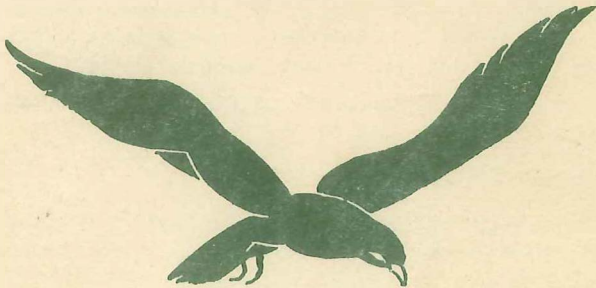


The
SEA GULL



ANIMIS OPIBUSQUE PARATI

Lunenburg Academy Year Book

1944

LUNENBURG AND THE POST WAR RECONSTRUCTION

1. INDIVIDUAL BUSINESS PLANNING:

Our important fishing and manufacturing companies have plans for redesigning their plants and producing new and improved products. The fishing fleet will be supplemented by the addition of druggers and long line fishing boats. The boat building industry is one that could be developed to a greater extent especially in the building of yachts and pleasure craft.

2. COORDINATED COMMUNITY PLANNING:

The outstanding deficiency in our community is a Hospital, a concerted effort should be made to have one that is a credit to the town, perhaps known as the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital.

A Community Hall to be the social and recreational centre of the town.

3. EMPLOYMENT WORKS PLANNING:

The civic authorities are formulating post war plans for permanent streets, additions to the town's water services and other public works.

4. CO-OPERATIVE NATIONAL PLANNING:

The development of Blockhouse Hill as a Historical Site - the building of a replica of the original fort and early settlers houses.

A building suitable for a museum.

The landscaping of the Hill, the establishing of a suitable parking ground for cars and trailers.

The Building of a small modern fireproof Hotel, and overnight cabins and facilities to cater to the tourist trade.

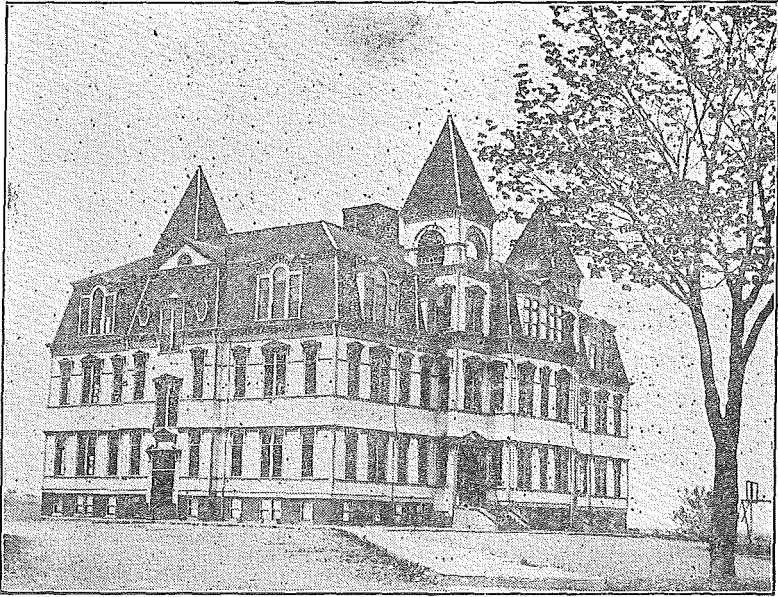
Post war developments in the fishing industry will no doubt require alertness and co-operation by both Government and Private interests.

Rail and Highway transportation facilities should be improved as soon as labor and materials are available.

The above are some of the Post War Reconstruction recommendations — of — the LUNENBURG BOARD OF TRADE.



This Issue of The
Sea Gull
Is Dedicated To The
W. N. S. Regiment
Overseas



LUNENBURG ACADEMY

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



JEAN E. MACDONALD



P. L. WESTHAVER, B. SC.



EDWIN T. SHIPLEY, B.A.



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



ROBERT A. CAMPBELL, M.A.



JOHN S. MACLELLAN



DOROTHY ANDERSON

JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF



I should like to thank all those citizens who have made this magazine possible by their kind co-operation. As Secretary of the Students' Council, I am glad to say that I think the students have co-operated better this year than ever before.

GERALD FALKENHAM,
Business Manager.

I have enjoyed my work as President of the Students' Council, and I appreciate the unique experience it has given me. The work has taught me to take responsibilities, which will help me in whatever occupation I follow after leaving school. May I take this opportunity to wish the graduates of 1944 success in their future careers.

ROBERTA SARTY.



It has been an honour and a pleasure to me to be editor of this year's *Seagull*. Although the material of this edition is of a somewhat different nature from that of other years, I do hope it meets the approval of Public Opinion. Being able to work with my fellow students has given me much pleasure, as well as showing me how to accept responsibility. Every success to the graduating class of '44.

GRACE MacPHERSON.



As Assistant Editor of this magazine and Treasurer of the Students' Council I would like to express my sincere desire that this magazine, and the ones in the years to come may be a success.

BARBARA ZINCK.



THE SEA GULL



Much credit is due the students of Lunenburg Academy for their thoughtfulness in devoting this year's "Sea Gull" to post-war developments in this community. Our energies, at present, are required mainly in the War Effort; but after Victory this issue of the "Sea Gull" should be a valuable reference for post-war ideas. It is to be hoped that the best of them may be developed by the students themselves after their graduation. Lunenburg of the future will be in your hands, and it is well for you to prepare yourselves to make it a better town than ever before.

Your efforts in that direction, which includes the material for this year's "Sea Gull" will have the whole-hearted co-operation of the Town Council and the Board of School Commissioners, on whose behalf I offer my congratulations.

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

The Board of School Commissioners for the year 1944—

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THE SEA GULL

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The Sea Gull

VOL. 10 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1944 NO. 10

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THE SEA GULL



By GRACE MacPHERSON '44

The World Around Us

Peace is a word which seems to have lost a great deal of its original meaning to the people of the world during the past few years. 1944 finds many of us, however, looking for just that! We are quite certain, here in L. C. A. that peace will bring changes; and hence we are devoting this edition of *The Seagull* to the possible post-war changes in Lunenburg.

Wars always mean bloodshed; but they sometimes mean more than that to a far-sighted citizen. They mean that inventions, improvements and advancements are speeded up along every line. Perhaps only for the aid of a great war machine at first, but someday these inventions are used for civilian use. A very good example of an invention which had been stimulated by war would be the Stader Splint which is being used only for the armed forces to-day; but in the future it will be put to civilian use. This advancement was made along medical lines. Think of all those which have been made in industrial, chemical and the electrical fields! Will not these inventions help us? What effect will they have on Lunenburg? It is almost certain that new industries could be built here after the war, and Lunenburg could grow in size and importance. Should not the people of our town begin to plan for a bigger and better future now? For over fifty years our population has been static. We want only a growth which is gradual and consequently healthy.

Wars bring more than improvements and bloodshed. Wars also result in social upheaval and dislocation to family lives. We, who are home, now begin to think of the boys overseas and to ask ourselves — "what do they want when they come back?" Comfortable homes, employment, and recreation are the only answers. To gain all these it is very much their own responsibility; but what can we of Lunenburg do to help them?

Our School

War has meant that a great many of our former school chums are now

THE SEA GULL

in active military life as well as in cadet corps. We have not forgotten those who have donned uniforms and are now in far off places.

Those of us at L. C. A. now, notice the change in the size of the classes. Grades X and XI are smaller than those of other years and the ones who are here now know for what purpose they are working. To-day there are many opportunities for young students who wish to enter the working class. Those who remain in school should be commended for doing so, for this is the proper time for them to receive an education.

This year has brought only two changes in our teaching staff. We have now Mr. E. Shipley in the place of Mr. E. R. Payzant; and Miss Jean MacDonald in place of Mrs. Miller. All are quite thankful this year that no changes have been made during the term.

War Saving Stamps and Certificates are on sale in school, although it seems that the majority of the sales still come from the pupils of the Common School. Our salvage committees for magazines and metal have set aside certain days of each month for their drives. The results have been quite good so far.

Debates will be held this year as in others and the students are beginning to realize of what great importance these can be in the development of a public speaker.

The Grade XII class is now struggling with the problem of just what their work will be after they leave the Academy. Although we are still in a period of war, we all have the problem of deciding on the selection of a vocation or a profession. Whatever the selection may be, I trust we shall dedicate ourselves to an intelligent, broad-minded citizenship; for our High School years have been shaped to these ends.

THE FUNCTION OF THE SCHOOL !

Over a period of several years, the Staff of the Academy has been endeavoring to implant and to arouse a sense of Student participation in the affairs of the Academy, and to create a natural co-operation between the Staff and the Student Body. Plans of this sort are like so many of the articles we read to-day - they appear excellent when discussed in committee meetings or when they are written for public consumption. Yet the realistic test is simply this: does the plan work?

For some time and particularly during this present School Year, a number of developments have occurred which prove beyond a doubt the gradual evolution of a different type of school. Now I am not prepared to assert that this development cannot be destroyed through malice; but inasmuch as the final fruition of this movement has taken a long time, it does not appear possible that this spirit can be destroyed in a moment.

You students have a governing body of your own. While occasions have arisen in which I have had, as I thought, to impose my own will, I believe in the main that most of the suggestions which have ve-emanated from the Students' Council have been good "Horse Sense" and have been accepted. Your meetings on Friday mornings have been free from the intervention of the Staff, except when you have requested me to be present to collaborate with you on some important subject.

This magazine is a tribute to the originality and perseverance of the various Committees, and particularly to those faithful students who always do more than their share without receiving adequate recognition. This same thing is true of all life; many persons must bear the burden through the heat of the day while the kudos go to others who will not do their share unless some publicity is attached thereto. As Harry Emerson Fosdick has said "Their reward is evident." There are possibly several directions in which we could improve our Year Book. I know you students will admit the hard work put into this by the Staff. But you have written the material; and you have labored with us to reach the objective. And I am proud of you!

This year a climacteric was attained in Student responsibility and participation in the affairs of the School. While Mr. Campbell and Miss J. MacDonald were sick, you carried on in the face of a most difficult situation. Frankly I was at the cross-roads of indecision when the crisis developed. Should I make all the School suffer by transferring teachers from the Common School Grades; or should I request the School Commissioners to advertise for teachers in a period when good Teachers are a prized possession? Then this idea emerged. Years ago when classes were too large there were student helpers, so why not use this plan in the emergency? With the exception of a small number who wanted to carry on according to the old rule "Teacher - versus - Student in ten rounds", the majority of you decided to accept my plan. You took your turn in teaching the Class; and a few of you informed me later that you could then understand the importance of lesson preparation and student co-operation in the teaching of it. Naturally the plan was imperfect since you lost a month's

teaching by instructors who are specifically educated to do this job. I am convinced, however, that you have learned a lesson in Civic Responsibility which augurs well for the future of the Academy and the Community.

Recently I received a letter from a graduate of this Academy who has never attended another institution and who is now in Italy. He described to me several discussion groups pertaining to Education involving such persons as an English Public School Teacher, a Principal of a school in Scotland, and another who was apparently "The Empire Builder."

In his own words, "Each night the talk ended on the subject of education. At the end of several months, I decided they agreed on one thing 'Schooling should be designed to make one essentially a better citizen.'

"Because I was the only Canadian present, I was asked to describe the Canadian Schools. The I am a Harrow Man', the Scotch Major, and the others agreed the Canadian System is good. And I - I realized our School Teachers have a heavy load on their hands."

I quote this letter to you because I am proud of it; proud of what your Academy has meant to a young man who is on Active Service for Canada. It is a living testimonial to the positive side of our work. I am convinced that the most important function of our Academy is to co-operate with the Home and the Church to enable a Student to realize his full possibilities. The Good Book reads (and I have never read an idea stated any better), "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and Man." Our institution should and must try to be an effective part of this process, or, in my humble judgment, we shall be neglecting the important issues of life.

D. H. COLLINS,
Principal.

THE YOUTH OF LUNENBURG

By ROBERT SILVER '44

Injury to a boy's character begins in his idle time. When a teen-aged boy is restless, bored and idle, he usually looks for an escape-channel for his pent-up emotions. Such is the case in Lunenburg.

Almost 80% of Lunenburg teen-aged boys spend their time in pool-rooms. This is an actual fact, and it does the boys themselves no good whatsoever. Why do they frequent these buildings? Simply because they have nothing to do. They are idle and looking for excitement and usually they find it in the wrong places.

Lunenburg is supposed to be modern and realistic in its attitude to present day problems. We are fighting a World War for our youth. Then let us develop them into men and women who can appreciate what is being done for them. Why cannot Lunenburg have an organization for its young people; a place where they could go and dance, play games such as badminton and table tennis; and enjoy the benefits of a gymnasium?

WHAT CAN LUNENBURG DO FOR ITS YOUTH?

By SYLVIA WALTERS, GRACE MacPHERSON, JOHN MASON '44

The problems of youth should be of great concern to every citizen. Is everyone interested? During the war we have heard considerable about youth delinquency and neglect. Then in our Post-War world should we not try to correct these faults and see that they do not happen in the future? Here in Lunenburg, although youth retains some of its former habits, we believe that changes might be made which on the whole would improve present conditions.

First of all let us consider our school curriculum as this is the real basis for all training. There has been much discussion concerning the value of certain subjects now being taught. It is wondered whether or not courses along more practical lines should be taught. Such courses would include commercial, practical first aid, and household science. Suggestions also have been made concerning night classes. These would further the education of young men and women who had not the opportunity of receiving sufficient education. Such classes could be in shipbuilding for fishermen who are unemployed during the winter months; in drafting for others who are unemployed; and in cooking and sewing for young women domestically inclined.

We have already mentioned the value of household science in our school. It, however, could give aid in another way. There might be a small school cafeteria in connection with the domestic science room. With such a school cafeteria, students remaining at the Academy during lunch hour would be ensured of a hot and wholesome meal. This would prevent deficiencies in their diet.

In the Post-War period boys and girls will have every opportunity to remain in school. They will probably be compelled to stay in school until they are older, because of conditions of employment; but this would be for the better. After they do leave school, their chief concern is employment. Can the people of Lunenburg provide this for its youth? Will there be opportunities in the fishing industry? There is nothing more important than to keep youth attracted to the home industries.

For employment, we must have healthy bodies as well as healthy minds. It has been noticed that very special care is given to young babies and their mothers in Lunenburg. Periodical medical attentions is also given to young boys and girls in common school. This is all very fine; but what of our High School students? When young people reach this age, it is the time when medical attention is needed most. Would it not be possible to establish clinics for such care? If clinics could be established, all young people would be treated alike and many cases of disease could be checked in time. In such a clinic compulsory inoculation for such diseases as diphtheria, typhoid fever and scarlet fever could be enforced. In recent years in school, epidemics of common diseases have broken out which might have been prevented by the establishment of such clinics where these inoculations would be

carried through. Hence a prompt and efficient prevention of epidemics might result.

A certain amount of recreation is required by everyone from their work-day world. Today in our town we have a well equipped recreation hall for Service Men... What will be done with this recreation hall in the Post-War world? Could this recreation centre be used for youth then? If it could be run as efficiently as it is today, it would make an outstanding social centre for the youth of the future. Young people could gather in such a place for sing-songs, dancing, games and other recreation. This would eliminate a great deal of the present lack of interest in social obligations of young people.

There is a great deal of playground equipment at our disposal which could be used for recreation for younger boys and girls during the summer months. This is not used, because there is no one to see that proper care is taken of it. In other towns of this size in Nova Scotia, there are paid instructors to look after playground facilities and to see that proper care is given the children.

The improvements at the Back Harbour in recent years lead us to believe that such improvements could be made at Mason's Beach also. Bathing houses are urgently needed there now. This would be an added attraction for tourists as well as citizens of the town and would certainly improve swimming facilities for youth.

All the above mentioned improvements could only be carried out successfully if the individual realizes his responsibility in co-operation with the community leaders. Interested, patient and understanding leadership is required from our elders.

A STUDENT'S OPINION

By JEAN SHOLDS '47

"The world of tomorrow belongs to the youth of today." Therefore youth must be prepared now for the future. The boys of our school are receiving training invaluable to them in many trades. Should girls not have a place in the postwar world?

Of course! Many schools are helping them by Household Science instruction. It is my opinion that if enough interest and effort were made, our school, too, might fit its girls for the future in this way. With the present shortage of cooking materials, it would be difficult to equip a domestic science class at this time. That should not stand in the way of plans materializing as soon as shortages have been overcome. Surely the citizens of Lunenburg do not wish to see other schools become more modern than their own.

RESIDENTIAL LUNENBURG AFTER THE WAR

By DORIS BEGINN, ROBERT BAILLY, BETTY POTTER '44

When we see the name "Lunenburg", it conjures up a picture of comfortable homes, pretty gardens and the nearby sea. We see the home-coming fishing fleet slip quietly into the Harbour one after another and dock at the wharves. Often the sound of church bells is heard from across the Harbour, breaking the quiet atmosphere of the Town.

Lunenburg is, however, an old town and as all old towns it must be continually improved and rebuilt in one section or another. Our streets were built a very long time ago and our forefathers, being too near-sighted to realize that Lunenburg would grow as more settlers were attracted to the busy little town, built cramped little streets which are now quite unable to bear the increased traffic. There are many problems which face us now in regard to improving the residential conditions and general welfare, but the major problems will have to wait until after the war due to the shortage of labor, materials and adequate funds. Why has Lunenburg not developed into a town attractive to more residents?

It is situated on the most beautiful coast of Nova Scotia, boasts of a good climate, offers grand opportunities, and yet few people choose it as a suitable town in which to retire. We have an efficient garbage disposal, water system, Fire Department, Police Department and educational system. However, we need an improvement in the railway system, which has been denied us. This question was under discussion twenty-five years ago - still nothing has been done about it. Lunenburg should be "on the line" instead of an insignificant branch from the main line.

Why hasn't Lunenburg a hospital? It is not because Lunenburg has no need for one? In our post-war planning this should be a foremost thought. The doctors have always thought that it is an urgent necessity, because so many patients in critical conditions have to be rushed twelve miles to the nearest hospital. It is not because Lunenburg is a poor town and cannot afford it. All that is needed is a little co-operation. It has long been noted that in Lunenburg when a task is decided upon it is completed. In other words, if the people of this town would combine their efforts towards this same good cause there would be no more question of "having" a hospital.

But Lunenburg's post-war planning should not stop with putting Lunenburg on the main railway line and the establishment of a hospital.

There is also the question of having suitable accommodations for the people. Today we are faced with a shortage of suitable places in which to live. Undoubtedly, the reason for this is because of the increase in the number of residents who have come to Lunenburg since the war, many of them working in positions which Lunenburg has to offer. After the War many of these people will move elsewhere, seeking new fortunes. This brings up the argument that Lunenburg will not suffer to a great extent the shortage of dwelling

places in the post-war era. But certainly no one can argue that Lunenburg should not have another hotel, especially as we have a suitable building to serve as such. Moreover, we should not have to wait until after the War to make use of it - especially since there is such a scarcity of accommodations.

It is true that the "Ich Dien" is probably too large for use in peace time. Nevertheless, the building must be of some use. It certainly should not remain idle.

Let us turn to the needs of Lunenburg's youth. What we really require is a completely equipped recreation hall. Here the young people of the town could enjoy organized active sports. It would not only serve as a means of keeping them out of mischief, but also as a pleasant and interesting past time.

But Lunenburg has not been sleeping in regards to Post-War planning. We quote Mayor Schwartz, the Chairman of Post-War Committee:—

"During the early part of 1943 a committee was appointed in the Town Council to consider the important matter of post-war planning; nothing definite has been done except to outline a program which we plan to put into effect after the war.

1. The hard surfacing of roads within the town limits.
2. To widen the Tannery road beginning at the Tanyard bridge to the bridge approaching the Golf Course. This would require a new wall and proper drainage.
3. To extend Brook Street west to the stoney road as a residential section with water and sewerage facilities.
4. To improve our present water system by running a new pipe from the reservoir to the town and also adding larger pipes to certain sections within the town.

Suggestions have also been made by some of the committee to build a blockhouse to resemble the one that was built by our first settlers on Blockhouse Hill which may be used as a museum. The idea is to beautify the hill as an attraction for tourists who may get from it an impressive view of the surrounding country as well as some practical evidence of our interesting ancestry. One of our older citizens furnished us with a memory sketch of the original blockhouse which will be available if and when the project materializes.

The committee also is mindful of the pressing need of a hotel and a hospital, which are matters for future consideration and planning.

The town committee has joined with the committee appointed by the Canadian Legion for the purpose of re-establishing our fighting forces in civilian life when the war is over. This proposed program is for the purpose of improving and beautifying our town and also providing work for our people.

THE PLACE OF RELIGION IN THE POSTWAR WORLD

By JOYCE BROWN, WALTER COOK, CLAIRE MOSHER '44

Having interviewed the local clergymen and having obtained their opinions about the status of postwar religion, we have come to several conclusions concerning this topic. We have found that there shall have to be many changes made in the attitude of individuals and nations towards this subject in order to establish a peace which will be satisfactory to all men. The succeeding material attempts to unravel the sad state of affairs to which the world has come and to point out improvements that will benefit everyone.

In the first place let us consider the fundamentals of Christianity. These fundamentals are liberty, freedom, justice, and brotherhood, and they have been sadly neglected during the last twenty years. This lack of religion has shown itself particularly in dictator nations. In countries like this, religious training has been practically abandoned. As a result another great war has started and has caused chaos and destruction. The same mistake which was made after the last war must not be repeated after this one, or the same fate will befall us again in the next twenty years. Think! What would a community be without a Church? The Church acts as a governor in a sense as well as a teacher; therefore the Church must have a great influence in the planning of a post-war world.

We are supposed to be fighting for democracy, and religion must play a large part in shaping of any democracy; thus we must have a greater interest in religion in order that our fighting might not be in vain.

We are supposed to be fighting for democracy, and religion must play a large part in the shaping of any democracy; thus we must have a greater interest in religion in order that our fighting might not be in vain.

We will need a human economic friendship which is world wide; and, in order to have this, we need men of courage and faith. Probably only a certain percentage will be faithful to the Church after the war, and religion must be made more interesting to the individual so that a greater percentage of the individuals will have a desire to take part in Church Work.

There are some that think we may be able to patch up the pre-world structure. Others believe that there must be a new foundation. For this to happen there will have to be men of vision, of courage, and of faith. It will be built on tolerance and human freedom. This foundation will find its power in faith, strengthened by confidence that as mankind progressively learns to practise divine teachings, humanity will break the self-imposed chains which have so long shackled it.

The Archbishop of Canterbury states it in this way, "A Postwar World must have freedom and fellowship, those must be our guiding principles. Fellowship with God on the part of the human person made in His image and restored to it in Christ's; freedom of fellowship to develop his own life; fellowship and freedom with every other group in the world-wide family of God."

In the Post War World Religion must be given as important a place in the education of youth as is given to any other subject in education, because capacity for religion is found in all and is instinctive. In order to have religion taught in the schools, there must be teachers trained; and these teachers should have a religious feeling, a personal interest in the subject. This also gives rise to the question of how shall we reform our Sunday Schools? It is certain that there is room for change in this direction. The children of to-day are the citizens of to-morrow, therefore the child must be given a clear and correct out-look on life. Religious training must begin in the home, consequently we must have co-operation on the part of the parents at least to send their children to Sunday School. We must also have teachers trained in the Lord's work. Our ministers are trained so why should not our Sunday School Teachers be? There must also be a closer relation with the Church activities to mid-week activities.

Is the individual assuming the responsibility that he should as regards to Church Work? We have asked ourselves this question and have come to a definite conclusion that he is not. He is not loyal in attendance. He does not take an active part in activities carried out by the Church. He does not do his share in supporting the Church. The individual should realize that he is responsible to the whole world.

We must have co-operation in the postwar world - co-operation, so as to have greater strength against evil forces. We know that God has a plan for the world, and it is up to the people to carry this plan out. We must have faith to use the teachings of God. People will say, "How do we know that the teachings of God will not lead us astray?" We need to realize that God has never yet been wrong and man has often been.

With so many young men and women in the forces serving in many parts of the world, there will be a spirit of adventure and the Church should not fail to encourage those who will devote their lives to the service of Christ which may carry them to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is probable that Christian religion will search for wider fields of influence, since before the war there were many missions carried on in the Far East such as India, China, and Japan. After the war these missions will probably be continued and increased, but it is impossible to have Christianity firmly entrenched in the everyday lives of the natives, unless Christian natives themselves assume the responsibility of teaching their own people.

Besides the influence of the church outside the country, it will also have influence on internal affairs. The Church will definitely be interested in social affairs in the country. It will have an influence on the passing of such bills as the Beveridge Report, but the Church must insist on the co-operation of the individual along Christian lines in order to make such a project successful.

These points can and must be carried out in Lunenburg as in other parts of the world in order to have a lasting peace. As we have pointed out, no country can succeed with a Church; therefore let us all co-operate to put the Church on a very solid foundation and to increase its spiritual power on the whole world.

LUNENBURG AS AN INDUSTRIAL CENTRE IN THE POSTWAR WORLD

By ROBERTA SARTY, DELMA KNICKLE, WILLIAM CLUETT '44

One industry depends to a degree on the success of other industries. Prosperity in one industry will usually lead to prosperity in another. In general it can be said that the industries in Lunenburg depend upon her endeavours upon the sea. The industries we want are those which are naturally ours. With that thought in mind, most new industries developed in Lunenburg should have some bearing on fishing.

When thinking of expanding the industries of Lunenburg in the Postwar world, it should be remembered that over-expansion is not good. Industry must be normal and well-defined, because abnormal industry produces unfavourable conditions eventually. To be a success, industry must excel. If an industry is to be expanded, the opportunity should be grasped when the opportunity presents itself. Industry must be alert and ready to adjust itself to new improvements. The Government should also be willing to assist enterprise but not to control it. Above all, in the expansion of industry there must be co-operation among the factors concerned.

This idea of co-operation is similarly true of the fishing industry since in the latter there must be co-operation between the fishermen and dealers. Other important factors in this industry are markets and quality. After the war the great industrial need in fishing will be markets. Since the war the fishermen receive larger profits due to a greater demand for fish and to new markets. One new market obtained by a local firm is Havana, Cuba. This market was normally held by the Norwegians, who produced a better quality of fish due to their climatic conditions and their methods of processing. We also held this market in the last war and lost it again because of the above reasons. This keen competition with Norway should induce us to improve our methods of processing fish. We believe this has been the case, as several possibilities have been suggested for the fishing industry in the postwar world. Some of these possibilities in the fresh fishing industry are: New methods of processing fish in the smoking and freezing of them, a canning industry for the cheaper grades of fish such as herring and scallops, packaged fish introduced into the market and the modernizing of plants in general.

In the salt fishing industry there are also possibilities, such as the improving of the quality and the curing of the fish and government inspection in the buying and selling of them. Reciprocity with the United States on coastal shipping would be a help in the Lunenburg fishing industry. Above all if these possibilities are to become a reality there must be a steady supply of fish in order to give steady business.

With regards to the foundry, changes may also be made and there is hope that it will also be expanded. Air-conditioning will be a thing of the future as will also be the construction of welded steel ships and equipment. Plastic piping may also become common. It is important to be on the look-

cut for new by-products. After the war the foundry may also continue its work of repairing ships.

Before the war the wood-working industry sent orders to the West Indies, Australia and other foreign countries. Now most of the products stay in Canada to be used for war purposes due to the shortage of ships and the war risks engaged. This industry cannot supply all the demand because of labour shortages. Labour demands higher wages as the cost of living rises, while price ceilings keep the selling price of products on the same level from time to time.

Also, Lunenburg might become the headquarters of a large plumbing industry. It will be two or three years after the war before any new products or radical changes will occur in the plumbing industry. There will be a return to the use of brass pipes and tubing, but there is not much chance that plastics will be used in this industry. It is quite certain that there will be an increase in the amount of household plumbing as it has been greatly restricted in the last four years. The curtailment of civilian building has resulted in the curtailment of plumbing. When the war is over, demands for war equipment will be decreased and the materials for these purposes will be converted to civilian use. With regards to heating, people will probably make more use of oil in the future. Electricity will be used more extensively. Ninety per cent of the work done in this industry now is war work. Sheet metal work has increased very much due to war conditions. The chief markets for this industry are Newfoundland and the provinces of Canada.

Of course these changes will occur gradually and individuals must not expect a great change in any particular industry directly after the war.

OUR OPINION OF NAVIGATION

By IVY ERNST '45, NEMA LANGILLE '45

Navigation is one part of the Defence Course which is now being taught to Grades X and XI.

Aircraft Navigation is taught to the pupils so that they may have a basic understanding on how to manoeuvre from one place to another. This proves to be a very interesting subject especially to the Air and Sea Cadets. But, there are always those few individuals who consider it just an extra subject. After leaving school the boys can make much use of this subject — in sea navigation, in aircraft navigation, and also in engineering. On the other hand, the girls will make little use of it. Very few of them will join the Air Force. Until now, only a very few Lunenburg girls have joined this Corps. Hence, everything that we girls get from navigation is sheer pleasure in trying to beat the boys at doing the problems.

LUNENBURG'S EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES IN THE POSTWAR WORLD

By PAUL HEBB, ELEANOR RANDALL, CARL MILLER '44

Education — what do you consider as a meaning for this word? It covers much ground. Will it be the same in the postwar world as it is now; as it was ten, fifteen years ago? That is up to you, the public, for in **your** hands is this problem of education, not in the hands of the teachers as many people think. The pedagogues can make suggestions, but it is up to you to carry them out by legislation. Here are the suggestions and hopes of those interviewed for the improvement of Lunenburg Academy.

The first problem is: there are too many pupils for the number of teachers, or rather, not enough teachers for the number of pupils. The ideal class is from fifteen to twenty pupils per teacher; in reality there are over thirty per teacher in most of our classes. Do you consider this fair to the pupils and to the teachers? You want your child to get the most from his five hours in school, five days a week training. This cannot be done while the school is understaffed. It also places much more responsibility on the teachers. With a large enrolment many more classes must be conducted by each teacher each week than would otherwise be necessary. One or two more teachers would overcome this burden and everyone would profit. Thus more time could be given for recreation and other worthwhile activities in the school.

At present there is only one sport organized — basketball. Any boy or girl from Grades VII to XII may join. There will also be a Track Team as in other years; but is this sufficient to balance the work and play in school life? Without adequate recreation boys and girls become listless, and have no initiative to work. A pupil who feels fit from exercise will certainly do better in mental work. Nutrition and health education could be taught to help build a stronger, fitter, healthier nation to cope with the postwar problems that are bound to arise. Two years ago, a complete set of gym equipment in almost perfect condition was purchased by the school. It was used for a number of months and then stowed away in a storeroom, because none of the teachers had the time or sufficient training in gymnastics to be able to teach it. Neither had the pupils the time to take from their complete day at school. Although a few of the teachers made an heroic effort to begin this class, only a small group of the large number in High School were interested enough or able to attend, so it was dropped. The suggestion was made that a qualified gym teacher for the specific purpose of teaching physical training be hired by a number of the larger schools of the county; and that he spend a certain number of days in each school. There is one room at the Academy which could be quite easily converted into a small gymnasium. A new gym could be built which could serve several purposes. It could be marked off for such games as badminton, basketball and volleyball, and used as a community recreational center, for Lunenburg is sorely in need of one. This

gymnasium would also be used for the auditorium of the separate High School which may possibly be built in the postwar period.

The Common School and High School should not be included in the same building, though we are not saying that there is anything wrong with the present combination; but it could be much improved if there were two separate buildings. The school grounds are very large, and there is adequate space on them for the erection of a building with all the facilities any teacher or pupil ever dreamed of in a compact size and at a low cost. There is an ideal plan drawn by an architectural student of the University of Toronto which would suit the conditions of Lunenburg perfectly. This "small High School" contains six class rooms, a work-shop, gymnasium and auditorium with stage combined, boys' and girls' dressing rooms and lunch rooms with cafe, two offices for principal and staff, a physics and chemistry laboratory, enclosed bicycle racks, library and spare room all contained in two floors, with a rifle range in the basement. As proud as you are of our present school you would be so much prouder of this modern building of architectural perfection.

With this division of the school into two sections, the former High School classrooms could be used for commercial, home economics, domestic science and music courses which many other schools have added to their curriculum. The world will be an entirely different place after the war; the place to become fitted to enter this world is in school.

Vocational Education should certainly be stressed more fully. Only Grade VIII receives what is taught on this subject. The others are entirely neglected. Is it only in Grade VIII that a student thinks of his future? Why is it not taught in the other High School grades when this thought is becoming uppermost in the student's mind as he advances? A teacher cannot tell a pupil what line of work he should enter, but he can be given the pros and cons for a certain line of work he might consider entering.

Another timely suggestion is a Consolidated High School. This would include the town and surrounding district of Lunenburg. School busses would bring the outside pupils to school each day and return over the same route after classes were finished. This addition to the number of pupils would make it profitable to build the separate High School and have the extra courses mentioned, for some students are more fitted for commercial than academic courses due to different types of intelligence.

The education of you adult readers is sufficient to keep you your positions the remainder of your lives, because you already have yourselves established; but think of all those young people who will just be entering or establishing themselves; and the high standards they must attain to get or hold positions. For the postwar period will demand higher standards and the ability to secure a job will be related to the applicant's education. Improve the educational facilities of Lunenburg and all that is included in this education, and you will be proud to know that some boy or girl, through your efforts, will obtain his promotions, because of the excellent training he received from the **improved Lunenburg Academy.**

CHANGES IN THE FISHING INDUSTRY

By E. CREASER, R. SILVER, ALEXANDER KNICKLE '44

Because of the geographical position of Lunenburg her commercial prosperity is dependent upon the success of the fishing industry. Without the success of this industry, Lunenburg would undoubtedly face a grim situation such as was faced in the early 1930's when the depression hit Lunenburg very hard. Thus we can see that, as residents of Lunenburg, to keep our home town prosperous, we must expand and improve the fishing industry tremendously.

It is then the purpose of this article to point out the most significant changes which have occurred in the past; and those which should come, in the years to follow this World War.

The first significant change came in 1841 when the schooners "Abigail" and "Lady Speedwell" were launched. They were the first Lunenburg vessels to be co-operatively owned and operated according to modern economic principles. These ships had a tonnage of about fifty-six tons, but, as the years rolled along new ships steadily increased in size and capacity.

Prior to 1873 no Lunenburg vessel had ventured to the Grand Banks for their catches, but at this date the "Dietylris", Captain Benjamin Anderson, headed for the Banks off Newfoundland.

Along with changes in the location of the fishing grounds came a change in the methods of fishing itself. The first type of fishing carried on was handlining. This was effected by one man per dory and each fisherman recorded his own individual catch.

This method was slowly replaced to a large extent by trawl fishing. In this case two men worked in one dory; and all the crew, except the Captain, shared alike in the profits.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago a great change took place; this time in the field of power. Internal combustion engines were introduced and with this revolutionary improvement came the advent of fresh fishing. Ships were now able to make fast trips independent of the weather. Markets for fresh-fish are largely Canadian and American. Refrigerator transportation is very necessary to fresh fishing as the fish must reach the market fresh.

The modern fishing schooner is better built, equipped and accommodated than its predecessors of the 1800's. Electricity has added to the better equipping of fishing vessels in the form of radio transmitters and receivers, electrical sounders and logs, electric lights and direction finders. Engine power has increased from 80 to 400 h. p.

To illustrate the effect of the changes in the fishing fleet, let us consider the following table of salt fishing trips during the period 1912 to 1943.

YEAR	NO. OF VESSELS	QUINTALS	AVERAGE CATCH
1912	136	211,080	1552
1920	117	291,475	2488
1924	64	170,850	2670
1928	75	225,875	3011
1933	26	81,000	3115
1938	28	110,340	3941
1943	13	57,000	3853.3

From the above figures we can see that the tendency has been toward smaller total catches but much higher averages. Suppose the fleet for 1943 had numbered 100 instead of 13, the total catch would have been 385,533 quintals at a value of over three million dollars. This would have increased the commercial wealth of Lunenburg and decreased unemployment immensely.

So much for the past; now for the all important future. Much has been said about the post-war world but so far this has been fundamentally political and exploratory talk. We should think seriously upon the future of our fishing industry, especially regarding salt-fishing where foreign competition is especially strong.

The competitors for the salt-fish markets, particularly the West Indies, are Nova Scotia, Gaspé Bay, Newfoundland and Norway. Of these Nova Scotia has a definite advantage due to our fleet being intact and our nearness to the market. But this advantage will be gradually lost as Norway rebuilds her fleet and Merchant Marine. It is our problem to improve and increase our own fleet, improve methods of catching, handling, and transporting the fish. Some steps have been already taken and many are to be taken towards the solving of this problem.

The first move towards the securing of a continuous supply of fresh fish was taken by the National Sea Foods and other Halifax fish firms in the form of beam trawlers during 1929. This type of vessel has been widely used by foreign fisherman, but has met with much opposition from local fishermen and businessmen as they claimed it exhausted the fish supply. Beam trawlers are built along the principle of steam ships which use nets in place of trawl for fishing.

Another type of fishing craft used widely in the United States is the dragger. It is similar in build and profile to a schooner, yet differs from the beam trawler in the use of lighter nets and other equipment. The government supports this type of vessel, and is supervising and subsidizing the building of these ships under 112 feet at the rate of \$165.00 per ton.

The third type of new fishing craft is the long liner. The least written of this type the better since according to facts reported on the fishing performance of these vessels, they do not prove successful under practical conditions.

Besides the methods of securing the fish, the government (through the Department of Fisheries) is helping salt and fresh fish dealers in the handling and curing of their products. The chief factor in fresh fishing is the speed with which the fish reach the market. This is chiefly a matter of transportation particularly when one considers our remoteness from Central Canada and the United States.

The fish firms themselves plan with the aid of science to devise cheaper packaging for both the salt and fresh fish. In the post-war world, fish will probably be packed in transparent plastic containers.

As proved by medical men and economists the conditions under which the labourers work has a definite bearing upon their health and the quantity and quality of their products. With this point in view, Lunenburg business men and labour representatives are striving towards improved conditions whereby both parties will benefit. As the labor unions and business men each have their own respective goals to reach, they must forget their minor differences and co-operate together so that the Lunenburg fishing industry survives the commercial and financial chaos which will undoubtedly follow this war.

NATIONAL DEFENCE TRAINING

By WALTER COOK '44

A subject of popular discussion that has arisen during the past year or two is whether National Defence subjects (Navigation, First Aid, Woodcraft and Aircraft Recognition) should be taught in Nova Scotian schools. Having been made a reality by its insertion into the Grades X and XI curriculum, it can now be more effectively discussed. The chief favourable argument for its being taught is that this is wartime and everyone should have a general knowledge of these subjects in case of emergency, and that all subjects should make way for them.

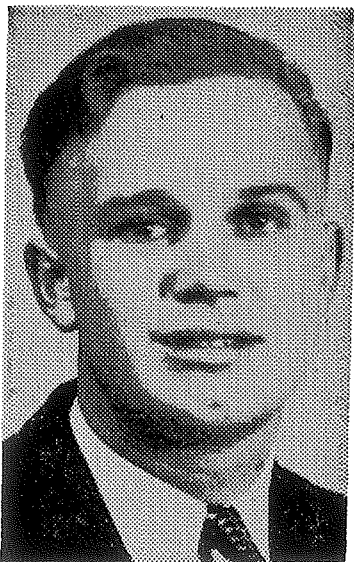
We are, however, so far from the actual battlefield that there is little danger of any direct assault on Nova Scotia. Of course, these are more than wartime subjects and will be valuable in the future, but then, they are being taught in several organizations outside the schools. When in the services, one is taught these subjects in greater detail, and although the school training will be a definite advantage, it is not necessary. This gives rise to another point. The present National Defence program for the schools pertains essentially to army and airforce training instead of being evenly divided among the three services. Time could be saved for subjects more useful to everyday life and higher education by the cessation of this training. Many eminent critics have voiced this opinion. Besides, the students, themselves, have little love for this training in general; some have adaptability for certain parts of it; others would gladly drop it if given the chance. It is probable that the Defence Course will be altered satisfactorily in the future.

PTE. ROY YOUNG

By ROBERTA SARTY, ELEANOR RANDALL '44

Pte. Roy Arthur Young, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel E. Young, was killed by enemy action in Italy on November 24th, 1943. In December, 1939, when only twenty-one years old, he went overseas. He was a member of the West Nova Scotia Regimental Band; and for nearly four years saw intensive training with the First Canadian Division in England. Then he was sent to the Mediterranean. Roy, in company with other members of the band who were trained as stretchers bearers, first served actively in the Sicilian campaign, and later in Italy. It was in Italy that he gave his life for his country.

Pte. Young was born at Lunenburg in 1918 during the closing year of the First Great War. He grew to boyhood and



young manhood in his native town, and in 1935 he received his Grade XI from the Lunenburg Academy. During his High School career he was very interested in hockey. After leaving school, he was apprenticed to the Lunenburg Foundry Company to learn the machinist's trade. His father, Mr. D. E. Young, is the manager of that corporation.

Besides his parents he is survived by a sister Alice, Mrs. Dugald Burke, and a brother, Charles, who are all residing at Lunenburg.

CORPORAL JAMES AUBREY SMITH

(COURTESY PROGRESS-ENTERPRISE)

Captain and Mrs. Joseph N. Smith received word that their son, Lance-Corporal James Aubrey Smith, was killed in action on the Italian front during the month of March 1944.

At the time of his enlistment, he was assistant manager of



Leonard Brothers, North Sydney, a branch of the Lunenburg Sea Products Ltd. He attended the Lunenburg Academy, after which he fitted himself for his business career. About fourteen months ago he enlisted in the R. C. A., and later went overseas with the Cape Breton Highlanders. The last letter his parents received on January 15th told of his being in the thick of the fight in Italy.

His father, Capt. Joseph Smith, one of the executive heads of the firm of W. C. Smith & Co., retired from active work a few years ago.

G. Ronald Smith, managing director of the Lunenburg Sea Products Ltd., and Lawrence Smith, assistant manager of that firm's branch at Lockeport, are brothers.

The Academy Students regret the passing of the late Corporal Smith; but we are proud that he is one of our students who gave his life for King and Country. His sacrifice is a noble example to the students of our beloved Academy.

THE LATE MR. BURGESS McKITTRICK

By SHERMAN ZWICKER '47

One of the well-known and most respected citizens of our town was the late Mr. Burgess McKittrick. While his interests were many, he had chosen gardening as his chief hobby. It is a proven fact that his knowledge of flowers was the envy of many a beginner in this field.

He began his teaching career in 1877 after graduating from Dalhousie University with a Bachelor of Arts degree. His first school was at Town Flot, Kings County. Following this experience in rural teaching, Mr. McKittrick taught at Sydney Academy, Colchester County Academy, and finally as Principal of the Lunenburg Academy. Shortly after he moved to this town, he married Miss Jessie Finck.

When the old Academy burned, the new and still commodious Academy was built with the co-operation and active participation of Mr. McKittrick. It was largely due to his influence that we have the spacious and modern building we have to-day. The new Academy was occupied on November fifth, 1895. These men saw far into the future since this old institution is still functioning, and is considered by all who visit it as a relatively well-planned school unit.

Having taught for forty-three years, twenty-nine of which were spent in Lunenburg, the late Mr. McKittrick retired in 1918. Upon his retirement, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace for the town and served in that office until within the past few years. He played an important part in the religious life of the town. At the time of his death, he was senior elder in the Central United Church and clerk of the Board of Session.

Mr. McKittrick also occupied the position of a School Commissioner for the Lunenburg and New Dublin District. He always took an active part in anything pertaining to education, religious institutions, and the welfare of the town. During the fifth Victory Loan, he presented the executive with a pennant which was won by Lunenburg during the last war.

The late Mr. McKittrick was born at Cornwallis, Kings County on September 8th, 1855, son of James and Sabra McKittrick. He received his primary education at Chipmans' Corner under the late Alexander MacKay, who was afterwards Supervisor of Schools for the



city of Halifax. He then attended Dalhousie University from which institution he was awarded the Governor General's Medal (then Lord Dufferin) in recognition of his standing as a student. Mr. McKittrick was probably one of the oldest living graduates of Dalhousie University until the time of his death in April of this year.

With the demise of Mr. McKittrick at the ripe age of eight-nine, the town of Lunenburg has lost one of the best-known contacts with the past. As a counsellor, educator, and friend, he was without a peer. The many graduates of the "Academy on the hill" regret his passing while acknowledging the debts the town and county owes to a citizen who spent the major part of his life guiding the lives of the young people of the shire town of Lunenburg.

MORRIS W. WILSON

By MARIE HYNICK, SHIRLEY DANIELS '46



Mr. Wilson was born in Lunenburg and is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson. He received his education at Lunenburg Academy while Mr. McKittrick was principal.

Mr. Wilson began his banking career at the age of fourteen under the supervision of the late Mr. Currie. Today he is President and Managing Director of the Royal Bank of Canada. A short time ago, he was unanimously elected Chancellor of McGill University and President of the Royal Institute for the Advancement of Learning.

The work of his earlier years was marked by steadiness and dependability. The first step towards success was reached when he accepted the position of Manager of the Vancouver Branch of the Royal Bank of Canada. In 1917 his talents were recognized by his promotion

to the office of Superintendent of Branches; a position which at that time ranked next to General Manager. In 1929 Mr. Wilson became General Manager and in 1934, President and Managing Director.

With the outbreak of war, Mr. Wilson received new empire responsibilities. One of his new responsibilities was the organization which handled Britain's vast munition supplies. Later these responsibilities were lessened and he returned to banking. Mr. Wilson takes lively interest in welfare work, being actively connected with a large number of institutions seeking the good of their fellow men.

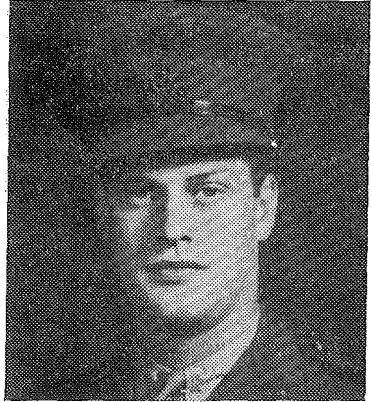
In his private life he displays marked talents in music, art, golf, reading and bridge. During the year 1944 Mr. Wilson was made a Companion of the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George.

MAJOR ROBERT WINTERS

By JANE HIMMELMAN '46, PEGGY KEILLOR '45

Major Robert Winters, son of Mrs. Henry C. Winters and the late Capt. Winters, was born in Lunenburg on August 18, 1910.

Mr. Winters started school at the Lunenburg Academy at the usual age of five or six, and continued his studies up to the eleventh grade. As the Grade XII course was not taught at that time, he left school in 1927 graduating with honors. During his school years, Robert Winters took an active part in all the various activities. He did not confine himself to school work, but showed perseverance and skill in sports, excelling particularly in hockey and baseball.



Immediately after completing his studies at the Academy, he attended Mount Allison University. In 1931 he graduated from there with his B. A. and Honors in Mathematics. After the four years which it took to complete his work at Mount Allison, he moved to Massachusetts where he continued his studies. In 1934 Mr. Winters graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Electrical Engineering, specializing in Electrical Communications. He received both his B. Sc. and M. Sc. degrees in '34 from M. I. T. and was a member of Tau Beta Pi which is the National Honorary Fraternity of Engineers, membership being based on scholastic standing.

Following these years of study, Major Winters was employed at the Northern Electric Company in Montreal, as a design, development and manufacturing engineer in communication equipment. He is on leave of absence for the duration.

In 1938 he joined the Reserve Army in the 'B' Corps Signals, Royal Canadian Corps of Signals. Mr. Winters was a Captain when transferred to the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps. In June, 1942, he went on active service as a Captain and became a Major in November, 1942. He is now 2nd in command of the Workshop Services Troop of the Directorate of Mechanical Maintenance in Ottawa. As such, Major Winters is responsible for establishing, equipping and running approximately forty Ordnance Workshops.

In 1936 Major Winters married Eleanor Dixon of Montreal and they now have two sons.

Graduates of Lunenburg Academy such as Robert Winters reflect great credit on the school, and we are proud of his success.

WARREN PUBLICOVER

By BARBARA MILLER AND AUBREY MOSHER '46

Two years ago Mr. Warren Publicover presented the Lunenburg School with fifty books from the Modern Library. This was his tangible recognition of the fact that he still has a kindly feeling towards the Academy where he received his High School education. As a further contribution to the town, he donated Hymn Boards to the Anglican Church where he worshipped during his boyhood. Both of these gifts are an indication of the public-spirited nature of Mr. Publicover.



Mr. Publicover was born at LaHave. While he was still quite young, his parents died, and his aunt, the late Mrs. Cleveland, assumed the responsibility of the young boy.

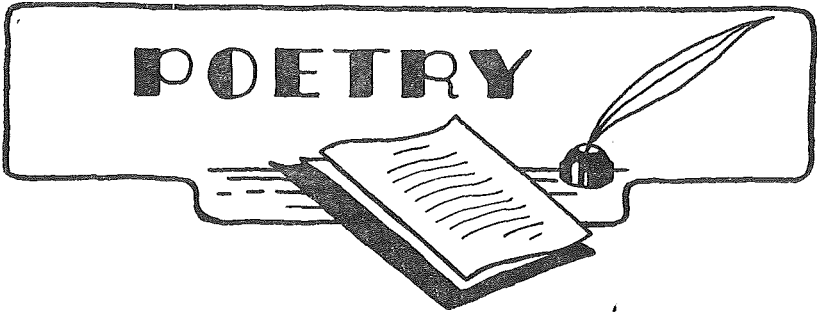
He attended the Lunenburg Academy where, according to his former classmates, Mr. Publicover displayed brilliance as a student as well as a penchant for the lighter side of life. In his spare time he worked at the Railway Station thus laying a foundation for his subsequent business career.

CHILDREN'S RECREATION

By ARTHUR SMELTZER '47

I think that Lunenburg should have an out-door rink for the children. Anyone over the age of fifteen should not be allowed on the ice as the town already has an in-door rink to which older boys and girls may go. Children sometimes cannot pay the price to go to an in-door rink, and they have a very small chance of skating there because of the many older people.

Also I think that the town could make the old Academy grounds and part of the Common Level in Newtown into junior playgrounds. They could have baseball, football, basketball and swings. Such playgrounds would attract children from the streets. This would prevent many unnecessary accidents in the town.



HIS COUNTRY'S CALL

By AUBREY MOSHER '46

When the setting sun has gone to rest,
 And the shades of evening fall;
 My thoughts fly to the soldier lad,
 Who has answered his country's call.

Perhaps he is standing guard tonight;
 On some lonely wind-swept shore;
 Or fighting on Italy's steep green slopes;
 Where they fought in the days of yore.

He is eager and ready to do his share,
 Whatever that call may be;
 And a prayer is ever on my lips;
 "May God bring him back to me."

LOOKING

By LUCILLE KNICKLE '46

If you are looking for trouble;
 Worry and woe,
 You will be sure to find it
 Wherever you go.

If joy and gladness;
 Is your daily quest,
 You will be sure to find them
 North, south, east and west.

But though trouble comes
 To each life unaware
 You will find its stay is short,
 If contentment is there.

THE SEA GULL

THE HEMLOCK

By ERIC COLLINS '45

On the peak of an only hill
 Stands a noble hemlock, still
 The master of his domain
 That would have his life, but in vain,
 For in the quiet of the dark
 'Tis a Saint, as was Joan of Arc.
 The moon by its peaceful ray
 Illuminates his glory more than day.

ACADEMY

By ALFRED CLUETT '50

A is for the academy
 The usual thought of us all,
 That prepares us for our future life
 And helps us climb the wall.

C is for the chemistry
 With formulas galore,
 Bases, salts, and acids
 Such as H So

2 4

A is for the algebra
 With problems much involved,
 Binomials, squares, and tiny cubes
 Which must all be solved.

D is for the dollar
 We hope some day to earn,
 But first there come the hours of study
 In which we all should learn.

E is for the English
 A subject to be taught,
 Although it is our native tongue
 It requires (much) study and thought.

M is for the great mistakes
 Which many youths do often make,
 Not realizing the importance of school
 Until it is too late.

Y is for the growing youth
 Who by attending school
 This democratic country of ours
 In future years will rule.

DO YOU LOVE YOUR COUNTRY ?

By RUBY MELOY '49

Do you love your country?
 People often ask;
 Of course, you answer thoughtfully
 'Tis but an easy task.
 So if you love your country
 Do this I now command,
 Keep Dad from grumbling of income tax,
 And Mom of silks that aren't at hand,
 And you can do the better things,
 By buying stamps and bonds;
 The family buys them everyday,
 To meet the war demands.

A WORD TO THE WISE

By CLAIRE MOSHER '44

School days are over for some this year,
 The world is stretched before us;
 What missions in life can we share,
 And what experiences befall us?

To some of us an easy path
 Of idleness and folly,
 To others more years of Latin or math.
 Trig., chemistry, or biology.

Some of us will teach in the village school,
 And others will work in a store,
 Still others will travel the ocean wide
 And learn wise Neptune's law.

To some will come success and fame,
 With many wreaths of glory,
 And some will have a famous name
 Stamped in our country's story.

School days although they seemed so long
 With lessons, tiring, endless,
 Have paved the road and marked the way
 For the things that lie before us.

So study well, wise children,
 Scold not if you miss some play;
 For the things we learned in the schoolroom,
 Will benefit us well some day.

THE SEA GULL

AUTUMN

By JOYCE JENNINGS '45

I like the Autumn in the sky,
 The birds are flying, flying high,
 And to the south they take their flight
 For winter will bring many a cold night.

The ground is brown, yet browner still,
 Against the paints of Nature's skill,
 The crimson, red and golden leaves
 Are the feathers of the shedding trees.

The waves are swaying through the corn,
 Like an army of soldiers marching on,
 And soon the harvesting will be done
 Beneath the rays of the brightening sun.

And Autumn's music floats through the air,
 The birds are calling their mates so fair,
 The crickets are singing, their notes are ringing
 The strong, wild wind floats carelessly by.

 A DAY'S CATCH

By MADELYN J. RANDALL '47

A little boy — a little dog,
 A little frog upon a log.

A little growl — a little splash,
 A little jump — a little gnash.

An angry bark — an empty space,
 A hungry look upon his face.

* * * * *

The little boy — the little brook,
 The wiggly worm upon his hook.

The little dog — a defiant look,
 Eagerly grasped the fishing hook.

The little frog — again on the log,
 Laughingly watches the plight of the dog.



BOHEMIAN MARGIE PAYS HER DEBT

By NEMA LANGILLE '45

Margie would always remember that morning when she had come to the door of the manse, seeking work. She had been very hungry, in fact, almost desperate in her attempt to obtain a living from rich and prosperous America. She had gone up the neat front walk to the door of the little house. She was fearful of meeting another curt denial; and so stood on the porch for some time, before ringing the door-bell. Mrs. Craig answered the door herself. She had glanced curiously at first, at the peculiar figure standing so patiently in the doorway. Curiosity changed swiftly to pity as she looked at Bohemian Margie's pinched face and pleading eyes.

"Work?" begged Bohemian Margie, answering Mrs. Craig's pitying glance.

"Work?" she repeated. It was almost her only American word, but she put great feeling into that one word. She had learned this magic word from a friend who was coming the second time from Bohemia. According to rumors, it was a magic word to fortune in this new country; so it was necessary that she make it her own. As yet that word had brought Margie no fortune.

"I believe that you will be the very one to do my weekly cleaning and washing. Come, right in." Mrs. Craig had spoken with a friendliness such as Margie had never before encountered in America.

"You must have a good warm breakfast before you do my work," she added taking Margie into a little, sunny kitchen.

Margie had understood more from Mrs. Craig's tone of voice than from the words themselves, that she had finally found both a friend and work. Work which was to lead the way to a happy life in the new country.

After eating a hearty breakfast, Margie had gone about her assigned work with a gratitude that was very touching. She proved to be a good and faithful worker, and Mrs. Craig had used the telephone very freely that day until she had secured among her friends enough work to fill both Margie's time and purse.

Margie was fast in learning the American ways and being quite intelligent, she never had to be told the same thing a second time. She gave no one cause to complain of her services and Mrs. Craig had much occasion to rejoice in having found this jewel among workers.

"Yes, that will be all. It has been done nicely, Margie." Mrs. Craig got her purse to pay Margie's weekly wage.

"My thanks, very great," replied Margie as she took the money. Early I come next week. She had always been willing to come early and to work late for Mrs. Craig.

"Here is a small jar of jam, Margie, which will go well with your bread and butter for breakfast," Mrs. Craig said as Margie took it with a grateful glance. It was not the first jar of jam that had found its way to her hand from the manse.

"I am going with some friends for a long motor ride this evening, Margie, so I am glad that the work has been finished early", was Mrs. Craig's remark as Margie gathered up her belongings and took a pleasant leave.

Mrs. Craig went about humming and whistling a gay tune to herself as she prepared to accompany the friends who were to call for her to take her for a pleasure drive. She was thinking pleasantly of the wide spaces through the valley and over the rolling hills, and of the winding streams.

The Craigs had never felt they could afford a car so the rides which came to them as gifts from their parishioners were deeply appreciated. Therefore she was looking forward with keen enjoyment to the long ride in the big Marshal automobile. They called at dusk and frail Mrs. Craig climbed happily into the waiting car, and was whirled away.

Mr. Craig came home to an empty house, and sat down to a quiet, little supper. A feeling of rest and well being stole over him as he finished his dainty supper. Because of this fact, he lingered several minutes. He was jarred back to earth by the shrilling ring of the telephone. He had sensed that it was an imperative summons and everything became tense.

"Hello," he murmured. Then . . .

"What?" "My wife . . . is she . . . ?"

"At the Mason house? I'll be over as soon as possible." Somehow his world of peace and security had fallen into ruins. He pictured his darling wife lying in a bed, crushed and limp.

The large Marshal car had been travelling at a high rate of speed when something happened to the steering wheel, thus causing the car to plunge over a steep embankment. No one had been hurt badly with the exception of Mrs. Craig. She had suffered from severe wounds and had lost a great deal of blood. It was necessary to give her several blood transfusions immediately, or death was certain. Mr. Craig had not arrived as yet.

It so happened that Margie was working at the Mason house that evening. She had heard much excitement and ran down to enquire the cause of it. On arriving, she heard the doctor say that they could wait no longer for Mr. Craig, and someone would surely donate enough blood to save Mrs. Craig's life.

When Margie heard this, her eyes flooded with tears, and she murmured that she would gladly give her blood to save Mrs. Craig.

A WILD EXPERIENCE

By MARIAN LACE '46

The warm September sun was shining through the window of the Browns' kitchen. The calm air about everything was unusual and mystifying. Marys' curiosity got the best of her, and she opened the kitchen door. Stopping on the threshold, she said to herself "I wonder if I should go in? After all the Browns' may not be at home, and I could be arrested for house-breaking. Oh well, I'll have to take a chance if I want to see Joan."

Mary walked half-timidly, half-boldly into the kitchen and tiptoed into the hall. When she came to the living room, she stopped, horrified. There, stretched out on the davenport, was Mr. Brown and beside him on two chairs Joan and her mother were propped up. After examining them from a distance, Mary realized that they were dead. She ran towards the telephone, but before she reached it a hand shot out from behind a curtain and made her stumble. She regained her balance and looked up. There was Professor Knutt, one of her teachers, glaring down at her.

Mary was never so surprised in her life as she was when the professor admitted killing the Browns. She had always imagined him to be a little weak-minded, but now she was positive that he was a maniac. "Now," said the professor, "I am afraid I must keep you here. You know it wouldn't do to have you go and tell everyone what has happened."

The professor paid no attention to her. He simply said, "I, Paul Revere, must see to it that you are kept here while I go to warn the English. A Cheval! My trusty Betsy will carry me with the speed of a thunderbolt!"

After delivering this flood of insane chatter the professor started galloping down the hall and out through the door. Mary said aloud, "That man is a maniac! I must get out of here and warn the people of the neighborhood.

Just as she was opening the door she bumped into the professor who was coming back. "Ah-ha", said the professor, "Trying to escape! You must be tried by my jury and I, Louis XIV, will be the judge. As he said this two more men came into the house.

Making a great deal of noise, they all sat down at the dining-room table and held a five-minute conference. Soon the professor got up and said, "Verdict guilty. I sentence you to be hanged."

In sheer desperation Mary dashed for the door. Just then the door-bell rang noisily. "At last," she thought, "someone's coming to rescue me." She put her hand on the doorknob but to her dismay she slipped just when freedom was within reach. For a moment she was knocked unconscious. When she regained her senses, she looked up, expecting to see the professor glaring at her, but, to her amazement, she was in her own bedroom. She had fallen out of bed and the alarm clock was ringing lustily. Mary was very upset that day and she became uneasy every time the professor spoke to her. "I wonder if he really is crazy" she asked herself.

IT MAY COME TO THIS

By JEAN SHOLDS '47

Time: In the future.

It was a beautiful day in July. The bright blue sky that lay overhead was almost cloudless, and a calm, cool breeze blew over the warm countryside. For most people, it was a wonderful day to rest, but to Audrey Allison it was nothing of the sort. She did not notice the warm, green country or the dry breeze which was not at all typical of England. She only knew that it was a day for flying and for a trip over Germany.

At that moment, she received her orders from the field loud-speaker and climbed into the cockpit of her Spitfire. Soon it was speeding along the runway and ascending into the sky to join the formation above it.

As she manoeuvred her plane into its place in the formation, her thoughts wandered slowly back through the year to the day when, holding a newspaper in front of him, she had faced her millionaire father with an eager and determined look in her brown eyes. She could still see the sadness that had come slowly over him as she had explained to him that, in preference to being a glamorous debutante, she wished to join the R. C. A. F. Women's Division and fight for her country.

He had looked at her solemnly for a long time and then said, "My dear, I can see that your mind is made up. For that reason I can only say 'the best of luck to you', but has your mother agreed?"

She had admitted that her mother didn't know yet, kissed him tenderly and walked off to spread the news to her mother, whom she knew would not be so easy to handle — and indeed she wasn't. After much ado she finally gave in despairingly; and the next day saw Audrey at the recruiting office.

Much to her surprise, she had found that enlisting was much more than just "signing on the dotted line," but in the end she had passed all her examinations and had been given her uniform.

Was she sorry for this? Had it all been a mistake No — she couldn't say that. Of course, there had been the early hours she was so unused to, at first . . . and she had been shocked at the very informal table manners the other girls seemed to possess and the seemingly crude way in which the food was "dished up" as the other girls persisted in saying . . . she had found it hard to make friends — the other girls thought her proud because of her errorless manners . . . she had been disappointed because there was so much "ground work" to be done before she could even get into a plane . . . all the instructors seemed to pick on her . . . then, there were no parties from which to come back at four o'clock in the morning. She laughed now as she thought of this.

It really hadn't been as bad as she had at first imagined? Ere long she loved getting up early in the morning to breathe the fresh morning air and to laugh at the red sun just above the horizon. It made her feel very young and important and gay. She soon adjusted herself to the camp, chatted carelessly with the girls at mealtimes and thought nothing of carrying her

own food to the table. Her comrades soon found she was not at all proud when, on some of her off hours, they found her chatting with an aeroplane mechanic as he fixed the engine of a plane and handing greasy tools to him, not the least bit afraid of getting dirty. She had made many friends, the best of whom had been Dorothy. Dorothy was now "missing in action" . . .

They were now over France . . . there had been no action as yet . . . the voice of "the skipper" was coming through on the radio. "Well, girls, this is it — our first raid over Berlin. Is everyone here and prepared for action?"

The necessary reports were given, confirming the question. "Fine. You are all old-timers at this game and know what to do. The Spitfires, remember, are to protect our bombers. Do your work well. We will soon be detected and fired upon but we must reach Berlin! We're not a bunch of flirtatious, perfumed ladies anymore. We're at war! and what's more, we're going to show these Nazis what we've got! Okay, girls, go an' get 'em! Bomb them! Kill them! Shell them! but above all get what you're after! Don't let them get you!"

Fighting words for a girl who had before the war been the very "Miss Prim"! She knew what she was talking about, though, and so did Audrey and every other girl in the squadron — the first British squadron made up entirely of women. These were the hard-boiled women of Britain — produced by the Second World War — women willing to give up just as much as the men in order to fight for their country, democracy and future — women every bit as women always will be, underneath their war time masks.

Audrey had become accustomed to these pre-action speeches by this time and thought them very helpful and inspiring.

Boom! The Jerries opened up their anti-aircraft fire! It was very unusual that they hadn't done so before.

The planes skirted the anti-aircraft guns only to find themselves confronted by a German squadron, and, looking down Audrey saw a city! "May I present Berlin!" chanted the skipper's voice through the ear-phones. Audrey was amazed! Berlin! and there had been very little action! "We led them astray," came the explanation.

The Jerry planes were upon them by this time and the English bombers were "doing their stuff." Three Jerries were attacking a large bomber almost directly underneath Audrey's Spitfire, so she dived and fired on the nearest attacker and prepared to fire again; but its nose turned downward and the German plane headed for the city and doom. She turned for the other two but one was already in flames. Immediately she realized that she was being fired upon! Then, all at once, her plane was out of control and it went into a tailspin. Audrey knew that the Nazi could very easily come in at this moment for "the kill." However, the German was smiling approvingly to himself high above her. He thought his bullets had done their work and so turned to find another target for his guns. Audrey had been well trained in the control of a plane, and in a few minutes she was ascending to find the Nazi and have revenge. Among so many planes, it was like looking for a needle in a haystack, so she did not waste much time in the effort.

Consoling herself with the thought that one German is as bad as another, she went to avenge another Jerry who was getting the upper hand of a Spitfire, nearby.

The action was soon over. The planes, having left the city behind them, again began to form a pattern against the sky. Once more Audrey joined the formation with her plane smoking but, nevertheless, quite capable of returning to base. The British turned for home. Their mission was accomplished and another routine bombing raid was over.

A NORTHERN EXPEDITION

By ARTHUR EISENHAUER '46

That morning as one prowled about the deck, one could feel the air becoming continually colder. The crew was busy chopping ice from the deck when Captain Clark came on deck.

"Captain", cried Darings, "How long will it be until we reach the island?"

"Oh! Just a few more hours," replied the captain.

Darings was a nervous man, acting as first mate. The captain wished to please him, and to keep him from worrying as much as possible.

At dinner that day many discussions were brought up about the island to which the boat, "The Empress", was journeying.

"How friendly are the natives?" asked Carl Jerkins, who was on his first voyage.

"Don't worry about that, until we get there," replied Hawkins, the navigator.

Just then the observer from the crow's nest sighted a small island off the starboard bow. The news spread over the ship very rapidly. Darings carried a deep smile on his face and seemed to be pleased.

An hour later "The Empress" anchored near a small native village on the mainland a mile north of the small island. Captain Clark told the crew to get a good rest and that they would unload the cargo tomorrow. The next day arrived too soon for the crew, but they set to work with a good will.

That night Captain Clark called them all together and said, "Men, the most dangerous and courageous part of our mission is about to start. Three men will be left behind to take care of 'The Empress' while the rest of us make sure these supplies get to the R. C. M. P. Station one hundred miles north east of here. Darings! You, Jerkins and Ned Sawyer will stay behind; the rest of you get a good rest and be ready to start first thing in the morning."

The next morning by eight o'clock the three sleighs were loaded and they

were ready to depart. There were two men to each sleigh. The first day of travelling was not very difficult, but that night the wind began blowing and it began to snow. The men remained in the tents all night and when they were ready to set out in the morning the snow was still coming down. It got deeper making the journey more difficult. When camp was pitched, the snow stopped for the night.

Before anyone awoke the next morning, Hawkins took his rifle and left camp. He had not gone very far before he saw the bushes near a small forest move. After he shot at them, he approached the bushes, but before he could get his rifle in position to shoot again, a large polar bear jumped upon him.

Back at camp the men missed Hawkins, so they separated in two groups to look for him. Soon Clark saw two objects struggling in the distance. As they drew nearer, they saw the figure of a man defending himself from a polar bear. Clark took his chance and shot at the bear when Hawkins cleared himself from it. The bear made them a good supply of food and Hawkins was not hurt, but only a little weak from the struggle. After everyone had something to eat, they set out again with the travelling not so difficult.

That night Drake, the wireless operator of the ship, came to Clark and asked, "How long will it be before we get there?"

"Well," replied Clark, "I think we will arrive there in about two days."

The next morning Clark and his men set out again on their journey. That day no mishaps befell them and they made good time. In the evening a strong northeast wind began to blow. Everyone thought he would have to travel in a blizzard the next day, but when they awoke the storm had stopped. At six o'clock that evening, they reached the R. C. M. P. Station.

Two hours later, the men were before a good cooked supper after which followed a good rest. In the morning they unloaded the supplies and left for the native village. The return journey was made without misfortune. Five days after leaving the R. C. M. P. Station they came in sight of "The Empress."

Darings came out to meet them and said, "Boy! Am I glad to see you. When do we shove off for home?"

"Tomorrow," replied Clark.

As the ship left next morning, the natives gathered on the shore and bid the crew good-bye. Late that night as Darings prowled about the deck, Captain Clark came up to him.

"Nervous?" asked Clark.

"Well," replied Darings, "I feel a great deal better since we are on our way to civilization and not natives. Remember that place around the corner from the docks?"

"Yes, I do," said Clark.

"Well the first thing I'm going to do is visit that place and have a good juicy steak."

THE MYSTERY OF THE HAUNTED CASTLE

By SHERMAN ZWICKER, '47

On a stormy night in 19— Timothy Brancen was murdered in his castle, on the Avon River in England. Ten years later his son was murdered in the same castle. The cause was not known. The people in the nearby village suspected some connection. As there was no living heir to the castle, it was offered for sale; the money to go to the Government Fund for Restoration of old Churches. The story of the murders had gotten well around to every one so this old castle stood deserted for two years. One day a young man appeared in the office of the lawyer, who was offering the castle for sale. "How do you do", he said, "my name is Williams, I've come to buy the castle."

"Eh!" the surprised clerk in the office looked up and recovering somewhat from his surprise said, "Oh! right this way sir", and he led the young man into the lawyer's office.

Again he explained his mission. "Sit down", the lawyer said.

After going over numerous details the young man said, "What about the price?"

"Well er . . . ah . . . hum . . . four thousand pounds and not a penny less."

"It's a deal", Williams replied.

"I'll take you up to the castle", said the lawyer. Opening the door he beckoned to the clerk who was still quite surprised, "I'm going up to the castle and I expect to be back within the hour."

"Very well, sir."

After about a half mile walk the lawyer drew out a map. He pointed out various spots on the map and then indicated them on the landscape. Soon they reached the castle, and while climbing up the stone steps Williams noted the land surrounding the castle was uncultivated. He questioned the lawyer. "I thought you said all the surrounding country was fertile."

"It is", replied the lawyer.

"Well, why isn't this land cultivated?"

"Oh, something about a curse on the castle and its lands."

"Curse", echoed Williams.

"Oh yes, haven't you heard, old man Brancen, that's the chap who owned the castle, and his son were both murdered here. The people in the village have a crazy superstition the place is haunted." By this time they reached the drawbridge and moat. Looking down at the side of the road Williams noticed a stone engraved in these words, "He who resides here shall die", but he didn't mention it to the lawyer.

When they were just under the arch above the drawbridge, the steel gate which was suspended above the arch came down with a clang. The two men made an effort to raise it, but found the task impossible. The lawyer handing the key to Williams said, "This will let you in the castle and now I've got to get back to the village to attend a meeting. I can get out the back way. He turned and walked away quickly. The young man made his

way through the door and once inside decided to explore the castle. Four hours later he came back to his starting point. "Now", he said to himself "Is there any place I've neglected to look at?" "Ah, the arch!" He went along the long corridors inside the walls and finally reached the arch. He looked at the socket where the gate fitted, then examined the rope. "Say," he said aloud, "this rope didn't break, it was cut!"

"You're pretty smart," said a voice, "but you're not smart enough because you won't live to tell it." "Don't look around", the voice continued, "it won't do you any good for you can't see me."

Williams turned quickly, and as he did he heard a scream and then a thud. Looking out the crack in the cement he saw a body below him stretched out in a mangled heap. He raced out of the castle, past the body, down the slope and away from the village for although he had solved the mystery he did not realize it. The truth of the matter was that Timothy Brancen's butler had murdered him in the hope of getting the estate. After Brancen's death, a son, living in America, came to England to inherit the castle. Brancen's will stated that if his son did not want the castle it would go to the butler, but the son did want it. The butler killed the son also but the will was not found until after the butler's death. The butler left the village for a short time but later returned to "haunt" the castle. When he had seen the two men under the arch, he cut the gate rope and went out a side door. When Williams entered, the butler was standing outside the arch on a ledge; but while giving orders to Williams, he missed his footing and fell.

The next day when the lawyer came to the castle to collect the money, he saw the body while he was still some distance from the castle. He thought it was the body of Williams, turned and darted from the premises. The lawyer spread the story about the village and up until a few years ago no explanation of the matter was known.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE

By ROBERTA SARTY '44

It all happened one Saturday evening in the middle of November. We know how bleak and cold the November winds are, and tonight the wind was indeed the most disagreeable that I had ever experienced. It was dark and gloomy outside. No moon nor stars shone from the heavens to light the evening travellers on their journey. Everything was so still that it seemed as if nothing were alive at this particular time, but the wind which continued to howl amid all the stillness. Was nature asleep or was she resting in preparation for something which was going to upset the equilibrium of the little village?

I arose from the sofa on which I was reclining and went to the window to look out. Light snowflakes were beginning to fall slowly on the lifeless earth. I was glad to see them. It did not seem so lonesome now. Soon the snow began to fall faster and already the wind had blown the snow in little

drifts. Everything was white. Amid all this whiteness and beauty, however, the howling wind made me shiver and think something was going to happen.

Turning my face from the window, I thought I heard a little thud on the piazza. The noise startled me for a minute, but as I heard no more of it I settled down on the sofa again. I was just comfortably seated when someone knocked at the door. "Let us in, please let us in", sounded a little voice from without. I remained motionless. Who could it be? Being so surprised, I was not only motionless but speechless also. "We are coming in", were the next words that fell on my ears. By this time my nerves had reached their climax and I was ready to collapse.

The door opened slowly and in walked an old, old lady. She wore a faded kerchief on her silvery hair and over her shoulders was drawn a bluish-grey shawl. Her other clothing was equally shabby and dingy-looking, but I could hardly take my eyes off her face. Why? Her face possessed an expression of kindliness and her eyes seemed to say, "Don't be afraid, I shall not hurt you."

Following this peculiar old lady was an elderly gentleman. His clothes were also faded and shabby. From his chin fell a long white beard, reaching almost to his waist. He looked kindly at me and said, "Please, give us something to eat." By some unknown power I was forced to obey, and I brought milk and other refreshments for my new visitor.

When they had finished eating (and indeed they did eat), the old gentleman walked towards the door. The old lady followed him and then they stopped; while turning to me they said, "Think no more of us, you shall see nor hear of us no more. You have been very kind — the best anyone of the present fickle, young generation has ever been. Good-bye." They left immediately and five minutes later I came to my senses. What had happened in the past hour? Everything was still again.

About two miles from my home lived a very old couple whom no one had seen for several years. Everyone had peculiar ideas about the old man and woman. All were positive that they never ventured outside the door. Their home was on a hill and there were no other houses near. They lived apart from everyone. The house was gloomy looking and dilapidated. Moss and ivy covered the windows and doors; everything about the house suggested ruin and neglect.

About two hours after the visit of the "peculiar old couple" I heard something that astonished me immensely. The gloomy house on the hill had burned down, and the occupants were believed to have burned with it. No one knew of the fire until the house was levelled to the ground. I cried, as I thought of the kindly old couple who had visited me and who were now dead, while looking up I saw Mother dripping cold water on my face, trying hard to awaken me from my golden realm of dreams. My strange experience was only a dream.

POSTWAR DREAMS

By VIVIAN L. RATTRAY '46

June was listening to the radio on Sunday afternoon. There was a beautiful piece being played on a violin and harp, and this made June very sleepy. As she sat there, she thought that in about ten year's time she hoped she would be able to play the harp half as well as that. Each time she took a lesson, her instructor told her that some day she would be a great musician.

June thought: "Surely in ten years time the war will be over. I shall be twenty-six years old then." How June wished for a gay life when she grew older. "And why shouldn't I have a gay life? All this postwar planning going on. Why, I can just see myself stepping from a beautiful home, walking through beautiful gardens, then past a large swimming pool. My friends would be swimming there, laughing and having a grand time. I would stop and talk awhile and then go on to my own affairs. Oh! how nice that would be."

The soft music and pleasant thoughts soon made June drop off into a deep slumber. She began dreaming and in her dream June was walking towards her home. She was amazed. There were men running everywhere. They were pulling up the gardens, digging a huge hole and practically tearing the house apart. It was then explained to her that her father had decided that their home should be the same as the Smiths' and Jones' homes. These people had beautiful new postwar homes.

Then the time changed. June saw herself step out of an old car with two wheels on it. She had on an evening dress and it was broad daylight. The dress was much in contrast with the old Model T. Then, she walked towards a plane, a Helicopter.

After entering the plane to see that it was ready to start, June stepped out again to crank it. As she got out something happened. It left the ground rapidly, and June's dress was caught to the tail of the plane. While she was hanging there, June suddenly realized that her dress was giving way; and that she would be unable to hold on much longer. Just as it was about to part, the plane flew into something like a traffic jam — only this was a "helicopter jam." There were hundreds of helicopters. Suddenly June fell from her plane directly into another beneath her. Just as she was going to thank the driver of the helicopter, she let out a murderous shriek. The driver of the plane was an ape in a zoot-suit. June was frightened. She stepped from the plane onto the wing, and from there she did not know where to go. She saw another helicopter coming toward her. She decided to leave the one and go to the other, but when it came within reaching distance, it took a swerve and June went toppling through space. Down, down, down. Then, Bang! ! !

June landed in the hole that was being dug in her yard. Thank heaven the hole was very muddy or it would have been "finis." The hole was very deep. June made an attempt to get out by hanging on to the protruding roots of trees, but in vain.

While June was thinking of what to do, something started toward her. The thing was a snake, but not an ordinary snake. Things had changed a great deal since the war had ended. There had been a good many postwar plans going on, and they were now coming into effect. Even the snake wanted to be modern, but June soon stopped thinking these things as it advanced toward her.

The snake had two large red ears, much in contrast with its green body. Two black, very black, eyes made it more evil looking. A very large red nose made the snake resemble an old man June had always been scared of. The snake was just about two feet from her when June began screaming. The next thing June knew was that her mother was shaking her and telling her she was disturbing the whole neighborhood "on this peaceful Sunday afternoon", and "why, if you were going to sleep, did you have to leave the radio on so loud."

June got up and went out to look around. The house was the same, thank goodness. Then, suddenly a plane appeared out of the clouds. June turned and was about to run for the house, but there, not two feet from her was a little green snake. June started walking backwards. Back, back, back, and then, Bang! ! Here she had walked straight into the hole which was being dug for a practice air raid shelter. "Oh my, the planes look the same, the snakes look the same so I know that postwar plans won't be started for a time, yet! ! ! !"

GRUMBLE TONE

By MARJORIE MOSHER '46

John Tone lived with his father in a little farm situated outside the town of Greenville. After his father's death, John took charge of the farm. Trying as hard as he could to keep up to his fathers' standards, John sometimes became so absorbed in his work he would growl and grumble at anyone who annoyed him. Soon he received the name Grumble Tone from all his friends. He was always grumbling and growling at the children who came to play around the farm, and even talked impolitely to his own friends. After living for three years on the farm, John became very tired and discontented with his life.

One fine morning in June while Grumble Tone was working in the barn, he decided to sell the farm. He was going to join the crew of the new ship which was to sail from Greenville in two weeks. Although he was going to change his work completely and start a new life which he could enjoy, John Tone was still discontented. He went about sulking, and made a great fuss when the buyer of the farm didn't want to give him the amount he asked. Finally when he had to give in he went about with a long face until he boarded his ship. The minute the sailors saw him they all knew what they would have to endure. The first day Grumble Tone quarrelled with everyone on board ship.

On his first trip, the men became accustomed to his growling and didn't

bother with him. This annoyed Grumble Tone, and when the ship arrived at port he left it and joined "The Silver Arrow." If he would have known what he was doing, he probably wouldn't have made the change. The name sounded good to him, so he chose that ship not knowing it was manned by pirates. Grumble Tone, thinking he could act the same as previously, came aboard and began to quarrel with one of the men over a bunk. The next thing he knew a knife flew over his head and stuck in the wall behind him. Grumble Tone began to shiver and shake. He started to run towards the wharf, but he was caught by some of the men. They asked him where he was going and when he said "home", they carried him on the boat and locked him in a room. The next time Grumble Tone smelled fresh air was two days later when he was allowed to go on deck. All he saw about him was water, because the ship had sailed. This trip was the worst trip John ever made. He spent most of his time washing decks and acting as waiter for the other men. Sometimes Grumble growled but he was taught a lesson. Every time he showed it around the men, he was beaten.

Finally, the ship reached port. When Grumble Tone said he wanted to leave, he was put in his room and locked in. This continued for five years, after which time Grumble Tone saw he would have to make believe he liked his work and probably he would be allowed freedom. The next time he reached port he was allowed to go ashore with the other men. The first time he got a chance he ran outside, and seeing the coast was clear ran with all his might to a hotel near there. When he had received a room there, the first thing he did was take his money from his money belt. He counted it, and seeing he had one thousand dollars besides the two thousand which he had saved, decided to move away and go to Europe where he would be free from his enemies.

Once again Grumble Tone set sail with a discontented mind. This time he was discontented, because he thought he wouldn't be fleeing if it weren't for the enemies, furthermore he wouldn't like Europe anyway. When he finally got settled in Paris, he spent his time visiting the important places in this city. He moved about Europe seeing all he could, but was never happy. All he did was growl over what he could be doing home. Although he didn't realize it, he was living a wonderful life, and he could have made more of it if he would have been happy.

One fine day after his fifth year of travelling, he was walking through the streets of Vienna. On coming to a corner, he decided to wait for a bus. Becoming disgusted with life, he was thinking of his life back home, and how everyone tormented him. Not realizing what he was doing, John Tone started to walk across the street. He didn't reach the other side because the bus he had been waiting for came, and ran him over. Bystanders ran to his side, but there was no hope, for John Tone had died in his old age from shock.

Still discontented John Tone died with the name Grumble Tone. He had never cleared himself off this name because he didn't try. Not realizing he was having a wonderful time he didn't really get the best out of life. If he delete he would have been one of the happiest men in the world.

HOW HALL'S HARBOUR GOT ITS NAME

By ELAINE SMITH '48

Long, long ago on the shores of the Bay of Fundy there lived a small group of settlers. Their little village was protected on one side by a high hill back of which was a small inlet.

One year when the harvest was finished a pirate ship sailed into this little inlet. From the ship a young boy was sent by the captain, whose name was Hall, to the top of the hill where the Indians made their camp. He took with him many brass buttons and cheap jewellery, with which he bribed the Indians so they would help the pirates to raid the settlers for food. One night all the pirates and Indians raided the little village and took what grain and other articles they needed. Then they gave the Indians half of what they had stolen, and put the rest in the hold of their ship. When morning came, the pirate ship had gone.

The settlers had been friends with the Indians up to this time and had wished to remain friends. The food was disappearing. As the Indians were the only ones near the village, the blame was placed on them.

After a month had passed, the pirate ship returned and immediately the young boy was sent to the Indian camp again. The boy was taken to the chief and while there, he met the chief's daughter who was young and beautiful. Again the village was raided.

This happened many more times and food was getting very scarce. Finally the settlers talked to the Indians, and the Indians told them all about the pirates. The settlers made many offers to the Indians and told them they would like to remain friends. The Indians, realizing they would like to live in the same country with the settlers, promised to aid them.

The next time the pirate ship came into the little inlet, the boy was again sent to perform his regular bribing. The Indians acted in the usual manner, and promised again to raid the settlers.

Before the raid, Captain Hall told the young boy about a chest of gold down in the hold of the ship. He ordered the boy to bury it on the shore so, if during the raid anything happened to the captain, the boy could have the gold. Then if nothing happened, the boy should dig it up and put it back on board while they were getting ready to sail.

While the boy was carrying out the order of the captain, the chief's daughter, whom he had come to love, came running down the beach. She told him of the danger his fellow men were in, and he decided to dig up the treasure and put it back on board the ship.

In the darkness of the night, a settler from his hiding place saw two figures on the beach. Thinking they were both pirates, he shot at the girl who fell mortally wounded. In trying to help her the boy was also shot and died instantly.

Then the settler found the chest of gold and quickly buried the treasure, but in his excitement forgot where he had buried it. The treasure has never been found even to this day.

The pirates made the raid on the village with a few Indian guides

their way back up the hillside with a load of grain they became very careless. The settlers and Indians who had been hiding attacked the pirates, and the few who got back to the ship sailed away and were never heard of again.

The inlet which the pirates had made their place of refuelling was called Hall's Harbour after the captain of the pirate ship. Adventurous people still hope that some day they may find the buried treasure in that vicinity.

THE TOURIST'S SURPRISE

By JOHN BALD '49

I am just a plain ordinary tourist who is naturally curious. I was wondering about the Town of Lunenburg. I had seen it while World War II was on, but that was twenty-five years ago, so, as I had an intense curiosity to pry into things that were no business of mine, I packed a travelling-kit and hopped into my "inter-transportation carrio-plane." This is the story of my experiences.

About twenty miles from Lunenburg, I settled my plane to the road. Since I was just a tourist, I went at a slow pace along the road. My first shock came when I approached the town limits. I was greatly agitated by the fact that there was a Neon sign with the bold inscription, "Ahoy, folks! you are now entering Lunenburg."

I should have thought it quite natural to see such a sign when entering any sea-port town, but, when I last saw Lunenburg, Bridgewater was twelve miles away. Now, it seems, Lunenburg has extended to within three miles of Bridgewater, or (as time is now measured in so many miles per second) two seconds. I will attempt to give you a description of the various sights.

The first building of importance was, of course, the Academy. I liked it all right. But my gracious, I had never seen such a sight before in my life; the children were actually running to school as if they couldn't get there quickly enough, yes, even the boys in grade XII. I found out later that the reason for this running to school was, that they were late, as was the habit twenty-five years ago. There was a mass of aerals on the top of the school-house. I was informed about this peculiarity and found out that the homes could "tune in" to the school and get the various grades. The work of the grades was transmitted to the homes through television. (I wonder how a fellow's supposed to have fun in school, if his mother is watching him?) I went to the manual training room and saw that the boys were given the privilege of making radio sets, engines, aeroplanes, automatic telephones, dictaphones and model steamships to put inside a bottle, etc.

This is a good a time as any to tell you that there is a museum in the school where "Garand rifles" are antiques and the wood turning lathe is the most priceless piece of antiquity in Lunenburg Academy.

The stoves are made of pliable plastic which bends when anyone leans against them. They are constructed of this material to withstand the vibration caused by the underground rocket trains which leave twice daily for Moscow.

I have almost forgotten to tell you about the "bus-trains." These were

very peculiar. The engines were placed in the rear car. I was, beyond all doubts convinced that Lunenburg had changed, for, these bus-trains were used to carry people up and down the hills! The engines generate compressed air to run the train. During World War II the inventors came out with a plane run by compressed air, but talk of being primitive in comparison to what we now have! Scientists would be humiliated to present a plane of low standard.

The last time I had been to Lunenburg I visited Mr. and Mrs. Blank. At that time I thought that they would never change. I rang the door-bell and heard a gong that sounded like the school-bell. I found that even in Lunenburg, people change. When the door opened I was greeted by a mechanical robot, the door bell having set the thing going. Would you believe it, the the boys were in the kitchen doing the cooking, in the sewing rooms sewing, and carrying on the gossip? I decided I had better get out of town before I went crazy, and running, for my plane took off without a moment's delay. Just now I am in a sanitarium recovering from shock. Doesn't curiosity nearly always kill the cat?

THE DREAMY COMPANY

By ROBERT SILVER '44

The British 8th Army under General Montgomery was falling back day after day; mile after mile. The German Africa Corps had cut the supply lines at El Gheddahia in Tripolitania and Monty had to give way. We had retreated almost nine hundred miles in ten days and the 25th. Infantry Regiment had been the rearguard for everyone of the nine hundred miles of blood sweat and sand. Tears were never found, the 25th was beyond that.

The 25th was commanded by Colonel Fredrick Wilson, V. C., a veteran of the World War and Dunkirk. Colonel Wilson was the typical colonel. He was loved by all his men, whether privates or majors. He was known as a hard man when discipline drove him to punish some man. But the men liked him for this quality and looked upon him as an idol. Behind his back he was called Bed Bug Wilson. Ever since Wilson came to command the 25th, he was continually waging war on all uncleanness, especially bed bugs, in his Regiment. The 25th was known to the rest of the 8th Army as the bug-less regiment.

The 25th was now covering the retreat of the 32nd, 141st Infantry and the 11th Armoured Divisions. They were stationed at Bir Ferad and were under constant attack from Stukas and Tiger tanks. All their armour support had been demolished by the German mobile 88's.

Bir Ferad consisted of four oases grouped together. Three were occupied by the 25th, but the fourth was unoccupied as yet by either forces. In the fourth was a very large supply of water and this could not be left for Rommel.

Such was the case when presented to Captain Gary Alexander, C. O. of C Company.

"We must poison this water to-night", says Captain Gary to his two lieutenants.

The two lieutenants nodded and the captain proceeded in outlining his orders.

Of course, I was only the companies orderly sergeant and should not form bad ideas about my superiors, but I could not help wondering what these two lieutenants would do without the Captain between them. Lieut. Smith was a lawyer before this war began. He went to Military College and earned his commission. He was what a sailor would call a "jeep." Lieut. Holden was however a professional army man and despised the new "school boy" army, as he termed it.

"It took me eleven years to become a Second Lieutenant," Holden said. "and this guy Smith was a First Lieutenant after three years. I can't figure it out."

So this is the situation - the two were always arguing. The Captain called for me and told me to get the bugle to sound assembly, and within five minutes C Company had fallen in and Captain Alexander was addressing them.

"Boys", he said, "ten miles over there is an oasis with plenty of water. Our job is to poison that water so the Jerries and Italians can't use it. Break off and fall in on the carriers and trucks."

So, at 8.00, April 11, the one hundred men of C company start off in six Bren gun carriers and thirty trucks. We were quite a formidable force. However, before we proceeded two miles, ten Stukas hit at us and I cursed the M. P. who yelled disarmament in 1934. We got six of the dive bombers, but lost twenty of our trucks and all but one of our Bren gun carriers. Sixty-three men were killed including Captain Alexander, leaving Lieut. Smith in command. We had ten wounded, so we sent them back in two trucks under command of Sergeant Hornpipe. We now had twenty-seven men, one carrier and four trucks. The other four trucks were left behind because they were not needed. I could hardly believe the licking we took — seventy percent casualties and we had not even seen our objective.

Lieut. Smith started and from his actions I could tell that he was very nervous and had no confidence in himself as a leader. He also looked worried for reasons which I did not know.

I was sweating enough to float the Duke of York. All around us were the bleak sands of the desert - a sudden thought came to me - suppose we got lost like the patrol in the "Immortal Sergeant."

"Does that nincompoop Smith, up there, know where he is going", I blurted out.

All of a sudden I realized that I was likewise "up there" and on my right was Lieut. Smith and on my left was Sergeant Major Bingel. I looked at the nice new stripes on my sleeves and mentally kissed them good-bye.

Private Winters, a Canadian from Hattamagoosh, Alberta, yelled out something from the rear truck and pointed to the north. A column of dust was what I saw and my adam's apple suddenly wanted to jump out. I was really scared after the Stukas jumped us. I hated to think what would happen to a certain Bren gun carrier numbered C1005 if those were German tanks.

Corporal Rathbon Wheeler from Brooklyn, U. S. A. said as though he read my mind, "Aw, that's probably just a couple dozen Italian tanks wanting to surrender."

I began to feel better, but, I suddenly realized that they were not tossing fire-crackers at us in joy. They were exploding 88 mm. shells. One hit from those and we would be knocking at the Pearly Gates. One was very close. A fragment whistled close to me and Lieut. Smith and C. S. M. Bingel were left looking at the headless driver Corporal Rathbone. I almost tasted my supper twice and I mentally made a note to take up knitting if I were alive after the war.

One of the trucks was hit and I saw arms and legs hanging out of it, apparently lifeless. Bingel threw Wheeler out of the carrier and took over. I was watching the bullets bounce off a German tank as it rumbled toward us. I wished my Bren gun was the forward battery on the "King George." Lieut. Smith had fainted from sheer fright and was lying down with my foot on his chest. Why didn't Bingel turn away? Down came the tank — nearer. I could clearly make out the letters and numbers on it. On the front was an iron cross in red, black and white; below that were the letters AH73, and I immediately thought of Adolf Hitler. I still wondered why Bingel didn't turn and why the gunner didn't fire.

"Bingel turn", I screamed. "We'll be crushed."

He turned in his seat, smiled, then started to laugh as if he were crazy. The tank was almost upon us — I could see the eyes of the man peering through the driver's slot.

Faintly I heard a death-like scream, the back of my head hurt — everything was black, my head was spinning in space. Then things cleared up, and I awoke on the floor of my bedroom at 401 South, 10th Street; New York, U. S. A. On the floor beside me was a copy of the new New York Times with a picture of Colonel Fredrick Wilson who was killed with the last stand of the 25th Infantry Regiment at Bir Ferad, Egypt.

Apparently I had been dreaming. Oh Yes! I remember I was reading that account before I fell asleep. I breathed a sigh of relief as I put on my civilian clothes and went down stairs for breakfast. Was I glad that I was not a soldier!

"Junior", Mother called from the parlor, "Here is a letter for you, its from your draft board.

I just fainted.

THE HIDDEN FINGERPRINTS

By ELEANOR RANDALL '44

Lois was the trapeze artist, the star of the show, the most beautiful they had ever seen. She was married to her trapeze partner, the Frenchman, Pierre de Bois. But she was dead!

Lois had stayed behind in the dressing-room while Pierre had rushed off to an appointment after their rehearsal. She was coming right home. At three o'clock in the morning she was not home yet. He was worried. He went back to the theatre, to their joint dressing-room. As he opened the

door joining the two rooms, he saw her hanging by her neck at the end of a thick rope from the water pipe running across the ceiling.

This is the story that Pierre told Kelly, the detective, who was called in on the case. A policeman had all the performers herded into the little dressing-room which was still as Pierre had found it. There were the cowboy, magician, comedian, manager, chorus and other advertised attractions. In death as in life, Lois was the center of attraction. She was swaying in the draught. Her hands and feet were bound with strips of dirty cloth. Her limbs were stiff in rigor mortis. An old step-ladder leaned against the wall. It was always kept there, they said. This, Kelly thought, could be used to haul the body into its position. It could not have been suicide. The rope was dirty and tightly wound around the woman's neck in two parallel strands so as to hide almost all the flesh. An immense knot had been tied under one ear and a similiar one at the pipe. The policeman said the rope came from a trunk in the property room. The strain and tenseness was too much — Pierre fainted and was dragged out. Then Kelly began to question the cowboy and the manager. They did not seem to be on very good terms. It seemed that sometimes Lois went out with the cowboy unknown to Pierre, and the manager was jealous. Then he said the magician should know something too, he was quarreling with her only yesterday.

But then the doctor and another man came in, who examined the knot at her neck and at the pipe.

Kelly felt uneasy and began looking around. There was a small loaded revolver in the dressing table, a long sharp letter-opener on another table, but without signs of blood, and a box of carpenter's tools with a heavy hammer on top in a closet. With all these easier means of murder, why should the murderer go to all the trouble of tying her, going to the property room and picking that particular piece of rope, placing the step ladder and then hanging her?

But something was puzzling the man who came with the doctor. The knot at the pipe was one he had never seen before, and he was an expert in that line. It looked like a combination of knots and not one tied in an emergency.

The watchman was brought in. Pierre and Lois had told him they were trying a new act and would probably be leaving late. So everyone else having gone, he locked up and told them to lock the stage door. Now no one would know if anyone had gone in or out. All the others had perfect alibis.

Whatever happens, the show must go on, even though the star of the show has been murdered.

Kelly and a policeman watched the show from a place near the door. Pierre had a new partner, one just as agile and lithe as Lois had been. Suddenly Kelly grabbed the policeman and hurried him backstage where they could see everything that was done in detail — every movement, every trick — Pierre with his partner hanging daringly below him performing their feats. The comedian brought down the house with his antics and rope tricks which Kelly was so interested in but gave no lead; the cowboy and choruses did jazz and songs, the magician began his display of tricks.

Pierre from the one wing watched each performer as tensely as Kelly did from the opposite one.

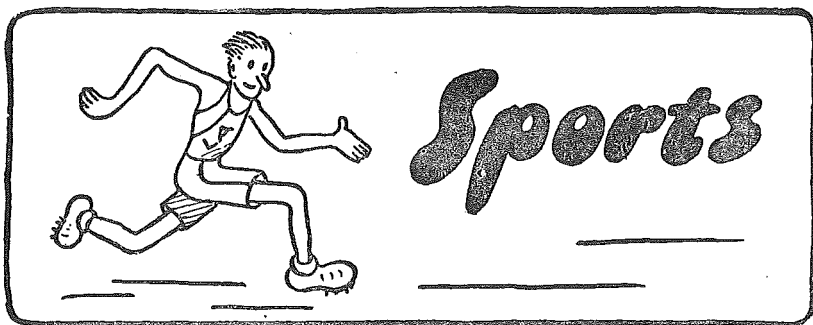
The magician concluded his act, bowed and went off stage. The orchestra became confused, the manager frantically cried for him to finish his act. Hesitantly he went on again. A rope suspended from a trapeze was let down on the stage. With his back turned toward the wing containing the detective, he fingered the rope, tied one end to the bar, the others to his wrist. With the raising of his other hand as a signal, the trapeze was lifted and he was pulled up with it about two feet from the floor. The rope was taut. The knots were large and similar. The curtain was to come down for a few seconds, then rise and the magician would be down on the stage with the rope.

But when the curtain went down it stayed down, for Kelly and the policeman jumped on the stage before the man could be lowered. He came down frightened and shaking while all the cast clustered around. The knots were identical to the one by which Lois was hung from the water pipe. Pierre, who had come on the stage when he saw Kelly do so, made a leap for the magician when he recognized the knots. The policeman pulled him off. The magician gasped that he was innocent, but admitted that he had been running around with that femme fatale. But Kelly let him go even though the knots were identical, because he said it was so obvious that with all those other means of inflicting death, the method of hanging should be chosen that would put a knot into use, by which an innocent man would be convicted as the murderer wished, for he knew someone else would notice the knot and recognize it as the magician's and he was the only one who knew how to make it. They were right back where they started.

The doctor entered and flopped into a chair. The lady was **not** hanged but **choked** to death. Heavy fingerprints were found under the double coil of rope around her neck, and they were **upside down**. The rope was to hide the marks caused by the real means of death. Kelly had the solution immediately; this was what he had been awaiting.

The troupe gathered in the dressing-room for solving of the murder. Kelly nonchalantly declared that he knew the identity of the murderer. Pierre started; no one else moved. Continuing, Kelly said the specific purpose of the rope was to hide the inverted finger marks, and the only way possible was to make it seem as if she had been hanged, and the tight rope would obliterate the marks; but they did not. For the marks to be upside down, it was necessary that she be hanging head down above the murderer, or he above her. The man became extremely jealous of her affairs with other male members of the troupe to such a point that he planned to kill her. At their next rehearsal was an opportune time. She was suspended below him, and his hands closed around her neck. He had not counted on the fingermarks pointing downward, and his crazed brain dreamed up the method of hanging to conceal, and to convict another. Lois had shown him the knot. The magician had shown it to her so long ago that he had forgotten he had done so.

The plot was revealed; the troupe was enlightened, but all felt pity for the plight of — Pierre.



During the past year since the rink was not open to the public for the Winter months, Lunenburg Academy specialized almost entirely in basketball. All the students in the Junior High and Senior High could take part in the sport which was held in the Armouries after school hours **four afternoons** per week. In the case of the senior team, many practises were held **on Saturday**. The Academy is indeed grateful to Lieut. D. Bourque for the use of the Armouries for athletic purposes.

Several games were played against the Navy as follows:

Jan. 29th—Navy 26, Academy 21. High scorer for the school was John Beck with 8 points.

Feb. 5th—School 27, Navy 19 with "Bob" Bailly of our team as the high scorer with 10 points.

Feb. 8th—School 31, Navy 26. Eric Collins had 9 points to rate high man for the school.

Feb. 12th—Navy 22, Academy 20. High scorer was again John Beck with 10 points.

This year our basketball teams - both girls and boys - went to Liverpool for inter-school playoffs. They were greeted at the station by a committee from the Liverpool Academy, the members of which accompanied them to private homes where they were entertained. After the games, a party was held in the Assembly Hall of the Liverpool Academy in honor of the visiting teams. Miss P. Westhaver and Mr. J. MacLellan accompanied the teams to Liverpool.

The two teams were transported to Bridgewater in private cars where they entrained for Liverpool. On their return to Bridgewater the following day, they were met and taken to Lunenburg by the same cars. Those giving the use of their cars were: Mrs. D. Mosher, Mr. E. Bailly, Mr. H. Rattray, Capt. F. Cook, and Mr. K. Zinck.

Feb. 18th—The games at Liverpool:

7 p. m. Girls—Lunenburg 0, Liverpool 16.

8 p. m. Boys—Lunenburg 10, Liverpool 23.

"Bob" Bailly collected the greatest number of points having 6.

On the following week-end Liverpool brought their two teams to Lunen-

burg and, in addition, a hockey team. Both basketball games were held in the Armouries; and the boys' game was the most exciting, from the point of view of the spectators, that has ever been played here. A return party was staged for the visitors in the Assembly Hall with the usual frivolity and wholesome good fun.

Feb. 25th—Scores for the games were:

5 p. m.—Girls—Lunenburg 11, Liverpool 29.

7 p. m.—Boys—Lunenburg 25, Liverpool 20.

The high scorers were Vivian Rattray and Joyce Brown with 4 points each, and John Beck with 10 points.

Feb. 26th—On the following Saturday morning a hockey game was staged in the local Arena with our boys going on the ice without having held a single practise game.

Score: Lunenburg 2, Liverpool 11.

March 3rd—Another hockey game was played against Marriott's Cove.

Score: Lunenburg 6, Cove 7.

March 18th—The final basketball game was played prior to the Easter Examinations.

Score: Academy 46, Navy 30.

Our high scorers were John Beck 16, Eric Collins and "Bob" Bailly with 10 points each.

The coaches for the girls' Teams are: Miss D. Anderson, Miss Jean E. MacDonald, and Miss P. Westhaver; for the boys' Teams, Mr. D. H. Collins, Mr. R. H. Campbell, Mr. J. MacLellan, and Mr. E. T. Shipley.

"A" CLASS PROPHECY

By EVELYN CREASER AND DELMA KNICKLE '44

Sydney, Australia, Air Line Terminal, - "Trans-Pacific Clipper for Los Angeles — taking off in five minutes."

"Say pilot, how long before we reach Midway?"

"Hh — it will be ——— Oh! Hello there, how are you? — Evelyn! Delma!"

"Why, it's Robert Silver! This is a surprise!"

"Yes, girls, but the plane must go. I'll see you next stop."

"Beautiful sunshine, white floating clouds, comfort supreme! What a fine reward, Delma, for our hard labours at the General Hospital, Washington, D. C. I wish Claire Mosher were with us too. She deserves this; Floor Super in the Victoria General, Halifax is no cinch. I understand Grace MacPherson is still in good old Nova Scotia doing her bit among the sick."

"Yes, and I hear Doris Beginn now does her nursing for Wing Comman-

der R. W. Baily of the Canadian Section International Police."

"Delma, turn on the radio, please."

"Station XMC Vancouver — Ladies and Gentlemen, the news headlines:"

"1. Eden meets Wilkie in Cairo."

2. Five hundred people buried by earthquake in Japan.

3. Squadron Leader William Cluett of Victoria, formerly a Nova Scotian, meets death off Kiska Island."

"Eve! Evelyn! Did you hear that? Wait a second, what is this!"

"4. Nova Scotian girl appointed to staff of McGill University — Miss Roberta Sarty of Lunenburg."

"Well, Delma, Roberta certainly exceeded her fondest wishes."

"5. Ladies and Gentlemen, this news cast will come to you again tomorrow same time, same station — Please remember, always take Dr. Carl Miller's Pink Pills for positive prevention of pouches under peoples' eyes. Station XMC — Gerald Falkenham announcing."

"Oh, it's Gerald, I thought that voice sounded familiar."

Los Angeles, ten days later —

"Evelyn, they do look good, far better than any paintings I ever thought Betty Potter could make and here we are in Los Angeles."

"Yes! Oh, here's a bank. Would you come in with me while I get this check cashed?"

"Speaking of banks, reminds me that Eleanor Randall and Sylvia Walters are working in the Bank of Montreal at St. John, N. B. Eleanor is the new lady manager. By the way, I wonder where Joyce Brown is now."

"Joyce? Why she's running a dress shop at Halifax. I understand her cousin — John Mason — has had quite a career of marriage. He has thirteen children, has been married three times and is about to divorce the third one."

"That is very interesting, but have you heard what Walter Cook is doing? He is now a Sub. Lieutenant in the R. C. N. stationed at Newfoundland."

A few minutes later, outside of the bank.

"Well, Delma, that's done, but what were we talking about? Oh, now I remember, Yes, I read that about Walter in the paper several days ago. Hey, Delma, wake up! What are you day dreaming about?"

"My thought ran away with me and took me back to the year we were in Grade XII. Evelyn, do you remember Paul Hebb and Alexander Knickle?"

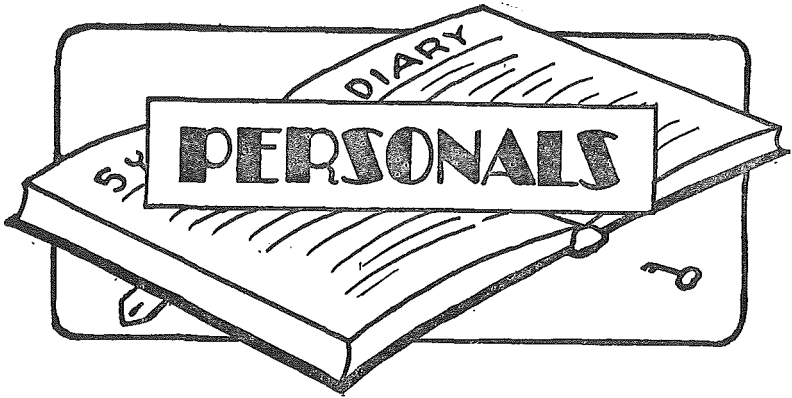
"Why yes, I do. Why did you ask?"

"Well, Paul is out west in Alberta practising as a veterinary. I thought maybe you'd like to know.

"Indeed! I wonder if he makes the horses laugh. But what about Alex?"

"He, as you might guess, is still arguing over the Respective Merits of Air and Sea Power, but, in the House of Commons as the worthy successor of former Lunenburgers."

"Well, Delma, now I really am homesick; let us spend the rest of our vacation in Lunenburg. Come on let's go."



By THELMA LEVY '45, B. POTTER '44

Shall we turn to find out what the students of "A" '43 are doing now?

Ruby Oxner, Jacqueline Mosher, Elizabeth Corkum and Winona Parks, are taking business courses at Mount Allison.

Jean Rattray and Arthur Crouse are studying at Acadia University. Arthur is taking a military course.

John Kinley is furthering his education at Dalhousie University, in mechanical engineering.

Robert Haughn is taking a business course at the Maritime Business College.

Ruth Keilor, who had also studied at the Maritime Business College prior to Christmas, is now employed in the Royal Bank of Canada in Lunenburg.

Three of last year's students are already in the Services. Marguerite Wilson has joined the W. R. C. N. S. and is stationed in Ottawa. Edgar Himmelman has enlisted in the Merchant Marine. Benjamin Kaubach has joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and is stationed in Toronto.

Jean Himmelman is home at present.

Orlando Lace, who has spent a large part of his life around ships, is now First Mate at sea.

Evelyn MacPherson is working in the Lunenburg Railway Station.

Pauline Crouse is working in the Stedmans' Store, while awaiting entrance to a hospital for nurse's training.

Donald Beck is for the present employed at the Lunenburg Foundry.

Lillian Schlenger is now employed in the office of the "Progress-Enterprise."

Audrey Tanner is in training for a nurse at the Halifax Infirmary.

Diana Tanner is at present employed at Smith's Firm.

Bazil Nowe is for the time being working at the Lunenburg Foundry.

Queenie Zinck is employed at Kinley's Drug Store, where she is taking a Drug Clerk's course.

Blossom Zinck is now teaching school at Hedkman's Island.

Ira Bruce has chosen to be a male nurse, and is now studying at the Victoria General Hospital.

Here, also, are the students of "B" '43.

Rosaline Jennings is teaching school at Corkum's Island, hoping later to train for a nurse.

Anne Kinley has gone to Mount St. Vincent to further her studies.

Winnifred Fraelic now works as office assistant in the Fisheries Department, Halifax.

Jean Macartney is at Richmond, Quebec, where she is employed in a local bank.

Marjorie Tanner is employed at Kinley's Drug Store, Lunenburg.

Mae Kaulback is working at the Stedman Store, Lunenburg.

Lloyd Eisenhauer has entered the Technical College at Halifax to take a drafting course.

Sonnich Sonnichson is at present employed in the Foundry.

Herbert Zinck is working in Crouse's Radio Shop.

Robert Zinck, now in Halifax, is employed in the Telegraph Office of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

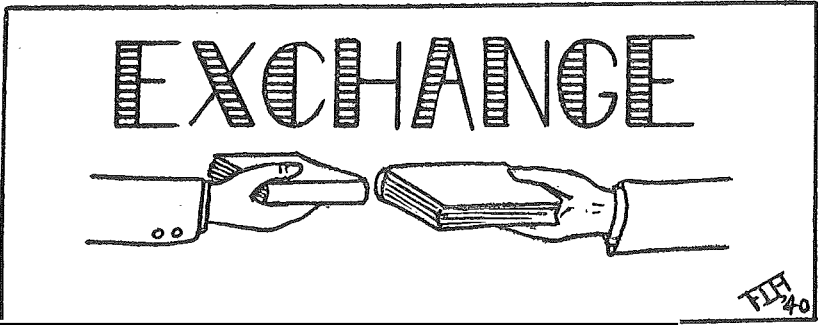
Gilbert Smith is working at the Lunenburg Foundry.

Bertram Corkum is at present employed at Powers Bros. Limited.

FANCIES OF THE FUTURE

By JEAN SHOLDS '47

Let's see what the future holds in store
 For you and me and millions more.
 We'll have helicopters and private planes,
 "Ducks" to drive through water and lanes.
 There'll be television, dishwashing machines;
 Why, we'll all be able to live like queens!
 Clad in crystal gowns so sheer and fine
 In our homes of glass we shall sup and dine.
 The schools of the future will be superb;
 Though the pupils still fret o'er "That Latin verb."
 Self-cleaning blackboards and cushioned seats,
 A school cafeteria in which to eat!
 It seems we were born "thirty years too soon,"
 The next generation may reach the moon!



By GENEVA SELIG '45 and GARNICE DeMONE '45

On the behalf of the students of Lunenburg County Academy, we wish to express our sincere appreciation to the editors, as well as to the contributors, for their splendid work done in producing their magazines. We should like as extensive an exchange as possible, and we welcome any criticism that may help us raise the standard of the "Sea Gull."

Our exchange consists of the following:

1. "Mahone Bay Highlight" from Mahone Bay, N. S.
We are sorry to report that your magazine does not appeal as well to the students of L. C. A. as your magazines of former years. The difficulty may lie in the fact that there is not enough co-operation among the students.
You have, however, a fine representation from the Common School.
2. "Brown and Gold Annual" from Glace Bay, N. S.
Your magazine holds first place with our students. Your photographs and print are all very clear, the articles are truly interesting, and you should be proud of your fine collection of poems. All credit is due you in your excellent work in developing designs for the magazine. We're glad to see the respect you pay in dedicating your edition to the Royal Canadian Air Force.
3. "Bishop's College School Magazine" from Lennoxville, Quebec.
Glad to have your magazine on our shelves. We like the honor you accord to your students overseas. Your action pictures and school columns are excellent. Why don't you have more material from the students?
4. "Sydney Academy Record" from Sydney High School.
The essays in particular contain appropriate material. Your jokes are very interesting and you have splendid contributions from your High School Students. Your magazine is very popular among the students of our school.
5. "The Critic" from Truro, N. S.
Because of your excellent work, your magazine is very much appreciated. We suggest that you publish more material written by your students. Your poems and essays are enjoyed by all. The cover is appropriate.

6. "The Roseway Bugle" from Shelburne, N. S.
We congratulate you on the success of your first edition. The entire magazine contains interesting material. The essays and gossip columns are outstanding. Continue the good work.
7. "The Voice" from Yarmouth County Academy.
Your magazine is more or less abbreviated in comparison with your former editions. However it is very popular among the students of L. C. A. particularly as it contains much interesting school news.
8. "Q. C. A. Review" from Liverpool Academy.
Your editions are good. Your jokes are excellent, but we suggest more columns concerning the school activities.

SCHOOL NEWS

By DORIS BEGINN '44

1942

June—The Academy held its closing June 25th at which time Rev. A. Allen and Dr. S. Spidle were the guest speakers. The former addressed the Common School Grades in the afternoon; Dr. Spidle addressed the High School Grades in the evening. A colorful High School Party held on the 29th concluded the School Closing.

September—The school year of 1943—1944 began Sept. 8th. Two new teachers, Miss J. MacDonald and Mr. E. T. Shipley, were welcomed to the teaching staff. A Defence Course has been introduced to the curriculum for Grades X and XI. The Junior Course is being taught to both grades and contains the following subjects: First Aid, Organization, Signalling, Aircraft Recognition, A. R. P., Woodcraft and Navigation.

Shortly after the opening of School, the officers of the Students' Council were elected.

President—Roberta Sarty '44.

Vice-President—Eric Collins '45.

Secretary—Gerald Falkenham '44.

Treasurer—Barbara Zinck '45.

Representatives from the Grades—

Grade IX—Jean Scholds, Sherman Zwicker.

Grade X—Arthur Eisenhauer, Jane Himmelman.

A Navy League Drive was held at School from which numerous Ditty Bag articles were collected and, in addition, the sum of \$71.33.

October—Our Annual School Exhibition was held in the Assembly Hall. There were several new attractions this year — Biology Slides, Practical Physics Exhibits, and a film which was shown in the Grade X room.

During Fire Prevention Week, Fire Chief H. Anderson, Councillor L. J. Hebb, and Mr. D. J. Bourque addressed the assembled students.

The first High School Party was held on Oct. 15th. All agreed that it was a huge success.

November—Grades VIII to XII inclusive had their Preliminary Exams. from the 16th to the 20th.

Throughout the month we were indeed fortunate to have as guest speakers at the Morning Assemblies Mrs. Paul Machetzski and Dr. Paul Endicott. Mrs. Machetzki is a missionary from British Guiana; and through her the students were able to get a complete understanding of life in South America. Dr. Endicott is also a missionary who has spent fifteen years in China, and was at one time personal advisor to Madame Chiang Kai-shek. He gave an excellent summary of the causes of the present war, while emphasizing the hardships through which the Chinese are going.

December—Dr. W. A. Hewat, Dr. R. Zinck, and Miss E. Harvey gave some time to teaching and examining the First Aid Students.

The annual Christmas Concert was presented on the 16th and 17th. The first half of the programme consisted of numbers from the Common School and the Junior High School. Grade XII presented a scene from "Macbeth" under the direction of Miss P. Westhaver and Mr. R. H. Campbell. The concluding number was a cantata "The Frost King's Daughter" which was rendered by the Choral Club under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner with Mrs. Lee Hatt as accompanist. In spite of the fact that Mrs. Oxner was absent on account of sickness; that the chorus was at half-strength because of the influenza epidemic; and that Mr. Collins was away from town, the entire concert was fairly successful.

January—The students of L. C. A. resumed their studies. On the 9th the Students' Council held a skating party on the Back Harbor. With a few minor accidents, everyone had a fine time eventually collecting in the Assembly Hall for refreshments.

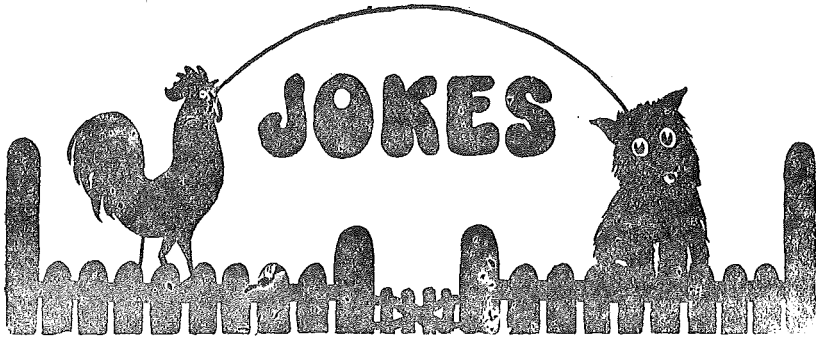
February—Debating became an important part of the Assembly programmes. The first one was between Grades XI and XII on the subject "Resolved that Daylight Saving Time should be abolished". Grade XI Team—Paul MacKay, Peggy Keillor, and Harry Heckman; Grade XII Team—Alexander Knickle, Joyce Brown, and Doris Beginn. The "A" class won the debate.

A few weeks later Grades IX and X debated on the subject "Resolved that the British Empire and the U. S. A. should federate after the present war. Grade IX Team—Arthur Smeltzer, Errol Zinck, and Graham Knickle. Grade X Team—Maxwell Cluett, Diane Oxner, and Marion Lace. The latter team won the debate.

A third debate occurred between Grades VII and VIII on the subject "Resolved that able-bodied men and boys should give their seats to ladies in crowded buses and street cars." Grade VII Team—John Bald, Alfred Cluett, Marilyn Mosher. Grade VIII Team—Violet Bailly, David Parker, and Barbara Zinck. Grade VII upset all opinions by winning the debate.

This month was rounded out with the best party of the year in the form of a Valentine Party. All the students had a great time.

March—Grades VIII to XII inclusive wrote their Intermediate Exams. the week of March 27th. The students feel proud of the fact that they could prepare for examinations since Mr. Campbell was sick for a month, and Miss MacDonald was on sick leave for over two weeks. Everybody had a grand time trying to instruct the classes in the various subjects.



W. Cluett: "What was my mark in Latin, Mr. Shipley?"

Mr. Shipley: "I'm sorry, I don't believe I can tell you that."

Voice: "Gosh! Was it that bad?"

D. Beginn: (just before receiving exam reports) "Say, do you know why Mr. Campbell is wearing his black suit?"

B. Potter: "No, why?"

D. Beginn: "He's in mourning for us."

W. Cook: "Did you ever ride a jackass?"

G. Falkenham: "No, why?"

W. Cook: "Well, you better get on to yourself."

Mr. Campbell: "If you find gold in the hills, where do you find 'silver'?"

Alex. K.: "In the pool room."

He: "Please"

She: "No!"

He: "Aw please"

He: "Not even if I tell you I love you more than anybody in the world?"

She: "Positively no!"

He: "Aw but Mother, all the other boys stay out after nine o'clock."

Robert F.: "I got 39 in English and 40 in History, but I sure knocked them cold in Algebra."

Harry N.: "What did you get?"

Robert F.: "ZERO"

Mr. Campbell: (during Red Cross Meeting) "We'll have Elaine Langille pick a song to sing."

Elaine L.: "Put your arms around me honey".

Mr. Campbell: "Would you mind repeating that?"

Elaine L.: "Put your arms around me honey".

Mr. Campbell: "Don't you know I'm a married man?"

Donald I.: "Would you strap me for something I didn't do?"

Mr. Shipley: "Of course not."

Donald I.: "Well, I didn't do my biology."

D. Hiltz: "What steps would you take if you came face to face with a ferocious lion?"

P. Mackay: "Long fast ones, brother, - - long and fast?"

Miss Westhaver: (in English class discussing a poem) "Why did the people wake up, Walter?"

Walter R.: (daydreaming) "Because they weren't sleepy anymore."

AN UNUSUAL EVENT

By DIANE OXNER '46

Scene: Womans' Institute Room.

Time: 5.30 p. m.

Characters: A Relief Committee consisting of Mesdames L.S., B.B.B., S.E.M., Mr. J. S.M., Mr. E.T.S:

B.B.B. (During the meeting, Ladies, I should like a committee to remain after the programme to pack some boxes for the Greek relief.

At the close of the programme, tea has been served. Teachers, who are guests for the afternoon linger over their teacups, while the energetic ladies get on with their packing of the boxes in the lobby, where, on the table, all bundles and second-hand clothing have been left.

B.B.B. (picking up an overcoat) "Oh my! what a generous person. Look at the lovely overcoat."

L.S. "And see the lovely fur-lined kid gloves they left in the pockets. We'll pack this right in the bottom of the box. Why here's another! I'll put it in next to it. And look! rubbers, spats and two beautiful felt hats.

B.B.B. "Give them to me and I'll put them in this crate."

The ladies continue packing the boxes until they are well filled. By this time the members and the guests have finished their refreshments and have gone their various ways.

(J.S.M. and E.T.S: saunter to the lobby to don their outdoor garments preparatory to going home.)

J.S.M. (looks at the place where his coat should be, rubs his eyes and looks again. Could he believe it? His coat was gone. It was nowhere to be seen.)

E.T.S. (does likewise. But alas! no coats, hats, gloves, or rubbers anywhere. His teeth chattering at the thought of spending the rest of the winter in an overcoatless state, he asks in a meek voice): "Has anyone seen my overcoat?"

J.S.M. (as he sees Mrs. S. E. M. with a red scarf in her hands preparing to put it in the box cries) "Oh! my scarf."

Then in horrified dismay the good members of the committee discover that in the unwonted zeal, they had packed the overcoats of the visiting guests, not what they considered the donations of the generous citizens.

FOOTNOTE

A sign will be placed in the lobby of the Woman's Institute Room bearing these words: "Guests, kindly watch your hats and coats."

WE NOMINATE

Alexander Knickle as our captain of H.M.C.S. "BLOWHARD."

Vivian Rattray as our "Queen" of basketball.

Roberta Sarty as our most outstanding President.

Paul MacKay as our greatest "Romeo."

Gerald Falkenham as our fastest "Wolf."

Cyril Fulton as our "Little Man who's always there."

Donald Iversen as the most unforgettable character I have ever met.

Robert Silver as "The bespectacled wolf in sheep's clothing."

George Himmelman as "Lunenburg's Henry Aldrich."

Garnice DeMone as "Blondie."

Paul Hebb as "The little man who is never there."

Grade XI room as "Home Sweet Home."

Little Frankie was late for school. Running frantically to get there on time, he closed his eyes tightly and murmured to himself. "Please don't let me be late." "Please get me there on time." "Please L---." Tripping suddenly, he fell in the middle of a mud puddle. Getting to his feet, he looked up and said, "I know I wanted to get there on time but I didn't ask to be pushed."

Mr. Campbell: (teaching Economics to Grade XI class) "Take any article; when it is bought it goes to the buyer."

Student: "I think you're wrong about coal, Sir."

Mr. Campbell: "Why?"

Student: "Well, when coal is bought it goes to the cellar."

Stranger: (approaching the Lunenburg Academy) "What is that building on the hill—a museum?"

M. Spindler: "Yes, when we're all in it."

Basketball Teams are between

Bridgewater and Lunenburg on the return trip from Liverpool where both teams have suffered defeats. Loud Voice in Car: Well! I suppose Mr. Campbell will be at the Centre School with a single-barrel shot-gun; Mr. Collins will be in Newtown with a double-barrel cannon; and Mr. Shipley will be at the Cemetery with a shovel.

Gilbert F.: "I think Alexander Knickle will be a ruler someday."

MacKenzie K.: "I don't think so, I'd say rather a yard-stick."

Robert B.: "Mr. Collins, What is limewater used for?"

Mr. Collins: "They feed it to the Baillys."

Visitor: "How many "students" are there in high school?"

Mr. Collins: "Oh, about one in every five."

Nit: "I think a short nose usually indicated curiosity."

Wit: "And a flattened one may indicate too much curiosity."

Robert Bailly
"Bobby"

Doris Beginn
"Dolly"

Joyce Brown
"Dimples"

William Cluett
"Willie"



Weakness:

Pretty brunettes

Grade XII boys

Muir's Chocolates

Drums

Ambition:

Flight Sergeant

Nurse

Private Secretary

Airforce

Favorite Saying:

Censored

Do you want to bet?

You're not kidding

Gosh Sakes

Walter Cook
"Cookie"

Evelyn Creaser
"Evey"

Gerald Falkenham
"Jerry"

Paul Hebb
"Adam"



Weakness:

Skiing

Math.

Girls

Maud, the horse

Ambition:

To get his "A"

Go to College

Get his Grade XII

Aeronautical Engineer

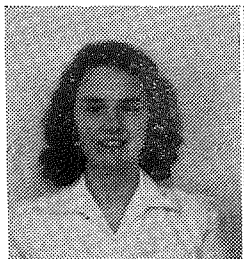
Where Seen Most: He isn't

With Delma

Everywhere

Main Street

Delma Knickle
"Dennie"



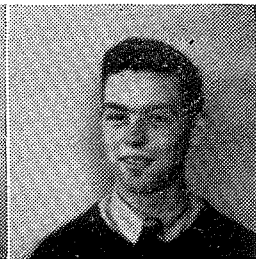
Alexander Knickle
"Doodle"



Grace MacPherson
"Gracie"



John Mason
"Johnnie"



Weakness:	Skating	Arguing	He's at Dal.	Talking to the janitor
Ambition:	Nurse	Navy	Nurse	Go to college
Favorite Saying:	Oh Yeah!	Don't believe it!	You'll get used to it	Jeepers

Carl Miller
"Carl"



Claire Mosher
"Claire"



Elizabeth Potter
"Betty"



Eleanor Randall
"Randie"



Weakness:	Blondes	Laughing	Movies	Grade IX boys
Ambition:	Air Force	Nurse	Artist	Go to Acadia
Pet Hate:	School	Grade XII boys	Remembering	Going home early

Roberta Sarty
"Roberta"

Robert Silver
"Palmer"

Sylvia Walters
"Tibbie"

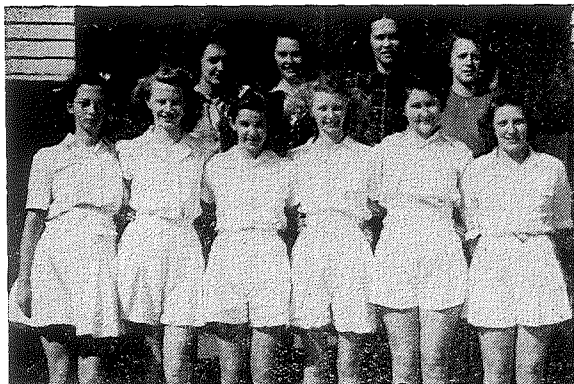


Weakness:
Ambition:
Pet Hate:

Studying
Teacher
Boys

Bridgewater girls
R. A. F.
Rivals

Talking to Claire
Go to college
"Re3-heads"



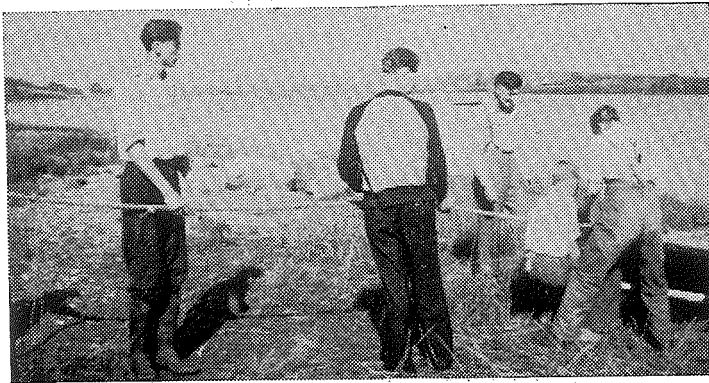
Girl's Basketball Team



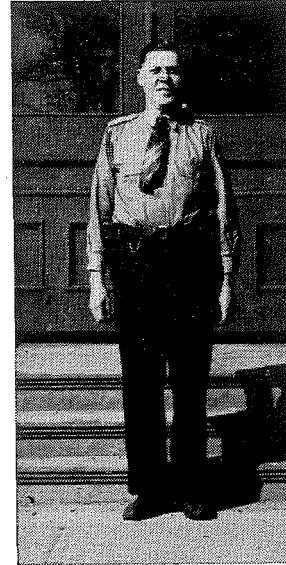
Boy's Basketball Team



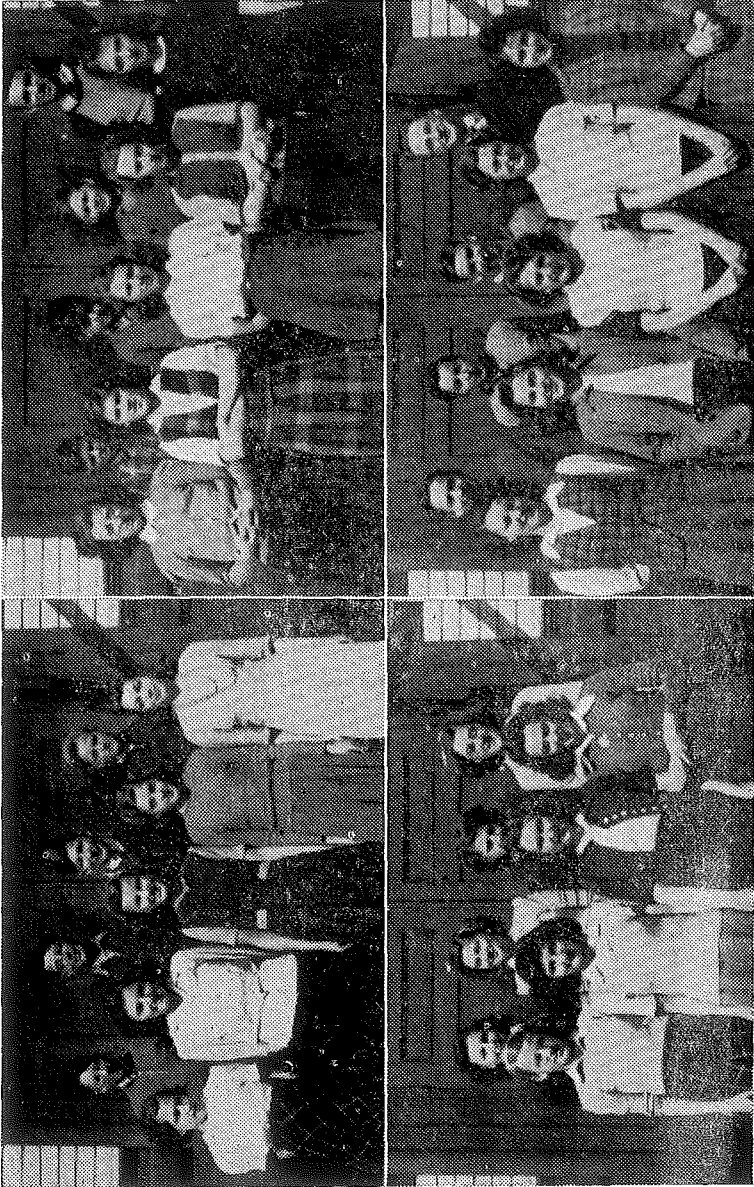
Biology Laboratory Class



Hauling Sydney's boat up for winter storage



Our genial caretaker, Mr. Sydney Knickle, who is everybody's friend. He is usually the first to arrive at the Academy in the morning and the last to leave in the afternoon. His spirit of cooperation is extremely helpful in the smooth running of the school.



Grade VIII

THE SEA GULL



Grade IX

THE SEA GULL



Grade IX

THE SEA GULL

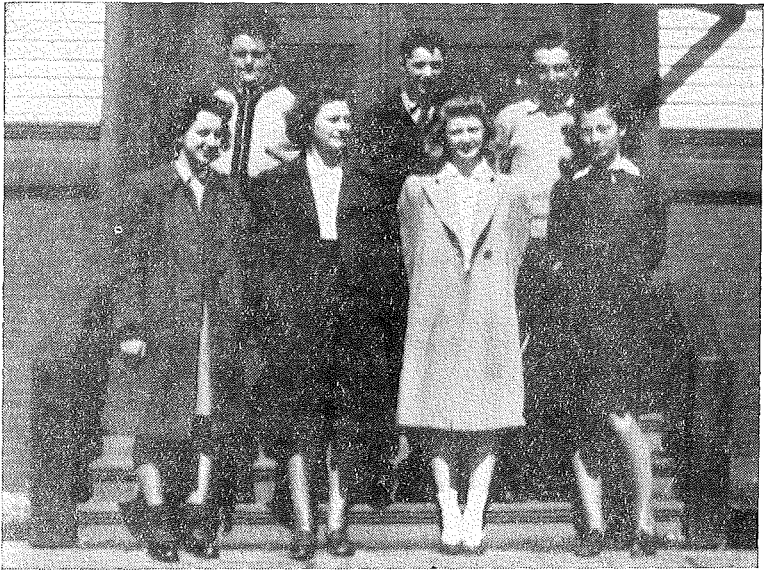
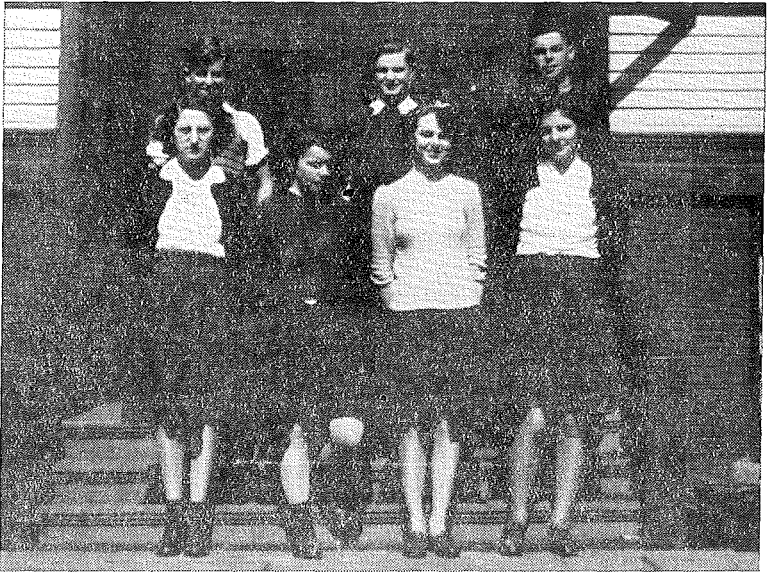


Grade X



Grade X

The Pictures in this magazine, with the exception of the Staff, have been taken by a committee consisting of Mr. J. S. MacLellan and Miss Phyllis Westhaver assisted by Mr. R. H. Campbell. Mr. Campbell has a fine camera, and he has made a hobby of photography.



Grade XI

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