students, who are chosen for Air Observers, have a longer training, which lasts for 29 weeks. They are taken with the Pilots to the Initial Training Schools but then they pass on to the Air Observers Schools where they concentrate on calculation, navigation, photography, and radio code. Three hour flights over 500 to 600 mile courses test navigation theory, develop accuracy and prepare students for Bombing and Gunnery Schools. For five weeks they swoop over targets and drop smoke bombs, study bomb-sights and study wind-drift. After Graduation they go to Navigation Schools where they learn advanced Navigation. After their 29 weeks they are also taken to the Embarkation Depots.

Lastly the wireless operators, who are called the defenders of the crew. They leave Manning Depot for 24 weeks' instructions, at Wireless School where they master radio mysteries, beams, codes and direction finders. This training takes 20 weeks and in the final four weeks at Bombing and Gunnery School they take to the air and pour bullets at speeding targets and become crack machine gunners. After graduating as a Sergeant Air Gunner and a total Wireless Operator they go to the Embarkation Depot for overseas duty.

This is the training of a boy who joins the Air Force and on hearing of any great deed of valor of the Air Force we should think back to the men in the government who kept the faith and are making way for younger men: to the week-end fliers who gave their lives, and above all we should remember the sons of the modest homes on the outskirts of the town who waved good-bye and went to join the aristocracy of the skies.



The annual School Exhibition was held in the Assembly Hall of the Academy on October 1st, 1941. Exhibits ranged from specimens of classwork to a large display of hand-crafts and representative articles from the Mechanic Science Department. There was a beautiful flower exhibit which exceeded that of previous years. This attracted considerable attention on the part of all those who love flowers. Receipts totalling thirty dollars were devoted to the Queen's Fund and to defray expenses.



DISCOVERY

By MARIE HIMMELMAN, '44

I wandered over hill and vale,
 In search of beauty rare;
 I'd found it not in city dull,
 All burdened o'er with care.

I found it in the cuntry green,
 In earth and rocks and trees;
 I found it in the meadow grass,
 And in the scented breeze.

I found it in the azure sky,
 And in the blossoms fair
 That rambled over level fields
 And cheered each wanderer there.

And when my heart was full refreshed,
 My soul was well again;
 I journeyed back to city life,
 A flame of joy within.

HOME

By JUNE NAAS, '45

Home for laughter, home for rest;
 Home are those we love the best.
 Home is where there is none to hate,
 Where no foes in anger wait,
 Where no jealous mind
 Seeks envy to find.
 When the days are ended, we
 Turn to shout a welcome that's free
 Where love is dancing at the door.
 When we again are home once more.

OUR EMBLEM

By PEGGY KEILLOR, '45

The British emblem of red, white and blue,
What does this emblem mean to you?

Red is the courage our people need,
If our great country is to succeed.

White means purity that must lie in each heart,
If each one of us is to do his part.

Truthfulness is shown in the stripe of blue;
We'll play the game and win it too.

ANNIE LAURIER

By KENNETH LACE, '45

'Twas a sunny day in August,
When I did tell my tale
Of the good ship "Annie Laurie"
That was off to catch some whale.

Her sails were made of musline,
Her halyards were of hemp,
The hull was pure mahogany
Which nary a day had spent.

Her captain was a hard old man,
Whose whiskers did grow long;
His temper did exceed his voice
When anything went wrong.

His crew who were a husky lot,
Obeyed his every whim,
When ordered to appear on deck
They ran up with a grin.

They were eighty days from Boston
From which they had set sail,
When to the starboard all at once
The lookout spied a whale.

The mate jumped in the harpoon net,
And cast from him a spear
Then straight and true the harpoon flew
Towards the whale so near.

Then to the slings the boatmen ran
To hoist it to the deck,

THE SEA GULL

Where it was cut, and dried and cured,
To send to old Quebec.

Then due south east, the wheel was spun,
To head for home once more
Where loved ones waited for their mates,
Oh, dear old fishing lore!

SPRING

By DIANE OXNER, '46

The snow is melting on the hills,
The brooks are running in the rills;
And on the lawns where'er I pass
I see new tiny sprouts of grass.

The daffodils are springing up,
The crocus shows its tiny cup;
And hyacinths in colors gay
Say wintertime has gone away.

The robin sits upon a tree
Singing his little song with glee
Proclaiming to his mate nearby
That building time is drawing nigh.

The little lambs, they leap and spring
And do not care for anything;
The baby chickens, soft and round
Chirp and scratch in the nice warm ground.

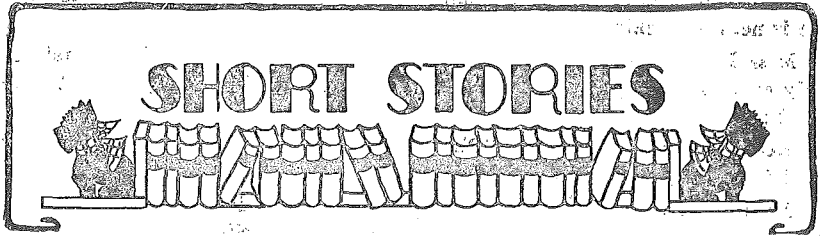
MY THOUGHTS

By DELMA M. KNICKLE, '44

My thoughts are very simple
And very hard to say;
But when I tell them, you will see
Just what I think each day.

A garden small and pretty;
A house for you and me;
An orchard full of leafy trees;
What else is there to be?

There is that thought of many,
Which I picked from the best,
But I suppose you'll have to know
I think it is the best.



HEATHER'S CAREER

By MARIE HIMMELMAN, '44

The slanting rays of the setting sun shone in the cracked windows of the little red school-house. Heather Hollis stood near one of them, staring dully at the surrounding landscape. She was desperately lonely, and she choked back tears with a vicious bite at her lower lip. She was tall and beautiful, and the sun shining on her light brown hair made it look like a halo of gold.

"I am not going to stay here. I can't! I can't!" she thought. Then her conscience prodded her. "You are going to stay, Heather Hollis. You're only twenty-one years old, and an orphan; but you're clever and well-educated, and you're going to make a future for yourself. Teaching is the only thing you can really do well, so that is what you are going to do. Now go home to your boarding house, think it all over, and come back here tomorrow with a new resolve to keep up your courage and to teach these children kindly and well."

"Yes, I will," said Heather aloud. "I'll make these people like me and I'll teach their children as well as I can. I couldn't bear to see them grow up as insufficiently educated as their parents."

Heather looked slowly around the room, went out the door, locked it, and walked along the narrow, dusty road, until she came to a weather-beaten, old-fashioned house set in from the road among clumps of scrubby bushes. It was her boarding-house, and although it contained the best room available in the district, it was but rudely furnished.

She walked up-stairs to her room and thought things over. She had arrived earlier in the day with the mail truck, and since then had got the key to the school-house from the trustees. She had discovered that the school lacked decent benches and desks, had small and cracked windows, no inside lavatory, and smoke-blackened walls. She was thoroughly disgusted, and had appealed to the trustees about the lack of facilities, but had received a curt, "It was good enough for us and it'll be good enough for our children."

"Well," thought Heather, "I've done all I can for today. I've gone to all the homes where there are children of school age, and have advised them that school starts tomorrow. I can do no more until tomorrow." So she went to the kitchen and ate a plain supper, which was not made more attractive by the painful quietness of her only companion, Miss Landers, the lady of the house.

"Dear me, what a sour old maid she is," thought Heather. "This silence is nerve-wracking."

Miss Landers' chilly voice broke in on her meditation. "Breakfast is ready every morning at eight o'clock. I trust you will be ready at that time to eat it."

Heather nervously replied, "Oh, yes, yes of course, and I understand my board is to be paid in advance?"

Miss Landers gave a jerky nod of her head and disappeared within the mysterious recesses of the pantry. Heather sighed, climbed the stairs, and unpacked her trunk. This task she had not found time to do previously. After hanging up her suits and dresses and tucking away the rest of her clothes in drawers, she set her school supplies out to take to school the following day.

She knew the whole of Riverdale would be anxious to hear reports of her from their children. She knew also that Cassie Jackson, a local girl, as yet unseen, had been trying for the position. "True, it is certainly not much of a job, but a teacher can't expect to get placed in a town or city school directly," thought Heather.

But she was not a little afraid of what the morrow would bring forth, and so, after confiding her qualms and doubts to her diary, she pushed up the window and went to bed.

She awoke early the next morning, due, no doubt to sleeping in a strange place. As she dressed, she found herself getting extremely jittery. She wore a pretty peasant-style dress with a black laced bodice, and a pert little black bow in her fluffy hair. She looked at her wrist-watch and discovered it would be breakfast time in another minute or two. After gazing out the window at the maple trees which were just beginning to change their color, and remarking idly to the sun, "This silence is practically deafening," she carried her books and school incidentals downstairs, deposited them on the hall table and went into the kitchen.

Here she found Miss Landers in a crumpled heap on the floor. Heather gazed in unbelief for a second, then she lifted her as best she could and placed her on the couch. She applied cold cloths to her forehead, fanned her with a newspaper, and when she did not revive, ran outside and called to a man who was passing.

"Quick, tell me where the nearest telephone is. We've got to have a doctor. Miss Landers is dreadfully ill."

The rustic, who evidently had not seen Heather before, stood still with his mouth wide open. Heather who was by this time nearly frantic, called again, "Hurry, I tell you! I can't leave her. Go to the nearest telephone and call the doctor."

This time he responded by running into the house next door, and emerging about two minutes later with another man, who carried a black bag. He was evidently the doctor.

Miss Landers lay still and cold on the couch. Heather crouched near her on the floor. "Oh, dear, I'm afraid it's a heart attack," she groaned. The doctor, after a short examination, reported that Heather had been en-

tirely correct in her supposition. "A heart attack it is; she's had them before. We've got to get someone to look after her."

"Oh, if only I could," cried Heather, "but I'm the new school-teacher here and there's school this morning."

"I see. Well, I'll send my daughter, Cassie, over to look after her. You run along to school. She'll be all right."

"Cassie - Cassie Jackson," thought Heather, "the girl who wanted to teach here; I wonder how I'm going to meet this situation." With a quick glance at Miss Landers, and another at a girl, evidently Cassie, hurrying up the walk, Heather ran out the door, and with just a hurried word of greeting, passed the girl and went on her way to school.

She had only a glimpse of Cassie, a pale slim girl, with beautiful long dark hair. A confused muddle of thoughts clouded Heather's brain as she walked swiftly down the road to the school. "Poor Miss Landers, so ill, and I've thought so unkindly of her. And Cassie Jackson, how I pity her. How will we ever get along together? And the school children! I'm in such a flurry I haven't much time to be afraid. Oh dear, I'm so hungry; I haven't had a bite of breakfast."

After a walk of about three-quarters of a mile she approached the school and saw a small group of children clustering around the locked door. Many of the smaller ones were barefooted, and the older girls, who were poorly clad, were shy and quiet. The boys wore blue overalls over their clothes.

When she opened the door, the children followed her inside and stood awkwardly around the tiny room. Heather sat down and looked at the list of names, ages and grades she had in her hand. "When I call your names will you children please raise your hands? Then I will tell you where to sit."

"Jennifer Williams." A fat curly-headed little girl walked up to the teacher's desk and said desperately, "Please, miss, call me Jenny, please." A solitary tear trickled down over her tiny round face.

"Why, of course, if you wish," replied Heather pleasantly. "Sit down in this front seat, please."

There were about thirty children in the room when they were all finally seated, and only ten of them were boys. Heather was just beginning to feel very incompetent, when Jenny piped up, "Please, miss, our other teacher used to let us draw first."

Heather passed out drawing books and model designs for them to use. She thought "That will keep them busy for a while." The boys set to work drawing comic cartoons; the girls at various designs. Heather took advantage of the fact that all were busy for a short time and arranged her things in an orderly manner in the desk. When she became more at home she proceeded to the lessors, and soon felt more and more at ease with her pupils.

When noon came she returned to her boarding house, but found no one below. Supposing that Cassie was with Miss Landers, she made her way fearfully uptairs. Her supposition proved correct. She found Miss Landers sleeping quietly, and Cassie Jackson standing by the window, weeping bitterly. Heather, filled with compassion, walked over to the window, and

put her arm around the other girl. Cassie, who had not heard her come into the room, gasped, and turned.

"Ah, Cassie, can't we be friends?" said Heather. "I haven't a single friend here. I'm dreadfully sorry you didn't get the teaching job. But I'm an orphan, and I need the money, too, you know."

Miss Landers showed signs of awakening, so after quieting her, Cassie and Heather went slowly down into the little horse-hair-furnished parlor. Cassie turned to Heather, and said with a faint smile, "Forgive me, Heather. I've acted shockingly toward you. There was no reason for me to feel jealous when you got the job I wanted. You deserved it, for you have the college education that fits you for the position, while I have never been beyond High-School. My father is a doctor, but he makes barely enough to live on, for the people are so poor here, and he's too kind hearted to force them to pay when they can't afford it."

"Couldn't you have worked your way through?" said Heather; "that's what I had to do for the last year."

"I'd be willing to," Cassie replied, "but I'd have to work ages at the jobs I could get around here, before I could pay my way through College. You see, I thought if I could teach here for a few years I'd save enough to go."

"You are in a predicament, indeed," replied Heather. "Perhaps you'd better give up the idea and get married," she teased.

"I", said Cassie, in a surprised tone of voice. "I don't know about that. I'm twenty-four, though." But she blushed, and looked thoughtful.

"Why you're older than I! And if you don't know your mind at twenty-four, you never will. Who's the lucky man?"

"Well," said Cassie gravely, "it's Jimmie Morrison." He's the head of the new factory across the river. We love each other very much and he wants me to marry him, but"

"But nothing. Go ahead and marry him. I'll bet he's a fine boy, and I wish you all the happiness in the world."

"Thank you, Heather. I think I'll take your advice. Perhaps I was a little too sure of myself in thinking I could be a career woman. The home woman is the best after all."

"Is that a slam on me?" laughed Heather.

The two girls became close friends, to Heather's delight, for she had never before had a real friend. Of course, she had had casual acquaintances at school, and had been fairly popular at college. But now, when she was virtually alone in this country place, a friend like Cassie was the best possible thing she could have to make her content.

They became practically inseparable. Heather helped Cassie to look after Miss Landers; they discussed school affairs, community affairs, and improvement for school and locality, and accomplished much for the good of the little section.

Ten years later found Heather Hollis, now Heather Scott, again staring out a sunlit window, her heart fairly bursting with contentment and peace. She had just returned from a week-end visit with her old friend Cassie, whom she had not seen for several years.

Cassie had married Jimmie Morrison and had two children now — both boys; the older four years of age, and the younger, a chubby darling still in his cradle.

Heather turned to look at her sleeping child, Beverly, a five year old girl with blonde hair and blue eyes. She was resting from the journey she had made with her mother to "Aunt Cassie's." They had arrived home just a few minutes ago.

Heather was re-living the happy days she had spent in Riverdale, as she had re-lived them such a few hours ago with Cassie, "who was, is, and always will be my dearest earthly friend," she thought, and then added dreamily", except Billy, my husband, and he is more than a friend."

SABOTAGE

By GEORGE INNES, '44

The scene is the Oriental section of downtown San Francisco. Behind the gay shopfronts, merchandise and bright Japanese lanterns, many an evil look has pierced the heavy, grey opium smoke. Those slant-eyed glances are dangerous, for many a treacherous scheme has been formulated behind those glittering eyes.

On this particular night the underworld activities of Lin Sing, the great Jap-American gang leader, were being stimulated by the anticipated entry of the Empire of Japan into a state of war — the outcome of the Japanese attack on the Hawaiian Island naval installation of Pearl Harbor. Already the evil mind of Lin Sing was plotting against the United States.

Grimly, Lin Sing addressed his henchmen who were gathered at the underworld hideout saying,

"Honorable gentlemen, our beloved Japan, land of the Rising Sun, has now become thrust into an unwanted war with the peoples of the cowardly United States. From information which I have received through secret channels, we Japanese are now to become obedient servants of our Supreme Holy Emperor. Our purpose is clear and simple - we are to break down, from the inside, the morale and trust of the American people."

Murmurs of satisfaction arose from the slant-eyed assembly. Unnoticed by even the cunning eyes of the illustrious Lin Sing himself, Agent S-47 of the United States Intelligence, cleverly disguised and posing as an Oriental, was carefully noting the effect of the smooth-tongued Lin Sing on these men. He was careful not to mix with the other gangsters for fear of revealing his true identity.

Agent S-47 was particularly suited for this job, because of his short slim stature, and his fluent command of the Japanese language.

Interrupting the hum-drum murmurings of the men, Lin Sing began to speak:

"Honorable gentlemen, before divulging any vital information, I wish to ask you gentlemen for a declaration of your sentiments - whether they will be with your native land or otherwise."

Immediately, with machine-like precision, every man rose to his feet and declared his solemn allegiance to the Rising Sun.

"I wish to thank you, gentlemen," said Lin Sing as he responded to the spontaneous declaration of his Countrymen. "Shall we retire to the council room for further discussion?" he concluded.

The eager Orientals shuffled into the council room and seated themselves around the long table.

"Now then, honorable gentlemen . . ."

* * * * *

For weeks the dastardly attacks of the Japanese saboteurs have been wreaking havoc on many widely scattered factories working on huge, important war orders for Uncle Sam. The F. B. I. and the U. S. Intelligence have been deluged with criticisms and accusations from the nation. Meanwhile, in the nation's capital, Agent S-47 is personally reporting to the executive heads of the U. S. Intelligence.

"By the careful process of watching and waiting," said S-47, "I have gained much inside information as to the actual movements of these Japanese Fifth Columnists."

"Go on," replied the officer in charge of the committee for Un-American Activities.

"Well," said S-47, "Lin Sing intends to strike next in the very shadow of the Golden Gate."

"Well-I-I," granted the officials.

"What do you suggest, S-47?" asked the other men.

"Yes, what?" exclaimed another.

"The people are clamoring for immediate action," said another.

Carefully S-47 laid his plan to trap the Fifth Columnists before the committee.

"Here is my plan. Now on"

* * * * *

Friday night, the night for the big 'job' had come. S-47 gave his men their final instructions and bade them farewell.

At 1:30 a. m., the appointed hour had come. Tensely the Federal men waited . . . the seconds ticked slowly on . . . tick-tick-tick . . .

Then, from out of the San Francisco fog came the muffled chug-chug of a motor launch. Slowly and silently the boat glided to the wharf. Several faint, stooped figures stepped cautiously to the landing. Grunting, as if carrying some heavy burden, the figures approached the giant liner "Romanie."

"Now," . . . came the whispered signal. Swiftly and silently the men closed on the suspicious figures.

"Surrender, Lin Sing, or you'll never live to tell the tale," barked an officer of the U. S. Intelligence.

"You'll never take me . . . alive . . ." answered Lin Sing defiantly.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three sharp shots rang out in the dark. A fog-shrouded figure crumpled and disappeared beneath the water.

* * * * *

True, Lin Sing was not taken alive, but he himself was killed in his own cunning plot of sabotage.

INVISIBLE MURDER

By ELEANOR RANDALL, '44

Detective Strafford was sitting in his living-room reading the book "The Canary Murder Case" for some excitement. The telephone rang.

"R-r-r-ring! R-r-r-ring!"

"Drat that phone. Just when a fellow gets settled down with an interesting book, that darn thing rings. I hope no one wants me to come to play a game of cards. Well Hello."

"Hello Strafford? This is Chief Lorry. We've some real brain work for you, so come over and get to work. Briefly, Matthew Grantly, the national oil dealer has disappeared. Not a trace. The fellow who told us said"

"I'll be over in a jiffy, chief."

* * * * *

"Give us the details, boss, we're all ears."

"About half an hour ago, just before I called you, Lorne," the chief said, "a fellow came in here, said he was Grantly's private secretary. He told me his boss informed him he was going on a little business trip to New York and might stay a week longer for a vacation. He promised to write when the business was concluded, to let the secretary know if he were going to stay the extra week. But no letter was received and he could not get in touch with his employer by phone. He came here and told the story, suggesting we do something about it, for he said Grantly always carried out his plans to the letter."

"Lorne, check on all the hotels in New York and see if Grantly is registered in any of them. You can take Bill Hampden with you if you want to, and be back here as quickly as you can."

* * * * *

In the lobby of "La Grande Hotel" Detective Strafford and Bill Hampden are talking to the desk clerk.

"When we heard you had Mat. Grantly registered here we came right over. Could we go to his room, please?"

"Certainly. We were beginning to think it strange when the door was locked from the inside, and the key in the lock all the time. No one answered when the flood was taken up to him. Room 131, second floor, sir."

"Thanks . . . You know, Bill, it's a funny thing if the old fellow keeled over or hurt himself, and couldn't move, he could still talk when the waiter knocked. Well, here we are; let's knock first. If he doesn't answer we'll see what goes on inside."

Lorne knocked twice. No answer. He tried the door, but it was locked, as the clerk said.

"We'll have to pick the lock or get in some other way. There must be some other way, if not a door, then a window. We'll go around in this hall at the end of the suite . . . Here's a fire escape that goes right past his windows. This isn't a very polite way of coming to visit him, but it is the best we can do when he won't open the door."

Lorne and Bill went out on the fire escape and walked along until they got in front of the windows. Then . . .

"Lorne, look! There he is lying on the couch; he doesn't look very much alive. This room is apparently his study."

"Notice everything as you go, Bill, for I don't think the man is alive."

"The window isn't quite down to begin with. Let's go inside. You go first."

"Don't touch a thing, Bill . . . Observe the body. He was undoubtedly sleeping when he was killed. He shows no sign of a struggle. The doors are all closed. He probably closed them before he lay down."

"Here's a half empty champagne bottle, Lorne, should we take it along?"

"No, Bill, we'll leave everything just as it is, but take a good look, and then we'll go. I feel rather sleepy in here. I don't know if it's Grantly or the air."

"You took the words out of my mouth, Lorne. Let's go, I've got my fill of looks. See where this door goes to . . . the living-room. The key is still in the lock. We'll take the key out and give it to the clerk, eh?"

"I don't think so. If the clerk will let us we'll keep the key so no one interferes. We'll see who took that champagne to Grantly. It was probably then he was last seen alive."

* * * * *

"The waiter, Tony McAdam, is at his home now, sir. He says that he cannot come here even to work, that there is a gang after him, and they mean business. If you want to see him you'll have to go to his room. It's at 28 Jacob St."

"Thanks, and if anyone wants to go into Grantly's room send him to the police station. We'd like to talk to him."

* * * * *

"Here's 28 Jacob St., Lorne. It sure is a tough place. Should we see Tony here or take him right to the station?"

"We'll see him here first, and then take him there. This must be the landlady . . . We'd like to see Tony McAdam, please. Where is his room?"

"Tony's seeing nobody now, them's his orders, and no one's excepted."

"You've got other orders now, sister, see this badge? Lead us to him."

"Just as you say, sir, but he won't be none too pleased . . . Tony . . . Tony! there's two men here to see you, from the police. Let 'em in."

"What do you guys want with me? Spill it and scram; I'm not in the mood for company."

"Now tell us why you're so suspicious of everybody, just after this murder. Tell us everything you know, right from the beginning, up to now"

"When I was down in the hotel kitchen, a fellow came in with a little wooden bucket with ice and a big bottle of champagne in it. He told Harry to take it up to Grantly, but Harry gave it to me instead, as I attended to those rooms. I took it up to him, and he told me not to bother him for the next couple of days, as he wanted to be alone. That's the last time I set eyes on him."

"Tony, I think we'll take you to Bill's place. O. K. Bill?"

"O. K., Lorne."

"You can't take me out there with them killers waitin' to nab me. You can't take me, I won't go."

"C'me on, Tony, quit your stalling."

With a great deal of trouble and protestations the two men took Tony to Bill's house. He could give no reason for the gang being after him. He repeated the same story as before. A knock interrupted them. Tony got all excited; said the gang were after him for sure.

Lorne let the fellow in, who said he was from headquarters. Lorne suspected him, but the stranger showed his card and badge. Further questioning brought out the information that it was dry ice in the bucket, and that the handle was chipped in a peculiar way.

"Where was the bucket in the apartment, then?" Lorne asked himself.

Further investigation showed that the bucket had been taken out of the window after all the ice had evaporated. The dry ice produced carbon dioxide, and the doors and windows all being closed, Grantly had suffocated while he was sleeping. The bucket was found in the hotel kitchen.

That explained how he was killed, but the greater question remained unanswered: Who had done it?

* * * * *

Lorne persuaded Tony to let himself be taken by the gang, as a trap to prove the suspicion they had done the deed.

Bill and Lorne followed the crook's car to a house in the slums. They went inside and followed Tony's captors to a room. Here the gang made Tony confess at the point of a gun that he had told what happened and what he had noticed about the ice and the bucket.

"It's not safe with him around. So, come with us, you," one of the gang said

"Right this way, gentlemen, with your hands in the air, and your confession in our minds, we'll take you right to the station."

After hours of questioning at the police station, the gang admitted, that they had killed Grantly because he found they were blackmailing a branch of his firm, and he had come to New York to inform the police and catch the gang in the act.

So the gang were captured, and were proved to be responsible for many other robberies and murders in New York.

LIFE WITH OSWALD

By ALECIA STROTHARD, '43

Commander Gillis, who stood on a station platform, in Y - England, watched the train pull in. Here were 1800 Canadian soldiers, and it would be his duty to train them all to be stalwart fighters in the King's great Army.

The following morning at 6 a. m. all the boys in Group A were ordered to the grounds for cadet practise. Oswald Peterson was, as usual, just a

trifle late in getting into line with the others. He was a smallish man, with a round and honest, but intelligent face. His eyes were very large, and always held a questioning look in their depths. And so Oswald took his place, panting for breath, and wondering if the Commander had come to his name on the roll call. Then it was he heard his name spoken, and several pairs of eyes were turned in his direction.

"Where is that confounded fellow?" shouted the Commander.

"He-h-here sir," answered Oswald, slightly flustered. As the Commander strode over to him, Oswald felt his mouth going dry, but he said quite rightly, "I was detained, sir."

"So I noticed," replied the officer, in an angry tone, for he expected at least a reason. Seeing that an explanation was due, Oswald made the story long, and told how someone had tied his coat sleeves into knots. Although this was true, he rambled on so long that he confused the Commander, who ordered him to stop. Poor Oswald stared at the officer's retreating back, and could not think for the life of him, what he had done to annoy the man so much. Such was the beginning of Oswald's first day at camp.

A week or so later he received an invitation to a friend's home for dinner. It was amusing to the other men to watch him make his preparations. First he sat down and began to polish the buttons on his uniform, but finding this too tedious a job, he merely wiped the first row of breast buttons.

Having scurried around for a good half hour, he thought himself dressed. But upon gazing at the buttons, he noticed they appeared extremely dull, almost rusty. It took him fully ten minutes to discover his error. (None of his companions chose to do a thing, rather they hindered him by their laughing). He had used mercury for cleaning! This so changed his plans that he knew he'd be late for the dinner party. Well he knew it would take him at least three-quarters of an hour to shine those buttons so that they would pass the eyes of the officer.

An hour later, and finally ready, he was admitted to the Watson house. Oswald did very well for the first half hour, although he did find it difficult to know where to put his hands. It was on the announcement of dinner that the horrible thing occurred.

Now the hard-wood floor in Mrs. Watson's parlor had been covered with small mats for many years, but never had any one so debased themselves as to fall. Evidently Oswald's lucky star had been extinguished that night, for not only did he fall, but he marked the floor, and broke a valuable vase! As everyone rose to enter the dining room, Oswald skidded on the mat, knock-over a magazine stand, and in an effort to save himself grabbed the vase, which toppled to the floor. There he lay, sprawling, but not for long. Flushed, and embarrassed, he got to his feet.

Having picked up the table, he turned around only to knock it over again. During this scene Mrs. Watson and her daughter Erma had stood in utter astonishment, but upon his second clumsy effort, they came to the rescue. Although he thought he could never lift his head again, Oswald soon forgot everything (even Emma's rosy cheeks) as his eyes fell on the table, laden with tempting food.

The next night Oswald was to take Erma for a buggy ride, (all motor

cars being in the custody of the government.) He claimed it was the only thing he could do to repay Mrs. Watson for her generous kindness to him. The army boys declared there was more to it than that. As a complete favor on their part, some of the men hired the buggy and horse for Oswald, thus saving him all the expense, so he thought. Taking the boys' advice, he drove Erma along the Burma Road, "where the moon shines the brightest" they told him.

Soon the horse began to act queerly. It zig-zagged from one side of the road to the other, stopping at every second house along the way. No amount of coaxing or whipping would move the animal, and long before the evening was over they had numbered one hundred and sixty-two houses. Suddenly it dawned on Oswald - this was the milkman's horse - and the boys had played a joke on him.

Naturally Erma was neither silent nor content while all this was happening. Oh, no, Oswald soon discovered that although she had the face of an orchid, she controlled a cactus tongue. From the very beginning of the evening she had cast many an inquiring look upon Oswald, while he, poor chap, dared not look her in the eye. (If only he hadn't been so anxious to make an impression. It hadn't been necessary for him to tell her he had hired the "fine beast" at such a price.) At any rate, he paid for his bragging now.

By ten o'clock Erma was more than annoyed, and although they were then far from home, she angrily stated that walking alone would be preferable to this manner of procedure. In spite of all Oswald's protests and pleadings, the young lady turned her back upon him, and walked quite briskly toward home.

Poor Oswald, there was nothing left for him to do, so he contented himself as best he could, and spent a few more hours delivering milk.

ESCAPE

By EARL LEVY, '42

Kaporal Schweinter rested his rifle-butt on the hard-packed ground. Outside the rain fell incessantly, making dull little thuds as the drops drove against the canvas tent. Little rivulets of water had already squeezed their way beneath the bottom of the tent and were now wandering about like poorly trained soldiers.

"Don't suppose any of those verdamdt British will try to escape this night," Kaporal Schweinter grunted to himself as he buttoned his military raincoat a little tighter and stepped out into the full blast of the storm.

His remark was directed towards a group of British airmen who had been shot down in a dog-fight over France. They were interned in a building adjacent to Schweinter's hut, waiting to be sent farther inland to a central prison camp.

The German Kaporal didn't like these British "dare-devils" a bit. "Wish some of them would try to escape, so I could get a little target practice," he

reflected as he walked around the building peering intently at every gloomy object that aroused his suspicions.

The round completed without his seeing anything unusual, the German Kaporal returned to his tent. He flung off his raincoat, seated himself and drew forth a bar of chocolate from his knapsack. But even while indulging in this luxury, he kept a sharp ear turned for noises from the building opposite.

Schweinter jumped up suddenly. The sound of breaking glass had reached his ears. Seizing his rifle, he rushed out into the rain. Yes, there was a cursed Englishman lowering himself to the ground by means of a rope made by knotting together his own and his comrades' blankets.

He dropped to the ground and sprinted, with the German barely five yards away. Schweinter ran after him in hot pursuit, but the Englishman certainly knew how to run. Already the pursuit had carried Schweinter a dangerous distance from the other prisoners. Why go any farther? Why not shoot? Hadn't he wished for the chance?

These thoughts ran through Schweinter's mind, and he answered them by raising his rifle quickly to his shoulder. Crack! The fugitive staggered, took a few more steps and pitched forward on his face - a sodden figure in blood-stained Air Force Blue.

The German returned to his tent and resumed his luxury with a satisfied air.

But Schweinter would not have been so well satisfied had he known that ten English airmen were at that moment making their way through the rain and mist toward the shore of the English Channel and home.

THE CAVE - IN

By DELMA KNICKLE, '44

On Monday, March 12, 1846, Mrs. Hosie, a bride of two months, sat on a stool before a counter of the Carbondale store, run by the Coal Company, in whose mine her husband was superintendent.

Today Mrs. Hosie's beauty was dimmed. On the counter was spread the end of a bolt of black serge; on it lay her folded arms, and on her arms, her head. She tried not to cry, but sobs tore her throat and tears dropped like rain on the black cloth.

"Mrs. Hosie," began the one-armed storekeeper, and was at once stopped by pressure in his own throat. He looked over Mrs. Hosie's head and out of the little bay-window at the side of the door. She, of course, was thinking of the cave-in several days back.

A few days before the cave-in she had visited the mine. Holding a torch in her hand she sat in a little iron car, and went down into the mine. John, her husband, showed her the timbers which supported the roof and they entered rooms which seemed perfectly dark.

Mrs. Hosie did not draw a full breath until they emerged on the hillside opposite where they had entered.

"I don't like it," she said. "I never realized how it would be. Oh, John, I wish you would never go back!"

"It's my work," said John, "and work that pays well. I don't have to be down all day."

About two weeks later when Mrs. Hosie was washing her breakfast dishes, she heard a strange rumbling sound, and as she looked out of the window she saw the storekeeper fling open the door, and run hatless into the street. From the little houses women ran shrieking. Children toddled to sidewalk and stood crying unheeded.

Without taking off her white apron, she threw a shawl over her head, and ran too. Everbody was hurrying toward the entrance to the mine.

"What is it?" she cried. "What has happened?"

The women answered without turning their heads. Each one had put on a heavy shawl.

"There are sixty men in the mine."

"But what has happened?" she repeated.

"Why, woman, didn't you hear it? There's a cave-in! The roof has fallen. The men may all be under it."

Mrs. Hosie glanced desperately at the little office. Her John might be there and safe.

"Hosie went in with the shift," said another woman. "I saw him go."

"Are they doing anything?" Mrs. Hosie cried in anguish.

"Sure," came the dull answer. "Bryden went down, and a big gang."

Mr. Bryden was also a superintendent, a more experienced man than John. He would surely find a way to get the miners out!

Minutes passed like hours. It was nine o'clock, then ten. Presently cars began to rumble out of the black hole. In each lay a man. The women began to weep. Soon forty-nine men were out.

"But where's John?" called Mrs. Hosie.

"He'll be one of the last with Mr. Bryden, because they are superintendents," someone said.

Mr. Bryden came out for a breathing spell, and to issue some further directions. He crossed over to Mrs. Hosie, and told her to go home. "I won't give up until I have found John," he promised.

So Mrs. Hosie went home, but with a sad heart. For three days she waited and hoped. This morning she went to the store to buy some dark clothes, for she could not wear the bright, gay dresses that she had enjoyed so much. The storekeeper showed her the black serge, but she did not seem to notice it, for it seemed she had heard something unusual, and her eyes were fixed on the little window.

What was the sound? People crying? No, more like people laughing hysterically. A sleigh passed the store, moving slowly, with many men and women walking beside it.

"Mrs. Hosie, Mrs. Hosie," someone cried.

Out of the store she ran, with the storekeeper close behind her, carrying her shawl, which in her excitement she had forgotten.

From the sleigh men were carrying a man into her house. Was he dead or living? Living, she could tell, from the joyous excitement of the

people around. She ran into the house and before the stove, in the rocking chair, with his clothes torn, his white face streaked with coal dust and blood, sat John Hosie.

Mr. Bryden was there, and the doctor, each holding one of his torn hands.

He dug himself out," said Mr. Bryden hoarsely to Mrs. Hosie.

"Bryden was there to hear me", whispered Hosie. He saved me."

"Get hot water," said the doctor, "and get his bed ready." It was well that the neighbors were there to obey the orders, for Mrs. Hosie could do nothing. She sat on the floor beside the rocking chair, with her head against her husband's knee, while tears of joy and relief streamed down her cheeks.

THE MAD SCIENTIST

By RICHARD THOMAS, '42

Once upon a time a son was born of two poor Russian peasants. After much deliberation, he was christened Androvitch Romonov. He was never a normal child, and even when young was very moody. However, as he grew up, he displayed a great interest in books and in mathematics, and progressed quickly. But he always suffered from an acute inferiority complex. He was vicious and bad-tempered, and would sulk for days on end.

So frightened did his simple parents become that they sent him, at the age of 16, to Leningrad, where he easily won a scholarship to the great university there.

It was here that he learned the mysteries of science, into which he delved deep. His capacity for knowledge was enormous; never satisfied, he plunged deeper and deeper and with his increased brilliance his attitude toward society grew worse until he was, by the unanimous vote of the university, expelled.

Thus, at the age of nineteen Androvitch Romanov, brilliant scholar and student, was an absolute outcast from his family and from all society and despised by all centres of culture. Deeply embittered and an enemy of all men this perverted genius determined to advance into the depths of knowledge, alone.

Earning a scanty income here and there from his brilliant articles on science, he built himself a small but efficient laboratory and here he continued his search. Way above the scientists of the day, he formulated his own theories (they remain yet to be proved wrong) and on the basis of them went on and on. Never could his thirst for knowledge be satisfied.

Absolutely unmerciful to himself in his investigations, his physical endurance could not stand the strain, and he was almost withering away from overwork and lack of nourishment, until one day he was introduced to cocaine by a Japanese. He actually seemed to thrive on cocaine, and it gave him that much needed energy, until he became a regular dope fiend. So unnatural did his behaviour become that he began to be suspected by the G. P. U.

Actually he was in their bad books for refusing to work for the state and to co-operate with the five year plan. Now they contrived to bring evidence against him, and at the age of twenty-six he, Androvitch Romonov, without a trial became convict 1394. With three other convicts, desperate criminals, he was exiled far away to Siberia.

Then for the first time in his life he was utterly crushed and for days on end lay beaten like a whipped dog. Denied of his cocaine, his strength and ambition fled. At last, however, under the persuasion of his companions, he pulled himself together and became his former self. His bitterness, if possible, increased, and from then on all that he thought of was revenge, and he vowed to himself that he would have it, not only on his once beloved fatherland, but on the whole world.

His companions, fired with his enthusiasm and with their own personal grievances, threw in their lot with his, and gradually through the master mind of Romonov a plan was formulated. From nothing but his knowledge of science, an infernal machine would be made such as would give them their revenge.

Immediately they set to work. Piece by piece the machine began to take shape. These four men working like slaves, and using small deposits of metal they had found, moulded it with meticulous care to the shape planned by Romanov. They, not understanding his ingenious plan, willingly built the machine of their own destruction.

In another year it would be finished, he told them. When they asked what it was he just laughed, but such was his power over them, they continued with renewed energy until after two years of backbreaking labor the offspring of Romonov's gigantic intelligence and endurance was completed. Every atom of hate he ever had was represented in this machine, and he gloated with pride, while his companions stood back terrified of the monster they had unwittingly made.

Then he began to experiment, dispersing into the air colossal quantities of freed energy. Terrible electric storms resulted and he was begged to stop. He took no notice, but laughed, yes fairly screamed with delight. "Revenge! ha, ha, the fools, I'll show them," he cried.

All that evening he made various delicate adjustments to the machine that only he knew how. "Fuel", he ordered his comrades. Then, having dismissed them from the room he approached his machine and lovingly embraced its monstrous form. He fairly purred with satisfaction, and drawing from his pocket a hypodermic he gave himself a liberal dose of some precious cocaine he had made.

Then his incessant muttering rising to a hysterical scream, he threw the main switch, and dropped dead by the side of this hideous monster.

Such in brief was the life of Androvitch Romonov. This scientific genius, if his talents had not been perverted might have become the world's greatest benefactor. Years ago people would have said he was possessed by a devil. Now they would say he was mad.

But, at any rate, until this very day no one knows what happened when in a fit of frenzy, Romonov threw the switch.

COOKING — A WOMAN'S JOB (?)

By GARNICE DEMONE, '45

Master of my house! My own cook! No one to tell me what to do! No school! What more could a lad of sixteen summers want? This was the exclamation John made when he became aware of the fact that his mother had left for Elmville on the last train.

Mrs. Berringer, his mother, had been called away unexpectedly to visit her best friend in Elmville, who had been taken ill suddenly. She had had no time to engage a cook, so was forced to leave her son, John, a sturdy boy of sixteen, to provide the meals for his father and younger brother. John was able to attend to these duties as his school was closed for three weeks vacation.

Next morning John awoke early, so as to have breakfast ready in time for his father who had to be at his office at 8:30. The night before he had ordered the necessary groceries, consequently had everything on hand that he needed. Of course, he could make the fire and set the table - he had watched his mother often enough.

His next problem was the orange juice. After spending ten minutes finding and operating on six oranges he produced two small glasses of juice. He located bacon and eggs in the Frigidaire and after much labor he finally had the eggs in the pan with the bacon. When his father appeared on the scene, it was to find John cutting bread and the contents of the pan burning. Finally breakfast was ready, but the tea had boiled!

After carefully washing the dishes, breaking but one plate and one cup, John received a phone call from his father saying he would get his dinner in town with a business acquaintance. This was a relief to John, because just a lunch for himself and his young brother would be sufficient.

There was little cleaning to do, as Mother had just finished house-cleaning the week before, so John started early to get ready for supper. This was a cinch compared to the last meal. The salad in the ice-box was all ready, having been prepared by Mother. Father and young Bob arrived home much more pleasant than when they had left home in the morning. They all enjoyed supper very much.

Breakfast next morning was somewhat better than the first morning, though John did not achieve results without almost as many accidents as the morning before.

Dinner time came on quickly, and John got the vegetables ready without too much waste. The steak did not improve with burning, but the finished product was not too bad. There was Jello in the ice-box, so dessert was no worry. But when the time came to pour off the vegetables John ran into real difficulties. Picking up the potato pot, without benefit of a holder, and discovering about half way between stove and sink that it was too hot to hold, he dropped it, spilling all the contents!

However, Mother arrived sooner than expected, and brought order out of confusion. John could only mutter, "Cooking is a Women's Job."

RADIO MONOLOGUE

Cousinly Love

By MARIE HIMMELMAN, '44

Note: The speaking parts of all the characters in this monologue are naturally taken by one person. No stage properties are needed as it is supposed to be a radio monologue. In order to distinguish the different characters whom the one actress represents, the different names are placed in front of the speaking parts.

Characters:

Phyllis Wainwright, a rich young girl who is ashamed of her ancestors and her poor relations.

Almira Snedgrass, a very poor country girl who is invited by her first cousin, Phyllis Wainwright, to visit her in the city.

Mrs. Fredericks, a wealthy lady whose son is a friend of Phyllis.

A Saleslady in Adriennes's Dress Shoppe.

James, the Wainwright chauffeur.

Setting:

Phyllis showing Almira the city. After walking for some distance along the city streets, they approach a theatre, and Phyllis invites Almira to see a movie with her. When the conversation begins, they are looking for a seat.

Almira—Whoa, Phyllis! I'm so god-darned tired you could knock me down with a feather!

Phyllis—Ssh! Mercy, Almira, don't use those horsey terms. They've not becoming, and remember not to say you're my first cousin if I introduce you to any of my friends.

Almira (speaking to the usher)—Oh my, no, waiter, don't bother with us! My soul! We can find a seat alone. (Speaking to Phyllis—My, but ain't this place big! This one theatre must be bigger than all the barns back home put together.

Phyllis—Almira, please! Don't talk so loudly. Why didn't you let the usher show us a seat? But come along, never mind, we'll sit there. You go in first.

Almira (apologetically as she bumps into people while passing them)—Pardon me! Weil, if it ain't Della Do'drums. Did you have your operation yet? You know, I heard of ever so many people what died of append - appenda - appenda - see - sigh - oh well, (giggling) you know what I mean. Oops! Excuse me! You couldn't find a sorrier person - I beg your pardon! Pardon me! Why, bless my soul, but ain't you some relation to Jeremiah Hicks? You know, the one that lives in that little grey shack all alone, an' does his own washin' an' cookin'.

Mrs. Fredericks—How dare you insult me! I never heard of him!

Almira—Folks always did say he was queer, but I never really knowed if he was or not. He used to claim he had a rich a'nt in the city, and I thought mebbe - ouch! What are you diggin' me for, Phyllis.

Mrs. Fredericks—Really, Miss, I'll have to report you to the manager if you don't pass me and find your seat. This theatre is for entertainment, not impertinence.

Almira—Well, pardon me! But I still think you show a slight resemblance to Jer - ouch! Stop diggin' me, Phyllis.

Phyllis—I'm so sorry, Mrs. Fredericks, but —

Mrs. Fredericks—Make no excuses! It is fortunate that I learned about your background in time!

Phyllis (speaking to Almira) Really, Almira, you annoy me! That lady's son is one of my best friends. A theatre is not a place where you stand talking a half hour to a complete stranger. Please be quiet and watch the picture. I believe the main feature has just begin.

(Almira opens her purse, extracts a stick of gum and begins chewing vigorously.)

Phyllis (whispering)—Please, Almira, it's not ladylike to chew gum in public.

Almira (as the picture becomes tense and exciting she screams loudly twice, then falls limp in her seat) - Ch, Phyllis, what a shock! I didn't think this was going to be a murder show. My gum is stuck in my throat (cough, cough) Slap me on the back, Phyllis. Oh, dear!

Phyllis (impatiently)—Come, we'll go outside where you'll be able to get the gum out without disturbing everyone.

Almira (when outside in the lobby)—At last it's out! I ain't goin' t' chew gum any more in the movies. But say, ain'tcha goin' in t' see the rest of the pictur'?

Phyllis (angrily) No, we won't go in again. Come outside. We'll go shopping.

Almira—Gee whiz, I'm so much trouble everywhere - shopping! Say, I just love to wander shop! (As they pass a shop window) Ain't that the handsomest dress, though? But to tell the truth, I prefer my polka-dot gingham to that thin stuff you can look through.

(As they walk past a shoe store.)

Whoa, Nellie, I wanna see them shoes. There's almost nothin' to 'em, not even straps to hold 'em on (Laughing) I wonder what Missus Anannias Axh:ndle would say to that! An' she so strong for the old leather boots buttoned half-way up to the knee.

Phyllis (whispering) Quiet, Almira! People are staring at you. Please come along. I think we'd better go home. I was going to Adrienne's to buy a dress for you, but —

Almira—Oh, Phyllis, do! I'm dying to see Adrienne's Shoppe! It's on Main Street, huh?

Phyllis (after a ten-minute street-car ride) we can get off at last. Here is the shop, on this corner. Now Almira, please try not to act so countrified; you know how queer it looks, and don't talk so loudly!

Almira—Well, all right Phyllis, I'll try. But you don't have to be so aggravatin'!

Phyllis—I'm sorry. Come in now, and I'll buy you a dress as a gift.

Almira—Well, if yore dead set on it, all right.

(Entering the shop, she stares open-mouthed at the dark-blue velvety-rug on the floor, the mirrored walls and the wardrobes full of beautiful dresses. A saleslady approaches them.)

Phyllis—My friend would like to look at some afternoon dresses.

Saleslady—Come this way, please. Here are some attractive ones, yet not expensive. What is your size, please - sixteen?

Almira—Well, missus, I don't rightly know, since as all the —

Phyllis—Her size is sixteen Almira, don't you like this pretty blue one!

Almira—Yes, I do, very much. How much does it cost? (While the saleslady is looking at the price tag she sneaks a look at the money in her purse and discovers she has five dollars. Reassured, she expects that to amply cover the cost of the dress.)

Saleslady—Let me see. This one was originally \$12.95, but since it's the end of the season, I'll let you have it for \$8.95 - a very generous reduction. Would you like to try it on? (Almira gasps, display the fact that she hadn't known a dress could cost that much.)

Phyllis—Yes, do try it on. It looks as though it might be becoming.

Almira—Well, if yore dead set on it, I will (whispers furtively, gazing furtively at other customers) Here?

Saleslady (haughtily) Oh no, come back in the dressing-room.

Almira (after trying it on)—Well now, ain't that jest the swellest thing you ever set yore eyes on? But it's too short! Way up to my knees!

Saleslady—Oh, but that's the style now, you know. It fits you perfectly, and looks very becoming.

Phyllis—Yes, it does look beautiful, and if you like it well enough, Almira, I think you'd better take it.

Almira—I like it well enough, only the price —

Phyllis—That's fine, then, we'll take it. Send it to the Wainwright house, please - 30 River Place, and send the bill to my father, J. W. Wainwright. Come, Almira, let us go. (Outside) Really, Almira, you're getting to be an exhausting trial. I'm going home. We'll get on the street-car and go to the parking place where my car is, unless you're hungry and would like something to eat first.

Almira—Well, I could stand somethin' to eat, one of them there sangwidges, mebbe.

Phyllis—Here's the Moon Grill, we'll go in here.

Almira (after entering, sitting down and picking up menu) Caviar. Hmm. Dont, tell me people eat caviar. Ain't that fish aigs?

Phyllis (coughing) Ahem! What will you have, Almira? I think I'll have a strawberry ice.

Almira—Ice. Ice? Oh, ice-cream. Well, me too, if you please. (Phyllis orders two dishes of ice-cream. When they finish —)

Almira—My oh, my, but that was really swell! We don't often get ice-cream back home. Wait 'till Missus Anannias Axhandle sees my dress, an' I tell her about this swell dish of ice-cream.

Phyllis—If you're finished, we'll go now, I think. (She pays for the ice-creams. After walking outside, a long black limousine pulls up to the

curb.) Why there's James, he's our chauffeur, with the car. Come, let's get into the car and go home.

Almira (in an injured tone of voice, after arriving at Phyllis' home.) I know I've been a hindrance to you, Phyllis, an' I know yore ashamed of me, but I can remember the days when ye wasn't so high-hatted. Your father didn't always own this big barn of a house, an once upon a time ye was just as humble as I am, an' none o' your haughty ways, neither. You invited me to stay here for a week an' I thank ye for the time an' energy you've used tryin' to keep me entertained, but I'm darned if I can stand any more of your sassy ways! You might be a heap sight better person if you was out in the country milkin' cows an' makin' hay, but go ahead, and enjoy yourself! I'm goin' right now, and you wer't be no more glad to get rid of me than I'll be to go. Good-bye, darling Cousin Phyllis! (She runs upstairs, seizes her carpet bag which she had refused to have unpricked, and runs out, slamming the door behind her.)

Phyllis—James! Drive her to the station!

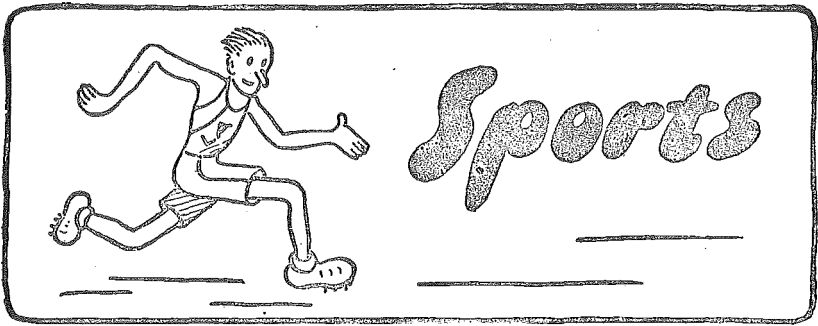
James—Yes miss, but don't you think — yes miss!

Phyllis—The insolence of that brat? Anyone as poor as she blessed with a rich cousin who tries to give her some fun should certainly show more appreciation than that! These poor relations! I'm so angry I could — Oh, what's the use! (She lies down on a chesterfield with a box of chocolate beside her and is soon immersed in a thrilling detective story.)

SCHOOL NEWS

By GRACE MACPHERSON, '44

- Mar. 17-21: Intermediate set of examinations were written for the school year, 1940-1941.
- Apr. 24: Mr. John Fisher expressed in a short address his hope that the Lunenburg Academy pupils would contribute freely to the Queen's Relief Fund. He gave some suggestions how the pupils could raise money for this cause.
- April 25: A very successful party was held in the Assembly Hall by the Students' Council; dancing and games were the main features of the evening.
- May 7: Teachers of Senior High School, with the High School teachers from Lunenburg, Queens and Shelburne, attended a convention at Bridgewater under supervision of Inspector R. B. Curry. The students helped to publish this week's issue of the Progress-Enterprise. This work was done very successfully.
- June 25: Closing exercises were held and students received their certificates. A very interesting and instructive speech was delivered by Mr. W. T. Powers.
- Sept. 3: After spending a very enjoyable summer vacation the pupils returned to good old L. C. A. The pupils were introduced to two new teachers, Mr. Payzant and Mr. Campbell. The outside of the school has been painted during the summer; this was the main improvement.
- Sept. 4: Mr. Collins suggested longer and more instructive morning assemblies to be held by the committees from each High School grade. A pianist was chosen from each of the grades as follows:
 Grade XII—Marguerite Tanner.
 Grade XI—Winona Parks.
 Grade X—Marie Himmelman.
 Grade IX—Garnice DeMone.
- Sept. 15: The students' Council representing the student body was elected as follows:
 President—Kathryn Risser.
 Vice-President—John Kinley, Jr.
 Secretary—Evelyn Ritcey.
 Treasurer—Lillian Schlenger.
 Two members from each High School grade representing their class were:
 Grade IX—William Hebb, June Nass.
 Grade X—George Innes, Jean McCartney.
 Grade XI—John Kinley, Jr., Lillian Schlenger.
 Grade XII—Evelyn Ritcey, Eric Potter and also Kathryn Risser as president.
- Oct. 1 A school exhibition was held in the Assembly Hall. There were Manual Arts, Soap Carvings, Fancy Work, and regular school work presented for examination as well as flowers.



By IRA BRUCE, '43

Last May Lunenburg Academy was proud to send a small track and field team to Wolfville for the annual "Acadia Track Meet." Their score at the end of the meet totalled 14 points, the largest score Lunenburg has won for the last five or six years. Members of the team and events in which they participated are as follows:

Edgar Himmelman: 60 yds., 100 yds., 220 yd. run, 880 and 440 yd. relays.

Benjamin Kaulback: 60 yds., 100 yds., shot put, javelin throw, 880 and 440 yd. relays.

Lawrence Crouse: shot put, javelin throw.

Warren Miller: 60 yds., 100 yds., 220 yd. run, 880 and 440 yd. relays.

Ira Bruce 60 yds., 100 yds., shot put, 880 and 440 yd. relays.

In June, a track and field team coached by Miss Sadie MacDonald and Mr. William Moore, assisted by Edgar Himmelman and Ira Bruce was sent to Bridgewater for the South Shore Track Meet. Lunenburg ran Bridgewater a close second for high honors in this sport event.

When school convened again this year, an athletic association was elected by the members of the Students' Council.

Presidents: Ira Bruce, Lillian Schlenger.

Secretary: Garnice Demone.

Treasurer: Donald Hebb.

Executives: John Mason, Warren Miller, Ruby Creaser, Hazel Mason.

During the Christmas holidays training began for the Junior and Senior High School hockey teams. Mr. Collins coached the Senior team and Mr. William Moore coached the Junior team.

The games and scores played by the Senior High School team are as follows:

Lunenburg vs Bridgewater—0 - 2.

Lunenburg vs Bridgewater—1 - 3.

Lunenburg vs Navy—2 - 1.

Lunenburg vs Glabe Trotters—8 - 1.

Lunenburg vs Kentville—1 - 4.

Lunenburg vs New Germany—5 - 1.

Lunenburg vs Navy—8 - 0.

Members of the team are:

Goal: George Innes.

Defence: Edgar Himmelman, Ira Bruce.

Forwards: L. Cruise, W. Miller, D. Beck, D. Hebb, J. Kinley, R. Thurlow, J. Beck, Angus Eyers, R. Thomas, Arthur Byers, Wm. Zwicker, W. Cook, R. Bailey.

The games played by the Junior High team are as follows:

Lunenburg vs Chester Basin—2 - 8.

Lunenburg vs Liverpool—4 - 4.

TRACK AT L. C. A.

By ARTHUR CORKUM, '42

Track in L. C. A. is peculiarly modern. It was not until Mr. D. Collins came to this school as Principal that the sport had its beginning and an excellent start at that. Many of the boys, who were pioneers in a new sport, at once gained honors, and were to reach the highest achievements in this field. Freddie Fox, well known track star was a member of L. C. A.'s first track team. By 1935 this speedy athlete was heading a strong squad of South Shore track and field stars to Halifax to compete in the Maritime championships and British Empire Trials at the Wanderers Grounds. His brother, Harry, speedy quarter-miler, also flashed his wares at the Wanderers Grounds. A favorite to lead the field in his favorite event, Harry was one of the best athletes developed on the South Shore in years. Other valuable members of Lunenburg's early track team were Frank Oxner, George Chipman, Raymond Simpson, Calvin Allen, Arthur Buckmaster, Roy Buckmaster, Gordon Shupe, Frank Whynacht and Murray Sodero.

A few years later new and younger athletes were entering the field of track. On September 13th, 1935 the track meet held one of the biggest features of the Fisheries Exhibition. This was the largest event of its kind ever staged in Lunenburg up to this time. Already girls were also gaining honors in this sport. Below is a summary of events of the meet showing the standing of the contestants from our school.

60 yard dash—2 Fred Spindler. 3 Douglas Cantelope.

440 yard dash—1 John Smeltzer. 2 Fred Spindler.

In the final heat, Spindler and Smeltzer tied and it had to be run over.

100 yard dash—2 Douglas Cantelope.

880 yard dash—1 John Smeltzer. 2 Franklin Emeneau.

220 yard dash—2 Fred Spindler.

Shot Put—2 Paul Nonomaker.

880 yard relay—1 Paul Nonomaker.

High Jump—2 Fred Spindler. 3—Paul Nonomaker.

Pole Vault—1 Paul Nonomaker.

Broad Jump—1 Douglas Cantelope. Fred Spindler. 3 John Smeltzer.

Mile Relay—1 Lunenburg: Smeltzer, Cantelope, Whynacht and Spindler.

40 yard dash—2 Charlotte Allen. 60—yard dash—2 Charlotte Allen.

100 yard dash—3 Marguerite Schwartz.

440 yard relay—1 Lunenburg: Alien, Isabel, Burns, Vivian Crouse, Schwartz.

For several years this group formed an ideal track team and gained distinction in practically all the events.

Unfortunately during the next few years our trophies gained at track competitions were few. Yet L. C. A. always sent contestants to the local meets and to the annual track meet at Acadia. The boys worked under the coaching of Fred Fox and George Walters who were attempting to build a title squad in several seasons. The members of the team were: Warren Geldert, Gordon Frittenburg, Francis Miller, Eric Johnson, Douglas Macklin, Robert Fox, Robert Wilcox and Douglas Eerg. Since Mr. Bill Moore came to Lunenburg as Mechanic Science Instructor he has done the major part of the coaching assisted by Principal D. H. Collins.

Jean Covey from First South was the outstanding girl athlete of the season 1938 - 1939 — the best girl sprinter L. C. A. has yet produced. At the track meet held during the Fisheries Exhibition of 1939 Jean broke more records than any other star.

L. C. A. believes that it has found a new title squad, Ira Bruce, Edgar Himmelman, "Benjie" Kaulback, Warren Miller and Arthur Byers attended the Acadia Relays staged at Wolfville last year. The results of this meet gave much promise as to the future. Within a year or two this team of young stars should reach the top. At the time of this writing the boys are already eager for practice and they are waiting patiently for the ground to become dry.

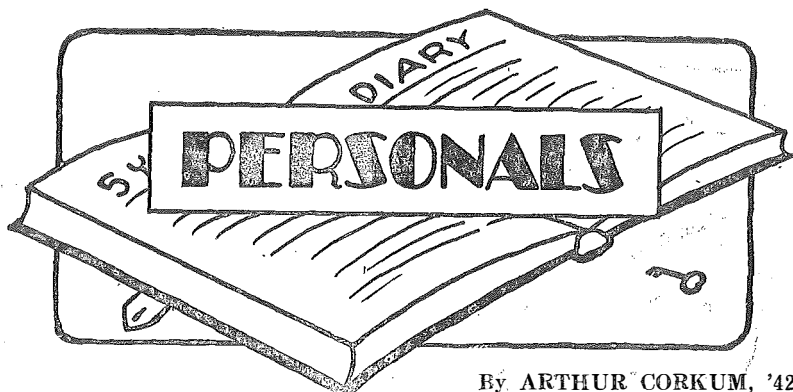
All the luck to you boys and may L. C. A. be proud of you.

We Wonder:—

1. What color Ruby Creaser's eyes are.
2. What makes Eric Potter so shy.
3. When Marguerite Tanner will stop going into Kinley's.
4. What makes Jeanne Kaulback giggle so much.
5. Why the library gets so quiet when Mr. Collins makes an appearance.
6. What makes Mr. Moore blush so much.
7. What makes Arthur Corkum so smart.
8. Why Nony Parks and Bennie Kaulback share each other's books.
9. What makes Betty Corkum so bad in school.
10. Why Earle Levy has stopped hitch-hiking to Mahone Bay.
11. Why Mr. Campbell wouldn't allow Grade XII to have a Valentine Party.
12. Why everyone can't grade on exams.

Can You Imagine?

1. Dottie without Eggie?
2. Kaye with a foreigner?
3. Earle working instead of bluffing?
4. Grade XII without a mirror?
5. The Boys on Morning Assembly Committees working?
6. Jean M. with anyone but Warren M?
7. "Hape" without his hob-nailed shoes?
8. Having cushioned seats and self-cleaning blackboards in school?



By ARTHUR CORKUM, '42

What are the students of A'41 now doing?

Roberta Geldert entered the Montreal General last September to train.

Kathryn Corkum and Shirley Corkum are both taking secretarial courses at Mount Allison Commercial College.

Attending Bridgewater Commercial School are Gloria Ernst, Jean Gerhardt, Marion Tobin, Robert Adams, Lloyd Conrad and Malcolm Milier.

Christine Iversen is at present employed at a Branch of the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg. She still plans to attend college at a future date.

Hats off to Donald Maxner who is a member of the Merchant Marine.

Frances Johnson and Marion Greek are training to be school teachers at the Provincial Normal College, Truro.

Keith Young is employed at Schwartz's Shoe Store.

Douglas Macklin is the projectionist at the local Capitol Theatre.

Marie Spindler returned to school this year as a special student.

Hazel Geldert is at home at present.

Sylvia Mosher is acquiring practical experience at Fulton's Drug Store, after which she plans to take a course in pharmacy.

Gordon Rockwell is now working at Halifax.

1942 finds Arleen Meisner teaching school at Maitland.

And the students of B' 41?

Margaret Ritcey is furthering her education at Acadia University. Geraldine Smith is also studying there after attending Branksome Hall, Toronto, until the Christmas holidays.

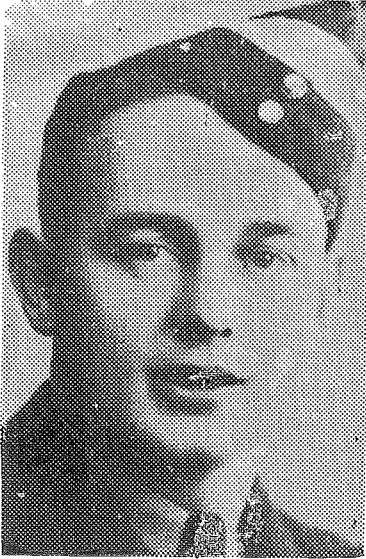
Levaughn Jennings is employed at Oxner's Grocery Store, Raymond Zinck at Zwicker's Clothing Store, and Frances Walters at Zwicker's Confectionery Store. Gordon Conrad is messenger boy at the local branch of the Maritime Telegraph Co.

Mary Miller, Isabel Haughn, Elvin Falkenham, Alton Ernst and Ivan Tanner are at home at present.

Jean Walters is taking a commercial course at Bridgewater.

Lawrence Berg has returned from New Glasgow where he was attending a technical college.

George Crouse is taking a business course at Mount Allison Commercial College.



SERGEANT FRED FOX, JR.

joined the R. C. A. F. early in the war and after five months in air operations over France and Italy, his plane was forced down at sea and he was taken prisoner.

Fred was one of Maritimes foremost athletes starting his track career with the Lunenburg Academy team. He is co-holder of the 100 yard dash record at Acadia Relays. In 1932 he won the Maritime Junior Sprint Championship, won Senior honors in 1934-35 and was a contestant at the British Empire trials at Hamilton, Ont.

Members of our Armed Forces who were at some time enrolled in Grades XI and XII. This list may not be correct. The Editor would appreciate corrections and additions.

Allen, Calvin Joshua	Spindler, Fred R. (Sub.-Lieut.)
Berringer, Ormus Benjamin (Major)	Walters, Stewart M.
Burke, Gerald Malcolm	Whynacht, Frank
Cochrane, Charles Bruce (Lieut.-Col.)	Young, Roy
Corkum, Uda Rebecca	Zinck, Cecil
Corkum, Earl	Beck, James Murray
Ernst, Arnold A. (Lieut.-Col.)	Byers, Clyde
Fox, Frederick Jr.	Crouse, Robert Allister
Hamm, Douglas T.	Cooper, Robert M. (S. C. M.)
Herman, Blanche G.	Crouse, Cecil
Kehler, Elizabeth C.	Frittenburg, Gordon M.
Johnson, Eric	Hebb, Donald L.
Lohnes, James R.	Keddy, Frances
Mader, Philip A. (Capt.)	Langille, Lloyd H.
Nowe, Victor	Mason, Gordon
Oxner, Douglas	Oliver, Leonard A. (Lieut.)
Quinlan, Earl	Ritcey, Miriam
Ritcey, Charles (Lieut.)	Smeltzer, John (Lieut.)
Smith, Dana Munroe	Smith, Robert Charles
Sterne, Kenneth	Whynacht, Cecil F. (Lieut.)

"A" CLASS PROPHECY

By RITA TOBIN, '42

As I was not in the habit of dreaming you can imagine my surprise when one night I found myself in the midst of a very interesting dream, so clear and vivid that I can recount it to you as though it were a real experience.

I found myself drifting away on a cloud to a strange, unknown land. Beside the gate was a beautiful fairy who told me she was my fairy god-mother.

"If you but say the word, your most desired wish will be granted," she said.

I felt like Cinderella. Many were the things I could have asked for, but most of all I wanted to know of the life of my classmates in about ten years time.

No sooner had I told my wish, then presto! — there before me was a vision. As the picture became clearer, a hospital appeared. In the operating room was the doctor standing over his patient. The doctor — Eric Potter, and the nurse? Why none other than little Jane B.

Phew! the hospital is replaced by a business office, with one of my school-mates, Richard Thomas, sitting behind the desk, giving dictation to his private secretary, who is none other than Evelyn Ritcey. Surely I heard someone in the next office pounding the typewriter. It was Shirley Oxner, and it seemed she was really working now, as if she didn't when she went to school in 1942.

Another change of scene. A naval boat steaming into port! There's someone standing on the pier probably awaiting the return of her husband. Well, of all people, Mildred Thurlow! How she's changed!

This time I see an airport before me, with a plane preparing to take to the air. How pleased I was when I caught a glimpse of the pilot who was Donald Hebb. I remembered how he was always talking about planes in school. But just before the ship soared into the sky I spied the stewardess, who resembled Ruby Creaser. Well, she finally achieved what she thought to be only a dream when she was attending old L. C. A.

In the next picture I find myself in a school-room. As I enter I hear a familiar giggle — I couldn't mistake that — Jeanne Kaulback, of course, laughing at her pupils. It was always vice-versa when we were in school. But wait, who is the principal who just came into the room? Well, this is a shock! Arthur Corkum! Did I hear him tell the pupils not to study too much? He certainly has changed!

As this picture fades and another forms, I hear the familiar voice of Marguerite Tanner. She is accompanied by another class-mate, Kathryn Risser. Marguerite seems to be entertaining some ex-service men, and there's Kaye flitting about to flirt now and then with a sailor! My, oh my, the same old Kaye.

But who is that I see standing in the door-way of her home, waiting for her husband to return from work? Why, it's Dorothy Nauss. Yes, and her

husband looks familiar too. Isn't that Earle Levy? Well, I never suspected matrimonial prospects there.

In the next scene my fairy godmother tells me to view my own future, but warns me to be prepared for the worst. Already I could tell that the setting was a hospital, but what was that crumpled huddle on the floor? Not me! Yes, fainted at the sight of blood! Well, I declare, I never thought I was such a weakling! As I was about to ask the outcome the alarm sounded. 8 o'clock. Time to get up and go to school!

Points by Classes on Material submitted:

Grade IX—20

Grade X—54

Grade XI—10

Grade XII—24

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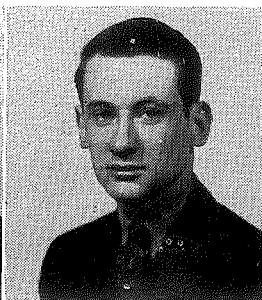
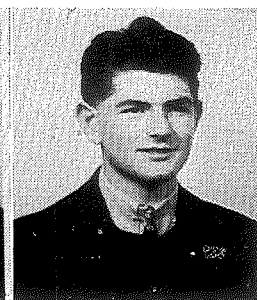
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Jane Breed
"Janie"Arthur Corkam
"Art"Ruby Creaser
"Woolie"Donald Hebb
"Hope"

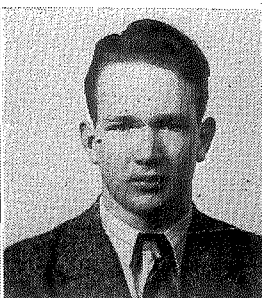
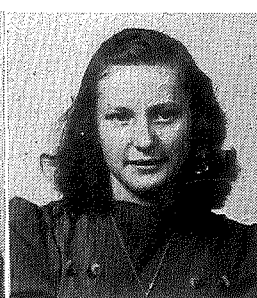
Weakness:

Ambition:

Favorite Saying:

cipher
nurse
my gosh!talking
go to Mt. A.
I don't knowlittle boys
air stewardess
oh, I know it!girls
pilot
Hi, jerk!Jean Kaulbach
"Jeanie"

Earl Levy

Dorothy Naas
"Dotty"Shirley Oxner
"Shirl"

Weakness:

Ambition:

Where seen most:

blonds
get a man
Lincoln St.Western Shore
wireless operator
pool roomnavy
go to McGill
with JeanLatin
stenographer
studying

Eric Potter
"Pitt"Kathryn Risser
"Kaye"Evelyn Ritae
"Evie"Marguerite Tanner
"Marg"

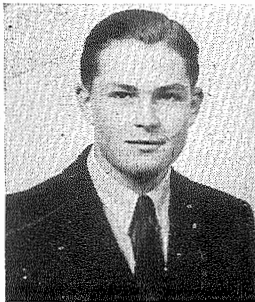
Weakness:
Ambition:
Favorite Saying:

rumba
to be a doctor
Hi drip!

sundies
stenographer
Su-wish!

school dances
private secretary
censored

sodas
music
Oh yeah!

Richard Thomas
"Dick"Mildred Thurlow
"Millie"Rita Tobin
"Toby"

Weakness:
Ambition:
Pastime:

Russia
set world on fire
commenting on Russia

Dave
get her R. N.
singing

pitchin' wco
nurse
lcafig



GRADE VII



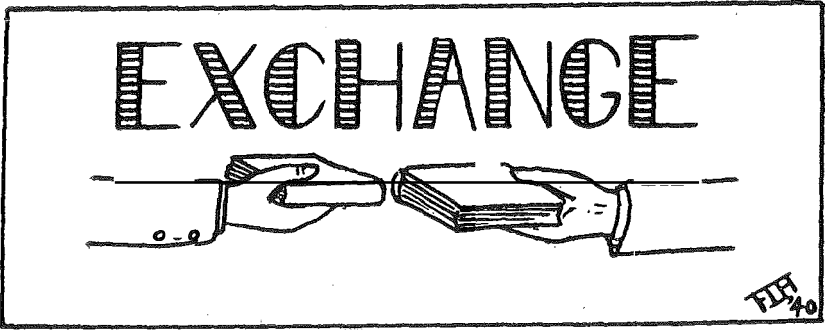
GRADE IX



GRADE X



GRADE XI



By KATHRYN RISSER, '42

This year, as in former years, we are glad to acknowledge the magazines that we have received during the year. We will gratefully receive any criticisms that will be of value in improving our magazine.

The ECHO—Amherst, N. S. A very interesting magazine.

Cape Breton Gateway—Port Hawkesbury, N. S.

A well arranged magazine. Maintain your high standard.

The Brown and Gold Annual—Grace Bay, N. S.

The photos are very clear, and the material is interesting. Your magazine is a favorite among the students of L. C. A.

Spectator—Dartmouth, N. S.

We suggest a table of contents. A very good magazine.

King's College Record—Halifax, N. S.

This magazine is popular among our students. The humor section is particularly good.

Joggins Journal—Joggins, N. S.

If all the jokes were placed in one section, it would improve the magazine very much. Otherwise it is an interesting journal.

The Tech Flash—Halifax, N. S.

A good magazine.

The Voice—Yarmouth, N. S.

The students are to be congratulated on the printing of a fine magazine.

Mahone Highlight—Mahone Bay, N. S.

A fine magazine for the size of the school

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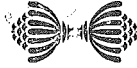
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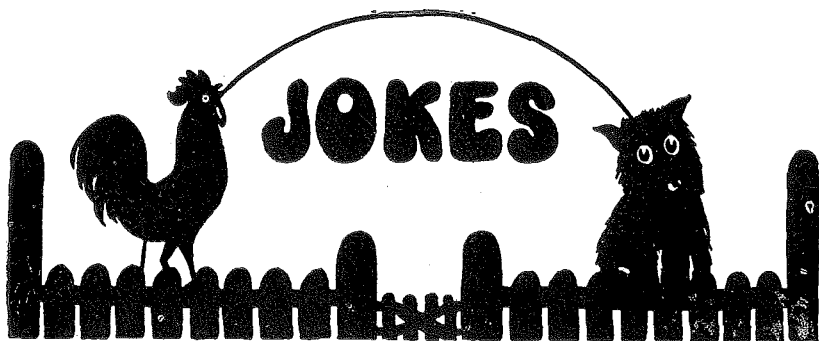


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Mr. Collins—I finally got rid of that noise in the rear of my car.

Mr. Moore—Did you? How come?

Mr. Collins—I made her sit in front with me.

Mr. Payzant, attempting to give an illustration of differentiation to Grade XII class.

“So, Naturalists observe a Flea Hath smaller Fleas that on him prey.

And these have lesser Fleas to bite 'em,

And so proceed ad infinitum.”

Mr. Campbell—Doris, if you don't stop your talking, God help you because no one else will.

Beatrice S.—Who has a “Seagull.”

Marion B.—There's one in the back harbor.

Mr. Campbell—Blossom, if you don't stop your talking you're going to be a dead flower.

History class, discussing transportation and communication.

Mr. Campbell—What happens when a shipment of goods is sent to Australia by freighter

Benny K.—It gets sunk.

Ira B.—What shall I call you?

Orlando L.—I don't know, just call me anything.

Ira B.—Come on, jerk.

Billy Z (returning from hockey practice) was asked what the ice was like.

Answer—It was cold - very cold.

Mr. Campbell—How much will it cost to take me to the station.

Cabby—One dollar.

Mr. C.—And how much for my bag?

Cabby—Nothing.

Mr. C.—Here take my bag. I'll walk.

Mr. Campbell—What have you in your mouth Kaye?

Kaye R.—I haven't anything sir.

Dick T (butting in) yes you have something, teeth!

Alto group (during choral practise) what line do we sing - terrible or dreadful?

Mrs. Oxner—Altos sing terrible.

Kayer R (singing after explosion in lab)—I don't want to set the world on fire.

(Grade XII student)—No, you just want to blow it to bits.

THE SEA GULL

Miss Westhaver (dictating English)—Silver and gold have I none.

Lawrence Crouse—But coppers have I plenty.

Mr. Payzant—(talking to Eric P. who has just finished translating French.)

"Fine thing! French unprepared and caught again - just like the two girls who went swimming without their bathing suits on. Please translate Don!"

Dick T. (speaking to Don H.) Be careful Don. Be sure you have your bathing suit on.

Mr. Payzant (when Don is finished) well, well, another embarrassed swimmer.

Donald H. to Kaye R. playing piano—Kaye have you got "Green Eyes?"

Kaye R in a romantic mood—Yes, why?

Don H.—Well how about playing it.

Which would you rather be in, Donald, an explosion or a collision? asked Mr. Collins.

In a collision, replied Donald Beck. Why?

Donald (after thinking a few minutes) because in a collision there you are; but in an explosion where are you?

Mr. Campbell—Where was the Magna Charta signed?

George Innes—At the bottom, I suppose.

Benny Kaulback and his fair companion had just encountered a bulldog that was looking as if his bite might be as bad as his bark. "Why, Benny she explained as he started a strategic retreat," you always swore you would face death for me.

"I would", he flung back over his shoulder, "only that dog ain't dead."

DID YOU WRITE THESE ANSWERS?

Messemer invented a process for making steel.

Liebrigh was a German scientist who helped Agriculture.

Bombs at sea scatter the fish.

Gardeners spread lime over the soil to make the ground moist around the plants.

When hydrochloric acid is added to soda, a great fuss is made.

Whynah and Paul were characters in the Industrial Revolution.

Banks are able to carry on business with one another more fluently.

The early type of corn had a tusk over each kernel.

The kingfisher sits on the bank and fishes.

A rifle recoils when a bullet is discharged because of centrifugal force.

A rifle recoils with such a force when it leaves the gun that the acting pressure lowers the velocity.

A rifle recoils with such a small velocity because the area of the base of the gun is larger than that of the bullet.

An erg is the force exerted to move it through a distance of 1 cm.

To find the co-efficient of pine, we slid a piece.

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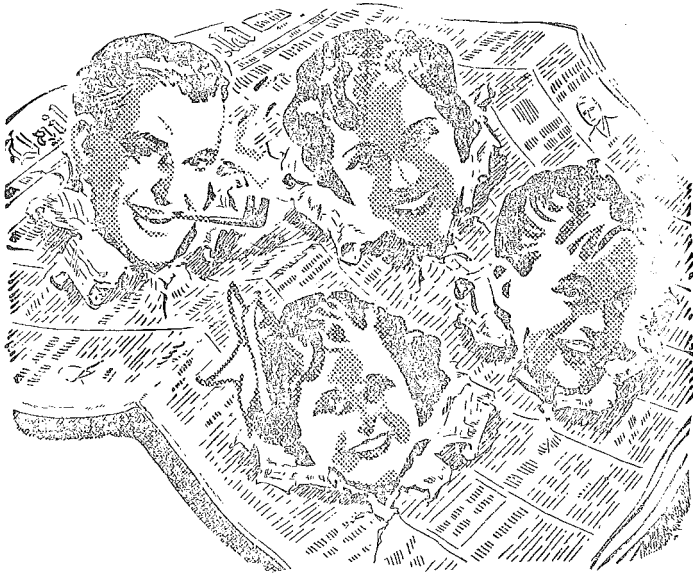
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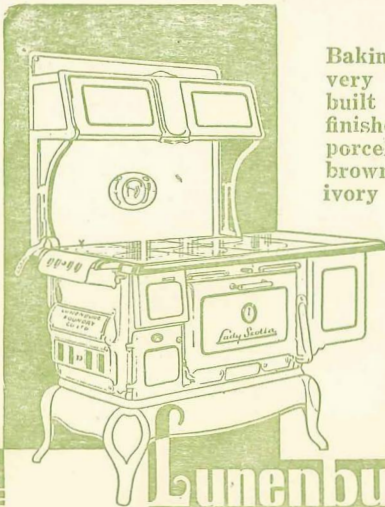
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