

The

SEA GULL



BACKMAN

UNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK
nimis Opibusque Parati 1948

Lunenburg

CELEBRATES ITS 195th ANNIVERSARY

Lunenburg, founded June 7th, 1753, was named after 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 in re woven and largely written in Church minute books maintained since 1753.

St. John's Anglican Church, second oldest Protestant 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 were presented by King George III. The Queen Anne pewter chalice, used in 1754, can still be seen in the Church.

The 195th anniversary will be observed on Sunday, June 6th, with special services at 11 A. M., 3 P. M., and 7 P. M. The afternoon service will be held on the parade square, where the first services were held. The preacher will be the Most Rev. G. F. Kingston, Ph.D., D.D., D.C.L., Archbishop of Nova Scotia and Primate of all Canada.

Monday, June 7th. Lunenburg's Natal Day, will be observed in the morning by a pageant depicting the arrival of Captain Rous and the settlers. An afternoon sports programme, at the community centre, and a bazaar and other entertainment will take place in the Arena during the evening. These events are being sponsored by the Lunenburg Branch of the Canadian Legion.

When you crave for a change of scenery, visit Princess Inlet, the gem of the South Shore, and see the white sails and flashing hulls glide over the placid waters - a thrill you will ever remember.

The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion, September 14 - 18 inclusive, is the only exhibition of its kind in Canada, a Lunenburg Mardi Gras - a carnival week in which are displayed accomplishments in industry, education, and the arts.

A visit to Lunenburg is incomplete without a chat with Earl Bailly, the wonder artist featured in the famous "Fitzpatrick Travologues." Earl will be pleased to see you and you will be thrilled.

Lunenburg, the Historic Town, invites You!

THE LUNENBURG BOARD OF TRADE

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



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JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

MESSAGE FROM THE OFFICERS

As Co-editors of the 1948 issue of the Sea Gull, we should like to thank all who have made this edition possible by their co-operation. We hope you enjoy the magazine as much as we have enjoyed working with our fellow students in its preparation.

BARBARA ZINCK '43
JOAN COLLINS '48



Being President of the Students' Council has been a most enjoyable task. I am pleased to have had the honor of holding this position. I have appreciated the co-operation given me throughout the year. May I take this opportunity of wishing success and happiness to my fellow-graduates of 1948.

CAROL ZINCK '48



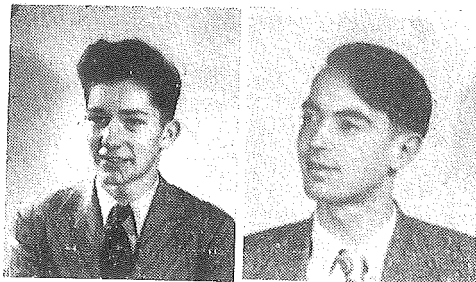
This year I have had the privilege to serve the Academy as Treasurer of the Students' Council. The job has been an excellent experience for me. Good wishes to the graduating class.

MARILYN MOSHER '49

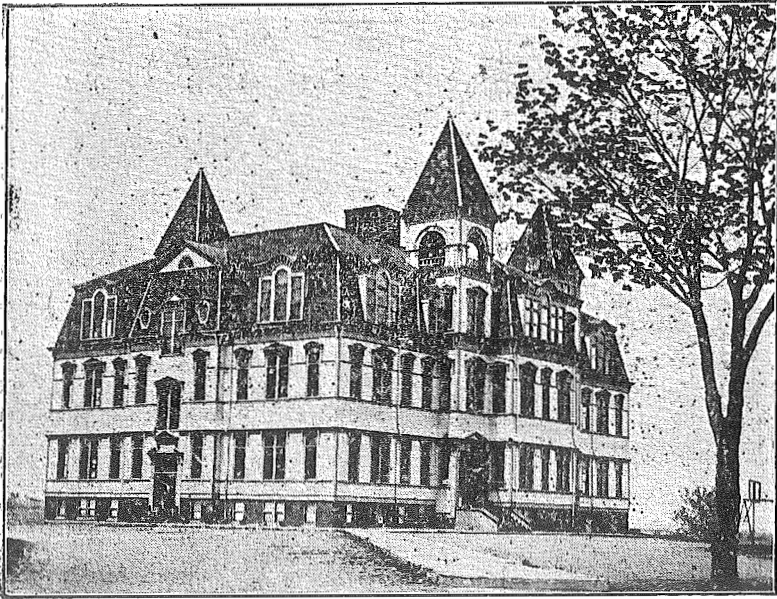


As Business Managers of the Sea Gull, we desire to thank all business firms and institutions for their support in the line of advertising. We enjoyed the personal contact with the local firms, and the writing of letters to outside points. Good luck to the future editions of the Sea Gull.

GLENN BECK '48
LLOYD ZINCK '48



THE SEA GULL



Crowning the hill Lunenburg Academy has stood for over half a century a tribute to the faith, foresight and industry of all the citizens of the Town of Lunenburg which on June 7, 1948 celebrates its 195th Birthday.

One of youth's first ambitions is to climb the hill to the Academy in order to benefit from the avenues of education - to increase their knowledge so they will be better able to meet their responsibilities for good Canadian citizenship in the days that lie ahead.

Very fitting indeed is the dedication of this issue to "The Heroes of World War II", nineteen of our students who gave their lives in the service of their country; and to those who served so faithfully in all theatres of World War II.

To the glory and honor of those who paid the supreme sacrifice all the citizens of the Town are erecting a memorial in the heart of Lunenburg so we will ever remember their great sacrifice.

I would like to remind you of a universal rule of success which applies to every action and decision of human life:

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." No work is worth doing badly - and he who puts his best into every task that comes to him has learned the fundamental rule of success.

D. F. ADAMS,

Chairman, Board of School Commissioners.

H. F. Fulton

A. F. Powers

Dr. W. A. Hewat

Dr. R. McK. Saunders

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

Clerk—L. W. Geldert.

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VOL. 14 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1948 NO. 14

BOARD OF EDITORS

CO-EDITORS: Joan Collins, Barbara Zinck.

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Carolyn Haughn.

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Short Stories: Virginia Wamboldt, Audrey Warren, Florence Feener, Gordon Prince.

Biographies: Violet Bailly, Jerome Ritcey, Lynn Corkum, Madelyn Spindler, Carol Zinck.

Special Features: Patricia Vincent, Sheila Sterne, Johanne Zwicker, Katherine Knock.

Articles: Douglas Hill, Shirley Crouse, George Greek, Barbara Beck.

School News: Linda Ritcey, James Tupper, Ivan Greek, Mary A. Lohnes.

Humor: Greville Morash, John Bald, Shirley Lohnes, Marilyn Himmelman.

FACULTY ADVISERS

Mr. D. H. Collins: General Duties.

The Misses P. Westhaver, R. Sarty, M. Hoyt: Poetry, Articles, School News.

Messrs R. H. Campbell, D. Moses: Stories, Biographies, Proof Reading.

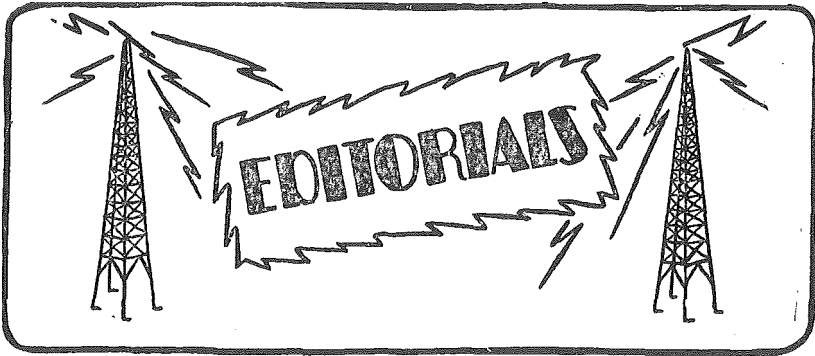
Messrs E. Shipley, E. Eisnor: Special Features, Humor, Proof Reading.

Photographic Work: Messrs R. H. Campbell, D. Moses, E. Eisnor.

New Ideas Committee: Mr. E. Shipley and Staff of Magazine.

Sale of Magazine—School—Mr. E. Shipley, Mr. D. Moses, Miss M. Hoyt.

Community—Miss P. Westhaver, Miss R. Sarty. Mr. R. H. Campbell, Editors and Assistant Editors.



by JOAN COLLINS and BARBARA ZINCK '48

The 1948 issue of the Sea Gull is being dedicated to the memory of the men of our town who fought and died for us in the recent World War. Many of the past graduates of our Academy have served on land, sea and in the air so that we can live in a world at peace. Many homes of this town had been darkened on receiving word that their sons or husbands were killed in action. It is to those people that we extend our expression of deepest sympathy.

This year a great advancement has been made in our school curriculum by the addition of the Household Science Course. It has been placed on the school course after many years of absence. The old Newtown schoolhouse has been modernized and well equipped for this purpose. We also may mention that the Mechanic Science Department has been moved from the Academy to the Arts and Craft in Newtown.

A number of changes have been made in this year's teaching staff, both in the Common School and the High School. They include Miss D. Crouse, Miss P. Veinotte, Miss R. Sarty, Miss M. Hoyt, Mr. D. Moses and Mr. E. Eisnor. We take this opportunity to welcome these teachers to the staff of the Lunenburg Academy.

In the year 1947, the students of Lunenburg Academy presented another successful Christmas programme. Again the musical tradition of our school and town was portrayed in the colorful operetta, "Wild Rose", under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner. The students owe much gratitude for her interest and capable leadership.

Another important activity of our school is that of debating. Both Junior and Senior High Schools take part in these debates which occur approximately six times annually.

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In the past year the Junior and Senior High Schools have joined in one Junior Red Cross body. Red Cross assemblies are held monthly when the programmes are conducted by the executive. One of the most important accomplishments made by this group was the collecting of boots and shoes for the needy children of Europe.

In the field of sport, basketball still remains the highlight. The Intermediate Girls Basketball team won the Inter-scholastic Girls Championship for the province of Nova Scotia for the second consecutive year. The Junior Boys Basketball team reached the finals but lost out to Amherst. This year the Athletic Association has undertaken the sale of apples in the school to help finance basketball trips. By the kind co-operation of members of the Curling Club, our students can participate in another sport. Our Academy is fortunate to have such an opportunity.

Over the period of thirteen years, since the Sea Gull was first published, it has improved immensely. We sincerely hope that this fourteenth edition of the magazine will meet the approval of the readers.

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

by D. H. COLLINS

I observe that folks I know are extremely busy doing what we call in this locality "Spring House Cleaning." The wash lines are filled daily with long strings of pure white and colored garments; there are familiar suits and coats out for an airing; mattresses appear as if by magic to drink in the refreshing rays of the sun; and there is a smell in the air of rubbish that is burning. Our women folk are busy now!

Would we not all profit this spring by doing some mental house-cleaning? Have our ideas on many subjects become fixed? For example, do we take our freedoms and privileges for granted? There is the old story of Robert Louis Stevenson who went to a Pacific Island for reasons of health. His sojourn there did not cure his physical ailments, but his mind appeared to be refreshed by the change. Most of us are so occupied with cluttered weekly and monthly programmes that we should utter with Wordsworth —

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:"

At least you graduates prior to your becoming a part of the life-stream of our democracy, should examine your attitudes objectively and realistically. All of us make mistakes; we battle for causes that are not in the public interest; we are selfish — woefully so — ; and these facts explain many of the short - comings of our religious institutions and our political interpretation of democracy.

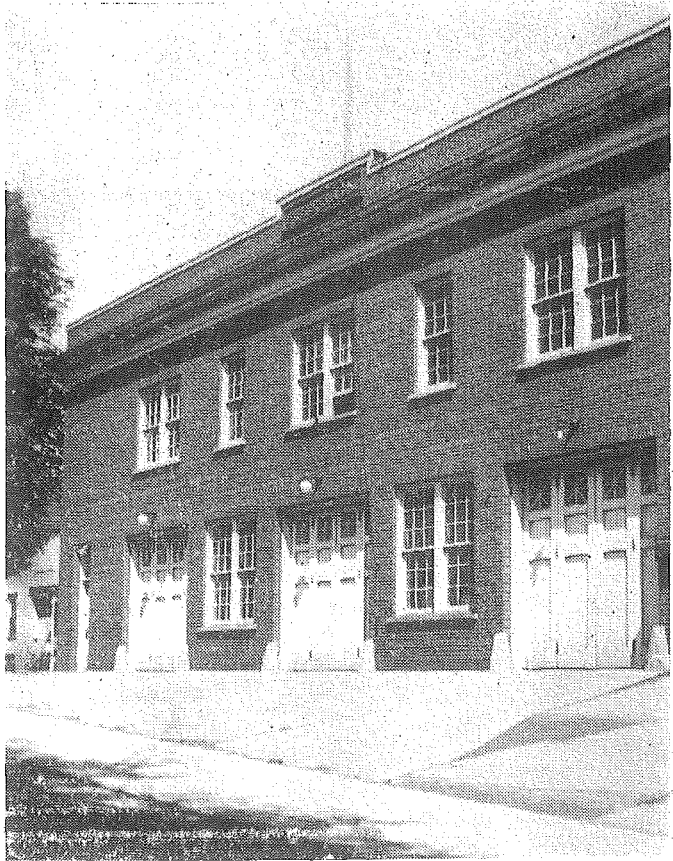
Is our democratic system superior to communism? On the basis of my knowledge of the development of Responsible Government in Nova Scotia and Canada, yes! On the basis of what is being done in the fields of Health and Public Welfare, yes! On the basis of my public and private liberties which have resulted from the struggles of our forefathers with the entrenched powers of those days, yes! There are many reasons why you should be an avowed (and not a lukewarm) defender of the democratic faith and democratic institutions.

Are there any blemishes on our system? You and I know that it is idle to propose such a question. As long as there are groups and individuals who form pressure groups and special interests, we shall be confronted with serious problems in government. You and I have to work for the purification of our system of government not by cynicism and defeatism, but within the existing framework.

Since we are doing a bit of mental house-cleaning, might I point out to you that what you have learned at this Academy should be valuable to you in your career. There is a community life existing in our Academy to-day as a conditioner for adult living. Your activities here are built on that supposition. This does not mean that I would relegate the academic and utilitarian subjects to the scrap-heap. School life is more than subjects; and your development as an individual is more important to me than the achievement of high marks. Few agree on the functions of the school, but I have noticed

that when new forces take over a nation; they change and purge the school system. It is impossible for me to view this Academy either as a production unit nor as an amusement center. I ask you to consider what Cardinal Newman wrote — "the more education they have the better, so long as it is really education."

We are dedicating the 1948 issue of the Sea Gull to "Our Fallen Heroes of World War II. Of the nineteen who gave their lives, I had a number as students. I shall not attribute qualities to these men that you do not possess. They did what they could to preserve our way of life, as many of you would do if it were necessary. Let their sacrifice be a challenge to you to develop that sense of balance so necessary to a happy and a successful life.



OUR MODERN FIRE HALL

VALEDICTORY

by CAROL ZINCK '48 and BARBARA ZINCK '48

Although it is hard to believe, another school term has come and has gone. The time has passed so quickly that we and our fellow graduates of Grade XII find it difficult to realize that we have now completed our education at Lunenburg Academy.

On thinking about our school days, we realize how groundless and unnecessary were the fears and thoughts which we experienced in the lower grades, when we looked in awe at the Grade XII students. "How would we ever reach that grade, and how would we ever accept the responsibility that they accept?" we asked ourselves. What then seemed an impossibility, has now become a reality. During the past year, we, the members of the graduating class, have successfully completed the work required of Grade XII students and have held to the best of our abilities, some of the various positions and offices open to members of the student body. The benefit derived from so-doing can never be lost.

Perhaps in the lower grades it did not seem possible, but we have since learned that we are able to enjoy ourselves in work as well as in play. The tasks of study were not half so difficult when we looked upon them not as tasks or burdens, but rather as something beneficial and well-worth accomplishing. In addition to this acquired knowledge, which we shall carry with us into life, we have the treasured memories of the good times, both in work and in play, which we experienced with our teachers and fellow classmates. Those are the things we shall miss the most when we go out into the world.

In addition to the courses on our school curriculum, we have been fortunate in enjoying so many extra-curricular activities, in sports and social events. Our characters and sense of citizenship have been developed a great deal by working with others in a group and by learning that we must accept defeat and disappointment as well as victory and happiness. It is a difficult lesson to learn, but through sports, debates, concerts and other activities, we feel we are better prepared to go out and face the grim realities of life.

We shall find things very different when we go out into the world 'on our own.' All will not be as easy for us as it has been in the past years. We are going into a post-war world full of problems and strife which will have to be faced. Some of us will be furthering our education, while others will be immediately taking their places in the working world. Only by setting a goal and striving to attain it, shall we be able to succeed in life. However, we have learned in school that almost anything is possible if you work hard enough for it.

Thus we see how valuable is our education and how much we are indebted to our teachers. We know that at times we must have failed to show our appreciation, but nevertheless we do appreciate all the efforts which they have expended to help us succeed.

To you students who are not yet through school, we should like to leave one thought: do not fail to make the most of all your opportunities and remember through your years of study, that if a thing is not worth doing well it is not worth doing at all.

And so, it is not with joy alone in our hearts, but also with a feeling of sadness, that we bid farewell to our life at Lunenburg Academy; in our minds 'the best school of all.' In the words of Henry Newbolt's poem:

"We'll honour yet the school we knew,
The best school of all:
We'll honour yet the rule we knew,
Till the last bell call.
For working days or holidays,
And glad or melancholy days,
They were great days and jolly days
At the best school of all."

In closing, we should like to take this opportunity of wishing to you fellow graduates every success and happiness possible.



COMMON SCHOOL STAFF

Front Row: Ruth Hamm, Doris Crouse, Pauline Veinot. Back Row: Mary Johnson, Marion Adams, Verna Adams, Mrs. Olivette Zinck.



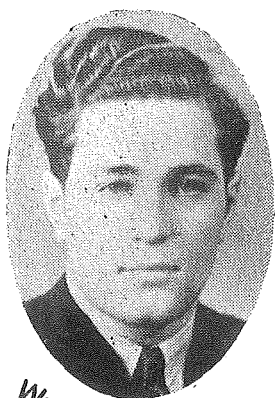
This issue of
"The Sea Gull"
is dedicated to
Our Glorious Dead
Of World War 11



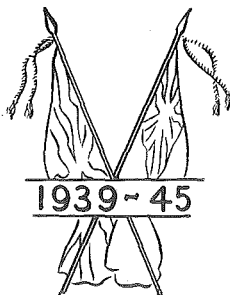
"To you from failing hands
we throw the torch,
Be yours to hold it high"



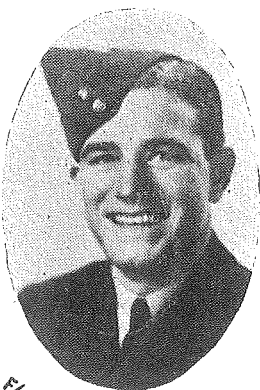
Our Glorious Dead



Warren G. Allen
M. N. June 3, 1943



Moyle K. Beck
R. C. N. V. R. Feb. 22, 1945



Flo Clyde W. Byers
Jan. 16, 1945



Sgt. John G. Cooper
W.N.S. Regt. Aug. 30, 1944



Moyle H. Croft
R. C. N. V. R. Apr. 29, 1944

BIOGRAPHIES OF OUR GLORIOUS DEAD, WORLD WAR II

"Their Names are carved on the pages of Memory"

WARREN GILBERT ALLEN, M. N.

In the early part of the War, Warren joined the Merchant Navy in 1941. He was a steward on the boat "Western Head." On a run from Bermuda on June 3, 1943, the "Western Head" was torpedoed. Warren was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Allen.

* * * * *

MOYLE KITCHNER BECK, R. C. N. V. R.

Moyle Beck was lost when the corvette "Trentonian" was torpedoed off the French coast February 22, 1945. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Enos Beck. Prior to the war, he worked on the farm with his father. He was married.

* * * * *

F/O CLYDE WILLIS BYERS, R. C. A. F.

Prior to going overseas, Clyde served as an instructor in Canadian Flying Schools. He went overseas as a Flight Sergeant; and received his commission shortly after he arrived in England. Clyde was reported missing over Zeitz, Germany, January 16, 1945. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Byers.

* * * * *

SGT. JOHN G. COOPER, W. N. S. R.

Gilbert, as he was known to all, joined the armed services early in the War. After spending some time in England, he was sent to the Mediterranean area where he took part in the invasion of Sicily and Italy. He was killed in Italy on August 31, 1944. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Cooper.

* * * * *

MOYLE HALIBURTON CROFT, R. C. N. V. R.

When the H. M. C. S. Athabaska went down on April 29, 1944, Moyle Croft was lost at sea. This occurred in the Bay of Biscay off the French coast. He was a native of First South, Lunenburg County. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Antony Croft.



Gnr Hubert R. Hebb
R.C.A. July 8, 1943



Pte. Henry H. Herman
N.N.S.H. Feb 22, 1945



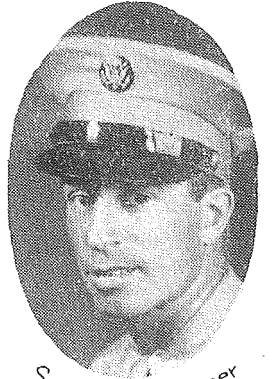
Flt. Charles T. MacIntosh
Feb. 3, 1945



Fred Knickle
U.S. Marines, Feb. 12, 1942



Henry H. Murphy
RCNVR Oct 28, 1941



Sgt. Edgar F. Oxner
U.S. Army Sept 22, 1944



Lieut. Charles A. Ritcey
P.L.F. May 27, 1944

GNR. HUBERT RUSSEL HEBB, R. C. A.

Private Hubert Hebb was killed in an accident at Eastern Passage, July 8, 1943. A Military Funeral was held in Lunenburg which the Royal Canadian Engineers, the local unit, attended. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hebb.

* * * * *

PRIVATE HENRY HARRY HERMAN, N. N. S. H.

Henry Herman enlisted in the North Nova Scotia Highlanders during the summer of 1944. He was sent overseas during the winter months. "Henry" was known for his friendly smile by everyone in Lunenburg. He was killed in Holland on February 22, 1945.

* * * * *

FRED KNICKLE, U. S. MARINE

Fred Knickle joined the United States Marines early in the war. He was serving on the S. S. Rampa which was lost February 12, 1942. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Knickle. Fred was survived by a wife and two children.

* * * * *

F/L CHARLES T. MacINTOSH, R. C. A. F.

F/L Charles MacIntosh was the grandson of Inspector H. H. MacIntosh who was Inspector of Schools for so many years in the County of Lunenburg. Charles moved to Ontario when he was in the Grade X. He was the son of the late Harry and Mrs. MacIntosh.

* * * * *

HENRY H. MURPHY, R. C. N. V. R.

Henry Murphy originally moved to Lunenburg from Yarmouth. Prior to World War II, he was married and had a large family. He enlisted in 1940 in the Royal Canadian Navy. "Pat" was lost when the Bras D'Or went down in the St. Lawrence River, October 28, 1941.

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SERGEANT EDGAR FRANCIS OXNER

In 1923 Edgar Oxner moved to Boston and later to Pennsylvania. He enlisted in the United States Army on April 22, 1943; and later became a Sergeant in a Reconnaissance Unit. His Division went to Africa in December 1943. He was killed in France, September 22, 1944. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oxner.

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LIEUTENANT CHARLES A. RITCEY, P. L. F.

In July 1941, Charlie enlisted in the Canadian Army as a private. He took officer training at Erockville. He went overseas in 1942 as a member of the Motorized Division of the Princess Louise Fusiliers. In May 1944 his platoon was selected to effect a bridgehead over the Lire River. Lieut. Ritcey was killed there. He was the son of Capt. Colin and Mrs. Ritcey. He was married.



Pte. Horace M. Smith
Algonquin Rgt. Apr. 23, 1945



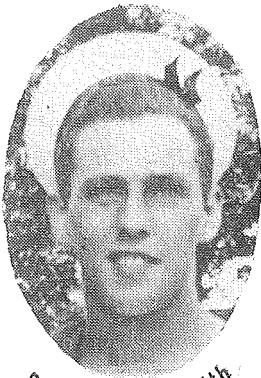
Pte. Harry Schnare
W.N.S. Rgt. Dec. 15, 1943



Cpl. James A. Smith
C.B. Highlanders, Jan. 17, 1944



Pte. Gerald H. Smith
W.N.S. Rgt. May 17, 1944



Roseville St. C. Smith
R.C.N.V.R. Sept. 13, 1942



Pte. Roy A Young
W.N.S. Rgt. Nov. 24, 1943



Pte. Gerald S. Whynacht.
M.N. Jan. 12, 1942

PRIVATE HORACE MANSLEY SMITH

Horace Smith was a member of the Algonquin Regiment. He joined the armed services early in the war. Horace was killed in one of the hard-fought battles on the border between Germany and Holland. He is buried at Oldenburg. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair Smith.

* * * * *

PRIVATE HARRY JAMES SCHNARE, W. N. S. R.

During the first year of the War, Harry James Schnare went overseas with the West Nova Scotia Regiment. He was a member of the Regimental Band. Harry was a stretcher bearer. He was seriously wounded on December 12, 1945 and died on December 15. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Derry Schnare.

* * * * *

PRIVATE JAMES AUBREY SMITH, C. B. H.

Private Aubrey Smith was born in Lunenburg, a son of Capt. and Mrs. Joseph Smith. He was employed in the Fish Business in which field his family has been outstanding. As Aubrey was working in the Cape Breton branch of the Lunenburg Sea Products, Co., it was natural that he should have enlisted in the Cape Breton Highlanders. He was killed a short time after he arrived Overseas at Ortona, January 17, 1944.

* * * * *

PRIVATE GERALD SMITH, W. N. S. R.

Gerald Smith was killed in action at Cassino, Italy, May 17, 1944. When war broke out, he joined the West Nova Scotia Band. He took intensive training as a stretcher bearer in England. Gerald served in the Sicilian and Italian invasions. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith; and he left a wife and daughter in Canada.

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ROSEVILLE ST. C. SMITH, R. C. N. V. R.

From the time Roseville was four years of age, he lived with his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Falkenham, Lily Dale. He joined the Royal Canadian Navy in 1940 at Montreal. Roseville held the rank of leading stoker when he went down with the H. M. C. S. Ottawa on September 13, 1942. This occurred off the coast of Newfoundland.

* * * * *

GERALD STEDMAN WHYNACHT, M. N.

While he was quite young, Gerald Whynacht left school to go to sea. The war years found him a member of the Merchant Navy. He was lost with the sinking of the Africanda which was lost on January 12, 1942. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whynacht.

* * * * *

PRIVATE ROY ARTHUR YOUNG, W. N. S. R.

Roy joined the armed services in 1939. Upon completing his training he went overseas with the First Canadian Division. In the former Canadian Militia and even the early part of the World War II, he was a member of the Regimental Band. Roy was killed in Italy, November 24, 1943. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Young.

MEMORIAL IS UNVEILED

by LINDA RITCEY '48

A service that will long be remembered in the history of the Academy, took place in the Assembly Hall on May 22, 1947, in the form of a memorial unveiling ceremony. At this time, a framed picture, bearing the photos, names, and ranks of nineteen former Lunenburg Academy students who gave their lives in World War II, was unveiled. The Memorial, presented on behalf of the Principal, Staff, and Students of the school, is centred in large letters with the words, "Our Glorious Dead."

For the benefit of the children of the Common School, an unveiling ceremony was held in the morning, at which time the Memorial was unveiled by Mrs. Thomas Black, Common School teacher. Miss Mary Johnson, also of the Common School Staff, read the list of war dead. They are as follows:

Warren Allen, Merchant Marine; Moyle Beck, R.C.N.V.R.; F/O Clyde Byers, R.C.A.F.; Sgt. John G. Cooper, W.N.S.R., Moyle Croft, R.C.N.V.R.; Hubert Hebb, R.C.A.; Henry H. Herman, N.N.S.H.; Fred Knickle, U.S.A. Marines; Henry H. Murphy, R.C.N.V.R.; Sgt. Edgar F. Oxner, U. S. Army; Lieut. Charles A. Ritcey, P.L.F.; Harry Schnare, W.N.S.R.; Horace Smith, Algonquin Rgt.; Gerald Smith, W.N.S.R.; Cpl. James Aubrey Smith, C. B. Highlanders; Gerald Whynacht, Merchant Navy, and Roy Young, W.N.S.R.; Roseville St.C. Smith, R.C.N.V.R.; F/L Charles H. MacIntosh, R.C.A.F.

Mr. D. J. Bourque, Editor of the Progress-Enterprise, gave the address, suggesting to the pupils that the Memorial should inspire the boys and girls of today to prepare themselves to become upright citizens.

Mr. Collins presided at the morning service, and read an inspiring poem entitled, "A Pledge and a Prayer." A fitting Empire Day program, consisting of patriotic songs, a flag drill and exercise, was presented by the pupils of various Common School grades. A moment's silence and flag salute were also a part of this service.

The evening ceremony, open to the Public, began with "O Canada", and was presided over by Mayor L. L. Hebb, Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners. The clergymen of the town participated at this service. The opening prayer was given by Rev. Alexander Allen. Rev. L. G. Bald gave the Scripture Reading and read the list of the dead, while the Memorial was unveiled by Councillor W. W. Smith, President of the Local Branch of the Canadian Legion. A fitting address was given by W. P. Potter, K.C., who stressed to the pupils of the school, the need to take advantage of the opportunity which has been given them, to pursue their studies in peace and security. He also suggested that in remembering the dead, we should not forget those who offered their services and underwent the same ordeals, but were spared to return to their country.

The numbers presented by the pupils at the morning ceremony, were repeated at this service. Marilyn Mason rendered a piano solo, and the Male Quartette, composed of D. H. Collins, B. G. Oxner, G. Corkum, and F. Why-nacht sang "Our Country's Heroes." "The Last Post" was sounded by Fred Rhodenizer, and Principal D. H. Collins gave a brief talk, stressing the importance of the Memorial in keeping alive the memory of these boys who paid the supreme sacrifice. The closing prayer was offered by Dr. H. B. Strothard, followed by "God Save the King."

These simple, yet impressive ceremonies, will be remembered with pride by both teachers and pupils, as one of the most memorable occasions of the year.

THE CALL OF DUTY

by AUDREY WARREN '49

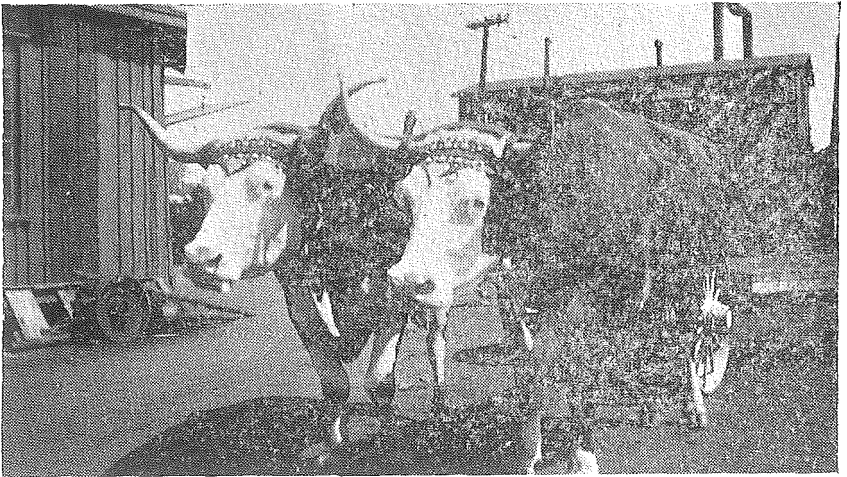
Out o'er that vast blue ocean
 Where salt perfumes the air,
 A voice called from a far-off place
 To save this land so fair.
 And many a brave son sailed
 To that war-wasted land,
 'Cause duty called and 'twas God's will
 For all to lend a hand.
 High in the breeze there fluttered
 The flag in proud domain;
 A guardian to this land of ours
 That peace again might reign.
 Love of this precious motherland
 In every heart did rest,
 For every soul desires to live
 In peace and happiness.
 It's a wild but yet a true love;
 A mystic love exists
 To save this land of our birth
 When wasteless war draws near.

ZWICKER & CO., LIMITED

by GRETCHEN HEWAT '50 and JOHN BALD '49

Over one hundred and fifty years ago, an enterprising man, John Zwicker, started the firm of Zwicker & Co. To enable the reader to grasp some idea of the conditions prevalent in the world in 1789, it may be said that this was the year that the famous United Empire List was compiled. This list contained the names of the United Empire Loyalists who came to Canada to settle, after persecution in the United States drove them from that country. In this year also, the French Revolution was causing great disturbance all over the world. Such was the year 1789. Only forty years before this time, Halifax had been founded.

At first the business of the firm was varied indeed, being divided between voyages south, bringing back sugar, tobacco, coffee, molasses and rum; and trips across the Atlantic to Great Britain. In return for these goods, the firm shipped out fish, lumber, and staves.



In what ways does the firm of today differ from the company of a century and a half ago? There are several important improvements.

Up until October 1939, fishermen were dependant upon Mother Nature to dry fish. This was highly unsatisfactory, for a change in weather could quickly spoil many valuable fish. Five months of grueling work, testing and adjusting, had its culmination in the completion of the installation of an artificial drying plant at this time. This installation in Zwicker & Co. was the first known system of its kind for artificially drying salt fish.

When the fish reach the wharves, they are inspected, washed, and then elevated to the main driers. If many fish arrive at the same time, the surplus is sent to the cold storage rooms, until there is room for them in the driers. These cold storage rooms are very useful, for salt-fishing is, for the most part, a seasonal industry, and these rooms enable the firm to keep operating throughout the year.

The fish are spread on racks which rotate around huge fans, one on each of the two floors used for drying. When the fish are sufficiently dry, they are removed and more are put in their place. Of course drying time depends upon the type and size of the fish, making necessary a system of grading.

Since air supply - adequate in quality, quantity, and motion - is the main principle upon which artificial drying is based, the Zwicker plant is designed accordingly, to provide everywhere the most uniform drying conditions. This plant has proved very successful, and many other companies have followed in its footsteps. Another factor of improvement which evolved several years before, was the beginning of the bank-fishing industry. It is fairly recent, since it started about the middle of the last century. Thus we may see that the company has indeed progressed since its founding in the year 1789.

On John Zwicker's death in 1841, his two sons, Edmund and Nicholas, carried on the business successfully until their deaths in 1859, when their younger brother, William Norman, took charge and conducted three stores, one in Mahone Bay, and two in Lunenburg, in addition to the fishing and shipping business. In 1881, he admitted his eldest son, Arthur as a partner. The firm's name was changed to Zwicker & Co. In 1904, W. Norman and E. Fenwick, younger sons, were also admitted, and the firm became a limited stock company.

During the century and a half that the Zwicker firm has been in business, the active management has been in the hands of four generations within the same family, the fourth generation being represented in the person of F. Homer Zwicker, son of the present president, E. Fenwick Zwicker.

The Zwicker firm continues to do an extensive export trade in dried salt fish with the British and Foreign West Indies, and South America, along with their general outfitting and ship chandlery business. They have been here a long time, and it is sincerely hoped that they will be here for a long time to come.

FENWICK HOMER ZWICKER

by PAT VINCENT '48; JAMES TUPPER '49

Mr. F. H. Zwicker was born in Lunenburg on March 3, 1894, son of Edwin Fenwick Zwicker and the late Ada Elvira Dodge Zwicker.

He was educated at King's Collegiate School, Windsor, N. S., and later at "The Grove", Lakefield, Ontario. Mr. Zwicker completed his education by taking technical courses at Dalhousie University and the Nova Scotia Technical College at Halifax. He graduated as a civil engineer and established the printing firm of Nova Print Limited, Halifax in 1917. He was manager of this company for ten years. In 1928 Mr. Zwicker became advertising manager for the Canada Paper Co., in Toronto. Due to the death of his uncle in 1929, he returned to Lunenburg and became secretary-treasurer of the Zwicker Co., later becoming Managing-Director.

Since entering the Company, Mr. Zwicker has taken a great interest in the development of the salt-fishing industry in Canada. Applying his engineering ability and experience, he made a number of improvements in the Zwicker Plant. The former methods of preparing salt fish were improved by installing an artificial drying system. Mr. Zwicker succeeded in eliminating many of the haphazard features in the curing and drying of fish by using modern apparatus in the Zwicker Plant.

In 1938, with the help of Mr. O. F. MacKenzie, Mr. Zwicker carried on an investigation in connection with an effort to increase markets for dried and pickled fish in Canada. The latter was elected President of the Canadian Atlantic Salt Fish Exporters Association in 1942, but he retired from this office four years later. Mr. Zwicker insisted that one man should not remain President of an Association indefinitely. He took an active part in the Fisheries Council of Canada, of which body he is now Vice-President. In 1943 the Minister of Fisheries appointed Mr. Zwicker to the Salt Fish Advisory Committee.

Although spending much of his time with his business, he still finds time for local affairs. Mr. Zwicker is a Past President of the Lunenburg Board of Trade, and he is still active in that body. He was elected councillor of the Town of Lunenburg in 1946. Mr. Zwicker is interested in the youth of the community. He was one of the original advocates of the community center movement. He is the Chairman of the Executive Committee of this organization.

Mr. Zwicker is a very active member of the Dalhousie Alumni Association and was president of this body from 1924 - 27.

In earlier days, Mr. Zwicker was interested in yachting, but now he is more enthusiastic about other sports, particularly golf and curling. It was through Mr. Zwicker's efforts that Lunenburg now has one of the most picturesque golf courses in Nova Scotia. He was president of this club for eight years and is now vice-president. He still takes an active interest in the maintenance and improvement of the course. He is a member of the Nova Scotia Senior Golf Association and annually attends the tournaments. In 1938 Mr. Zwicker won the Canadian Fisheries Association Golf Trophy and still retains it. He is also an enthusiastic member of the Lunenburg curling club.

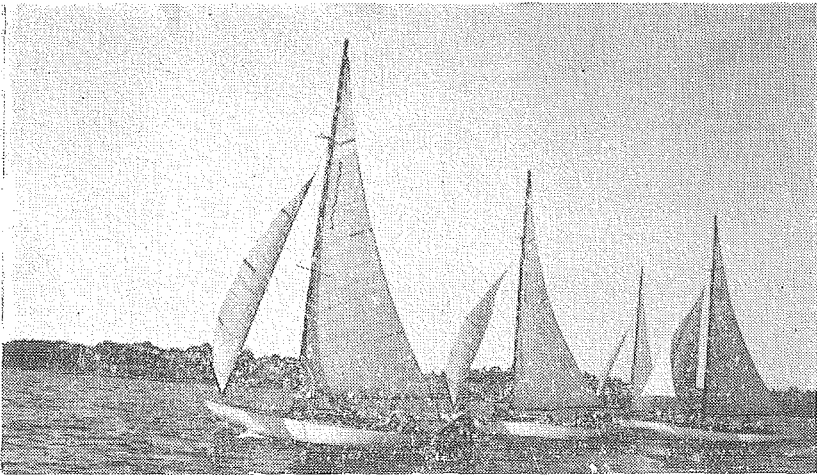
Mr. Zwicker married Marion Dearborn and has one son, Sherman Fenwick, at present attending Dalhousie University. During the warmer months of the year, the Zwicker family reside at their summer home on the golf course overlooking the harbor.



OUR YACHT CLUB

by SHEILA STERNE '49 and MARILYN MOSHER '49

In 1946, Mr. E. A. Knickle and Mr. G. N. Whynacht promoted yacht races at Prince's Inlet. These events were so successful that in 1947, a group of men met for the purpose of forming a permanent Yacht Club to be called the "Lunenburg Yacht Club." A committee was formed to bring in a slate of officers and shortly after they were installed. Several committees were formed. Dr. H. A. Creighton was appointed as Commodore and Mr. L. J. Iverson as rear Commodore. At this time there were quite a number of members and the club had registered twenty-one sailboats.



The first race was held July 1, 1947 and other races were conducted during July, August, and through to the middle of September, on Sunday and Wednesday afternoons. There were two classes of racing - "free-for-all, open to all yachts of the club and "class" racing. The class races were made up of yachts built during the winter of 1946 - 47 by Mr. David Stevens. These were all of one class, known as the S class.

Six cups were donated to the club. The yacht "Hadia", owned by Captain J. Petite, won the Blue Banner Trophy for the "free-for-all" races. This yacht also won the Erandram-Henderson Plaque. The yacht "Stardust" owned by Mr. G. M. Whynacht won the Charter Race Committee Trophy for the "class" races. This yacht, in another race, skippered by Mr. R. G. Smith won the Whynacht Skipper's Cup. The yacht "Flying Cloud" owned by W. T. Powers won the Commodore Cup presented by Dr. H. A. Creighton. The yacht "Curlew" skippered by Mr. A. Hellstrom, won the Smith Trophy in a race from the front harbor to Prince's Inlet.

Activities for the season were closed by a banquet for the members, their wives and a few guests at Bluenose Lodge in October at which time the various cups were presented to the winners.

In order to get a clearer idea of the races, let us picture ourselves at one of them. The first class of boats crosses the starting line at two o'clock and at fixed intervals according to their rating, the other boats leave. In addition to the sailboats there are other kinds of craft many of which will follow the yachts around the course. We are very fortunate in being able to view the races from one of these boats. The boat picks us up at the Government Wharf, commonly called Young's Landing in Martin's Brook and soon we are "off to the races," as we follow the yachts to the first buoy, we realize that the day is perfect for sailing. There is a warm breeze which now and then is caught by a sail, causing the yacht to lean over until its sails almost touch the water. As we look behind we notice that the last class of boats to leave is coming up surprisingly well. The yachts do not have any difficulty in getting around the first buoy, and soon they are all well on their way to the next stage of the race. Each person has his highest hopes put on a certain yacht, and as one passes another, there is much excitement and suspense. Before we know it, the yachts have passed the last buoy and are "homeward bound." This has been a lucky day for us - the weather has been wonderful and our favorite yacht has won the race. As we get out of the boat at the wharf, we realize how much the Yacht Club has done for the pleasure and enjoyment of the people of Lunenburg.

RANDOLPH STEVENS REMINISCES

by JEAN SHOLDS '47

It was shortly after three in the morning. Rain was pouring down, and a strong wind blowing. There were three men in a boat — Mr. Phil Moore, Mr. Whitman of New York, and Mr. Randolph Stevens, Sr. As they passed one point, Mr. Moore asked Mr. Stevens, "What's that?" "Gimlet Reef," came the reply. A short time later, the question was repeated. "Gimlet Reef Rock," was the unhesitant answer. "A man would be a damn fool," Mr. Whitman exclaimed, "to come out, if he didn't have someone who knew where he was!"

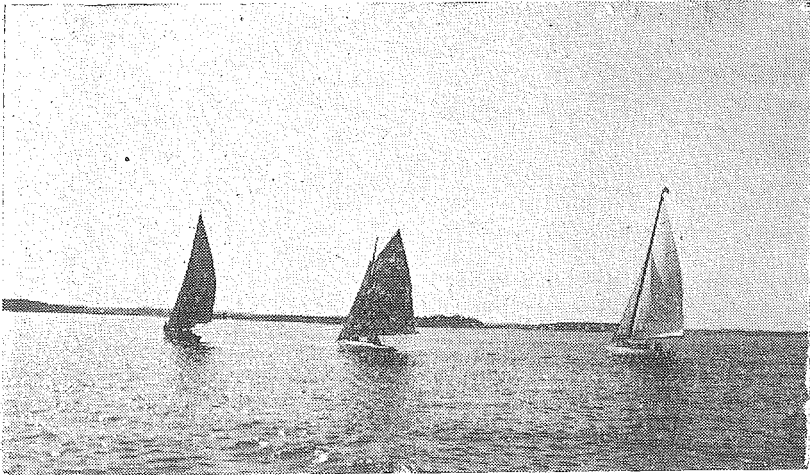
Mr. Stevens' eyes twinkled as he recalled the incident. And I couldn't help thinking, after having heard a number of thrilling tales of his experiences, that Mr. Whitman could not have found a man who knew better where he was on any boat.

Besides an extensive fishing ability, Mr. Stevens is very well known for his skill at sailing ships. This knowledge was obtained at an early age. He sailed a boat by himself when he was eight years old — at which time he also started fishing. The boats used were whalers, having two spars and a pointed stern. They often raced each other to and from the fishing grounds, eighteen miles from Tancook. Young Randolph often raced with another man, who was quite an expert at sailing. It was there that he learned much of his knowledge of racing. One day, while he was racing with another man, the wind freshened considerably, and the opponent started taking down his extra sails. Mr. Stevens did not follow suit, and so out-carried him in the

amount of sail. When they got within hearing distance of each other, the man yelled, "Why are you carrying so much sail?" "Too frightened to take it down!" was the answer.

One year, the Stevenses had a forty-five foot boat, called the "Togo", which they entered in the regatta at the Halifax Exhibition. The provincial government was offering prizes. Mr. Stevens missed the first race because he was fishing. He returned to Tancook in the evening, and removed his gear from the boat. He arrived at Halifax at eight o'clock the next morning. The race was at nine. In spite of this handicap, he won the race, beating the next boat by thirty-nine minutes. Stairs, Son, and Morrow donated a compass to the winner. At this time there were boats in three of the four races which had been built by Mr. Amos Stevens, Randolph's father. He was reputed to be the best fishing boat builder in Nova Scotia.

The next year Mr. Stevens went in for yachting. He sailed in twelve races, and won eight of them. Dr. Phinney got a larger boat for the races the following year. "He was a friend of ours and we weren't very anxious



to beat him," Mr. Stevens said. So he won the first few races. Then a man came to Mr. Amos Stevens for a boat. "Why don't you get one like Randolph's?" was the suggestion. But the customer had seen the races, and thought he would need a larger boat in order to win. Randolph spent the week getting his boat ready. The next race, he was the winner. He won all but one of the next eight races!

Again, the succeeding year, Mr. Stevens entered the races with a new boat, and renewed zeal. The first race ended in a "photo finish," as three boats — the Stevens boat among them — came in bow to bow! However, Mr. Pugsney's boat had a longer bowsprit than the others, so he won the race. After that, Mr. Stevens won race after race. Soon he was given a handicap, even though his boat was no larger than the others. He continued to win, so the handicap grew larger. Finally, he had to win by five minutes. He won by seven!

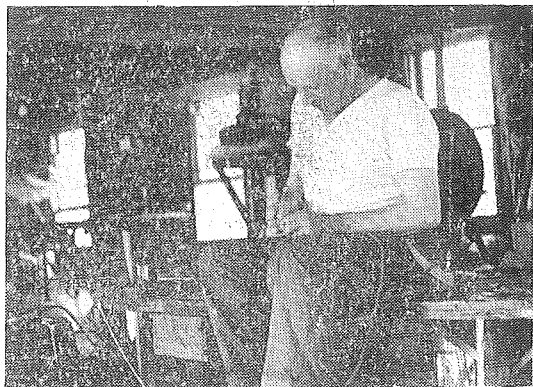
His new boat was a sloop. Mr. Wood of Montreal put up a cup to be given to a boat built by a Nova Scotian, sailed by a Nova Scotian, and owned by a Nova Scotian. It was contested for annually, and Mr. Stevens won it the three successive years. Mr. Wood had a yacht called the "Princess." He put up a special prize, fully expecting his yacht to win it. Mr. Stevens did so instead, but, in order to receive the prize, he had to win the Chester Bay Channels race, well. You guessed it — he did!

At the time he was sailing his next new boat, Warren Hirtle of Tancook was sailing Dr. Phinney's. Mr. Hirtle was boarding with Will Mitchell, and he kept nagging Mitchell about getting beaten by Randolph Stevens in the races. "Wait until I catch him some day in a breeze of wind," said Mr. Mitchell, sagely. "I wouldn't be too confident about it," Mr. Hirtle warned. "Why?" "Because Randolph knows how to handle a boat in a breeze of wind."

"Well, one day soon, we did meet in a breeze of wind," Mr. Stevens continued his tale. They were racing, and there was no wind, so Mr. Stevens shook out his reef. Thereafter, the wind came up strongly, and the Stevens boat sailed merrily around the buoys, while its companions, including Will Mitchell, anchored in the lee of an island. "The funniest part was," concluded Mr. Stevens, "that Warren Hirtle was there, too, anchored in the lee!"

In 1916, there was a thirty-foot boat, the "Linnet," which "could beat anything around Chester." It was owned by Mr. Talcott of New York. Mr. Stevens sailed it in the Halifax coronation cup races. They found that there

was a larger boat in the races, sailed by Harold Hilchie. There was a strong wind as the boats set off on the twenty-five mile course. None of them reefed. The larger boat was leading as they sailed in to round the buoy on the triangular course. Mr. Stevens had to decide whether to tack or jibe, on rounding the marker. The other boat tacked, so the "Linnet"



jibed. Mr. Talcott was ordered to tighten the backstay, and to be sure to hold it tightly. As they went around, the boat lay almost flat. Mr. Talcott was found lying flat on the cockpit floor, in a considerable amount of water, but holding on — tightly. The before-mentioned Will Mitchell was with the New Yorker on this trip, and shortly after this incident, he was heard to complain of his wet clothes. Whereupon the boat owner promised to buy each of them a suit of clothes if the "Linnet" won the race. They earned their new suits, and also won the second race, to get the cup. It was the

first time a boat sailing from Chester had won. Sad to relate, she lost the next year — very possibly it was because Randolph Stevens was unable to be there.

In 1918, Mr. Stevens didn't sail; but in 1919, he took the "Dixie" and beat the "Linnet" "all to pieces." The "Dixie" had not been doing very well previously. Mr. Bartlett, her owner, told Mr. Stevens to fix her up. The boat had no bowsprit, so Mr. Stevens put one on, along with a new set of sails. She started to win after that.

In the first race against the "Linnet", the latter was winning, when the crew of the "Dixie" went into action. Mr. Bartlett took over the tiller, while Mr. Stevens hauled in the jib. At this point the top pulled off the jib. Mr. Stevens hauled it down, and got a block. Then he got a rope strap which he had brought along, and put it around the top of the jib. He rushed back to the tiller. He had been away from it only one minute, sixteen seconds. The boat won the race.

Mr. Stevens had a great amount of respect and love for the "Dixie," I think — and small wonder. Following 1919, he sailed her in Halifax every summer for twelve or fifteen years. There were two cups offered, and "we usually won one or the other of them."

He recalls once when they had to sail to Rafuse Island. There was a strong wind to the north. The boat had just rounded the buoy when the blocks pulled off the main boom. Mr. Stevens lashed them on, despite the heavy lop. They won the race, of course.

With an eye for humor, Mr. Stevens told me the following anecdote. There was a hard south-west breeze, one day, when they sailed to Halifax. Mr. Will Dickson and Mr. Bartlett's son got seasick. Mr. Dickson groaned, "Kemp, never again." But Kemp Bartlett reassured him, "You'll come again; you'll soon be over it." Soon after this, near Sambro Island, the boat was turned to the wind over smooth water. When they were going down again, Dickson looked back over the choppy way they might have covered, and said, with an eye to the time, "We didn't lose anything going in there." "You said that right," returned Bartlett, "we didn't lose anything!" He wasn't referring to the time.

One race in the "Dixie" proved to be rather more hazardous, however. Mr. Talcott had a good man, Ned Fader, sailing his boat. Mr. Stevens turned the buoy just astern of the "Linnet," and his jib sheet went off. They tacked, the order was given to pull the tiller 'hard a-lee.' Mr. Bartlett had a habit of lying just 'a-lee' of the cabin, and he didn't hear the order. He started to get up, reached for the rail, and went overboard. There was a washboard in the water behind the boat. They had loosened the back-stay. Randolph Smith, who was also on the trip, reached for Mr. Bartlett, got the washboard, and went over! The stern was pulled over to Bartlett, and Mr. Stevens got him back in the boat, while Mr. Bartlett's son got the other.

By this procedure, the boat had been pulled to the other tack, and the "Linnet" was far ahead. This was where a bit of sound psychology saved the race. Mr. Stevens knew Talcott and Fader. He knew that if he tacked one way Talcott would follow, and that, if he changed his tack, Fader would

not change his. So the "Dixie" tacked out into the bay, and the "Linnet" followed tack. Halfway out, Mr. Stevens changed his tack and, sure enough, the "Linnet" continued in hers. And thus a race was won — and lost.

During her years of sailing, the "Dixie" won more races than any other boat in Nova Scotia. She was forty-three feet over all. They had two sets of sails for her — one for fishing, and one for racing. They won the Coronation Cup four times, the Prince of Wales Cup three or four times, and the Winona Cup three times.

Today the Stevens name is still mentioned whenever people talk of ships and racing. And when Randolph Stevens reminisces, his tales thrill all who listen.

MY EXPERIENCE AT SEA

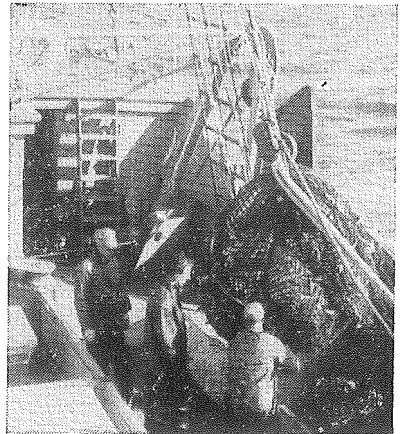
by KINGSLEY ELLIS '50

It was the day following the close of school, when my cousin David and I ventured along the water front. Nearing Smith's wharf we saw the dragger "CAPE NORTH." David was very familiar with that boat since he had made a trip in it the preceeding year. On his past trip, he had made many friends on the dragger; so in our search for the new captain we were led on a merry chase. After some time the captain's identity was revealed by a man saying, "Good morning Captain." We confronted him with the question about going to sea the next trip. We received his permission and prepared by gathering oranges, candy and extra clothing.

We left Lunenburg late Saturday evening. As I saw Cross Island disappearing in the west, the sea and I began to disagree. We were soon both in this condition, so we went forward to turn in for the night. We were aroused at six o'clock the next morning for breakfast. Afterwards I helped the cook clean up the galley.

At approximately one o'clock we began to drag the net. As it was my first time to see a dragger put out a net, I was on the bridge watching them closely. In this operation first the net is let out, then the doors and finally the cable (warps). The warps (of which there are two) are let out one forward and one aft. These two warps are held together by a clasp some distance from where the aft-warps is let out. After this operation the boat begins to drag on a set course at the rate of four knots.

During the remainder of Sunday and Monday mornings we fished on Middle Ground. Due to the scarcity



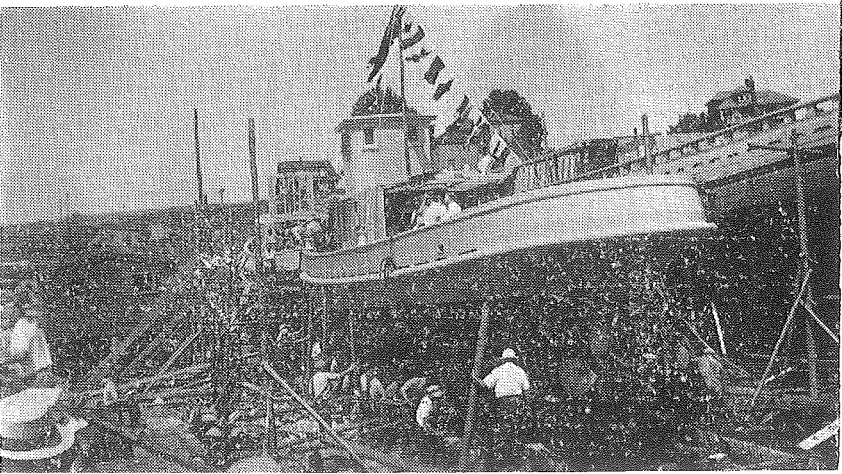
of fish, the Captain decided to go to a small ground called the "Horseshoe." There were fewer fish here, consequently when we awoke Tuesday morning we were back on Middle Ground.

David and I spent most of our time in the wheelhouse talking to the men and watching them as they steered, sounded and brought the fish on deck. We seldom missed seeing them bring in the net, the only exception being when we were asleep.

When they start to bring in the net, the clasp is opened separating the two warps. The boat then begins to go in a large arc as the warps are wound on their drums. Soon the doors appear and are hauled in and finally the net. The net is partly pulled in by the men but as it becomes too heavy, a hoist pulls it in the remainder of the way. The bag, which is still in the water alongside the boat, is pulled in by a large hoist so that it is about four feet from the deck. A rope underneath the bag (which contains the fish) is pulled allowing the fish to fall to the deck. The net is then put out again and the men go about cleaning and storing the fish.

When we got up Thursday morning, there was a twenty mile an hour gale blowing and within a short time we were ill. We went aft and slept for two days, getting up at intervals to eat dry crackers and drink black tea.

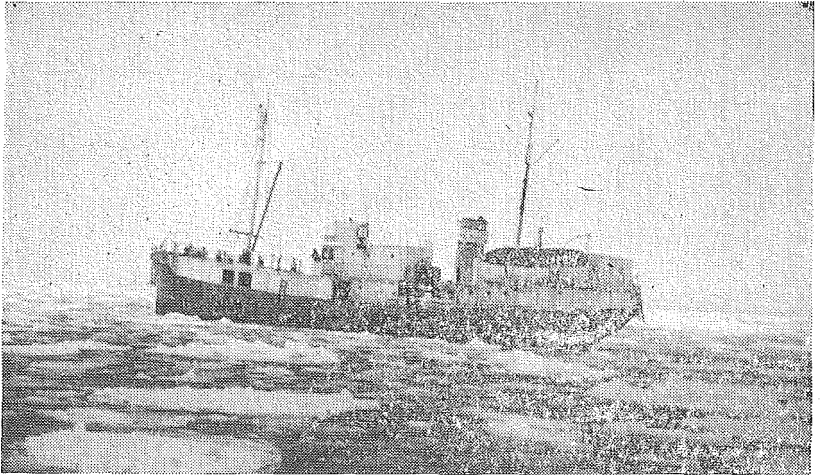
We arrived in Lunenburg about eleven o'clock Saturday morning. It seemed strange to stand on something solid again after having been to sea for seven days. We liked the trip very much and, before leaving the "CAPE NORFOLK," we thanked Captain Pitman sincerely for making our trip possible.



A LAUNCHING AT THE SHIPYARD

A SEALING TRIP TO LABRADOR

by CAROLYN HAUGHN '49



On March 3, 1947, the Notre Dame left Lunenburg Harbour for Halifax, being followed by the Illinois on March 4 and the Fordham on the 8th of the same month. The Illinois and Notre Dame left Halifax together on March 6th, finally ready for their long journey north. These ships were owned and manned by the American Navy during the war and before this were steel fishing draggers. However, since the war, they are operating under the Pan American flag. Hereby is born a new industry.

Each year in the early spring, sealing vessels from Newfoundland and Norway go north to take part in this industry. For some of the men, the adventure is a new and different kind of work and life. On the three boats sickness was prevalent for the best part of the journey.

After leaving Halifax, the sealers steamed up past Cape Race and along the south-east coast of Newfoundland. When Belle Isle was reached on the fifth day, no ice was seen. The amount of ice this season was less than usual. A week or ten days was spent in just steaming around through slush ice, looking for heavy ice and seals. During this time the Notre Dame and Illinois came in contact with the Polarjorn from Norway, the captains of these three boats stayed close together and were joined by the Fordham and Bronco, the latter being a whaling ship sailing from New York. The captains of the Fordham and Bronco were also brothers.

One thing which all the crew noted was the wonderful scenery. One of the men stated that "the rugged coast was a wonderful sight at sunset."

Certainly these wonders of nature were something few of the men had ever seen or dreamed about.

For those new in the adventure, the experience alone was well worth the trip.

There were two watches a day, one from 12 P. M. to 6 A. M.; and the other from 6 A. M. to 12 P. M. When seals were sighted, watches were broken. A day's work began at 4.30 or 5.00 A. M. when seals from the former day were carried away. After breakfast the hunt began with the gunners leaving ship first, followed later by the whole crew. The gunner shot the seals and then the crew skinned them, piling them up on piles of ten or twelve in number, waiting for the boatmen behind to pick them up.



Working among ice cakes can become a very dangerous job for looks are sometimes deceiving and the ice floats away very rapidly, influenced greatly by the tide. The only time the sealers lose sight of their ship occurs when it is stuck in the ice. The cargo is then picked up by the ship as soon as the route becomes passable.

Treatment on board ship was very good. The crew learned to take the orders as they came, and the captain, the petty insults. The food, at first, was very good but hard to get used to as the cooks were Norwegian. However, there was plenty of it, although toward the end of the trip, supplies were running low and meals were not altogether enjoyable. The crew found many means of amusement. On days when there was no sealing the crew slept, read and played cards. Accordions, mouth organs and guitars passed many of the idle hours away.

The men found out what good comradeship and nerve are. During these months, the crew stuck together, and when something dangerous had to be done, no one shirked the task.

Hamilton Inlet has a very narrow passable route. On one occasion, the Fordham hove to outside this inlet and, the next morning found that they had, for reasons unknown, drifted inside - a very narrow escape.



Seals are divided into various classes, the most valuable being the blue backs and the hairfast whitecoats. The baby whitecoats are fully coated. Then there are the ragged jackets; pelt beaters; young hoods; old harps; old hoods and bed lamers. If the skins are burned by the sun, they are of no value. Usually one man goes behind each gunner to slit each seal immediately, before there is any chance of the skins burning. The temperature can be very variable. It is hard to know what to wear, for one minute the men are able to work in their shirt sleeves, and the next minute they need heavy jackets. All the men returned with a superb suntan.

During the voyage the men took many beautiful pictures and some even kept diaries.

EVENING

by RAY HILTZ '49

The birds fly home, and the wind has ceased,
 As the men from the fields come home to feast.
 The children's cries no more are heard;
 They're replaced by the lowing herd,
 And the ships at sea have idly come,
 As the anchor is dropped and evening begun.

In village and town all windows are lit
 As crickets appear and June bugs flit.
 No sound is heard of rustling leaves,
 Of running brooks or buzzing bees,
 Instead of these is only heard,
 The happy song of an evening bird.

SPANISH SILVER

by CAROL ZINCK '48

Many and strange are the stories we hear of the days in the past, but few are stranger and more exciting than the one entitled "Spanish Silver", as related by Capt. Adam Knickle. As my friend and I seated ourselves in the captain's home and prepared to listen to the tale of the "Spanish Silver", little did we realize the adventure that was in store for us.

"About fifteen years ago", began Capt. Knickle, "I was requested to come to Corkum's Island to thresh grain for the late Alfred Corkum. Having completed the job, I proceeded to Feltzen's South to do similar work for Freeman Mosher. It was during this time at Mr. Mosher's that I was first contacted by the late William Mosher, a near neighbour. After making an agreement to work for him, the next morning I set up my machine in his barn. Before another day had passed I was to hear a very interesting story concerning this barn."

And so, our curiosity was immediately aroused. What was this story which we were about to hear? On our request, Capt. Knickle proceeded thus:

"That evening while David Stevens and I were at Mr. Mosher's, I casually asked the latter if there was any truth in the story which I had heard, concerning the presence of Spanish Silver under his barn. Expecting to receive an answer of 'No', I was much surprised to hear him say 'Yes.' On receiving this reply, I questioned the man further as to the circumstances connected with the incident; chiefly as to how the coin was discovered."

From the moment that "Spanish Silver" was first mentioned by Capt. Knickle, our imagination was set to work. All kinds of ideas took shape in our minds as to how the silver got under the barn . . . 'Could it have been Indians, or even Pirates?' But before we had time to ponder these possibilities, Capt. Knickle continued.

"Mr. Mosher told us that during past years his father had engaged two carpenters from Lunenburg to repair the barn and to tear up the threshing floor. On his father's orders William, Jr., went up to the barn and commenced shovelling out ground from under the threshing floor.

"However", exclaimed Capt. Knickle, "William received the greatest surprise in his life. 'Could it really be true?' questioned the young man. 'Do I actually see real money in the ground?' Too overwhelmed to think clearly, he hastened to fetch his father and on returning to the scene of the discovery, the latter quickly dismissed the two carpenters who were already picking up coins from the earth beneath the barn.

"There the two men stood in amazement. How did these coins get under the barn? Immediately they set to work gathering the money."

"But what further amazed me was Mr. Mosher's reply to my question as to how much they secured: maybe perhaps a bushel-basket full? 'A bushel-basket full!' echoed William, 'why we got every pot and pan in the house full!'"

There we two sat, listening intently to every word of Capt. Knickle. But as we later learned, the most mysterious part of the story was yet to follow.

"Mr. Mosher is sure there is still more silver under the barn, because of the ensuing incident: Being anxious to obtain still more silver than he had already dug and put in containers, one morning Mr. Mosher was busy shoveling additional coins from the same area of ground and was placing them in a pile, planning to collect them later. When Uncle John Wagner happened along, Mr. Mosher interrupted his labors to talk with his uncle. On turning around to view the pile of silver, the two men were left speechless! There, before their very eyes, the pile of silver coin sank into the earth."

Motionless and thoroughly mystified by this related tale, my friend and I listened closely as Capt. Knickle repeated his unbelievable disclosure;

"... the coin, in a pile about the size of an ox-cart load of stubble stone, had disappeared... never again to be seen!"

But the story teller did not stop at this point. He continued on to give us a description of those coins which Mr. Mosher and his son had been successful in obtaining and had safely stored in the house.

"The coins," he related, "were about two inches in diameter and about one quarter of an inch thick, some of them being dated around the year 1747, which date is associated with the reigns of Charles III and Charles IV of Spain.

"The money was carried to Havana on one of Lewis Anderson's West Indies vessels, where they realized eighty-seven cents on the dollar. Mr. Mosher received enough money from these coins to repair his barn, to build the house in which his son Titus still lives, and to pay for other miscellaneous jobs."

And so, our thrilling 'adventure' came to a close for us listeners. Capt. Knickle had most skillfully made us literally live through the episode of "Spanish Silver" and as is the result of all such mystery stories, we are to this day left with an unanswered question in our minds:

"From where did the Spanish Silver come and why did the last pile of coins vanish from sight?"

Maybe, some day, the answer will be found

CAPTAIN ADAM KNICKLE

by BARBARA ZINCK '48

Captain Adam Knickle, known about the country for his tales of by-gone days, was born on Heckman's Island on September 13, 1856. He lived with his parents on the island for three years, after which the family moved to Lunenburg. Their conveyance at this time was a hay-wagon drawn by a team of oxen. Captain Knickle tells me, although only three years of age at the time, he can remember the slow journey along the road to Lunenburg with the wagon-load of his mother's belongings driven by Uncle Levy Tanner. Captain Knickle remembers particularly the shiny black team of oxen with white on their heads.

At Lunenburg the Knickle family settled themselves in what the older people of the town will remember as the old Smeltzer house near the Back Harbour. Captain Knickle lived at Lunenburg until he reached the age of seven when his father was drowned. Mother and boy then returned to Heckman's Island.

While living at Lunenburg, the Captain attended a private school of Syria Brenner in a little old house just below the present property of Mr. Moyle Smith. A short time later he attended the first public school in the old Temperance Hall.

Captain Knickle's first adventure as a fisherman came when he was just seven years and eight months old. His grandfather, John Tanner, took him off shore with him one July morning. They were lucky and struck a plentiful supply of fish. Guided by the instructions of his grandfather, the boy put his lead and hooks overboard and let the line run down into the deep water. It was not long before he had hooked quite a large fish. Then his troubles began with the hauling in of the fish, sometimes getting him almost to the boat and then letting him run away with the line. But eventually, after untangling his feet from the line, he brought his prize on board. After capturing a few more fish, he noticed blisters on his hands. This, however, didn't bother the boy for he continued, finishing the day with nine big fish. Adam thought himself the



richest boy in the world as he gazed down at his nine fish, but to his great

disappointment he received a much smaller price for them on the market than he had expected.

The following year Adam was articulated for a trip to Labrador on the "Lady Speedwell." It was to be a three months voyage at the generous wage of twelve dollars for the whole trip. The experiences the young fellow had during that voyage along the coast of Labrador, among icebergs, field-ice and Labrador husky dogs remain with him to this day. He recalls a time when some Labrador huskies ran after him and he did not know what his fate would be.

The boy made one more trip to Labrador in the same boat under the command of Jeffrey Heckman. He then applied for a berth with Captain Louis Lohnes in the schooner "RIPPLE." Other boats on which he sailed after this were the "C. W. ANDERSON", "THE MERIT", and the "LILY A. W." At the age of nineteen, Adam returned to the "LADY SPEEDWELL", this time as a shareholder. At this point of my interview with Captain Knickle, I wish to note that he brought forth the bill of sale of the "LADY SPEEDWELL" written out by Edward Dowling during the year 1877.

The Captain made one voyage in this ship to Labrador and a number of coasting trips to Sydney, Prince Edward Island and various other places. After this the young man turned his attentions to "bank fishing."

The Captain's first trip to the Grand Banks was with Captain Benjamin Anderson, a veteran "fish killer." On the return trip they suffered a heavy storm. During the storm the vessel crossed the north east bar of Sable Island, the Grave Yard of the Atlantic, in just thirteen fathoms of water, a very close call for the lives of all on board. The next morning the deck of the vessel was washed white from the sand.

For the two following seasons, Adam fished with Captain Alexander Eisenhauer. He then returned once again to the "LADY SPEEDWELL", this time as master, at the age of thirty-two years.

Captain Knickle's next ship was the "NOVAZEMBLA," which he and others had had built. He was master of this ship for six years, and then transferred her to the late Captain Richard Silver. He then had the "WESTERIA" built which he sailed for twelve years.

During these twelve years the Captain became interested in horses. He brought one at Trappist Monastery, Antigonish, put him on board the "WESTERIA" and brought him home. Captain Knickle owned this horse, Major, for seventeen years after which he was sold to Lemuel Zwicker of Mahone Bay. Major was owned by Lemuel Ernst when he became cross and had to be shot at the age of thirty-three.

At the age of twenty-four years, Captain Knickle married Elizabeth Heisler. His family consisted of two boys and a girl. Only one boy, Wilfred, is living today. Mrs. Knickle died in 1933.

Captain Knickle's last ship was the "STRATCHONIA" which he built and sailed for six years. Just before retiring to live on his small farm on

Heckman's Island, he transferred the "STRATCHONIA" to Captain William Decauzy.

In 1897, after his retirement from the sea, Captain Knickle was elected to the Municipal Council on which he served for twenty-five years. He ran in ten elections, winning eight and being defeated in two.

During his retirement from the sea, the captain became interested in roads. He was asked by Chief Engineer Duncan to accompany D. D. MacCullagh to New Ross to inspect a survey made by Mr. MacCullagh, on the road from New Ross to Chester Basin. He was requested to become foreman of opening the New Ross road from East River to Hubbards.

In 1918 when the new Road Act came about, Captain Knickle was appointed superintendent for the county of Lunenburg. He remained in this office for four years, after which he resigned.

Before the captain went to New Ross, he was appointed by the local government to build a breakwater and road across the sand cove at Blue Rocks. Later, on May 17, 1910, he was appointed inspector on the breakwater connecting Blue Rocks with Blue Rock Island. Captain Knickle has in his possession the plan of this breakwater drawn by Chief Engineer E. D. Lafleur of Ottawa.

Two years later he became inspector on the Western Breakwater. Since then he has constructed hundreds of feet of breakwater under engineers Rod McCall, Harry Russel and N. C. Lyons. In 1930, he constructed his last breakwater at Broad Cove. He also built several small boats for usefulness and for pleasure.

Captain Knickle made two trips to Ottawa, one in connection with giving evidence of navigation. His second trip was as a member of the delegation, sent to protest to the government about beam trawling on the banks. This was during the year 1912. Captain Knickle is the only surviving member of the delegation which consisted of Dr. MacDonald, Captain David Ritcey, Captain Reuben Ritcey, C. W. Lane, J. W. Margeson, C. W. Smith and himself.

Captain Knickle was also a member of two sailing committees of the "BLUENOSE." One in 1926 in her race with the "HALIGONIA" and the other in 1938 with the "THEBAUD."

Another very interesting fact is that Captain Adam Knickle has been a member of the Oddfellows Lodge for fifty-three years. He is a lover of music and proved his talent to read music on my short visit with him. He also brought forth a violin, 284 years old.

Today Captain Knickle, at the age of ninety-one years, is retired and living at his home on Heckman's Island where he enjoys the visits of his many friends.

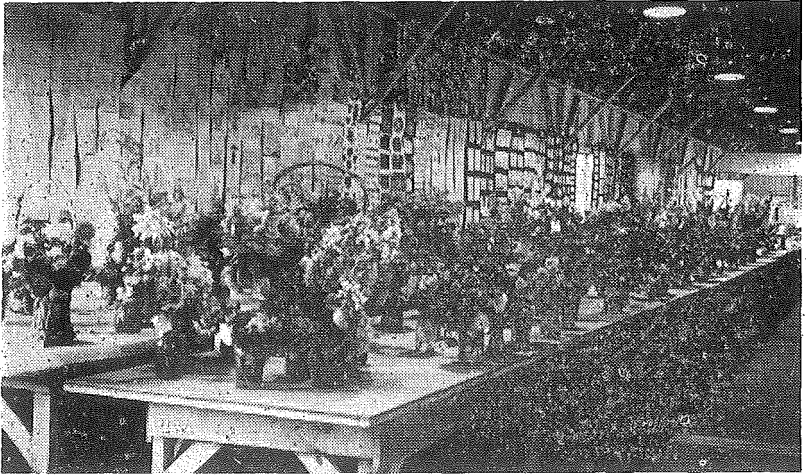
The following are a few of the twenty vessels in which Captain Knickle had stock: "LADY SPEEDWELL", "STRATCHONIA", "MADELYN HEBB", "ATLANTA", "THE PAULINE WINTERS", "AQUADILLA", "ALEXANDRIA", "BLUENOSE".

THE LUNENBURG FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by GEORGE MOSSMAN '49

What is now the province renowned Fishermen's Reunion and Exhibition has grown out of a one-day picnic, first held in 1923, to welcome home the fishermen at the end of their fishing season. Salt-fishing being most prominent at that time, September usually marked the conclusion of the fisherman's labors at sea — hence the Fair was held in that month.

The first of these picnics was strictly a County affair. Fishermen with their families came from all parts of the County to enjoy a day of sports, and other games on the Lunenburg Academy grounds.



SCHOOL EXHIBITS — FLOWERS

As the fishing industry progressed and expanded, so too the Picnic developed into a large annual celebration. Eventually, in 1929, the idea of the Fisheries Exhibition was born. The Nova Scotia Fisheries Reunion was incorporated and the first Exhibition held that year in the Lunenburg Arena and Curling Rink. For ten years this unique fair flourished and won favour throughout the province. With each reunion its popularity and importance increased. In 1939, ten days before its opening date, when everything was in readiness, Canada declared war on Germany and the Exhibition was cancelled so that the Militia could occupy the building to train men of the West Nova Scotia Regiment. Later the same building and grounds were occupied by the Royal Norwegian Navy and Army. Thus the Exhibition was able to contribute extensively to the War Effort.

After the guns of war were silenced, the executive committee assembled to plan the revival of the annual Fisheries Fair, with an all out effort to make the 1947 show the biggest in history.

Within its spacious buildings, (of which there are now three) the Commercial Exhibits of 1947 surpassed all previous shows both in number and quality. The Federal Department of Fisheries occupied a large section of

the Marine Building with several excellent displays; the Arts and Crafts Building showed the handiwork of men, women and children from all parts of the Province, particularly those counties adjacent to Lunenburg. Probably the largest number of entries in this field was made by the pupils of Lunenburg Academy and other nearby schools. Very prominent exhibits of all kinds of salted, pickled, and dried fish were entered, either by firms or by individual fishermen.

The 1947 Exhibition was to be officially opened on September 16th by the Minister of Fisheries but he delegated R. H. Winters, M. P., to be his personal representative.

One of the most attractive events of the '47 program was the mile long Mammoth Street Parade, held on the second day and led by the various bands. Floats were entered by individuals, lodges, Red Cross organizations and other societies, and also by some of the local business men. Some of these were amusing, but all were attractive and well worth seeing. Public School Teachers spent considerable time costuming pupils, and these classes from Lunenburg and the vicinity gave additional color to the spectacle. All the floats were objects of admiration and represented much work and co-operation from both young and old.



EX-MAYOR L. L. HEBB
President 1947

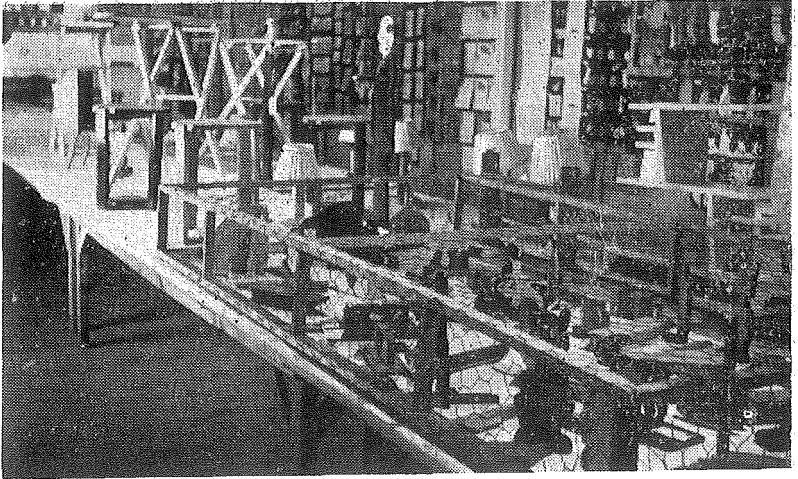
This year marked a deviation from the usual routine of the Exhibition. On the first night, Princesses, in the Queen of the Sea Contest, were selected from groups representing Lunenburg and the surrounding districts. From these, on the evening of Citizens Day, (Sept. 17th) was chosen the Queen — Miss Jane Himmelman, a graduate of Lunenburg Academy. The coronation, which took place the following evening, was enacted on the stage of the Fisheries Building and was colorful and impressive. Accompanied by the music of the Beethoven Choral Club and a Male Chorus, under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, King Neptune (Mayor L. L. Hebb) was brought to the scene. While "Sea Shanties" were being sung, the King of the Deep announced the identity of the "Queen" amid thunderous applause from the large gathering. She and her Ladies-in-Waiting, Miss Miriam Outhouse, (Halifax) and Miss Shirley Mitchell (Chester), were later escorted to the Main Dining Hall where a Royal Sea Food Luncheon was served. Part of the Queen's reward was a trip to Montreal and following that, one to Boston. On the latter, she was accompanied by her mother. While on her

tour, the Queen reflected credit on her town and on the contest.

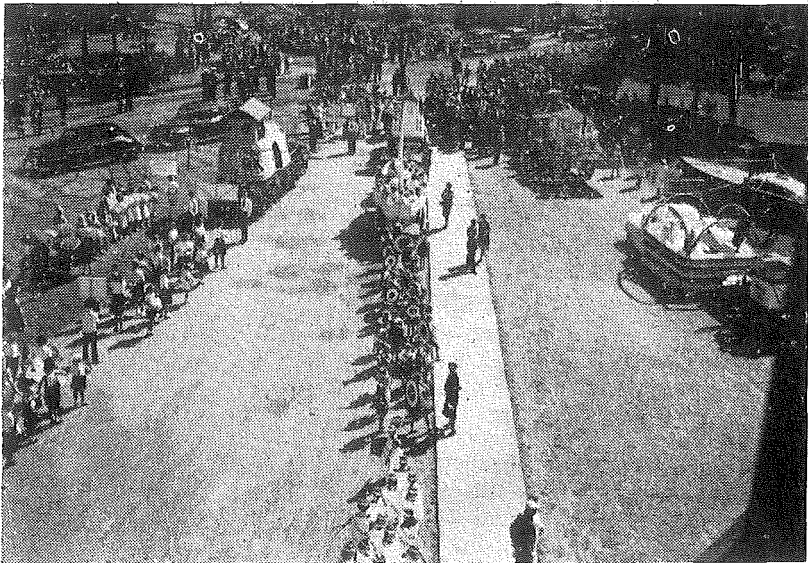
On the morning of Thursday, the 18th, the interest of the public was focused on the waterfront where the various Water Sports took place. Among them were the dory races, trawl-hauling contests, yacht races and swimming races. The main highlight of Friday, the 19th, was the Tug-of-War contest between Mahone Bay and Lunenburg Sea Products teams. On Saturday morning the decorated Tricycle, Doll Carriage and Cart Parade was held on the grounds.

The Exhibition ended on Saturday evening with a Senior Amateur Entertainers Contest, followed by an old fashioned Community Sing Song led by the Queen of the Sea.

The whole exhibition represented a vast amount of labor by committees, exhibitors, judges, and participants alike. Only close and continued co-operation could have produced such a smooth running and thoroughly interesting affair, which reflected credit on both the exhibitors and all who took part in it.



SCHOOL EXHIBITS — MECHANIC SCIENCE



PARADE LINING-UP ON THE ACADEMY GROUNDS

A MESSAGE FROM THE QUEEN OF THE SEA - MISS JANE HIMMELMAN

I will never be able to put into words the feeling I possessed when I was chosen "Queen of the Sea" at the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition in the fall of 1947. I knew that before me lay many exciting moments which would remain clearly in my mind for many years to come.

Although many people might not think so, having such an honor bestowed on oneself is not as easy to accept as it might seem. When I was crowned "Queen Oceana I", I knew that from that time on I had to do my best to represent my home town, Lunenburg.

During my prize trip I met many new and interesting people. It was my duty to meet these people and become acquainted with them in a manner as natural as possible. I did not find it nearly as difficult as I thought I would; in fact I liked every minute of my new experience. Throughout the week of the Exhibition, I was called upon to appear before the public, either to present awards, open a sing-song or to be at some other occasion in which I was the centre of attraction.

On my return to Lunenburg, after my exciting trip to Montreal and Boston, I was the honored guest at a banquet given by the Town of Lunenburg. There, upon many requests, I gave a detailed description of my entire trip.

I found that instead of dreading every minute at which I might be asked to do some little thing, I enjoyed it. I credit this feeling to one thing — my school. The time I spent there was more than well earned — taking part in debates, heading committees, appearing in stage shows and doing numerous other tasks in school at the time might have appeared useless to both myself and the people about me. I know now that all these little things aided me in performing my duties as "Queen of the Sea." As I stepped before the public I had a feeling of confidence and assurance and knew that I would do my best.

The thirteen years I spent at the Lunenburg Academy were happy ones, and I shall always remember the part it played in my success as "Queen of the Sea." The year of my reign is drawing to a close, and with it goes a feeling of happiness and pride that will induce me to hold my head high during the remaining years of my life.



Jane — as we knew
her
Past President of the
Students' Council



THE STRANGER

by JOAN COLLINS '48

I was laughing to myself as I sat in the living-room on the cold Christmas eve. It seemed that everyone wanted a white Christmas, especially since last Christmas had been a brown one. I could hear my step-father and Tom shovelling the front walk. I was the only one in the house so I turned on the Christmas tree lights, turned on the radio and relaxed.

As I made myself comfortable in the easy chair, my mind began to wander to by-gone days. It was three years ago that my father died of a heart-attack. I loved my father very much and I shall never forget him! I shared my secrets with him and went to him with all my problems. My dad was very understanding and helpful to me.

As I sat there listening to carols and looking at our presents, I thought to myself: "What are people mostly interested in at Christmas? Is it the fact that Christ was born at this time or is it because of the giving and receiving of presents?" It seemed as if I sat there for hours pondering over this question.

My thoughts were broken as I heard the door bell ring. I answered the door to see a stranger standing there in front of me. I could hardly see him. He was standing by me but yet he seemed to be far away. The man said to me: "It is very cold tonight, young lady! Could you spare a cup of coffee for a poor sad man?"

I was surprised to hear myself say: "Surely, sir, come right in!"

He came in, took off his hat and coat and sat down. We found many things in common to talk about. He seemed to be so wise! I was fascinated by all his wisdom. I felt at ease in his presence and as I talked to him I felt as if I were talking with my own father!

When he was drinking the coffee that I had prepared for him, I asked him what his idea of Christmas was. He told me that he always thought that Christmas was a time of rejoicing, a time to be thankful that our Saviour, who died so that our sins would be forgiven, was born. I told him what I had been thinking about earlier in the evening and he replied to me calmly: "My child, you are right! Many people just think about receiving gifts but many more people think of it in a different way. When some give gifts, they think of the good shepherds who gave gold, frankincense and myrrh to the baby Jesus. This gives them the feeling that they are making other people happy. After this, my child, always think of it this way!"

"Thank-you for the good advice, sir," I replied, "But my goodness, I

forgot to introduce myself _____”

“Never mind, I know who you are!” said the strange gentleman.

“Jean, Jean, wake up!”

“Jean, why haven’t you gone to bed? It’s twelve o’clock!” said my mother.

I had dozed off and dreamt of a stranger who came to my door, or was he a stranger?

TIM JOINS THE CIRCUS

by JOHANNE ZWICKER '50

Aunt Hester was cross again. Tim knew it the minute he came down stairs for breakfast. He had overslept, but he knew he had enough time to get the barn chores done, and be ready to work in the fields at eight o’clock.

When he sat down at the table, Aunt Hester shoved his food before him. “I guess you overslept because you and that dog Spot stayed in the barn so late last night.” Tim grew hotter and hotter. He would never tell Aunt Hester that he was out in the barn teaching Spot tricks. His aunt pushed the dishes aside and sat down at the table. She talked very rapidly and Tim finally knew that she did not wish to have him on the farm any longer; and that they were hiring a new hand.

Tim’s eyes stung. He was an orphan and it made him feel queer to have to give up the only kin he had. He made the best of it, however, and did his chores during the day.

That night after all the others were asleep he and Spot slipped quietly out and started down the road. They walked all night and at sunup he met an early morning gardener who gave him a lift to the town.

When they reached the town Tim’s heart gave a leap as he saw a sign announcing CIRCUS TODAY. He remembered all the nights he and Spot had spent in the barn doing tricks.

He decided to ask for a job at the circus. At first the manager was going to refuse but something in Tim’s face made him stop. Tim was hired to do odd-jobs at the grounds and he was very content.

In the days that followed Tim found that there was more work in the circus than he had ever realized. He had little time for relaxation, but he and Spot practised when they could. One day when he was eating lunch he was asked to come to wagon 63. It was the wagon of the famous clown “Bo-Bo.” Tim walked timidly up the little red steps and knocked on the door.

“Come in,” the clown was dressed in his ridiculous costume when Tim entered. Tim was asked to do an errand for the clown and when he returned they had a long talk. Bo-Bo found out that Tim’s lifelong ambition was to become a clown, so in all his spare time Bo-Bo encouraged and gave Tim hints on the profession.

Tim practised his tricks but he was timid about having an audition. One day his big chance came. Tim was dressed up in his costume when he suddenly realized that he had forgotten to feed the animals. He rushed out of

the tent toward the lion's cage. Spot thought he was playing and he ran along with him. When they reached the lion's cage, the lion gave such a terrific roar that Spot, nearly frightened out of his wits, started to run across the grounds, dodging people and wagons. Finally he reached the big tent, in he went and Tim after him. They raced around the main ring and the audience thinking it was part of the act roared with laughter. Suddenly Bo-Bo was beside him urging him to do the acts that he had practised in his spare time. When Spot saw Tim doing cartwheels and turning somersaults, he started to do his act.

After the show was over he picked Spot up and ran out of the tent. He ran directly into the manager, Mr. Clark, who had a very sober look on his face. Tim started to apologize but before he could say anything, Mr. Clark announced that he was part of the show, because "he had made the people laugh."

HENRY'S FIRST DATE

by JEAN HAUGHN '52

Henry was very excited. He was going to date "the most beautiful girl" in town, as the boys called her. Henry was five feet tall with dark black hair parted in the middle and he wore large black-rimmed glasses. Now he was on his way to call for Myra.

He rang the door-bell. Myra's mother answered it and invited him in, telling him Myra would be down shortly.

Presently she came down dressed in a blue evening dress.

"Hello-o-o Myra. Gee, you look super-er!" said Henry.

"Thank you," was the reply.

"Here's something for you," said Henry.

"Oh, Henry, you shouldn't have brought me this," replied our handsome maiden.

Henry began to blush and soon became as red as the plush cushions on the couch.

"Oh, Henry, you're a dear, and to think you spent your money for poor little me and brought me 'The Life of Napolen Bonaparte'."

They finally got started for the "Rose Club." Here they dined and as Henry could not dance they sat and talked about "books" which Henry loved. Myra found the evening very boring and asked Henry to take her home. Before Myra went in, Henry asked her what was wrong with him.

She replied, "To tell the truth Henry, when girls go out with you their evenings are very boring, because all you know to talk about is books."

"Thanks," murmured Henry, and walked home quickly.

When he arrived home he sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to "The Friendly Company" and in one sentence he said all he had to.

"Enclosed you will find your book 'How to Get Along with Girls.' It failed me."

Signed,
Henry Van Bert Smith III.

A FATAL FALL

by BARBARA ZINCK '48

As the New York Special sped along its tracks, everything was merry within the passenger coaches. The majority of the passengers were college students on their way home for Christmas. Most of the students were gathered in groups talking over various events and singing songs.

Dark haired and blue-eyed Renny Carson wasn't telling stories or singing songs. She was sitting very quietly, deep in her own thoughts.

"Why did Dad have to attend a Medical Convention at Christmas? Now I have to spend my vacation at Tauton with Dad's friend, Dr. Howard."

Renny was twenty years old and a medical student but when it concerned her father, she was still 'his little girl.' Mrs. Carson had died when Renny was born. Father and daughter had never been separated until Renny went off to college. This would be the first Christmas they would not be together.

"Oh well!" she thought grimly, "At least, I'll have plenty of time to do some studying."

Christmas was still a week off. In order to entertain his guest, Dr. Howard took Renny hunting with him. The two enjoyed themselves so much that they went out again the next day and then the next. The fourth day it was quite snowy but an ideal day for partridge.

"I don't feel much like the woods today, Renny. My age and this snow just don't agree. Why don't you go down by Will's Creek and try your luck?"

"She can't go alone," said Mrs. Howard, "something might happen with that gun."

"Don't be silly! Renny can handle a gun better than I can. She wouldn't be Ned Carson's daughter if she couldn't."

Renny, thinking it would be great fun hunting by herself, didn't hesitate at the doctor's suggestion. Having struggled through deep snow to get from the main road to Will's, she was now crouched in a clump of bushes, waiting. Buster, Dr. Howard's dog, was doing his duty on the other side of the creek. Renny heard him barking, then saw a number of birds rise into the grey sky. She quickly fired at the one nearest to her.

Bang! Bang!

Two shots rang out. Renny looked about with surprise as a bird fell to the ground near the creek.

"I fired only one shot. Someone must be near here."

She thought nothing more about it as Buster came to her side carrying the prize. She stuffed the bird into her game-bag and decided to call it a day since it was beginning to snow again. She put a leash on Buster and was leaving when a deep voice said, "I'm terribly sorry young lady, but I'm afraid you have my partridge."

"Your partridge," Renny cried swinging around to face a tall, blond young man. "It just happens I shot that bird and I intend having it for lunch."

"I don't want to be mean, but when I sit for an hour in a snowbank and then have my only prize snatched from under my nose, I'm not in the best of spirits. Now are you going to give it to me quietly?"

"You must have fired that other shot I heard, but my shot killed the bird. Now if you don't mind I'll be leaving."

"Not with my partridge. Show me the bird and I'll prove that I shot it."

"How," asked Renny smirkingly.

"Very simply. See here," said the young man taking the bird from Renny, this bird was shot through the head. "Since you were sitting in that clump of bushes, your shot, if it had been good, would have hit underneath the wings."

Snowcovered, dark eye-lashes revealed a stony glance at the young man holding the partridge, a broad grin on his face. Renny turned swiftly, tripped over Buster's leash and went into a snowbank. She scrambled to her feet and was off as she heard a burst of laughter from behind.

Christmas Eve Renny ran out to do some last minute shopping. When she returned, she saw that the Howard's had company. The visitor was back on to her putting lights on the Christmas tree when Renny entered but she recognized that blond hair at once.

"You!" she gasped when she saw before her the fellow who had taken her partridge.

The young man looked quite surprised when he saw Renny but that broad grin soon crept into his face. Renny was about to turn and walk out when Dr. Howard spoke.

"Don't tell me you two know each other."

"We have met, but not under very friendly circumstances", said Renny glaring at the young man.

"You mean . . . not formally, don't you Mis . . . ?"

"Renny Carson," interrupted Dr. Howard, "You remember Dr. Carson. Renny is his daughter. Renny, I want you to meet my nephew, Bill Howard."

"I hope you will forgive me Miss Carson. I wasn't a very good sport about the partridge."

"You certainly were not!"

"Come, come now. I don't know what you are talking about but let's get at this tree or it won't be ready for Santa," said Dr. Howard, leading Bill and Renny to the tree.

Bill was telling his uncle about the partridge when the door bell rang.

"Dear me! Now who is that?" Mrs. Howard exclaimed.

"I'll answer it," said Renny, taking the opportunity to get out of the room before Bill finished his story.

"Dad!" Renny cried having opened the door and seeing her father before her.

She hurried her father into the living room not even giving him a chance to shake the snow from his clothes.

"Got away earlier than I expected so took a plane down in order to make it for Christmas!" He explained after greeting the Howards.

Renny was bubbling over with happiness. She even managed to smile at Bill. They all talked for quite some time and then the Howards led Dr. Carson into the kitchen to get him something to eat.

"Say, there is still quite a bit to do," said Bill as he dropped to his knees in order to fix the winter scene under the tree.

Renny was hanging some icicles on the top of the tree.

"Well! aren't you going to talk to me. You aren't still angry because I took the partridge, are you?" said Bill looking up at her from where he sat on the floor.

"You were mean"

The ladder on which Renny was standing tipped too far as she bent over to put the last icicle on the tree.

"Oh—h—h—h—h—h—h!"

The next instant Renny found herself in Bill's arms. He had managed to break her fall and was now holding her very close.

"Ar Are you all right?" he asked anxiously.

"I think so!" muttered Renny not fully recovered from the shock.

"You didn't finish answering my question, remember?"

Renny looked rather shyly into Bill's eyes.

"I'm afraid I'm the one to ask forgiveness."

Bill and Renny were in a passionate embrace when the Howards and Dr. Carson entered the room.

"By the looks of it, I don't think Renny would have missed me too much if I hadn't reached here for Christmas," said Dr. Carson chuckling.

MURDER AT SMOKY HOLLOW

by CYRIL FULTON '48

It was due to the fact that I was a close friend of Inspector Johnson and his assistant, Sergeant York, that I heard the facts concerning the Princeton Jade Jewel case.

This particular case was in connection with a large valuable stone which came from India. The owner was a Mr. Princeton who had a collection of gems, some worth nearly a hundred thousand dollars. This was one of the more valuable ones, worth in the vicinity of one hundred-thirty thousand dollars and as it was yet uncut, it was worth much more as a finished stone. Mr. Princeton lived in a mansion known as Smoky Hollow.

On the particular night of the murder he was alone in his study. No one of the household heard any unusual sounds that evening. Mr. Princeton was not found until the next morning.

He was found behind the old well in a clump of bushes. His body was a mangled mass. It was quite evident that the late Mr. Princeton had been tortured by someone who wanted some information or possibly his jewels.

Jossie, who was Mr. Princeton's son, was questioned and evidence was given that put Jossie in a ticklish spot. The gardener had overheard Mr.

Princeton and his son arguing violently. Jossie was in a rage and threatened his father in a determined tone of voice. The gardener also said that the two were arguing over the fact that his father wanted to send him back to his Grandfather's estate on the river Ere to finish his University training. He hated both and refused to go back. Jossie as yet was the only suspect in the case and as things looked at the time, everything and everyone were against him. The fact that Jossie was heir to his father's fortune did not help matters very much.

Meanwhile Sergeant York and the Inspector went over all the angles of the case. Could the murderer have been someone else? Could Jossie be innocent? These are the two questions which probably run through every Inspector's mind. As Jossie was not as yet proved guilty, it was quite possible that someone else might have killed Mr. Princeton. To try and verify these questions they drove out to Smoky Hollow to inspect the grounds once more.

The two looked in and around the bushes and studied the grounds. From the condition of the soft earth around the well, it was quite evident that Mr. Princeton was killed after he came out of the house. Some grass and sods were upturned and there were definite signs of a struggle. It was thought that Mr. Princeton tried to escape, and was given a hard blow over the head which proved too much for him.

Suddenly Sergeant York motioned the Inspector over near the barn. There in a tree, half dead and partly fallen, was a blood-spot, hardly noticeable, but the keen eye of Sergeant York had picked it out. About six feet from the bottom of the tree was a hollow ring where a branch at some time or other must have grown. Examining the hole they found the weapon which was used in the bloody murder. It was a crudely made blackjack, covered with blood. Evidently it was in such a mess that the murderer did not want to carry it with him. This was their first clue.

The weapon was tested for prints but the murderer must have worn gloves. Then on examining the black-jack closely they noticed that it was filled with a sandy material which was later found out to be a type of abrasive used in the jewellery business. That meant that one of the persons who had connection with that type of work was the murderer.

While they were working on the case they received information that a man by the name of Linel Stoffe had been arrested for breaking a contract with a jeweller in Fairview. Mr. Stoffe was supposed to supply this jeweller with a number of jewels of the Kirk Jade variety.

Mr. Stoffe was taken into custody and was asked where he had been on the day and night of the murder. These two cases seemed to interlock in the Inspector's mind and he was very careful not to let Linel Stoffe know that he was a likely suspect.

Mr. Stoffe reported that he had been in Oakridge, a distance of about forty-five miles all that day and night and came back the next morning at about 10.30.

That was all the Inspector wanted to know. The contract had been signed by Mr. Stoffe on Friday, July 16, 1943 in Norrisburg and was sent to the

jeweller in Fairview. It was quite obvious now that Mr. Stoffe was lying, because he could not have been in Oakridge all day and night if he had signed the contract in Norrisburg on the same day.

At this point Mr. Stoffe realized he had made his fatal mistake and confessed that he didn't mean to kill Mr. Princeton. He said he had given him a blow on the head to calm him down because Mr. Princeton almost escaped. He also explained that the Kirk Jade was the only stone of the particular type he needed, and if he had succeeded he would have made his fortune. However, due to his carelessness he was caught and convicted of the slaying of Mr. Princeton.

RUFUS' DREAM

by GLENN BECK '48

It was hot and Rufus threw the covers off his bed while he thought about the dream that he had just had. It seemed so real that he could hardly believe it was a dream. A shadowy figure had come to the side of his bed. It had told him that there was buried treasure under the iron post that marked the north corner of his land. Amos Burdy, Billy McBride, and Tom Parker also used the iron post as a marker for the corners of their land. Rufus was to get them to help dig up the treasure.

This was however, no ordinary treasure. There were special instructions that had to be followed. The digging was to start at midnight; and there was to be no smoking or talking while digging. Strangest of all they were not to take a light or any tools with them. If they did not follow these instructions, the treasure would be lost forever.

"Do you believe in dreams?", Rufus asked his wife Amy at breakfast that morning when he finished telling her about the dream.

"Land sakes no", she answered, "but if I were you I'd have the boys at the iron post at midnight."

So at 11.45 that night Rufus and his brave companions were approaching the iron post. When they got there, the moon came from under a cloud to make the night as light as day and there were two shovels and two crowbars lying on the ground near the post.

Greatly encouraged the brave men started to dig. After about five minutes of very hard work, Billy McBride's crowbar struck something hollow.

"I've got it!" he yelled.

Almost instantly at these words there was a hissing sound and a great cloud of smoke came out of the hole. Diffused with the smoke were some very sharp odors of sulphur and brimstone. Then the clouds seemed to burst and rain came down in bucketfuls.

"Rufus! Wake up! You'll burn the house and everybody in it if you don't stop smoking in bed after a heavy meal," cried Amy in not very gentle tones; "If I hadn't come along with a bucket of water when I did, you'd be burned to a crisp by now. That cigarette of yours dropped right from your hand into that box of matches."

Rufus didn't hear the monologue that followed. He was too busy wondering if his neighbors would go on a treasure hunt with him.

MIRACLE OF WAR

by MARY ANN LOHNES '51

As we entered the small, quiet church in one of the worst sections of France we noticed a grave, tranquillity hovering over it as though something sacred had lodged there. This strange feeling continued all through the service.

On our way home, after we had shaken hands with the minister and told him how much we enjoyed the service; we, meaning myself, my wife, and my daughter, asked our friends if they had shared this feeling.

My friend answered by telling us this strange story: "The Minister of that Church, whom you have just met, had a son. He was a tall, good-looking boy, only nineteen, and still going to the University of Paris when the war broke out. Naturally he followed the example of all the other young men of France, as well as most of the other countries of the world and enlisted. His father and mother were very proud of him. He had a sweetheart, too, a young pretty girl of about eighteen. He wanted to marry her when he was home on leave, shortly before he was sent to the very battle which was to take place practically outside his very own village. She, being a sensible girl, said 'No.' She thought they were too young and should wait a while. Well, this boy, whose name was Jean, went to war. We had this big battle outside Petit Henri, and after it the minister and his wife received one of those yellow slips of paper that mean so much, but yet put dread into every heart that sees one of them. This one said 'We regret to inform you that your son, Jean Gautier, has been reported dead —, '"

"This news shocked his mother and father so that they went all to pieces. They were so ill that Marie, Jean's fiancee, came to live with them and to take care of them. They all thought it was the end of the world. It was even thought that Monsieur Gautier would never preach again."

"Then the miracle happened! One day, quite unexpectedly, a contingent of Canadian soldiers came to Petit Henri. They were to stay here until the rest of the army caught up to them. That night they happened to be over in Monsieur Verier's store when Marie came in for some groceries that were needed at the Manse. She looked a bit confused at first, as though she didn't know what to make of it, those soldiers being here, I mean."

"I guess you're wondering how I know so much about this. I happened to be in the store that night when Marie came in. She didn't waste much time looking around. She just walked up to the counter and told the clerk what she wanted. As she was on her way out, her eyes seemed to wander to a young soldier who was sitting by himself in a corner, just staring into space.

"Jean", she gasped."

"We all turned. Sure enough, the young man did look like Jean Gautier. Some people say that miracles can't happen, but if this wasn't a miracle I don't know what it was."

"Marie walked slowly over to him, looking as though she couldn't quite believe her eyes. When she reached him she just stood there staring at him. He stared back for a minute and then he smiled at her and said, 'Hello.' My name is John Brent. Is there anything I can do for you? "

"The light went out of Marie's face. 'Oh no, thank you,' she said, trying not to cry. I'm sorry if I disturbed you." She turned slowly away and went towards the door. When she reached it she turned and gave one longing glance backwards, and slowly closed it behind her."

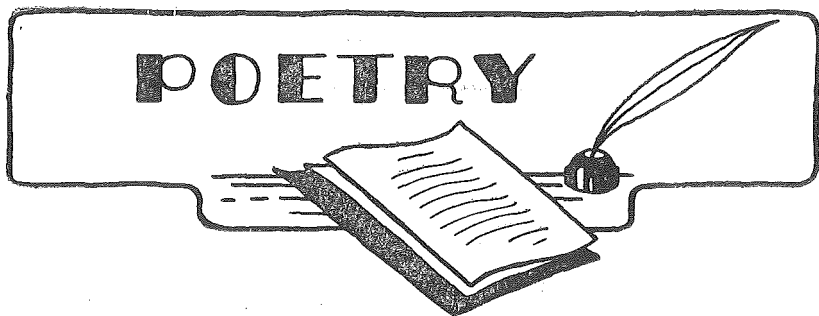
"I thought something had to be done. Here was a chance for the Gautiers and Marie to regain what they'd lost from life. I went to the soldier and told him the story. He agreed to come along with me and see them. Once they'd looked at him another miracle happened. They spent the rest of the afternoon talking and John said if they wanted him to, he would stay with them until it was time for him to leave."

"John stayed with them. Monsieur Gautier began to preach again. Mrs. Gautier got back all her strength and vigor, and Marie — well — she fell in love again. When John left he promised to come back at the end of the war. He did, and this is how you see them today."

"Mr. and Mrs. Gautier are still living in Petit Henri, he preaching with all his old fervency and giving the church that feeling of holiness. John and Marie are married and have a small daughter named Jeanne and they are all very happy."

While our friend was talking my wife and daughter kept looking at me with eyes like stars, even if they were filled with tears.

You see this was just the kind of story we needed. We had come over to visit the grave of our son, who was buried in the same cemetery as Jean Gautier. We knew now that we would go back to America and live our lives with lighter hearts and a brighter future than we had come.



THE SEA GULLS

by FLORENCE FEENER '50

The grey Sea Gull is the senior bird
 Of the inshore water clan;
 He has no lure or social urge,
 Though he fares with the fisherman.
 For all the while by the harbour-side
 He waits for floating bait,
 As he takes his stand on a broken pile
 And appears to meditate.

The white Sea Gull, or common tern,
 Delights to dive or soar
 With a take-off from a Blue Rock berm,
 Or a Tancook sandy shore.
 In loving jest, or playfulness,
 He careens with joyous screech
 Where the spume and driftwood guard his nest
 On a lonely sequestered beach.

The blue Sea Gull is an inland bird
 But a friend of the fishermen still.
 His habitat is Lunenburg
 And his home - Academy Hill.
 In the minds of boys who look aloft
 And of beautiful maids he lives
 And he preens at Bourque's printing shop,
 Which serves his coming-out needs.

THE SEA GULL
MY MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS

by BOB LORING '48

Well at 6 A. M. the day begins;
 We'd better start with vitamins.
 No! Christmas morning's no excuse
 You have to drink your orange juice.
 The Christmas tree is really gorgeous.
 You must admit it was inspired,
 Getting the Star of Bethlemlen wired —
 Don't tell me this is all there is
 Why I sent dozens more then these.
 The Gibson's annual card is here,
 They send the same one every year.
 I see the Applegates have missed,
 I'm glad I took them off my list,
 Now who on earth is J. Edward Jopling —
 Quick, quick! The Christmas tree is toppling!
 No, no! The tree! The presents later!
 Here tie it to the radiator!
 Ten dollars in this note of Aunties
 Good grief! I sent her rayon panties.
 Darling you must have put on weight
 I told the clerk size thirty-eight.
 Don't throw the wrappings on the floor.
 Now, whose is this, and what's it for!
 Don't mix the cards! Heavens, which one
 Sent Susan Ann the tommy gun?
 I can't sit down and take it calmly.
 This room! Oh, help here comes the family
 Why Grammie, Auntie, little Shirley,
 How lovely that you got here early.
 White meat or dark meat? Just commence
 Pie? Pudding? Raisins? Candied Fruit?
 Bicarbonate to help you through it?
 It's time to leave? Well Merry Christmas
 Was ever a mess as wild as this?
 Darling, it's time to go to bed.
 You make them go — my feet — my head
 I'm just simply, completely and absolutely DEAD.

TREES

by SHEILA HELLSTROM '53

Great are the trees in the forest,
In that wild and solemn domain
Of the hunters and the hunted
That live through the wind and rain.

In the spring when new leaves are budding,
In the fall when they're yellow and red,
In the warm and refreshing summer,
And the winter so cold and so dead.

Though times may change around them,
And people grow old and die;
The trees live on in the forest
And watch many a year go by.

THE WEEPING WILLOW

by JOHANNE ZWICKER '50

On the fringes of the river where the weeping willow stands,
Reaching down into the water with her slender silvery hands;
Where the wind blows gently, and the boats rock to and fro;
It's there beneath the willows that I always love to go.

The place is calm and quiet and the stillness is serene,
Secluded from the turmoil of the city's busy scene.
The shadows dance like fairies on the water 'neath the trees;
While the sunshine plays on cobwebs,
And a book rests on my knees.

It's peaceful just to sit there
When my thoughts are far away —
And watch the sun sink slowly,
At the closing of the day.

CHRISTMAS

by ANNE GRENACHE '53

On the cold, dark night, when Christ was born
 A bright star shone in the east 'till morn,
 Wise men and shepherds came where He lay,
 So that was our very first Christmas Day.

They brought wonderful gifts to this great Holy Child
 As His mother looked on so sweet and so mild.
 Because the gifts were brought this way
 Presents are now sent on Christmas Day.

Christmas is celebrated far and wide,
 There is always joy at Christmas 'tide
 For we'll always think of the Christ Child, then
 "Peace on earth and good will to all men."

A FULL DAY

by CAROL ZINCK '48

"Time to get up!" sounds the dreadful cry,
 "No! It can't be!", say I with a sigh:
 A voice that you hear against your will;
 It seems that last night is with us still.

But nevertheless, it's time to arise,
 So out I jump, while rubbing my eyes;
 Seven o'clock and there's no time to waste,
 So shortly I'm dressed, and all in great haste.

After my breakfast there's algebra to do.
 So by eight-thirty I've mastered a few
 Of the x's and y's and a function and graph;
 But how I perspire on this subject called 'Math'!

But now I must run right off on my way,
 There's a debate at eight-forty, and no one can say
 Just what you would miss if you were not there:
 So I'm off to school to attend this affair.

They fight and they argue and 'they have their say',
 And we, the listeners, can think what we may.

The judges consider each speech, and present
Their final decisions, to close the event.

The best team has won, and we clap and we shout,
All the pupils enjoyed it, there is no doubt!
But the debate is over, and we must pass
Each to our own individual class.

At twelve o'clock we go home to eat,
One-thirty finds us back in our seat.
Three-thirty takes us to practise the play
For the Xmas concert, be what it may!

Here my true trouble really is shown:
"No! That's not right!" "Your lines must be known!
Your exit is left! Your entrance is right!"
How I would like to crawl out of sight!

But finally I know what I am to do
And try to make my mistakes but few.
At six o'clock we stop for the day
And go home for supper, and run half the way!

But I am not finished just yet for the day:
Eight o'clock something else comes my way;
A basketball meeting for me to attend,
So off I go, a full hour to spend.

At nine o'clock I return home at last,
And study some history, current or past.
Then there is French and Social Problems too,
Chemistry and English and much more to do!

I must write a poem for the "Sea Gull"! But how?
Well this, my dear reader you are reading now!
I am certain that all you people will say
That this, indeed, has been a full day!

WALLACE W. SMITH

by LLOYD ZINCK '48

"The development of a town depends upon the people in it."

Lunenburg is no exception to this statement. Its slow, but steady progress has been stimulated by many men in the past, some of whom are still living, and still pressing for new developments. One of these men is Mr. Wallace W. Smith, one of the directors of the Lunenburg branch of the National Sea Products, the largest fish company in the province.

Mr. Smith was born in 1896, three years before the erection of the original "W. C. Smith Co." He was educated in the Lunenburg Public Schools, and was indeed, no different from the "modern" boy, as Mr. M. O. Maxner, now Inspector of Schools for Lunenburg, or Miss Minnie Hewat can testify. Leaving the Lunenburg Public Schools, Mr. Smith continued his education at King's College, and later he went to the Nova Scotia Technical College to take engineering. At King's College he won several scholarships. At the Nova Scotia Technical College, he was no less studious; for at this College he was awarded the Governor-General's Medal for leading his class.

In the first World War, Mr. Smith continued his engineering by joining the Canadian Railway Troops. He often recalls many of his experiences of that time. At the termination of the War, Mr. Smith returned to Lunenburg, and was employed by the Lunenburg Coal & Supply Co. Here he engrossed himself

in the fishing industry of Lunenburg, remaining in this Company until 1926, when the Lunenburg Sea Products was formed. Because of his engineering ability, he was put in charge of the construction of the new plant. As the business grew, and as new companies became affiliated with the original Lunenburg Sea Products, he was placed in charge of the maintenance department and the building of ships. Soon he became General Manager and today, he is one of the directors of the largest branch of the great company, The National Sea Products. Today, in comparison with the original six ships, there are approximately eighty-nine ships in the company. The Lunenburg Sea Products itself is almost entirely responsible for the recent changes in the fishing industry of Nova Scotia.

Mr. Smith is also a family man. He is happily married to Audrey Smith, daughter of Richard Smith of Smith and Rhuland. There are two children: Susan, at present attending Lunenburg Academy, and David, form-



erly of Lunenburg Academy, but now attending Phillip's Exeter Academy, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

When Mr. Smith entered the Lunenburg Sea Products, he was manager, captain and also played on the Lunenburg hockey team. Hockey at that time was Lunenburg's main sport, and Mr. Smith, a very active sportsman, played much of it. However, in 1932, he retired from active hockey; a year he also remembers for a championship match with Iruro, which team beat Lunenburg in total points.

Hockey is not the only interest of Mr. Smith. For several years he was in charge of the development of the tennis courts. When enthusiasm for tennis lapsed, he spent much money in its revival, and in the repair of the courts. At present there are still more extensive repairs planned.

Later, Mr. Smith took up golf, which was soon followed by curling, his favourite sport as shown by his interest in the new curling rink. Numerous other sports occupy his spare time, and all this reveals his keen interest in athletics.

In local affairs, besides his connection with the Lunenburg Sea Products, he was a member of the Town Council in 1925, 1926, 1943 and 1947. He is also a member of the Church of England and was a very active President of the Lunenburg branch of the Canadian Legion.

Despite all his minor interests and his crowded business life, Mr. Smith is much interested in the general welfare of the community. Whenever something is to be done, Mr. Smith can be relied upon to co-operate, whether it be in work, business, or athletics.



THE STUDENTS COUNCIL — 1948

Front Row: G. Kni-kle, Carol Zinck (President), M. Mosher (Treasurer), A. Cluett (Vice-President). Back Row: S. Zinck, J. Bald, J. Zinck, D. Hill (Secretary) B. Beck, I. Greek.

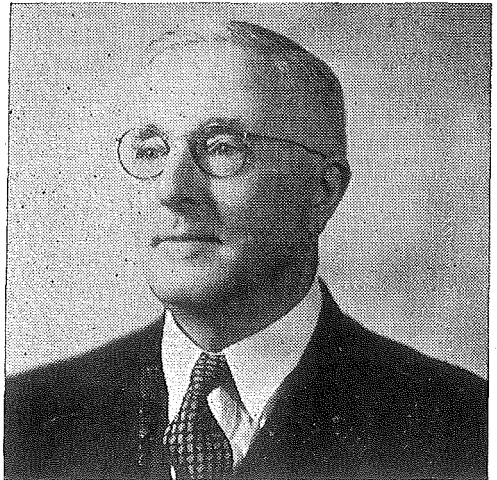
R. MOYLE SMITH

by ALFRED CLUETT '49

After an interview with Mr. R. M. Smith, one can easily see why he is one of the most prominent citizens in our small town. He is a very public-spirited citizen, taking an interest in and doing good for others.

Born in Lunenburg, he was the second son of the late Captain Charles Smith and Anna Morash. His parents were born in Lunenburg and his grandparents were among the earliest citizens in this community. He has one brother, Mr. Jessen Smith, who lives in Lunenburg.

Mr. Smith started school in the old Academy in 1893. When he was attending school, the late Mr. McKittrick began his career as Principal of the Academy. After the Academy was destroyed by fire, an event which probably many of the citizens of the town remember, he attended the new school, from which he graduated. Mr. Smith's boyhood was full of all the natural events of that stage in life. He especially enjoyed skating, sailing and rowing.



Mr. Smith then attended Maritime Business College for four months, after which he went to work with the late William A. Zwicker in 1900. There he was employed until 1913 when he entered into partnership. He showed a natural talent for business and the partnership prospered. In 1926 Mr. W. A. Zwicker died and Mr. Henry Zwicker a son, came into the business.

In the year of entering into partnership (1913), Mr. Smith married Emily Hebb, who passed away one year ago. She was a sister of ex-Mayor L. L. Hebb.

Although his business took a great deal of his time, Mr. Smith had many outside interests, always being mindful of his duty to the town and community. He was appointed to the Fishermen's Exhibition Committee, a position which he held up to the year 1946. He was on the Town Council 1916 - 1919 and from 1929 - 1948 with the exception of two years in the latter period. During his term as councillor, Mr. Smith was Chairman of the Street and Water Committees of the town for four years. He was also a member of the Cemetery Committee from 1929 to 1948. When the late Mayor Schwartz was in office, Mr. Smith was Deputy-Mayor for four years.

"Moyle", being interested in sailing vessels, was a Director of the famed

Bluenose Schooner Company. He attended most of the International races when the famous "BLUENOSE" raced and defeated the "HENRY FORD", a famous American yacht. Today, Mr. Smith holds the ship-clock and the topmast ball as souvenirs of the ill-fated "BLUENOSE."

He retired from the firm W. A. Zwicker & Company in 1945 completing forty-seven years of service to the public. After retiring he was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Lunenburg Fishermen's Mutual Relief Association and Fishermen's Mutual Insurance Association, which positions he now holds. His office is located in the Burn's Building.

Mr. Smith also has numerous social activities. In 1907 he joined the Rising Sun Lodge. After many years of faithful service he became Past Grand, a position which he retained for two terms. When he was elected as treasurer of the trustees, an office which he still holds. He is also a member of the Masonic Lodge, Number 4, A. F. & A. M., which order he joined in 1927. In this connection he is a Past Master.

In 1939 "Moyle" was appointed by the government as Commissioner of School Lands, an office which he still retains. He has been also Secretary-Treasurer of the Trustees of Common Lands since 1939.

While in business, Mr. Smith was also very much interested in sports and life in the out-doors. As a result he was one of the first to have a gasoline boat in the Lunenburg Back Harbour and a summer camp on beautiful Mason's Island. This year Mr. Smith retired as town councillor. We are proud to have him remain a citizen of his home town.



LUNENBURG ACADEMY LIBRARY

THUMB NAIL SKETCH OF A BUSINESS MAN

HENRY FREEMAN ZWICKER

by JOAN COLLINS '48

Henry Freeman Zwicker was born in Lunenburg on October the fifth, 1895. He was the son of William Alexander Zwicker, merchant and Bessie Sybella Hamm. The Zwickers originally came from Germany in 1752; and they received, from the British Government, grants of land at Mahone and Lunenburg. Mr. William A. Zwicker was born at Mahone Bay. He spent the early years of his childhood on Cross Island tending the nets and fishing. At the age of sixteen he entered the store of Mr. Robert Lindsay as Junior Clerk. A few months later, he associated himself with Stephen Zinck with whom he remained for about seventeen years. On October 5th, 1889, at the age of thirty-four, he established the first purely men's and boys' clothing store in Lunenburg at the corner of Lincoln and Duke Streets.

Henry F. Zwicker, the only child, attended the Lunenburg Academy after which he spent four years at the University of King's College, Windsor, N. S., receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He was interested in the various activities of College life, and was Secretary of the Student Body in his Senior year. He furthered his education by the study of banking and commerce at Eastmans' School, Paughkeepsie, New York.

He enlisted in 1917 with the Royal Canadian Navy serving in various capacities for two years. Upon demobilization he entered the firm of W. A. Zwicker & Co. After the death of his father on March 25th, 1924, Harry and Mr. R. Moyle Smith continued the business until Mr. Smith retired on July 31st, 1945. The business is now owned by Mr. Zwicker.



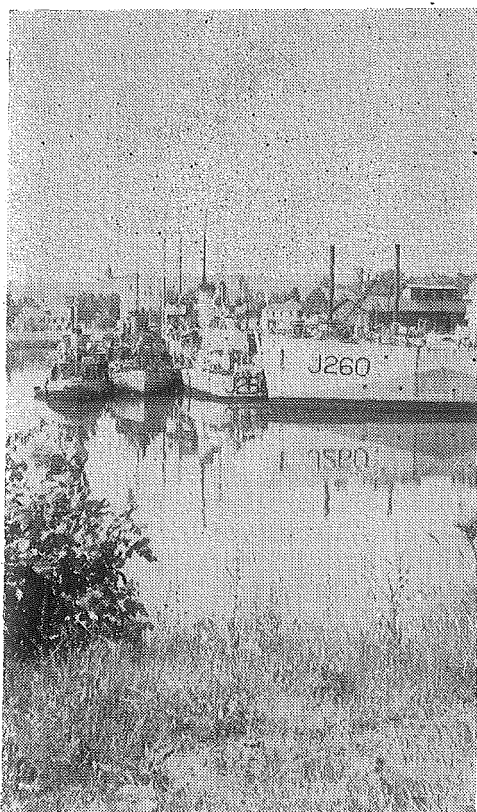
On August 15th, 1928 he married Mable Gertrude, daughter of Capt. David S. Heisler of Lunenburg. They have one daughter, Johanne Elizabeth now attending the Lunenburg Academy.

"Harry" has always taken a great interest in the various phases of community life, being one of the organizers and directors of the Lunenburg Arena Co.; director of the Masonic Building Co.; a Past Secretary and Past Master of Unity Masonic Lodge; a thirty-second degree Scottish Rite Mason; and a member of The Chapter and Preceptory; Secretary of The Lunenburg

Deanery Laymen's Association for ten years; and at various times he has served on the Vestry of St. John's Anglican Church.

His business activities are varied being a director of the Lunenburg Foundry, and the Lunenburg Foundry Garage Co. He is interested in the many branches of the fishing industry. Harry is a great reader, modest, home-loving, quiet in manner, a loyal friend and in his spare time enjoys gardening and camping on Herman's Island.

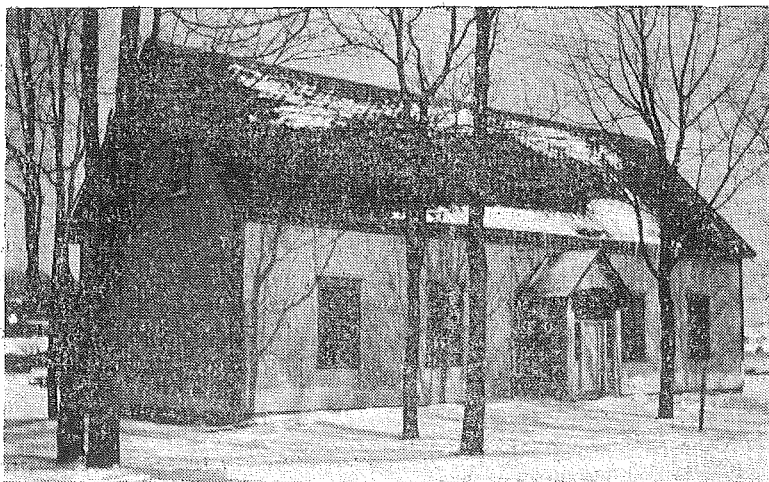
Mr. Zwicker is very proud of his town. He is chairman of the Tourist and Publicity Committee of the Lunenburg Board of Trade. Harry is an ardent booster of its history, scenic beauty and romance.



A TYPICAL SCENE
LUNENBURG FOUNDRY
1939 - 1945

EDUCATION AT THE NEWTOWN SCHOOL

by HELEN F. CORKUM '49



On March 2, 1883, at a meeting of the Trustees of Common Lands (of which James Eisenhauer was president), it was voted that five hundred dollars be donated from the "Common Fund" for the erection of a Newtown School. Nothing more was mentioned concerning this project until the following year - that is 1884. At this time, it was decided where the proposed building should be built. Those who attended this meeting agreed that the Newtown School should be constructed on the plot of ground lying next to the road, opposite to Capt. Young's house (now the residence of Lawyer W. P. Potter). It was to include the lots owned by John Anderson (that is the property near the Lunenburg Dairy), to the line of highwater mark. The property ran westward to a line of separation from the "Iron Foundry" (the name given to the present Lunenburg Foundry). A distance of fifty feet was to be reserved for a road on the east and south sides. At this same meeting the citizens decided that the plot of ground concerned, should be graded, sodded and planted with ornamental trees. Also, that the said lot should be enclosed by a suitable fence. These little details reveal the pride felt in the hearts of those interested in developing the property.

Although it cannot be learned definitely, it is believed that the building was not erected until approximately 1885. Even then, the entire building was not built - only one section facing the western side. The first teacher in this room was Miss Bessie Loye (the late Mrs. Dan Miller). On the completion of a second unit, Miss Charlotte Zwicker (the late Mrs. Polly) accepted the position as teacher.

In the one room, grades one to three, inclusive, were taught; and in

The second room were pupils from grades four to six. Of course this school offered instruction only to those boys and girls living in the district known as Newtown. On the satisfactory completion of the work in grade six, the students were transferred to the Lunenburg Academy. The old Academy was situated on Bunker Hill (the vacant lot opposite to the monument). From DesBrisay's "History of Lunenburg County," I quote: "the Newtown schools belong to the Academy, and are subject to its rules."

Although these opportunities for an education were open to all those willing to accept, it appears that many children avoided going to school. In 1895 the Town Council, by an unanimous vote, resolved to put into effect the Compulsory Education Act.

In the year 1911, it was found necessary to close one room of the Newtown school (where grades four, five and six were taught). The pupils attending this room were sent to the Lunenburg Academy. For several years only grades one, two and three were taught. Then in 1938 the enrollment in this room was so small that the Board of School Commissioners decided that the Newtown school should be closed indefinitely.

During the years of the Second World War, the building was re-opened. Although it ceased to be a source of education, it nevertheless served a very worthy cause, for it was here that the local branch of the Red Cross established a blood donor clinic, also the Norwegian Navy used the building as a hospital.

When the clinic was closed at the end of the war, it appeared that the "little school house by the road" would become a "ragged beggar sunning." However, a building erected by men with such great purposes could not be abandoned so easily.

In Sept. 1947 the building was again re-opened. It had been renovated and made ready for the instruction of Household Science and Mechanic Science. The two teachers being Miss M. Hoyt and Mr. E. E. Eisnor. The Newtown school was given the name of "Arts and Crafts Building" and students from Grades VI to X inclusive, attend these classes.

A VISIT TO THE ARTS AND CRAFT BUILDING

On entering the Mechanic Science Room, I saw several handy workbenches surrounded by boys planing boards. Upon inquiry I learned that the boys were helping to make a desk for the Domestic Science Room. I saw large machines, and I was told that they were both expensive, and scarce. On closer observation I saw a large filing cabinet. It is here that the boys keep their blueprints. The chisels, saws and other essential tools are kept in closets. At one side of the room, there was a small blackboard on which the instructor had written some notes. On speaking to the boys I found that they are most enthusiastic about this course, and their work denoted skill and accuracy. I am sure everyone will agree that Mechanic Science will benefit these boys greatly.

Across the hall, I was admitted to the Domestic Science Room. Here I found the girls busily preparing food for a lunch box which would contain all the necessary fats, proteins and carbohydrates. Some of the girls were

melting butter for sandwiches, over a modern electric range. There were two such stoves in this room. Another girl was preparing a pan of drop cookies. On wandering around, I saw some new electric sewing machines. Miss Hoyt showed me some sewing by the Grade seven girls which was done very neatly. Finally the food was prepared, and I was called to watch a demonstration. Two of the girls showed the others how to pack a lunch-box properly. Just before it was completely filled someone went to the convenient refrigerator to bring out some apple sauce, which had been forgotten. Then we ate the food which had been previously prepared. May I comment the drop cookies were delicious!

Surely, this course will be of help to the young girl who in the future, will probably be a housewife.

MORNING ASSEMBLIES AT LUNENBURG COUNTY ACADEMY

by JOHN BALD '49

There are assemblies ————— and assemblies. There are ones which are famous, and then there are those which are not so famous. The Morning Assembly held at L. C. A., every Monday and Wednesday mornings throughout the school year, is one of the latter. Being little known does in no way lessen the importance of this Assembly.

One has to partake of the Assemblies at L. C. A. before really understanding them. First, they are a medium through which the Principal, Student's Council, Red Cross, and other organizations may contact both the Junior and Senior High schools at the same time. In this way, not only is much time saved, but an interest is developed in the various grades, for the welfare of other grades.

Secondly, these assemblies are useful in bringing to light any talents which the students may possess by way of entertainment. Many students vent their imagination upon "ingenyus" programs for Morning Assembly, instead of using that same wild imagination in answering questions on exam papers. Thus we may see that Morning Assemblies are directly useful in averting insanity in the teachers who have to mark those same exam papers!

But aside from joking, it may be said in all sincerity, that there is scarcely any training more valuable to a budding speaker, singer, or player of musical instruments, than to perform before an audience of one's fellow students. Morning Assemblies provide this experience in the form of debates, and the above-mentioned entertainment.

The debates are perhaps the most useful phase of the Morning Assemblies, and should be highly regarded. These debates teach the

participants to reason out the "pro" and "con" of many subjects, and also teach the speakers to state clearly and concisely their thoughts regarding the subject. The spectators are also taught to appreciate the facts contained in a speech, and not to be swayed by the color of the speaker's eyes, or some such thing as that. We may see that Morning Assemblies are implanting in the students of L. C. A., several of the characteristics which are desirable in a valuable citizen.

Of what does the Morning Assembly program consist? Let us go back to the inception of one Morning Assembly program.

The real beginning is a meeting on a Friday morning, of the Student's council. At this meeting, the representatives from a certain grade, set forth a few names from whom the committee is chosen. This committee consists of three pupils who may have the ability to produce an interesting program. These students are notified that they have been chosen for the Morning Assembly Committee. They may have an attack of qualms; and protest; but since the Student's Council is backed up by the Principal, its word is law, and the pupils know what is expected of them.

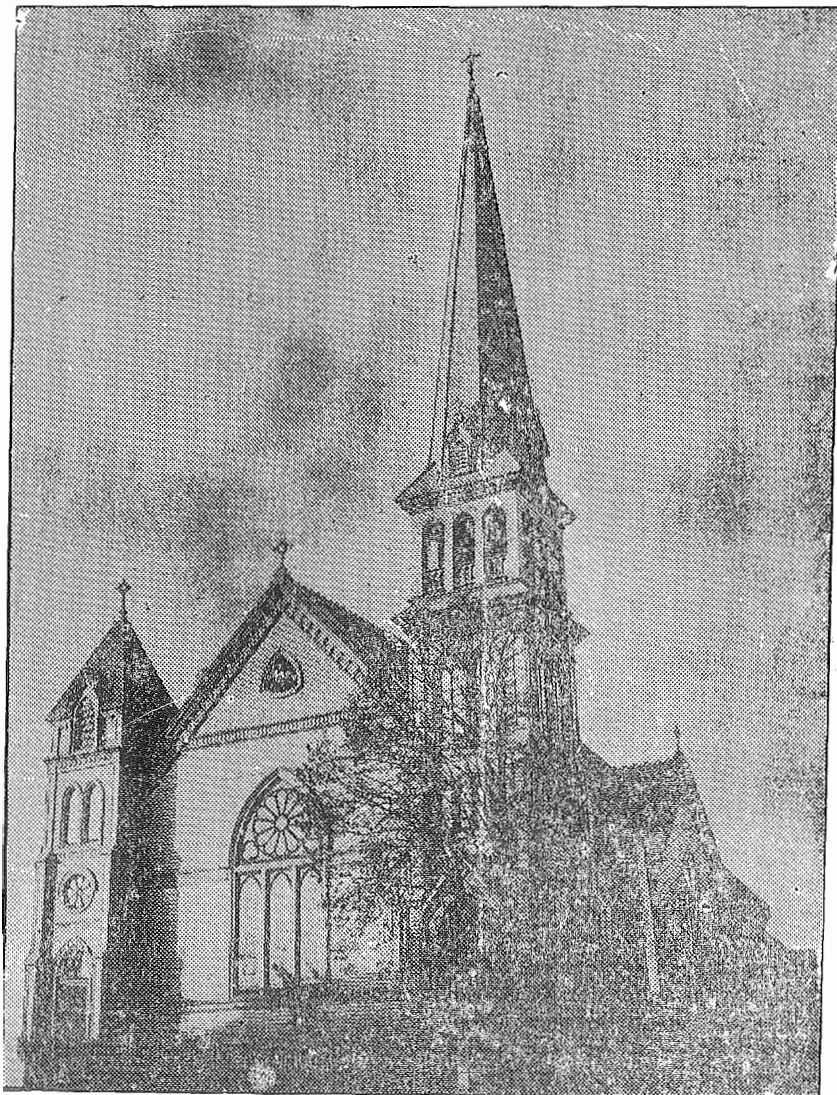
Do these pupils immediately dash to a teacher, asking for the eveready advice? Unfortunately no! Rather, they stall off even thinking about the program a week off, and consequently, upon the following Thursday or Friday, the worried countenances of three pupils is indeed a common sight. Then their brains begin to function, and they think up a program which will be a credit to them. Sometimes a playlet is presented, sometimes speakers are asked to talk at the assembly, at other times a quiz or contest of some sort is presented. This is the general trend of the programmes.

The Morning Assemblies begin at eight forty-five, opening with 'O Canada.' The assembly continues with the reading of a selection from the Scriptures. The Students say the Lord's Prayer in unison, followed by a hymn sung from books procured for that purpose. The rest of the programme is left to the ability of the committee. If they are able, the rest of the program will be either highly educational or interesting. But no matter what the program, the pupils are likely to greet it with enthusiasm as only grumpy sleepy-eyed boys and girls can. We can thus see that Morning Assembly is enjoyable to everyone, those just acting as audience, and those participating.

It is hoped that this article has proven that there is a definite value in Morning Assemblies, and that it is advisable to continue them in the years to come.

THE 175th ANNIVERSARY OF ZION'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, 1772 - 1947

by JANET E. ZINCK '50 and SHIRLEY LOHNES '50



On August 10th, 1947, Zion's Lutheran Church, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, celebrated its 175th anniversary. In the following you will find a brief history of old historic Zion's.

The devout Lutheran people, who first came to our shores in 1753, held

services in their homes for eighteen years before constructing a Lutheran Church in 1770. Two years later the building was dedicated and given the name of Zion's Lutheran Church. The congregation was made up of approximately one-hundred and seventy-five families with Rev. Frederick Schultz from Germany, as pastor. Now after eighteen years since their coming to this new country, Holy Communion was administered to them by one of their own faith, a sacrament which was to them a very dear treasure and the crown of their hearts.

A year later, 1773, a parsonage was erected which served as a home for many pastors until 1878, when the present parsonage was constructed.

During the pastorate of Rev. Schultz, the first bell was brought to Lunenburg and placed in position. The history of this bell is peculiar, Brought originally from France, it hung in the chapel at the fort of Louisburg until the dismantling of that stronghold in 1758. Then it was transported along with the other spoils of victory, to Halifax. It remained there until purchased from the government by the Lutherans at Lunenburg. The bell was hung in the Church and rung for the first time at the Fourth Anniversary.

Many smaller churches grew from Mother Zion, one of them being Grace Lutheran Church at First South constructed in 1903. At the present time Grace Lutheran Church along with Mother Zion constitute the Lunenburg Parish.

During Rev. W. M. Weaver's pastorate, the nineteenth pastor of Zion, a pipe organ was installed. This was the gift of the late Henry D. Moser.

Many of the earlier pastors of this historic church came from the United States, but in later years most of them graduated from the Lutheran Seminary at Waterloo, Ontario; among them being the present pastor, Rev. L. G. Bald, also his predecessor, Rev. George Innes.

When Rev. Innes, joined the services to participate in World War II, he was succeeded by Rev. Bald. The membership of Zion's then numbered four hundred and twenty-one. Through the efforts of the present pastor and his interest in the youth, Artemus Hall was constructed in the basement of the Church as a recreation room for the young people. Also, because of Rev. Bald's interest in the young people, the Sunday School has shown marked advancement, not only in work but also in the attendance. A Nursery Class was begun in 1946, the first in the Synod of Nova Scotia.



REV. L. G. BALD

ADDRESS TO THE PUPILS AT A LUNENBURG ACADEMY ASSEMBLY

By JOHN BALD '49

The committee for the Morning Assembly has asked me to make a speech concerning the returning to school of all happy boys and girls.

When I was away last summer, you will never know how many times my thoughts wandered to dear old L. C. A. I doubt if any of you, my fellow schoolmates, know the tender thoughts I have reserved in my mind for the school.

Doubtless you are all thinking that I have some ace up my sleeve. Well as you can all see this speech is well within the bounds of a gentleman's propriety.

There are several of you students who may cast fond memories upon the antics of yesteryear, when no one knew what wild scheme John Bald and his accomplice would think up next. Aha! I can see several pupils in the back seats nudging one another as if to say, "Well pretty soon now he is going to get his joke across", but my friends, I have not the slightest intentions of turning this speech into a work of buffoonery. You might say that John Bald, the jester, has retired, and that John Bald the ambitious young upright, solicitor of authority and justice, oppressor of the wrong, has arisen. Just remember that is said "might say."

Now I guess that I had better say something about the school which we have just entered for another term. To the artist's eye, this fair building of ours just seems to reek with antiquity, tho I must say on Chemistry lab days, this school has a slightly different odour.

On the outside, the school is painted with red, black and white. For all the joy that the sight of it brings to a certain John Bald, it might just as well have been painted pink and purple. It would not matter what the colors, but on a Monday morning (when the bell has just stopped ringing, and I know that I am again late for morning assembly, mixed in with my thoughts for an excuse which won't hold water anyway) is the faint suspicion that I can hear hammers pounding rocks. The slave gang counting out the chants learned in deepest Africa 1 & 1 are 2, et cetera. It is with these rhythmic chants pounding in my ear, that I toil my weary way up into the illimitable blue of Mr. Collins' eyes. ALWAYS he meets me at the top of the steps. Why is it? It must be Kismet or the Devil and although I haven't heard anyone say that Mr. Collins deserved horns and a tail well I think that we had better drop the subject.

Waitaminit! waitaminit! I ain't ready to quit yet, I haven't finished the story that is supposed to go at the end of this speech yet. While I am getting an inspiration for the last sentence of the story I shall crack a joke:

Anthony: Why does the chicken cross the road in the mud?

Cleopatra: I don't know.

Anthony: To get _____

I've got it, I've got it, I at last have got the last sentence for my speech. Here it is in full: "What is going to happen to me now?"



BOYS' SPORTS

by LLOYD ZINCK '48

(This article refers to the Teams of 1947; whereas the pictures show the Teams of 1948.)

BASKETBALL

Last year a Town League in Basketball was organized and on November 4, the pre-Christmas practice schedule began. After playing through the



1948 INTERMEDIATE BOYS BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: A. Cluett, J. Ritcey (Captain), L. Zinck, K. Ellis. Back Row: F. Falkenham, I. Greek, G. Schnare, P. Tanner, J. Tupper.

four-team schedule, the L. C. A. Boys found themselves in second place.

Over the Christmas holidays the boys played several games against a "College Boys" team, a collection of local boys home from College for Christmas. The L. C. A. Boys were beaten on all occasions.

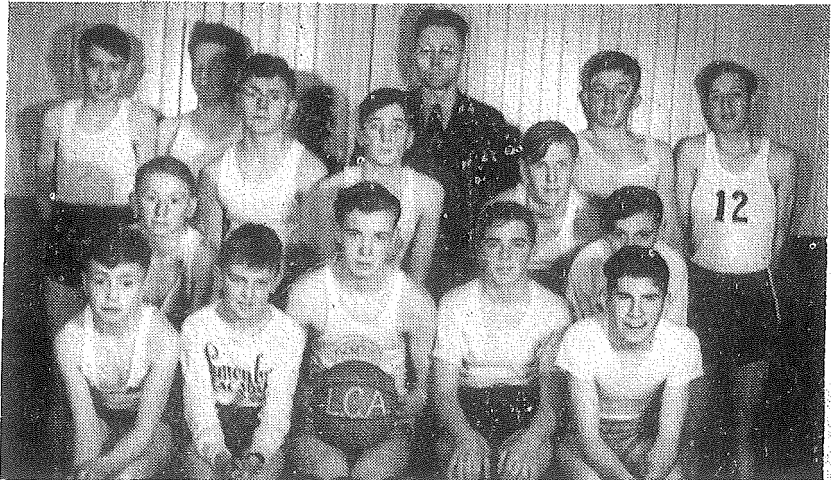
On January 10 the post-Christmas schedule commenced and competition for the trophy donated by Ex-Mayor L. L. Hebb began in earnest.

During this part of the Town schedule, the Intermediate Boys played several games in the Nova Scotia Playdowns. Their first game was on February 21, a home game against Liverpool, the latter winning by a score of 31 - 6. The following week, on February 28, the second game was played on the Liverpool floor. Again Liverpool won, this time by a score of 38 - 13, winning the series by a total score of 69 - 19.

On March 7, the L. C. A. Boys finished their total point series with Bridgewater High; Lunenburg taking the series 62 - 43 and putting Bridgewater out of further competition. A week later the L. C. A. Boys played Wolfville in an exhibition game, with the former winning by a 17 - 8 score.

Near the end of March, the Town League was drawing to a close. The L. C. A. Boys defeated the Legion in the semi-finals in two games straight. The Boys then went on to upset the unbeaten Town team in two games. For this achievement, the L. C. A. Boys were presented with the Mayor's Trophy.

Through the winter months our Junior Boys were progressing by steady practice. From this they received enough skill and experience to



**THE 1948 JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM
ZONE CHAMPIONS**

Front Row: G. Berringer, D. Collins, G. Prince (Captain), W. Dennison, E. Whynacht. Second Row: D. Beck, J. Bald, J. Ritcey, R. Crouse, M. Schnare. Back Row: G. Miller, E. Allen, Mr. E. Shipley (Coach), R. Nowe, R. Levy.

Defeat the Liverpool Junior Boys on February 21 in an exhibition game. On February 28, they duplicated the feat.

The L. C. A. Junior Boys, on March 6, played an exhibition game with Milton High School in Liverpool. Here Milton won by the score 22 - 15. When, on March 14, Milton returned the game at Lunenburg, the latter won by a 29 - 14 score.

The L. C. A. Juniors visited Yarmouth to play the games for the N. S. semi-finals play-downs. Our boys returned home with a 23 - 22 victory on the total score for the two games.

The Junior Boys now prepared themselves for the finals, a total point two game series with Amherst.

Lunenburg won the first game 16 - 13, but at Amherst our Junior Boys lost by a score of 21 - 11. Thus they lost in total points. But we must give due credit to a fine team that played hard to go a long way.

HOCKEY

This year there was hockey for the Junior and Senior Boys. Mr. Collins secured the rink on Saturday morning from 9 - 12 o'clock. About 70 boys turned out. The Intermediate Boys, however, played games with Bridgewater, the latter winning all. On February 22, one game was played with Liverpool, Lunenburg winning by a 4 - 2 score.

TRACK

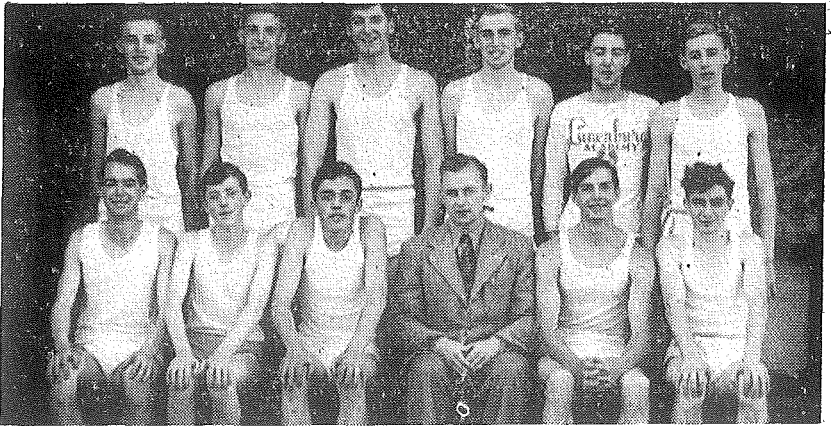


1917 JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM

Front Row: G. Creek, J. Ritcey, D. Lohnes, D. Beck, M. Schnare, R. Sampson. Back Row: K. Ellis, F. Emeneau, A. Tanner, L. Corkum, R. Levy, R. Nowe.

In the spring, during the last weeks of April and the first few weeks of May, the Intermediate Boys began training for the "Acadia Relays", which were held at Acadia University on May 24. The trip was made on May 23,

so the team stayed over-night. Saturday morning everyone was glad to see the sun shining, thus fine weather and a good track, which brought good results. Many records were broken that day, Lunenburg claiming two. Gerald Knickle broke the 220-yard dash for Class "B", setting a record of 24 seconds; Cyril Fulton broke the 60 yard low hurdle record for Class "B", clocking it in 7 seconds. Medals were taken by Gerald Knickle for first place in the 220yd.dash; Graham Knickle for second place in the high jump; Lloyd Zinck for second place in the shot-put and for second place in the 60 yd. hurdles. All medals were for Class "B" standings. Herbert Ernst should be mentioned because of his run in the Class "A" mile, finishing in third place. L. C. A. took second place in the Acadia Track Meet in Class "B".



LUNENBURG ACADEMY TRACK TEAM—1947

Front Row: L. Zinck, K. Ellis, F. Falkenham, Fred Fox, Jr. (Coach), H. Ernst, J. Smeltzer. Back Row: L. Knickle, P. Tanner, G. Schmare, G. Knickle, J. Ritcey, G. Knickle.

Co-ordinating with the Intermediate Boys, the Junior Boys were training for the Junior Track Meet in Bridgewater, which was held on June 7. Meeting "stiff" competition, but showing fine spirit and a willingness to try, the Junior Boys came second in the Meet.

The L. C. A. Boys have had a busy year. They have had a great number of lessons in sportsmanship and have received valuable track training under the able direction of Fred Fox, Jr., as well as receiving Basketball instruction from our teaching staff; Mr. D. H. Collins, Mr. R. H. Campbell and Mr. E. T. Shipley. On behalf of all Junior and Senior High School Boys, we thank our instructors and teachers for the valuable time they spent and the interest they have shown in us.

GIRLS' SPORTS

by VIOLET BAILLY '48 and ELSIE BUTLER '49

During the past school year 1946 - 47, Lunenburg Academy was active in sports. The girls from grades five to twelve, inclusive, participated in basketball. We had two basketball teams — Junior High and Senior High which consisted of players from grades VIII to XII.

Once again the Girls' Intermediate team won the Inter-scholastic Intermediate Championship of Nova Scotia for 1947.

Last year a town girls' team, the "Atoms" was organized. Both the Atoms and the school team were entered in the town league and regular games were played. The Academy were the winners of all the games. These games gave our girls much practice for the inter-school games which followed the league games.



THE 1948 JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: K. Naas, L. Hannams. Second Row: M. Spindler, M. Himmelman, D. Heisler, D. Risser, M. Zinck. Back Row: G. Wilneff, S. Hynick, B. Hirtle, S. Hellstrom, R. Creighton.

The first of these games was played with Liverpool on our home floor on February 21. Our Intermediate team won with a score of 39-9. The Junior girls' score was 15 - 12 for the visitros.

The following week the return games were played in Liverpool. This time both Intermediate and Junior teams were victorious, the scores being 19 - 11 and 11 - 6 respectively.

The next game was played with Milton in the Liverpool gym on March 6. Our girls were successful with a score 31 - 8. The return game was played here, Lunenburg winning by 19 points.



THE 1948 INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: S. Lohnes, E. Butler, J. Collins, A. Naas, V. Dauphinee, M. Zinck. Rear Row: P. Berringer, S. Miller, M. Mosher, C. Zinck, (Captain), B. Zinck, M. Lohnes.

On March 28, 1947, the girls went to Wolfville, making the trip by car. The game was played in the Acadia gym, where L. C. A. lost by eight points, thus losing the first game of the season. However, these eight points were regained the following week in the most exciting game of the year, played on our home floor where Lunenburg girls defeated Wolfville by four points on the total score. Our team now advanced to finals against Glace Bay.

Both games were played in Lunenburg and our team was victorious both evenings. The score for the first game was 24 - 18; second 25 - 15. Thus we won the Interscholastic Intermediate Championship of Nova Scotia for the second consecutive year.

In June the Junior girls took part in the Junior High School track meet at Bridgewater where they made a fine showing.

This has been the first year that the boys and girls have had the opportunity to "curl." This idea of curling for the boys and girls was started by Dr. R. Zinck and Mr. W. T. Powers. These men along with other men curlers have given their spare time in teaching the young curlers on Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons. Curling was held from 4:30 - 5:30 on Thursdays and Fridays; Saturdays from 1:30 - 4:30. The admission for curling was ten cents for each day of curling or one dollar for the season.

The girls are greatly indebted to the coaches, officials and all who assisted in any way with our sport activities.



CLASS OF 1948

Christine Baker is employed in the Royal Bank of Canada in Halifax.
 Frances Bourque is working part-time at Eaton's Order Office.
 Evangeline Colp and Edith Herman are at Maritime Business College.
 Jean Dorey is a clerk in Hubbards.
 Elizabeth Gilding is in training in the Children's Hospital in Halifax.
 Mary Iversen, student at McLaughlin's Business School in Halifax.
 Elaine Langille is employed in Powers Brothers, Lunenburg.
 Robert Lohnes is employed in his father's Blacksmith Shop.
 Noreen Schwartz is a clerk in Fulton's Drug Store.
 Gloria Tanner is a clerk in Frittenburg's Jewelry Store.
 Vernon Tanner is working in Bailey's Coal & Supply.
 Doreen Vincent is employed at The Royal Bank of Canada.
 Helen Corkum has returned to school to study Mathematics.

CLASS OF 1947

Gordon Schnare has returned to school to study languages.
 Betty Haughn is studying Physical Education at McGill University in Montreal.
 Gerald Knickle, Lloyd Knickle and Graham Knickle are students at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish.
 Betty Feener is employed at the Bank of Commerce in Lunenburg.
 Marie Hynick is a student at the Provincial Normal College in Truro.
 Kay Miller is employed in the office at Dauphinee's Blockshop.
 Janet Deal, Marilyn Mason and Madelyn Randall are taking business courses at Mount Allison University.
 Alice Bald is a student at Waterloo College in Ontario.
 Duff Sweeny is employed at the Bank of Montreal in Lunenburg.
 Errol Zinck is a student at the University of New Brunswick.
 Jane Bailey and Arthur Smeltzer are students at Dalhousie University.
 Gilbert Faulkenham is employed at Smith's Firm.
 Jean Sholds and William Himmelman are students at Acadia University.
 Sylvia Lohnes is a student at Maritime Business College in Halifax.
 Vivian Langille is a clerk in the Steadman Store, Lunenburg.
 Herbert Ernst and Alice Nowe are home at present.

SCHOOL NEWS 1947 - 1948

by LINDA RITCEY '48

May 5: A debate between Grades IX and X was held in the Assembly Hall. Grade X was the winner of the resolution. "Resolved that City life offers more advantages than Country life."

May 7: Another debate was held between Grades XI and XII, "Resolved that all soap operas be eliminated from radio programs." Grade XI, who upheld the negative, won.

May 22: On this date the Academy War Memorial, containing the pictures of those who made the Supreme Sacrifice in World War II, was unveiled.

May 31: The last High School Party of the year took place.

June 7: This was the date of the South Shore Junior High School Track Meet at Bridgewater. Our team came second.

June 20: School closed for the summer. The Common School had their closing in the afternoon when Inspector M. O. Maxner was the speaker. The High School had their closing in the evening, when we were honored by having Dr. A. E. Kerr, President of Dalhousie University, speak to us.

June 27: The Nova Scotia Music Teacher's Festival was held this week. On one occasion the Beethoven Choral Club sang.

Sept. 3: The school year 1947 - 48 began.

Sept. 16 - 20: The annual exhibits consisting of flowers, chemistry and biology tables, handicrafts and manual training crafts, were displayed this year at the Fisheries Exhibition instead of in the Academy Assembly Hall as the previous year.

Sept. 23: Election of the Students' Council Members took place, concluding with the following slate of officers.

President—Carol Zinck (Grade 12).

Vice President—Alfred Cluett (Grade 11).

Secretary—Douglas Hill (Grade 12).

Treasurer—Marilyn Mosher (Grade 11).

Representatives:

Janet Zinck, Ivan Greek (Grade 10).

Barbara Beck, Sherman Zinck (Grade 9).

Geraldine Knickle (Grade 8).

James Bald (Grade 7).

Also during the latter part of September the following committees were elected:

Junior Red Cross

Co-Presidents—Pat Vincent and Greville Morash.

Vice President—Sheila Sterne.

Secretary—Maxine Lohnes.

Treasurer—George Mossman.

Girls' Athletic Association

President—Violet Bailly.

Representatives—Elsie Butler, Virginia Dauphinee, Kaye Nauss, Marian Zinck, Ann Grenache.

Boys' Athletic Association

President—Lloyd Zinck.

Representatives—Jerome Ritcey, Kingsley Ellis, Gordon Prince, Jackie Ritcey, Gerald Buffet.

Oct. 6 - 11: This was Fire Prevention Week. Mr. Hugh Anderson, Fire Chief of Lunenburg gave the students of the Academy an interesting talk.

Oct. 9 - 10: Meeting of the Teachers' Institute was held at Bridgewater. The meeting was attended by the teachers of Lunenburg Academy.

Oct. 13 - 21: On both these dates the students of the Academy received a re-enforcing dose of diphtheria antitoxin.

Oct. 24: The first High School dance was held. Miss Jane Himmelman (Queen of the Sea), a recent graduate of L. C. A., was guest of honor.

During the month of October the Sports' Association began selling apples to raise money for their funds.

Nov. 1: Basketball began for both Junior and Senior High School.

Nov. 3 - 8: Education Week was observed in the school. Prints of Canadian pictures were purchased from the Royal Art Gallery in Ottawa. These pictures were played in the classrooms and halls of the Academy.

Nov. 9: The students were asked to collect good used shoes for Britain.

Nov. 11: The school purchased a Memorial Wreath which was placed on the Monument.

Nov. 17 - 24: The students wrote the First-Term examinations.

Nov. 20: In honor of the Royal Wedding we were given a half holiday.

Nov. 28: There was a High School Party sponsored by the Students' Council.

Nov.: The school contributed \$31.54 to the Navy League.

Dec. 8: Dr. Zinck and Mr. A. F. Powers invited all students from Grades 8 - 12 inclusive to curl.

Dec. 16 - 17 - 18: The students presented the Operetta "Wild Rose" which was a great success.

Dec. 18: The High School closing was held, at which time the guest speaker was Dr. W. A. Hewat.

Dec. 19: On the last morning of school, before vacation, the Common School had their closing. The guest speaker was Dr. H. S. B. Strothard.

Dec. 19: The annual Christmas High School Party took place. It was sponsored by the Students' Council.

The students contributed \$30.00 to the Crippled Children's Fund.

Jan. 5: School began again after two weeks' vacation.

Jan. 16: L. C. A. Junior Boys played against Bridgewater Intermediates at the Armouries. The score was 15 - 5 in favor of Bridgewater.

Jan. 17: The Intermediate Girls' and Boys' Basketball Teams went to Dartmouth in the first of the Exhibition games. Both Lunenburg teams were victorious, the scores being:

L. C. A. Girls—32 — Dartmouth—28.

L. C. A. Boys—36 — Dartmouth—32.

Jan. 21: There was a debate between Grades IX and X in the Assem-

ly Hall. The topic was "Resolved that Parking Meters are necessary on Lincoln St. of Lunenburg." Grade X, upholding the affirmative side, was the winner.

Jan. 22: Our Junior Boys' Basketball team lost to the Milton Junior Boys at the Armouries by a score of 19 - 23.

Feb. 2: The topic of a debate between Grades VII and VIII was "Resolved that the Country offers more opportunities for enjoyment than the Town." Grade VII, supporting the affirmative side, won.

Feb. 2: A Girls' Hockey Game was played between the Town and the L. C. A. Girls. The final score was 2 - 1, in favor of the Town.

Feb. 6: The school chartered a bus to the Ice Cycles at Halifax. Many L. C. A. students enjoyed the trip.

Feb. 13: The Academy High School Girls were given an interesting address on synthetic materials by Miss Barber.

Feb. 16: The Common School Grades started Examinations today.

Feb. 21: Today two Intermediate Girls' Basketball Teams, and the Intermediate Boys' Team went to Halifax. The L. C. A. Boys won against LeMarchant 25 - 19, but both girls' teams lost to Queen Elizabeth High School, 2 - 6 and 4 - 15.

Feb. 24: Films were shown to all school students on "The Life of Princess Elizabeth", and "The Royal Wedding."

Feb. 24: L. C. A. Junior Boys played against the Bridgewater Boys at hockey. Bridgewater won by a score of 4 - 1.

Feb. 26: A Sandwich and Doughnut Sale was held by Grade VII, when the sum of \$3.92 was realized.

Feb. 27: The grand amount of \$234.74 was raised for the Canadian Appeal for Children.

Feb. 27: Four Basketball Teams from L. C. A. went to Liverpool. Our Junior Boys lost, but the other teams were successful. The scores were:

Intermediate Girls: Liverpool—18 — L. C. A.—22.

Intermediate Boys: Liverpool—15 — L. C. A.—17.

Junior Girls: Liverpool—6 — L. C. A.—9.

Junior Boys: Liverpool—12 — L. C. A.—7.

These were the first in the series of League Games.

Mar. 2: L. C. A. Intermediate Boys played and defeated the Bridgewater Intermediate Boys by a score of 18 - 7.

Mar. 5: The Liverpool Basketball Teams paid a return visit to Lunenburg. Both L. C. A. Girls' teams won; Junior and Intermediate Boys lost.

Intermediate Girls: Liverpool—6 — L. C. A.—14.

Intermediate Boys: Liverpool—31 — L. C. A.—12.

Junior Girls: Liverpool—6 — L. C. A.—16.

Junior Boys: Liverpool—18 — L. C. A.—6.

Mar. 6: Today two Girls' Teams from Q. E. H. came to Lunenburg. L. C. A. Girls lost both games by scores:

Q. E. H. Girls—18 — L. C. A. Girls—13.

Q. E. H. Girls—21 — L. C. A. (Second team)—3.

After the games, the visiting teams were entertained at a High School Party in the Assembly Hall.

Mar. 8: L. C. A. Intermediate Boys defeated the Bridgewater Intermediate Boys by a score of 30 - 13 in a basketball game in the Armouries.

Mar. 12: Yarmouth Intermediate Girls and Junior Boys arrived today. Both games of the series were played here, L. C. A. taking them all.

Yarmouth Girls—1 ——— L. C. A.—46.

Yarmouth Girls—6 ——— L. C. A.—33.

The Girls won the series by a score of 79 - 7, and the Boys by 35 - 23.

Mar. 16: The film "Les Miserables" was shown to the Academy students.

Mar. 18: L. C. A. Intermediate Girls went to Annapolis today. They won over Annapolis Royal Academy 21 - 20.

Mar. 19: The Common School presented their annual concert in the Assembly Hall. The Operetta this year was entitled "Rumpelstiltskin."

Mar. 22 - 24: Examinations were written by all High School Grades.

Mar.: The Women's Institute donated \$25.00 to the School and Public Library.

Mar. 25: Two Easter films, "Who Is My Neighbour" and "The Man of Faith", were shown in the school auditorium.

Mar. 25: The Annapolis Girls Team came here today and were defeated by the L. C. A. Girls 9 - 22. After the game, there was a High School Party for the visiting team.

This was the last day of school before the Easter vacation.

Apr. 1: New Waterford Girls arrived to play the final games in the Basketball League. L. C. A. Girls won by a score of 15 - 11.

Apr. 2: Today the second game of the series was played here. Our girls retained the Nova Scotia Intermediate Girls Championship for the third consecutive year, taking the last game by a score of 20 - 11, and the series by 35 - 22. The visiting teams were entertained at a High School Party after the games.

Apr. 2: A boys' team from Halifax played against our Intermediate Boys at the Armouries. The score was 54 - 32 in favor of L. C. A.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When the seat came out of Ronnie Mosher's pants?

Mr. Campbell's ruler?

How Brimstone got her name?

When Alfred burned his pants in Lab?

George Mossman's girl friends?

Grade XI's "Rag Time Band" when "All the cats joined in"?

The time Virginia W. and Pat V. got locked in school?

Greville and Cyril boxing?

Mr. Shipley in a hurry?

A CLASS PROPHECY

by PATRICIA VINCENT '48 and VIRGINIA WAMBOLDT '48

Our story opens in the living-room of Miss Patricia Vincent, who is, this 19th day of June, 1967, entertaining her old friend, Miss Virginia Wamboldt. Miss Patricia turns on the radio and the ladies' conversation is interrupted by the familiar voice of the news-commentator Glenn Beck. At this point, the two ladies settle down with their knitting, to listen . . .

" . . . the war now raging in Europe has resulted in the death of two of Lunenburg's outstanding nurses, Barbara Zinck, R. N. and Maxine Lohnes, R. N. . . . "

Tears creep slowly down the cheeks of these two dear friends, shocked upon hearing of the sudden death of two former school-mates. As the news continues, their thoughts wander to two other former class-mates, Joan Collins and Linda Ritcey, who are now proving their capability as nurses in the Lunenburg Hospital.

"Spots before your eyes?

You can't see dyes?

Be sure be wise, —

Maybe you need new eyes!"

This merry jingle brings a lighter vein to the two girls who a moment ago were lost in thought.

"Be sure be wise, —

Maybe you need new eyes!"

This program is brought to you through the courtesy of C. E. Fulton, optician in Bridgewater.

"Miss Carol Zinck, at the piano, is the first to entertain us on the Music Hour this afternoon. She is going to play for us, a selection from the popular M - G - M, production "Rosie" "

Our two listeners realize at this time that Miss Carol's ambition to be a star in the music world has come true.

" . . . the Music hour now brings you the popular singing star, Greville Morash, accompanied by Violet Bailly, violinist. . . . "

"Spots before your eyes?

You can't see dyes?

Be sure, be wise, —

Maybe you need new eyes!

This program has been brought to you through the courtesy of C. E. Fulton, optician in Bridgewater.

A five minute talk will now be presented over this station by the popular C. W. C. political candidate, Mr. Douglas Hill — Mr. Hill —

"Fellow citizens, we of today must look to the future In closing, I hope that I have enlightened you a little concerning the C. W. C. policy and that before casting your vote you will remember what I have said. Good evening."

This program over, the two friends are busily discussing Mr. Hill's talk, when they are again interrupted, - this time by the noisy shouts of two neighbouring children who want to hear "Uncle Mel." The station is then changed and everyone settles down again to listen. . . .

" . . . and in to-morrow's edition we will see what happens to Baby Susan in Bob Loring's comic strip - The Adventures of the Harvey Family. Uncle Mel has been brought to you through the sponsorship of A. R. Corkum, constructional engineer, in Halifax. Be sure and listen, to-morrow evening for another half-hour with Uncle Mel."

This children's program has set our two dear ladies reminiscing once more and they wonder about old school-mates with whom they had enjoyed earlier days. Let's listen in. . . .

"The children were talking about a Miss Rutter, that must be Shirley. Is she a teacher now?"

"Why, yes, teaching was always her main ambition. Say, I saw Thelma Acker the other day, she's just returned from overseas, nursing, you know."

R-r-r-ring?

"There is the phone? I will answer it. . . . It's Rev. Lloyd Zinck calling you, Virginia.

"He wants me to call in at the rectory on my way home, to conclude the plans for the Sunday School picnic. That will take some time, so I must be running along. It's been so pleasant talking over old times, Patricia. Bye, now."

Our last picture is that of Miss Vincent seated alone, meditating in her living-room.

Biographies — Grade XII

Thelma Acker

"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush."

Thelma is the sort of student who is bound to brighten up the classroom. She has been with us since Grade VI. Thelma intends to make nursing her career. In this we are sure she will be successful - especially if she is as kind to her patients as she has been to her back-seat Romeo. Best of luck, Thelma!

Violet Bailly

"Violet is bright - also gay - Who never leaves work for a rainy day!"

Violet has been with us since the primary. Participating in all sports her favourite is basketball. She is President of the Girls Athletic Association this year. Violet plans to attend Maritime Business College.

Glenn Beck "Curly"

Glenn, co-business manager of the Sea Gull, joined us in Grade VII. His plans for the future are as yet undecided, but our guess is that he'll be a nurse.

Joan Collins "Just Joan"

Joan, a co-editor of the Sea Gull, is one of our top students. She has always taken an active part in school life and sports. She is a whiz at basketball and when she gets that ball in her hands beware! Joan is one of those students who is able to mix pleasure and work, so we can see she will make an excellent nurse.

Arnold Corkum

"Arnie is a carefree lad,
You never see him looking sad"

Arnie is one of those easy-going lads, who takes everything in his stride. He has two pet diversions - "Blimp", his little dog, and his old truck. We wonder what Arnie would do without that old truck. Arnie plans to be a construction engineer.





Cyril Fulton "Small, but mighty!"

Cyril is one of those easy-going lads who never worries about a thing. He takes an active part in all sports and as everyone knows, he is the "Romeo" of Grade XII. Cyril plans to be an optician.



Douglas Hill "Blimp"

Douglas, secretary of the student's council, came to L. C. A. from Dartmouth in the tenth grade. Doug. has always taken a keen interest in his studies.



Maxine Lohnes

"I didn't say anything, Mr. Shipley!"

Maxine is one of our active students, taking part in Basketball and other school activities, besides being treasurer of the Junior Red Cross. She has been with us since the primary. Maxine is another of our Grade XII students who intends becoming a nurse. We are sure that she will make a good one, but watch out Maxine - don't talk your patients to death!



Robert Loring "Cup Cake"

Bob joined us this year to get his Grade XII certificate. As he hails from Chester Basin, his outside activities are a deep secret. At school "Cup Cake" associates with a certain "Cream Puff." Bob plans to study engineering.



Greville Morash

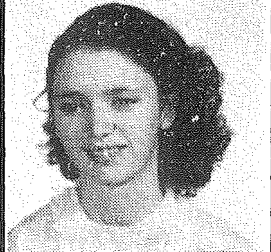
"Greville is a merry lad"

This playboy of Grade XII has been with us all through school. While Greville has no definite plans for the future, someday, we may hear of him crooning love songs to the mermaids.



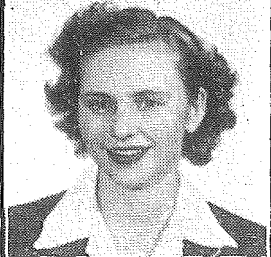
Linda Ritcey "Lindy Lou"

Linda joined us in Grade XI, hailing from Riverport. She is an excellent student. With such a friendly and happy nature, Linda cannot help but make a good nurse.



Shirley Rutter "Shiri"

Shirley joined the gang in Grade XI. She is one of the quiet and attentive students of our class. She has acquired a good academic standing in the eyes of the teachers and also of the students.



Patricia Vincent "Patty"

"Just got here in time!"

Patty joined us in the eleventh grade. She is President of the Junior Red Cross. Patty has no definite plans as yet, but with a smile like hers she will succeed in whatever vocation she selects.



Virginia Wamboldt "Yeah!"

"Ginny" hails from Rose Bay. She joined the gang in Grade XI. She shows a keen interest in her studies, and she has always been near the top of the class.

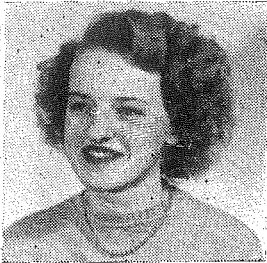


Barbara Zinck

"Better late, than never!"

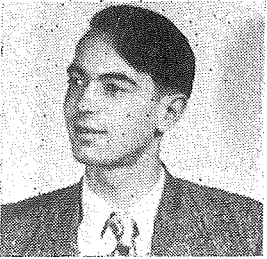
Barbara can always be seen hurrying to school just as the bell rings. Although, she is co-editor of the Sea Gull, Barbara still has time for her favourite sport - basketball. Possessing such a kind consideration for others, as she does, "Barb" cannot fail to make an excellent nurse. She will be remembered by many as the "haughty Mrs. Stafford."

Carol Zinck "Well!"



Carol is one of the top students of our "A" class. She is President of the Students Council and takes an active part in all school activities. Carol's chief sport is basketball and at that as well as other things she is a star. Best of luck, in the future, Carol!

Lloyd Zinck

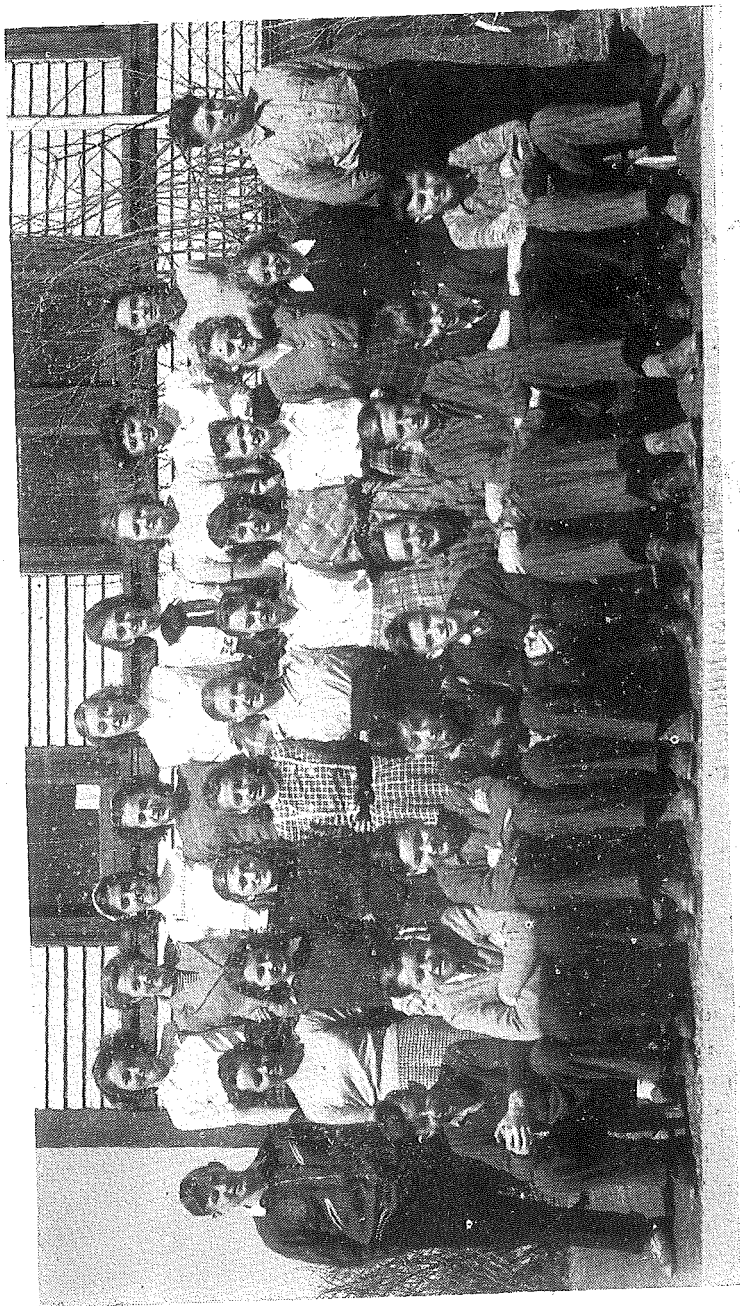


"Well—don't stand there with your teeth in your mouth!"

As well as being a good student Lloyd is active in all sports and is President of the boys Athletic Association this year. He is also business manager of the Sea Gull. Lloyd plans to take a C. A. course next year. We shall all remember him as the comedian in our Christmas concerts.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

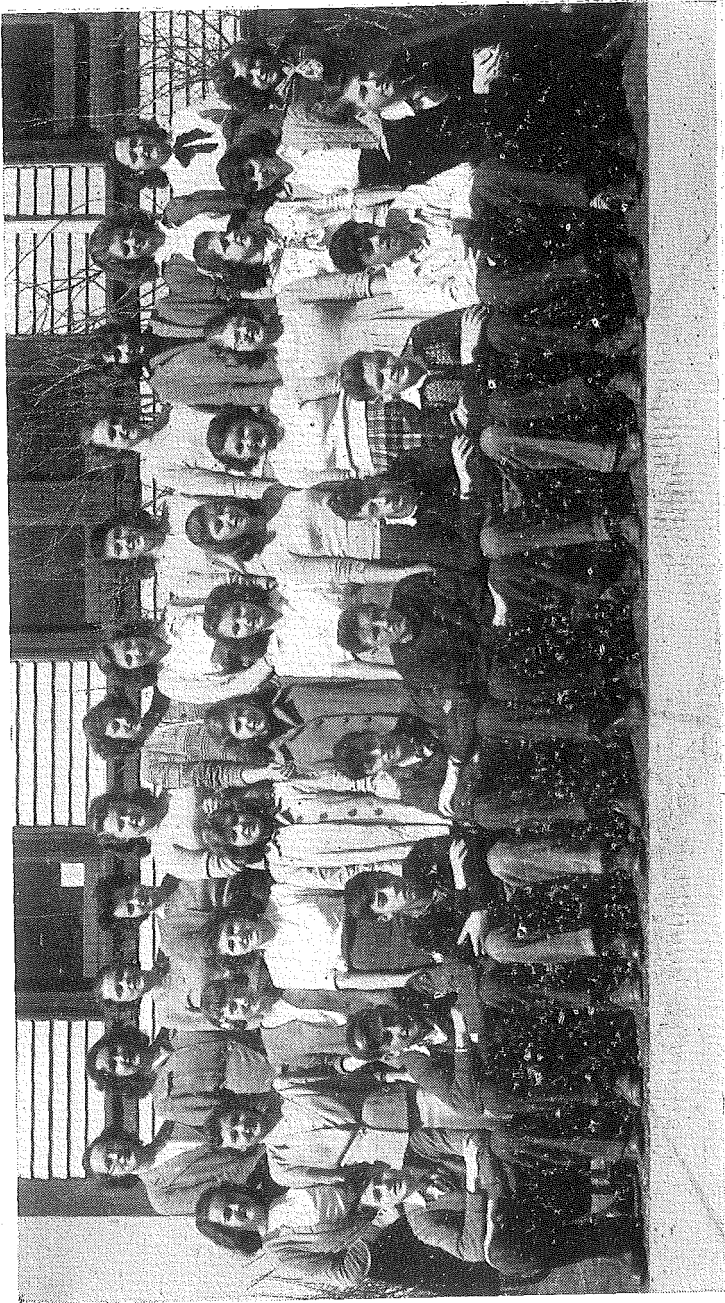
- Audrey T. not giggling in the back seat?
- Mr. Campbell leaving the windows down?
- Arthur Mason bringing his own pencil?
- Marilyn H. not having the energy to talk?
- Gwen W. wearing a skirt?
- Marven S. not combing his hair?
- Frank F. not thinking of the girls (?)
- Cyril not teasing Thelma?
- Glenn not winking at the girls?
- Barbara getting to school on time?
- Lloyd Z. not arguing?
- Pat without Cyril?
- Greville paying attention?
- Bob L. not drawing cartoons?
- John Bald with a girl friend?
- Ray Hiltz with straight hair?



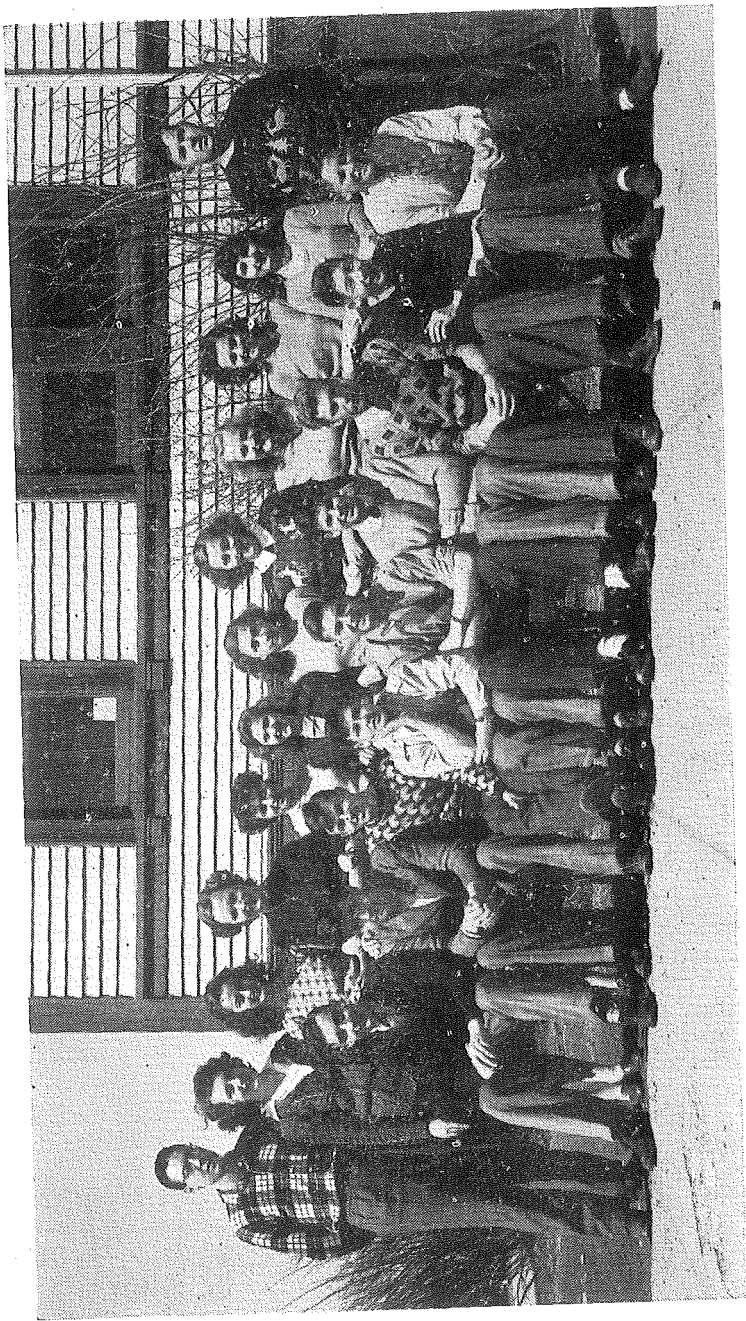
GRADE VIII



GRADE IX



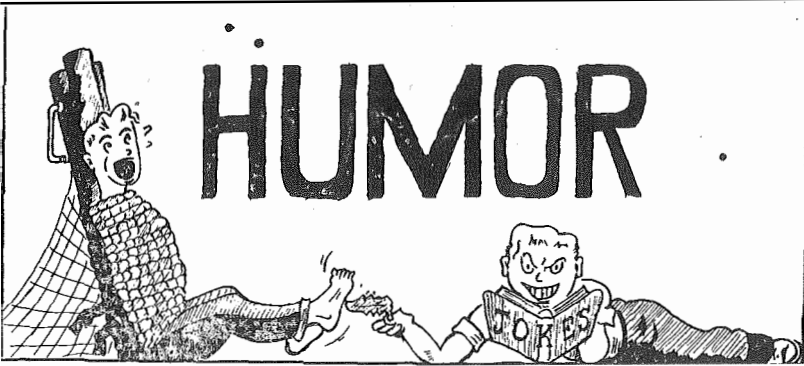
GRADE X



GRADE XI



Cast of Operetta, "WILD ROSE"
Presented by Academy students in December 1947



(A special speaker has been lecturing for a half hour in the Assembly Hall.)

John Bald: (Stirring restlessly) "The trouble with him is ——— he doesn't know that the mind can absorb only as much as the seat can stand."

Mr. Moses: "Kay did you look over your vocabulary for to-day?"

Kay Nass: "No, Mr. Moses, I overlooked it."

Mr. Shipley: (Biology Class) "Calaban, what are the kinds of hcrsetails?"

Calaban: "Race Horse; Work Horse; and Saddle Horse."

Diane T.: "George, your writing looks like hen scratching."

George W.: "Look at your own. It's nothing but pig scratching."

Diane T.: "A pig has a pen and that's more than a hèn has."

Mr. Shipley: "Remember, Grade X, your room is not the only one in this building. Grade XII is down below; and all the noise you make goes down the pipes into their room. Now for goodness sakes! 'pipe down.' "

Mr. Campbell: "Arnold, can you tell me how children were educated in Germany during the War?"

Arnold C.: "W-e-l-l no, but I see that in Grade XII they are trained with a meter stick."

Greville M.: "Thelma, be sure you come to school this afternoon."

Thelma A.: (Somewhat surprised) "Why?"

Greville: "Because we are calling in all jokes."

Arnold C.: (After reading an expensive book). "If there were ever another flood and everything was covered with water, this book would still be dry."

Lillian T.: (A couple of days before the Christmas Holidays.)

"Mr. Shipley, do you hang up your stocking?"

Mr. Shipley: "Sometimes ——— when I want to dry them out."

Fenton M.: (In Laboratory) "there must be quite a storm coming. Look how the barometer is falling."

Mr. Collins: "Guess I didn't nail the darn thing up right."

Mr. Moses: "Marilyn, open up your French Book to where the lesson begins."

Marilyn H. "I'm sorry Mr. Moses but my book is at home."

Mr. Moses: "Well, that's a fine place to have it."

Marilyn: "Thank you, that is why I left it home."

Miss Westhaver (to Class): "A collective noun refers to a collection."

Now, Randall, give me an example."

Randall B.: "A garbage can."

Janet: "Why do you call your dog 'Blackie' when he is not black?"

Dick: "We call him 'Blackie' Smith", because he is forever 'shooting', Flies."

The Biology class was on a hike, examining plants in their natural state.

Mr. Moses, one of the instructors, was endeavouring to obtain some spirogyra from a pond, while standing among weeds and rushes, holding a long pole.

The voice of Cathryn Murphy was heard above the crowd. "Now I know that history really does repeat itself, for there is Moses in the Bulrushes."

Kingsley E.: "Hey, David! People can learn a lot by reading magazines."

David E.: "Yeah?"

Kingsley: "Sure? Why just this morning I was reading the Financial Post, and do you know what businessman makes the most dough?"

David: "Dunno! you've got me!"

Kingsley: "A Baker!"

Philip T.: "It is getting colder by the minute."

Jerome R.: "No! You mean by degrees."

Robert S.: "Did you notice that Mr. Campbell was wearing a 'Tooke' shirt this morning?"

George S.: "Well, well, I never thought he was a thief!"

Mr. Eisnor (in science period): "What are we studying Marion?"

Marion: "Jokes!"

Mr. Eisnor: "Yes we're learning about corn."

Dick P.: "You know that Ivan was water-boy for the New York Knickerbockers?"

Billy M.: "Don't be foolish, they don't have water-boys on basketball teams."

Dick P.: "O, yes, he supplied the water for 'dribbling.' Don't tell anyone, as we don't want it to leak out."

Mr. Eisnor: "Now class, does that problem bother anybody?"

Diane T.: "No Sir, just the answer."

Shirley R.: "Gee, Mr. Campbell is becoming a much better singer lately."

Glenn B.: "Well, no wonder, he gets plenty of practise."

George G.: "Hey, Ellie!"

Billie M.: "Yes George?"

George: "Do you know what the handless soldier said when he wouldn't get a date?"

Billie: "No, What?"

George: "He said, I guess I've lost my touch."

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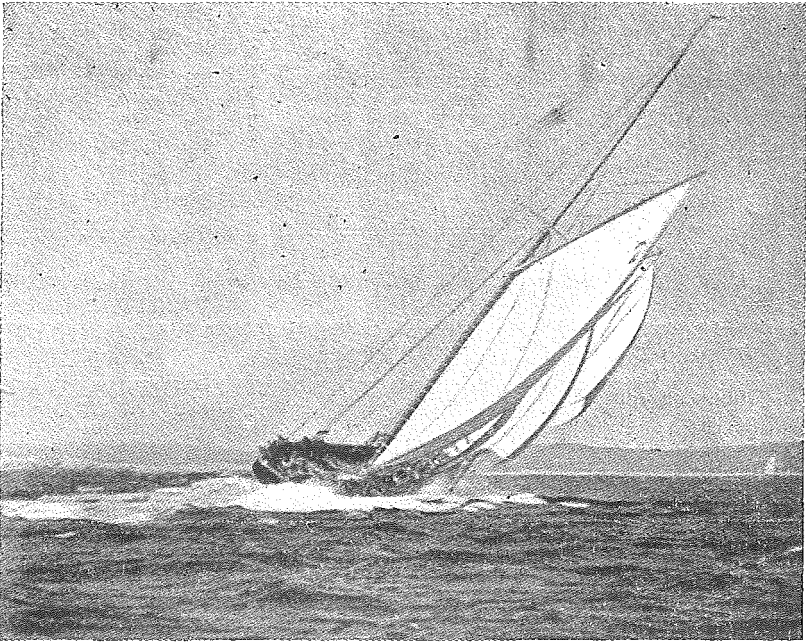
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THE SEA GULL

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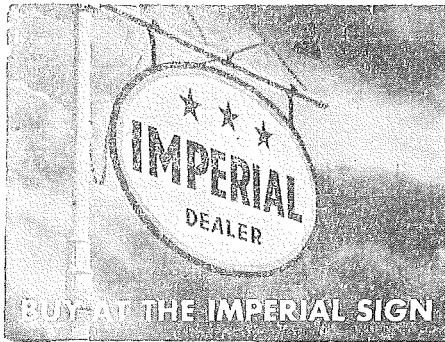
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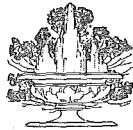
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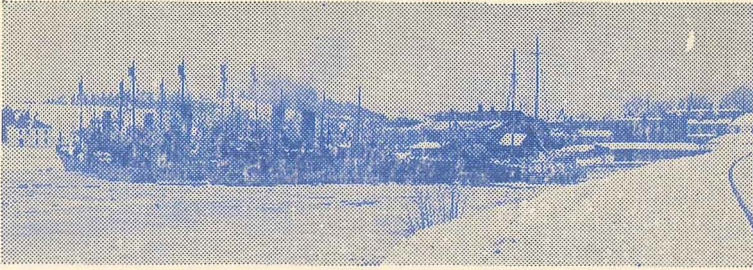
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