

The SEA GULL



BACKMAN

UNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

nimis Opibusque Parati

1947

LUNENBURG

A FRIENDLY TOWN

Let's Sell It's HISTORY — SCENIC BEAUTY — ROMANCE

With the continuous increase of tourists and visitors in the town, excellent opportunity is offered for spreading the story of our history and a recital of the scenic charm of our many bays and inlets and islands to guests.

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

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

St. John's Anglican Church, second oldest Protestant Church in Canada, was founded by Royal Charter in 1754. The Church possesses a Royal Foundation. The choir is thus entitled to the scarlet cassock which they wear. The communion vessels being presented by King George III. The Queen Anne pewter chalice used in 1754 can still be seen at the church.

The historic Saint Antoine Marie bell taken from Louisbourg hangs in the belfrey of Zion's Lutheran Church built in 1776.

St. Andrew's the oldest Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The Ovens Natural Park, scene of a gold rush, Princess Inlet - Blue Rocks, offer inspiration to artist and photographer.

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

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

Lunenburg the port with a character, distinctively its own, famed for many products that stem from its progressive fishing industry, for its many beautiful homes and for the friendliness and hospitality of her people.

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

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

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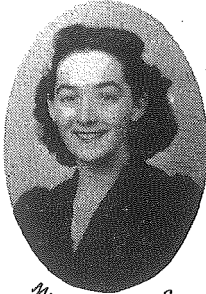
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THE SEA GULL

The Sea Gull

VOL. 13 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1947 NO. 13

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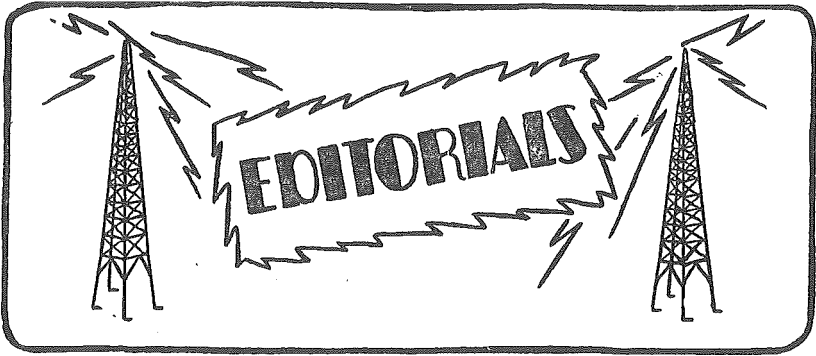
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By ALICE BALD, MADELYN RANDALL '47

With the printing of this thirteenth edition of the Sea Gull we, as co-editors and as pupils of Lunenburg Academy, find ourselves on the threshold of a new life. We will remember L. C. A. as the source of many beneficial and happy hours. The school has done much to lay the foundation of our futures.

For the first time in the short history of our magazine, we are dedicating it to one man - in the person of Earl Bailly. He is well known by his artistic achievements in both Canada and the United States, having had his work exhibited in Toronto, New York and Philadelphia. Therefore it was decided that this year we should honor him in our small way.

Upon looking over the first editions of the Sea Gull, we noticed, with amused interest the many changes and improvements which have been made over the course of the past twelve years. With this development has come an increased interest on the part of the citizens, which, of course, is fully appreciated by the editors.

Many new features have also been attempted by the school itself during the past year. The students of both Common and High Schools have helped a school in Honningsvaag, Norway, to begin rehabilitation for post-war education. We have tried in our simple way to help them, although we cannot fully understand their difficulties. We are indeed thankful that we can assist them in this tremendous task.

Carrying out for another year the tradition of fine music and good entertainment in Lunenburg, the students presented an enjoyable Christmas programme. The operetta was under the faithful and very capable direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner. The cast and chorus made a successful repeat performance of this operetta, "Sailor Maids" in Mahone Bay.

In addition to achievements in the field of music, we have also expanded in the field of sports. A town league has been formed in the interest of athletics and especially basketball. Keen interest by the citizens and athletes of the town has made this league a means for greater participation in sport by a larger number of people. It has also created a closer relationship between the school and the population of the town.

We feel this year that the Sea Gull is the best it has ever been, and that the community readers and any others who may pursue its contents will agree.

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MESSAGE FROM CO-EDITORS



As co-editors of the 1947 issue of the Sea Gull, we wish to express our thanks and appreciation to all those who have helped to produce our school magazine. We sincerely hope that it will meet with the approval of our readers.

**MADELYN RANDALL
ALICE BALD**



I have enjoyed the privilege of being Treasurer of the Students' Council. I wish to thank the students for giving me this valuable position. Success to the 1947 graduating class and to the "Sea Gull."

GLENN BECK



It has been a privilege to serve the school as President of the Students' Council. I would like to thank the students for electing me as such, and I feel certain that the experience will be of great value to me. Also, I would like to express my appreciation for the co-operation given me throughout the year. Every success to the graduating class of 1947.

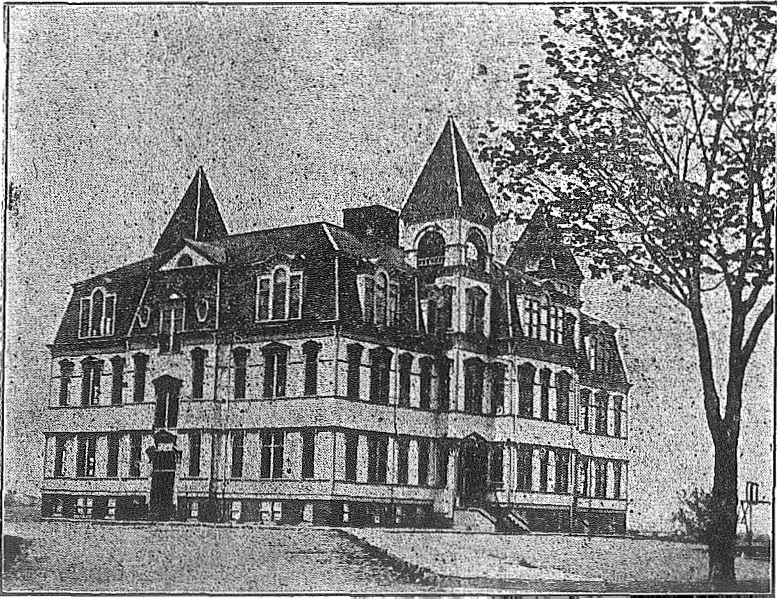
BETTY HAUGHN '47



This year I have served as Business Manager and Secretary of Students' Council. I should like to thank all business establishments who have advertised in the "Sea Gull" this year. Good luck to the graduating class.

ARTHUR SMELTZER '47

THE SEA GULL
LUNENBURG ACADEMY



This year's A Class will be the first to graduate from the Lunenburg Academy with the knowledge that by law the members are Canadian Citizens with the rights and privileges pertaining thereto. We are all interested in the question: "What is the chief asset of our Nation?" It certainly is not the wealth of our Canada, however great that is. It most assuredly lies in the ideals, attitudes, and philosophy of our citizens. These are the factors which determine the result of the sum total of our efforts both private and public.

Graduates! Your Academy has attempted to assist you in the development of a useful personality and to prepare you for leadership. These two aspects of a broad education are of paramount importance to the fruition of all things Canadian. With the freshness of youth, you can do much to assist your community and country in the next few years of adjustment and strain. Utilize the ideals and attitudes placed before you by Church, Home, and School. Be objective in your deliberations concerning questions which divide men, remembering always that a Christ centered life rules out prejudice and hate - the twin arch-enemies of a loyal and serving citizenry.

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

L. L. HEBB,
Chairman-Board of School Commissioners.

The Board of School Commissioners for the year 1946 - 1947.

Chairman—Mayor L. L. Hebb

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.

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

By D. H. COLLINS

We salute Earl Bailly in the 1947 issue of the Sea Gull! He is a unique citizen of Lunenburg in that he has overcome physical deformities which would have made men of lesser breed quail before "the bludgeonings of fate." His courageous attitude to life is a challenge to those of us who are blessed with health and complete physiques. Has he bowed to his crippled state? Has he permitted his spirit to be broken? Earl has risen above these deformities to claim a place in the Art World by reason of the excellence of his work as a painter. His art has become the means of self-expression for his unconquerable soul. His paintings are accepted on the basis of criticism; he would have it no other way for he is an outstanding artist of this fair province. God bless Earl Bailly!

We salute Honningsvaag, Norway, and our adopted school! Just as Earl has overcome his fate, so this community has risen from the ashes of War. Honningsvaag suffered untold ravaging during World War II to the extent that all its buildings were destroyed except the Church by the Germans. The citizens were hounded and persecuted. Did they lose faith in God, themselves, and their destiny? From the dregs of defeat, they are constructing a new Honningsvaag thus proving that communities, like individuals, can exhibit qualities of greatness. May you prosper and may you effect a complete recovery, Honningsvaag!

We salute Powers Bros. Ltd. - a plumbing and contracting firm of Lunenburg! This concern has grown from small beginnings to its present position in this town and province. Recognized as one of the leaders in this class of business in Nova Scotia, we have but to recall its humble origin to marvel at its growth. This position in the business world, is a tribute to the business acumen and vision of the men who direct and develop its policies. Our community cannot exist without various forms of well-directed industry; since our schools, our culture, and our very existence are related to a sound economy. We extend best wishes for continued prosperity to Powers Bros.!

To the graduates and students generally of the Lunenburg Academy - you, as individuals, face life with a better chance than Earl Bailly had; you must learn to integrate your efforts with others to make Lunenburg a better town; and you must perforce play a part in the workaday world. Much will depend on your attitude to life, for by your deeds you will be known.

"As is a tale, so is life: not how long it is, but how good it is, is what matters."

VALEDICTORY

By JANET DEAL, BETTY HAUGHN '47

Once more we come to the close of another school year. To us, the class of '47, it means completion of our education in Lunenburg Academy. The years have passed by so quickly that it seems almost impossible that our public school years are now behind us.

On looking back over previous years, we, the graduating students, see that many of the duties which appeared so difficult at the time are now mere trifles. When we were in the Common School just beginning the long road, we looked with admiration and envy at the grade twelve students. The duties and responsibilities which they bore seemed extremely vague and difficult. Finally we gained their position, and, in turn, did the tasks to the best of our ability. We realize that now we must rely more on our own judgment.

We feel that our school years have been good years, packed with fun and enjoyment as well as work. When we are confronted with problems in life, our activities in school, both work and play, will be pleasant and treasured memories. Perhaps we could compare ourselves to the birds which learn to fly and then one day leave the nests. Now we hope that we are prepared for the step we are about to take, either in pursuing further education, or, to take our place in the working world.

We are graduating into the post-war world. Although many international problems are still unsettled and conditions in many countries are unsound, yet we feel that we have greater immediate opportunities than classes graduating during wartime.

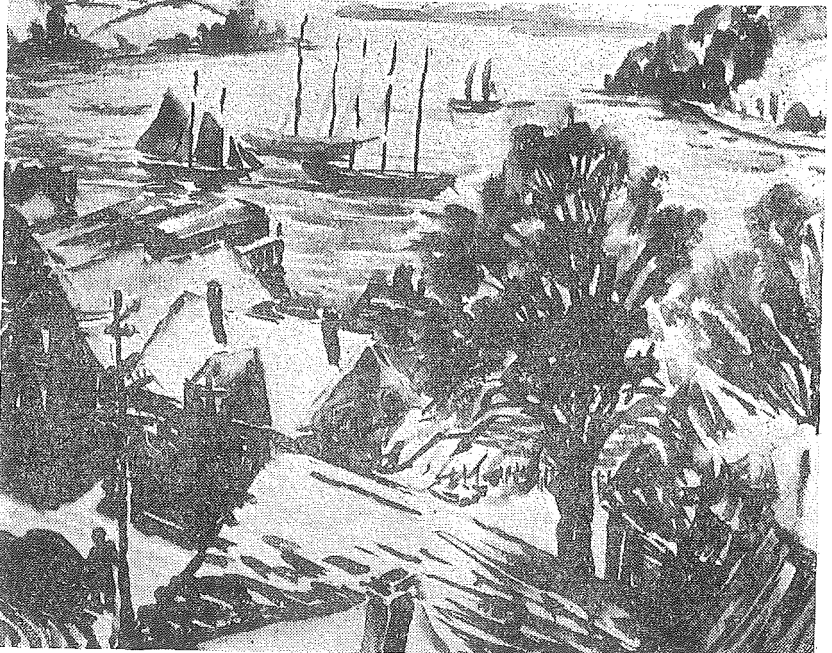
Our education in sports and social activities will benefit us greatly in the outside world. We and our fellow students have learned to assume responsibilities and take a defeat as well as a victory with a smile. We realize that we are fortunate to have had the extra curricular work such as debates, concerts and other activities. The experience gained from these lines will be of great value to us.

No doubt we have often been the despair of our teachers. We appreciate the patience and support that they have given us throughout the years, although many times we have failed to show it. Besides their regular teaching they have spent many extra hours assisting us in sports and public speaking.

To you, the students who follow us - we wish all the success possible. We have full confidence that you will carry out the responsibilities to the best of your ability. When you are faced with difficulties remember that anything really worth having is worth working for.

As for those of us who are the graduates may we take our places in the world with open minds. Let us be fair and honest in our opinions and work toward winning the peace. In conclusion, we wish our fellow graduating students every success and happiness in the future.

THIS ISSUE OF
"THE SEA GULL"
IS DEDICATED TO
MR. EARL BAILLY



FROM A LUNENBURG WINDOW (By Earl Bailly)

A MESSAGE FROM EARL BAILLY



Upon request I add my little bit to the pages of the "Sea Gull." Having lived and painted longer than some of you - less than others - I can only say that what I have been able to accomplish, others amongst you can also do, with courage, perseverance and lots of hard work; maybe not necessarily in the same field of art, but in music, design or the many others open for those who have the feeling, the training of long hard-working hours.

If one can judge from the letters I receive from all over Canada, my work gives lasting pleasure as well as inspiration to many others.

SALUTE TO EARL BAILLY

By JEAN SHOLDS '47

The Queen smiled down at the man in the wheelchair. "We don't usually give our autographs", she replied to his request. But the King gave his consent, so Earl Bailly got the autograph of Queen Elizabeth. Earl Bailly has a habit of getting the things he wants. There was learning to write, for instance, and to paint, and to use oil colors, and to make linoleum cuts, and to . . . But let's start at the first.

It was in 1903 that Evern Earl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bailly

of this town. He was, in every way, a normal baby boy. He was lively and mischievous as little boys will be. But when he was barely three, catastrophe struck in the Bailly home. An epidemic of infantile paralysis was sweeping through Lunenburg and Earl had contracted it. When the dread disease finally left his small body, the little arms and legs remained useless. The doctors told his parents that he would never walk again and that his arms would always be crippled. Earl Bailly would spend the rest of his life in bed or in a wheel chair.

At three years of age to be doomed to live in such a manner. Quite hopeless, don't you think? But Earl had courage - indomitable courage. It was not enough to sit at his window and watch the ships go in and out of the harbor. It wasn't even enough to have his friends take him with them on their "adventures." He wanted to do something.

But how? He was paralyzed from the shoulders down. His mother had been a school teacher, and she was determined to give him an education. So she showed him how to hold a pencil between his teeth, to make lines with it, and eventually to write with it. Like any child, he tried drawing the familiar things he saw around him - horses for instance. He drew first with pencils and in pen and ink. He and his mother followed the children's pages in the newspapers. Once there was a drawing contest in one of them. Earl sent in an entry. And he won a prize! He was doing something. Earl Bailly was getting what he wanted.

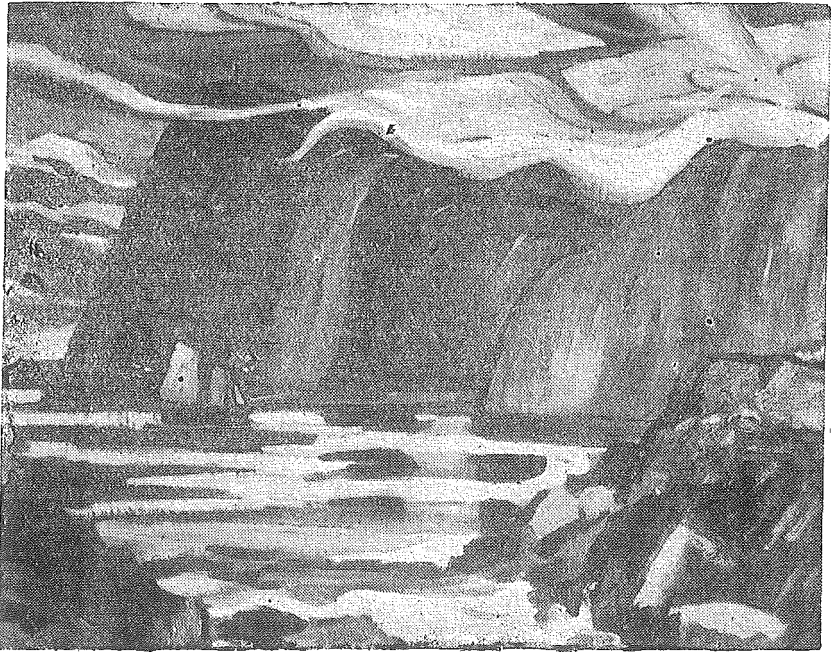
But the feeling of accomplishment excited the Bailly courage further, and the obtaining of one ambition ever leads to new ambitions. When he was nine or ten years old, Earl started to paint in water colors. He made Christmas cards for his mother, and as their popularity increased, he made them for her friends. In all his undertakings, Earl was encouraged by his mother, and today he gives her much of the credit for what he has accomplished.

At first, Earl did his painting inside. But later he was encouraged to go outside in order to paint more life-like pictures. Artists who visited this sea-side town went to see the boy and to offer their criticisms as well as their praise and encouragement. Earl soon got the sea "in his blood" and gave up paintings such things as sunsets in favor of marine scenes. Eventually, he began to hold art exhibitions. His first were at Lunenburg, where the citizens showed their decided approval of his work by buying everything. He sent pictures to the Nova Scotia Society of Artists and became a member.

It was among the tourist artists that the subject of oil painting first came up. It would be impossible for Mr. Bailly to paint in oils, they said. Impossible? Our artist sneers at that word. He would do it. And today most of his paintings are oils. It wasn't at all simple, of course. Oil painting requires a different technique from water painting. He had to have a special apparatus on his wheel chair, including a special rack for the brushes, so that he wouldn't get paint in his mouth. And oil paints were unprocureable in Lunenburg. They had to be sent from Montreal. His brother, Don, squeezes the paint out for him and he mixes it himself. The paintings speak for themselves.



ROAD TO PEGGY'S COVE, N. S. (By Earl Bailly)



CAPE SMOKEY, C. B. (By Earl Bailly)

Earl's first important picture exhibition was in Montreal. In 1931, he studied art for the first time under the direction of the noted George P. Ennis. For this instruction, he travelled to Eastport, Maine. It was one of his first trips. He also visited New York, where he studied further. Following this, he had exhibitions in Halifax at the Lord Nelson Hotel and at Montreal and Toronto. His pictures were acclaimed for their artistic value, quite aside from the unique way in which they were painted. Which was what Mr. Bailly wanted.

Besides oil painting, the making of linoleum blocks was placed by his followers on the list of "impossibles" for the artist. As before, they were wrong. Earl took a chisel in his mouth and proceeded to cut linoleum blocks. But while he has made some fine ones, he admits it is tiring work.

When the Bluenose made its trip through the Great Lakes and up to Chicago, Earl Bailly went with it. He has made several paintings of the Bluenose, as well as linoleum cuts. He took his paints with him on this trip and exhibited a number of his pictures on the ship. It was about this time that he had two paintings accepted by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art. He was also made a Life Member of the Nova Scotia Society of Artists.

Because he was crippled, travelling presented a problem. Someone else had to go along, of course, and this fell to his brother, Don. Don became his faithful companion. They decided that a trailer would be useful, so they bought one. In it, they made a trip to Florida, where Mr. Bailly exhibited his paintings at Palm Beach at the Society of the Fine Arts. They lived in Florida all winter, and Earl painted tropical scenes. Since that time, they have done considerably more travelling. The artist has had exhibitions in all the important cities in the United States and has been over half of the States, himself. He has also travelled extensively in Canada. Later, he made another trip to Florida, this time with a different trailer. And always faithful Don goes with him to drive the car, to take care of Earl and to serve as general handy man.

Mr. Bailly continues to paint, and to improve his pictures. His paintings are always on sale at Lunenburg, Halifax, Chester and Boston. Among notable people owning his pictures are the Rt. Hon. MacKenzie King and Mr. R. B. Bennett. Locally Mr. Dana Sweeney, Senators Kinley and Duff, Mrs. Dan Eisenhower and Mr. Roy Whynacht are a few who own paintings by Earl Bailly. The school also has several of his paintings. One is to be found at Georgia Hall, Warm Springs and others at the Women's Art Club in Montreal and the Children's Hospital at Philadelphia as well as numerous other places in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa. Mr. Bailly's Lunenburg studio is always open to the public. The same week that I went to interview him, he had sold a picture to an American art dealer.

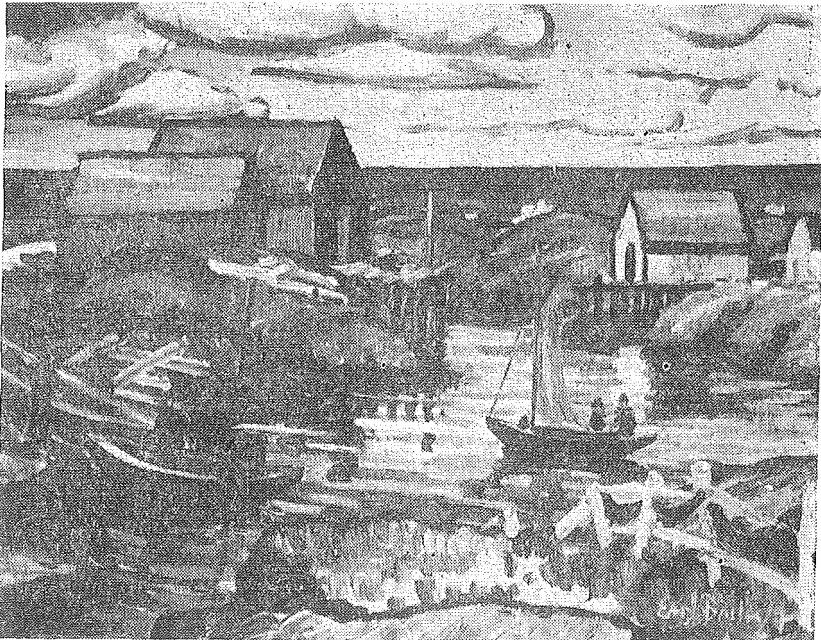
In spite of his great handicap, Mr. Bailly isn't at all the invalid type. He is very cheerful and talkative. When he talks, the listener completely forgets the wheel chair and his crippled body in the eagerness of his smile and the brilliance of his conversation. He has a fine baritone voice. Indeed, he once sang in recitals and over the air. But he tells me he doesn't do much public singing any more.

He likes best to paint Lunenburg, Blue Rocks and Peggy's Cove. His pictures are chiefly marines, landscapes and ships, but his favorite is marines. The invincible Bailly courage shows itself once again in this respect: he would like to try painting portraits.

In the course of his travels, he has met a number of famous people. In 1939, he met the King and Queen and presented to them one of his paintings. It was then that he received the Queen's autograph, which has been framed and holds a key position in his studio. He has been mentioned twice by Robert Ripley in "Believe It Or Not." And, in 1933, he was invited by Mr. Ripley to attend the World's Fair at Chicago as his guest. Another of Earl's great admirers is Mr. George Matthew Adams, who has mentioned him several times in his writings.

One of Mr. Bailly's favorite pastimes is reading. He is also quite fond of sports and not infrequently is seen attending the sports activities of our town. He is greatly interested in music. "I like music - classical", he told me, and then reconsidered. "Any kind of music, I guess", he said, then. Among his possessions is a program autographed by Marian Anderson, the great Negro singer. Apart from these things, he greatly enjoys sailing. He does all his own writing with the pen in his mouth.

The Seagull salutes Earl Bailly as a fine Canadian artist, as a notable citizen of our town, and as a man of very great courage and perseverance.



BLUE ROCKS

(By Earl Bailly)

EARL BAILLY - UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

By MR. PHILIP BACKMAN

An Alumnus of Lunenburg Academy

I've known him only a short time, though I met him sometime in the years when we were both children. This is not unusual. It is just that once in a long while we discover someone who grows to be more and more worth knowing with each new meeting. Earl Bailly is that kind of person. If you have ever had a book which you hold dearer with each reading, you will know what I mean. But between books and people there is one great difference. There appear to be many of the former - but the latter are like pearls of great price . . . rare and genuine. And if friendships with such persons be valued like they should be, as true wealth, then Earl has bestowed riches on a great many, so freely is his friendship given.

The stranger who walks into the Bailly studio-home is never disappointed in what he finds. But he is surprised, as he talks with this amazing



artist, that the thing he came to see - the evidence of a conquest of the most stupendous of handicaps - is perhaps not the most wonderful thing about him after all. It is, instead, the discovery of a personality fairly bursting with cheerfulness and a love of living and creating, that delights the visitor most. For he cannot help but observe the eagerness with which Earl Bailly grasps every opportunity to draw something of worth from their meeting, and the giving, all unknowingly, of much in return. Nor is this thirst for knowledge - or this cheerfulness ever dimmed. They are as constant as the lights that mark the sea Earl loves to paint so well. How else, of course, could he have overcome the paralyzing bonds of meningitis at the age of two years.

Earl's is a will that refuses to know defeat or even admit its possibility. Only an indomitable perseverance and an incomparable Mother could have enabled him to triumph over such circumstances. And if you ask Earl which he considers helped him most, he will answer, "My Mother." He is like that . . . generous in all things, especially in the acknowledging of credit. He knows, better than anyone else, whence came the motivating force and encouragement that has helped him conquer; and every stroke of his brush and pencil is a monument to the woman who has twice given him life.

Many were the little things that combined to help him along the way. The Maple Leaf Club of the Family Herald and Weekly Star little realized the tremendous spur of its praise for a first drawing at seven years, proudly submitted by his Mother. "Cousin Peggy's" Club, too, aided and abetted his progress. Every word of praise must have been like a gift of untold wealth to this dogged young seeker after the ability to create. School was out of the question, but his Mother, always beside him, encouraging, helping, taught him to read and write and to do both fluently and well. To-day, he reads everything he can lay his eyes upon, learning, learning, constantly - and few are the subjects he cannot discuss with remarkable ability. He may have had to be single-purposed, but single-minded does not describe him at all. His charm is a creature of many sides.

His first love, of course, is his greatest. He likes best to talk of painting - not his own, always, but any painting; any painter - and his store of information is boundless.

He has one all-compelling ambition. To be known and famed as an artist, not as a novelty - only this will satisfy him. And indeed, he has already passed within the borders of his dream. All over the Continent his paintings have hung in Salons where only one thing could gain them admittance; their undeniably artistic virtue. Upon the walls of the illustrious, too, hang canvasses that bear his proud signature. The names of purchasers are many. Those of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, William Lyon MacKenzie King, and the Princesses of England, stand out. Still, he is never satisfied. Always, he labours, never appeased, forever trying a new approach, a new technique, an untried medium.

But he claims no advantage because his teeth and not his fingers clasp his brushes so firmly and wield them so deftly. Nor disadvantage either. His pictures, for him, must stand or fall on their own merits. How he paints them, he considers not of the slightest importance.

Probably because he is necessarily so much of the time house-bound, Earl loves to travel. His pride and joy is his car, and great is his rejoicing indeed, when the paint and paraphernalia, his canvasses and wheelchair are stowed in the trunk and rear seat and he sets out with his brother, Donald, on a trip that may be only a short jaunt to that mecca of the artist "Blue Rocks" or a thousand-mile ride to the galleries and art discussion groups of the great cities of the continent. Far down the coast of America he has gone - even into Florida - painting and observing as he journeyed, stopping as the spirit has moved - selling one of his incomparable canvasses here, painting another there, receiving the praise of critics, the admiration, the kindnesses and attentions heaped upon him by scores of new friends acquired day after day as he passed. Then back home to paint with a new vigor and to live in anticipation of the new sortie.

Small wonder that the only thing that irks him, is not being able to take advantage of the 'good light' of an uncommonly fine day, because of the absence of someone to drive his car and 'do' for him . . . and that 'light' inexorably fading - the time just as surely passing. Earl has been blessed with a wonderful family and both his parents, his sister Margaret and brother Donald, have given unselfishly of their time and attention. But famil-

ies scatter as time goes on, and now he must depend more and more upon thoughtful friends to help him get about.

Little short of tragedy is it that his Native Province, which he has served so well and could serve so much more bountifully, has not moved to provide him with a helper to assure him opportunity to paint whenever he chooses. It is not a pleasant thing to reflect that had he been born South of the Border, his genius would be appreciated more tangibly and assisted. We are quite dull about some things in Nova Scotia.

Yet in such a busy life regret finds no place - reproach no harbor. Earl never speaks bitterly of his misfortune. Most of all, he rejects pity . . . the idea is preposterous to him. Only once has he uttered words with a wistful flavor. A tramp who came to the Bailly door one day for a meal, offered with much complaint the information that he could not get work, as an excuse for begging something to eat. He got the meal, but little sympathy. Said Earl, "If I had your arms and your legs . . ." And still this wonderful young man is not sensitive of his condition. He jokes about his inability to get his own brushes and to set up his own easel. "A nuisance", he calls himself, and then as always, the irrepressible cheer goes on to talk of other, more important things.

Earl Bailly has forged success from life just as cleverly and as surely as his father works the black iron in his 'Smith-Shop.' Perhaps because it is in his blood, he has found the way, the instinct to bring beauty out of the fire of life. And like the children, who, fascinated, watch the 'Smith' at his work, so it is an unforgettable experience to see Earl sketching in a canvas, and bringing it through all its stages until finally it emerges: his impression of the scene before his wheelchair . . . the colors, rich and glowing . . . the finished work fresh and vibrant with the spirit that flows from its creator.

It is a sight anyone who wishes, may see for Earl is not the temperamental artist. He doesn't require the 'gallery' - nor does he avoid it. He works with an absorption that leaves him oblivious to someone standing behind him. He paints as he lives - rarely looking back over his shoulder, always peering straight at the scene ahead and the wonderful things it has to say to him. Perhaps that, after all, is the secret of his success in his Art. For has he not mastered the greatest Art of them all . . . the Art of living?

THE ART OF EARL BAILLY

By L. J. ZWICKER, Art Dealer of Halifax

The art of Earl Bailly is essentially simple and simplicity is the one trait found in all great art, ancient and modern. There is something radically wrong with the production of many painters which cannot be explained without a good deal of detail. It is not profundity but poverty of thought that such painters seek to hide beneath a complicated method of expression. The full mind takes the most direct way to rid itself of its content in a con-

crete form. To Bailly, this concrete form is the picture evolving on the canvass - for art is nothing more than feeling in a concrete form.

Bailly's position as one of the few Maritime artists of importance lies originally in his power of feeling things more deeply and more intensely than do other artists. It is not the wonderful way he has surmounted his physical difficulties, nor is it found in his brilliant and original methods of expression - these facts deserving of the highest praise in themselves are but a means to an end.

The virtue of a work of art is not found in how it was done or in its technical excellence, as is too commonly supposed, that is only the outward expression of an inward emotion. It has been interesting to observe how Bailly's technical methods developed and became more personal as his vision became more mature and intense. The depth of expression and the simplicity found in his latest work could not have been realized by the methods of his earlier periods.

The unity of conception and expression to which he attained more perfectly than any Maritime artist did not come without effort. The early works, while full of promise were laborious; but his inquiry and exploration into the problems of his craft were incessant. With all his natural talents he could not have achieved his position without endless endeavour. Contact with famous American and Canadian artists were invigorating influences climaxed with a period of study with the noted American painter George Peartie Ennis. This marked a turning point in Bailly's career for here we find him at last master of the technical means of his art - from this experience and the steadily increasing consciousness of his purpose, he developed a most original form of expression.

It is possible the subject matter helped Bailly to cut through false artiness, for the bold coast line does not adapt itself to "precious" paint qualities and the tricky doodling of the latest "ism." The recent oils give full value to the properties of colour, his design has become more rhythmical; the whole more integral in the sense of fullness and content. Not so well known, his water colours are amazing; they are not tinted drawings but full paintings in this difficult but beautiful medium; the forms are majestic, giving play to naturalness without allowing the basic discipline of pictorial structure to become in anyway flaccid.

Bailly's life is inseparable from his art, his most successful pictures have been of the things he knows and understands, that have been his background since childhood. Long before it became fashionable to be "regional", Earl Bailly was painting every mood of this old province by the sea.

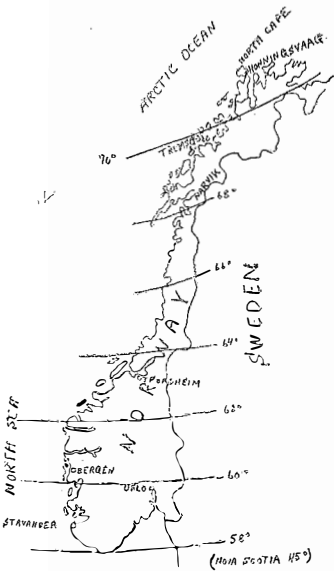
The dash and spirit of the painting that to-day seem to answer a yearning and striving to translate thoughts into the language of paint, are glorious proof that the astonishment aroused by his early talent has not been deceived by the accomplishment of his maturity.

A LITTLE ABOUT HONNINGSVAAG

By a Cousin of ARNE GRAVEM

Honningsvaag was one of Norway's largest fishing villages before the ravages of the Germans. But this was not always so. In the old days all fishing took place exclusively from open row-boats, thus inducing people to settle in a place as close to the fishing grounds as possible. Honningsvaag lies quite far away from these and therefore it took a long time before

it gained a stationary population. The main settlement on Mageroy was at Kjelvik where there has been church and minister since the Reformation - i.e. around year 1500 - . In 1882 a gale destroyed the church and the county council decided to move it to a less exposed place, and Honningsvaag was chosen. The church was ready in 1885. Here was a good harbor; it was convenient as a port of call for the streamers that just had begun to ply the coast. The place was not large. A 74 year old fisherman, Hjalmar Kristensen, who has given most of the information used here, tells that in the whole of Honningsvaag there were just 13 houses when he came there at the age of 14 in 1886. Among these were two businessmen who bought



the fish and sold the most necessary food and clothing goods and fishing equipment. They still used open row-boats, but the fishermen were trained from childhood to stay out at sea the year around in all kinds of weather to earn the necessary income for themselves and their families. The winter and spring fishing, mainly for cod and haddock, provided the goods from the merchant and a little cash, while the summer fishing provided flour and grain from the Russian schooners which were in practically every port in Finnmark and bartered flour for fish. The Russians also brought lumber, and birch bark for roofing, and other things that were needed. This exchange of goods, to the benefit and satisfaction of both parties, did not come to a conclusion until the Russian revolution.

Around 1900 the fishermen started to use covered boats and after 1910 the motors came. The result was that the movements of the fish could be followed more easily. The fine harbor encouraged people to settle down, and during the good fishing years of 1911 - 1913 the population increased to 1000. The settlement was incorporated and regulated, and has grown ever since so that the population before the war was over 2000. In 1920 water works were installed and in 1925 electricity. In 1929 a new school building

was built but it proved too small even from the beginning owing to the rapid growth of the population.

During World War I the fishermen did exceptionally well. Both the Central Powers and the Allies needed fish for food and cod liver oil, and oil for industry. Prices were high, and the good earnings enabled the fishermen to buy bigger and better boats.

When the old market for dried and salted fish failed, the merchants began to export iced fish to England. The British system of fish auctions turned this export into something of a game of chance. But because of its good quality, the Norwegian fish had a high reputation in England and therefore often attained higher prices than the British trawled fish. Restrictions were introduced against the Norwegian fish in order to protect the British fishermen, but England continued to be the main market just the same. West Africa compensated for the lost Russian market.

Since 1926 fishing for cod and halibut around Bjornoya was very successful, and during the last years before World War II fishing was started on the banks about 90 miles from shore. It took place in the darkest and most stormy time of the year, from October till February and almost every day boats came in badly battered. Loss of fishing gear was immense. Only lines were used, with up to 60,000 hooks on each, and a sudden storm could rob a fisherman of all his equipment. But when things went well, a two day trip could net 150 kroner, which was a great temptation. The boats were from 42 to 70 feet long.



The fisheries are not the only source of income. Honningsvaag is the junction for a large part of Finnmark, it is a port of call for all the mail, cargo and passenger ships to this district. This creates a lot of work for longshoremen and also some business. The tourist traffic also contributes to the income. Honningsvaag lies on the same island as North Cape which is an attraction to visitors from all over the world. North Cape is the northernmost point of Norway, a 900 foot mountain rising perpendicularly from the sea, an excellent vantage point for viewing the midnight sun.

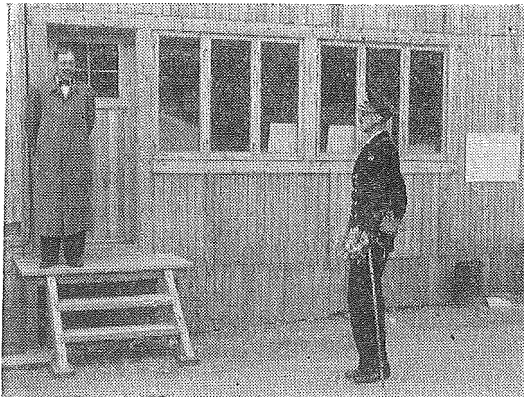
It has been mentioned that most of the traffic to a large part of Finnmark goes through Honningsvaag. This gives work to several pilots.

During winter there were always British and German trawlers on their way to and from the White Sea. In the course of one week in February 1929 about 219 trawlers entered the port. They went between the islands and the mainland to avoid the stormy weather along the coast of North Norway. East of Honningsvaag the coast is clear, without islands or rocks, therefore the town is the terminus of the pilot service. A large part of Honningsvaag's male population had pilots' licenses and made their living from that. The British trawler traffic has increased since the recent war, and it is to be hoped that others also come back before not too long.

Honningsvaag was increasingly progressive as World War II broke out. But the war destroyed everything. The nearness to Russia caused the Germans to keep many troops in Finnmark, and in Honningsvaag there were stationed about 2000. A barge with 250 tons of ammunition exploded during a Russian air raid in the summer of 1942. 14 persons were killed and many wounded. A large part of the town was either completely destroyed or damaged. Some was repaired, but in 1944 the whole population was forced to flee the district; everything was levelled to the ground, nothing but the church and the chapel were left standing. People had to leave what once had been their homes, many of them without being able to take any of their personal belongings. In over-crowded ships, under indescribable conditions, they had to flee to unknown destinations where everything was strange to them. They felt like foreigners and had difficulties adjusting themselves.

When finally Norway was liberated, people started to think about returning home at once. There were no houses and the Germans had mined large areas of Finnmark. But they defied everything. The Government forbade everybody to go, but was unable to prevent people from returning now. Some Germans were sent to Honningsvaag to clean up and the first Norwegians started to rebuild the town. The church was the only building,

where 50 men ate, cooked, slept and provided housing for transients. More people came. Barracks for the workers were built, but not till November (1945) could the last persons move out of the church. During the winter additional barracks were built; and at Christmas 1945 there were 4,500 persons in Honningsvaag. The barracks were cold and they leaked, the winter was one of the severest for years. But when spring came, families



KING HAKON

6th Norway at Honningsvaag, July 10, 1946

started to arrive and people were ready to start working. Some women and children had even stayed over the winter and school was started in a

very primitive manner, practically without books or any other equipment.

Several merchants went together and managed to build a dock in time for the spring fisheries. Because of lack of crews and equipment, very few were able to go out with their boats. At least there were signs of activity in Honningsvaag's industry. The summer fishings were excellent but the buyers were not able to purchase the fish so the fishermen had to limit their work considerably.

Otherwise the building activity went on with full force. Besides the town's own men there have been about 500 workers from other places, and in spite of shortages things have progressed with good speed. The houses are still mostly barracks but in the fall of 1946 several permanent houses have been started. If everything goes according to plan most of the population should be in real houses by next fall. The business section will have to wait. The buildings there will be built of brick of which there so far has been none available. For the time being the stores are in wooden barracks, but business flourishes just the same.

Much is planned to help the fisheries. The Government is building a fish factory, including refrigeration plant, canning factory, etc. The private business men are also planning new plants, so the chances for the fishermen to profit by the modern methods should be the very best. It is to be hoped that this will give the fishermen a more stable income, so they may have something left from their battle against the elements on one of the world's most hazardous fishing grounds.

The Government is contributing substantially to all this reconstruction and rebuilding, and the population is known for its courage, so considering everything I think one is safe in saying that Honningsvaag, which is now arising from its ruins, faces a bright and happy future.

A LETTER FROM INSPECTOR HEIE

KJELVIK SKOLESTYRE
Honningsvåg

16. oktober 1946.

The Principal of Lunenburg Academy,
Mr. D. H. Collins.

Dear Principal D. H. Collins:

I have had the pleasure to receive your letter from July 5 with the magazine from Lunenburg Academy, The Sea Gull, and a cheque, value 100 dollars. This cheque is newly cashed with kr. 495,- in Norwegian money. For all this, on behalf of the school and me myself, I will send you my heart-felt thanks. Please, send my thanks to all givers from your school in Lunenburg.

For this gift it is the intention to buy something which will be seen for a long time, and be to advantage and enjoyment. The choice then fell on a school-radio. Probably it will cost about kr. 800,-, but as you have

promised us another cheque the next year, we trust that this expense will be met too.

About the school matters in Honningsvaag this can be said: The former school-house was built in 1929. It had 7 classrooms, office, teachers common room, manual workshop, bath, central heating and opportunity for the school caretaker. Principal of the school then was Haakon H. Eartnaes, a friend of Mr. Gravem, dead 1936.

In the spring of 1942 the school was occupied by the Germans. After that time we must be content with hired rooms. So it went on till the autumn of 1944.



In the meantime July 1942, Honningsvaag was shelled by the Russians. A German vessel lying by the wharf, containing about 250 tons explosive substance, exploded. 12 people from Honningsvaag were killed, and many others wounded. A great part of the town was destroyed. Now, - and after a new shelling a week later and new victims; all who could fled from the town. The account of pupils in autumn of 1944 was thus decreased to 140 from about 350..

Then, Sunday 22, October, order came that the school had to be shut. Already two days thereafter order about evacuation ensued. Some motor-vessels were required, and everyone must manage it as well as they could. The Germans had the fleet of steamships in their power. Everyone might take with him, at first 15 kg. later 25 kg. The rest had to be left. The houses left must not be shut.

Honningsvaag would be burnt was the word, but the people would not believe it. They accordingly either refused to go, or they went out to the small fishing places near by (in Norwegian called fiske-vaer) believing that those places, indeed, would be spared. Some also arranged themselves on small by-places planning to live there during the winter.

The 2nd. night afterwards the Nazis ran around the streets, chimed in the telephones and scared people to start. If anybody refused, 200 men would be levied to military service on the Eastern Front (by

Kirkenes in Finnmark) they threatened. People were chased away, away from cattle and all they owned. Fortunately it was a charming autumn weather, else it perhaps would have been a catastrophe to many of those small vessels and all who only had the deck or a lifeboat as place of refuge. ("Minister" Jonas Lie was asked how the fugitives had to manage it on the way and after. Oh, The Vestfjord has room for many, was the answer.)

After the most of the people were chased away, the plundering of the Germans began. All of any value was plundered. Afterwards the houses were burnt and the walls burst. Even the water basin on the hill was burst. Posts for telephone and light lines were cut wherever they were to be found.

What utility the Germans imagined to have of all this assault, they alone know. To us it only seems to satisfy the pleasure of destroying. Many evacuated were several weeks on the voyage. Some of them perished, but of such the newspapers did not write in that time. Now all this stands for us as a bad dream. People have learnt to love more their own part of the country. And now, every day, a stream of evacuated is going back to their homes in Nord-Troms and Finnmark.

Now all stands is sign of rebuilding. Up to the present few houses are raised but hut barracks. From now, however, chiefly permanent houses will be built. Before beginning of the permanent building, a greater regulation must be undertaken. As yet that is not finished.

Building of school-barracks has gone rather late. The first school-barrack in Kjelvik community (where Honningsvaag is located) will be ready for use in the midst of October. That is in a small fishing place near North Cape named Sharsvag. In Honningsvaag building of a school-barracks now takes place. It has 4 class-rooms and opportunity for 3 families at that. It will perhaps be ready for use at the end of October. With this barrack we must manage it till the permanent school-house is raised.

Before the war the number of children in the public school of Honningsvaag had reached 355. Last winter it began with about 30 and by the end of the school year there were about 50. This winter, probably, it will be between 100 and 200 pupils. But as said, people are constantly streaming back, accordingly many years will not pass until the present school-barrack will "burst."

A modern foundation of fish-industry will be established. There will be assembled on one spot: cool-foundation, dairy for train-oil and factories for filet and guano. When all this is carried to completion, Honningsvaag will be a town of about 5000 inhabitants.

The traffic here by steamers and motors is great. It is pretended that only Oslo (and also Bergen and Narvik) stands before Honningsvag in relation of call of ships. Especially is this owing to all trawlers inwards and outwards bound.

Before the war Honningsvaag was a fishing-place (vaer) in quick development. It was competitor of the town of Vardo in consideration to be the biggest fishing-place in Finnmark. The population amounted to

about 2300 inhabitants, who essentially supported themselves by fishing.

The fleet of motor-boats has been very great, and nearly all of them are fishing-boats. Fish essentially fished is: codfish and haddock in the winter and spring, coal-fish in the summer and autumn. Beside that a considerable quantity of halibut and red-fish (by fishermen also called soldiers) is caught.

In summer time is for fishing-sport. Then salmon is caught in the sea as well as in the rivers. The richest and most well known river for fishing of salmon here is the river of Tana in Vest-Finnmark. This river has before the war been hired by rich Englishmen, who each summer have come back in order to have fishing-sport. The war of course finished that. And people primarily think more of food than of game.

It may be said here is a rough climate, though the temperature seldom goes below 15 - 16 degrees Celsius. (In Karasjok in the inner Finnmark the temp. sometimes goes down to 50 d.)

In Honningsvaag we have 2 months darkness-time (19. Nov. - 22. Jan.) when the sun is under the horizon. By Christmas-time the day-light endures about 1 - 2 hours.

But the summer is beautiful, though short. From the midst of May to the end of July we have midnight-sun. Then the sun shines during the night as warm as by day. And who will then not live in Finnmark?

Honningsvaag lies on an island named Mageroy (oy = island) About 25 km. north-west of Honningsvaag North Cape, a precipitous rock, ascends more than 300 m. right up from the sea. (Perhaps this point is known by the children in Lunenburg, too?) Every summer in time of peace many tourist-steamers, - from Norway and foreign countries - visit the North Cape. The tourists take such a trip in order to see the midnight-sun, and also to see the northmost point of Europe. (When shall we see anyone from Lunenburg?) By such events many people from Honningsvaag and surrounding country pass to North Cape.

In the next letter I shall try to send you some snapshots from Honningsvaag before and after the war, and perhaps others that may be of interest.

An outcut from a newspaper is appended. (Perhaps you understand a little Norwegian?)

With Kindest greetings,

I am yours,

M. W. HEIE.

RECEIPT

Honningsvaag Public School, Honningsvaag, Norway, has by Principal D. H. Collins, Lunenburg Academy, Lunenburg, N. S., Canada, as gift received a cheque, value 100 dollars, for which here receipted.

Kjelvik Skolestyre 16/10 - 1946
Honningsvag

A LETTER FROM ARNE GRAVEM

Oslo, November 11, 1946.

Dear Mr. Collins:

Some time ago I have a letter from my cousin in Honningsvaag. As it contained information which I thought might interest you, I have translated parts of it. My cousin is a printer and is trying to get a press so he can start his business again. But that takes days, and in the meantime he is working at different jobs, wherever he can be of any use in the rebuilding of his home town.

I also enclose a couple of snaps taken in Honningsvaag last June. I think they give a rather good impression of what the place looks like just now, and they are nice and clear too - and here is the letter:



"We are having north-east wind these days, it comes up through the thin floor of the barrack. The only comfortable place is really in bed under the blankets. It's much better when it blows from other directions however. My room-mates are very noisy. Just now they are discussing politics, and it makes it rather hard to settle down to letter-writing. But it is fun being up here just the same, in spite of all the troubles and difficulties. In town it's almost like old days, life and activity everywhere. People are scolding each other and the authorities, and complaining, just as they always have been doing. British trawlers are coming in all the time, and the kids have started their smuggling and other "honest" occupations, just as before the war. The only difference is that it is the British who are most anxious to get Norwegian products. The kids get soap, canned milk and washing powder in exchange for tobacco and cigarette paper. The control seems to be sleeping - as always.

"An old friend of mine had been after me several times wanting me to come up in the mountains and help with the repairing of the telegraph lines.

So, having nothing else to do I went along. The work has been something like trying to solve a puzzle. A gang ahead of us had patched up the old poles by tying the pieces together with wire, and then we come after them and connect the lines which the Germans had cut a couple of places between each pole. I don't know for how long this work will last, but I am not afraid of being without a job when it is finished, there's lots of work for everybody. Honningsvaag is growing day by day. For the time being there are mostly barracks, but six or seven permanent houses are being built now and outside town they have put up quite a few small houses. But fall is approaching fast and winter will stop the building for a few months.

"Our main source of income, the fisheries, are not coming along so very well. The fishing has been unusually good this fall, but as there are no store houses, the fish buyers have not been able to buy as much as they want. And then there is shortage of salt and workers. Just the same I hear that boats which have been out had two weeks catches each at 4500 kroner (\$900). And now before Christmas they'll get big catches in the fjords too. About this time of the year before the war the fishermen used to get ready for the banks, but not so this year. The authorities have big plans for fish factories here, they are to cost at least 10 million kroner (\$2 million). But so far they are just plans.

The school children still have nothing but a barrack to go to. The school grounds were not supposed to be touched till work could be started on the permanent school building. All of a sudden one day they put up a barrack there which is to be used as a hotel. The parents didn't like that very much of course, and they held a protest meeting, but I haven't heard what came out of it.

Two days ago we had a terrific storm, the first one this fall, and it caused much damage. A boat that served as living quarters for workers from Lofoten was thrown ashore. A big pram, (originally it came from Holland with the Germans) capsized. Roofs blew off several barracks, an unfinished house blew down, and we had to go out and save telephone poles which were in danger of falling down. Some way outside town four barracks were destroyed and one unfinished house. The barracks can't take very much of course since they aren't strongly built.

Honningsvaag will soon get a real church bell again. The Germans took the two we had, of which one has disappeared altogether. The other has been found in southern Norway somewhere, but so much damaged that it can't be used. Two of the old fire bells had survived the war however, and were hung up in a scaffold outside the church. But today the minister told us that a new bell is on its way, and also a stove for the church. So you see, there are always some improvements here and there."

Sincerely,

ARNE GRAVEM.

POWERS BROS. LTD.By **MADELYN RANDALL, '47**

The business of Powers Bros., Limited was founded in 1874 by the late Frank Powers. His sons operate the business now as President, Mr. A. F. Powers, and Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. W. T. Powers. The business began as a plumbing and tinsmith shop located in a small building across the street from the present-day site of the firm. Four men, in the employ of the late Frank Powers made all the tinware and kitchen utensils by hand, as factory made articles were not yet in general use.

After moving his establishment across the street, Mr. Powers opened a hardware department and went into the hot-air and hot-water heating business. He was recognized as a heating and sanitary engineer of high standing, and installed heating systems in some of the largest buildings in the Maritime Provinces.

After the death of the founder in 1911, the firm was established under the name of "The Firm of Frank Powers" by the sons of the founder. The first big contract under the new establishment was the installation of the heating equipment in the Bridgewater Academy in 1913 - 14.

The business was incorporated under its present name in 1926. with Mr. A. F. Powers as President and Mr. W. T. Powers as Secretary-Treasurer. Under this management, the company continued to expand. Plumbing and heating under Mr. A. F. Powers enlarged gradually until today work is being done from Sydney to Yarmouth - in all classes of buildings from residences to some of the largest institutional and commercial buildings in Nova Scotia. The hardware department under the management of W. T. Powers was expanded to include roofing, building supplies and electrical supplies as well as household equipment. An up-to-date paint department was laid out and a large paint business developed. The outfitting of fishing vessels and other ships with tanks, plumbing and heating became an important part of the business. The sheet metal department was expanded and is now doing all classes of sheet metal work, using galvanized, copper, aluminum and monel metal sheets.

During the period when the Lunenburg fishing industry was at its most successful stage, the firm produced many pieces of equipment which were eventually used in every ship of the fleet. The most outstanding development was the Bluenose foghorn, 1915 - 25, which is used as a signal not only at sea, but on the lighthouses on the Atlantic, the West Coast and the Great Lakes. This type of foghorn was developed and is being manufactured at the plant. Hundreds were supplied for life-boats during the war.

The employees of Powers Bros., Limited can justly be proud of their work in the war. During those years the firm installed heating and plumbing and other work in about one thousand buildings. Employees worked on every airport and almost all military and naval stations in Nova Scotia; in addition to repairing large numbers of metal lifeboats for the U. S. Shipping Commission.

The firm has completed contracts in every County of Nova Scotia except

one, and in 90% of the incorporated towns as well as in various sections of New Brunswick and Newfoundland. Their work extends even to such remote places as Sable Island. The plumbing, heating and ventilation systems in the new Victoria General Hospital are being supplied and installed by this firm. On such assignments in other provinces, the superintendent, at least, is sent directly from Lunenburg. During the years, a very efficient staff of Superintendents and Foremen have been trained. During certain periods, employment has reached the 75 - 100 mark. Special advantages for employees have minimized labor troubles, both at home and abroad. The firm was the first in the town of Lunenburg to pay wages on a weekly basis. A group life insurance plan covers all employees who wish to take advantage of it, in addition to a group sickness and accident insurance plan.

This past year, in spite of strikes and the shortage of steel, there have been more men working in this area than ever before.

The office staff, with R. McKay Frittenburg as Office Manager, now numbering four girls and three men originated in 1890, when Armit Robert McDormand, Vice-Principal of the old Academy did office work for the firm in his spare time.

The retail store is in charge of Harry Buckmaster. "Harry", as he is known by all the customers has been with the firm for twenty-seven years and knows all the answers in the hardware business.

For many years the late Jim Thompson was workshop foreman. Mr. Thompson was not only a first class mechanic but was a heating and sanitary engineer of high ability. His work is ably carried on by Don Walters.

One of their finest mechanics was the late Theophilus Naas. "Offie", as he was called, was really an artist. He could make almost anything out of sheet metal and in his spare time made many small trinkets that would be a credit to any high class gift shop.

The firm's field superintendents include Ira Heckman, Melford Lohnes and Gordon Shauffelberg, all of whom have been with the business for over twenty years, and all have received their excellent training with this firm.

Powers Bros. is one of the outstanding business concerns of Lunenburg. Their share in the expansion of modern equipment for the fishing fleet has been important. Their expansion into other and wider fields is of value to both their employees and the town generally. We hope that this concern will experience many years of prosperity and solid growth.

MR. A. F. POWERS

By BETTY HAUGHN '47

After an interview with Mr. A. F. Powers, I could well understand why he is one of our most progressive business men. You at once learn that he is systematic and that his business is run on schedule, even to appointing a definite time for an interview. At this interview Mr. Powers was genial, courteous and co-operative.

Born in Lunenburg in 1886 he was the son of Mr. Frank Powers and the

former Ada L. Silver. Of Irish and German descent, Mr. Powers was one of a family of four. His gandparents were among the earliest settlers in this



country. Mr. Powers first attended school in the old Lunenburg Academy. When he was in the fourth grade, the Academy was destroyed by fire, an event which probably many of the citizens of the town remember. Continuing his education in the new Academy he graduated under Principal McKittrick. Although Mr. Power's father was determined to make a lawyer of him, he was just as determined to be a plumber. Finally he had his way and he became an employee in his father's firm of plumbing, heating and hardware. Later he advanced to the position of foreman. His knowledge of the business increased rapidly and soon he became a director of the National Association of Master Plumbers, a very distinguished position.

After the death of his father, Mr. Frank Powers, in 1911, the business was taken over by Mr. Powers, as senior partner, and his brother Mr. W. T. Powers. From that date, through their efforts, the firm has expanded to its present size. Mr. Powers travels extensively in connection with the business of the widely known firm.

One of the achievements of which Mr. Powers can well be proud was the helping in the organization of the second bus company in Nova Scotia in 1915. It was "The Lunenburg and Riverport Motor Transport Company." Due to the heavy expense of operating on dirt roads, and the increased number of private cars, this company ceased operating.

In his younger days Mr. Powers was an athlete, enjoying especially football and skating. But during later years, he realized that he had to give up these sports. He is now a curler, being a charter member of the Lunenburg Curling Club.

Mr. Powers has numerous other social activities. He is a Master Mason and a Shriner. In this connection, he is a Past Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Powers is married and has two daughters - Gretchen, the elder is the wife of Dr. Finley, residing at present in Montreal; and Mary, the Superintendent of the Women's Institute of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Powers is one of the graduates of our High School who has achieved distinction in his chosen business. We are proud to have him remain a citizen of his home town.

MR. W. T. POWERS

By JANE BAILLY '47

William Thompson Powers, known to many people as "Billy", was born in Lunenburg on July 2, 1888, the second son of the late Frank and Ada Powers. His boyhood was full of all the natural events of that age; he received his preliminary education at Lunenburg Academy, and then studied for two years in the Engineering Department at Dalhousie University. Mr. Powers claims he was "just an average student."

With this preparation, the young man returned home to work under his father. Starting at the bottom, he spent a year and a half at the trade; then took charge of retail work; later the office and finance. In 1911, he and his brother took over the firm and now, Mr. Powers is Secretary-Treasurer of the Corporation and Vice-President of Powers' Motor Company.



Although this work would keep many a man busy, Mr. Powers has outside interests. He has always been mindful of his duty to the community and country. From 1918 - 23, he was a member of the Town Council and for two of those years, he acted on the School Board, when he advocated manual training and domestic science in the school. He is also a Past President of the Board of Trade and a Director of the Arena Co., Ltd. During the past conflict, he was a member of the National War Finance Committee and Lunenburg County Chairman of the second to ninth (inclusive) Victory Loans. Mr. Powers was instrumental in making these loans a success. Politics also command attention, as he is President of the Lunenburg County Liberal Association.

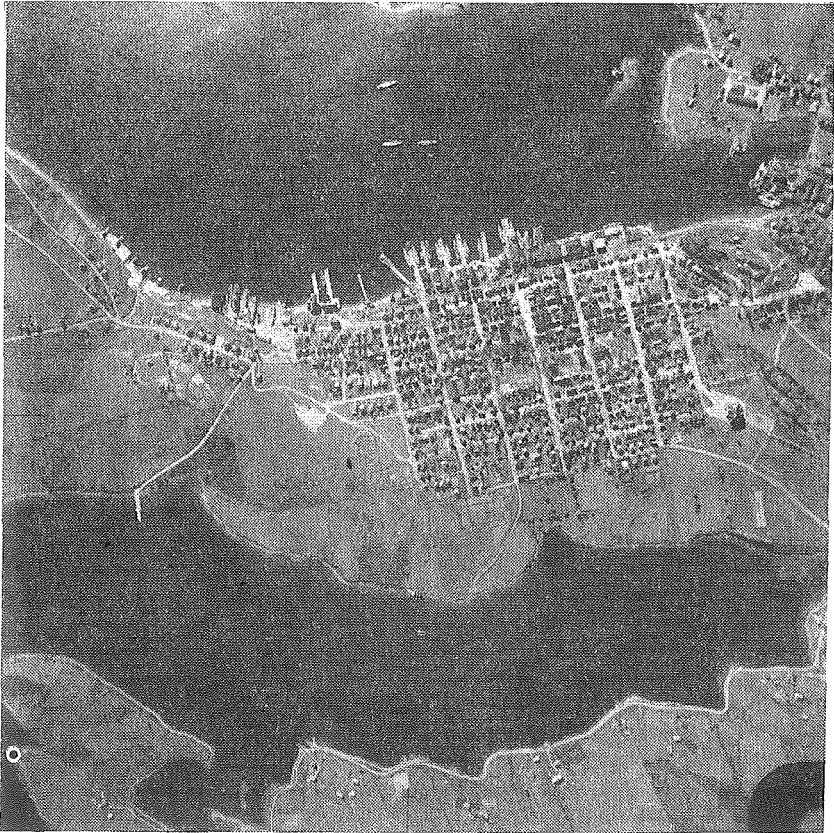
"Billy" Powers is most active in the Masonic Lodge. He is a Past Master of Unity Masonic Lodge in town, a Past Grand Master of the Free Mason's Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, a thirty-second degree Scottish Rite Mason and a member of the Chapter and Preceptory. Also, he is a member of the Oddfellows, where he is a Past Noble Grand.

In his spare time, he enjoys camping on Herman's Island, sailing, fishing and hunting. He plays an indifferent game of golf "about once a year", but is a "pretty fair curler." This is shown by the fact that he is President of the Nova Scotia Branch of the Royal Caledonia Curling Club. This club is the parent association of curlers, with branches all over the

world. Carpentering and mechanical work, done in his workroom at home, constitute his hobby.

On Sept. 24th, 1913, Mr. Powers married Bertha Herman, a teacher at the Lunenburg Academy. They have three daughters - Marion (Mrs. H. D. Pyke), Ruth, and Jean. The family attend the Presbyterian Church where he is a member of the Board of Mangement.

Mr. Powers believes that it pays to read and study, so as to keep up with development in one's work and in the world.



LUNENBURG FROM THE AIR



OUT OF THE BLUE

By BARBARA A. MOSHER '50

Out of the blue came a plane, and those who saw it gazed at it for a few minutes before it went out of sight. They did not know it was the last flight that plane would ever make. Even then a cunning mind was plotting the destruction of the lives of the innocent passengers on board.

The end came without warning as they were flying over a stretch of dense forest in northern Brazil. To the world it was another lost plane, but to the shadowy figure who crawled away from it, this was the completion of several weeks' planning. At the point of a gun he had forced the pilot to make a landing, and by now all the occupants of the plane were dead from the fumes of the poisonous bomb he had hurled before closing the door.

He was to meet the other scientists at this particular place, and he knew they were anxiously awaiting his arrival. Besides several crates of equipment needed in their research work, he was bringing a number of cases of food and medical supplies to the band of outlawed scientists.

His journey to the outside world had already taken him longer than he had anticipated. Now that his journey was successfully drawing to a close, he hurried along as fast as it was possible to the place where, by means of signals, he could contact the others.

He did not heed the chattering monkeys or see the flashing colors of the parrots; his mind was full of the results of their plans for the destruction of civilization and his eye saw the glimmer of the lake ahead where the short wave radio was concealed.

Then, out of the blue, fate struck in the form of a huge coconut, which though aimed by an unseen force, nevertheless scored a perfect target.

The monkeys grew tired of chattering at the still figure on the ground and went about their business and the parrots flashed gaily about.

As for the marooned scientists, their devilish plans did not include a ripe coconut and the force of gravitation.

The jungle too can quickly conceal the sinister plans of man.

WHAT WAS LEAST EXPECTED

By BARBARA ZINCK '48

As the beautiful cruiser "Flying Angel" made its way down New York harbour and out past the Statue of Liberty, there was a great deal of excitement. The "Flying Angel" was setting out on her maiden cruise among the west Indian Islands and had some fifty tourists on board. However, everyone was not happy, at least not Patricia Michael, whose heart was still in New York. She had not wanted to come on the trip, but because Pat's mother and father would be away for two months, they thought she ought to go with them. Any other normal eighteen year old girl would have jumped at the chance of such a trip, but not Pat.

"Mother, I wanted so much to go to Blue Cove with Jean and the gang" said Pat as she helped her mother unpack.

"Now dear, let's not discuss it any further. You will have a very good time on this trip."

"Some good time sitting around with nothing to do. There isn't even another person my own age on board."

And so the conversation went on. What Pat didn't know was at that very moment a young man was also unpacking in a state room on the other side of the ship.

Two days out from New York the "Flying Angel" was in the Gulf Stream. It was the first time Pat was feeling like doing much. It had been a little rough and Pat's stomach had been "off color" since they left New York. However, it was such a beautiful day that Pat decided to explore the ship. She found herself in the rear of the ship and squeezed behind a lifeboat in order to lean on the rail and look at the blue ocean in the warm breeze. She had not noticed the fresh paint on the boat until she had shoved by it and got paint over her new dress. She was so annoyed she could have cried and was about to do so when she heard a loud chuckle.

"And what is so amusing?" Pat asked in a harsh tone of voice.

"You!" said the dark young man sitting on a chair with a book in his lap.

"I certainly can't see anything amusing about getting a dress full of paint and I don't care to be laughed at"

"But I"

The young man didn't have time to finish, for Pat was off like a bolt of lightning to her cabin.

At supper that evening Pat was seated with her father and mother near the door of the dining room. They were about half finished their meal when the dark young man entered with an elderly gentleman. Mr. Michael saw them and remarked:

"There is J. P. Patterson and young Tony. I didn't know Tony was coming. There is someone your age Pat, and a very fine man."

"Did you say something. Father? I am very sorry, I suppose I was wondering what the kids were doing in Blue Cove right now."

"Oh! it wasn't important", said Mr. Michael winking at his wife.

Pat might not have heard what her father said but not because of Blue Cove. She was too much interested in Tony Patterson. Pat had been so spiteful that afternoon she hadn't even got a good look at him.

"He is very handsome and so tall", she thought. "Hum-um, this trip might not be so dull after all. It might even be more fun than Blue Cove!

Some days passed and Pat saw her new "inspiration" only twice in the dining-room. Tonight there was a dance but she had told her mother previously that she didn't want to go because there wasn't anyone with whom she could dance. That is why Mrs. Michael was quite surprised to find Pat all dressed and looking very beautiful in her newest evening dress. Mr. Michael was not surprised; in fact he was certain Pat wouldn't stay away.

Pat was very much disappointed when the handsome Tony Patterson did not appear at the dance. She sat around the first part of the evening, talking and dancing with friends of her parents until she was quite bored. Then she politely excused herself as having a slight headache. Pat didn't go to her cabin but instead strolled around the deck wondering where Tony was keeping himself. She had seen Mr. Patterson come in alone.

All at once she found herself facing that terrible lifeboat that had caused her humiliation. The paint was now very dry and she leaned on it looking at the moon rise slowly, reflecting a silvery light on the water.

"Miss Michael?" a voice said from behind.

Pat was startled and turned around quickly to look directly into the dark brown eyes of none other than Tony Patterson.

"Yes?" she said in a cold tone of voice, trying to keep from showing her excitement.

"I'm sorry you spoiled your dress the other da"

"You needn't be!" said Pat as she turned to walk away.

Tony caught her by the arm and turned her around to face him.

"You little spitfire", he said angrily, "I was going to apologize for having laughed at you but now I won't."

Pat was quite surprised and couldn't keep from laughing.

"And what is so funny now?"

"You" replied Pat.

Tony, still holding her by the arm, could keep a straight face no longer and the two laughed together.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael and Mr. Patterson were talking together when they noticed Pat and Tony on the dance floor. The three laughed and continued their conversation.

Pat and Tony were still laughing. Then Tony looked at Pat seriously.

"You know, Miss Michael, you looked very pretty when you were angry but tonight you are beautiful!"

"Really. Mr. Patterson?"

MURDER OF THE ENGLISH PROFESSOR

By DAVID SMITH '49

The body of Mr. Lawrence L. Louis, noted English professor and critic, was found by his servant, James Bradford, in his study, on the afternoon of March fourth. The previous evening he had been working in his study and no one had seen him since. As his wife and he were separated, Mr. Louis lived alone in the house except for his secretary Sally Wilcott and the servant.

Inspector Williams, homicide, was called upon to investigate the case and after viewing the body arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Louis had been poisoned, as there were no marks on the body. Nearby was a glass of water which Williams immediately had sent to the laboratory. While waiting for the coroner's report he sent a detective for Mrs. Louis, who was living in a small town outside the city.

Then the inspector interviewed the servant and from him learned that on the night of the murder Miss Wilcott and Mr. Louis had had a violent argument concerning the former and Mrs. Louis. "I could not clearly understand what they were saying because I was in the kitchen", said Bradford.

"Why are Mr. and Mrs. Louis separated?" asked Williams.

"Oh! they were once happily married but Mrs. Louis found out that her husband had had an affair with a girl before they were married and that his present secretary was that same girl. I guess she became jealous and it was because Mr. Louis would not send Miss Wilcott away, as his wife wished, that she left him", continued Bradford.

"Why did Louis insist that the Wilcott girl stay?" asked the inspector.

"He wanted Miss Wilcott to stay because she had gotten him a job as professor at the university, and when she came to him looking for a job, what could he do but make her his secretary!" replied the servant.

Just then the phone rang and Williams received the coroner's report. Louis had died of poisoning and the poison was found in the water. "Who could have murdered Louis?" thought Williams. "What was the motive?" He had two people in mind. Miss Wilcott could have murdered Louis because she loved him and he would not give her any attention because he still loved his wife. Mrs. Louis could be the murderess because she was jealous of Sally Wilcott. But why would she murder her husband alone? Why not Sally also?

"Where is the secretary?" the Inspector asked James.

"She was very upset and went upstairs", was the reply.

While waiting for Mrs. Louis, Williams again went into the study. Could Louis have left any clues? Then he eyed the dictaphone. Quickly he snapped it on and heard the following words: "I think I am dying - May, shgraaah."

"May - who was May?" thought Inspector Williams.

Suddenly the door opened and in walked a lovely woman. "Good afternoon, I'm Mrs. Louis. The detective told me what happened", said the woman, "I can't imagine who would want to kill Lawrence."

Williams sent for Sally Wilcott and soon both women were seated before him. One of them had committed murder. "What is your name Miss Wilcott?" asked Williams.

"Sally Wilcott", came the reply.

"What is yours, Mrs. Louis?" asked the Inspector.

"May Johnston, now May Louis", was her reply.

Immediately he played the record on the dictaphone. "But I didn't kill my husband", cried Mrs. Louis. "I was in a village fifty miles away.

"You have a car", came the reply.

"This is quite ridiculous. May could mean the month of a calendar for that matter", said Mrs. Louis.

Williams pretended not to hear her but later when the suspects were sent upstairs and guarded by the police, he made careful search of the house and finally came across a calendar upon which on the month of May was written: "I fear that I will be killed. I have always been afraid of my secretary, Miss Wilcott, and if anything ever happens to me the murderer is Sally Wilcott. Once I saw a gun in her purse and she probably will use it to kill me with. To always fear somebody is a terrible thing." As the note was typewritten Williams could not compare handwriting.

The next day he called the servant, Miss Wilcott and Mrs. Louis into the study and said, "Mrs. Louis I am placing you under arrest for the murder of your husband."

She replied, "Don't be so ridiculous. What motive would I have?"

"One, jealousy, two, you would receive a nice amount of insurance", replied Williams.

"What is your evidence? It said on the note that Sally Wilcott killed my husband", she said.

"Ah! there is the evidence. You have just now convicted yourself because nobody knew about the note on the calendar except the murderess and myself. Arrest her Madison", he said.

Later Mrs. Louis broke down and signed a full confession of the murder. She had gone to Louis' house the night of the murder and pretending to still love him and want to come back to him wormed her way into his confidence, thus enabling her to slip the poison into the water. She then went out of the room pretending to go upstairs and waited for results. She heard Louis utter his dying words into the dictaphone and at first was going to destroy the record. But then she saw how she could kill two birds with one stone and left the record on the dictaphone. She typed the note on the calendar but in her haste to get away forgot that her husband was an English professor and that his English would be expected to have been perfect.

"But how did you know Mrs. Louis was the murderess when you arrested her in the library?" asked Miss Wilcott some time later.

"I knew because of the mistakes in grammar in the note", replied Williams. "For example in the note the word murderer was used when referring to a female killer. Mr. Louis would have known better than that. 'To kill me with' is a terribly poor grammar and one never splits an infinitive, 'To always fear.' Thus who could have typed the note if Louis didn't. Only one person, Mrs. Louis because you certainly would not write a note con-

victing yourself of murder. Yes Mrs. Louis was very clever and ingenious. If you remember it was she who suggested that 'May' might mean the month on a calendar. She had it all planned that a detective should find the calendar and you would be accused of murder. But she slipped up on one point as all criminals do and she knows now that crime never pays.

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

By JEAN SHOLDS '47

The great golden apple in the sky shone down upon a solitary figure on a country road. It was a slight figure that moved eagerly to the turn in the road and then, halting abruptly, sat down on the grass beside the ditch.

Fluffy, blond hair made a sort of halo about the head and, as the face turned upward to the sky, it was the fine delicate features of a woman that the moon accentuated. She gazed a moment at the stars and then, reaching within her coat, drew an object from the pocket above her heart. It was an envelope, and she gently withdrew the pages of a letter, turned the first over fondly, and began to half-read, half-recite from memory, the words of the second in a stage whisper:

"My darling, I am coming home. I should arrive in the city on Thursday, and the train I take will get into Stetson about eight o'clock. Merry, don't meet me at the station. Please. It would be too much like the boy-comes-back-to-girl-who-has-waited type of thing. With all the villagers looking on. Wait for me, Merry, under our star, at the turn in the road. Will you? I'll meet you there . . ."

Her eyes turned again to the sky. Yes, there was the star. As she gazed at it, time flew backward. It was three years ago, again. She was standing at just about that same star. It was the same Merry - blond hair clinging about her head, serious blue eyes, and having the same sort of feelings inside - but a little gayer, a little more carefree than the girl that waited there now. Beside her stood tall Ken, his blond hair waving back from his un-handsome but decidedly nice-looking face. He was pointing out the star to her.

"Look", commanded Ken, in a voice more serious than usual, "up there, near that big one. See? Yes, that's the one I mean. That's our star, Merry. We're adopting it right now. We've been going together for a year now, honey. And, as you can see", he pointed to the road, "we're at the turn in the road. Only we can't go around that corner just yet. We have to mark time here for a while. But now we'll have the star, and whenever either of us sees it shining up there, we'll remember the turn in the road and we'll know that before too long, we're going to go around that corner - together."

"That's beautiful, Ken", Merry had said, "and I know that wherever I go and wherever you go, I'll always remember, whenever I see the star. Ken, let's make a wish on our star." And so they had. They had wished that

sometime again they would meet there and go around the turn in the road, together. Then, Ken had taken her home.

She had not seen him since. He had left the next morning on the train and she had not been there to say good-bye. Ken hadn't wanted her to - he thought he would feel self-conscious bidding leave of her in front of people. He had always been rather shy, like that. Apparently the war hadn't changed him in that respect! And now he was coming home.

Merry had joined the Army Nurses a few days after that. She felt she had to do something to help bring him home more quickly. Nothing could have delighted her more than being sent overseas! Now she would see Ken. But she didn't, as fortune had it. She was stationed in southern England, he, in Scotland. When he finally got sufficient leave to make a trip to see her, Merry had been shipped out to Sicily and Italy. She had learned a good deal about life and co-operation while working there with the other nurses and the soldiers. Then D-Day came. Ken was taking part in the invasion. Anxiety never left her after that. Sometimes, she saw the star, and, after all, Ken had said they would meet again . . . but, would they . . . ? Eventually, Merry had been shipped home, because of failing health. And now, Ken was coming home.

There were footsteps approaching, from down the road! It would be he! She quickly placed the pages back in the envelope and thrust it inside her coat. She could see him now. His light hair was still just as wavy as before. He limped slightly as he came toward her - a mine had done that. Maybe there were a few more wrinkles in his face. But he was home - her own Ken!

"Merry!" he whispered.

"Ken" she said, fondly.

After a few minutes, they remembered the star. "It's still there", Merry said, a bit senselessly. "Yes, I saw it so often when I was away", he said, softly. "It must be a lucky star for us, Merry, because our wish is coming true. Let's hurry and go around the turn in the road. I've an idea there's a justice of the peace not far along the way."

She laughed, happily. "You know very well there is. Turning the corner in the road has always been emblematic of that, anyway. But, before we go, let's make a wish on our star for a smooth-sailing journey together.

Their wish was almost like a prayer that they might live together happily and always do their small part in keeping the world at peace. As they stood watching their star for a minute after making that wish, a very unusual thing happened. The star suddenly left its place and fell through the sky in a trail of golden light. It was as if God had reached out his hand and moved the star from its place as a sign to the two below; as if He were saying, "You'll have My help in making that wish come true."

Ken and Merry gazed in wonder for a few minutes. Then, they silently turned and made their way around the turn in the road - together.

THE SQUARE CIRCLE

By MADELYN RANDALL '47

The hotel lobby was crowded and the young man sitting on the lounge inside the door was unnoticed amidst the bustle. He was holding a newspaper before his face, but was watching the door intently. Presently a smartly dressed young woman entered, carrying a bulging brief case. She walked across the lobby to the elevator and was gone in an instant. The young man, still holding the open newspaper, got up and walked over to the desk, where he inquired for the room number of Miss Pamela Graham.

Folding the newspaper, he stuck it absentmindedly into his pocket and strolled over to the elevator.

At the door of room 133 on the fifth floor, he stopped, patted his vest pocket and jabbed at the bell with his fore finger. There was no answer. He rang again, and after a few seconds, a voice called out "Come in."

The young man opened the door and stepped into a foyer. Closing the door softly, he walked into the living room, a large room with a white piano standing in a small alcove at one end, and colorful easy chairs at comfortable angles to an enormous divan. It was obviously the work of a decorator. A girl was seated at the piano with her back to the door, rummaging through a brief case. Finding what she wanted, she pulled out a blank music sheet and began to pick out notes on the piano. Not having heard the door close on the bellboy, whom she had sent for a newspaper, she turned. The young man was sprawled in an easy chair, his eyes trained on her. She went pale, then recovered her composure.

"Gabe! How nice to see you", she said, as she got up from the piano. "You always drop in at the most unexpected times."

"Do I?" said the young man, with a hint of a smile. "But this visit is business, I want you to come back to my band."

"You're joking, Gabe. I couldn't possibly! I wouldn't think of it. I'm perfectly satisfied with my job and I'm not leaving it for a two-bit job playing one-night stands."

"I'm sure you'll change your mind after you hear my little proposition."

"Oh?" said the girl, skeptically.

"You're playing with Jack Jackson now, aren't you? At the Rose Room at the Continental. Must be good pay, by the looks of your new apartment."

"It is, and I have a chance to compose and play my own pieces. I was just starting one when you dropped in. Mind if I keep on?"

"No, go right ahead. I'll talk while you play."

The girl went over to the piano, sat down and began to pick out notes; the young man pulled the crumpled paper from his pocket and referred to an article outlined in red.

"Miss Pamela Graham, former pianist with Gabe Carson's band, has hit big-time playing at the famous Rose Room with Jack Jackson . . ."

He threw the paper on a nearby table with an expression of disgust and reached into his pocket. Drawing out an envelope, he passed it to the girl. She looked at it, then slowly drew out a single sheet of paper. It was dated

April 14; it was now June. Her eyes flew over the contents, and stopped at the signature. Then she slowly put the letter into the envelope and glanced once more at the address, "Miss Pamela Graham" written in a straight, bold hand.

"You stole this letter from me, Gabe", she said in a whisper. "Blackmail is a dangerous occupation and I refuse to be black-mailed."

"So, you refuse to be blackmailed! Don't be naive, Pam. Would you like me to show this letter to Jack Jackson? Or would you rather rejoin Gabe Carson's humble 'five'?"

"No to both, Gabe", said the girl, going back to her work. "You think if I come back after making a name for myself, it will pull you out of the low brackets. Well, I won't come back, and you can't blackmail me into doing so. You should have been more careful when you had that envelope forged, Gabe. The handwriting is perfect, but you slipped up on one important thing. You thought you lost the original envelope in the confusion of moving last April when we had to rush to catch a train, but you didn't. I had destroyed it before you took the letter. So it's useless to try to blackmail me. If you publish that letter, you'll be charged with forgery and theft of personal property."

"Listen, Pam, you're coming back or I'll . . ."

Lieutenant Grayson surveyed the scene with a practised eye. The girl lay sprawled on the floor by the piano, choked to death. On a nearby table was a crumpled newspaper, open to an article ringed with red. An envelope was clutched in the dead girl's hand. A chair was overturned by the window. Apparently the killer had left by the fire escape when the bellboy returned with the paper. A sheet of ruled music paper, laying on the floor, was blank except for the title and the first few measures of a song called "April."

Grayson stared at the man before him.

"Well, Carson, you almost got away with it. If that girl hadn't been so smart, you might be free today. Of course you know where you slipped up. The forged envelope was postmarked April 15. It should have been April 14. In big cities, mail is being collected and sorted continuously, and contrary to your plan, it didn't remain in a mail-box overnight. I suppose you're wondering how we caught on. You see this sheet of music paper? The girl was writing a song while you were there. When you presented your 'plan', she probably suspected something might go wrong when you learned she knew about the forged envelope and the futility of trying to blackmail her with such a weapon. So", the Lieutenant stopped to light his pipe, draw deeply and lazily blow a square smoke ring, "and so", he continued, "she changed the time of her song from $1/4$ to $1/5$, which you, as a musician, know does not exist. We couldn't figure it out at first, but then we noticed the postmark of the letter, and finally connected that with the name of the song "April" and the time $1/5$. That gave us April 15. The letter was postmarked April 15 but dated April 14, so we naturally concluded the envelope had been forged. The ink on the envelope wasn't quite the same color as that used in the letter, so that gave us clue number two. Those two clues and the contents of the letter added up to 'blackmail!'

But who was the blackmailer? The newspaper you so carelessly left on the table gave us a hint, but that little song 'April' clinched the whole thing. The notes of the last measure were 'g', 'a', 'b', 'e' Gabe. Gabe Carson, former employer of the talented and clever Miss Graham. Motive: jealousy of her success, and just downright rage at her for having outwitted you.

"By the way, this book is very interesting. You might read it sometime, "Music for Beginners."

SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART

By JANET DEAL '47

Bang! Crash! Bang!

"Oh goodness", sighed Lady Wright", there goes another one of my china tea-cups. I'm going to fire that new cook immediately . . . after our dinner party tonight."

"Now mother, don't do anything you'll be sorry for later", advised Nancy Jane. "We were very lucky to get a cook of any kind in these times. So I'd advise you"

"Hello my two darlings", came a big shout from the hallway.

The door opened and there stood a tall, distinguished looking man, finely dressed. Throwing his hat and gloves on a nearby chair he sauntered forward and affectionately kissed the two ladies present.

"My lord", laughed Lady Wright, must you be so impulsive?"

"Hi, my handsome hep-cat", giggled Nancy Jane.

"Nancy Jane Wright, please refrain from using such disgraceful language when speaking to your father", explained Lady Wright.

"Now dear, let this 'hep-cat' enjoy herself", laughed Henry Wright, "but what's this I heard as I came in the door?"

"Ch nothing 'hep-cat', I mean daddy dear, only mom threatening to fire the new cook", explained Nancy.

"Please! Not that again. Soon even my name won't get you any more cooks. Isn't that the sixth one we've had this month? Speaking of servants, I found a new butler today. He'll be here for our party tonight", laughed Henry, quite pleased with himself.

"Wonderful!" Let's hope he proves better than our last one", replied Lady Wright. He always used to . . .

"Spill the coffee on the guests", replied Lord Wright and Nancy in unison.

"Well all the same I like to see my friends treated politely when they are guests in my home. Ch, there's the doorbell, maybe it's the butler. But no, he wouldn't have the nerve to come to the main entrance, would he?" argued Lady Wright.

"I'll answer it madam", said Nora, the cook, from the door-way.

"Well answer it then! Don't stand there like a . . ."

"Hush mom", whispered Nancy Jane.

Nora quickly went and opened the door. A very young man stood there staring at her.

"How do you do Madame. Is this the home of Lord Wright? I'm the new butler", continued the young man.

"You? The new butler? Well hurry up and go around to the maid's entrance if you want to get off on a good start with 'her highness'", said Nora sarcastically.

"Nora! Nora! Who is there!", shouted Lady Wright.

"Why - ah, that is - why it was only a man selling hair-brushes. I sent him away madam", added Nora quietly.

"Alright Nora. Now please try to make a decent dinner for my guests. And, Nora, if the new butler comes, give him his uniform and tell him his duties for this evening. That's all. You are dismissed."

"Yes", replied Nora.

"Yes, what?", demanded Lady Wright.

"Yes, madam", concluded Nora. And sputtering to herself Nora went into the kitchen.

"Well here I am! What am I to do?" I guess first of all I must go and announce my presence to Lord Wright", said the new butler.

"Announce your presence to Lord Wright indeed", answered Nora. "I'm the only person you'll announce your presence to. Here, put this uniform on and I'll outline your duties."

"Well do as I tell you. We have only two hours before the guests will arrive. The party must go off smoothly, with your help. If it doesn't we'll both lose our jobs", said Nora

"After this hour of rehearsal you should understand what your duties are", assumed Nora. "Now go down to the wine-cellar and bring two bottles of the red wine up to the kitchen."

The new butler eager to please rushed down to the wine-cellar. Never had he seen anything like it before. Shelf after shelf filled with bottles of wine. How nice to be the owner of all these! Slowly he took two bottles off the shelf and began to leave. Some inner impulse made him return and within a very short time he had emptied one of the delicious bottles. Now he returned, rather guilty, to the kitchen.

"Well!", retorted Nora, "What kept you so long?"

"Why, I couldn't find the place", mumbled the butler.

"Listen! There's the door-bell. The guests are arriving. Go and let them in", said Nora.

The butler now feeling slightly giddy from the wine opened the door to admit a short fat man and a lady.

"Good-evening", said the butler. "Allow me to take your hat, sir. Pardon me, sir, but aren't you the gentleman who was at the Owl Club with that blonde girl. You know I never forget a face. My mother always tells me that."

"Indeed! Young man do you know to whom you are speaking?"

"Just a minute", interrupted the lady with the little man. "If this is true I'll sue you Horaa Triple! I'll sue you! I'll . . . I'll . . ."

"Enough I tell you!", replied the little man. "Give me back my hat.

I'll not stay in a house where I'm insulted . . . before my wife!"

"But sir", said the butler somewhat disturbed. "I didn't mean any harm. I just like to speak to my friends."

"Friends indeed!" retorted the fat man. "Come, Sophie, we'll not stay a minute longer. Good-night!"

"Yes", replied Sophie, "let's go. Of all the nerve! Horace wouldn't even look at another woman. Would you?"

"Ah, that is . . . of course not!" replied the fat man, rather sternly.

"Oh well I'm sure Lady Wright would be happy if she knew", laughed the butler. "Now she'll have more food for the rest. There goes the door-bell again. My how dizzy I feel. I wonder why?"

"Good-evening sir, madam", continued the butler. "Permit me to take your wraps. Why that's a lovely fur coat but it's slightly worn off isn't it?"

"What's that", exclaimed the young lady, "how dare you pass your humble opinion to me? You have humiliated me before my friends. Come Lincoln we are leaving!"

"Gracious what's wrong with these people? I certainly wouldn't want them for my friends. Well there goes the door-bell again. Wonder how I'll get along this time", thought the butler.

"Good evening", said the lady at the door. "You're just new here, aren't you? . . . Well don't you hear me talking to you? Answer!" "I'm not talking to anyone anymore, see?", snapped the butler.

"Gracious me", gasped the lady. "How insulting! I'll not stay here a minute longer." And she slammed the door shut.

"Well I give up. What am I doing wrong?", thought the butler. "Oh, oh, here comes somebody else."

"Good-evening", said Lady Wright. "Are you the new butler? Haven't any of my guests arrived yet? . . . Well answer me!"

"Yes madam they have all arrived", replied the butler.

"Well if they all arrived, where are they?", exclaimed Lady Wright. "You didn't escort them into the drawing room where Lord Wright and I awaited them?"

"No madam I didn't escort them in there", replied the butler. "In fact I didn't escort them anywheres."

"But", replied Lady Wright, "where are they? I don't understand . . ."

"Permit me to explain madam", replied the butler.

"But how did you insult them?" asked Lady Wright. "Politeness is something all my friends look for in a butler."

The butler told Lady Wright what he had said to each of her guests as they arrived.

"Stop! Don't tell me anymore", exclaimed Lady Wright. "I couldn't stand it. Not only have you ruined my evening but you ruined many a great friendship which . . . which . . . Oh, I can't go on . . . Get out, I tell you! Get out and never come back!"

"Mother what is all this noise?" asked Nancy Jane, coming in from the hall.

"This . . . this . . . butler . . . oh, I am ruined! Disgraced for life!" cried Lady Wright.

"I know mama I heard what the butler said", answered Nancy Jane.

"And so did I", laughed Lord Wright. But the poor butler wasn't exactly responsible for his actions. You see I believe he got in my wine cellar. Isn't that right?"

"Well . . . Yes sir, I did", confessed the butler. I never saw so much wine and, well, oh sir. . . ."

"I can easily understand that. Listen Lady Wright you can explain the whole situation to your friends. They'll think you should fire this butler. He seems like a respectable young man, if he can keep out of my wine cellar!", concluded Lord Wright, smiling.

"Oh thank you, thank you sir", answered the butler. Lady Wright I promise you I'll never let anything like that happen again."

"Well you'd better not," answered Lady Wright. I don't approve of this you know, but I haven't much choice. I'm one against two."

"That's right mamma", giggled Nancy.

"Well go out and bring in our dinner. We might as well enjoy it by ourselves", laughed Lady Wright.

'Bravo!' cried Nancy Jane and Lord Wright together.

Crash! Bang!

"Oh dear, there goes another china tea-cup", sighed Lady Wright.

"Goodness, what a sudden change of heart!" whispered Nancy Jane to her father.



A VIEW OF LUNENBURG

MAYOR LAWRENCE LEMONT HEBB

By ALICE BALD '47

Our Mayor is one whom we may classify as a true native of Lunenburg. He is a son of Simeon and Elizabeth Heckman, deceased, both name being characteristic of the town and Heckman's Island. This latter place on the outskirts of Lunenburg has provided many happy associations in the life of the Mayor both as a boy and as an adult.

"L. L." commenced his education at the old Temperance Hall, one of the famous landmarks of this town for many years. Here he had Miss Ellie Zinck as a teacher. The following year the school students occupied the present Academy where he came in contact with such well-known teachers as Miss Ethel MacLaughlin, Miss Lelia MacLaughlin, Miss Minnie Hewitt, and the late Burgess McKittrick for many years Principal of the Academy. The Mayor recalls that the hours designated for home-study were supposed to be much longer than they are to-day, although they were not observed to the letter. Lest any reader smiles at this statement, unwary students who were seen on the streets at night were usually extremely repentant the next morning.

During Mr. Hebb's schooldays there was a rough room adjacent to the Assembly Hall which was used as a sort of gymnasium - space which to-day is used for storage purposes. Acrobatic skills were acquired through the instruction of Mr. Fraser, who had the boys demonstrate what they could do before the older men at the town gymnasium. The Mayor was keen on baseball and hockey in those days. The following anecdote is told of his enthusiasm for baseball. As any alumnus of the Academy will remember, baseball was played on the School Grounds with the occasional broken window as a result. "L. L." was detained after school hours for delinquent work at the time when a "hot" game was in progress; the game being accompanied by the usual loud shouting and hurrahs. Of course the latter sounds did little to console a boy whose mind was outside with the crowd. When the teacher left the room, the urge to be a part of the game proved to be too urgent. The young boy made a hasty exit through one of the windows. Doubtless he participated in the game, but whether he enjoyed the consequent disciplinary action the following day is not recorded.



game proved to be too urgent. The young boy made a hasty exit through one of the windows. Doubtless he participated in the game, but whether he enjoyed the consequent disciplinary action the following day is not recorded.

As a student the Mayor spent many enjoyable hours in the Mechanic Science Department. He recalls the fact that along with a proficiency in the handling of wood, the boys were taught to do burnt work with the electric needle. Many of them became expert in identifying the various kinds of wood; an ability to be put into practical use at a later date. Our Mayor reminisces about his school days with a degree of amusement which indicates an enjoyment of the limited time he was privileged to attend, for, at the age of fifteen years, he closed his books to engage in the serious job of earning a living.

His first position was with J. J. Rudolf and Co. (where Simpson's Order House is now situated). Then he took employment with the hardware branch of Zwicker and Company; a business he purchased subsequently. Other business men of that era were E. N. Nash and George Silver along with several who are still in existence. "L. L." sold chiefly builder's supplies of which a large quantity was imported from England. He has two stores now - one dealing in the same line of goods and the other, operated at one time by the late L. E. Wamboldt, carries a large stock of electrical appliance and utensils for domestic use.

Mayor Hebb's participation in town affairs began in 1926 when he became a Councillor. At that time the late Mayor A. W. Schwartz was in office; and other councillors were Daniel Eisenhauer, Edwin C. Adams, Captain C. Iversen, and Lemuel J. Hebb. George Love, beloved citizen of the town, was Town Clerk as well as secretary of the Board of School Commissioners. His copy-plate writing was admired by all who inspected his books and documents.

In 1930 Mr. Hebb was appointed to the School Board by the Government as one of the two representatives of the Council of Public Instruction. This appointment continued for a period of four years. Since that time he has been appointed yearly by the Town Council as a representative of that body. From this time to the present the community has progressed in a number of directions of which the building of a modern Fire Hall is an illustration. The Mayor can even remember when the old mud and wood streets and sidewalks were replaced by cement.

It is interesting to know that during the Mayor's lifetime, Lunenburg did not have a branch bank of any kind. One of the merchants of the town conducted banking for such of the citizenry as required this service. Today there are three branch banks in the town each of which is closely connected with the business of the community. On the whole the Mayor feels the business men of the town co-operate more readily in the interest of the town than they did years ago.

Lawrence Hebb married the former Marion Holder. They have been blessed with a large family of whom Donald, a veteran of World War II, is employed at the Bank of Commerce; Elizabeth is working in Halifax as a city nurse; Rosemary is employed with the Wartime Prices and Trade Board at Halifax; Arthur who is employed by his father; and Annette, a pupil of grade five at the Academy.

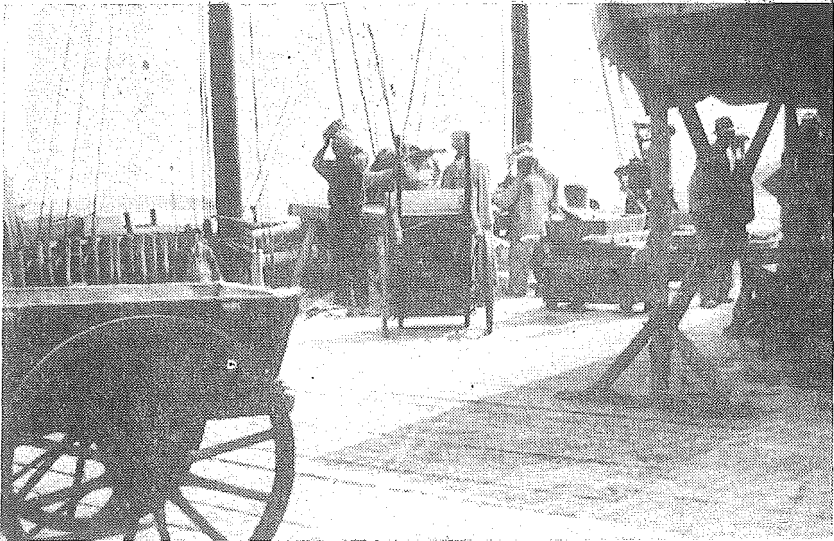
"L. L." has assumed many responsibilities. Apart from his position as Mayor, he is Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners, Chair-

man of the Electric Light Committee, Chairman of the School Land Committee. President of the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition, President of the Lunenburg Arena, Vice-President of the Curling Rink and President of the Unity Masonic Building Co.

One would not expect him to have much leisure time for recreation, yet he is still interested in sports of all kinds. He indulges in a bit of golfing, fishing, and hunting; besides being a well-known figure at the Curling Rink. There have been bonspiels at other rinks in the province where our friend "The Mayor" has upheld the fair name of Lunenburg.

Considering the aggregate list of his duties plus his interest in the less serious phases of our community life, one would hardly expect more. Yet "Lad - as he is known to his intimate friends" is a Past Noble Grand of the Oddfellows' Lodge, Past Master of Unity Masonic Lodge, Treasurer of Unity Lodge, also treasurer of the LaHave Chapter, a member of the Knights Templar, and member of the Mystic Shrine. This is climaxed by his interest in Central United Church (where he is a member of the Trustee Board and member of the Official Board.

The Academy extends congratulations to the Mayor on his record of service to the town both in business and in the civic government. The Sea Gull expresses the hope that there will be many years of service ahead.



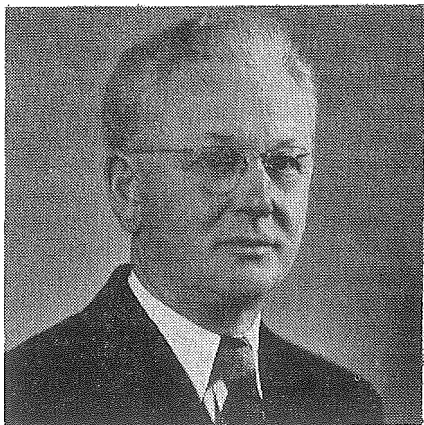
ON THE WATERFRONT, LUNENBURG, N. S.

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH

OF A BUSINESS MAN - MR. B. G. OXNER

By BARBARA ZINCK '48

Mr. B. G. Oxner was born the son of Martha and Arthur Oxner of Lunenburg, April 3, 1887. He has lived in Lunenburg all his life. Mr. Oxner first attended school at the old Academy, and later spent a short time in the present day Academy.



Having left school at the early age of thirteen, Mr. Oxner worked as messenger boy with the Telegraph Company. He was next employed by B. G. Herman, who had a grocery business on the same stand where Mr. Oxner's is today. After seven years, Mr. Herman moved away and Mr. Oxner started his own business. This was in the year 1909. Since then he has worked hard to build his business and today he has one of the best grocery businesses in the town of Lunenburg. Perhaps Mr. Oxner's success is partly due to

his slogan which he has always abided "Quality above everything." Today, as always, he carries nothing but the highest quality of stock available.

Many of the people of Lunenburg will remember Mr. Oxner's china shop which he conducted along with his grocery business about twenty years ago. In this shop one found a great assortment of some of the finest china and crockery ware in Nova Scotia. For a period of about fourteen years, Mr. Oxner managed both stores but due to a growing grocery business had to close down the china shop.

Besides being a very successful business man, Mr. Oxner is a happy family man. In 1921 he married Miss Mildred P. Young who is today widely known for her great interest in the musical world. They have two daughters, Diane and Isabel.

Mr. Oxner has a fine tenor voice and together with the other members of his family has contributed greatly to the musical life of the town. They are all active members of the United Church giving their time and talents to the church choir. Mr. Oxner is also a member of the well known Male Quartette and Male Choir which attended the World's Fair in 1939.

In addition to singing as a hobby, Mr. Oxner also enjoys gardening. During the spring and summer he may often be seen cutting hedges, mowing grass or tending his garden.

LIFE IN NAZI AND FASCIST PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMPS

By F/O FRED G. S. FOX

An Alumnus of Lunenburg Academy

Winston Churchill, Britain's great and fiery war-time premier, said of prison life when he was a prisoner in the South African war of 1899-1902: "It is a melancholy state. You owe your daily bread to your captors and at his discretion. The hours crawl like paralytic centipedes until each hour becomes a lifetime and each day an eternity."

It was my misfortune to find out about this life. In June 1940 I joined

the R. C. A. F. and, after training in Canada and receiving my wings, I went to England and there as a member of of the R. C. A. F. was attached to the R. A. F. After advanced training in England, I eventually was posted to an R. A. F. squadron and we proceeded to bomb targets in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.



The Germans at this stage of the game had captured Crete and so our squadron proceeded from England to Gibraltar and thence to Malta where we were posted as a line of defence in the Mediterranean. Our chief purpose was to guard Malta

and bomb targets in North Africa and convoys operating from Italy to Africa.

All went well until the 11th of November, 1941. That night I shall always remember. Our squadron had a bombing mission from Malta to Naples. We arrived over our target and dropped our bombs all right, but on the way out we copped it and were shot down into the sea in flames. Out of a crew of six, only myself and an Australian "copper" (which is Australian for "pal") were saved as we managed to get into the rubber dinghy of the plane.

After five nights and four days of drifting in the Mediterranean without food or water, we were eventually picked up by the Italian Navy and taken Palermo in Sicily. We stayed there twenty-one days and then went to Rome where we were put in solitary confinement for seventeen days. While in Rome, Japan and America entered the war and Mussolini spoke only a block away from where we were quartered. By all the bell-ringing and cheering,

the poor deluded Italians really thought they had something!

After seventeen days we were moved to our first Prisoner-of-War camp. It was No. 59 near Ancona on the Adriatic Sea. (Our stay in Palermo and Rome had been on airdromes where we prisoners of the Italian Air Force. These were not prisoner-of-war camps.) There were 2,000 P. O. W.'s in No. 59. Most of the lads were English and Australians who had been caught in Libya but there were also some South Africans, New Zealanders, and Sikhs and Gurkas of India, all having been caught in the African campaign. The Canadian contingent in this camp consisted of fourteen other lads and myself - all Air Force - but we were all from the British Empire and the spirit of the camp was 100%.

All were fit, tough and hardy men - had to be in order to stand the gaff, as we were destined to go through experiences which would have killed ordinary people amid peacetime conditions. In addition to the peril of being held by fanatical Italian guards of the Fascist breed, we were constantly tormented by exposure to rain and snow in dilapidated buildings, freezing weather, mud, quagmires, lack of sleep, starvation rations, damp clothing for days on end - in short, about everything imaginable in the form of physical discomforts and stresses and strains. Yet because of superhuman physique and superhuman constitution, nothing daunted the valiant hearts of these my comrades and most of them came through these torments with a reasonable mind.

The year 1941 had now passed into 1942 and the winter months of January, February, March and even April and May were a nightmare of malaria, dysentery, desert sores, jaundice, lice, bedbugs, fleas, starvation and cold. When I first was taken prisoner I weighed 165 pounds but in May, 1942, after being a prisoner for seven months, I weighed now only 115 pounds. The average man in the camp lost forty to forty-five pounds and everyone had to lie down to conserve energy. When you sat up quickly in bed, you had dizzy spells and blackouts.

The Italian daily ration was as follows: For breakfast we had a cup of ersatz coffee. At noon we received four slices of bread, a bit of cheese, and one vegetable or fruit, i. e., one onion or tomato or one orange or lemon. In the evening we had our only hot meal for the day: one ladle of hot macaroni or rice. It was the same day in and day out during that deadly winter of 1941 - 42.

This state of affairs lasted seven months and we figured we couldn't last longer than another seven months but we were destined to be saved by the Red Cross Society. The words "Red Cross" will always burn brightly in the memories of all ex-prisoners of war, especially for the food parcels they shipped to us. By the end of May, 1942 we received word from Geneva, Switzerland, that Red Cross food parcels, clothing, boots and cigarettes were on the way and then on one eventful day our first food parcel arrived. All the guys in the camp were like a bunch of kids when we got our first chocolate, jam, condensed milk, bully beef, etc. We had brews of coffee and tea with milk and sugar, and biscuits with butter, and it was all so wonderful. For the first time in seven months we went to bed without that twinge of hunger - we didn't even mind the lice and bedbugs that night!

A few days later we burned all our old clothes and de-loused the billets with medical equipment received from the Red Cross. With our new utility battle dress, shoes, socks and shirts all clean, we felt like new men and the main thing was that we could now look forward to supplies of Red Cross food coming in regularly. These food parcels came from England, Canada, United States, Argentina, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia. We all gained on an average thirty pounds. I know of no one who gained back his normal weight but we felt in fairly good condition and when we received sport equipment from the Y. M. C. A. we played football (that is, soccer) and softball. We also received books to read and, at long last, mail from home and extra food and cigarette parcels during the summer and fall of 1942.

We still faced an unforgettable ordeal. The feeling of utter and absolute depression was unfortunately only too prevalent amongst all prisoners of war. Only the thought of eventual liberation kept us going. This is understandable when one realizes that rooms contained up to 150 men who had to sleep, eat, cook, perform all other domestic tasks and play cards all in this one room. The beds in P. O. W. camps were so narrow that restless sleepers occasionally rolled off. From a top bed, this meant a fall of some eight feet onto a hard concrete floor. As nearly all beds were three-deckers, those unfortunates having bottom beds were in perpetual darkness; in fact the light even at midday was insufficient for reading.

Our situation was not too bad in the summer but in the winter boredom reigned, with only our own thoughts occupying our minds. We had been prisoners for nearly a year and a half in the winter of 1943 and all topics had been discussed and re-hashed a hundred times. Our letters were so censored and our contacts so limited that we had nothing new to talk about. Of course the big thing now was rumours - rumours of where the armies were fighting and how we were beginning to win.

All new prisoners who arrived in the camp were mobbed for news and we learned from them and also from the Italian press that things were looking up. After Montgomery's 8th Army had rolled from El Alamein out of Egypt across all of Libya and into Tunisia, our slogans became "Roll on the boat" and "It won't be long now." We could tell that the Italians were weakening. They began to treat us better and defeat was written all over their faces. Eventually came the landings in Sicily and then Italy and at long last the capitulation of Italy on September 8th, 1943.

This was our liberation day, or so we thought. Our whole camp escaped as we took over from the Italians and here I could tell some bloody tales of revenge and hatred. It was one grand mix-up. Some of the Italians were with us; others against us. It was a museum of carnage. Men were sleeping on the banks of a river - sleeping forever. Men were floating in the water but they didn't know they were in the water for they too were dead. It was British and American prisoners of war and Italian patriots against Mussolini's Fascists. The latter were trying to hold us to turn us over to the Germans, while the Italian patriots helped us, and we helped them to break the chain that held both of us. We won and for five days we lived in semi-freedom with the hopes the British and Americans would get to us be-

fore the Germans. However the Germans rolled in en masse and we beat it for the Apennine Mountain ranges.

We were 4,000 prisoners of war and some Italian patriots against German panzer men who occupied Italy and we were two hundred miles from the British and American lines. We took all the Red Cross equipment we could to trade with the Italian farmers and we all went in different directions. The Italian farmers whom we found to be very pro-British hid us and fed us and we gave them what meagre supplies of soap, shoes or clothing we had with us. They had none of these articles and were in very poor circumstances, having been robbed of everything by Mussolini and his Fascists.

We had to stay away from main roads, secondary roads, towns and even villages as the Germans were everywhere. We could only travel on mountain passes, through orchards and vineyards, and when we hit a main road we had to watch our chances to cross. We were like hunted animals but always we worked southward and every day found us nearer our lines. Every day, too, we saw deeds of heroism on the part of our former enemy, the Italians, who tried their best to get us through. It is a story of escapes, arrests, dodging here and there - underground life in Italy under German occupation, with German S. S. men as well as Italian Fascist police constantly on our trail.

Many of the details I have to omit, but friendly Italian families who hated Fascism and Nazism played a great part in enabling us to live under



Four Canadian prisoners of war, taken in 1942 in an Italian camp. Front row, left to right: Fred Fox, Lunenburg, N. S., and Alex. Moran, Windsor, Ont. Back row, left to right: Gordon Foster, Montreal, and Danny Almon, Sydney, N. S.

the very noses of the enemy. Naturally some were caught but their capture served as a diversion to allow us to escape. On one occasion four of us who were moving south together were in a church belfry when the Germans entered the church. Several Italian families had been living there since their homes were destroyed. The Germans demanded to know where the British prisoners of war were. The Italians refused to tell and then we heard screaming and groaning as they were being tortured. We beat it by sliding down a rope from the tower but as we were leaving the church and entering a wood nearby we heard machine gun fire as the Germans murdered these people who only a few hours before had befriended us with their scanty stores.

And it was people like these who were executed by the Germans in town squares, in their own homes and even in the sanctuary of the church, but

they continued to hide us and give us scraps of food so we could carry on. The tales are many as we passed the towns of Ascoli, Termo, Pescara, Chieti and moved south all the time. At last we were in the Germans front line only ten miles from Ortona where the Canadians were fighting. We had been loose in the mountains for four months and had travelled nearly two hundred miles. Our shoes were worn off our feet, our clothes were ragged and torn, and we were lousy, dirty, unshaven, cold and hungry as it was now mid-December 1943.

Up to this time it had been the four of us travelling together: myself from Canada, my Australian buddy, and two comrades from America and South Africa. We now decided to split up and the Yank and I teamed up to try to beat the Germans to get to our lines. As we crawled forward we were right under our own artillery fire when fate stepped in against us and we were captured by a German ski patrol who had spotted us from a hillside. This was the day before Christmas, 1943 and never was I so downhearted in my whole prison life. Having been a prisoner in Italy for nearly two years, on the "loose" for four months, half-starved, barefooted and cold, almost reaching our lines and then to be caught by the Germans and again a prisoner of war, no wonder I felt downhearted.

We were now prisoners of the Nazis and we were taken fifty miles behind the lines and put in a German transit camp in Italy. Here the Germans gave us food and here we bathed, shaved and were outfitted with other clothes, old but clean. They burned the stuff we had been wearing. Shoes were the problem, however, as the Germans didn't have any. We finally obtained sandals and in January 1944 when the Jerries had gathered 600 of us unfortunates in this transit camp we departed for Austria.

The usual mode of transport for prisoners in Germany was by cattle cars and it is certainly not to be recommended. The cars were divided into three sections by barbed wire. We had to sleep on the board floor but each section was of insufficient size to permit stretching out at full length. Washing facilities were non-existent and, to add still further to our discomfort, the Germans had removed our boots, belts and braces as a precaution against escape. There were sixty of us in a box car and we were locked in for four days and nights. Remember this was the dead of winter - January, 1944 - and we were moving towards the north of Italy through the Brenner Pass into Austria. Our only food for the four days was one loaf of bread and a can of German bully meat. We each had a bottle of water to last for the period.

When we arrived at a place near Vienna, we all had frost-bitten feet and were unable to walk. We were also very stiff from being in the train so long in such cramped quarters. This camp in Austria was also just a transit camp. Here we received some mouldy bread and cheese but we were so hungry that it tasted like the best cake and candy I ever ate.

We stayed here for six days and then on the move again, this time to Camp 7 A at Moosburg near Munich in Bavaria. We were now in Germany proper and here we were again de-loused. This was a large camp of 35,000 and well organized for food but we were allowed to stay for only six days. This time the Germans separated the Air Force from the Army and we were

now on the way, by cattle car again, to Camp 4B near Dresden and Leipzig.

This was another large camp and here we met our other Canadian friends who had been re-caught in Italy. The five compounds comprising this camp were made of the following personnel: 3000 British, 3000 Americans, 10,000 Russians, 5000 French, and a mixed compound containing Jugoslavs, Czechs, Poles, Belgians, Dutch, Greeks, Norwegians and Italians. The latter were now prisoners of the Germans who regarded them as traitors and treated them as such.

We stayed in this camp one month and were very fortunate to be moved when we were as a typhus epidemic hit the Russian compound. I might say here that the Russians were treated like dogs by the Germans. They were freezing and weak from hunger. They had no fuel and ate their potatoes raw with their bread. Garbage heaps piled up and when the typhus hit the compound they started to die by the hundreds. So many of them died that the Germans had to throw their bodies into big lime pits dug outside the camp. The epidemic spread to the other compounds and prisoners began to die by thousands. Our feelings at this time were so blunted that deaths did not mean anything and life went on without any display of emotion. Yes, we lived through hell right enough and the day the Germans announced that the Canadians were to leave this camp to go to an all-Canadian camp we actually wept for joy to leave this hell on earth.

It was now the 1st of March 1944 and we were on our way to Camp 2D at Stargard, just thirty miles beyond Stettin on the Baltic Sea. This camp seemed like paradise regained and all the lads were Canadians. All the boys who were taken at Dieppe were here, as well as R. C. A. F. lads who had been shot down. The camp was stocked with Red Cross food and the Germans in charge seemed to be a different type from the ones we had previously encountered. This was a prosperous part of the country and big flour mills and a sugar refinery were situated in the town of Stargard. We worked in these plants for a while and obtained lots of flour and sugar from the Germans in exchange for Red Cross cigarettes and soap. Then we went on a cake-making spree as we also had prunes and raisins from our Red Cross parcels. Unfortunately, however, the Germans again said the Air Force lads had to move and by the middle of April, after having been in this good camp only a month and a half, we were en route to East Prussia. We were now headed for Heydekrug, just eight miles from Memel on the Lithuania-East Prussia border. Luft VI, an all-Air Force camp, was situated there. On our way we stayed overnight first in Danzig and then in Königsberg, the capital of East Prussia.

We arrived at Luft VI toward the last of April 1944 and found 6000 airmen at the camp. It was divided into three compounds: one American, one British Empire, and one United Kingdom. This was to be by far the best organized camp I had been in. Everything was run to perfection and we had plenty of sports, books, phonographs, lectures by men in the camp, plays, organized escape committees and underground radios. The latter were used once a day to get BBC news. Two or three fellows ran the radios and a shorthand expert took down the news. This was all done in a secret hideout and after the news was finished it was written out on several sheets

of paper and carried around by special readers from hut to hut where it was read by men eager to hear the news. The sheets were then destroyed. Although the Ge:tapo and German guards (whom we called "goons") searched for this radio continually, they never found it. On one big search the radio had been hidden inside an accordion which was standing on a table in plain view of the Germans but they never thought of touching it. In this way we received BBC news every day and when the cry "Goons up" echoed through the camp we knew the Germans were on the search, so everyone prepared for the emergency.

We were also able to bribe some of the guards. They brought us tubes, crystals, maps, compasses, German clothing and even German soldiers' badges and passports which we used for escape purposes. We were very anxious to get lots of cigarettes in our parcels as they were the chief medium of barter and meant our eating better and being able to contact the outside world. In an existence of soul-destroying monotony and boredom, our ways and means of beating the Germans provided some of the few exciting incidents.

At this stage of the game the invasion started in France and the Russians were breaking through Latvia and Lithuania towards our camp. In the middle of July 1944, when the Russians were only fifty miles away from us and we had hopes of being liberated, the Germans moved the whole camp to Stalag 355, thirty miles from Warsaw, at a place called Thorn in Poland. We again travelled by cattle car and when we arrived at Thorn we had to march about two miles through the city to the prison camp at the other end. The Polish people we now saw had been under the German heel for five long years, and their faces showed a hate more virulent than we had seen in any other of the occupied countries. We also saw people whose faces betrayed a lack of interest in life, who were dejected and completely defeated. Women's hands were bruised, blistered and bloodstained as a result of working for the Germans. Of all conquered countries Poland was treated most savagely. Literally millions of its people were killed, its territory carved up, its towns destroyed, its wealth confiscated, its industries moved. Yet the spirit of resistance by most of its people was never crushed. As we moved through these people, I thought Stephen Spender's lines could certainly be applied to them:

"Those who in their lives fought for life,
"Who wore at their hearts the fire's centre,
"Born of the sun, they travelled a short while towards the sun
"And left the vivid air signed with their honour."

We prisoners of war who had fought starvation to keep alive, who had escaped and been captured again, who at one time or other had suffered the same miseries as these people, tried to cheer them by showing that we were confident of victory over the common foe and that there would be soon a great liberation day. Tears came to our eyes as they gave us a smile and a secret V-sign for one could feel the spirit of these people.

The camp we went to at the other end of Thorn was very primitive. We

had been in bad camps and good camps but this one had a mysterious air about it, like the people we saw and the country we were in. Washing facilities were bad here, the water being pumped by hand into a large wooden tank from which it flowed into troughs perforated at intervals with small holes which served as taps. In most of the other camps I was in, the method of bathing was to throw buckets of cold water over each other. But we figured we were lucky to get any water at all as the Russians, Poles, Czechs and Jugoslavs were rationed pretty heavily on this article.

Every night from lock-up until early morning the compound was patrolled by guards with specially trained police dogs. Sometimes the Germans had great sport with the Russians who were too weak to work. They used to turn the dogs on them and they would bite and tear their skin until they were too weak to stand. Then the Germans would call the dogs off, only to repeat the performance the next day, until finally the poor Russian prisoners died. It was a slow death but thoroughly enjoyed by our captors. In this camp the guards were also trigger-happy, shooting twenty-five American and eleven British prisoners for no reason except possibly target practice.

However, we were soon to move again as the Russian Army broke through to within the reaches of Warsaw. This time we were sent to the other end of Germany near the city of Hanover. It was now August 1944 and every day from our new camp, Stalag 357, we saw swarms of American bombers overhead and every night we heard the R. A. F. and R. C. A. F. on their special missions. We were like the hub of a wheel with such cities as Hamburg, Brunswick, Bremen, Hanover and all the Ruhr valley towns the ends of the spokes of the wheel. Consequently we could see and hear raids by thousands of bombers all the time. Whereas our supplies of Red Cross food were just about finished and the German ration now reduced to only two slices of bread, five raw potatoes and two cups of ersatz coffee a day, we were more than fed mentally to see our own aircraft nearly every day and to know, through our secret radio, just about where the armies were moving in our direction. We all had high hopes of being liberated before Christmas but we were denied this supreme joy because the Germans still had a kick left.

As the year 1945 came in and we were all getting thin and very weak from lack of food, things did not look so good. The enemy were now in the midst of their Battle of the Bulge and, due to lack of transportation, Red Cross supplies were only trickling in. Our camp now contained 12,000 prisoners mostly British Empire, the rest Americans. Our illicit wireless that survived every German effort to discover it told us the news as January, February and March rolled on. It told us of the failure by the Germans in their battle of the Bulge, the breaking of the Siegfried Line, and the crossing by six allied armies of the Rhine.

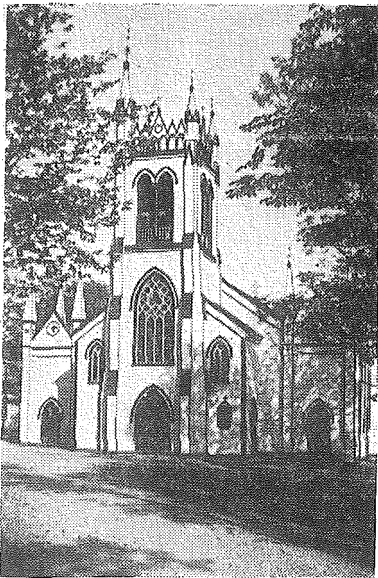
So by April the Germans started to move us again. They destroyed everything we had, burned the camp, and marched us on the road towards the Elbe River in the direction of Denmark marched for nine days on a zigzag course in a column of 1500 men when, on April 12th, a chum of mine and I escaped from the column during a rest period and hid in the woods. We were seven miles from the Elbe River near Luneberg in Germany. Five

Days later the British 11th Armoured Division, the old "Desert Rats", drove the Germans past the place where we were hiding. We stayed put for another twelve hours to make sure and then we came out. I cannot explain in words how good it was to be greeted in your own language by your own comrades and to see the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes flying in the breeze and to eat, to be clean, and not afraid of death again.

I can say for myself and all my comrades that we would not have lived to see that day if it had not been for the Red Cross. Their food saved us from becoming as weak as those unfortunates of Buchenwald. As it was, I weighed only 107 pounds on liberation and all my prisoner-of-war pals were in just about the same condition. The following lines seemed to typify them as they fought to survive:

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 "To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 "And so hold on where there is nothing in you
 "Except the will which says to them, 'Hold on!'"

"Hold on!" That was all we could do, and, in holding on, all these men from the British Commonwealth, United States, France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Holland, Belgium, India, as well as those of other races and creeds, who lived together for so long under conditions which were always unpleasant and often dangerous, got to know each other with unusual intimacy. We established friendships under the worst conditions imaginable and these friendships should cement a closer understanding among the peoples of the various homelands. If so, the hardships will not have been in vain.



ST. JOHN'S ANGLICAN CHURCH

Lunenburg, N. S.

Royal Foundation 1753

The second oldest Protestant
 Church in Canada

THE WEST NOVA SCOTIA REG'T

By CAPT. C. F. WHYNACHT, M. B. E.

An Alumnus of Lunenburg Academy

In commencing this history, it is thought fitting to tell something of the origin, affiliation, colours and badges of the Regiment. All these are very important in the tradition and esprit de corp of any military unit.



The West Nova Scotia Reg't., was formed in 1936 by the amalgamation of the Annapolis and Lunenburg Regiments, both well known Nova Scotia Militia Units. The newly formed Regiment was placed under command of Lt.-Col. G. W. Bullock, V. D. of Bridgewater, N. S.

The history of the Annapolis Regiment dates back to 1869 and that of the Lunenburg Regiment to 1870. Both Units participated in World War I as the 112th and 219th. Battalions, respectively; battle honours being Arras 1917-18, Hill

70, Amiens, Pursuit to Mons and Hindenburg Line.

To date, the West Novas have not been presented with colours, but the colours of the Annapolis Reg't. are deposited in the Museum at Annapolis Royal and those of the Lunenburg Reg't. in St. John's Anglican Church at Lunenburg. It is hoped that in the near future, new colours will be designed, approved by the King and presented to the Regiment.

The badge of the regiment was designed by Francis MacCarthy of Bridgewater, N. S., who was a Sgt. with the Regt. and later fought with the Manchester Regt. in Europe and was captured at Dunkirk. It consists of an eight pointed star topped by the Imperial Crown. The body of the badge is a shield upon which is superimposed the Cross of St. Andrew. In the bottom angle of the Cross is the Schooner Bluenose and in the top angle, the Church of Grand Pre. Each of the side angles contains a Mayflower and in a circle surrounding the shield is the name of the Regiment and the motto *Semper Fidelis*. The Badge is entirely of brass.

It is customary for Canadian Units to be affiliated with Imperial Units for interchange of information and for social reasons. The West Novas are affiliated with the Prince of Wales Volunteers of South Lancashire, England, a very famous British Regiment.

So much for the origin, colours, affiliation and badges. Now we shall continue with the wartime history of the Regiment.

The Unit was mobilized at the outbreak of war in September, 1939 and soon concentrated at Bridgewater, N. S. for training and equipping. The original West Novas came mainly from the South Shore and Valley districts, but later large drafts were received from other parts of the Province and from P. E. I. It was soon known that the West Novas had been selected for the 1st. Canadian Division and in November the Unit moved to Aldershot for further training under Lt.-Col. Bullock.

On December 21st. the Regiment embarked at Halifax on the Polish Liner "Chrobry," and after spending Christmas at sea, arrived in Scotland on the 31st. December, 1939 as part of the 3rd. Brigade of the 1st. Division under General McNaughton. The Unit proceeded to Aldershot and commenced intensive training. During this period the Regiment had the honour of being inspected by their Majesties the King and Queen and by Gen. Gamelin, who was at that time Commander in Chief of the Allied Forces.



Lt.-Col. M. F. Gregg VC MC (later Brigadier and now President of the University of New Brunswick), assumed command of the Regiment in February, 1940, and in May the Unit prepared to embark for France. The fall of France caused cancellation of the move and the Unit assumed a defensive role in the south of England. During the Battle of Britain, the West Novas underwent numerous air raids and it was during this time that the Regiment received its first decoration, when L/Cpl. (now C. S. M.) F. F. Blakeney of Truro, N. S. was awarded the B. E. M. for gallantry during a raid.

The Regiment was in this defensive role and undergoing training of all types until embarking for Sicily in June, 1943. During this time

many changes took place in personnel. Commanding Officers included Lt.-Col. A. A. Ernst, a native of Lunenburg who was later killed in a plane crash, Major J. A. Hebb, Lt.-Col. R. D. King, DSO and Lt.-Col. M. P. Bogert, DSO. This was the long waiting period and training was vigorous. It was remarked that the Unit was trained in every role except that of paratrooper. This period had its pleasant aspects as well, however, and the troops had an opportunity to see England and Scotland and made many friends. Enough cannot be said of the hospitality afforded by the English and Scottish people.

In June, 1943, under command of Lt.-Col. M. P. Bogert, DSO the West Novas sailed for Sicily, and on the morning of July 10th landed on the beaches of Pachino in the reserve brigade of the 1st. Canadian Division forming part of the largest seaborne operation up to this time. It is interesting to note that the Polish ship "Batory" which took the West Novas to Sicily was a sister ship of the "Chobry" and was commanded by the same captain who took the Regiment to England in 1939.

The Regiment moved inland and after a forced march of three days duration in the blistering heat during which time hundreds of Italian troops were taken prisoner, contacted the Germans near the town of Enna. The next night Libertina was taken and the Unit experienced its first real shell-fire. Next the town of Catenanuova was taken and the West Novas pushed on to Regalbuto, Adrano and to the foot of Mount Etna where a halt was called for the Division. The 1st Canadian Division had covered many miles by this time and had left in their wake, among other German formations, a completely thrashed "Herman Goering Division", one of the most famous German Divisions.

After a short rest period during which the Unit was honoured by a visit by the 8th. Army Commander General (now Field Marshal) Montgomery, the West Novas took part in the assault on the mainland of Italy on the morning of September 2nd., 1943. Opposition was light and the Unit soon took its objective and thereafter began a long series of mountain fighting, river crossings, forced marches and the capture of countless strongly held towns which led to the battle of Ortona. Towns such as Potenza, Foggia, Luiera, Jelsi, Campabasso, Castel-de-Sangro and the Morro River were won at heavy cost by the men of the West Novas.

In the battle for Ortona, the Regiment went in a battalion strong and held their ground at the end with a strength of one hundred and seventy-five Officers and men. It was here that Lt.-Col. M. P. Bogert, DSO was wounded and the Regiment came under command of Lt.-Col. R.S.E. Waterman of Vancouver, B.C., who later was also awarded the DSO for leading the West Novas in a subsequent battle.

Next began the long winter of static warfare and it was far from a pleasant winter. Living in slit trenches was seemingly impossible. There was snow, sleet, rain, mud and more mud. In spite of this, the West Novas crossed No Man's Land each night patrolling and carrying the battle to the enemy. Rations, ammunition and supplies had to be taken in at night by mules, and the hearts of all went out to the boys who night after night drove old Italian mules through the mud and shell-fire.

This type of warfare went on until April, 1944 when the 1st Canadian Division was relieved by the 10th. Indian Division and the West Novas moved back to Campobasso for rest, training and re-equipping.

The next big battle in which the Regiment took part was the battle of the Gustav and Hitler Lines which included Cassino and opened the way for the capture of Rome. The West Novas were one of the Units spear-heading the attack and were, in fact, the first troop through the line. The casualties were heavy but the hopes held on in spite of numerous counter attacks and then took part in bridging the Melfa River after which the Division was withdrawn for rest and re-organization. Next came a faint attack on Florence followed by the Battle of the Gothic Line. This line consisted of heavily fortified natural obstacles running across Italy from Rimini to Pisa. Fighting was from hill to hill and from river to river. During these engagements the West Novas encountered their old enemies, the 1st. Paratroop Division, and during August and part of September, 1944 helped to crack the Gothic Line taking the town of San Lorenzo, moving on to capture San Fortunato Ridge overlooking the town of Rimini. The Division then moved into reserve for a short time and later on in late October and early November took part in the capture of Cesena and the crossing of the Savio River.

At the end of November the West Novas entered the battle of Lombardy Plains and crossed the Montone River against heavy opposition. Christmas was spent near the village of Godo and although more pleasant than in 1943, left much to be desired. There was a good Christmas dinner however, mostly at the expense of the local poultry raisers, and the festivities were supplemented by free issues and parcels from home.

The Regiment then drove on to the Senio River, took part in the capture of Rimini and after a few more months of hard and weary fighting, prepared to leave Italy. On the 20th. March, 1945, the West Novas embarked at Leghorn for Marseilles, France, landing on the 22nd. of March, 1945.

The Unit moved through France, Belgium, across the south west corner of Germany and into Holland to join the 1st Canadian Army. continued in action until V. E. Day and were instrumental in driving the Germans from the Dutch city of Apeldoorn and other smaller towns. The fighting conditions in this sector were much better than in Italy and the boys were glad to be re-joined with the Canadian Army, although all were proud to have been a part of the famous '8th.' under 'Monty' and his successors in Italy. The months that followed V. E. Day were taken up with disarming and evacuating German naval personnel from the area of The Hague. This period was marked by the wonderful reception tendered by the Dutch people and the many parades staged in the various Dutch cities. Relations between the troops and the Dutch were extremely friendly and as the boys put it 'It's a wonderful place to end the war.'

The repatriation program was begun and drafts left for the Occupational Force and the Pacific Force, the number of volunteers for the latter being very high. All this resulted in the going of many old faces. When the men

of the West Novas at last marched down the gang plank at Halifax there were few left of the old '8th. Army Dogs' who landed on the beaches of Sicily.

The west Nova Scotia Regiment suffered approximately fifteen hundred casualties, four hundred and ninety of which were fatal. Decorations and medals awarded for gallantry were comparable to other units and, in all, the West Novas gained the reputation of being second to none as a fighting Unit and were praised from the highest military levels.

Some of the officers and men of the Regiment decided to make the army their career and the flashes and badges of the West Novas are much in evidence around the headquarters' and in units of the newly formed permanent army.

The Reserve Force Battalion of the West Nova Scotia Regiment has its Headquarters at Aldershot and is presently in the process of organization under the command of Lt.-Col. A. V. Banks, MM who commanded the 2nd. Battalion during the war.

This Reserve Unit will perpetuate the West Nova Scotia Regiment and we may rest assured that if occasion arises the West Novas will again give a glorious account of themselves and will always live up to their motto 'SEMPER FIDELIS.'



COMMON SCHOOL TEACHERS

Front row, left to right: Miss Ruth Hamm, Mrs. Arnold Zinck, Miss Marion Adams, Miss Maria Maguire. Back row: Miss Mary Johnson, Miss Verna Adams and Mrs. Thomas Black.

LUNENBURG'S 'RUBE GOLDBERG'

By MADELYN RANDALL GORDON SCHNARE '47

A junk-yard in a basement? That is certainly what it looked like; this workshop of "Lunenburg's 'Rube Goldberg' ". In one corner stood what seemed to be a surf-board, and at his work-bench, George Himmelman was deeply engrossed in cleaning a greasy, grimy, oily, steering-case - a fugitive from the town dump. In the middle of the floor was seated Cyril Fulton, with the appearance, both in face and position, of a Comanche on the war-path. In front of him stood a motorcycle engine, recently rescued from a cobweb-infested cow-stable. After dismantling the engine and putting it together again, Cyril was waiting in vain for the cough and sputter which would prove to him that the pistons were timed to the second, the magneto was not missing a spark and the fuel line was clear as algebraic differentiation.

Suspense? The air hung heavy with it! Would it or would it not go? For our safety (in case the whole kaboodle blew its top) we rather hoped it wouldn't. We waited. It didn't cough and choke, in fact, nothing happened. So with disgust and disappointment, George sold the engine (which had been given him) for ten dollars and with this profit and a loan from his father, George went to the country the next day to buy a Delco engine and generator which had formerly been used in a lighting plant. No repairs (thank goodness!) were necessary to this engine, as it was in use up until the day George bought it.

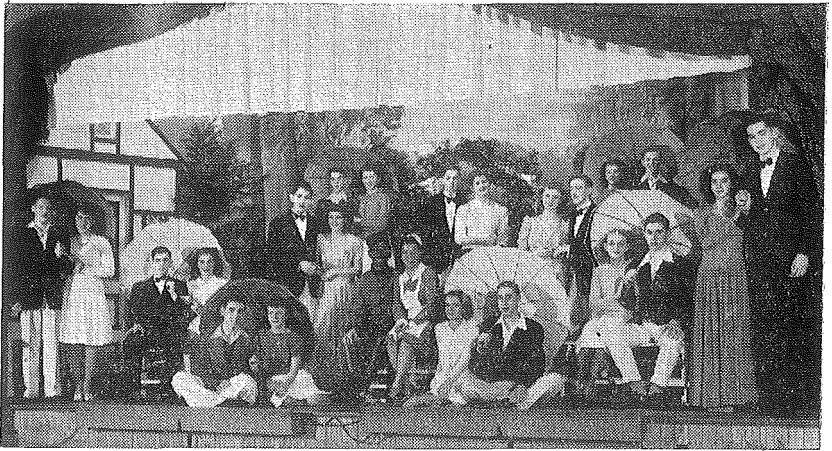


With this new part, our inventor, and his new assistant, Duff Sweeny, began work in a more hopeful frame of mind. To the wooden structure which was not a surf-board but the base of his auto, George fastened the Delco and geared it up with belt and pulley to a motorcycle wheel, which was placed toward the front of this structure. Up front, his assistant fastened the old car seats which had also been procured at the town dump.

Later both boys began working on the steering case and a pair of old Ford V8 wheels which had been obtained from a friend's garage. After making final connections, it was decided that the project had outgrown its work-shop and movement was necessary.

The front wheels were removed and with the help of many friends, the crude arrangement was removed from the basement and placed on a wheelbarrow. It was hoped that the car would go under its own power, but the young inventors were in for another disappointment. The pulleys weren't arranged in the right ratio to propel the motorcycle wheel. Thus it was necessary for two friends to provide the power - at the wheelbarrow.

Above the noise of the engine could be heard the anxious shouts of some very sleepy neighbors. Was it an atom bomb or a car back-firing? It was finally brought to rest in its new home, but since examinations were approaching, the work was abandoned, and was never resumed. George had planned to buy a motorcycle engine (in working condition) and if this failed to work, he planned to direct his inventive interests toward building a speed boat. This dream has never materialized, however, and George remains "Lunenburg's Rube Golberg" on the merits of his first invention.



HEARTS AND BLOSSOMS

December 1944

Seated (left to right): Douglas Meisner, Janet Deal; Donald Hiltz, Vivian Rattray; Maxwell Cluett, Diane Oxner; Marie Hynick, Arnold Corkum; Carol Zinck, George Himmelman.

Standing (left to right): Aubrey Mosher, Jacqueline Berringer; Arthur Hebb, Barbara Miller, Arthur Eisenhauer, Marjorie Mosher; Greville Morash, Alice Bald; Jane Himmelman, Harry Spindler; Betty Feener, Eric Collins; Mary Iversen, Donald Tanner.

A TRIP TO MADAGASCAR

By LLOYD ZINCK AND CAROL ZINCK '48

On the tenth day of March, 1946, the "Cancais", a square-rigged ship, docked at the port of Tamatave, Madagascar, thus completing her long journey from Halifax, Nova Scotia.



The "Cancais" carried a crew of fourteen, consisting of the following men: Captain George Corkum; First Mate Paul Myra; Second Mate William Snow; Chief Engineer John Meiner, all of Lunenburg; Second Engineer Joseph Ferry, Newfoundland; Third Engineer Eric Sarty, Bridgewater; Chief Steward Gordon Acker, Lunenburg; Mess Boy Murray Lohnes, Lunenburg; "Sparks" Leon Fitzgerald of Hubbards; sailors Harris Mosher, Lunenburg; John Miller, Joe Fiy and Frank Aylward of Newfoundland; Supercargo John G. Hope of New York City.

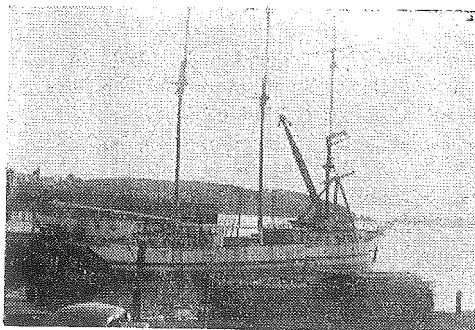
It was with this crew that the "Cancais" left the port of Halifax on December 22nd., 1945, with a general cargo.

The first port the "Cancais" stopped in was Port of Spain, Trinidad. After a five day stop, she continued her course to Natal in Brazil, where five days were spent. It was from Natal that the "Cancais" sailed across to Cape Town on the tip of South Africa.

The crew visited a considerable part of Cape Town and found it to be a beautiful city, having many spots of interest, and very modern. It is situated on the shores of Table Bay, named after Table Mountain, a great flat mountain which overlooks the city. Having gone up the mountain by means of an elevator, the men state that Cape Town has truly beautiful scenery. The city itself is modernistic, for it has electric busses and beautiful large buildings, including the City Hall, the Castle, Houses of Parliament and the National Art Gallery. Other

places to be seen are the Rondebosch residence of the Governor-General, Rhode's Memorial "Physical Energy", the University of Cape Town, and the Simonstown Naval Station.

It was at this port that the "Cancais" made her last stop and setting sail again, arrived at Tamatave, Madagascar, thus completing her voyage.



Except for the first three days out of Halifax, when the wind blew quite strongly, the entire trip was made in fine weather. The "Cancais", an Auxiliary Barquentine, was rigged with sails and had two 200 h.p. engines (making a total of 400 h. p.) Having been sailed to Madagascar for the purpose of delivering her to her new French owners, the ship along with her cargo was immediately handed over on her arrival at Tamatave.

It was seventy-eight days after leaving Halifax that the "Cancais" and her crew arrived at their destination in Madagascar. The crew remained there two months while waiting for transportation back to Canada. Thus the crew learned a great deal about the island and the life that is carried on there.

Madagascar is a French island off East Africa. (The following description, given by men who delivered the "Cancais", is to be applied chiefly to the city of Tamatave and the surrounding district). The land is flat, and except for the pavement of the cities, is all sand. Madagascar has a hot climate and the temperature may vary from 115 degrees to 120 degrees, with a great quantity of rain in certain seasons. Mosquitoes are numerous in different districts and it was the misfortune of several members of the "Cancais" crew to contract the dreaded disease known as malaria. To the Supercargo, John Hope of New York City, it proved fatal, and he was buried at Tananarive, the capital of Madagascar.

We are told that the inhabitants of this French island are from 70% to 80% coloured people, the remainder being white and of French descent. As to religious faiths, the Roman Catholics are much more numerous than the Protestants. The Roman Catholics including about 80% of the total population. There are schools maintained for all the children, both colored and white. Generally speaking, the colored children go to public schools and the white children to private schools. The schools in Madagascar are much different from ours here in Canada, and they hold only one session a day, commencing at 8 o'clock in the morning. Their clothing is extremely different from ours, and on the whole is far behind in style. For example, the dark natives wear only a simple garment consisting of an ordinary bag with holes cut in it for the head and arms, and secured around the waist by a string. Dark children in Madagascar, and their parents, are never seen wearing shoes. It is only white people who wear coverings for their feet. The others go to school and to church barefooted, and do not mind the hot pavement, as they are used to it.

The industries of Madagascar are not highly developed (and in the opinion of the men who gave this description) the farmers and the manufacturers are approximately one hundred years behind us in their methods of working. The water buffalo are their beasts of burden. The buffalo are poorly harnessed, used either in pairs or singly. These animals have a second use, and that is for food. Meat, of many varieties, is the chief food of Madagascar. Fish is also used, and farmers raise ducks and hens in some areas. A striking fact of the farming industry is that little cereal is made available for the people's use. It is quite an uncommon food in Madagascar. One of our most common foods, butter, is not used at all. In its place is olive-oil.

Generally speaking, the colored inhabitants of Madagascar are literally slaves to the white man and work for little or nothing. Many of them operate the farms and factories receiving just enough wages on which to live. The chief manufacturing industry is that of leather making. One of the articles in which they do specialize is the manufacture of crocodile leather goods, which are really very beautiful. They also manufacture chocolates in certain areas, but they are of an inferior quality.

On the whole the buildings of Madagascar are poorly equipped, being void of any modern appliances. For example, there are no bath facilities of any kind in the homes, and no system of sewerage, not even in the hotels. The only bathing facilities they do have are crudely constructed showers built out-of-doors. About the largest and busiest place in the cities of Madagascar is the market. Everybody "goes to market" to buy food, curios, baskets and everything in general.

The theatres provide the chief entertainment of the island, but they feature largely French shows. Their sound equipment is inferior and it is not all modern. Some of their theatres are open all around the sides and have only a roof for protection from the weather. Swimming is the chief sport, but there is no salt water bathing because of the sharks. They have pools of various sizes, but we might judge their condition from the fact that in the majority of them, the water is changed only once a week.

Communication is another item of interest. There are no motor-taxis in Tamatave. Instead they use rickshaws drawn by the natives. For those who can afford them, there are bicycles. It is surprising to us to discover that there is a train running out of the city only once in every two days. They have a plane system which links Tamatave with the capital, Tananarive.

Although the people of Madagascar are backward in many things, it must be admitted that the ports of the island truly excel in their system of docks at Tamatave for unloading ships are modern, provided with up-to-date equipment. They were built under the supervision of German surveyors before the war, and serve all the large ships which carry on the trade of the island.

It was from this interesting country and the kind of life described above, that the crew of the "Canalais" set sail on June 9th. They were finally on their way home, having obtained passage on a French troopship, "Felix Roussel", to Cape Town. Continuing on an American ship, the "Marine Tiger", from Durban, they made only one stop, in Port of Spain for fuel oil; and arrived in New York City. On reaching Montreal and finally Lunenburg, the trip was ended, and the crew of the "Canalais" had completed their long, interesting voyage to and from the island of Madagascar, covering a distance of some 20,000 miles.

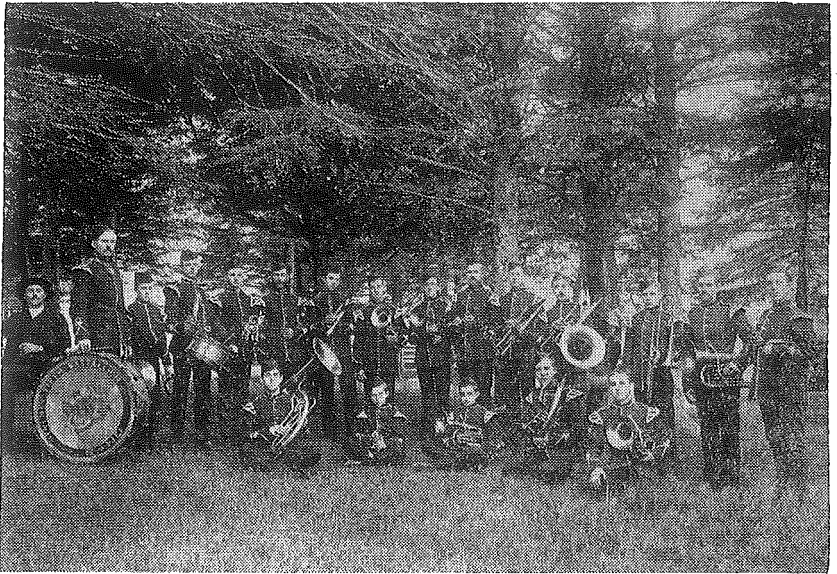
LUNENBURG BANDS - PAST AND PRESENT

By VIOLET BAILLY, FRANCES BOURQUE '48

From the past come memories and recollections of a great musical people. Many of them were highly skilled musicians, although none of them really reached the professional stage. However, they were a fine group of musicians, these bandsmen, who knew what really good music was, and played it with all their heart and soul as though music were born in them. The music-minded critics were the everyday workers and their families who gathered together once a week under the stars for their weekly entertainment. The magnificent enthusiasm of the people was the main reason why our bandsmen have been able to do justice with their instruments, for without the interest and response of an audience, a band is certainly lost. Yes, those were the days of 'Il Trovatore' and 'The Chimes of Normandy', the days when Lunenburg's bands were at their great peak of achievement.

Thus we begin the brilliant life-story of "Lunenburg Bands, Past and Present."

75th BATTALION BAND ABOUT 1885



Dr. Polly, Alfred English, Charlie Zinck, Mic Backman, Willy Langille, George Townshend, Clarence Jeffery, Roland Nauss, Robert Berringer, Charles Jeffery, Sr., J. T. Arenburg, Arthur Hebb, James Anderson, Fred Morgan, Willy Townshend. SEATED IN FRONT: Albert Anderson, Howard Anderson, Robert Beck, Sam Mack, Willy Heisler.

We can trace our bands as far back as eighteen thirty-seven, the year of the coronation of Queen Victoria. This band was called the "First Artillery Band"! Another band was formed about eighteen fifty-three, and again in eighteen sixty-seven, the time of the Fenian Raid. This band was later attached to a Battalion in eighteen eighty under the name of 75th. Battalion Band. At this time the bandmaster was Charles Jeffreys, an ex-soldier of the British Army, who was a competent conductor. Four years later he resigned and moved to the United States.

With Jeffrey's resignation, the position was filled by William Delaney, formerly of St. Patrick's band, Halifax. Mr. Delaney being a first-class musician, could play both reed and brass instruments, and compose music. The first piece he composed was called "75th Battalion March." He also composed a set of Quadrills called "Merry Folks" and while the band was running an excursion to Deep Cove, he wrote a set of waltzes called "The Ashpotogan Waltzes. He resigned in eighteen ninety-six.

The band had its first camp in Lunenburg at the Cricket field, where the home of Capt. Colin Ritcey now stands. In eighteen eight-eight the band went to Aldershot where it had to compete with five other bands, but always proved the best. From that year on, the Battalion and band went to Aldershot every two years.

Mr. Delaney's vacancy was filled by one of his talented bandsmen, John T. Arenburg who was noted for his performance on the cornet. Having the band for only a short time however, Mr. Arenburg went to Yarmouth to become the conductor of the band there.

During his absence the 75th Band was taken over at different times by Sheen, Rhuland and Selig.

After Mr. Arenburg returned from Yarmouth, he again took over the band. It was during his years as bandmaster that the band gained its fame throughout the Maritimes and across Canada. This was probably due to the fact that bandmaster Arenburg was known to be the most thorough musician and the best bandleader in the province and also because there was such an understanding and a sense of co-operation between leader and bandsmen.

While playing at the Dominion Exhibition at Halifax in nineteen nine, the band was given a cheque for two hundred dollars by Harry DeForest, a tea merchant from St. John. Also because of their wonderful musicianship, the band was given an offer to play at the great Mechanics Exposition at Boston, the following year. After many arrangements and recommendations were made, the band was finally able to accept the offer of a two weeks engagement.

The 75th Battalion Band was the first Canadian band ever to play at such a fair in the United States. On every bill board, in every large daily and weekly newspapers in Canada and the United States, the 75th Battalion Band was brought conspicuously before the public. "One of the crack-regimental bands of the Dominion of Canada". "No equal in Eastern Canada", were only a few of the remarks which appeared in the newspapers. During its two weeks' stay, the band received great praise from many prominent Americans, and it became so popular that from the beginning of their regime the door receipts increased greatly.

75th BAND AT THE MECHANIC EXPOSITION, BOSTON, MASS., 1910



FRONT ROW: Bellew, Halley, DeBlack, MacDougall, Beare, Covey, Arenburg, Meyers, Allen, Covey, Barnes. SECOND ROW: Damphier, Murray, Eckons, Sperry, Abbot, Smith, Beck, Hebb, Spidle, Frizzle. THIRD ROW: Wilson, Emeneau, D. Hebb, Freeman, O'Brien, Inglis, Morash, Wade, Anderson. FOURTH ROW: Smith, Hirtle, Houstman, Zwicker, Rhuland, Croft. LAST ROW: Streeter, Zinck, Boileau, Thurlow, Slauenwhite, English, Whynacht, Seaboyer.

When World War One broke out, Bandmaster Arenburg enlisted and went overseas as leader of the 106th Battalion Band. Bandsman St. Clair Smith took over the local band during the war years until nineteen when Mr. Stanley Thurlow, who was formerly bandmaster of the 63rd. Rifles, Halifax relieved Mr. Smith. Mr. Thurlow had much experience as a conductor and was a skillful performer on any musical instrument. He continued to conduct the organization until nineteen twenty-three, when he resigned as a conductor but still remained with the band as an active playing member.

During the years following the first World War, positions for bandsmen were quite scarce and the United States offered many fine opportunities to Lunenburg's young musicians. The result was that in nineteen twenty-three a large number of the men left to take advantage of the golden opportunities in the U. S. A. This migration weakened the band greatly, and for a number of years, the few faithfuls, about fifteen in number, tried to entertain music lovers of the town to the best of their abilities. Fortunately, however, as years went on, young players were trained, and soon the membership increased to thirty members. As the young players became more experienced on their instruments the standard of the music gradually improved and the band began to receive numerous engagements outside of the town playing in most of the South Shore towns, several

towns in the Annapolis Valley as well as in Halifax and Dartmouth.

A re-organization of the Non-Permanent Active Militia took place in nineteen thirty-six and the band became the Regimental Band of the West Nova Scotia Regiment and continued in this capacity until nineteen thirty-nine, when the Regiment went overseas to play a prominent part in many of the battles of World War Two. The band musicians of Canada's N. P. A. M. were not only trained musically but were also trained as stretcher-bearers and became experts in First Aid. With the outbreak of war, those young members who were physically fit, proceeded overseas, with the W. N. S. R., and during the advanced training period of the unit, the musicians provided Martial music and entertainment for the personnel of the Regiment.

When the unit moved into the fighting zone the bandmen exchanged their instruments for First Aid Kits and stretchers and were the subject of much favourable comment from Senior and Junior Officers and from men of other ranks. One member, Sgt. Jack King was awarded the Military medal for gallantry. Four of the number paid the supreme sacrifice, namely Roy Young, Harry Schnare, Gerald Smith and Horace Smith.

The following is a list of the bandmasters following Bandmaster Thurlow's resignation until the band proceeded on active service with the West Nova Scotia Regiment.

- 1924—Cecil Rodenhizer
- 1925—C. W. Seaboyer
- 1926—H. D. Silver
- 1928 - 1939—Capt. R. H. Beck.

When proceeding on active service, Capt. Beck was detailed to other duties and the direction of the band was taken over by Sgt. F. J. Rodenhizer.

The Regimental March of the West Nova Scotia Regiment "Wesnova" is a composition of Capt. Beck and was written for and dedicated to the Regiment in 1937.

Besides the Military bands there was also a Lunenburg Civilian Band organized in 1897, under the direction of Allen R. Morash. This band took first prize at a band contest at Halifax at one time. When Mr. Morash retired, he passed the band over to Robert Loye who was one of the best cornet players in the Maritime Provinces.

There was also, for a time, a Church of England Fife and drum band under the leadership of a young artist named Archibald Morash who was organist of the church.

Shortly after the W. N. S. R. went overseas, Mr. A. H. Sperry re-organized a band with the remaining few, most of whom were probably Lunenburg's best. Around the year 1943 when the Sea Cadets were formed, Gerald Schnare, a very talented musician, re-organized the band which became attached to the Sea Cadets. From that time until just recently the Sea Cadet Band has given many fine performances, and praise must be given to its clever leader. In 1946 the Sea Cadet Band was disorganized,

leaving our town, which for so many years has been noted for its outstanding musicians, without a band; the first time in 110 years.

It is hoped that in the not too distant future something will be done to revive the keen interest in band music which was so evident in the past, that will bring her forward again as a leader in music of an instrumental nature.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

By AUDREY WARREN '49

The Students' Council represents the Student Body and carries on, practically all the Student activities of the school. It organizes committees for morning assemblies, decorating, dances and skating parties. These representatives plan all the parties, dances and games and see that all plans are carried out for the enjoyment of the audience. Many times during the school year apple or sandwich sales are put on by the Council. Apple sales are one of the attractions at the School Exhibition which is presented in the school every year. These sales are carried on to earn money for sport at various games, or other expenses such as donations. Some of this money is usually voted every year for cuts in the school magazine.

All plans must be approved first by the Principal before they can be put into force. If he approves, the Students' Council immediately sets to work to get on with the plan. It is here also that the splendid co-operation with the Principal deserves special mention. He very seldom fails to spend a few minutes with the Students' Council at every meeting. The Principal's advice and eagerness in the Council's work is greatly appreciated by all its members. It is he who gives the Students' Council great support in their work and whenever there is doubt in the minds of the representatives on a discussion, the subject is taken to the Principal who advises them what the best plan would be and how it should be carried out.

This year the first meeting of the Students' Council was held on September 13th in the School Library where all meetings of the school are held. At this meeting the officers and representatives of the Council were chosen.

The officers chosen at this meeting were as follows:

Betty Haughn from Grade XII as President
 Arthur Smeltzer from Grade XII as Secretary
 Carol Zinck from Grade XI as Vice-President
 Glenn Beck from Grade XI as Treasurer.

Besides the above mentioned, two people were chosen from each grade except from Grades VII and VIII and are as follows:

Grade X James Tupper, Audrey Warren
 Grade IX Lillian Thornhill, Lynn Corkum
 Grade VIII Gordon Prince
 Grade VII Marion Zinck.

Meetings of the Students' Council are held every Friday morning at 8:30. The representatives are expected to bring one pupil from each grade to represent their class. An advisor, who is one of the teachers, attends

each meeting and advises the students on the best method of planning their work. These advisors usually take turns to attend the meetings.

An account of what the Students' Council is doing is given every second week to morning assembly by the Secretary. In this way the Students come into closer contact with the governing body of the school.

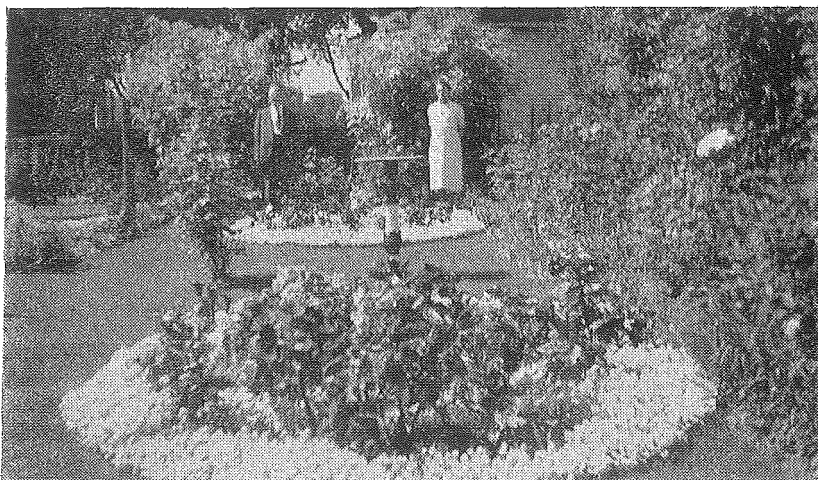
A still more important work of the Students' Council which deserves mention is the deciding on the designs for school rings, crests, pins and sweaters and to order and distribute these articles.

Some time ago it was decided to draw up a constitution for Lunenburg County Academy Students' Council and the Council is working on the subject at the present time. By this constitution, representatives will work according to the laws of the Council. The plan was suggested to the Students' Council by the Principal who is greatly in favour of the move.

Thus we see what an important job the Students' Council is doing; and we all join in congratulating them for their splendid work.

THE SMITH FLOWER GARDEN

By MARILYN MASON '47



A flower garden of outstanding beauty is that of Mr. Jessen Smith. It was started as a hobby in 1932 on what was once the Old Jail property.

The general design has always been the same consisting of two beds containing tubercous begonias, golden foliage, with a border of alyssum. Tea roses and climbers serve as a border too. There are eighty rose-bushes. On the east is a perennial border of phlox and spring flowers. Both beds and borders utilize different plants to give a continuous bloom. Added attractions are the lawn accessories of Colster blue spruce, Japanese Maples and Japanese Yews.

The summer beauty of this flower garden attracts much comment. As late as December sixth, 1946 Mr. Smith picked a bouquet of pansies.

THE ANDERSON GARDEN

By MARILYN MASON '47



One of the special attractions of our town is the Anderson garden. It is one of the oldest gardens in Lunenburg, being over one hundred years old. It has been in the Anderson family for three generations. For this reason and because of its outstanding beauty, the Andersons have always taken a special pride in their garden.

The layout of the Anderson garden is very artistic. It is situated on a hilly slope, facing Montague Street. Its design, which is the same as the original one, consists of four squares, edged with cobble-stones. Two of these squares are at the head and two are at the foot of the garden. In the center are three round beds containing respectively, petunias, geraniums and snap-dragons. On each side of the garden are borders consisting of lupins, spirea and sweet william.

The garden is filled with various flowers from early spring to late summer. In spring, its variety of tulips, lilies, narcissus and banks of Arabis, Aubrietila and Phloex Subulata are a revelation of beauty. Next in season are the rambling roses and canterbury bells. Then come the later summer flowers such as petunias, phlox, stocks and snap-dragons. These flowers remain a mass of bloom until frost comes.

The Anderson garden is a special attraction to tourists visiting our town from all parts of Canada and the United States. It has been painted by noted artists several times and the paintings have been exhibited in famous art galleries.

“THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW”

By JOHN BALD '49

Readers of this article might wonder what “There Oughta Be a Law” is about. Well I’ll tell you. I am what is known in the business world (my business) as a professional woman-hater. The average person might say that I show myself to be mentally deficient by making that remark! Hah! Just you wait until I tell you my reasons for disliking the weaker (?) sex, and I’m sure that you will sympathize with me.

My school year in grade ten started out well enough, with everybody pretty glad to get back to the old grind. On the first day of school there was hard concentration, with new and strange things confronting our inquisitive minds. The whole class was worried about the fact that exams came so quickly; and there was not much time for making school a social centre. I must say that during the first part of the school year, I had no cause for complaint. In fact, I was very well pleased with the whole set-up. The first real break occurred when one of the most popular girls in the room got shifted to the front of the room; to the seat ahead of me. This started the misery of my school days. In grade nine, I had her sitting in front of me until, in desperation, I had my seat changed. Now, I thought to myself, “This time I am going to get her seat changed.” But before I succeeded in doing so, she made me a wreck. I was ready for the mental hospital by the end of a week, until I really relished my Saturdays. This certain girl used to spill my ink and ruin my books with lipstick! Bah! And turn around! Why that dame didn’t know what was written on the front board half the time! She was always having a gabfest with the Cleopatra of grade ten.

While I am on the subject of this certain girl, I might as well tell you what is my greatest complaint against girls in general. Ah you lucky people who are out of school! You don’t have to cope with the wiles of desperate girls. The problem of atomic power sinks into insignificance when the power of girls comes into existence. What other power can within ten seconds cause otherwise normal strong fellows to make fools of themselves? I shall now state the girls’ technique.

A boy has just found out about passing a test. He is so happy that he fairly glows. He spots in the offing, some girl whom a boy has just jilted. He glances at this girl with a pitying look. At this exact moment (some of them have gotten it down to a science), this girl just happens to straighten her stockings! The amazed boy’s eyes pop out! He does a tail spin, and a dive! Before he can pull out of the dive, the prepared female rushes forward to the attack and ties the popped-out eyes of the poor fellow in a knot. He thereupon becomes so dizzy, that by the time he becomes unravelled, he finds himself “going steady.”

My dear friends, I have witnessed this sight many times, and I must say it is really pathetic!

THE SCHOOL EXHIBITION OF 1946

By MAXINE LOHNES '48 AND MARILYN MOSHER '49

It is the opinion of many citizens of the town that this year's exhibition was one of the best ever held in the Academy. The auditorium was open for inspection in the afternoon and the evening.



As usual each grade had art exhibits which displayed the talents of the students. These exhibits varied extensively from crayon colored pictures by the younger children, to painted scenery by the High School Art Students.

The various grades were represented by a large variety of handiwork. A special prize was awarded to Phyllis Hall for a quilt. Other articles included: knitted dolls clothes, crocheted handkerchief edges, diamond socks and scarves.

The Flower Show, as usual, proved a great success. Many varieties of flowers chosen for both beauty and quality "caught the eyes" of the spectators. Such a display seemed to give the auditorium warmth and color.

This year, as in previous years, the Academy displayed the various articles of the Mechanic Science Department. This special department included in its exhibits the usual tables, lamps, book-ends and other useful articles. These boys show great promise in their work.

Pictures were shown by Mr. Collins with the new movie projector, which was purchased this year. The pictures proved to be interesting and they were thoroughly enjoyed by both parents and students. The pictures were as follows: 'Daredevils on Ice', 'The Circus', 'Puddy the Pup (Home Wanted)'.

Apples were purchased by the Students Council and sold to the parents and Students for five cents each.

This year for the first time in the history of the School, we had a Hobby Show. As an added attraction it proved successful and showed the special abilities and interests of the students. There was a large display of stamp albums, scrap books, post cards, aeroplane models and other small articles. Gordon Lace exhibited a fine variety of three hundred match books. Several oil paintings by Carol Zinck proved to be very interesting to all. Many of the High School Boys showed a great interest in the war by bringing in various war trophies. Gilbert Falkenham exhibited a large collection of pictures, both scenic and of persons, which he had taken. Gerald Knickle also had a fine display of photographs, which he printed himself. Although this

was the first year for the hobby show it was such a success that it will probably be repeated in future years.

All in all, the exhibition is said to have been outstanding, not only because it has demonstrated what the boys and girls can do, but because it shows the co-operation between pupils and teachers. With such co-operation we can hope for each year an attractive Exhibition.

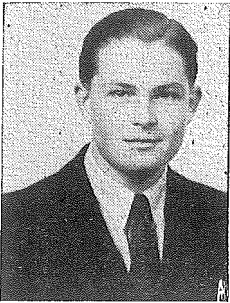
IRAQ AND MIDDLE EAST OIL

from

Lt. A. R. H. Thomas, R. A.
6th. Fld. Regt. R. I. A.
R. I. A. Depot and Records
Muttra, U. P.

(Note: Lt. Richard Thomas attended this Academy during the late War. He is a graduate of Acadia University. He has been kind enough to send Principal Collins this survey of the oil situation in Iraq. Richard suggests that readers use a map of this part of the world to follow the geography involved.)

While spending six months in Iraq there are many things which strike one. The fertility within one hundred yards of the rivers, surrounded by the sterility of the desert. The stench of the cities; the appalling poverty of its people; the ability of its thieves; and the strict adherence to the purdah system. Its rampant bribery, corruption, and its vice. But most striking and perhaps most indicative of world affairs today is its role in this, the "oil era."



Formerly solely a pastoral economy, the income of Iraq is now derived from its small but efficient fruit-bearing areas on the banks of the rivers and in the NE Hills; and the oil which began in the North at Kirkuck but is now found increasingly in the salt soaked deserts of the south.

Iraq's part in the Middle East oil industry is at first sight twofold. That is to say its friendly Regent and boy - king and its democratic government permit oil to be piped without let or hindrance from Persia through Kirkuck. and so on to the Mediterranean port of Haifa.

Added to this must be the use of its cramped, but efficient, docking and piloting facilities on the Shatt El Arab. This river with Basrah at the navigable head of it allows ships to get into Aberdon, on the Persian border; where a magnificent oil refinery of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Coy. is situated. Thus its cordial relationship with Persia is seen to be of strategic value in the whole oil industry of today.

Its second role, which may prove soon to be of greater importance than the first, is its increasing ability to actually produce oil. As has been writ-

ten, production began in the North at Kirkuck; and the recent announcement that American capital is to be invested in the laying of two more pipes down to Haifa, is indicative that production there is likely to increase. While in Southern Iraq drilling and testing has begun, and both official and unofficial reports about these operations are very encouraging.

The problem of getting this Southern Iraq oil to its market either in Europe or in the Eastern American markets is difficult but not without a possible solution. If it is to be refined then it will be, presumably, piped across to Aberdan and from there by the normal tanker route. Unless, of course, more refineries are constructed.

If, on the other hand, it is to be shipped out in its natural state, it could be shipped out of Basrah or piped down the coast to Kuwait, Beherein, or Aden. There is also the possibility that oil from these southern fields will be piped across the Transjordan and Palestine to join the main Kirkuck pipe at Haifa.

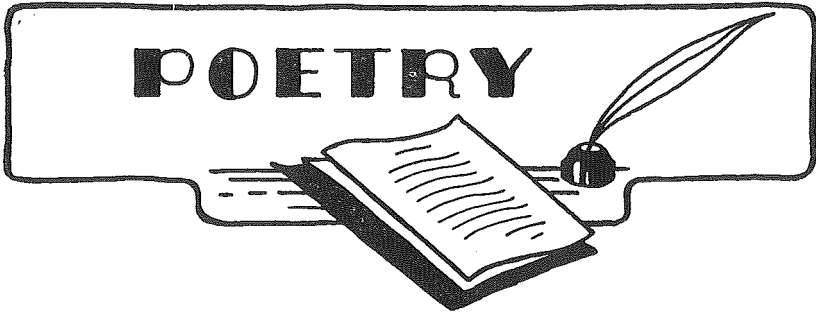
The possibilities are many and when the potentialities of this country are viewed together with those of Persia, Arabia, and Kuwait; and these linked up with the geopolitics of the area; and the diminishing oil resources of the U. S. A. are considered; then there is much food for thought. To present more than a precis of the importance of this industry, and to link it with the events of the times in the Middle East, which are perhaps of the greater headline value, is an immense task; and one which few people are qualified to tackle. But if I have provided the above food for thought, then I have succeeded in my intention.

FRIDAY WITH THE A CLASS

By VIVIAN M. LANGILLE '47

We start the morning with Algebra,
 And study the functions of x.
 As soon as we get through that ordeal
 We're in History up to our necks!
 French translation starts with a bang
 And we learn the story "Le Chien du Capitaine."
 Trigonometry - that means work!
 It's one of the things we just can't shirk.

At 1.15 we rush like mad
 To set up equipment in Chemistry lab.
 Social Problems is next, you see,
 So it's down to the room for the gang and me.
 Back to the lab. for two hours more -
 By the time we're through we can just reach the door!
 But we all wear a smile instead of a frown
 Once out of the school and heading downtown.



SPRINGTIME

By DOROTHY L. MOSHER '50

Ah! the lovely springtime,
 With birds and flowers gay,
 That is just the right time
 For hiking, fun and play.

I love to wander through the woods
 And pick the flowers sweet,
 Or trip along the neighbourhood
 And talk to friends I meet.

The birds sing merrily in the trees,
 Their chirp is sweet to hear,
 The rustle of the solemn breeze
 Brings memories to my ear.

Now think and tell me quickly -
 Is there a time so dear
 As the lovely Springtime
 Compared to all the year?

NIGHT'S APPROACH

By GEORGE GREEK '50

Gray shadows take the place of blazing light.
 As darkness warns us of approaching night,
 Window panes are slowly filled with fire
 And the dark sky from the east crawls higher.

The sun will soon be lost behind the hills,
 And the moonlight will be dancing on the rills,
 The stars will twinkle brightly in the air,
 And all the world will know that night is here.

A PICTURESQUE FIREPLACE

By JOHANNE ZWICKER '50

We sat by the fire,
Just puppy and I,
Watching the colorful
Flames leaping high.

Miniature fairies in
Miniature places.
Fantastic people,
With strange new faces.

Sparkling castles,
Glistening caves,
Beautiful oceans
With white capped waves.

We were watching intently
When we saw a chunk fall.
But it spoiled our castles,
People and all.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE

By LINDA RITCEY '48

Did you ever watch the sun go down
Crowning the west with a golden crown?
Did you ever stop to wonder why
The sun sets in the western sky?

On a winter's day, did you ever look
At the water trickling in a half-frozen brook?
Did you ever stare at the snow-laden trees
And wonder who made such things as these?

Did you ever watch the clouds float by
Like beautiful islands in the sky?
Did you ever think as you watched them go
Why these many strange things are so?

These wonders of nature and many more,
Come from the wealth of nature's store.
We are constantly surrounded with beauties like these,
The earth, the sky, the birds and the trees.

THOUGHTS

By LYNN CORKUM '50

Sometimes one's thoughts drift far away,
From all the earthly noise,
Into a deep, deep sea of dreams
That's filled with priceless joys.

Where grief and sorrow are unknown
Where wars have ne'er been fought,
And dull thoughts are unheard of;
And criminals are unsought.

Of lands in calm blue seas,
Of purple mountains tall,
Of towering trees and lovely flowers,
And castles, ships and all.

Here there are no labourers;
All hours are spent in leisure,
Except to hunt, or fish or such,
Or search for hidden treasure.

NIGHT OF WONDER

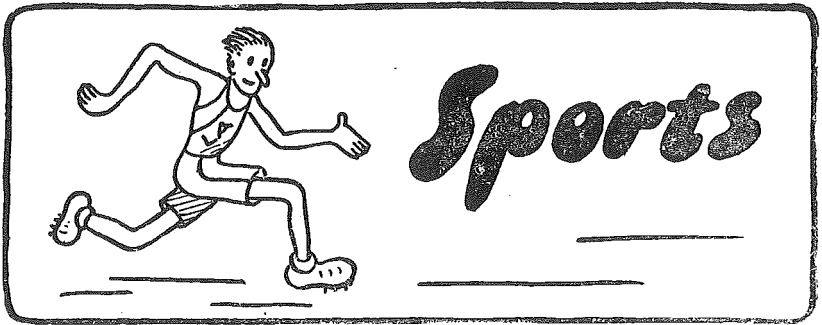
By JEAN SHOLDS '47

The sky was like black velvet,
The moon a golden sphere,
And stars and planets glistened
From their stations far, yet near.

They shone, so cold, inanimate,
On rocks surrounding caves.
Their reflection on the harbour
Made a glitter on the waves.

The trees were shady giants,
Swaying gently in the breeze,
And the ripple of the waters
Met the rustle of the leaves.

We gazed in wordless wonder
At the beauty of the sight;
Then, awed by nature's splendor,
We softly whispered good-night.



GIRLS' SPORT

By MARY IVERSEN '48 and KAY MILLER '47

It was only a short time ago that the sport of basketball was unknown to the Lunenburg Academy pupils. Today, besides there being Intermediate and Junior teams, the pupils of Grades V and VI are taking a great



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW (right to left): G. Hewat, K. Naas, V. Dauphinee, (Captain), A. Naas, G. Wilneff.

BACK ROW: S. Miller, R. Levy, D. Mosher, M. Zinck, D. Heisler, L. Hannams.

interest in learning the game. In 1946 the Intermediate Team, because of much hard work, was able to become the Interscholastic Intermediate Champion of Nova Scotia.

The first game of the Intermediate girls with an outside team was play-

ed at Liverpool on February 15th. The following Friday the return game was played on our home floor. The score was 12 for visitors and 21 for our school.

On March 22, the Intermediate girls played Annapolis Academy. Annapolis won with the score 14-11. The following Monday these two teams played at Lunenburg. The home team ran up a score of 19 while Annapolis scored 13 points.



GIRLS' INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS

Girls' Intermediate Basketball Champions of Nova Scotia

FRONT ROW (right to left): M. Iversen, M. Lohnes, J. Collins, (Captain), K. Miller, E. Butler.

BACK ROW: B. Haughn, C. Zinck, B. Zinck, M. Hynick.

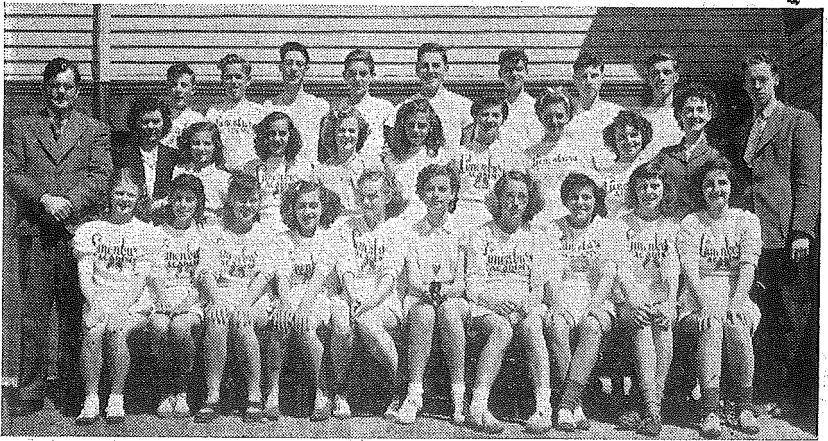
The next thing the girls had to look forward to was a trip to Wolfville, April 5, to play their High School team. The girls had the thrill of playing in Acadia Gymnasium. The score was 21-13 in favour of Wolfville. The next Friday, April 12, the return game was played. The Academy girls on their home floor were able to make up the eight points and win with a six point lead. This game was the most exciting one played in the schedule.

It was then necessary for the girls to play Amherst. On their floor our girls were able to win with a score of 16-15. On April 20, the last game of

the series was played at Lunenburg. It was at this game the Lunenburg girls won the title of the Nova Scotia Interscholastic Intermediate Basketball Champions for 1946. The total score for the series was 38-28.

The Junior girls had a thrill in an exhibition game with the Alexandra Junior High School on April 6. On April 13, the return game was played in Halifax at the Stadacona. The Lunenburg Junior girls were again defeated.

The girls owe much to Miss Jean Macdonald, Mrs. John Meisner and especially Miss Phyllis Westhaver for their fine work in coaching the team. Many thanks are also extended to Mrs. Howard Creighton for her good work in refereeing the game. Miss Jean Macdonald and Mrs. John Meisner merit praise for their work with the Junior Girls. We realize that our future players come from the Junior High School.



JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM

WIMPY

By MARILYN DEMONE '52

Wimpy is my little dog,
His hair is snowy white;
And every time he sees me,
He's filled with sheer delight.

He wags his tail and "whinsles",
And jumps right off his feet;
He makes the wierdest noises,
No dog could ever beat.

He can't do very many tricks;
He really isn't smart,
But if I'd ever lose him;
'Twould surely break my heart.

BOYS' SPORTS

By ART SMELTZER '47, CYRIL FULTON '47

Last year 1946 proved to be a very successful one for Lunenburg Academy in sports. We had good basketball teams and, for the first time since the beginning of the war, Track Teams.

In Basketball our junior boys went to the Provincial Semi-Finals, the senior boys to the Provincial Finals, and our girls team won the Provincial Interscholastic Intermediate Championship. On February 15, the Basketball teams journeyed to Liverpool. In the afternoon, our Junior Boys lost a hard struggle 10-9; while in the evening the senior boys lost to the Liverpool quintet 21-17. The following week the Liverpool squads came to Lunenburg but lost all three games. The scores were as follows:

Junior boys: Lunenburg 21, Liverpool 6

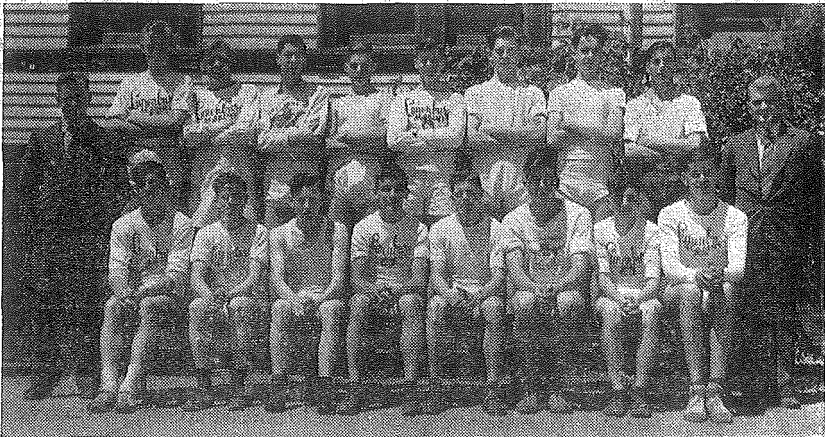
Senior boys: Lunenburg 27, Liverpool 18

On March 22nd. the Wolfville Senior boys came to Lunenburg but were defeated by our team 41-13.

The senior boys visited Wolfville on April 5th. The boys trimmed the Wolfville squad 40-21 with Art Eisenhower dropping half our team's points.

The next day the Alexandra Junior High teams from Halifax visited our town and won both games with our junior boys and girls. The Alexandra Junior boys beat our boys by a score 23-14.

A week later these junior teams went to Halifax but fared no better and lost by a high score on a 96 foot floor at Stadacona.



HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM

During the Easter vacation, the Glace Bay boys' team visited Lunenburg and returned home with the championship. The first game on April 23 was won by Glace Bay 32-19. The next night our boys came back to win in a rough game 20-17 but lost the series and championship.

The practice for the track teams began with Fred Fox, Jr. as coach. On June 1, a group of boys motored to Wolfville to compete in the Acadia Relays which were being run once again.

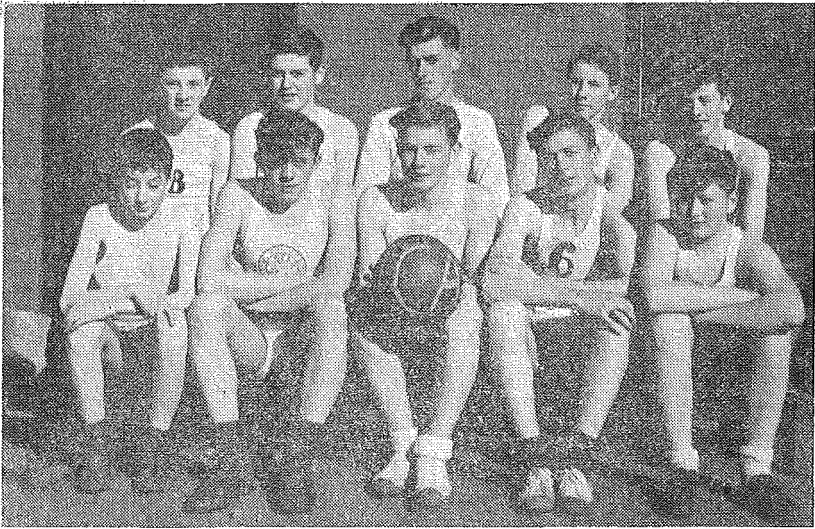
The day was cold and damp but nevertheless the races were held. There were three classes in which to enter, Class A comprising boys of 18 years and over, Class B, boys 16 to 18 and Class C, under sixteen. Lunenburg entered the two latter classes and placed 3rd. in Class B with 23 points while we were last in Class C with 14 points. Medals were presented by the Queen of the Apple Blossom Festival. For Lunenburg Art. Eisenhauer, Cyril Fulton and Gerald Knickle were outstanding in Class B while in Class C, J. Ritcey and E. Zinck were the best.



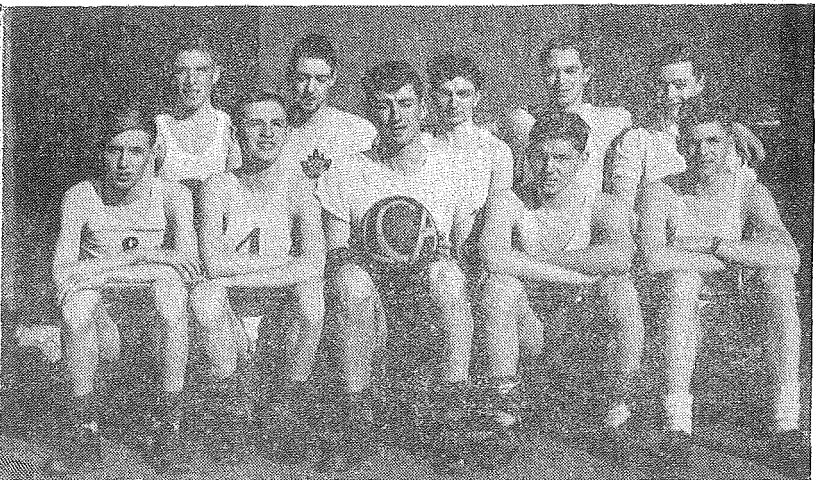
JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TRACK MEET AT BRIDGEWATER, JUNE 1946

In June, the Junior High track meet was held at Bridgewater. Both boys and girls competed. The boys accumulated 21 points. Lunenburg placed third, which was only three points behind the winner, Liverpool. Ritcey was high scorer for the boys team with $8\frac{1}{2}$ points. The competition was very close in all races.

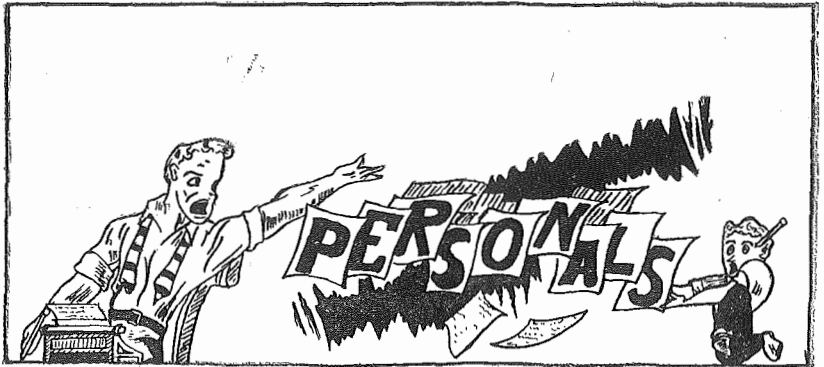
Thus we see that last year was a banner year for sports in L. C. A.



PROVINCIAL FINALISTS IN JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL
 FRONT ROW (right to left): P. Potter, D. Heisler, G. Prince, (Captain),
 D. Emeneau, J. Ritcey.
 BACK ROW: K. Ellis, V. Mason, R. Haughn, E. Schnare, G. Greek.



INTERMEDIATE BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM
 FRONT ROW (right to left): J. Tupper, P. Tanner, G. Schnare, (Captain),
 L. Knickle, G. Knickle.
 BACK ROW: A. Clbett, L. Zinck, A. Smeltzer, J. Ritcey, B. Haughn.



CLASS OF 1947

Doris Berringer is attending Bridgewater Commercial School.
 Lillian Berringer is employed in Sodero's Grocery Store.
 Gwendolyn Corkum is taking a correspondence course.
 Lucy Gerhardt, Jacqueline Berringer and Vivian Tanner are attending the Maritime Business College.
 Barbara Lohnes is employed in Rudolf's Store.
 Reginald Saunders is taking a pre-medical course at Dalhousie.
 Clarence Smeltzer is employed with Imperial Oil.
 Lynwood Sawler is employed in Simpsons in Halifax.

CLASS OF 1946

Lucille Knickle is employed in the Dominion Store, Lunenburg.
 Marie Creaser, Carolyn Mossman and Charlotte Ritcey are attending Mount Allison University.
 Vivian Rattray and Arthur Eisenhauer are attending Acadia University.
 Diane Oxner is taking a course in Physical Education at Boston University.
 Shirley Daniels is at present teaching school in Garden Lots.
 Douglas Meisner is employed at Zwicker & Company.
 Vernetta Reinhardt is working in the office of Dr.'s Tupper and Anderson, Lunenburg.
 Iris Westhaver is teaching school at Martin's Brook, Lunenburg County.
 Jane Himmelman and Marjorie Mosher are planning to study to become Laboratory Technicians.
 Maxwell Cluett is attending King's College, Halifax.
 Donald Tanner and Robert Crouse are attending Dalhousie University.
 George Himmelman is employed at present at the Lunenburg Foundry.

SCHOOL NEWS 1946 - 1947

By JANET DEAL '47

May 8: The Board of School Commissioners purchased a new moving picture machine.

May 15: Track was started for both Junior and Senior boys. Junior boys were to compete at Bridgewater and Senior boys at Acadia University.

May 22: Home Nursing Classes of Grades X and XI gave a public demonstration in the Assembly Hall directed by Miss Frances Kidd, V. O. N. Nurse.

May 29: The sum of \$47.38 was contributed by the school children to the Walter Callow Fund. This drive was made to help provide buses for crippled veterans of the recent war.

June 5: The annual Musical Festival was held in the Capitol Theatre and the Assembly Hall of our school.

June 5: Eighteen boys from L. C. A. attended the track meet at Acadia University. Lunenburg came third in class "B" with 28 points.

June 12: Final examinations for this year were written by the entire school.

June 22: School closed officially for the term 1945-1946.

June 25: Provincial examinations were written by Grade XI and XII students.

The final High School dance for the school year was held at the end of the month.

Sept. 5: The school year of 1946-1947 began. Election of Student Council Members was held with the following results.

President—Betty Haughn, A.

Secretary—Arthur Smeltzer, A.

Treasurer—Glenn Beck, B.

Vice-President—Carol Zinck, B.

Representatives—Audrey Warren, James Tupper, C.

Lillian Thornhill, Lynn Corkum, D.

Gordon Prince, Grade 8.

Marion Zinck, Grade 7.

Sept. 20: The students of Lunenburg Academy were given a reinforcing dose of diphtheria toxin.

Sept. 27: The annual school exhibition was held in the Assembly Hall. The exhibition was more varied this year, including a Hobby Show and a show of moving pictures. Flowers, chemistry and biology tables, handicrafts and manual training crafts also made a fine display.

Oct 7 - Oct. 12: This was Fire Prevention Week. Colonel Wright, Fire Chief of Nova Scotia, gave the students an interesting talk.

Oct. 9: Mr. W. F. Kinley gave the students a talk on the History of the Red Cross; and the relationship between the Senior and Junior Red Cross at the Junior Red Cross meeting.

Oct. 9: Fifty hymn books have been purchased by the school for assembly purposes.

Oct. 11: The first High School Party of the year was held.

Oct. 14: Choral Club commenced with the grand number of ninety-three girls and twenty boys. To help the clubs \$50.00 worth of gramophone records have been purchased by the school.

Oct. 15: The students from Grades VII to XII inclusive wrote an Intelligence Test.

Oct. 23: Miss Marjorie Bell gave the students an interesting talk on nutrition at the Junior Red Cross meeting.

Oct. 25: An auction was held in the Assembly Hall for the purpose of raising funds for the Athletic Association. The sum of \$24.10 was realized.

Oct. 31 - Nov. 1: The school had two holidays due to the Teachers Institute meeting at Mahone Bay.

Nov. 4: A High School Hallowe'en Masquerade Party was held.

Nov. 13: This week was Education Week. A large number of interested parents and citizens visited the school on the occasion.

Dec. 4: An Art Exhibition was held in the library to choose, from a group of reproductions of paintings by Canadian artists, a number of pictures to replace the old ones in the classrooms.

Dec. 17 - 18: The annual Christmas Concert was held. The concert consisted of presentations by the Common School and an operatta, "Sailor Maids", presented by the Choral Club.

Dec. 19: Christmas vacation began with the closing exercises for High School. Mr. A. F. Powers was the guest speaker.

Dec. 20: Closing exercises for the Common School took place. Rev. R. Fowlow was the guest speaker.

Dec. 20: A Christmas Party was held under the direction of the Students' Council.

1947

Jan. 6: School opened after two weeks of enjoyable vacation.

Jan. 20: The first debate of the season was held between Grades VII and VIII. The topic was "Resolved that summer holidays should be shortened in favor of a longer winter vacation." Grade VIII, upholding the negative side, won the debate.

Jan. 20: All pupils from Grades IV to XII inclusive, desirous of having a Patch Test for tuberculosis were given one.

Jan. 22: The second inter-class debate was held between Grades IX and X. The topic was, "Resolved that a new auditorium and gymnasium be built adjacent to the school within the next five years." Grade X, upholding the affirmative side, won the debate.

Feb. 3: The school held a skating party on the Back Harbor, after which the students went up to school where refreshments were served.

Feb. 10: An interesting debate took place between Grades XI and XII. Grade XI won the debate, the title of which was, "Resolved that public voting in Canada should be restricted to persons with a Junior Matriculation."

Feb. 10: The Athletic Association was successful in raising \$8.53 from two sandwich sales.

Feb. 21: Liverpool basketball teams came to Lunenburg to play our teams. The Junior Boys and Senior Girls won; the Senior boys and Junior Girls lost.

L. C. A. won in hockey over Liverpool by a score of 3 - 2.

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

Feb. 26: Bridgewater boys played L. C. A. boys in the first League game to-day. L. C. A. lost to Bridgewater with a score 29 - 27.

Feb. 28: L. C. A. basketball teams went to Liverpool to play four games. Senior Girls, Junior Boys and Girls won; Senior Boys lost.

The scores were:

Senior Girls—Liverpool 11, L. C. A. 19.

Senior Boys—Liverpool 37, L. C. A., 13.

Junior Girls—Liverpool 6, L. C. A. 11.

Junior Boys—Liverpool 7, L. C. A. 16.

March 6. The Junior Boys and Senior Girls competed with the teams of Milton at Liverpool. The score of the Junior Boys, which was an exhibition game, was 22-15 in Milton's favor. The Senior Girls of L. C. A. won over Milton Girls with a score 31-8.

After the games both teams were entertained by the Milton teams.

March 7: The Second League game was played between Bridgewater Boys and L. C. A. Our Boys won with a score 35-14.

March 14: Two basketball teams arrived from Milton. The Junior Boys of L. C. A. who were only playing an exhibition game, won 22-15. The Senior Girls of L. C. A. won by 31-12, taking the series by a score 62-20.

After the games all the teams went to the school where they were entertained at a party.

March 20: Students commenced the second set of examinations.

March 28: The Senior Girls basketball team went to Wolfville to-day. Wolfville Girls won the game with a score 17-9.

April 3: Two teams were visiting Lunenburg from Wolfville to-day. L. C. A. Boys won the exhibition game with Wolfville Boys with a score 17-9. Senior Girls of L. C. A. won their game with a score 17-5 winning the series with a score 26-22.

April 14: Students returned to school to-day after ten days Easter vacation.

April 18: The Junior Boys of L. C. A. played Amherst Boys in the first play-off game, winning with a score 16-13.

April 23: The Junior Boys went to Amherst where they lost the game by the score 21-11, losing the series with the score 34-27.

April 28: Glace Bay Girls visited Lunenburg. The Senior Girls of L. C. A. won the first game of the series with the score 24-18.

....April 29: The second game was played between Glace Bay Girls and the L. C. A. Girls. Lunenburg won the second game by a score of 25-15, winning the Intermediate championship with the total score of 49-33.

"A CLASS" PROPHECY

By SYLVIA LOHNES, JEAN SHOLDS '47

Dear old L. C. A. extends her stately welcome in the bright summer sunshine. As we two climb the hill, we cannot help feeling a bit wistful about meeting all our old classmates again. Ten years have passed since we bade good-bye to our school days, and now we are having a class reunion.

Although we were pals back in forty-seven, we two have met but few times since, so our conversation this morning is chiefly taken up with "filling in the empty blanks." Sylvia has been spending her time as a successful nurse at the Lunenburg hospital. Jean's work has taken her to central Canada, where she is a librarian. She also spends some of her spare time writing stories for magazines.

But as we approach the familiar, foot-worn steps, we are joined by Vivian Langille. Unlike many of our ex-classmates, Vivian did not have far to come for our reunion. Vivian has been spending her summer vacation at her home. Her winter months are occupied teaching school at other points in Nova Scotia, and she is bubbling with enthusiasm about her work.

Now we reach the top of those back-breaking stairs, and enter the new, remodelled assembly hall especially decorated for the occasion by Madelyn Randall. She has made quite a reputation for herself doing interior decorating in New York. So many old, familiar faces around us! It reminds us of the old days, with Gordon Schnare at the front of the room cracking jokes and annoying the teachers. Today Reverend Schnare is looking quite solemn, as he discusses world affairs with Marie Hynick. From what we have read in the papers recently we find that Marie is a very successful missionary in India.

Vivian is leading us over to another group of friends. Here we find young Doctor Lloyd Knickle and his wife, the former Jane Bailly! They are just like a pair of turtle doves. Lloyd is throwing her tender glances, while Jane gushes, "Darling you are the most distinguished person present." Do we recall certain ink-throwing incidents?

In this group we also find Betty Haughn and Cyril Fulton. Betty tells us she is working as a physical instructress in the West, and loving it. We have already heard about Cyril's new drug store.

Just now, Gilbert Falkenham rushes up to say hello. Right away, he pulls out a wallet full of pictures of beautiful girls. Same old Gibby! We know that he must like his job working for an escort bureau!

Marilyn Mason and Alice Nowe have just arrived. Marilyn and Alice are working in business offices. They are joined immediately by Dr. Graham Knickle, who is rushing around renewing old acquaintances. Although Graham is a dentist, we hope he is not pulling any teeth today.

Speaking of Knickles, we find ourselves face to face with Gerald's camera. Gerald cannot forget that he is a photographer, even for today!

Wonder what's causing the masculine interest over there? We might have known! Janet Deal, who is modelling in Montreal, is chatting with Errol Zinck, Duff Sweeney and Arthur Smeltzer. Quite a varied group they

are! Errol a budding politician, Duff now has an orchestra of his own, and "Joey" managing a great industrial plant, which manufacturers sports equipment!

Surely we have not missed Alice Bald?! Oh, there she is, telling an interested group about her experiences as a social worker in Europe. Her listeners are William Himmelman, Kathryn Miller and Herbert Ernst. Billy always did like construction, and now he is an engineer. Kay has made her career nursing and Herbie is running a flourishing grocery store.

All this time we have been hearing beautiful music coming from the piano. Could it be - yes, it is Betty Feener. She has really made a name for herself as a concert pianist.

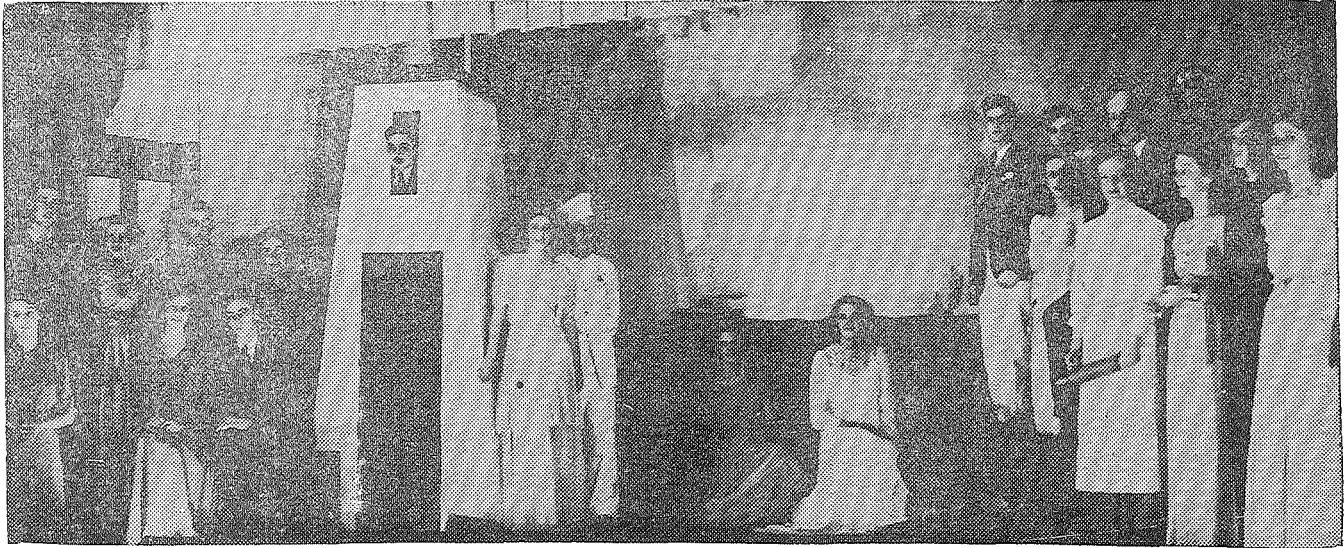
Mr. Collins, who is still Principal of the school, is about to open the ceremonies. As everyone hastens to get seated, we cannot help reflecting that it is good to be young again.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

From right to left: Betty Haughn, (President), Carol Zinck, (Vice-President), Arthur Smeltzer, (Sect'y) James Tupper, Lynn Corkum, Glenn Berk. (Treasurer), Gordon Prince, Lillian Thornhill, Marion Zinck, Audrey Warren.

Note: Mr. Philip Backman, an alumni of this Academy, has been kind enough to write a special feature article about his friend, Earl Bailly. M. L. J. Zwicker, Art Dealer of Halifax, has assisted by writing a criticism of Earl's Art. Also we are indebted to F/O Fred Fox and Capt. Cecil Whynacht, graduates of L. A., for their interest and co-operation. Naturally we are all curious about our Norwegian Friends of Honningsvaag, Finnmark.



SAILOR MAIDS

December 1946

Left Front: Betty Feener, Florence Feener, Greville Morash. Left Back: Jerome Ritecy, Johanne Zwickel, Herbert Ernst, Marilyn Himmelman, Alfred Cluett. Centre: Frances Bourque, Loyd Zinck, Marie Hynick, Elizeabeth Gilding. Right Front: Phyllis Hall, Betty Haughn, Violet Bailley, Kingsley Ellis, Jane Bailley. Right Back: Jimmy Tupper, Arthur Smeltzer, David Smith, Godron Schnare.

**Betty Feener "Bones"**

"Most people agree school dances are fun, but Betty still dreams of the second one"

Betty, our choral pianist, is the witty type. She's a good sport and does not take the Grade XII boys' pranks too seriously. She has great interest in music but is not certain what career she will follow. With a smile like hers, she is certain to succeed.

**Cyril Fulton**

Cyril's chief sport is basketball. In addition to being on the school team, he is President of the Boy's Athletic Association. He also finds time to play a trumpet in a local orchestra. His future is a question mark.

**Betty Haughn**

"At Basketball she is a whiz - This blonde who's known by all as 'Liz'"

Betty, who has always taken an active part in school life and work, was appointed our Students' Council President this year. Although she has been given a great deal of responsibility, she still finds time for basketball, piano and other activities. Betty plans to study Physical Culture.

**William Himmelman "Billy"**

Coming from Rose Bay, Billy joined our happy gang this year. Not much is known about his life outside school, except that he can play the violin. Although his hobby is making models of ships, we wonder about his plans for the future.

**Marie Hynick**

"What an ad for Pepsodent!"

Marie has attended L. C. A. since her third year of school, and came back this year as a special student in Grade XII. She is an avid sports' fan with a special passion for hockey and Syl. Apps. Marie's activities include basketball Choral Club and post card collecting, her ambition is to be a deaconess.



Marilyn Mason "Shortie"

"On the street she's seldom seen;
But about Sinatra she's very keen."

Marilyn, a fine student, enjoys music both classical and popular. Although she is not a lover of all sports, she takes great interest in swimming. We can picture her in the future as an efficient secretary.



Kay Miller "Kato"

"The gal with the grin!"

Kay is a pleasant girl, and she always has a bright smile. She enjoys all sports, especially basketball. She is President of the Girls Sports Association. "Kato" has a great weakness for a certain dark-haired Romeo. Kay thinks that she will study Home Economics when she finishes school.



Alice Nowe

Since Alice keeps her outside affairs silent, we still wonder where her M. N. pin came from. She intends to study a business course, but her pet ambition is to become a newspaper reporter. The best of luck to you, Al.



Madelyn Randall "Midge"

"She's nearer heaven than most"

Midge has been with us all through school, and always manages to stay around the top of the class. The piano is Midge's special toy. Her hobby is painting Pennsylvania Dutch on furniture. Future? It is a dark secret. By the way, she is co-editor of the Sea Gull.



Gordon Schnare

"Why let the devil have all the fun?"

Even though Gordon intends to study theology, he still loves to play tricks and to tease. Gordon likes to play basketball. He has been a member of the school team for two years. He will also be remembered as Captain "Addiah" Dover.



Gerald Knickle

Through many years of hard study, Gerald has succeeded in getting his Grade XI certificate. Now he is struggling for Grade XII. Since the time his father installed a Ford engine in his boat, he has become interested in the mechanical world. Furthermore, he is interested in Chemistry and possesses ability for designing both wooden and steel ships.



Lloyd Knickle

"A small guy with a lot to learn." The above statement may contain some truth, if Lloyd carries out his plans to study medicine. Although he is a well meaning chap, Lloyd sometimes succeeds in annoying people and we wonder why he and a certain girl are always disagreeing. We shall be watching Lloyd's career.



Graham Knickle

Graham joined our class in Grade 8, when the Newtown school closed. He takes a keen interest in sports and girls. His present ambition is to get his Grade XII certificate. Then he plans to take a business course or a Bachelor of Commerce degree.



Sylvia Lohnes "Tibbie"

"A smiling-eyed lass is she,
As cheerful as can be."

Sylvia started at L. C. A. in Grade III. She works hard at her studies and is a good student. She has not decided her future, but she is considering either teaching or nursing. She will be a competent worker at either one and she will make a success of her career.



Vivian Langille

Vivian joined us in the ninth grade. She has a mischievous twinkle in her eye, and we wonder if a certain boy about town has anything to do with it. Vivian has not decided her future vocation, but we know that she will succeed in whatever she undertakes.



Jane Bailly "Janie"

"I know the answer to that"

Jane is one of our best students, and we never cease to marvel at her ability to make excellent marks. She enjoys good literature and good music. Her greatest flair is for chemistry, and she may make it her career, after obtaining a B. Sc.



Alice Bald "Al"

"Never a dull moment when Al's around"

Alice joined the class in Grade VII. She takes an active part in all school activities and is co-editor of the Sea Gull. For the past three years Al has been an excellent cheer leader. She is noted for her fine soprano voice, but her ambition is to go to Baltimore to be a social worker.



Janet Deal "Wid"

Janet joined us in Grade V, hailing from Riverport. Although she studies, plays basketball and is circulation manager of the Red Cross, she still has time for the boy with the stride. Her future plans are left to fate.



Herbert Ernst

"He hasn't very much to say
But it's always a happy day"

Herbert hails from First Peninsula. He appears to be quite a lad, but when anything happens he is in it as thick as anyone. Like most boys, Herbert is interested in all sports.



Gilbert Falkenham

"Gibbie" is one of those fellows who possess many hobbies. Cartoon drawing, collecting snapshots and writing letters occupy a sizeable portion of his time. His association with many school activities have made him an interesting individual.



Jean Sholds "Jeep"

"My gosh! what do they think we are?"

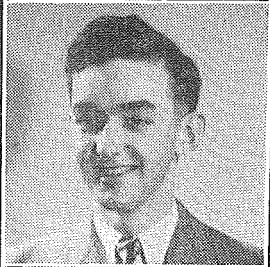
Jean is usually seen hurrying across the playground as the bell stops. She is an excellent student, and participates in many extra-curricular activities. She is President of the Junior Red Cross. A keen fan, she knows all about the sports world. Jeep's future is undecided, but her present desire is to grow a little taller.



Arthur Smeltzer "Joey"

"Information Please!"

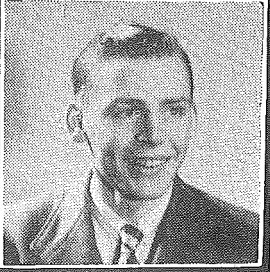
Joey is the hard worker of Grade XII's playboys. He is a star basketball player; Secretary of the Students Council and is Circulation Manager of the Sea Gull. He plans to go to Maritime Business College.



Duff Sweeny

"Sweeny's lad did it,
A quotation not unfit",

Duff is one of those unpredictable fellows and is always out for a good time. He is a member of the basketball team, and we also see him playing hockey with the Falcons. Duff's future is not certain but maybe we'll be hearing him play in an orchestra some day.

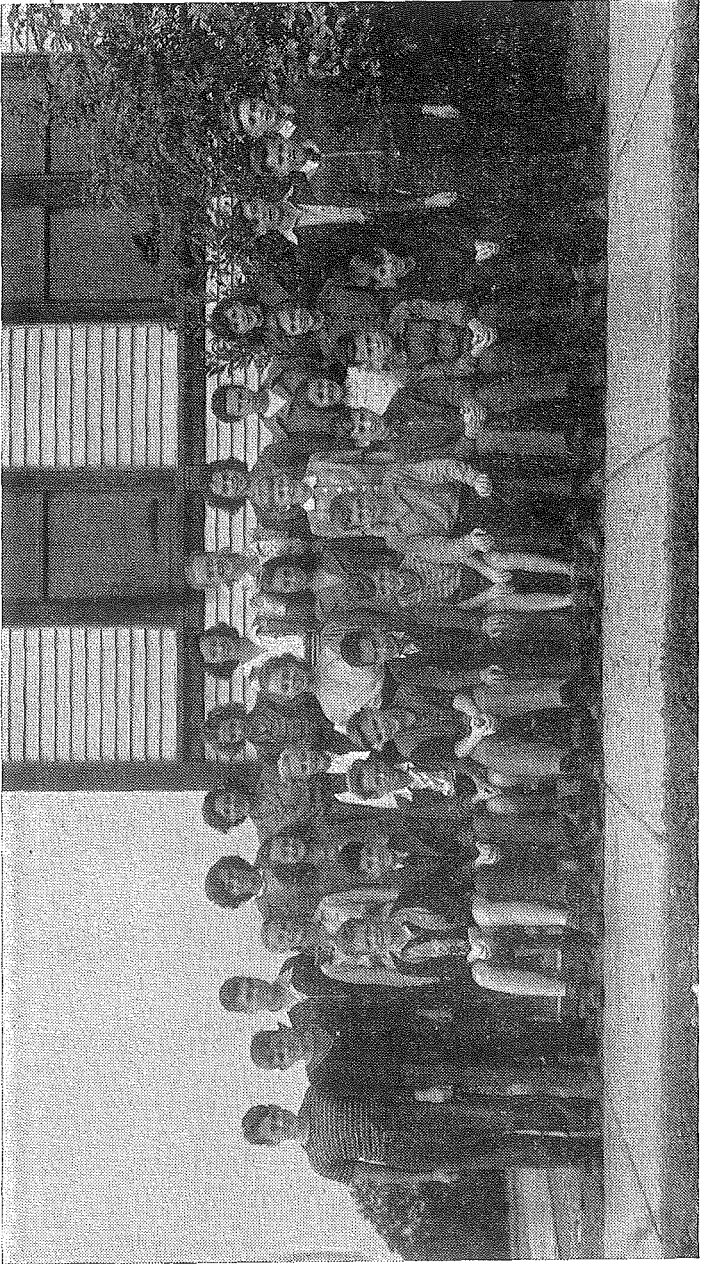


Errol Zinck

"An Angel without Wings"

Errol joined us in Grade III and has been an added interest to the class. He has a great love for trees and nature. We are certain he will be successful as a forestry engineer. He has not much taste for sport, but he does like music. He has rhythm and swing for those drums of his.

In dedicating the 1947 issue of The Sea Gull to Mr. Earl Bailly, outstanding artist of Lunenburg, N. S. The Staff of the magazine is pleased to honor this gallant fighter and lover-of-life.



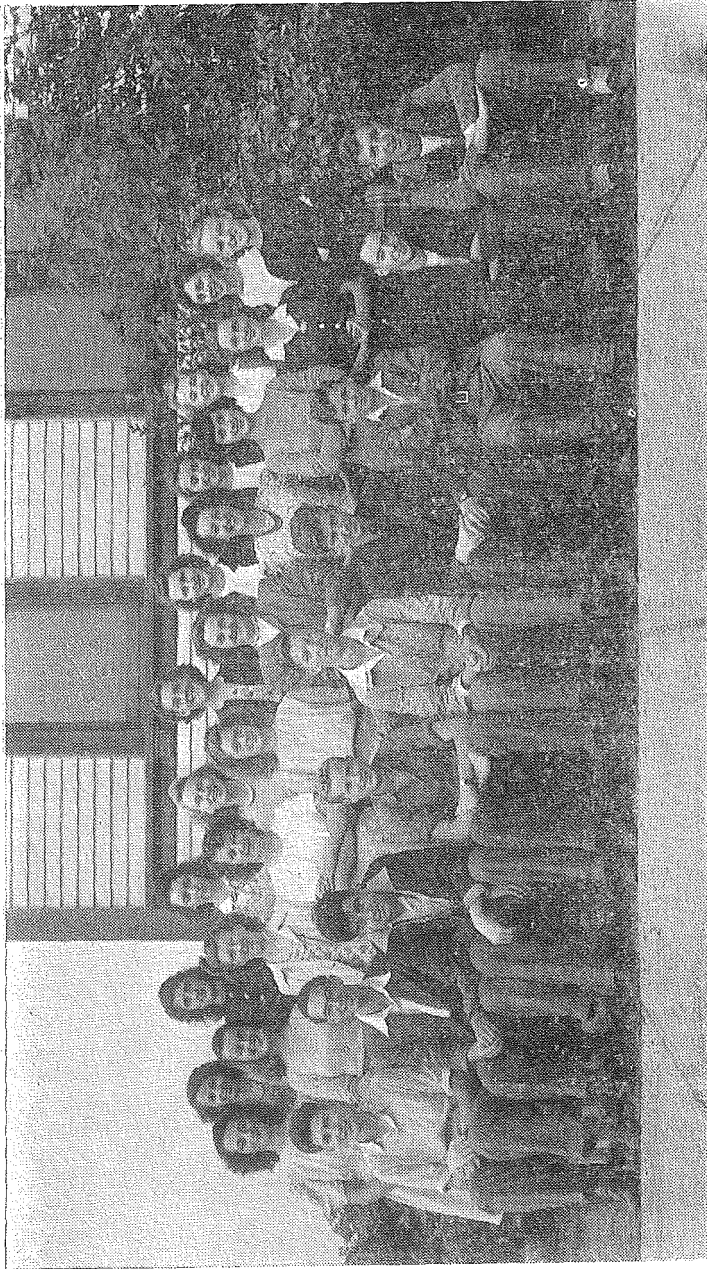
GRADE VIII



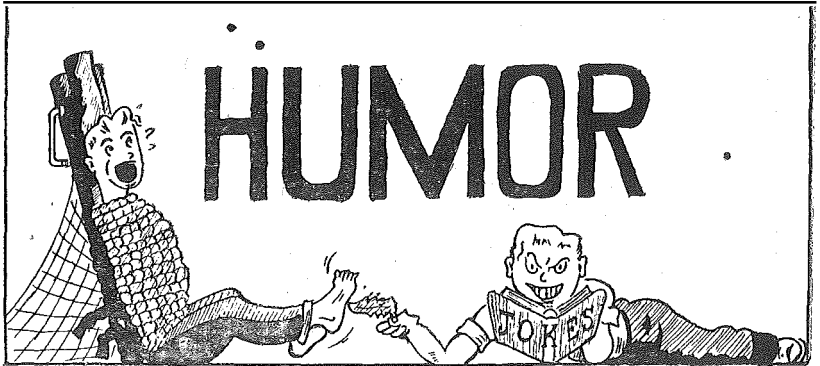
GRADE IX



GRADE X



GRADE XI



Liverpool boy: "Who's Janet Deal?"

Duff S: "Oh, she's just Grade XII's little misdeal."

John Bald: "I want a piece of wood 9 by 12."

Mr. Legge: "Will a piece 12 by 9 be all right?"

John: "I'll try it. Maybe if I slip it sideways, no one will notice it."

Lloyd Z: "What's the name of the book you're reading?"

Doug Hill: "The title is 'What 30 Million Women Want.'"

Lloyd: "Let's see if they spelled my name correctly."

Mona Z: "Marilyn, I heard something that made me open my eyes."

Marilyn H: "What?"

Mona: "The alarm clock!"

Miss Westhaver: "What do you look for in a poem?"

Ronald M: "The end."

Mr. Campbell: "Gordon, what do you use your head for besides a hat rack?"

Gordon Schnare: "A flea home."

Soothsayer (In play "Julius Caesar"): "Beware the Ides of March."

Arnold C: "How did he know when we were having exams?"

Look out-It'll bite!

Mr. Campbell (Hunting rabbits): "That's a birch tree, you can tell it by its bark."

Mr. Collins: "I didn't hear anything."

Mother: "I think our daughter has a one track mind."

Father: "Yes, and a troop train is on it."

Shirley M: "Joan, do you know what I'm giving you for your birthday?"

Joan M: "No, what?"

Shirley: "Close your eyes and tell me what you see."

Joan: "I see nothing at all."

Shirley: "That's what I'm giving you."

Mr. Collins: "When two bodies come together violently, they generate heat."

Glenn Beck: "Not always, sir. I bumped into a fellow the other day and he knocked me cold."

Why is love like photography?
It has to develop in the dark!"

Marilyn Mosher, (referring to David S.): "His mind is like a water bug."

Patti V: "Why?"

Marilyn: "It just skips along on the surface."

Mr. Campbell, (to Grade XII): "I think the boys in this class are most opinionated."

Lloyd K: "Say that last part in English, please."

Joey S: "I was unconscious for ten hours last night."

Billy H: "You were! What happened?"

Joey: "I fell asleep."

(One day Dick Potter was visiting the Blacksmith shop.)

Blacksmith: "What are you thinking about?"

Dick: "I have to leave now, but I'm coming back first thing tomorrow. I'd like to see you make a whole horse, not just nail on the feet."

Mr. Legge: "What is a lever of the first class?"

Marilyn H: "It has a force exerted at one end, a resistance at the other, and a pulpit in the middle."

Mr. Legge: "That must be a 'Leave 'er to Heaven.'"

Cecil Allen: "Gee, school is discourag'ng!"

Beverly F: "Why?"

Cecil: "Everytime I look at the cemetery, I see the future in store for me."

Buddy H: "Why did Philip Tanner flood the Armouries at the game last Friday?"

Jimmie: "Oh, the coach told him to go in as a sub."

Teacher: "I thought I said the composition on apples was to be two pages long. Yours is only a half."

Gerald K: "I know, but I wrote on dehydrated apples."

J rome R: "Did you have a good time in the hospital, Randall?"

Randall B: "For two weeks I lingered between Life and Esquire."

Mr. Shipley, (entering the room on a sunny day): "Why are all the blinds down and the lights out?"

Errol Z: "Oh! That's from force of habit."

David E: "What's the difference between black and white?"

Billy M: "I don't know. What?"

David: "One's darker than the other."

Miss Westhaver: "Where is Toronto?"

Bill D: "It's in first place, eight points ahead of Canadiens."

Mr. Campbell: "Class, please write a note on Francis Bacon."

Wisecracker: "That ham!"

Ronald Mosher: "There should be an elevator."

Jerome Ritcey: "Yes, a dummy elevator."

Errol Z: "I think we are lost."

Duff: "I wish Emily Post were here, I think we took the wrong fork."

We extend congratulations to the Staff of the Sea Gull for this issue dedicated to Earle Bailly. Lunenburg will always remember him.

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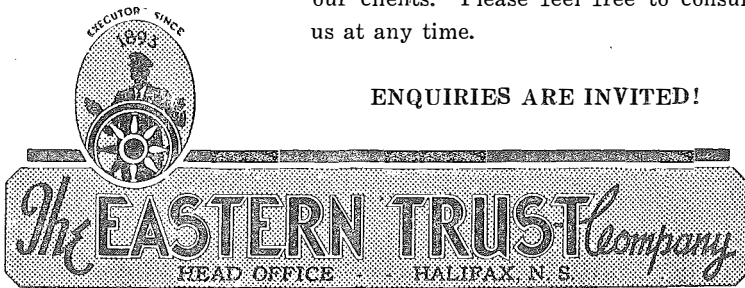
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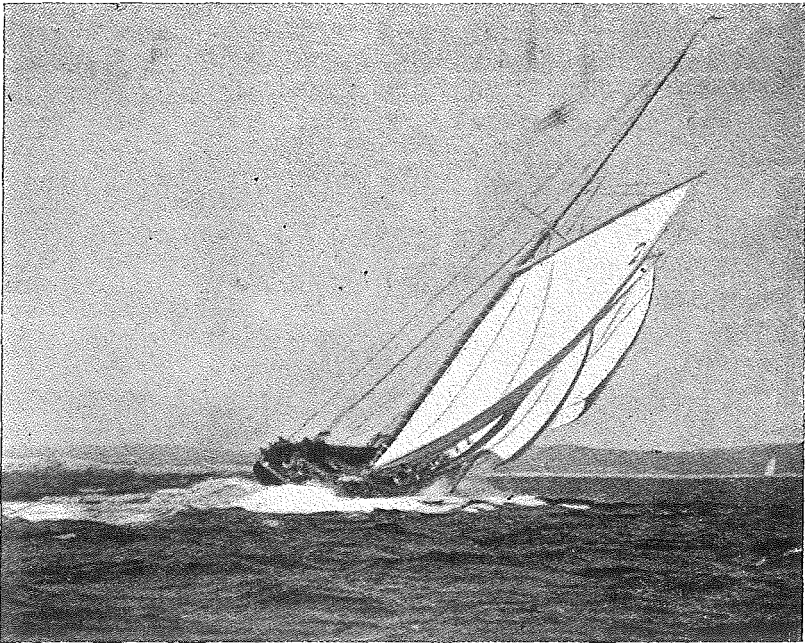
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