

The SEA GULL



BACKMAN

LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

animis Opibusque Parati

1946

BLOCKHOUSE HILL ...

Lunenburg possesses in Blockhouse Hill an Historic Site that could easily be made an outstanding attraction. The timbered stronghold that surmounted this hill almost two centuries ago protected the settlers from the Indians. Long after its usefulness had ended it remained, a silent witness of the growth of the town. Those who visited its ancient upper floor were provided with an unsurpassed view of the Front and Back Harbors.

Here should be erected a replica of the original Blockhouse, and a first settler's home, equipped as it was in the 18th century. An Archives building of design fitting to such a Site would hold the historical records of the town, relics of first settlers and models of wind ships built in Lunenburg's yards. The hill should be landscaped properly, with parking grounds arranged for cars. A bathing beach could be established where the lower slopes meet with the Back Harbor, shade trees planted there, benches and bathing houses provided.

Blockhouse Hill, thus equipped, would become an historic feature of eastern Canada. Tens of thousands would visit the Hill each year, and no more fitting place could be had to preserve the history of Lunenburg and its settlers.

Lunenburg Board of Trade

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



JEAN E. MACDONALD



P. L. WESTHAVER, B. SC



ERWIN T. SHIPLEY, B. A



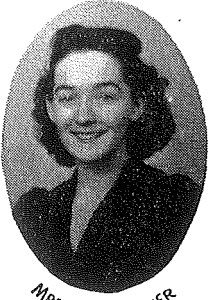
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CLYDE W. CORBETT



ROBERT H. CAMPBELL, M. A



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JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

*Worshipful of
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Box 90
Lunenburg, N.S.*

OUR OFFICERS



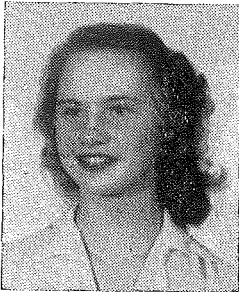
As co-editors of the 1946 "Sea Gull" we sincerely hope that this issue meets with the approval of the Public. We feel that we have gained valuable experience and wish to thank the Teachers and Students for their co-operation. Success to the 1946 graduating class.

ARTHUR EISENHAUER '46
VIVIAN RATTRAY '46



I enjoyed being Business Manager of the "Sea Gull" for 1946. I should like to thank business concerns, local and outside, who have given us advertisements. I have also been secretary of the Students' Council. Best wishes to my fellow students.

MAXWELL CLUETT '46



I have enjoyed my position as President of the Students' Council. I should like to thank the students for giving me such an honored position. Their co-operation throughout the year has been appreciated. To the graduating students of 1946 I extend every wish for success.

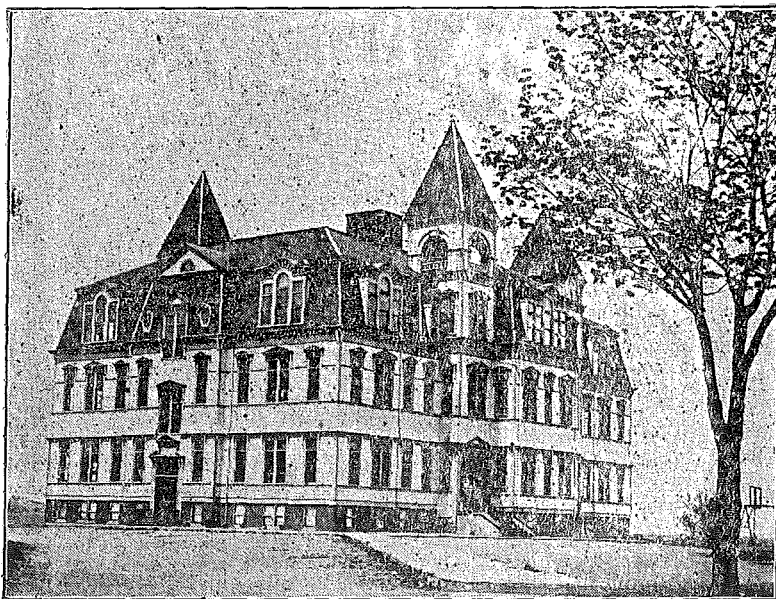
JANE HIMMELMAN '46



This year I have had the privilege of being Treasurer of the Students' Council and feel that the experience has been of value to me. Good luck to the "Sea Gull" and best wishes to the graduating class.

REGINALD SAUNDERS '47

THE SEA GULL
LUNENBURG ACADEMY



Ex-mayor A. W. Schwartz presided over the sessions of the Board of Commissioners for twenty years. This included the period from the principalship of the late Burgess McKittrick to that of the present principal Donald H. Collins. Many changes have taken place during this span of years both in the building itself and in the life of the school. After fifty years of service, the old Academy Building is one of the most up-to-date structures of its kind in Nova Scotia. This fact is due in no small degree, to the wise chairmanship of A. W. Schwartz. We regret the necessity for his retirement from public life.

We view with interest the various activities of the Academy. Yours is a complete life with your Students' Council and Assembly programmes as potent builders of self-government. Athletic contests are splendid opportunities to learn the art of working together, and, above all, fair play and team spirit. More important than these, however, is the counsel of a wise man "with all they getting, get understanding."

L. L. HEBB,

Chairman-Board of School Commissioners.

The Board of School Commissioners for the year 1945 - 1946:

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H. F. Fulton

A. F. Powers

Dr. W. A. Hewat

Dr. R. McK. Saunders

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

Clerk—L. W. Geldert

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THE SEA GULL

The Sea Gull

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THE SEA GULL



By VIVIAN RATTRAY '46 and ARTHUR EISENHAUER '46

1946 will be the first complete year of peace since the outbreak of war in 1939. This is the first peacetime edition of the Sea Gull. The magazine is, however, a reminder to us of the previous conflict because of its dedication to the "H.M.C.S. Lunenburg." Much thought and work have been contributed to the interesting information received from beyond the community.

The extra-curricular activities have occupied an important place in the life of the Academy. Along with the usual contributions to the various organizations, the Academy is still selling war saving stamps and certificates.

Sport appears to be reaching a higher standard than it did in other years, the greatest interest being in basketball. Hockey, which used to be the school's favorite sport, slipped to the background. Nevertheless, we still managed to arrange several games.

Debating has become increasingly popular during the past few years. It gives many students a chance of speaking before an audience. This is valuable to anyone who will participate in public speaking in adult life. We often hear our parents and grandparents speak of the great opportunity they missed by not having had such opportunities when they went to school.

During the war there were many changes in the teaching staff of L. C. A. Such changes very often interrupted the progress of the students, because of the methods of teaching by different teachers. This year the Academy has been fortunate enough not to have any changes in the Teaching Staff.

Being co-editors of this magazine has been a most agreeable task, and we sincerely hope that this edition of the Sea Gull meets with the approval of the public.

TWO OBJECTIVES

By D. H. COLLINS, Principal-Supervisor

There have been two important objectives established for the Academy for the period of the next two years. The first one is an attempt to render financial assistance to our Norwegian friends. The citizens of Lunenburg developed an admiration and regard for those citizens of Norway who lived here during the war years. Is there any more practical expression of this feeling by the Academy than in the adoption of a school in the war-ravaged section of Northern Norway known as Finnmark? From the articles published in this magazine, the reader can formulate some opinion of the privation and suffering experienced in that part of the world.

Through our friend, Lieut. Arne Gravem, we have adopted a school in the northernmost part of the country, a fishing town named Honningsvaag. We have raised \$100 to send them, and we hope to increase this amount next year. The Academy pupils render this gift "out of the fullness of their hearts" and to assume a small share of the burden of rehabilitation. The letter following this editorial shows what progress has been made.

Our second objective has been to establish a memorial to the late ex-principal Burgess McKittrick. For twenty-seven years he labored in your schools as a tireless worker with one aim namely to create a sound educational system. Men like Burgess McKittrick were pioneers in the field of education; men in whom the quality of self-effacement was evident.

This memorial is to take the form of a room to supplement our present Library facilities. Such an unfinished cloak-room is adjacent to the Library in which the overflow from our 5000 books could be placed. The following ex-students have made monetary contributions towards the scheme:

Weston Cleversey, Murray Beck, Dr. M. Emeneau, Miss Minnie Hewitt, Mrs. Winburne Haughn, Mrs. Leon Iverson, Councillor Wallace Smith, Miss Barbara Zinck, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mack.

Mr. Gravem, Loeten,

It is with great interest that I as President of the School Board have read your letter containing the good news your son brought back from Canada. May I also thank you for the interest you have taken in the school in Honningsvaag by letting us have the gift.

All the schools were, as you will know, burned and we started the work with empty hands last fall.

Since New Year we have had two classes here in Honningsvaag, but outside the town there are 20 children who have not had one hour's school all winter. We are now trying to get temporary school buildings everywhere so there should be normal schooling from next fall. We expect there will be 200 pupils in Honningsvaag next year, and it would be grand to get some support in providing equipment.

Please bring our thanks to the school in Lunenburg. All further correspondence in this matter will be carried on by the Inspector of Schools, Mr. M. N. Heie.

Kjelvik School Board, March 30 1946
Honningsvaag

Respectfully yours,

Odd Lothe,
President of School Board.

VALEDICTORY

By MARJORIE MOSHER '46 and JANE HIMMELMAN '46

In June we come to the close of another school year. This year, for us and the rest of our classmates is the end of our public school life. It seems only a short time ago that we entered this Academy. Now we are going to take our place in the world and apply the knowledge we have obtained.

When we were in grades two and three, we thought we would never be able to compare with the boys and girls in grade twelve at that time. As time passed, we realized that our task was not as difficult as it seemed. Now we find that we have accomplished the things we once thought impossible.

This school term we celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of Lunenburg Academy. We feel it a great honor to be the graduation class at this time. It was a pleasure to be able to participate in the celebrations; and it made us feel proud to think of the things the Academy has accomplished in fifty years.

The part we played in sport and social activities has educated us in many respects. Sport has taught us co-operation and the ability to face success and failure with the same attitude. Our work in the social life of the school has given us a sense of responsibility. All these activities have aided in fitting us for our places in the outside world.

During this term we have seen the close of a Second World War. We look forward to a brighter future than we necessarily would have, had the war continued. The post war world offers many opportunities and it is only left to us to take advantage of them. This can be done by aiming towards a goal and by determining to reach it. Our school work has proved to us that if we try hard enough, we can succeed in doing almost anything.

We feel that those who take our places in each succeeding year will do their work to the best of their ability and attain the success we hope to have. To them we say, "Do not get discouraged on the way for the sun always comes shining through at the end."

We take with us not only knowledge, but something dearer - memories of happy days we shared with our Teachers and fellow classmates at school, in our work and play. We say farewell to all our life at the Academy, not only with a feeling of joy, but also of sadness in our hearts.

In closing we should like to wish our fellow graduates all the success and happiness possible. We sincerely hope that their future will be a bright one.

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!"



PRINCE OLAV and PRINCESS MARTHA
of Norway



Oslo, 28th January, 1946.

'The Sea Gull'

To the Citizens of Lunenburg,

Nova Scotia.

Dear Friends,

We want to take this opportunity to convey to the Citizens of Lunenburg our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for all hospitality, kindness and real friendship shown to us during our visits to your charming town and to all our countrymen living there during the trying years of the War.

We and all the Norwegians, who were given such a peaceful and friendly refuge in your community, shall never forget it and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for the way in which you helped us all to live through those gloomy years of war.

With kindest greetings,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Olav', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'Liard', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.



THIS SECTION OF
 "THE SEA GULL"
 IS DEDICATED TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES
 PRINCE OLAV AND PRINCESS MARTHA
 OF NORWAY

FOCUS

By MR. and MRS. C. H. R. BLOM, Norway

It is striking how often events that may appear commonplace to the onlooker, stand out splendidly radiant when one sees them from a distance. When we had the privilege and good fortune to live five years in your cozy town (topped by your magnificent Academy that overlooks the ocean and the smiling country-side) we enjoyed that very much. When the good-natured people of Lunenburg received us with hospitality; when we witnessed the kind reception Lunenburg gave to our Officers and Sailor Boys and to other Norwegians who came to your town during the war, it

certainly warmed our hearts and filled us with gratitude.

But it was not until we arrived back in Norway that all the happenings in Lunenburg, as well as the magnificence of Canada's War Effort, stood clear in our minds; and strengthened our admiration for Lunenburg and for Canada. Remembrance then came "streaming towards us so we could hardly breathe" (as the Norwegian poet, Per Sivle, once put it).

We recall Camp Norway where we spent so many happy evenings together with our sailors and the beautiful young ladies of your town. We recall your gallant fishermen on their graceful schooners in and out of the harbor, with the merry life on the wharves, handling fish, and "fitting out" for their trips at sea. We saw the Bluenose before her sailing rig was cut down, and we know her fascinating story. We remember the busy life at the Lunenburg Foundry and at Smith and Rhuland's Shipyards. The nearby Marine Railway caught our imagination. How sad and yet how beautiful we considered your annual Memorial Day Service for the men lost at sea!



When we awoke in the morning in Mrs. Harry Hebb's cosy cottage, how thankful we were; and how we enjoyed the beautiful view of the Atlantic beyond the Ovens.

We recall some of the places we visited around Lunenburg. Blockhouse Hill above our home with its broad-view over the distant ocean and over islands and inlets nearby. Battery Point where we enjoyed excellent bathing - this place seemed nearly forgotten by

your own people. Blue Rocks, Black Rocks, Heckman's Island, Herman's Island, Second Peninsula with their many summer cottages. The Annapolis Valley with its Apple Blossom Festival, LaHave with its interesting and winding road along the LaHave River to Crescent Beach, and Mahone Bay with its busy shipbuilding works and beautiful sheltered harbour.

Do you wonder that we walked so much to view these places, and to meet your kind people? It was hard to leave all this magnificence of nature and people. When we sit down here in our old Country far away, all these things stand out haloed in our minds. We look Westward our arms filled with flowers of thanks to Lunenburg and to its inhabitants for the hearty way in which we Norwegians were met.

Norway, as a whole, was not destroyed during the War as some others, but she has nevertheless emerged from it impoverished and wanting in most respects. We hope to overcome the losses in the southern part of our country; although it is clear now that it will take more time than we anticipated. But in the northern part, called Finnmark, the destruction is

overwhelming. The efforts of the entire nation must therefore be concentrated on the rehabilitation of this province.

How thoroughly the Germans carried out their destructiveness, can be realized from a view of Hammerfest, a town of 4,000 inhabitants, and one of the most northerly towns in Europe. The destruction was complete.

The area of land laid barren by the Germans in Northern Norway is 60,000 kilometers with a population of 70,000. It is estimated that 1200 dwellings and 500 larger and smaller industrial plants are destroyed.

In a small settlement or village called Lakselo, at the bottom of the large Porsangerfjord, there are several hundred children who have received no teaching during the War. There are many other places where similar conditions prevail. It would take too much valuable space in your magazine to go into details. Suffice it to say, our citizens are striving with their best will to lend a hand in restoring Finnmark.

It will be of particular interest to the readers of the Sea Gull to learn a few facts about how the girls and boys managed in Norway during the War. Many of them took part in the underground work of our homefront; others were sent to prison, some in Norway and others to Germany. The schools were nazified, so the students did not attend while their Teachers were shown the door. One particular school had 500 pupils when the War started. When peace came, only thirty (all Nazis) were still there; and this was true of the schools generally in Norway.

Pupils out of school took practical work or proceeded with their studies alone or were aided by their former Teachers in private homes. The Teachers gave the students marks which were afterwards passed as official. In one case pupils approached their former Principal to lecture on the subject "Liberty with Responsibility." This subject carried with it a strong feeling that ran high when the Principal made his speeches.

Now that the War is over, young people feel disillusioned and unimportant, because Norway cannot realize immediately all they expected. Many tend to go abroad. It is to be hoped that this is a transient condition, and will wear off when life has come back to a more regular tempo.

During the war, the habit of trying to take back what the enemy had stolen; and to this end to use all sorts of tricks and lies, spread among the people. Avoiding the necessity of work for the enemy, was also considered to be a useful action. These habits have reduced moral responsibility and have diminished love of work. We are afraid it will take time to recapture the good old Norwegian spirit of honesty and duty, both of which were considered to be our people's best qualities.

Southern Norway has many visitors just now who have come to enjoy the abundance of skiing and skating. Hundreds of young Danes are here for the winter sports.

We are in touch with Lunenburg through "The Progress-Enterprise" and we enjoy it immensely. We feel certain that the modern Hospital which is now in the making, soon will be an institution of great value to Lunenburg. Furthermore, we have noted with pleasure that a new hotel, at long last is to replace the "Ich Dien."

NORWAY - SIX MONTHS AFTER V-E DAY

Oslo, November 1945

By ARNE GRAVEM



Norway was liberated on a May-day, the month of its day of independence. Never had anybody seen as many flags as on that day, and when evening came bonfires were made in the streets of black-out curtains and German signs. People laughed and cried; all were friends; there was song and music and parades. The celebration went on for days and weeks. But the holidays could not last forever; and, as time passed by, people began slowly to come down to earth again. There was work to be done.

Liberated Norway is a poorer country than the Norway before the war. She has lost one half of her merchant fleet; industry has lost one quarter of its capital; farm machinery is worn out and practically every house in the country's northernmost province, Finnmark, was destroyed by the Germans when the Russians invaded in the winter of 1944, and so on.

People felt they were able to move mountains in those May-days, and everybody agreed that Norway was going to be built up again, and fast. Now, many think this is not going fast enough, there are still rules and restrictions and rationing. It is still necessary to stand in lines to buy things; there isn't sufficient paper for books and newspapers; and the housing situation is desperate. The younger generation is perhaps most impatient. Many are talking about emigrating to Australia, because reconstruction is not progressing fast enough.

But if one looks at the situation as a whole, there are many improvements. There is plenty of bread. It was a sensation the first day the

white bread came, and people stood in line for hours in order to get it. There is two-thirds more butter than during the war, so the ration now is about two ounces a day. Milk is back again, not so very much, but during the war there was nothing. The coffee ration is about two ounces a week. The tobacco ration has been doubled so even heavy smokers get practically all they need. The meat situation has improved markedly since the ration is now half a pound a week. There was some meat during the occupation also but only whale and horse. There are plenty of potatoes and fish and cod-liver oil. The summer was very good and so were the crops, and this time we can keep it all to ourselves. There are no more restrictions on travelling, the railways use coal again and operate on time; during the occupation they had to burn wood. Air lines have started operating again. There are practically no shoes and clothes to be had; raw materials have arrived but the factories lack skilled workers. It is surprising how well dressed everybody is just the same. Sheets, drapes and every imaginable kind of material have been dyed and made into dresses; suits and coats have been turned and turned over again many times.

The housing situation is desperate. Not a single new house has been built for five years; people are getting married and the population is increasing all the time. It is by far the worst in Finnmark of course where just 10,000 of its population of 70,000 have a roof over their heads. It is hard to imagine how they will be able to survive the winter.

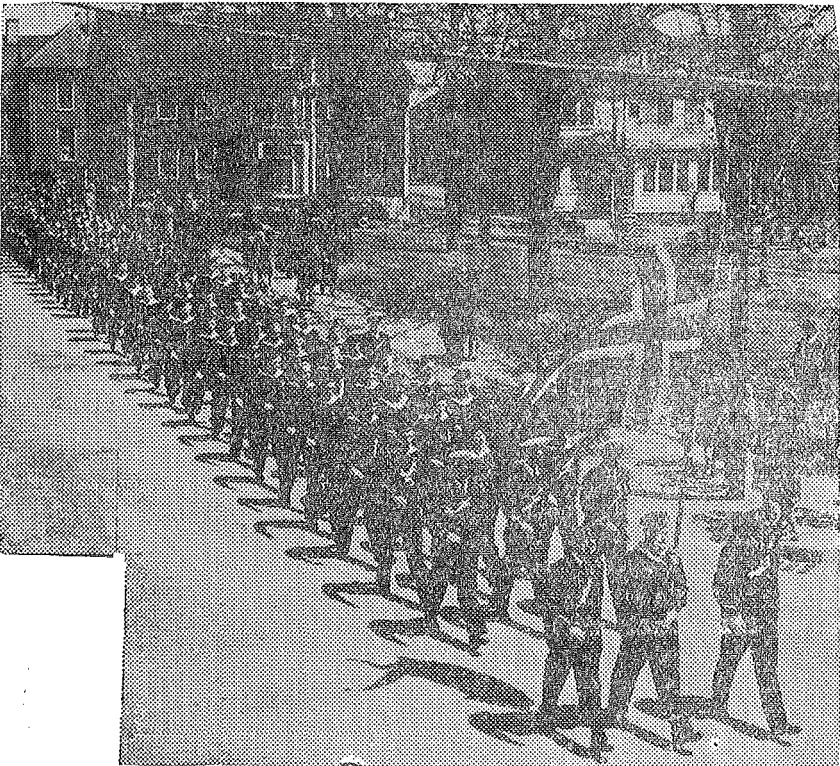
The schools are back to normal again. No profession had a harder time during the occupation than the teachers. It was very important to the Nazis and the quislings to make them teach the children their special ideology. But the teachers did not cooperate, for which they had to suffer. Hundreds were sent to concentration camps and many never returned. Many of the schools had to close when the teachers were arrested, for no good Norwegian was willing to take their place. The Universities were closed altogether when most of the professors were arrested and several hundred of the students sent to concentration camps in Germany. Thus the students have been interrupted in their studies for four years and they are now four years older. It is very common that they have married in the meantime even those who have four or five years left in their studies, something that very seldom happened before.

In October, Norway had its first general election since 1936. As expected the Labor Party got the majority in the Storting (the Norwegian Parliament). The members of the new government are all young men, the average age is 45 years. The youngest is the Minister of Defence, 30 years old; four of the ministers are just 37 years old. So youth has certainly gotten its chance here, and they have a hard and difficult time ahead.

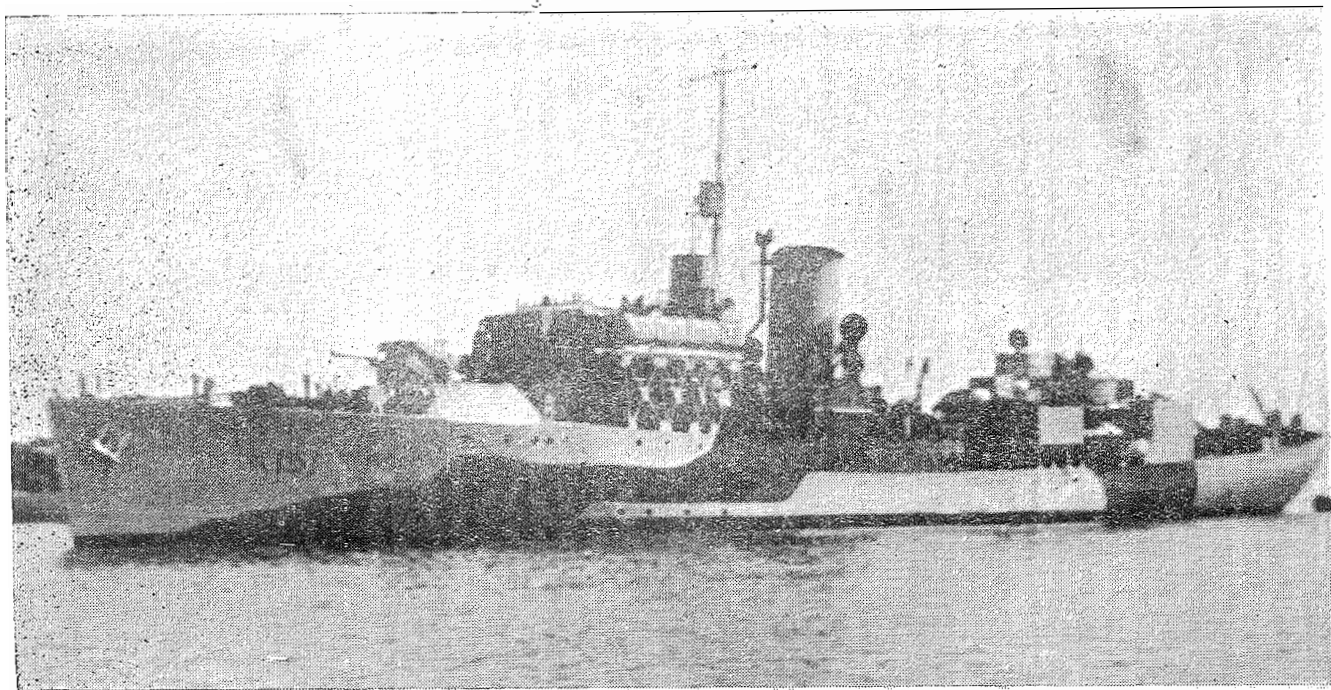
One may say that the first half year after the peace in Norway has been used to plan the reconstruction and rebuilding of the country. The situation is getting slowly back to normal everywhere. There have been practically no strikes or labor disputes. Everything has been

comparatively quiet, also on the political front, unlike in so many other countries that are changing over from war to peace-time living. Everybody agrees that Norway was extremely fortunate to escape the war as easily as she did. The whole country could very well have suffered the same fate as Finnmark, had the Germans decided to fight. There were 340,000 Germans in Norway in May, now they are practically all out of the country. Most of the American and British soldiers have left and their work has been taken over by the Norwegian forces. The allied soldiers were very popular in Norway by the way.

Altogether I think it is safe to say that things are going according to plan. The quislings are being settled with, the public offices have been cleaned out, the political prisoners have returned, Quisling has been executed. We have a free press and free books. The Universities and Schools are open again, and above all, one is allowed to stand in the middle of the street and complain about everything and everybody - the best sign that democracy has returned.



Last church parade of the Royal Norwegian Navy at Lunenburg



This section of the "Sea Gull" is dedicated to the memory of the H M.C.S. Lunenburg
— "our ship."

LAUNCHING OF H.M.C.S. "LUNENBURG"



H.M.C.S. Lunenburg was launched July 10th, 1941 at Levis, Quebec. Party from Lunenburg included; Mayor A. W. Schwartz, Rev. W. E. Ryder, Captain; J. N. Smith, L. W. Geldert, Town Clerk.

H. M. C. S. LUNENBURG, (CORVETTE)

(From the Records of the Department of National Defence)

One of the real work horses of Canada's small ship navy, H.M.C.S. Lunenburg, was a member of that gallant fleet of corvettes whose constant vigil and long hours of tedious patrol work contributed in such a large way to the ultimate victory over the German undersea raiders in the North Atlantic

Built in Levis, Quebec, Lunenburg was commissioned on the 4th of December, 1941, and seven days later was in Halifax harbour ready for her first assignment with the Halifax force.

Her first months of service were on the run from Halifax to Newfound-

land with convoys of valuable materials of war which were being preyed upon constantly and with alarming success by enemy submarines.

One of her first dealings with the submarine took place on the 9th of March, 1942, when she was hurried to the scene of the torpedoing of a merchantman. Lunenburg arrived in time to assist greatly in the rescuing of survivors from the ill-fated "Independence Hall."

In September, 1942, Lunenburg took part in the invasion of North Africa, operating with a Canadian escort group in the Mediterranean until February, 1943. Reporting back to Londonderry, Ireland, she became part of an escort group operating on the busy and dangerous run between Newfoundland and Londonderry.

It was while working with this force in November, 1943, that Lunenburg made contact with a submarine harassing the convoy. Lunenburg carried out an attack and successfully drove off the raider. The following January (1944), Lunenburg made a similar attack but in neither case was there evidence of a "kill."

D-Day operations in the English Channel in June 1944 found many of Canada's escort vessels doing valuable work in the waters of the United Kingdom and Lunenburg was with them.

One of the most amazing feats in the Invasion of Normandy was the towing of the huge concrete harbour from England to the French Coast. Lunenburg was in the group of escort vessels which kept constant watch while this huge operation was being carried out successfully.

Following this assignment Lunenburg was kept busy on routine escort work in the Channel area and when the British Royal Marines went ashore on the Channel Islands to round up the German occupants, crewmen of the Lunenburg were among the first Canadians ashore. Jerry had made a hurried retreat where it was possible to retreat and the boys on Lunenburg came away with many trophies in the form of swastikas, Nazi uniforms, helmets and other gear.

Finally in June, 1945, Lunenburg returned to Canada for the last time, her seamen proudly displaying their trophies, and the ship's log telling a story of more than four years of grim toil against the enemy and the sea in the Battle of the Atlantic. Her job well and truly done, she was decommissioned in September, 1945.

During her service with the Canadian fleet, Lunenburg had four commanding officers. A/Lt. Commander W. E. Harrison, D.S.C., RCNR, of 24 Tobin St., Halifax, N. S., was in command following her commissioning. A/Lt. Commander O. L. Miller, D.S.C., RCNVR, of 70 George St., Sydney, Cape Breton Island, took over in October, 1943 and was followed by Lieut. W. B. H. Smith, RCNVR, of 175 Henry St., Halifax, N. S., in July, 1944. In command from December, 1944 until the ship was decommissioned was Lieut. W. S. Thomson, RCNVR, of 625 Fort St., Victoria, B. C.

H. M. C. S. LUNENBURG - A SHORT HISTORY

By LIEUT. COMMANDER W. E. HARRISON, D.S.C., R.C.N. (R)

After commissioning at Quebec on 4th Dec. 1941, H.M.C.S. Lunenburg was employed on local escort duties out of Halifax for some months. During this period, she was a familiar sight in the harbours of Halifax, St. John's, Argentina, Boston and Newport, R. I., as it was customary to visit these ports for fuelling and provisioning.

It was rather a hard winter for our exceedingly "green" ship's company, many of whom were seeing the ocean for the first time. They certainly made up for it during our first trips; as they not only saw it, but felt it, much too often for their own comfort.



In May 1942 we were given the task of escorting the S. S. Lady Rodney; then engaged in carrying troops and construction workers between Quebec and the large airport at Goose Bay, Labrador.

This was a very interesting trip as the Lady Rodney and her escorts steamed up the coast of Labrador, through Hamilton Inlet, past Rigolet, and through the narrow channel into Lake Melville. After crossing Lake Melville, we anchored usually between the mouth of Northwest River and Goose Bay.

After two trips on this Quebec-Goose Bay assignment, we were detached to join the group of Naval Vessels then endeavouring to clear the Gulf and River St. Lawrence of submarines. It was at this point that we first teamed up with H. M. C. S. Weyburn, a corvette of the same class as ourselves. Our two ships were destined to travel further in company than we ever dreamed of at that time.

Early in September 1942 Weyburn and Lunenburg were hurriedly withdrawn from the Gulf and ordered to St. John's, Nfld. Upon arrival at St. John's we were assigned to an American escort group, operating between Newfoundland and Ireland.

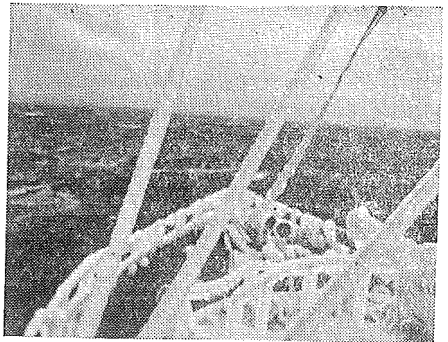
Our first and only crossing with this group was by way of being the most hectic trip to date. Shortly after leaving St. John's, our convoy had the misfortune to be detected by a large wolf pack. These enterprising customers



whilst the storm was still of gale proportions, the Commodore ship was torpedoed with great loss of life, and she sank in a few seconds. In all we lost four merchant ships by torpedoing during the ten day battle; and one day as many as eight submarines were visible on the horizon at the same time. They were showing themselves out of range of our guns in an endeavour to draw some of the escorts away from their screening positions near the convoy. As none of our ships had sufficient speed to chase them on the surface, we were forced to ignore them when seen at a great distance and to concentrate on repelling their night attacks, when they closed the convoy and tried to get among the merchant ships. Those were the grim days of inadequate escorts and no air support when in mid-ocean. At that time to be harried for several days by the same pack of submarines was, unfortunately no novelty. The ship's company of Lunenburg were very glad indeed to sight the shores of Northern Ireland as we arrived at Londonderry on September 25, 1942.

After a couple of days in Derry, we received information that our ship was lent to the Royal Navy for special duties (then undisclosed).

We were then ordered to Manchester where we were fitted with extra anti-aircraft guns and other equipment. Early in November, we set out for North Africa with a very large convoy which we escorted to Oran, still in company with Weyburn. We had a very exciting brush with submarines on



managed to hang on to us nearly all the way across, in spite of the fact that we ran into a severe gale during which the convoy was hove to and, in fact, scattered over fifty miles of ocean. We had a couple of days respite from U-boats during the height of the gale; but as soon as the weather moderated sufficiently to allow us to collect the merchant ships together and to proceed on our way again, the "subs" managed to come along as well. A few hours after reforming the convoy,

his trip, but it was short and sweet as we were close to Gibraltar and got prompt air assistance. After fuelling in Oran, we set out for Algiers and this was the beginning of over three months of escort work in the Mediterranean, plying between all ports from Gibraltar east to Bone. H.M.C.S. Lunenburg was thus the first Canadian warship to serve in the Mediterranean as we entered the "Med" a few hours ahead of Weyburn and we were the first two Corvettes to be based East of "Gib."

This was a very decided change from our previous service as the weather was much more agreeable. However, we found ourselves up against a great number and variety of air attacks, something we hadn't encountered before, in this ship. The U-boats were also plentiful; and, on two occasions, our convoy was the target of co-ordinated attacks - submarines and aircraft at the same time.

At the end of February 1943, we set out with a convoy for England and that was the end of our spell in the "Med."

As we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar for the last time, our "Chummy Ship", the Weyburn, was mined and sunk with a loss of several men. This put a damper on the otherwise high spirits of our ship's company as we had been together for about seven months.

Upon reaching the United Kingdom; we were sent to Liverpool, England for our first refit. Upon completion of this refit, we served on local escort work in British waters for a while. Then we returned to Canada arriving at Halifax late in September 1943. I then parted company with the Lunenburg, being sent to a new ship, but I followed the old ship's fortunes from a distance.

After only three weeks in Halifax, she returned to British waters and was employed in a Support Group, principally in the Bay of Biscay, until May 1944. She was then sent to the English Channel and took part in the invasion of Normandy, acting as escort for sections of prefabricated harbours which were towed across the Channel. Upon completion of the "Mulberry" Harbours, she was engaged in escorting coastal convoys through the English Channel; and, I believe, remained on that job until the end of the war, except for a trip to Canada for refit in the fall of 1944.

I believe she finished up in the "Scrapheap" at Sorel and so ended the career of one of the hardest worked ships in the Canadian Navy.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DOINGS OF H.M.C.S. "LUNENBURG" 1941 - 1945

By LT. W. S. THOMSON, R.C.N.V.R.

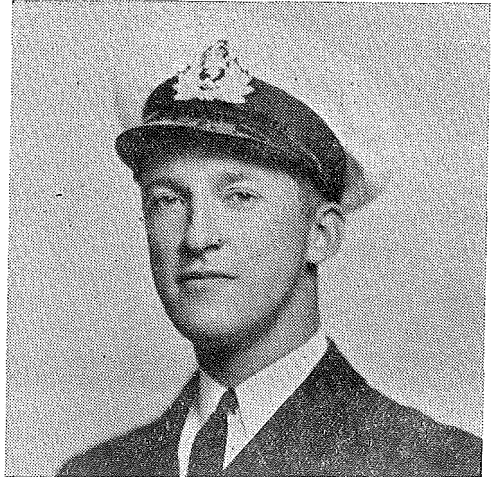
The following account is necessarily rough. As you know we are not allowed to keep diaries, and on decommissioning the ship's papers shot off to occupy places of honour in pigeon-holes at Ottawa. Still, we have done our best.

For the most part "LUNENBURG" operated in the vicinity of the British Isles with spells off Newfie and in the Med. During her commission well over three hundred officers and men took part in her career, some of whom had served in the ship for very

long periods. Leading Steward Peter Sinclair for example, who received a Mention-in-Dispatches, was aboard for over three years. Judging from the ship's company during the last stages of the war one would have had to go far to find a better lot of men.

H.M.C.S. "Lunenbourg" was built by Davies at Levi, Quebec and commissioned December 4th, 1941 in Quebec City. Three days later while Pearl Harbour was under attack she sailed to Halifax where she arrived after a week, having had a fairly eventful voyage. As the stokers were unfamiliar with the type of burner installed we travelled under a "cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night." On the way to the Gut of Canso fire hoses were rigged most of the time as we had at least four or five funnel fires. Lying at Mulgrave, we took on fresh water and later discovered the manhole door on the tank had been left open with the result that the officer's quarters were swimming in a foot or so of water. Once that was cleaned up the trip went smoothly enough. After the finishing touches had been added and we had had our workup, that is to say operational exercises of one kind and another, we sailed on January 15th, 1942 with our first convoy.

We remained on this job and on the triangle run until we went in for "Alterations & Additions" about the end of April. Then back to the triangle run, getting in to Boston on two or three occasions. The first week in July we started running up to Goose Bay and back to Quebec City. This lasted until the "flap" in the St. Lawrence River about the end of August, whereupon we headed for Newfie. After a few hours in port we joined a convoy bound for the U. K. as additional escort, through a suspected submarine



area. Four days later we were ordered back to Halifax, but this didn't last long. About five hours after we parted from the convoy there was a hurry-up call to rejoin and back we went. One morning, soon after rejoining the convoy we sighted two U-boats. Unluckily the weather was bad and they got themselves away in the fog bank. It was quite a trip. Starting out with twenty-five ships, we lost one in collision, seven were torpedoed and five we didn't know what happened to. We arrived in the U. K. with twelve ships and thirteen escorts. During the trip an aircraft that was with us for an hour or so had signalled "There are fifteen U-boats around the convoy." Such was our introduction to U-boat warfare.

Arriving on the other side we went to Manchester for additional Oerlikons. There we heard all sorts of rumours as to where we were going, the most popular "buzz" being Murmansk. This was inspired by extra supplies we were given of winter clothing.

Early in November we shoved off from Manchester and joined a convoy going down to North Africa. Of course if it had been SOUTH Africa we wouldn't have needed that extra winter clothing! On the trip down two ships were torpedoed. These proved to be the last ships lost to U-boats in any convoys to which we were attached. Going through the Straits we had a two-hour stop over in Gibraltar to refuel and then continued on to Oran. From then on we were based in Gib. While there and on our next trip we had a very rude awakening to what was for us a new type of warfare, air-attacks. As we were in the Bay outside Algiers, a German torpedo-bomber came in and sank the Corvette H.M.S. "MARIGOLD" just ahead of us. We picked up twelve of her survivors.

All that fall we were worked pretty hard and it wasn't until Christmas Eve, 1942, that we had a layover in port of more than a few hours. On Christmas Day we received our first mail, with the exception of three bags, since the previous August. That was quite an event! From then on mail came fairly regularly although it was always two to three months old.

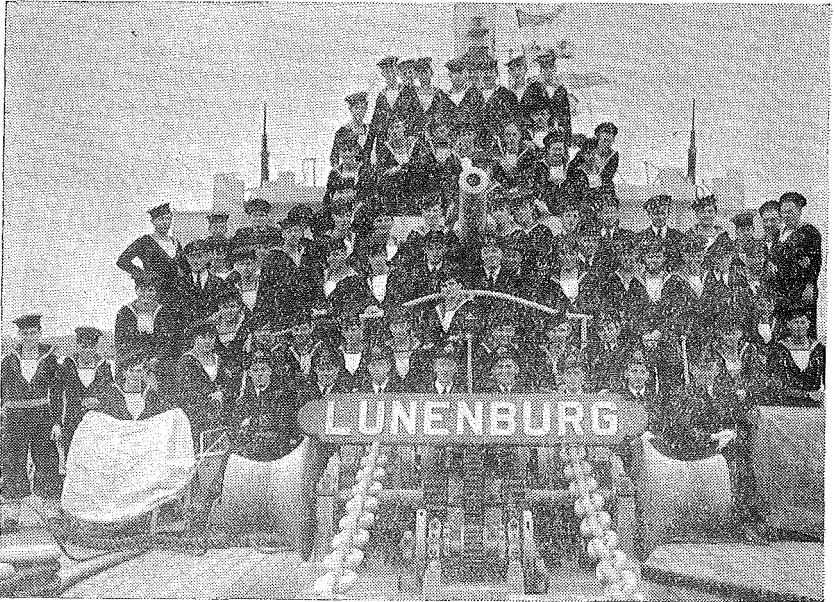
From November when we first went to the Med until March we ran convoys from Gib down as far as Bone, with a couple of trips through the Straits to Casablanca for variety. During our stay in the Med we saw a good many enemy aircraft and almost every trip would be mixed up with them one way or another.

In March we saw the last of the Mediterranean and headed for Liverpool, England. Here we were to have our refit; a great disappointment, as we were all hoping it would be in Canada. By the first week in August the "face-lifting" was over and we were off to Tobermory and exercises to see how everything worked.

One day on patrol north of Scotland one of the stokers fell overboard. As we neared him someone shouted "hang on to your life jacket." To which he replied, "what life jacket"? Getting him out of the water we found he was half in and half out of his dungarees, and were told that he had started to take them off as soon as he fell in, so that he could swim more easily. However, suddenly he remembered he had a five-pound note in his pocket and feverishly tried to pull them back on without much success. To show how cruel life is, not only did he get a cold ducking and almost lose his money

and his pants, but next morning was also up as a defaulter for being on the upper deck without a life jacket. It's a hard life.

That fall at last we had our trip back to Canada: eighteen days in Halifax for a new dynamo, a Canadian type that was not available on the other side. Not only did we get a new dynamo, but a new C. O. and 30% new crew as well. Up to that time Lieutenant Harrison had been in command of the ship. In Halifax he was relieved by Lieutenant Miller.



In the middle of October we left Halifax and joined a support group operating for the most part in the Bay of Biscay and around the British Isles. In one convoy we were with we were informed that there was a reception committee of twenty-five to thirty U-boats waiting for us. This time things were really looking up and our hopes were running high. The first night, while we were on the extended screen, nothing happened and next day we were ordered in to replace an escort on the inner screen who had had trouble with some of her equipment. As luck would have it this turned out to be the big night, the extended screen sinking two U-boats and getting probables on a couple of others. From the inner screen we had a grandstand view of the tracer and so on, but it was a bad blow for us to have missed the chance by such a narrow margin.

The following afternoon Jerry sent aircraft with a few Glider Bombs out after the convoy but his luck was out. One of the Glider bombs exploded about forty yards off our port bow and another sixty yards off our stern. These shook us up a bit and we started making ten tons of water an hour. However, there are advantages to this sort of thing, as there is nothing that

shakes a new crew into shape quite so quickly. At the end of that trip the newcomers all felt like "old hands."

On Christmas Day 1943 we started off on what was to prove our longest spell at sea - thirty-one days. It was on this trip that we picked up nineteen survivors from the German blockade runner "WESER" after it had been sunk by Coastal Command. From then until March we patrolled off the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and in the Bay of Biscay.

The invasion of Europe was now in the offing and we were given intensive training for it from the middle of March on. When D-day arrived our job was to escort sections of the artificial harbours across to the Normandy beaches. We arrived off the coast of France at 0600 on D plus 1 day. We kept at that job until the end of July, and as harbours don't move very quickly it was pretty slow going.

In the middle of July, Lieutenant Miller was relieved by Lieutenant Smith. From then until the end of September our work consisted of escorting coastal convoys from Milford Haven to the French coast. In October we arrived back in St. John, New Brunswick for our annual refit. It was during this refit that the ship had her first fatal casualty when Able Seaman Daniels was accidentally killed on board.

From Saint John we sailed to Halifax. There Lieutenant Thomson took over from Lieutenant Smith who had now been with the ship for just over three years. Then we headed for Bermuda where we were put over the jumps of the work-up program. One dirty night in the harbour when a high wind was blowing, the ship alongside broke our mooring cable in casting off. With the lee shore two ship lengths under our stern we were drifting fast toward it beam on and it took good seamanship on the part of "Number One", Lieutenant Frost to bring the ship back to a safe berth.

Two weeks later with perfect weather we were on our way to the Azores. Possibly because of the fine "hutch" which Leading Signalman Duguid persuaded everyone to help him build in the middle of the Bridge for himself and his friends, the ship's company had a very fine mascot painting of "Bugs" rabbit created for them by Leading Seaman Fred Marshall; or perhaps it was by another artist - equally good. A deal of controversy sprang up as one faction led by the Engineer Officer Mr. Larsen, held that "Bugs" was too effete for a fightin' ship, but the noble rabbit stuck it out; and even today, may be basking somewhere in the West Indies on the banana run. Anyhow "Bugs" certainly got around and kept on popping up all over the ship on the backs of shirts, oilskins and sweaters.

Leaving the Azores we escorted a lone ship to Plymouth. One thick morning we picked up a small Radar contact which we took after, telling our ship to buzz off. After an hour's hide and seek in the fog we decided it had been a sub although from evidence we picked up later on, were inclined to change our minds.

For the next four months until VE Day we were attached to an R. N. flotilla, based in Plymouth and working back and forth through the South West Approaches to the Channel. As none of these particular convoys were attacked we hoped that the quantities of depth-charges we dropped had something to do with it. They certainly made an impression on our engine-

room. Each time a few lights would go out, pipes would burst and oil-cans or such like would soar through the air. Still, whenever we phoned down the answer was always the same, "everything's fine - just fine", but sometimes we used to imagine we could hear the grinding of teeth.

After VE Day, we made several trips to the Channel Islands, on one occasion bringing General Heine, the German officer commanding the garrison there, back to Plymouth with his staff. Another job was to escort German minesweepers down to Lorient. After a few of these trips the ship was littered with souvenir helmets, armbands and red, white and black flags. Anyone coming close to us might have detected members of the ship's company in some strange disguises.

Finally we set off for home and on the way stopped in Scotland to pick up our quota of passengers. Two of the groups, we found, had had long spells in German prison camps. By now we had so many watchkeepers that there was a regular procession coming on and going off watch. On 24th June we arrived in Halifax. Here we received an invitation to visit the town of Lunenburg. What a party! His Honour Mayor Schwartz and the Council met us outside the harbour, the ship was turned over to them and for the rest of the way in guns, rockets, whistles and sirens blazed away for all they were worth.

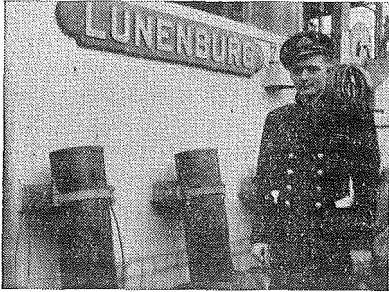
For the next three days the ship's company was entertained at dances, dinners, trips to many points of interest and other examples of the kindnesses they had already become accustomed to receiving from the people of Lunenburg. It was a fine way to end a good commission. We were all glad of the opportunity to thank those who had been responsible for comforts, toasters, washing-machine, radios, clocks, cookies, cakes and good wishes that had come to the ship since December 1941.

Finally we went back to Halifax where half the ship's company left us. From there we sailed to Sydney and landed most of our gear before making the last trip of all up the St. Lawrence River to Sorel. Eventually in a bend of the river we came on the great collection of Corvettes and Minesweepers that were waiting to see who would be next under the auctioneer's hammer. One more didn't seem to make much difference, so we dropped the hook, blew down the boilers, locked everything up, made sure The Old Lady looked her best and said goodbye.

A PATROL IN THE BAY OF BISCAY

By LT. D. H. SMITH, R.C.N.V.R.

In the fall of 1943 the Lunenburg had her narrowest escape and possibly the most exciting training any crew of the R. C. N. enjoyed. About 80% of the ship's company was drafted off in October, including a change in the Commanding Officer and First Lieutenant, and for some reason we were sent right out to do patrol work without the usual period of training exercises. For about ten days we had a quiet trip, during which an attempt was made to develop some efficiency, but a ship out operating with a group has its opportunities for exercises rather curtailed. We were just beginning to round into shape



when our group received orders to join a convoy which was being threatened by U-Boats.

Upon arrival at the convoy, Lunenburg was ordered to form part of the close escort screen, replacing one ship with defective equipment, while the remainder of our group were placed on the extended screen. We were greatly cheered by the news that there were an estimated twenty-six subs concentrating on the convoy.

That night was quite an exciting one, albeit disappointing in its way. For the U-Boats attacked and the outer screen was very busy. They "killed" two subs and probably sank two more. All this was going on and there we were looking at the "fireworks" but that was as close as we got. Fortunately, while we on the inner screen never got a chance at Jerry, neither did he get a shot at the convoy.

The following afternoon, possibly in revenge, the convoy was attacked by Heinkels 177 and F. W. 200's carrying what was to us a new type of weapon; a radio-controlled glider bomb. These bombs could be veered to right or left or could be made to dive. Of course the planes which were controlling the bombs kept nicely outside our gun range, and it was a very helpless feeling we had when we saw the glider altering course in time with our evasive manoeuvres.

There were two bombs that came far too close for comfort, one landing about forty yards off our port bow and the other slightly further away on our starboard quarter. Apart from causing us to make about ten tons of water an hour, and a lot of bruised noses from sudden dives to the deck, no damage was sustained by us and only one ship was sunk in the convoy.

This patrol transformed a green crew into a veteran one very quickly. Men could be seen all over the ship at any odd time practising loading and stripping guns, etc. Aircraft recognition courses were especially popular, so really the little excitement was a blessing in disguise.

HALIFAX, N. S., January 21, 1946

Mr. D. H. Collins, M.A.
Principal, Lunenburg Academy
LUNENBURG, N. S.

Dear Mr. Collins:

Your letter of January 12 has brought back very pleasant memories to me. I had the privilege of commanding your ship for about a year, and had the even greater privilege of sailing her in the "D-Day" operations at Arromanches Beach.

To say that I knew her, and loved her well, would be putting it mildly. H.M.C.S. Lunenburg was a good ship. She thrust her nose into every water that His Majesty's Fleet had sailed, apart from the Indian and Pacific Oceans. She did her job well, always giving the best that was in her.

You ask me to relate one or more interesting incidents or experiences while on board this ship. I feel that every incident and experience was interesting, but I am thankful that I was spared one indignity. When she finally slipped her lines in Halifax, and proceeded to Sorel, Québec, for decommissioning, I was glad that I would not be required to be there when they killed her.

Now that the glamour and the tinsel is gone, I recall an interesting anecdote I heard recently, which may be of some value to your students: A gentleman walking past a construction lot inquired of one of the labourers as to the nature of his work. The reply was, "I am cutting stone and making \$8.00 a day." The gentleman concerned proceeded farther, and made the same inquiry of a second labourer. The reply this time was, "I am building a cathedral."

Now that the battle is won, may we each endeavour to cut less stone, and to build more cathedrals.



Yours very truly,

D. MILLER, D.S.C.,

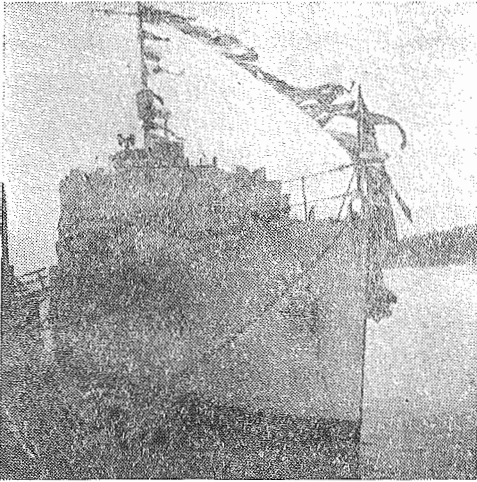
Lieut.-Commander, R.C.N.V.R.

THE VISIT OF THE H. M. C. S. LUNENBURG TO OUR TOWN

By ARTHUR EISENHAUER '46 and MAXWELL CLUETT '46

The arrival of the H.M.C.S. Lunenburg on Monday, June 25, 1945 was an event the people of our town had long been awaiting. Having been advised that she would dock at 5:30 p. m. many of the citizens lined the waterfront to greet her. The ship was delayed, however, and many people returned to their homes. At 7:30 p. m. the ship turned Battery Point shooting flares and pom-poms from its deck. As a response the air raid sirens, accompanied by church bells, as well as, horns and whistles from the ships in the harbor were sounded. This brought back many of the people who had returned home, and in a short time hundreds of citizens were again at the waterfront.

As the ship drew nearer, Mayor A. W. Schwartz and members of the



Town Council could be seen standing on the bridge. They had gone out on the Pilot's Tug, boarded her outside Cross Island, and had received the ship and had extended official welcome to the ship's company. That night, in honor of the Lunenburg, the ladies of the I. O. D. E. and the Women's Institute held a dance in the Canadian Legion Recreation Club to which all service personnel in port were invited.

On Tuesday afternoon a fleet of cars organized by C. S. Grenache took the ships'

company on a sight-seeing tour to Mahone Bay, Bridgewater, and back to Lunenburg. That night they went to the Curling Club where a banquet was held in their honor. Mrs. B. G. Oxner's Beethoven Choral Club rendered several selections during the dinner and were loudly cheered and applauded. An orchestra from the H.M.C.S. Levis furnished music during the dinner. Mayor A. W. Schwartz, who was chairman, welcomed the ships' company on behalf of the citizens and paid tribute to the important part the ship played in the battle for peace and freedom.

Lieutenant W. S. Thompson, commanding officer of the Lunenburg, expressed the appreciation of the ships' company for their hearty welcome, and for the many favors and gifts given to the ship by the town. He then proceeded by giving an interesting summary of the ships' service. One of the features of the banquet was an account of the launching of the H.M.C.S. Lunenburg by Archdeacon W. E. Ryder. Mayor Schwartz then presented Lieutenant Thompson with the key of the town which the ships' commander

accepted heartfully, telling the Mayor that the ships' bell would return to Lunenburg after decommissioning.

Senator J. J. Kinley gave an interesting talk on the town; displaying a beautiful framed picture of the same; and announced that each crew member would receive one with the compliments of the Lunenburg Foundry Company. Senator William Duff who was the last speaker of the evening paid high tribute to the Canadian Navy. He referred to the home front, and the support given our fighting men.

On Wednesday the ship was opened for inspection to the public. That evening the officers of the Lunenburg attended a delicious lobster dinner at the Curling Club. To conclude the visit of our Corvette, Capt. D. J. Bourque and his unit sponsored a dance at the Armouries where the Ship's Company were given a hearty farewell.

During the entire visit, the facilities of the golf club were given for the use of the personnel of the ship.

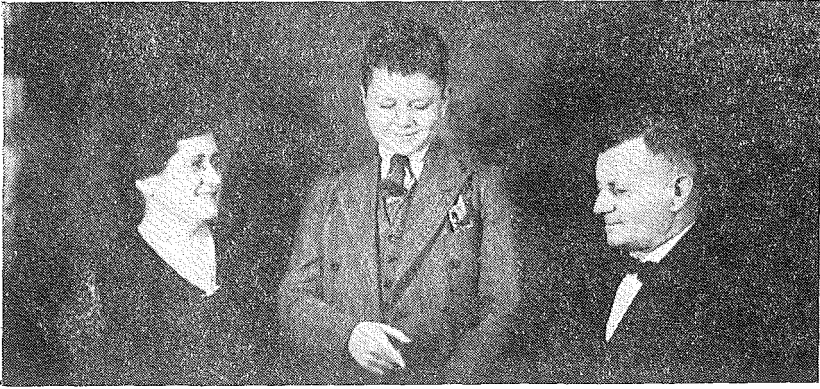
Thursday morning the H.M.C.S. Lunenburg sailed to a destination where this once proud ship would cease to be a unit of the Canadian Navy. This ship represented in a tangible form the support given by the County of Lunenburg to the War Effort. Her memory is a challenge to our people to exercise the same unity towards the creating of a prosperous county in a truly united Canada.



COMMON SCHOOL TEACHERS (Front row, left to right)
Miss Ruth Hamm, Mrs. Arnold Zinek, Miss Marion Adams, Miss Maria Maguire. Back row - Miss Mary Johnson, Miss Verna Adams and Mrs. Thomas Black.

THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE

By JEAN SHOLDS '47 and DORIS BERRINGER '47



It was a warm summer evening when we first went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Willie Anderson. From the instant we stepped inside the door, we knew we were in for adventure! For on one wall we noticed a set of caribou horns, while on the opposite one we gazed in amazement at a number of guns, swords and bayonets! There they were: two wall decorations ranging far apart in use and meaning - simple nature and complicated weapons of warfare.

These were a sign - a sample - of what was to come. For we were there for the purpose of seeing "Farmer" Anderson's chief hobby - his museum. What we saw ranged from simplest nature to relics of our latest war; with a great number of other miscellaneous articles.

We have said that we expected adventure. Yet we had not the slightest idea of how interesting this evening would turn out. The museum, a private collection of Mr. Anderson's, is in a small room, but the number of things contained in that room is amazing.

A tube which had been used to feed the men trapped in the Moose River gold mine several years ago interested us. We shivered at a snake-skin eight feet long. Then we were shown a piece of hemp, which, we learned, used to grow here; and a piece of the bread which the Prussians fed the French in 1870-1871. We were especially intrigued by an eardrop and necklace which had belonged to Mary Rogers, the first woman to be executed in the State of Vermont Penitentiary.

There is a ball from the steamship Atlantic (wrecked 1873); a Lunenburg Volunteer Artillery cap; helmets and caps from the First World War; dishes five generations old; a piece of the first Atlantic cable; a Hudson Bay Co. grapeshot; and old arrowheads. If you hold a tiny sort of telescope up to the light, you can read the Lord's Prayer written on a grain of rice.

The collection includes old money, (with a Spanish dollar dated 1778), petrified wood, old tintypes and a grant signed by George III, 1768.

From the Second World War come such articles as Japanese cigarettes and a dagger; plastic glass; and a German card off the German submarine which docked at Shelburne.

Among the old-time household utensils are found matches in a sort of comb effect; elements for making bread; candle molds; a frying pan with a long handle; a waffle iron; skates; and one of the first sewing machines. Books dating as far back as 1633 are to be found here. Next comes the nature section, which includes a collection of wild flower seeds; a stuffed mongoose with a snake coiled around it; pieces of coral and many shells and other articles from the ocean floor. The center of attraction here is a peacock, splendid in all its brilliant colors.

Mr. Anderson has a fine collection of butterflies, all carefully mounted, many of which were raised in the house. Butterflies, along with bird eggs, moths, minerals and beetles were the first objects collected by Farmer Anderson, when he was only a boy eight years old. It is interesting to note the excessive bead work on an old wallet which belonged to one of Mr. Anderson's ancestors.

Since fish are of particular interest to the collector, he has a number of them preserved in bottles. There are also freaks of nature such as fruits grown together; eggs of all sizes and - did you know there are sea strawberries? We didn't.

Finally our guide opened the wooden chest which we had been eyeing with curiosity for some time. Inside we found an old text book dated 1810; Senator Kaulback's beaver hat; a keg once carried by a St. Bernard dog in Switzerland; an early Canadian flag bearing the standards of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; a piece of wood intricately cut by hand into a fine design by a life-prisoner in the penitentiary; articles taken from people who were killed at treacherous Dead Man's Curve in the United States and an old spinning wheel.

There is also a grandfather's clock which tells the date as well as the time, and a great many other things too numerous to mention.

It is a wonderful collection and it fascinates everyone who sees it. People have come from far and near and have left over a thousand names and pleased remarks in Mr. Anderson's book.

However, Mr. Anderson's craze for collecting goes much farther than his museum. He and Mrs. Anderson have made hundreds of scrapbooks for children in hospitals and at Rainbow Haven. These scrapbooks are full of interesting and colorful pictures which are bound to attract children's attention. Besides these, "Farmer" Anderson has made three scrapbooks of history, geography and shipping. The history and geography books are his idea of an easy way to study. He also has a collection of over six or seven thousand stamps.

A number of years ago, he and his brother made a collection of over three hundred wild flowers and presented it to the school. Being very familiar with nature, the "Farmer" knows where each type of flower can be found.

Mr. Anderson's favorite sport is trout fishing. He fishes all summer in his spare time, and he usually brings home six or seven fish per trip. Willie (as he was christened) is interested in gardening and grows all his own vegetables except cabbage and turnips.

You will probably wonder whether this gardening is the reason for calling him "Farmer" (his nickname). We were much surprised to find that it is not. One time, in his younger days, he was driving a float covered with vegetables in a parade. The sign on the float read, "The Farmer Feeds Them All." Hence the nickname.



The Christmas season has a special significance in the Anderson home. The big Christmas tree is set up in the living room, and is decorated with real candles and glass ornaments. On Christmas Eve, the candles are lighted and the public is invited to see the tree. Contrary to popular belief, this is not an old German custom, but merely a practice of the Anderson family.

For weeks before Christmas, Mrs. Anderson spends much of her time baking cookies of all kinds, doughnuts, candy and a large cake. These, along with other things, are put into the "shut-in" boxes, which she distributes each year with the true Christmas spirit. There is no other couple in town with bigger hearts and kindlier dispositions than the Andersons.

Mr. Anderson is five feet two inches tall, plump and jolly looking. We presume that it was this appearance that gave him such a good idea one year. As the Christmas season rolled around, the Anderson home was shrouded in mystery. That was the year that Santa Claus visited the primary department of the local school. Santa presented the children with candy and fruit and gave such an excellent account of himself that the children were thrilled beyond description.

The following year several people of the town, recognizing the value of such a venture and not wishing Mr. Anderson to finance the project alone, set up a Santa Claus Fund. This Fund continued for several years, and soon Santa made visits to grade one as well as to the primary class.

The School Board became interested in this project and offered to finance it themselves. Santa Claus started to visit the schools outside town and Mrs. Santa began to accompany him.

Let us visit one of these country schools near Christmas time. The pupils are few in number - perhaps only fifteen - and most of them are in separate grades. They are working industriously and the teacher is explaining a lesson to one of the classes, when a sound is heard outside. It is sleighbells, accompanied by shouting. The older students know from experience that Santa Claus is stopping his reindeer and preparing to pay them a visit. A thrill runs through the pupils. And then Santa himself

steps inside the door, accompanied by Mrs. Santa Claus and Mr. M. O. Maxner, the School Inspector.

From then on, everyone has a merry time. Santa talks and jokes with the pupils and tells them about the North Pole, where he lives. He takes out his magic telescope, through which he can see all the little girls and boys everywhere. If the children want to, Santa lets them look through his telescope, where they see all kinds of different scenes.

Next Santa Claus gets out his big book. The children see pictures in bright colors of Santa, his wife, their reindeer and other such things. Then he reads the names of all the good boys and girls in that school. Each name on each page is printed in large, colorful letters.

Mrs. Santa Claus talks to the pupils for a while, too. And then she sings for them a Christmas song. Finally, Santa opens his pack and takes out an orange and a half pound box of Christmas candy for each of the children.

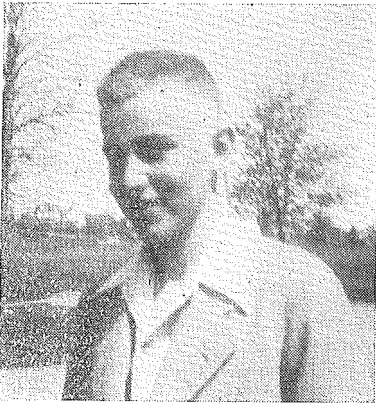
Soon after this, Santa makes his departure and the children say a reluctant good-bye until next year.

The appreciation of these visits is shown by the many letters which Mr. and Mrs. Anderson receive from year to year.

One of the most outstanding characteristics of the Andersons is the friendliness and hospitality which one feels when he is in their home. Lunenburg is proud to have two such fine people as her citizens.

A BRAVE DEED

By ALFRED CLUETT '49



On the fifth day of January, 1944, ten year old Joan Selig of this town, went through the ice while skating on Lunenburg's Back Harbour. A much younger child, who was playing with Joan, caught hold of her and held on while both yelled for help.

Gerald Knickle, a fourteen year old boy also of this town, who was skating nearby heard the cries of the two young children. Seeing their plight, he went to their rescue. Inching his way over the thin ice on hands and knees, he brought the two young children to safety. Apart from being frightened, little Joan was none the worse for her experience.

On the V-E Day celebration, which took place at the Memorial Square on May 8th, 1945, Gerald was presented by Mayor A. W. Schwartz with a certificate of merit from the Humane Society of Canada. His fellow students are proud of Gerald's brave deed.

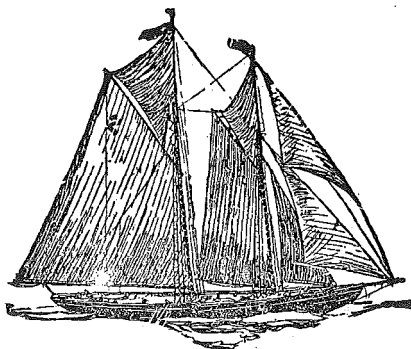
THE BLUENOSE

By BARBARA ZINCK '48 and CAROL ZINCK '48

On January 29th, the famous "Bluenose" sank beneath the blue waters of the Caribbean - thus ending the career of perhaps the most famous schooner in Canadian History. The memory of this vessel will not soon be forgotten by those who knew and admired her. The "Bluenose" was lost almost exactly twenty-five years after the day she

glided down the ways in the Lunenburg Shipyard, to face a life-time which brought her local and international fame as a racing schooner.

The "Bluenose" was built by "Smith & Rhuland" of Lunenburg; her keel being laid in December, 1920. The first spike was driven by the Governor-General, the Duke of Devonshire. The Governor-General's presence on this occasion was typical of the interest shown in the vessel throughout the years to follow. The "Queen of the Atlantic" was launched on March 21, 1921.



Designed by W. J. Roue of Halifax, the plans of the "Bluenose" were drawn up with the objective of building a vessel to enter the deep-sea fishing vessel races. She was much the same as every fishing schooner, except for the fact that she had longer spars with special sails, and was altogether deeper than other crafts of her size. After spending a successful year at the fishing grounds of the Grand Banks, with Capt. Angus Walters of Lunenburg as skipper, the "Bluenose" was entered in her first race, the Nova Scotia Fleet Race. Scoring her first victory, she qualified herself for the International Race against the American Schooner "Elsie", which was held in 1921 off the coast of Halifax. The "Bluenose" won this race, receiving the International Trophy. She also won her races against the "Henry Ford" in 1922; the "Columbia" in 1923; the Gertrude L.

Thebaud in 1931 and again in 1938, establishing a truly marvellous record.

The "Bluenose" not only excelled in racing. In the words of her skipper, "she was not only a racing boat, but also a real fishing schooner in

every way." After her last race, the "Bluenose" had been altered to make her suitable for fresh-fishing. Engines were installed and her long spars and keel were shortened.

However, the "Bluenose" was destined for much more travelling, and it was with a feeling of deepest regret that the people of Lunenburg saw their champion sail away to make her home port in the state of Florida, U.S.A. Many of her admirers firmly believe she should never have been sold to a foreign owner.

In the spring of 1942, the "Bluenose" left Lunenburg in command of Capt. Edward Whynacht who, some months later, was relieved by the late Capt. Amplias Berringer. In December of the same year, the latter suffered an injury and had to be hospitalized. Capt. James Meisner, who was mate at the time, took over until March, 1943, when Capt. Wilson Berringer was placed in charge. He was with the ship on her last voyage. Strangely enough, altho' sold to another country and for the past year or more flying the flag of Honduras, the "Bluenose" was always skippered by a native son.

In her capacity as a freighter the "Bluenose" carried cargoes of great varieties, and her ports of call were many. There were potatoes, onions, general cargoes and dynamite for Cuba, Jamaica, Nicaragua, Guatemala and Haiti. On her return trips she brought pineapples, tomatoes, cucumbers, bananas, avacadoes and canned fruits for the markets of the U. S. A.

It was while in ballast en route to Haiti on January 28th, 1946, that the "Bluenose" struck a reef on the Haitian coast and immediately rolled over on her port side with her sails in the water. The following day, January 29th, she sank beneath the surface, her throbbing motors forever stilled. The "Bluenose" was certainly a grand ship and her loss leaves a vacancy in our hearts which can never be filled.

CALL TO ARMS

By ELIZABETH MANTHORNE, '37

To every tiny hamlet came the call,
 To forest glen and craggy mountain tall;
 To arms! to arms! the foe invade our land!
 We grasp the sword and bravely take our stand.

While loyal blood still flows in British veins,
 Their love for Britain's Empire still remains,
 The first, the last, the greatest love of all,
 That brought her sons to answer to her call.

The call that never yet was giv'n in vain,
 That strengthened weary arms on battle plain,
 Until the ruthless foe were driven back,
 And victory once more crowned the Union Jack.

THE LUNENBURG SEA PRODUCTS

By CAROLYN MOSSMAN '46 and DOUGLAS MEISNER '46

In 1899 William C. Smith retired from active fishing to purchase a waterfront property and to enter the outfitting business. On Dec. 12, 1899 W. C. Smith Company Limited, was incorporated. The shareholders were Messrs. W. C. Smith, Y. A. Smith, B. C. Smith, James L. Smith, J. N. Smith, L. H. Smith, Y. W. Smith, James Young, Isaac Mason, Martin Mason and Inspector H. H. McIntosh. All these men, except Inspector McIntosh, were engaged in the fishing industry. W. C. Smith was president and general manager; L. H. Smith was accountant and Inspector McIntosh was elected secretary. A wharf and store were built and the firm began operating.



The company was successful from the beginning. During its first year it outfitted six schooners. When the season was over and the vessels had returned with their fare, they turned to trading. Fishing was not carried on during the winter months; thus the vessels were free to carry coal between Canada and the United States. They also carried various products to the West Indies and to other ports in the Western Hemisphere.

In the following year fourteen schooners were equipped and sent to the Banks. The firm was indeed on the road to success.

During the succeeding years a new fish store was built, offices were enlarged, and all of the Company's facilities were expanded. New schooners were procured and soon it was common to see twenty vessels operating from the Smith docks. Until 1917 all fish had to be sent to Halifax to be shipped, but in that year fish were shipped directly from Lunenburg for the first time.

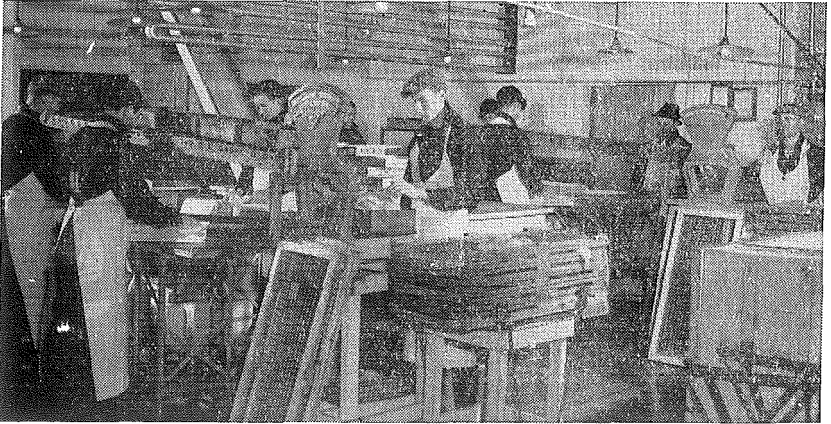
In December, 1919, W. C. Smith Company purchased the property and buildings of the Lunenburg Coal and Supply Co. Limited. This firm was operated as a fuel and heavy supply dealer, in which capacity it serves at the present time. Many improvements have been made which are a credit to both management and labour.

W. C. Smith became ill suddenly while attending the first International Fisherman's Race. He passed away two months later at his home in Lunenburg.

In 1922 the firm entered the export trade. Both an electric elevator and a modern artificial drying plant were installed. Necessary changes were made to facilitate the handling of larger quantities of fish. All these changes were made in the dry fish store since the firm then dealt only in salt fish. Agencies were set up in South American countries and in the West Indies to obtain information on requirements for fish. With the decline in salt fishing the firm entered the fresh fish trade.

In 1926, a schooner, the "Jean and Shirley" was operated as the first fresh fishing schooner. A small quantity of fresh fish was handled by the firm at this time. A Cold Storage Plant with unloading and fish-packing facilities was opened in the same year. This new company was called "The Lunenburg Sea Products Co." It operated as a subsidiary of W. C. Smith Co.

From 1926 to 1936 the firm as a whole expanded its facilities and production. Additional buildings were erected; new and better methods of production were introduced.

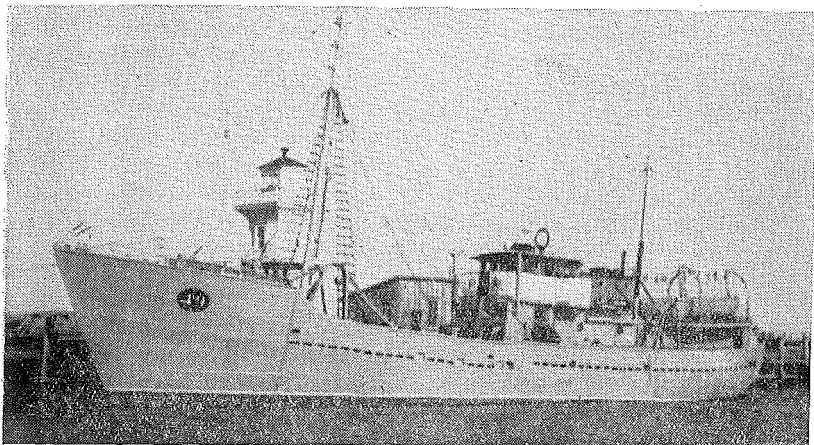


In 1936 W. C. Smith Co. Limited acquired four large fish producing plants in the Maritimes, and two distribution firms in Montreal. The firm with all its subsidiaries then consisted of:

W. C. Smith Co. Limited;	Lunenburg Sea Products Co. Limited;
Lunenburg	Lunenburg
Lunenburg Supply Co. Limited;	The Lockeport Co. Limited;
Lunenburg	Lockeport, N. S.
Nickerson Bros. Limited,	F. A. Robertson Company,
Liverpool, N. S.	Port Mouton, N. S.
Leonard Bros. Limited,	D. Hatton Company,
North Sydney, N. S.	Montreal, P. Q.
Leonard Fisheries Limited,	
Montreal, P. Q.	

All these plants, except the two at Montreal, have their own fleet of ships, which provide the plants with an adequate fish supply.

From 1936 to 1945 many improvements have been made in all the plants and fishing fleets. The Lunenburg plant has a modern fleet consisting of vessels and also two new trawlers which were added during 1945. The trawlers, the "Cape LaHave" and the "Cape North", each have a hold capacity of 250,000 pounds. They are sturdy, well-built, and with modern equipment. All the ships are equipped with Diesel engines, radio telephones, depth sounders and direction finders. In the near future they will be provided with the new radar equipment.



The Lunenburg plant employs about two hundred men. This figure does not include the members of the vessels' crews. Life, sickness, and accident insurance are provided by the Company, which also pays the premiums.

In the past year about twenty million pounds of fresh fish and five million pounds of salt fish were prepared for public consumption. This production includes all kinds of fish.

Both deep sea and shore fish are processed in this plant. The shore fish are supplied by various small boats owned by private parties.

In peace time this company exported about half of its total production to the United States and Southern Countries. During the recent war a large percentage of the production has been sent to Britain in order to relieve the acute food shortage there.

At present the firm has one unloading shed but a second one is nearly completed. The wharves have been extended outward and westward. Now, this company has large, well-kept premises which includes a modern fish processing plant, dealing in both salt and fresh fish. There are also two large ice houses and a number of coal sheds which belong to the Lunenburg Coal and Supply Co.

The firm has its own special brands - "High Liner". Two railway sidings are provided for the plants, and the fish are shipped directly. Some fish are packed for certain other distributors under their own brands.

This firm, and all its subsidiaries were amalgamated into the National Sea Products. This includes all plants owned and operated by W. C. Smith Co., along with other prominent plants.

The president is R. P. Bell. C. J. Morrow and H. G. Connors are Vice-Presidents. W. W. Smith and R. G. Smith are two of the directors. The firm, under a new head, is entering the post-war world equipped to give the best possible service. The fish will be quick-frozen and packed in smaller packages.

The company is at present ready to serve the public with a good product which holds true to the "High-Liner" Brand.

THE LUNENBURG MIXED QUARTETTE

By ALICE BALD '47

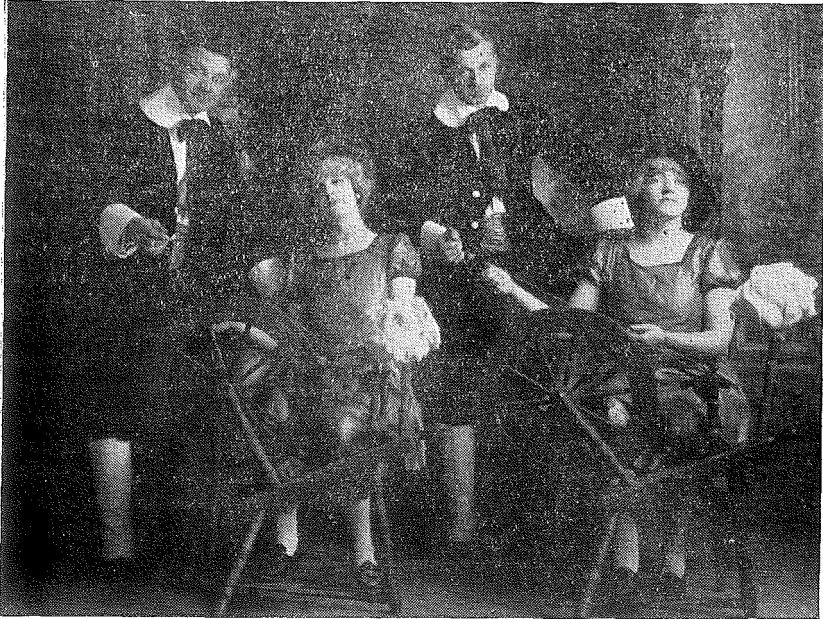


Lunenburg has long been noted for its music. The Lunenburg Quartette did a great deal to create this impression throughout Canada and the United States. Although the quartette was not considered a professional group, their music was some of the best in the Maritime Provinces.

Mrs. G. O. Baker, Mrs. B. G. Oxner, Mr. Ray Silver and Mr. W. G. Whynacht were the members of this group. The pleasing harmony rendered by their beautiful voices, gave them the idea that it would be an excellent plan to spend more time together and to develop their talents. Soon they were recognized as the famous Lunenburg Mixed Quartette. Mrs. Baker had a beautiful soprano voice. Its dramatic, flexible tones possessed that quality best known as exquisite. Mrs. Oxner whose warm, velvety contralto blended with this soprano, gave the work of the whole group a rich colourful finish. Mr. Silver's tenor voice had an airy, lifting quality which always appealed to his audience; while Mr. Whynacht because of his vibrant bass baritone and outstanding personality, always received tumultuous applause. It was he who saw the humorous side of affairs. Just before a performance one of the group might have a qualm of fear or nervousness. Immediately Mr. Whynacht would tell a joke or some amusing anecdote and have everyone laughing hilariously in no time.

Co-operation was the key-note of the Quartette's success for the four people were willing to give up many of their evenings in order to practise. After a time they became so well trained that if a mistake were made by one, it was difficult for a listener to detect the error. The group first

appeared as a Quartette over Station C N R A in Moncton, at which time they sang "The Greatest Love" by Petrie. Listeners from as far south as Key West sent their telegrams and letters of appreciation. Wherever the Quartette presented their musical concerts, they were enthusiastically received. Some of their outstanding appearances were made in Saint John, N. B., in Halifax and at the Berwick Camp Grounds. They performed at a number of charities and benefits where the audiences were highly appreciative and responsive to the entertainment. Their repertoire included light comedy, sacred, spiritual and other types, each of which was done well.



The group played leading roles in various operas. Mrs. Baker and Mr. Silver in the respective parts of "Mabel" and "Frederic" in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance", rendered a performance which merited wide acclaim. Mrs. Oxner's and Mr. Whynacht's singing of "Germaine" and "Henri" in the opera "Chimes of Normandy" by Plangrätte were both outstanding performances long to be remembered. Occasionally we hear the individual voices of the members who at one time composed the Lunenburg Mixed Quartette, Mrs. Baker, at present residing in Halifax, is engaged in musical affairs of that city. Mrs. Oxner directs several musical clubs and choirs of the town. Up until four or five years ago Mr. Whynacht was the director of St. John's Anglican Church choir.

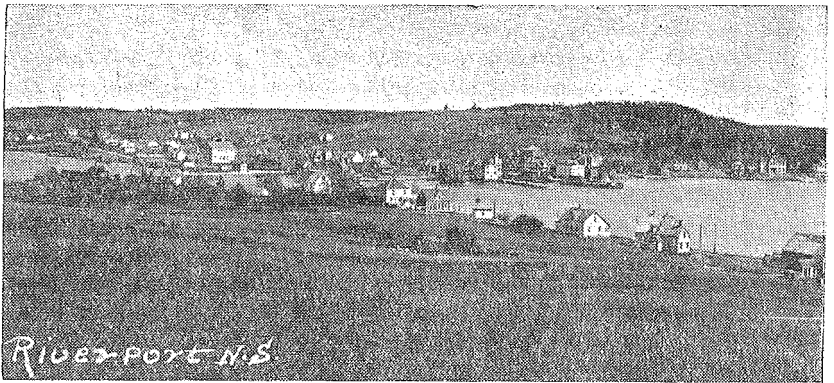
These persons who have been fortunate enough to hear the singing of this Quartette, will recall with pleasure the many occasions on which this talented group of musicians appeared. The songs of this famous group live on in the interest in music each member displays where he or she resides.

SUMMER AT THE VILLAGE

By MARIE CREASER '46

Since I have joined the happy class of Grade XII, there has been a tendency for my classmates (especially the boys) to tease me about being a young country lass. I believe if they could spend a summer at Riverport, however, they too would be proud to hail from the little village.

Summer at Riverport is typically Nova Scotian. All the fields and hills are a bright green, rich and full of life. The earth itself seems to be issuing forth in a coat of green. Marvellous colour, splashed sunsets adorn the beautiful LaHave River. Calm warm evenings resound to the chirping of the night-birds.



The warm summer days are long and lazy. The bright sun shines brilliantly from the clear heavens and the warm breezes caress the surrounding hills while the harbour sparkles like a sea of diamonds. At times the lazy dust is washed away by cool, refreshing showers.

Swimming is the chief sport and there are two "pools" near a beach where most of the people go to swim. Here at any hour one may see children, ducking, diving and splashing in the cool water. Others are lying on the hot sand so they may get a good coat of tan.

Then too, there is the usual fun of eating and sleeping in the open air. Of course there is always a certain amount of discomfort in everything and sleeping out-of-doors is no exception. The steady drone of the unfriendly mosquito does much towards making one spend many sleepless nights.

Here, again, there are more opportunities to come closer to nature by cycling along the country roads, or walking in the fields of daisies and buttercups, or inhaling the salt sea breeze and the smell of new-mown hay.

In the still of the early morning one hears the dull putt-putt of a never-ending stream of motor boats on the river, the high pitched chirps of the crickets and the shrill chatter of the excited squirrels.

These are only a few of the attractions which help to make a summer at the little village on the LaHave an everlasting memory.

LIFE AS A JAPANESE PRISONER

By MARIE HYNICK '46

This account was given to me by Pte. Hercules Buchanan of the Royal Rifles of Canada, who was a Japanese prisoner-of-war for four years. He was a bit reluctant to tell me about his experiences, but after much persuasion I received the following information:

Pte. Buchanan arrived at Hong Kong on November 15, 1941 and was engaged in actual fighting for approximately three weeks. It was hard fighting for the Japs outnumbered them 65,000 to 15,000. At the time, the Japs seemed as plentiful as rats.

As you all know, December 25, 1941 was the fatal day of Hong Kong. It was on that day the Royal Rifles of Canada became Japanese prisoners-of-war.

The men were immediately lined up and forced to march to a camp. They remained here one year. While they were in this camp, communicable diseases of all kinds took the lives of many men. They did not have to work. At this time they had their own army doctors who did their best for the many sick men. Some of them escaped from Hong Kong but then, in order to prevent further escapes, the Japanese officers in command of the camp put the prisoners in groups of ten. One soldier was then responsible for the lives of the other nine in his group. If one escaped, the remaining nine were immediately tortured. Lice were plentiful and the food was bad.

Then came the trip to Japan. Five hundred soldiers were ordered to a small Japanese freighter. Here conditions were bad. There was one meal a day which consisted of a small amount of rice and water. The trip lasted two weeks; and for the first few days they were allowed to walk about the deck. When the freighter entered the danger zone, the men were all forced below the deck which was just another "Black Hole of Calcutta." Here they had to remain in one place because of the lack of space to walk around, but their morale was good.

The freighter docked at a port in southwestern Japan. Here they boarded a train which took them to Niigata. This part of the trip provided a bit of pleasure. The prisoners were given three square Japanese meals a day which were the same as given to the Japanese guards.

When they arrived at Niigata manual labor began. For breakfast, they had something similar to what some people may feed their hens. Sometimes it contained a bit of bran and at other times a small amount of rotten meat. Dinner and supper were of the same mixture.

If there were some grasshoppers for the meal, it seemed like a feast. They were pickled in soia sauce in tubs and each prisoner received about a spoonful. Pte. Buchanan claims grasshoppers are delicious. On the sly, they caught rats, cats and dogs which were boiled in water, definitely without seasoning. Sometimes they were a bit raw but that did not matter. They were hungry men. Nevertheless the water was good.

Beds? The prisoners slept on the floor; sometimes they were given straw or a straw mat and then they had their own army blankets. Here too,

lice were plentiful. Lights were out around eight o'clock, and it was surprising how efficient the electrical system was.

The only entertainment was the jokes told by fellow prisoners while working in the coal yard. They were forced to carry two large bags of coal at a time. They had to work all day except for a few minutes off for meals.

The prisoners knew what their punishment would be if they were caught stealing food. Yet, they were obliged to steal in order to live. If they were caught stealing food, they were tied to a stake and left there until they either starved or froze to death.

When their uniforms were useless, they were given worn-out Japanese uniforms which were beyond repair. In most cases, the uniforms were nothing more than patches sewn together.

In this camp there were many diseases and no doctors; only the Japanese medical officers who were of little or no account. In most cases, one had to be dead before he got a day off. Once a year a Roman Catholic service was allowed in the camp. No Protestant services were permitted at any time.

The prisoners each received four Red Cross parcels which were the highlights of the prisoners lives. Parcels were sent from home but they were never received. The prisoners were not given outside news at any time. They heard nothing about V-E day until some months later when one soldier heard two Japanese guards mention something about it.

On V-J day they were told to stop work until further notice. Because of this they believed something had happened to Japan. Later they were informed that a truce was on.

Then came the happy day! American planes flew overhead and dropped food and clothing. On September 16, 1945 the men boarded a train which took them to a port near Tokyo. Pte. Buchanan said that this was an enjoyable trip. From here they boarded the U. S. transport Ozark, and arrived safely home.

WAR

By DORIS BERRINGER '47

They say "we" haven't learned, as yet,
 How fearful war can be;
 That little are our lives upset
 By war on land or sea.

Well, ask the mother of the boy
 Who fell where cannons flame,
 If war has left her any joy
 That will be quite the same.

It's true we haven't learned, as yet,
 How fearful war can be;
 But mothers know, who gave their sons,
 Their all, for you and me.

SENATOR J. J. KINLEY

By JANE HIMMELMAN '46 and MARJORIE MOSHER '46

Senator John J. Kinley was born in Lunenburg and was the son of Captain James Kinley, Master Mariner, and Louisa A. Loye. The Kinleys originally came from the Isle of Man and settled in Prince Edward Island, where Captain Kinley was born. He came to Lunenburg as a boy. Mrs. Kinley, the mother who is a native of Lunenburg, is still in good health at the age of eighty-seven years. There were nine children in the family, eight of whom are living and all reside in Nova Scotia.

Senator John J. Kinley is the one male resident still in Lunenburg who went to the High School on its opening a little over fifty years ago. On leaving school, Mr. Kinley went to work at the drug store of Mr. E. L. Nash, who was his preceptor, as a pharmacist. After three years apprenticeship, he passed the Pharmacy Board Examination at Halifax.

"J. J." is a Past President of the Lunenburg Board of Trade and President of the Lunenburg Arena, which was erected with the backing of the Board. It provides ice for winter sports; is the home of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition; and on the grounds there are facilities for track and field sports. Years ago in Lunenburg, bicycle racing was a popular sport and Lunenburg then had a splendid banked bicycle track. Spoon races each week were a test for bicycle racing. The Senator won a number of spoons in the boys' races. In those days cricket was the real game. Mr. Kinley is now a curler and a golfer. He enjoys sailing.



His first drug store was in the one now occupied by Lillian Corkum, Grocer. Afterwards he moved to the corner now commonly referred to as "Kinley's Corner" in the Hirtle Block, where his younger brothers and sisters took turns at clerking.

One sister, Miss Carrie, and two brothers, Gordon and Wilfred, became Registered Druggists. In 1912 in association with his brother, Gordon, they started the firm of Kinleys' Limited at Halifax and opened a store on Barrington Street. The Lunenburg Drug Store is now owned and conducted by Wilfred Kinley in new and commodious quarters in the Powers Block. He was a co-partner after returning from overseas in 1918, and took over ownership control in 1937.

In the nineties the Lunenburg Iron Foundry was started in New Town. It was not successful and was sold to A. C. Thompson Company

of North Sydney, who were large stove manufacturers. In 1904 Mr. Kinley, in association with the Honorable A. K. MacLean, bought the property of the A. C. Thompson Company and started the Lunenburg Foundry Company Limited. Mr. MacLean was the first President and Mr. Kinley, the Vice-President. When Mr. MacLean left the county, he sold his interest to Mr. Kinley, who then became President and he has continued as President to the present time. This Company made a great contribution to shipping in World War I. When the Second World War started, the company was equipped and ready to take on repairs to Naval ships and to continue its work of equipment for ships in building.

In addition to his business activities, John J. Kinley was always active in the public service. He was Mayor of the Town of Lunenburg in 1911, 1912 and 1913. He served as a Councillor from Ward II and was Chairman of the School Board before becoming Mayor. It is recalled there was a conflict within the School Board on the closing of the one department at New Town. In later years, the New Town School was completely closed, everyone going to the central Town School.

"J. J." became a candidate for the Provincial Legislature in 1916 and was elected along with J. W. Margeson, K.C.; the County then electing one Conservative and one Liberal Member. He has the Volunteer Decorations for twenty years service with the Militia. Mr. Kinley was appointed by the Minister of Finance as Chairman of two Victory Loans in 1917 and again in 1918. He was elected in 1920 to the Provincial Legislative and in 1923 was again returned. He was member of the Nova Scotia Government in 1924 and 1925 when the Liberals were replaced by the Rhodes Government. In 1930 he resigned to contest the dual constituency of Queens-Lunenburg for the Federal Parliament. He was defeated in that election; but was elected to the Federal Parliament in 1935, re-elected in 1940, and was appointed to the Senate by the Government of Canada, with the approval of the Governor-General, on April 18th, 1945.

When we asked Senator Kinley as to how he likes his new position he replied "You ask how I like the Senate. There is more conflict in the Commons and I always enjoyed that service. The Senate is a body of review by men of experience and long service and there is much less talk. I find, however, they make up their minds and are quite determined in their opinions. In the Senate there is great courtesy and decorum. The politeness of everybody is very marked, especially the officials and attendants, but they are firm on rules and orders, all must conform. As a Member of the Commons I always felt it salutary to attend a Senate Committee. Their deliberations are courteous and to the point and there is great deference to the Chairman, who always acts in the most impartial way and being an outstanding Senator has considerable skill in his duties. A Senator is supposed to assist and advise the Government. They have the power to introduce legislation, the same as the Commons and also the power to reject all Bills, including Government Bills, so a great deal of a Senator's time must be taken up with study and reading to keep himself informed so he can make

an intelligent review. Of course he can be indolent. He is his own master. This should be the greatest incentive, however, to make him faithful in his Duties."

Senator Kinley is a Past-President of the Nova Scotia Pharmaceutical Society and Honorary President of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Society. He has been Provincial President of the Nova Scotia Branch of the St. John's Ambulance Association since 1931 and retired at the end of the War. He was decorated by His Majesty King George V, as an Officer, then as a Commander and later by the Governor-General as a Knight of Grace in the Order of St. John. He has the Jubilee Medal of 1910 and the Coronation Medal 1937.

He has had a long and distinguished association with Lunenburg industry. He has, for many years, been a shareholder in the Lunenburg co-operative fishing fleet. He was interested in the fishing schooner races and served on the International Committees, both at Halifax and Gloucester, Massachusetts.

The Senator is President of the "Progress-Enterprise", our weekly newspaper and strangely enough this paper was first started by Mr. Nash many years ago. Mr. Kinley bought the interest from Honorable A. K. MacLean, when he moved to Halifax.

The Senator is a Past Master of Free Masons, Past Grand of the Oddfellows, Member of the Rebeccas and is in religion, a Presbyterian. He is Vice-President of the Nova Scotia Navy League and President of the Lunenburg Sea Cadet Corps "Neptune."

On January 7th, 1920, Senator Kinley was married to Lila, daughter of John Bruno Young of Lunenburg. They have two children, Mary and John Jr., both of whom attended Lunenburg Academy and graduated with honors. Mary is now a B.A., L.L.B. and a Member of the Nova Scotia Bar. John Jr. is a Science student at Dalhousie University and has a rating as an Able Seaman in the Merchant Marine.

This is the story of a Lunenburg Academy student who carried on in Nova Scotia and lived in his home Town. We are justly proud of Senator Kinley and of the work that he has accomplished.

The cover design for the 1946 Sea Gull has been designed by Mr. Philip Backman, a graduate of the Lunenburg Academy. The cost of the plate has been paid by the Lunenburg Foundry Co., Ltd. The Staff desires to express appreciation for this generosity.

DR. HOWARD CREIGHTON

By VIVIAN RATTRAY '46 (in collaboration with the Principal)

To be a member of a family of six is rather a distinction. When the six - two boys and four girls - have all graduated from Dalhousie University, it is a unique distinction. Dr. Howard Creighton attended a University re-



union prior to the death of his father, Graham Creighton (Inspector of Schools for Halifax County). On this occasion seven members of the Creighton family attended as members of the alumni society, the seventh member being the father. The one brother, Wilfred Creighton, is with the Department of Lands and Forests, Halifax. A sister, Lois Creighton, is on the staff of Queen Elizabeth H. S.

Dr. H. Creighton was born in Halifax in May of 1895 at which time his father left the Principalship of Morris Street

School to become Inspector of Schools for the county of Halifax. Oddly enough Dr. Creighton did not commence school until the age of 10 years since his mother had been a school teacher. He started in Grade 5 at the Morris St. School where he suffered the usual torments of any child whose father happens to be actively engaged in educational work. Many a bleeding nose ensued from too much tormenting of the boy by students who knew of the father's work.

It is rare indeed that a boy commences his life in the city and then moves to the country. When Howard finished Grade 6 at Morris St. School, the family moved to Musquodoboit where the young children had their first contact with agricultural life. The change was probably caused by the Inspector's large area of work as it required five days by horse and buggy to reach the easternmost boundary of the county. An additional reason was the desire of the family to "bring up their children in the way they should go" - a matter of paramount importance to good Scotch Presbyterian folk.

Regardless of the reasons for the change, Dr. Creighton recommends a part of any child's life be spent in the country. There are certain vital realities impressed on a child in this environment which he probably will never realize as an urban dweller. Such tasks as milking five cows morning and evening; caring for the horses; and innumerable other farm duties kept the young boy busy. There were periods of relaxation sufficient to get into mischief and to cause the village teacher embarrassment. In the spring the boys "ran the logs" in the Musquodoboit River when the men were yarding

them for the mills. Many a boy got wet feet and even worse when he fell between the logs. Then in the fall all the school pupils enjoyed the game of "Tilting the Gullies" - a rather unusual descriptive phrase. The first ice formed in the gullies was black and somewhat resilient, so that it became quite wavy when a number of people would run over it. Both Inspector and Teacher were annoyed when the pupils were twenty minutes late at one recess. This misdemeanor was rendered the more heretic since the Inspector was on an official visit.

The family returned to Halifax where Dr. Creighton completed his Public School career at the old Halifax Academy. There he met Major Jonathan Logan "Lucky" (a happy bachelor) who handled Army Cadets and sponsored the sport programme of the Academy. Many a graduate of the Academy remembers the kind but firm leadership of this grand old teacher who now lives in retirement.

Dr. Creighton, upon graduation, decided to take a combined B. A. and M.D.C.M. at Dalhousie University. He spent one year there when the First World War broke out on August 4th, 1914. Howard enlisted on August 6th to spend two years on garrison duty in Halifax with the 63rd Regiment Halifax Rifles. In 1916 he took a draft of 100 men overseas, following which he transferred to the 5th Machine Gun Coy of the Machine Gun Corps. In time he became a battery commander, a heavy responsibility considering the developments in the technique of war. While the doctor is reticent about his war experiences, he does admit "being mentioned in despatches" and as having been awarded the M.C.

Such memorable engagements as Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele have burned themselves into his memory. Yet the climax of his experiences in war came when they marched over the Rhine at Bonn. He actually learned the meaning of the statement "being on one's upper lip." The Canadian Army was having such a time to keep up with the retreating Germans and our transportation system was in such a mess, that the soldiers were actually wearing the upper part of their shoes having worn through the soles. At Bonn General Sir Arthur Currie took the salute from men who were in a state of exhaustion, yet who were proud to march past such a distinguished character. Men who had broken ranks to get a ride, who had bleeding feet, and many of whom were in an acute stage of exhaustion, forgot all this when confronted with an historic occasion.

Upon demobilization, Dr. Creighton completed his combined courses of B.A. and M.D.C.M. at Dalhousie University. This was followed by a sojourn overseas at outstanding medical centers - general medicine and surgery at London Hospital, obstetrics and gynecology at Dublin and surgery at Edinburgh.

Dr. Creighton returned to Canada in the fall of 1927. Having heard that Dr. Cecil Kinley intended going to Halifax, he replaced Dr. Kinley in partnership with the late Dr. R. G. McLellan the following year. Following Dr. McLellan's demise, Dr. H. A. Hewat became his partner. Within the past year, a third member has been added in the person of Dr. D. Cantelope, a native of Lunenburg.

During the second World War, the doctor found time to devote to patriotic activities. He is commanding officer of the Air Cadets, an organization

of which the community is proud. As chairman of the Medical staff of the Blood Donor Clinic and as chairman of the Medical Clinic of the Red Cross, he has done a splendid job. "In season and out of season" he has been a constant advocate of a hospital for the town - a hope realized by the wholehearted support of the populace and leading citizens of Lunenburg.

Dr. Creighton married Catherine Oxner in July 1933. They have three children, two girls and a boy. The Sea Gull extends best wishes to the family, and a life of continued usefulness to the community.

PTE. HORACE MANSLEY SMITH

By ARTHUR SMELTZER '47



On April 23rd, 1945, Horace Mansley Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Smith, was killed in action during one of the heavy battles which occurred on the border between Holland and Germany. His body has been interred at Oldenburg, Germany.

Horace was born on October 2, 1920 at Lunenburg where he lived until his enlistment in Canada's armed forces. He attended Lunenburg Academy and participated in softball and baseball. After leaving school he was employed at Owen Smeltzer's grocery store. Horace attended Aldershot Summer Training Camp with the famous West Nova Scotia Regiment. He was a member of the Lunenburg Band.

In late November of 1939, Pte. Smith enlisted in the Canadian Army (Infantry). He became a member of the Coastal Band stationed at Halifax until he went overseas. Six months after leaving Canada, he was killed.

Besides his parents, he is survived by two sisters and six brothers, three of whom were overseas.

Horace was one of Lunenburg's young men who have paid the supreme sacrifice by giving their lives for King and country.

BRIDGEWATER HIGH SCHOOL

versus

LUNENBURG ACADEMY

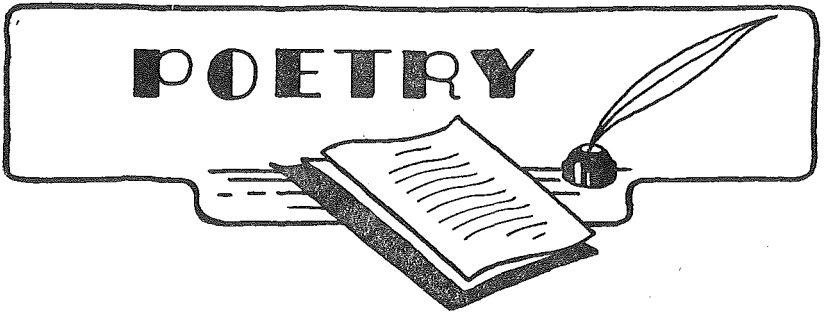
By MADELYN RANDALL '47

On Wednesday, May 9, 1945, the first inter-school debate in the history of the Academy was held between Bridgewater and Lunenburg in the Assembly Hall of L. C. A. The topic, "Resolved that all school homework should be abolished", always one of great interest both to students and citizens, was upheld on the affirmative side by Elizabeth Cook and Vernon Meldrum of Bridgewater and on the negative side by Harry Heckman and Donald Hiltz of the Academy.

The programme opened with two solos by Eric Collins, accompanied by Mrs. B. G. Oxner. Vernon Meldrum, leader of the Bridgewater team, opened the debate for the affirmative and presented why, in the interest of the education and health of the average student, homework should be abolished. Harry Heckman, captain of the negative home team, showed why the abolition of homework would be injurious to the education and intelligence of the average boy and girl.

The speeches of the Lunenburg contestants were flavoured with humour which tended to put the whole debate on a friendlier basis. The Lunenburg team won over the visiting opposition by a difference of one point, which, considering that Miss Cook and Mr. Meldrum were speaking to comparative strangers in unfamiliar surroundings, proves that their team was as good as our own. While the judges, who were Mr. Clark of Bridgewater, Dr. H. B. Strothard and Mr. Douglas Adams were adding up the scores, a duet was rendered by Florence and Betty Feener. Among the comments expressed by the judges was the wish that more debates of this kind be held between Bridgewater and Lunenburg.

Credit for such a fine presentation must be given to Mr. Campbell and Mr. Shipley, the teachers who assisted the Lunenburg participants in composing their speeches. Special thanks should also be given to Lawyer Sterne, who coached the L. C. A. contestants in the presentation of their addresses.



HOME

By RAMSAY KEILLOR '49

It may be a castle,
 Or just a shack,
 It may be a tent
 With a front and a back.

It may be of stone,
 It may be of bricks,
 It could be of straw,
 Or even of sticks.

If it's in the city,
 Or standing alone,
 You'll always love it
 For it's home, sweet home.

MUMPS

By JOHANNE ZWICKER '50

Oh woe and double woe is me!
 I've got the mumps - both sides you see.
 I'm swelled up like an angry frog
 This shouldn't happen to a dog.

So here I agonize in bed.
 A burning brow, an aching head!
 It hurts to swallow, gosh, oh gee!
 So woe, and double woe is me!

LEISURE

By ANNE SHOLDS '51

Lying in a shady nook,
By a babbling little brook -
Here I'd like to stay all day,
And watch the little folk at play.

Watching clouds go sailing by
In the clear cerulean sky,
And the little birds at play,
Flitting here and there all day.

Listening to the whispering trees,
And the gentle, cooling breeze,
Hearing every little sound,
Till the sun at last goes down.

Dreaming of things yet to be -
Things I long for but cannot see,
Dreaming all day in the sun -
Dreaming till the day is done.

WONDERING

By JACQUELINE BERRINGER '47

Sometimes I sit and wonder
At the mighty works of man,
Just who drew the pattern,
And then who approved the plan.

Skyscrapers in our cities,
Giant ships that sail the seas;
At these things we often marvel;
Who made possible such as these?

Stately spires on our cathedrals
Silhouette against the sky,
Mighty airships to thunder o'er us
Carrying those who dare to fly.

These are just a few I mention
Of the many works of art,
In their planning and their building
Many millions played a part.

ON OUR OBEDIENCE

(With apologies to Milton)

By CAROLYN E. MOSSMAN '46

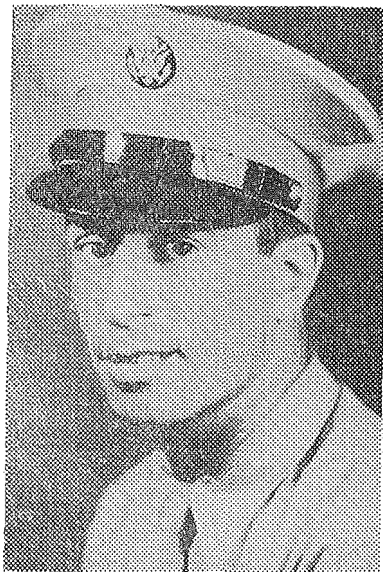
When I consider how my days are spent
 Ere half this term in L. C. A. is past;
 And settle down to write a poem at last —
 Though it seems useless, still my mind is bent
 To serve my teacher, and present
 What she requires, lest she, when time flees fast
 Should frown — so on my brain I cast
 This burden; and quickly to prevent
 Her murmur, I would say: "You do not need
 To ask us twice our lessons, or request
 Assignments; Grade XII does her best; your state
 Is queenly — twenty at your bidding speed
 To write their poems, while thinking without rest,
 Those can't succeed who only stand and wait" —

 RECOLLECTIONS

The girls of Grade XII swooning over Van Johnson.
 Lynwood Sawler as our "greatest wolf."
 One day with Maxwell not teasing the Riverport girls.
 Gerald Knickle winking at the girls.
 Carolyn M. not knowing her lessons.
 Ramsay Keillor's laugh.
 Donald Tanner as the "Grade XII Playboy."
 Duff S. as our "new Van Johnson."
 Arthur, Gilbert and their fruit cake.
 George H. and his mechanical inventions.
 Marie H. as "Grade XII's old maid walkie talkie."
 Ronnie M. not wearing.
 Jane H. and Marjorie M. on the shelf.
 Iris W. flirting with the boys.
 Errol Z. as Grade XI's most industrious student.
 Barbara Fraelic's dictionary words.
 The Knickle brothers as the best spellers of Grade XI.
 Douglas Hill as Grade X's "Lochinvar."
 The good old days when the navy took our little sailorettes' minds off
 their work.
 Errol Zinck and his back seat romance.

SGT. EDGAR FRANCIS OXNER

Edgar Oxner was born in Lunenburg on June 21, 1909, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Oxner. As a boy, Edgar went to the Lunenburg Academy. In 1928 he moved to Boston and later to Pennsylvania, where he was employed as an engineer in the Saplee Ice-cream Co. He held this position until



his enlistment in the United States Army in April 22, 1943, when he proceeded to Mississippi for his basic training. While at this camp, he earned his Sergeant's stripes in a Reconnaissance Unit.

His Division went overseas to Africa in December of 1943 and later moved to Sicily, Italy and France where Sgt. Oxner was killed in action on September 22, 1944. He is buried in the United States Military Cemetery in St. Jaun, France.

Sgt. Oxner is survived by his wife and two children, Edgar, 12 and Vida Jane, 9; his parents and two sisters, Mrs. Dan McClay of Bangor, Me., and Lorna of Halifax. Another of Lunenburg's sons has paid the supreme sacrifice.

RETROSPECT

By BENJAMIN KAULBACK '43

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

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

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

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



HOME - COMING

By CAROLYN MOSSMAN '46

Pte. Tommy Borden was on his way home to Canada. He had been overseas for four years, and he certainly wasn't going to be sorry to see the folks again!

He had often thought about them while away when sweating under the blazing sun of North Africa, and later, when soaking in the heavy rains of Italy. "Sunny Italy, my foot!" expostulated Tommy, wearily, as he pulled his blanket warmly about him in his bunk on the troop-ship. However, no use grumbling about that any more; thank goodness it was all behind him.

He wondered if they would all come to the dock to meet him—stout Pop, whose hair was greying, despite his reluctance to admit it; good-natured, jolly Mom, always bustling about and doing more than her share of everything; last but not least—his sister Felicity, more commonly known as "Flick." Tommy had been almost nineteen when he went overseas, now he was just as close to twenty-three. Flick, as he remembered her, had been a tall, awkward, gangling child of twelve; her nose covered with freckles that used to remind him of the cinnamon Mom sprinkled on her pumpkin pies. Her straight, fly-away, tow-colored hair had always been twisted into untidy braids. Tommy couldn't imagine Flick as looking otherwise, despite the fact that she must now be sixteen years old. He used to wish that he had some snaps of the family, but that had been impossible. "It's really my fault", he reminded himself. Indeed it had been he who had broken the only camera of which the Borden family boasted, and it had carelessly been left un-repaired.

Tommy chuckled as he thought of how he himself had changed. He proudly caressed the trim little mustache-grown purposely for his home-coming. He knew that he looked much older, and liked to think how much more handsome he was than when he had left home.

Just one more day, and the ship would dock. On board, all was industry, but amazingly enough, there was very little confusion. The returning soldiers gathered in little groups, most of them eager to get home, and a few, some of whom were wounded, dubious as their reception.

"Message for F6847 Pte. T. Borden", called someone -

Tommy read the printed bit of paper carefully - so Dad was sick with the flu, Mom had to care for him, and therefore only Flick would meet him when the ship docked.

"Well", he consoled himself, "I could be worse off." And he brightened as he thought that perhaps it would be better, after all, to become re-acquainted with the family gradually.

More news - the ship would reach her destination seven hours ahead of schedule - "If only Flick could get there that early. It surely would prevent a long, tiresome wait."

Joe, one of Tommy's pals, asked him "Is your girl comin' to meet you? My Jean is - and man, am I a-rarin' to see her!" Here Joe gave a fair imitation of the kiss he was undoubtedly intending to give Jean.

"No, Joe - I'm free as a bird - minus a girl friend", said Tommy laughing at his friend's antics. "My sister, Flick, a mere kid, is meeting me - although it's unlikely she'll be there as early as I. That will give me a chance to pick up a nice girl - pass the time away."

"Good for you!" applauded Joe.

There was a lot of commotion on the dock. All around were wives greeting their husbands, mothers their sons, and sweethearts were being reunited. Through the milling crowds Tommy caught a glimpse of Joe and Jean - and the demonstration Joe had given him on board ship was only a cheap imitation of what Tommy now witnessed.

There was no sign of Flick anywhere, and the crowd was thinning, so Tommy made his way from the dock. At the same time, a slender, pretty girl, apparently having been unable to find her party, hesitatingly started to leave also. She looked rather bewildered, so Tommy made up his mind to see if he could be of any service. Besides, he might get a girl friend in the bargain - Joe's meaning wink as he strutted past with Jean decided Tommy.

"Can I help you with anything, miss?" he asked respectfully, and eagerly, before the girl could answer - "Waitin' for someone? you could have a coke with me in the meantime."

The girl hesitated - "Well, I guess so. There's a little place over here where we could drink it, and I could watch at the same time."

Tommy glanced sideways at the girl - taffy colored curls, a cute pug nose - not bad, at all.

"I envy the lucky fellow you're meeting", he told her when they were seated.

The girl blushed - "It's my brother. I had to meet him because Pop has the flu and" -

"What!" gasped Tommy; and then asked quickly "What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say", answered the girl demurely, "but it happens to be Felicity Borden."

"Flick! ! It's Tommy, kid! How you've changed! Oh my golly!" - words tumbled over each other in Tommy's rush to say all at once.

"Of - all - things" - and after a big kiss that would have done credit even to Joe and Jean, Flick laughed.

"Well, anyway, when Mom and Pop hear this, it should convince them that I am no longer a baby!"

Tommy smiled to himself. It was going to be nice to be home.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

By JANE BAILLY '47 and JACQUELINE BERRINGER '47

Fiftieth Anniversaries are usually celebrated in some way, and our Academy was no exception. On November 7, 1895, Lunenburg Academy first opened its doors; so, on November 7, 8 and 9, 1945, celebrations were the order of the day.

The celebration got off to a fine start on Wednesday afternoon of the seventh. The pupils marched in a body to the Capitol Theatre, where a mass meeting was held to which the public was invited. Principal D. H. Collins was chairman, and introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Inspector M. O. Maxner. Mr. Maxner talked of interesting and amusing events of past school days, and spoke in glowing terms of the long continuous service of Miss Minnie Hewitt in this Academy. The Academy received two very lovely gifts; a photograph of the ex-principal Burgess McKittrick from Mrs. J. Knickle; and a clock from the H.M.C.S. Lunenburg, presented by Mrs. G. A. Bachman on behalf of the Women's Institute. Principal Collins, on accepting these gifts, emphasized the value of the late ex-principal Burgess McKittrick to the educational life of the town. He also referred to his pleasant associations with Miss Minnie Hewitt when she was on the staff of the Academy.

That same evening, at six-thirty, a banquet was given in the Curling Rink by the Board of School Commissioners. The guests were members of the School Board, Town Council, Clergy, heads of the organizations and their wives, also teachers and the officers of the Students' Council. Mayor L. L. Hebb presided, and the chief speaker was Dr. F. G. Morehouse, M. Sc., L.L.D., Supervisor of Halifax Schools. Remarks were also made by Senators Wm. Duff, J. J. Kinley, and Principal D. H. Collins. Both senators spoke in a humorous vein of their own school days. Each referred to the fact that he had served as Mayor of the Town, and as chairman of the School Board. A very enjoyable dinner was served by ladies of the Women's Institute and the I. O. D. E.

On Thursday evening at nine-thirty a dance, sponsored by the Students' Council, was held for graduates and friends of the Academy in the Assembly Hall. This hall and adjoining halls were decorated in the colors (green and white) with anniversary motifs. The students in charge deserve credit for their fine work.

During Anniversary Week, Inspector M. O. Maxner displayed, in the windows of his office on Lincoln street, pictures of classes of years ago, the Academy, the Choral Club, and the Basketball teams. There were also posters made by students, telling of new additions to the school, such as radios and the movie projector. Visitors were invited to the Academy throughout the entire week.

The Anniversary is one that will long be remembered by students and friends of the school.

HALLOWE'EN HALLUCINATION

By MADELYN RANDALL '47

She didn't believe in ghosts, she knew she didn't, but it was so fantastic; so real yet so unreal - it was standing in the doorway - it was coming toward her!

Robin Kendall rubbed her eyes and looked again. It was gone! She breathed a sigh of relief and murmured to herself.

"This Hallowe'en business is making me frightened of my own shadow. I'll have to hurry with these decorations before -

"Good evening, young lady," said a voice behind her. Robin whirled around. It was the thing again.

"Who - what are you?" she managed to stammer. "I must be having hallucinations," she thought wildly, staring at the object.

"Young lady," it said, with a distinct Oxford accent, "give me the pleasure of telling you who I was. It was Sir Francis Alexander, your grandfather, nine hundred and ninety-nine generations back."

"You are, I mean you were?" said Robin, suddenly losing her fear of this garrulous character.

"Yes, and I was sent to earth by the 'Celestial Society of Celebrated Spirits', to make a report on how things are progressing down here since we venerable knights left earth," replied Sir Francis, or rather, the ghost of Sir Francis.

"That's nice," responded Robin absently. She had begun to notice several odd things about Sir Francis; his clothes, for example, were quite out of style. In fact, Robin recalled from her history, that style was common among the nobility of the fifteenth century. She also noticed that Sir Francis had a dog on a leash; the ghost of a rather underfed mongrel. It was straining on the ghost of a leash.

Robin cried aloud, "Sir Francis, I believe your dog smells our pup. Don't you think you had better put him outside? There'll be a fight if —"

"My dear, squelch your fears. My cur is quite mannerly, although we do have an occasional fracas lately; when he sees the royal butcher. The sight of meat sets him wild. Rationing, you know —"

"The feeling is mutual, my dear dog," said Robin with mock solemnity. "And now, if you will excuse me, Sir Francis, I must dress for the Hallowe'en Party tonight."

At that moment the doorbell rang. Sir Francis stood, shocked. His dog started to bark, but no sound came out. "Laryngitis," thought Robin, grinning to herself. The next instant she felt a swish go past her. Sir Francis.

"Where's my spear! Bring me my shield! Man the swallow's nests!" He was shouting at the top of his lungs.

Robin raced upstairs. Sir Francis had rushed through her bedroom and was now on the top verandah, scandalizing a group of young people below who saw nothing, but heard a lot of old English profanity.

Robin grabbed a sheet from her bed and threw it over Sir Francis as he rushed by her.

"Go downstairs and let the gang in, and don't tell them who you are. They'll think it's me dressed up as a ghost. Take them downstairs to the rumpus room and amuse them until I come. Good gracious! Your dog! I'll tie him to the bed. No, take him with you, but be sure to keep him under the sheet. Now scoot."

When Robin descended to the rumpus room, four couples were dancing, and one girl dressed as Bo-Peep was trying to make a lonely ghost jitterbug with her.

"My dear," Robin heard Sir Francis say, "I haven't danced for centuries!"

The girl came over to her hostess and said, "Robin who is that ghost? Can you imagine what he told me! He said that in 1490 he was travelling in Spain and met Christopher Columbus. He was on his way to ask Queen Isabella for money for his expedition to America. And to top it off, he said he was walking his dog in the outer court of his castle in the summer of 1496 when a Scotchman shot him with a long bow. I believe he's feeling to well."

Robin went over to the settee and sat down beside Sir Francis. The sheet covered him completely, but Robin could see that he was breathing heavily.

"My dear," he said laboriously, "would you get me a glass of wine? My throat is as dry as parchment."

"I can get you a 'coke,' replied Robin. Returning with a full glass, she handed it to Sir Francis. He downed it in one gulp. The next moment he was clutching at his throat wildly.

"Egad," he said aloud, "what slops they make these day! It takes like a villein's beer flavored with a dash of arsenic. Egad! C'est la guerre!"

"Now, my dear," he said to Robin, "I want you to give me an idea of the improvements made during the past four hundred and fifty years."

"That's a big job," said Robin gravely, "but I can tell you a few. There's the railroad and the aeroplane, and even in this house, there's the furnace, the telephone and the radio, and electricity, and just hundreds more.

"Ah yes, that will be sufficient," said Sir Francis, "quite sufficient. We just want a few to give us new subjects for our bi-monthly debate in the C. S. C. S. Last month my discussion of the advantages of the long-bow was quite successful. Ah yes, quite successful. And now, suppose we discuss one in particular. Let us take electricity. Suppose you show me something about it."

"O. K. There's a plug behind the settee. When you push the plug in the outlet, the electricity —"

"Oh, my, dear," interrupted Sir Francis, "I'm going to tell you a little secret that may help you give your friends a good time. Ahem - of course, this is confidential. When it is dark, I glow - all over. A bright green!

"You do, I mean you actually do? Said Robin, practically hugging Sir Francis. "Let's introduce you as - let's see - 'The Great Mind Reader.' You can tell fortunes, can't you?"

"Oh yes, I can string a very good - ahem - tell a very good story. Let us commence."

Half an hour later, Robin's friends were holding their sides while Sir Francis demonstrated with great alacrity a method of sword fighting with one of the boys. Every thrust with the sword went through his body like a knife through butter.

When the gang left, they were still begging Sir Francis to tell them who he was. And he was still replying,

"Oh, I'm just a little gnome who fell in a can of luminous green paint. Big feet you know."

"Now, let us get down to business," said Sir Francis, "you were going to show me something practical about electricity. This is the outlet, is it not?"

"That's right," said Robin. "When the plug is pushed - Sir Francis, don't put your finger in it, you'll get a shock. Sir Francis, where are you? Good Heavens, he's disintegrating before my eyes."

"Goodbye, my dear, the 'Celestial Society of Celebrated Spirits' will be pleased. Ah yes, quite pleased."

THE LUCKY JUMP

By JANET ZINCK '50

Peter Brown, who was born and brought up in a poor country home by his mother, loved music very much. Since they were too poor to afford any such thing as a radio, Peter, after finishing his lessons in the evenings, would go to some nearby house to sit under a window and listen to the radio or to someone playing the piano. He would sit there all hours of the night, no matter how cold and damp it was and just dream. He would dream in school, and just wait for the afternoon to come when they were allowed to sing. He was especially fond of violin.

One day on his way home from school, he noticed a small plank lying in the road. Then an idea came to him. Maybe he could shape this plank into a violin. He spent weeks and weeks working on it. Finally it was finished, but he had no bow or strings. If he could just get three or four strings, he could make the bow somehow; so he piled wood and did other chores until he earned enough money to buy four violin strings.

As usual on Saturdays, he and his mother went to the nearby town and did their week's shopping, so Peter went to the music store and bought the strings. While he was looking at the various musical instruments, he observed a poster on the wall which read: "Jumping Contest" sponsored by Venus Music Co. Ltd. "Whoever can break the record score of jumping 4 ft. 8 in. on May 5th in Guysville may have his choice of any musical instrument. \$.75 to enter contest. Boys only of 9—15 years inclusive." If only Peter could try and see if he could break the record score, then he would get a violin.

"Oh! mister," exclaimed Peter, "May I return these strings and enter the contest with my money?"

"How old are you, my son?", asked the manager.

"Fourteen, sir."

"Yes, my boy," said the manager, you come here at 2 o'clock, May 5th and you may enter the contest."

The manager gave Peter a ticket and home he went, very excited. He prayed that he might win the contest and he practised jumping every spare minute he had.

Finally the great day came. Peter left for town in his very best suit and arrived at the store at 1.30 p. m. There were about fifty boys there dressed in shorts and shirts. Peter went inside and gave the manager his ticket. The manager took him into a room and dressed him in an outfit like the other boys wore and then took him out on the field.

The gong struck which meant that everyone should be quiet, for the contest was about to begin. The chairman gave a speech and then the contest started. First came the younger group of boys of whom none reached the score and then - the group which Peter was in. He was the last boy to jump. Two boys ahead of him broke the record by one inch and there was much cheering but Peter kept his wits about him.

Finally his turn came. 1—2—3—go—he did it !! 4 ft. 4½ in. - he won - he was to get a violin which was what he had wanted and prayed for all his life - a violin - he just couldn't believe it. When they took him to the store he asked the manager to pick out the best violin they had and Peter went home very proud and happy.

ISN'T LOVE GRAND?

By JANE BAILLY '47

"Quiet, gang! All this chatter is getting us nowhere!"

A small group of teen-aged boys and girls were seated around the fireplace of a large room. They composed the senior class of Chesville High School. Their president, Barbara Brooks, was calling their meeting to order.

"As you all know, if Daphne Jones doesn't get down to solid studying, she won't be permitted to play basketball, and that would be tragic! We all agree that she's in love with someone, but who is that 'someone', and how can we remedy the situation?"

Wendy Allen rose, "By all appearances, I believe the victim is my cousin Jon, who's visiting us. Daphne has been politely inquisitive about him for ages, ever since she learned that he spells his name "J-o-n." I'm sure that if we found a way to cure Daphne, he would co-operate."

"Thanks, Wendy," replied Barbara, "gang, ideas are requested."

There was dead silence for several minutes. Then, "I've got it!" cried one of the boys.

"What?" shouted the group.

"Well, if we could - bzz, bzz" —

The girls and boys closed in on the speaker, and their conversation became indistinguishable.

"R-r-ring" went the Jones' phone. Daphne dashed down the steps and lifted the receiver. "Hello? - Yes - this is Daphne Jones - who is speaking, please? - Who? ? - Yes (rather breathlessly) I'd love to go."

"Mother, Mother, guess who was on the phone! Jon Allen - Wendy's cousin! He wants a date with me for tonight, imagine! Isn't that too divine? Oooh, Mother, I'm nearly swooning. Maybe he'll take me to that

wonderful new play at the Albert Theatre!"

Needless to say, Daphne spent the remainder of that afternoon and evening until seven-thirty, getting ready. She wore a very glamorous black sequin-trimmed frock, and an over-abundance of make-up and perfume.

The door-bell rang.

"Greetings, Jon," said Daphne, in the popular manner.

"Ah, good evening, Miss Jones," replied Jon, "I trust you are ready? Very well, we shall proceed. I thought we might attend the lecture on 'Ancient Art' and then go to the Maiden Room for tea."

Daphne, very excited and thrilled, did not grasp what she was being told, and gleefully assented. Jon very formally escorted her to the lecture, conversed just as formally, and at its close, conveyed a now thoroughly disgusted Daphne to the Maiden Room. This tea room, catering chiefly to elderly people, was very prim and staid; not at all like the lively drug-store which Daphne and her friends usually patronized.

Daphne's thoughts ran wild. "Oh, how could I ever have thought that this person was exciting! Why, he's positively a drip! That old lecture, now this place, and it is only nine o'clock. He doesn't look half so glamorous in that black suit as he did in tweeds."

"Have you finished, Miss Jones?"

"Yes, I believe so."

Jon drove Daphne home, and bowed very stiffly as she entered the house.

The next day, after school, the group met at the drug-store.

"Gang," said Wendy, "it worked like a charm. Jon sure gave her the works, and she has certainly changed. At least - she knew her lessons today, and she doesn't look like a moon-struck calf!"



Girls' Intermediate Basketball Champions of Nova Scotia

Front Row, (left to right)—Shirley Daniels, Joan Collins, Marjorie Mosher, Kathryn Miller.

Rear Row, (left to right)—Betty Haughn, Vivian Rattray, Jane Himmelman, Carol Zinck, Mary Iversen, Barbara Zinck.

BEARS.

By JEAN SHOLDS '47

The small settlements of Telerst and Akmesse lay three miles apart on the highway, but only two miles apart as the crow flies. In between lay well grown woods, traversed only by means of a path. In the middle of these woods, half-way between the tiny communities was a schoolhouse! It was a small building, meant to serve both villages. In view of the present teacher shortage, this had proved a very happy arrangement. And now, with holidays almost over, the old school was about to furnish another year of service.

This year the pupils were to have a new teacher. As will happen in such small settlements - and in larger ones as well - the selection of the new teacher had been the chief topic of conversation for many weeks past. Applications for the position had been few; and naturally, no one was particularly happy when the officials chose a city girl for the job. City people, thought they, were very "uppish." They knew from experience. Other teachers had "turned up their noses" at the facilities offered by the well-meaning Winklys, who always boarded the current "school marm." They disliked the position of the school and they expected warm water in the morning with which to wash - when there naturally was none . . . No, sighed the gossips, "city gals never made good teachers for country places."

Miss Millicent Peters stepped off the train at Telerst on schedule. She was young, having finished High School the preceding spring. She had taken a course at Summer School to prepare her for the position she was about to fill. Looking around now, she observed that there was apparently only one person to meet her. But on approaching the lady on the platform, she noted several suspiciously pulled curtains in the station house, and there were obviously a few children hiding behind nearby bushes. Well, she hoped she was making a good impression.

The lady waiting for her was Mrs. Winkly, and, as they walked toward the house, Millie was given some information about the situation in which she found herself. "The school is in the woods," said Mrs. Winkly before long, and seeing her companion's face, she added quickly, "but there aren't any wild animals around that would hurt anyone. Deer and rabbits and that kind of animals, of course"

"Bears?" asked Millicent, doubtfully. "No, hasn't been a bear around here for years," Mrs. Winkly assured her.

School opened as scheduled, and the first month passed quickly. Millie found conditions quite satisfactory, and the pupils seemed willing to cooperate to a large extent.

It was more than a month since the opening of school when Millie left the schoolhouse one night at a rather late hour. She noted, as she locked the door, that it was already beginning to grow dark, and she was not particularly fond of going through the woods alone. She hastened to set off immediately, hoping to arrive at her boarding house before complete darkness had fallen.

She was hurrying along at a point about halfway from her destination, when suddenly there was a noise behind her. Snap! Crack! Crash! Turning,

Millie saw a large, black furry animal a short distance behind her. A bear! Millie ran! But before she had gone far, she looked back and no longer saw the bear behind her. So, without thinking that a bear could follow her scent, she hid behind a tree.

After waiting a few minutes and seeing nothing, Millie was about to leave her hiding place when she thought she heard voices up the path. She waited. Soon two figures approached, and she recognized them to be two of her pupils. "Boy!" one was saying, "did yuh see her run! Gee whiz, this old bear rug of Mom's comes in handy once in a while. I gusss she'll be passing in her resignation. Well, she was a good enough teacher, but city gals are always skeered of bears."

"So!" thought Millie, slightly provoked. "Well, my fine lads, we'll see about this."

To the great surprise of two guilty pupils, their teacher did not pass in her resignation at that time nor soon after. Neither did she mention the fact that she had seen a bear to the people of the village. It was most confusing!

Then, one afternoon, Miss Peters left her home immediately after school. She gave the key to one of her pupils with instructions that he, and a specific friend of his should stay to clean the black-board and the brushes; and to do several other small tasks before they locked the door and brought the key to her boarding house. By coincidence, they were the same two boys who had played the bear trick several weeks before. Today, however, they were not in the mood for practical jokes, so they did as their teacher had told them, and left for home.

A short time later, two very excited boys ran speedily into the clearing at the edge of the woods and dashed into the nearest house, without stopping to knock. The occupants of the house looked at them in astonishment and waited for an explanation. As soon as one of the boys caught his breath, he started screaming "A bear! A bear! Lock the door he's out there! He chased us!"

The people tried to soothe his nerves, and told him there had not been a bear in those woods for ten years. But "No, I tell you, there was one! We were walking home from school and we heard a noise behind us. When we looked back, we saw him! First I thought it was someone playing a trick on us with a fur rug over him. (A-hem!) But then he moved! He came right out over the brush and bushes and chased after us! He was going at a trot, I tell you. It's the truth!"

His companion upheld this story, but the people of the house were skeptical. When the news spread over the village, some believed, while others did not. But those two boys knew what they had seen!

Miss Peters, upon being told the story, was most sympathetic. "As a matter of fact," she said, looking at one of the boys concerned, "I saw a bear myself a few weeks ago."

By this time, Hallowe'en was drawing near, and the students were thrilled when Miss Peters told them they could have a masquerade party. She said, "I'd like you all to dress up and wear a mask of some kind. Dress in anything at all just so long as it's funny. I had an old masquerade costume sent down to me from the city. I've worn it several times before, but I'll put

it on for the party, just for fun. Maybe you'd like to see it now. It doesn't really matter much. Joel, open that cardboard box, will you please? My masquerade suit is inside. It's most useful for Hallowe'en parties." And as the student drew forth a black, rather woolly costume with a head and tail, Miss Peter's continued, "It also comes in handy now and then for returning a practical joke."

Two red faced boys looked at each other. Well, whaddya know? Teacher must be a pretty good sport, even if she was a city gal!

SHE WILL UNDERSTAND

By AUDREY WARREN '49

It was lightning outside, and the little room of the Peacock Inn grew bright with every flash. In one corner sat an elderly lady who seemed contented with her knitting, apparently not noticing the young woman with a sweet, golden-haired little girl in her arms. The young woman was not contented. In fact she was nervous and pale. The innkeeper thought she seemed worried. The little girl would look up in her mother's face and frequently whisper, "Mommy, when will Daddy come?" It was this question which made the old lady's heart stir. "The poor child," she thought, "I wonder why her mother does not answer? Something must be wrong."

Yes, there was something wrong, for in the young woman's heart there was much pain. She was wondering how Anna would feel when she saw her father with only one leg. Anna often said to her mother, "Mommy, when Daddy comes home he will teach me to dance, won't he?" "Yes, I suppose so," she managed to answer, with a lump in her throat. "Oh, if only I could tell her," she murmured to herself, "but it will break her heart." Often in the night she would cry herself to sleep thinking about it. Now the time had come when John would arrive.

The train was due at 5.30 and it was 4.30 now. Only one more hour, but still Anna did not know. Would she know in time? Every time Anna whispered, "When will Daddy come," the grief would be worse. She wondered what John would say about her cowardice. She knew he would be ashamed of her. She looked again at the time. It was 4.45. Her heart leaped!

For the first time since she came through the door of the Inn, she looked at the old lady. Their eyes met. The old lady saw tenderness in the young woman's eyes. They were pleading, pleading for help. The old lady felt sorry for her and said, "Who are you dear? Why do you look so worried? I heard your husband was coming home, but I should think you would be happy."

The young woman's eyes filled with tears, as she answered with tenderness, "I'm Mrs. John Wilder. Yes, my husband is coming home, but I'm not happy. You see, he was wounded while in action over in Berlin. Anna doesn't know," and she looked down at the sleeping child in her arms.

She went on, "He has lost a leg. He promised Anna in a letter that he would teach her to dance, but now —", she stopped.

"Yes, that is sad," replied the old lady. "The same thing happened to me in the last war, only, my husband lost his arm. Billy, my son, was

always wishing his father would come home and help him to build a house for his dog. First, I felt the same way you do, but one day I managed to tell him. Billy took it hard, but he was an earnest child and understood."

"Mrs. Wiles, my dear, please tell your baby, before it is too late. It will be much harder for her to meet her father without knowing. Anna looks to be an intelligent child so she will understand. It will be a difficult task, but after its over, you won't be sorry."

At last, Mrs. Wiles felt relieved and the old lady smiled when she saw the colour come back to her face.

It was 5.15 now. The lightning had ceased, and the little girl awakened. She whispered, "Mummy, will Daddy be here soon?" The mother smiled, "In fifteen minutes, darling, but first, come with me, into the garden. I have something to tell you," and they left the room.

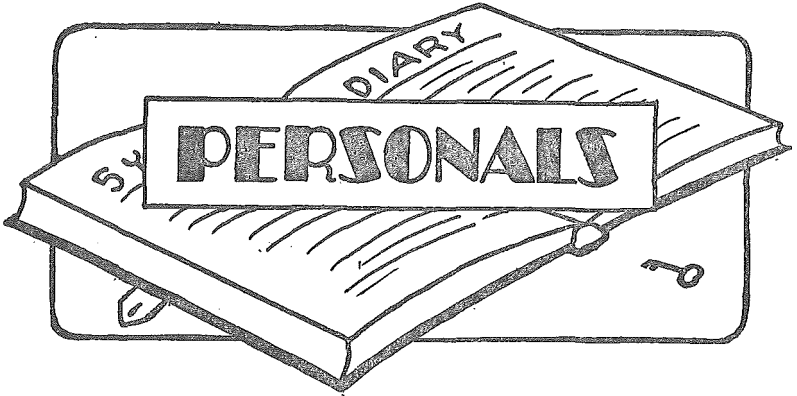
The old lady kept on with her knitting. At 5.30 the whistle blew and the train stopped in front of the Inn. The old lady got up from her chair and hurried toward the door. She saw a man with only one leg, leaning on a crutch come out of the train. A little girl and her mother ran to him. She saw them put their arms around his neck and kiss him. Everyone was happy. The old lady went back to her chair and continued with her knitting.



Provincial Finalists in Intermediate Boys' Basketball

Front Row, (left to right)—Lloyd Zinck, Gerald Knickle, Donald Tanner, (Captain); Gordon Schnare, Reginald Saunders.

Back Row, (left to right)—Douglas Meisner, George Himmelman, Principal D. H. Collins, Arthur Eisenhauer, Maxwell Cluett, Arthur Smeltzer.



CLASS OF 1945

Barbara Zinck, Garnice Demone and Eric Collins are attending Acadia University.

Joyce Jennings is taking a business course at Horton Academy.

Peggy Keillor is training at Victoria General Hospital.

Charles Andrews and Nema Langille are teaching at First South.

Marion Conrad is attending the Provincial Normal College at Truro.

Donald Hiltz is employed at the Bank of Commerce, Lunenburg.

Cyril Ernst and Harry Heckman are, at present, home on the farm.

CLASS OF 1946

Mackenzie Keillor is joining the Navy.

Marion Lace is working at Western Union.

Harry Spindler is employed at Calkin Co., in Kentville.

Donald Iversen goes to sea with his father as second engineer.

Arthur Hebb is working in his father's Hardware Store.

Shirley Haughn is teaching at Upper LaHave.

Aubrey Mosher has moved to Vancouver where he is going to school.

Donald James is in the Merchant Navy.

Barbara Miller is employed at the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg.

Arleen Tanner is working at Moirs in Halifax.

Donald Knickle is attending Acadia University.

Weston Cleversey is taking a mechanics course while working at the Dockyards in Halifax.

SCHOOL NEWS

1945 - 1946

April 9—After a ten day Easter vacation, the students returned to school. The Second examination results were given out this week.

April 17—Two basketball teams from Yarmouth visited Lunenburg. Both games were fast, resulting in favor of Yarmouth. Girls 21 - 16, Boys 33 - 32.

April 18—Money was collected this week for the outfitting of an English War-orphan.

April 21—A dance in aid of the Junior Red Cross was sponsored by Grade IX. The sum of \$12.75 was realized.

May 4—The Second Annual Music Festival was held at Bridgewater.

May 8—When V-E Day was announced the students had a two day holiday.

May 9—The first inter-school debate between Bridgewater and Lunenburg was held in the Assembly Hall. The topic - "Resolved that all school homework should be abolished." The affirmative was upheld by Vernon Meldrum and Elizabeth Cook of Bridgewater; while Harry Heckman and Donald Hiltz argued for the negative. The judges brought in a decision of 2 - 1 in favor of Lunenburg.

May 11—The annual At-Home was held in the Assembly Hall. The programme consisted of presentations by the Common School.

May 23—Orders for the "Sea Gull" were taken and the total amounted to 500.

June 2—A house-to-house canvass for the sale of War-Saving stamps was made by High School students. This was the third canvass conducted this year and \$554.25 worth of stamps and certificates were sold.

June 13—The School Board decided that the Defence Course be abolished and history be made compulsory again in grades X and XI. During this month the final examinations were written by the pupils in grades I to XII inclusive.

June 22—The closing exercises were held for both Common and High School.

June 25—Provincial examinations were written this week by the Grade XI and XII students. The final High School dance was held at the end of the month. The music was furnished by Gerald Schnare's orchestra.

Sept. 5—The school year of 1945 - 46 began. The election of Student Council members was held this week with the following results:

President—Jane Himmelman, Grade XII.

Secretary—Maxwell Cluett, Grade XII.

Treasurer—Reginald Saunders, Grade XI.

Vice-President—Betty Haughn, Grade XI.

Representatives—Grade X—Frances Bourque, Greville Morash.

Grade IX—Marilyn Mosher, Ramsay Keillor.

Grade VIII—George Greek.

Grade VII—Mary Ann Lohnes.

Sept. 17—The Choral Club met for the first time this season about 90

members being enrolled. This is the largest membership since the Club was formed.

Sept. 28—The annual school exhibition was held in the Assembly Hall. Flowers, handicrafts, manual training crafts, chemistry and biology tables made a fine display. Sandwiches and milk were sold for ditty bag fund.

Oct. 4—A general auction was held in the Assembly Hall when \$14.28 was realized. This amount was given to the Navy League and the Students' Council.

Oct. 5—First High School party of the year was held.

Oct. 25 - 26—Teachers' Institute was held in the Assembly Hall. Teachers from all parts of the county assembled here to discuss various school problems.

Oct. 26—A Hallowe'en Party was held in an appropriately decorated Assembly Hall. This was sponsored by the Athletic Association.

Nov. 7—Academy celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. In the afternoon, the entire student body paraded to the Capitol Theatre where a suitable programme was held. A picture of the late Burgess McKittrick and the Ship's clock from the H.M.C.S. Lunenburg were presented to the school. In the evening a banquet was held in the Curling Club-room for the teachers and representatives of the town's organizations together with representatives from the Students' Council. On Thursday evening a dance was held in the Assembly Hall for the graduates and friends of the school. Music was furnished by Mr. Gerald Schnare's orchestra.

Nov. 14—Students began their first set of examinations.

Nov. 19—Pupils and the public enjoyed a varied programme in Dramatics by Mr. Dickson-Kenwin, celebrated English dramatist.

Nov. 20—The first debate of the season was held between Grades XI and XII. The Grade XI team, Cyril Fulton, Betty Haughn, and Marilyn Mascor upheld the affirmative while Grade XII, George Himmelman, Lucille Knickle, and Douglas Meisner upheld the negative. The topic was "Resolved that all youth should receive one year's compulsory military training." The Grade XII team won the debate.

Dec. 18 & 19—Annual Christmas concert was held. The concert consisted of presentations by the Common School and an operetta "The Sunbonnet Girl" presented by the Choral Club.

Dec. 20—Christmas vacation began with closing exercises for both Common and High School. Mr. W. T. Powers was the guest speaker at the High School closing.

Dec. 21—A Christmas party was held under the auspices of the Students' Council.

1946

Jan. 7—School opened on Jan. 7th after an enjoyable two weeks' vacation.

Jan. 16—Students received a re-enforcing dose of diphtheria toxin.

Jan. 21—The second inter-class debate took place when Grade IX and X debated on the subject "Resolved that the farmer is more important to the community than the manufacturer." The affirmative Grade IX team, Jimmy

Tupper, Frances Drake, and Shirley Crouse won over the Grade X team, Douglas Hill, Thelma Acker and Kaye Lace who argued for the negative.

Feb. 3—Third debate between Grade VII and VIII when they argued the subject "Resolved that Domestic Science should be taught in Grades V to IX inclusive." Grade VII team, which supported the affirmative, won the debate. The teams were - Grade VII, Jeffrey Cook, Lucille Ernst, and Ann Sholds. Grade VIII - Shirley Lohnes, Billy Mason, and Dick Potter.

Feb. 12—We received word from our adopted school in Norway. The town, Honningsvaag, is the most northern fishing town in Norway.

Feb. 15—On Friday, the L.C.A. Basketball teams went to Liverpool to play three games. The scores for the three teams were: Junior Boys - Liverpool 10, L.C.A. 9; Senior Boys - Liverpool 21, L.C.A. 17; Girls - Liverpool 5, L.C.A. 15. A party was held in the Masonic Temple for the teams.

Feb. 22—Liverpool basketball teams came to Lunenburg to play our teams. The three L.C.A. basketball teams won, the scores being:

Junior Boys - Liverpool 6, L.C.A. 21.

Senior Boys - Liverpool 18, L.C.A. 27.

Girls - Liverpool 12, L.C.A. 21.

A party was held later in the evening in the Assembly Hall for the teams, their hosts and teachers.

Mar. 1—During the past week banks were placed on the class-room desks to collect money for our adopted Norwegian school Honningsvaag. The sum of \$71.79 was realized. Sandwich sale was held to raise money for the Basketball Teams when \$12.00 was realized.

Mar. 4—The Board of School Commissioners voted \$100.00 for Athletics in the school.

Mar. 6—A second debate took place between Grades XI and XII when the Grade XI affirmative team composed of Alice Bald, Barbara Lohnes, and Gerald Knickle won over the Grade XII team composed of Donald Tanner, Shirley Daniels, and Carolyn Mossman. The resolution was "Resolved that the secret of atomic energy be released to the public and made open for experimentation."

Mar. 8—A sandwich sale was held. The sum of \$12.50 was donated to the Basketball teams.

Mar. 15—Students began to write the second set of examinations.

Mar. 22—L.C.A. played Wolfville H.S. in the Intermediate Interscholastic semi-finals. L.C.A. won with a score of 41 - 13. Party was held in the Assembly Hall of L.C.A. after the game. The Intermediate girls played Annapolis Royal Academy. A.R.A. won with a score of 14 - 11.

Mar. 25—Intermediate girls played A.R.A. at Lunenburg. L.C.A. won the game and series with a score of 19 - 13.

April School News

April 5—Both of our Intermediate Basketball teams visited Wolfville. The boys won by a score of 40 - 21, winning the semi-finals by a score of 31 - 34. The score for the girls' game was 21 - 13 in favor of Wolfville.

April 6—The Alexandra Junior High Basketball teams visited Lunenburg and returned with two victories to their credit. Our boys lost 23 - 14, this

game being the first of the semi-finals. Our girls, in their Exhibition game, lost to the Alexandra girls 26 - 11.

April 11 & 12—An operetta, the "Blue Belt", was given in the Assembly Hall by the Common School. Both evenings were a complete success.

April 12—In the second game of the semi-finals, our intermediate girls won 24 - 10 over Wolfville, giving a total series score of 37 - 31.

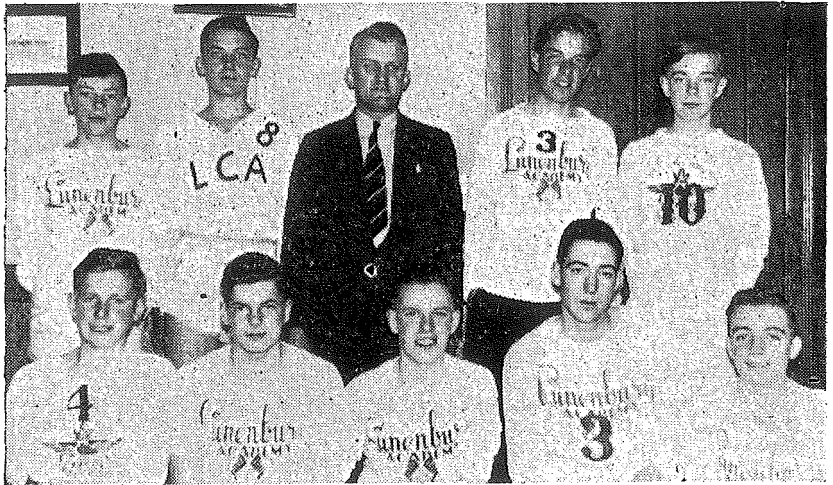
April 13—Again our two Junior teams were beaten by Alexandra Junior High at Halifax. The boys' score amounted to 39 - 8, giving the series a total of 63 - 21.

April 17—In the first game of the finals held at Amherst, our Intermediate girls won with the score 16 - 15.

April 20—Our Intermediate Girls' Basketball Team gained the title of the "Provincial Interscholastic Intermediate Basketball Championship" when they won over Amherst 22 - 13, on their own floor. The total score of the series was 38 - 28.

April 23—In the first game of the finals held here, our Intermediate boys lost out on the score 32 - 19 with Glace Bay.

April 24—Our Intermediate boys won by a score of 20 - 17 over Glace Bay, with the total score of the finals 49 - 39. They lost in their bid for the Provincial Championship.



Provincial Semi-finalists in Junior Boys' Basketball

Front Row, (left to right)—Bernard Levy, James Tupper, Cliff Smith, Jerome Ritcey, Alfred Cluett.

Back Row, (left to right)—Kingsley Ellis, Philip Tanner, Principal D. H. Collins, Bernard Haughn, Gordon Prince.

THE SEA GULL

Maxwell Cluett

"A manly stride, a steady grin,
Some wit, some brains, he is sure to
win."

Max's favorite pastime is teasing the girls while he is very partial to blondes. He takes an active part in all school activities, being Business manager of the Sea Gull, secretary of the Students' Council and a keen basketball player.

Marie Creaser

"She smiled on many, and loved but
one."

While at the Academy, Marie has acquired many friends, both male and female. She brought with her into the school a singing talent now known to all. We think of her as "Sunbonnet Sue." Marie plans to study Home Economics.

Robert Crouse

"He slept and dreamt that life was
beauty,
But awoke and found that life was
duty."

Red hair and freckles, Robert has all qualities for the Van Johnson of Grade XII. He is a good sport and a true friend. Robert's favorite sport is skating and he also likes to drive a car. We wonder why?

Shirley Daniels

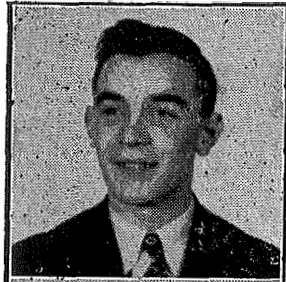
"For her the school hold charms,
Her destination? A school marm."

"Shirl" has been with us through all school. She takes school work seriously, yet enjoys all sports especially basketball. Best of luck in the teaching profession!

Arthur Eisenhauer

"Who mixes reason with pleasure,
wisdom with mirth and sport
with all."

Arthur is one of those fortunate fellows who excels in studies as well as sports. He is Co-Editor of the Sea Gull and a star player in basketball. With all his activities, he still finds time for a certain brown-eyed lass.



THE SEA GULL

Gilbert Falkenham

"Present in body but not in mind."

The navy held a great interest for "Gibbie" while it was in port. His chief ambition is to go to the west coast. His main hobbies are taking candid camera shots and writing letters. "Gibbie" is a very promising cartoonist.

George Himmelman

"Why did it happen?
What made it?"

George is one of those lucky fellows who is always happy. Besides being our school Fire Chief, he is a romeo and basketball player. He still finds time, however, for his studies. His profession is yet unknown, but our guess is that he will be an inventor.

Jane Himmelman

"I want a man,
I want a man,
I want a man-sion in the sky."

Janie, a faithful, jolly student, is President of the Students' Council this year. Although her interests run in different lines, she excels in music, both in singing and piano. Janie has not decided her future as yet, but we know she will succeed.

Marie Hynick

"Small but mighty."

Marie has attended Lunenburg Academy since Grade III and has always taken a keen interest in school activities. Her greatest weakness is talking but this is always bright and cheerful. She plans to return for an extra year to study the subjects she has not yet taken.

Lucille Knickle

"She's nice to walk with, and
interesting to talk with."

Lucille is Irish, has a temper to suit, which, however, is quite easily calmed. She never misses a show, loves to dance, but her chief interests in the male sex are a mystery. Her destination is a mystery!



THE SEA GULL

Douglas Meisner

"Words are easy like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find."

"Doug" has been with us all through school, and he has been a good friend and student. He is keenly interested in all sports and school activities. Good luck, "Moose."

Marjorie Mosher "Margie"

"The gal with the dark brown eyes"

"Margie" came to us in the fifth grade and has gotten along extremely well. She is not quite certain of her future plans, but whatever they are, we know she will be a decided success. By the way, we wonder how "Margie" and "Janie" separated long enough to have their pictures taken.

Carolyn Mossman

"Better late than never."

Carolyn came to L. C. A. from Rose Bay. Like the other newcomers this year, she has contributed much to the class. While she has taken part in various school activities, she has excelled in her studies. She hopes to go to University next year.

Diane Oxner

"Oh, my soul, I haven't got that done!"

Diane has been with us from the primary. She is always laughing and gay. We find she is serious when she sings. Diane is hailed as one of L. C. A.'s very popular students. Like the rest of her family she will probably follow a musical career. Best of everything, Diane!

Vivian Rattray "Biddi"

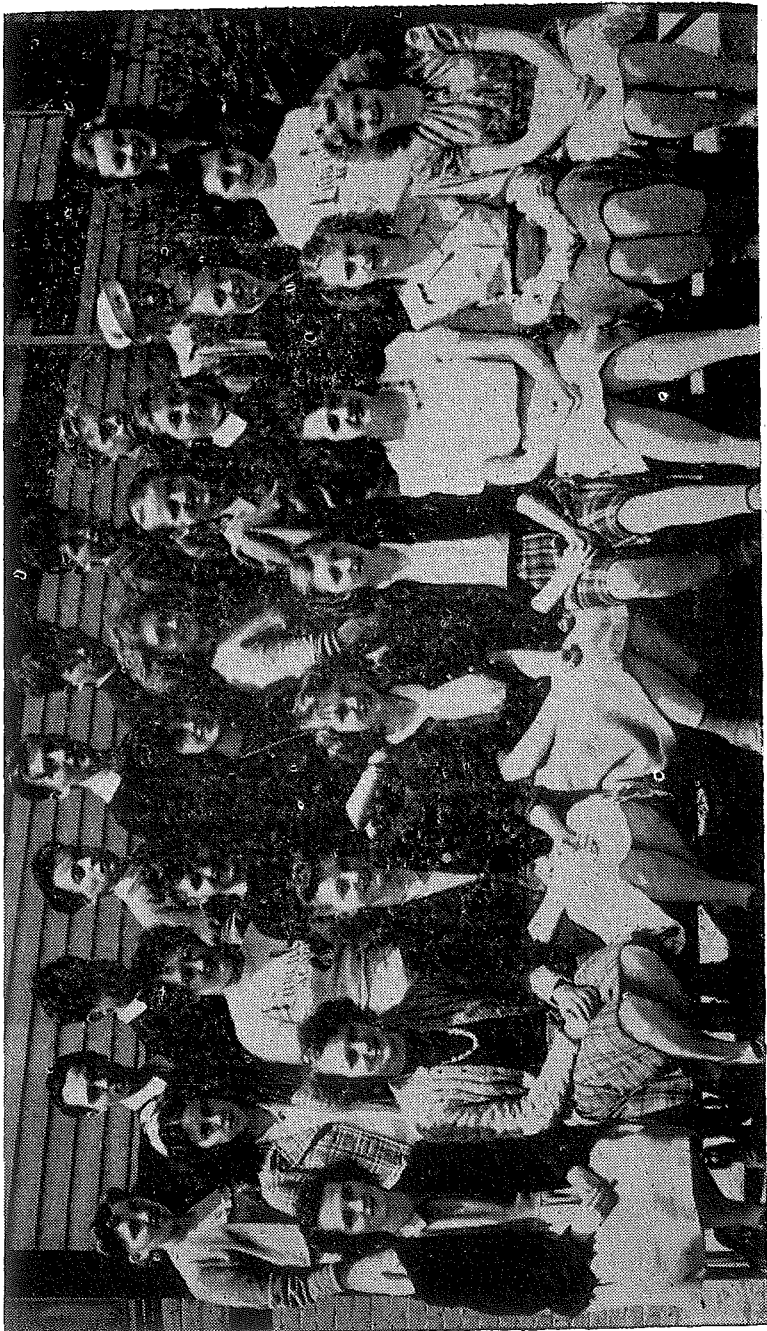
"Has anyone got a newspaper I can stand on."

Vivian joined our flock in the ninth grade. She has been a good student. She has been active in our school activities. Her sunny disposition and personality have made her a favorite. She enjoys basketball. "Biddie's" ambition is to be a laboratory technician.





GRADE XI



GRADE X



GRADE IX



GRADE VIII

Vernetta Reinhardt

"Music and laughter are at her call,
Lessons bother her not at all."

Vernetta hails from Riverport. She is quiet and secretive. She is not quite certain of her future plans but considers school-teaching a possibility. Wherever Vernetta gets near a piano - listen to the music!

Charlotte Ritcey

"She's little but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."

A wee lass from Riverport who came to our school to get her "A." She always has a twinkle in her eye and a bewitching smile. Charlotte's greatest talent is playing the piano. Her one ambition is to meet somebody her own size. Good luck!

Donald Tanner "Moon"

"A little mischief now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

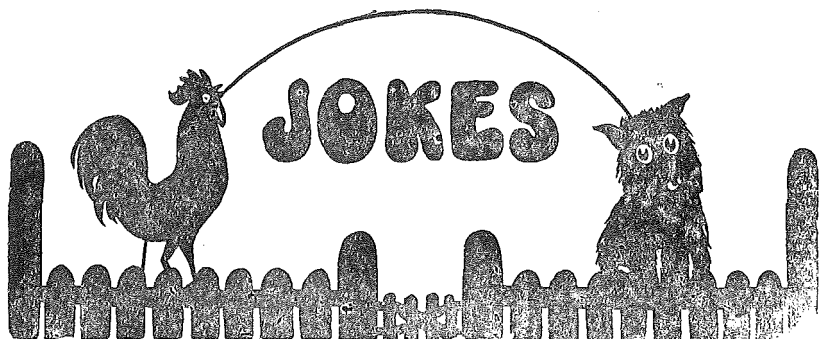
Tall, dark and wholesome, that is Don without description. Taking a keen interest in all sports, he is this year Captain of the basketball team and President of the Athletic Association. He is a likeable and studious fellow with exceptionally long legs.

Iris Westhaver "Snookie"

Iris entered the Academy in the fall of 1942. She usually ambles into class to brighten up the front of the room. She keeps her outside affairs a deep, dark secret.



THE SEA GULL



At a basketball game - Arthur E and Janet D.

Arthur: "You know, I think that's going to be our best man next year."

Janet: "Oh! Arthur this is so sudden."

Fenton M: (While on a biology hike) "I am going to keep all my notes in my hat."

Greville M: "Oh, I see, news in a nutshell."

Mr. Shipley: (biology period) "Gordon, do you know why birds fly south in the winter time?"

Gordon Lace: "It would take them too long to walk there."

Mr. Campbell to Gordon Schnare: "Schnare, if you don't close your trap, you will be caught in a snare."

Mr. Shipley: "Well pupils, here's the final answer to that algebra question, $X=0$."

Errol Z: "All that work for nothing!"

Mr. Collins: "Thelma, define a circle."

Thelma A: "A circle is a figure with two sides."

Mr. Collins: "How can it have two sides?"

Thelma: "Inside and outside."

Miss Westhaver: "Cyril, name two relative pronouns."

Cyril: Uncle and aunt.

Miss MacDonald: "Billy name the most important races of men."

Billy M: "100 yd, 200 yd, quarter mile and hurdle."

Miss Westhaver: "Name five things we get from India!"

Hazel F: "Tin, oil, rice, India rubber, and indigestion."

(Joan Allen, during class, gets restless and bends over to put on her overshoes)

Miss Westhaver: "Joan, don't put your rubbers on. Your feet will get hot and you won't be able to think."

Three girls were on their way to school. A friend sees them and waits, then says: "Walk faster, please, are you on a funeral march?"

Other girls: "Not exactly, we're just passing the cemetery."

Gerald K: (At basket ball practice).

Shoots at the basket and shot goes wild.

Mr. Collins: (Standing under basket). "The only thing I can see Gerald, is that you took my mouth for the basket."

THE SEA GULL

Miss Westhaver: "Diane, list the three periods of John Milton's life."

Diane: "First period, second period, third period."

Billy M: "Anne, did you hear that Duff shot himself at hockey practice the other morning?"

Ann Nauss: "No what happened?"

Billy M: "He had the puck and there was no one to pass to so he shot himself."

Lynwood: "Helen, do you know what makes the sea roar?"

Helen: "No, what?"

Lynwood: "If you had a crab on your bottom wouldn't you roar?"

Miss Westhaver: "Pauline, why did you not bring your book?"

Pauline B: "I thought it was in school."

Miss Westhaver: "It's not very safe for you to think, is it?"

Marie C: "Vivian, do you know how to make a Venetian Blind?"

Vivian: "No, how?"

Marie: "Ha! That's easy, stick him in the eye."

Mr. Corbett: "Leonard, do you move more than two feet a day?"

(Loud laugh in back of room from direction of David Smith)

Mr. Corbett: "Well, David, do you move more than two feet a day?"

David: "Oh, I only have two feet."

Mr. Corbett: "How many then has Leonard?"

Teacher asking Gordon Schnare why he was late for Sunday School.

Gordon S: "I was gonna go fishing this morning but dad wouldn't let me."

Teacher: "You are fortunate to have such a good father, Gordon. Did he make it clear to you why you couldn't go fishing Sunday."

Gordon: "Oh sure, he said there wasn't enough bait for both of us."

(In Soc. Problems Period)

Mr. Campbell: "During the war Unions were not supposed to strike."

Diane Oxner: "Didn't the fishermen strike?"

George H: "Strike what?"

Don. T: "Strike bottom."

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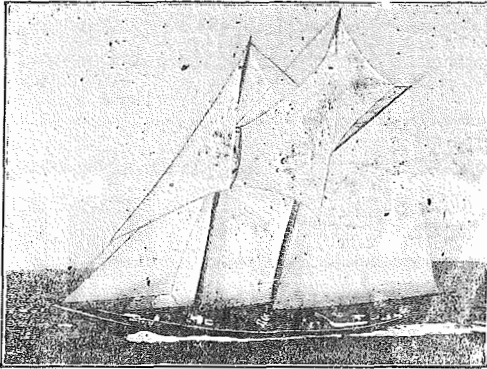
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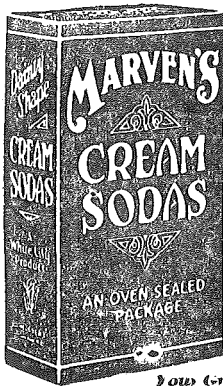
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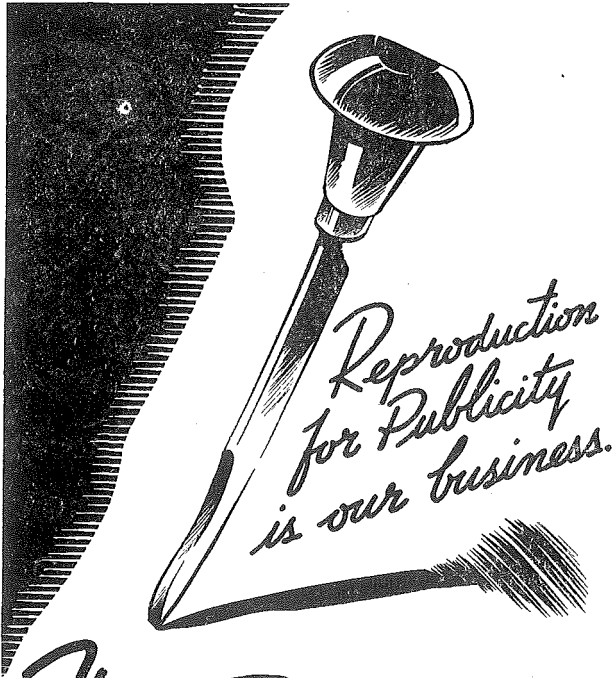


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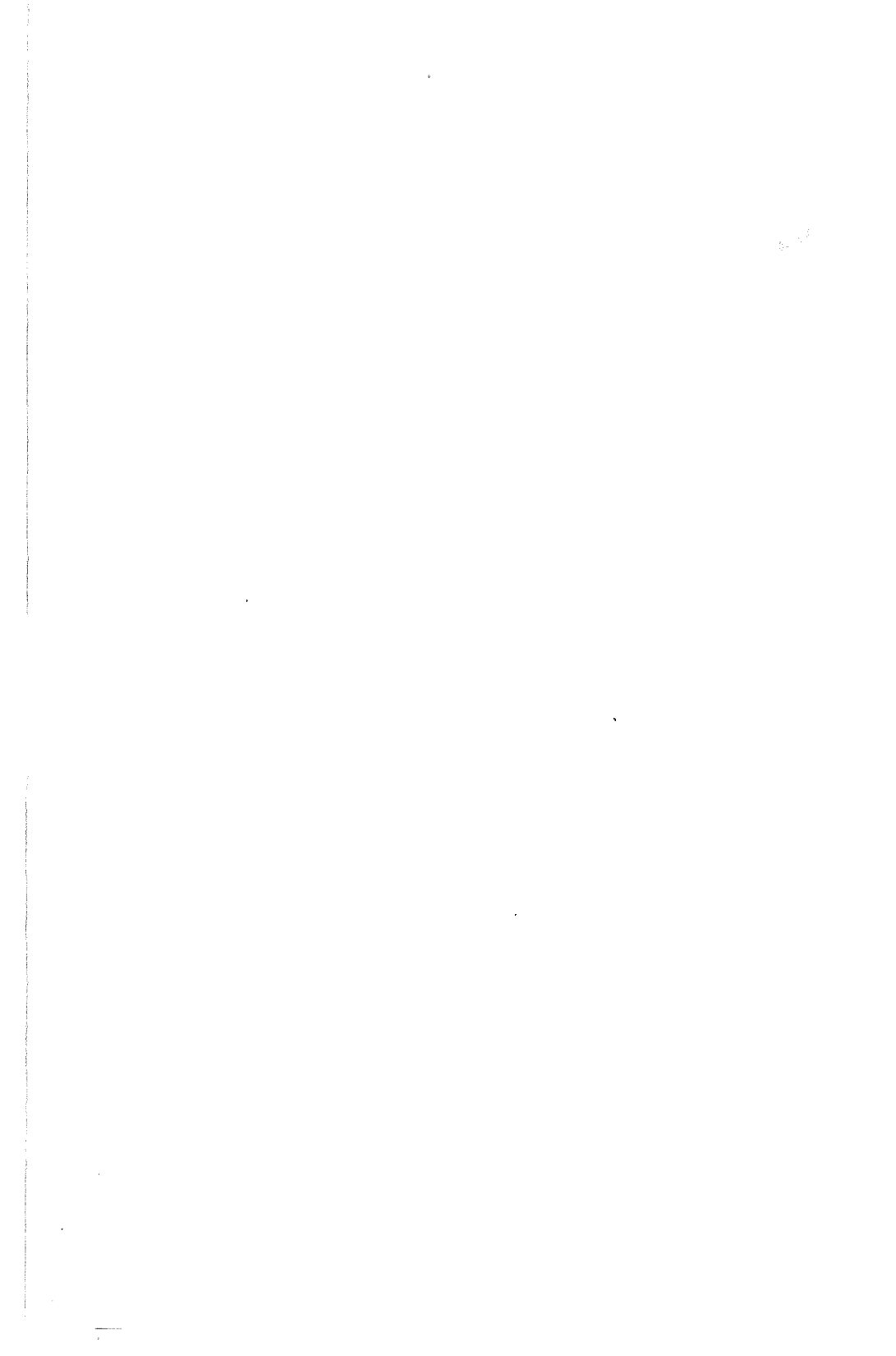
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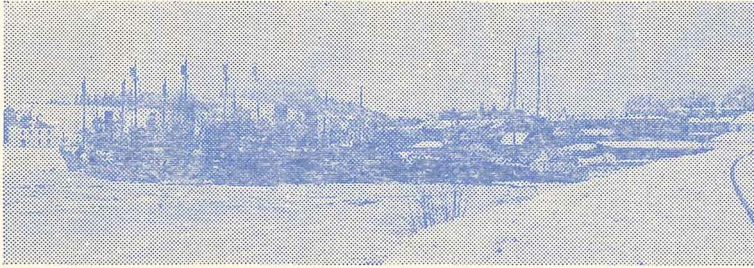
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RECONVERSION

The change-over from war to peace entails responsibilities for all citizens as did the opposite preparations for war. While war is terrible, it is also a testing time which develops true values and discards non-essentials.

The Lunenburg Foundry Company Limited was able to make a notable contribution to victory because it had an efficient plant at tide water with equipment and facilities to do naval repairs. With the passing of that necessary wartime effort, we are again faced with the reconversion necessary to enable us to take advantage of peacetime opportunities as they present themselves.

These experiences are significant to the students who are now preparing themselves to be citizens of the future. You cannot be sure how nor when your opportunities will come. Be prepared!

**LUNENBURG FOUNDRY COMPANY
LIMITED**

Neilson's



The Quality Chocolate