

*The*

# SEA GULL



BACKMAN

UNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

Imis Opibusque Parati

1950

# COURTESY —AND— HOSPITALITY



Let's put out every effort during the tourist season of 1950 to show the "Hospitality" Nova Scotians are noted for.

Owners of Hotels, Lodges, Tourist Homes, Cabins, Restaurants, Stores, Service Stations in the Province are being urged to put the emphasis on "Courtesy" and "Hospitality" during 1950.....

Come On Lunenburg, Let's Lead The Way



## The Lunenburg Board Of Trade

# LUNENBURG ACADEMY



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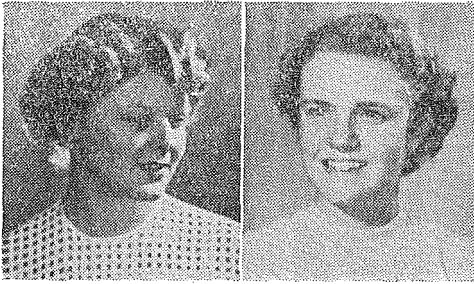


ERNEST E. EISHOR

## JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

## THE SEA GULL

### MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS



It was both an honor and a pleasure for us to have been appointed Co-editors of the 1950 "Sea Gull." May we express our sincere gratitude to both staff and students who have assisted us in making this edition of the "Sea Gull" a success. Best of luck to future editions.

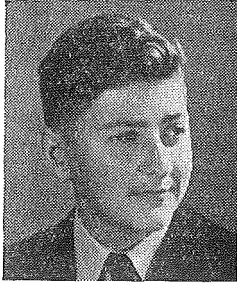
**SHIRLEY LOHNES '50**

**JANET ZINCK '50**



It has been an honor to act as President of the Students' Council during the past year. I realize that the experience gained will help me in future years, and for this reason I am deeply grateful to those who deemed me suitable for the office. On behalf of the Students' Council I wish to extend my appreciation to Mr. Collins and the members of the staff for their advice and assistance throughout the year; and to the students of the Academy for their generous co-operation.

**GEORGE GREEK '50**



This year it has been my privilege to act as Business Manager of the "Sea Gull." I should like to take this opportunity to thank all the businessmen who have co-operated with me in such a splendid manner.

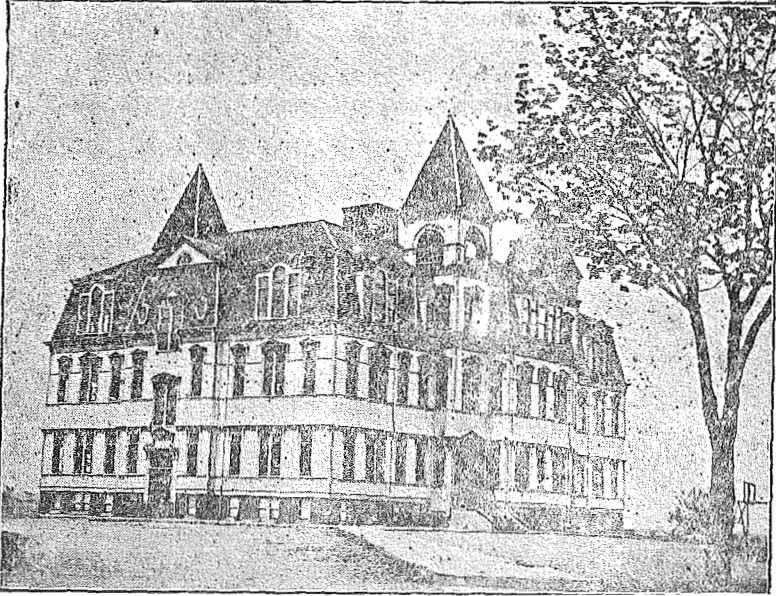
**RICHARD POTTER '50**



I have had the pleasure this year of being Treasurer of the Students' Council. Thanks to my fellow students who have given me the opportunity of gaining this useful experience. Every success to the graduating class of 1950.

**MONA NAUSS '50**

## THE SEA GULL



I am pleased to note that The Sea Gull, Lunenburg County Academy's magazine of 1950, is dedicated to our "Memorial Community Centre."

I have served on Lunenburg's Board of School Commissioners for four teen years under the chairmanship of the late Arthur Schwartz; ex-Mayor L. L. Hebb; and the present Mayor D. F. Adams. I wish to mention briefly some of the changes and progress made in our Academy during this time.

Our Newtown School was closed and moved to the Academy. The building has been repaired and remodelled, and now houses the Mechanic and Household Science Departments. The Library has been dedicated to the memory of the late Burgess McKittrick. This year the Academy building is to be painted, more fluorescent lighting and a "Sprinkler System" are to be installed to modernize the building.

On behalf of the School Commissioners, I endorse heartily the efforts put forth in producing the Sea Gull, and wish to extend to the Teachers and Students our heartiest congratulations.

**R. McK. Saunders,**  
Chairman, Board of School Commissioners.

### THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS

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## BOARD OF EDITORS

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**Poetry - Articles - School News:** Misses P. Westhaver, R. Sarty.

**Photography:** Messrs R. H. Campbell, D. Moses.

**Special Features - Humor:** Messrs G. Andrews, E. Eisnor.

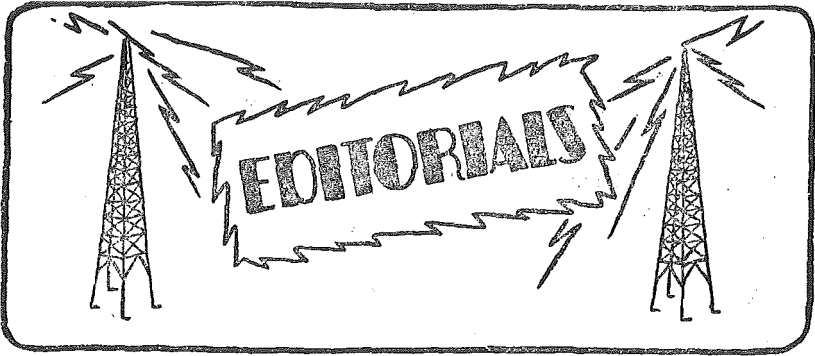
**Sale of Magazine - School:** Messrs D. Andrews, D. Moses, Miss Lockhart.

**Community:** Misses P. Westhaver, R. Sarty, Mr. R. Campbell.

Much of the photography was done by Mr. R. H. Campbell and Mr. George Naas.



## THE SEA GULL



by Shirley L. Lohnes '50; Janet E. Zinck '50

The 1950 issue of the Sea Gull is being dedicated to the Lunenburg War Memorial Community Centre. That of 1948 was dedicated to the memory of our men and women who fought and died in the Second World War. The Lunenburg War Memorial Community Centre is a concrete expression of our grateful citizens to perpetuate in this manner the memory of those who served us so well.

Redecoration has been a big factor in improving the appearance of the school this year. The biggest achievement in this field was the renovation of the library. With repainted walls and a new block ceiling, the Library became a modern, more attractive room. In addition to these changes a small adjoining room was converted into a wing of the old library. The extra space was a welcome improvement, and its shelves are now covered with various types of books. When these renovations had been completed, our Library was reopened and dedicated to the late Mr. Burgess McKittrick, a past Principal of the Academy. At this time the Library was renamed "The Burgess McKittrick Memorial Library."

Other changes included the redecoration of the Grade X room, and the installation of fluorescent lights in Grades VII and VIII. With such vast improvements, the old Academy is becoming more modern and better equipped.

There has only been one change in the staff at Lunenburg Academy this year. Miss Eleanor Lockhart replaced Miss Jean Powers as Household Science teacher who resigned her position to be married.

Extra-curricular activities have played a most important part in the life of the Academy during 1949 and 1950.

Aside from scholastic attainment, many of our students enjoy the diversity of sports. Basketball is played by four Academy teams. Both intermediate groups achieved provincial honors in 1949. The boys defeated Sydney to capture the Nova Scotia Headmaster title; the girls were downed by New Waterford to become runners-up in that series. Hockey enthusiasts

## THE SEA GULL

were not quite so successful being shut-out by Bridgewater in the initial Headmasters series. The Curling Headmasters team successfully defeated Bridgewater and Liverpool only to be edged out by Middleton with a point lead.

The Academy team captured first place in the "D" class in the 1949 Acadia Relay Track Meet - the first Acadia banner won by the Academy since they began competing in the Meet. The "D" class is a newly formed group for boys under 14 years of age. As usual Junior High School competed in the Bridgewater Meet, coming out in 3rd place - total points.

In 1950 both intermediate basketball teams, the Girls Junior team and the Curling team were downed by their first opponents Liverpool. Our teams enjoyed, however, many exhibition games.

The Academy Hockey Team represented the South Shore by downing Bridgewater High in a tight match, only to be excluded by St. Mary's High, Halifax, in another two game series.

It, may be seen that with all these athletic activities, capital is the most important limit of variety and magnitude in sports. In raising money to send teams away both students and general public have co-operated to a most appreciable extent. During recess, apples are retailed in the halls throughout the year by the Athletic Association. Also, at various times pantry sales, magazine subscription sales and apple sales were held with considerable success. Aside from this many people have generously loaned their cars to take teams away, or have kindly entertained visiting sport players. All in all besides physical betterment athletics help to bring the students closer to the community life of this and other centres.

Again, an operetta entitled "The Ghost of Lollypop Bay" was staged during the Christmas season under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner. Both Choral Clubs received high praise from M. ss MacQuillan, director of music in the Halifax City Schools who was adjudicator at the County Music Festival held at Bridgewater. We are happy to voice the sentiments of the staff and of the student body, to Mrs. Oxner for her unflagging efforts in so whole heartedly giving of her time and talent in organizing and conducting drama and music in our school. The praise falling to the school in this field is directly attributable to Mrs. Oxner to whom we again say "thank you!"

We also express our thanks to Senator William Duff who so kindly presented to the Academy a number of musical instruments with which a number of our talented pupils have formed a school orchestra.

In presenting this issue of the Sea Gull to the public, the class of '50 are appreciative for all the many privileges and opportunities so freely offered to them by the teaching staff; and we trust that our last concerted efforts in this issue of the Sea Gull will be as pleasurably received by its readers as was its preparation by the class of '50.

## USE YOUR TALENTS

by D. H. Collins, Principal

A short time ago I read about a young man who is likely to become a second Caruso, the famous opera singer of other years. As the story goes, the youth was one of a large family, so it was necessary for him to leave school to assist the family exchequer. But he loved singing so much his father, who could ill afford it, arranged singing lessons for the boy. The latter was constructed ruggedly thus he worked at a number of laboring jobs where muscle is an important factor. Finally his opportunity arrived; just as it does for each of us if we have the talent and the initiative to utilize the opening. He was helping to move a piano into the studio of a famous teacher singing all the while with his high tenor range ringing through the room. The teacher heard his singing, insisted on giving him lessons, and now the young man is on his way to better things. What he accomplishes now is a matter of time and his reaction to his opportunities.

We cannot all be outstanding singers, and I sometimes feel the man at the top of any line of work is magnified way out of proportion to his value to the country and as an illustration. Each has talents to dispose of by cultivation or atrophy to the point where they are useless. Each one of us has been endowed with natural talents of varying degrees by God, and our use of them can generate happiness or discontent for ourselves.

The greatest Teacher of all time gave to the world the "Parable of the Talents" in which you recall several individuals were given sums of money to invest or to use as they saw fit. Each reported after the expiration of the time allocated for the experiment. Punishment was meted out to the individual who had done nothing with what had been given to him. However one might interpret the Parable, this central truth remains; namely, that you and I cannot avoid the consequences associated with the failure to utilize to the full the talents we possess.

Much is made of Guidance in the curriculum of the schools to-day. This is narrowly vocational in most cases with the idea of endeavoring to "prevent round pegs from getting into square holes." The value of such a programme is tremendous when it is handled by a person who understands the problem and who has infinite patience.

We tend, however, to stress too much the wise direction of the potentialities we possess rather than their development. This explains why the extra-curricular activities of the school are so important and so valuable. Their worth cannot be measured in terms of marks, since the investment is of a long-term nature. Such an attempt to bring about citizenship participation in the activities of the school on the part of the many is a precursor of the community life of each when adulthood has been reached.

Unfortunately, there are a few who take a dim view of all but what is

pleasurable to them or who feel subjects are more important than personality development. Common sense would conclude the equal guilt of a student who majors in athletics along with the student who majors completely in subjects. Both have a part in the character and personality development of the individual, and the person who decries the value of either one has a hang-over from the Puritan Era.

No man can obtain inspiration from argumentation, so scholar, philosopher, and poet are a bolstering element. Can anyone improve on the statement made by Socrates "Know thyself"? Or who can surpass the lines of Longfellow pregnant with meaning:

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Nor in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat."



#### COMMON SCHOOL STAFF

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

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

## VALEDICTORY

by Janet E. Zinck '50

It is with a feeling of joy and happiness deeply tinged with regret that we come to the end of the road, as far as our High School days are concerned. This June brings with it the parting of the ways. Tonight we put our first step on a new road - the road of life which is for all of us a road of learning whether we seek higher education at colleges and universities or immediately enter the working world.

We find it almost impossible to believe that we have finished "school." It seems only yesterday that our mothers brought their children up the Academy hill and registered them in the Primary Grade - some of us overjoyed at being able to go to school at last, others of us frightened and crying clinging to our mother's skirts. From that day until very recently, we often said to ourselves and to one another "Shall we ever finish school?" "Shall we ever be able to accept the responsibilities of High School Students?" We watched with awe the High School Students cross the play-ground, but we took each step in our stride and in no time "we" were the High School students. The boys and girls in the lower grades today watch us with awe, but they will ere long be sitting in our places having accomplished exactly the same things as we have accomplished, and as our predecessors before us.

During our school years, our teachers have not only imparted to us knowledge, but from them we have acquired the three values of life. We have not gained material wealth, but other riches beyond all price: the riches of self-control, responsibility, honesty of purpose, moral sense, teamwork, co-operation.

School is one of the big factors in the moulding of the minds of the young. The home, the church, and the school work hand in hand preparing us physically, mentally, morally and spiritually to walk the road of life. These riches beyond all price are so necessary today as life is overshadowed by the threats of war and communism; and still simmering from the effects of strife and battle. Material wealth alone is not able to combat these threats, but such values as have been instilled in us during our youth.

Today, education is a most important factor in fitting Canadian youth for its future tasks. Therefore we say to our successors - work hard . . . use your opportunities to the fullest . . . for remember "There is no wasted toil." To those who follow in our steps we, the graduating class of '50 wish the best of everything that life may offer.

This Issue of  
"The Sea Gull"

is dedicated to

THE LUNENBURG WAR MEMORIAL  
COMMUNITY CENTRE

A Living Memorial to our Men who  
Served in the Last War.

We own the Centre;

We should support it.

## THE LUNENBURG WAR MEMORIAL COMMUNITY CENTRE

by Anne Sho'ds '51

"Bat'er up. Play ball!" the umpire announced on a warm sunny day last summer. This marked the beginning of the first baseball game on the new diamond of the Lunenburg Memorial Community Center. The newest addition to the community center showed signs of becoming one of the best ball fields in Nova Scotia.

The ball field was the latest accomplishment of the Community Center Commission, which took over the operation of the arena grounds in the post-war period. Prior to the war, the grounds contained the arena and the old curling rink; the property on which the latter stood was leased from the Lunenburg Arena Limited, a privately held company. The shareholders were, for the most part, citizens of the town. The arena building was constructed in 1928. Once a year until 1940, the grounds were rented for the purpose of holding the Fisheries Exhibition. This event, discontinued during the war, has been operating again since 1947.

In the early 'forties, a track was built on the swamp, but this proved rather unsuccessful because of improper drainage. A softball diamond provided entertainment during the black years of the war, when sailors from the ships in port competed with a local team. Baseball was revived for a short time, in 1944, with the boys in blue playing against a Lunenburg Foundry team. During this period a right of way ran the length of the property to a farm in the rear, and many a ball game was delayed while teams and spectators watched a vehicle or pedestrian pass across the field. The navymen also provided topnotch hockey teams, which competed in a Lunenburg - Mahone Bay League.

It was decided in 1947 to build a new curling rink opposite the arena. A modern building with an artificial ice plant was constructed with a men's clubroom at one end and a ladies' at the other. This is a great improvement over the old rink, which depended wholly on natural ice. The property at that time was also leased from the Arena Limited.

After the war, the idea of starting a war memorial community center was conceived. The shares of the Lunenburg Arena Company Limited were purchased by the Fisheries Exhibition. Twenty thousand dollars was spent in 1948 and 1949 filling in the swamp, purchasing the farm, moving the farm buildings, levelling the field, and building a drainage coverage over the center of the field. Last year a track was built, necessitating twelve car-loads of cinders.

With the co-operation of the Lunenburg Amateur Athletic Association, a new baseball diamond took form, and baseball was revived with four town

teams. In 1949, Lunenburg had the opportunity of witnessing a game played after dark under artificial portable lights for the first time when a large crowd jammed the new grandstand to see a local squad take on the touring Detroit Clowns.

Last year a sum of seven thousand dollars was spent on preparation and drainage in the arena as the citizens saw their dream of artificial ice in this building take shape. A new wing was built in the end for the refrigerating machinery, the cost of which was over thirty-five thousand dollars. A much needed new heating system of oil with hot air was installed for the dressing rooms.

In order to increase the funds for continuous improvements and additions to the community center, a radio auction was held on November 17 and 18, 1949, by the Board of Trade. Half of the money received was given to this cause and the enthusiasm of the people attracted a large crowd to the opening of the renovated twenty-two year old arena.

The grounds and buildings of the community center are for the general use of the citizens at reasonable rates designed to help meet the prevalent expenses. Last fall, Mr. Donald Harvey, a physical director, was hired by the community center to instruct the younger generation in hockey. Mr. Ian Campbell and teachers of the Academy teach basketball.

The community center is administered by a committee of seven which were appointed by the Town Council in June, 1948. It must always include two members of the Council. The Commission is as follows:

Mr. F. H. Zwicker, Chairman.  
 Mr. L. L. Hebb, Vice-Chairman.  
 Mr. R. D. Cook.  
 Mr. C. J. Morrow.  
 Captain J. R. Knickle.  
 Dr. R. G. A. Wood.  
 Mr. R. M. Whynacht.

Mr. L. W. Geldert, the Town Clerk, is secretary-treasurer of the Commission, which is now looking forward to the prospect of building a community hall which will contain an auditorium for public gatherings, a gym, rooms for the various societies to rent, bowling alleys, badminton and tennis courts.

The War Memorial is a living memorial to those who have served in the last World Wars. It is hoped that, in the near future, suitable memorial gates or some permanent structure will be erected on the grounds to appreciate the fact. The whole enterprise has been largely brought about by public subscription. It is deeded to the town and owned by the citizens. The Community Center is operated for the benefit of all concerned.





THE LUNENBURG ARENA



THE LUNENBURG CURLING CLUB

## YOUTH AND THE COMMUNITY

by F. Homer Zwicker



We might term this subject as the Passing Parade in the sense that for a few years we are classed as infants, graduate to adolescence, and finally pass on to the middle and old age group. The age group remains constant whereas you and I pass through the various portals to a different room wherein we dwell for a short period, at least from the point of view of old age. In terms of the ages, our scale of measurement changes until humanity appears to be striving towards an immortality of which we do not appear to be wholly conscious nor can we do aught to prevent its culmination. You and I are a part of this parade, and the larger picture is essential in order to have the necessary perspective to see a close up of our own part.

All right, you and I live in Lunenburg in the year 1950. I am classed as middle age, by chronological reckoning. On the same basis, you are classed as the youth of the community. Now we could argue about the suitability of separating persons by ages, for we have some older persons in Lunenburg who, on the basis of the zest for living, are very young indeed. There are even young people who behave as if weighed down by the cares and tribulations of old age. It follows of necessity that all age groups have certain duties and certain liberties, some people refer to liberties as "rights" but to me a person referring to their "rights" to do this or that or have this or that is objectionable. If more people thought of the liberty they enjoy, they would be more ready to recognize the duties they should assume. Believe it or not the world does not owe you anything. You will get out of living what you put into it.

My duties are fairly well defined. I pay taxes to maintain the Academy and the many ramifications of the town services. I am expected to provide leadership for worthy causes, as well as being a loyal supporter of causes for the common good. Thus the list can be expanded to include the obligations of citizenship. Much of it might appear to be bothersome and burdensome, yet the right attitude can make them a pleasure since personality and character attain their fruition in serving others. Anyone who refuses to serve others is certain to miss the "abundant life."

Now we have made a few remarks about age groups adding something about their duties and liberties. As one gets along in years, one

tends to become a bit philosophical and the foregoing remarks are no exception to the rule. Of course the greatest Teacher of our philosophy of life once said, "Ye cannot live by bread alone." But youth is a time for joyous living, and most adults enjoy watching the process. I am going to enjoy watching youth use the Community Centre, and might here want you to realize this Centre belongs as much to you as it does to all of us—therefore take a pride in it and protect your property — keep it tidy — be ready to help in any work that is required.

Healthy physical growth is of paramount importance to the individual. Ergo! the Community Centre is doing, and will do more in the future to provide you with the facilities for this development. The playground equipment at school, the sports programme, the Community Centre et al are all part and parcel of the means to enable you to develop yourselves physically. Possibly, more can be accomplished, as many of our youths are spectators rather than participants in even the simplest of games. I hope there will be a change in this respect and a lot more will take part in the various sports, now that there is room for so many more to participate in them. The Commission in charge of the Community Centre is trying to do something you will be very thankful for in after life.

Furthermore, the characteristics developed by these means have an abiding influence on your character and habits. In any game the player must subordinate his desires to that of the welfare of the team or the game may be lost. This is a difficult lesson to learn, but once mastered is invaluable to anyone. "Play up! Play up! and play the game" has a significance far beyond the breath-taking moments of winning a game. All of us can recall those who never did master the habit of co-operating with others; of giving everything for the sake of the game; and of good sportsmanship when the game was lost to a better team. Remember too, that a good loser is admired for being an extra special good sport.

Any and all of these movements necessitate the expenditure of large sums of money. This part of the job must be handled by the older generation, but the young people can become convinced of their importance and value their impact on young lives. A proper visualization of the Community Centre envisions a service to all segments and tastes of the community. Much money has been expended to date thus making additional projects on these grounds gradual but nonetheless desirable. It took years to reach the stage at which we have arrived; it will take time to develop the Community Centre beyond the Curling, Hockey, Exhibition, and Track movements. Persistence and co-operation will eventually encompass what is vital to make this place a Community Centre in the true sense of the word.

As young people you owe a duty to Lunenburg to become worthy members accepting both your privileges and duties. One of your weighty problems is the selection of a location wherein you can realize to the full your capacities and potentialities. It is most disconcerting to see a youth today who is drifting along without having made a selection of life's occupations. Competition is so keen today; occupations are so specialized, that an early decision on the matter is all to the good. Is it asking too much to

request your consideration of Lunenburg as a permanent residence? For years we have been exporting many of our finest young men and women, which is as it should be in a free economy, yet one often wonders if there would not have been as much happiness and position here as there appeared to be beyond the confines of a small town. After all there is much to compensate one for living here.

In a Democracy we must see to it that education is never used for evil purposes. This cannot be said for the best of the dictatorships wherein the masses have been perverted by education for the evil designs of those in power. Illiteracy, ill-health, and emotional instability can be overcome by the right sort of education. As young people, it is your duty to prepare yourselves mentally, as well as physically, for the right kind of Canadian Citizenship. Such a positive approach to the many negatives persisting in the minds of men today cannot but have a neutralizing effect.

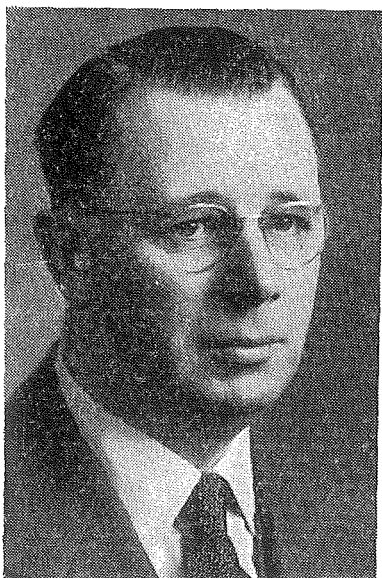
As Chairman of the Community Centre, I am vitally interested in you and your contribution to the town of Lunenburg. While it is not necessarily true to say that a healthy body makes for a sound mind since many of the best of Hitler's armed forces were the acme of physical perfection while possessing warped minds of twisted thinking; it is nonetheless desirable to create a laudable pride in one's body. Thus we should be able to utilize the Community Centre, our Academy, our Churches, and our Canadian Culture to build better Canadians, in other words sound minds in sound bodies.



FLORENCE FEENER IN CHEMISTRY LAB.

## YOUTH AND THE COMMUNITY CENTRE

by H. Douglas Pyke



The Lunenburg War Memorial Community Centre belongs to the citizens of Lunenburg. Until all of us realize this fact the Centre can never fully implement the purpose for which it was conceived. The main idea was originally to give the youth of Lunenburg every opportunity for physical development. Today it is admitted that mental and physical development should be co-ordinated, hence the emphasis across Canada on physical education.

Our Community Centre can never realize its potentialities until a fully qualified Physical Director is employed. Naturally his duties would have to be clarified fully for his efforts to be of maximum value. However, it requires the knowledge of the expert to co-ordinate fully a program

to interest the youth of the town supplemented by the degree of necessary guidance. It must be admitted strong citizen committees are an integral part of a physical program. Without their interest the best director cannot give the maximum service. All of us shall have to accept our responsibilities in this regard.

During the present winter, steps have been taken to utilize the advantages offered by the Community Centre. A large number of boys of school age and junior rating have been playing hockey at no financial charge. In contrast, it can be found that in most towns of Nova Scotia an hourly rate is charged for the use of the ice. Regardless of the legitimate criticism, Lunenburg has always shown consideration for the lean pocketbooks of our young people.

The sports' field in the Centre was only put into use during the summer of 1949 and was utilized for softball and hardball. The facilities were not used to the best advantage, nor were the activities patronized very well by the citizens of the town. The youth and older people of the town could be organized into a number of softball teams, and with proper supervision

and organization the facilities of the Centre could be utilized for recreation and competitive sports throughout the summer months. The hardball diamond will be in better shape this coming season, and a baseball team should be developed to compete against other teams along the South Shore

There is ample space to lay out a football field for fall sports where English rugby or Canadian football could be played, and considerable thought should be given to this phase of the athletic program for the youth of the town so that a full year round program can be mapped out to make the fullest use of the facilities which the Community Centre Commission is providing.

Obviously it would be desirable ultimately to develop locally athletes for participation in competitive sport. Such an aim is a long term proposition and requires the co-operation of our youth with a Physical Director and the Community Centre Commission. The Lunenburg War Memorial Community Centre will only be as fitting a memorial as the people of Lunenburg make it, chiefly the youth for whom it was intended.

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HOUSEHOLD AND MECHANIC SCIENCE BOOTH AT 1949  
N. S. FISHERIES EXHIBITION

## AN EXPERIENCE AT SEA

Captain Joseph Himmelman

by Sheila Hellstrom '53



Captain Joseph Albert Himmelman, the son of the late Captain Albert Himmelman and the late Rosabelle Mosher, was born on November 12, 1895 at Bayport, Lunenburg County, then known as Middle South. When he was four years old, Capt. Himmelman moved to Lunenburg with his parents and received his early education there. At the age of fourteen, he followed in the footsteps of his forefathers and went to sea as "catchie" on the "Alice Gertrude." Not liking it, he stayed ashore four years and learned the tinsmith trade.

During the First World War, he served in the merchant marine and visited many great European ports. At the war's end, Capt. Himmelman returned to Nova Scotia. In 1921 the ship he was on caught fire off Cross Island and two crew members

narrowly escaped when their dory upset. From 1921 - 1924 he sailed on fishing schooners with his father. The Christmas of 1924 was a sad one for him. He was to have gone to the Banks on the schooner "Keno" with his father as master, but, as if by some stroke of Fate, he remained ashore. The "Keno", with all its crew members, including his father, disappeared somewhere off the coast of Newfoundland and was never heard from again.

In 1926, Capt. Himmelman sailed as mate with the "Bluenose" under Capt. Angus Walters against the "Haligonian." Capt. Himmelman's second shipwreck came aboard the schooner "Mayotte." On January 27, 1928, the "Mayotte" sailed from Lunenburg bound for Ponce, Puerto Rico with a cargo of dry and pickled fish. They continued on their voyage until January 29 when they encountered strong west south-west winds which gradually increased to gale and then hurricane force. The ship sailed along comfortably under shortened sail, the jumbo hauled down and the ship hove to on the starboard tack until about six o'clock in the afternoon, when a tremendous sea boarded her on the starboard side, rolling her over on her beam ends and almost capsizing her.

When the ship righted, two men were found to have been washed over-

board, although one managed to climb on board again, and several crew members were injured. On deck the main-mast, main boom, main gaft, main-sail, fore-sail, all rigging and running gear attached to them, chain plates, two life-boats, anchor chains and other moveable articles were carried away. The rigging on the star-board side was still fast and hanging across the ship's deck. The main top-mast and part of the main mast were still fast to the fore-mast by the spring stay and the wreckage was lying on her port side pounding against her bottom and finally breaking off her rudder. Capt. Himmelman then ordered the rigging to be cut clear from the starboard side of the ship.

The crew found it impossible to clear the wreckage of the main mast from the fore-mast and after swinging back and forth against the rigging for some time, it finally struck the fore-mast, breaking the step, and the fore-mast began to surge about in the mast hole, tearing the ship's deck, breaking the engine and doing other damage.



**Wrecked Ship—MAYOTTE**

The rigging on the starboard side was finally cut clear and the fore-mast went over the port bow, tearing up the deck and breaking off two deck beams, thus leaving her hold open to the sea. After covering the holes in the deck with staysail, the crew immediately manned the pumps. It was impossible to make the canvas tight so the crew had to pump steadily for five hours and every two hours after that, to keep the ship from filling.

The wind decreased during the night but the next morning it veered around to the northward and increased in force. The ship took in more water and it became apparent that she would not stay afloat much longer.

About seven o'clock in the morning a steamer was sighted approaching from the northward. To the crew, they had never beheld a pleasanter sight. They prepared to abandon ship but the sea was too rough to put out the life



boats so the steamer, which they learned was the C.G.M.M. "Pathfinder", took them aboard with ropes. The "Pathfinder" took them to Hamilton, Bermuda, B. W. I., from whence they took passage to Saint John, N. B. and then proceeded to Lunenburg.

On December 16, 1931, while master of the motor ship "Abeqweit", Capt. Himmelman was again shipwrecked. The vessel, out of Lunenburg bound for Halifax loaded with ballast and spare engine parts, was about four miles south of Cross Island Light, when, about eight o'clock in the evening, a fire broke out in the engine room. Realizing that it was impossible to save the ship, the crew launched the dories and abandoned her.



#### CREW OF MAYOTTE ON BOARD OF CANADIAN PATHFINDER

Front Row (left to right)—Joseph Himmelman (Capt.); Naaman Wentzell, (Cook.)

Back Row (left to right)—Clarence Tancock, George Myra, Albinus Hellstrom, William DeCoursey, (Mate.)

In the heavy sea one of the dories capsized and the two crew members were saved with great difficulty. About four hours later the dories landed on Cross Island, where they spent the night with lobster fishermen, returning to Lunenburg the next day.

Ill health forced him to retire in 1936 after spending twenty-three years at sea. He sailed as master for five years and had three shipwrecks, one with his uncle.

During the Second World War, Capt. Himmelman served as a naval pilot, testing the guns and depth charges of refitted warships. He has two children - Albert, who served with the R.C.A.F. during the war, and Jean, presently employed at the Bank of Montreal. Today he lives quietly as light-keeper on Battery Point, where to all those who frequent the waterfront, as well as his many friends, he will always be affectionately known as "Cap'n Joey."

## THE SEA ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN ADAM KNICKLE

by Kathryn Knock '51; Barbara Hirtle '51

Last summer we made several trips to Captain Adam Knickle's home on Heckman's Island. He related to us several interesting sea adventures when he was a young man.

On one occasion Capt. Knickle related to us the following story:

Seventy-four years ago the fishing industry was not carried on as today. The deep sea fishing fleet consisted of about one hundred boats. The end of September was the finishing time for the boats that went to the Grand Banks and other Banks.

Part of the fleet was cleaning up on their side of the harbour while the boats of the larger tonnage cleaned for the West Indies trade. The schooner commanded by Captain Alexander Eisenhauer, on which I was a crew member, was called "The Dictator." Her cargo was discharged and she was cleaned inside and outside with not a nail missed from bulkhead to bulkhead.



Part of the crew went to their homes while three others, besides myself and my chum, who for now we shall call "Charlie", stayed on board. About dusk I went on deck to see if everything was secure with regard to the lines when I saw two men, Matt and Pynn, leave the fore-castle and climb up on the wharf wearing their shore clothes.

When I saw that everything was safe, I went below. Charlie and I decided to spend the evening on board, so that we could gather our belongings together. We shared berths during the whole fishing season. We removed our outer garments, which very few people realize as a privilege. I would say we went to bed about eight o'clock in order to enjoy a long night's rest. I fell asleep almost at once and began to dream that the hatch-cover had fallen into the hold and I was trying to lift it up on deck. Of course I couldn't have done it if I had been awake because the distance was about ten feet from the kilson to the hatch combing. In my dream I called for Charlie to help me. I called several times until I awoke. At first I heard the usual noises out on the water, but as I came out of my sleepiness I heard the hard splashing of the water. I sprang out of my bunk and called "Charlie" loudly.

I climbed on deck and knowing where the fore-sheet was coiled on the post, grabbed it. The fore-sheet consists of a piece of three inch manila rope. In the afternoon, I noticed this rope was hanging down over the coil.

Just as I grabbed the fore-sheet in my left hand, I heard a man say, "I am gone."

"Hold on Matt. I'll save you," I replied.

I went down over the side with the rope in my left hand into the water. I succeeded in getting the rope under his arms. I called out to Charlie that I had him.

"Haul him away!" I yelled.

After some time we got him up over the side, since he was a big man and his clothes made him that much heavier. I told Charlie to take him to the fore-castle and look after him. He did this and Matt quickly revived from his shock.

Later I said to Charlie, "Do you think I should look for Pynn?"

Charlie replied, "I don't care."

"Well," I said, "I might as well look for him." So I climbed up on the main rigging. The first thing I came in contact with was a piece of board that they laid across from the capstain to the shearpole from the main rigging. After picking up the piece of board and throwing it aside, I stumbled over Pynn who was lying down on the wharf in the rain and dirt. I grabbed him by the one hand and with the other took him by the slack of his pants. I yanked him on his feet and shook him considerably and never got a word out of him. I took him to the side of the wharf and swung him on board and yelled to Charlie, "Look out, Pynn's coming." You might ask why I was very annoyed over the circumstances. Well, because he helped to spend Matt's money, not having any of his own, and when Matt fell into the water he laid himself down on the wharf and didn't offer any assistance or make any alarm to save his shipmate's life.

I never saw either of them after that, for Matt went to the West Indies that coming fall and was washed off the bowsprit of a schooner on his way.

I never spoke to Pynn after that, and neither Charlie nor I ever told the story, so no one knew what took place that dark rainy September night. If Pynn ever saw me on the street, he always doubled around some corner or alley way."

Captain Knickle's second story:

"As a rule sailors and fishermen are enemies of the sharks. Consequently I was one of the crew who tried to destroy a shark. We were fishing on Bank Quero and the sharks were plentiful. A few came along the side of the boat and appeared to be quite saucy, so I hooked one with a big gaff and with the help of one of the boys I pulled him onboard. He was extremely savage and bit into everything that came in his way. So I said, "Mr. Shark, I'll stop your fun very soon." I cut off his head and with a fork picked it off the main deck and threw it on top of the cabin house. Some time later, one of the dories came along side, threw out their fish, washed and cleaned their dory, and hung it astern. The skipper, after washing his hands, came forward. Seeing the shark's head on the cabin house he went up to it and pulled his finger across the shark's nose, when suddenly the shark's jaws made a grab for his finger. Only the quickness of Randolph Stevens saved

his finger from being mutilated. I told Randolph to take the broom that was lying on the house and put it in the shark's mouth to see if he had the power to bite off his finger, if he had caught it, using the broom as a substitute. He put the broom in the shark's mouth and swung the head around several times to show the strength the shark possessed after the head had been removed from the body for about twenty minutes.

I guessed the weight of the shark's head to be about thirty pounds. This story goes to prove what immense power they have in their jaws. It is known how easily a shark of any size could bite off someone's leg, consequently it is wise to be careful when going bathing deep seas."

In this next story Captain Knickle was captain of his own boat.

"We were fishing on Bank Quero where the sharks were very plentiful. A good sized one came to the schooner for the little pieces of offal as the boys were cleaning and dressing fish. I told the boys that when we were through dressing, I was going to gaff that shark. One of the boys said, 'Skipper, don't gaff that shark. He will take you overboard.' Well, I had sense enough not to let him take me overboard, but I might lose the gaff. The gaff was a ten foot pole with a strong blacksmith hook at the end. So after we were through, Mr. Shark came along, saucy and independent.

I put a pair of new woollen mittens on my hands and took the gaff. Mr. Shark came up close enough to the schooner and I gaffed him about in the middle. Well without exaggerating the story, there was something doing then. He threw his tail in over the end of the vessel and at the same time threw pails of ice cold water in my face, blinding me. He kept this up continually, wearing me out. The cook was standing in the companion way laughing. I was becoming weaker every second, so I told the cook to come aft and give me a lift. He came with his slippers on, hopped on a nearby table and got hold of the gaff pole. He pulled one way and I pulled the other.

There were two boys standing by, afraid to come handy. I encouraged one of them, when the shark threw his tail over the rail, to put his two arms around his tail and bend it down over the rail to disable him. After doing so I told the other boy, Jerry, to take two hitches over his tail and to fasten him to the metal pin in the rail. He was just in time for I was ready to give up the fight.

Did you ever see an angry fish? He threw the front of his body in the air, and you could hear the noise and the racket he made for a considerable distance.

After we got our wind I said, Mr. Shark I am not through with you yet."

So we put a rope on his tail and took the fore boom, lifted and hoisted him on deck. If he was angry before he was much angrier now. The boys got forks and a big knife because he was becoming destructive. They killed him.

"That's a mighty big shark," said the cook.

"Yes," I said, "go down in the cabin and get the rule that's on the table. We'll measure him."

The cook brought the rule and measured the dead shark. He measured ten feet ten inches in length.

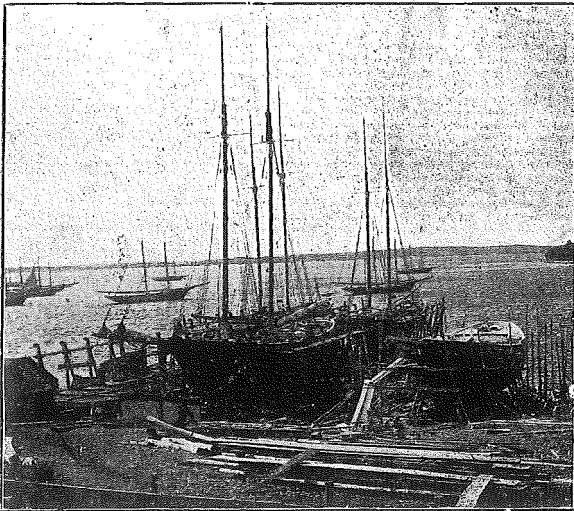
## AN OLD SHIP

by Jeffrey Cook '51; Nadine Lohnes '51

Around the turn of the century, the Lunenburg fisheries were at their prime - having more than one hundred schooners fishing from this port. Among these were "The Dictator", "The Lady Speedwell" and "The Nova Zembla" and in later years "The Lloyd George" - all successful because of capable captains, efficient design, and the assistance of the spirits that rule the sea. Among these vessels, the Nova Zembla did not lack any of the essentials required by the successful "banker."

The Nova Zembla was built in 1882 at Lunenburg by Peter Young. Her first trip was made from here under the command of Captain Adam Knickle of Lunenburg - his first "Grand Banker" command. Captain Knickle, Michael and Alexander Anderson, and Leonard Tanner were the owners. The frame was of Nova Scotian spruce and birch; planking of local beech and maple, decks of spruce and rails of birch. She displaced 89 tons, the 65 foot keel being of birch. She had a twenty-three foot beam and an eleven foot hold.

After sailing from Lunenburg (and touching in at Chester) on March 31, 1882, her first trip, she met a south-east gale while passing the Sambro Island. For eight days the "blow" continued, making it scarcely "fit for a dog." After weathering this, the vessel continued under faithful sail to Newfoundland for bait which they got at Cape Broyle. Two hundred and fifty



miles to the South-east lay the Virgin Rocks and fifty miles past these they would fish. The Nova Zembla sailed before a good north-west wind for a day and a night. Nine o'clock the next morning a schooner was sighted, anchored directly on her course. The Nova Zembla kept steady on her course, sailing up to the anchored vessel which she hailed. It

was the "Lizzy Lea", a schooner from Bucksport, Maine, Captain Knickle asked if they knew in what direction lay the Virgin Rocks.

"If you look over your port quarter you can see them breaking," they

replied. And sure enough, about a quarter of a mile away could be seen the white foam of breaking surf.

They anchored forty-five miles past the Virgin Rocks and fished continually, salting their catch down until by one Saturday evening they knew it would take only one more day's fishing to complete the "trip." The vessel was all but awash, its holds were so full. When they cleaned up, after a fourth meal around eleven p. m., the crew "hit the hay." The captain, realizing that the deck-boys had worked extra hard that day, relieved them from their duty of pumping as a reward. He made the watch responsible. It was a perfect evening and the captain slept well until before dawn. He awoke to the sound of intermittent pumping - slowly working and then stopping, in irregular movement. Then he heard fast footsteps approaching his cabin. Since he knew his crew well, he recognized the messenger by his step before he entered the cabin. It must be serious to disturb the captain at such an early hour. The man knocked and entered: "Ship's coming!"

Captain Knickle aroused all his men to the decks and sure enough, a windjammer was sailing directly for them. She kept coming without changing course. The crew began making a disturbance by waving torches, ringing the bell, blowing the foghorn and firing pistols, etc., to gain the attention of the mysterious ship; but it still kept coming directly for the seemingly doomed Nova Zembla. The crew continued their alarms without ceasing, but the strange square rigger kept sailing directly for the vessel. Everything seemed lost - the vessel would be run down on her first trip and if any of the crew survived, they would find the experience would do them little good - they would still lose their summer's work and their personal effects from sailing on that unfortunate vessel. Some of the crew, having lost all hope, attempted escaping in a dory, but the captain called them back. In his desperation he had remembered something he had once read - the human voice attracts more attention than anything else to a human. He quickly instructed his crew to start shouting together for all they were worth, which wasn't much at that moment. They had just begun "yelling" when the square rigger wavered in her course and then turned sharply to avoid hitting the vessel. Indeed, as it was, the wind-jammer had come so close that her sails and rigging were over the decks of the "Nova Zembla." Apparently the watch on the other ship had fallen asleep at the lookout, so peaceful was the night. Although they had not been awakened, the captain, realizing from the shouting that something was wrong, had warned the helmsman just in time. Such are the dangers to be met with sailing the seas. Can you call it luck? . . . That is how we would explain it, but to the sailor it is part of his superstitious creed.

That thankful Sunday there was no fishing - the captain always observed it as a day of rest, as indeed it was meant to be. Monday the fishing was completed; the hatches were secured for the homeward voyage of a trying but successful trip.

The "Nova Zembla" was a well built ship capable of beating in two tacks

about eight points to the wind. Built in the type of its day, she was somewhat smaller than the modern schooner. She was of the four lower sail type: mains'l, fores'l, jumbo and jib, with jib stay and a main topm'st. The light sails were the maingafftops'l and the f.sherman stays'l.

The Nova Zembla was named after an Arctic island belonging to Russia for the simple reason that it was believed at that time that the more A's in a vessel's name, the more successful it would become.

She made two short fishing trips in spring and one long trip in summer. All the catch was salted down in the hold until they reached home port. Here the fish were dried and sold or bartered.

The Nova Zembla was noted for her stability and steadiness, as well as her sailing speed. She was so comfortable during a particular storm in the Bay of Fundy that Barnacle Bill Langille named her Castle Comfort for her constancy.

The second season, after refitting, the Nova Zembla came off the Dartmouth Marine Railway. On a Friday evening early in the fishing season she made for Canso for bait, and arrived there late Saturday evening. She was the first of the fleet to arrive. Just as the sails were being tied up Sunday morning, a man came along side and asked. "After bait?"

"Yes, but we will not take any today - Tomorrow, though, we'll want some!" said the captain since he did not believe in doing work on Sunday that did not have to be done on that day.

All Sunday the fleet came and in the evening Canso harbor was a forest of masts; all after bait. Monday, Captain Knickle sent his men for bait, but apparently the man who had offered it on Sunday had told all the other fishermen not to sell them any. He could not get bait anywhere. His boat was the only vessel not baiting up. All the rest of the fleet had left for the banks, but little fishing could be done without bait. Captain Knickle "hung on", waiting for luck to break. The men were getting restless and the captain knew that something had to be done soon or he would need a new crew. Monday evening, nine days after they had arrived, they retired with hopes completely faded. Action would have to be taken the next morning. Then, splashing was heard beside the vessel. It was a certain William Welsh; "Do you want bait? I have plenty of mackerel."

Captain Knickle wanted squid - forty barrels, but by now all the squid were sold. He settled for twenty-four barrels of mackerel. They were bought right away and all felt much relieved. They set sail before a west wind, - but three miles out of Canso, by Cranberry Island, the wind died. Night was falling and the vessel began to drift towards the land with the tide. When it became evident that something must be done, the captain got the crew out of bed and started to tow the "Nova Zembla" seaward. After straining for three quarters of an hour on the dory oars a breeze came up from the east. Since this drove them landwards, the vessel had to beat seaward against the wind (i.e. traverse sailing). This lasted all day Tuesday, and Wednesday evening, with four miles to go, the crew still waited for a change of wind.

Finally they saw the "Lady Speedwell," a former ship of Captain Knickle, commanded by Captain Publicover. After giving them a wide berth the "Nova Zembla" anchored and began to fish. They didn't see the anchor again until the hold was brimming full. It was the best fishing Captain Knickle had ever seen. There was an abundance of large cod, haddock, and squid could be jigged at any time from the vessel's deck. For forty-eight days they fished on this one spot near the Middle Ground. Then they returned to port with a record catch, perhaps because of the captain's refusal to accept bait on a Sunday.

After that season Captain Richard Silver took over the command of the "Nova Zembla" for several years. After that she was sold to Enock Mason of Mahone Bay, and finally to a Mr. Philpot of Port Hawksbury.

Mr. Philpot took off the fishing equipment and used the "Nova Zembla" as a freighter. She transported potatoes from Prince Edward Island to Boston, as well as running between Cape Breton and Newfoundland. In this field of endeavor, as in fishing, the "Nova Zembla" proved a successful investment. She was lost when she ran aground on Cape North after an inexperienced hand was put in charge of the wheel during an emergency.

Gone now is the "Nova Zembla" and many of the hands that manned her. She was a good vessel, providing all demanded of a successful schooner. She brought home no laurels, but provided simple, secure achievement to those who sailed her. To them, then, unknown, unhonored toilers of the sea, do we propose this toast:

#### To an English Sailor

Sometimes comes back to memory  
 Of fifty years ago,  
 Bound home from Hong Kong, China,  
 Or sometimes Calico;  
 Swelting in the tropics  
 Or freezing off the Horn:  
 From points off the River Plate  
 With sails in ribbons torn.  
 Beating in our harbor neck  
 Or rolling up the bay,  
 Sounding up the channel  
 And receiving up our pay.

Slush lights lit the fore-castle,  
 That dark and dismal den;  
 Men ate salt horse and biscuit,  
 And wages two pound ten.  
 Four bells in the middle watch  
 A light bore on our lea;  
 And daylight on that island,



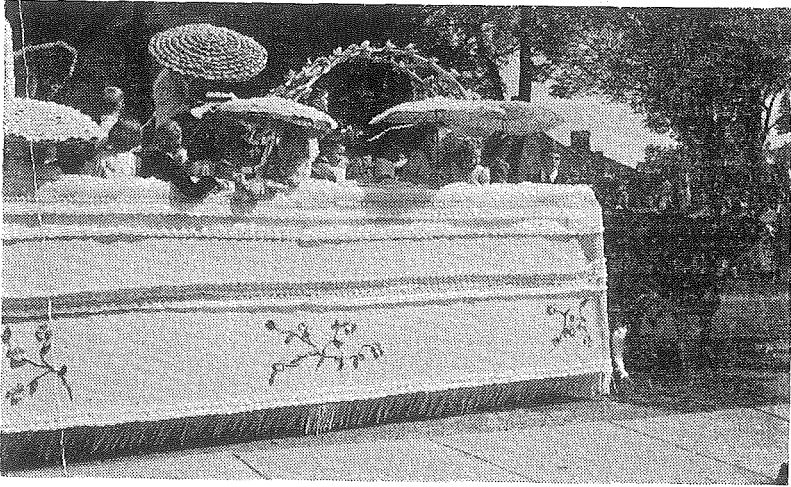
The first land that we'd seen,  
 We all had smiling faces -  
 There wasn't a sneer or frown,  
 For we shall be anchored  
 Off dear old Swanee town:  
 But old age is creeping on me,  
 My action's getting slow,  
 I'm waiting for eight bells to strike -  
 My final watch below.

But still I'd like to ship off shore  
 In some old English bark,  
 Just to hear the mate a - hollerin'  
 In the windy, stormy, dark;  
 Or first clew up th' tops'l  
 When the black south-easter roar;  
 But ain't no use a - wishin'  
 For them days will come no more.

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Addenda:

Greatly appreciated assistance was supplied by Capta'n Adam Knickle, Heckman's Island, and by Captain Dugan of Lunenburg, who submitted the toast.



1949 N. S. FISHERIES EXHIBITION PARADE FLOAT—GRADES II & III

**WE HEAR FROM JOHN - AVAST THERE**

Dear Mr. Collins:

Guess who is writing you from the Tropics. None other than John "Old Wind and Whistle" Bald. It seems to me that I remember, sometime in our acquaintanceship, some mention of how, once they are removed from school, the graduates always forget about the existence of their school principal, and so I decided to write you, to let you know how I am making out.

I did not manage to get to sea on an oil tanker, as was specified in the "Sea Gull", but I did manage to get on a 10,000 ton freighter called the "S.S. Federal Voyager" When you receive this letter, I will be in Vera Cruz, Mexico. From there we are going to Tampico, Mexico, and then to Brownsville, Texas. By that time it will be around the end of December. (Please excuse pencil - life-time ball-point pen died.) Then we shall (as latest grapevine news has it) go to Vancouver to pick up cargo for Africa. If everything turns out well, I shall be back in Nova Scotia sometime next July or August.

For my honorable services, the shipping company sees fit to pay me approx. \$200 a month, so I am not very worried about saving money for college.

I can't honestly say that I wouldn't like to be back in school, for after all, upon looking back, it does seem as if school was pretty much of a "life of Riley" sort of thing. Now that I am on my own, it is a little bit different. One thing I really miss, is having things all arranged for me. Nobody specifically tells me what to do, but if I leave work undone, I know that I shall be paid off at next port. It keeps me on my toes. I have learned a lot about people since leaving school, and it has not always been an easy lesson.

Since I am an adherent to the policy of shutting up when having no more to say, I'll close now with a wish that you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! (Temperature outside - 80 degrees).

John.

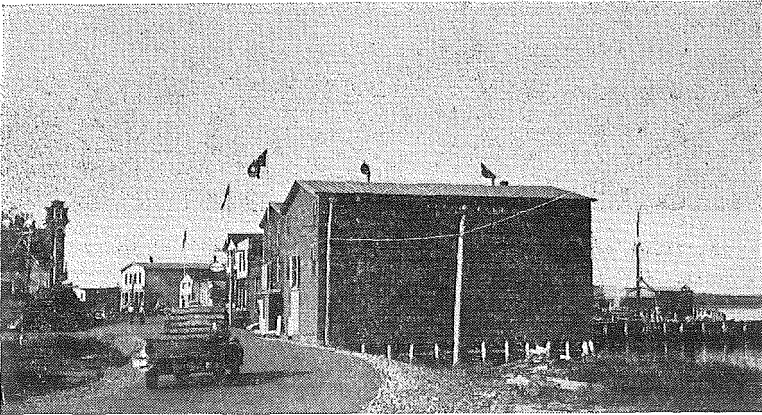
P. S.—Give all my love to Co-editors of "Sea Gull." They will cherish it I am sure.

John (Bald '49)

## RITCEY BROTHERS (FISHERIES) LIMITED

by Elizabeth Smith '50; Jean Ritcey '51

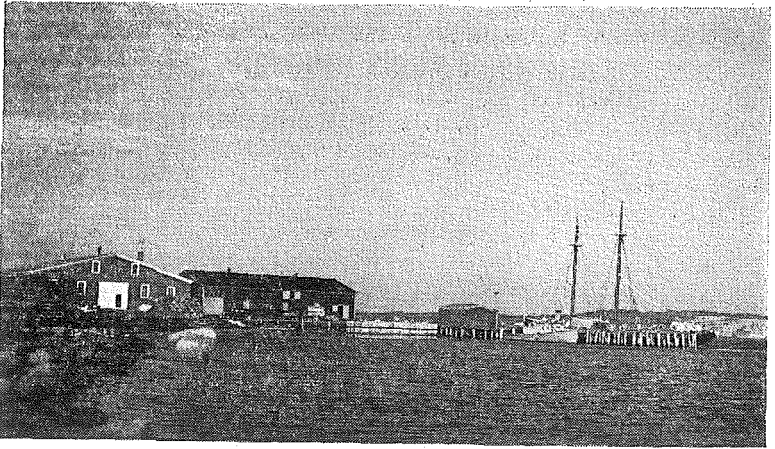
Riverport is a small village situated on the banks of the LaHave River. This village boasts of only one industry, namely, the fishing industry carried on by the firm of Ritcey Brothers (Fisheries) Limited. To gain some first hand information on the operation of this industry, we decided to take a tour of the plant.



On entering the firm, we were met by the foreman who offered to guide us through the buildings. He explained to us how the fish were handled from the time they were caught on the Grand Banks until they were ready for shipment. We were told that the fish were caught on trawls, set out from dories and then taken on board the "mother" ship. Here they are split, washed, and salted away in the ship's hold. At the end of the trip the salted fish are brought to the wharf of Ritcey Brothers (Fisheries) Limited at Riverport.

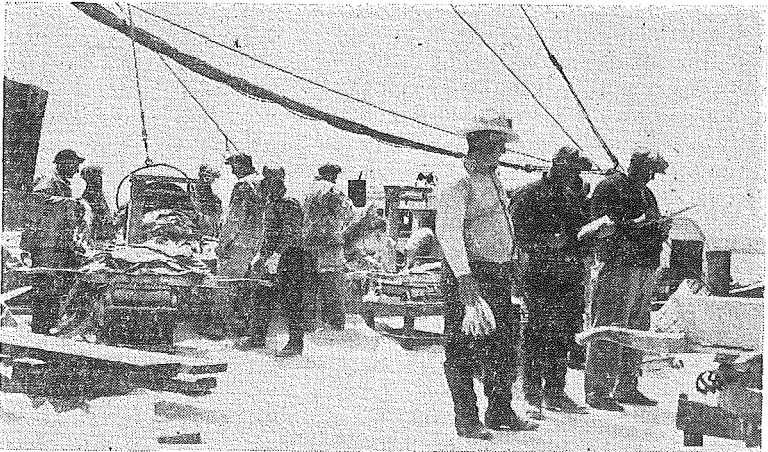
After the fish are unloaded from the schooner, they are weighed and packed in the cold storage plant of this firm. This plant is equipped to store from five to six million pounds of fish and hold them at 38 degrees Fahrenheit. On touring the building which houses the refrigerated storage, we noticed a room which contained a huge machine. We were told that this was an electric washing machine which is used for washing the salt fish. We learned that after being washed the fish are again piled in the cool rooms until they are taken to the drying plant.

When we entered the drying plant, which is a neat three storey building, we were taken to the third floor by means of an elevator. We noticed that this floor was divided into two sections. Upon inquiry, we learned that the one section is equipped with three air dryers, the other sections are used for storing the fish between the first and final dryings. The dryers consist of eight rooms, each 4' x 8' x 10' in size, and have sixteen wire trays in each



room. The three dryers hold a total of two hundred ten quintals of fish.

We learned that the fish taken from the cold storage plant are placed in the dryers for a period of twenty-four to forty-eight hours. This is known as the first drying. The fish are then taken from the dryers and piled in the storage room on this floor. They remain in these piles for a period of ten days after which time they are returned to the dryers for a final drying.



This drying being completed, the fish are placed on rubber wheeled carts and taken down to the storage room on the first floor.

After having thoroughly examined the third floor, we were taken to the second floor. We found this floor of the building to be the same as the third floor, the dryers holding the same amount of fish. At one end of this floor there is a room which serves as a recreation and dining room for the work-

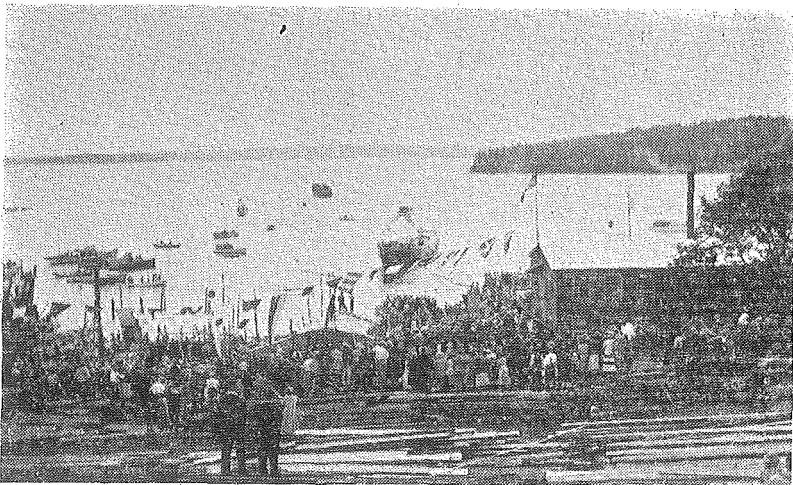
men. It is in this room that the workmen rehearse their many sea experiences as most of them are ex-seafaring men.

In completion of our tour we visited the first floor. This floor consists of a storage room for dried fish, packing room, another storage room for the finished product, a furnace room and a small office. We were informed that when the fish are dried, they are taken from the storage room to the packing room on large, four wheeled trays. Here they are graded as to size and quality, then packed in wooden cases. The plant is equipped to pack between six hundred and seven hundred cases of one hundred pounds each, per day. The size and grade are stenciled on the outside of each case. After this is completed, the fish are piled up in the storage room ready for shipment to various markets such as Havana, Santiago, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Trinidad, British Guiana, United States, Brazil, Greece and Italy.

The furnace room is equipped with three oil-burning automatic steam furnaces. The steam from these furnaces is delivered to large radiators placed in a room at the end of each dryer. The heat supplied by these radiators is then picked up by large fans and passed on through the many trays which hold the fish.

One of the many interesting things that we observed was that the entire plant is equipped with a modern inter-communication system. It also was interesting to know that all packing and grading is done under the careful eye of a government inspector.

After this interesting tour of the drying plant, we decided to visit the company's office to learn something of the firm's history. We learned that the company was incorporated in 1942; its purpose being to process and market marinated herring. In 1945 W. R. Ritcey, a native of Riverport,



The Jean Frances being launched at Smith & Rhuland Ship yards, Lunenburg

became associated with the company and was appointed managing director. It was immediately decided to expand the company to include the production, processing and exporting of salt fish. The building of a fleet and the erection of buildings for the processing of fish was planned. Today the Riverport fleet consists of six twelve dory fishing schooners. These schooners are jointly owned by Ritcey Brothers (Fisheries) Limited, the men who man them and residents of the surrounding districts. This fleet is the foundation of the Riverport fishing industry and it is due to the hard work and untiring efforts of the captains and crews that this industry was made possible.

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## HALIBUT FISHING

by David Parsons '54

Characters - Captain Loran Ritcey

The crew and myself, David Parsons.

The crew consisted of twenty-four men who go in the dories, two men in each of the twelve dories, together with two engineers, the cook, and myself.

Before I go any further, I think I should tell you what equipment she carried to contact the land and measure the depth of the water. The name of the vessel is "The Robertson the Third" and belongs to the Robertson Brothers, Shelburne, Nova Scotia. She has a ship-to-shore telephone by which the skipper can keep in contact with his home port. To measure the depth of water she has a sounding machine which measures the depth of water in fathoms and feet. To send her along, she has a three hundred and fifty horse-power engine which propels her at a rate of nine knots per hour.

After we left Lunenburg, which was on the eleventh day of June, 1949, we went to Halifax and took on bait and ice. The bait was frozen herring, and we took twenty thousand pounds as well as forty thousand pounds of ice. In the hold the herring are put in pens. Each pen holds about five thousand pounds. The same is done with the ice.

Leaving Halifax, at seven o'clock on the same day for our spot-buoy, it took us three days to reach it. During those three days I was seasick.

A spot-buoy is a buoy anchored at a good fishing spot. On this buoy is a battery and light; the light is always burning. This is set out the trip before so that the captain would know where to come the next trip.

We arrived on Monday morning at one o'clock. At three o'clock we had breakfast. After breakfast we started to bait our trawl. First we took the bait out of the hold and cut it in pieces. Next we put the cut bait into wooden tubs called bait tubs. After the amount of bait was cut, we then began to steam away from our spot-buoy. As we got farther away from it, one dory after another would drop a small barrel-shaped buoy overboard so they could tell where their trawl was.

Then the mooring is used. This mooring is tied to the buoy and on the other end of the mooring is the trawl. This mooring is used to give the

trawl a chance to reach bottom. It is 300 fathoms long (1,800 ft.) Perhaps you are wondering how much trawl is used, well, I will tell you. The trawl is measured off in skates. One skate contains four lines. Each line contains thirty-two sod-lines. These sod-lines are about three and one-half feet long and have hooks fastened to one end. The other end is fastened to the line.

After the mooring is in the water, the trawl fastened to the other end is put in the water. While one man rows, the other baits the trawl and casts it, hook after hook, over the side.

This procedure takes about three hours. After all the trawl is in the water, they sail back to the vessel. We wait about two hours and then have dinner. After dinner we put the dories in the water to get the fish. While the men go into the dories to get the fish and trawl, the vessel steams from one dory to another to see if the trawl is broken (and if they want to go to the other buoy which is at the other end of the trawl.) The vessel also steams from one to the other to see if any dory is full and wants to put the fish on deck. That is said to be lightening. When a dory wants to lighten it is said to have a middle load; this is because all the fish are in the middle of the dory. When all the trawls are on deck and the fish too, the dories are hoisted on board. Then supper is served.

After supper the fish are cleaned and iced in the hold to keep them fresh. The liver of the halibut is also saved and canned. After this the spurs in the trawl are taken out and the trawl is put away in neat coils. This procedure is carried out day after day until the hold is nearly full. Then the vessel steams for home and market. When the fish are taken out and the crew paid off, they make ready for another trip.

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## THE STRANGE STORY OF THE TEAZER

by Barbara Beck '51; Marion Zinck '52

Various parts of the Anglican Church in Chester contain different pieces fashioned out of the Teazer. The people of the Mahone Archipelago still relate a strange and mysterious tale about this extraordinary ship called the Teazer. The story goes back to 1812 during the war between the United States and the Mother Country, the latter having a large fleet at Halifax while the United States had a few frigates. Britain's fleet blockaded the Atlantic sea coast. During this century, ships of every nationality sailed in foreign waters plundering and destroying enemy cargoes.

It was after the Old Teazer was destroyed that the New Teazer was built and set sail from the port of New York in 1813.

Secretly entering Lunenburg Bay the Teazer, hoping to destroy more hostile supplies, was cornered by a British warship, La Hogue. Although the Teazer was smaller than the warship, she was determined to win.

Thus the chase began.

The privateer ship, having a lead on the La Hogue, due to wind conditions was forced to anchor off Middle Ledge, a shoal about one mile north west of Green Island. The British warship fired some shots at the Teazer

but because of the distance between the two ships they did little or no damage. Then the LaHogue was forced to launch several small boats containing eight oarsmen. Equipping each boat with movable guns the small craft sailed towards the Young Teazer.

On board the latter was a traitor named Johnson who was to be exchanged for an American traitor when the time proved convenient. When Johnson saw these small boats approaching, he feared the outcome and began to conceive a plan. Sneaking into the magazine of the ship, he lit a fuse and placed it among the ammunition.

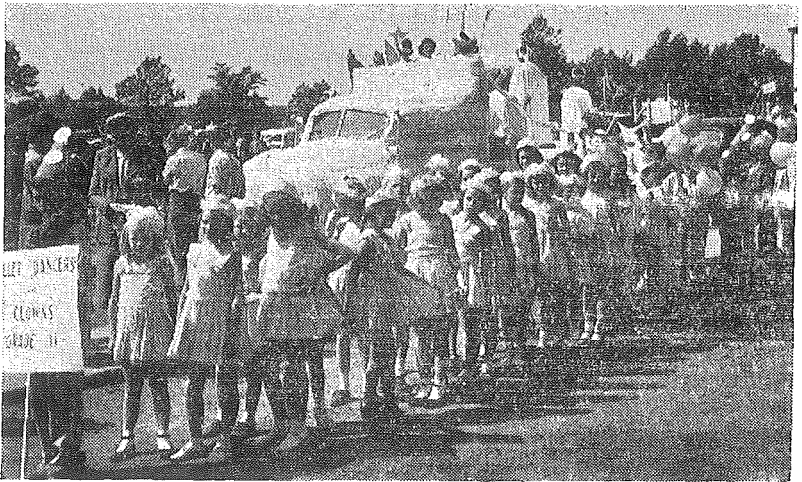
Next moment there was a great explosion; pots, pans, and members of the crew could be seen flying through the air in every direction. The various cooking utensils and the mainsail were blown to Rafuse's Island and have since been recovered by Mr. C. J. Snyder of Toronto who has added them to his collection of relics.

Part of the American oak hull was built into one of Mr. George Mitchell's stores which has since been torn down. A piece of the keel was fashioned into the cross of the Anglican Church at Chester. Mr. Joseph Zinck at Blandford has one of the privateer's lanterns.

The surviving American seamen who reached shore safely were captured by the inhabitants and deported to Lunenburg where they stood trial. One of the captured men, who lost a leg, is said to have begged at the door of the Presbyterian Church at Lunenburg until his death.

Many inhabitants of the Mahone Archipelago still claim they see lights in the night resembling the explosion of the Teazer. Others believe the lights are a forerunner of war. Whether the lights really exist is not for us to say.

This ends the strange and mysterious tale of the Young Teazer.



1949 N. S. FISHERIES EXHIBITION PARADE — GRADE IV



## A. DAUPHINEE AND SONS

by Joan Fralick '50

A. Dauphinee and Sons, situated on Montague Street, Lunenburg, is a typical small business in this world, where the hum-drum of mass production and big business exist. In the year 1800, George Acker, of Second Peninsula, in his cellar, chiselled tackle blocks out of solid pieces of wood for the coasting vessels of Lunenburg and Mahone Bay. This trade was passed on through the years and in 1884 Peter Loye, who was then in charge of the business at Lunenburg, took in as his partner, his son-in-law Alfred Dauphinee. In 1898 Alfred Dauphinee bought Mr. Loye's interest in the business and the firm became A. Dauphinee and Sons proper, located in the building which is today the Rigging Loft.

The Queen Hotel was destroyed by fire early in the twentieth century. Here is where, a year after, A. Dauphinee and Sons was moved and is its present situation.

Until 1908 all power was furnished by hand. In the next three years a change was made. The firm installed a water motor. As the town's water pressure was then nearly ninety pounds, it provided sufficient power to run a lathe, a jig-saw, a drill and a small circular saw for their work, which consisted of making blocks and dead eyes. As the town grew and the demand for more water became greater the pressure was lowered so much that this means of power was inadequate and another change was necessary. A gasoline engine was next installed.

As time passed, the old methods which had required so much hand labor began to disappear and new machines such as the planer, the variety lathe, two hand saws and a sand papering machine were installed. Mr. Alfred Dauphinee had taken his two sons, George and Fred, into the business and during the First World War, father and sons worked together day and night to supply the need of blocks to twenty-five different ship-yards, most of which were in Nova Scotia.

In 1925, the present shop was erected. Here electricity provided the power, a furnace added comfort, and there was ample room for both men and machines. Soon after 1925 Alfred retired and George's only daughter Dorothy, now Mrs. Douglas Lohnes, became the firm's book-keeper.

On December the first, 1933, George Dauphinee lost his life while acting as the town's fire chief. So Fred Dauphinee and his niece, Dorothy, were left to carry on the business with her husband, Mr. Douglas Lohnes.

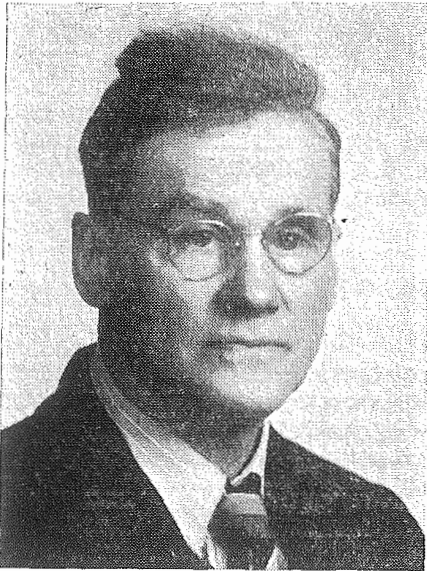
Then came the Second World War during which A. Dauphinee and Sons exported to New Zealand, Australia, British Honduras, Trinidad, British West Indies and Newfoundland as well as to different parts of Canada. Since then the work has been composed of manufacturing both yacht and ship blocks, spruce and ash oars and fishing supplies of all sorts. The wood used for the manufacture of yacht blocks is lignumvitae and ash, the lignum-

vitae being imported from Ha'ti and Jamaica. All other woods used are brought in from the surrounding districts.

Through the years the work done by A. Dauphinee and Sons has been of high quality. In the late nineteenth century they were awarded a bronze medal and first prize at the World's Exposition in London, England. In more recent times they have been winning honors at the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition. So we see how a small business, employing usually ten men, can become a very essential one in this highly industrialized work of today.

## MR. FRED DAUPHINEE

by Lynn Corkum '50



Today Lunenburg is a very prosperous town, and this prosperity is due mainly to her importance as a fishing port. The success of our town as such must be credited to men like Fred Dauphinee, manager of A. Dauphinee & Sons Block Shop, and those associated with him.

Mr. Dauphinee was born in Lunenburg on October the seventh, a son of Alfred A. Dauphinee and Arabella Dauphinee. He received his education at the Lunenburg Academy.

When he left school at the age of seventeen, he began work at the Dauphinee's Block Shop. George, his elder brother, was also employed here. Mr. Dauphinee started at the bottom by doing odd jobs. At first he was rebellious,

and preferred to be an Indian or anything else with his freedom, to working in the block shop. Through the understanding guidance of his brother, however, he soon became interested and making things with his hands became second nature.

By this time, Lunenburg's fishing fleet had swollen to about one hundred and twenty vessels. A blacksmith was sorely needed by Dauphinee's Block Shop. Mr. Dauphinee who had, as a boy, always loved watching the blacksmith at work, taught himself this trade. He pounded and worked the metal into suitable straps and hooks to be used in the manufacture of blocks.

When World War I broke out Mr. Dauphinee and his brother George were working in complete unison. Blocks were urgently needed, and the

shop hummed with the noise of machines. These men were doing a valuable service for their country in a small industry.

In 1925, Mr. Dauphinee married Mary Stevens. From this union there are three children: Arthur, Rosalie and Julie, all of whom are living at home.

Each year in March, as the salt fishing fleet was preparing to sail, the Dauphinee brothers were busy with extra work. It was especially at this time that the combined efforts of the brothers were required. There was between them an unwritten law which was never broken. Although they did not always see eye to eye, what one wanted the other worked for.

On December 1, 1933, Mr. George Dauphinee lost his life while discharging his duties as fire chief. For a time Mr. Dauphinee felt that the added responsibility was too much for him. Orders were continually coming in, however, and without considering if he could do them, he carried on. From this time on, the management of the Block Shop was entirely in his hands. More men were hired and every machine was humming.

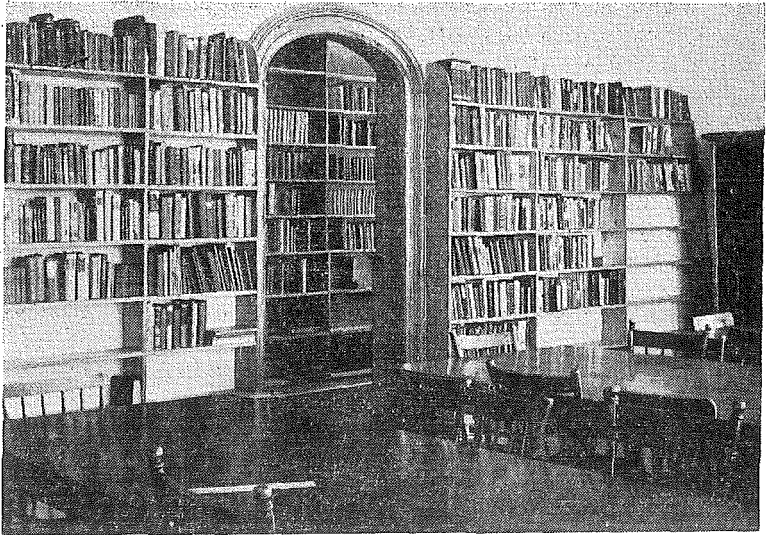
Mr. Dauphinee has successfully steered his business through a depression and a war. He is still a hard-working block maker. We are proud of Mr. Dauphinee, for it is through the work of men like him that Lunenburg has become what it is today.



1949 N. S. FISHERIES EXHIBITION PARADE — GRADE V

## BURGESS McKITTRICK MEMORIAL LIBRARY

by Jean Haughn '52



### BURGESS McKITTRICK MEMORIAL LIBRARY AND ANNEX

On October 14, 1949, the Burgess McKittrick Memorial Library was dedicated to the memory of the late principal of our academy. The present-day library has been greatly improved from the library which was in use many years ago.

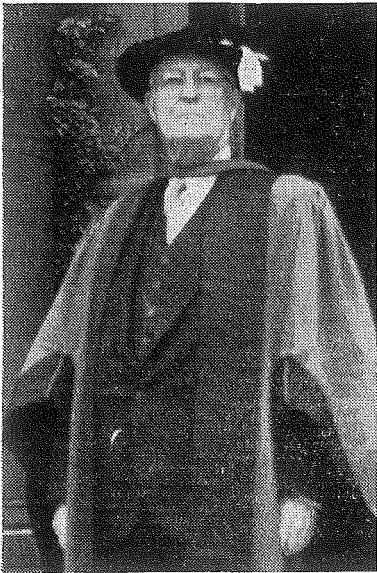
The library of the old academy was situated on the first floor and at the back of the building. It was a small dingy room with dirty walls and ceiling. The books were not pleasant to look at as they were all bound alike in dull gray with black leather triangular corners. The students did not have a wide variety of books from which to choose. There were no fiction books - only natural history books, teachers' handbooks, an encyclopedia, dictionary, some teachers' journals and a pile of old registers. When the building burned down, none of the library's contents was saved.

When the new academy was built, the library was situated where our present principal has his office. The reading room was situated in our present biology laboratory.

In the year 1904, there were two hundred and twenty books and the library equipment was valued at two hundred and fifty dollars. As the years passed, books were gradually added and in the year 1910 there were five hundred and eighty-three books while the estimated value of the total library equipment was five hundred and fifty dollars. In 1920, there were

one thousand one hundred and twenty-five books; at this time the equipment was valued at eleven hundred dollars. In 1926 there were two thousand two hundred and thirty-four books and the library was valued at two thousand two hundred seventy-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. These figures show how books and equipment were gradually added, while the value increased from two hundred and twenty dollars to two thousand two hundred seventy-seven dollars and seventy-five cents in twenty-two years.

In the 1930's, plans were made for the building of a larger library. The room chosen for this purpose was situated on the third floor. It was a large room, well ventilated and well lighted. Through the work of a local committee, who raised funds, the library was finally completed. Members of this committee were: Mr. M. M. Gardner, Chairman; Principal D. H. Collins, Vice-Chairman, Sect'y Treas.; the late Mrs. G. Harrington; Mrs. C. J. Morrow; Mrs. H. Mason; Dr. W. A. Hewat; Mr. R. St. C. Hopgood and Mr. A. F. Powers. On October 5, 1939, the library was in use but it was not officially opened until April 6, 1940.



**MR. F. J. A. MCKITTRICK**

those who have free periods. Students find it very useful for their reference work. It is also available to the people of the community who find enjoyment in reading. Lastly this library serves as a living memorial to a man who served the youth of Lunenburg for twenty-seven years, the late Burgess McKittrick.

As the years passed, books were gradually added and the library grew in size. Finally it was decided to build an annex to the library and to dedicate the whole library to the memory of the late Burgess McKittrick. This extension was financed by Mr. F. J. A. McKittrick, who donated eight hundred dollars. To this project graduates and friends gave four hundred dollars. The dedication service took place on October 14, 1948. On this occasion citizens who had Burgess McKittrick as a principal spoke highly of his splendid work.

In 1949, there were five thousand four hundred and seventeen books in the library. The furniture and books were valued at four thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. This library serves a two-fold purpose. Students take advantage of the library and use it every day. It is a quiet place for study for

## ADDRESS AT OPENING OF THE BURGESS McKITTRICK LIBRARY

by F. J. A. McKittrick

I have been given the privilege and honor of dedicating a portion of this building to serve as a Library and as a memorial to the memory of my brother, Burgess McKittrick, who was Principal of this Academy for a period of 27 years. That he is still remembered with esteem and affection by his former pupils and the citizens of Lunenburg, is evidenced by the work and gifts which have made this memorial possible. I cannot tell you how grateful I am for all you have done toward this memorial. When I was a boy, I enjoyed writing to my brother who was, at that time, Principal of Sydney Academy, Cape Breton. After one strikingly boyish letter I got a prompt reply. "Why on Earth," he wrote me, "don't you learn to write decently and spell correctly. I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will study hard this winter, learn to write decently and spell correctly and get your Grade B teacher's license next summer, I'll give you a gun, which you want, that will shoot anything on the North Mountain."

That offer was like a juicy carrot held in front of a donkey's nose leading him to walk faster. I worked like a beaver. Fortunately for me, school closed and my brother came home a week before the examination. He immediately started to quiz me. "What is a quadratic equation?" That floored me. "What is the Binomial theorem?" I went to the floor for a count of ten on that question. My brother seemed to have an uncanny knowledge about the questions that examiners were likely to ask. So when I got the questions in Algebra in the examination hall, the first on the list was about quadratic equations and further down the list was one about the Binomial Theorem. I told the examiners things about quadratic equations and the Binomial Theorem that made their eyes pop. I was a proud boy when I was able to telegraph my brother that I was successful and had obtained my license. But for this help I might not have succeeded; but for his help, I would not be here today. His wise counsel followed me all through my life. To my great regret I did not always follow it. As he helped me so he helped many others. The long list of men and women who sat under his instruction testifies well to training he was able to give them. That list includes prominent lawyers, doctors, judges, and successful business men. It includes the names of Statesmen, the name of a President of our largest Bank, the Chancellor of one of our largest Universities, the President of a well known University in the Republic to the south of us, distinguished Professors, Rhodes Scholars, and Mayors of our towns and cities. What a wonderful influence to extend to future generations through those men. And do not let us forget those who remained in their home town and whose energy and ability have made Lunenburg what it is today. My brother loved Lunenburg and was proud of being a citizen of the town.

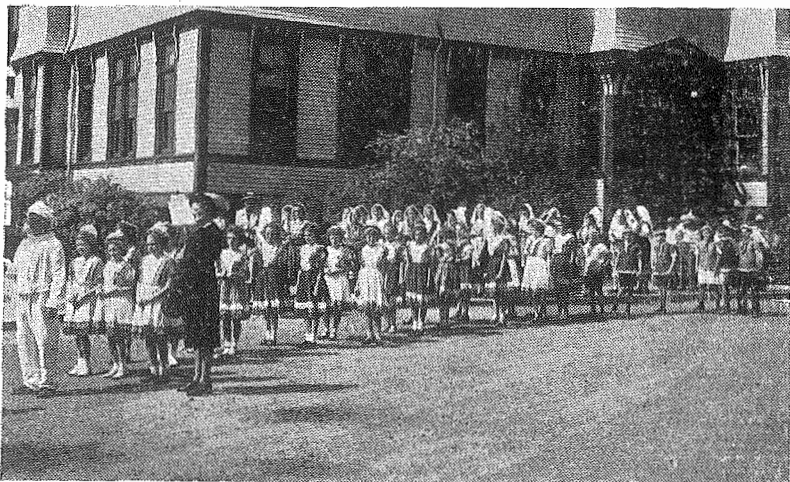
When I came through this Spring from Boston to St. John, a gentleman heard me give my name to the Customs officer, and mentioned to me that he knew a grand man and a grand teacher by that name. I was proud to say

that I was his brother. That gentleman was from Sydney, a Doctor of Divinity and a distinguished clergyman. My brother left Sydney in 1889. I wonder if 60 years from now, anyone will remember me and speak of me with the same esteem as did the Doctor of Divinity.

I have had letters from some of my brother's old pupils. One of them, who holds an important position in a large Investment Company in New York City, writes me in part, "No one influenced my life as much as your brother. Many of the things he said have stayed with me but countless of others I allowed to float by. 'You can't beat a man at his own game' he told us when we were getting a day off to go to the Bridgewater Exhibition and when we intimated that we would clean up on the wheels and other games, he would sigh sadly and say, 'My business is not to save you but to make you worth saving.' How many times I've thought of that when I was tempted to take a chance, on a sure thing." My brother was a lover of books and it would seem, therefore that a Library should be a most fitting memorial. When I was in Boston recently, I visited the Atheneum said to be the largest private Library in the world. It began in a small way over 150 years ago and has grown by gifts of money and books and manuscripts and now occupies its own building. Who knows what this Library may become in the next 150 years. It offers such a splendid repository for our treasures which we cannot take with us and which others may not treasure as we have. I commend it to you.

It is therefore, with great satisfaction that I declare this Library and all it stands for, dedicated to the memory of Burgess McKittrick and may it long endure as tangible evidence of the affection and esteem in which my brother was held by his pupils and fellow citizens.

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1949 N. S. FISHERIES EXHIBITION PARADE — GRADE VI

## UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Department of Classics  
Berkeley 4, California

October 7, 1949

Dear Mr. McKittrick:

I am glad to hear that the McKittrick Memorial Library in Lunenburg Academy has reached the stage of being dedicated. I wish I could be there to assist in some way in the ceremony. Principal McKittrick was a most loyal and devoted teacher and friend to all his students. I could not realize this fully when I was a student at the Academy. We stood in awe of him - but there was affection on both sides, and as maturity came to the students, they came to realize more and more deeply how great was his affection and how strenuous his efforts for their good and their advancement. It is most fitting that the Library should be dedicated to the memory of one who held the interests of the young people of Lunenburg so near to his heart.

If this letter reaches you in time from England, where I have been doing research this summer, please convey to the present principal and teachers and pupils at the Academy my best regards and wishes for a most successful academic year.

Yours very sincerely,  
(Signed) Murray Emeneau,  
(Professor of Sanskrit  
and General Linguistics).

When I was fifteen I was living in Mahone Bay and it was necessary for me to travel each day on foot or on an uncertain and heavy bicycle or section man's trolley to get a little more education. It was an effort, but I'm glad I made it for I met a great teacher, Burgess McKittrick, who set my feet upon the road of learning.

He was an extraordinary man, with four grades in one room, who taught every subject, Arithmetic, English, Algebra, Latin, History, Physiology, with a kind of frantic enthusiasm, rushing from one class to another, as a gardener might, dash from one vegetable plot to one far off. We always had good discipline though he made no effort to maintain it. We might whisper as we wished, it was only important that we were at work. I never remember anyone playing the fool in his classroom. His heart was always full of ardour and belief and some of it flowed over our young hearts.

When the provincial marks came, he sent for me and told me that I had led the county. He said to me "Day, you have some brains and if you work hard you may get somewhere." Those were perhaps the most momentous words ever spoken to me and if I have won any distinction in life, those words of his were the spark that made a fire of desire for knowledge blaze within me. I should consider it a great honour to be listed as one of Burgess McKittrick's distinguished pupils.

Frank Parker Day.



New York 5, N. Y.  
October 10, 1949

Dr. F. J. A. McKittrick,  
Mac's Farm,  
Kentville, Nova Scotia,

My dear "Mac":

It's a wise speaker who knows when to stop and I'm sure the same must apply to the writer of tributes, even when writing of a man who has influenced my life as much as your brother. In my earlier effort I just about "shot my bolt." Many of the things he said have stayed with me. Imagine the countless thousands of things I allowed to float by.

"You can't beat a man at his own game", he told us when we were getting a day off to go to the Bridgewater Exhibition. And when some of us who felt him to be the kind of person who was scared to take a chance and intimated to him that we'd "clean up" on the wheels and other games, he sighed sadly and said "My business is not to save you, but to make you worth saving." How many times I've thought of that when I've been tempted to take a chance on a "sure thing."

My best wishes and thoughts will be with you on the 14th. I wish I could be there to help you in some way. There would be many things I could say which are closed to you as his brother. I hope someone in Lunenburg will say them for me.

Sincerely yours,  
Warren Publicover.

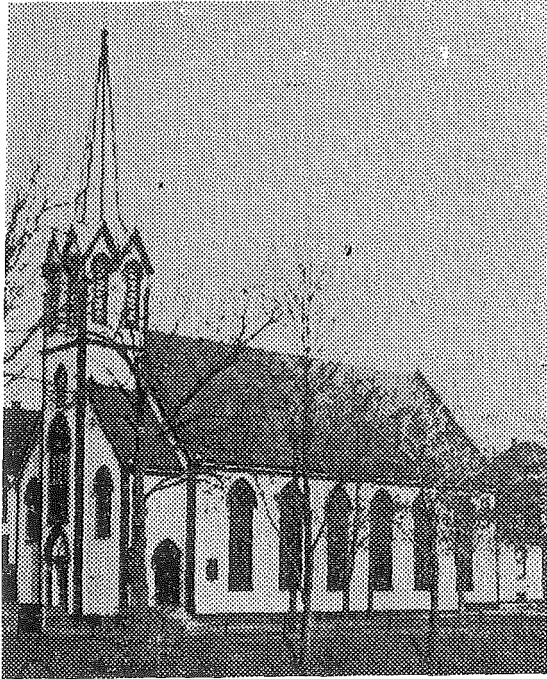
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THE GHOST SCENE — CHRISTMAS OPERETTA

**ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**

Shirley R. Lohnes '50; Janet E. Ziack '50



The first settlers who landed at Roche's Brook on June 7th, 1753, were of dissimilar denominations of the Protestant faith. Immediately following the necessary work of clearing the land and building homes, these new-comers erected a church. This building, the former Anglican Church, served the religious needs of all the denominations until each faith felt itself sufficiently strong to build a church of its own. We can only imagine the struggles endured by these settlers, yet they were resolved to retain those religious principles and sentiments established in them before immigration. In 1759 sixty families belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church built by subscription a house of worship where St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church stands today.

As the policy of the government at this time was only to assist the Established Church - the Church of England - the new church was unable to obtain royal, provincial or other pecuniary assistance for the upkeep of their parish. Thus when a delegate was sent to Germany, he returned with the necessary money. Also, he brought with him the present form of the Holy

Communion service and a chalice, though unused today, is preserved in the archives of St. Andrew's.

Since the foremost purpose of this German delegate, that of bringing a pastor to Lunenburg from Germany, was not accomplished, another delegate was sent to the mother church in America at Philadelphia to procure a minister, but his journey was also in vain. After things remained in this unsatisfactory state for a time they applied to the church at Halifax, who ordained Bruin Romeas Comingo, an eloquent speaker and local preacher. This was not the regular method of ordination, and objections were raised, but they considered the need so urgent that they ordained Mr. Comingo on July 3rd, 1770, at St. Matthew's Church, Halifax.

The Rev. Mr. Comingo was the first minister of any denomination to be ordained in North America. After his ordination, Rev. Mr. Comingo came to Lunenburg where he preached through difficult and wearisome days until his ninety-fifth year, beloved and respected by all who knew him. His death occurred on January 6th, 1820, and his body was buried beneath the church. During Rev. Mr. Comingo's pastorship at St. Andrew's he did much for the furtherance of Christianity in Lunenburg, Bridgewater and the surrounding districts. As there was only one Presbyterian Church for miles around, the one at Lunenburg, it was not an uncommon sight to see, during the warm season, a group of people from Bridgewater coming towards the town carrying their shoes in their hands. Before entering the town, the group would stop and put on their shoes. This was done because travelling twelve miles on the rough, dirty roads would be too hard on the good shoes of the nineteenth century.

Following the death of Rev. Mr. Comingo the pastorship of St. Andrew's was filled by Rev. Mr. Adam Moschell. In 1829 during Rev. Mr. Moschell's term of office, a new church was built to accommodate the growing congregation.

This new building was remodelled in 1870 and the addition of a lofty spire added much to the beauty of its outward appearance. Two years later a chapel organ was presented to the church by Mr. James Eisenhauer.

The next problem that faced the congregation was a permanent home for the clergy. As sufficient money could not be obtained, Mr. James Eisenhauer consented to build a home for the pastor, who in turn would pay rent until the congregation was able to buy the house for a manse, which was in 1889.

The continual growth of the congregation and the lack of seating capacity necessitated either the remodeling of the old church or the building of a new one. Therefore, at the annual meeting in 1909, it was decided to remodel the church. A new chancel, pastor's room, theatre gallery with drop floor were built; the interior was completely renovated and wainscotted; new seats, a hot air service, and a pipe organ were installed. A new roof was necessary. Instead of removing the old roof a new one higher and more peaked was placed over the former one. Their faithful member, Mr. James Eisenhauer, eased expenses by a generous donation of Two Thousand Dollars.

Since the renovation in 1909 the interior of St. Andrew's has been greatly beautified by presentations as memorials. The three stained glass windows behind the chancel were placed there in memory of Rev. Mr. Comingo, Rev. Mr. William Duff and Mr. James Eisenhower. These and the other memorial windows along the sides of the church add much to the sanctity of St. Andrew's.

Since the time of Rev. Mr. Comingo, the pastorship of St. Andrew's has been filled by men who have made much progress in the advancement of the Presbyterian doctrines in Lunenburg. Among these was Rev. Mr. William Duff, the first Moderator of the Synod of the Maritime Provinces of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The present pastor is Rev. Mr. Alexander Allen.



Rev. Alexander Allen was born in Belfast, Ireland, where he received his early education. After serving nearly five years in the Imperial Army in the Near East, he undertook studies in preparation for the Ministry. He is an alumnus of McCormick Presbyterian Theological Seminary. While at the Presbyterian College, Montreal, he pursued graduate studies in languages and sociology at McGill University. Coming from a successful pastorate in Montreal, he was inducted into St. Andrew's in the Fall of 1937. Last October he was honored by being elected Moderator of the 76th Synod of the Maritime Provinces of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, which now includes Newfoundland. Rev. Mr. Allen declares that his successful ministry has been due in no small measure to the assistance and encouragement of his wife, who is also a graduate of McGill University, having obtained her Master's Degree there.

The physical beauty of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church has been attained through the efforts of the pastors and their congregations; while the intangible results are to the glory of God. The welfare of the community, the inward grace of the many individuals are of the greatest value in the heritage of this church.

**THE OLDEST HOUSE IN LUNENBURG**

by Kathryn Kinley '51

**ROMKEY HOUSE**

Lunenburg is a very old Town, having been settled in 1753. At that time it consisted of some three hundred families, about 1400 persons in all, which means that there must have been a fairly large number of dwellings erected within the first few years. There seems to be only one of the original houses standing to-day. The lapse of time had apparently changed the Community almost completely within the first century of its duration, except for a few landmarks as the house known as the William Romkey property situated on the corner of Pelham and Duke Street. This house, built in 1757, more than one hundred years before Confederation, and not long after the founding of Halifax, is still in good repair and has been occupied at all times since its erection.

It was built by a man, a brewer by trade, whose name was Kailer or Kohler, who used it as a brew house. The earlier deeds available show that this property, as well as a great deal of property on the southwestern side of Pelham Street, was owned by one Louis Oxner, and at an early period it was occupied by James A. Anderson, an Imperial Loyalist, who came to Lunenburg from Shelburne and conducted a tailor shop in one of the rooms. The Andersons of Lunenburg are direct descendants of this man. This occupancy was as early as 1783. It was also occupied by John Christian Burns and his wife whose maiden name was Elizabeth Anderson. This couple was married

in this house and lived there for some time. At present it is occupied by Miss Ina Romkey who inherited through the distaff side of her family. Her grandfather, Edward Dowling, who was a Customs Officer in Lunenburg, lived and had his office in the house for many years.

Originally built of logs, the frame of the building was fastened together with wooden pegs, and had a thatched roof. However this has been replaced with a modern type of roof, and being kept in excellent repairs it looks well able to withstand the weather for many years to come. The old bake oven which was always part of the houses of that day has been removed, but the cranes and cooking utensils of that time are still intact. There is also a treasured store of antique furniture and family heirlooms which have been well preserved, making it a fascinating place for visitors.

It seems strange seeing how durably this house was built that many others which must have been equally well constructed have not been preserved. The longevity of this particular building may be accounted for by its having been occupied for many years by the Collector of Customs of the Town. Since this Collector of Taxes used this dwelling both as a home and as a place of business, it received the care due the headquarters of a man holding so important a position. Regard for property also seems to have been a trait of the family of the Collector of Customs, for much of the furniture and equipment of the early days are equally well preserved.



1949 N. S. FISHERIES EXHIBITION PARADE — GRADE X

## NEWFOUNDLAND, OUR TENTH PROVINCE

by Madelyn Sarty '51



THE NARROWS — ST. JOHN'S HARBOR

Newfoundland is an island in the Atlantic Ocean at the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and separated from Labrador on the north by the Strait of Belle Isle. It is the tenth largest island in the world.

The island is three hundred and seventy miles long, two hundred and ninety miles wide and about one thousand miles in circumference. St. John's is the capital of the island. The coast line is much indented and the island itself is about one-third lakes and ponds.

The history of Newfoundland dates back to 1497. It was during this time that European explorers set out to discover new lands for their native country.

John Cabot, one of the early explorers, sailed from England on June the fourth in the year 1497. This same year Cabot discovered the island which he named Newfoundland. The story goes how Cabot caught fish off the shore of the island. When he returned to England, he took back news of the great quantities of fish that could be caught in the sparkling waters. In 1500 the Portuguese under Gaspar de Cortereal, discovered and named Conception Bay and Portugal Cove. From 1521 Portuguese, Spanish, French, Basque and English fishermen crossed the sea and came to the island to fish. The English were always master there. The fishermen went ashore to dry their fish

and used to name these places, and thus Newfoundland received names which belong to every language.

In 1527 the first colony was formed by Robert Thorne of Bristol. Some of the fishermen remained all winter on the island and prepared for the summer fishing. Thus we see that Newfoundland was being settled.



**TYPICAL NFLD. FISHERMAN  
"BOSUN"**

By 1578 the number of ships sailing to the fishing lands amounted to four hundred of which fifty were English. In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert annexed Newfoundland. It was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that British colonization really began.

Spain lost her power but France was making trouble for England. In 1615 Captain Richard Withburne of Exmouth came to oversee the fisheries. Sir George Calvert established a settlement in 1623 at Ferryland. France interfered and a struggle between France and Britain commenced.

Toward the end of the century Britain and France were at War and for a time the island fell into the hands of the French. By the Treaty of

Utrecht in 1713 the French surrendered all claim to Newfoundland, but still had the right to the fishing industry. These rights caused many disputes and were finally given up in 1904.

The coming of the eighteenth century brought much prosperity to the island. In 1711 the fishing industry was ruled by officers of the navy.

The population in 1726 was six thousand. In 1763 the population was thirteen thousand and by 1804 it had increased to twenty thousand.

The growth in population led to the demand for a share in the government. The first representative Legislature was elected in 1832, and in 1854 the colony was made self-governing. Road making began in 1852, and the first railway was opened in 1884. The trouble with France being settled in 1904 had still left the United States quarrelling about fishing rights but this was settled by 1910.

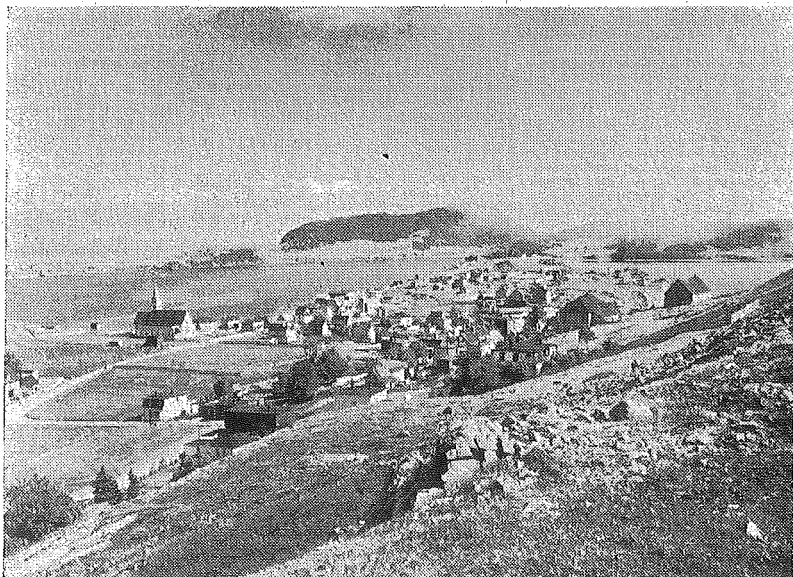
Newfoundland's main industry is still fishing. Some of her other industries are: Mining, lumbering, and agriculture. The manufacturing industry on the island is still in its primary stage.

Newfoundland sports are: deer, bear, wolf, and fox hunting. The



trapping of beaver is also considered as a sport in Newfoundland. Other sports, as skiing and skating, are enjoyed in winter.

During the past war the station of Gander, which is an airport, proved to be of great help to England. This airport is becoming more important as time goes on.



TRINITY, NFLD. FROM GUN HILL

In the history of Newfoundland there have been three different forms of Government and now the fourth form is being arranged. In 1832 the island had representative government. In 1854, responsible; 1934, commission government, and then in 1949, confederation terms were completed.

For the purpose of government, Newfoundland has been divided into eighteen districts. The population is almost entirely confined to the coast, thus most of these districts consist of the shores of one or more of the great bays. Each district elects one, two or three members to the House of Assembly.

Parliament meets in St. John's every year, usually in February, and the meetings last for two or three months. It is only since responsible government was granted that Newfoundland has begun to develop its land resources. The government must keep in mind the development of trade, factories, fishing industry, farming, and many others.

A very important step in the history of Newfoundland took place in 1949. It was also an important step in the history of Canada. This important event was the joining of Newfoundland to Canada to make her our tenth

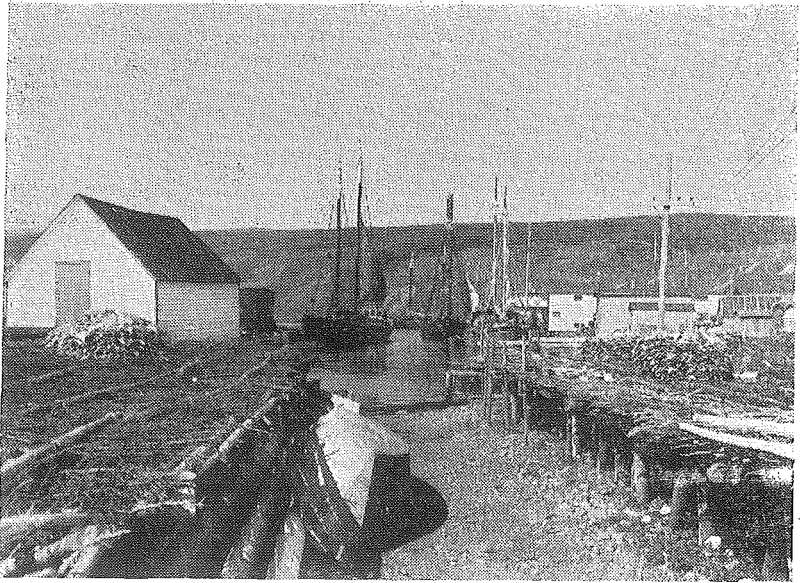
province. The question of joining had been considered many times but War or financial difficulties prevented the actual uniting of the island with the Dominion.

In 1864 when the Confederation pact was drafted, Newfoundland was represented at the conference. Provisions were also made in the British North American Act on the same terms as Prince Edward Island. The question of union was brought up again on several occasions, but nothing came of the negotiations.

The first World War left the island in a good financial standing but the depression of 1930 brought many serious situations to the island. The responsible government was suspended and was replaced by a commission government.

In 1945 a forty-five man national convention was elected in Newfoundland to recommend future government for the island. Representatives were sent to Britain, United States, and Canada to discuss the island's future.

In 1947 the Canadian government announced terms which it was felt formed a fair and equitable basis of union.



SCHOONERS — FORTUNE, NFLD.

June 3, 1948 Newfoundlanders voted in a national referendum to choose their future form of government. They had three choices namely; retention of commission government, return of responsible government or Confederation with Canada. The first referendum ended in a tie between Confederation and responsible self-government.

There were about one hundred and seventy thousand persons eligible to vote on the issue. In the second referendum eighteen of Newfoundland's twenty-five electoral districts registered themselves as favoring the union. In the second referendum Confederation led with seventy-eight thousand three hundred and twenty-three votes to seventy-one thousand three hundred and thirty-four. Confederation got 52.34 per cent of the votes.

The signing of the agreement took place December 11th, 1948 and the inkstand that was used by the original Fathers of Confederation at the Quebec Conference in 1864 was brought out and used for signing the agreement. The first signing took place on the 17th anniversary of the signing of the Statute of Westminster and on the twelfth anniversary of the Accession of King George VI to the Throne.

The final signing of the agreement that made Newfoundland and its Labrador territory the tenth province of Canada took place March 31st, 1949.

Joseph R. Smallwood was the man largely responsible for bringing the island into Confederation. Peter Cashin was one of the outstanding opponents. When the first signing of the agreement took place, Mr. A. J. Walsh and six others from Newfoundland acted on behalf of the island.

When the last agreements of the union took place March the thirty-first, many changes took place in the Dominion. The union made the Dominion larger than Europe, it raised its population to nearly thirteen million and gave it a new fourteenth city. It increased the area from three million six hundred and ninety thousand to three million eight hundred and forty-two thousand compared with Europe's three million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand. The agreement also provided for an increase of more than twenty million dollars in federal financial payments to the island. It also changed prices, industries, and communication.

The agreement has already made it possible for Margarine to be sold in Canada. The first Margarine sold in Nova Scotia was in Halifax, Feb. 7, 1949 and was received with great approval. Newfoundland is not yet allowed to send it out to the other provinces.

Newfoundland has grown up alongside of Canada. She has always wanted to join and become a part of Canada. Canadians and Newfoundlanders came from the same stock and they developed under the same system.

She has always placed herself beside Canada in War, so why not join and become a real Dominion from sea to sea? The question now is to arrange terms agreeable to both sides so there will be no future disorders.

March the thirty-first, 1949 we officially welcomed Newfoundland as our tenth province. Newfoundland, our neighbour, "We Welcome You," here in Nova Scotia. The greatest growth and prosperity to you we wish in the future as a part of our Canada.

## HERMAN'S ISLAND

by Johanne Zwicker '50

About four miles from Lunenburg, on Prince's Inlet, is the thriving little summer resort of Herman's Island. When looking at it today, it hardly seems possible that at one time it was a busy little community whose inhabitants depended entirely upon the land and sea for an existence.



The exact date of the arrival of the first settlers is not known, but long before 1853 George Herman, a German army officer came out from Germany, bringing with him his three sons, John, Simon and Cornelius. They cleared the land, built a home and settled down to a life of farming. Cornelius was the first to seek his fortune elsewhere and the land was divided between the two sons, John receiving the eastern half and Simon the western part.

The island became a prosperous farming community, and before many years, the finest farms were to be found on Her-

man's Island. Some of the farm products were kept for their own use but most of the meat, vegetables, fruit, and lumber were shipped to Halifax in small coastal schooners.

The island was covered with a forest of the finest hard and soft wood in the province, so in 1850, true to their tradition, the Hermans started to build schooners. Up to this time no large schooners were being built in Lunenburg so the conditions were favourable for the success of this industry. John Young, Lunenburg's master builder, the veteran ship builder, Stephen Morash, also of Lunenburg, and the Hermans built the first large schooner, the thirty-one ton "President." After selling the "President", they built the fifty-two-ton "Resident" and the ninety-three ton "Golden Age." This type of schooner was used for several purposes. In the summer these schooners were used for fishing along the Labrador coast. The catch was dried in Labrador before the return voyage when it was sold in Halifax. Later in the season the

schooners were used for mackerel fishing in the North Bay and in the waters around Sable Island. In the winter they were used for coasting between Newfoundland and the United States, and between Halifax and the West Indies.

The shipbuilding industry prospered and as the industry grew, more and more people settled on the island. Many of the schooners that were built were lost and many a gallant captain was lost with his ship. Some schooners were even lost in their home waters. One day in 1857 the schooner, the "Morning Light", was bound for New York with a cargo of fish from Newfoundland. It anchored in the bay and in the middle of the night, it caught on fire and burned to the water's edge.

In 1872 the Dominion Government built a bridge from the main land to Herman's Island. This bridge provided better communication with the mainland, and supplies for the shipbuilding industry could be brought to the island without shipping them in boats.

In the winter, industry did not stop completely but when the bay froze in the month of January, wood was teamed from all the neighboring islands. This occupation continued until about April when the ice disappeared, and farming and shipbuilding were begun again in great earnest.

The first summer residence was built on the island in 1880 by the Hon. William Stairs, founder of the firm "Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow." His arrival at the island was quite an event for the residents. He came from Halifax with his span of horses, coachmen and other servants. The first day he came as far as Chester and the following day he arrived at the island. He had a large steam yacht, the "Ulala" built in Glasgow, Scotland, and shipped to his summer residence at Herman's Island, where it was used to cruise around Mahone Bay and Lunenburg Harbour. Every Sunday all the residents of the island would sail in the yacht to Lunenburg for church.

Since 1880 many summer residences have been built and Herman's Island has become a very popular summer resort. In 1947, the Canadian Government bought the property of the late Samuel Herman and built "Camp Major" overlooking Prince's Inlet. This camp has been used by the Navy League of Canada for the summer training of Sea Cadets from all over the Maritime Provinces.

Herman's Island, true to its sea-going tradition, is now the home of the Lunenburg Yacht Squadron. Herman's Island, "the home of wooden ships and iron men", has continued to grow and prosper since 1853 and will continue to become more famous for years to come.

## THE BEAUTIES OF SECOND PENINSULA

by Mona Nauss '50; Marilyn Himmelman '51



Second Peninsula, a picturesque piece of land stretching out into the blue water of the Mahone Bay, is the place where many yachts are constructed. During the summer many tourists and sport fans travel down to the shores of Backman's Beach to watch the yacht races that take place between Young's Landing and Hobson's Nose.

One of the most interesting attractions to the visitor is a visit to Dave Stevens' boat house, where many of the yachts taking part in the races are built. Dave and his men build the boats, while his father, Randolph Stevens, makes the sails with which they are fitted. These yachts are not only purchased by people in Nova Scotia, but also by people of other parts of Canada, as well as the United States. It is a thrilling experience for the onlooker to watch one of these yachts slide down into the waters of Backman's Beach, where in pioneer days a battle took place between the French and the Indians. Several stone arrowheads used in this battle have been found in the sand on the beach.

Backman's Beach, one of the beauty spots of Second Peninsula, also provides a place for an invigorating swim. Many vacationers and outdoor lovers have chosen sites along the Second Peninsula shores to build their fine summer homes. These homes add greatly to the beauty of the place.

The scenery of Second Peninsula is excellent, especially for town or city dwellers, who enjoy the freshness and serenity the countryside affords. Much of the peninsula consists of wooded hills which form a background for the blue of the harbor waters. On coming over the summit of the hill overlooking the home of Dave Stevens, one may see the waves topped with white foam, rushing up on Backman's Beach and, out in the distance, the islands surrounded by a hazy, purplish mist. Many of these beautiful scenes have been painted by Mrs. Mary Dauphinee, one of Second Peninsula's artists. Her

paintings have been displayed at the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition and visitors to her home may see more of her fine works.

Second Peninsula is unique in having but one store. This store is owned by Randolph Stevens, Jr. and has a very fine location. Many people travel down to this spot to see the beautiful flower gardens, shrubs and ornamental trees. A small concrete duck pool, in which water plants grow, has been installed in the lawn near the store.

The Second Peninsula school is small, but serves to educate every growing boy or girl in that district. It is situated along the public roadside, and is especially noticeable to the passer-by because of the fine line of trees and shrubs planted along the walk that leads to its main door.

Second Peninsula is not only a tourist home for campers but on many occasions a picnic grounds for everyday visitors. Many of the tired city dwellers enjoy spending an afternoon in the country away from all the noisy street cars and automobiles. The green fields and blue waters provide all that is necessary to relieve their minds of all their troubles. Adding to the many beauties of Second Peninsula is the Girl Guide Camp where the Guides go camping once a year. The grounds for this camp are especially suited to carry on the many sports and activities of the girls.

As is typical of most parts of Nova Scotia, the farming and sea going industries form the mainstay of the people of Second Peninsula. Through constant work, they and their forefathers have accomplished much in making Second Peninsula the beauty spot it is today.

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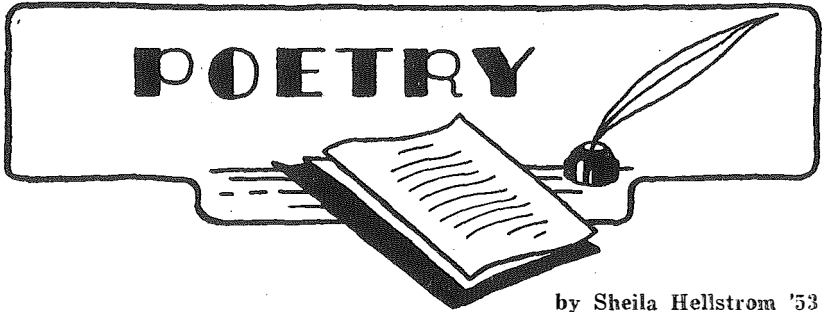
## THE STORM

by Jean Ritcey '51

I watched the gulls wheel round on high,  
 And the wind-tossed clouds scoot o'er the sky;  
 The heavens were dark as earth at night  
 Thunder rolled with stabs of light.

On the bay, the white caps foamed  
 Like frenzied sheep which far had roamed.  
 The waters troubled, and had no rest,  
 They tossed and turned at the winds behest.  
 Then came the rain, the lightning flashed,  
 And over the wharves the huge waves splashed,  
 The flying spray was lifted high,  
 Like the swooping gulls that fought the sky.  
 The thunder rolled, an unceasing crash,  
 The clouds were split with a piercing flash,  
 I watched all this, in frightened awe,  
 Tho' this was a sight I often saw.

This was a storm that can only come  
 To those who live in a sea-port home,  
 With those tossing waves and whitened foam,  
 How glad I was to be safe at home.



by Sheila Hellstrom '53

## THE CLIPPER

Gone are the days of the clipper ship,  
 When over the sea would sail  
 A trim white craft that left others abaft  
 As she raced through the stormy gale.

While the wind whined through the rigging,  
 And her canvas flapped in the breeze,  
 The crew let go with a gay "Hi-ho!"  
 As they climbed to the high cross-trees.

Today she is gone from the ocean,  
 And over the bounding main,  
 The hornpipe long and the shanty song  
 Will never be heard again.

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## SHIPS

by Annette Hebb '54

Oft when out of my window I gaze,  
 I see the harbour is covered with haze.

One morning I see a ship in sight  
 And my heart begins to pound with fright.

I know that the ship, the rocks cannot see,  
 And the fear keeps growing greater in me.

I try to signal them with a light,  
 But the ship is really too far out of sight.

I watch the ship crash on the shore,  
 And think of the men to be seen no more.

So often on many a hazy day,  
 Ships meet destruction in just this way.



## SEA-PORT HOLIDAY

by Elizabeth Smith '50

I watched a distant harbour light  
Blinking out in the frosty night.  
It winked across the snow so deep  
While the rest of the world seemed fast asleep.

The stars and moon shone in the sky  
Proclaiming their beauty and glory on high;  
Each star a light - a harbour light  
Guiding strangers through the night.

The vessels lay, tied up at the docks  
Safe from dangerous reefs and rocks;  
Snow lay upon their silent rails  
Frost sparkled on their spars and sails.

And as I watched that harbour light  
Shining on in the silent night,  
I felt not alone, nor did I grieve  
For this was a sea-port holiday eve.

Tomorrow is a holiday, a merry time  
With friendly laughter and church bell chime  
And o'er the snow, sleigh-bells will ring,  
While carefree folk will laugh and sing.

When gay festivities are o'er  
The schooner will put out from shore.  
We'll bid them all a voyage fast,  
Our sea-port holiday over and past.

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MY DOG

by Glenda Anne Hall '55

He's just a little puppy dog  
With funny sprawling feet,  
And oh! his tail does wag so hard  
When I come down the street.

He's just a little puppy dog,  
But oh! he loves me well,  
And not one wiggle of his tail,  
Could I be forced to sell.

THE SEA GULL  
A SUMMER'S DAY

by Anne Sholds '51

A little girl one afternoon  
Was sitting on the heath;  
The day was bright and sunny,  
And all around was peace.

A tiny bird flew here and there,  
Its song was low and sweet.  
But as it sang its lullaby,  
The child soon fell asleep.

The breezes whispered softly,  
The flow'rs their heads did nod;  
And all of Mother Nature  
Saw her sleeping on the sod.

Now on this quiet summer day,  
When all was so serene -  
A very anxious mother  
Appeared upon the scene.

She did not see the tiny bird  
That lulled her child to sleep,  
Nor yet the silent flowers,  
Which did their vigil keep.

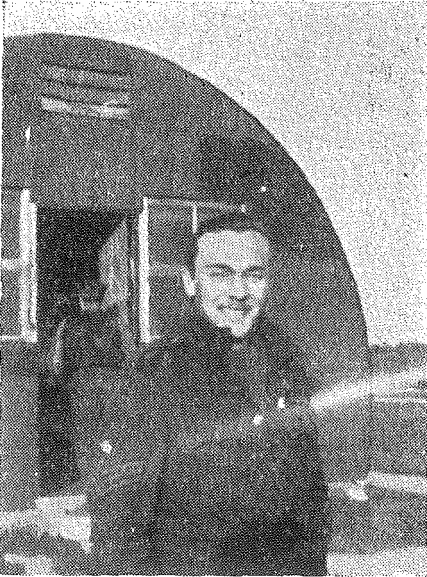
But gently picked her baby up  
And held her in her arms;  
Then uttered forth a thankful prayer  
That she was free from harm.

The breezes whispered softly  
As the child was borne away.  
And Mother Nature was at peace  
On this quiet summer day.

**ANGUS BYERS**

by Joy L. Nodding '50

Awarded Distinguished Flying Cross-Warrant  
Officer 2nd Class Angus Napean Charles Byers



Angus Byers attended high school at this Academy until he became employed at Powers Bros. Limited. In August, 1943, he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force and in April, 1944, he was sent overseas, after taking his basic training in Canada. While stationed in England, he attended the Operational Training Unit with the Alouette Squadron (425) and was next transferred to the Pathfinders Squadron (405) also in England.

During his services, he made thirty operational flights which consisted of 168 hours and 55 minutes. On one of these flights Angus Byers distinguished himself when he fired on an enemy plane which was about to attack another aircraft. In reward for this,

he was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross at an Investiture in Gorsebrook, Halifax, in July, 1949.

His citation read as follows:

"In November, 1945, this Warrant Officer as air gunner participated in an attack on Bochum in the Ruhr Valley. Whilst on the bombing run Warrant Officer Byers sighted a hostile fighter about to attack another aircraft. With coolness and determination he fired on the enemy aircraft which was severely damaged. The fighter was seen to break off the engagement smoking extensively. By his courage this airman possibly saved the lives of the other crew. Warrant Officer Byers has always displayed a high standard of devotion to duty."

## DOUGLAS HAMM, D. F. C.

by Anne Sholds '51

In August 1949, Douglas Hamm, a native of Lunenburg, received the highest award bestowed by the R. C. A. F. For his "great gallantry" in No. 409 Squadron during World War II, Douglas was presented with the D. F. C.



Like many of Lunenburg's servicemen, Doug attended the Academy. Leaving school in Grade XII, he went to Bass River where he entered the Bank of Commerce. Doug worked for five years at banking in Bass River, Shelburne, and Amherst, at the end of which time he had been promoted to teller.

Then, responding to his country's plea for able men, he enlisted in the R. C. A. F. at Moncton. He reported at Manning Pool, Toronto. Douglas started a course as observer, but later changed to navigation, receiving his training at Mont Joli, Victoriaville, and finally Ancienne Lorette, Quebec. He graduated from the latter at twenty-three, a navigator, ranking second in standing. He was later promoted to Sergeant, and then Flight Lieutenant. Following graduation he received two weeks training in instructorship at Rivers, Manitoba and was then sent back to Quebec, this time to be posted at Saint John's.

Doug went overseas in the latter part of 1943 and saw action as a member of a night fighter squadron in England. No. 409 was ranked the "top-scoring night fighter squadron since D-day."

After three years of active service with this highly esteemed squadron, Flight Lieutenant Hamm returned home, but not to take up banking as an occupation. He went to Sackville where he is now employed as Office Manager for the Atlantic Wholesalers firm. Last summer Douglas was recalled to Moncton where he had "joined up", to receive his medal and citation from Lieutenant Governor MacLaren. His citation read:

"This officer has displayed a high degree of skill, keenness and co-operation. On one occasion, a night in April, 1945, he was responsible for the destruction of three enemy fighters. Cool, resolute and determined, he proved himself invaluable to the squadron."

**CAROLYN MOSSMAN '46**

Carolyn Mossman, an L. C. A. graduate of the class of '46, received her Bachelor of Science Degree (summa cum laude), with honors in chemistry, from Mount Allison University in May '49.

As a member of the graduating class making the best general average in the entire course, she was awarded a Life Membership in the Alumni Society. (She and an Arts student shared this honour.) She also won a \$1,000.00 scholarship to McGill University, Montreal, which award was made by the Canadian Federation of University Women.

Carolyn is continuing her research in science at McGill, working for a Master of Science Degree. We are proud of you, Carolyn.

**GARNICE M. DEMONE**

by Kaye Nauss '51

Garnice graduated from Lunenburg Academy in 1945 and then attended Acadia University. She received her Bachelor of Arts Degree in 1948, her majors being English and History.

Garnice won the Dramatic Distinction Gold "A" in the spring of '48 and was taken as an honorary member into the Alpha Psi Omega Dramatic Fraternity. She returned to Acadia the following year for her Bachelor of Education Degree. During that year she, received the Debating Distinction Gold "A" and also won the S. S. Gordon prize for making the most progress in Education.

Garnice's main activities in college were Dramatics, Intercollegiate Debating and Intermediate Basketball. She is now teaching at Trafalgar School for Girls in Montreal.

## MAYOR DOUGLAS F. ADAMS

by George Greek '50



The town of Lunenburg has always been actively identified with the fishing industry since fishing directly or indirectly provides the means of living for most of the citizens. Among those firms engaged in its development is that of Adams & Knickle, Ltd., founded before the turn of the 20th century. One of the men who is now engaged in the management of this firm is Mr. Douglas F. Adams, older son of Henry W. Adams and the late Maude E. Anderson.

As a boy, Mr. Adams attended Lunenburg County Academy where he received his elementary and High School education, graduating in June, 1917. In the fall of that year he entered King's College to study for his Bachelor of Arts degree, and four years later he had obtained it, majoring in mathematics.

In 1920, while attending the college, then at Windsor, he witnessed the disastrous fire which destroyed this historic landmark. From then on he, with some of the other students, was housed in the famous Sam Slick House. Upon graduating, he went to Provincial Normal College where, after a six weeks' course, he obtained a Teaching License.

When school opened in the fall of 1921, Mr. Adams was filling the position of Vice-Principal in Liverpool Academy. He claims to have derived much pleasure and experience from that one year in the teaching profession. It is interesting to note that the Hon. Merrill Rawding, the Minister of Highways for Nova Scotia, was one of Mr. Adams' pupils.

After the term in Liverpool, Mr. Adams entered Dalhousie Law School in the fall of 1922. Three years later he received his Bachelor of Laws Degree and in 1926 he was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia.

While attending Law School, during the summer of 1924, Mr. Adams joined an undergraduate group of students on a tour of England, Scotland and France. He particularly remembers their group having a specially chartered boat to review the English fleet at Spit Head, and being entertained at Luncheon by the French Government in the Garden of Versailles, where all the fountains were playing for a short time.

In 1927, Mr. Adams, wishing to put the knowledge he had acquired to practical application, went to New York where he entered into the Trust Department of the Seaboard National Bank. Here he remained for two years,

returning in 1929 to Lunenburg to work with the firm of Adams & Knickle, Ltd.

In the office of the firm which had so long been part of his life he was content, and took to the work with great zeal. A keen interest in the fishing industry, combined with a goodly store of knowledge and experience in business administration, have succeeded in advancing Mr. Adams to the position of Vice-President of the firm, Adams & Knickle, Ltd.

Mr. Adams' ability to manage and direct has not been confined solely to activities of the firm. In 1934 he was elected to the Town Council of Lunenburg. As a member of the Council he proved himself extremely capable, which is clearly shown by the fact that he acted in that capacity for fourteen consecutive years. Then in 1948, the people of Lunenburg showed their appreciation of his long service and their respect for his ability by electing him Mayor of the town, in the welfare and advancement of which he takes a great interest.

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## GEORGE MOSSMAN

by Marilyn Himmelman '51



Coming from Rose Bay High School, George Mossman entered the Academy in the fall of '47. From that time on he was always one of our outstanding students. He not only led his class, but also participated in the different activities carried on in the Academy. Last year George was President of the Students Council. As was expected, he distinguished himself in carrying out the duties of his office.

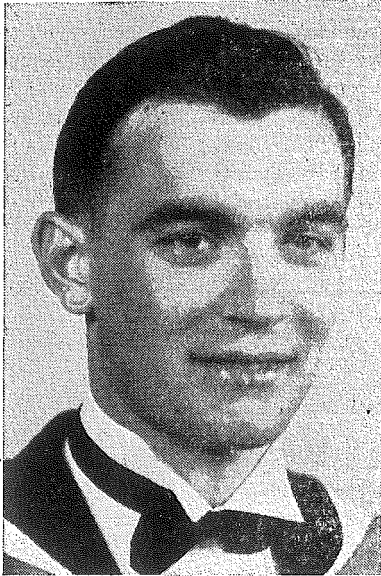
In both grades XI and XII, George won first prize in the I. O. D. E. Essay contest. In addition, he was awarded a bursary of \$50.00 by the Boscawen Chapter of the I.O.D.E. as the most promising student of XI and XII who intends to study at university.

George also entered the essay contest on the "West Nova Scotia Regiment" sponsored by the Bridgewater Branch of the Canadian Legion. In the competition, he was successful in winning the second prize of \$15.00.

In the fall of '49, George entered Mount Allison University. Here again he showed his ability by winning one of the Lord Beaverbrook entrance Scholarships. Because of his outstanding accomplishments, George indeed brought credit to Lunenburg Academy. As he prepares to study for the United Church Ministry, we wish George the best of luck, and extend our congratulations for all his achievements.

## ENTERS UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ON DEMONSTRATORSHIP

by Alfred Cluett '49



Maxwell C. Cluett, aged 21, son of Mrs. W. Guy Tanner and the late Captain William P. Cluett, left for Toronto in the fall of 1949 to continue his studies in the field of chemistry, at the University of Toronto.

Maxwell received his elementary and high school education in Lunenburg Academy and graduated from Grade XII with honors in the spring of 1946. During his school years, he took a great interest in sports and in other extra curricular activities.

In the autumn of the same year, Maxwell entered the University of King's College, receiving on his entrance the Foundation Scholarship which amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars for each year he was to be there. Maxwell retained this scholarship for his three years at

King's and graduated in the spring of 1949 with a Bachelor of Science degree, having majored in Chemistry.

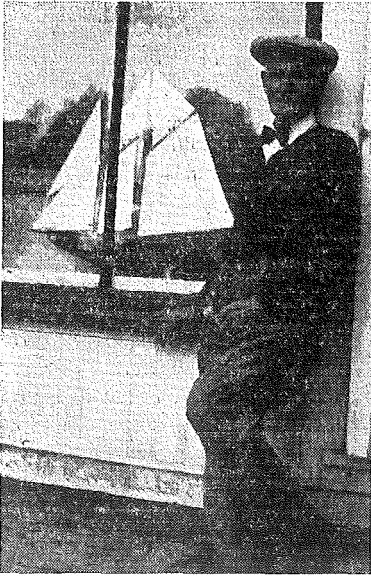
Following graduation, Maxwell, desiring to further his studies in the field of Chemistry, made an application for entrance to the University of Toronto and was accepted, being awarded a seven hundred dollar demonstratorship. Maxwell is now at Toronto and is taking his master's degree in Chemical Research work. There he has his own classes to attend, is a demonstrator in the first year Chemistry Laboratory, and is carrying out research work with another student, under Dr. McBride. This research deals with the determination of ion exchange in the separation of rare metals.

Maxwell hopes to graduate in the spring of 1951 and we of the Lunenburg Academy wish him the best of luck and success in his undertaking.



## CREIGHTON ZINCK

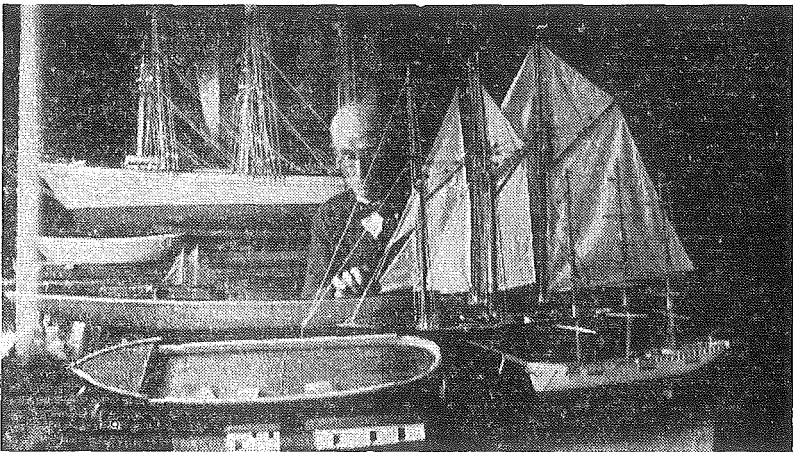
by David Beck '51; Sherman Zinck '51



Lunenburg regards Mr. Creighton Zinck as one of its outstanding craftsmen. He was born at Lunenburg on August 27th, 1878, and he thinks highly of his birthplace. Through his work he gives us a picture of Lunenburg as it is and as it was. Mr. Zinck, who has been connected with Lunenburg and its fishing fleet all his life, received his education in Lunenburg at the old Academy under Mr. MacIntosh. He left school when he reached High School level.

At the age of eighteen he made a trip to Labrador and on his return he immediately went into boat building. He may have been influenced in this decision by the fact that his father was a boat builder. He never regretted it, however, and has been working in the ship-yard of Smith & Rhuland for the past fifty years.

At about this time he started to build model ships in his spare time, and at the age of twenty he finished his first model. Since then he has built one hundred and seventy-five models - truly a remarkable feat. Mr. Zinck's models consist of all types of ships. Some are models of the "Bluenose", others are models of the old-square-riggers, and in contrast to these you will see models of modern yachts.



On entering the shop, one comes face to face with an old square-rigger, which is like stepping back through the years and seeing there the romance of an age known only to us through the tales of our ancestors. Then, as we turn from the ancient to the modern, we see before us one of the many yachts in ship-shape condition ready to leave his shop. Again our imagination is carried away by this work of art, and we see ourselves on some wonderful adventure.

This seems almost impossible to those of you who have never opened the door of his workshop and do not know the stories that it holds. The door is always open to visitors, and Mr. Zinck will be pleased to know that his work holds so much interest in the community.

Mr. Zinck's work is known far outside the community. Through his hobby he has made many new friends and has renewed old acquaintances. Every summer many tourists come to his workshop to see his models of the ships that ply the waters of Nova Scotia and his models of the famous "Blue-nose." Tourists started coming to see his models about thirty-five years ago. This past summer ninety tourists came to see his well-known work.

Not only do tourists come to see, but to ask if they could have models made for them to be used in offices, dens or to sail in their spare time. Oh yes, these models are good sailers as well as good-looking. Mr. Zinck gets letters from all over the world asking him to make some special model, and has shipped them all the way across Canada to Victoria. Five of his models have gone to England and some to Panama. The reason why his models have become so popular is that in them one can see honest work and a true knowledge of ships and how they work. Much of his work can be seen in the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition, and those who cannot see his work any other time have an excellent chance to inspect it then.

Besides being a boat builder, Mr. Zinck played in the Town Band for fifty years. In 1911, he went to Boston with a group of bandmen under the leadership of Mr. J. T. Arenburg to play at The Mechanic's Exposition Fair. When he found it necessary to leave the band, he was presented with a ring as a token of gratitude for his long service.

Mr. Zinck likes his work and thinks a great deal of his home town. Last summer he took a vacation and went to the United States for a few weeks. On his return he said that of all the places he saw, he still liked Lunenburg best.

## RUPERT C. S. KAULBACH

by Shirley Hynick '52; Ronald O. Levy '52



Amongst Lunenburg's older citizens we find men who have given much valuable assistance in our sports world. One of these prominent citizens is Mr. Rupert C. S. Kaulback, B.A., M.A., LL.B., K.C.

Mr. Kaulback was born in 1868, back, B.A., LL.B., K.C., and was the son of Senator Henry A. N. Kaul-Sophie Harris of Cornwallis, Kings County, Nova Scotia. Senator Henry A. N. Kaulback was a strong advocate of a Free School System for Nova Scotia, and of Confederation suffering his only defeat in the election of 1867.

Mr. Rupert C. S. Kaulback received his three R's in our first Lunenburg Academy. At this time there were no sports connected with the school life. He left this school in 1884 and entered the "Bishop's College School", Lennoxville, P. Q.

At this school he began his sport life. He was captain of the school's Football, Ice Hockey and Cricket teams for several years. At the closing School's Sports Day in 1888, he won many honourable mentions.

In addition, Mr. Kaulback distinguished himself in fields other than that of athletics. At the end of the June term in 1888, he was awarded the Principal's prize for greatest service to Bishop's College School. In the same year, too, he matriculated into Bishop's University with Classical Honours. In 1891 he graduated with his B.A.

The same year he entered the "Harvard Law School." Here he was the top cricket scoring batsman for Harvard against the University of Pennsylvania and other United States teams. After a very successful college career he was admitted to the Nova Scotia Bar in 1898 and here created K. C. in 1921.

After he returned to Lunenburg, many hockey fans who wished to play hockey desired the foundation of a hockey team coached by Mr. Kaulback. He started training the first hockey team in a house which is now the Bluenose Lodge, by using a checker board on which players represented different plays, etc. This fine hockey team in 1898 consisted of Samuel Mack, goal; Robert Burns, point; Dr. Polly, cover point; Harry Coldwell, Aubrey King, Charles Young, forwards; R. C. S. Kaulback, rover (no special position). This team was never defeated and played games against Liverpool, Bridge-

water, Halifax, Windsor, Annapolis and many other teams. Mr. Kaulback, in his long and interesting hockey career, was never in the penalty box.



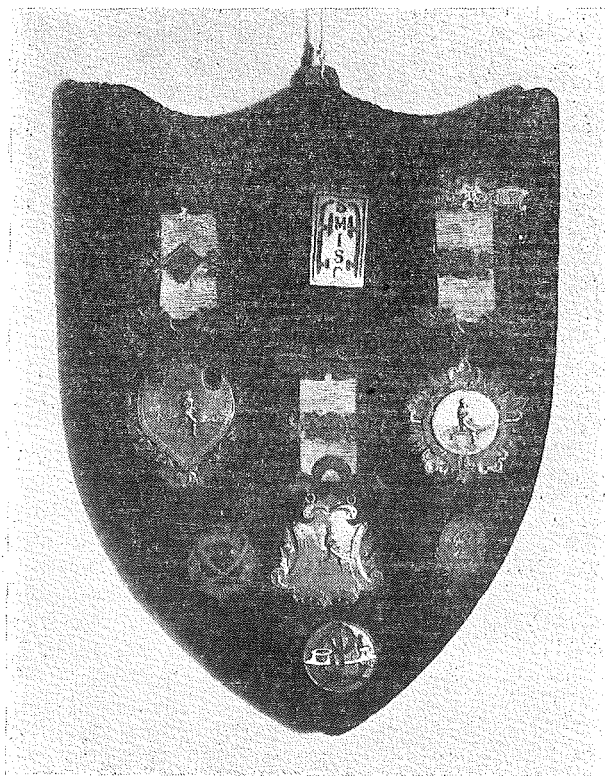
River in three straight heats with his fast trotting horse "Kitchener" against strong competition.

Mr. Kaulback began figure skating in 1922-1926. He took lessons from Broc Meyer, formerly World's Amateur Champion and then ranked as the "King of Professional Teachers of Figure Skating." Mr. Kaulback was a member of the "Life Member National Skating Association of Great Britain" and he was also a Swiss International Figure Skating Judge in 1925. He holds National Skating Association bronze and silver medals won at St. Moritz, Switzerland.

Further, Mr. Kaulback was the President of the first Cycling Club in Lunenburg, and he even rode to Halifax in one day and that was on a bicycle without a motor.

Horse-racing was another sport at which Mr. Kaulback proved himself very keen. Several of his horses won first prize at the "Nova Scotia Exposition" and the "Gold Medal" at the "Toronto Exposition." He competed in the National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden in New York City. Mr. Kaulback won many ice races on the LaHave

The first Tennis Club in Lunenburg was formed by Mr. Kaulback and he built the four courts at his own expense. We now only have the three courts.



The first Lunenburg Figure Skating Club was formed by Mr. Kaulback as its instructor, but as he could not get the rink, after awhile the lessons could not be continued.

Mr. Kaulback, besides being a great sportsman, was also a cornet soloist and a member of the 75th Battalion Band and Civilian Band of Lunenburg. He also led Bishop's College School for seven years with cornet. He played cornet solos in St. John's Anglican Church,

Lunenburg, and was Senior Warden of said church for several years.

Today, Mr. Kaulback is a keen golf player. In 1942, he received instruction at Pinehurst, North Carolina, U. S. A., where he met many professional golfers.

At the age of eighty-two years, Mr. R. C. S. Kaulback is retired and living at his home in Lunenburg, where he still shows as keen and enthusiastic an interest in golf and figure skating as he did in his youth.

## MR. RONALD G. SMITH

by Florence Feener '50



The Town of Lunenburg has been fortunate throughout the years to have citizens who realize that the development of a town depends upon the people who live in it. One of the more ambitious and active citizens is Mr. Ronald G. Smith, a Director of National Sea Products Limited, and also a Director of the Fisheries Council of Canada.

Mr. Smith was born on June 14, 1904, five years after the incorporation of the original "W. C. Smith & Co. Ltd." He is the son of Mrs. and the late Captain Joseph N. Smith. Mr. Smith received his education at Lunenburg Academy from which he graduated in 1921. He was a typical school boy, both in his studies and play. He was the type of student who would work hard when he studied, and work hard when he played. For the first few years after

his graduation, he worked in The Royal Bank at Lunenburg. From here he was transferred to the Bank at Halifax. However, during the year of 1928, he joined the staff of the Lunenburg Sea Products, Ltd. as a book-keeper. As the business grew and as new companies became affiliated with the original Lunenburg Sea Products, he worked his way up to the position of Secretary and Managing Director.

On August 31, 1945, W. C. Smith & Co. Ltd. was sold to National Sea Products Limited, and the old company is now known as W. C. Smith & Co., Division of National Sea Products Limited. Mr. Smith has been transferred to Halifax where today he holds the position of Assistant to the General Manager of National Sea Products Limited, doing special work on sales.

Besides being a successful business man, he is also a happy family man. He married Freda Himmelman, R. N., daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alvin Himmelman, on September 4, 1930. They have two children, Michael, who at present is attending Lunenburg Academy, and Peter, formerly of Lunenburg Academy but now attending Rothesay Collegiate School.

Mr. Smith is very interested in sailing, being ex-commodore of the Lunenburg Yacht Club. However, this is not his only interest. Besides playing golf, he is a very keen curler.

In local affairs he is a member of the Church of England, and also a past master of Unity Masonic Lodge. He is a past president of the Lunenburg Board of Trade, and was appointed member of the Town Council but he had to resign because of his move to Halifax.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith are active members of the Lunenburg Hospital Society. Besides being Second Vice-President, Mr. Smith has taken an active part in canvassing for funds. In the year of 1945 a campaign for funds under the direction of Messrs. Smith and W. T. Powers, was opened by a public meeting held in the Capitol Theatre. At this meeting the people showed much enthusiasm and the campaign was a tremendous success. If all the citizens of Lunenburg realized as Mr. Smith does, that cheerful giving besides a willing hand would help improve our health and relieve a great deal of misery, then the finishing of our Hospital would be no difficult task.

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## A MESSAGE FROM THE QUEEN OF THE SEA - MISS MARIE HYNICK

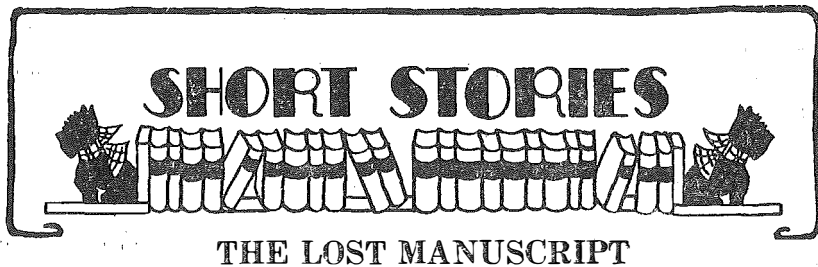


Little did I ever realize that the title would be bestowed upon me. It brought to me many joys and thrills, and I wish every girl could have the opportunity to feel the delight of the moment of selection; the sound of the trumpets heralding the Queen to her throne; the actual crowning. The greatest thrill of all is to be carried on the throne on the shoulders of a quartet of our hardy fishermen.

This could not all have been so enjoyable had I not had some previous experiences in meeting the public. During this, my most cherished week, I began to realize how grateful I should be to my teachers and my school for the opportunities given me in debates, concerts and activities along these lines. Here I received my preparations for carrying out the various duties designated to me as 'Queen of the Sea.'

To the members of the graduating class of 1950, I wish success and happiness in the future and to those who will graduate in later years, although your school tasks may seem cumbersome and needless at the time when they must be done, your efforts spent in doing them will be well rewarded in years to come.

Marie Hynick.



## THE LOST MANUSCRIPT

by Donald Himmelman '50

This is a country of gently rolling sand and blue sky, whitened by the intense heat of the sun, the beacon that has been pouring forth its rays on this waste land for thousands of years. Yet here at the margin of the sand and at the edge of the Nile, man and beast have found refuge from the desert's drought and from the sapping heat that has made for many the fact of a mere existence a thing to be marvelled at, to be maintained, and to be contented with. But here under the enfringing palms, and among the marshes and grassy flats, has grown up a civilization, Egypt, the first vigorous spark that raised man above the animal to the heights of progress, industry, art and literature.

As I sit in the doorway of my tent, watching the blood-red sun slowly set behind the dusty rim of the desert, my mind wanders; among the rushes and papyrus reeds at the water's edge, I hear the sounds of the water fowl as they prepare for the night; there on a grassy bank among the reeds lies a small native boat; in the fields near the river I hear the sound of the oxen, and the song of the peasant returning home from the day's labour. Then, as my gaze falls upon the distant walls and colonnades, the ruins of the ancient temple of Karnak, I think of an aged manuscript that lies on my small table. My mind leaps the gap of time, and in my imagination I am carried back through the centuries to the days of the early Egyptian Empire. I feel that I am the eyewitness of a startling occurrence which has long been concealed from the knowledge of man.

"I received with great grief the news of the good Queen Hatchepsut's death. But upon hearing that Ahet the Evil had taken possession of the throne with the help of several nobles, I was filled with anger, and, without further thought, hastened to the palace. As I was escorted to the inner chamber, I suddenly became aware of the danger of my position and the mistake which I had made in coming here. Surely Ahet would consider me an enemy because I had been a faithful and trusted servant of the dead queen.

As I was led into the throne room I beheld my enemy's hated countenance. His face was harsh and unpleasant to gaze upon. On both sides of a nose that seemed to protrude from his face, his yellowish eyes shone with an evil gleam, while his lips curled in a cruel cadaverous smile.



After a few tense moments he spoke.

'Know, wretched one, that three days of life are left to you before you die by my knife. You shall spend these last hours in the palace prison, during which time you may fully ponder your helpless condition, for . . . heh! heh! . . . you shall not even be interrupted in your meditation by the presence of food. By then I think you will be glad to allow me to take your miserable life from you with the point of my dagger.'

Before I could answer, he had ordered the guards to take me to the cells. My cold damp quarters were dimly lighted by a small window covered with bronze lattice-work. The door was hastily barred, and, as the sound of the guard's footsteps could no longer be heard in the dismal corridor, a heavy feeling of gloom crept over me. How could I, weakened by three days without food or water, hope to match daggers with my foe?

Hours later I was awakened from a troubled sleep by a dull thumping sound. My hand felt for the place from which the sound seemed to come. Suddenly I grasped something which sent a chill down my back as fear seemed to grip my stomach with a smothering grasp. Horror gave place to bewilderment as a few whispered words came from the next cell and reached me through the opening left by a stone which had been removed from the wall which separated our compartments. Through this gap my newly acquired friend secretly supplied me with the food and drink that was to prepare me for my engagement with Ahet.

At the end of three days, I was led to the open court where nobles eagerly awaited the tournament which had been designed by Ahet to bring an easy victory for himself.

The object of my hatred came forward from his royal box. Meanwhile I pretended to suffer from weakness and endeavored to make him think that I was resigned to my fate. Confident of an easy killing, he endeavored to prolong the fight for the amusement of his friends, I carefully withdrew from his swift attack. His dagger rent my cloak missing my side by inches. I grabbed the hand in which he held his knife. I thrust my other hand to his throat and jabbed my knee into the pit of his stomach. As he fell upon the pavement a great murmur rose among the audience. My opponent regained his footing and again attacked. Together we wrestled with bodies interlocked and with my hand grasping the wrist with which he bore his knife.

Suddenly I felt a sharp pain and heard a dull thud behind me. The agony of a back wound caused me to momentarily throw up my head. There, drawn up on the enclosing walls, was a host of archers. As we turned and struggled I saw the cause of my pain. Behind me lay the body of a guard who had attempted to kill me. From his body protruded a scarlet arrow. O, great was my joy! This was the type of arrow used by the archers of Prince Thutmose. The great prince had returned to his country. Then, overcome with joy and rage, I moved like a madman. The desire to kill, . . . kill the enemy of my people overcame me. I struck again and again. Crimson were my hands as the sun shone upon the lifeless body of Ahet the Evil. The curse of Egypt was no more.

A great cheer rose from my friends on the wall. The gathered assemblage dared not move, for upon them were trained the deadly arrows of the assembled archers. Then, weakened by loss of blood, consciousness left me.

Now, as I recover from my wounds, I feel exceedingly glad, for Egypt is now under the wise rule of the great Pharaoh, Thutmose III. I have had the honor of speaking with his majesty this very morning. He has graciously informed me that the unlawful reign of such a disgraceful man will not be recorded by either the scribes or the sculptors and painters. All existing records of his rule will be destroyed. Only I have been given the privilege to record this which must be destroyed before my death."

Thus, in the coolness of the twilight, I am roused from my thought. Yet I cannot help but wonder what strange twist of fate prevented the destruction of this strange manuscript. Shall I break the silence of the ages or shall I destroy forever its message; Am I justified in fulfilling, after a delay of many centuries, the wish of a true countryman? It is strange how easily a humble flame may destroy that which has survived the test of time, only to satisfy the patriotic desire of a man of the distant past and the sentimentality of a foolish man of today.

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## A RAILROAD TRIP WITH A MURDERER

By Max Beyreis '50

In a smoking compartment of the Ocean Limited, two men faced each other. The air was hot and the lights none too bright. Both of them were trying to read the evening paper which they had secured before leaving Montreal. Two pairs of eyes fell almost at the same time on the front page where the picture of a man in prison clothes was shown front and sideways and underneath in heavy black print his name and the usual identification details.

He was described as a dangerous criminal. Four years previously he had been convicted of murder, but his sentence to hang was commuted to life imprisonment a bare hour before he was to mount the scaffold. The papers also said that his hair was black, his eyes brown, that he was five feet, seven inches tall and weighed about one hundred and seventy-four pounds. The other facts about this man were that he limped slightly with his left leg, and that a long scar was on the back of his right hand, running from the wrist almost to the knuckle of his middle finger. He had had outside help in making good his escape, and was probably armed. The public was asked to be on the lookout for him.

The two men looked up from the paper, and each gave the other a quick and furtive glance, and instantly looked down on the paper again. After a few moments when one would look up, the other would do the same, their eyes meeting again for an instant only to look down again. While ordinarily a conversation might have started, perhaps even about the matter both of them were reading, the suspicious look each thought he saw in the other's eyes made it impossible.

"Why is that fellow looking at me with his quick and piercing eyes?" each one was asking himself. The thought of travelling at night with an escaped and dangerous criminal brought about a depressed and odd feeling to their insiders. "Well, five feet, seven inches tall, black hair, brown eyes; there are thousands in the country that look like that," each said to himself. The one had his right hand in his pocket; the other wore a thin pair of gloves which left no opportunity to see the long scar on the right hand; both were sitting down, which excluded the chance to see if the other were limping slightly with his left leg. The tension in each began to mount.

The train was speeding on, the air was progressively getting hotter, and the lights in the coach seemed to get dimmer. Or did they? Most of the passengers had curled up and closed their eyes; the conductor and trainman were nowhere to be seen.

"Is the other fellow waiting for a good chance to jump me?" each was saying to himself, and both produced handkerchiefs to wipe off the beads of perspiration from their foreheads. All at once one man got up and walked to the coach entrance platform; the other followed him with his eyes and was sure that he detected a slight limp of the left leg.

The draught by the platform cooled the man's head and he was at a loss to understand why the notice in the paper was getting the best of him.

"I know I'm not a coward," he said to himself, but he silently wished he had his automatic in his pocket instead of in the trunk which was in the baggage coach.

The other in the seat did not think himself a coward either, but wished he had his hunting knife which was in the club bag above him in the luggage rack. He was certain the other man was out there looking around to see if the way were clear before attacking him.

But no, the other fellow came back and sat down, this time towards the window, and closed his eyes; his opposite, feeling somewhat relieved, tried to do the same. Each of the two was sure that the other was watching him between a small slit in the eyelids. What to do? To keep sitting and wait for the other to make the first move? To try to sneak quietly away and pull the emergency brake? Or run and yell for help?

To the relief of both, the train was slowing down, and actually came to a stop. A passenger entered the coach and sat alongside one of the two; even the conductor appeared, and it seemed that the air was getting cooler and the light shining more bright, or was it? The tenseness was leaving their faces and bodies; they actually smiled at each other. It was not long before a conversation started among the three, and they soon were able to ascertain that neither was the wanted man. The presence of the third man let them see and think clearly again. A nasty trick had been played on them by their imaginations. After having smoked a cigarette they really closed their eyes and went sound asleep, so sound that they heard with surprise in the morning from the conductor that the escaped criminal had been taken off the train at one o'clock in the morning.

Their eyes opened still wider when they were told he had been sitting right next to them.

## THE PROVERB THAT DIDN'T WORK

by Ronald O. Levy '52

It had been a very busy day for Sheriff McCray in Dodger City. That morning a bandit, who was recognized as Killer Sutton, had robbed the Dodger City Bank. Ever since his get-away, he had been pursued by Sheriff McCray and his posse.

Killer Sutton, however, soon outsmarted the Sheriff and his posse. After much hard riding, he escaped by means of the Ol' Chisholm Trail. He was chuckling to himself when suddenly it began to rain. "I must find some place to hide and find shelter from this rain," thought Killer Sutton, "or I'll be soaked to the skin." Just then, on the side of the mountain, he noticed a small hut owned by an old prospector. Sutton rode up to the hut, dismounted, and then tore open the door and walked inside.

"What do you want, stranger?" asked a startled old man who approached the new-comer.

"Well ol' timer, I'm going to stay here for a few days. Need some rest. And I want you to make me some grub, see —; now give me something to eat, and you better be quick."

"Well, if that's what you want, all right son," replied the litle, short, sawed-off man, "make yourself at home while I go outside and get some wood for the fire."

While the prospector was outside the hut, Sutton, glancing curiously around the hut, saw two pieces of bright metal on the table. He got up quickly and raced to the table. After examining the metal for a few moments he exclaimed, "It, it, it's gold! Gold! Gold! No it can't be, but it is, gold, gold, a whole lot of it. The ol' timer must have shore struck it rich!"

When the ol' timer returned with his wood Sutton questioned him. "Where did you find this stuff ol' timer, and no lies, see —" This time he drew his gun and forced it into the ribs of the trembling prospector.

"You . you m-me-mean t-that on the t-ta-table, well I found it on the side of the mountain not far from here. There must be several tons of it there on the side of the stream."

"Get some grub ready for when I return; I'm going up there and see for myself."

The door closed with a bang.

When the prospector lost sight of Sutton, he ran to the stove, turned the key on the stove-pipe, and then every few seconds would release it, then shut it again. If Sutton had been watching the hut instead of the side of the stream, he would have seen a strange sight. The smoke from the pipe through the roof of the hut came out in gushes, sometimes small, sometimes big, and sometimes not at all.

Killer Sutton, gun in hand, soon returned to the hut, and ordered the ol' timer to give him the food he had prepared. Sutton was so busy eating and admiring the gold that he didn't notice that Sheriff McCray and his posse had arrived outside the hut, nor that the ol' timer who went outside for some more wood didn't return.

The Sheriff and his men surrounded the hut, then ordered Killer Sutton

to surrender. After a brief combat Sutton surrendered. "It looks as if I arrived here just in time, thanks to your Indian smoke signal, ol' timer."

"Yes, Sheriff! Thank you for your keen observation. Just think, that coyote would have killed me just for this good-for-nothing 'fools gold.' I suppose that proves that saying that all that glitters is not gold."

### THREE FOR HONOUR

by Lynn Corkum '50

In the middle of a tumultuous sea on a hot, scorching day floats a lone life raft. It contains three occupants, Reed Shelley, Bill Summers and Jack Tyler. These three had been floating for several days. The aeroplane in which they were flying had developed motor trouble and the flyers were forced to put down into the cruel sea. Luckily, they had a life raft and some provisions.

For them, each new day was to be endured rather than anticipated. The meager rations which barely kept them alive, the constant sun and the sharp salt air joined forces against the three men who were so ill treated by fate. For one week they continued in this state, drifting --- drifting. At first it had not been so bad, but now the supplies were low and all three were in a semi-conscious state.

Something drastic had to be done. Thus thought Reed Shelley. With an effort he forced his dry lips apart and stammered with difficulty. "Fellows," he said, "let's face it, something must be done. At this rate we can last only a little while longer. There's still a little hope even after all this time. One . . . one of us must give his life in order that the other two may live a little longer. Perhaps we'll reach land soon. Since it's my suggestion, I think I should be the one to go. Besides, I'm quite a bit older than either of you, and if all goes well you'll outlive me."

"Not so fast, pal," muttered Jack, "I think I should be the one to," here he stopped. In a moment he continued, " - to jump overboard. It will be an honour to know I've done something really good for two fine pals. Both of you have much better educations than myself. I'm only a dumb fellow. Think how much more valuable you'll be to the world."

"Consider the argument closed," struggled Bill Summers. "You're both family men, I'm not even married. Think of your kids back home. You've got to let me do . . ." Before he could finish he had sunk back into one of their frequent stupors.

The other two men, more awake, were suddenly startled. Without speaking, both listened alertly. A thin smile crept on their faces, did they actually hear an aeroplane or was it a trick of their harassed minds. No, there above the horizon, there was an aeroplane to be sure. Suddenly Reed turned towards Bill, who was still dazed, and yelled. "Don't jump." Both Reed and Jack darted to hold back Bill. The sudden weight tilted the life raft. The sea gushed in and all three were dashed into the raging turmoil. In seconds the hand of the last man disappeared beneath the surface of the water. All were drowned, with hope so near. Fate laughed grimly at the three who had died needlessly for honour. The question was settled.

## BRADLEY'S HOPE

by David Lohnes '52

James Bradley stepped out of his car and walked quickly toward his laboratory. He stopped in front of the big, sliding doors and took a key from his pocket. He inserted it into a hidden lock and twisted it once to the left and then to the right. There was a whirring noise and the doors glided smoothly into the walls. He crossed the room swiftly and paused before a panel of buttons and switches. When he pulled a switch, the room was immediately flooded with a blue light. He looked around slowly with observing eyes.

It was a fairly large room with a concrete floor and large windows. Overhead were four high dome lights which emitted a cold, blue light. On all the walls were blueprints of strange machines. These were the fruits of his brain; these were his ideas of the past seven years; and, in the centre of the room, was the product of these dreams. It was a large, bulky object and stood about five feet high; however, it was covered with a black cloth which kept Bradley's secret from prying eyes.

James picked up a package which had come in the mail. It contained the part which was needed to complete his invention. It was the robot control unit which he would use to keep his dream in rein.

"Tomorrow," he whispered, "it will be ready for the first test."

However, he must first install the robot control. He worked far into the night, tightening a screw, testing a wire there, and in short giving his baby a thorough, final check. Then he turned off the lights and went to bed.

The next morning he rose very early and went to the 'phone. He dialed a number and waited. Finally a sleepy voice droned in his ear.

"Hello, Claxton," said James, "this is Bradley."

"Oh, it's you, is it? What in blazes do you want at this time of day?" roared Claxton.

"Listen here, Claxton, I've got something to show you. Can you come over here for an hour before you go to the office?"

"Yes, I think I can, but it had better not be any more crackpot ideas or I'll boot you out of town. Good-bye."

"Thanks, Wilson. Good-bye," said James. He hung up the 'phone and busied himself about his lab.

He remembered the first time he had shown Claxton his idea. His words came back to him now as if it were yesterday.

"I don't want silly ideas on paper, I want to see the real thing or at least a model."

Well, that had been six years ago and now he had that model. It had taken all his time, energy and money to build but it was finished and that was what counted. If he could only get Claxton interested and his model proved a success, he would have the backing of Claxton's company which was the biggest in the country.

"It had better work because Claxton won't give me another chance," thought James.

Suddenly he realized with a pang of horror what would happen if he failed. He owed nearly twenty thousand dollars and had no way of paying it back if he failed.

"It must work, it must," James murmured. Just then someone banged on the door.

James hurried across the room and opened it; there stood Claxton.

"Come in," said James.

"Thanks," replied Claxton, "now where's this invention of yours?. Is that it?" he asked pointing to the shrouded figure in the middle of the room.

"Yes," replied the inventor.

"Well, let's see it," grumbled Claxton impatiently.

James moved to the centre of the room and threw the covering from his invention. There stood Bradley's model jet plane. The body was long and sleek and the nose was pointed. The whole of the upper nose where the pilot was supposed to sit was of glass. It was powered by a ten cylinder, alcohol-burning engine which was located in the centre of the plane. The rest of the space was taken up with fuel tanks. Each cylinder developed a two thousand pound thrust, and could be used in pairs or the whole ten at the same time. There was a main jet outlet in the body and a small jet in each wing.

"Whew!" exclaimed Claxton. "That thing looks as if it's going a hundred now. Let's see if it can fly."

James pulled a lever and the roof parted, leaving nothing but blue sky overhead. He pressed a button, the jet disappeared in a cloud of smoke. Bradley moved a lever and then began to put the model through its paces. It disappeared into the blue sky. James moved another lever.

"It's diving now, at let's see - - - seven hundred and fifty an hour," he said to the awe-struck Claxton.

Suddenly the model appeared diving like a bolt.

"It's getting kind of close," Claxton murmured nervously, looking at a James. What he saw struck terror in his heart. James was desperately struggling with the control stick.

"It doesn't listen," James grunted, beads of perspiration running down his forehead.

"Look out," screamed Claxton, "it's headed this way."

James dropped the control box and raced towards the door. Claxton followed him closely. Just as they reached the street a terrific explosion shook the earth. They were both flung on their faces. James staggered to his feet and looked at the demolished laboratory.

"Ruined," he wailed, "ruined. I'm finished."

"No you're not," said Claxton. "I'm satisfied with what I saw of your invention and I think I can interest my company."

"Thanks a lot, old man," replied James, "shake."

Two years later the first Bradley Jet Plane was tested and this time it did not crash; it was a success. James Bradley's "Hope" had proved true.

## A LEAP TO GLORY

by Sheila Hellstrom '53

A great white world surrounded the ski lodge at Lake Maribou as Mario Rosetti and Kirk Peterson gazed through a gayly decorated window at the star-studded sky. Above them towered Mount Raymond while below the light of the village twinkled cheerfully. A faint red glow marked dangerous Devil's Curve, a sharp bend bordering a deep gorge. The other side of the gorge was seven feet lower, and this, when crossed, provided a short route to the village.

There were many entries for the Olympic ski trials to be held the next day. Mario and Kirk were both hopeful of a berth on the team, but so were Gil Davis and Buck Todd. The latter two were earnestly conversing in a far corner as an official entered the crowded lounge and posted the order in which the contestants were to cover the course.

The day of the meet dawned clear and bright. Everywhere figures could be seen making last-minute preparations for the finals. Preliminary heats had been run off in the morning and the field of the downhill obstacle race was cut to three contestants. Mario, Kirk and Buck were all in the running. However, Gil, having been disqualified earlier, was nowhere to be seen.

The starting gun cracked and Mario pushed down the slope. Far below, the finish line could be seen, crowded with people. Although butterflies seemed to be fluttering about in Kirk's stomach, Buck seemed very confident. A slight smile played about his lips as he watched Kirk move his skis back and forth nervously at the starting line.

The ten-second flag went up. Kirk adjusted his goggles, grasped his poles with determination and crouched. The starter's hand rose, the pistol barked, and with a mighty lunge, Kirk sped down the mountain. Rounding the first turn in a spray of snow, he flew between the trees, when suddenly a dark figure lying half buried in the snow appeared before him. Kirk frantically braked to a stop. Kneeling beside the still figure, he let out a cry of surprise. The figure was merely a straw-stuffed dummy. Choking down his rage, he threw the dummy to the side of the trail and looked up just in time to see Buck race past, a leering laugh floating back from his departing figure.

Fiercely, Kirk pushed off again and saw Buck disappear around Devil's Curve. Quickly his brain deduced the fact that the only way he could possibly make up the time lost was to leap the gorge. Picking up speed, he approached the curve. Then, with a push of his poles he soared into the air.

The crowd below, seeing the figure, gasped. The few seconds he was in the air seemed like an eternity to Kirk. Finally his skis hit the snow on the opposite slope. Farther ahead, he could see Buck, desperately pushing himself forward. Both hit the homestretch at the same time, though from opposite directions. Buoyantly their knees bent to meet the bumps as they raced neck and neck over the snow. Suddenly Buck hit an unexpected bump and, with a cry of pain, was thrown to the snow.



A mighty cheer rose as Kirk, his knees almost too weak to hold him, braked to a stop. Behind him, a faint voice called his name. Looking around he saw Buck, his face contorted in pain. Shamefully he told Kirk of Gil's plan to spoil Kirk's chances of making the Olympic team by putting the dummy on the trail. Before he could finish he fainted, overcome by pain, and the two attendants carried him to a waiting ambulance.

Having heard the story, Mario came to his side. They stood together silently as over the public address system an official slowly announced that Kirk Peterson had, by his leap of the gorge, broken the record of the two mile obstacle course, and was thereby nominated to the Canadian Olympic Ski Team.

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## A FLYER'S NIGHTMARE

by Anne Sholds '51

"We're off to the wild blue yonder — see you Thursday!" Joe's voice was hardly audible above the roar of the engines, as the small freight plane once again began to roll slowly down the runway of that calm little airport in central Canada. He waved to one of his fellow pilots who was watching the take-off; then, as he increased his speed and leisurely ascended into the gloomy sky, Joe felt himself relax. That contented feeling he had known so often flooded over him. This was indeed the only life for him.

Like so many others, Joe had learned to fly after enlisting in the R. C. A. F. He was nineteen in July, 1942, and that month he had joined up. It seemed to him that all his life he had been fascinated by planes; and although he had never had the opportunity to fly, he was sure that one day he would be behind the controls of one of those graceful "birds" humming across the horizon, Joe was right. He did get his chance. For about two years he piloted a plane of his own on numerous missions over enemy-controlled territory. But it wasn't during that period that his boyhood dream was fully completed, for there was little peaceful drifting along with your thoughts in the clouds on those flights.

However, the disease of flying had conquered Joe, and when he got back from "over there", he sought employment in which he could still be able to handle planes. Luck was with him. During those readjustment months back home, he happened upon a buddy from his Air Force squadron who was setting up a small company of his own. He was looking for a few competent fliers. Even now business couldn't exactly be termed "prosperous", but the insignificant group of former "R. C. A. F'ers' with their three second-hand planes managed to earn a living.

That's how Joe happened to be sailing through the heavens on this unpredictable day. The weather report was not favorable, but business had to be carried on, and this large cargo of corn was certainly one of the most im-

portant transactions they had landed. His objective today, the west coast, drew nearer as the hours dragged by. And as he advanced, too, the weather became worse. A storm had been "brewing" ever since he left, and now the breeze had risen to a gale. It certainly couldn't be termed "flying weather". Joe was just beginning to take notice of the wind conditions outside when little specks started to land on the glass, and then roll down over the yellow paint. "Oh no!" Joe thought anxiously. "Not rain so soon. I'm still about an hour's distance from Horaceville."

But the small drops increased in number and size by the minute, and it became more and more difficult to hold the light plane steady against the storm. By raising the elevation a bit, control was a little easier and Joe picked up the map beside him for a closer study of his position. "Let's see . . . ah-a-a-a . . . those last lights must have been . . . no, it couldn't be . . . I'm sure I haven't passed Rembolt! . . . Then where . . . ?? . . ." A tight knot started to form in his stomach as Joe began to realize his predicament. He must have been blown off his course . . . what to do?? "In the first place, don't get panicky!" he told himself. "Should be able to reach the base by now." The radio line hummed approvingly in his ears, and with renewed hope he began; "P46953 calling . . ." crackle . . . crackle . . . pop! The receiving set was dead.

There was only about a half hour's supply of fuel left in the tank now. Joe fully realized his situation by this time. There was nothing left to do but try for a forced landing. He thought grimly of the fellows remarking time after time about his luck when, several times overseas, he had returned to base safely with his plane badly crippled. Now he was faced with a worse problem. He had never before been forced down.

Finding a hole in the storm, he went down to look around. There seemed to be a village a few miles ahead, so he lost no time seeking the friendly lights. It was only a small place with a few lights here and there, but it looked welcome enough to Joe. He circled it once, taking a general look around. He really couldn't tell very well, but the land seemed to be quite hilly for landing a plane. There was a spot over past a tall building that looked pretty good. Over and over, round and round, the small craft droned. The gas tank was draining lower and lower. With fear clutching his heart, Joe decided to make the treacherous try. Down, down . . . now level her off. The ground was getting closer . . . closer . . .

Joe came to with a start. His head throbbed mercilessly and he could feel the blood running down his face. Someone was advancing hurriedly across the field, but Joe was conscious of only one thought, "I'll be all right. I'll fly again!"

## SALLY'S GARDEN

by Jackie Tobin '55

Sally thought the flowers in her mother's garden had never before looked so bright. There were so many bright colors, and Sally loved colors. As she walked down the path they greeted her with their brightest smiles. She touched one; it was soft and beautiful and Sally wanted so much to have it. She tried to pull it up, but it just wouldn't come so she took the pretty head; but there was no long stem like mother always had to hold it with, so she threw it down on the path. All the way down the path she picked off the pretty heads of the flowers.

"Why Sally!" called her mother. "You are spoiling the pretty flowers."

Of course Sally was very sorry, for she really loved the flowers, and told her mother she would not do it again.

But the next day the flowers looked brighter than ever as they nodded with the breeze. Sally could not resist walking the garden path and, before she knew what she was doing, she found she was again plucking the heads off the flowers.

Suddenly she thought she heard someone weeping; when she looked up, there, on the tallest larkspur, sat a beautiful butterfly.

As Sally watched it she saw it wasn't a butterfly at all, but a beautiful fairy with fluttering wings.

"You have made us all so unhappy!" sobbed the fairy.

When Sally looked about, she saw that all the flowers of the garden had faces and they were all drooping and very, very sad. Some had big tears down their faces.

Sally was very sorry and hid her hands in under her blue apron. When the fairy saw the big tears in Sally's eyes, she smiled and softly said "You can make us all very happy. To have nice blossoms is the only way flowers have to show their appreciation of the kind care given them; but when you pull their heads off, they are sad and cannot look their best." All the flowers smiled and Sally thought she had never seen them so beautiful as they were standing erect and smiling at her.

"I will never harm any of you again," said Sally as she patted a daisy near her.

And now each morning, when Sally walks down the garden path, she gently pats them. The flowers always look their brightest and smile their sweetest as they nod good morning to her, for they all want to show Sally their love for her.

## THE SEA GULL ADVENTURE

by Billy Dennison '52

It was a bright, sunny day as agent Dan Nelson of the F. B. I., disguised as a sailor, wandered lazily down towards the docks. When he reached the freighter Bi-Geo, he sat down upon one of the cargo crates and puffed monotonously on a cigarette. Just as he hoped, the captain of the freighter came up to him and asked if he would like a job. Dan, in order not to sound too anxious, pondered over the question and then accepted. That afternoon, Dan was told that they were leaving port the next day, so he had better get his belongings on board.

That night, Dan went ashore and got in touch with the F. B. I. and explained what had happened. You see, there was a great deal of smuggling going on then and Dan had been assigned to find out how the goods were smuggled past the officials.

The next day the ship left port and set sail for Africa. During the trip to Africa, Dan had several chances to get a quick look at the cargo, but he found nothing. Not one of the crew did anything to make Dan suspect him.

They reached Africa after a long but smooth voyage and the cargo was unloaded. Dan was beginning to think that this trip was a failure; but one night, when he was returning to the ship, he saw several strangers walk out of the captain's cabin.

The next day the crew loaded the cargo on board the ship. That evening they set sail for home. The following morning Dan was sent down to the ship's storage room to see that the cargo was secure. While he was there he pried open several crates but found nothing. Just as he was ready to leave, he noticed four or five lanterns hanging along the port side of the ship. Dan thought it peculiar to have so many lanterns in one spot. When he investigated, again he found nothing wrong but then he opened the compartment supposed to contain the oil and there he found many capsules containing dope. At last Dan had found the evidence. Just then he heard a noise behind him and something hit him on the head.

A cold, tingling chill ran over Dan's body as he lay there in the darkness recovering from the blow. At first his mind was a blank but then, piece by piece, things began coming back to him. His hands were tied behind him and he could hardly move.

At once Dan began to try to remove his bonds. He chafed them up and down on the sharp corner of one of the crates and finally they were thin enough to break.

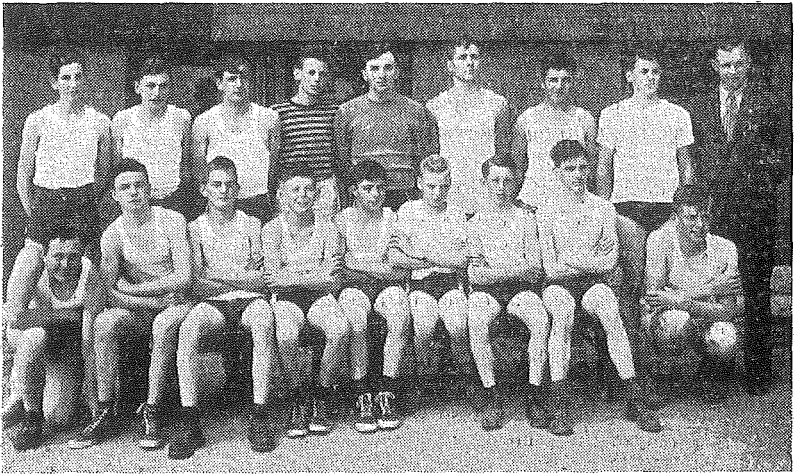
Dan did not know how long he lay there, until someone came. Finally he heard someone coming. As the person climbed down the ladder, Dan struck him from behind.

That night, when the ship landed at a port for supplies, Dan, under the cover of the darkness, crept off the boat. He went straight to the police and told them the story. At once the ship's captain and crew were captured and turned over to the F. B. I. authorities.



## THE ACADIA RELAYS

by Ronald Conrad '50



### HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM 1949

First Row (left to right)—L. Crouse, G. Berringer, D. Collins, A. Burns, W. Zwicker, R. Smith, R. Westhaver, D. Lohnes, R. Nowe.

Second Row—E. Ritcey, M. Schnare, R. O. Levy, J. Cook, D. Gerhardt, J. Bald, N. Melloy, R. Sampson, Fred Fox, Jr., (Coach.)

This year a large number of boys came out for the opening practice and there were indications of a good track team, for the boys began to take their practices seriously.

We had much fine weather during the month of May so that there were

very few interruptions and we continued to practice earnestly for we only had a month to get into condition.

This year there was an addition of a new class for the boys under 14 years of age, Class "D". There had formerly been only three classes, Classes "A", "B" and "C." This new class gives the younger boys a chance to show that they too are able to match their ability against other teams.

On the 27th of May the track team left for Wolfville. It was a fine day and upon arriving there, we were all in high spirits.

In the Class "A" events, the only competitor for L. C. A. was Ivan Greek. In the 440 yd. dash he was eliminated in the preliminary heats, but he did better in the mile run by placing 7th among a group of twenty competitors.

In the Class "B" events, the only two boys competing were David Emeneau, who placed 6th in the 100 yd. dash, and Ronald Conrad who placed 5th in the shot put.

In the Class "C" events, David Lohmes placed 4th in the 60 yd. hurdles and Ronald Levy placed 4th in the final run of the 220 yd. dash.

In the Class "D" events, the boys held high the standards of L. C. A. by winning this class. The team was presented with a lovely silver cup and a banner. The good results of the team prove that we have a fine track team for the future, and under the expert guidance of Fred Fox, Jr., the boys are sure to receive the training necessary for good athletes.

The winners in the Class "D" events were Gilbert Berringer, placing 1st in the 60 yd. dash with David Collins 3rd. In the 220 yd. dash Gilbert Berringer again came first with David Collins 4th.

Aubrey Burns also placed 4th in the baseball thrown and Robert Smith placed 4th in the broad jump with Warren Zwicker 5th.

The 440 yd. relay was also won by a team composed of Gilbert Berringer, David Collins, Aubrey Burns and Warren Zwicker.

We hope that these boys may again next year uphold the standards that they have attained by becoming the champions of Class "D". It has been many years since L. C. A. has won honors at the Acadia track meet and we feel quite proud of these boys.

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## LUNENBURG ACADEMY CURLING TEAM

by John Bald '49

This year for the first time, the Academy sponsored a curling team which might play against the representative teams of other schools, for the championship of Nova Scotia. This sport, like all other school competitions, is under the direction of the Headmasters' Association.

Curling itself was offered to the pupils of the Lunenburg Academy by the authorities of the Lunenburg Curling Club. This offer was made in

1948, and the response was only a little bit less than astounding. So good was the result of the first year offer that, this year, the pupils were given a chance to curl for the nominal fee of two dollars. Practices and games were held on Friday and Saturday afternoons.



#### CURLING TEAM 1950

Front: Ross Ritecy, David Emeneau.

Back: E. Schnare, R. Potter.

In a series of two games, the Lunenburg team lost by one point. This game stopped further inter-scholastic activities of the Academy team, and the remainder of the time was used in playing games between the eighteen or twenty boys who curled last year.

At the beginning, it was thought that there would be enough girls to make it worthwhile to start a team of them, but only a few showed any interest, so that phase of the curling in the Lunenburg Academy was eliminated.

It is hoped that there will be another team which will represent the school next year, and it is likewise hoped that there will be a record of even better success in curling bonspiels of future Lunenburg Academy teams.

Some time in the last school year, a team was chosen to represent the Academy in the competition. This team, under the guidance of Mr. H. Rhodenzer, became quite proficient in curling.

The team, consisting of Bernard Levy - skip, John Bald - lead, David Emeneau - second, and Gordon Prince - mate, then played against Liverpool. After a very exciting game, and after winning the game by a mere two points they returned to Lunenburg. Three days later, they encountered and won in a contest with a school team from Bridgewater.

Several days later, the Curling team, now the Champion of the South Shore Zone, met a team from Middleton to decide which team would be going to Amherst to try for

## L. C. A. BASKETBALL TRIP TO CAPE BRETON - 1949

by Kay Naas '51; Marilyn Himmelman '51



Among all the basketball trips the L. C. A. teams made last year, the one to Cape Breton was the most outstanding. The purpose of this trip was to determine the champions of the Nova Scotia Intermediate classes for both boys and girls.

The trip was made possible by some of the considerate members of our community. Mr. Fred Fox (Jr.), Mr. S. A. MacPherson, Mr. Ray Schwartz, Mr. C. J. Morrow, Mayor D. F. Adams and Mr. Clarence Eisenhower were the six men who willingly gave their cars to make our trip a complete success.

The girls' games were played at New Waterford, Cape Breton. The first game was played on Friday, April 29, in which the New Waterford team defeated Lunenburg by a score of 22 - 11. The second game was played on Saturday afternoon and again New Waterford defeated Lunenburg by a score of 32 - 9, in all winning by a total score of New Waterford, 54 and Lunenburg, 20. The old saying still carries through, "the better team won." After the games were finished, the New Waterford girls prepared a treat in their Home Economics Department. The girls of both teams sat about the room eating and talking together. Speeches were given by the captains of the teams and by the Principals of both schools. At the close of this little gathering, the New Waterford girls presented the Lunenburg girls with several boxes of delicious chocolate bars.



In the evening the boys played their final game at Sydney. The girls went to Sydney to cheer for their home team. The game was fast and close, with Lunenburg winning by a total score of 68 - 64. The Sydney boys gave a dance for the Lunenburg Teams at the Y. M. C. A. following the game. Cape Breton hospitality was a highlight of our wonderful trip.

Although the trip was made purposely to play basketball, the teams had a good time sight-seeing in New Waterford, Glace Bay, Antigonish and Sydney. On the trip homeward, some of the cars stopped at St. F. X. College and several of the college students guided the Lunenburg teams through the buildings. Adding everything together and especially noting the wonderful hospitality of the Cape Breton people, the trip was most enjoyable.

## BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

by Ronald Conrad '50



1949 INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

Front Row—Alfred Cluett, Jerome Ritcey, Philip Tanner, Kingsley Ellis.

Back Row—Ronald Conrad, Bernard Levy, Ivan Greek, Gordon Prince.

After fighting hard for the last four years the L. C. A. Intermediate Basketball Boys have finally come up with the N. S. Championship. On two previous occasions they had entered the finals, but failed to come through with the title.

The opening games of the Headmaster's League were played with Liverpool, the great rival team of L. C. A. This year, however, L. C. A. proved themselves to be the stronger team and they beat Liverpool by a total score of 66 - 56.

The next games were played with Shelburne and again L. C. A. showed up brilliantly by defeating a strong Shelburne team by a score of 79 - 36.

The team then journeyed to Annapolis Royal where they were defeated in a very rough game. However, on the return game, Lunenburg again came through with some very fine playing and defeated the Annapolis Royal team in total score to finish that series.

The final games were slated for Sydney and so the boys motored to Sydney to meet their final opponents. The first game was played at the Glace Bay Y. M. C. A. and although Sydney was leading at half time by a score of 24 - 23, Lunenburg held them in check in the second half and when the game was over, Lunenburg had won by a score of 43 - 33.

In the next game, Sydney came back very strongly and won the second game 31 - 25. However in total score Lunenburg led 68 - 64. It was indeed a great moment of rejoicing for the L. C. A. boys and it was also a history-making moment, for never before had the Boys' Championship been won by L. C. A.

The team was honored by the town by being invited to attend a banquet at the Bluenose Lodge, sponsored by the Lunenburg Board of Trade. At this banquet, Mayor Adams spoke on behalf of the Town and School Board and in addition to congratulating the team, he also thanked Mr. Ian Campbell for the fine job he did in coaching the team.

Each member of the team was then presented with a gold statuette of a basketball player, and a gift was given to Mr. Ian Campbell for his services.

I am sure that we all join in heartily congratulating the team on its success and we wish them the best of luck in the future.

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## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Sheila Hellstrom failing?

Betty Dauphinee not doing her homework?

Jane Sterne paying attention?

Miss Westhaver losing her patience?

Donald Haughn leaving his box-seat on the floor in the one place?

Dianne Townsend with curly hair?

Frank Falkenham acting like a normal individual?

Gertie Schrader talking in school?

Madelyn Sarty cutting her hair?

Audrey Tobin not talking about Ivan?

Sherman Zinck with a girl friend?

Florence Feener not sighing over Mr. Campbell and Janet Zinck not swooning over Mr. Andrews?

Carolyn Zinck and Nona Oxner not talking about their lovers?

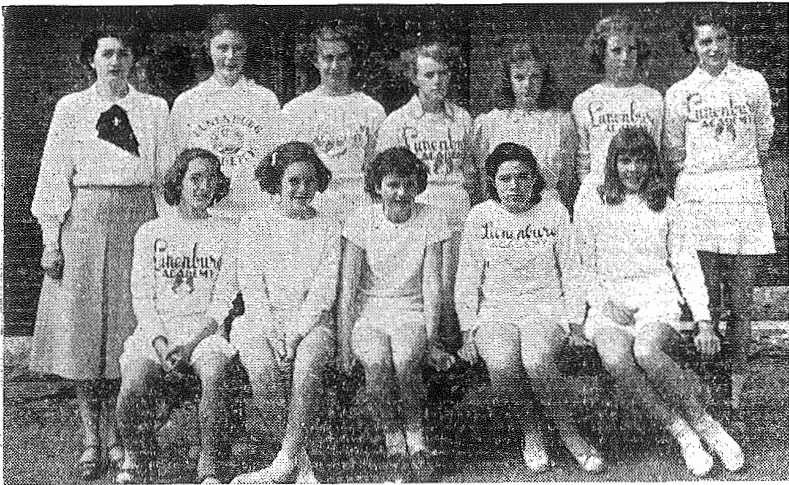
Mr. Campbell without his meter stick?

Max Beyreis without his better-half, Lynn Corkum?

Janice Haughn with 'lock jaw.'

Ivy Daniels fighting with Paul Allen?

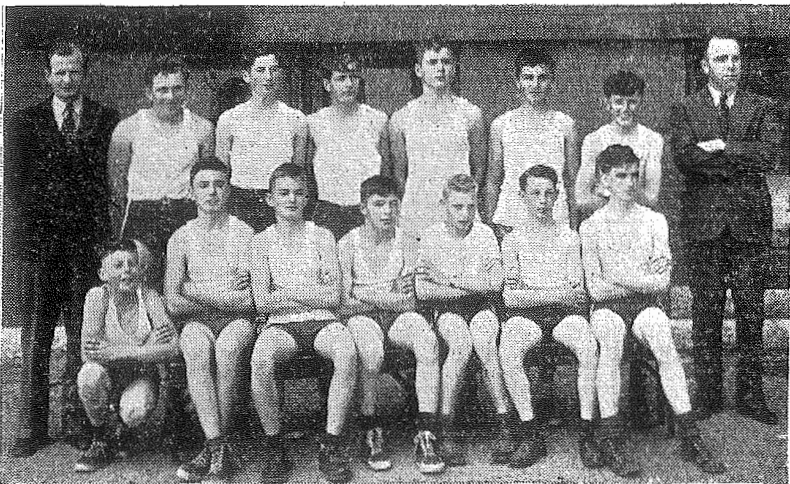
Jim Bald not making faces?



**JUNIOR GIRLS TRACK TEAM — 1949**

Front Row—P. Cook, A. Lynch, J. Tanner, R. Hannams, G. Corkum.

Back Row—Miss R. Sarty, B. Dauphinæ, J. Gaulton, D. Risser, J. Crouse, J. Sterne, S. Hynick.



**JUNIOR BOYS TRACK TEAM — 1949**

Front Row—A. Eurns, G. Berringer, D. Collins, W. Zwicker, R. Smith, R. Westhaver, D. Lohnes.

Back Row—Mr. D. Moses, L. Crouse, J. Ritcey, R. O. Levy, J. Bald, N. Melloy, D. Mosher, Mr. E. Eisnor.

## SCHOOL NEWS: 1949-50.

April 28—The special speaker at the monthly Red Cross meeting was the Reverend R. G. Fowlow.

April 29 - May 2—The girls' and boys' Intermediate basketball teams left Lunenburg in five private cars, on April 29, for Sydney to play in the final games for the Intermediate Basketball Championships.



### INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL — GIRLS

Front Row—Marilyn Hammelman, Joy Nodding, Joan Fraic, Shirley Lohnes,  
 Second Row—Jean Haughn, Gwenneth Wilneff, Miss Westhaver, (Coach);  
 Marion Zinck, Joan Gaulton.  
 Third Row—Kaye Neus, Madelyn Spindler, Florence Feener, Shirley Hynick.

On April 30 each of the teams played one game. The boys won the game at Glace Bay with a ten point margin; but the girls, who played at New Waterford, lost to the St. Agnes team.

On Saturday the deciding games were played. The Lunenburg girls lost the game to their more skilled opponents with a total score for the two games of 25-31. The boys' game at Sydney was very close. However, the Lunenburg team won again with a total score for the two games of 68-64,

thus giving them the Intermediate Basketball Headmaster's Championship for 1948-49.

May 13—An aptitude test was given to Grade X to decide the fields in which the students are best suited for adult occupations.

May 18—Intelligence tests were given to Grade VII and to those of Grade VIII who had not written tests of this kind before.

May 27—The closing High School Party was held earlier this year because of the usual conflict with accredited and provincial examination. The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hewat and Principal and Mrs. D. H. Collins.

May 27 - 28—Twenty boys travelled to Wolfville to participate in the Acadia Relays. The "D" class team from Lunenburg Academy captured the banner for the highest number of points at the meet.

June 7—The accredited examinations started.

June 21—The Common School held its closing exercises on Wednesday afternoon. They were fortunate in having as their speaker Mrs. Arne Gravem, who gave an interesting talk on Norway. Dr. C. H. Whittaker of Bridgewater, N. S. was the special speaker in the evening at the High School closing. He delivered an inspiring address to the graduating class. On this occasion George Mossman was the valedictorian for the class of 1949. The fifty dollar Bursary awarded by the I. O. D. E., won by George Mossman, was presented to him at this time. Gifts were presented to Mr. Ian Campbell, Mr. Fred Fox and Corporal Harold Scott for their very helpful assistance in athletics.

June 22—The School was closed for the school year 1948 - 49.

Sept. 7—The school year 1949 - 50 began.

Sept. 21—The first morning assembly of the year was held. The Reverend E. B. Miller was the special speaker.

Sept. 28—The first Vocational Guidance speaker, Mr. C. J. Morrow, spoke on the subject "Business as a Career."

Sept. 30—Senator Duff and his grandson Mr. Duff Sweeney, gave two saxophones, a trumpet and a set of drums to the school to start an orchestra. The school greatly appreciated this gift.

Oct. 5—The Junior Red Cross held its first meeting of the new school year, President Jean Ricey presided.

Oct. 14—The English actor, Mr. Crashaw, presented a very fine performance before the student body.

Oct. 14—The official opening of the Burgess McKittrick Memorial Library was held in the Assembly Hall. After the program the audience visited the new annex of the library.

Oct. 17—It being Fire Prevention Week, Fire Chief Fred Fox, Jr. spoke to the student body on the subject "Fire Prevention."

Oct. 18—Mrs. C. M. Iversen donated \$25.00 toward the purchase of new library books for the Burgess McKittrick Library.

Oct. 21—The first High School Party of the year was held in the Assembly Hall. The chaperones were Miss Roberta Sarty and Mr. Moses.

Oct. 23—Miss Kedd, V. O. N., was the special speaker at the Junior Red Cross Meeting. Her subject was "Posture."

Oct. 23—Our Principal introduced Mr. Harvie, the new physical training instructor, who is assisting with hockey.

Nov. 2—Mrs. H. Zwicker donated several books to the Library.

Nov. 8—Lawyer R. C. Sterne was the guest speaker at the special service held in memory of the men and women killed overseas.

Nov. 11—A wreath was presented by the school as an Armistice Day tribute to our service men and women.

Nov. 16—The students at this time had the pleasure of hearing the well-known pianist, Mr. Haddad, play several selections.

Nov. 16—Mrs. Bernard Zinck donated books to the Library.

Nov. 17 - 23—The first term examinations were written by the students of both Junior and the Senior High School.

Nov. 25—Two basketball games were played at the Armouries. L. C. A. girls played against the Town girls winning by a score of 18 - 14. L. C. A. boys played against the Town boys, losing with a score of 9 - 17.

Nov. 28—A short address was given by Dr. Murray Emeneau, a former student of our school. He presented several books to the school Library.

Dec. 2—The two intermediate school teams played basketball. The Legion defeated L. C. A. boys in a very close game while L. C. A. girls lost to the Town girls by a score of 7 - 19.

Dec. 2—Miss Minnie Hewitt gave us one of her beautiful oil paintings.

Dec. 7—Mrs. Ray Silver donated books to the library.

Dec. 7—A movie called "Play Town of U. S. A." was shown to the pupils of the High School.

Dec. 14, 15, 16—The annual Christmas Concert of the Lunenburg Academy was held. At each evening's performance there was a large attendance. The Concert opened with numbers by the Common School. This was followed by a two act operetta, "The Ghost of Lollypop Bay", written by Wakefield Coolman. The cast included Junior and Senior High School students under the capable direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner.

Dec. 20—The annual Christmas High School Dance was held in the Assembly Hall. The Academy's six piece orchestra played for the first time. Principal D. H. Collins and Mr. R. H. Campbell were the chaperones.

Dec. 21—Santa visited the three lower grades of the Common School and distributed treats.

Dec. 22—The special speaker at the Common School Christmas closing was Inspector H. Uhlman, who spoke on "Giving". The special speaker at the Junior and Senior High School closing was Senator J. J. Kinley, whose topic was "Peace on Earth, Good Will Towards Men."

#### 1950

Jan. 10—The L. C. A. girls played basketball against the Town girls. The school girls won the game by a score of 16 - 12. The L. C. A. boys played basketball against the Town boys losing by a close score of 48 - 50.



### JUNIOR BASKETBALL — GIRLS

**Front Row**—Joan Tanner, Joan Demone, Sheila Hellstrom, Rhoda Hannams, Joan Lohnes.

**Second Row**—Miss Lockhart, Geraldine Corkum, Lucille Demone, Pat Hewat, Genda Hall, Nancy Zinck, Susan Smith, Miss Sarty.

**Third Row**—Janice Haughn, Sandra Corkum, Jane Sterne, Annette Hebb, Bernice Walters, Shirley Eisenhauer.

Jan. 11—The Liverpool junior basketball team arrived in Lunenburg to play against the L. C. A. boys. Lunenburg won by a score of 34 - 13. In their first game of the season, the Junior Girls defeated the Liverpool Junior Girls by a score of 12 - 11.

Jan. 11—The Lunenburg Academy Hockey Team played against the Gorsebrooke School, Halifax, winning by a score of 6 - 3.

Jan. 11—Two exhibition games were played by the intermediate basketball teams against Dartmouth High School. The Lunenburg girls won by a score of 17 - 4, and the Lunenburg boys by a score of 40 - 30. The visiting teams were the guests of the local teams on this occasion.

Jan. 12—Mr. F. J. McKittrick forwarded \$78 to cover the sum still required to finish paying the expenses of redecorating the library.

Jan. 12—A set of six books, "Trailmakers of Canada", was given to the Library by Mrs. Muriel Chaddock, Medford, Mass.

Jan. 28—The Lunenburg Academy teams played the return basketball games against Dartmouth High School. The Dartmouth students were the hosts on this occasion. The L. C. A. girls won by a score of 12 - 7, while our boys won by a close score of 45 - 42. While they were in Halifax, the students had the opportunity of visiting Province House.

Jan. 28—The Junior Girls played an exhibition basketball game with the Liverpool Junior Girls. Liverpool won by a score of 31 - 15.

Jan. 30—A debate was held in the Assembly Hall between Grades IX and X. The subject debated was "Resolved that all studying should be done in school." Grade X, which upheld the negative, won the debate.

Feb. 4—The L. C. A. Girls played two basketball games with Q. E. H. teams at the Dalhousie gym. The first L. C. A. team lost by a score of 11 - 26, while the second lost by a score of 3 - 17. On this trip our teams were the guests of the Queen Elizabeth girls.

Feb. 8—Lawyer R. C. Sterne spoke to the students on the topic "Law as a Profession."



#### INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL — BOYS

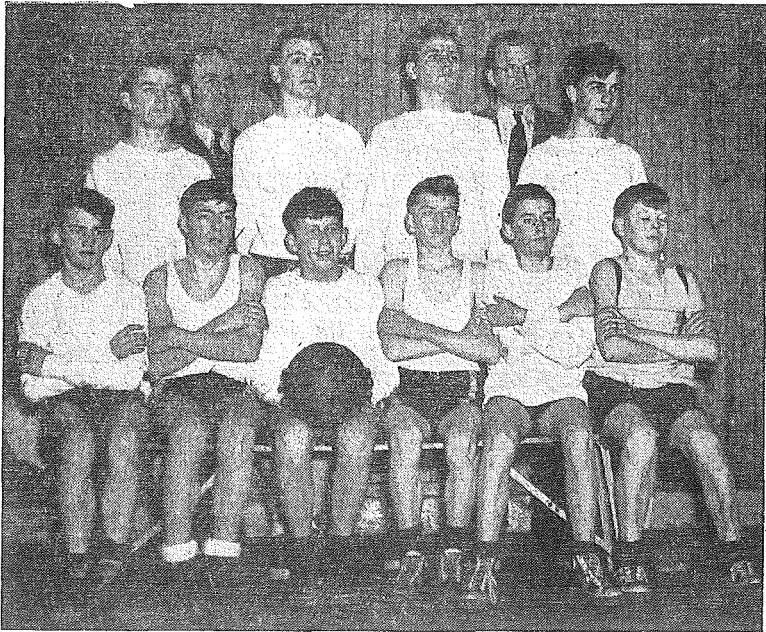
Front Row—David Collins, Aubrey Burns, Gordon Prince, Gilbert Berringer, Billy Dennison.

Second Row—Mr. Ian Campbell, (Coach); James Bald, Gordon Miller, Ronald Conrad.

Third Row—Jack Ritcey, Ernest Schnare, Eric Allen.

Feb. 10—The school teams played two basketball games with the town teams. The L. C. A. Girls lost by a score of 8 - 13. The L. C. A. Boys won by a score of 62 - 50.





### JUNIOR BASKETBALL — BOYS

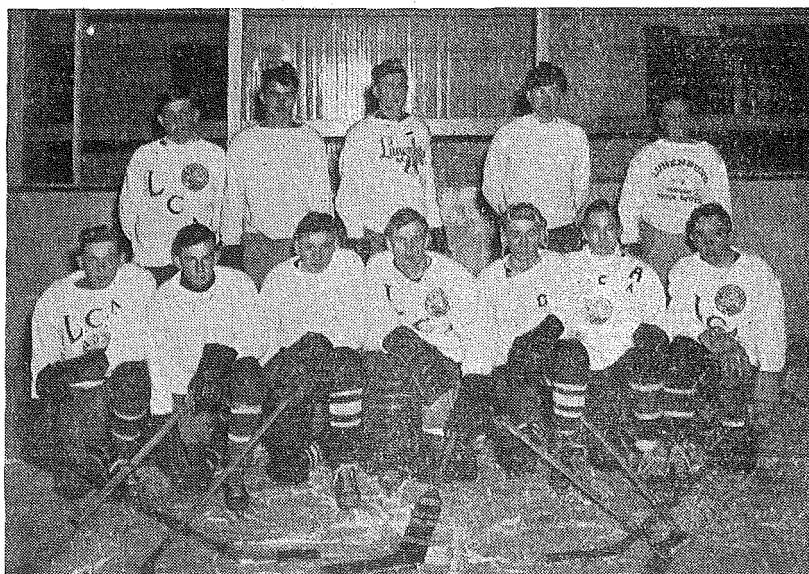
**Front Row**—Robert Parks, Warren Zwicker, Aubrey Burns, Joseph Gaulton, Charles Uhlman, Gerald Schwartz.

**Back Row**—David Collins, Mr. Eisnor, Gilbert Berringer, James Bald, Mr. Moses, Newman Malloy.

Feb. 17—The four L. C. A. basketball teams went to Liverpool to play against the Liverpool School teams. The L. C. A. Junior Girls lost by a score of 10 - 19. Our Junior Boys won by a score of 26 - 23. The Intermediate Boys also lost by a score of 23 - 34.

Feb. 18—A Pantry Sale, sponsored by the Lunenburg Academy Athletic Association, was held at the United Church Hall. The sum of \$66 was raised for the sports' fund. The High School boys raised the sum of \$18 by selling apples about the town.

Feb. 24—The L. C. A. teams played four basketball games with the Liverpool School teams at Lunenburg. The L. C. A. Junior Girls lost by a score of 11 - 18. The Junior Boys won by a score of 19 - 11. On this occasion the Intermediate Girls tied the Liverpool Girls by a score of 19 - 19. However the one point, which the Liverpool Girls had in the previous game, gave them this series. The Intermediate Boys lost to Liverpool by a score of 33 - 34.



### HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

**Front Row**—Franklyn Falkenham, Ray Lohnes, Marven Schnare, Ronald Crouse, David Beck, (Captain); Lloyd Mosher, Sherman Zinck.

**Back Row**—Ralph Nowe, George Feener, Robert Cleveland, Mr. Donald Harvey, (Coach); Eric Eisenhauer.

Feb. 25—The Lunenburg Academy hockey team played an exhibition game with the visiting Liverpool School team, winning by a score of 6 - 3.

March 1—The articles left over from the Pantry Sale were auctioned off at school. The proceeds from this auction and from the Pantry Sale amounted to \$69.13.

March 8, 9, 10—As this was Education Week, the parents of the students were invited to visit the school. A considerable number availed themselves of this opportunity.

March 22, 28—Intermediate Examinations claimed our attention.

March 27—Mr. Collins showed an Easter Film.

March 10—A dance was held in honor of the visiting Q. E. H. basketball teams.

March 11—Two exciting basketball games were played between Q. E. H. teams and L. C. A. teams. The first Q. E. H. team scored a 22 - 17 win over the L. C. A. team. Our second team consisting mostly of Junior players lost to Q. E. H. by a score of 7 - 27. The visiting girls' teams were entertained in the afternoon before leaving for home.

March 15—Grades VII and VIII had their first debate of the year. The subject debated was, "Resolved that Grade VII and Grade VIII should have a Supervised Study Period." Grade VII succeeded in winning the debate.

March 20—Mr. Andrew Eisenhower gave a very helpful vocational guidance talk on engineering as a profession.



### JUMPING FOR THE BALL

March—The Intermediate basketball teams made their last trip of the season. They travelled to Lockeport to play the Lockeport High School teams. Both of the Lunenburg Academy teams were victorious. The girls won by a score of 16 - 6; the boys by a score of 37 - 33.

March 31—A very entertaining concert "Sunny", which revealed very fine direction on the part of the Common School teachers, was presented in the afternoon and evening by the Common School students.

April 4—High School students received the results of the Second Term Examinations.

April 5—Books were given to the school by Mrs. Homer Zwicker. A very fine picture was received from Mr. Ray Schwartz. Books were also received from Miss Jean L. Ross, New York, and from Mr. A. H. Anderson, Windsor Mills, Quebec, both of whom were graduates of Lunenburg Academy. A subscription to the magazine "Woodland World" was also received from Mr. Anderson.

April 6—School closed for the Easter Holidays which end on April 17.



#### STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Front Row—Barbara Beck, (Secretary); George Greek, (President); Sherman Zinck, (Vice-President); Mona Neuss, (Treasurer).  
 Back Row—Ronald Crouse, Robert Smith, Patricia Hewat, Susan Smith, Elaine Corkum, Jack Ritcey.



#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Front Row—David Emeneau, Gordon Prince, (President); Joy Noading, (President); Joan Fraiek.  
 Back Row—Glenda Hall, Rhoda Hannams, David Collins, Richard Westhaver, David Lohnes, Geraldine Corkum, Jean Haughn.

## A CLASS PROPHECY

by Donald Himmelman '50

That extraordinary summer back in 2008 is long remembered by oldtimers hereabouts for the peculiar irregularities in Mother Nature, who is, as a rule, very sober and respectable. The fact is, Dame Nature could not help but cut up a bit when she learned that her two good-natured worrywarts, D. Potter and R. Sampson, had at last left for the Happy Hunting Grounds.

It seems that these two unpredictable members of the graduating class of '50 had just taken up that form of existence which is characteristically accompanied either by the halo and the harp or the red flannels and the spiked tail.

Laws had never been invented which could be applied by the Celestial Court in the case of these two individuals. They have therefore been assigned to the offices of manager and assistant manager of the Neutral Co-operative for the Administration of Spare Parts. This company is designed to supply the needs of each of those entirely different regions of the Next World. By the way, I hear there is quite a demand right now for nylon string harps; though maroon colored tails are also quite the rage.

But, enough of this! Let us look in on our two heroes and see how they like their new job. We are struck by the calmness of their heartwarming conversation.

—“Sampson, you idiot! Now look what you've done. You've spilled ink over all these order sheets. I can scarcely make out the names...; and it's impossible to learn what each one ordered. Now we'll never know where each of our classmates ended up.

—“O, forget about it, Potter. Let's call it a day.

—“Yes, but I certainly would like to know what happened to that Man Beyreis.

—“The last I heard he was going to establish an air base on the planet Mars. His wife Shirley went along to keep an eye on him... those Martian damies, you know! Quite a Social Worker, that Shirley! She actually succeeded in converting the Martians.

—“Ha! Remember that screwball inventor, Donald Himmelman, who devised a gadget which draws in all examination papers when the final bell rings. According to the last I heard of him, he went with Admiral Charles (Byrd) Mossman, the famous explorer, on the latter's Expedition Sour Briar to find the East Pole. They never returned. But the people of Rose Bay still think that on some clear, moonlit night they and their men will float in over the hedges and come to anchor in the graveyard. A queer couple! But they did lend color to the old class.

—“O, I wouldn't laugh at them Dick; you wouldn't be in your present unstable condition if you hadn't been dopey enough to buy that old fifth-hand motorcycle.

"No, and we both wouldn't be in this condition if you hadn't insisted that it is safe to look into a gas tank with a safety match.

—"Say Dick, remember the class muscle-man, Ronald Conrad. As Moose, The Mighty Mangler, Ronny became one of the greatest wrestlers of all time. He was unconquered by either man or beast. But the little woman soon slapped him into the dog house.

—"Sammy, did you hear about the greatest robbery of the twentieth century? Just think! Ten million dollars in bank notes and jewels stolen from the Ritz Hotel, Lunenburg. George Greek was the manager of the establishment.

—"Well, I always said that the poor-house produced more than one success.

"Heh! Heh! That world-famous detective, Lynn (The Thin Man) Corkum, would still be working on the case, if death hadn't taken him ten years later.

—"One thing I'll never really understand is how Janet Zinck and Shirley Lohnes could part to take up different professions; although I hear there was a third party involved. Well, Janet and Jolene certainly created a fine practice for themselves. Those two lady doctors are famous for their discovery of "dirtium", which is guaranteed to cure anything from fallen arches to five o'clock shadow.

—"Remember 'Pommie' Feener, the great Metropolitan Opera Star? Always knew she would make a name for herself; especially when I learned that she had nabbed that big shot in the opera business.

—"Yes Dick. But didn't I tell you that Joy and Joan would never rest until each married a movie actor? Joan certainly must have held her eyes the right way to catch that Pyrone Tower. Remember when Joy snared Cary Cooper. She certainly lived up to her name on that occasion!

—"Say! Wasn't Elizabeth Smith, the famous writer of 'Ten Easy Lessons On Longevity', one of our first customers? Poor thing, must have worn herself out trying to live up to her lessons. Though I hear she made quite a name for herself in the educational field, when she introduced a second Saturday into the school week.

—"Speaking of writers, do you remember Mona Nauss the writer of that current best-seller, 'Come With The Breeze.' That book inspired her to take up meteorology. But her enthusiasm resulted in her downfall. She loved to get to the center of a problem. That is just what happened when she was sent to observe a whirlwind.

—"Well Sammy, that seems to account for everybody in the Graduating Class of '50; that is, everybody except us. But, after all, we didn't do so badly for ourselves, did we?

—"No! It's not everybody who strikes oil in the poor-house garden; . . . although I always did wonder what that pipe, that we found the oil in, was for.

—"Come Sammy, why worry about that. You used to take life too seriously. Surely you never expected to get out of it alive.

Well, dear readers, we must leave our two great oil tycoons to their grave conversation, which carries all the weight and dignity of ghosts, of their ability and position (Whew! What a whopper! That one beats them all!) The clouds of time seem to be obscuring our view. Wait! . . . What is that . . . I can scarcely make it out. Why I believe Sammie is hanging a sign in the window of the Neutral Co-operative . . . Well . . . ha! ha! . . . there's an example of the Sampson sense of humor! . . . What's on that sign? Why I'll tell you — "That's All Folks."

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## DO YOU REMEMBER?

When Eric Eisenhower danced with Miss Sarty?

The romance in the back seats of Grade IX between Gilbert Berringer and Shirley Eisenhower?

The "boot party" thrown in Grade IX one Health period?

When the school hockey team won a game?

When the orchestra made sweet music?

When Marilyn Demone and Lucille Beck had a crush on a certain Grade XII student?

The shock the class received when Ronald Levy, Donald Haughn, Ronald Crouse and Frank Falkenham asked to have their seats changed?

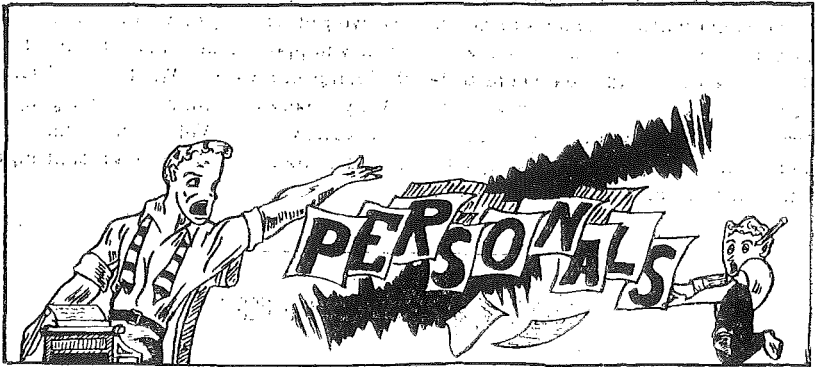
Eric Allen's little speech two days before exams called "D" Day meaning "Exam Day?"

When Joan Mcsher received a big thrill at a Christmas High School Party?

Mr. Collins' yellow tie and purple shirt?

When Donald Himmelman went to the movies on a school night?

Mr. Collins' remedy for a stomach ache?



— Pommy Feener.

#### Class of '49

1. Alfred Cluett is studying at King's College, Halifax.
2. Randall Burns is employed at Crouse's Radio Store, Lunenburg.
3. John Bald is on an Imperial Oil Boat.
4. Bernard Levy is employed at the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg.
5. Marilyn Mosher is attending Mt. Allison University.
6. George Mossman is studying at Mt. Allison University.
7. Rena Ritcey is taking a business course at Mt. Allison University.
8. Jerome Ritcey is attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.
9. Stanton Sarty is attending Normal College, Truro.
10. Philip Tanner is in the American Air Force, now stationed in Alaska.
11. Margaret Parks is training at The Children's Hospital, Halifax.

#### Class of '50

1. Cecil Allen is attending Mt. Allison University.
2. Kingsley Ellis is in the American Army.
3. Ivan Greek is employed at the Royal Bank, Liverpool.
4. Gretchen Hewat is studying at Dalhousie University.
5. Barbara Mosher is attending Business School, Bridgewater.
6. Ann Naas is employed at the Bank of Commerce, Lunenburg.
7. Shirley Miller is attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.
8. Billy Mason is studying at Acadia University.
9. Irene Nowe is employed at the Lunenburg Sea Products.



10. Donald Eisenhauer and Donald Gerhardt are working in Halifax.
11. Dorothy Mosher is at home, at present.
12. Kathryn Oxner is training at Grace Maternity Hospital.
13. Joyce Knickle is employed at the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg.
14. Jean Lantz is employed at the Boscawen Manor, Lunenburg.
15. Valda Lehnies is working for Powers Bros., Ltd., Lunenburg.
16. Paul Rhodenizer is at home, at present.
17. Sylvia Corkum is teaching at Stanburne, Lunenburg Co.
18. Shirley Spindler is training to be a nurse in Montreal.
19. Johanne Zwicker is studying at King's College, Halifax.
20. Mona Zinck is attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.
21. Marguerite Zinck is working at Mcir's Factory, Halifax.
22. Lillian Thornhill is employed at Silver's Store, Lunenburg.
23. Bertie Mailman is employed at Bridgewater Hospital.

Mr. Collins: In order to put all one's energy in the lawn mower, to make it most effective, the handle would have to be parallel to the ground.

(Mr. C. gets on his hands and knees, and Kay N. laughs.)

Mr. C.: Why do you laugh, your ancestors were on all fours too.

(Miss Westhaver, explaining the word budget.)

Miss Westhaver: Ray, what's your version of budget?

Ray L.: Well, when you push something you have to budge it.

Mr. Andrews: Do you see what I mean by this problem-

Eric A.: No, I can't see from over here.

Janet: I wonder how most women catch their men?

Pommy: Well Janet, catching a man is like catching a fish; you must reel him in as soon as you get him because he may not fall for that kind of bait again.

Mr. Campbell: Where is the Red Sea?

James Bald: Three lines down my report card.

Mr. Andrews: Has anyone got these exercises done.

Grade X Class: No sir!

Mr. Andrews: Well I ran through those yesterday.

Ernest S.: He sure did. His foot-prints are still on the board.

Miss Westhaver: Who's without the book here?

Joan Fralick: I am, I was thinking it was Monday.

Miss Westhaver: You know Joan, every time you think it's fatal.

E. Schnare: (asking his habitual question as the 3 o'clock bell rings) Please sir, may I leave the room?

Mr. Campbell: Ernest, you remind me of the Russian scientist Pavlov who rang a bell every time he fed his dog so that finally the dog's mouth watered every time he heard the bell.



Miss Westhaver: Now class, are there any more questions concerning the lesson? Yes, Donald?

Donald: May I leave the room?

David Lohnes: I bet I can make an Indian out of you.

Ronald Levy: How?

David L: See, I told you.

Irene T: I've got something on you.

Dianne T: What? (sounding scared).

Irene T: My hand.

Miss Westhaver: Has everyone got these questions done?

Eric: That day I was out.

Donny: I was out too.

Miss Westhaver: Probably out of your mind.

Mr. Andrews: When you multiply, what do you get?

George A: A headache.

Mr. Campbell: Why haven't you started your composition? You had it for homework.

Shirley H: I thought up the title last night.

Mr. Andrews: Use a set square to draw that figure.

Class: We haven't any.

Mr. Andrews: Well, if you haven't any, use your scribbler, it has a sharp edge.

Class: We haven't any.

Mr. Andrews: Then use your square heads.

Miss Westhaver: There are some dates that we just should remember.

Florence Feener giggles.

Miss Westhaver: Now Florence, you can take almost everything in two ways.

George: Janet, what have we in Social Problems for next day?

Janet: Chapter VIII down to rubber.

Donald: That next section on rubber is going to be a terribly stretchy subject.

Ross: Kathryn, you're going to die before I do.

Kathryn: Yes, Ross, and when you come down I'll be there shovelling coal.

Ross: Oh no you won't, they installed oil last week.

## BIOGRAPHIES — GRADE XII



Max Beyreis

"For he's a jolly good fellow."

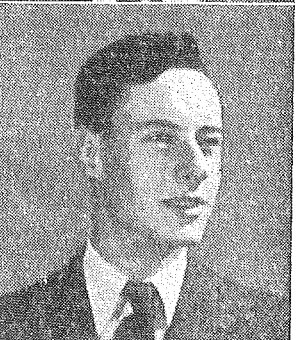
Max hails from East Chester and has joined our gang this year. During the year he has made many friends and enjoys teasing the girls. Max takes an active interest in baseball and hockey. His future plan center around the R. C. A. F. Good luck, Max.



Ronald Conrad

"Steady in work and steady in play, 'Ron' will make good in his future days."

"Ronny" came from Rose Bay to L. C. A. in Grade XI. Besides his studies, he takes part in sports, being on the basketball and hockey teams. Next year Ronny plans to enter Maritime Business College. We wish him the best in his chosen vocation.



Lynn Corkum

"He does his work well, and when it's done,

There's always lots of time for fun.

Lynn has received all his elementary education at L. C. A. His ability is readily noticed by his standing in class. Among outside activities, Lynn likes skating and swimming. We believe Lynn's future will be in the field of business. Knowing him as we do, we are certain that he will succeed in his endeavors.



Florence Feener (Pommy)

"Pommy's hobby is a song

In our operettas she has belonged."

Pommy has been with us all through her school years. She has taken an active part in school activities and her favorite pastimes are basketball and singing. Her contagious smile and ever-ready greeting "Hi There." have won for her a popular place among the students. Success to you Pommy in the teaching profession.



Joan Fralick

"Angelic look - and curly hair  
Doesn't hide the mischief there."

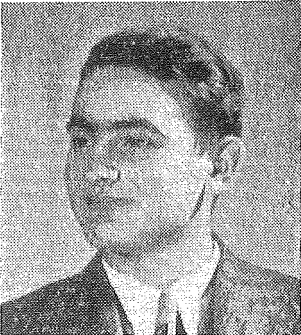
Joan, with her friendly way and cheerful smile, has made many friends during her school years. She enjoys all sports, especially basketball. She is secretary of the Athletic Association. For her future career, Joan plans to take up nursing, and we are certain she will succeed in this chosen occupation.



George Greek

"Oh why should life all labour  
be?"

George joined us in Grade VI after attending school at Blue Rocks. He is President of the Students' Council and excels in both school and sport. We shall always remember George for his cheery disposition. We wish him every success in his field of work.



Donald Himmetman

"Why take life too seriously?  
You'll never get out of it alive!"

Donald, coming from Rose Bay, joined the group in Grade XI. He has taken a keen interest in his studies and has been near the top of the class. Next year he plans to continue his studies at college. "Good luck Donnie."



Shirley Lohnes

"Vim, vigor and vitality  
Added to a perfect personality."

Shirley was once told that if she were to be graded on her personality she would make ninety-nine. She is never without a smile whether sad of heart or gay. Besides her studies, Shirley finds time for basketball and her favorite hobby - piano. Whatever Shirley chooses to do, we know her personality will take her to the top of the ladder.

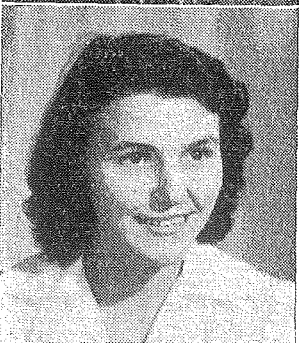


**Charles Mossman**

"He's always cracking his bones."

Yes, if you hear bones cracking, you know it is Charles Mossman of the 1950 Graduating Class, for Charles has been named the "Mr. Bone Cracker" of the year.

As yet Charles is undecided as to what he is going to do, but his co-graduates wish him the best of luck.



**Mona Naas**

"It's nice to be natural,  
When you're naturally nice."

Mona joined us in Grade IX, hailing from First Peninsula. She shows a keen interest in her studies and has always been near the top of the class. She is treasurer of the Students' Council this year. Mona's chosen profession is a secret, but with such a friendly and happy nature, she is sure to succeed. Good luck, Mona!



**Joy Nodding**

"Little Joy's a friend to all.  
She only wishes to be six feet tall."

Joy's been with us through school. We always hear her hearty laughter before we see her. This year she has been the President of our Athletic Association. Her future is as yet a question mark, but we wish for her the best of everything.



**Richard Potter (Dick)**

Except for a half-year in the Primary Grade of the former Newtown School, Dick has spent his school life within the portals of Lunenburg Academy. Nowhere is it possible to find anyone who can see more humor in life than Dick. He is keen-witted and has a number of hobbies, his chief interest of late being his motorcycle. Dick's plans for the future are as yet undecided, but what he may decide to do, his cheerfulness and sunny disposition cannot help but make him a success.



**Janet Zinck**

"A friend to one, a friend to all."

Janet's whole life seems to centre around being a friend to all and helping others. Possessing this kind consideration for others, she cannot fail but make an excellent nurse. Besides being one of our best students, Janet is very skilled in music, especially in organ. This talent will be missed in Lunenburg, but we can be sure that people in other communities will benefit from her talents.



**Jolene Reinhardt**

"Life for her is love and laughter  
There is no time for tears."

Jolene, hailing from Riverport, joined the gang in 1949. During her one year at the Academy, she has made many friends. Her one special attraction on the week ends seems to be a certain dark-haired fellow from "out home." Jolene's vocation lies in the teaching profession, and her co-graduates wish her the best of everything.

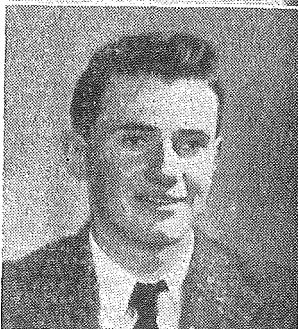


**Elizabeth Smith (Libby)**

"Laughing eyes and charming  
smile

Libby possesses all the while."

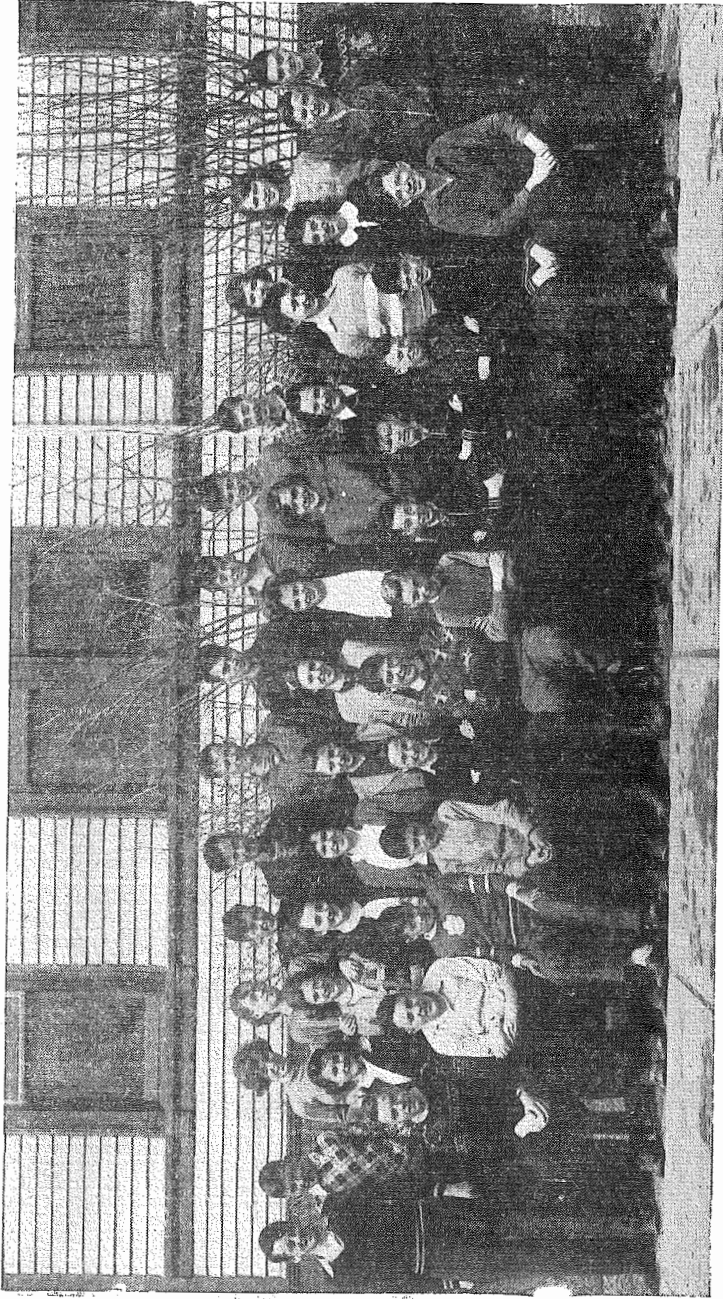
Libby, like her side-kick Jolene, comes from Riverport. Her charming smile has won for her many friends, not a few being of the opposite sex. Next year Libby is planning to take business, and with such a pleasing personality she cannot help but be a success. Bon voyage, Libby.



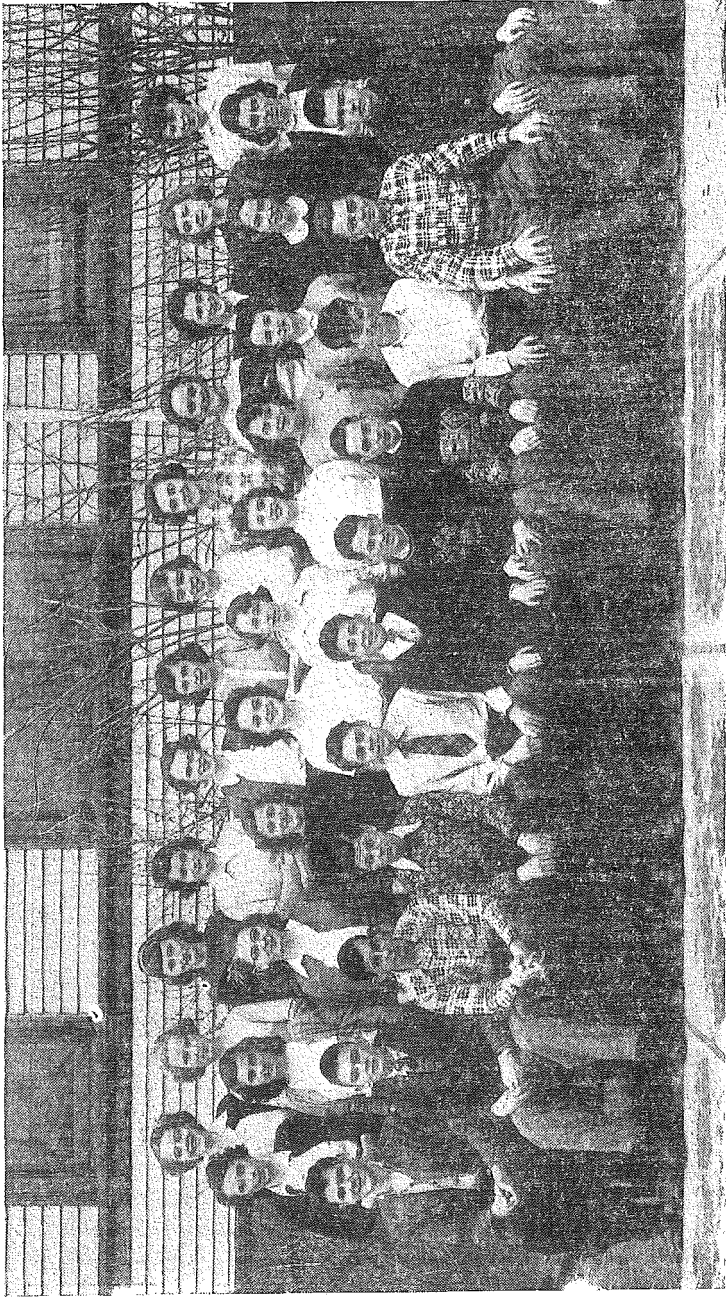
**Robert Sampson**

"Better late than never."

Here is the famous "Samson Agonistes" rushing up over the hill just as the bell goes for classes. However, the rest of the day an atomic bomb could not make Robert move any faster. This year Robert has been busy taking care of the "Red Cross" money. Besides his school work, he participates in track. Our Agonistes hopes to do work in connection with radios, and his fellow graduates will be interested to see him make a success of this work.

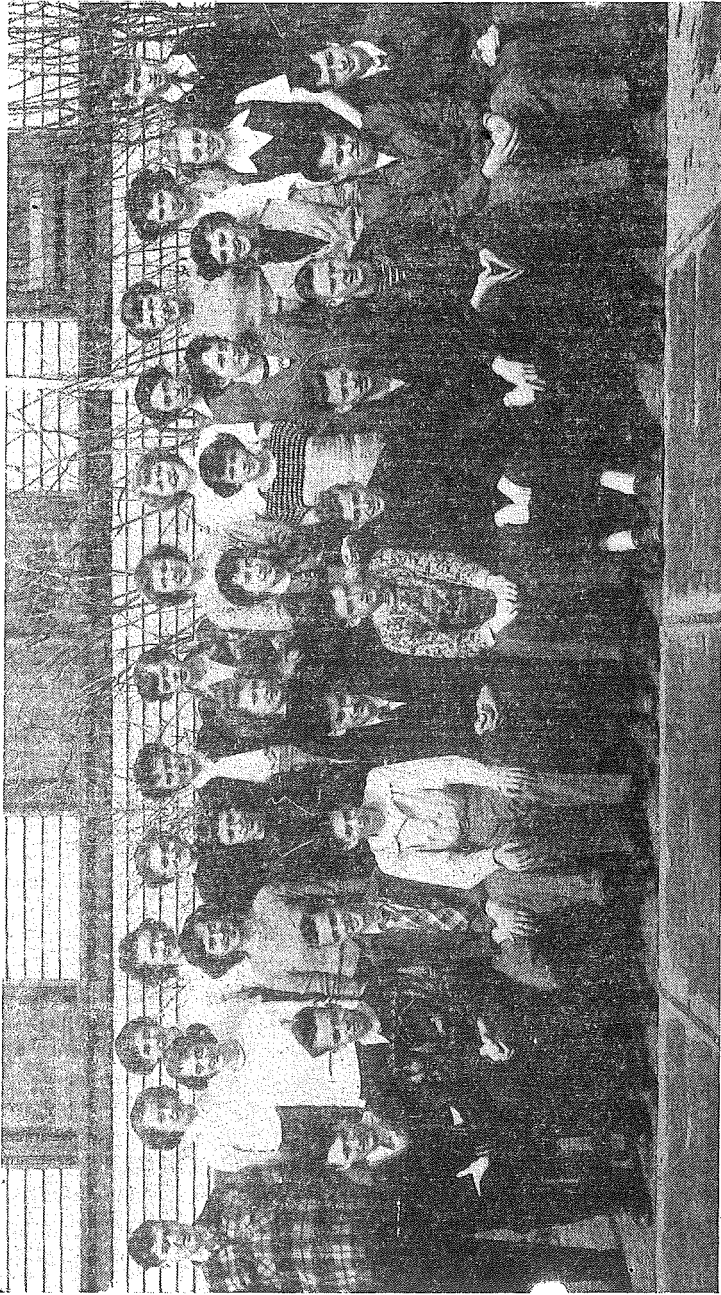


GRADE VIII

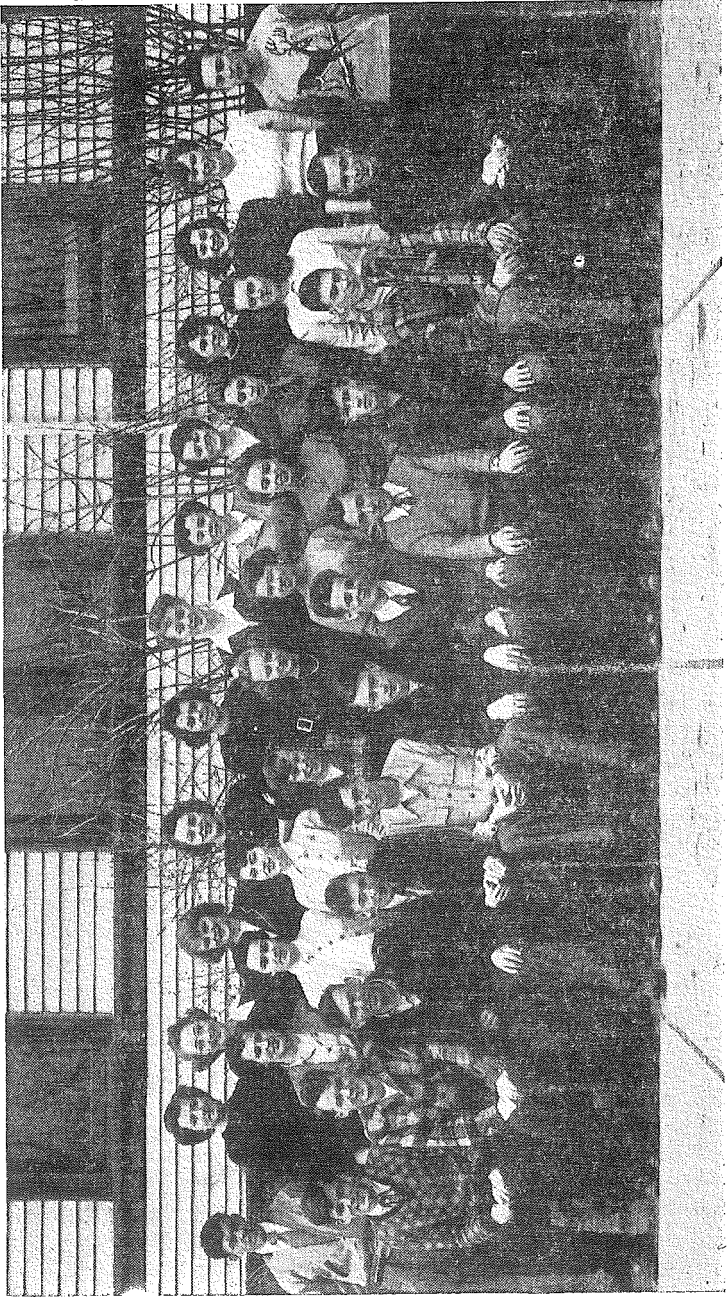


GRADE IX





GRADE X



GRADE XI



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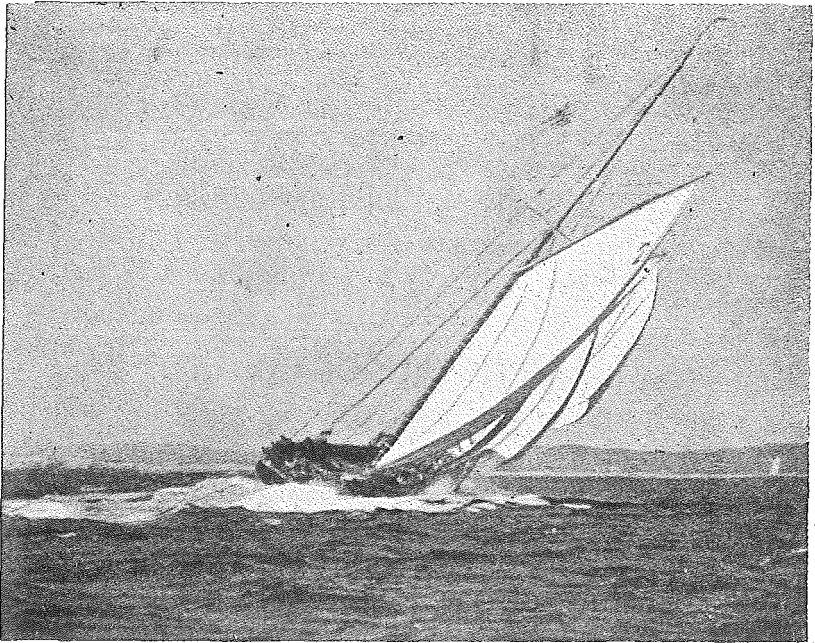
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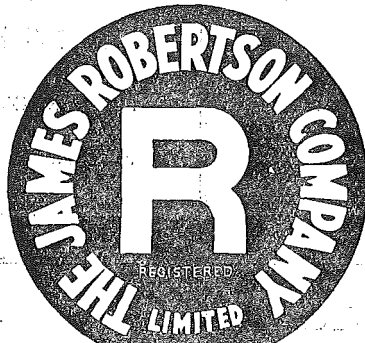
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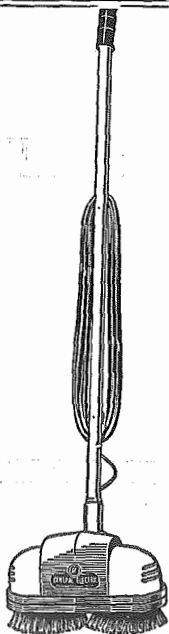
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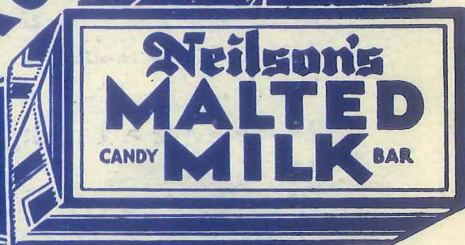
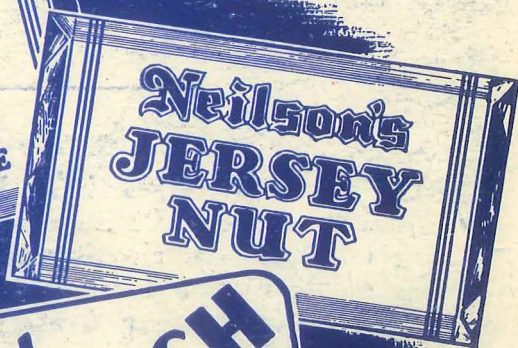
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