

# *The* SEAGULL



BACKMAN

LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

animis Opibusque Parati 1949

# Lunenburg

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In the past fifteen years the "Sea Gull", year book of Lunenburg Academy, has played an important part in the Community life of our town. Each year it records some of the most important events, publishes biographies of leading citizens and the history of our industries thus making it not only a School Magazine but a Community publication of which the town can justly be proud.

May we suggest that each year citizens acquire the habit of sending copies of the "Sea Gull" to friends in other parts of Canada and in the United States.

We feel certain that persons reading this book will remember our town when they plan a vacation trip.

**THE LUNENBURG BOARD OF TRADE**

# LUNENBURG ACADEMY



P. L. WESTHAVER, B.Sc.



ROBERTA E. SARTY



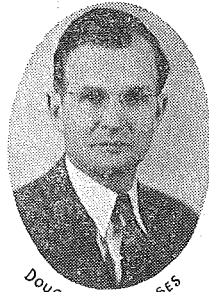
GEORGE C. ANDREWS, B.A.



ROBERT H. CAMPBELL, M.A.



D. H. COLLINS, M.A., B. PAED.  
SUPERVISOR



DOUGLAS H. MOSES



JEAN B. POWERS, B.Sc.



ERNEST E. EIGNOR

## JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

## MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS



This year we have had the privilege of acting as Co-editors of the 1949 issue of the Sea Gull. We wish to thank all those who have helped to make this edition a grand success. It has been a pleasure working with the staff and we feel the experience will be of great value. Best wishes to future editions.

**MARILYN MOSHER '49**

**ALFRED CLUETT '49**

Being President of the Student Council for the term 1948 - 49 has given me a wider interest in the affairs of the School. The experience I have gained through this office should prove invaluable to me in years to come. May I extend my sincere thanks to all those who have co-operated with me throughout the year, and my best wishes to the graduating class.

**GEORGE MOSSMAN '49**



It has been a privilege and a pleasure to have been able to serve as Secretary of the Student Council during the school year 1948 - 49. This experience cannot help but prove valuable to me later in life. To my fellow graduates the best of luck and every success.

**STANTON SARTY '49**

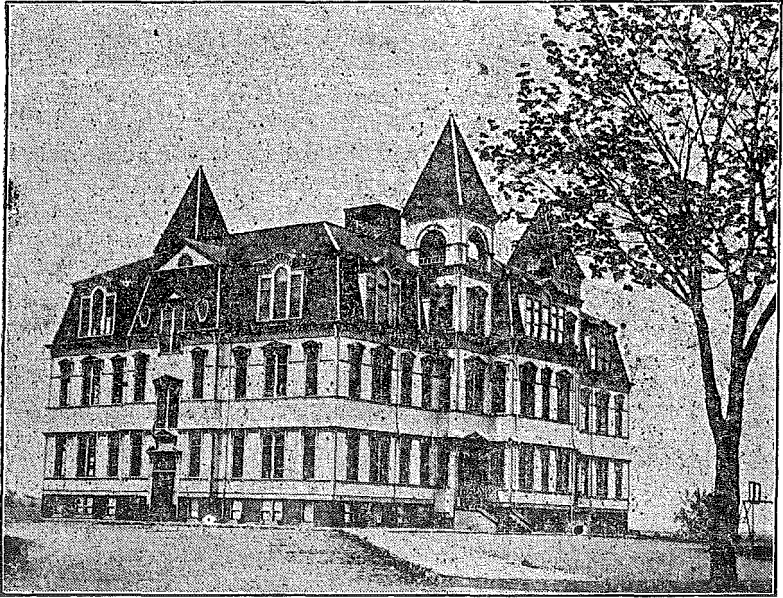


As Business Manager of the Sea Gull for the year 1948-49, I would like to thank all the firms, both local and outside, for the cooperation which they have accorded me. The position has proved to be an enjoyable one and I take this opportunity to wish good luck to my fellow graduates.

**PHILIP TANNER '49**



## THE SEA GULL



School is defined as a place where instruction is given, and a channel through which knowledge is gained. In the Lunenburg Academy the Principal and Staff are endeavoring to give such instruction whereby the Students can obtain that knowledge which will assist them in the years ahead. It is to be hoped your school days are happy days - and that as Students you are learning to be good Canadian Citizens.

During school days, Student should learn the lesson of courage - physical courage as exhibited in your games, fitting you for the daily demands of the work you will be called upon to do - moral courage to give your best in a changing world and to be bright and helpful along the highway of life.

Our forefathers had the courage to establish homes in a new world. Those engaged in the fishing industry required courage for the hazardous work. Those "honored ones" who served their King and Country had a glorious courage. Through the years our Citizens have exhibited examples of courage which should serve as an inspiration to all.

As Students of the Lunenburg Academy you are heirs of a glorious and courageous heritage. During your school days, you should be preparing to be worthy citizens of your Town which has stood for almost 200 years, and of Canada, the Dominion, which stretches from sea to sea.

D. F. ADAMS,

Chairman of Board of School Commissioners.

Dr. W. A. Hewat

Dr. R. McK. Saunders

A. F. Powers

D. E. Young

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

Clerk—L. W. Geldert.

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## BOARD OF EDITORS

**CO-EDITORS:** Alfred Cluett, Marilyn Mosher.

**ASSISTANT EDITORS:** Shirley Lohnes, Janet E. Zinck.

**BUSINESS MANAGER:** Philip Tanner.

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**Humor:** John Bald, Barbara Berringer, Donald Gerhardt, Diane Townshend.

## FACULTY ADVISERS

**Mr. D. H. Collins:** General Duties.

**The Misses P. Westhaver, R. Sarty, Jean Powers:** Poetry, Articles, School News.

**Messers R. Campbell, D. Moses:** Stories, Biographies.

**Photography:** Messers R. Campbell, D. Moses, E. Eisnor.

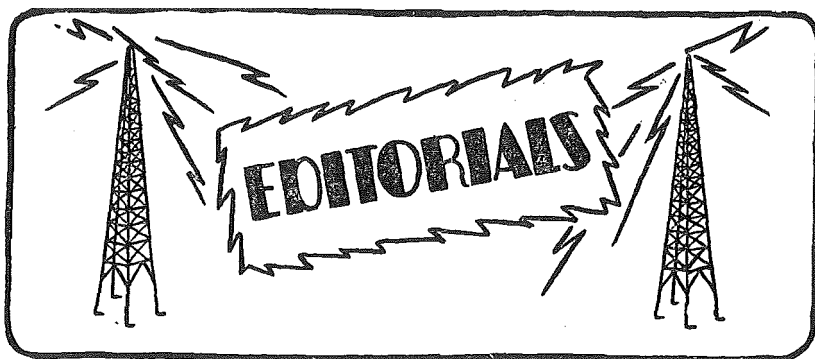
**Mr. G. Andrews:** Special Features, Humor.

**Sale of Magazine:** School—Mr. D. Moses, Mr. G. Andrews, Miss Jean Powers.

**Community—Miss P. Westhaver, Mr. R. Campbell, Miss R. Sarty.**

Many of the Pictures in the Sea Gull of 1949 were taken by Mr. R. H. Campbell and Mr. George Naas.





by MARILYN MOSHER '49 and ALFRED CLUETT '49

In 1949, the people of Lunenburg have witnessed the construction of a new hospital. Thus we as Students of the Lunenburg Academy, felt it fitting to dedicate this issue of the Sea Gull to the Lunenburg Community Hospital.

Lunenburg Academy has only experienced two changes in its teaching staff in 1948. Mr. George Andrews took the place of Mr. E. T. Shipley and Miss Jean Powers, the position of Miss Madelyn Hoyt as Household Science teacher. The Academy welcomes Mr. Andrews and Miss Powers to the staff.

Other changes have taken place in the Academy. The Auditorium has been redecorated in soft pastel shades. This is the beginning of the plan by the School Commissioners to beautify our Academy. Eventually this interior decorating plan will be carried out in all the class rooms - using a color scheme - and in the main halls.

Fluorescent lighting has been installed in two class rooms, namely: Primary Department and Grade XI. In time the entire building will be completed with this efficient system.

Another modern convenience has been added to the school in the form of a Public Address System. This was financed from the Improvement Fund of the School.

Again, the extra - curricular activities have played an important part in the life of the Academy.

The annual Christmas Concert has, as previously, proved very successful. This year, the Beethoven Choral Club, under the capable direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, presented the Musical Comedy - "Waltz Time." We owe much to her for the interest she has displayed. In connection with the Choral Clubs, both girls and boys, the school has purchased one hundred forty dollars worth of new music.

In addition to our accomplishments in music, L. C. A. has completed another successful year in the field of sports, basketball again holding first place in the interest of the students.

Curling, for the second year, forming part of our sports program, has

## THE SEA GULL

gained in popularity, with the boys team being entered in the Headmaster's playdowns for Nova Scotia.

This year, for the first time, the Academy has undertaken the project of obtaining new subscriptions and renewals for the Reader's Digest Magazine. In November, students were appointed to canvass the town and outlying communities, more than one hundred subscriptions being taken. The school was permitted to keep a certain percentage of the money obtained from the sale. This money, amounting to one hundred twenty-six dollars, has been donated to the Athletic Association to be used in the extensive sports program of L. C. A.

The project of producing the Magazine is not an easy one. The making and planning of it is instigated by the Principal in the summer preceding the school year. As it is customary to dedicate the Magazine to some person or institution, he assigns to students several articles concerning the dedication and many others, including biographies. The student, to whom each article is assigned, investigates all possible material available. Then he proceeds to write the article without assistance from anyone.

On the opening of the school term, the Principal with the help of the Student Council, chooses different students to act as Co-Editors, Business Manager and his Assistants. These, under the direction of the Principal, are responsible for the production of the Magazine.

The Co-editor and Assistants then choose Committees who are to oversee the various sections of the Magazine. The Chairmen of these committees hold regular meetings to examine the material as offered by the student. Each member expresses his own opinion and then some conclusion is reached. The latter comes about in the presence of a teacher which prevents personal feelings from interfering with the decisions made, and the students do the work.

All of this material then must be re-written and typed. In the latter form it is sent to the printer's office. Many of the articles are accompanied with one or several very fitting "cuts" which add interest for the reader. Proofs are checked as they are available.

The last important section of the Magazine is devoted to Advertising. The Business Manager and his Assistants, with the advice of the Principal, approach all business establishments and also write to many outside firms. With the popularity of the Magazine and the number produced for sale, many businesses are anxious to advertise. The Business Manager receives all "ads" and payments. The Manager and his Assistants have a difficult job. Thus, one comes to realize that the project of production requires a great deal of time, and faithful work of both the students and teachers.

In closing, we the Co-editors feel that the position has been a most agreeable task and we sincerely hope that this edition of the "Sea Gull" meets with the approval of all our readers.

## THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Life is filled with the necessity for making decisions. One must decide what he will do with his life or time has a way of making the decision for him - in many cases to the disadvantage of the person concerned. Many matters have been decided for us, such as the choice of the Church to which we belong, the Political Party which we support, our attitude towards the classes of society, and other matters of greater or lesser importance. In spite of these subjects which we are content to let environment settle for us, there are periods when the average person rebels without knowing why he feels rebellious. A close examination might reveal that this is the reaction against a set pattern of thought which reaction eventuates as a protest expressing itself in many forms.

We labor under the delusion that in the democratic way of life persons develop the habit of making their own decisions. You and I know there are many persons who are incapable of thinking for themselves. Then there are the mugwumps (the fence-straddlers) who are timid about deciding any question, because the decision might be the unpopular thing or they might be classed with the minority. Why this classification with the minority should be a deplorable thing has always been a puzzle to me.

Do you possess the "majority rule" complex? We must always be careful to guard the rights of others to their own opinions on any subject, providing they play the rules of the game according to established democratic principles. The Constitution of the United States of America and the British North America Act of Canada provide checks and balances to protect the rights of the minority in the political arena. This was done brilliantly by the intellectual giants who framed and had a part in the passing of these constitutions - models of democratic government for the whole world. The same necessity for respecting the rights of the minority exists in the daily contacts of every citizen.

The Freedoms about which we heard so much during the course of World War II mean nothing if we have the mentality of the ant-hill. Have you ever wondered what would happen to a member of an ant colony if he attempted to behave differently from his fellow citizens? The essential difference between the human race and the units of an ant hill is simple. Man has been endowed with an intelligence enabling him to think and thus render decisions affecting himself.

There is a definitely a "splendid isolation" in the conviction that a Citizen is thinking for himself. An exhilaration ensues from such an attitude that it is, at times, a purgative of the mind to differ from the majority on subjects about which one has solid convictions. Naturally, we must have majority rule in the Nation and in the Community, but this does not

mean the minority has not the right to hold fast to its stand on the general principle of -

“A man convinced against his will  
Is of his own opinion still.”

A majority vote or even majority rule does not mean the last word has been said on any subject or that the decision reached by such a process is correct. We accept such a mandate, because it is the will of the majority even though time may prove it to be false.

One value of the education you receive is the development in you of the capacity to think for yourself. There are many concepts of the purpose of the educational process today, but my opinion, for what it is worth, is solidly behind those who would develop this kind of independent thinking in our students by whatever means possible.

“the thought that is ever master  
Of iron and steam and steel,  
That rises above disaster  
And tramples it under heel!”



SCENE NEAR LUNENBURG

## VALEDICTORY

by GEORGE MOSSMAN '49 and JEROME RITCEY '49

We, the members of the graduating class are approaching a most impressive moment in our lives. This marks the culmination of our public school careers - the goal toward which we have bent our efforts.

However joyous the occasion, there is in each of us an indefinable feeling of thoughtfulness and sadness. With the closing of these exercises, we shall have severed associations which have become dear to us - associations with teachers whose unselfish desires are to educate and mould us into men and women capable of going out into the world and playing our parts. We realize the immensity of the task, and appreciate our teachers' efforts the more. Excepting our parents, they are the individuals who have done most to mould our youthful minds. They, either consciously or otherwise have instilled into our hearts the ideals and standards of right conduct which we are to carry through life.

At this parting moment, as we try to evaluate our training in terms of ability to meet the future, our minds naturally turn to extra-curricular activities. In studying, we have been taught that individual effort counts most, — our teachers urged us to delve for information independently. In sports and social activities, however, we have learned that team - work is far superior to individual effort and that the manner in which the game is played matters more than victory. Participation in sports and serving on various committees have undoubtedly taught us co-operation and given us a broader sense of responsibility. The process of education does not end with school life — if we have learned the art of adapting ourselves to new problems and of striving together toward a common goal we need not fear that we will fail to fit into the pattern of adult life.

Fellow students, to you our successors in High School, we would say: Cultivate your powers of concentration to the utmost; don't compare your day's work with that of your neighbor; try to better your best daily; and refuse to be satisfied until you have reached your objective. In the world of today, worthwhile positions are filled only by those who, by education and experience, have been trained to occupy them capably. We wish you every success, — both in your careers at school and later in life. Strive always to uphold the praiseworthy traditions of Lunenburg Academy.

Classmates we have worked and played together, sharing school life and many other experiences. Tonight however marks the parting of the ways, — we will become scattered abroad like leaves in the autumn wind, and we must face the grim realities of a world in which the deep wounds of war are still open and raw. May we be inspired to set a goal and not to be satisfied until it is attained. This is a high ideal but let us not neglect opportunities

to co-operate with others to such an extent that all men shall have an equal chance to enjoy life, peace and the pursuit of happiness.

“To each is given a bag of tools,  
A shapeless mass and a book of rules;  
And each must fashion 'ere life has flown  
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.”

In conclusion, may we add that we, The Graduates, shall always cherish happy memories of the “good old days at L. C. A.” and at heart be united as the class of '49.

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#### COMMON SCHOOL STAFF

Front Row—Ruth Hamm, Doris Crouse, Pauline Veinot.

Rear Row—Mary Johnson, Marion Adams, Mrs. Russell Smith, Mrs. Olivette Zinck.



This issue of  
"The Sea Gull"

is dedicated to

The Lunenburg Hospital

may we work as one  
for its maintenance  
and perpetuation



# THE HISTORY OF THE LUNENBURG HOSPITAL

by ANNE SHOLDS '51

The people of Lunenburg have long dreamed of having a hospital of their own. But their first move toward making that dream a much needed reality came in 1934. That year, a group of ambitious citizens held the first statutory meeting of the Lunenburg Hospital Society on Friday, June first, under an act of incorporation. This act states — "The object of the corporation shall be the establishing, conducting, and maintaining in the town of Lunenburg of a general, medical, and surgical hospital, the treatment of patients therein, the carrying out of such measures as may be necessary for the relief and assistance of the sick and injured, and the doing of such other acts of charity and mercy as may be found practicable and expedient in connection with the operation of such a hospital."

The officers of the Society were chosen as follows:

President—Mayor A. W. Schwartz

Vice-President—Mrs. Ada Powers

Secretary—R. Moyle Smith

Treasurer—W. M. Simpson

Trustees—W. T. Powers

J. J. Kinley

W. H. Smith

Plans were finalized for the purchase of the property of the late H. H. MacIntosh on November fifteenth, 1935, at the cost of thirty-five hundred dollars. Dr. H. A. Creighton was authorized to close the deal and secure the deed in the name of the association. This property was to be converted to serve as a hospital. At a meeting held on January 27, 1936, it was promised that \$2,150 would be obtained and the committee was asked to secure the balance. This, however, is as far as the committee appointed seems to have progressed. What happened is not recorded in the minutes and the property was never purchased as had been ordered.

The next recorded action of the Society was a meeting held nine years later, on July 23, 1945, by a number of prominent citizens. The meeting was promoted by the agitation for a war memorial which it was hoped would take the form of a hospital. In any event, it was decided to proceed with the hospital project and the assembly directed that the Lunenburg Hospital Society be re-established.

On September 28, 1945, another meeting was held, at which Mr. Douglas Adams presided. The treasurer's report at that meeting revealed that the total receipts were \$695, \$500 of which was a donation from Mr. S. D. Rithey, formerly of Riverport, and now a citizen of the United States. General reorganization proceedings were carried out and a nominating committee submitted a slate of officers. Mr. W. F. Kinley was elected president, with Mr. F. Homer Zwicker and Dr. H. A. Creighton, vice-presidents, Mr. L. J. Iversen, secretary, and Mr. John W. Oxner, treasurer. The executive was composed of eight members elected by the meeting and one mem-



ber from each town organization. As it was in line with the new social order which was spreading throughout the country and was keeping pace with our modern progress, this meeting was of the opinion that a hospital was a necessity in the town and certainly a step in the right direction. The officers and executive were empowered to take all the necessary steps to further the erection of the hospital and their first effort was a membership campaign during which 3,000 members from Lunenburg and the adjoining communities were enrolled under the direction of Mr. John W. Oxner and Captain Angus Tanner. This was followed by a campaign for funds, under the direction of Messrs. R. G. Smith and W. T. Powers. This campaign was opened by a public meeting held in the Capitol Theatre on Sunday, December 9, 1945 at 8:30 P. M., at which the late Honorable Dr. F. R. Davis, Minister of Public Health and Welfare for the province of Nova Scotia, was the guest speaker. Much enthusiasm was shown at the meeting and the campaign was opened by a contribution of \$500 by Captain S. D. Herman, one of the oldest residents of the town. This campaign was a tremendous success and by March 4, 1946, a grand total of \$123,623.96 was paid or pledged, \$72,000 of which was invested in Government Bonds.

At this time the site for the hospital on High Street was purchased for the sum of \$105, and it was decided that the building would be called "Lu-



#### LUNENBURG HOSPITAL SOCIETY OFFICERS

FIRST ROW: Ronald [redacted], 2nd Vice-President; H. W. Adams, Honorary President; [redacted] Powers, Chairman of Building Committee; Senator J. J. [redacted], Secretary President.

BACK ROW: [redacted] Iversen, Secretary; Dr. H. A. Creighton, 1st Vice-President; [redacted] W. F. Kinley, President; D. E. Young and Mayor D. F. Adams, Members of Building Committee.

nenburg Hospital." The Society was of the belief that they had sufficient funds to erect this hospital, and a building committee was selected to carry out the work. Mr. C. St. J. Wilson, architect for the Victoria General Hospital, was engaged to submit plans. The building committee was composed of Messrs. A. F. Powers, D. A. Young, F. A. Rhuland, W. W. Smith, R. M. Smith, and Dr. W. A. Hewat.

The building committee, which had recommended a wooden structure, withdrew their first recommendation on April 10, 1946, in favor of a reinforced concrete building. This type of building could be erected at the cost of only about \$12,000 or \$15,000 more than for the same type of wooden construction. Tenders were called for the building and the lowest was received from the Acadia Construction Company of Bridgewater, amounting to \$276,000 for the completed structure, under Mr. Wilson's plans and specifications.

By this time, the Society had increased its building fund to about \$136,000, and a report from the finance committee stated — "We cannot see how any substantial additional sum of money can be collected in the immediate future, and we do not think the time opportune to get value for our money." With this proposition, it was decided to review the situation within six months, when conditions prevailing in the building trades would have a chance to readjust themselves.

Many proposals were advanced on ways and means of raising the extra amount needed. On April 18, 1947, the Town Council of Lunenburg was approached to guarantee a bond issue for the Lunenburg Hospital Society for \$150,000. This proposal met with no response, and on January 7, 1948, the town was again approached for a direct contribution equal to that already realized by the Society. It was requested that a ballot be taken and the plebescite be held at the time of the civic elections to determine the will of the citizens on carrying through the erection of a hospital in the town with the town's participation in the financing.

This request also met with no response, which delayed any further action until April, 1948, when it was considered necessary to make some move in construction, or have the project lost for all time. Accordingly, in conformity with the resolution passed at this time, it was resolved that the construction of this building be started as soon as possible, as per the original plans and specifications. A construction committee consisting of Messrs. D. F. Adams, A. F. Powers, D. A. Young, W. F. Kinley and F. C. Rhuland was appointed to carry out the motion.

At this time, since the government of Nova Scotia had an enacted legislation to assist municipal projects such as this, it was assumed that the society would be eligible under the act for some of this assistance. Thus the society was given further reassurance to start construction. This, however, was short-lived, as this money was only for committees which could not finance themselves, and as the credit of the town of Lunenburg was perhaps the best in the province, the government was not well-disposed towards the application.

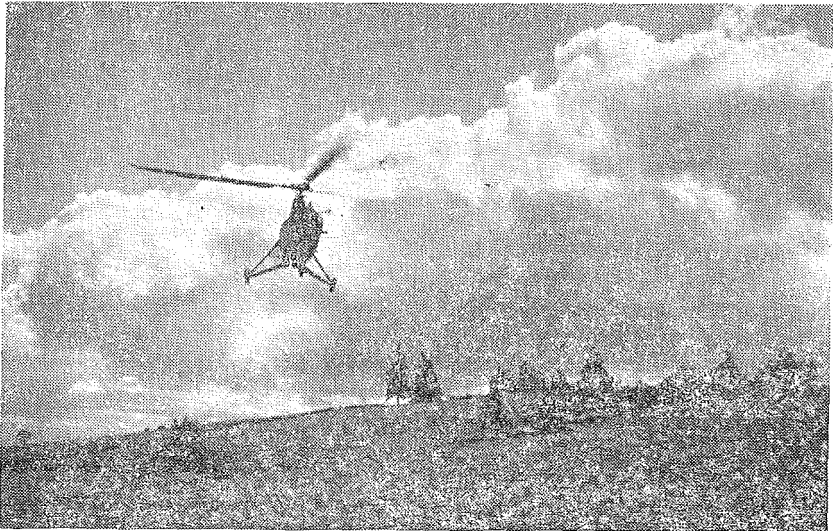
During this time, the Dominion Government, realizing the tremendous

inadequacy of hospital beds throughout the Dominion, offered \$1000 per active treatment bed which would be provided by any town or municipality in the country, providing that the government of the province in which this town or municipality was situated would give an equal amount for the same purpose. In June, 1948, the Government of Nova Scotia accepted this program, and the Lunenburg Hospital was able to secure \$2000 per bed for their hospital construction. This meant that the money necessary between what had to be raised and what could be hoped to be financed was available, and made the building of the hospital a reality.

The first sods were turned on Lunenburg's Natal Day, with a fitting ceremony presided over by the president of the society, Mr. W. F. Kinley, and the first sods were turned by Mayor D. F. Adams. The religious exercises were taken by Rev. Ralph Fowlow, rector of St. John's Anglican Church.

The contract for the building has been awarded to the Acadia Construction Company, and the first cement for the foundation was poured on Thursday, July 22, 1948.

During the festive Christmas season, the bright lights of the Lunenburg Hospital shone out over the town. The dream of generations of Lunenburg citizens was becoming concrete. And when the structure is filled with white beds and softly treading nurses — then the dream will be complete.



HELICOPTER — FISHERIES EXHIBITION

## A HOSPITAL FOR LUNENBURG

by WILFRED F. KINLEY

The Town of Lunenburg is fortunate in that throughout the years it has had citizens who were industrious, civic-minded and far-sighted. These qualities are reflected in the adequate public services they have provided from time to time, and which after many years of progress and development serve us well in this day. Our Academy, Water, Sewerage, Electric Light and Fire Department all compare favourably with others throughout the Province. Co-operative enterprise, the keystone of our industrial development, has built a thriving Town and prosperous people.

The health of our people throughout the years has been considerably above the general average, principally due to the splendid living conditions



**MR. W. F. KINLEY**

**President Lunenburg Hospital Society**

and the cleanliness for which the citizens of this Town have always been noted. While major hospital facilities have not been always available, the fishermen and seafaring men of our Town and Community have not been neglected for a Government Marine Hospital has been maintained in Lunenburg for many years. A Community Hospital for the Town has been in the minds of our citizens for many years but its ultimate construction devolves upon this generation. That we in Lunenburg are building a Hospital at a time when the Government is stressing the need for improved health services throughout the nation and providing financial assistance, is positive proof that our citizens have recognized the need and that we are in keeping with the times.

Modern electrical appliances have brought about great changes in our way of living, and so it is with relation to the care of the sick. New drugs, X-Ray, and the many electrically controlled diagnostic instruments together with modern laboratory investigation of tissues, blood, etc., have made the need for hospitalization almost imperative if modern scientific treatment is to be given.

The generous response of our citizens for financial support together with the Dominion Provincial financial assistance has made this Hospital possible for Lunenburg. And while there is yet much to be accomplished, we know

that from past experience the citizens will rally to the cause and success will be assured. Already there is great evidence of this support, for, beside the generous contributions of our citizens in general, our Social and Fraternal organizations have volunteered to contribute much of the equipment and there have been various legacies from those who have not lived to see its completion.

The expenditures of public funds for the erection of a Hospital is no light responsibility and can only be accomplished by a definite knowledge of the requirements of the present and future. This fact has always been in the minds of those entrusted with the construction. We have watched modern trends so our Hospital will not be out-dated from the angle of modern medicine and surgery, with accommodations adequate for present and future requirements. Every effort has been made to give the patients proper accommodations, and the staff the facilities with which to work, which in turn will result in a minimum in operational expenditures.

Youth to-day are being well informed of the necessity of good health. They will accept this Hospital as a necessary part of the Community for the improvement of Public Health. It will become their duty as citizens to carry on and improve its facilities when the occasion requires, for the continued advancement and improvement in all industry and social services is the life blood of our Community and nation.

This Hospital will become an integral part of the Community. It will be an added industry and its operation, support, and welfare, should be the concern of all our people. It is our duty as citizens of this grand old Town to provide for ourselves and generations to come, modern hospital facilities in keeping with the times, as did those who have gone before provide adequate public services when the necessity arose. The building of this Hospital will undoubtedly be one of the most outstanding achievements in the history of the Town and will forever be a monument of useful service in the cause of mankind.

If our citizens keep in mind that humanity is constantly at war against disease, that so many things can be done by willing hands and cheerful giving to relieve distress and misery by improving the health of our Community, then all the difficulty in building and maintaining our Hospital will disappear like fog before a strong fresh breeze. To those readers of this magazine who have had the honour of being former citizens of this Town, may we suggest that pride in your place of birth, fond and sacred remembrances of those you have left behind can be most fittingly perpetuated by some gift or donation to this Hospital for its erection or maintenance. In appreciation of what has been accomplished, let us redouble our efforts now so that no time will be lost in completing this great humanitarian undertaking for the health and welfare of our people.

As President of the Lunenburg Hospital Society, it is a great honor and pleasure to express to the Principal, Mr. Collins, the members of the teaching staff, and to the students, the grateful thanks and appreciation for their timely endorsement of the Hospital by dedicating this issue of "The Seagull" to the Lunenburg Hospital.

## A DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE HOSPITAL

by DR. W. A. HEWAT

The normal result of improved economic and industrial development is a demand for improvement of social services to the community.

For many years there has been a growing feeling that a Hospital in Lunenburg was a service for which there was great need and one which would command both immediate and sustained support.

Today, thanks to the faith and effort of our citizens, the Hospital will be a reality probably early in 1950. That is to say, the building will be built,



equipped and ready to open for patients. The first campaign will be over and its objective obtained. Now the second campaign "the sustained support" above mentioned begins, for the price, interest and support which this service commands will determine its success or failure. A building alone does not make a Hospital but requires, in addition, the mutual confidence and support on the part of the Public and Hospital Staff.

The Hospital should be the focal point of the health problems of the community. It has been planned and equipped not only to meet the needs of those who are sick but also has a unit for Public Health and Preventive Medicine.

Thus it is hoped to be able to bring to the community as many measures as possible which will help our citizens to maintain good health, and to those already ill or injured, a Hospital, modern in every respect, able to meet their urgent demands. I do not say all demands, because there will always be a certain number of patients who will have to be transferred to large centres for treatment where more equipment, broader experience, and more highly trained specialist skill is available.

Medical Science has made rapid strides in the past twenty-five years enabling the Doctor to bring to his patients greater accuracy in diagnosis and more effective treatment for many conditions which in the past were marked by uncertainty and whose outcome was in doubt. Naturally, everyone wants the advantage of foremost medical skill, but the application of these new, effective treatments requires hospital facilities, the laboratories, the X-ray, the constant follow-up which can only be done accurately when patient and the various forms of apparatus are under one roof. With the

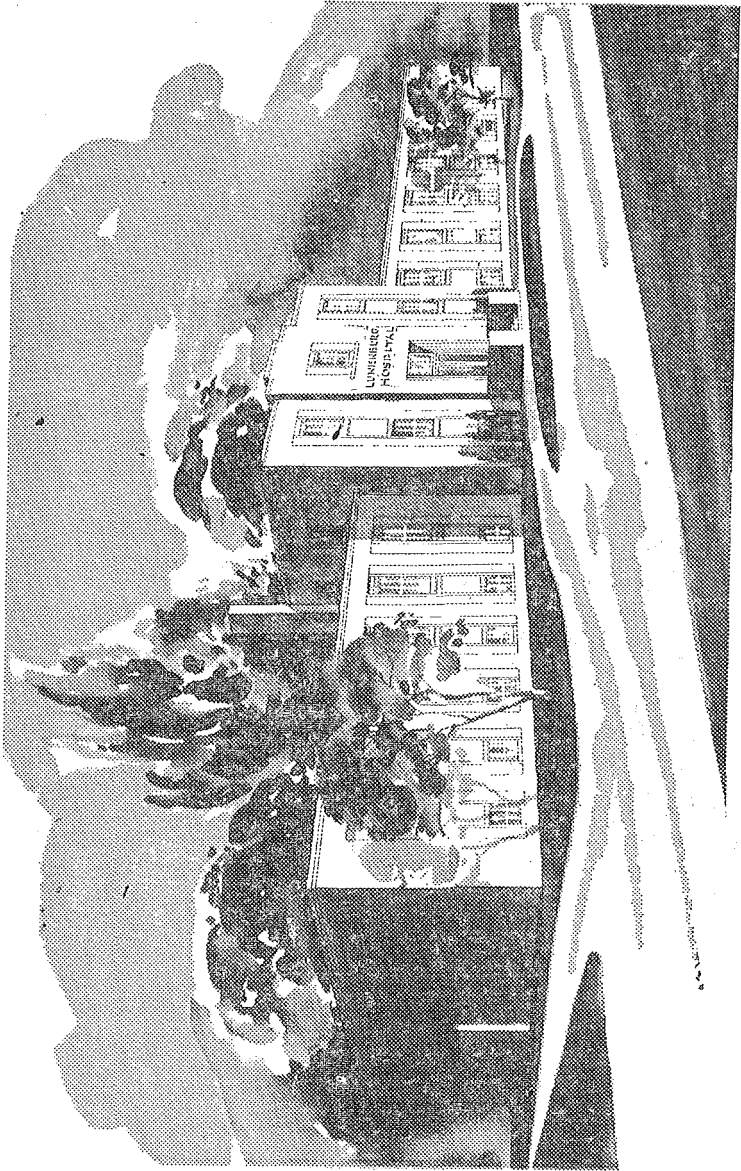
completion of the Hospital these various auxiliary services will be available to the public.

If you note the ground floor plan you will see that there is a wing running back from the main building. Here much of the work of the Hospital will be carried on. Here you will find a modern operating room, a case delivery room for obstetrics, an X-ray room, and a laboratory. The first two named are essential to every hospital, but many of the cases which have proved so puzzling can be solved as a result of the findings of the lab and x-ray working in combination.

This is a combination that we have been sorely lacking and with its establishment our citizens can expect further improvement in our diagnostic skills. Nevertheless, should our facilities fall short of the requirements of the problem, our work should be so integrated with that of institutions in larger centres, that the aid can be sought and readily obtained. Only thus in the true sense of the word will we attain Hospital Service.



PARADE — ACADEMY GROUNDS



LUNENBURG HOSPITAL



## THE MARINE HOSPITAL

by STANTON SAETY '49 and LILLIAN THORNHILL '50

The Marine Hospital, completed in 1879, occupies a very beautiful site in full view of the front harbour on the outskirts of Lunenburg.

The Hosiptal was built during the days of the sailing ships for the purpose of serving as a quarantine station for the sailors who brought sickness from abroad. This fact accounts for it being erected so that it was isolated



from the rest of the town. The institution was originally operated by the Department of Marine and Fisheries. In later years it was turned over to the Department of Pensions, National Health and Welfare. After this department was reorganized, the hospital came under the jurisdiction of

the Department of National Health and Welfare, and no further changes have been made.

The equipment in this building was considered up-to-date at the time the Marine Hospital was built. Now, of course, this equipment would seem old fashioned. In recent years, modern equipment has been installed, although not as extensively as in the large general hospitals. Improvements have also been made to the building itself. The high ceilings in the old-fashioned building have been lowered; while the dark green paint originally on the interior walls has been replaced by paints of lighter colors.

The hospital is comparatively small, having twelve beds set up for ordinary usage with three additional ones to be set up in case of emergency. It has not been necessary to make use of the extra beds other than during the two recent World Wars.

The requirements for entering the Marine Hospital are not very complicated. Any member of a ship or vessel, either of a foreign or a Canadian port, who pays sick mariner's dues may enter the hospital on acquiring papers signed by the ship's Captain. These papers entitle them to services by doctors or free treatment at the hospital. Formerly, major operative work was performed here. Now, however, patients requiring major surgery of an emergency nature are transferred to the Dawson Memorial Hospital at Bridgewater where they are cared for by doctors in charge of the Marine Hospital. Patients requiring the services of a specialist or considerable

scientific investigation are transferred to Halifax for treatment under the supervision of the immigration Medical Officers. Patients referred to Halifax are treated at the Halifax Infirmary under contract with the Department of National Health and Welfare to care for sick mariners.

During the war years a great number of naval personnel from Canada, Great Britain and other allied countries were cared for at the Marine Hospital. The majority of the patients in peace time are men of the fishing fleet. They receive treatment for ordinary ailments such as: bait infection, frost-bite, burns, and general medical illnesses. We sometimes hear of people pretending they are sick when they are in the best of health, but this fault is not prevalent among the men of the fishing fleet. On the contrary they are so anxious to return to work that it is difficult to retain them in the hospital until they have recovered fully.

Several families have occupied the living quarters of the Marine Hospital. At present these quarters are occupied by Mr. Reginald Melanson, who must serve both caretaker and male nurse. His wife, acting as his assistant, prepares the meals which are very delicious, and she helps to clean the hospital ward. Since Mr. Melanson is not qualified to act as a regular staff nurse, it is necessary to employ extra nurses in case of illness that requires considerable attention. The patients have a very capable doctor in the person of Dr. H. A. Creighton who has served at this post for many years. He makes frequent trips to the hospital during the day to check the various patients. He performs minor surgery in the operating room of the Marine Hospital while the more complicated surgical work is performed by him at the Dawson Memorial, Bridgewater. To this hospital he must make at least one trip daily.

When the men are compelled to enter this hospital to recover from their afflictions, they find an atmosphere of homelike informality. Some of the patients even ask to be allowed to remain there when the seriousness of their condition necessitates their being transferred to larger hospitals. This friendly atmosphere has been enhanced by the fact that various enjoyments have been provided by those interested in the institution. For instance, a radio was donated by Senator J. J. Kinley. Ladies of the Red Cross and Salvation Army make frequent visits, bringing magazines and periodicals. Card playing and checker playing are two games indulged in by the men to pass the time during their convalescence.

Tourists are also attracted to this historical edifice, and it is one of their favourite places of call in the summer time. From the grounds of the hospital they have one of the finest views in Lunenburg County or even in the province of Nova Scotia.

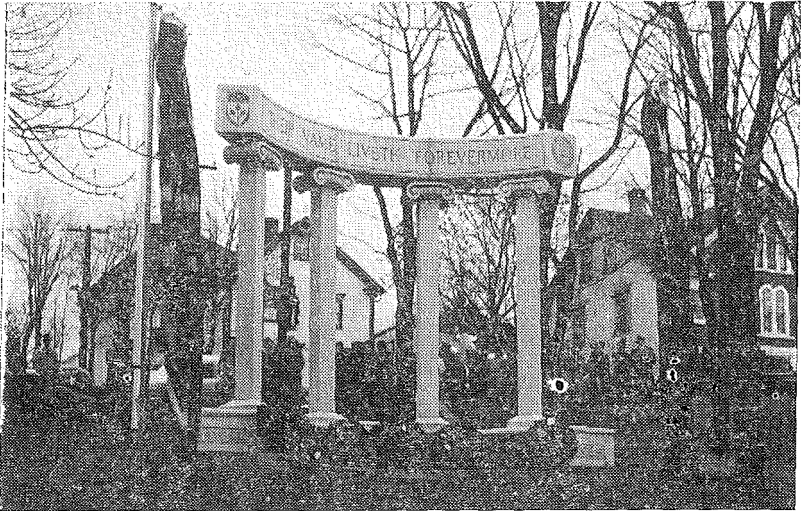
## WAR MEMORIAL DEDICATED

by DOROTHY L. MOSHER '50

Their names with honor shall be crown'd  
In this dear land's fair story, not with woe,  
And in the record, they shall shine like stars."

Archibald MacMechan.

Standing in a prominent place of the town and in direct line with the War Memorial of World War I, is an added tribute to the memory of the Lunenburg boys who followed the wonderful example of their fathers and brothers when war again threatened the peace of the world in 1939.



"In death a hero, as in life a friend."

This monument was designed by Mr. Philip Backman, one of Lunenburg's talented sons, who has explained the meaning that the memorial is intended to portray. "It stands on the firm soil of Canada. Its solid base represents the true Democracy for which our men fought and died. The Four pillars are for the four services—Navy, Army, Airforce and Merchant Navy, holding a section of a broken circle, emblematic of a broken life."

The monument was unveiled on Remembrance Day, November 11, 1948 at four p.m., when War Veterans, Sea Cadets and Girl Guides headed by the Legion Band paraded from the Armouries to Jubilee Square for the special service which was in charge of Rev. Ralph Fowlow, Chaplain of the Local Branch of the Canadian Legion.

Mayor D. F. Adams addressed the large gathering by saying, "On the thirtieth Anniversary of the First Armistice Day, we are assembled here to pay fitting tribute to those who went forth - served in the sea, land and air-forces of their King and Country, but especially to those who gave life's greatest gift - life itself - for the Glory and Honor of their native land in the Second Great War 1939-45; and to unveil and dedicate this monument to their glorious memory. This monument, designed by a native son, chosen by their Legion Comrades, is not erected by one citizen or group of citizens. It is erected by all the citizens of the town of Lunenburg, by the 'Many who owe so much to so few' as their tribute to those valiant hearts who went forth from this Town and surrounding communities and gave their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of the Valhalla of their Country's eminence. It stands as a symbol of their faithful devotion to duty in the cause of freedom and that their names live forever in the hearts of their grateful countrymen. With the Monument for the First Great War together they stand in what might well be called Lunenburg's 'Memorial Square', which when landscaped and beautified will stand emblematic of the true greatness of a people who deemed not even life itself too great a sacrifice to pay for freedom. As their forefathers came from the old world to find freedom in the new, almost two-hundred years later their descendants went from the new to defend their freedom in the old. I hope as we pass this place day by day it will vividly recall to our minds their great sacrifice and the loss sustained by their loved ones. We still live in a changing and challenging world but the courage, faith and devotion to duty as exemplified by those whom we honor here today can not but make us more worthy citizens of our Town and great Dominion. May Divine Providence grant that we may all be worthy of their great sacrifice."

The Monument was unveiled by Captain C. D. Ritcey and Mr. D. E. Young.

Many beautiful wreaths were placed on both monuments by the Government of Nova Scotia; Town of Lunenburg; various organizations of the Town; parents, relatives and friends in memory of those for whom the memorial was erected to honor.

Warren G. Allen, Merchant Marine.  
 Robert E. Baker, R.C.A.I.C.  
 Moyle Beck, R.C.N.V.R.  
 Clyde W. Byers, R.C.A.F.  
 Elward Conrad, R.C.N.V.R.  
 Hector N. Conrad, R.E.C.C.E.  
 J. Gilbert Cooper, W.N.S.R.  
 Moyle H. C. Croft, R.C.N.V.R.  
 Donald R. Crouse, Merchant Navy.  
 Herbert R. Hebb, R.C.A.  
 Henry H. Herman, N.N.S.H.  
 Fred Knickle, U.S.A. Merchant Navy.  
 Harry H. Murphy, R.C.N.V.R.  
 Charles T. MacIntosh, R.C.A.F.

Edgar F. Oxner, U.S. Army.  
 Leo. R. Regan, Cape Breton Highlanders.  
 Charles A. Ritcey, P.L.F.  
 Harry Schnare, W.N.S.R.  
 Gerald H. Smith, W.N.S.R.  
 Horace M. Smith, Algonquin Regiment.  
 J. Aubrey Smith, Cape Breton Highlanders.  
 Roseville St.C. Smith, R.C.N.V.R.  
 Gerald S. Whynacht, Merchant Navy.  
 Roy A. Young, W.N.S.R.

The memory of their courage and their bravery should always be kept bright and clear by each one of us, in our town, standing firm for the principles for which they died. To those brave boys to whom the thought that they were defending their homes from the evil designs of an enemy made any sacrifice worth while, we now, in loving memory to them should keep our homes the pride of our nation.

“So long as there are homes to which men turn  
 At the close of day,  
 So long as there are homes where children are -  
 Where women stay,  
 If loyalty and faith be found across these sills,  
 A stricken nation can recover from its greatest ills.

So long as there are homes where fires burn  
 And there is bread,  
 So long as there are homes where lamps are lit  
 And prayers are said,  
 Although the people falter through the dark and nations grope  
 With God Himself back of these little homes  
 We still can hope.”

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## PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

The Academy has a fund called “The Academy Improvement Fund” for which money is raised by Concerts and other methods. Money from this fund is expended to maintain the Library, Playground Equipment, School Radio, to purchase music for the Choral Clubs, and for many similar purposes.

We are pleased to announce that a P. A. System has been installed in the Academy the cost of which is being paid from this fund. There are fourteen loud-speakers with modern equipment for operating the system.

This system will be useful for re-broadcasting radio programmes to the entire school, and for the daily announcements of the Principal. At present he must spend over an hour to visit all the class-rooms for this purpose. Our Academy is being modernized within the capacity of the Community and the Academy to pay the cost.

## ST. JOHN'S 195TH ANNIVERSARY

by JANET ZINCK '50, SHIRLEY LOHNES '50

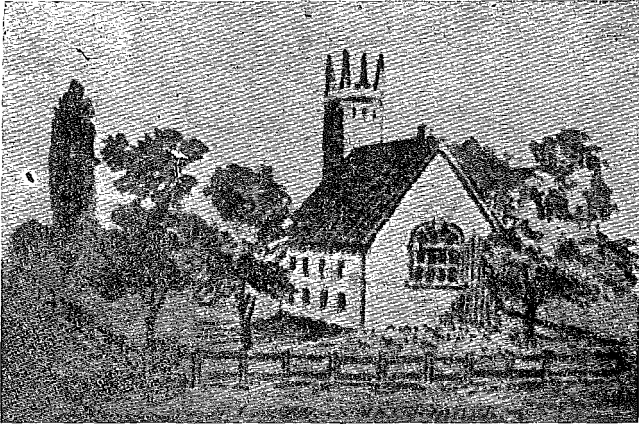


On June 6, 1948 the beautiful Anglican Church St. John's, Lunenburg, celebrated her 195th birthday.

The town of Lunenburg was founded on June 7th., 1753. On that very day on what is now the Church Square, the few settlers led by their missionary priest, the Rev. Jean Baptiste Moreau, gave thanks to Almighty God for guiding them over the ever-raging sea to the new world and asked Him to bestow upon them His blessing and give them what they needed most—courage to endure the hardships ahead. For many Sundays following their arrival, service was held on the square and communion administered to as many as two hundred at a time under the blue sky. What

an inspiring sight it must have been, to see Anglican, Lutheran, Baptist, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, Huguenot, and Micmac Indians kneeling side by side praying to God under Rev. Moreau, who preached to each nationality in their native tongue.

The British Government promised the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, that, in each township formed in Nova Scotia, certain lands would be set apart for the building of a Church and a grant of four hundred acres given to the minister and his successors. Therefore in 1754 St. John's had its beginning under Royal Charter. The original frame was brought from Massachusetts and well and truly raised by the loving hands of the first settlers of the community, a few feet east from where the open air services were held. This building was only fifty-eight feet by thirty-eight feet with the ceiling merely twenty-eight feet above the ground. In the centre there were two rows of fourteen pews each, while on the sides the rows were comprised of only seven pews. In the front of the church stood the reading desk and the pulpit. The Church was ready for services in 1754 and still stands, although the original building has been considerably enlarged and beautified. However, the first change did not come until 1870 when the church was remodeled. At this time the ceiling was opened and an addition of twenty-five feet made on the east end of the building, this becoming the chancel. The gallery on the west end was partially curtained off as were also many of the pews.



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH 1837

In 1875, the Church Tower was built. Great care had to be taken, when the wings were made an addition to the main body of the church. The pattern of the new structure had to be identical to the beautiful Gothic style of the original edifice. This work was done by Simon Morash, a Communicant of St. John's, who in later years became known as a master craftsman.

Since the completion of the first building in 1754, the church has been greatly beautified by presentations as memorials. In 1902, Lieut. Col. C. Edwin Kaulback, M.P. made as a gift to the Church the chimes which ring through the stillness of the Sabbath and seem to lift the heart of each Lunenburg citizen. As one crosses the threshold of this beautiful Church, one's attention is at once drawn to the magnificent altar portraying the "Last Supper", a gift of Mrs. William Alexander Zwicker, and also to the impressive stained glass windows, the completion of which has made them one of St. John's "most impressive features." St. John's is what many people call a "real church." Being the second oldest Protestant Church in British North America, it is rich in history and tradition. Buried beneath the Church are the Reverend Moreau, for twenty years a Missionary at Halifax and Lunenburg, and also a number of the early deceased citizens of the town.

St. John's was made a parish in 1787. Her daughter churches are St. Stephen's, Chester, St. Peters', West LaHave, St. James, Mahone Bay, St. Matthews, Upper LaHave, Holy Trinity, Bridgewater and St. Barnabas, Blue Rocks.

The Church records that Bishop Inglis, the first bishop overseas, preached his last sermon and administered his last rite of Confirmation at St. John's in 1850. In 1943 the late Archbishop MacKenly also administered his last confirmation and preached his final sermon in St. John's.

The Communion Cup, or chalice, that was brought to Lunenburg by the

official settlers is still in use in the church for the Sacrament of Holy Communion.

On June 6th. 1948, hundreds attended services marking St. John's 195th Anniversary. On this day celebrations commenced with Holy Communion, Rev. Walter E. Ryder, former rector of St. John's as celebrant. At the eleven o'clock service Rev. Morris W. Knickle one of St. John's sons was the special preacher and celebrant.

An exceptionally large outdoor audience from Lunenburg and other parts of the province gathered on Sunday afternoon at the Church Square to participate in the celebration. An improvised pulpit was erected where St. John's first service of Thanksgiving was held 195 years ago. The service was conducted by the present rector, Rev. Ralph Fowlow. The lessons read by Mayor D. F. Adams and Venerable Archdeacon Ernst were taken from the Bible used at the first service in 1753. A most inspiring address was given by Archbishop Kingston, Primate of all Canada, who was heard in an excellent discourse from the text Romans 15:6 which states "That ye may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

His Grace elaborated on three special points: namely, Rejoicing, Recollection and Re-Dedication. "We rejoice," he said "in the history of St. John's Church during the 195 years of her founding, but we rejoice more in the history of the church of God through the ages which despite all influences working against it, has stood steadfast and immovable." The Bishop brought greetings from almost two million Anglicans from coast to coast and also from numerous friends of other denominations.

"This", he said, "is also the Time of Recollections, when we can look back and see the wonderful way in which the work of God has been extended in old St. John's. We need recollections," he said, "as they keep a true balance in the life that lies ahead. A great ecumenical service was held on this parade 195 years ago in which groups of several denominations took part, each group with its own convictions and love of the Work of God. May we have more of the Spirit of unity along spiritual lines," the Bishop continued.

"Re-dedication is an important factor in the life of the church of today," the eminent Divine stated. "The Church of God is old yet ever new and so in old St. John's for there is no sign of age but a progressive spirit pervading its members. Age carries with it inspiration of the past; may it ever live in us. We need the confidence and stability of age which is so essential in these troublesome days. Let us rededicate ourselves to the Service of God and to the building up of God's Kingdom on earth."

The evening service was conducted by the rector, Rev. Ralph Fowlow, and the special preacher was Canon W. E. Ryder of Christ Church, Dartmouth.

As a concluding thought, we are very proud to quote the fine poem "St. John's" written for the anniversary of this beautiful and historic House of God by Mr. Philip Backman, one of Lunenburg's as well as one of St. John's outstanding sons.



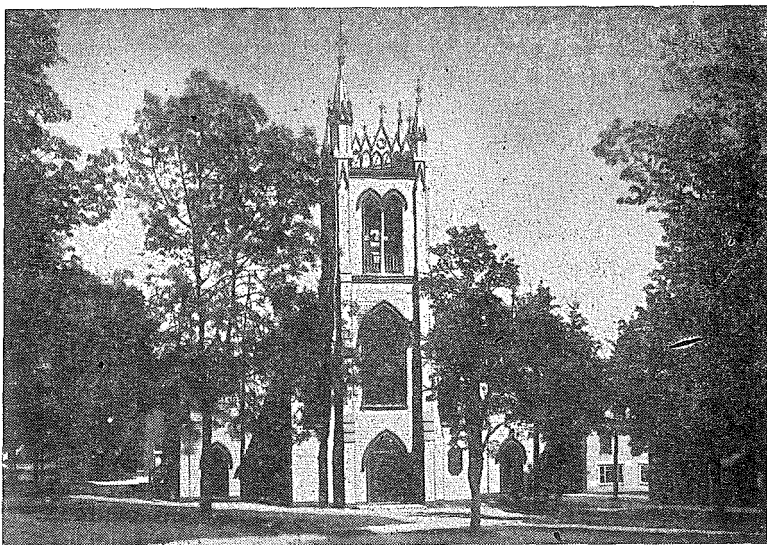
Beneath the constant, heavenly dome there stand  
These treasured walls, still on that self-same sod  
Where first they rose; and mark the faith and hand  
Of men who builded in the love of God.

How swift, how nobly swift-all else aside,  
They set this House upon their alien plot,  
Where each in his appointed place, with pride  
Might render thanks and glory in his lot.

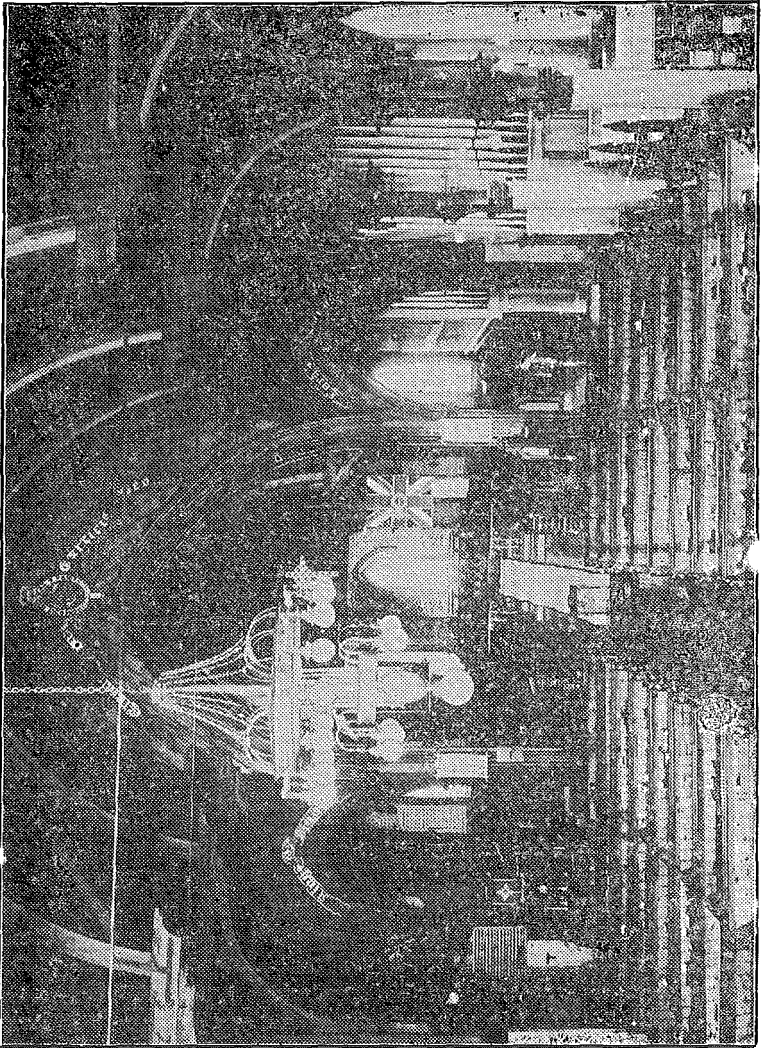
And surely, then, they willed this hallowed Place  
To be a solace in the days to come;  
That here might pass to their succeeding race  
Their spirit's strength, when they themselves had done.

Thus, well they followed as Another led;  
"I will not leave you comfortless", He'd said.

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ST. JOHN'S ANGLICAN CHURCH 1949



THE CHANCEL

## ADAMS & KNICKLE COMPANY LIMITED

by JOAN FRALICK '50 and JOHN BALD '49

We looked at the building. It was quite a structure. Painted red, it consisted of three stories, and looking up, we saw the words "Adams & Knickle" painted in white on the side. Curiosity urging us on, we entered the building with the purpose of finding out how a fish plant is run.

We started on the middle floor, it being the most easily accessible. On this floor, we saw about two dozen men busily engaged in some sort of work. Upon inquiry, it was found out that these men were preparing fish for a



thorough drying. In this process it is necessary to lay the fish flat on racks, the racks then being shoved into a receptacle which held them preparatory to the drying process. The actual drying is done by means of warm air which is blown over the fish with powerful fans. These fans are driven by strong electric motors.

At frequent intervals on our way along this floor of the building, there were noticed several piles of salted, dried,

fish. We were informed that in that particular part of the building, there were about twenty-eight hundred quintals of fish stored. By comparing the number of fish there, to the amount of storing space, it was quite evident that in order to fill the storeroom, the company would have to handle a very large amount of fish.

After finishing our tour of the second story of the building, we decided to go to the top floor. There we saw a large drying and storing room. Hot air pipes were seen to branch out in all directions like the tentacles of an octopus. These pipes, with vents in them at regular intervals, were used to convey warm air, given its impetus by an electric blower, from a furnace, into all parts of this storing room.

The most interesting thing that we noticed about the contents of this floor of the building, was the fact that there were several tiers of barrels stored at one end. These barrels had stamped on them the words "Perez Y Martínez, Habana." These barrels then were destined to go to the West Indies, and their contents would be fish caught by Lunenburg Schooners, and cured in Lunenburg.

As a finale to our tour of the plant, we went to the ground floor. Here we saw the furnace which provided the dry warm air to the floors above. Here also, we saw an example of the progressive nature of Adams & Knickle Company. In the year 1948, the management of the firm had a cooling plant of the most modern type installed. It was installed for the express purpose of providing the consumer with more fish of better quality. When more fish arrive at the plant than can be handed immediately, the excess is put into the cold storage room until such time as they can be processed.

When fish are brought into the port of Lunenburg, they are in a heavy salt packing known as "pickle." People in the country, known as fish-makers do the next job. These "fish-makers" are people who take the fish and salt them down for a couple of weeks. The salt is then brushed off, and the fish are placed on long wooden rack-like benches called "flakes." There, they are dried by the sun and wind. It is this drying of the split cod-fish on the hill-sides, that endow the country-side with that fragrance particularly peculiar to the fishing regions of Nova Scotia. When the fish are dry enough, they are brought to such a firm as Adams & Knickle, where they may be dried still further. When the fish are as hard as boards, they are packed in barrels, and are shipped to such places as: Habana, Santiago, Guatanamo, Cuba, British Guiana, Trinidad, United States, Puerto Rico, and Brazil. Thus we may see that Adams & Knickle Company, one of the largest exporters of fish in the Maritimes, does business with a large part of the world.

What is the history of this firm? In order to satiate our curiosity, we went into the offices of the company, and delved into records of the past.

The company was founded in 1898, on the first day of August. The three men who started the business were H. W. Adams, Alexander Knickle, and William Arenburg. The present plant was bought from James D. Eisner several years later. The last founder of this company, William Arenburg, retired from business in 1902.

The present president of the firm is Mr. H. W. Adams; the vice-president is Mayor Douglas Adams; the secretary-treasurer is Mr. Everett Knickle. H. W. Adams' children are Dorothy, Marion, Mildred, Frank, and Douglas, the first four of which act more or less as directors. Alexander Knickle had two children, Jean Whynacht, and Everett Knickle. In 1945, the firm was made a limited company, and the name was changed to Adams & Knickle Co., Ltd.

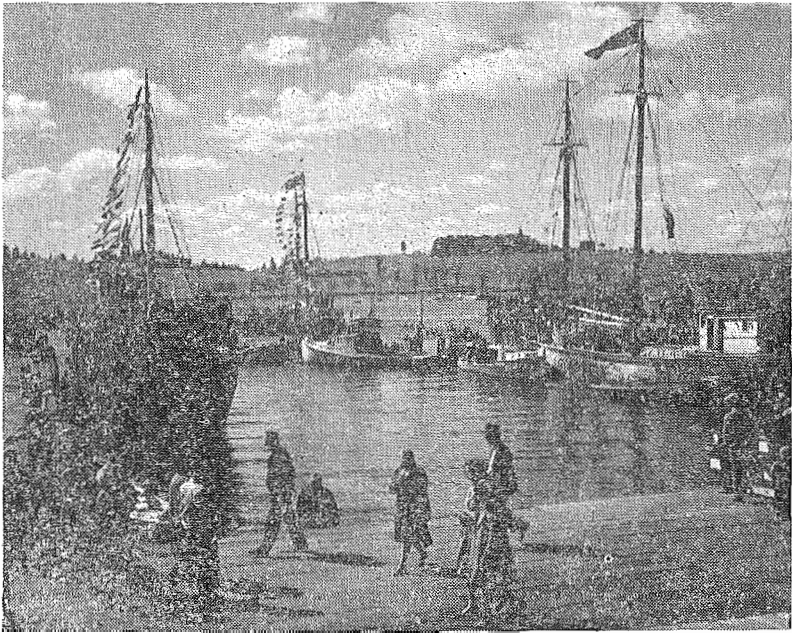
Over thirty schooners were constructed in the Smith & Rhuland ship-yards of Lunenburg, for the Adams & Knickle firm. In addition to these schooners, there were several built for their use in Mahone Bay, Shelburne, and Meteghan. These schooners were skippered by such captains as: Captain Henry C. Winters, Captain Daniel Zink, Captain William Miller, Captain Richard P. Silver, and many others, who, like these famous Lunenburg skippers, were noted for their ability on the fishing ground.

During their careers, these men brought valuable cargoes of fish to Lunenburg where the fish were processed. Then these same skippers took the fish to world markets. The schooners were used for catching fish in the summer, and then in winter they carried cargoes of salt fish to Britain, Eur-

ope, and the West Indies, bringing back salt which was used in the curing of the fish.

The men, and the schooners on which they sailed, in large measure helped to lay the foundations for the growth and development of the town and county of Lunenburg, the province of Nova Scotia, and of the Dominion of Canada. The firm of Adams & Knickle has a record of efficiency and progress, and down through the years, has upheld this tradition admirably. In the past year of 1948 the Frances Geraldine, under Captain Guy Tanner, was the high-liner in salt fish production. With just such vessels as the Frances Geraldine and such captains as Captain Guy Tanner, the firm of Adams & Knickle, and the port of Lunenburg, will continue to prosper in the years to come.

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WATER SPORTS — N. S. FISHERIES EXHIBITION

## MR. HARRY W. ADAMS

by IVAN GREEK '50

Our town of Lunenburg has been developing through the years. It is today a prosperous and noted fishing port. One of the men who has done much to bring about these changes is the subject of this biography. The son of the late Henry Adams and the late Elizabeth S. Dauphinee, he was born in this town in 1869. His schooling was obtained in the old Lunenburg School which was situated on Bandstand Hill.



When Mr. Adams left school, he entered the employ of Lewis Anderson & Co. which was located where Zwicker & Co. now does business. During his employment with this company he became experienced in the methods of conducting a business. This experience stood him in good stead when, in 1898, Mr. Adams, Captain Alexander Knickle, and Captain William Arenburg formed a partnership to start the firm of Adams and Knickle.

Captain Arenburg sold his shares while the company was in its infancy leaving the firm in the hands of Mr. H. W. Adams and

Captain A. Knickle. Several years after the firm started, the wharf property at the foot of King Street was purchased on which were erected several fish stores.

In 1918 the store of Adams and Knickle was damaged by fire, but it was subsequently re-built. The firm is equipped to-day with a large fish dryer and a newly constructed cold storage room. During his many years in business, Mr. Adams has been actively engaged in the production and exportation of all kinds of dried and pickled fish. He operated a banking fleet of vessels, and exported fish products to all parts of the West Indies, Cuba, Porto Rico, and to other markets.

In addition to being president of Adams and Knickle Ltd., Mr. Adams is vice-president of the Lunenburg Marine Railway Co. Ltd. He is a director of the Acadian Supplies Ltd.

Although he is now in his eightieth year, he is active and attends personally to his business affairs. In recounting to me some stories of his boy-

hood, he relates how the stores used to remain open until nine o'clock at night. Their favorite forms of amusement were boxing, weight-lifting competitions, and cricket at which he became quite expert. Mr. Adams was especially interested in horse racing and he owned several fine horses. Those were the days when there were races on the Back Harbor and on the Harbor at Mahone as gala sporting events of the season.

In December 1898, he married Maude E. Anderson from which union there were five children: Marion, Mildred (Mrs. Eugene Ritcey), Dorothy (Mrs. Loren Geldert), Frank, and Douglas. They are all graduates of the Lunenburg Academy of which Staff Marion is now a member. Frank is a director of the Firm; and Douglas is Vice-president of Adams and Knickle Ltd. as well as being Mayor of the Town of Lunenburg.

Mr. Adams is a member of Unity Masonic Lodge from which brotherhood he has been the recipient of a jewel for fifty years as a member. This is a distinction of which he is exceedingly proud. He is a member of St. John's Anglican Church, one of the oldest in the Dominion of Canada, of which his family have been adherents and dependable Church Workers.

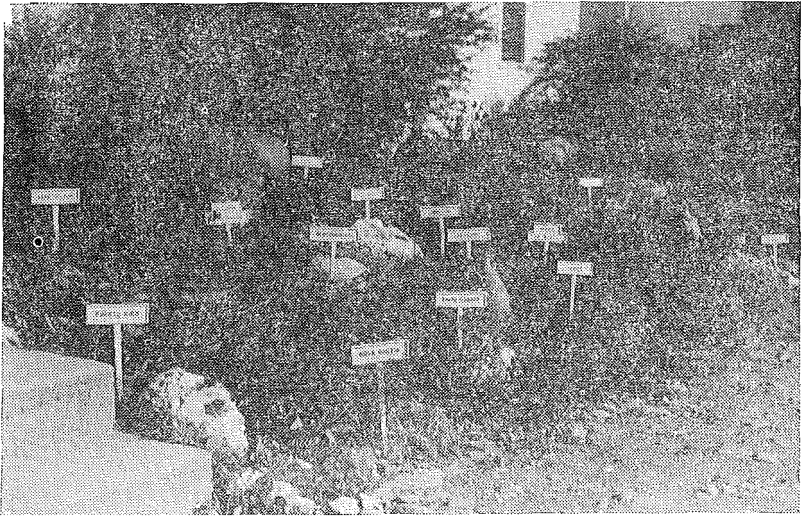
Lunenburg is proud of men like Mr. Adams who have grown with the town; and who have given of their best years to make the town what it is to-day. The Sea Gull extends the wish for his continued health and interest in the welfare of his community.



LUNENBURG ACADEMY BOOTH — FISHERIES EXHIBITION

## THE ROCK GARDEN OF CAPT. ANGUS TANNER

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!  
 Rose plot,  
 Fringed pool,  
 Fern'd grot —        T. E. Browne



The unique rock garden shown in the picture belongs to Capt. Angus Tanner of this town. It contains rocks from as far North as Newfoundland; South to Barranquilla, Columbia; West to Vera Cruz; and East as far as Puerto Rica. The name plates shown indicate a few of the most outstanding and historical rocks in the garden. Near the name plate of Mexico stands an image which experts tells us was carved by hand about 2000 years ago. It consists of Mexican granite and was presented to the owner by the Free French in Mexico during World War II.

The rock marked Cuba was obtained from the very site where the peace treaty was signed between the United States and Cuba to end the Spanish-American War. The site was about two miles south of the city of Santiago de Cuba.

Perhaps the most historical rock in the garden was obtained from the home of Christopher Columbus. This home still stands within the gates of a well-kept property in Santa Domingo, the capital City of the Dominican Republic.

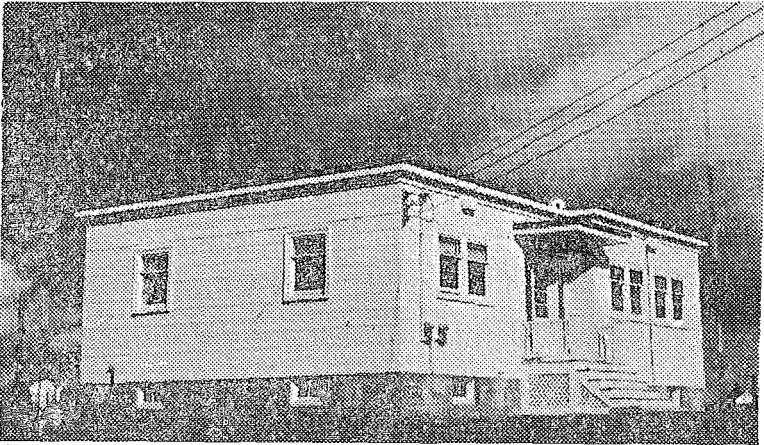
Should you traverse the routes necessary to collect these rich and varied specimens, it would be necessary for you to sail about 1000 miles over the bosom of the North Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Carribean Sea. Lunenburg will be your destination in which you can see this wonderful rock garden at the home of Capt. Angus Tanner.



## THE STATION SERVING THE SOUTH SHORE

by GEORGE GREEK '50

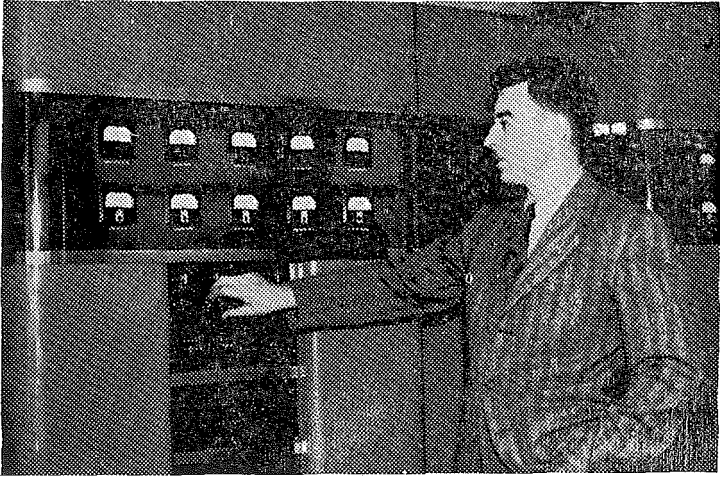
"This is CKBW, the Acadia Broadcasting Company."



By now, to most of the radio listeners of Nova Scotia, and especially to those of the South Shore, this is a very familiar expression. On hearing it the listeners immediately know that their radio receivers are tuned to a frequency of 1000 kilocycles, and that they are listening to broadcasts over CKBW, the radio station serving the South Shore.

Although yet very young, station CKBW is swiftly taking its place among the many other stations in the Maritimes and to the radio fans of Nova Scotia has already become just as familiar as the established stations. However, despite the fact that many people are familiar with the broadcasts of the station, there are many who do not realize the story behind its construction, and also some who have no true conception of what apparatus it contains. The purpose of this account will be to somewhat enlighten such people on the subject.

In 1945, two public-spirited men of Bridgewater, Lester Rogers and Donald Hill, held a public meeting in their town in order to get a consensus of opinion as to whether or not the people of the community would support a commercial radio station. The citizens signified their approval and the two men went to work immediately. Their plan was to apply to the Board of Governors of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for permission to operate a 100 Watt commercial broadcast transmitter. At about this time John Hirtle entered the picture. It was decided that if such a station was to adequately serve the South Shore in general and not a small area in particular that authorization for at least a 1000 Watt transmitter would have to be sought. A joint stock company was formed for the purpose of financial assistance and counsel. Shortly after Mr. Hirtle received his discharge from the Canadian Army, he accepted the position of Managing-Director of Acadia



Broadcasting Company Limited. At about this point the real business of establishing the station began.

Since the assignment of a frequency for any radio station in the Western Hemisphere is of concern not only to the Department of Transport in Canada, but to the Federal Communications Commission in the United States and to the signatories of the Havana Agreement, the authorization of a frequency on which to transmit presented no end of difficulties. The RCA Victor Company were engaged as consulting engineers and over a period of a year four technical briefs were presented before a definite frequency assignment was obtained. This, as the listener well knows, is 1000 Kilocycles. This delay held up the erection of the towers which are directly dependent upon the frequency for their height and for a similar reason the installation of the tuning and phasing equipment was delayed.

After the frequency had been finally allocated, the work of construction proceeded at a furious pace. The towers, each of which is 174 feet high, and made of steel, were erected in eight days, and the tuning and phasing equipment was installed in the houses at the foot of the towers. Back at the studio the equipment was also being set up and things began to take shape quickly. Finally the transmitter and studio apparatus were completely set up and on December 24, 1947 CKBW, having been granted its license, began operating on a sixteen hour daily schedule.

The studios are located in the Saylor Building on King Street, Bridgewater. To all outward appearances the studios are very inconspicuous but inside one notices a scene of co-operation as the staff accomplish programming for a sixteen hour schedule. The control room is filled with a great amount of equipment which, although just a maze of switches and dials to a person uninformed in the field of radio, consists of all those instruments used by technicians and operators in putting a broadcast on the air. The visitor to the studio is also impressed by the two studios in which programs



originate, and by the record library which contains thousands of discs - some music and some portions of serial stories. As one moves about, examining the various parts of the station, he is impressed by the smiling faces - by the enthusiasm with which the whole staff carries on its duties, and he cannot help but foresee that as years pass by Station CKBW, through the ambition and enterprise of its founders and staff, will progress until someday not too far distant, it will be one of the most lauded and successful stations on the air.

At time of writing CKBW was not affiliated with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation but we understand from the Management that on February 15, 1949, CKBW will become a supplementary station to the Trans-Canada Network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

## LUNENBURG

by LUCILLE ERNEST '51

Lunenburg has won much fame,  
 And has a very eminent name.  
 It is situated on the shore,  
 Where it was founded by men of yore.  
 Here was built a famous ship,  
 Known to every living "skip."  
 It has buildings of great renown,  
 There are scenes of beauty all around.  
 So if you're sometime passing by,  
 Drop in to see us, don't say, "I'm shy!"  
 For we'll give you a grand treat;  
 Yes, Lunenburg is hard to beat.

## UNDAUNTED COURAGE

by ALFRED CLUETT '49



Courage, prayers and a length of rope have inscribed another gripping chapter in the Maritime annals of this seaside province where the men who sail the vessels wrest a hard-won living from "stormy seas."

Eight men who manned the Lunenburg dragger, Marie Brenda are alive because of the almost incredible bravery of their captain Orlando "Buddy" Lace, and because a thin rope held firm in the raging seas. They say, too, they cheated the sea because their muffled prayers were heard.

The sea became rough late Monday night, January 31st. when the Marie

Brenda, her holds crammed with 7,000 pounds of fish, anchored off shore at Isaac's Harbor to wait out a brisk northeast wind. Thick snow fell continuously and nothing could be seen - not even the lighthouse. The skipper stayed up till midnight to see if the ship were holding all right. She seemed okay, but it was blowing harder all the time.

At four o'clock in the morning, all the crew was called out. It was blowing a south-east gale and the ship was dragging anchor. The wind was carrying them toward the rocks dangerously fast. Captain Lace started the engine astern and ordered to heave in the anchor. The cable was about half way in when the seas tossed the ship on the rocks. The first hit punched a hole at the engine room aft. SOS signals were sent, but before long water reached the batteries and the radio went dead. The ship was helpless in the grip of the swift running seas and was thrown time and time again against the rocks. Before long, the Marie Brenda was awash and all on deck were soaked as waves washed over the ship.

Within minutes the dragger was listing badly. When the port rail dipped into the water, the crew crowded into the small deck-house and wondered what could be done and how to get ashore.

The first attempt to leave the stricken vessel was made before day-break. One of the dragger's dories was lowered but the painter snapped under heavy strain and the boat was splintered against the rocks. A second

attempt was made with the only remaining dory, but it too was smashed. Hopes of being rescued were raised at the sight of two American draggers but three hours later after there had been no sign of help, the eight men decided their plight had gone unnoticed. With the scarcity of cigarettes and food, it was decided to make an attempt to reach shore by swimming.

A crew member, Joseph Fry, made the first attempt. He put on a life-belt and tied a lifeline around his waist. It was only 40 yards to shore but in the rough sea, Fry didn't get far and was hauled back aboard.

Then a small grapnel was fastened to a length of twine in three strands. The grapnel was thrown towards shore and it snagged on rocks about half-way in. Captain "Buddy" Lace put on a lifebelt and tied another length of line around his waist. He jumped into the sea and pulled himself hand over hand until he reached the rocks where the grapnel caught. The brave skipper was hurled on the rocks three times before he finally crawled on shore. He lay there awhile - conscious or unconscious - the men on the ship didn't know. Then he pulled the heavy life line ashore and using the line around his waist, tied the rope around a tree.

One by one the crew went ashore using the rope as a guide. They were freezing and numb all over but in stocking feet they staggered over the rocks to the lighthouse, a half mile away. The lighthouse keepers gave them clothes and hot drinks and soon a nurse arrived from Isaac's Harbor and gave first aid. Two men were taken to hospital for treatment for frostbite and exposure; the others were able to return home. Captain Lace remained in Isaac's Harbor to settle his ships insurance. The hero was in good condition, barring bruises and abrasions suffered when the waves slammed him against the rocks.

The hero of this tragic sea incident is only twenty three years old a seafaring man from a seafaring family; for Buddy's father is also a captain of a fishing vessel. Even in his youth Buddy had a longing for the sea. Each summer during school vacation he made several fishing trips to the "Banks" with his father. He acted, as an "errand boy" aboard the vessel until he was fifteen and then he took a job as "ketchy." Through all this experience Buddy learned to like the sea, even though it has its hard times. On graduating from the Lunenburg Academy in 1943, Buddy again went to sea, this time as a spare hand until September 1946 on the schooner Alcala - captained by his father. Then the latter took a new vessel, the "Marie Brenda", on which Buddy worked as a deckhand until September 1947. All this time Buddy had a hope that some day he would be able to sail the vessel himself. He received his chance when his father stayed ashore for two trips after which he, himself did the same. Then he took the ship for himself.

In the fall of 1948 Buddy went to St. John's, Newfoundland to attend the navigation school. After studying a short time, he received his "Mate's ticket" - passing with very high marks. During this time his father sailed the Marie Brenda. It was after he returned from St. John's that Buddy had the great misfortune of losing his vessel.

In recognition of his bravery, Captain "Buddy" Lace was the special

guest at a dinner held in the Bluenose Lodge, February 17, by the Lunenburg Board of Trade. At this special occasion, Captain Lace was presented, by Mr. Ralph P. Bell, President of the National Sea Products, with a beautiful combined "clock and barometer", a gift from the firm for which he sailed. On his gift were inscribed these words: "Presented to Captain Orlando J. Lace commemorating outstanding discharge of duty, loss of Marie Brenda, February 1, 1949 - National Sea Products."

In addition to this Captain Lace received the Dow Award which is accompanied with a one hundred dollar Savings Bond and a citation for framing. The House of Senate member, Hon. J. J. Kinley, of Lunenburg spoke very highly of Captain Lace's heroism in the Senate. Supplementing these awards Captain Lace received numerous letters and telegrams.

We, as the students of the Lunenburg Academy, hail "Buddy" for his heroic feat and we wish him every success in the future.

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## OUR LIBRARY

In 1939 a "Community and School Library" was established in the Lunenburg Academy by a group of Citizens consisting of:

M. M. Gardner, Chairman.

D. H. Collins, Vice-Chairman; Secretary-Treasurer.

Mrs. G. Harrington, (deceased).

Mrs. C. J. Morrow.

Mrs. H. Mason.

Dr. (Comm.) W. A. Hewat.

Comm. A. F. Powers.

This committee performed an excellent service with the co-operation of the Academy, the Board of School Commissioners, public-spirited Citizens, and graduates of the Academy. Total cost of the project was around \$1000 with the light fixtures being presented by Powers Bros., Ltd.

The accommodations were too limited for the number of books on the shelves — 4500. It was decided to extend the facilities to include a cloak-room adjacent to the Library. During this interval, Mr. Burgess McKittrick, who had been Principal for twenty-seven years, died. Consideration was given to enlarging the Library and to renaming it the "Burgess McKittrick Memorial Library."

A number of Citizens, graduates of the Academy, and Academy Students have contributed money for this purpose to the extent of \$360.00. Then the Principal contacted Mr. F. J. A. McKittrick, brother of the late Burgess McKittrick, to assist in the financing of the scheme in memory of his brother who labored here for so long. His contribution has raised the total amount available to approximately \$1200.00.

We are pleased to make this announcement to the Public. Pleased because we wanted to have a permanent memorial to a man who was Principal of this Academy for 27 years; pleased, too, that his friends and his brother, Mr. F. J. A. McKittrick, have made possible the completion of this idea.

# THE 1948 MARITIME FIREMAN'S TOURNAMENT

by R. BURNS '49 and V. DAUPHINEE '52



## LUNENBURG FIREMEN'S TRACK AND FIELD TEAM

Front: Robert Stoddard, Victor Corkum, Douglas Burke, Elvin Ritecy,  
William Risser, Gerald Schwartz, Fred Dauphinee, Charles Nauss.  
Rear: Murray Heisler, Freeman Corkum, Ernest Smith, Fred Fox, Jr., Chief.

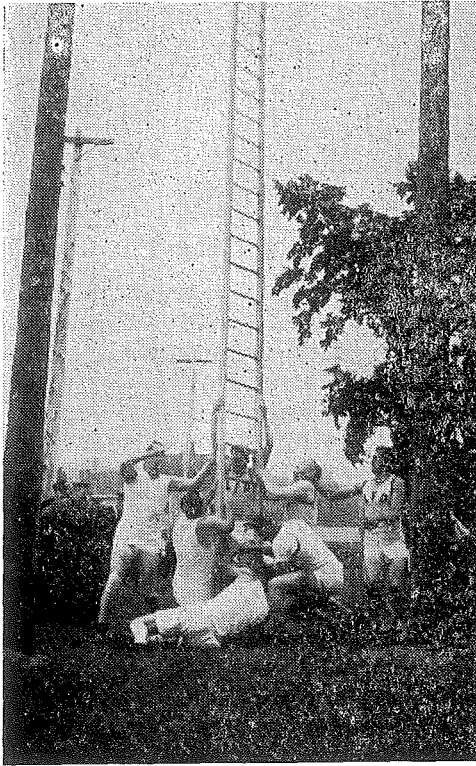
The Lunenburg firemen won their fourth Maritime Track and Field Championship in July 1948. Our participation in this competition commenced in 1927. The first time that the fireman won this meet was in 1934 when the tournament was held in our community. The local firefighters also won the title at the Picou and Amherst meets in 1936 and 1938. These wins along with the Fredericton victory in 1948 account for the four wins that have been accredited to the Lunenburg Fire Department.

The meet at Fredericton, however, was one of the most successful ever held. The team left town early Sunday morning, July 25th and arrived in Fredericton late that night. On July 26th the teams were entertained by the city officials and were their guests at a mock battle between the occupying and liberating Military Forces of the city. In the evening, entertainment was found in the form of street dances and musical concerts. The next day, July 27th, was the time of the giant parade which was four miles long. Firemen from all parts of the Maritimes took part in this parade, exhibiting fire trucks, and all types of fire-fighting equipment. Ball games, horse races and vaudeville shows all helped to make this a very delightful day. On the following day, July 28th, the firemen became more serious since this was the day for which they were waiting - the day of the sports tournament. There

were firemen from all the Maritime Provinces - eighteen fire departments were represented in these events. The men were tense but all were ready to do their utmost to win. Four events comprised the program, the hose reel race, ladder race, hose coupling and hose replacement.

The Lunenburg team for the first event (the hose reel race) consisted of Fred Fox, Jr., Robert Stoddard, Freeman Corkum, Jr., Victor Corkum, Murray Heisler, William Risser, Ernest Smith, Elvin Ritcey, Gerald Schwartz and Fred Dauphinee. The contestants had to run three hundred yards with a reel; lay off five lengths of hose; break one length; put a nozzle on the broken end; and then connect it to a hydrant. All this they accomplished in just fifty-two and three-quarter seconds, and as this time was better than their competitors, Lunenburg won the first event.

In the second event - the ladder race - Lunenburg finished third, Glace Bay taking the lead with Bathurst second. Here the firemen had to run fifty



yards with a twenty-eight foot ladder, "foot it" and throw it at the same time, while one man climbed to the top. The Lunenburg time for this event was thirteen and one-quarter seconds. Fred Corkum, Victor Corkum, Fred Fox, Jr., Gerald Schwartz and Ernest Smith were the contestants.

This defeat did not leave the men undaunted, however, and with more determination than before they entered the third event (the hose replacement) and won in the exceptionally good time of sixteen seconds. The team consisted of four: Fred Fox, Jr., Freeman Corkum, Jr., Fred Dauphinee and Gerald Schwartz. In this event each man runs fifty yards. Two of the men run along a coupled section of hose and "break it" while the other two men come up behind them with a

separate length of hose and connect it in the break that the other two firemen have made. To do this in sixteen seconds is considered very fast time.

The fourth event was the most successful of all. Here the firemen not only won first honours but they captured second place as well. In this event two lengths of hose are laid on the ground, unconnected. Then, two men,





each fifty yards from a piece of the hose, run from opposite ends to the hose, pick up the two ends and connect it at the "break" or coupling. First place was taken by Robert Stoddard and William Risser in eleven and one-quarter seconds; second place by Fred Fox, Jr., and Gerald Schwartz in eleven and one-half seconds. These two wins gave Lunenburg first and second positions. By the end of the meet the Firemen's accredited points totaled nineteen, thus beating Glace Bay and Bathurst who came second and third respectively. After the victory a celebration was held by the Lunenburg

Team. When they arrived home they were given a rousing welcome by the townspeople and the Firemen for capturing such a victory in competition with teams representing larger towns. Mayor D. F. Adams was most enthusiastic in his address to the assembled townspeople.

This year the meet will take place in Amherst while next year it will be in Dartmouth. Since 1927, wherever the firemen have competed, they have never finished lower than third in any event and four times the championship pennant has been brought to the Fire-Station at Lunenburg to symbolize their victories.

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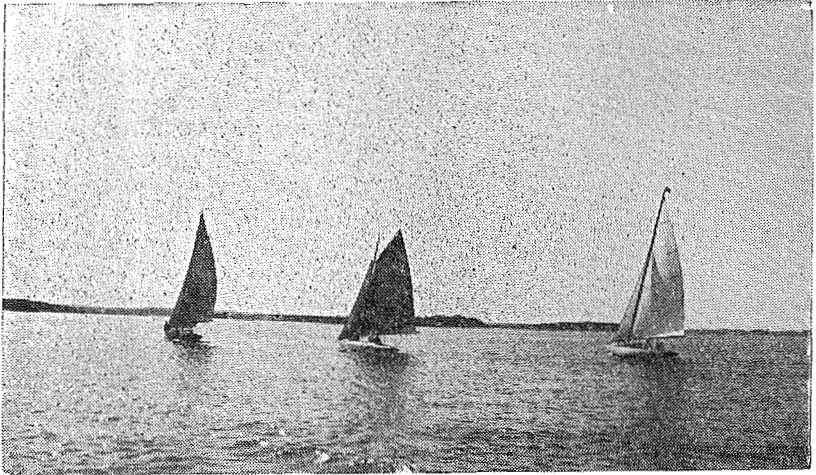
## SNOWFLAKES

by RICHARD WESTHAVER '54

Snowflakes falling on the ground,  
 Tiny snowflakes all around;  
 Coming down without a sound,  
 Soon will cover all the town.  
 The streets are white the roofs are too;  
 I think it's pretty, don't you!

## LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

by JOHN BALD '49



Ahoy there! Avast ye lubbers! Shiver my timbers! He'st the mains'! Heave to! — What is the reason for my uttering all these salty expressions? Well, I am just trying to get myself into a suitable frame of mind for telling a story to you.

School had been stopped for about two weeks, and I was hunting around for some sort of job whereby I could pass the summer away. Up to the time of the beginning of my story, I had been lucky, and had not been able to find one anywhere. But good things come to an end sometime, and I was sort of expecting a job to pop up.

It was on a Monday that I received the information that I should go downtown to see about the possibility of a job. I walked gaily down the street, little knowing what misfortune was about to befall me. At exactly nine o'clock, I entered the doors of this office, and there saw several men that I knew, and three that I did not know.

These men asked me a few questions which I answered to the best of my ability. I was asked whether I was willing to miss a few days of school in the fall. I guess I tried to conceal my delight, but I'm afraid that I failed miserably, and I naturally gave the affirmative to this question. After the men had finished questioning me, they told me that they would let me know at noon whether I qualified for the job. I was on tenterhooks for some time, you may be sure.

Then — the telephone rang, "Bring!" I was right there and had the receiver off the hook before the first ring was finished. Then I heard a feminine voice say, "Is James there? This is his girl-friend!" I slammed the phone down and raged to myself for the space of about half a minute. Then the telephone rang again Hah! I'll give that dizzy dame a piece of my mind! I picked up the phone and bellowed, "Hello!"

Someone said, "Is John Bald there?" I almost said "No!" But with abnormal presence of mind, I realized that this must be THE CALL. I immediately changed my voice from the usual tone to that which I reserve for telephone acquaintances. (You never know when the principal, teacher, or some person like that may be on the other end of the line.) So I answered as sweetly as I could, and received some very interesting information. I was to leave for my job that very afternoon! I prefer to delete the next three hours from my story as very objectionable, since I had to really exert myself.

I went to Halifax. Stayed overnight, and proceeded the next day to the town of Port Hawkesbury, on the Strait of Canso. I was expecting to find there a vessel about the size of the "Cygnus", a converted minesweeper which also belongs to the Department of Fisheries in Canada. I was introduced to the "ship" that was to be my home for a short period of time. It was about sixty-five feet long and had accommodations for seven men.

This was quite a surprise, but nothing daunted me, so cheering myself by whistling the "Funeral Dirge", I clumb (This word is probably not allowed, but it fits so well, I shall use it) aboard and settled myself for a happy seafarer's life. It was not destined to be. Instead, to my intense horror, I found myself cook! Me, who couldn't even boil water without burning it! Well, I must say that the other men on board had never eaten like they did that week, ever before, and they probably heaved a sigh of relief when I left. So did I!

After being cook for a week, I was transferred to another boat which was to be my home for the next three months. It was forty-five feet long, and was called the "Mactras." The skipper of the boat was Captain H. Butler of LaHave. The only other person on the boat besides myself was an elderly gentleman, a Frenchman named Leonard Cottreau.

When I joined the boat, it was stationed at Minnimegash, on Prince Edward Island. From that place, we went to such places as; Richibucto, Burnt Church, Shippegan, Buctouche, Chatham, all in New Brunswick; Pugwash and Cape Tormentine in Nova Scotia; and Summerside and Souris, Prince Edward Island.

The reason we went to all these places, was that the Government of Canada was interested in whether there was any possibility of a commercial business with deep-sea clams. There were a very few clams in the area surrounding each of the places mentioned above, but it was conclusively proved that there is little hope that such a venture would be successful in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These sea clams are from four to nine inches long and they imbed themselves about four inches below the surface of the sand. The rig for obtaining them was called a Sea Foods drag, and consisted of a knife set at an angle, which knife sank about six inches below the surface of the bottom; this knife was fitted with a pair of ski-like shoes which kept it from sinking too deep. Then a large net was attached at the rear end, with an opening at the end for releasing the catch upon the deck. As a final touch, a long fire hose was attached to nozzles which permitted the sand to be loosened ahead of the knife by a powerful stream of water. The rig altogether weighed about two-hundred and fifty pounds.

The boat was powered by an eighty-five horsepower diesel engine, which gave it plenty of power. I might mention at this point, the last place where we happened to be before setting out for the homeward voyage. This place was the Magdalen Islands, one of the most desolate places on the face of the earth. It is also one of the world's best fishing grounds. The population of the whole group of Islands is about nine or ten thousand, but these people are spread so far apart, that one would never believe that so many people could be found. Here is a group of Islands connected by Sand bars, and also by a Highway. It was there that I saw a seventy-mile highway being built on sand bars.

It was here too, that I first realized how much the people of one part of the Dominion depend on the rest of Canada. It was at these Magdalen Islands that we lost a rudder. We had to improvise one which would have been fairly simple if we had been on a Nova Scotian shore. But nowhere was there any vestige of scrap lumber or iron. We finally managed to procure a piece of timber, but it was only due to the persistence of our skipper, and not due to the extraordinary exertions of yours truly that we finally managed to get home.

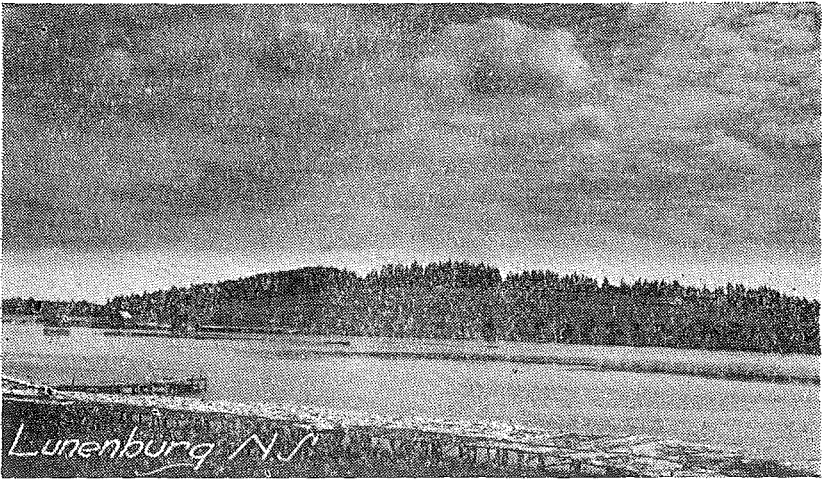
On my travels, I saw people who are strictly French when you want something from them, but who speak English with an Oxford accent if they desire anything. It is difficult for us people of Nova Scotia to imagine what kinds of churches each hamlet has. Some of them are very truly beautiful. Too, we encountered places where we were the only English-speaking people in many miles.

On my travels I met many people; saw many things; spent more of my hard-earned money than I should have; and spent one of the most enjoyable summer vacations that I have ever known.

I came home a little over a month late, and immediately applied myself to studies, but sometimes in class periods I reminisce and dream of my life on the ocean wave. It is the life for the adventuresome soul, and such a job as I had would be one of the most suitable that a young boy could possibly have. My job on board the boat was record-keeper and chart-maker. I used a lot of the knowledge that I had obtained in school, and it was this job that awakened in me the desire to go to sea for several years.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF "THE HEAD"

by KATHRYN KINLEY '51



Guarding the western side of the entrance of Lunenburg Harbour, sheltering the Newtown Area from the southerly gales, and directly across the Harbour from the centre of the Town, lies a picturesque wooded hill which rises about two hundred feet above sea level, and is known to the present generation of Lunenburgers as "The Head."

The point of land which projects furthestmost into the Bay is marked on the Marine Chart, Moreau Point. The name of Moreau for this particular point is very likely associated with an original grant in this vicinity, shown on the oldest township plan at the Lands and Mines Offices at Halifax to one J. B. Moreau.

"The Head" itself has been in the Kaulback name for generations, and is assumed to be part of the original grant of 778 acres to the heirs of Martin Kaulback from the Crown in the year 1784 under a proclamation Captain-General, Governor Parr, when the grants were confirmed to those to whom they were originally assigned.

While some of our oldest residents state that this land was once called Seligs' Head, Desbrisay, in his History of Lunenburg refers to it only as Sheriffs' Head, it then being the property of John H. Kaulback, who was High Sheriff of the County of Lunenburg and from which has resulted the name as is known to-day "Kaulback's Head."

From Mr. Lemuel Schwartz, an esteemed citizen and an octogenarian who still enjoys splendid health and a good memory, I have learned that his family lived in the house on "The Head" and that he was born there, as well as his father Henry Schwartz, son of Casper Schwartz, who took residence there sometime in the early 1800's. This family moved from Garden Lots, bringing their belongings by boat across the Harbour.

It is recorded that Henry Kaulback, son of Martin Kaulback, built the first house on the property, but it is not known whether the present house is the one mentioned, for there is a legend that there was a log house on the property at one time closer the shore and above where the old fish houses stood.

Mr. Schwartz stated that when he lived on "The Head" the front portion was mostly pasture land covered with alder bushes and small trees, and the only cleared part was in the vicinity between the house and the wooded area. This was used as a farm by his ancestors, working it for the Kaulbacks', who took special pride in its development having the land cleared and planting an orchard. In these days Sheriff Kaulback and in later days Lieut.-Col. C. E. Kaulback could be frequently seen riding on horse back to inspect the property.

The land was cleared and the orchard planted by Sheriff John Henry Kaulback, grandson of Martin Kaulback. During the life-time of Lieut.-Col. C. Edwin Kaulback, the property was developed more as a private park and was called Kaulback's Park, or Cannon Gate Park. A large retaining wall was constructed from the entrance around the entire shore by labourers from Cornwall, Lunenburg County, some thirty to fifty in number who were employed by Lieut.-Col. Kaulback, and who lived in the second floor of the Cook House, now the building used as a storage barn. This work occupied two or three years, the work being carried on when the men were available. The large granite slabs at the entrance used as seats were brought from Col. Kaulback's quarry in Cornwall on sleds to Lunenburg, hauled by six pairs of oxen.

After the disbanding of the Artillery Battery, the cannons from Battery Point (Fort Boscawen) were placed on the Head at various places. Two with the muzzles pointing skyward formed the Gate posts at the entrance of the Park, from which it derived its name.

About the year 1900 the head and jaw bones of a large whale were placed among the trees and proved to be quite an attraction for sight-seers. Today many names and initials can be seen carved on them by visitors. This whale was found floating off Rose Head by Henry Weaver of Blue Rocks and towed to that place by him with a small sail boat, which occupied an entire day. Many months were required to extract the oil, for which he received the sum of \$300.00. People of Lunenburg travelled to Blue Rocks in great numbers to view this unusual animal, which in those days was quite a novelty.

At this time the Park was very popular to the townspeople and visitors. Well kept walking paths through the woods to the back shore made an exceedingly pleasant shady summer stroll, and during the Autumn season when the foliage had turned color, it was a most beautiful sight enjoyed by many.

Many private and public picnics were held here and Desbrisay's History tells us that on June 25th, 1880 the Lutherans of the County, celebrated at Lunenburg the 350th anniversary of the presentation of the Augsburg Confession before Charles the Fifth. After the Church service an immense pro-

cession was formed and marched to the Head where dinner was enjoyed in the shape of a great basket picnic and the immense assemblage was addressed by various speakers including the Rev. D. Luther Roth of Lunenburg.

In later years Mr. R. C. S. Kaulback, K. C., a descendant in the fifth line of descent, further improved the property by the erection of a summer cottage and bathing houses on the back shore, keeping the property in good condition, and through his generosity the public of Lunenburg enjoyed the privileges of Kaulback's Park for many years.

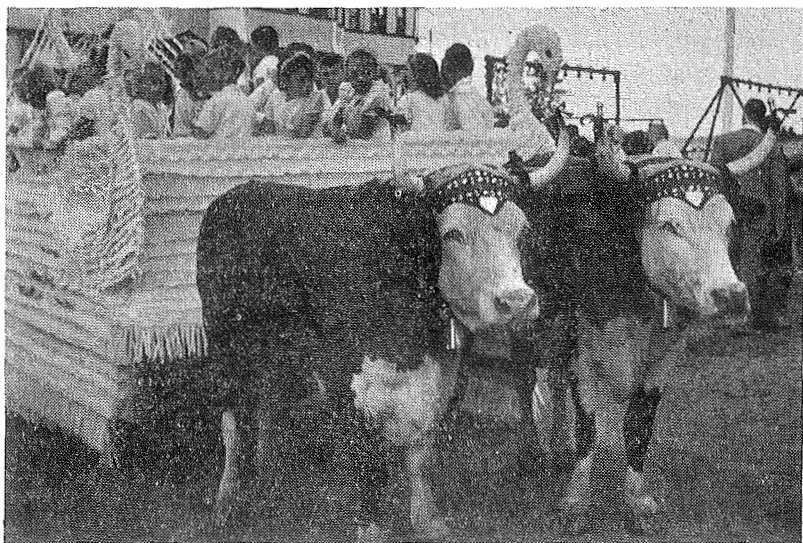
To-day the property is under the control of C. Edwin N. Kaulback, son of R. C. S. Kaulback, K. C., and was obtained by him under the will of Lieut.-Col. C. E. Kaulback, in which will he expressed the wish that the property remain in the direct male line of Kaulback.

The Bluenose Golf Club Incorporated now hold it under lease and operate a nine hole Golf Course. It is one of the most picturesque courses in Nova Scotia.

While it affords pleasure and healthful recreation to many, this lovely park which for many years was the pride and joy of child and adult alike, is at this period lost to the many who might enjoy its natural beauties and advantages.

Adieu to a region romantic  
With scenery noble and grand  
Looking out on the broad Atlantic  
Encircling so much of our land.

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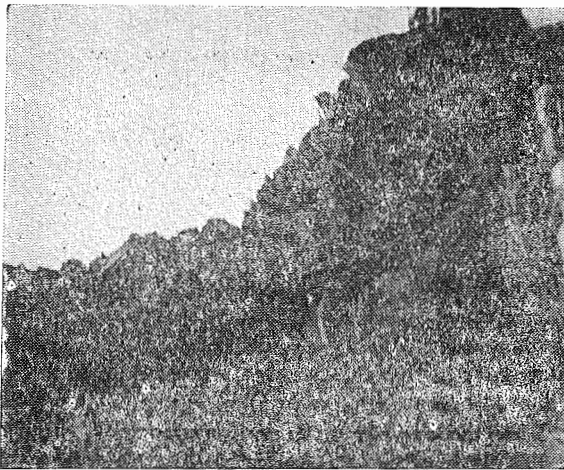
PARADE — FISHERIES EXHIBITION

## THE OVENS

by GEORGE MOSSMAN '49, ALFRED CLUETT '49 and  
JOHANNE ELIZABETH ZWICKER '50

"The Ovens" situated on a small peninsula which separates Lunenburg Bay from Rose Bay, is one of the unique wonder spots of the Atlantic coast. For many years it has been known far and wide for its rugged scenery, its caves, and its gold history.

The cliffs remind the traveller of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. Beneath the cliffs the ocean rolls into hollow caverns with a hollow, booming



note that echoes and re-echoes with an eerie sound. There are five of these caves known because of their shape as "Ovens." The largest of these caves, Indian Cave, boasts of a legend that at one time an Indian entered the cave in a canoe and made his exit at Annapolis, about fifty miles away on the north shore of Nova Scotia.

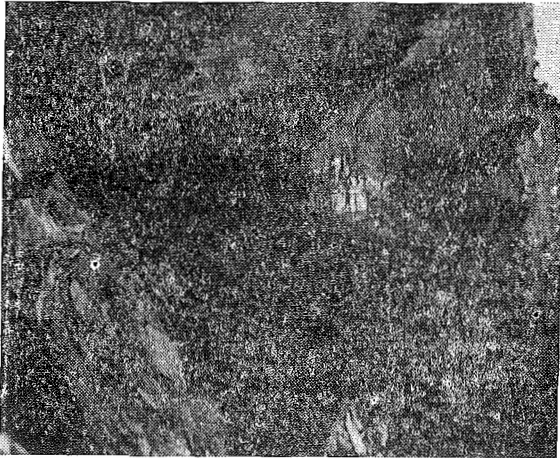
Several of these natural ovens proved very helpful to the expectant gold miners, in starting mining operations; and there are many visible reminders in the form of indentations in the smooth slate walls and several perpendicular shafts.

The beautiful surf beach comprising the greater part of Cunard's Cove, has always made a deep impression in the minds of the on-lookers. After a storm, the huge breakers dashing on the rugged rocks with a deafening roar give the observer a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. On hot summer days the cold water and threatening breakers present a daring challenge to the swimmer.

The great number of tourists and picnickers who flock there annually are not only attracted by its natural beauty, but also by the rich history of gold connected with the Ovens. During the summer of 1861, gold was first discovered in this district by James Dowling, in a vein of quartz on the promontory called the "Bluff." Later gold was discovered in the sand on the shore. With the spreading of this news, about 1600 eager gold miners rushed there. The entire beach was leased from the government by Sir Samuel Cunard's son. Claims were eagerly sought, and soon a small gold-mining town grew up on the level field overlooking the Cove.



The Ovens was one of the first Districts in which gold mining enterprises were attempted, consequently many costly errors were made which probably were avoided in Districts of more recent discovery. At first, work-



ing results gave promise of a generous supply of precious metal. The official returns from 1861 - 1864 reported 1,282 ounces of gold from the Ovens. However, the greatest expenses were incurred in the erection of costly hotels, stores, and saloons and not in the introduction of improved apparatus for crushing the auriferous quartz and re-

moving its gold content. Extensive mining clearly cannot be carried on profitably under such circumstances, and, as a result, mining operations at the Ovens were eventually suspended. Miners became discouraged as the supply of easily obtained gold on the beach became exhausted. The ghost town which had grown up overnight disappeared overnight. It is said that some of the houses erected there were transferred to Riverport, Lunenburg, and surrounding districts.

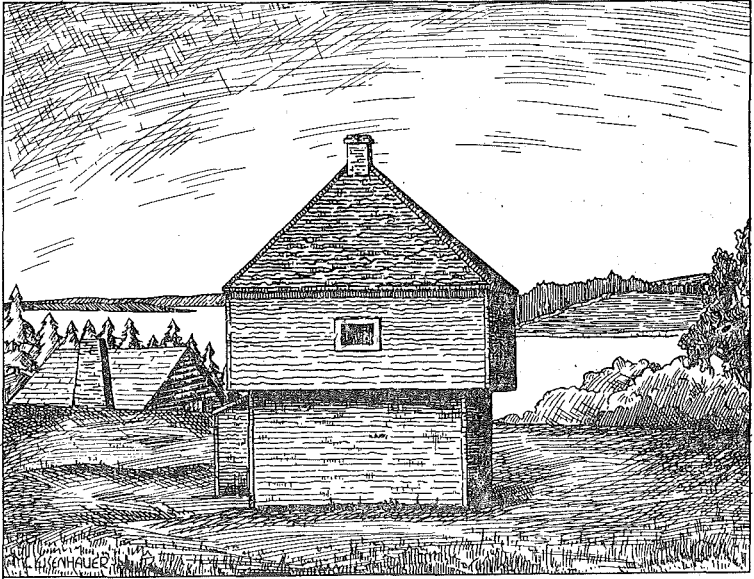
The unassuming Ovens has developed into the "Ovens Natural Park" through the industry and ingenuity of its genial proprietor, Mr. Oscar Young. Each year during the past decade he has erected cabins, which, in addition to the pavilion housing a canteen, provide accommodation for many guests during the vacation months. During the months of July and August every available space is occupied. Many clerymen, with their families, from the United States and Canada ask for no better holiday than one spent at this popular resort. Reverend McLaughlin from Pennsylvania, has taken several reels of moving pictures in color, depicting life and scenery at the Ovens and vicinity. To quote him, "when my Pennsylvania friends see these pictures, Ovens Converts are made, and the following summer like as not, they too visit this quaint resort."

In the pavilion is a galaxy of relics relating to the Ovens early mining history. Here visitors may view authentic historical documents, pictures, mineral displays, also the old-time gold cradle and sluice-boxes used to extract the gold from the sand, and a mortar and pestle used to crush the quartz.

All of these, combined with its natural ruggedness and scenic beauty make "The Ovens Natural Park unique as a tourist resort."

## HISTORY OF BLOCKHOUSE HILL

by SHERMAN ZINCK '51



When the words "Blockhouse Hill" are spoken, of what do we immediately think? We think of the glorious days of old when Blockhouse Hill was true to its name; when instead of just being a hill, it had blockhouses on it, which had been turned into a lookout by a few settlers from Germany. In those days our beloved Blockhouse Hill was at the peak of its glory.

Let us review in our minds some of Blockhouse Hill's most remembered moments. From the very first day that the settlers landed at Rous' Brook this famous spot has witnessed some very astounding things.

The first in the series of these happenings was the terrific battle which took place between the Indians and the settlers for the right to claim this as their home. The battle ground was none other than Blockhouse Hill. On this day it witnessed the most bloody battle in the history of Lunenburg County. The outcome of the battle, needless to say, was a complete victory for the settlers.

Following this was the erection of a stockade and several blockhouses. This proved to be an ideal spot for the erection of a fort due to the view commanding the harbor. But the troubles of the settlers were not over yet by any means. During the first year of the settlers stay, there were numerous cases of Indian attacks.

Fort Boscawen was later built on Battery Point. It was built there so that they would have a better view of the harbor.

At this time there was a wind-mill erected on Blockhouse Hill for the

purpose of grinding corn. It was due to this wind-mill that the hill was given the name of "Wind-mill Hill."

When the American Revolution ended in 1783 the settlers of Lunenburg hoped for a long continuance of peace. However, at the end of twenty-nine years of peace their hopes were again brought to an end by the war of 1812.

The direct result of this war was that a new blockhouse was built on "Wind-mill Hill" in the place of the old fort, as it had fallen into decay. This new blockhouse mounted two nine pounders and four twelve pounders, two small guns and two brass field pieces.

Another blockhouse was built on the site of old Fort Boscawen on Battery Point. This, being built of stone and wood, mounted four twelve pounders. There was also a new blockhouse built at Lower LaHave and one at Kingsburg.

So things progressed and gradually the old name of "Wind-mill Hill" died out and "Blockhouse Hill" has become a by-word.

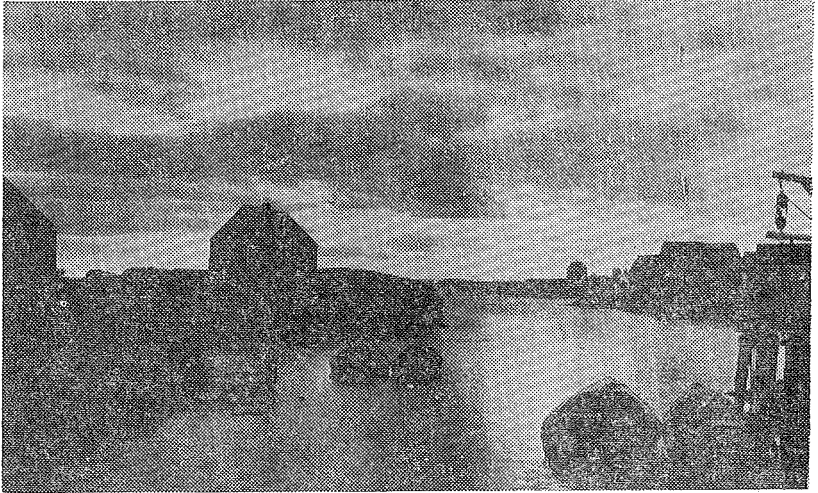
The hill has been without its blockhouses ever since 1871, for it was in October of that year that the last blockhouse was moved from its foundation, during a gale, which is remembered as the great gale of October, 1871. It was later set afire and destroyed in 1874.

The last relics of this colorful past were found in 1889 when men digging a cellar for Captain F. Geldert's house found a ladder and a cask about four feet under the surface of the ground. This is supposed to have been put there by some persons in charge of the blockhouses.

Blockhouse Hill has an interesting past if you look for it, yet how many people really know its history. Not very many. Someone may ask questions regarding the history of this famous spot and most residents of Lunenburg can only give vague answers. To-day Blockhouse Hill is being built up with new houses which adds to its beauty. If a small museum were built, containing information of this spot, which is one of the oldest in Lunenburg County, and also containing information on other famous places in Lunenburg County, it would be a great asset to the Tourists who visit our town, as well as to the people of Lunenburg.

**BLUE ROCKS, THE PAINTER'S MECCA**

by FLORENCE FEENER '50



The romantic South Shore of Nova Scotia presents unending vistas of unique coastal scenery. The blue ocean, wooded islands as well as the curving inlets change swiftly to green fields marching on toward the horizon. Every hill gives a view of the sea and the fascination of the Nova Scotia scenery is increased by the charm of seaside fishing villages.

One of these outstanding fishing villages is Blue Rocks, situated five miles from the town of Lunenburg. Blue Rocks is known throughout the province as an ideal natural location for artists to practice their painting. Its beautiful topography and seascapes portray a land meant to be painted. When one stands on the top of a hill and looks down over the green meadows and rocky shoreline, it is easy to understand why painters are attracted to such a small village. Here any artist can paint a picture that portrays nature at its best.

The population of the village is about five hundred people, most of whom are typical sea-faring folk engaged in the fishing industry. These people have had the pleasure, for a number of years, to meet many tourists who came from different parts of the country to enjoy the atmosphere of the sea and to absorb the lovely countryside rich with color.

As one comes into Blue Rocks just at sunrise or sunset, it presents a most magnificent picture. The ocean view forms a scene worthy of the trial of any artist's skill. As one famous artist stated, "a scene not easily forgotten by those of the artistic world." The people are rightly proud of the beauty of their village. They realize that the beauty is Godgiven and they must do everything in their power to preserve it. Here is a fascinating

country for artists, photographers and all who appreciate "a masterpiece of nature" is the statement of one.

One of the greatest attractions to painters is the Little Blue Rock Island. The history of this island dates back over one hundred years when Mr. Michael Greek's father built his home there. This house at first was roughly finished. Later when it was occupied by Mr. Greek, improvements were added. At this time it was not realized how much fame this little house, with its seashore background would bring to Blue Rocks. This scene has been admired by many artists as bringing out the solitude of Blue Rocks.

The house was left standing until six years ago. When the owners tore it down, they found the remains of an old fireplace and the iron pot which was used by their ancestors. Its removal was a disappointment to all visiting artists.

The name "Blue Rocks" will become more famous year by year as "Nature's Treasure Chest for Painters." Artists from America and Canada spend many summers here, painting. One of these well known artists is Mr. Alexander Bercovitch from Montreal. This gentleman came out from Russia in 1927. Ever since that time he has been studying and painting Canadian Scenery. His pictures are displayed in the Toronto, Ottawa and Regina Art Galleries.

Two other famous artists are Stanley Royal, who at one time had a painting school at Blue Rocks, and our own local artist Mr. Earle Bailly. When recognized artists like these men say that Blue Rocks displays some of the finest, natural scenes for painting that they have ever seen, we are thoroughly convinced that it is, "A Painter's Mecca."

I know of nothing more exquisite than the sea viewed from some inhabited shore on a calm, clear night toward midsummer. Here the tide runs out slowly and the moon makes a broad path of silver along the shimmering shore.

As one writer has said:  
"Who that has felt the ocean breeze  
Blow salty in his face,  
And caught the mood of running seas  
Can bide another play place?"

## A BIOGRAPHY OF MR. WILLIAM PITT POTTER

by GRETCHEN HEWAT '50

In a small town we are apt to take any citizen for granted without thinking much of his accomplishments. Thus very few of us know that Mr. Potter is one of the outstanding Admiralty Lawyers of Canada who has taken part in many well known marine lawsuits such as the case of the "Flora Alberta." He came by this interest naturally for his father, grandfather and several uncles were all Master Mariners of the old square-riggers, and it was through them that he acquired his first knowledge of the sea. In order to obtain experience he sailed on vessels thereby increasing his knowledge of seamanship which has been of great value to him in his work as a barrister.



Mr. Potter was born in Canard, Kings County, Nova Scotia, a son of Alfred Potter and Eleanor Elizabeth Potter, both of whom were of Scottish and English descent. He received his early education at the Canning High School and at Horton Collegiate Academy, Wolfville, N. S., from which he graduated in 1907. Following his graduation he spent about a year at sea and entered Acadia University in 1908 with the class of 1912. Graduating in 1912 with the degree of Bachelor of Science, he returned the following year to take a Bachelor

of Arts degree. During his college years he took a great interest in athletics, playing on the hockey, baseball and basketball teams.

He entered Dalhousie Law School in the fall of 1913, being articled as a Law Student to the late Mr. Justice Mellish. At the outbreak of the First World War he held a Commission with the King's Canadian Hussars, but in 1915 he transferred to the Artillery and volunteered for Overseas service. During the waiting period he prepared for his final Law Examinations, and was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia a few days before sailing for overseas.

With the exception of a short period during which he was attached to

the staff of General MacNaughton, Lieutenant Potter served continuously with the 7th Canadian Siege Battery. He saw service with his Battery at Vimy Ridge, Lenz, "Hill 70", and at Passchendaele during the year 1917. In the absence of Senior Officers he commanded his Battery through the early part of 1918 including the German Offensive which began in March of that year. He later took part in the various preliminary operations leading up to the Allied Offensive of 1918, Canal du Nord and all other engagements through to Mons.

After the war he was President of the Great War Veterans' Association of Lunenburg, and later one of the Charter Members and first Officers of the Canadian Legion. He helped, also, to organize the Boy Scouts and was for a time President of that Association. During World War II he was active in recruiting and was Regional Director of the Air Craft Detection Corps for part of the South Shore of Nova Scotia. In December of 1948 His Majesty the King of Norway conferred upon him the Haakon VII's Cross of Liberation for Distinguished Services rendered Norway during the Second World War.

In 1922 Mr. Potter married Mildred Anderson Young and has three children: William Eric, who graduated from Acadia University in 1948; Elizabeth Jane, who obtained her Certificate in Fine Arts at Mount Allison University in 1947; and Ralph Richard, who is a student at the Lunenburg Academy.

After returning from Overseas he was engaged for some time with a Law Firm in Halifax and began to practice in Lunenburg in January, 1920. He was made a King's Counsel in 1936. Since coming to Lunenburg he has conducted a general practice and has acted in many well-known Trials as well as in many Appeals to the Supreme Court of Canada and the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. Not only does Mr. Potter excel in marine cases, but he has been engaged in lawsuits of one kind or another of great interest in Nova Scotia for many years. Because of his knowledge, zeal and industry, as well as brilliance and advocacy, he is able to put forward the case of clients to the best advantage. A colleague has said of him that "his greatest characteristic is his ability to analyse the facts, and his extensive research work."

## G. PHILIP BACKMAN

by BARBARA BECK '51 and MONA NAUSS '50

Of the L. A. C. graduates, many have become well-known in various fields, G. Philip Backman is considered to be outstanding in the field of Commercial Art.

G. Philip Backman, born in Lunenburg in October, 1912, is the son of the late R. A. Backman and Mrs. S. E. Mack. Mr. Backman attended Lunenburg Academy graduating in 1929. In the fall of that year he entered Dal-



housie University. Although he wished to study art, his parents believing that artists usually end life in a garret, half or wholly starved, persuaded him to take a course in commerce. However, after taking this course for one year, he decided he would rather do the work he most desired. "Phil" therefore embarked upon a four year course at N. S. College of Art in Halifax, which he completed in two years.

He then spent a year abroad in post-graduate work in art at London, England, and Berlin, Germany. It was at this significant time in world history (1931 - 1932) that Hitler began his rise to power, and Mr. Backman was present at the election campaigns in which Hitler became Chancellor.

On his return from Europe, Mr. Backman began his work in Toronto. After a few months, he accepted an offer at the Wood Brothers Company Limited to organize and become manager of the Display Department. He later became Advertising Manager, and at present is the Manager of Publicity and Promotion of this firm. He has served this well known firm for fifteen years.

Although his work occupies much of his day, "Phil" still finds time to take part in many social activities. He is an executive member of the Halifax Branch of the Canadian Red Cross, and chairman of the Publicity Committee of both the Halifax Branch and the N. S. Division of the Red Cross as well as the N. S. Cancer Society. Mr. Backman is a member of the Halifax Lions Club, and is also a member of the Halifax Junior Board of Trade.

Mr. Backman derives much enjoyment from his various hobbies and pities anyone who does not have one or more. His favorite hobby is painting and he has done several canvasses. Four of them were done for the N. S. Savings, Loan and Building Society, to represent the four seasons of the year. These now hang in the Company's main office.



In addition he is keenly interested in music and photography and is an enthusiastic reader of books. Mr. Backman has written several articles for a New York Advertising Research Agency, and he holds a membership in the Canadian Author's Society.

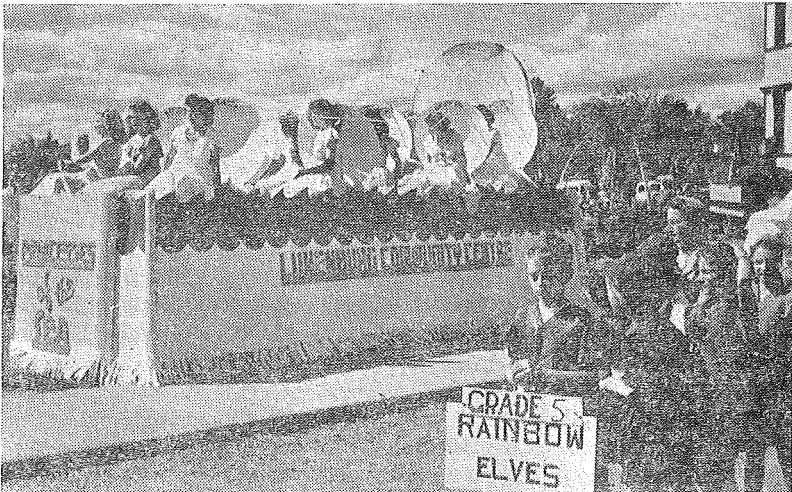
While attending the Lunenburg Academy, he took great interest in the various school activities. He organized the first High School Track Team to go from Lunenburg to Wolfville, which had Fred Fox, Jr. as its star. Although they did not win a single point that year, it was the beginning. Three years later the Lunenburg team was known throughout the entire Province. Mr. Backman organized a school orchestra of five or six pieces for which Mr. Collins agreed to buy a set of drums. With the help of Mr. Arthur Thurlow, now a Lawyer at Bridgewater, they turned out the first issues of a school newspaper which has since developed into the "Seagull." The cover of our magazine was designed by Mr. Backman.

The new monument, in memory of the heroes of World War II, was designed by him. This monument is situated at "Jubilee Square" in the center of Lunenburg.

Mr. Backman's greatest pride is in his home town and he says that he never wants to be so far away from it that he cannot reach it within a comparatively short time. He thinks it is the grandest place on earth. He wonders if it is appreciated as much as it should be.

He is married to the former Rita Mosher of Bridgewater. They have two children, Robin and Brian, whose love for Lunenburg equals that of their father.

Graduates of the Lunenburg Academy such as Philip Backman reflect great credit on the school and we are proud of his success in his chosen field.



COMMUNITY CENTRE FLOAT

## RALPH SELIG

by LYNN CORKUM '50

Mr. Ralph Selig is regarded highly in his native town. He is a public-spirited citizen who loves his birthplace.

Mr. Selig was born at Lunenburg, on October the twenty-sixth, 1884. He received his education in the old Lunenburg Academy. He stopped school at the age of sixteen years to go to work. In those days boys did not have as good an opportunity of getting an education as they do today.



Having stopped school, Mr. Selig began to farm. At the same time he was also employed by the Lunenburg Foundry. He drove a team of oxen to haul material - a mode of transportation still in use. Mr. Selig held this position for over forty years.

Next he turned to landscaping properties. Among these properties are some of the finest of the town. For example he landscaped these

of Senator Duff; Mr. W. T. Powers; Mr. C. J. Morrow and many others. Mr. Selig graded these properties and made them look as they do today. He recalls with pride the occasion on which he turned the first sod for the Lunenburg Arena.

Although Mr. Selig did not go fishing he was directly connected with this industry. Since there were no trucks at the time, he used his ox-team to haul bait for the vessels in the spring of the year. In the fall the oxen were again used for hauling ice. He remembers one time in particular when he went as far as Clearland to haul ice for Mr. J. B. Young. He also used to weigh iron for the schooners, including the famed Bluenose. When a schooner came into port, the iron was taken off and weighed. Before it set sail the iron was again weighed, and the correct amount put back on the schooner.

Mr. Selig is an active member in several lodges. He is the county master of the Orange Lodge. As Grand Master of Nova Scotia in the Royal Black Preceptory, he organized a branch of this lodge in Yarmouth. He is also a member of the Sunshine Lodge, a branch of which was organized by him in Chester.

Mr. Selig holds several offices in the Town of Lunenburg. He is a Fire Warden, and working with two other men of the town, it is his job to be at the scene of fires. He also holds the office of Constable, thus assisting in the maintenance of law and order.

During the summer, Mr. Selig suffered a heart attack, rendering him ill for six weeks. At present he is able to be about once more. We sincerely wish that he will fully recover so that he will be able to resume his former activities.

Mr. Selig has spent his entire life in the town and has "never spent more than forty dollars outside of it." He has said: "I love the town I live in; I love the people and the Academy." In his estimation it is the finest town in Nova Scotia. A well-balanced regard for one's community is a thing to be admired in any citizen tending to that degree of co-operation required for successful community life.

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## ADVICE TO MY SCHOOL FRIENDS

by GEORGE GREEK '50

Whenever you have work to do,  
Don't cry out in dismay;  
Remember - what is left undone,  
Will still be there another day.

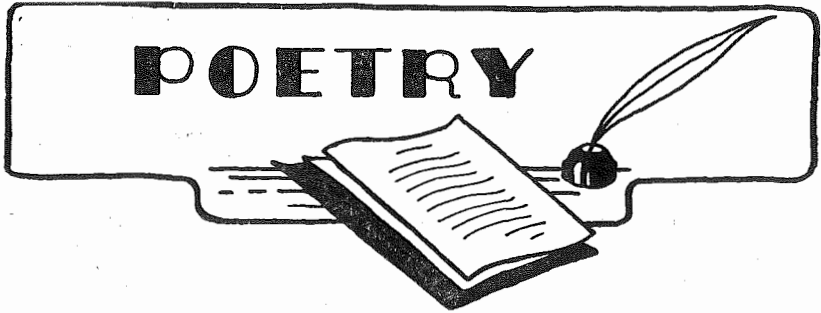
By then there will be twice as much,  
A true cause for despair,  
Your head will feel as if you have  
A smelter's furnace 'neath your hair.

You'll fret, and try hard to decide  
Which part to start at first,  
You'll pick the easiest to try,  
But soon find out that it's the worst.

You'll struggle on into the night,  
But finally your poor eyes  
Will grow so heavy at the lids,  
That all your strength won't make them rise.

Then next day when you wake, you'll find  
That what you've done is small,  
And what is left is large enough  
To make your high hopes fall.

So don't you think it wiser, friends,  
To do your work each night,  
For then when you go off to school  
You won't look like a fright.



## SORROWS OF THE YOUNGEST

by JANE STERNE '53

It seems the youngest sister  
 Always gets the worst of things,  
 The elders always seem to think  
 That they are queens and kings.

They laugh at me; they fight with me;  
 They call me funny names,  
 I even have to put up with  
 Their old clothes and their games.

Then when it comes to Friday night -  
 I have a seldom date,  
 My sister usually hangs around  
 To see that I'm not late.

And when the meal is over  
 My sister fades away,  
 While I clear off the table  
 And do the dishes every day.

I have an elder brother,  
 On whom I have to wait,  
 And even my dear mother  
 Puts best food upon his plate.

In spite of all my troubles,  
 Now, dear friends you see  
 Even though I do complain  
 They are still most dear to me.

## GOOD ENGLISH

by JOHANNE ZWICKER '50

If you want to learn your parts of speech,  
 Then read this poem, I beseech.  
 A noun is something you can name -  
 Like "book", "pencil" or "Hall of fame."  
 A verb is something you can do -  
 "Jump", "run", or maybe "mew."  
 An adjective describes a noun -  
 Like a "purple" flower, a "blue" gown.  
 An adverb modifies a verb -  
 Like "you pull up slowly to a curb."  
 An interjection is easy to know -  
 Just "ah", "pshaw", or maybe "oh."  
 A conjunction is a word that joins -  
 Like "bees and flowers", "bills and coins."  
 A pronoun takes the place of a noun -  
 Like "she was a girl", "he fell down."  
 A preposition goes before a noun -  
 Like "on a horse", "in a town."  
 Since you've learned your parts of speech,  
 Good English is within your reach.

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 THE HOCKEY GAME

by DAVID BECK '51

We slowly enter a crowded rink,  
 So noisy we can hardly think.  
 We find a seat to watch the game,  
 Then wonder why we ever came.  
 The announcer shouts, "He shoots' He scores!"  
 But we see nothing as he roars  
 But backs and arms of half the town  
 Oh, how we wish that they'd sit down.

The teams battle with the puck  
 We push and peer, but have no luck.  
 Once more the crowd sends up a roar  
 We cannot even see the score,  
 "Sit down!" we cry, but no one hears  
 The game is over, it appears.  
 Our team has won, we cheer their name,  
 And leaving think "Oh, what a game."

**IF YOU ASK ME**


by GEORGE MOSSMAN '49

I think that I shall never see  
 A text book small enough for me;  
 Look at my Math. and you will learn  
 What makes my hair about to turn.  
 My History, too, is overgrown -  
 The reason why, I've never known;  
 I'm sure 'twould be a simpler thing  
 If Persia never had a king.  
 Whichever text I contemplate  
 Is much too thick; it is our fate  
 To struggle on and study tomes,  
 Which is still worse than writing poems.

**ON WALKING TO SCHOOL**

by JOHN BALD '49

I put on my coat, and don my small cap,  
 I've just been awakened from a peaceful nap.  
 My visage is a sight to behold,  
 I've just washed it with water that was icy cold.  
 My disposition is like that of a bear  
 That a bee has just stung - well you know where.  
 I open the door, glare sweetly around,  
 The bell tolls gently, I don't like the sound.  
 And do I walk joyfully as a true student should?  
 Hah! What a day I'm going to spend in that jail made of wood.  
 Tortures atrocious, I carefully plan,  
 For those who inflict this curse upon man.  
 Of trudging to school, ten months of the year,  
 In order to sit at your school desk so dear.  
 It's like hustling a prisoner and making him smile,  
 As he unwillingly walks the very last mile.  
 I round the corner and gasp for breath,  
 That wind on the school hill will sure be my death.  
 There stands our school building, black, red and white,  
 So much like a monster, it gives me a fright.  
 Some children enter as if they desire  
 To pass there quickly; into the dragon's bier  
 They gaily run shouting and merrily singing,  
 But hark! The bell has suddenly stopped ringing!  
 But never I speed up my shambling pace,  
 For I know that I have still five minutes grace.  
 At the door I pause, shift my great load of cares,  
 And slowly, morosely, climb that last flight of stairs.



## SHORT STORIES

### AN ESCAPE FROM NORWAY

by JEROME RITCEY '49

This account was given to me by Mr. Edward Hansen, and deals with his experiences when he escaped from Norway in 1942, from the heel of Nazi Rule. He was a bit reluctant to tell me about his experiences, but after much persuasion I received the following information.

The German Army, as we know, took over Norway in April, 1940. In the years that followed the Nazi government tried to get men to work by paying them wages. When this failed, the men were told they had to stay at the same job. This still did not stop the Norwegian people from refusing to work. The people were punished by having their ration cards taken away from them or by being given short prison terms. Mr. Hansen first worked on a farm and later on a freighter, which carried food supplies between Norway and Germany.

Through the Captain, he was able to sign off the ship. The excuse he used was that he was going to school for a higher education. Instead Mr. Hansen went to the north of Norway where the Germans were drafting many men for the services. Many of the Norwegian people tried to flee from their country to Sweden. A number did this through the underground. While Mr. Hansen worked in the North, he was in touch with the underground, and through their efforts seven men besides himself were able to leave with a guide across the mountains to Sweden on a certain Friday.

The copper mines in the town where Mr. Hansen stayed were nearly shut down from lack of man power because many men fled rather than work for the Germans. For this reason the Gestapo were investigating and trying to find out how the men were escaping from the country. With this news the eight men decided to leave by truck on a Thursday instead. Before they could reach the mountains they had to pass through the small town where Mr. Hansen stayed. About the same time that they entered, the Gestapo came. The men drove their truck as far as possible, then walked for three hours arriving at a camp where they stayed over-night.

Next morning at six o'clock the guide left with the men for his camp where he kept reindeer. Arriving at this camp, the eight men found out that thirty-two others were to join them. Three families made up the group, the youngest was two years old, one five, three about ten to thirteen years, while the rest were grown-ups.

The Party started off at six o'clock and had to climb up hill all day. It was learned later that the Gestapo visited the guide's camp two hours later only to find them gone. The little boy of five walked the first day; after that Mr. Hansen carried him most of the way. By now, the weather was getting colder as the Party made their way to the guide's other shelter near Sidnal Lake. Here they would take a boat across the lake and enter Sweden. At the lake they were met by the guide's father-in-law who had bad news for them. There were Germans working around the camp so the Party had to travel around the lake. This would take three hours longer. By this time it was getting late, so some of the Party put up tents while one family and the guide stayed in a cave.

They started off again about three o'clock the following morning. The weather was very foggy and they could see only about twenty yards. Their journey continued through swamp land, across rivers and over cliffs and rocky country. By twelve o'clock the Party had crossed the Swedish border so everyone felt happier and stopped for a rest, although the Germans were making frequent trips across the border. After resting for a short time, the Party started out again and about five o'clock that afternoon they came to another Swedish lake joined to Sidnal Lake by a large river. The only place to cross the river was at the north end of the lake. The guide crossed over at this point walking in water up to his hips. The rest of the party followed on the other side of the river. Now the ground was covered with snow which made walking difficult. Mr. Hansen and two other men went ahead to keep up with the guide. Further down the river the guide was going to obtain a boat to row them across. Before dark the three men had to climb over rocks and cliffs to keep up with the guide. Then it became too dark to see, the guide and the three men threw up matches in the air to tell one another where they were. Finally the three men camped for the night in a bog which came up to their knees. That night they slept close together to keep warm; they had only one rain coat and a blanket to keep them warm. The rest of the Party had camped far behind among the rocks and cliffs. The next morning the three men could see nothing of the guide, so they went back to help the remainder of the Party over the cliffs and rocks. By twelve o'clock the guide still did not show up and the children were becoming cold and hungry. The men made a raft out of reindeer fence poles. Two men swam across to obtain wire to fasten the logs together. However, by three o'clock the guide was back with a rowboat. He had to walk to Sidnal Lake to get the rowboat. In a short time all were safely on the other side of the river. The Party walked along the other side now while the rowboat followed them with their luggage. When darkness came again the Party were altogether again and much happier and they could make a fire and have some food.

The next morning fifteen men started on the journey to a Swedish tourist camp while the rest of the Party stayed to rest for a few days. The guide took the rowboat back to his camp and later it was learned he was killed by the Germans.

The Party of men started off at ten o'clock for the tourist camp. Near it



was another and in the camp provisions were all laid out for them. After a good meal they built a big fire. According to instructions left there, a motor boat was to pick them up from the power plant at the other end of the lake. The police took their names and their guns or other weapons at the outposts. They were taken on sand-barges and they arrived at five o'clock that evening at Army barracks. Here they were given clothes, boots or anything they needed. They proceeded next morning by motorboat, then had to walk for two hours across land and use a motor boat again to get to a place called Jucknok, where they were met by the Swedish police. Here they were put in a hotel and given the best of care. The Police checked up on their records to see that they were no Nazi spies among them. The next day they were taken to the Norwegian Consul. From here they went on a sight-seeing tour. To them the sight of food in the shop windows was something wonderful.

Mr. Hansen and the rest of the men were given new passports and they enlisted in the Norwegian Service. Several were given jobs in industry. As many men were needed in the services, Mr. Hansen joined as soon as he could. Two months later he was sent to join a Norwegian ship loaded with war supplies for Britain. To keep these Norwegian ships in Sweden the Germans ran a blockade of fourteen ships. Although eight of these supply ships were ready to go to England only two got through the blockade even though their sailing time was very secret and could be anytime.

All the next summer Mr. Hansen and his friends found themselves still in Sweden. The next summer they made ready to go again to England and volunteers were asked to join N. T. type boats about 100 feet long. Only five men were chosen for this job, no wages were paid and they were to work like the rest of the crew. When the time came for the boats to arrive, only one made it (with engine trouble), one was sunk, and the three others returned to England.

Meanwhile the ship, Hopewell, arrived that fall and twenty men were taken as crew. Mr. Hansen was one of the crew chosen. When the ship left port most of the town turned out to see them go. The ship went along the coast and anchored in case any spies knew they were sailing. Finally they sailed for England. Through the use of radar many German ships were avoided. Thirty-six hours later they arrived safely in England. This was in the year 1943 and next year Mr. Hansen took part in the invasion of France. To-day he is making his home in Lunenburg.

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## DO YOU REMEMBER?

That "sweet" picture of Rena and Greville.  
The H. S. girls swooning when first they saw Mr. Andrews.  
What Alfred said when John took Janet to the movies.  
When Pommy broke her umbrella over John Bald's head.  
The partnership between Jean R. and Billy D.  
When Diane T. was a man-hater.

## A TRIP TO THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS

by GEORGE MOSSMAN '49

About two weeks after school closed, I got an opportunity to make a voyage to the Magdalen Islands with the ship on which my father sails. Of course I took it and several days later we sailed from Lunenburg.



The Magdalen Islands, belonging to the Province of Quebec, have a population of approximately 12,000. Lying in the Gulf of St. Lawrence about sixty miles west of Cape Breton, they consist of an archipelago of small hilly islands connected by long sand-bars.

It wasn't long before the sea and I disagreed but we reached the Strait of Canso the next afternoon

and from then on the trip was quite calm and enjoyable.

The first Magdalen land that we sighted was the high grey sandstone cliffs of Grand Entry Island. From a distance the short grass, crowning the many-bumped hills looked as if it had been clipped; however the grass on that Island, I was told, never does grow to a very great length.

As we drew closer, I espied men in small boats hauling lobster traps. (The lobster season closes for the Magdalenots in July). Lobsters are found in great abundance on the rocky bottoms under the cliffs and the natives ply this industry as one of the most important. A lobster cannery on Amherst Island provides a market for all the lobsters caught in the vicinity and also supplies employment for many Magdalenots.

My first impression of the Islands was not very favourable, but before I left it had changed somewhat. Although I would have no strong desire to live there as it is rather isolated, I can see that if it were my home I could be contented.

On the trip down, I anticipated putting my "school-learned" French to the test. However, when I saw the hostile glances, (so I thought) and heard what sounded like "gibberish" to me, I decided that what little French I knew was strictly for the classroom.

The fishing industry provides a livelihood for the majority of the Magdalenots. Mackerel and herring school in great numbers near the Magdalen shores in the spring and fall. In the summer a fair day's wage

is drawn from cod and lobster fishing. Sometimes fishermen make as much as two hundred dollars a day.

One of the things which I noticed especially was the large number of co-operatives found on the Islands. Because of their isolation from marketing facilities, the Magdalenots recognize the advantages of co-operation and thus are able to make their bargaining position more secure.

"Farming will never be good as long as fishing is", is the opinion of one of the agronomists of the Islands. Nevertheless great efforts are being made to promote good agricultural methods; — an Agricultural Academy is situated on Grindstone Island. It trains youths who are interested along that line. Magdalenots are paying the penalty for the rashness of their forefathers in robbing the Islands of their trees, in that most fuel must now be imported. The native trees are mostly spruce with some pine and birch. Along the cliffs, the trees are dwarfed and stunted and some grow along the ground. However a forest nursery, began on Grindstone Island ten years ago, met with considerable success.

The Magdalen inhabitants appear to be quite progressive, for they have fine schools and hospitals. The Catholic faith is predominant on Grindstone Island and their church is a beautiful one. Their hospital, too, is large and well-equipped. The Magdalenot divides his property among his numerous progeny. (When I say numerous, that's just what I mean; a thriving inhabitant boasted to me that no families have less than twelve children; — he had eighteen).

Magdalen communications with the outside world are fairly frequent. A mail and passenger steamer, "the Magdalen", makes its rounds of the Islands twice weekly. I believe that there is also a regular air service connecting the Islands with the mainland. Government-operated wireless facilities have been provided for Grindstone Island. A manganese mine, operated by the Quebec government, is located not far from the village of Grindstone.

On the whole, these Islanders are prosperous and happy and they would not exchange their lot in life for that of any other Canadian.

A week later, after having loaded our cargo, we set sail for our home port carrying with us memories of a pleasant trip to the Magdalen Islands.

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## A "D. P'S DREAM COME TRUE

by ANNE SHOLDS '51

Vicki lay sprawled across the bed in her west wing bedroom. There was a magazine lying open in front of her, but she was unaware of its presence. Instead, she was looking out of the window. At first glance one would have thought she was watching the children playing on the neighboring lawn, but a closer observation would have revealed the faraway look in her eyes.

No — Vicki did not see the scene before her eyes; she was seeing one

which had taken place in London, England, exactly one year ago today, September 30.

A young girl of fifteen was standing among many hundreds of other people at the dock where they were waiting to board the ship which would take them to a new country — a new life. Soon she was being pushed along with the others up the gangplank and onto the big liner.

The days that followed on the rough water were ones of looking ahead — looking to the future. But Vicki remembered looking back as well — looking back to a past which had not been pleasant. What would she find in the new land — in Canada — the country about which she had heard so much, a country with peace and happiness?

Finally, there had been the call that they were docking and Vicki had looked with wonder at the new land. This was a land of promise she was sure — a land with a future.

The long train trip had followed and she had found it hard to get used to the luxury and comfort of everything around her. Then, at last, she had come to her destination — a small town on the outskirts of Toronto. It was a clean-looking town with white houses, green lawns, and children playing about. She had never seen any place that looked as peaceful and happy, Vicki had thought, as they approached it by train.

At the station she had been met by Mrs. Torgin, at whose home, she had been formerly notified, she was to live. Mrs. Torgin was a kindly woman and Vicki knew from the start that she would like her.

She had been dumbfounded the first time she entered the house. It was nothing unusual, she had realized afterward, but she had not known the comfort and snugness of a home for many years.

The family had all been very nice — Tammy, her own age, Jim, seventeen, and Mr. Torgin, but it had seemed strange and unreal for several weeks to follow. Tammy and she had been very good friends from the moment they met, for Tammy seemed to understand her, and she had become accustomed to Jim's good-natured teasing without difficulty.

School was altogether new and different, and it had taken her some time to grow accustomed to it. The friends she met had seemed rude at first. They had not meant to be, she knew but she could not help but see them smile at her accent, or hear a whispered, "She's a D. P. — displaced person — you know," as people passed her on the street.

Now she was one of the "gang." She no longer noticed stares, and instead of making fun of her accent, they delighted in hearing her speak. "Canada has been good to me," she thought dreamily.

Suddenly Vicki was awakened from her thoughts by Tammy's light tap on the door as she called, "Hey 'Vick' — ready to go down to 'Pop's'?"

Vicki sighed contentedly — everything was wonderful now; everything was more than perfect.

"Uh huh," she answered. "Be right with you."

## A DAY'S SURPRISES

by AUBREY BURNS '54

Have you ever spent an idle afternoon in the hot sticky summer? Your mind cannot control itself in the tormenting sticky heat that surrounds you and stifles you when breathing. When a heat wave of this kind came the previous summer, I went to the cool green forests of the surrounding district to escape torture in the form of heat.

Ah! Cool relaxation while other humans suffer in hot cities, towns, and at work. Today I have something thousands would like to buy, coolness and green trees surrounding one. These pleasant thoughts lingered around me when I realized I was starting at an old map inscribed on a very old birch. The inscription was nearly grown over by the growth of the tree but still it looked important enough to be looked into.

So I went back to the torture chamber-like town. I endured the torturing heat and breathed the stifling hot air to get tools to dig up a fabulous treasure in jewels.

I returned to the Paradise-like coolness of the forest and hurriedly followed the inscription. It led me right to an ant's nest, ugh! I took off most of my clothes and started digging. For a half hour I dug away, every minute looking more like an ant hill. Was I to be rewarded? Bang! My spade struck something hard, I immediately uncovered my find - an old carcass of a horse. I was so discouraged and mad that I jumped on the carcass until it was a pulp. I must have followed the inscription wrongly.

After fifteen minutes I was reorganized and still had the feeling of an ant hill but ant hills or no ant hills my determination was going to see me through.

At the second attempt I found myself ten degrees off my previous diggings ugh! I dug for another half hour at my new position when a similar Bang! reported through the still evergreen forest - ah! I have recovered a very old important looking chest.

Lifting the chest to the top of the hole was a backbreaking experience for one so inexperienced in such labour but I got it out of the hole, broke off the rusty old lock with the shovel and lifted the lid, closing my eyes so as not to be blinded by the glare of the jewels. I thought, "I'm going to live off the fat of the land after this."

Slowly my eyelids opened, I nearly fell dead from shock; no! not from the glare of the jewels but from disappointment. I had unearthed some old worm eaten confederate money which was decayed by the wet soil.

I took up my tools and trudged out of the forest of giant trees just as the red sun started to go through the pines on a land of quietness.

I was heartbroken as I left the giant trees but I realized disappointment and happiness are necessities on the path of life. Soon I took it as a joke to be remembered and this helped to cheer me up as I left my day's surprises to the quietness of night.

## IT'S NOT WORTH IT

by MARILYN HIMMELMAN '51

Rosie (A Negro Maid) is having a hard time trying to find a new dress suitable for her to wear at a dance to be held at the "Dance Club", in a month's time. Since her boyfriend, Roger, has invited her, she is very particular in buying a good one.

Rosie has been shopping so long that when she arrives home she is almost too late to prepare supper. Mr. Green is becoming very impatient. He paces the floor with his pipe in his mouth asking if supper soon will be ready. Calling to Rosie, who is upstairs admiring her new dress, he asks her to come down and immediately start supper. Rosie walks very quickly past the room door in order to prevent Mr. Green from saying anything to her. She rushes around the kitchen and in a short time rings the dinner bell and announces that supper is ready.

After supper is finished Mr. Green leaves immediately to attend a very important business meeting. Mrs. Green remains at the table but her children, Gregory and Janette, have gone to study their lessons. As Rosie clears off the table she sits down to have a little chat with Mrs. Green. During their conversation Rosie tells Mrs. Green of the new dress she bought, and how she bought it.

"Yassum, Mrs. Green. Ah done buy a new dress, but ah shore will have to reduce, so's ah can weah it fo'de big doins next month."

Mrs. Green replied to Rosie, "Why on earth did you ever buy a new dress that is too small for you?"

"Well, Mrs. Green, you see its like dis. Ah figured if ah bought a dress too small fo'me, den ah'd have to reduce and Roger would git to like me a lot mo' dat way."

Mrs. Green laughed and left Rosie alone to finish her work.

The days were passing quickly and the work was going pretty good for Rosie. On looking at herself one day in a mirror she noticed she was quite a bit thinner, thin enough maybe to wear her new dress. She went upstairs and tried it on, lo and behold, it was too big. Rosie had reduced too much; now with only a week left till the dance she was nearly frantic. She thought immediately; "How in de world, Am ah eva gonna git fat enough so's ah can weah dis heah new dress."

Well, she started right away that same day to gain weight. She ate and ate, until sometimes she would have to lie down with a pain in her stomach. Finally the night of the dance arrived and Rosie was rushing around answering door bells and telephones hoping that one of them might be for her.

She washed and cleaned herself up good and went to put her new dress on. She pulled and tugged and found that she had put on too much weight. Becoming all excited, she didn't know what to do. Suddenly it flashed on her to rip the seams and make them larger. As she was starting to rip the dress from bottom to top the door-bell rang. Rosie was about to run down

stairs and answer it, but remembering her appearance, she asked Mrs. Green to answer it for her. It was no one else but Roger. He came in and made himself at home as usual. Rosie tried vigorously to fix her dress. Time was slipping by and Roger was getting tired sitting and called to Rosie to hurry. Rosie replied that she was busy and they wouldn't be late for the dance. All she did was stop him and say she would be ready soon.

Finally, after an hour, Rosie came down stairs with her dress sewn on all sides, ends and corners. Around her neck she had a silver choker and earrings to match, and on her lips, bright red lipstick.

Walking to Roger, she said, "Well are you ready?" and then went to get her coat.

Before anything went any farther Roger explained to Rosie that the dance was cancelled because of no orchestra.

Rosie stood absolutely still and then flopped in a chair crying,  
"It's not worth it."

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## FLIGHT INTO FANCY

by JOHN BALD '49

This is a copy of the thesis written by Captain Horatio Blowhard, who is one of the candidates waiting for entreehip to the Celestial Society of Celebrated Saps. We, the personnel committee, think that the incident mentioned in this thesis truly qualifies this person as a member of our happy throng of dopes.

(Signed)

Adolph Hitler.

Benito Mussolini.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You know, Captain Blowhard, that you may never return from this flight; that you are sticking your neck out; and also that I shall take no responsibility for your actions!"

I looked at him, our wing commander, an insignificant little runt with a bald spot right on top of his head. A man totally unfit for leading a squadron of pilots all who are somewhat like myself, though perhaps not quite so dashing and romantic.

His remarks were made concerning a flight which I intended to make in the new rocket ship X-103. He was against the flight, but since I had my choice in the matter, and since I naturally knew more about such matters, than that old-fashioned goat, I decided to fly the rocket ship. I scoffed at the commander's fears, and donned my flying suit, complete with gravity apparatus, and pressurized suit.

As I drove out to the airstrip on a motorbike, I passed some air-line hostesses, and turned my head so as to show them my profile. With this gesture, I happened to catch sight of the gleaming hull of X-103. Just as I

approached, the chief mechanic was attending to a few last minute details. I greeted him with my 'Velvet Fog' voice, and inquired jokingly what had happened to the other one hundred and two ships of the "X" family. He replied, and I quote, "Wal! It's this way bub! I hev serviced all the others of these ships, and after they left the landing strip, they have never been heard of again. They've just disappeared!"

Of course I knew that he was just trying to make me feel leary, so with a gay whistle, I swung myself gracefully into the cockpit. After strapping myself in, I checked the fuel gauges, and the air pressure. Then finishing up such details as polishing my teeth, cutting my toenails and powdering my nose, I settled down for the take-off. Oh! How magnificent we must have looked, the rocket ship and I, as we shot off in a cloud of fire and brimstone! As we passed over my home town, I waved my handkerchief in fond farewell. We were going so fast that the slipstream of the ship snatched the handkerchief from my lean manly fingers. I was sorely tempted to go back after the handkerchief, for it was the only one I had for this trip, and one must always carry one in case of sniffles.

Then I got down to the business of flying the spaceship. This flight was to be made around the earth, so I set the automatic pilot and went to sleep. It would be at least half an hour before I would be well on my way.

When I awoke, a strange sight greeted me. It was exceedingly dark and upon looking out the porthole, I saw that I was headed for the moon. I realized that I had only enough fuel to go half way, and I knew by brilliant deduction and to axioms and postulates, that I couldn't survive very long in this realm of outer space without food, so I set about thinking of some way out of my predicament.

I watched the fuel gauge slowly creep toward the zero mark, and I frantically tried to turn the ship for home. By chance, I happened to overlook the fact that the automatic pilot was still on, which prevented me from deviating the ship from its course. This mistake is a very common one, and should not make the reader think me stupid. Now I don't wish to brag, but I must say that my next actions are worthy of mention. Seeing that I was helpless in the grasp of Fate, I resigned myself to death, and sang the funeral dirge to the accompaniment of a staccato rattling caused by my knees knocking together.

The end of this story is indeed tragic. The fuel supply diminished rapidly. The spaceship and I were caught just midway between the gravitational pull of the moon and the earth. Here suspended in outer space, we shall continue to circle around the earth for several million years. I starved to death on board the X-103 and nothing has been heard of me since that time. As you know, gentlemen, my flight into space was the most daring and courageous feat of the year 1960 for which I was justly awarded the posthumous medal for stupidity, (a miniature dunce's cap made of "fools gold.") Therefore I think that I am duly entitled to be entered into your honorable Assembly of Fools, and to be Knighted SIR SAP.



## THE ALMOST PERFECT CRIME

by DONALD HIMMELMAN '50

It was a cold winter evening in late January — one of those evenings when men, who have retired from a life of adventurous service, find nothing more pleasing than to seat themselves before a warm fireplace, and, by the light of the dancing flames, relate stories of their past experiences.

The members of the Club for Retired Police Chiefs had convened to enjoy an evening of story telling and gossiping. The sound of howling wind and snow driving against the window panes inspired their narrative instincts.

Chief Donavin (the members fondly retained their former title of "chief") spoke in a jovial tone, "Well boys, who has a story to tell tonight?" A brief discussion followed as the five ex-chiefs tried to decide who would tell a story.

Finally Chief Brandon spoke, "Say Donavin, why don't you tell us about that mysterious robber who was always reported to have been seen miles away from the scene of his crimes."

"Oh, yes! that was one of my most interesting crime cases," remarked Donavin, settling back in his chair and removing his pipe. The little group quieted down for they knew that he was going to tell them about his experiences with this mysterious robber.

"Back in the year 1904," he began, "our city had a fine record for the almost total absence of any major crimes. Crime seemed to have taken a holiday. Suddenly, however, a crime wave broke out to put an end to our record. A lone bandit appeared at several stores and, after robbing them, was always successful in escaping with his loot.

"The entire city became anxious concerning this bandit, whose boldness became notorious. Some of his victims described his appearance. The descriptions were similar. They all complained that a fair haired, rather handsome man, having a hooked nose, had held them at the point of a gun and robbed them.

"One day a clerk in one of the stores, which the bandit robbed, actually succeeded in obtaining a snapshot of him. The film was immediately sent to police headquarters to be developed. A reproduction of the picture was placed in every newspaper.

"After some time we learned of a man answering the description and resembling the picture. We immediately went to the suspect's rooming house. The landlady of this rooming house informed us that this stranger did not go out very often. She told me that he had gone out not long ago, however, but would probably return in a short time. I decided to go to his room, thinking that I might find something that would prove his guilt or innocence. To my surprise I found the suspected man calmly sitting in a chair apparently waiting for me. My suspicions were aroused when he explained that he had returned by way of the rear entrance which led to his room, for I had already learned that a back way leading to his room did not exist.

"After ordering my men to keep a close watch on the stranger of the rooming house, I proceeded in my endeavour to solve the problem of where our bandit would possibly strike next. My men and I agreed that the next holdup would probably occur at the Vandite Jewelry Store.

"That evening as we became restless waiting for the bandit to appear we were suddenly warned by a plain clothed policeman that our man had made his appearance. Then, as the bandit proceeded upon his evil mission of plunder, we caught him in the act of robbery. Seeing that escape was impossible, he surrendered almost immediately. I was not surprised to recognize him as the man whom I had visited that afternoon."

"My men were astonished. Corporal Patterson exclaimed, "Why he couldn't have left the rooming house. We kept a thorough watch and he could not have gone out without being observed.

Then Chief Donavin began to fill his pipe. The silence was too much for the little group before the fireplace. "But how did the bandit leave the house unobserved?" Brandon practically shouted.

"Well!" replied Donavin, "the truth is this; he did not leave the house."

"Then," continued Donavin, "I ordered my men to go to the rooming house. Do you know why? Simply to bring back the man who looked almost exactly like our bandit."

"Yea sir! these twin brothers carried out their criminal tactics by a most clever method. One established an alibi for the other by staying at the boarding house while the other committed crimes. As they were almost identical, people thought that they were one and the same person. Their success was halted by one act of negligence. As the roomer left the house he was observed by his landlady. However, upon my visit to the room immediately after, I found a man who claimed that he was the roomer. This man was not the original roomer, but his twin brother, the real bandit, who was taking his brother's place until the latter should return.

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## CAN YOU IMAGINE ?

Donald H. passing a test in on time.

Cecil, Billy and Dick with halos.

Lillian getting to school on time.

Mr. Campbell not being "tough."

Marilyn not having trouble with George and David.

Jerome without his beard.

Kappy K. not gabbing.

Ross R. walking to school.

Marlene M. not being able to draw.

Miss Powers working in a dirty kitchen.

Roy L. thinking.

Frank F. with straight hair.

Ronald C. without Joan M.

Marilyn D. and Barbara B. exchanging heights.

**CHRISTMAS REUNION?**by **GEORGE MOSSMAN '49**

Dick and Jane Morgan sat in their living room on Christmas Eve, sometimes talking, sometimes pretending to read, while all the time they were thinking things they didn't want to think. Their two children, Ted, aged nineteen, and Wanda, two years younger; had come home that morning from their schools to spend Christmas vacation. Ted was in his first year at university, while Wanda, attended a girls' boarding school.

Other university freshmen from that locality had returned on the twenty-first, the day when vacation was supposed to begin. Ted, however, had telegraphed that he would be three days late due to a special examination which, if successfully written, would lighten the next terms' work. He arrived home so heavy-eyed and shaky that his mother doubted the virtue of the extra mental effort, while his father secretly hoped the stuff had been non-poisonous and would only have a temporary effect. Wanda, too, had been behind schedule, owing to a mistake in her laundry, and of course she couldn't let anyone else trace it.

Dick and Jane attempted with some success to conceal their disappointment at this delayed home-coming, and continued with preparations to make this Christmas one that would long be remembered by their children as a real thriller. They had bought a whole galaxy of splendid gifts which financial circumstances in previous years would have made quite impossible. However a year ago, Dick had received a promotion accompanied by much more lucrative returns in the engineering company for which he worked.

In the parlor was the elaborately decked Christmas tree. Under the tree and on the piano bench were beribboned packages of all sizes, shapes and weights; one addressed to Dick, another to Jane, a few to the servants, and the rest to Ted and Wanda. A huge box contained a sealskin coat for Wanda. Even more expensive was a set of jewellery; an opal brooch a bracelet of opals and gold filigree, and an opal ring surrounded by diamonds. And for Ted there was a two hundred dollar watch, a bag of shiny, new steel-shafted golf clubs, and an expensive table radio. But the big surprise for Ted was locked in the garage - a big black Pontiac Sedan, the latest model - much better looking than Dick's year-old car that stood beside it.

Every year for the past sixteen, it had been the Christmas Eve custom of the Morgans to hang up their children's stockings and fill them with inexpensive toys. Dick and Jane thought it would be fun to continue this idea - a negro Mammy wheeling her offspring in a carriage, a kitten that meowed when you pressed a spot on its back, a dancing doll, et cetera, would make the "kids" laugh.

But when Jane jokingly hinted that they must go to bed early, so "Santa Claus" would not be frightened away, Ted and Wanda looked rather sheepish and couldn't seem able to promise to make it so terribly early. They both had long-standing dates in town. Wanda was going to supper and a show with Irene Muddock and her nineteen year old brother Paul. They would

call for her at six. Ted had accepted an invitation to see a hockey game with two classmates. He had wanted to take his father's car but Dick had told him untruthfully that the foot-brake wasn't working, - Ted must be kept out of the garage till morning. Consequently, Ted and Wanda had taken afternoon naps and gone off together in Paul Murdock's roadster, giving their words to be back by midnight and a promise to remain home Christmas night.

And now their parents were sitting up for them, because the stockings could not be filled till they were safely in bed. Besides, trying to go to sleep when one is worried is a painful, and hopeless business.

"What time is it?" asked Jane, looking up from the third page of a book she had begun to read before dinner.

"Half past two", her husband replied. (Every fifteen or twenty minutes since midnight, he had answered the same question.)

"You don't suppose anything could have happened?" asked Jane.

"We'd have heard if there had", said Dick.

"It isn't likely", said Jane, "but maybe they had an accident in some out-of-the-way place where nobody was there to report it, or telephone. We don't know what kind of driver the Murdock boy is."

"Oh, he's all right", said Dick, rather unconvinced by his own statement. "He's Ted's age and boys that age are inclined to drive fast but they drive pretty well."

With that, he strode to the window and looked out. "It's a pretty night, you can see every star in the sky." But he wasn't looking at the stars, he was straining his eyes for headlights. There were none in sight and he returned to his chair.

"What time is it?" asked Jane.

"Twenty-two of three."

"Your watch must have stopped. Almost an hour ago you told me it was two-thirty."

"My watch is all right, you must have dozed."

"I haven't closed my eyes."

"You should, why don't you go to bed?"

"Why don't you?"

"I'm not sleepy."

"I'm not either. But it's silly for you to lose your sleep. I'm just staying up so I can fix the stockings."

"I couldn't sleep a wink."

"What time is it? asked Jane.

"Five to three."

"They probably stayed at the Murdocks all night."

"They'd have let us know."

At three-twenty a car stopped at the front gate. Dick looking out the window, said, "There must be something wrong with his lights."

"He's just saving them while he's stopped", said Jane.

"Why don't they come in?"

"They're making plans."

It was nearly four when the lights flashed on and the car drove away. Wanda came in and stared dazedly at her parents.

"Good heavens! What are you doing up?"

Dick was about to say something but Jane forestalled him.

"We were talking over old Christmases", she said, "is it very late?"

"I haven't the slightest idea", said Wanda. "Is Ted home yet? I haven't seen him since we dropped him at the rink."

"No, he isn't", her mother replied, "but you go right to bed. You look tired".

"I am, we danced after the show."

Finally Dick and Jane decided to go to bed. At six they heard Ted come in. After two hours of broken sleep Jane went downstairs again, nailed the stockings to the wall and removed Ted's hat and coat from where he had carefully hung them on the hall floor.

Dick appeared at nine and suggested that the children be called.

Jane volunteered to awaken them and went upstairs. One look in Ted's room was enough. She closed the door again. She entered her daughter's room and found Wanda semiconscious.

"Must I get up now? I don't want any breakfast. Ted and I are invited to the Murdock's for dinner at twelve-thirty."

"But dear, don't you know we have our Christmas dinner at one?"

"Gee, Mother, I thought our dinner would be at night."

"Don't you want to see your presents?"

"Certainly, but can't they wait?"

At noon, "the children" made their appearance and responded to their parents' greetings with almost the proper warmth. They apologized for making a dinner date, saying that they thought it would be at seven, as "usual."

"We always have it at one on Christmas", said Dick.

"I forgot it was Christmas," said Ted.

"These stockings should remind you."

Ted and Wanda stared at the bulging stockings.

"Isn't there a tree?" asked Wanda.

"Sure" said her mother, "but the stockings come first."

"We're in an awful hurry", said Wanda, "can't we see the tree now?"

"You must open your present", said her mother.

"I can't open them all now", said Wanda, "tell me which is special."

Accordingly, the coat was unwrapped.

"Oh! Mother! A sealskin coat!"

"Put it on", said her father.

"Then look at these", her mother said, handling her the box of jewellery.

e "Oh Mom', Opals!

"They're my favourite stone", her mother said quietly.

"If nobody minds", said Ted, "I'll postpone opening my presents; if the car doesn't work, I'll have to get a taxi."

"You can drive", said his father.

"Did you fix the brake?"

"I think it's all right, let's look."

Wanda and her mother were left alone.

"Mother, where did you get the coat?"

"Floyd and Sons."

"Would you mind terribly if I had it exchanged?"

"Of course not, pick out anything you like tomorrow. But wouldn't you like to wear your opals at the Murdock's?"

"No mother", said Wanda, "they might get lost; besides I'm not so crazy —"

"I think they can be exchanged too. Now get ready to start."

Dick opened the garage door.

"Why, you've got two cars", said Ted.

"The new one isn't mine, it's your Christmas present."

"Dad, that's wonderful", said Ted, "but it looks just like the old one."

"Well the old one's pretty good. Hop in and get started. I had her filled with gas."

"I think I'll drive the old one."

"Why?"

"Well, what I really wanted, Dad, was a roadster like Paul Murdock's."

Dick didn't speak till he was sure of his voice; "okay son, drive mine and I'll try to exchange the Pontiac for what you want."

Just as the two were about to leave, Wanda suddenly remembered something and called to her mother; "Here's what I got for you and Dad - two tickets to 'Jolly Jane', the show I saw last night. You'll love it."

"When are they for?" asked Jane.

"Tonight", said Wanda.

"But dearie", said her mother, "we don't want to go out tonight when you promised to stay home."

"Oh, that's all right mother, we'll keep our promise; only the Murdock's may drop in with a few friends. We thought you'd rather be away somewhere where the noise wouldn't disturb you. It's time anyway that you and dad had a treat."

"The real treat", said Jane, "would be to spend a quiet evening here with you two."

With that, Ted and Wanda were off.

At six-thirty Dick and Jane taxied in to town to see the show. It turned out to be a rehash of the worse features in other shows they had seen.

"This is positively the last straw" threatened Dick as they left the theatre. On the way home, both were silent but Jane had lived with her husband long enough, to know that this was but the calm before the storm. She secretly hoped the children had gone out again. When they got home she found her hopes were realized.

The living room looked as if Rommel's army had just passed through. The Murdocks must have brought their friends and everybody else's. The tables and chairs were strewn with empty glasses, ashes and cigarette butts. The stockings had been ripped from their nails and the wrecked contents

were all over the room. There were two sizable holes in Jane's favourite rug.

Dick took his wife by the arm and led her into the parlor. "Well Jane", he said "it's no use pretending to hide our real sentiments any longer. A wide gulf has come between our interests, and those of our children. What has happened to them?"

"I'm sure I don't know", answered Jane. "For days I've been trying to make excuses. Perhaps we have failed somewhere along the way in bringing them up. Have we spoiled them without realizing it?"

"Maybe we have" said Dick thoughtfully. "Of course they are no longer mere children."

"I know that and that's what disturbs me. If children acted like that,—"

Lightly treating people's generous gestures or thoughtlessly ignoring simple courtesies, — I could understand it. But Ted and Wanda are more advanced than adolescent children. Or are they? I wonder?"

"Perhaps they haven't grown up in mind after all", suggested Dick. "Anyhow, they have given us something to think about. Let's make next Christmas different - try another way perhaps. Let's give them less expensive gifts, and let our home itself be their best gift. Let it be a place where they can bring their friends and enjoy themselves, - decently, of course. We won't try to impose our interests upon them; we'll make our plans and tell them they can make their own."

"Why yes, that might work better; treat them as if they had grown up and I think they will respond. But, added Jane, maybe we ourselves haven't shown enough interest in the real values of life. After all it is these values that make Christmas a happy, pleasant, forgiving time. We have been mistaken in our gifts. There are some things we cannot give our children until they are ready to receive them. We have tried to give our love and affection along with these presents, but just now, to them, they are superfluous. At least that is how it seems to me. In the meantime we must wait, as only parents can wait."

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## THE CHINATOWN MURDER CASE

by SHEILA HELLSTROM '53

The night was dark and the fog drifted in over the city as Patty Winston and Jo Crandall walked swiftly along the streets of Chinatown. Ghostly shadows seemed to lurk in the doorways of the houses and tiny shops.

"Brrr," whispered Patty in a scared voice. "This was your idea, Jo Crandall, suggesting we come to Chinatown. Yesterday it was Radio City and tomorrow, if we ever get out of here, Coney Island and Brooklyn. Then we go home. But if we don't get out of here soon, I don't know what I'll do."

Jo shuddered and quickened her step. Suddenly a blood-curdling scream rang through the air, followed by a few gurgles and then silence.

The girls stopped short. Out of a doorway ran a man with his hat pulled over his eyes. Jo burst into a sprint but he jumped into a car and drove

away. She turned around and gasped in amazement. Patty was nowhere in sight. Looking into the door where the man had come out, she thought she saw a shadow.

"I'm going in there if it's the last thing I do," she muttered, and gingerly opened the door.

Inside, a musty odor rushed to meet her. Opening three doors in succession and finding nothing she decided to go upstairs. She stopped short as, there in the hall, lay a woman. Kneeling down beside her, Jo turned sick as she saw the finger marks on the woman's throat. A board creaked behind her, and then swirling blackness as something heavy descended on her head.

Jo woke up to find herself bound and gagged, lying next to Patty. At a table some distance away sat two men.

One said, "Listen Matt, I'm going to have my share of the dough, or else!"

"Or what?" sneered the other. He rose quickly and gave the man across the table a resounding slap on the face.

In the furious battle that followed, a knife slipped to the floor. Jo quickly pushed it behind her with her feet. Suddenly the lamp crashed to the floor and the room was plunged into darkness. The door near Patty opened and then slammed shut.

One of the men yelled, "Come back here!"

He opened the door and rushed down the hall. Running steps could be heard and then silence settled down like a blanket.

Turning so they were back to back, slowly but surely Patty cut through Jo's ropes and vice versa.

"Listen, Patty, you go and get the police. I'm staying here pretending I'm still unconscious. If that fellow comes back he won't know the difference. Now don't argue. Get going," Jo whispered hurriedly.

As Patty's footsteps died away Jo put her hands behind her and prepared to make herself comfortable. The moon, partly obscured, threw a faint light along the floor right across the face of the strangled woman. Jo turned away in time to see an immense rat scurry across the floor. Suddenly her ears pricked up as the door creaked open. In came the man called Matt.

He started in surprise as he saw only one girl lying in the corner. Grabbing Jo roughly by the arm he growled, "Where's the other kid?"

"How would I know," mumbled Jo.

"Where is she?" he asked again. His hand struck her face with a force that sent her reeling into the corner.

Far away, but steadily growing louder came the scream of a police siren. Heavy boots sounded on the stairs and a voice boomed, "Come down in the name of the law!"

The head of the Inspector appeared at the top of the stairs followed by Murphy and O'Brien of the police force, and Detective Harris. Shots rang out in the stillness. A light came on in the room and over in the corner lay Matt, panting, with blood staining his shirt.

"All right, Matt, you're going to the chair for murder," said Harris.

"No he isn't," another voice answered.



"Why, what do you mean, Inspector?" asked the detective.

"You, Harris, are under the arrest for the murder of that woman," explained the Inspector. "Patty here, told me that there were two men connected with the crime, and you are one of them. Matt is the other."

"You're not taking me alive!" yelled Harris.

A shot rang out and O'Brien crumpled to the floor. More shots followed and Harris toppled over the rail to the floor below. By this time the ambulance had arrived and carried Matt, the dead woman, O'Brien and Harris away. Another police car took Patty and Jo to the police station.

When they arrived, Jo asked, "How did you know Harris was the murderer?"

"Well," said the Inspector, "when Patty phoned us she didn't know what address the house was, so she just said central Chinatown. Harris had just come in and he seemed burning angry, so when he heard the call he just jumped into his car and drove off in the direction of Chinatown. We followed him and he led us to that place. Harris said he had only come to New York from Los Angeles a few weeks ago but he seemed pretty familiar with the town. A couple of times we had seen him with some shady characters. When he ran right up to the room, telling us to go first, we were almost sure he was the one we were looking for. Then Murphy saw a piece of tweed on a nail and compared it. We took a chance of calling his bluff and it worked."

As Patty and Jo walked away from the police station, Patty said, "To think all this could happen during our first three days in New York."

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## PREMATURE DEATH

by RANDALL BURNS '49

"No, I'm afraid that he will succumb about 12 o'clock tonight . . . I have tried my utmost these past three months to diagnose his case but he won't respond to any of the treatments that we give him . . . I beg your pardon . . . No . . . of course not. He has become weaker day by day; lately he has been going into deep comas which have all the signs of death, excepting of course a weak pulse beat but we have managed to revive him through periodical injections of adrenalin . . . Yes, by all means, that's why I've phoned you. Most likely it will be the last time you will see him alive so if you can get here before twelve tonight please do so . . . You're quite welcome. Goodbye . . . click."

"Well, Doctor, all John's closest friends and relatives that you phoned have arrived for the last critical moments. Shall I ask them to come in and see him now?"

"Yes, please do, but tell them to be very quiet. I don't want to perplex him now more than I have to."

"Please, everyone, don't make so much noise."

"But Doctor how long will he last?"

"Well . . . it's twenty to twelve now, and according to his condition . . . hm, . . . oh, perhaps twenty five, or thirty minutes, at the most."

Bong . . g . . g ' . . . . Bong . . g . . g ' . . . . Bong . . g . . g

"There, its twelve o'clock. Quick nurse . . . adrenalin. His pulse is getting very weak.

"But he looks healthy enough . . ."

"I thought I told you people to be quiet - didn't I?"

"Well, that's that. You all may leave now if you wish. His lawyer wants to see you outside anyway."

"That damned doctor, thinking I was dead. All he worried about was money - not human lives. Why at ten past twelve the next day I was more alive than he had ever been."

"Yes, I, John Uandolf was not dead."

"They didn't take me to the morgue to get "fixed up" which was a very lucky thing for me. They might have exchanged my blood for a preservative. But my body was in such perfect condition that they thought it would last for the two days they were keeping me."

"Anyway this coma must be a bad one and I take back what I said about the doc. I can think and hear alright but I can't see since they put my eyelids down. My limbs seem to be entirely paralysed."

"While I was being "viewed" in the parlour by my friends and relatives, I could hear them sniffing and bawling over my poor departed soul. The 'dad blasted' fools, couldn't they sense I was alive and would gladly shoo them from my house if they didn't stop that silly mourning; couldn't they detect a sign of respiration; didn't they see the life - like colour of my face - fools'. Are they glad in thinking I'm dead' - doesn't anyone care' "

"These thoughts kept up in mind for two days, sometimes my consciousness nearly left me - sometimes I wished it would."

"I tried so hard to get my mind off my predicament by trying to remember lines of Shakespeare, multiplying, adding, subtracting, dividing. If I added I would get the numbers of my age, if I subtracted I would get the year I died in - or so it seemed."

"I was a doomed man and I couldn't get my mind off my fate, try as I might."

"To day they shut down the cover of my coffin and I knew then that I was to be taken to my tomb in the cemetery. My muscles still wouldn't move, and, try as I might, I couldn't bat an eyelash."

"Oh why why must I review this whole horrible incident every few minutes? I'll soon be dead . . . dead, a death in my own tomb. Why couldn't I have died a natural death. I've never hurt anyone or did wrong. Why am I to suffer, please I don't want to die, I . . ."

"I'm in the cemetery now and the pallbearers are lifting me up to place me in my tomb . . . now they're setting me down . . . and leaving."

"The masons are starting to place the huge stone door in place and . . ."

"But wait" ' I'm coming out of the coma, I can move my hands . . . . legs, I can speak too! "

"Help ' ' Help ' ' Don't seal that door - don't - I'm alive' - Help, Help . . ."

But the door was sealed and the tomb was soundproof.

## ACADEMY BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS HONOURED AT DINNER

by CAROL ZINCK '48

Thursday evening, May 20, 1948, marks an occasion which we, the members of the Lunenburg Academy Girls' Basketball Team of 1948, will not soon forget. For us, it was more or less the 'crowning touch' to our successful basketball season. On that evening the Lunenburg Board of Trade had invited all the members of our basketball team to attend the Board of Trade Dinner; the invitation having been extended in recognition of the fact that for three years 1946, 1947 and 1948, the girls of Lunenburg Academy had been successful in winning the Nova Scotia Intermediate Interscholastic Basketball Championship. The officials of the town deemed it fitting to reward us in some way for our achievement, and it was agreed to invite us to the dinner held at the Bluenose Lodge.



### INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS 3rd CONSECUTIVE YEAR

Front Row—Joan Collins, Ann Naas, Elsie Butler, Shirley Lohnes, Mona Zinck, Violet Bailly.

Back Row—Virginia Dauphinee, Barbara Zinck, Carol Zinck, (Captain), D. H. Collins, (Coach), Marilyn Mosher, Maxine Lohnes, Shirley Miller.

One highlight of the evening was a most instructive and interesting address by Mr. R. A. Hornstein, Director of the Dominion Public Weather

Bureau of Halifax. Mr. Hornstein explained the many intricate weather forecasts and the many problems involved.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hornstein's address, the routine business was dealt with and new members were admitted to the Board of Trade.

At this point of the evening's programme, the President, Mr. L. J. Iversen, extended a welcome to the members of the Academy Basketball Team and paid us high tribute for the honor we had brought to the town and our Academy, in being the Provincial Champions for three successive years.

At the conclusion of Mr. Iversen's very kind words, Mayor Adams was introduced. Mayor Adams spoke on behalf of the Town and the School Board and, in addition to congratulating us, he praised the fine work of our coaches, Miss Phyllis Westhaver and Principal D. H. Collins, and Mrs. H. A. Creighton, for refereeing many of our games.

The Board of School Commissioners had further plans made to make this an evening we would never forget - Mayor Adams, on behalf of the Board, presented each member of the regular 1948 team with a beautiful silver statuette of a girl basketball player. The girls who received these trophies were Joan Collins, Barbara Zinck and Carol Zinck (all three being members of the team for the three years); and Virginia Dauphinee, Shirley Miller, and Marilyn Mosher. In addition, silver spoons were presented to substitutes of the team, namely Shirley Lohnes, Mona Zinck, Maxine Lohnes, Elsie Butler, Ann Naas and Violet Bailey. Gifts were then presented to Miss Westhaver and Mrs. Creighton.

The Board of School Commissioners has since paid to have each trophy engraved with the name of the holder, the year, the words "N. S. Intermediate Champions. Presented by the Town of Lunenburg." I am quite certain that these statuettes will always be treasured dearly by all the girls who have them as souvenirs of their good times in basketball while they attended the Lunenburg Academy.

After the conclusion of the presentations, I, as the Captain of the team, spoke on behalf of my team-mates and gave a brief resume of the season's activities. The real key to our success was the fact that we had good team work on the floor as well as off the floor. Winning the Championships was not all in which we had succeeded. We met many people on our trips, and made numerous good friends. At this point in my speech I took the opportunity to thank all the citizens who in any way helped to support our team, and to thank Miss Westhaver, Mrs. Creighton, Principal Collins and Mr. D. J. Bourque, Officer in Charge of the Armouries, for all they have done for us.

As the programme for the evening continued, Mr. Collins was presented with a gift on behalf of the team. He was very high in his praise of the girls, and stated that he was indeed proud of the fact that we were held in highest respect in all the towns we had visited.

Following Mr. Collin's speech, Violet Bailey, as President of the Academy Girls' Athletic Association, thanked the Board of Trade and the School Commissioners for their thoughtfulness.

Still another surprise was in store for us: Mr. C. S. Grenache, Vice-

President of the Board of Trade, presented each girl with a box of chocolates as a gift from the Board of Trade. We were then serenaded with the words of that familiar old song, 'For They Are Jolly Good Fellows.'

As a conclusion for the evening, we were shown motion pictures of Lunenburg and other parts of Nova Scotia. Thus we have an account of the proceedings at the Board of Trade Dinner at which we members of the Basketball Team were present. It is quite evident after reading the above summary why it was indeed a memorable evening and an evening for which we are most grateful.

To the members of the Board of Trade and the Board of School Commissioners, we say . . . . . Thank you!



#### INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' TEAM

Front Row—Shirley Lohnes, Marilyn Himmelman, Mona Zinck (Captain), Katherine Naas, Ann Naas, Joy Nodding.  
 2nd Row—Gwenneth Wilneff, Audrey Tobin, Shirley Miller (President Athletic Association), Miss P. Westhaver (Coach), Marilyn Mosher, Florence Feener, Madelyn Spindler.



**BASKETBALL COURSE — GIVEN BY MISS D. WALKER**

**Front Row**—Marilyn Mosher, Marion Zinck, Ann Naas, Joan Gaulton, Gwenneth Wilneff.

**Second Row**—Audrey Tobin, Janet Zinck, Joan Fralick, Miss Dorothy Walker, Madelyn Spindler, Shirley Hynick, Florence Feener.

**Third Row**—Shirley Miller, Marilyn Himmelman, Jean Haughn, Gretchen Hewat, Barbara Mosher, Kathryn Naas, Virginia Dauphinee.



### JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—Jane Sterne, Patricia Hewat, Sheila Hellstrom, Joan DeMone, Geraldine Knickle, Diane Risser.  
 Back Row—Miss Jean Powers, Susan Smith, Marion Zinck, Jean Haughn, Joan Gaulton, Shirley Hynick, Ruth Creighton, Miss Roberta Sarty.



### JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM — 1948

Front—Bernice Walters, Patricia Hewat, Geraldine Corkum, Jane Sterne, Ivy Daniels, Shirley Hynick.  
 Rear—Joan Gaulton, Diane Risser, Lucille Ernst, Kathryn Naas, Madelyn Spindler, Marilyn Himmelman, Geraldine Knickle, Marion Zinck, Sheila Hellstrom.



#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

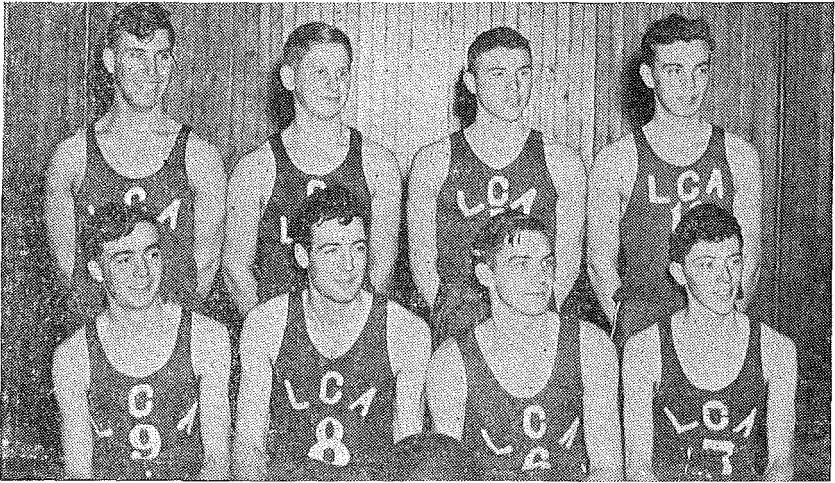
Front Row—Madelyn Spindler, Joan DeMone, Shirley Miller, Jerome Ritcey.  
 Back Row—James Bald, Aubrey Burns, Diane Risser, Ann Naas, David Beck, Gordon Miller.



#### CURLING TEAM WINNER OF SOUTH SHORE ZONE

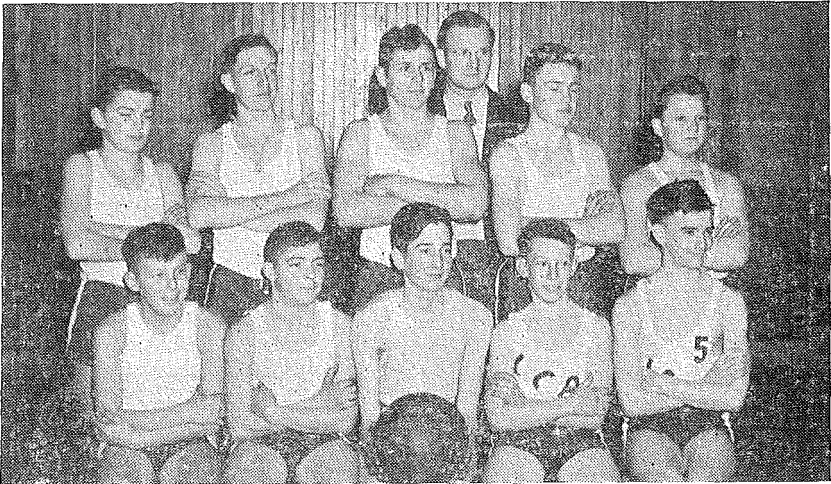
Standing—Gordon Prince,  
 Bernard Levy, David  
 Emeneau.  
 Sitting—John Bald.





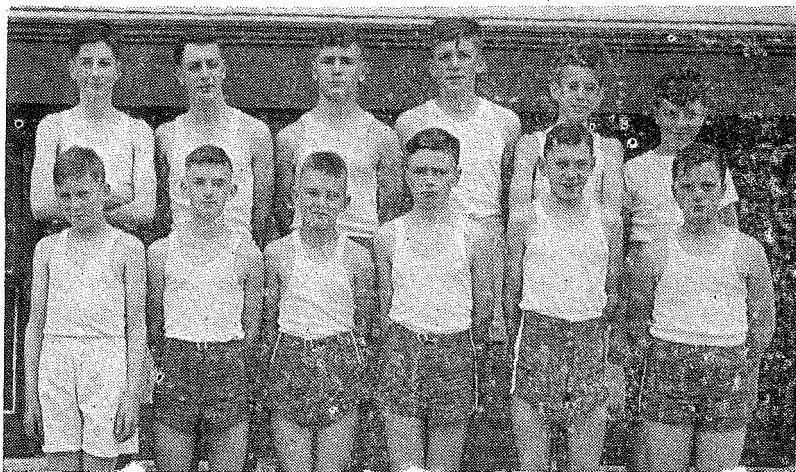
**INTERMEDIATE BOYS BASKETBALL TEAM**

Front Row—Alfred Cluett, Jerome Ritcey, Philip Tanner, Kingsley Ellis.  
 Back Row—Ronald Conrad, Bernard Levy, Ivan Greek, Gordon Prince.



**JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM**

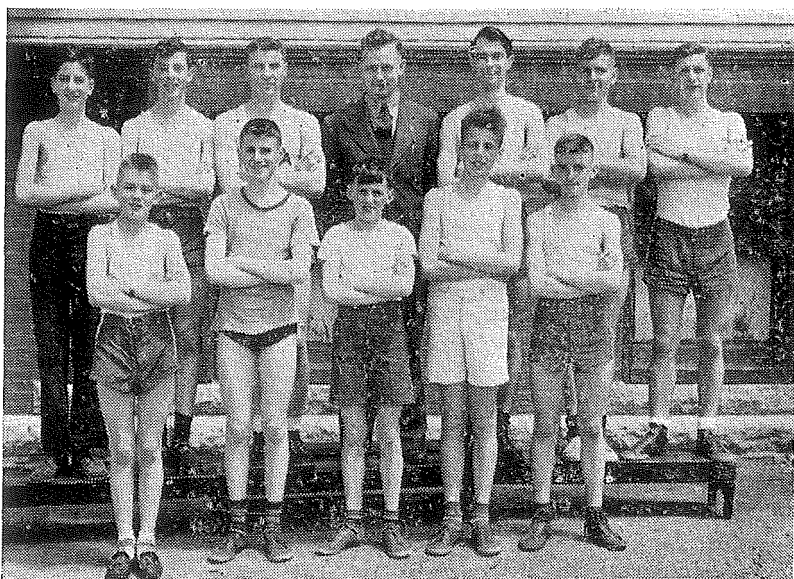
Front Row—Aubrey Burns, Warren Zwicker, Jack Ritcey, Richard West-  
 haver, David Lohnes.  
 Back Row—David Collins, Ronald O. Levy, James Bald, Mr. Douglas Moses  
 (Coach), Gilbert Berringer, Eric Eisenhauer.



**JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM — 1948**

**Front**—LeRoy Lohnes, David Lohnes, David Collins, Gilbert Berringer, Marvyn Schnare, Eric Dauphinee.

**Rear**—Jack Ritcey, Ronald O. Levy, James Bald, Ralph Nowe, Jeffrey Cook, Newman Melloy.



**LUNENBURG ACADEMY TRACK TEAM — ACADIA RELAYS**

**Front**—David Collins, Robert Sampson, Robert Parks, Jeffrey Cook, David Lohnes.

**Rear**—Jack Ritcey, Kingsley Ellis, Ivan Greek, Fred Fox, Jr., (Coach), Lloyd Zinck, James Bald, Ronald O. Levy.

# Personals

## CLASS OF '48

Thelma Acker is in training at St. John, New Brunswick.

Violet Bailey is attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.

Glen Beck is employed at Zwicker & Co., Lunenburg.

Joan Collins and Barbara Zinck are training at the Montreal General Hospital.

Arnold Corkum is employed with his father, Ralph Corkum.

Cyril Fulton has returned to school to study mathematics and physics.

Douglas Hill is working at W. Stairs Son & Morrow, Halifax.

Maxine Lohnes is training at the Halifax Infirmary.

Robert Loring is in the American Navy.

Greville Morash is employed in the Steadman's Store, Lunenburg.

Pat Vincent is taking a business course at Mount Allison University.

Carol Zinck is studying at Acadia University.

Virginia Wamboldt and Shirley Rutter are attending Normal College, Truro.

Linda Ritcey is taking a pre-nursing course at Mount Allison.

Lloyd Zinck is employed at the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg.

## CLASS OF '49

Sheila Sterne is taking a Home Economics Course at Mount Allison University.

Carolyn Haughn is taking a course in Home Economics, Acadia University.

Eric Whynacht is a student at King's Collegiate School, Windsor.

James Tupper is a student at King's College, Halifax.

Mary Ann Lohnes is a student at Edgehill (Class of '51).

Audrey Warren and Shirley Crouse are attending Maritime Business College.

Elsie Butler is employed at Fulton's Drug Store, Lunenburg.

Pauline Berringer is a clerk at Hatt's Meat Market, Lunenburg.

Gordon Lace is fishing with his brother, Capt. Orlando Lace.

Marilyn Miller is employed at Simpson's Office, Lunenburg.

Ronald Mosher is home.

Fenton Mason is working in the Lunenburg Foundry.

Burdette MacInnis is working in Ontario.

Ray Hiltz had been working with the Acadia Construction Co.

Ann Conrad is employed at the Lunenburg Sea Products.

Phyllis Conrad has just completed a hair-dressing course.

Madelyn Grandy is working at Simpson's, Halifax.

## SCHOOL NEWS 1948 - 49

by FLORENCE FEENER '50

April 13: Academy boys defeated the Foundry Basketball Team with a score of L. C. A. 22, Foundry 18.

April 20: L. C. A. Boys entered the play-offs with the Town team losing by a score of 38 - 24.

April 21: At the Morning Assembly, Bibles provided by the Gideon Society, were presented to Grade VI by the Rev. Mr. Allen.

April 26: A debate between Grades XI and XII was held in the Assembly Hall. Grade XII was the winner of the resolution. "Resolved that the Good Old Days were the Bad Old Days."

April 27: An educational picture was shown to the school pupils entitled, "Jane Eyre."

April 28: Since this was V. O. N. week prizes were awarded to students by Miss Kidd for V. O. N. Posters.

April 29: Red Cross Executive made \$7.48 from a candy sale.

May 6: The girls who won the Intermediate Provincial Basketball Championship were guests at a dinner held by the Board of Trade. Gifts of recognition from the Town and the Board of Trade were received, consisting of six statuettes and six spoons and chocolates.

May 10: Common School started their third quarter examinations.

May 12: At Morning Assembly, Mr. Simmons spoke on "Community Concert." He also showed a film on the same topic.

May 19: Music Festival for Lunenburg County was held here. A large audience turned out for all sessions. Professor Douglas Baker of Truro acted as adjudicator.

May 25: Mr. Perry spoke to the High School Grades on the Teaching Profession.

May 28: Prizes were awarded to students from Grade V to Grade VIII for the best Temperance Essays.

May 28: The last High School Party of the year took place.

June 2: A "going away present" was presented to Mr. Shipley by Carol Zinck on behalf of the Students' Council.

June 9: \$10.00 was received from Grade IX for the McKittrick Memorial.

June 9: Examinations began for the Accredited Students.

June 12: Junior High School Track meet was held at Bridgewater. Many students participated in this event and brought home honors, Lunenburg coming second.

June 22: School closed for the summer. The High School students had their closing in the evening, when they were honored by having Mr. Will Bird speak to them.

Sept. 3: The school year 1948 - 49 began.

Sept. 4: Election of the Students' Council members took place, concluding with the following officers:

President—George Mossman.  
 Vice President—Dorothy Mosher.  
 Secretary—Stanton Sarty.  
 Treasurer—Donald Himmelman.

During the latter part of September the following committees were elected:

#### JUNIOR RED CROSS

Co-Presidents—Florence Feener and Ronald Conrad.  
 Secretary—Rena Ritcey.  
 Treasurer—Lynn Corkum.

#### GIRLS AND BOYS ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Presidents—Shirley Miller and Jerome Ritcey.  
 Secretary—Ann Naas.  
 Treasurer—Ivan Greek.

Oct. 8 - 9: Meeting of the Teachers' Institute was held at Chester. The meeting was attended by the teachers of Lunenburg Academy.

Oct. 12: We were very pleased to have Doctor Cantelope, the first of the vocational guidance speakers, to speak to us on "The Field of Medicine."

Oct. 15: The first High School Dance of the year was held.

Oct. 27: A cup for competition in the Girls' Section of the Lunenburg Basketball League was presented by E. C. Adams.

Nov. 1: The film "And Now I See" was shown in the Assembly Hall. After this film, Dr. G. S. Bell of Toronto, who served for thirty years as a missionary in China, spoke to the students.

Nov. 5: The Red Cross had a candy sale. The sum of \$9.50 was realized.

Nov. 5: Two books "The History of Nova Scotia" and "The International Paper Company after 50 Years" were presented to the school.

Nov. 10: An address on Temperance was given by Mrs. C. W. Thurlow, Mrs. G. A. Backman and Mrs. Watson Oxner.

Nov. 10: The Common Land fund gave \$40 to the school toward the public address system - altogether they have given \$80.00.

Nov. 9 - 12: This was Education Week. Many people took the opportunity to visit the classrooms.

Nov. 17 - 24: The students wrote the First Examination.

Nov. 18: The school purchased a Memorial Wreath which was placed on the monument by Dorothy Mosher and George Mossman.

Nov. 18: Rev. Mr. Fowlow, second vocational guidance speaker, gave an outline of "The Church" and how many different jobs grow from it.

Nov. 24: Students saw pictures, "Scrooge" and "Trans-Canada Airlines."

Nov. 26: National Geographic Magazine was given to school by Dr. Howard Creighton.

Dec. 1: The students sold two hundred fifty subscriptions for the Reader's Digest on a recent canvas. The Athletic Fund of the Academy received over \$100.00 through this.

Dec. 14 - 15 - 16: Playing to four capacity houses, the Lunenburg Academy's Christmas Entertainment was pronounced a success, displaying the versatility of some of the students and once again showing the results of Mrs. B. G. Oxner's excellent instruction.

Dec. 21: The annual Christmas High School Party took place.

Dec. 22: The High School closing was held, at which time the guest speaker was Senator J. J. Kinley.

Jan. 4: School began again after two weeks vacation.

Jan. 19: The first assembly took place in the newly decorated hall which presents a very pleasing appearance and is a credit to everyone concerned.

Jan. 21: A holiday was declared in memory of Dr. Henry Munro, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia.

Feb. 2: This week Grade IX to XII were preparing I. O. D. E. essays.

Feb. 2: Dr. Napier Anderson gave a vocational guidance talk on "Dentistry."

Feb. 7: A debate between Grade XI and XII was held in the Assembly Hall. Grade XII was the winner of the resolution: "Resolved there will be another World War in Twenty-five Years."

Feb. 9: Police Chief H. Corkum showed pictures on Street Safety after which he gave a very fine talk.

Feb. 11: The L. C. A. hockey team played with Bridgewater. Bridgewater won with a score of 12 - 0.

Feb. 14: A debate between Grades IX to X with Grade IX as winner. Resolution "Resolved Druggers are detrimental to the Fishing Industry."

Feb. 21: Mr. Lloyd Crouse was the vocational guidance speaker on the subject, "Selling as a Career."

Feb. 25: Four Basketball Teams from L. C. A. went to Liverpool. The following were the total scores.

	<b>Intermediate Girls</b>	
Liverpool—14		L. C. A.—33
	<b>Intermediate Boys</b>	
Liverpool—56		L. C. A.—66
	<b>Junior Girls</b>	
Liverpool—17		L. C. A.—13
	<b>Junior Boys</b>	
Liverpool—22		L. C. A.—26

After the games the teams were entertained by L. H. S. Students at a dance which was enjoyed by all.

Feb. 26: Today two Girls' Teams from Q. E. H. came to Lunenburg. The Lunenburg Girls lost both games.

	<b>Scores: 1st Team</b>	
Q. E. H.—10		L. C. A.—6

## 2nd Team

Q. E. H.—10

L. C. A.—8

March 2: A debate between Grades VII and VIII was held in which Grade VIII was the victor. The topic debated was "Resolved that Wood is more useful than Coal."

March 5: The L. C. A. Intermediate basketball teams travelled to Halifax to play Q. E. H. Teams.

The scores were:

Boys: Q. E. H.—40

L. C. A.—45

Girls: (1st team) Q. E. H.—32

L. C. A.—14

(2nd team) Q. E. H.—4

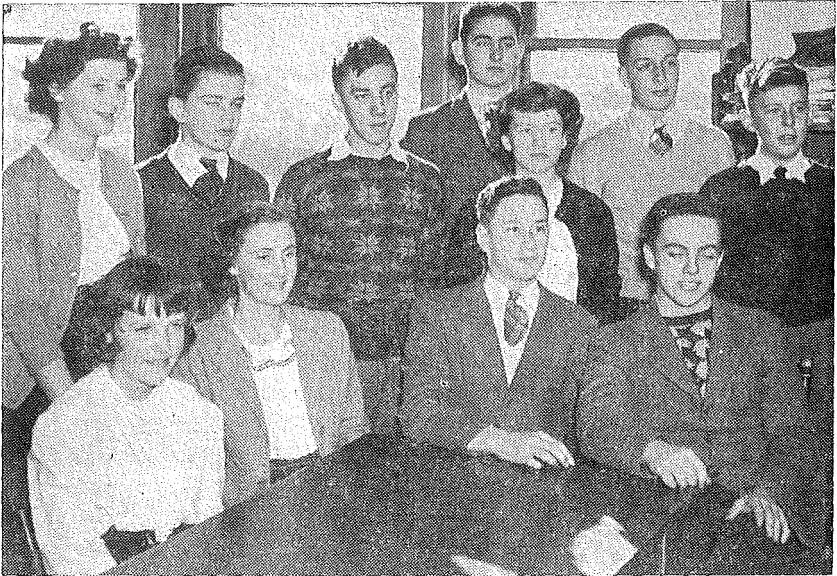
L. C. A.—6

March 11: L. C. A. Intermediate Boys played and defeated a team from Q. E. H. by a score 42 - 32.

March 23: Women's Institute contributed \$20.00 toward the Library.

April 1:—L. C. A. Intermediate Girls' Team went to Clark's Harbor and defeated the Clark's Harbor Academy Students.

April 5: The Clark's Harbor Girls' Team came to Lunenburg and were defeated by the L. C. A. Girls 4 - 19. After the game there was a High School Party for the visiting team.



## STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Sitting—Joan Tanner, Ruth Creighton, George Mossman, Stanton Sarty.

Standing—Jean Haughn, David Collins, George Smeltzer, Donald Himmelman, Jean Ritcey, Rnoald Levy, Aubrey Burns.

## A CLASS PROPHECY

## THE UNDERTAKINGS OF THE CLASS OF '49

by RANDALL BURNS and JOHN BALD '49

"Okay! Give her.... one more heave and in she comes! Whew! This is a heavy one! Must be someone heavy inside. I wish they would stop sending these things so late at night. It gives me the creeps!"

"Yeah! At least you would think they had sense enough not to send them on a night like this! Hear that wind, and the rain! Well, we had better get busy, as we don't want to have this one hanging on our hands over the week-end."

The first speaker is a large, heavy-set man, around seventy years of age. The other man is a tall slight person, with a sort of cadaverous look on his face. The wind is howling and it is raining slightly. It is the year 2003, but establishments such as these two men run are changeless from age to age. They have just received a box containing the casket of some man.

"Well, Stanley," said the larger of the two, "Let's open it up, and see what it looks like!"

"All right William," agreed the other, "but let's look at the identification papers first! I wonder who in the world could be that heavy!"

"Sure'y! Here they are! Now let's see! Mr. Je . . . !" William turns, tears streaming down his face, and says, and says, "Stanley, he is the l . . ."

"No! Not the last! Please Williams, say it isn't so!"

"Yes Stanley, we must face it! Except for us two, this is the last of the '49 class!"

"This is a great shock to me William. Who is it? Dear old Ro . . . ?"

"Yes Stan'ey, dear old Romeo! ! He is the last! But be brave dear friend! Remember, we have each other still!"

"All right William! Cheer up! I guess we had better open the coffin and look at Romeo!"

And with a great deal of noise and fuss, the two old men manage to remove the lid of the box! The coffin is gold-plated! It is really heavy! Then with a heave, the lid is thrown back!"

"Why Stanley, look at him! All dressed up, fit to kill! But look at that beard! I guess we will have to give him the first shave that he has ever had! I'm pretty sure he never had one while he was alive!"

"Sure Stanley, we'll do that! Say! Before we go to work on him, we should file his record papers in The File!"

"Gee that's right! Let's go!"

With these remarks, the two old men skip gaily arm in arm to another room in the morgue. Great filing cabinets are arranged all around the floor. Stanley goes to the wall, and opens a safe. He lifts out a folio, and, bringing it out into the better light of the embalming room, lays it reverently on a marble slab. There the two men, Stanley and William, open the folio, and look at its contents.



"Well let's see now! Here we are! Let's take them in chronological order. The first one to die was — Hmmm! Oh yes Margaret Parks! !"

"Why yes! Wasn't she the one who we thought would become a school teacher? Boy she sure fooled us! Became a famous writer, and married up with Vanderbilt the Third or Fourth or something! What a funeral she had! Her casket was of solid platinum! More than three thousand people at her burial! That was the funeral I enjoyed the most! Remember the big banquet afterwards!? Oh of course you wouldn't! You couldn't stay respectable! Oh no! You had to get pie-eye. . !"

"Oh Stanley, quit gabbing about that! I was only having a good time! And anyway, you're the one to talk! I notice you seemed to be having plenty of fun with that red-head! It's a wonder you don't marry her and be done with it! She's only about sixty-five or seventy at most!"

"Aw! Quit blatting William! You old goat!"

"Old! Who, me? Why just remember Stanley, I happen to be one day younger than you are, and that makes a lot of difference! Let's get on with the next one. Oh yes! G. A. Mossman, Ph.D., M.D., M.A. Heck it seems like he couldn't make up his mind just what he was gonna be! Now there was a fellow who really knew how to apply himself! - and not like Johnson's Floor Wax either! You remember his burial? Just an ordinary corpse, but what a casket! Designed with retorts, flasks and Bunsen burners! I had the darndest time trying to get his features set into an expression of rest, peace and angelic beauty, but I am really afraid that I failed. He was still flashing that grin full of deviltry when we sealed the lid!"

"William, wasn't he the one who set out to discover a new kind of fuel? And then blew himself to pieces doing it?"

"Yes Stanley, I guess he was."

"Well, I guess he'll have plenty of time to solve the fuel problem now! Ha! Ha! By goney, ain't that a hot one!"

"It's no laughing matter Stanley, get on with the next one!"

"Ahum! Oh yes, this is the record of Stanton Sarty. He made quite a name for himself didn't he? He revolutionized the whole educational system of Canada. Allers knew he was a brainy cuss! Didn't say much, but when he did, it meant something! Just the opposite of you dear Willyum!"

"Okay Stanley! Rub it in! But just remember! I'm not in heaven where he . . . ."

"Probably isn't! You forget that, although he didn't show much liveliness when in school, with the women I mean. When he got out! ——— Murder! I hear tell that he was married a dozen times, 'course, subtracting the times which were added on in the telling of the story, it probably wasn't more than four or five!"

"Well shucks, he wasn't half so bad as the next fellow! He didn't get married at all! You know who I mean! No I won't tell you the name! Guess!"

"Of all the confounded nonsense! Oh all right! I guess you are getting senile — Bernard Levy?"

"Nope! Not even warm! Guess again!"

"Alfred Cluett?"

"Naw! How kin you be so dumb!"

"Well then it must be Randall Burns!"

"Oh for - of all the nincompoops! It's Philip Tanner! You know, the flying ace. Some ace all right. After that plane crash, there wasn't enough ashes to bother emptying an ash tray for. He didn't cause us much trouble. I must say! Well, that makes four of the Class! Who comes next?"

"Well, give me time!"

Time! Heh! What's the use? Remember the time I let you bury that old lady yourself? You got her in upside down. When they had to exhume the body, now there was a fuss!

"Quit harping on that! The next one is — Rena Ritcey! It brings tears to my eyes, just to remember her funeral! That was ten years ago, wasn't it?"

"Yeah!"

"Gee William. Remember the mourners at the funeral? What a crowd! ! I don't know whether you know it or not, but Rena turned out to be an efficiency expert! I remember an article she wrote about economy. According to her calculations, it is a good proposition to have twelve children! Since the man she married was a baker, they had a baker's dozen, thirteen children!"

"Boy what a herd of 'em! With all the children, grand-children and great-grand-children, the procession was about three blocks long!"

"Now here's an interesting character! Bernard Levy! Killed in Action! Hah! What a laugh! The fellow who wrote that obituary column must have had a sense of humour! You know William, he was killed while speeding from Bridgewater, to Lunenburg!"

"I know! What a mess he was! I heard that there were thirteen girls out in Bridgewater who killed themselves when they heard about it! Of course, you can't believe EVERYTHING you hear!"

"No, and it's true that he wasn't quite that much of a wolf. After all he was getting on in years! ! You must realize that when a man is seventy-three, he's no spring chicken! Of course, I wouldn't say so much about myself —."

"Cut it out Stanley! Well, well, look who we have here! Alfred Cluett! Now here is a person who turned out quite a bit different than I thought he would. He was a professor of Psychology in a small college out in British Columbia somewheres. That's not all! He didn't get married! I guess when he got jilted that time, it left an everlasting scar on his heart. Died of apoplexy!"

"Huh! Don't see why he didn't recover! I would think anybody would recover out among those Western beauties! Why I remember in the year 1950, when I went out there to my brother — Wow!"

"Pipe down Stanley! Don't you know that you should be respectful of your surrounding? Now let's see what it says about the next one. Re-

member Marilyn Mosher? Guess what! She went to the States! It seems that she had a passion for following furnace-builders or something. Evidently though from what I read here in the records, she went crazy. One day she fell in love with the furnace itself. They were married, and had a bunch of Jacket-heaters! It seems as if in her case, everything went to pot! I remember dimly that in the year 1959, she was voted Miss Blast Furnace of the Lunenburg Foundry Co., Limited. Well, I guess that finished the contents of the folio so we had better. . . ”

“Hey William! ! Don’t forget dear Jerome! Here are his papers! Hmmm! A great industrialist. Specialized in Mass Production! Yes, you might say that he lived up to his school life. Ha! Ha! Here it says that he was the manufacturer of Lipstick! I wonder how he got that job?”

“Why Stanley! Don’t you remember the time we conducted a survey in school, of what kind of Lipstick stayed on the best? Jerome was not only highly interested in the results, but he was a very zealous tester. The only trouble was, it took him so long to test one pair of lips. It took him the whole school year, in his spare time to test the lipstick of one girl! Of course you must admit, he was very thorough!”

“Why I remember him, William I think he became The Beard, in 1963, didn’t he!? Well, that’s the last of the class. I feel sorta sad when I realize that no more shall we receive those parcels that we took such an interest in. No more shall we gaze upon the faces of newcomers to our establishment, and realize that it is one of our school-mates! Well, come on. Let’s close dear Romeo’s casket. It’s too late to finish him up tonight!”

As the two old men close the lid of the huge coffin, there is a blast of lightning, a roll of thunder, and the wind and rain increase. The two men put on their Sou’westers and, turning out the lights, they go out into the stormy night. At the turning point in the road, they glance back, and at that very instant, a flash of lightning lights up the whole sky. They see the Funeral Home, a white building. On the front they see the sign - Randall Stanley Burns & John William Bald — Embalmers — We guarantee, a permanent finish. Then the two men go their separate ways, the one, the heavy set person, to a huge boat-like house; the other, the thin lanky fellow, to his Estate, which is but a few hundred yards from the Establishment.

## Biographies — Grade XII

### Rena Ritcey

"Her hair is blonde, her eyes are blue,  
She wears a smile the whole day through."

Fena hails from Riverport and came to Lunenburg Academy in 1948. She has made many friends during the year, including a certain dark-haired Romeo. Next year she plans to take a secretarial course. The best of luck to you Rena!

### Stanton Sarty

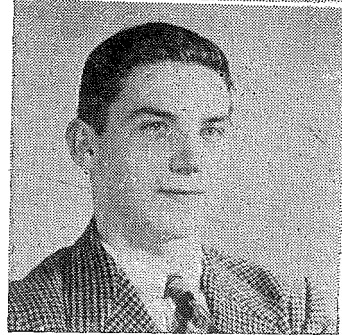
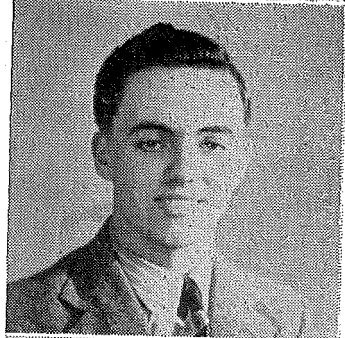
"A still tongue maketh a wise head."

"Stan" has contributed a great deal to the class since he joined us in Grade XI. Secretary of the Student Council, he expresses keen interest in school activities and shows great accomplishment in his studies. With his intelligence and good-natured personality, he cannot help but make a good teacher. Best of luck, Stan!

### Philip Tanner "Phil"

"He works for what he gets,  
But gets for what he works."

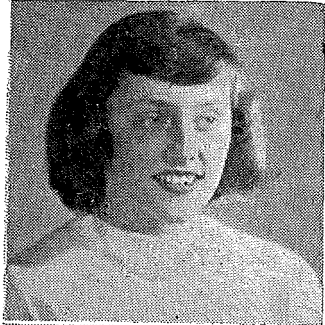
"Phil" joined us in grade eight and since then has made his pastime girls, being very partial to blondes. He takes an active part in school activities acting as Business Manager of the Sea Gull and is a keen member of the basketball team. His future plans are to join the R. C. A. F.



**Marilyn Mosher "Mosey"**

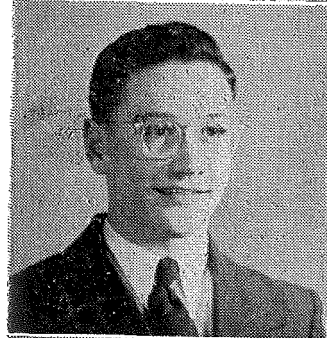
"Mieux vaut tard que jamais."

Marilyn, Co-editor of the magazine, joined us in Grade II. She has always taken an active part in sports, being a marvel at Basketball - "always behind the ball." With such a friendly and happy nature, Marilyn certainly will make a success. We shall always remember her as "Mrs. Stevens."

**George Mossman**

"It is not growing like a tree in bulk."

George has always shown a willingness to take part in the various activities connected with the school and this year has done a fine job as President of the Students' Council. He has been at the top of his class since he joined us in Grade XI. Next year George plans to study for the ministry in which work we wish him the best of luck.

**Margaret Parks**

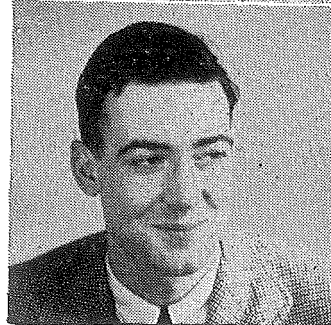
"She's quiet and secluded,  
With a little wit included."

Margaret came from East LaHave to L. C. A. in October to get her "A." She takes a keen interest in her work. Margaret plans to make nursing her career and we know she will succeed.

**Jerome Ritcey**

"Efficient in manner, mischievous in thought,  
But a nicer gentleman is seldom sought."

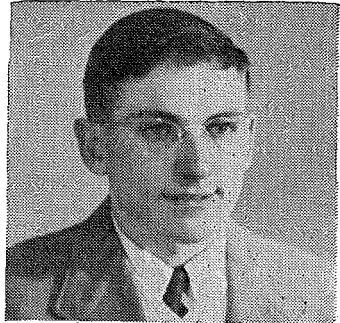
Jerome, coming from Bridgewater, joined us in Grade III. He takes an active part in extra-curricular activities, being Captain of the basketball team and President of the Athletic Association. Jerome's future is left to fate.



**John Bald "Baldy"**

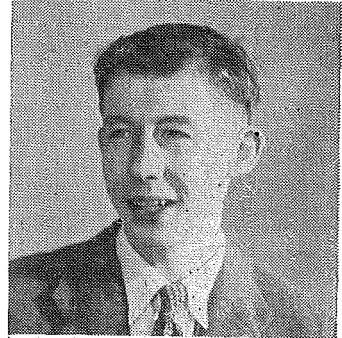
"Once I have named the man, I need say no more."

"Baldy" darkened the portals of Lunenburg Academy when he was at the tender age of ten. Since then has worked his way to the graduating class where he is daily astounding his fellow students by his amassed knowledge of "Demings Chemistry." He takes great pleasure in playing chess, curling, tormenting girls, and going to sea. We all join in wishing "Baldy" farewell when he leaves on an oil tanker this summer.

**Randall Burns**

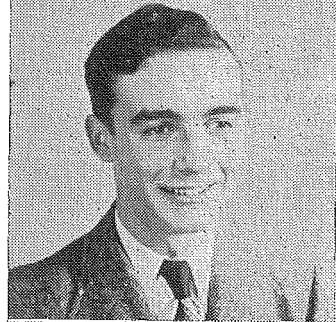
"Greetings peasants!"

"Ranee", one of the charter members of the Grade XII class, is well-known for his own personal "Gunpowder Plot." "Ranee's" thoughts often turn to the realm of Science, and no one would be surprised if he were to become a second "Einstein." We may well call Randall "Smoke-eater", for he has served the school as Fire Chief in the past year. We bid adieu to "Ranee" this year, and wish him the best of luck in his chosen occupation.

**Alfred Cluett**

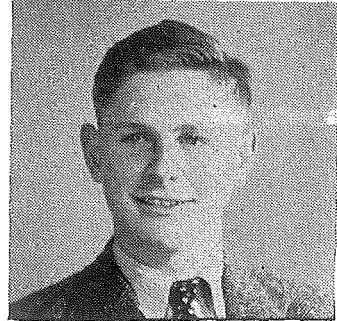
"As You Like It."

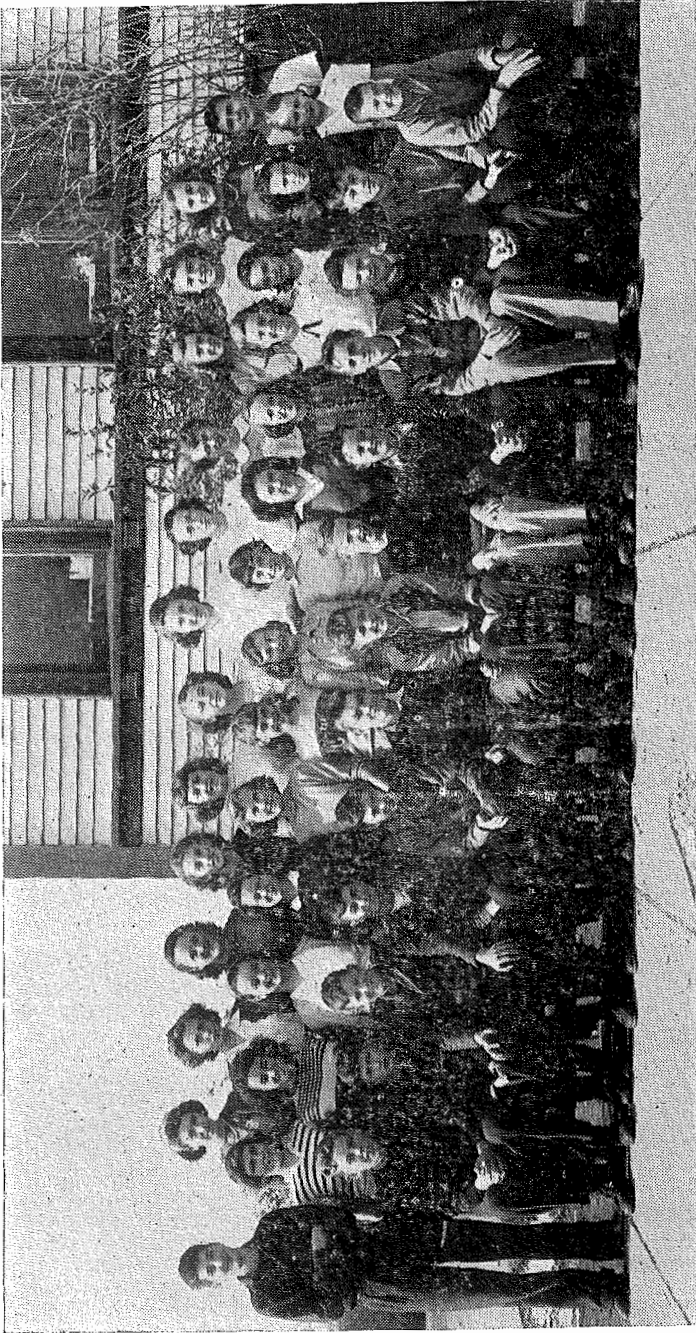
Alfred has always been one of our top students. As well as being Co-editor of the Sea Gull, he still finds time for his favorite sport - basketball. As yet Alfred hasn't any definite plans for the future but he has our best wishes in whatever he undertakes.

**Bernard Levy "Bunny"**

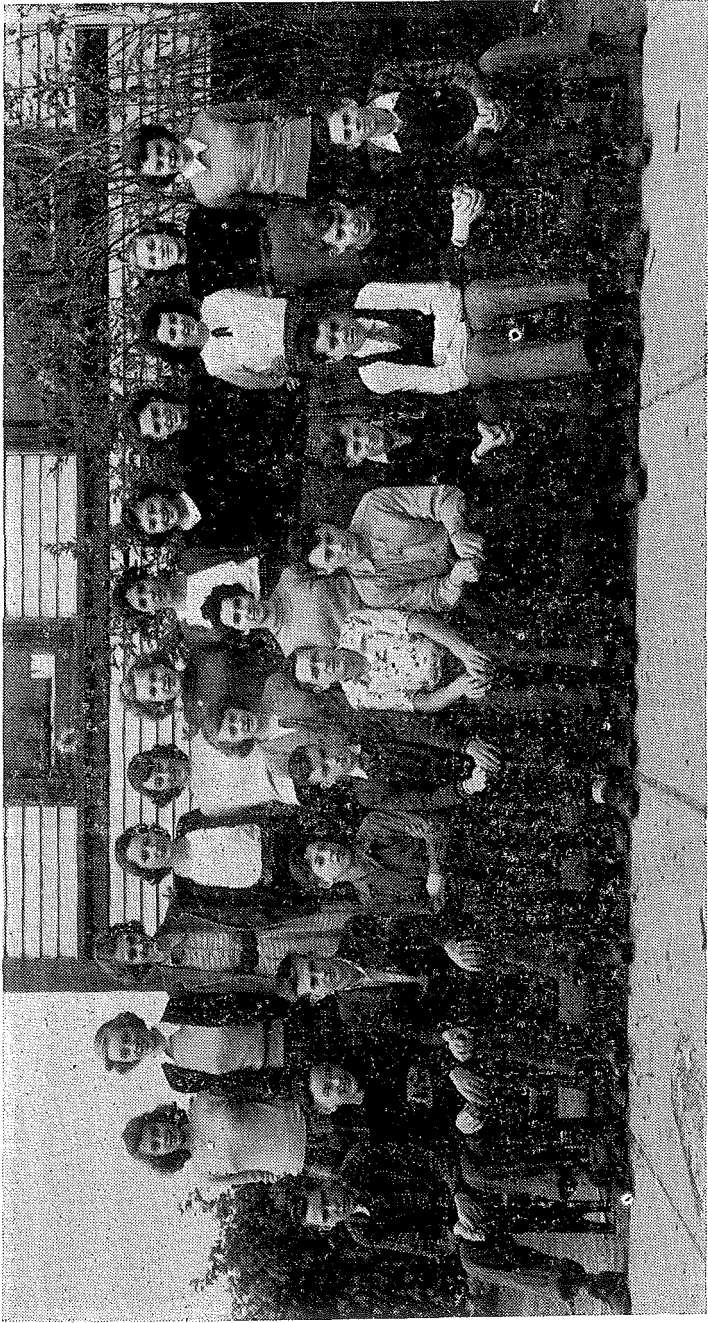
"A mischievous thought, now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men."

"Bunny" has received his entire elementary education at the Academy. This year he has taken an interest in sport, being on the basketball team and skip of the curling team. His future is undecided but our guess is that he will be an engineer. Good luck "Bunny."



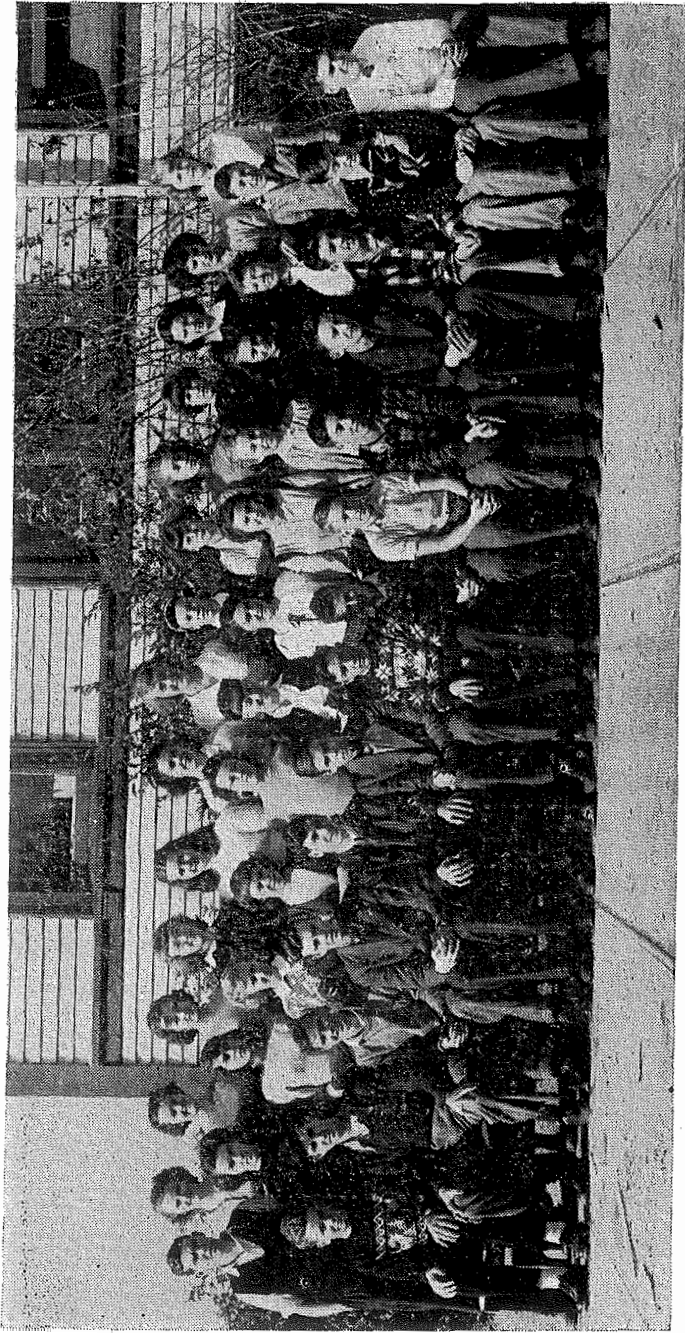


GRADE VIII

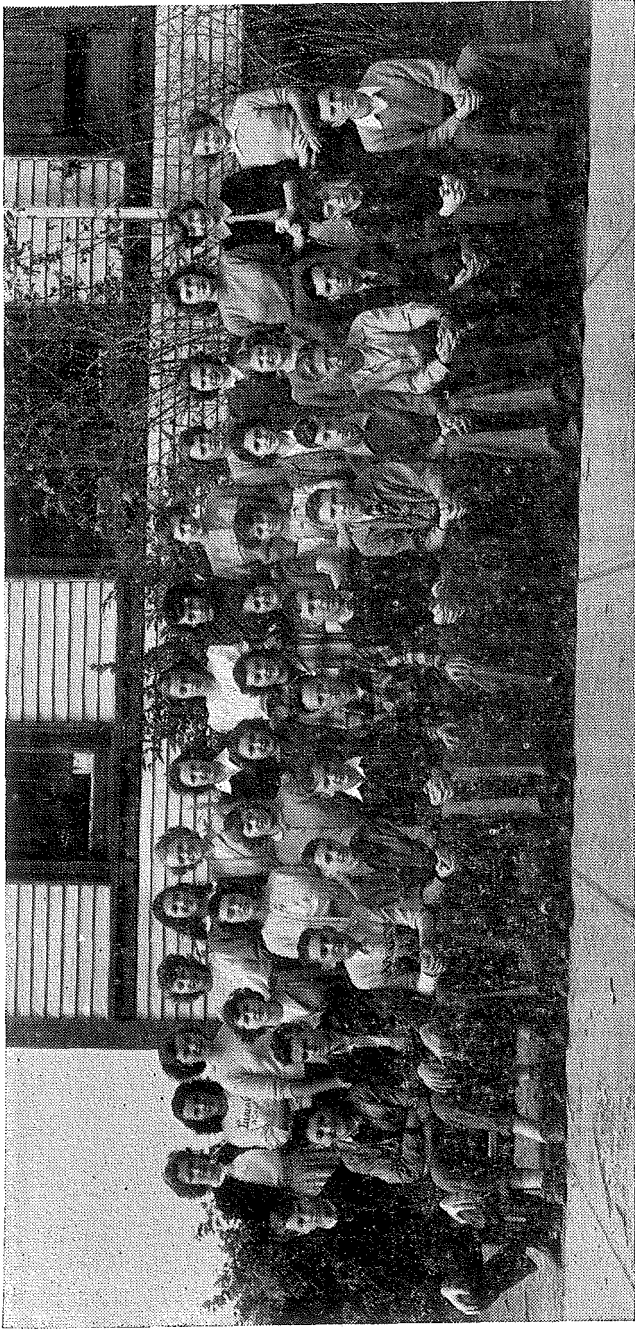


GRADE IX

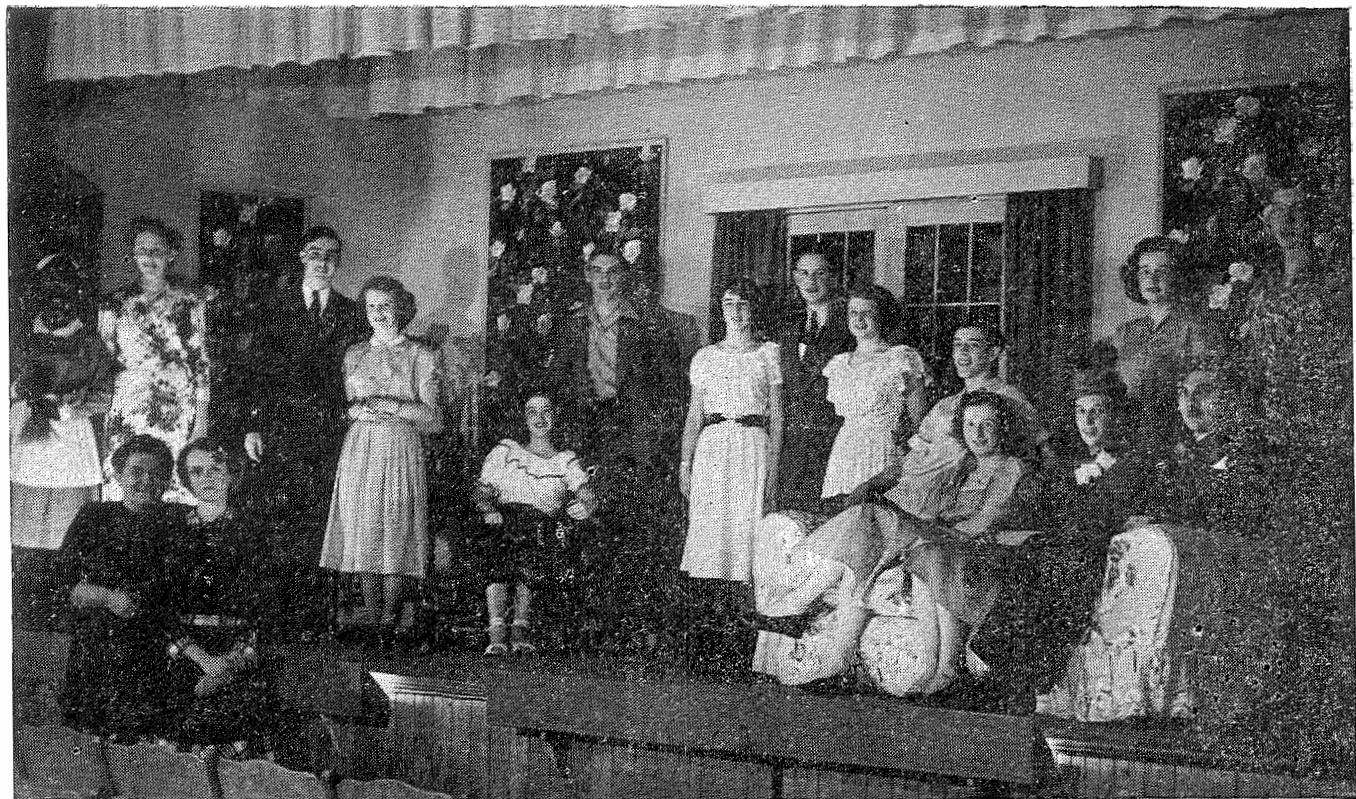




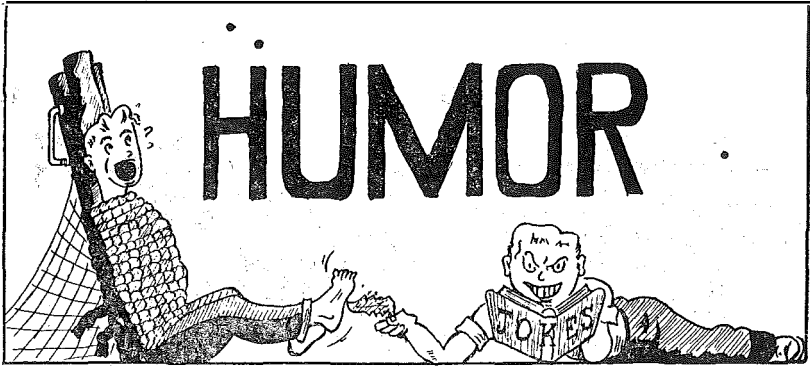
GRADE X



GRADE XI



OPERETTA — WALTZ TIME — 1948



R. Levy: They tell me you got beat up dinner hour.

R. Haughn: I did! Who did it?

Mr. Moses: When you see "legis" what English word does it remind you of?

R. Crouse: Legs!

Mr. Moses: What has legis, which means law, got to do with legs.

R. Crouse: You'd be surprised.

Elaine C.: What are you wearing to the party tonight?

Gladys C.: I don't know - I may wear my blue one, pink one, green one, yellow one, black one, white one or grey one - or maybe I can borrow one of yours.

Marilyn M. and Rena H. are hiking along the road to Riverport, when a car driven by R. Ritcey comes by, and stops a little ahead of them.

R. Ritcey: Say, are you two girls tired of walking?

Marilyn M. and Rena R.: Yes we are.

R. Ritcey: Then try running for awhile!

Then the car vanishes in a cloud of dust. Moral: The age of chivalry is dead.

Mr. Andrews: Dorothy, add 4 to 'y-4.'

Dorothy: 'y'.

Mr. Andrews: Never mind why, do as you are told!

In French class.

Billy M.: What gender is man?

Dick P.: Masculine.

Billy M.: What gender is cat?

Dick P.: Show me the cat.

In French class, Mr. Andrews checking up on homework translation of "La Bicycleette."

Mr. Andrews: Diane, why haven't you finished your homework?

Diane T.: Well, Mr. Andrews, half way through "La Bicycleette" I got a flat tire!

For the third time Mr. Andrews reviews a difficult algebra question for grade XI. He says: Pay careful attention to the board this time, class, while I go through it!

Grade XI student (In answer to a gas question which involved litres): The answer in litters is 100.

Another grade XI student insults the fire extinguisher by terming it the "Fire Distinguisher."

Elaine: (Sighing) Isn't he cute?  
 Gladys: Which one? The one  
 with the blond hair, red hair, black  
 hair . . . ?

Elaine: Since when are you color  
 blind? My true dog Sonny has  
 brown hair!

A boy in Grade 'leven once said,  
 "Napoleon, A French general dead,  
 Is a man envied much,  
 By loonies and such,  
 Whose weakness is all in their head!"

A school party was dead and slow,  
 When a boy whose name you all  
 know,  
 Said, "something's amiss,  
 I've not yet had a kiss,  
 But for one now I think I will go!"

A boy did, once say to a teacher,  
 (This boy's father was a good  
 preacher)  
 "If you don't pass me, - well,  
 You'll sure go to - heaven,  
 If you do, that's where I can't reach  
 you!"

Said a girl in grade ten, "it is fate,  
 But for school I have never been late.  
 At the head of the class,  
 I always do pass,  
 But as yet I have not had a date!"

A pupil from Riverport came,  
 In gender, she was but a dame,  
 And for cryin' out loud,  
 All the boys she had wowed,  
 No doubt on account of her frame!

Shirley L.: Do you know Boo?  
 Janet Z.: Boo who?  
 Shirley L.: Well you don't have to  
 cry about it!

Time: Grammer period.  
 Gwen W. to Madelyn S.: "you" is  
 an indire-t object!  
 Madelyn S.: Huh! You should  
 talk! You're no compliment!

Miss Westhaver: Give me a sen-  
 tence using the word 'delight.'  
 R. Burns: De wind blew in de  
 window, and b'lew out de light!

A noise is heard overhead.  
 Isabel C.: What's up?  
 Marilyn H.: Heaven!

Shirley L. to J. Bald at a sleigh-  
 riding party: Nobody loves me, and  
 my hands are cold!  
 J. Bald: Oh your mother loves  
 you, and you can sit on your hand!

Ronald C.: Miss Westhaver do we  
 have to know many dates in History?  
 Miss Westhaver: Well I expect you  
 to know a few of the important ones,  
 such as the war of 1812.

Ronald C.: How would such a  
 question be asked?  
 Miss Westhaver: Well - when was  
 the war of 1812?

Shirley: Joan, do you like your  
 milkshake?  
 Joan: No, I don't like this brand  
 of straws.

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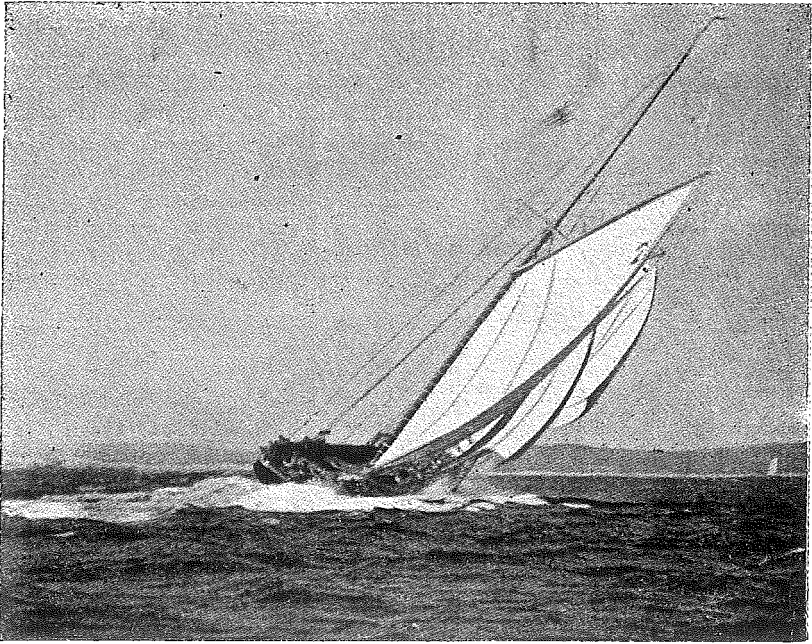
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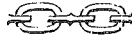
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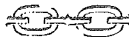
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