

*The*  
**SEA GULL**



ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI

Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1943

# LUNENBURG

## Let's Sell It's History - Scenic Beauty - Romance

War gives Lunenburg opportunity to find romance and profit in her past.

With men of the Allied Fighting Services in the town, excellent opportunity is offered for spreading the story of our history and a recital of the scenic charm of our many bays and inlets and islands to potential visitors.

Lunenburg, founded June 7th, 1753, was named from Lunenburg, the chief town in the Province of Hanover, birthplace of many of the original settlers.

Lunenburg is distinguished for its beautiful churches. History of town and churches is interwoven, and largely written in church minute books maintained since 1753.

The historic "Louisbourg" bell hangs in the belfrey of Zion's Lutheran Church. Every church in Lunenburg possesses historic interest.

The Ovens and Park - Princess Inlet - Blue Rocks offer inspiration to artist and photographer.

The private Museum of W. J. Anderson contains many relics of early Lunenburg.

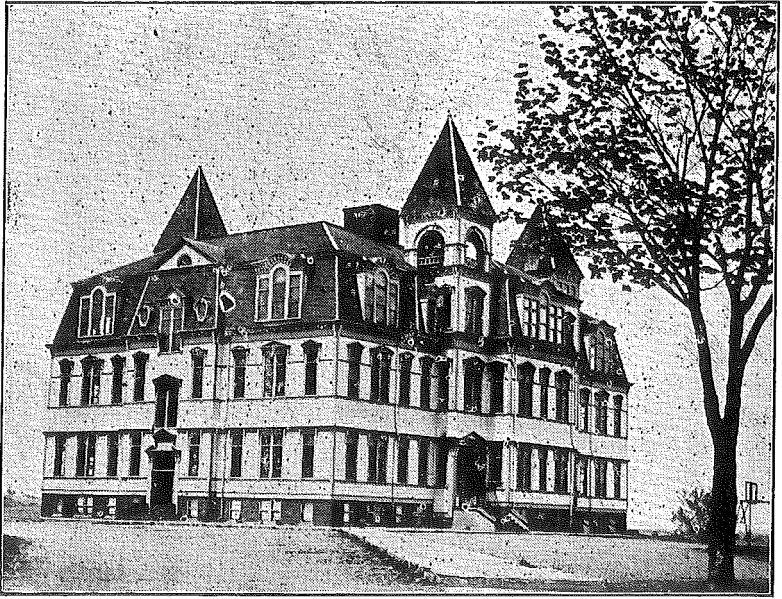
Oak Island, pitted by treasure seekers; the pirate-haunted waters of Mahone Bay, and Blockhouse Hill, captured by American privateers in 1782, provide settings dear to the heart of the historian and fiction writer.

Lunenburg is famed for many products that stem from its progressive fishing industry, for its many beautiful homes and for the friendliness and hospitality of her people.

The History of Lunenburg is a story of Bluenose ships and seafaring men, of fine shipyards and native timber and master builders.

"The hollow oak our palace is, our heritage the sea."

**THE LUNENBURG BOARD OF TRADE**



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THE SEA GULL

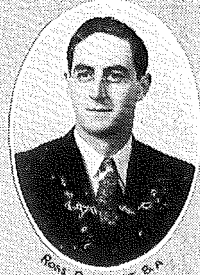
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## THE SEA GULL



My hope as Editor of the "Sea Gull" is that this issue on "Lunenburg Ships and Skippers" will meet with your approval. While this issue does not exhaust all the material available I remind you that there are future years to explore this fascinating subject. The Committees and Teachers have worked hard to make the 1943 edition of the Sea Gull a success. I hope you enjoy it.

**JOHN KINLEY, Jr. '43**

"If you've liked our '43 Sea Gull',  
And you feel you want even more,  
Remember our very next issue.  
Comes out in 1944."

I hope our readers like this issue of "Sea Gull" as much as I have enjoyed having had a share in making the Magazine possible. I wish a happy and prosperous future for the graduating students of '43.

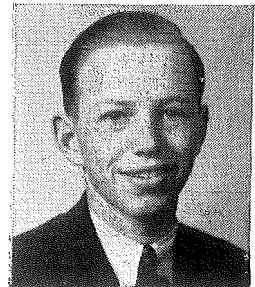
**LILLIAN M. SCHLENGER '43**

Mr. Collins assured me that my job as Business Manager would consume time and yet be a rich experience for me and my assistants, Gerald Falkenham and William Cuett. We have found the local Business Firms and Merchants to be most cooperative in their desire to help us produce the "Sea Gull." Many thanks to these concerns and our "out-of-town" advertisers.

**ARTHUR CROUSE '43**

As Treasurer of the Students' Council, and as Assistant Business Manager of the magazine, I should like to express my sincere hope that the "Sea Gull" of 1943 and also those of years to come will continue to meet the approval of its many readers.

**GERALD FALKENHAM '44**





I am pleased to note that the material compiled by the students for this years edition of the school magazine is composed of sketches of Lunenburg, its Fisheries, skippers and crews.

I feel sure that through this publication the town with its historic background, together with the primary industry, the fisheries, which has been successfully carried on for nearly two centuries; and the skippers and crews who go down to the sea to prosecute their hazardous calling, thereby making their contribution to the wealth of this Dominion, should make interesting material for the readers of this edition of the Sea Gull.

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**

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THE SEA GULL

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## THE SEA GULL



### A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

By JOHN KINLEY, JR.

This year of 1943 is the fourth year of war. Such a situation has had and is having a marked effect upon the Lunenburg Academy. Although school work is much the same, school life has changed considerably.

The boys of the Academy are almost without exception members of cadet organizations. Many besides this are First Aiders, or on some branch of the A. R. P. force. Although not actually connected with the school, military has become part of the life of every school-boy. Nor has the military influence been felt only by the pupils.

Mr. George Moore, now Lieut. Moore, R.C.N.V.R., is an instructor at H.M.C.S. "Cornwallis." Mr. William Moore has very recently graduated from H.M.C.S. "Kings" as a Sub. Lieut. R.C.N.V.R. Mr. Laurence Robinson is now a Captain in the Artillery. Our Principal, Mr. Collins, and Mr. Payzant are members of the Reserve Army. So you see the war has become of first importance at L. C. A.

The students of the school continue to buy War Savings Stamps and Certificates very liberally; but the majority of sales are still to the pupils of the Common School.

Committees have been set up to collect salvage and magazines. Although much prodding is necessary the results have made up for the trouble.

The continuation of war has made a marked difference in the manner of thinking of the students. The happy-go-lucky attitude held by many of us during the first years of the war has been largely replaced by a much more serious outlook. The students seem to realize more than ever before how necessary for success in life, it is to make the most of school.

The will to work is also helped very much by the fact that, with the exception of Grade VIII, there have been no changes in the teaching staff. This is a marked advantage over previous years, for more work can be covered if the teachers are familiar with their pupils.

This year, due to war conditions, the Academy could not engage in its favorite sport - hockey. To fill the gap, basketball has been organized in the school. Many of the boys have taken eagerly to basketball and girls' teams are in the making. However enthusiastic we have become about basketball, without hockey something is lacking from our school year. There is a most universal longing among students for the old stick and puck. All look forward to the day when High School hockey will be going again.

During the year a number of debates have been held during morning assembly. These frequent debates between teams from different classes are looked forward to eagerly by all. Debates offer an excellent opportunity for the students to become accustomed to public speaking. Such education is invaluable in a democratic country such as ours.

Doubtless the war has curtailed the activities of the Lunenburg Academy pupils, and we realize that there will be more and greater inconveniences to be encountered. Especially do the members of the graduating class look forward to a world which is quite different from the state of affairs at any other time.

## A CHALLENGE TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

From D. H. COLLINS, Principal

One argument for the existence of a school system is that an organized scheme of education is an effective agency for the teaching of our common heritage. There has been a growing tendency to scorn as outworn those ideas and institutions which have been tested in the crucible of living experience. I beseech you Graduates, to weigh carefully what your ancestors have bequeathed to you. All of it represents generations of living; generations of hard work; and generations of purposeful activity. Select all that is good in this; discard the shibboleths (none of us deny there are still many of them, and incorporate the living protoplasm of the past into your way of life and thinking. Now, as never in any period of our history, we must utilize what is of permanent value from the past - not for the perpetuation of some political party, Church, or private self-interest; but that our beloved Canada will progress, will be that Nation our forefathers dreamed it would be.

I have always contended that human beings and personality transcend all our material possessions. A nation is undeniably as great as its citizens; or it is as brutal as the minds of the collective masses. Modern Germany represents a return to the primitive in its thinking; yet our forefathers carved a home from a terrifying wilderness, remained calm and loyal amid wars and rumors of wars, and eventually evolved a democratic system of town government which is a model of good management and fairplay throughout Nova Scotia.

What were these people like? Why did they make a success of an apparently insuperable task? I shall point out to you two characteristics of our forefathers with which I have always been impressed.

They were religious and God was to them a living God who demanded right living. Theirs was a rigid type of religion, but you are the product of it. Are you worthy of this heritage?

The late "Daddy" Morash exemplified this challenging characteristic of the older generation. Toward the end of his employment at our Academy, I entered his quarters on a matter of business. "Daddy" was praying aloud - I stood motionless as I realized the presence of The Almighty. When Mr. Morash arose from his knees, he did appear confused that I had seen him in this attitude; he informed me that his one remaining comfort was his daily communication with God through prayer. Again can you recall the fact that our fishermen always held a Church Service on Sunday wherever they were; that they attended divine service whenever they were in port. Yes, religion was a vital, living belief and standard of conduct to the majority of our forefathers.

Our forefathers were hard-working folk. They must have been since they built this beautiful town from a place characterized by the absence of human habitation. They farmed and "went down to the sea in ships" to earn a living in a primary industry which exacts its toll of life and back-breaking work. Have we arrived at the place in human history where the

dignity and nobleness of human effort is no longer a virtue? And yet I think there is a beauty to the manner in which out people have earned a living. This is well-expressed in the poem entitled The Mariners:

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea; and a wind that follows fast,  
And fills the white and rust'ling sail, And bends the gallant mast;

—000—000—000—

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind", I hear a fair one cry;  
But give to me a snoring blast, And white waves heaving high —"

Our community is the product of both these factors. Have you, as Graduates, anything better to offer as a way of life? Then select the best from the past; do not deny it; pattern your lives on these principles; and you will be living the abundant life.

## LOST AT SEA

By DELMA KNICKLE '44



**WARREN ALLEN**

was at New Orleans, so Warren flew there from Halifax. There he joined his boat, which made several successful trips to such places as Miami, distributing cargoes.

Finally they returned to Saint John, and while the ship was in port, Warren came home for a few days. Returning to Saint John, he prepared to make a second trip in April.

This was his last trip. Homeward bound from Bermuda his ship was torpedoed. The ship was loaded with sugar for Montreal, and with such a cargo went down in just a few minutes, scarcely giving time for anyone to escape.

Warren was one of those who went down with the ship, his young life ended before he had reached his twentieth birthday.

He is survived by his parents and several brothers and sisters, all of whom miss his cheery smile very much.

Warren Ailen, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Allen, was born in the town of Lunenburg on October 3, 1922. He began school at the Lunenburg Academy and remained there for ten years. After leaving school he was employed at the Shoe Store of Mr. L. C. B. Schwartz for a period of four years.

During this time he participated in such sports as hockey, baseball, and swimming. His greatest enjoyment was camping.

As he was greatly interested in the sea, he joined the Merchant Navy in the fall of 1941. He was given the position of steward on the boat "Western Head." At this time the boat

## THE JAMES E. NEWSOME

By ORLANDO J. LACE, '43

Those fine old ships called Lunenburg their home,  
 There they chafed at the piers or lay at ease in the stream,  
 Eager-eyed boys would watch them and dream  
 Of strange lands they had seen and great deeds they had done.

But the memory of these wooden ships is a fond one for us who call this seaport our home. The dignity, grace and cleanliness of the sailing ships will not be forgotten by any one who has once seen them.

The JAMES E. NEWSOME was the last four-masted wooden ship to go. She was built in Booth Bay, Maine in 1919. Her keel was one hundred and eighty feet long. She had a thirty-six foot beam and her hold was fourteen feet, ten inches deep.

She came to Lunenburg on October 22, 1928 and used this harbor as her home port until she was sunk, a little over a year ago. With Capt. Dawson Geldert in command she made three trips across the stormy Atlantic to England. She also made many trips from Lunenburg to the West Indies, and short coastal trips along the Atlantic seaboard to New York, Gaspe, and other places with cargoes of lumber, coal or salt. Her experiences would fill a volume with interesting anecdotes of the sea if they could be arranged and told from the viewpoint of the ship. Tales of distant lands, where she went with cargoes, storms at sea, accidents that occurred, homecomings after successful trips, all these could be related in such a story.

She was six hundred sixty-eight tons, gross. In her hold could be carried eleven hundred tons of coal, seven hundred fifty thousand feet of lumber or fifteen hundred puncheons of molasses. When fully-loaded she drew seventeen feet of water. Lunenburg Harbor allows ships to come in which have a draft up to twenty feet. Without a cargo the NEWSOME drew ten feet of water. She sailed well without ballast, thus saving time and money for her owners. She was ready to leave port any time. If there were no cargoes to be obtained, she could leave "light" that is without ballast, and make a good run to her next destination.

"Fore and aft rigged", her average speed was eleven knots, with a fair wind. She must have looked like a painting come to life, when a stiff breeze rounded out her canvas and drove her, straight as an arrow, for some foreign land.

There were only eight men in the crew, including Captain Geldert. Besides the master, there were four able seamen, a mate, a second mate and a cook.

In April, 1942, after sailing from Lunenburg for fourteen years, she was sunk by a submarine off Bermuda. Only twenty-three years old, the good ship was still in her prime. In sinking her, a defenceless sailing ship, the Germans proved themselves the vandals they are. Her sails are lowered forever, and the gallant ship will not be seen again in Lunenburg except in memory.

## TORPEDOING OF THE SCHOONER "LUCILLE M. SCHNARE II"

By JACQUELINE BERRINGER '46

This is a story of World War I as told to me by my grandfather, who was a member of the crew.

"The LUCILLE M. SCHNARE II was built at Mahone Bay, N. S., in 1917 to replace the LUCILLE M. SCHNARE I, which was sunk in a collision at sea in the previous year.

"We sailed from Lunenburg about the middle of June for Newfoundland, where we took bait and sailed for the Grand Banks. After fishing several baitings here, we came up to Canso, where we took more bait, and proceeded to what is commonly called the Middle Ground, and from there to Quero Bank.

"While we had heard of several torpedoings, we had not seen anything to alarm us until the evening of Monday, August 18, 1918. First a trawler appeared in view, and steamed straight for our vessel. When she was a short way off a submarine surfaced some hundred yards behind her, and then we knew that we were in for trouble.

"A German officer hailed our ship, and commanded that a boat be sent to the submarine as soon as possible. We did what was demanded and two members of the crew went to the submarine. They returned immediately with two German officers, who told us in no uncertain terms that our ship was to be sunk and that we had five minutes in which to get off.

"We were then about seventy miles from the nearest land. Nevertheless, we had to do as we were told, so five of the ship's dories were lowered, and the nineteen members of the crew left the ship in them.

"The German officers told us we would have a fine night to get to land. Fortunately, it was a calm, clear night, and we rowed from eight o'clock until twelve, then the wind came up and we put up the dory sails. At twelve noon on the following day we sighted land, and at six o'clock we arrived at Canso. We were very glad to be ashore after our experience, although full of regret that we had to leave our ship and our belongings.

"On Wednesday we left Canso for our homes in Lunenburg and the vicinity.

"I have had many experiences in my forty-odd years of sea-going, but this is the one I shall never forget."

## LUNENBURG SQUARE RIGGERS AND BRIGS

By ROBERTA SARTY AND ELEANOR RANDALL '44

About sixty-five years ago there were many more vessels operating from and owned in Lunenburg than there are at the present day. The names of the following square-riggers and fore and aft rigged vessels will give you some idea of the number of vessels making up the Lunenburg fleet at one time. Most of these vessels carried on an active trade with the West Indies, which shows what an important trading port Lunenburg was even then. The best part of this fleet has disappeared within the last sixty-five years.

The names we give will be those of the ships which sailed from this port and ended their career in Davy Jones' locker, or have been dismantled, or have found a last resting place on the soft side of some rock bound coast. Some ended their days in a snug harbor, there to rot and rust away, because the smoke stack and propeller have taken the place of the royal and sky-sail yard. The adventures of these ships are truly fascinating.

First we bring to your attention those ships that were lost with no survivors, while sailing the seven seas:

Schooner "Blanche"—Capt. Charles Smeltzer. This ship disappeared on the passage to the West Indies.

Schr. "Beryl Corkum"—Capt. William Zwicker, disappeared while on passage to Lunenburg.

Schr. "Wm. Cortada"—Capt. Edward Backman—lost on passage to Puerto Rico.

Schr. "Crescent"—Capt. Gabriel Conrad—disappeared on passage from Turks Island.

Schr. "Mary Duff"—Capt. Robert Geldert, disappeared on passage to Puerto Rico.

Schr. "J. M. Geldert"—Capt. Gabriel Heisler—disappeared on passage from Prince Edward Island.

Schr. "Hope"—Capt. James Loye, disappeared on trip from Turks Island to Lunenburg.

Schr. "Keeno"—Capt. Albert Himmeiman, disappeared on passage to Newfoundland.

Schr. "Leader"—Capt. James Silver, disappeared while on passage to Lunenburg.

Schr. "Markland"—Capt. George Begin, disappeared while on passage to Lunenburg.

Schr. "Menedez"—Capt. Peter Heisler, disappeared while on passage to West Indies.

Schr. "Ottawa"—Capt. Wm. Maxner, disappeared while on passage to West Indies.

Schr. "Orient"—Capt. Charles Smith, met with a mysterious and unknown fate.



Schr. "Palma"—Capt. Robert Shankle, disappeared while on passage from Turks Island.

Schr. "Morris Wilson"—Capt. Samuel Knickle, disappeared off the Nova Scotian Coast.

Next we bring to your attention those square riggers which were lost but the crew rescued:

Schr. "Arkona"—Capt. Newton Sponagle, ashore at Jamaica.

Schr. "Conductor"—Capt. Leander Swain, lost on passage from Jamaica to Lunenburg, but crew rescued by Capt. Nash.

Schr. "Ceylon"—Capt. Charles Swain—ashore on Cape Breton.

Schr. "Conrine"—Capt. George Corkum. This ship collided with a United States revenue cutter.

Schr. "Coronet"—Capt. Sprat Balcolm—foundered in a hurricane, 1895. The captain and one man were rescued.

Schr. "Druid"—Capt. Charles Smeltzer, collided with an American cruiser. Later this ship foundered in a hurricane while on passage to the West Indies, under the command of Capt. Matthew Smeltzer.

Schr. "William Duff"—Capt. Howard Corkum, lost on passage from Turks Island.

Schr. "Impressive"—Capt. George Corkum, ashore at Bahama Bank.

Schr. "W. D. Kennedy"—Capt. George Corkum, ashore at Turks Island.

Schr. "F. C. Kimber"—Capt. Malcolm Blue, foundered in a hurricane, August 1892.

Schr. "Green Leaf"—Capt. John Hall, went ashore on the rocks of La-Have Iron Bound while on passage from Lunenburg to Boston.

Schr. "Wilfred M."—Capt. Cyrus Parks, sunk by German raider during First Great War.

Schr. "Neverra"—Capt. Charles Dowling, ashore on Mariguana Island, Bahamas.

Schr. "Narka"—Capt. Newton Sponagle, foundered on passage from Puerto Rico.

Schr. "Nevada"—Capt. Christian Iversen, lost on passage to Puerto Rico. ....

Schr. "Richard B. Silver"—Capt. Ammon Zinek, lost on passage from Buenos Aires.

Schr. "B. C. Smith"—Capt. Charles Rudolph, ashore on Övens Reef on passage from Newfoundland.

Brig. "Victoria"—lost in hurricane in 1895.

Schr. "Arthur Zwicker"—Capt. Dawson Geldert, lost on passage from Turks Island to Sydney.

Some of the square rigged vessels belonging to the firm of James Eisenhauer & Co. were:

Brig. "Beta"—Capt. Geo. Selig, ashore at Rose Head—crew rescued.

Brig. "Azalia"—Capt. Simon Herman—ashore at Rose Head—crew rescued.

Brig. "Saxon"—Capt. Wm. Smith—ashore at Puerto Rico—crew rescued.

Brig. "Anna"—Capt. Joshua Wamback, foundered, crew rescued.

Brig. "Maggie Glen"—Capt. David Knock—foundered, crew rescued.

Brig. "Albert M."—Capt. Fred Mader—foundered on passage to West Indies, no survivors.

Brig. "Doris"—Capt. Edward Geldert—ashore on Little Hope—crew rescued.

Brig. "W. E. Stowe"—Capt. John Hall—ashore on East end of Puerto Rico, crew rescued.

Square rigged vessels owned by Zwicker & Co:

Brig. "Norman"—Capt. Ephram Oxner—foundered—no survivors.

Brig. "Wilhemina"—Capt. John Simmons—foundered—crew rescued.

Brig. "Sceptre"—Capt. Henry Burke—sunk in collision with S. S. "Rosa'ind" on passage to Puerto Rico—crew rescued.

Brig. "Lyra"—sold out of Lunenburg.

Square riggers owned by Louis Anderson & Co.:

Brig. "Chilian"—Capt. Moyle Rudolph, ashore on North Side Island, Jamaica crew rescued.

Brig. "Nazzarene"—Capt. Willard.

Brig. "Ida Maude"—Capt. Davidson.

Brig. "M. B. Dally"—Capt. Binn.

Brig. "Mabel Howard"—Capt. Hopkins.

Brig. "Alice"—Capt. Eisenhauer.

Brig. "Champion"—Capt. Wood. (This vessel was owned in Halifax.)

Brig. "Maggie Bell"—Capt. Freeman Smeltzer, Mahone Bay, ended her career in Mediterranean Sea on passage from Newfoundland to Greece.

Barquentine Schr. "Ich Dien" Capt. Christian Iversen, owned with Zwicker & Co., and sold to Newfoundland parties. Later it was destroyed by fire at St. John's, Nfld.

Fore and aft rigged vessels of Lunenburg fleet which disappeared:

Schr. "Java"—Capt. James Hunt—foundered—crew rescued.

Schr. "Mary A. D."—Capt. Robert Loye—foundered in hurricane off Puerto Rico coast on passage from San Juan.

Schr. "Pousland"—Capt. David Knock—foundered at sea—crew rescued by Capt. Charles Smith of Dublin, in command of the Brigantine "Wilhelmina."

## AUGUST GALES

By CLAIRE MOSHER '44

Seventeen years ago the Lunenburg people experienced the might of the August gales. Five vessels were lost on the seventh day of August in a violent gale which lasted only a few hours. When we realize that each vessel carried a crew of about twenty-five men, we know there must have been many sad homes in Lunenburg.

The following year, also in August, another gale struck with sudden fierceness. The men who were lost could not tell of their experience, but following is the story of a narrow escape as told by one of Lunenburg's able skippers.

"Aboard the Schr. EDITH NEWHALL were twenty-five men, two boys and myself. We left Lunenburg on a fine day, the seventh of June. At that time most of vessels depended solely on sails. We were fortunate in having an engine in our vessel, and to that engine we owe our lives. There followed a month of fairly good fishing, then we decided to try the fishing grounds around Sable Island.

"The Island well deserves its name "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." The sand bars extend many miles out into the sea, and they are rich fishing grounds. In fine weather the place is ideal for fishing, but in blowy weather, due to the shallowness of the water, the sea becomes very rough. The smooth, sandy bottom becomes stirred up, and hills and hollows form. As the waves increase in size, so the level bottom changes, and places with a depth of about five fathoms change to about two or ten or more fathoms. Vessels sailing over the shallow spots are lifted by the waves only to crash down on these sand hills. In mostly all the schooner losses the bottoms were torn out of them.

"The twenty-second day of August was a perfect fishing day, warm and calm. The barometer had been falling steadily and I decided that as soon as the dories were all on board, I would steam away.

"Our position was about five miles off the south of Sable Island. About a mile away was another Lunenburg vessel, the "Joyce Smith." The day before I had spent a pleasant hour on board, with her skipper. He reported good fishing too.

"From about five p. m. to eight p. m. our men were "jigging" squid. About eight o'clock we still had our lowers on, which were the jib, jumbo, foresail and mainsail. It was blowing, but not too hard. Knowing, from watching the barometer, that a bigger blow was coming, I ordered reefed foresail, the jumbo and stormsail set. The vessel was now headreaching to the South-east, the engines running full speed.

"Most of the men, tired out after more than a full day's work, were asleep, and the watch on deck kept a sharp look-out. At twelve, midnight, Rube James, the man at the wheel, made one jump and landed in the cabin. On top of him came water, hundreds and thousands of gallons of salt water. The vessel started to roll over to port, and the men in their bunks on that side of the cabin were completely under water.

"We waited, it seemed hours, — would she ever come up again? One of the men said the bracket lamp turned completely round in a ring. At last the vessel began to right herself, only to go over to starboard.

"The gale was on us in full fury. For one hour the wind and the sea was raging. Many of us thought the end had come. The stove, bolted to the floor, was torn loose, and thrown across the cabin. Luckily, it being summer time, there was no fire in it. The men were thrown around like nine-pins. The sky-lights were broken and a deluge of water continually poured down on us. In the forecabin the men were dodging canned goods, pots and pans, and trying to hang on to anything to keep from being smashed against the bunks. I am sure not ten words were spoken — every one seemed to be waiting for the finish. Only those who have been in a gale at sea can understand the full fury of the wind and waves.

"As suddenly as the storm came, so it ceased. Wet and battered, but all alive, we went on deck. The side lights were gone and the decks swept clean. Not one thing remained but the wheel. We cut away the wreckage and headed for Lunenburg.

"Dawn broke at last, bringing with it a fine day, with easterly winds, but clear and warm. We sailed, with all sails set, over the North-east Bar in only twelve fathoms of water. We passed over the Middle Ground, another fishing spot. There we sighted much wreckage, dories, split-tubs, and a boom, all marked "Uda Corkum."

"We knew that the sea had claimed another vessel. We found out later that the vessel which had been so close to us that fatal day was never seen again, but wreckage from it was also picked up.

"We were more than glad to reach port. We were badly battered, but all the men were safe. When we heard the full extent of the disaster that had overtaken the fleet, we were thankful we had been spared. Our engines, though small, had carried us just far enough away from the treacherous sands, so that we lived to tell about those August gales."

## TO THE MERCHANT NAVY

By JACQUELINE BERRINGER '46

I look away to the eastward  
 And there where the sea meets the sky  
 A tinge of grey smoke is rising -  
 A ship is passing by.

It may be a long grey tanker,  
 With a cargo more precious than gold,  
 Or a heavily laden cargo ship,  
 Having foodstuffs and guns in her hold.

And what of the crews who man these ships  
 With the call of the sea in their blood?  
 Few medals hang on their bosoms broad,  
 As they serve their country and their God.

## SHIPBUILDING IN LUNENBURG

By AUDREY TANNER, '43



GEORGE A. RHULAND

RICHARD W. SMITH

Each year the port of Lunenburg witnesses changes in the personnel of those concerned with the destinies of the waterfront. The beginning of 1943 brought about a great change in the management of the Lunenburg Shipyard, when the directors, Mr. Richard W. Smith and Mr. George A. Rhuland, retired from their positions, after working together for nearly half a century.

At one time there were three shipyards in the Port of Lunenburg, but, as the years rolled by, two of them disappeared, and today there is but one, which is situated on the eastern part of the town.

For forty-two years Mr. R. W. Smith and Mr. G. A. Rhuland had worked together as business partners, carrying on their successful business since the year 1900. The site where these men began their careers is not a new one. Nearly a century ago, the pioneer ship's carpenter, Peter Young, had established a plant there, and following him came the firm of Joseph Young and Stephen Morash, with whom Mr. Rhuland served his apprenticeship in the shipbuilding trade. Having special ability for this work, and the urge to make things by using his skilled hands, Mr. Rhuland was determined to advance in this trade, so as to be able to assist his father in the finishing of the hulls of ships.

Mr. Richard W. Smith received his training from his father, the late Capt. Davis Smith, another of Lunenburg's pioneer shipbuilders, who had opened and operated a shipbuilding yard on the site now occupied by the Irving Oil Company.

The first ship built by Smith & Rhuland was the "Pataia," a fishing schooner of about ninety-seven tons. Though the vessel was small in size, it was a proud day for the young shipbuilders when she slid down the ways.

Since that time, upwards of one hundred and eighty-four ships have been built under the skilled management of Messrs Smith & Rhuland. During the activities of the First Great War, as many as six ships a year were built. The number of workmen varied, but an average of forty men, both skilled men and apprentices, are employed in the Lunenburg Shipyard.

Down through the years certain ship-models stand out in the memories of the citizens of the town. First they mention, with great pride, the "Bluenose", Champion of the North Atlantic, which slid down the ways in 1921. The largest locally owned ship built by the firm was the three-hundred ton "Hillerest", built for Zwicker & Company, Ltd., and sailed by Capt. Dawson Geldert. The familiar tugboat "Tussel" was also built here.

Many changes have come about in shipbuilding during the passing years. In 1900 when Messrs Smith & Rhuland started their shipbuilding,



JOHN D. RHULAND

every length of timber used in a ship was sawed, levelled and planed by hand. The ships were even sand-papered by hand before painting. Then, from time to time, mechanical equipment was installed, such as band saws, regulation planes, etc. With these machines the work can be done in about half the time and is much less tedious.

Upon the resignation of the veterans, Messrs Smith & Rhuland, Mr. John D. Rhuland, son of the master-builder, has taken over the responsibilities of the year. The new Manager has had twenty-five years experience in the ship-building trade. Mr. Rhuland is highly qualified for the position that he has assumed. Already the keel of a new ship has been laid under his supervision.

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## APPRECIATION

By VIVIAN RATTRAY '43

The pupils of the Junior High School classes received a shock and a disappointment this year when they learned that one of their favorite teachers, Miss Frances Knickle, would be confined to her home for several months. The few years that Miss Knickle spent with these classes were both enjoyable and instructive to them. We all hope that Miss Knickle will be able to return to the school next year in perfect health, and that she enjoyed teaching the Junior High School classes as much as they enjoyed having her.

## CAPTAIN SPURGEON GELDEBT

By ROBERT BAILLY AND ROBERT SILVER '44

Capt. Geldert was born in First South, Lunenburg Co., in the year 1887. In 1890 he came to Lunenburg and at the age of nine years he began his life on the sea.

The first ship on which he sailed was the "Minnie J. Smith" with Capt. Jos. Smith in command. He continued to earn his living at the fishing industry until 1915, when he began freighting during the winter months.

In 1916 Capt. Geldert obtained his Master's papers, and began to make numerous voyages in foreign waters. He visited during the next years the following countries: Portugal, Spain, Belgium, Gibraltar, Scotland and Africa. During this time Capt. Geldert commanded three-masted ships.

In 1921 Capt. Geldert had the pleasure of being accompanied from Pensacola, Florida, to Dakar, Africa, by his wife. From 1921 to 1930 he freighted in the vicinity of South America and the West Indies. His most trying and exciting experience occurred when he was freighting from Belize, British Honduras, to Texas, in the motor vessel "Kanawaka." The "Kanawaka" was lying in Belize Harbor on Sept. 10, 1930 when a hurricane was reported to be approaching from the north-north-east. Immediately Capt. Geldert ordered his crew on board ship to make the necessary preparations for the storm.

At 2 p. m. the wind reached a velocity of 80 m. p. h. By 4 p. m. the direction of the wind changed to south-south-west and its velocity increased to 120 m. p. h., and shortly after to 150 m. p. h.

The gale was driving the "Kanawaka" ashore, so Capt. Geldert headed his ship into the gale and steamed into the very midst of it. It was only due to the power of their Deisel engines that they even moved away from the shore. Visibility was limited to 100 feet but by 7 p. m. the sea was smooth and calm once more. The "Kanawaka" remained outside Belize Harbor until the next morning, when she steamed into port to find a devastated city and a fleet of sunken ships.

The "Kanawaka", being the only survivor of 50 ships, was ordered by government officials to go on rescue duty to the outlying "cays." Thus the ship and her crew were able to do their small bit in the hour of distress and need, and were ready and willing to do everything possible. This was Capt. Geldert's last trip to foreign waters.

For the past nine years he has been in command of the Government patrol fishing boats "Halkett" and "Gilbert." His duty is to prevent illegal fishing.

Capt. Geldert has been master of the following ships during his career on the sea: "Edde. Theriault", "Lillian Corkum"; "Ella L. Williams", "Marion Douglas", "Sceptre", "Vincent A. White", "Alcala", "Thorndike", "Halkett" and "Gilbert." Of these ten ships Captain Geldert lost only one, the "Sceptre" at Turks Island.

## ANCIENT SHIPWRECKS

By JANE BAILLY '46

These stories are true accounts of Lunenburg vessels, carrying crews from this town or its vicinity, that were wrecked or suffered other mishaps.

### Brig "Frederica"

On December 20, 1843, the "Frederica" arrived in Lunenburg from Gloucester, England, with a starving crew. She had been poorly provisioned from the beginning, and it took her sixty-five days to reach Lunenburg.

As she drew out of the dock at Gloucester, two strange dogs jumped on board. They were put off twice, and boarded her the third time. That time two policemen standing near advised that the dogs should stay. When the "Frederica" arrived here, no regular provisions could be found on board, and all that remained of the dogs was one paw, and a head.

On a previous voyage the ship had been loaded with beans, some of which had jammed in the cracks and holes. The crew gathered these beans, mixed the crushed beans with the blood of the dogs until the mixture became thick, and lived on this gruesome diet during the latter part of the voyage. The captain of this brig was John C. Rudolph, of this town.

### Schooner "Henrietta"

On November 26, 1887, the "Henrietta" left Angvilla for Lunenburg. On the 29th a gale came up from the northwest. The foresail, storm try-sail, and balance reefed mainsail were carried away in succession. Great waves made a clean sweep of the decks, taking everything moveable. The rudder gave way, and a drag was flung over. The gale continued for five long days and during this time the bulkhead was chopped away, and twenty tons of salt cast overboard.

During the night of December 6, the lights from the steamship "Barracouta" were seen. A signal of distress was sent out, and the "Barracouta" replied that she would stand by until morning, as it was then too dark to transfer the crew. Luck, however, was with the men, as the clouds broke and moonlight showed the dismantled schooner. A volunteer rescue party set out for the "Henrietta" and in two hours the exhausted crew were safely transferred. The vessel, under the command of Capt. John Hammett, sank as the "Barracouta" left.

### Schooner "Lion"

On August 15, 1890, the Schr. "Lion" left Lunenburg under command of Capt. Peter R. Peters.

At midnight, on the 29th, a hurricane struck the schooner, the rain fell in torrents, and great waves dashed over the ship. The next day a gigantic wave hurled the vessel on her beam end, with the lee side under water. The bowsprit, rails and stanchions were carried away, while a huge wall of water smashed the forecastle and filled the gallery with debris. The crew were buried under the timbers and badly bruised.

The fury of the gale prevented the righting of the vessel, but the captain gathered the men on the poop deck to which they clung, manning the pumps as best they could, until the morning of September 5, when the "Bermuda" came in sight and rescued them.



## THE FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL SERVICE

By JOHN KINLEY '43

For many generations men of Lunenburg have followed the call of the sea. As with all peoples who "go down to the sea in ships" many of our men have lost their lives in carrying on their trade.

It was the custom through many years for the various churches of the town to hold memorial services for any of their members lost at sea. In the year 1925, however, due in part to the efforts of Mr. Lewis Smith, a public memorial service was held. This service was conducted by His Worship, Mayor Schwartz, assisted by the ministers of the town's churches. In that season four men of the fishing fleet were lost.

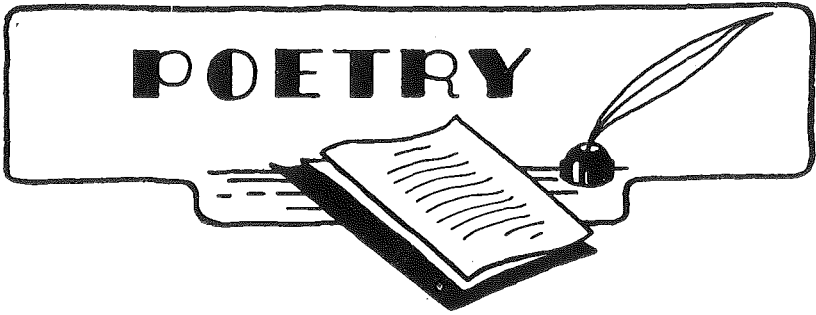
The following year was a dark one, for in an August gale two Lunenburg schooners, the "Sylvia Mosher" and the "Sadie Knickle" went down with all hands on board. The loss of fifty-two men seemed the greatest tragedy the town had ever sustained. To the Memorial Service of this year came hundreds of people from the surrounding districts. The tragedy seemed greater than the town could bear, but the next year doubled the death toll. In the tragic fall of 1927, four Lunenburg schooners were lost with their crews. They were the "Uda Corkum", "Joyce M. Smith", "Mahala", and the "Clayton Walters."

Such losses of loved ones established the Fishermen's Memorial Service as a deep tradition among the people of Lunenburg. When the fishermen have finished the season's work, they join with the people of the town on the second Sunday of October in each year to pay their respects to their departed fellow seamen.

It is customary on this date to assemble at the town square and under the leadership of the combined choirs of the churches, to sing hymns of the sea. The Mayor presides at the service which is in most part conducted by the clergy of the town. After the reading of the names of those lost during the year, the participants in the service parade to Zwicker's wharf, where wreaths are deposited to be carried out to sea by the next ship which sets sail to ply its trade on the waves.

In late years, the Royal Norwegian Navy which is stationed at Lunenburg has joined in the Memorial Service to pay tribute to their sailors who have been lost in the service of their country.

For seventeen years the Memorial Service has been held each year. It may be that some year we will have a Thanksgiving service for the safe return of the men who fish out of Lunenburg.



## DELAY NOT

By PAUL MACKAY '45

Whatever work we have to do,  
Should never be delayed;  
Because the same excuses too,  
To-morrow will be made.

Delay is dangerous and it turns  
To trouble in the end;  
But chiefly in our soul's concerns  
It must to ruin tend.

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## VALIANT TOILERS OF THE DEEP

By JOYCE JENNINGS '45

Valiant toilers of the deep,  
Day and night their watch they keep,  
Sailing o'er the ocean wide,  
Guardians of our ancient pride.  
Valiant toilers of the sea,  
Guard them, Lord, we pray to Thee.

O calm the sea when storms do rage,  
Make safe our sailor's anchorage.  
And keep them safe for their own sake  
As on the Galilean Lake.

O lend them still Thy loyal aid  
And speak Thy word, "Be not afraid."  
Valiant toilers of the sea  
Guard them, Lord, we pray to Thee.

**THE SETTING SUN**

By MARJORIE TANNER '44

A golden ray of the dying sun,  
Dances a moment as if in play,  
Softly it touches a loved one's cheek  
Then slowly, softly steals away.

The sun has gone down and far in the West  
The evening Star shines bright.  
Gone is the King of the Day. In his stead  
Rules the Queen of the Night.

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**SEA-SHORE BLUES**

By MARGUERITE WILSON '43

I'm longing tonight for the ocean,  
I'm longing tonight for the sea,  
For the breakers' roar, on the rocky shore,  
Is music sweet to me.

I've heard the wind in the tree tops,  
And the murmuring of the streams,  
But the sea gull's cry, as he wings on high,  
Still comes to me in my dreams.

I've gazed upon lofty mountains,  
As beautiful as can be,  
But the dearest sight, in the morning light,  
Is the sunrise o'er the sea.

I've seen the sun on the prairies,  
Go down in a blaze of gold,  
But the moon's pale light, on the sea at night,  
I long once more to behold.

So I'm going back to the ocean,  
I'm going back to the sea,  
And a little cot, on a sandy spot,  
Will always be Home to me.

THE SEA GULL  
MORNING ASSEMBLY

By JOHN KINLEY '43

Now what I wish to tell to you,  
Is to us students, nothing new.  
It is that our Assembly  
Is truly wonderful to see.

We read the Scriptures, hymns we sing,  
We have debates and other things,  
We gain a type of education  
Invaluable in all vocations.

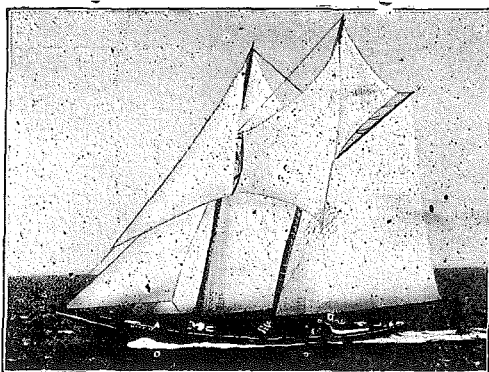
Boys with huge boots and ruffled hair  
Pile in, with noise beyond compare;  
While girls do in the centre pour,  
Boys fight for seats next to the door.

And pretty girls who truly hate  
To wake in the morning, come in late.  
Silently they slip into the hall,  
Or often do not come at all.

When in debate speakers impart  
Their greater knowledge, we do start  
At brilliance such, in those so young;  
We're proud they to our school belong.

Then when our Principal does speak,  
Silence prevails; for oft he seeks  
The one who scarred the library floor,  
Or warns us we must study more.

And when you see us leave the hall  
With dignity that doth enthrall,  
Our assembly, you will quite agree,  
Is truly wonderful to see.



#### The Champion:

For many years the *Bluenose* was undefeated champion of the Fishing Fleets of the Atlantic Seaboard. Thousands of words have been written about her exploits. We are glad to know that she is continuing her championship stride against the greatest foe of all—Adolf Hitler. Her Skipper - the daughty Capt. Angus Walters. He is separated from his ship, but the two will live in our memories as one and inseparable.

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## RETROSPECT

By BENJAMIN KAULBACK '43

Past are the days of the old square rigs,  
The old flotillas of barques and brigs,  
And weathered captains, whose toughened crews,  
Knew not what fortune was theirs to lose.

From dawn to dawn, with few hours of sleep,  
These hearty mariners, the sea-harvest did reap.  
Other sea-dogs braved the treacherous shoals,  
Yet no worries troubled their hardened souls.

Days, months and years they weathered the gale,  
No wind arose that prevented their sail;  
For the most of them with their families and wives  
Made the sea their home, the whole of their lives.

So we, today, with heritage renowned  
Plus a determined courage and strength unknown,  
Have been left the torch to enlighten their fame,  
Shall we, sea-bred, extinguish this flame?

## THE SHIP'S A, B, C

By CLAIRE MOSHER '44

- A. is for anchor, we hope it will hold  
 B. for the bow. It's ahead we are told.  
 C. for the cable, if it should part, then  
 D. the deck would be awash fore and aft.  
 E. for the engine, to make it go fast.  
 F. for the flag, flying from the mainmast.  
 G. for the gaff. It sets the sail right,  
 H. for the halyards they keep it up tight.  
 I. for the ice-pens to keep the bait fresh  
 J. for the jibs which are easy to set.  
 K. for the keel in the shipyard first laid.  
 L. is for lights, red, green and white,  
     No matter the weather, shown always at night.  
 M. is for mainmast so tall and so bold,  
 N. is the name written gaily in gold.  
 O. for the oars used by the men.  
 P. for the port side should always show red.  
 Q. for the quarters where the men have their beds.  
 R. is for rudder to keep the ship right,  
 S. for the skylight that gives the cook light  
 T. is for topsails now left at home.  
 U. for the underside well painted with copper  
 V. stands for vessel with good men to sail her.  
 W. for the windlass which bears a great strain  
 X. gives the four points, North, South, West and East.  
 Y. for the yards and I don't mean three feet  
 Z. is for Zwickers

The firm of renown,  
 They owned the ship "Bluenose"  
 When she won her first crown.

The poem is finished, but it doesn't rhyme,  
 I will try to do better, the very next time.

## MAJOR BLANCHE HERMAN

By WINONA PARKS AND BETTY CORKUM '43

Major Blanche Herman, daughter of Mrs. Robert Herman and the late Mr. Herman, started her career at the Lanenburg Academy. After completing her High School work, she taught school at three places, namely Herman's Island, Garden Lcts and LaHave.



MAJOR BLANCHE HERMAN

In 1922 Major Herman started her nursing career. She spent three years at the Montreal General Hospital. Finishing her training in 1925, she was put in charge of a private floor of the hospital where she remained for four years. She then took a year's course in administration at McGill University, after which she served as assistant supervisor of nurses of the Royal Victoria Hospital's maternity division. She held this position until her appointment as supervisor of the Western Division of the Montreal General Hospital in 1928.

In 1941 Miss Herman joined the Women's Division of the Canadian Army and put in much hard work while in Canada, besides training at Camp Gordon for three months. While still in Montreal, she was signally honored and received her appointment as Matron of Military Hospital No. 14 unit. Before she went overseas, she was promoted to the rank of Captain. In the latter part of 1942, she became a Major, and at this time was also presented with the Royal Red Cross, first class. Miss Herman received the highest award a nurse can get for general efficiency. This award was presented at Buckingham Palace.

Many people are aware of the wonderful work that Major Herman is doing in England. In supervising a staff of nurses, keeping up the morale of the wounded and suffering, she is doing her part in our struggle for freedom.

## CONSTABLE F. S. FARRAR

By GRACE MACPHERSON '44 AND JEAN MACARTNEY '44



**F. S. FARRAR**

While here, scattered Eskimo tribes were visited, their health checked, and investigations conducted to see that the N. W. Territory Game Act was being enforced.

The Arctic cold and darkness was severe, but these hardy men were accustomed to it, having endured it before. Continuing eastward, as they drew nearer the Magnetic Pole, the compass became useless. This increased the difficulties of navigation, since these were uncharted waters.

The second winter was spent at Paisley Bay, from October 30, 1941 to August 4, 1942. This was the harder winter, due to blustering storms and gales. The monotony of the arduous winter was checked by keeping the crew members at work. Long dog-patrols were made to take the Eskimo census and various R. C. M. P. duties were carried out. It was in these winter quarters that the saddest event of the whole trip occurred, this being the unexpected death of Constable Chartrand, one of Mr. Farrar's shipmates. Constable Chartrand was buried with a solemn service conducted by Father Hendrick, a Roman Catholic priest from a far away post. The crew members erected a stone cairn and cross to mark the grave of their departed comrade.

On August 3, as the brave little schooner departed from Paisley Bay, she was caught in the ice floes. The severe pressure of ice packs kept

Most of us are aware of the fact that the R. C. M. P. Auxilliary Schooner "St. Roch" is at present undergoing repairs in Lunenburg. The crew members have become well known in this town, particularly Constable F. S. Farrar, first mate of the St. Roch.

Constable Farrar was born in Liverpool, England, and at present holds the British Board of Trade Certificate as a navigating officer, in which capacity he worked on mailboats and auxiliary transports in the last war. Mr. Farrar joined the R. C. M. P. force in 1929. Since then he has spent over ten years in the Arctic. The latest of his voyages in the northern regions was the famous trip of the St. Roch from west to east through the North-West Passage.

With Sergeant H. A. Larsen as skipper, and a crew of eight, the St. Roch left Vancouver, B. C. on June 21, 1940. Numerous stops were made along the west coast to check the engines and to take on fuel and water. The St. Roch wintered from September 25, 1940 to July 31, 1941 at Walker Bay.



the St. Roch in constant danger of being crushed, but by the continuous efforts of the crew, she finally escaped from the ice-filled waters after twenty-one days.

Passing through Franklin Strait, the St. Roch was on the last lap of her Arctic trip. All the way down past the Baffin Islands and the Labrador Coast the weather was bad, and icebergs were plainly visible.

On September 30, the St. Roch put in at Cornerbrook, Newfoundland, and eleven days later proceeded to Lunenburg.

The historic voyage was over! Averaging six knots, the St. Roch travelled in all 9,745 miles. This successful voyage was made possible only by the skill and accuracy of the daring navigators and crew members of the St. Roch. They were rewarded for their skill by the awarding of the Polar Medal to each member.

On this expedition, Mr. Farrar took several reels of motion pictures which he has shown in Lunenburg on several occasions. He has become well known in this part of the country, due to his many lectures on Arctic life. At present, Mr. Farrar is vacationing in Western Canada, giving lectures in the voyage at various points throughout the Dominion.



## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF GRADE X

Garnice Demone bequeaths her blond hair to Phyllis Lohnes.

Maxwell Tanner leaves his long legs to Marvin Spindler.

Paul MacKay wills his wickedness to George Himmelman.

Geneva Selig leaves her waistline to Diane Oxner.

Harry Heckman leaves his seat to the prettiest girl in Grade IX.

Pee Wee bequeaths her blushing to Jackie Berringer.

Nema Langille wills her mildness to Vivian Rattray.

Arthur Hebb leaves his milk shakes to John Beck.

Isabelle Corkum leaves her hair-do to Jane Bailly.

Cyril Ernst bequeaths his shyness to Marion Lace.

Isabelle Dares leaves her brown eyes to Barbara Miller.

Walter Ryder wills his giggling to Iris Westhaver.

Ivy Ernst leaves her homework to Marie Knickle.

Lilly Hebb bequeaths his drawings to Arthur Eisenhauer.

Barbara Zinck leaves her hairbows to Harry Spindler.

Peggy Keillor leaves her appendix to Marie Hynick.

Joyce Richards wills her German books to Shirley Allen.

Eric Collins wills his short trousers to Donald Tanner.

Donald Hiltz wills his questions to Arnold Corkum.



## WAS IT FATE?

By JEAN MACARTNEY '44

It was one of those dreary, stormy nights in March when I walked into Joe Mulligan's store, in the small fishing village of Delman. Joe's store was the ideal place for the old skippers who could find nothing else to do on those long evenings, except to spin yarns about the sea-faring trips of former days.

Perhaps I should explain just how I happened to be present at such a gathering. I was by no means a native of Delman, but my position with a city newspaper brought me to that locality in search of a human interest story concerning some of the sea-going folks. From one of the villagers I had learned that Joe Mulligan's store would be just the place to gather the information, which I sought.

There I found them, seated around the stove, smoking contentedly. Silas Jacoby, Ben Manners, Sam Hawkins, Bill Davis and Jack Davies. All of them bore marks of their sea-faring days in their weather-beaten, tanned skin, in the net-work of fine wrinkles about their eyes, and Ben had an added mark with his peg-leg that marked one of his interesting but hazardous trips as particularly outstanding.

My intrusion did not seem to disturb them, for these men continued to talk among themselves. Joe was waiting on a customer when I entered the store, so as soon as the customer had left, I explained my presence to Joe and asked if I could join the interesting gathering. Joe was exceedingly obliging, and led me over to the conference, introducing me to each member of the group.

Apparently Silas Jacoby had been about to tell his friends another of his famous tales of the sea, and of the days when he was a skipper for he continued his story as soon as I was comfortably seated.

"As I was saying," he went on, "do you fellers believe that ships have feelings, just like human beings? Well, I knew one that did! Jack, do you remember the o'd 'Maddie Ellen.' She belonged to Elias Parker. Elias was skipper of that ship from the day she was built, and a more devoted master couldn't be found. He loved that there ship."

"But there came days when Elias had poor luck on the Banks, and bad investments made him lose what little money he had saved. The only thing he had left of value in the world was the 'Maddie Ellen.' Now at the time a trader from the West Indies had just offered what seemed like a small fortune for the 'Maddie Ellen.' Should he sell the love of his life?"

"Well, did he sell her?" I asked eagerly, "did he really sell her?"

"That he did," replied Silas, filling his pipe dreamily. "Yes, sir, he sold the 'Maddie Ellen', and I believe that ship was broken hearted to leave her old master. It seemed as though a spell had been cast on her from the day that Elias Parker signed the papers acknowledging that trader as rightful owner.

The first day out of port, a heavy gale blew and ripped the new sails to tatters. Back to port came the 'Maddie Ellen' to have the damage repaired. When she headed south again, trouble went with her, for within a few days a heavy sea caused her to roll badly, and one of the new members of the crew was . . . . .

Here Silas was seized with a coughing spell, much to the disappointment of his hearers.

"Excuse me. Now where did I leave off?" went on Silas. "Oh, yes, sure enough one of the crew was washed overboard. You'll never guess who that man was! No, sir, it's stranger than fiction, but the man overboard was the new skipper's son."

"Are you trying to tell us that the 'Maddie Ellen' actually caused that lad to be swept overboard, just because he was the son of the new master, and the boat no longer belonged to Elias Parker?" interrupted Bill Davies.

"Think as you like," answered Silas. "Meanwhile, Silas' health was slipping away. It seemed as if the loss of his vessel had taken his desire for life, for from the day that she sailed away he became ill, and steadily grew worse. He refused to sail on any other vessel, and finally became so despondent that he was forced to remain in bed. On the twelfth day of July, Elias' doctor warned his housekeeper that Elias had but a very short span remaining. He died shortly after with these words on his lips. 'Maddie Ellen', I'm ready now . . . carry me to port."

On the twelfth day of July, the "Maddie Ellen" was reported lost on the Keys off the Florida Coast — all of the crew were rescued. It looked as though 'Maddie Ellen' had heard her skipper's dying summons and had gone to carry him to his Eternal Port. Yes, sir, the 'Maddie Ellen' was Silas Parkers' ship from beginning to end.

Alex. K. and Robert Silver, having an argument about Navy and Air Force, go to Mr. Campbell to have it settled.

Mr. Campbell: The Army can beat both.

Jean Rattray: "Robert, you look just like Pearl."

Robert Haughn: (looking surprised) "Pearl who?"

Jean R.: "Pearl Harbour, it's a mess."

Willie Cluett and Mae Kaulback, looking at vocational chart:

Mae: "Willie, what do you want to be after you leave school?"

Willie: (after pondering a while, heaving a sigh): "A husband."

Mr. Collins: "When Abraham Lincoln was your age he was earning his own living."

Alex. K.: "Yes, sir, and when he was your age he was President of the United States."

## JUSTICE OF THE NORTH

By ORLANDO LACE '43

Corporal Reid mused tenaciously through the frozen wastes of the Northwest Territories after "Wolf" McFarlane. It was his own fault that he had this assignment, because he would not shoot Wolf in the back as he escaped. He adhered strictly to the code of the "Mounted" — "Bring your man back alive."

Wolf was "bushed." The cold, silent North had cracked his mind and he had killed his partner. Brought to the post for trial, the demented trapper saw a chance to escape. He slugged his captor, took his gun and team, and mused for his home-grounds. Corporal Reid had taken up the chase as soon as he had secured his team and supplies.

Wolf was pushing his stolen team to the limit. Muttering to himself, he realized that his dogs were slowing from the terrific pace he was setting. He cursed savagely and swung his whip. The team strained on the harness and went a little faster. Deranged though he was, Wolf knew that a Mountie was on his trail. But tomorrow he would reach his own territory. Here he would set a trap, and ambush his pursuer. With Reid's team he could reach civilization without being apprehended.

Corporal Reid loved his dogs, and encouraged them to greater effort by talking to them and resting them a little after tough spots. Besides, he had the advantage of a broken trail. He was always wary of a trap because he knew Wolf would use one, if pressed too hard. With a thrill, he watched the trail grow clearer as he closed the gap between himself and his quarry. Then, as he topped a slight rise in the trail, he saw Wolf's exhausted team on the show, beside a little cabin. The sled was gone!

Smoke issued from the chimney of the shack, and Reid had to stop to see who was in the cabin. On the floor lay a man. The Mountie revived him and as soon as the trapper would talk, he said that Wolf was heading for the river with a fresh team of dogs. Once across it he could lie in wait and kill the hated "Redcoat" as he tried to cross the ice. To catch the murderer, Reid would have to reach the river first. The trapper was all right, so Reid took a perilous short cut. Twenty minutes later his dogs dropped in the deep snow on the river's bank. Wolf had stopped a little further upstream, on the same side, for the ice did not look safe. Corporal Reid drew his service revolver and called for Wolf's surrender.

With an oath the trapper started his team over the ice as Reid snapped shots at them. Just as it seemed he would escape, the ice along both banks broke and the middle began to crack. The Mountie watched the doomed man helplessly, for he could do nothing. Even as he watched, Wolf reached for his rifle to kill the man, who to his warped mentality was responsible for his predicament. After three shots were fired, the ice opened and Wolf sank quickly beneath the icy green waters.

The Northland had meted out quick death to the murderer and Corporal Reid had to return to his post and report for duty. His mission was ended.

## THE BACK HARBOR

By ERIC COLLINS '45

A sunny, clear day dawned in Lunenburg on Tuesday the second week in August. Being invited to attend a sailing trip, I made ready for it, and set out toward the Saw Pit Wharf. As I sat on the wharf and waited for the rest of the party, I looked around, and thought of facts I had heard about the harbor, and about events that had happened here.

The Back Harbor is situated at the northern end of the town of Lunenburg. It lies in front of the First Peninsula, and beyond Mason's Island to the westward running in from the sea.

In the year 1753 a block-house was built on the shore of the Back Harbor opposite Mason's Island. A picket fence ran from the Back Harbor to the Front Harbor, connecting two forts.

A saw pit was dug on the shore of the Back Harbor in the year 1785. Lumber was sawed by a man in the pit drawing the saw toward him while the man outside the pit drew the saw upward. Near that spot the present Saw Pit Wharf was built.

Before 1902 there were a few old shacks here housing boats. In 1902 boat houses were built, and boating became a favorite sport. A miniature yacht club was started, the yachts being raced in the evenings. This provided excitement and sport for the town.

Camping was begun on Mason's Island in the same year. Cotton tents were used in those times, wooden bungalows being introduced in the year 1909. Camping was also begun at Trail's Point on Heckman's Island.

A great many shoppers utilized the Back Harbor to do their marketing. Before the time of the gas engine the country people from Stonehurst and Blue Rocks came to town via the Back Harbor, the distance being shorter and the water smoother. From these districts, from the Peninsulas and from Heckman's Island on Sundays the people came to church. The Harbor was a place of shallow water, with sea-weed close to shore, but with strong tides in the Narrows. Scallops were raked along the Second Peninsula.

The first gas engine to be used in the Back Harbor boats was installed in a boat belonging to Mr. J. W. King. The motor boat fleet grew to from twenty to thirty boats anchored about the Saw Pit Wharf.

The same site is still being used as a calling station by boats from the First and Second Peninsula. Here fish are landed and commodities are transported by boats. The Saw Pit Wharf is being used as a pleasure resort, bathing being indulged in there by the people of the surrounding community.

All these things I thought about as I waited, and as our boat drew away from the Wharf, I too joined the throng of pleasure seekers.

## WHAT AN EXPERIENCE !

By ROBERTA E. SARTY '44

"Now if you think this isn't true,  
 Don't lay the blame on me.  
 I'm only telling it to you  
 As it was told to me."

It was a warm afternoon about the middle of July, as I was strolling along the harbor shore, thinking about the adventures the skippers of Lunenburg had experienced years ago. I suppose it was because I was so deep in thought that I did not notice the approaching figure. When I looked up, I was face to face with a pleasant, weather-beaten countenance, which smiled at me.

"Good afternoon", I said.

"Are you looking for something"? asked the old sea captain.

"No", I replied, "I was thinking about the adventures you sea captains had when you sailed the deep, blue sea."

"Well," he remarked slowly, "I had only one experience which made my eyes pop, and my hair stand straight up."

"Please tell me about it", I begged eagerly.

We sat down on a nearby log. He warned me that I wasn't to think he was exaggerating the truth when he told his story, for it had actually happened.

"About fifty years ago I was second-hand and salter aboard the "Uranuh" which was under the command of Capt. James Young. Of course the vessel was clearing from Lunenburg.

"We happened to be fishing on the Quero Bank this day. It was a dirty, drizzly day, about eight o'clock in the morning. The crew were already out in their dories and I was down below having a "chew" of tobacco, for in those days we were not acquainted with these "trashy" cigarettes. We had a dog on board named "Nero" who always gave the signal when the dories were returning and I was needed on deck.

"Suddenly the dog barked, so I went up on deck, where I found nothing unusual. Down I went again, muttering to myself about the dog. I was no sooner down, then he began to bark again, and he did not stop until I returned to the deck, quite angry at him. But this time I looked down the length of the deck, and what I saw made me shake, and my heart began to beat very fast." Here the old man became quite upset, and paused to wipe his forehead, where the sweat suddenly stood out quite noticeably.

"I saw a huge creature, all black and slimy, with a head like a horse and a snout like a crocodile. It had sharp, white teeth, with four long whiskers protruding from its chin. The black ears of the creature were pointed at the ends. I almost dropped dead from fright. To make it more terrible it had long arms, with sharp claws. Around its middle it was as big as a puncheon. It hung over the side, kicking its hind legs and flapping its mackerel-like tail in the water.

"I hurried to call for help. 'Are you getting crazy?' asked the captain, who came bounding on deck.

"No," I replied. "There's a devil fish coming on board."

"The header and throater came running to see, and what they saw set them yelling 'blue murder.' I got my axe from the cabin, but I couldn't hit it, for every time I approached it swung its head at me. Besides, all this time it was climbing into the boat, which it caused to lean badly.

"Pots and pans, what'll we do?" yelled the cook.

"I went for my gun, and after taking a good aim, fired. It hung on to the rail for a couple of seconds, its blood spurting over the deck. Suddenly it opened its mouth wide, rolled its eyes at us, and slipped into the sea. We watched it sink and disappear from sight, with a great feeling of relief. We waited in fear until the dories got back, but all returned safely. You can imagine our relief."

"Now what do you think of that?" he asked.

I was dumb-founded, but at last I managed to gasp, "What an experience."

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## NATURAL JUSTICE

By BASIL NOWE '43

Doctor R. S. Marlow gazed intently at the contents of a beaker as he added slowly, drop by drop, a dark blue solution to the bubbling mixture therein. His round face beamed as the contents turned a deep brown, then black — perhaps this would be the cure for which he had sought such a long time.

Two years ago the doctor had been detailed to search for a serum that would cure the disease that until this time had killed so many of his countrymen. So far he had had no marked success, but in the course of his experiments he had made several other discoveries. Only a week ago he had produced, by accident, a small amount of a powerful explosive. He himself was not interested in such a discovery, but his assistant had persuaded him to keep it. That explosive now rested in a chamber specially designed by his assistant so that it was constantly at standard atmospheric pressure, for a decrease in pressure would set it off.

The doctor, absorbed in his work, had forgotten this as he watched the yellow fumes rise from the bubbling mixture and slowly diffuse into the air. Hearing the door open behind him, the doctor turned to welcome the visitor, but two sharp cracks broke the silence and the doctor slumped forward and fell, face downward, on the tiled floor. The intruder moved noiselessly to the vault that contained the explosive, opened the door and taking the stoppered phial from its resting place, lifted it to the light, made certain of its contents, and then retreated noiselessly to the open door. As he left he cast a quick glance at the doctor, lying in an ever-widening pool of blood.

As he closed the door, the one on the opposite side of the room opened and Dr. Marlow's tall, white-clad assistant entered. He walked with long

strides toward the table to see how the doctor was progressing. The mixture was still bubbling, its boiling breaking the stillness of the room. Behind the table he found the still figure of his master. He knelt beside him, and discovered that Dr. Marlow was dead, then rose, bringing his eyes on the level of the open vault.

Quickly he moved to the vault, and found it empty. Then the sound of a car on the driveway reached him, and was able to distinguish from the nearby window a dark blue car disappearing around the turn. Realizing the progress of events, he phoned the police. Two hours later, the killer, a short dark complexioned foreigner drove his car slowly up a winding road. He mused over his fortunate escape. Everything had been well planned; he had made sure of weather conditions, in a few hours there would be a storm, but by that time he would have crossed the mountain and have the explosive secure in his own vault. The police would not be following him, for they were busy speeding after his accomplice in the opposite direction, in a car the exact duplicate of the one he was driving.

As he neared the top of the mountain he lifted the phial and gloated over it. Some foreign power would pay well for this treasure. The next instant a blinding flash rent the silence. When the smoke cleared only a gaping hole marked the spot where the car had been but a moment before.

He had cheated himself. He had forgotten to take into consideration the difference in pressure at the top of the mountain.

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## BOY WANTED

By PAUL MACKAY '45

People laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him, but sooner or later the sign was sure to appear again.

"What sort of boy does he want, anyway?" one after another would ask, and then they would remark to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and in their opinion he would look a long while before he found one. Not that there aren't plenty of boys — as many as ten or twelve would appear in the course of a morning, trying for the vacancy.

Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were anxious to try to suit him. "All he wants is a boy to run errands; it must be easy work, and sure pay" this was what they said to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run errands.

John Simmins found that out, and this is the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon, at pleasant enough work. Although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place. It was toward the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want



you to put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room, you can't miss it."

After John had entered the attic and closed the door behind him, he looked at the box and muttered. "It must weigh a ton, I guess; and what is in it? Nothing in the world but old nails and screws, and pieces of iron, and broken keys, rubbish, the whole of it. Nothing worth touching, and dark as a pocket up here, and cold besides. My, how the wind blows through the knot-holes! There's a mouse, and there's another! How I hate mice. If old Peters thinks I'm going to stay here and sort over his rusty nails he's mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs, three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window, half an hour after, when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put that box in order so soon?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but old nails and things."

"Exactly; it was the old nails and things that I wanted you to put in order. Did you do it?"

"No, sir, it was dark up there, and cold; and I didn't see anything worth doing. Besides I thought I was hired to run errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told." But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to do down town, and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow, all it needed was a little standing up for your rights.

Precisely at six o'clock John was called and paid the sum promised for a day's work, and then, to his dismay, he was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions — he had no time for Mr. Peters closed the door behind him immediately.

The next morning the old sign "Boy Wanted" appeared in its usual place. Before noon it was taken down, and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands, plenty of them, kept him busy until within an hour of closing time. Then he was sent to the attic to put the box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse, nor of the cold, but he grumbled much over the box. Nothing in it was worth his attention. However, he tumbled the things over, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared down stairs with this message: "Here's all there is that is worth keeping in that old box; the rest of the nails are rusty, and the hooks are bent or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him to the Post Office. By the end of the next day Charlie, too, had been paid off and discharged, and the old sign was returned to its place in the window.

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the long box, until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent up to

put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Through yet?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much to do."

"All right; it is dinner time now. You may go back to the job after dinner."

After dinner back he went; all afternoon he was not heard from; but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five dollar bill.

"That's a queer place for money," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it. Well, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning."

After Crawford had said "Good-night" and gone, Mr. Peters went up to the attic. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it, he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in the different sections he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top and labelled thus: "Good Screws", "Pretty Good Nails", "Picture Nails", "Small Keys Somewhat Bent", "Pieces of Iron of what use I don't know", and so on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could be called useful was found within it.

But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels laughed gleefully and murmured to the mice. "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough the sign disappeared from the window, and was seen no more. Soon Crawford became the well-known errand boy of Peters & Company.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no longer. The firm is now Peters, Mills & Company.

"He found his fortune in a long box full of rubbish," Mr. Peters said once. "Never was a five dollar bill so successful in business as that one has been." Then after a moment of silence he added gravely, "No, he didn't. He found it in his Mother's Bible, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.'"

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## DINNER PARTY

By IVY ERNST '45

The McFayettes were coming to dine with the Jeffories, who were rushing here and there making ready for their guests. Mr. Jeffory was now in his dressing room, arranging his tuxedo, while Mrs. Jeffory was putting the last touches to her make-up. Julia was downstairs brushing up on Teddy's manners.

"Yes, Julia, I'll be good."

"And don't make wise cracks or pull off any of those jokes that you call funny!"

"O. K., Sis."

He left the room for the kitchen, to get a piece of pie, maybe, but before he had carried out his purpose, he had a bright idea.

At school he had started rumors about ghosts in his home. He told about the strange noises he had heard, and the peculiar poundings on the ceiling. Maria, the new cook, had heard these rumors, and was dead scared, but said nothing about it to anyone.

Off to the bedroom went Teddy, to get a piece of black thread and the wooden hammer he had made several weeks before. He went into a small closet, and here tied the thread to the hammer, then propped the hammer in a position so that whenever he pulled the thread it would pound on the floor. To make it sound more creepy he put a piece of tin under the hammer and tied wrapping paper on the thread surrounding it. Then he went downstairs to the kitchen, holding an end of the thread in his pocket. He ran to Maria and clutched his arms about her waist as far as they would go, and cried "Hear it? hear it?" "Bump, bump, bump! Then something rustled. "It's a ghost! It's a ghost!" Maria was holding tightly to Teddy. A look of triumph stole over his face, but soon he sobered. "And," he continued, "it made three bumps.. That means that one of those who hear it will die, doesn't it?"

Just then the door bell rang. Maria came to with a start. "Teddy, don't dare tell anyone, will you?"

She hurried to answer the door bell, her knees shaking. Mr. and Mrs. McFayette were announced, and taken to the drawing room. Half an hour later when they were coming into the dining-room, Teddy pulled on the string unconsciously. "Bump; bump, bump!" went the hammer. Then as before something rustled.

Mrs. McFayette looked at her husband, and whispered, "Don't you remember what Johnny told us about Teddy saying there were ghosts in the house?"

Julia and her mother stared at each other, astonished. What could it be, they thought. Mr. Jeffory said, "Sit down, sit down." But then the siren blew, a long long blast. "An air raid!" said Mrs. McFayette, her face showing relief. Maria entered, her face as white as a sheet. "Air raid practice, Mr. Jeffory," she said.

Mrs. McFayette rose from her place and said, "Mrs. Jeffory, please excuse us, we must go home at once. I remember the hall light is on, and the shades are drawn." Mr. Jeffory turned out the unnecessary lights, and put up the black-out blinds, as the guests made ready to depart.

After they had left, Julia said, "Teddy, what was that bumping on the ceiling?"

"What bumping?" asked Teddy. "I didn't hear anything.

"Yes", said her father, coming toward Teddy, "What was that noise?" — "And what is his long piece of thread doing on the floor?" He picked it up and came toward Teddy. "Well, well" and he followed it along in the other direction, up the stairs to the closet. There he found what made the noise. Teddy was sent to bed without his dessert. How sad he felt. Next time he'd know better, perhaps.

THE SEA GULL  
ONE-ACT PLAY

THE PEDDLER BESTED

By RUTH KEILLOR '43

Characters: Mrs. Jessen— a fisherman's wife.  
Lizzie—her daughter.  
Mrs. Baker & Mrs. Wilson—fishermen's wives.

Scene: A fisherman's kitchen in the usual topsy-turvy state of a Monday morning after the children have left for school. Door at back leads outside. Mrs. Jessen is washing dishes in basin on table. Lizzie is rocking cradle beside fire.

Lizzie:—She is sleeping now, mother. Could I go out now?

Mrs. J:—You certainly can't. There is plenty to do in here. You're old enough to help in the house. Go get some wood.

(Lizzie rubs eyes and begins to sob.)

Mrs. J:—None of that now; you've got it too easy. What is wrong with you? Before I was your age I could do any mortal thing in the house. I had to do it. There wasn't any saying "no" in our house. They can't even wash their own faces nowadays. Penny dolls is what they are. I would like to see her in a turnip field at three cents a day.

(Lizzie returns.)

Mrs. J:—What have you been doing to your face? Get out and wash it. Leave the wood here.

(Lizzie lays wood on floor.)

Mrs. J:—Will wonders why I've such a short temper. If he could be here for one day, he would go wrong in the head. I never saw such a useless creature.

Lizzie:—Give me the towel, mum, my eyes are full of soap.

Mrs. J:—Couldn't you have seen about a towel before you washed your face? My goodness, girl, give yourself a shake.

(She dries Lizzie's face.)

Mrs. J:—My, the boot peddler will be here this morning and I haven't a cent to give him. I think I'll go to the store and escape him. I wish we could get shoes some other place for he is surely a rogue.

(Knock at door.)

Mrs. J:—That's him. (Rings outside). Tell him I've gone to the store.

Lizzie (Answering the door):—It's just Mrs. Baker.

Mrs. Baker:—Could you lend me a cup of flour?

Mrs. J:—You certainly can have that.

(She takes cup and goes out.)

Mrs. Baker (taking a very careful glance about the room):—Where did your mother get these expensive looking vases, Lizzie?

Lizzie:—I don't know.

Mrs. Baker:—Yes! I wish I had never started with him. I am tired trying to keep out of his way.

(Mrs. Jessen enters.)

Mrs. Baker:—Have you heard about Mrs. Whirter?

Mrs. J.:—What's wrong?

Mrs. Baker:—The foot traveller has gone to the sheriff about her.

Mrs. J.:—Well, it serves her right. I never buy things unless I can pay for them.

Mrs. Baker:—Nor I, I would not like to owe anybody. I couldn't sleep at night. (Loud knock at the door). Both women stand terrified.

Eoth:—It's the boot peddler.

(Knock again and loud voice.) Anybody home? Let me in.

(Eoth women rush to next room. Lizzie opens door.)

Boot man (entering):—Where's your mother?

Lizzie:—She has gone out and won't be back until late.

Boot Peddler:—I'll wait. I suppose I'll be here until ten o'clock.

Lizzie:—My father will be home then.

Peddler:—Isn't your father ill?

Lizzie:—Why, no.

Peddler:—This is the last straw. Not any man could stand for this. Mrs. Whirter was at least honest enough to tell me she wasn't going to pay me. Tell your father I am taking his pay on Saturday.

Lizzie:—All right.

Peddler:—None of your impudence and tell him he'll get the same as Mrs. Whirter.

(He goes to door.)

Peddler:—No, I'll be jiggered if I'll go.—Fifteen dollars and not a penny for six weeks. I'll wait until she comes.

(Knock and Mrs. Wilson comes in.)

Mrs. Wilson, (to Lizzie):—Is your mother in, dear? (She notices the peddler and attempts to slide out again.)

Peddler: Hello! Where have you been all this morning?

Mrs. Wilson:—I'll have to go now, Lizzie.

Peddler (gruffly):—Shut that door. I've been running my feet off looking for you. Have you any money?

Mrs. Wilson:—Well, you see that is. My husband has not been working.

Peddler:—I don't believe a word. Same old excuse. Let me see, — your bill is \$9.00. Where do you think I get my shoes? You've had your last chance. Are you sure you haven't any money?

Mrs. Wilson:—Not a penny.

Peddler:—Don't stand there and sin your soul, woman.

Mrs. Wilson:—I'll give you three next week.

Peddler:—No, you had your last chance.

Mrs. Wilson:—I'll give you six.

Peddler:—I'll give you another chance if you get me six right now. I shouldn't do it, though. I am too soft-hearted with you folk.

(Mrs. Wilson goes out.)

Peddler (to himself):—I'll put the fear of death into them. They don't keep count of what they give me. Simple folk would trust anybody. I have to do it to make up for those who don't pay. There's Mrs. Baker hiding from me, thinking she owes me six dollars when she doesn't owe me a cent, and Mrs. Jessen either.

Mrs. Baker pokes head around doorway. She steps into kitchen and coughs.

Peddler: (rising)—Hello! (stuttering) Where did you come from? Are you aware, woman, that I have been looking all morning for you? Have you any money for me today?

Mrs. Baker:—I do not think.

Peddler:—But I do think.

Mrs. Baker:—Keep a civil tongue in your head or I'll throw you out. (She rolls up sleeves.) Now clear off my account.

Peddler:—Where's the money?

Mrs. Baker:—The next time you think to yourself, do not think aloud. I heard every word you said. A fine man you are to take anybody to the sheriff.

Peddler:—Don't think you can frighten me. You haven't any proof.

Mrs. Baker:—Mrs. Jessen, come here and prove this. (Mrs. Jessen enters. Peddler tries to escape but is held by two women.)

Mrs. Baker:—Back to the table and clear my account.

Mrs. J:—Mine, too.

Boot Peddler: What, \$15.00? No. I'll not give in to this.

Mrs. J:—Lizzie, get the sheriff.

Peddler:—Well, if you keep quiet, I'll square your accounts. My business would be ruined if they knew this.

(Enter Mrs. Wilson.)

Mrs. Wilson:—I could only scrape up three dollars.

Mrs. Baker:—Put it in your pocket, my dear, and get your account cleared.

Peddler:—What, you'll be bringing all the women in the place here.

Mrs. Baker:—The old rogue has been making us for years.

Mrs. Wilson:—How do you know?

Mrs. Baker:—He told us all about it when he talked to himself. (Peddler puts book in pocket and makes for door.)

Mrs. Baker:—Wait a minute, come ladies round up everyone in the village. Everyone shall choose what they like. The Boot Peddler will not have much left to sell when we get through. (The ladies crowd about the peddler's bag and choose desired articles. The Boot Peddler goes out and bangs the door.)

Mrs. Jessen:—I'm so happy. I spent many a night's sleep worrying about his bill.

## SCHOOL NEWS

By EVELYN MACPHERSON '43

- Feb. 20, 1942—The operetta "Betty Lou" was repeated in aid of the Canadian Red Cross.
- April 8—Private Abrahamson a member of the Norwegian Militia addressed the assembly. He spoke of the Nazi invasion of Norway.
- April 10—Student's Council sponsored a successful High School Party. Refreshments were served.
- May 6—A very interesting debate was held at the Morning Assembly between pupils from Grade XI and XII on the topic, "Resolved that Canada Should Participate to a Greater Extent in the Common War effort." Benjamin Kaulbach, Evelyn Ritcey and Arthur Corkum upheld the affirmative side. John Kinley, Marie Himmelman and Richard Thomas upheld the winning negative side.
- June 26—Drs. R. G. A. Wood and W. A. Hewat gave interesting and instructive speeches at the closing exercises.
- June 29—A dance held in the School Auditorium formed the climax of the closing exercises.
- Sept. 1—Students returned to the Academy to begin another year's work. A new Junior High School teacher, Mr. J. MacLellan, was welcomed to the teaching staff.
- Sept. 14—The Student's Council representing the student body was elected as follows:
- President—John Kinley, Jr.  
 Vice President—Grace MacPherson.  
 Secretary—Lillian Schlenger.  
 Treasurer—Gerald Faikenham.
- Grade X Representatives—Walter Ryder and Joyce Jennings.  
 Grade IX Representatives—Maxwell Cluett and Jane Bailly.
- Sept. 25—Annual school exhibition was held in the Assembly Hall. It was very successful and appeared to be the best ever held in the school. The exhibits presented for examination were manual art, soap carvings, fancy work, regular school work and flowers.
- Nov. 4—Money received from sale of apples at School Exhibition was used to outfit a child of a Nursery School in England.
- Nov. 16 - 20—Grades VIII to XII inclusive wrote the first set of examination.
- Nov. 30—School hours for the pupils of Grade I to VI were changed for winter months.
- Nov. 24—Miss Edna Grant, National organizer of the W. C. T. U., addressed the Morning Assembly. Her topic was "The Effect of Alcohol, Internally and Externally.
- Dec. 17 and 19—Annual Christmas Concert was a great success. First part of the concert was taken up by a number of features by common school

and junior high. Mrs. Oxner's Choral Club presented an operetta entitled "The Beauty Contest."

Dec. 22—J. J. Kinley, M. P. and Mayor A. W. Schwartz addressed the high school students at their closing exercises. Mr. Kinley delivered an inspiring Christmas message. At this assembly, Mrs. Gordon Harrington presented War Saving Certificates to the winners of the I. O. D. E. essay contest:—

Grade IX—Garnice Demone.

Grade X—Delma Knickle.

Grade XI—Benjamin Kaulbach.

Grade XII—Ruby Creaser.

Dec. 22—A very successful Christmas dance was held in the Assembly Hall by the Student's Council. An Old Fashioned Square Dance was the main feature of the evening.

During the past month the following sums were donated:—

\$15 to Crippled Children's Fund.

\$25 to Local Red Cross.

Miss Knickle was forced, through illness, to vacate her position on the teaching staff shortly after the Christmas vacation. This vacancy was filled by Mrs. Fraser until the arrival of our present teacher, Mrs. E. Miller.

Jan. 11, 1943—Possibly, the most interesting Morning Assembly of the year was held. Constable Farrar of the R. C. M. P. boat "St. Roch", visited our Academy and gave an enjoyable talk on his trip through the North-West Passage and general characteristics of our Eskimo neighbors. In addition Constable Farrar showed several reels of film.

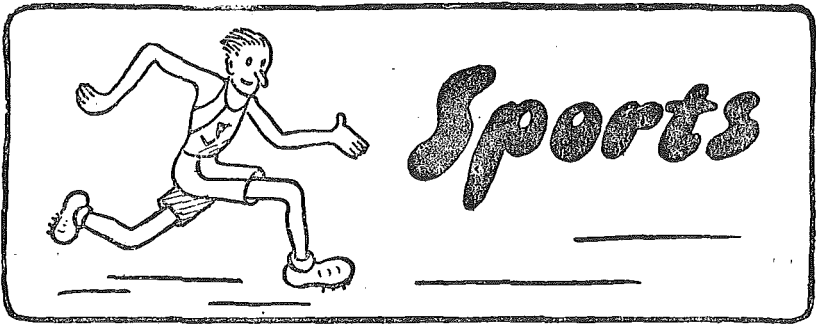
One of the special features of our Morning Assemblies this term has been the beginning of a series of debates. The first was held between Grades XI and XII, the topic being "Resolved that there should be more physical training in High School." The Grade XII affirmative team, Orlando Lacey (captain) Lillian Schlenger and Arthur Crouse won the debate. The negative team was Walter Cook (captain) Eleanor Randell and Jane Potter of Grade XI.

The topic of the next debate which was held between Grades IX and X was, "Resolved that there should be separate classes for the boys and girls in High School." The Grade X team William Hebb (captain), Joyce Jennings and Thelma Levy upheld the affirmative side of the debate. The Grade IX team Aubrey Mosher (captain), Vivian Rattray and Jane Himmelman upheld the winning negative side.

The latest debate held between Grades VII and VIII had as its topic "Resolved that homework should be abolished in Junior High School." The Grade VII negative team was Lloyd Zinck (captain), Carol Zinck, and Gordon Lacey. The Grade VIII team, Sherman Zwicker (captain), Alice Bald and Jean Sholds won the debate.

Mar. 15 - 19—Grades VIII to XII inclusive wrote the second set of examinations.





By MAXWELL CLUETT '46

Last May, Lunenburg Academy sent a track team of only five members to Wolfville for the annual "Acadia Track Meet." They, however, lacked the "pep" of other years. The members of the team were:

Edgar Himmelman.

Warren Miller.

Benjamin Kaulback.

Arthur Byers.

George Innes.

Edgar (Eggie) Himmelman came second in the 220 yard dash.

At the beginning of this school year an athletic association was elected by the members of the Students' Council.

Presidents: Ira Bruce, Lillian Schlenger.

Secretary-Treasurer: Edgar Himmelman, Jean Macartney.

On February 20, 1943 Lunenburg High School boys met Liverpool High School boys in a Basket Ball game at the Lunenburg Armouries. The challenge was received by Ira Bruce, captain of Lunenburg boys. This was the first time, the Lunenburg boys have played in a Basket Ball competition with any outside school. The Liverpool team won the game by a score of 33 to 16.

The members of the Lunenburg team were:—

Forwards: Ira Bruce, Benjamin Kaulback, John Beck, Edgar Himmelman, Eric Collins.

Guards: Arthur Crouse, Robert Haughn, John Kinley, Donald Beck and Basil Nowe.

## LUNENBURG VERSUS LIVERPOOL

(As reported in Progress-Enterprise April 7th, 1943.)

Lunenburg Academy Basketball Team journeyed to Liverpool Friday night, April 2nd, for an exhibition game with the Queens Co. Academy Team. The Lunenburg Squad displayed a remarkable change of form as compared with the previous game at Lunenburg.

The score is an indication of the closeness of the game throughout. At the end of the first half, the score was 6—5 in Lunenburg's favor. This period was characterized by the aggressive play of the visiting team which kept the home team off balance throughout. Had Lunenburg been able to capitalize on its scoring chances, quite a score would have been run up. Beck and Kinley were particularly effective on defense, and Ben Kaulbach was "a slippery eel" around the Liverpool cage. Bruce sent the opposing forwards flying in all directions.

For the first few minutes of the second half, it looked as if Lunenburg had the Liverpool Team in a tight corner. Liverpool called time out for two minutes to break the spell. With one minute to go Liverpool tied the score to run the game into overtime.

The spectators howled and cheered as two five-minute overtime periods passed with both team still deadlocked. Liverpool broke the jinx in the third overtime period, and the game ended with the score 24—19 in Liverpool's favor. Both teams were in a state of exhaustion. The Lunenburg Academy team went down fighting hard to the last whistle. Experience was a big factor in the winning of the game, but aggressiveness almost reversed the tabls.

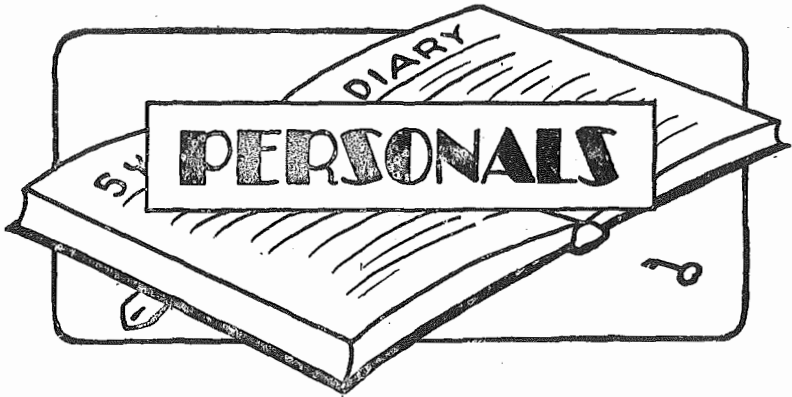
Liverpool entertained the local team at a High School party staged in their honor. The visitors were loud in their praises of the hospitality of the students of the Queens Co. Academy. It is hoped that a game can be arranged for the evening of April 30th when plans call for the Liverpool Team to be in full Army Cadet uniform while the Lunenburg Academy boys, if permitted, will appear as Air Cadets and Sea Cadets.

The Lunenburg Team consisted of:

**Forward:** John Beck, Edgar Himmelman, Ira Bruce, Eric Collins, Ben Kaulbach, Arthur Crouse.

**Defense:** Basil Nowe, John Kinley, Donald Beck.

Mr. D. H. Collins and Mr. E. R. Payzant coached the Lunenburg team.



By JACQUELINE MOSHER '43

What the students of A '42 are now doing:

Jane Breed is at present employed at the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg.

The following Lunenburg Academy graduates are taking courses at Mount Allison University: Ruby Creaser, Kathryn Risser, Rita Tobin, Evelyn Ritecy, Arthur Corkum.

1943 finds Donald Hebb teaching school at Blue Rocks.

Jean Kaulback is employed at Simpson's Order Office, Lunenburg.

Shirley Oxner is doing office work for Mr. M. M. Gardner, Lunenburg.

Marguerite Tanner is at home at present, studying music and shorthand.

Mildred Thurlow is studying music at Mt. Allison University.

Both Eric Potter and Richard Thomas are attending Acadia University to study Science.

Dorothy Nauss is studying business at a Commercial School in New Brunswick.

Earl Levy was working at the Tungsten Mines, Indian Path, but is now in Toronto, taking a course in Radio Technology.

What the students of B '42 are now doing:—

Beatrice Spidel is now employed at Naval Dockyards, Halifax, as filing clerk.

Alecia Strothard, after winning a scholarship, is at present studying music at Mt. Allison.

Marjorie Mason is employed in the Dominion Store, Lunenburg.

Jean Ailen and Rosemary Hebb, after choosing business as their future work, are studying at Mt. Allison.

Margaret Slater had to leave Lunenburg Academy during the school year of 1942, to resume her studies at Liverpool High School.

Angus Byers is working in Shelburne.

Philip Dauphinee is taking a technical course at Halifax.

Edward Ryder is acquiring practical experience at Kinley's Drug Store, after which he plans to take the Pharmacy Course.

Wilfred Greek is at present teaching school at New Germany.

Lillian Hildyard is training as a nurse in Ottawa.

Dorothy Morgan has been training at the Halifax Infirmary.

Marion Bruce is training at the Children's Hospital, Halifax.

Lawrence Crouse is employed by the Telephone Company, Lunenburg.

William Zwicker is studying radio technology at Toronto.

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## "A" CLASS PROPHECY

By ARTHUR CROUSE AND BENJAMIN KAULBACK '43

Extra! Extra! Read all about it!!! John Kinley, Jr. Presents Plans for Post War Progress!!!

"Get a load of this, will you, Ben?"

"Here, Chappy, let's have a paper. Oh, by Jove, I haven't a nickel. Pay him, will you Arthur?"

"I wish I'd been home for the last election, I'd have given him another vote. He'll make a good Prime Minister some day."

We had just completed four years of advanced training in the R. A. F. overseas and had returned home after the signing of the Armistice. These startling headlines reached our ears shortly after we landed at the airport. We were rather surprised to hear that one of our former classmates had advanced so far in world politics. We began to leaf through the newspaper in the hope of finding something on the present activities of our other school pals.

"Gee, there's a familiar name. Able Seaman, Donald Beck, 3rd class, R. C. N. V. R. has been awarded the George Cross. Great Guns! I never thought he had it in him!"

"Bennie, look below that. Isn't that a picture of Marguerite Wilson? After completing her course on general nursing, she has been promoted to 2nd Lieutenant in the C. W. R. E. N. S."

"I wonder if there is a Social page in this paper. Yes, here it is. Oh, look, Mr. and Mrs. J. Keillor announce the engagement of their daughter, Ruth Spink to Basil Nowe, who has just completed a college course in radio. Remember how he used to play around with wireless sets in his school days?"

"Well, take a look at this, would you? Winona Parks has just been appointed special soloist on the Saturday Night Variety Hour. It also says that Lillian Schlenger is applying for the part of "Scarlet O'Hara" in the revised version of COME WITH THE WIND."

"Here is the old faithful Maritime Tel. & Tel. advertisement. It says for further information, apply to Miss Evelyn MacPherson, c/o the Lunenburg Branch."

"This page gives the news of the province. Notice down here that the rural teachers have struck for higher wages. Good grief! Here are the names of Ruby Oxner and Jean Himmelman."

"Turn that page, Arthur. I thought I saw a picture that looked familiar. Yes, it is Ira Bruce, in boxing trunks, new contender for the heavy-weight boxing championship. Wait a second, here's a picture of Eggie Himmelman setting a new record for the 220 yd. dash. You can tell how fast he is running by the way the picture is blurred."

"Notice here, Bennie, that Audrey Tanner has been promoted to filing clerk in that big grocery store run by the Zinck sisters."

"Don't tell me that Queenie and Blossom own a big grocery store! Isn't that wonderful?"

"Heavens, Arthur, what's this about? — Betty Corkum eloping with Orlando Lace! How people's attitudes change in a few years!"

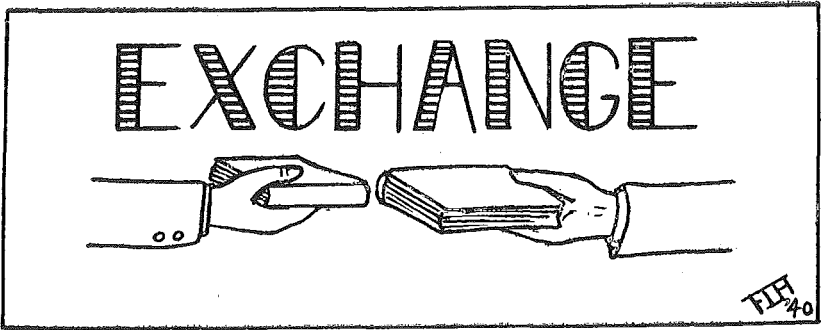
"What a bunch of beautiful girls in this picture of the Aberdeen Hospital Graduating Class — and oh! there's Pauline Crouse and Jacqueline Mosher among the number. I'll bet they will soon be heading for an Air Stewardess' School."

"Ha, ha! Read this comic strip, Arthur. Who do you think is the artist?"

"Tut! Tut! if it isn't Robert Haughn and he calls the strip Moon Haughn's Luck!"

"Say, look on this back page. An advertisement of an up-to-the-minute Beauty Shop with Diana Tanner and Jean Rattray as operators. Didn't I tell you, Arthur, that there was an aggressive group of scholars in the graduating class of 1943?"

"Yes, but I never dreamed of anything like this when we were in Grade XII. Oh, well, that's how the world changes."



## EXCHANGE

By WALTER COOK '44

We, the students of Lunenburg County Academy, should like to acknowledge the excellent work done by the editors and contributors of the various magazines with which we have an exchange.

Our exchange consists of the following:

"THE TECH FLASH"—from the Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax.

It contains much interesting material, particularly the essays; a very appropriate cover; a fine little magazine.

"ACADIA BULLETIN"—from Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.

Your photographs are all very clear; the articles are very interesting. Your material is well arranged, really an exceptionally fine magazine.

"THE VOICE"—from Yarmouth County Academy, Yarmouth, N. S.

Your editions all contain interesting articles and outstanding gossip columns. Your magazine is very popular in our school.

"BISHOPS COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE"—from Lennoxville, Ont.

An exceptionally fine magazine. Your photographs and print are very clear. There is much interesting school news.

"THE QUEEN ANNE"—from Annapolis Royal Academy.

An intelligently organized book, containing much interesting material. You have a fine representation from the Junior High School.

"THE WATCHWORD"—from River Hebert, N. S.

Your magazine appeals to us, the students of L. C. A.

"THE BRIDGEWATER HIGH SCHOOL YEAR BOOK"—from Bridgewater, N. S.

Good material throughout the entire book, a very fine edition.

"THE JOGGINS JOURNAL"—from Joggins, N. S.

We enjoy your Journal very much, and hope you will keep up the good work.

"MAHONE BAY HIGHLIGHT"—from Mahone Bay, N. S.

Because of your excellent material, your magazine is very "up-and-coming."

"BROWN AND GOLD ANNUAL"—from Glace Bay, N. S.

Your magazine is very much appreciated by the students of Lunenburg High School.

"UP ON THE HILL"—from Pictou, N. S.

Contains clear photographs, good materials, a fine magazine in all details.

We should like as extensive an exchange as possible with our year book and we welcome any criticism that may help us to raise the standard of the 'Sea Gull.'

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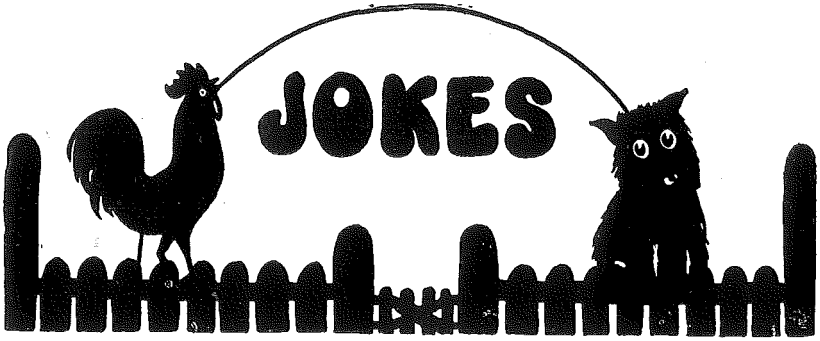
## SPECIAL FEATURES

### Movies and Books

The Good Companion  
 One Foot in Heaven  
 The Mutineers  
 A Checked Love Affair  
 Blind Loyalty  
 Dream Life  
 Angels with Dirty Faces  
  
 Capt. Horatio Hornblower  
 Music of the Wild  
 The Outdoor Chums  
 The Lover  
 Maid of the Marshes  
 The Spy Company  
 The Sea Wolf  
 Slaves of Freedom  
 Almost an Angel  
 Grand Central Murders  
 Where the Blue Begins  
 Strictly Business  
 Dear Enemy  
 Man Alive  
 Homeward Bound  
 Travelling Companions  
 The Corner House Girls at School  
 The House that Hitler Built

### Leading Characters

Mr. Collins  
 Donald Iversen  
 Ira, Edgar and John  
 Jean and Warren  
 Queenie Zinck  
 World without a School  
 Maxwell Cluett and  
     Arthur Eisenhauer  
 Donald Beck  
 Choral Club  
 Joyce and Eileen  
 Betty Corkum  
 Diana Tanner  
 Students' Council  
 "Buddy" Lace  
 Grade XII  
 Vivian Rattray  
 Mr. Collins' periods  
 9 o'clock  
 "Benny" Kaulback  
 "Nony" and Anne  
 "Moon" Haughn  
 5 o'clock  
 Jean and "Jackie"  
 Jean and Ruby  
 Academy



Grade XI History—Current Events:

Paul Hebb: "Did you hear about the military worm?"

Mr. Campbell, (surprised): No, what is it?

Paul H.: It's in the Apple Corps.

Mr. Campbell, in Grade XII English class: "Basil, did I see you throwing paper?"

Basil: "No, sir, I was waving my hand."

Mr. Campbell: "Well, I suppose that was your hand I saw flying across the aisle."

Shirley, informing Marie how to use an ointment for her cough: "Rub this on your chest before going to bed."

Marie: "My, I'm sorry, Shirley, I haven't a chest. Would it be all right if I rubbed it on my trunk?"

Blossom Zinck, after being threatened by Mr. Campbell: "If he hits me, there will be a reversible reaction."

Mrs. Fraser, seeing Mr. Collins, for whom she has been looking for ten minutes: "I spend the best part of my life looking for you."

Mr. Payzant, taking roll call: "All not present will please raise their hands."

Blossom Zinck: "May I leave the room?"

Mr. Campbell: "Were you out yesterday?"

Blossom: "No, I haven't been out for a week."

Mr. C.: "I believe you'd better go then and see a doctor."

Someone was humming in the Grade XII class.

Mr. Campbell: "If you people feel so musical, I'll hit a few of you and then you'll hear some very dull notes."

Maxwell Cluett (at the drug store). "My hair is falling out, I would like to get something to keep it in."

Druggist: "Well, the best I have is a cardboard box."

Grade XII boys were discussing a News Reel in which Germans were fighting Russians.

Oriando L.: "I couldn't tell the Germans from the Russians."

Ben. K.: "The Germans were the ones that were running."

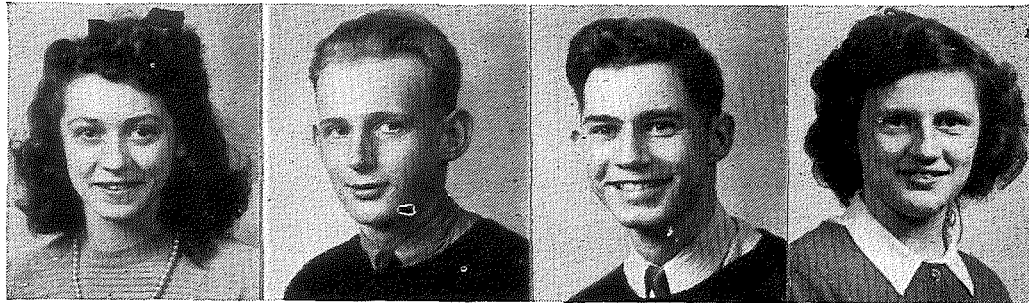


Raunie Crouse  
"Polly"

Robert Naugle  
"Moon"

Eugar Hummelman  
"Eggie"

Jean Hummelman  
"Jeanie"



Ambition:  
Weakness:  
Where Seen Most:

B'Water boys  
Air Stewardess  
With Mac K.

Loafing  
Insurance  
Nowhere

Minister's Daughter  
Merchant Marine  
With Ira

Walking  
Stenographer  
With "Jackie"

Donald Beck  
"Allister"

Ira Bruce  
"Torchy"

Elizabeth Corkum  
"Betty"

Arthur Crouse  
"Arter"



Weakness:  
Ambition:  
Favorite Saying:

Pool  
Welder  
"Greetings"

Girls  
Male Nurse  
"Buzz off"

Navy  
Go to Mt. A  
"Hi Ya"

Sunburn  
To loaf  
"Oh Yeah"

THE SEA GULL

Benjamin Kaulback  
"Ben"

Ruth Keillor  
"Scottie"

John Kinley  
"Jim"

Orlando Lace  
"Buddy"



Weakness:  
Ambition:  
Pastime:

Jitter bugging  
Engineer  
"Smooching"

English  
Business College  
Talking to Bennie

Grade XI Girls  
Engineer  
Whistling

Fishing  
Pilot  
Loafing on Ships

Evelyn MacPherson  
"Ebbie"

Jacqueline Mosher  
"Jackie"

Bazil Nowe  
"Geezil"

Ruby Oxner  
"Ruby"



Weakness:  
Ambition:  
Pastime:

Lolly  
Nurse  
Reading

History  
Stenographer  
Walking with Jean

History  
Electrician  
Signalling

Mathematics  
To get her "A"  
Studying

Winona Parks  
"Nony"

Jean Rattray  
"Dee"

Lillian Schlenger  
"Lil"

Audrey Tanner  
"Audrey"



Weakness:  
Ambition:  
Pastime:

Redheads  
Private Secretary  
Giggling

College boys  
Go to Acadia  
Seeing Movies

Dancing  
Join R. C. A. F.  
Eating

Navy  
Nurse  
Music

Diana Tanner  
"Diane"

Marguerite Wilson  
"Toots"

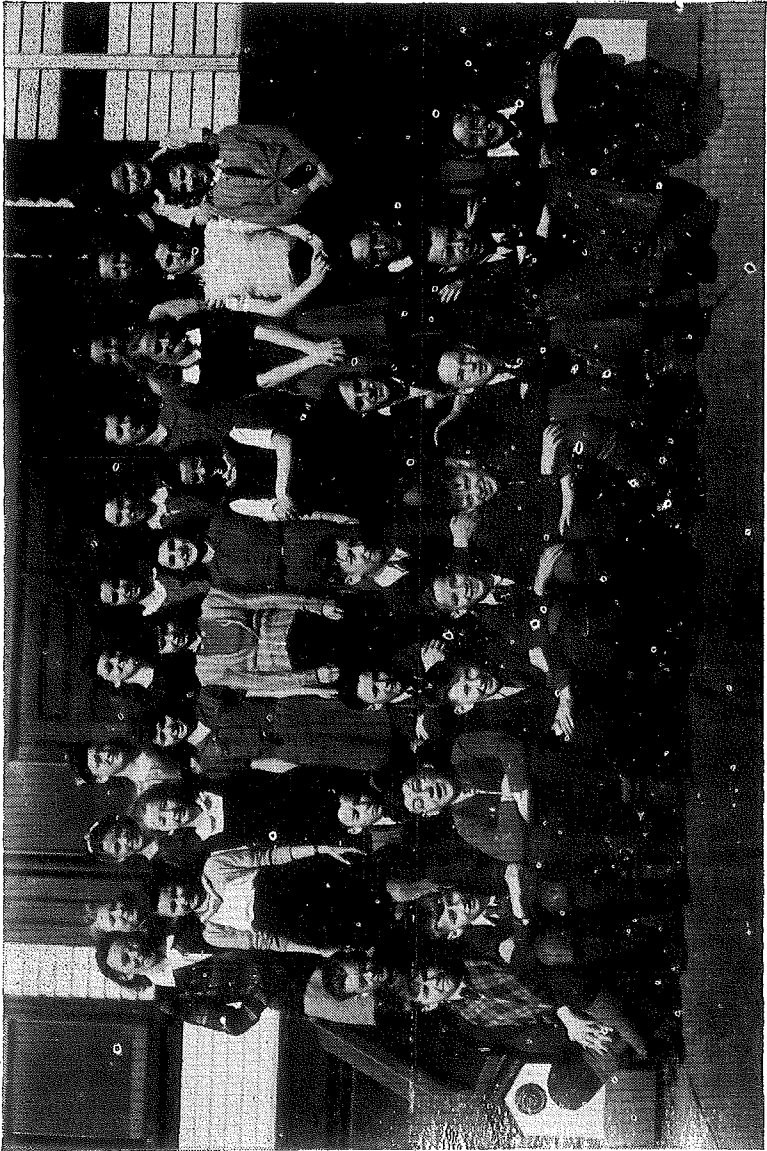


Ambition:  
Favorite Saying:  
Weakness:

Her Soldier  
Teacher  
"Gosh"

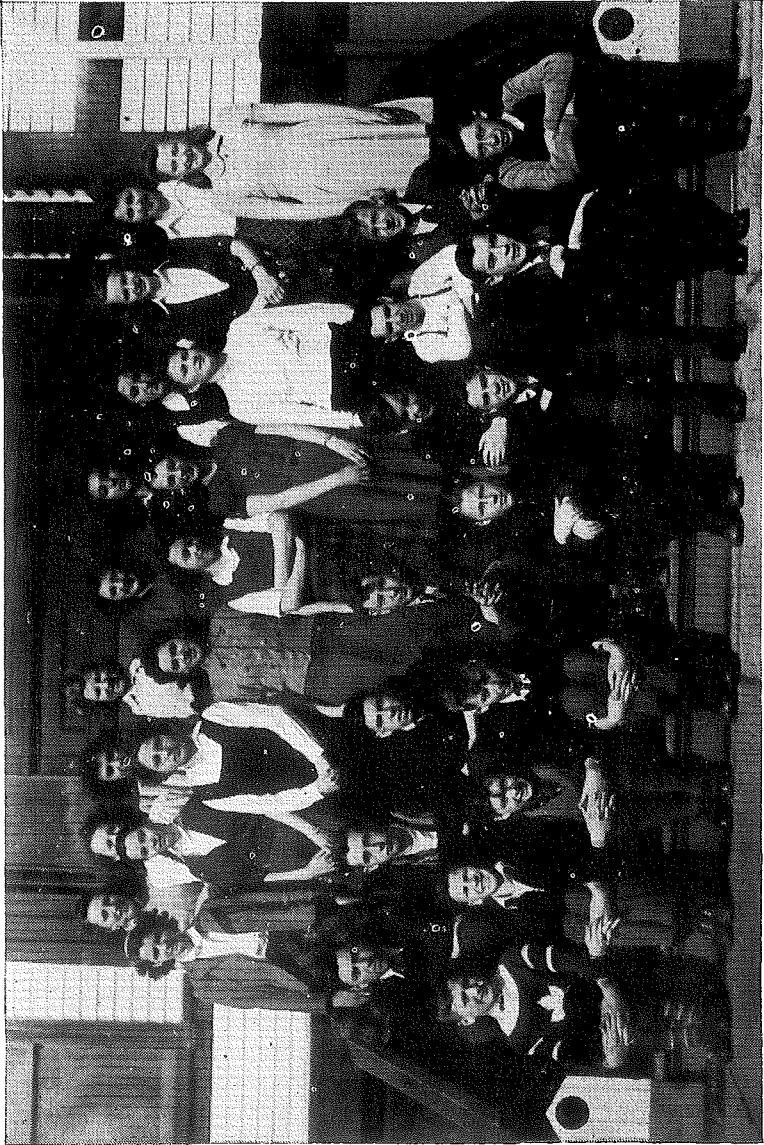
Join W. R. C. N. S.  
Sleeping  
"That's beside the poir"

THE SEA GULL



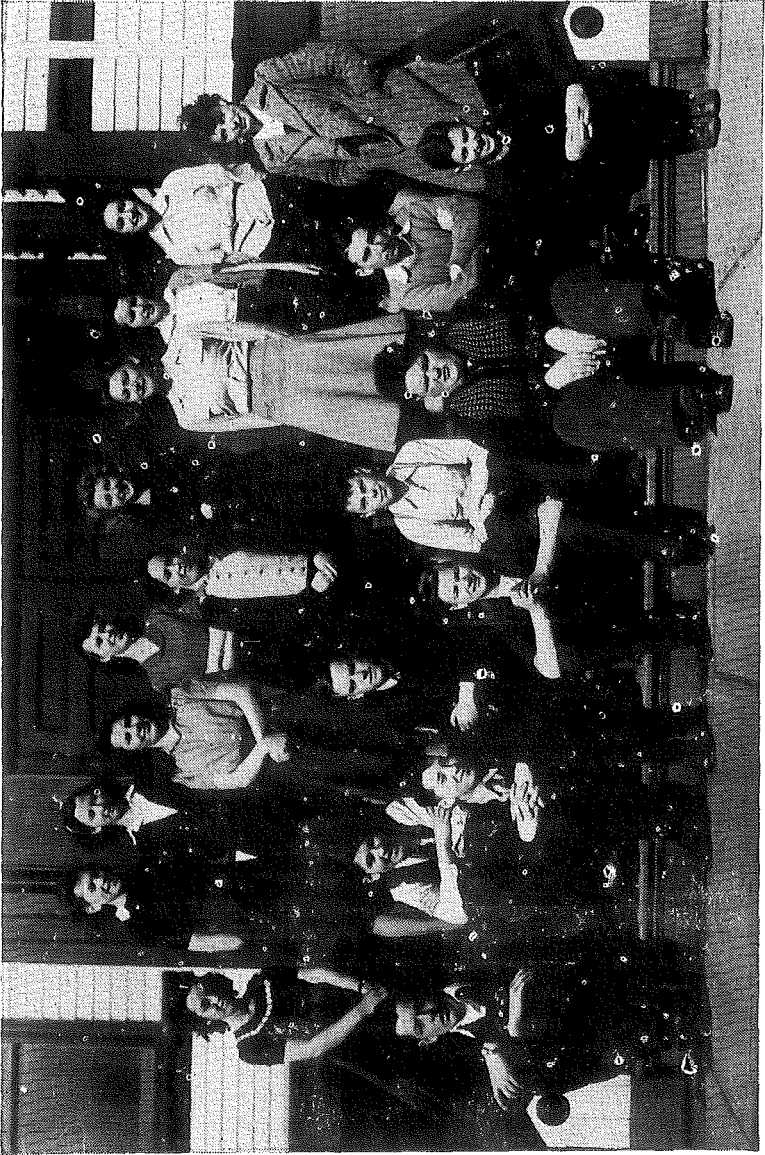
GRADE VIII

THE SEA GULL



GRADE IX

THE SEA GULL



GRADE X

THE SEA GULL



GRADE XI

## THE SEA GULL

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R. C. Sterne  
Dr. J. A. Tupper  
Dr. R. G. A. Wood  
Dr. R. C. Zinck

Miss Westhaver (in Grade IX history period): Where is Shediac?

Warren Miller: "Truro?"

Miss Westhaver: "No. Diane, where is it?"

Diane: "It's a river in Nova Scotia."

Joyce Jennings: (to Mr. Payzant in Biology period) Shall I draw a button on this mushroom?"

Mr. Payzant: "You can draw a zipper on it if you like."

Lillian S., while skating with Mr. Collins: "I have trouble skating, because my ankles bend over."

Mr. Collins: "You must not mind that. Mine used to, when I was younger."

Lillian: "What happened, did rigor mortis set in?"



THE SEA GULL

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