

*The*

# SEA GULL



Buckman

UNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK  
nimis Opibusque Parati 1951

**--1953--**  
LUNENBURG'S  
BI - CENTENNIAL



In two years Lunenburg will celebrate its Bi-Centennial, marking the 200th Anniversary of the founding of our Town.

Citizens are urged to remind relatives and friends, natives of this community now living elsewhere, of this event and suggest that they pay a visit to their "Old Home Town" during 1953.



Lunenburg Board of Trade

THE SEA GULL

# LUNENBURG ACADEMY



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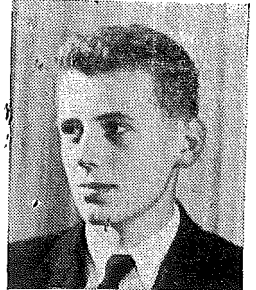
ERNEST E. EIGNOR

## JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

THE SEA GULL  
MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS

As co-editors of the Sea Gull, we wish to thank the students and the staff for their co-operation in preparing this year's edition. We hope our efforts will bring a small measure of satisfaction and enjoyment to the community. It has been a privilege and pleasure to fill this position.

**ANNE SHOLDS '51**  
**JEFFREY COOK '51**



It has been a privilege to have served as President of the Students Council during the past year. I have enjoyed this position, and the responsibility it has given me. I should like to thank the Teachers and Students for their co-operation. May I take this opportunity of wishing success and happiness to my fellow graduates

**BARBARA BECK '51**



I want to thank my fellow students for the opportunity to serve as Treasurer of the Students' Council. Best of luck to the graduating class of 1951.

**FRANK GILLMORE '51**

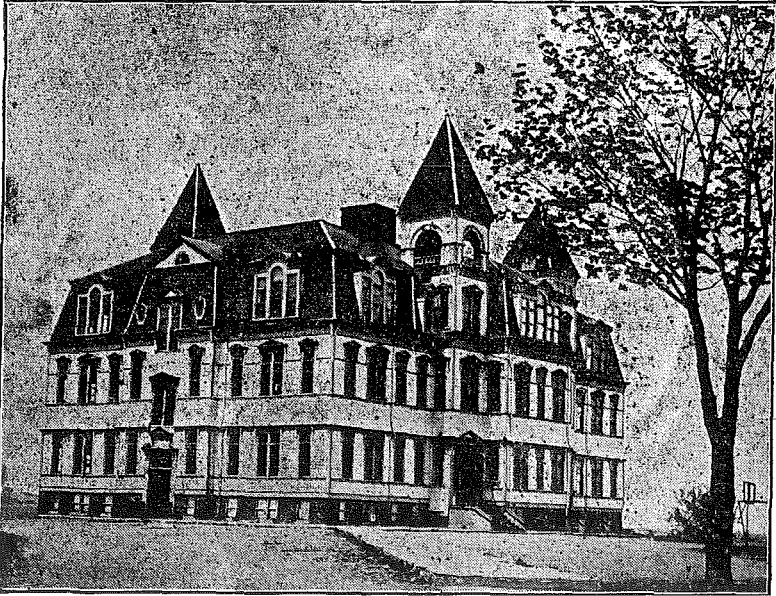


It has been our pleasure to have been Business Managers of the "Sea Gull" for the year 1951. We have found our work exacting and interesting, and know it will be of value to us in later life. We take this opportunity to wish success to the graduating class.

**DAVID BECK '51**  
**SHERMAN ZINCK '51**



## THE SEA GULL



The 1951 issue of the Sea Gull is dedicated to the Fishing Industry, which has played a major part in the history and development of Lunenburg. During the year, the installation of the Sprinkler System was completed at a cost of Thirty-Three Thousand (\$33,000.00) Dollars, resulting in greatly reducing the fire hazard in the Academy.

Two members of the 1949 Graduating Class are serving with the American Forces in Korea, and are nobly doing their part for the freedom of democracy. All honor to these two brave boys, and it is the hope of all that they will soon safely return to the haven where they would be.

I trust the pupils of our school have had a successful year, and to the Graduating Class I wish you all every success in the future. I know your years spent in the Lunenburg Academy will help you to face the problems of life, and that you will be worthy citizens of this great country of ours for which the future holds enormous opportunities. You are facing a world in which Canada has a great future, but there are equally greater problems facing us in physical security.

Canada is fortunate in having a friendly neighbor to the South, but our Government and people must be ever alert to the not so friendly neighbor over the frosty curve of a northern horizon.

The Sea Gull is a magazine of which any school may well be proud. I want to congratulate the Board of Editors, and all those who have part in these publications, which are a credit to Lunenburg Academy and carry the name of our school far and wide.

Douglas F. Adams, Chairman, Board of School Commissioners.

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# The Sea Gull

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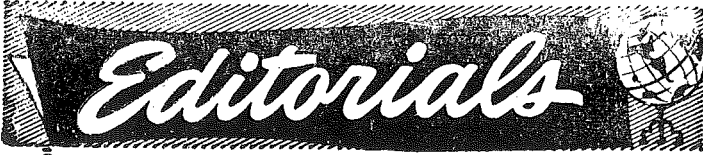
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# Editorials

by Anne Sholds '51, Jeffrey Cook '51

## Dedication

It is particularly fitting to dedicate this issue of the Sea Gull to the Lunenburg Fishing Fleet. When our ancestors landed here on Malagash Harbor on June 7th, 1753, to found the prosperous town of Lunenburg, they possessed only a simple knowledge of farming. Yet, by earnest perseverance, they applied their common knowledge and established a community that, in progressiveness, was second only to Halifax among the Maritime settlements.

Then our forefathers met a new challenge — that of reaping the bounty of the sea. Applying the same genuine ambition, the port of Lunenburg became a leader of the Maritime salt fish industry. But with the passing of time the smaller, sturdy vessel was replaced with a larger and swifter schooner which was much easier to handle. The fishermen of Lunenburg took all these advances in their stride. The Bluenose, a local schooner, became the champion of the North Atlantic Fishing Fleet. This successful schooner combined capacity with speed and manoeuvrability to become a highliner in the perfection of sail fishing.

But the age of the Bluenose has passed — never to return. The Diesel engine and the trawler have revolutionized the industry. Thus the fishing industry of Lunenburg is changing its methods and techniques to keep pace with the times. Let us then in these trying times take our inspiration from our forefathers and from the fishing industry. Let us apply that same honest progressiveness and versatile earnestness to our everyday problems and ambitions.

## Improvements in the School

One of the main improvements in the Academy for 1950 was the installation of a sprinkler system throughout the building — a system which assures greater safety against fire damage. Other changes include the re-decoration of the laboratory and the upper hall, as well as the installment of florescent lights in Grades I and II. Bicycle racks have been erected on the Academy grounds for the convenience of the students.

## Organizations

In 1950, as in other years, both Boys' and Girls' Choral Clubs proved very successful under the capable leadership of Mrs. B. G. Oxner. In the spring, the combined clubs appeared at the Halifax Music Festival for the first time. Here they won acclaim by rating highest among the competing schools. This year a comedy, "Hearts and Gowns", was presented by the

## THE SEA GULL

Academy students under Mrs. Oxner's direction. This Christmas program was most successful. The students owe much gratitude to Mrs. Oxner for her interest and capable leadership.

The School Orchestra has been another splendid activity during the year 1950-51. Although entirely on their own, they have steadily improved, and provide tangible proof of the natural ability of Academy students.

A Drama Club, consisting of students from Grades XI and XII, has been organized under the leadership of Miss P. Veinot. A successful program of two one-act plays was presented in the spring as a climax of the year's activity.

### Sports

This year the students of the Academy have once more enjoyed a full program of sport. The curlers, although few in number, went the farthest toward provincial honors. The Headmasters team, in defeating Bridgewater by the last rock, won the right to represent the South Shore at the Provincial Bonspiel at Truro. Here they led the first day matches by remaining the only undefeated rink among the nine competing teams. The next day they entered the semi-finals and finals, but failed to get the one more win necessary for the championship. Truro captured the honors by twice defeating the Lunenburg team.

Basketball has again played a prominent part in school sports. Even though the teams did not gain provincial acclaim, good sportsmanship was evident both in victory and defeat. While the intermediate boys' team were eliminated by their ancient rivals, Liverpool, the intermediate girls were turned back by the Lockeport squad. Besides a series of exhibition games with Queen Elizabeth High School, the basketball teams enjoyed competition with the Town League, Bridgewater, and Kentville.

Hockey enthusiasts again turned out to represent the Academy in contending for the Provincial Headmasters honors. Despite careful coaching under Mr. Seaver, and conscientious practice, the team was edged out by Chester in the triangle playoffs with Bridgewater and Chester. Nevertheless they enjoyed a full season of exhibition games with Q. E. H., King's Collegiate, Bridgewater, Hubbards and Chester.

A baseball team was organized in the spring of 1950, and several exhibition contests were played with Liverpool. A track team was also trained, and competed in the Acadia Relays which were held in the fall.

### Our Problem

The school year has once more drawn to a close. In previous years we have watched our predecessors bow out of the Academy while we, ourselves, have awaited our return in the fall. But now we are the graduating class — at last we have reached our objective. The world which awaits us is not a settled one, but rather one of war, unrest, and suspicion. We trust that the teamwork, fellowship and co-operation with which school has provided us have sufficiently prepared us to meet the challenge, and that these virtues may help us as citizens to aid in overcoming the situation.

## OUR BUSINESS

by D. H. Collins, Principal

Men and women should never reach that point where they become oblivious of their humble beginnings. This could never be true in Lunenburg, as the antiquity of much that we see daily around us and the industry we prosecute are perpetual reminders of a rugged but proud past.

Sir Joseph Howe has stated in stately, sonorous, and slightly grandiloquent prose the innermost feelings of Nova Scotians towards their past. While the quotation has been used on many occasions, it has never lost the power to stir the hearts of the down-easter.

“A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great public structures, and fosters national pride and love of country, by perpetual reference to the sacrifices and glories of the past.”

Nor should the rising generations of Lunenburgers ever be permitted to forget and neglect a glorious past of a community whose origin goes back to continental Europe, from whose wars and turmoil our ancestors departed to carve a home from the sea-coast of a wild and rugged land. Theirs is an example that should stir the imagination and compel admiration of a kind that realizes the same inherent qualities are present in this generation.

Man's most elemental urge is for a home - a place he can call his own, and where he can live in contentment with his loved ones. No more beautiful place can be found than Lunenburg for such a purpose. Many have rhapsodized on the subject with but a quiet nod from those who have left the native hearth. It is still a fine place in which to dwell, and man's urge is ever the same thus explaining, to some degree, the high proportion of homeowners in Lunenburg.

Our ancestors desired to satiate yet another fundamental urge - to wrest a living from the soil and the sea. Propinquity explains why our forefathers turned to the sea when they came to this land from an essentially agricultural area. Many of their descendants have turned from the sea to other occupations, more lucrative and steadier; yet Lunenburg's inheritance is salty, and her future is bound inextricably to the fortunes of the fishing industry. And there are still men who find their fullest expression on the bosom of the sea in one of the oldest occupations known to man.

There is much to condemn it as a means of earning a living - it is difficult and even hard; it does take a man of physical endurance and stamina to remain in the occupation for any length of time; and there are infrequent-

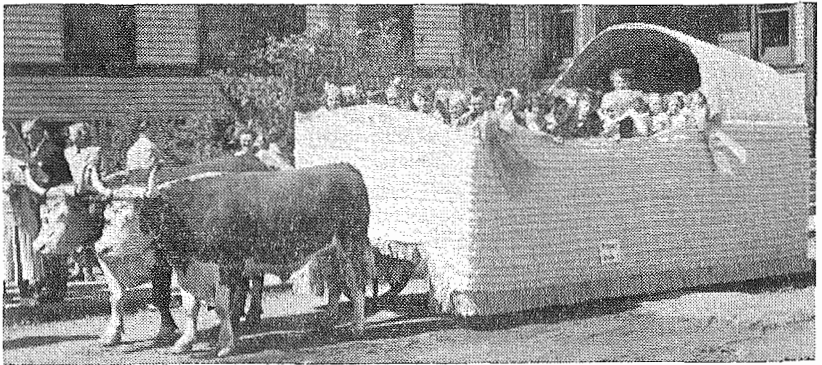
ly the tragedies similar to that of the year 1927. But the man who likes a rugged life, an adventurous existence, a way of living unfettered by the conventions of living ashore would have no other. And it is he who provides man with fish - a staple item of food.

The fact that the 1951 issue of *The Sea Gull* is dedicated to "The Fishing Industry" is indeed timely. It is the main industry of this area of Lunenburg County, and from it has come the wealth we possess, our homes, and our possessions. Tremendous changes have taken place in the methods of catching and processing fish over the past ten years consequent upon keen competition, and an expanding market for fresh fish in Canada and the U. S. A. Nor has the salt-fish angle of the industry been any the less progressive as the introduction of artificial drying would prove.

These changes should be of interest to our young people as major factors in their decision to enter a field which is in the process of development. Not all of our students can become teachers, lawyers, and doctors; and there are those who do not have the desire for such fields. So many phases of the fish business challenge thought to-day from scientific research to garnering the harvest of the sea that young men, in particular, should devote some thought to it as a life-time occupation.

The articles printed in this 1951 issue are representative of a business that has come of age; of a business that requires the application of brains as well as brute force in the words of the great Howe -

"There never was a country with so many natural resources broadcast before so limited a population. Forests of boundless extent - a virgin soil to be measured by millions of square miles - the richest fisheries in the world - mines the value of which no man can estimate - and water-power running to waste everywhere but in a few favoured spots where the vagrant streams have been harnessed to machinery and turned to profitable account."



1950 N. S. Fisheries Exhibition Parade — Float - Primary and Grade I

## VALEDICTORY

by Barbara Beck '51; Kathryn Kinley '51

Soon we shall be coming to the end of another school year. To us, the graduating class, it would be with sadness and regret were we not going further, each on his own road of life.

At last we have finished what seemed to us in the beginning an impossible task, and we can look down at the younger generation following us with awe and envy. To them we say "Do not get discouraged on the way for the sun always comes shining through at the end."

The Teachers have done their utmost to mould us as better citizens, capable of taking our place in the community. Excepting our parents, theirs has been the greatest task - that of instilling in us the primary principles of life.

Today, when war is more imminent than ever, the need for intelligent, well-educated, and conscientious young people is steadily increasing and becoming more necessary than before.

We have learned through extra-curricular activities to work as a team and not as an individual. Through this, too, we have learned to play fair, and fight hard; losing with a smile.

To our successors in High School we would say - don't be content with your best, try to do better still. When you enter the outside world hold true to the ideals that you have learned and strive always to uphold the worthy tradition of the Lunenburg Academy.

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

To our classmates, tonight marks the parting of the way. Many friendships will be lost but not forgotten. Let us all try to live in harmony with our fellow men in the pursuit of peace and happiness.

In conclusion, we the graduating class of 1951 will always cherish happy memories of the Academy on the hill.

This Issue of  
 “The Sea Gull”  
 is dedicated to  
 The  
 Fishing Industry  
 of  
 Lunenburg  
 and



“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.”

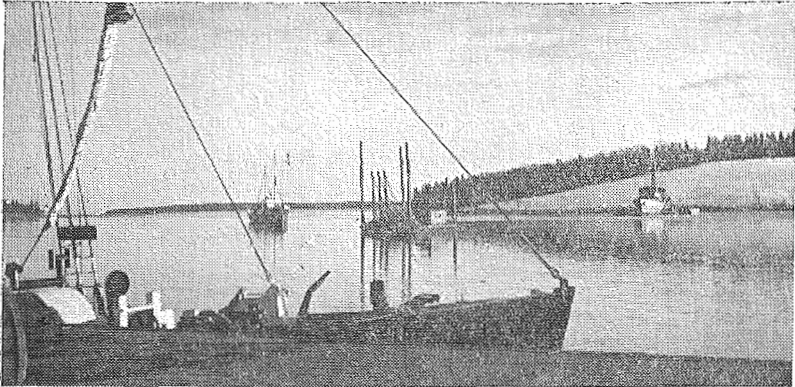
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“Of all the fish that swim or swish  
 In ocean’s deep autocracy,  
 There’s none possess such haughtiness  
 As the codfish aristocracy.”

## A SAGA OF THE FISHING INDUSTRY IN LUNENBURG

by Anne Sholds '51

Lunenburg today is one of the leading fishing ports of the Maritimes. The town's name is connected with that industry by everyone who has in any way come in contact with it. Lunenburg . . . fishing; after almost two hundred years these two words seem to blend together naturally. But such fame did not rise overnight. It took many years of patient toil and hardship endured by the forefathers of the town to lay a foundation for the industry; and years of struggle and forbearance by their successors to add improvements to that foundation.



Because of Lunenburg's natural location — with two excellent harbours jutting into the land and opening a door to the Atlantic Ocean — her founders were excellently provided with a livelihood. This they lost no time in cultivating. However, the slow and meagre methods known in their time proved a vast hindrance to them.

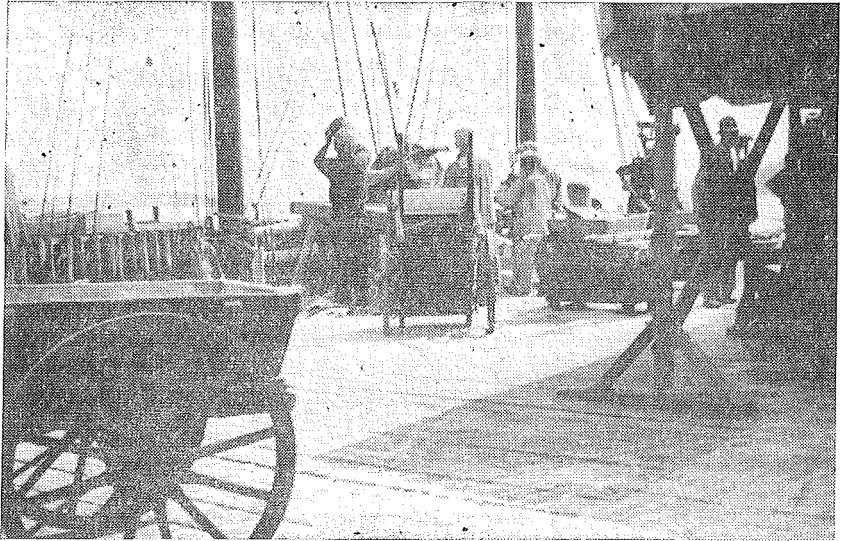
By 1795 improvements had come about and fish were being sent to the West Indies by brig and schooner. Sawmills drove away the salmon and catching them at spawning time decreased their number. Other inshore fish consisted of gaspereaux, eels, cod, mackerel, and dogfish. In one season two men would catch enough dogfish for twenty barrels of oil or cod to fill sixty quintals. Haddock and pollock were caught in good supplies. Sea and lake trout were fished in the spring and also during the winter through holes in the ice. Caught in the same method in March was shad, with as many as could be loaded carried home in ox-carts. Great quantities were caught in single hauls.

Mackerel were sent to Lunenburg from the surrounding districts such as Blue Rocks and Heckman's Island. Men engaged along the shore night and day, split and cured them. They were sold for three to four dollars per barrel and processed for one dollar per hundredweight.

By 1800 an increase of fishermen had brought about a decline of coast

fishing, and deep sea fishing was carried on in the summer. On the return of the vessels, the women helped spread the fish.

Apparently during the next half century fishing held its own, for it is reported to have been a thriving industry. In 1850 ten vessels of forty-five tons sailed from Lunenburg each carrying ten men and two boats. After loading their catch, they either returned to Lunenburg or sailed to Cape Breton or Newfoundland. Having removed the fish from the boats, washed, and dried them in the sun for a fortnight, the fishermen returned them to the vessel. They were then taken to Halifax and sold.



From 1851-61 Lunenburg had the best record of the counties.

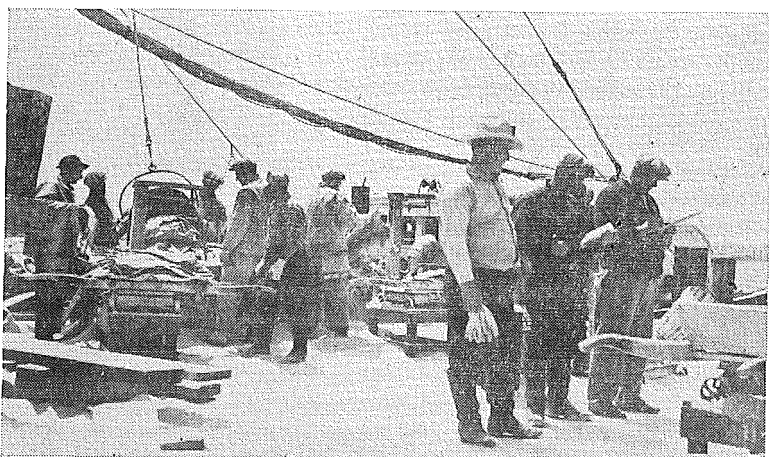
After 1870 it was advised to use a "seine" when the fish refused to take bait. This resulted in a big catch the next season, and a bigger fleet in tonnage and number was necessary. More improvements in the mode of fishing meant the abandonment of the seine for the "trap." This was an ordinary net arranged into four sides with gateways and a bottom. The fish swam through the gateways, and the netted floor was raised. The trap was taken from the sea at certain times during the day. This method was good for a few seasons but then it, too, was discarded.

At this time — 1873 — Labrador cod-fisheries refused to offer profitable returns to Lunenburg fishermen. Two years later the spring fleet reached fifteen vessels with one hundred and seventy-five men and five skippers to engage in deep sea or bank fishing. At first they were not so successful and part of the fleet left. The remaining vessels, however, were rewarded with good catches. Several went again the next season with good returns. By 1888 it was recorded that the town had "a fleet comprising sixty home-built schooners averaging ninety-five tons, carrying all modern appliances and



prosecuting the deep sea undertaking with enviable vigor and success."

From then on the fleet grew to one hundred, one hundred and twenty, and upwards in vessels. About the time of the change of the century, three — and sometimes four — trips were made. The frozen-baiting trip lasted from about March 10 to April 10. The spring trip was then made ready for and carried out. On June 1, the summer trip began. If a fall voyage was made it usually lasted a month and a half. The summer trip was to the Grand Banks, the others to Sable Island.



The vessels became larger and better equipped. They carried from nineteen to twenty men — consisting of the skipper, cook, mate, crew, header, trouter, and salter. Seven dories with two men each sailed out about a mile from the schooner. They contained four tubs of trawls, a buoy, and an anchor and stayed out about two hours. They then hauled in their trawls and rowed back to the anchored vessel. After the fish were dressed, they were salted in the hold. This was done by putting a layer of salt over each layer of fish. A similar process is still used today.

Sail vessels were replaced in 1934 by steam vessels. This allowed greater speed and needless to say was a welcome improvement.

Draggers later replaced the trawlers. These are larger and have more tonnage than the latter. The fish are caught off the boat. This reduces the danger presented by the dories. The draggers drag a net behind them for about an hour, then haul it in. They stay out a week and do only fresh fishing. Trawlers cannot compete with this more modern method, and the day of the dragger in the fishing industry is upon us.

Through the years the waterfront has been turned into a maze of wharves and buildings owned by the fish business companies of the town.

Yes, Lunenburg's fishing industry has come a long way to the prosperous state which it now enjoys. Whatever the future years may bring, this town's name is bound to rank high among those of its rival fishing ports.

## THE SALT FISHING INDUSTRY

by Mayor D. F. Adams

Before the age of diesel engines, years back, Lunenburg Harbor was an active place filled with schooners and three-masters, its waterfront a veritable forest of spars and the docks alive with fishermen. What a sight it was to see the schooners, their white sails flapping in the wind, the Union Jacks streaming from their slender topmasts, set sail on their fishing trips to the banks. They were manned with crews of stout heart and faith that they would soon return to their home port with good trips from the fishing grounds, which a bountiful Providence had well stocked with many varieties of fish.

Today is the age of diesel power: gone are the three mastered coasting schooners which formerly carried the cargoes of salt fish to West Indies markets, and returned with salt for curing the fish and other products of the warm countries. In their place, steel hulls of many horsepower carry Lunenburg fish. Gone too are the picturesque sailing schooners replaced by today's powered schooners and draggers, which defy the wind as they steam quickly to and fro from the fishing banks after catching their green fish cargoes the whole year round.

Of all the brigs, barquentines, and three masters of yester-year, only one is left - Byrd's ship of the Arctic "CITY OF NEW YORK", which still plys the historic West Indies trade route.

Of the many ships which sailed from Lunenburg Harbor over the years, many of them making record trips, the "BLUENOSE" was the most famous of them all whose effigy adorns the Canadian ten cent piece and one of Canada's most beautiful stamps. At the present time about a dozen schooners, which are owned and sailed directly from Lunenburg, still prosecute the salt fishing industry, landing last year nearly 9,000,000 pounds of green salted codfish, valued around the \$700,000.00 mark, way below the peak years when approximately seventy-five vessels were in the salt fish business from this town alone.

Salted codfish has made the name of Lunenburg known in many foreign markets. The codfish caught by fishing schooners, Lunenburg built, Lunenburg skippered and manned by fishermen from Newfoundland and local and neighboring communities, are dried in modern artificial dryers to a moisture content ranging from 38 degrees to 48 degrees, packed in cases, drums, casks



or butts, as required by the particular markets; and now shipped by fast steamers to the United States, Cuba, Trinidad, Puerto Rico, Haiti, British Guiana, Panama, etc.

During the last year, the Trinidad and Brazil markets have been closed to Lunenburg fish as these markets purchase their fish from countries in the sterling area. Lunenburg, under the rules of the Foreign Exchange Control Board must receive payment for fish exports in American or Canadian Dollars, and cannot make foreign sales for sterling. These markets have long been good for Lunenburg codfish; and it is hoped these exchange control restrictions will soon be adjusted so Canadian codfish can again be sold there.

Salt fish has definitely established itself as an important part in the diet of the peoples of many countries, especially those of Latin America, because salt fish possesses keeping qualities which makes it ideal for food in tropical and sub-tropical climates where preservation of fresh food presents a serious problem. Salt also is a necessary ingredient in the food of warm countries; and salt is adequately supplied in salt fish.

The Spanish and Portugese emigrants brought the custom of eating salt fish with them to the new world; and their descendants have kept up the tradition which was quickly copied by various native peoples, who look to Lunenburg as a source of their supplies.

History shows that when the earliest settlers arrived here, the harbors and bays were teeming with all kinds of fish - a source of much needed food. The new settlers instead of turning their efforts towards the land as might be expected of an inland people, turned to the sea thereby started the fishing industry which, through various vicissitudes of fortune, has played an important part in the life of the town and surrounding communities. History states, in 1873, the fleet consisted of 15 vessels and 175 men, of which 10 vessels took the usual voyage to Labrador, while five others sailed for the first time to engage in deep sea or bank fishing. Four of the five skippers became discouraged and sailed for Labrador, leaving one fifty-eight ton schooner, the "DIELYTRYYS", Capt. Benjamin Anderson, who completed the voyage with 1850 quintals as compared with 1200 quintals caught by Labrador fishermen. The achievement of the "DIELTRYYS" was the beginning of the Grand Bank fishery by Lunenburg schooners, which industry has grown and has been continued ever since by vessels from this port.

Lunenburg is an ideal place for ship-building, and excellent shipwrights construct as fine a ship as sail the seas. The largest number has been built by the firm of Smith & Rhuland, Ltd., who since 1900 have constructed 223 fishing vessels, three masters, coasters and draggers.

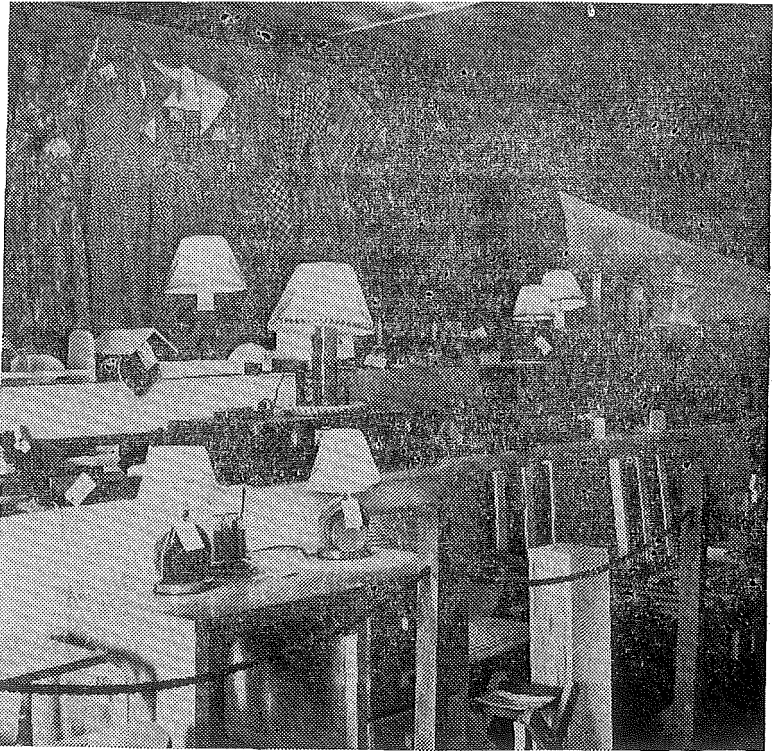
An industry is only as good as the men who are part of it, and Lunenburg has been particularly fortunate in the calibre of the captains, engineers, cooks, and fishermen, who, during the history of the fishing industry, have done their part ably and well. They have contributed much to the wealth and general prosperity of the town, county and province.

Many and interesting are the tales told of these captains and fishermen, rugged and strong, taking the dangers of the sea in their stride, going to

sea early in life, passing from header or throater, to doryman, and thence to command of the ship. Those engaged in foreign trade being at home in Oporto, Naples, or San Juan. The story of their lives is often more thrilling than the characters portrayed in various novels.

Fishing is a hazardous and perilous industry, beset with many and great dangers. Looking back over the years that have gone, especially 1926 and 1927, the sea has taken a heavy toll and there are many vacant places in the family circle, whose loved ones failed to return. Each year in the fall Memorial Services are held for those who have not returned; and years, in which there are no losses, are ones of Thanksgiving for the safe return of the fishermen to their home port.

The future of salt fishing, notwithstanding the growth of the fresh fishing industry, whose requirements are supplied by both draggers and fishing schooners, should be good. The demand for salt fish continues strong. So profiting by Lunenburg's long past history, the industry should continue to supply fish to the historic markets, which we hope will continue to look to Lunenburg to supply their requirements for a long time to come.



**Household Science and Mechanic Science Exhibits  
at Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition**

## THE FRESH FISH BUSINESS

by C. J. Morrow, Vice-President, National Sea Products Ltd.

Before the recorded history of Canada, it is said that fishing was done on the banks adjacent to our shores. This country ranks fifth among the nations of the world in fish production. Fish were exported from the LaHave River as early as 1632.

The fresh fish industry in Nova Scotia started in Canso in 1890. In the early years, shipments of fresh fish from Nova Scotia were mostly to the United States. While Canso was shipping to the United States, fresh fish were being imported into Quebec and Ontario, from Boston and Portland.

Transportation at that time was a big problem. It was not until 1908 that shipments of fresh fish by express were encouraged from Nova Scotia to Montreal, Toronto and other points in Quebec and Ontario.

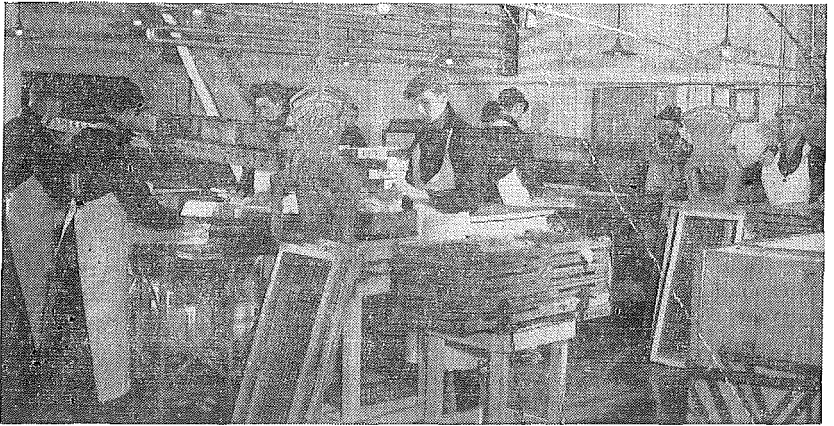
During that early period all fish were shipped in the round state, and it was a common thing to pack fish in ice in secondhand barrels and ship them in this way. A great deal of progress has been made from the fish shed on the wharf in the early part of this century to the modern processing plant of today.

The fresh fish business is now a manufacturing business. Few fish are sold in the round state as landed by the fishermen. When the fish are taken out of the boat, they are weighed, and immediately go to a cutting room fitted with conveyors and other equipment. Here they are washed, filleted, and the skin is removed. The fillets are then brined, weighed, usually wrapped in cellophane, and put in attractive packages which vary in weight from twelve ounces to twenty pounds.

Some of the fillets are shipped to market in the fresh state, packed in ice. Others are smoked and then frozen; and still others are frozen in the fresh state. Out of every 100 pounds fish the processor buys from the fisherman, he only has 25 - 35 pounds edible fish to sell in the form of fillets (depending upon the size and kind of fish). The balance of 65 - 75 pounds is used to make fish meal. Most of the water is removed from it; it is ground quite fine, and used by feed mills to mix with other feeds for cattle and poultry. Fish meal is very high in protein. The fish skins are used to make glue. National Sea Products Limited operates a glue plant at Lockeport.



The processing of fresh fish has become a very important industry in Nova Scotia, and gives employment to a large number of people. In Lunenburg, the plant of Lunenburg Sea Products Limited gives employment to about two hundred and twenty-five people directly and many more indirectly — such as the fishermen who catch the fish, the box makers who make the shooks, the Foundry, Shipyard, block-makers, sail-makers and many others. The fresh fish industry alone brings about three to four million dollars to Lunenburg each year.



**Boxing the Fish**

When the packaged fish are frozen, they are placed in cold storage at a temperature of zero or lower. The smaller packages are packed in master cartons. All this adds to the cost, but is necessary with today's merchandizing methods. The fish go from the cold storage to refrigerator railway cars or refrigerated trucks, and are transported in the frozen state (except those that have been shipped fresh in ice).

Frozen and smoked fish from Lunenburg are marketed in every province of Canada, and in most of the states of the U. S. A. The marketing of these is highly competitive. Fresh and frozen fish from Lunenburg not only have to compete with fish from other parts of the Maritime Provinces, but from Newfoundland, where several modern freezers were built during the war; and several European countries which have in recent years entered the frozen fish business in a big way. This is particularly true of Iceland, Norway and Denmark.

The consumption of fish in Canada is small compared with some of the European countries. It is very small compared with the consumption of meat. We eat only about twelve or thirteen pounds of fish per capita in Canada each year, whereas we consume about one hundred forty pounds of meat per capita. There is room for a big development in the consumption of fish. This means educational and promotional campaigns over a period of

many years. You cannot change people's eating habits over-night. With sixty varieties of food fish, including shellfish, taken in Canada's commercial fisheries, there are fish that will appeal to every taste, and, with sufficient capital and the proper interest in quality by all connected with the fisheries from fishermen to retailer, our fisheries should have a healthy expansion over the years to come.

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## LUNENBURG THEN AND NOW

by Marilyn Demone '52

Lunenburg as it stands today  
Is very different, we might say  
From seventeen hundred and fifty four  
When there were huts, and nothing more.

Today there are houses and estates,  
And no one will eat from wooden plates  
There are trees - (maples) not pine,  
No Indians to send tinges down your spine.

The children today can go to school,  
Where they are taught the three R's rule.  
We have the Academy, safe and sound;  
They were taught in shacks where Indian abound.

Today we have our choice of shops,  
Complete with all from anchors to "pops".  
But do you know what the first shop was?  
A trunk! Around which the people buzzed.

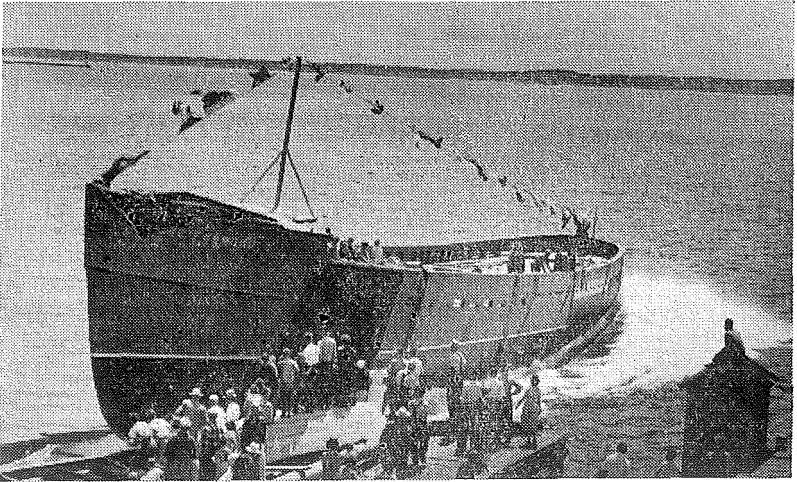
This trunk contained all the supplies  
From silks and satins to forks and knives,  
From soaps and candles to squashes and limes —  
Each could be bought for less than two dimes.

The streets were quite different from today -  
People used the one-horse shay.  
They never dreamt of the motor car  
Or machines that would sprinkle the road with tar.

And so Lunenburgers, if you feel blue  
About the "blessings" bestowed upon you,  
Think what your ancestors achieved  
To give you this town in which you live

## NEW METHODS OF PROCESSING FISH

by Frank Gillmore '51, Madelyn Sarty '51



During the past few years, a number of changes have come about in the methods of processing fish on sea and on land. In the first phase of the process, that of catching the fish, there has been a gradual change from vessel fishing to the dragger type. At the present time, about fifty percent of Nova Scotia's fish are caught by draggers.

The holds of the latest draggers are being lined throughout with aluminum. They are also being equipped with the new system of circulating cold air through the fish. The fish will be caught in the same way, but they will be stored in the new refrigerator holds while at sea. The use of the new air circulation system, together with the use of aluminum lined holds, will make the draggers much more sanitary than formerly. Two, of these new draggers are the "Cape Forchu" and the "Cape Scateri." The first of these should be ready for work in March of this year.

After the fish are brought ashore, they are put into freezers. A five pound package is frozen in about two hours under tremendous pressure and low temperature. For consumer use, fish are put in smaller packages. These are frozen in about one hour. The fast freezing of fish has been in use since 1948. After they are frozen, they are put in a master container and stored at a zero degree temperature or below until they are shipped.

When the fish are shipped, refrigerator cars are used. A new type of refrigerator car called "Overhead Refrigerator Cars" or "Overhead Ice Cars" is now being used. On top of each car there are eight tanks into which ice and salt are put. This forms a brine which cools the car. These cars are cooled from zero to ten degrees below zero. This is a tremendous improve-



over the old "End Bunker Cars" where the ice and salt cooled the car and the brine was drained away. With this method it was difficult to maintain a temperature of eighteen degrees to twenty degrees. These developments have all come into use during the past five years. At present, the trade is experimenting on a new type of refrigerator car called "Mechanical Refrigerator Car."

Besides the use of the new refrigerator cars, large trucks are also used to transport fresh and frozen fillets. The trucks have mechanical freezing units carrying a temperature of approximately zero degrees. Transportation of fish by air is a fast way of transportation but it has one disadvantage in that it is expensive.

An important branch of the processing of fish has developed in the making of fish meal. Much of the offals of the fish which were formerly thrown away is now used to make this meal. It is used to provide high protein food for the manufacture of stock feed by the milling companies. The skins of the fish are now sent to Lockeport for making glue.

With regards to salt fishing, there has been a gradual change as to the way of drying these fish. The fish for salting are caught chiefly by hook and line. Most of these fish are no longer dried on outdoor fish-flakes, but dried mechanically inside. This method is more efficient than the old method. There is less spoilage and more uniformity when dried mechanically.

New methods of processing fish do not end here. There are many new developments in the fishing industry today that do not affect the processing of fish directly, but have a great influence on fish indirectly. Some of these modern devices are conveyors, improved machinery, assembly lines for carrying fish, use of wireless, telephone, and improved sanitary condition. All these changes promote the processing of fish as a means of improving the product, and thus extending the market.

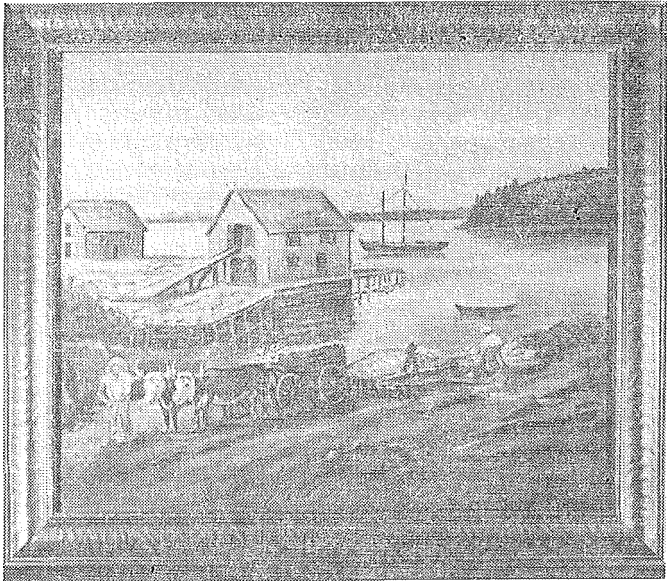


## A DAY WITH A SALT FISHERMAN

by Jean Ritcey '51, Ronald Crouse '52

"Hey, you sleepers - turn out, it's three o'clock!" calls the watchman, and thus begins the salt fisherman's day.

His first task is to cut the bait, fasten it on the hooks of the trawl, and put the trawl in tubs. The dories are then taken from the ship's deck and lowered overboard, one by one. Each dory with its crew of two men sets off on a course drawn out by the captain. The dorymen start their work by dropping their anchor and moorings. The mooring is attached to the anchor; a "leading line" leads from the mooring to the trawl.



Drying Fish at Rous' Brook. A Painting presented to the Academy by Miss Minnie Hewitt, beloved teacher for over forty years.

In the dory one man rows while the other sets the trawl. Each dory carries four tubs of trawl, a tub consisting of eight lines. When all the trawl has been set, a buoy, leading line, mooring and anchor are fastened on the end of it. On the buoy is attached what the fishermen call a "black-ball", it is really a flag on which the number of the dory is painted.

When the men have completed the setting, they return to the vessel. The dories are fastened in two rows at the stern of the ship on long painters. This whole process, from the time the dories are lowered from the vessel until they are fastened on the painters, takes about three hours. It is now six o'clock, and the men are ready for their breakfast.

After breakfast they spend about two hours playing cards or listening to the radio. They then fill their bait tubs, and leave the vessel to haul their trawl. One man (in each dory) hauls the trawl and removes the fish that are on the hooks. He passes the hooks back to his mate who rebaits them. When the task of "underrunning" or rebaiting is completed, the men row back to the vessel. They unload the fish, and fasten the dories on painters as before.

The dorymen are now ready for their dinner. While they are eating, a group of men on deck prepare the fish for storage in the hold. A "throater" cuts the throats, a "header" removes the stomachs and breaks the heads, a "splitter" (usually the Captain) removes the backbone and puts the fish in tubs. The "salter" and "throater" fork the fish in the hold where they are placed in rows. Salt is sprinkled on them with a small hand shovel.



Home Port — The Water Front

The fishermen return to their trawl with more bait and carry out the same process. The task of hauling and rebaiting the trawl is carried on three or four times daily. After the last "run", the men eat supper, then "all hands clear the deck." After the fish are salted, the men have a lunch and go to bed.

The duties of the night watchman begin at nine p. m. and continue until three a. m. Each man stands watch for an hour after which time he calls another man to take his place. By having a shift every hour, each man loses only one hour sleep. Rest is very essential to fishermen who require lots of energy to carry out their tiresome tasks day after day, trip after trip, until the salt fishing season is over.

## A DAY WITH A TRAWLER FISHERMAN

by Barbara Beck '51, Lucille Ernest '51

Ever since the first settlers came to Lunenburg, fishing has been the "bread and butter" of many Lunenburg County families. Since this is so important, everyone should know something about the different methods of fishing. Let us take you on a fishing trip on such a boat as a trawler.

The fishermen have put the ice and gear on board the night before the trip. The next morning at about 8 o'clock our trawler leaves port. A trip to the fishing grounds in a trawler usually takes from twelve to thirteen hours, depending on the grounds chosen for the fishing. The average speed is nine and one-half to ten knots.

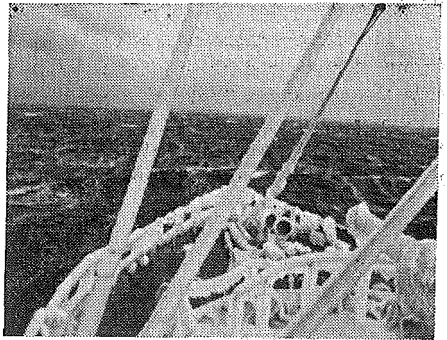
From the time the boat leaves port until it returns, there are watches. The fishermen call it the six and six watch. One half the crew stands watch from six to twelve o'clock, and the other half from twelve to six o'clock. If the catch is heavy or, when fishing on rough bottom results in damaged nets, the watches are broken and everyone is on the job. The engineers have a watch of six hours on and six hours off. The cook is on duty at any hour. Breakfast on the trawler is from 5:30 to 6:30 A. M.

As the trawler has been approaching the fishing banks, the watches have been getting the net ready to "shoot away" (set the net). When the trawler is in position, they "shoot away." The net is towed for one and one-half hours; then it is hauled back; and the fish are taken out. The net is then put overboard again. Every one and one-half hours, the net is hauled on board; the fish emptied; and the net put overboard again. Fishing is continual, from the time the boat reaches the fishing banks until it leaves for home. As the fish are emptied on the deck, the men dress them, put them down the hold in pens and ice them. (Dressing is cutting the throats, and taking out the innards). Dinner is between 11:30 and 12:30.

While the six men are below deck sleeping, the other fishermen are on deck dressing or icing the fish. When there are bad rips in the net, the damaged net is hauled in and a good one is dropped over the other side. While the torn net is being repaired, some of the men are filling needles or holding twine while the others are mending.

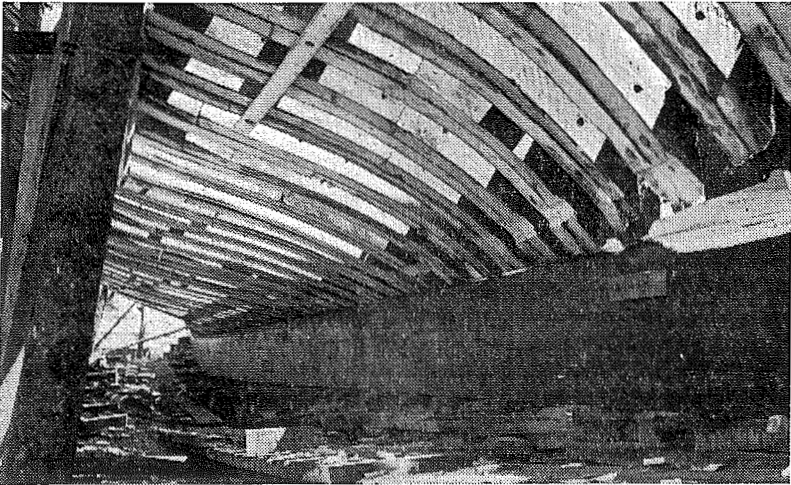
Supper time comes between 5:30 and 6:30 P. M. After supper the table is set, for the men may eat at any time.

The crew consists of the Captain, the mate, the boatswain, first and second engineers, the cook and twelve deck hands. When the Captain is below sleeping, the mate or the boatswain (second mate) takes the watch and steers the boat.



Iced Up

Sometimes there are not many fish to dress. Then the crew splice wire and get a new net ready. The net is put overboard. They use two warps on the net. The net is usually set at three hundred fathoms. Three feet of warp are used to every foot of water. The ground warps are the wire that is hooked from the net to the door. The doors are heavy planks four feet long and nine feet wide. They weigh about one thousand pounds. The net is seventy feet long and the "wet" (the opening) when spread out in water is one hundred and twenty feet long. The net is towed four and one-half miles. As it is being towed, the net becomes funnel shaped. On the head rope are big tin cans called "cow-bells", used to float the net. The foot rope has heavy wires or sometimes chains, on it to keep it on the bottom.



The Skeleton of a Ship

To "shoot away" the engines are started, the door winch dropped and then full steam ahead is set. The engine is stopped long enough to haul the net back. When the net is being hauled back, it is hauled over the rail until the "cod-end" is reached. It rises to the surface with the iron doors. When there are a large number of mackerel and cod in the net, the "cod-end" bubbles and foams. This denotes a large catch. On the "cod-end" is a splitting strap in which is a steel ring. This is hoisted up by the winch. The "cod-end" rope is knotted in such a way that one man may let it go and the fish are emptied on deck.

A trip on a trawler lasts about seven days with an average catch of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The "catch" of the trawler may consist of haddock, cat-fish, flounders, yellow-tails, hake, herring and mackerel which are bought by the Lunenburg National Sea Products. Having arrived back in port, they unload the fish and "settle up." Soon after the fishermen are on their way to continue the harvest of the seas.

The Sea Gull is proud to give its readers a few facts regarding the work and hardships of the men who "sail the seas."

## SQUID-JIGGING TIME

by Madelyn Sarty '51

Painting is an art; it is something that only can be done by those who have a natural flair for combining colours and expressing images on canvas. Squid-jig making, too, is an art - an art in planning and developing jigs from the primary stages to the completed jigs, ready for use. Such is the ability of Mr. Bernard Sarty of Pleasantville who carries on a Squid-jig factory at home. Mr. Sarty, who learned this art from his father, the late Capt. J. W. Sarty, uses this occupation as winter employment.

Let us watch Mr. Sarty as he begins the first phase of production. He lights his naphtha gas burner, and places a deep pot filled with lead over the burner. While this lead is melting, he prepares his tools to run the lead into moulds. As the lead melts, he adds more until the pot is full. He then takes his skimmer and removes the dross from the hot lead. The boiling hot lead, resembling mercury, is dipped out of the pot and poured into moulds, which run two jigs at a time. He uses two such moulds. While he is running the lead, another person knocks the jigs from the mould. He usually "runs one hundred jigs, in one-half hour, from twenty-five lbs. of lead.

The next step is to cut the heads off. He does this by means of a lead cutter. The jig is then about three and one-half inches long. Any ends or pieces clinging to the jig are removed. Then comes one of the hardest steps in making jigs - the process of making the hole in the tail of the jig through which a line will be drawn. An awl is used for this purpose. He usually dips the awl in molasses or fat thus making it easier to bore the hole.

From here on feminine hands take over, and carry on the task of filling jigs. Twine pieces, twelve inches long, are put around the necks with a lasso hitch. Brass pins are inserted under this twine until the jig is filled completely. On the average about twenty-three to twenty-five brass pins are required for each one. A good filler can fill a jig a minute.

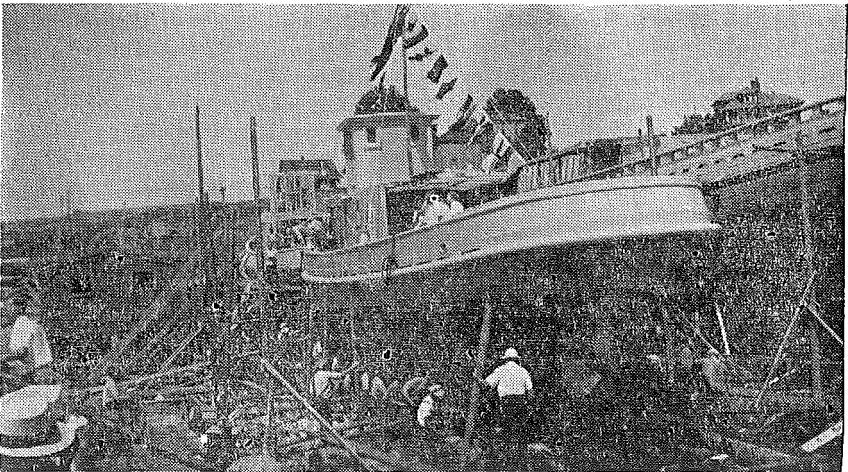
He then takes each jig and "fairs" the pins, and places a double hitch over it, thus making it ready for soldering. Here again the burner is used to heat the soldering irons. Each jig is dipped in acid which has been "cut" with zinc. The solder is placed on the hot iron and the jig (in the area where the pins are) is rolled in the solder. The twine is then removed and each pin is turned down similar to the shape of a fish hook. A very small hammer is used to pound down the head in the shape of a pyramid. The jigs are then soldered on the inside of the pins. He claims this latter step makes a much stronger jig.

Then comes the last step, that of painting. Each jig is painted with bright red enamel on both the body part and head. These jigs are hung on lines to dry. A hundred of the newly painted jigs make a colourful sight, with their scarlet bodies and shining brass faces, capped with a scarlet head.

They are now ready for shipment. Sometimes he packs them in sawdust or between cardboard in wooden boxes according to the distance they have to travel. Wherever the fishing industry is carried on in the Maritimes, there is a ready market for this finished product.

## ANECDOTES OF THE WATERFRONT

by David Beck '51, Barbara Hirtle '51



### A typical launching at The Shipyards, Lunenburg

Every man who has gone fishing knows death lurks everywhere. Below are two tragic stories about men salt fishing, to illustrate these dangers.

It was the month of May when the "Bruce and Winona" left the port of Lunenburg bound for Burin, Newfoundland. Before going directly to that port, they fished a week on the Banks. After that, they continued on to Burin with about 700 quintals of fish in the hold.

Arriving in port late in the morning, they had to take water and ice later in the day. They had come here for capelin, which are small smelt, used for bait in the summer; but, there were not any capelin in Burin.

About nine o'clock, Captains Arnold Parks and Nepean Crouse heard of a place where they could get capelin, so they decided to leave that night together. It was quite foggy when they sailed.

Captain Crouse's vessel, at first, was seen, but the fog got so thick that they lost sight of her. They had not left the wharf more than an hour when there was a loud crash. The vessel had hit something. What? The crew rushed on deck where, before them, they saw a big cliff called Carbon Head.

Meanwhile, water poured into the forecastle. The men never got their clothes, and the captain ordered them to lower the sails and man the pumps. Not a man obeyed, since they realized that it would be useless. Instead, they hoisted the dories and lowered them in the water. The first dory carried about six or eight men, and the last two men to leave the vessel were Captain Parks and the cook.

On board the "Bruce and Winona" was a big German Police dog called Skippy. Skippy was terrified by the sight of the water rushing in the vessel. The two men tried unsuccessfully to get him in the dory. The dog

could not be controlled, so they were obliged to leave him on the vessel.

They rowed away from the vessel a short distance. The dog could be seen racing back and forth around the pilot house barking continually. When the water rose to the batteries, the lights went out. The boat made a couple of heavy rolls before going down bow first. It could not have taken her more than five minutes to disappear forever from the crew's sight.

The forlorn group rowed back to Burin, and arrived there at about three o'clock. They had to sleep on board of another schooner that night. When she left the next day, no one expected to hear the news that she was cut down by a steamer. The crew was picked up safely.

Captain Parks and his crew stayed in Burin for twelve days, until a vessel carried them safely to their home port, Lunenburg.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most fishermen have had some frightening experience in an August Gale. The following disaster happened to the "Hermuda."

Leaving Canso with a new supply of water and bait, the Hermuda headed for Sable Island. The light off Sable Island was sighted about two o'clock in the morning and they anchored the vessel.

It was a lovely morning without a wind, and the stars shone brightly. The men set the trawls; then had dinner. Afterwards, they brought in the fish caught on the trawl. Everyone had finished supper, when Captain Harold Corkum consulted with another captain on board the vessel that had come along side. In the meantime, the wind had picked up slightly. When the other vessel had left, the captain told the crew to haul the trawl. This was about six o'clock, and the wind was quite a breeze. Some of the sails were hoisted. They noticed another vessel about five miles away.

The glass did not look too badly, but this often happens when a gale is approaching. When the gale hits, however, the glass falls immediately.

An hour later, the wind struck and blew the foresail to pieces followed by the jumbo and the stormsail. This left the vessel without any sails at all.

The schooner drifted helplessly nearer and nearer to the bar. The Captain informed the crew that they were in a very tight spot, and if the wind did not "come off" the vessel would drift onto the bar.

Not a man would go on deck, and courage seemed to leave most of the crew as if they faced certain destruction. By some miracle, the wind shifted and the vessel was saved. When the crew went on deck, they were greeted by a sorry sight. Not a dory was left aboard, the boom and the fishing gear were washed overboard.

When daylight arrived, the wind had moderated but the sea was still very rough. The crew began repairing the sails so they could get back to Canso.

The vessel limped into Canso two days later. On arriving, they learned that the vessel which was lying to the side of the Hermuda's side went down with all her crew. After making the necessary repairs, she left Canso and headed for her home port, Lunenburg, where she was greeted by many of the crew's families and friends. To this day the men still talk of how close to death they were that day.



## THE GREATEST VESSEL OF THEM ALL - THE BLUENOSE

by Jean Haughn '52, Made'yn Spindler '52

Although the Bluenose is widely known, few people know how it actually got started on its road to fame.



In the year 1920, some of the citizens of Halifax and Lunenburg got together and started a fishermen's race. They had very little trouble in making this a success as a number of Fishing Masters in Lunenburg and Riverport were anxious to take part. In the first race, eleven schooners participated. The first race was sailed off Halifax in October 1920, and the "Delawana", under the command of Captain Thomas Himmelman, was successful in winning this race. The racing became International when Gloucester, U. S. A. sent a challenge to Nova Scotia. This was accepted and the "Delawana" was groomed to sail against the American "Esperanto", commanded by Captain Marty Welsh. The American boat won two straight races.

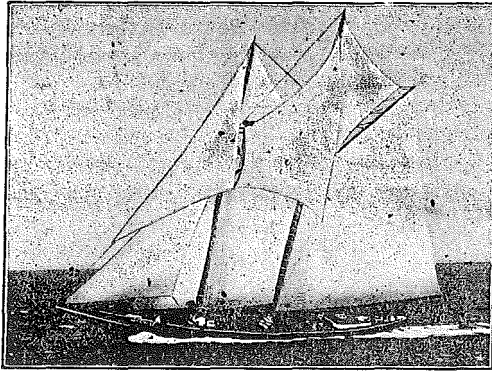
This was a sad blow for Nova Scotia, and especially for Lunenburg. Interest began to run high. Some of the most interested people in Halifax and Lunenburg decided to have a racing schooner built for the coming year. A contract was drawn up, and the "Smith and Rhuland Company" of Lunenburg started on the project.

The boat was built of native wood with the exception of the spars, topmast and the main boom which were built of wood imported from British Columbia. A company, which was called "The Bluenose Schooner Company"; was formed and consisted of people from Halifax, Lunenburg and Riverport. Three hundred and fifty shares were sold at one hundred dollars each.

On the eventful day of March 6, 1921 the schooner was launched and christened the "Bluenose." Her keel had been laid with unusual ceremony. The Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada at that time, drove the first spike. On April 15th, under the command of Captain Angus Walters, the Bluenose sailed from the port of Lunenburg on her maiden voyage. That fall she raced against eight other schooners from both Lunenburg and Riverport, and she showed her superiority by winning two straight races. It was then that the "Bluenose" started to make International fame.

The schooner "Elsie", another Gloucester boat, was her closest rival as

the schooner "Esperanto" had met with disaster in the summer of 1921. The "Elsie", being somewhat smaller than the "Bluenose", struggled hard to keep up with the fast-going racing schooner, but was unsuccessful. The "Bluenose" also defeated "The Henry Ford", "Columbia", and the "Gertrude L. Thebaud", which Gloucester hastened to build after the defeat of the "Elsie."



From 1921, until the fall of 1938, when she sailed her last race, the "Bluenose" remained the undefeated "Champion" - "The Queen of the North Atlantic."

During these years the "Bluenose", although a fishing schooner, attended many important events. In 1933 she sailed the Great Lakes to attend the World's Fair at Chicago. In 1934 she attended the Toronto Centennial celebration. In 1935 she played an important part in the late King George V's Jubilee in England.

On her way back in September, she was caught in a hurricane and took a bad beating. It was necessary for her to return to England and there she was in dry dock one month for repairs.

In 1937 the installation of engines saw the end of a great sailing vessel while indicating the commencement of a new era. Although she won her last race in 1937, she was greatly handicapped because of the extra weight.

In 1942 she was sold to an American Company, and took up the coasting trade among some of the West Indies Islands. On January 6, 1946 great disaster struck when the Bluenose ran upon a reef off the island of Haiti and became a total loss.

Should she have been preserved as a museum for posterity? Would she have preferred the end to be as fate seemed to will it - in active service during a world struggle? Speculation will not settle the matter even though much has been written on the subject. The Bluenose is no more, but her memory will always be one of national pride to Canadians.

## THE TRIP OF THE BLUENOSE TO CHICAGO OR THE BLUENOSE - "WESTWARD HO!"

by Jeffrey Cook '51

After another championship race off Halifax in 1931, the fame of the Bluenose, both for speed and sailing, spread beyond the North Atlantic. She became known throughout the world. Thus it naturally followed that this celebrated schooner should be exhibited to many of the thousands interested in her unique career.

During the fishing season of 1932, the idea was talked up locally to sponsor the exhibition of the Bluenose at the Chicago World's Fair. As a result, a company was formed - The Lunenburg Exhibitors Limited. This group of public spirited citizens was organized under the presidency of W. H. Smith. Mr. Smith was sent to Chicago to obtain a concession and a suitable dock.

Thus, after the fishing season of 1932, the Bluenose was prepared to act a new role as the Queen of the North Atlantic Fishing Fleet. Behind the forecastle, a dining salon was built. The hold was divided into bunks for additional passengers on the trip, and a place was made for various displays which would comprise the Lunenburg Exhibit. As a final preparation, 14 inches were taken off the main keel, so the boat would be able to pass through the canals along the route.

After much preparation, the Bluenose sailed out of Lunenburg Harbor early one May morning in 1933 to be Canada's official representative at Chicago's "Century of Progress" Exposition. Indeed here was a new experience for all the crew - the trip of a fishing vessel that was touring the entire St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes to Chicago - The Windy City.

The crew of the Bluenose included the following: Captain - Angus Walters, Mate - Harris Himmelman, Cook - Charles (Chalker) Dauphinee, Perry Walters, Aubrey Walters, George Rose, Jack Hardy, Fred Rhuland, Stewart Walters, George Whynacht. Representing the company were Roland Knickle - Vice President, Karl Kohler - Treasurer. Also making the trip were: Donald and Earl Bailley who motored to Montreal where they joined the Bluenose, Miss Young of the Canadian National Telegraphs, and a number of persons from Lunenburg. Mr. W. R. MacAskill, who is noted for his photography throughout the Maritimes, went as far as Port Hawkesbury.

After a short stop at Halifax, the Bluenose sailed for the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Between Father Point and Quebec a tow was picked up - a Canadian Department of Transport tug - which escorted the Bluenose to Sarnia. The Bluenose only touched at Quebec where so great a crowd wanted to be admitted on the vessel that a police guard was needed.

The Bluenose hoped to make money by charging admission at the ports of call on the way to Chicago, to all who wanted to inspect this famed schooner. Thus people who could not journey to the Chicago Exposition could still see one of the most prominent exhibits. As the crew of the Bluenose found at Quebec, the Bluenose was well advertised, and her renown and fame were wide-spread along the route to Chicago. A number of days

were spent at the large centers such as Montreal, Toronto, Windsor and Sarnia. The smaller towns such as Kingston, Dalhousie, Cornwall and Sarnia would be visited during an afternoon or morning, while the rest of the day and night was spent sailing.

This trip through the St. Lawrence system was equally exciting to the crowds who visited the Bluenose as to the crew that sailed her. Even more spectacular seemed the sights they viewed sailing through the inland system of waterways - wonders to these fishermen who spend the best part of their lives on the stormy banks searching out a living from the sea.

The Bluenose sailed Lake Huron and Lake Michigan alone until one foggy Saturday morning, June 11, they spotted an unusual tower structure rising out of the lake. They knew Chicago was close - this was one of the watertowers three or four miles out from shore from which Chicago pumps her water supply.

As soon as the Bluenose docked, the first man Capt. Walters met was Commander Eugene McDonald Jr. who owned the largest auxiliary yacht on Lake Michigan. Gene McDonald, president of Zenith Radio Company, became and remains one of Capt. Walters' best friends and took it upon himself to entertain him during his stay at Chicago.

The berth of the Bluenose was part of the exhibition grounds. A few yards away was an exposition building in which there was a musical entertainment every day with a special programme every Saturday night. This music alone was worth the trip to Chicago. It would be impossible to describe all that there was to be seen - every country in the world had some exhibit in the exposition - sights never expected to be seen again. Perhaps the greatest highlight of the World Fair was the giant parade of the Legion which met in Chicago that year. The different regalias and outfits were as spectacular as varied. This parade down Michigan Avenue would be remembered by all who saw it.

Aside from exhibiting the Bluenose to all who came down to the dock, receipts were increased by the numerous sailing parties taken on Lake Michigan. Although Chicago is noted as the gangster city, the crew of the Bluenose could not have met finer people. Many people returning home after a moonlight cruise around 12 or 1 o'clock would invite crew members to their homes ashore for a party that very night. One gentleman called every Sunday morning to take the Captain driving. Thus he saw all the spots of Chicago through the generosity of this man. Of the many yacht clubs in Chicago, Capt. Walters had the pleasure of visiting every one.

Probably the highlight of the Chicago visit was participating in the annual August "Chicago to Machinac Islands Race" - a distance of 338 miles. Although the Bluenose could not officially compete for the trophy, she was invited to race with the thirty yachts from Chicago to Milwaukee to compare her sailing qualities with these larger pleasure craft. At the same time a group of yachts raced from Detroit across Lake Huron to the Machinac Islands which lie where Lake Michigan joins Lake Huron. As usual the Bluenose was first to cross the line and thus won a special prize - a 300 lb. barrel

of choice Wisconsin Cheese. The Bluenose certainly had cheese! It was opened and different ones from the yachts were invited aboard to have some. Even so there was plenty of cheese left over, and you can be assured that the Bluenose crew had cheese for a long time.

There was no race back to Chicago, but the Bluenose returned to cater to the visitors and sailing parties of the "Century of Progress" Exposition. The Bluenose had been moved to the "Navy Pier", so it would be easier to dock for sailing parties. Sailing on Lake Michigan was quite different from sailing the open Atlantic. During cruises at night, the Lindbergh Beacon could always be seen. This light on the highest building of the city was a guide beacon for aeroplanes, and could be seen for a radius of 90 miles.

The Bluenose left Chicago on October 3rd before the fall freeze-up, again under sail and travelled Lake Michigan and greater Lake Huron. However, on Sunday morning she was becalmed, and there was a prospect of drifting for several days when a similar fishing schooner hove into sight from the west. It was the Gertrude L. Thebaud, captained by Ben Pine, who as Gloucester champion had unsuccessfully challenged the Bluenose's supremacy in the 1931 Fisherman's Race off Halifax. Since the Thebaud had power, she offered a tow, and both reached Windsor before night. From Windsor the Bluenose sailed to Port Dalhousie where the tow was dropped and she sailed across to Toronto. Here the Bluenose was tied up and dismantled for winter. The crew, travelling by land, came home for winter leaving the Bluenose frozen in the ice of Toronto harbor.

Since 1934 was Toronto's centennial year as a city, the Bluenose was invited to take part in the celebrations as she had done in Chicago. The invitation was accepted, and the Bluenose took on another summer of sailing parties and tours, displaying the Lunenburg exhibits. The Bluenose, thus, was in Upper Canada when the quints were born (although she took no part in this event.)

But there was one phenomenon of inland navigation that worried the captain about the homeward trip of the Bluenose to the sea - the height of the water in the lakes varies from year to year. Thus when the Bluenose came up the rivers, lakes and canals in 1933 the water was high, but in 1934 the water level was low; and there was a question whether the Bluenose had too great a draught to safely make the trip.

On September 14, the Bluenose bade good-bye to Toronto and proudly turned toward home. The ballast was removed or placed forward to lessen the draught. The Bluenose crew had been told the trip couldn't be made, but, although the keel sounded bottom many times, the Bluenose never ran aground. Going through the canal locks was an even trickier job than before, because of the depth of the water. At one overpassing bridge, the topmast had to be dropped again partways. There was one mishap however: the Bluenose caught on the sill of one of the locks and it took several hours for some tugs to pull her off intact. Thus the crew were quite relieved when the Bluenose reached Montreal and the ballast was replaced. A tow accom-

panied them to Father Point after calling at Quebec, and from there to Lunenburg it was clear sailing.

But, like all fair voyages, the Bluenose's tour ended almost as soon as it began and only memories remain. There were memories of the first enthusiastic crowd at Quebec; memories of the hundreds of car lights that shone like fire-flies as they drove along the edge of the lake beside the Bluenose; fond memories of the sights at the Chicago Exposition; and the Toronto Centennial and memories of nature's beauties - like the wonder of the Thousand Islands in the different seasons. How much more could such a trip be enjoyed if it were for a second time and all the sights and events could be anticipated and awaited? The crew of the Bluenose will remember this trip, if only for its opportunity for sightseeing. They exhibited the Bluenose, the Queen of the North Atlantic fishing fleet, to thousands of eager people. The Bluenose, whose record as a fishing schooner has never been matched, is still remembered with admiration and affection by those who make their living as fishers of the sea. Yes, the Bluenose herself has gone, but her spirit remains as the heritage of Lunenburg's fisherfolk.



COMMON SCHOOL STAFF

Front Row—Ruth Hamm, Doris Crouse, Pauline Veinot. Back Row—Mary Johnson, Marion Adams, Mrs. Russell Smith, Mrs. Olivette Zinck.

## THE BLUENOSE IN ENGLAND

by Sherman Zinck '51

On the morning of May 4, 1935, the Bluenose sailed from Lunenburg to Halifax, before strong North-Westerly winds, on her way to England. Her crew was as follows: Captain Angus Walters, Master; Captain George Corlum, Chief Mate; Maurice Zinck, Cook; Sailors: Cranswick Mason, William Snow, Alfred Coolen, Donald Mosher, Thomas Black, Selburne Coolen and Stewart Walters. The late Captain Harry Burke, retired Lunenburg Mariner who made his home in Toronto, also made the trip as one of the crew. A good crowd was on hand to see them off to the King's Naval Review held in Portsmouth, England. Mr. A. F. Powers, Mr. R. C. S. Kaulback, the late Mrs. Angus Walters, Mrs. Sydney Knickle, and Miss Bertha Cook made the trip to Halifax as passengers.

The next day, which was Sunday, the Bluenose was open for public inspection. While in Halifax, Mr. F. W. Baldwin, of Baddeck, Cape Breton, and his two sons, Pat and Robert, and a Mr. Roland from Toronto decided to make the trip to England. There was also a young lady passenger, Miss Marion Young of Halifax. Miss Young felt quite at home on the vessel as she had made the trip to Chicago on her. (Before the Bluenose sailed for Chicago her interior was remodelled with salon, bathroom, three private cabins for passengers, an office and a display-room.)

On Thursday, May 9, they sailed from Halifax with light Southerly winds. Crossing the Grand Banks the weather was cold and foggy. As there was a danger from icebergs, they used to take in the mainsail and hoist the storm-sail every evening before dark. The first ten days they had fair weather with favourable winds, but then they ran into strong Easterly winds and needed ten days to make five hundred miles; arriving in Plymouth on May 29.

During the twenty day passage the passengers enjoyed themselves and proved to be good sailors; none missed a meal. They stayed in the ship in Plymouth for a few days and then returned to Canada.

The Bluenose remained in Plymouth eighteen days leaving on the fifteenth day of June for Torquay, and arrived there at about three o'clock in the afternoon for a seventeen day stay. The first five days the Bluenose was open for inspection from nine in the morning to nine at night. The next twelve days were spent taking tourists sailing in the afternoons.

From Torquay they proceeded to Weymouth and they remained there four days before sailing for Portsmouth where they arrived on July 7. Here they did some sailing, and, after a few days, went to Spithead for the King's Naval Review on the sixteenth. During the morning of the 16th the King's Steam Yacht anchored in the vicinity of the Battleships. At one o'clock in the afternoon, Naval Officers escorted Captain Walters to the King's Yacht where he shook hands with the King. The King then reviewed the fleet from his yacht followed by a display of fireworks at night.

The next day the Bluenose sailed from Spithead to Cowes. For the next twelve days, she took parties out sailing until she left for Southampton and went on the dry-dock. She returned to Cowes on July 31 and a few days

later the King's Yacht, Britannia, arrived for her annual ten day visit. During the King's visit, the Bluenose joined some English yachts in a race around the Isle of Wight, but due to light winds at the starting line she came in third. Sometime later she took a party sailing round the Isle of Wight. On this day there was a strong wind, so the Bluenose covered the course in half the time.

The remainder of the month of August was spent taking parties sailing in the English Channel. Then the Bluenose was chartered by an English Moving Picture Company for ten days. She acted the part of a smuggler.

After this she prepared for the return crossing to Canada. She sailed from Falmouth Sept. 11 with ten passengers (five men and five women.) Before leaving Falmouth Captain Walters was informed of a hurricane approaching the English coast and was advised not to sail. To this Captain Walters replied, "The Bluenose minds no hurricanes," and proceeded on his way. Four hours after sailing, the Bluenose ran into strong West South West winds and heavy seas. They were forced to take down the mainsail and set the stormsail. The next eight days were the worst the Bluenose ever went through. The following is a clipping from the English papers when the Bluenose returned to England.

"Capt. Walters, who said he always had great confidence in his vessel, and now felt more proud of her than ever, stated that they left Falmouth in bad weather, but the climax came on the Monday when, without warning the barometer dropped rapidly.

"I had sent one of the crew to find the reading", he commented, "and when he came back I could not believe it, and went to see for myself. Then I knew that we were in for something really bad.

#### PUMPS COMBAT LEAK

"This is something that I have never done before in my life. Four hours after leaving Falmouth we were forced to tie up our mainsail, and it has not been unfurled since. The storm increased in fury, and the climax came about ten p. m. on the Monday night. We were then about 200 miles out from Falmouth. The pumps were being used all the time as there was a heavy leakage due to the tremendous buffeting.

"Everything was afloat down below, and when the biggest sea of all hit us to leeward at ten p. m. on the Monday night I thought it was the end. Bluenose staggered under the impact and heeled right over . . . . stayed under for some minutes due to the weight of water she was carrying, and then gradually she righted herself."

\* \* \* \* \*

"She struggled bravely. I never was more proud of her than at that moment, and she has been through some trying times I can tell you. Water was coming in so heavily that I had to lighten her aft to enable her to ride the better. We buckled to, crew and men passengers, and lifted the flooring planks to shift the pig iron ballast forward.

"I have been at sea for 40 years," said Capt. Walters, "but I have never seen anything like the seas that night. If they had continued another hour we should have had to cut away the masts. Both our boats were smashed.



Here is a log kept by Com. Black, a passenger, as published in "The Western Morning News":

Wednesday, September 11.—12.30—Sailed from Falmouth for Halifax, Nova Scotia. 17.00—Strong W. S. W. wind; down mainsail and set storm trysail; steering N. W.

Thursday—02.00—Tacked, course south; blowing hard 06.00—Tacked, course N. W.; blowing hard.

Friday morning.—Sailing gale force; hove to on starboard tack under foresail only; remained so all day.

Saturday.—16.15—Gale moderated; hoisted trysail, foresail and Jumbo; course south.

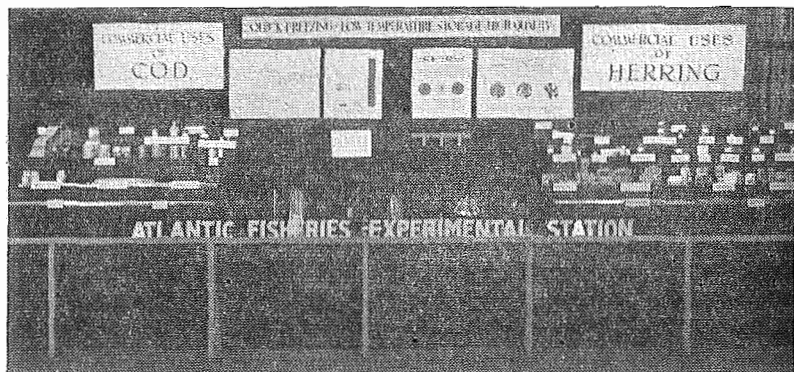
Sunday.—00.05 (midnight)—Fore-gaff and gaff jaws carried away; hove to under trysail on starboard tack; remained so all day, during which full gale was blowing.

Monday.—Forenoon—Gale moderated; repaired gaff; remained hove-to; wind S. by E. 10.30—Wind blew up; rode under bare poles first, and then hoisted a shred of storm sail. 19.45—Wind of hurricane force. Ship laid over on beam ends; wind force 11. Between decks flooded, both boats smashed, fore-boom, main boom jaws, port bulwarks, all carried away; galley uprooted and smashed. 23.45—Wind abated to gale force; ship leaking badly; shifted ballast forward to ease pounding aft. Continuous pumping.

Tuesday.—03.30—Ran for English Channel; course east. 20.00—Bishop Rock abeam to port. Heavy following sea.

Wednesday.—10.30—Passed Plymouth Breakwater. 11.00—Anchored Plymouth Sound.

On Sept. 18 the Bluenose arrived at Plymouth leaking badly and went on dry-dock Monday, Sept. 23. She sailed for Canada the second time on Oct. 12. This time she had only one passenger, a man from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. She had a rough passage and made the trip in twenty-two days, arriving in Lunenburg on Monday, Nov. 24, 1935.



Atlantic Fisheries Experimental Station Booth at 1950 Fisheries Exhibition

## THE STORY OF THE LUNENBURG PACKET

by Sheila Hellstrom '53



The S. S. Lunenburg was designed by Stephen Morash of Lunenburg and built by Titus Langille, one of the seven sons of Peter Langille, in 1891 at Mahone Bay. She was 124 feet long, 25 feet 5 inches in breadth, drew 11 feet, had a gross tonnage of 265 tons and a net tonnage of 113 tons.

The steamer contained, as well as the regular accommodations for officers and crew, a saloon, cabins, and a ladies' cabin. She was a fast traveller and under Captain Reuben Heisler, plied between Halifax and Lunenburg twice a week.

In August 1891, a press party from Massachusetts was taken from Halifax to Lunenburg on the S. S. Lunenburg through the courtesy of President J. J. Rudolf, Directors Boak and Grant, and other officers of the Lunenburg and Halifax Steamship Company, under whose flag she sailed. This was her maiden voyage, and the reporters described the trip as "a fairly smooth passage down the 'iron-bound' coast of Nova Scotia," in the fine new steamer.

The "Lunenburg" was often chartered by the 75th Band for trips to Liverpool and Deep Cove. On one such trip, the engine, which many thought was too big for her, heated up and the members of the band were several hours late getting home. Luckily no serious damage was done. The steamer also carried freight and towed wrecks off the Nova Scotia coast. During her life under the Lunenburg and Halifax Steamship Company, she made several rescue trips to Sable Island.

About this time, William Heisler of Lunenburg made a miniature model of the ship. The model was built to scale and was timbered, decked, and planked exactly as in its counterpart. The S. S. Lunenburg was sold to Leslie and Hart of Halifax in 1905. During that year she plied between Picou and the Magdalen Islands, carrying freight and passengers.

On her fateful last trip she was plowing through heavy seas in a driving blizzard. Then, at 2:10 on December 4, 1905, she hit the rocks on Amherst

Island in the Magdalens. The waves pounded the staunch ship to pieces on the rocks as the officers and crew manned the boats and made for shore.

Eleven members of the crew were drowned, including:

J. McConnel, Purser, Port Hilford, Guysborough Co.

Harding Gerhardt, Steward, Lunenburg

Beverly Hamm, Mess Boy, Lunenburg

Ranie McDonald, Chief Engineer, Pictou

James Jasey, Cook, Guysborough County

and four seamen from the Magdalen Islands.

Also lost were R. J. Leslie, Halifax, the owner of the "Lunenburg" and a passenger on board, and another passenger from the Magdalens.

There were six men saved including:

William Smith, Mate, Dartmouth

William Thorne, Fireman, Magdalen Islands

Warren Jack, Fireman, Guysborough County

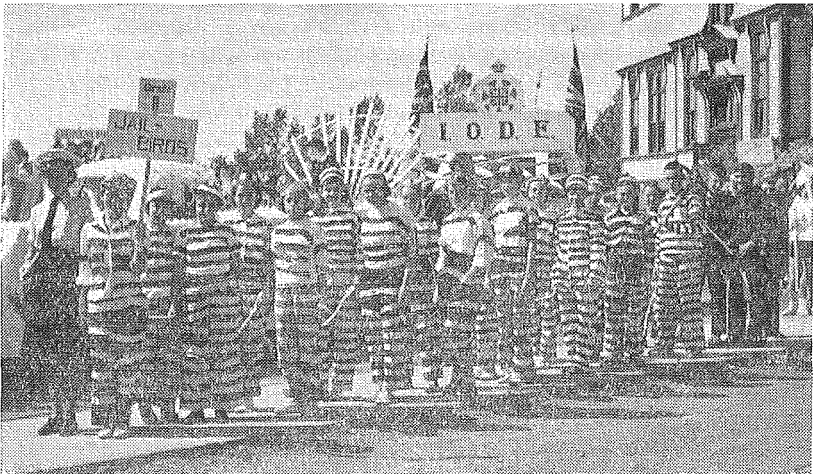
John McCarroll, 2nd Engineer, Pictou

Edward Silver, 2nd Mate, Lunenburg

Captain Pride  
Sherbrooke, St. Mary's River  
Guysborough County

The eleven crew members were drowned when the second lifeboat overturned. Captain Pride, who was in this boat, righted it himself and crawled in. He was unconscious when picked up by the rest of the survivors.

The winter of 1905 was known as the Winter of the Big Snow and it certainly lived up to its name on the Magdalens. The men floundered around on the shore in snow up to their waists. They were picked up and taken back to Pictou a few days later after the harrowing experience in which only slightly over half their members survived.



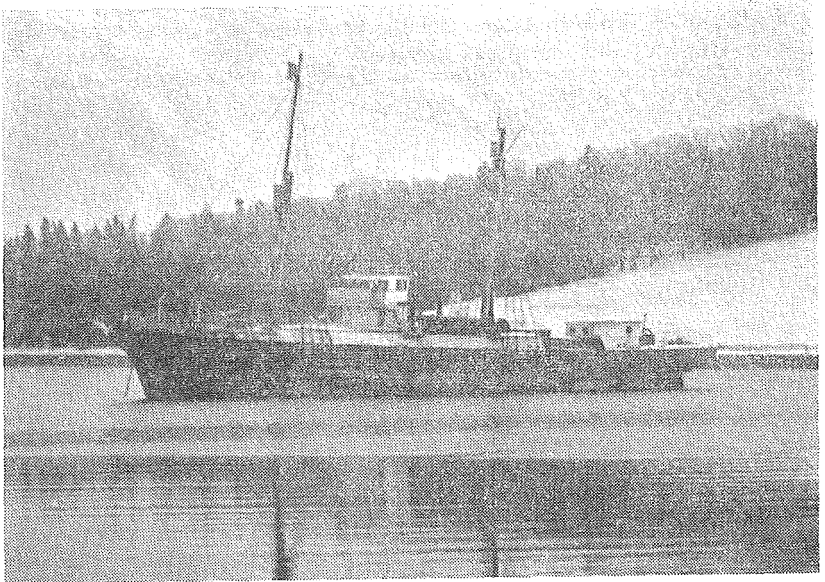
1950 N. S. Fisheries Exhibition Parade Float — Grade VIII

**THE BEAR**

by Lucille Beck '52, Jeffrey Cook '51

After seventy-five years of faithful service, the Bear takes its place among the most remarkable vessels in the world's maritime and naval history. Forty years of her service was spent in the Bering Sea Patrol as the Arctic's No. 1 rescue ship. At this time, Seattle was a port of call for the Bear, and it was here that its commanding officer received his final telegraphic orders from Washington, D. C. each spring before leaving on the annual cruise to the Pribilof Islands, and to Port Barrow and back. The Bear also made an excellent record with the U. S. Revenue Marine, the Revenue Cutter Service, the Coast Guard in the Bering Sea, and in World War II. Few people are aware of the unusual history and adventures of this craft which is at present anchored in Lunenburg Harbour.

The Bear was built in 1874 at Greenock, Scotland. The auxiliary steam barkentine is two hundred feet long, twenty-nine feet wide, twenty-three feet deep, having an oak hull of twenty-four inch thickness all around to add strength against icebergs. This craft was to be used in the Newfoundland sealing trade. Eleven successful trips were made for her British owners when the U. S. Government became interested in her, and bought her for one hundred thousand dollars in 1833 to be used in the third rescue expedition seeking Lieutenant (later Major General) Adolphus W. Greely lost in the polar regions of North-West Greenland. Greely, and, a few other survivors, were found by the Bear's crew, and brought back to civilization. In 1884 President Arthur thanked the officers and men for their spectacular rescue work.



After a short inactive period, the Bear was recommissioned to serve with the Revenue Marine. She was refitted, and, after a long voyage around Cape Horn to California, joined the Bering Sea Patrol where she served forty years carrying food, mail and supplies to communities between Cape Lisburne and Port Barrow. Her crew had to maintain law and order along the Bering Sea Coasts, fighting off sea poachers, and seeing that treaty waters were not invaded by foreign fishing vessels.

The Bear is remembered for her great rescue work. She saved villages from starvation, plague, scurvy, and other diseases. She rescued whaling ships from disaster, gave medical aid and transportation to lost miners and mariners. In addition to her duty of protecting the interest of the customs by preventing smuggling of the whaling ships, the Bear charted hitherto unexplored waters.

Between 1891-1903 the Bear served as a "reindeer ferry" transporting domesticated reindeer to the Seward Peninsula in Alaska. This project, headed by Captain Healy, solved the Eskimo's need for food, clothing and transportation. This project turned out to have more far-reaching worthwhile effects than the Captain had dreamed possible.

Tons of supplies were carried to light-houses, schools, and missions. Government agents of education were transported to and from lonely spots along the Alaskan coast by this ship. The crew had to board ships to inspect cargoes and safety equipment, to detect fishing violations and to suppress mutinies. They took census of the seals, exercised martial law during the gold rush, when conditions got out of hand and when government assistance was needed. In 1912 the Bear evacuated people from Kodiak Island, off the Alaskan coast, when Mount Katmai erupted. A result of one of the Bear's services was the saving of several hundred lives in 1897, when the Bear brought aid to a marooned and starving colony near Port Barrow.

In 1926 the Bear made her final patrol in the Bering Sea, carrying eight hundred bags of mail out of Seattle to Unalaska, the Seal Islands, Nome, St. Micheal, St. Lawrence Island and several Siberian villages. The veteran ship paused at Teller, north of Nome, to see the dirigible Norge, with Amundsen and Novile in charge, land on May 11 after a seventy hour flight over the North Pole from Spitzbergen. On the return voyage to San Francisco, where the Bear was decommissioned, members of Sir Hubert Wilkin's expedition were transported. On other occasions, the Bear's cabins sheltered Amundsen, Captain Bob Bartlett and Stefansson, all famous explorers.

In 1929 The Bear was awarded to the City of Oakland, California for use as a marine museum, and, for one voyage, she served in the motion picture "The Sea Wolf" - Jack London's story of the sealing fleet.

Purchased in 1932 by Admiral Richard E. Byrd, the Bear was taken to the Antarctic Continent where she explored uncharted miles of territory and served in gales and hurricanes. President Roosevelt welcomed the Bear on its return to Washington in February, 1935.

Four years later, the ship was turned over for one dollar token payment to the United States for use in Government Antarctic services. In November,

1939, the Bear went back to little America, under Byrd's command again, where she fought her way among icebergs in the exploration of five hundred miles uncharted coast line in the Antarctic.

After this Polar trip, the Bear was altered for service in the Navy commission in the Greenland Patrol, started in July 1941. Then, in September of that same year, the Bear towed the captured Norwegian sealer, Bushoe, into Boston. The sealer had been carrying supplies to a Nazi radio station on the Greenland coast when it was seized.

The Bear served her nation faithfully during two and a half years of World War II escorting ships in the Greenland and Hudson Bay areas. In June, 1944, the Bear was mustered out of active service and put up for sale.

Since the Bear, essentially a west coast boat, was put up for sale on the East coast of the United States, there was no publicity in the press concerning the sale of this celebrated ship. The passing of this loyal servant - apparently headed for the scrap heap - had been handled most indifferently. The ship was bought by Captain Frank Shaw for Shaw Steamship Company of Montreal. It was towed to Nova Scotia in 1947 to prepare her for sealing. Captain Shaw, who was to serve as Captain, explained his preference of the Bear to a new ship thus - "In spite of its age, the Bear is more sturdy than newer ships, and will be better able to stand the heavy pack-ice in the seas where she will be operating."

The original Bear figurehead is in the museum at Norfolk, Virginia. The present figurehead was carved at Mahone Bay where the outside hull was rebuilt. Originally, the Bear had sails with an auxiliary steam engine; however, now the topmast has been cut off and she runs entirely by engine. It still has its original steering gear although this is supplemented by electrical steering apparatus.

Unfortunately, plans to refit the Bear for the 1950 sealing season were cancelled because of lack of funds. The Bear was to have been a complete self-contained sealer, and was to join the rest of the sealing fleet of Shaw Steamship Company and sail from Halifax. It was to carry a crew of one hundred and fifty and would stay sealing for about two months before returning to port. A diesel engine was to be installed as well as all the equipment necessary for sealing. It was hoped that the Bear could be so refitted with the money gained from the other sealers of the company, but such was not the case. The owners at present have no definite plans for this Arctic veteran of over seventy-five years.

What will become of this faithful Arctic servant? The sturdy oak of her hull still retains its strength but will it be put to the drudgery that seems to mark the retirement of such honorable ships of old. Look at the "City of New York" once flagship of Antarctic expeditions, which now is resigned to hauling salt from the tropics. Surely a more fitting use could be found for the few proud remnants of the romantic era of sailing ships that have survived until today or will these relics of by-gone glory disappear and all memory of them be obliterated by the passage of time?

## WHALE STORIES OF THE LATE CAPTAIN ADAM KNICKLE

by Marian Zinck '52, Elaine Corkum '52

(As told by the late Captain Knickle a short time prior to his death)

Although Captain Adam Knickle never went whaling, he could tell interesting stories of experiences which his father or he had with whales.

The first episode he told us about was an experience his father had when he was employed by the Labrador Fisheries. This episode took place off Bon Esperance on the Labrador Coast. It was in this harbour that the large fleets anchored and from which they used to operate. Some distance from Bon Esperance, a red granite island known as Red Island was situated. A larger island nearby was called Red Island Tickle. These waters provided excellent fishing grounds, because the smaller fish called caplin, which were used as bait were followed by larger fish.



Each fisherman was equipped with eight ten fathom "float lines" to be his personal property, for the time being. Each one of four lines had a hook attached to one end, while the other end was fastened to the boat. The remaining four, used only when the tide was strong, had a small bit of lead attached to the neck of the hook.

One morning Captain Knickle's father and his boat mate set out to fish in Red Island Tickle. In order to begin fishing, a small boat anchor was thrown overboard. Instead of falling to the ocean bottom, however, one of the prongs of the anchor lodged itself in the blowhole of a whale. Away it went with boat and crew! Stricken with terror, the whale raced on. The boat plunged on. Amid all this confusion, one of the men mustered up enough courage to crawl forward and cut the rope, releasing the angry whale from the small craft.

Capt. Knickle went on then to tell us of an adventure he experienced at the time his brother, Alexander, was captain of "The Senator."

On this particular June morning, "The Senator" was anchored about three miles west of Capt. Knickle's ship. The water was literally a'ive with all kinds of fish - porpoises, tunas, blackfish and whales. While the crew of "The Senator" were hauling up trawls, making ready to return home, one of



the dories, manned by two of the ship members, was hit by a whale. The dory was turned bottom up, thus tossing the men into cold, dark waters. Frantically the men gripped the sides of the upturned dory until they were picked up by other crew-members.

A very interesting fact to know is that whales become very bold when there are many small fish schooling in certain places. At this time, they approach the fishing vessels closely. One came so close to Capt. Knickle's schooner "The Wistria" that he threw a chunk of fire wood on its back as it crossed the stem of the schooner.

Another time, while fishing on the Bank Banquereau, one monstrous whale became so bold that he broke water about two hundred yards from the "Wistria's" starboard side, dived under the keel of the schooner, and came up very close on the port side.

The Captain became alarmed that the whale might misjudge his distance from the schooner's keel and hit the shoe, thus splitting it off from the main keel and starting a leak.

The whale performed this feat three times. Once, the Captain, looking overboard could see its flukes, as well as the whale's dark-colored back.

Capt. Knickle, knowing that the ammunition of a gun was not heavy enough to hurt the whale, was at his wits end what to do next. He obtained a 5-8 bolt, cutting off about two inches with a cold chisel and hammer and using a spare anchor as an anvil. Then he was ready for Mr. Whale when he made his next turn.

Then the whale broke water on the portside, the Captain aimed his missile for the whale's eye but it carried a little low, due to the rolling of the



schooner, and hit it slightly below the eye. However, this was sufficient to scare the whale away. Now, as the monster headed for the east, Capt. Knickle was happy once more.

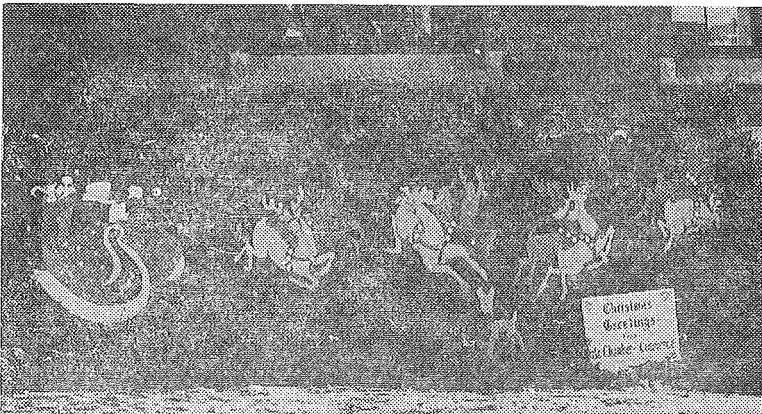
Capt. Knickle's final adventure was one which is seldom seen by the human eye - the killing of a whale by a swordfish and thrasher. The swordfish tried to stab the whale underneath, keeping him up to the surface, while the thrasher beat him on the head with its own strong oval-shaped head. Both swordfish and thrasher kept up this process until the whale was entirely exhausted. Horrifying bellows from the whale and the resounding blows on the whale's head could be heard for miles around.

These experiences were related to us by Captain Adam Knickle shortly before his death. They illustrate his rich experience at sea, as well as the basis of his salty stories. Now that he has died at a ripe old age, we shall miss the many stories which were buried in his active mind.

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## RUDOLF COMES TO LUNENBURG

by Anne Sholds '51, Jean Ritcey '51



One of the most talked-about features of the town's Christmas festive season this year was a decorative contribution by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. At the Post Office a miniature Santa Claus with his sleigh and eight frisky-looking reindeer helped arouse the yuletide spirit in Lunenburg's citizens. Perhaps the most popular aspect of the decoration, however, was "Rudolf" whose legendary red nose glowed. The bushes which provided a background for the scene were also brightly lighted, while a white spot light focused on it from a nearby telephone pole.

This eye-catching decoration was designed and set up by members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

## ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN C. J. R. KOHLER (O. B. E.)

by Joan Gaulton '52, Irene Richards '52

It was, indeed, a pleasure to interview such a jolly and pleasant person as Capt. Kohler, who was decorated with the O. B. E. (Order of the British Empire) in 1945.

Mr. Kohler was born at sea, on the Barque Carl, on a voyage from Australia to Hamburg, off the coast of Chile. After remaining on the ship with his parents until five years of age, he attended school until his graduation from High School. Mr. Kohler returned to the sea, serving his apprenticeship on a full rigged ship for two years. From that time, he made trips on many ships and, after serving the required time, sat for his second mate's and master's certificate.

"A life on the high seas provides much excitement, some pleasant and almost all thrilling" was a quotation by Capt. Kohler, showing the enthusiasm he holds for his occupation. In World War I his schooner the "Perce", owned by Robin, Jones, and Whitman, was captured by the "Sceadler", and he and his crew were taken prisoners on board for two months. The story of the "Sceadler" written by its Commander, Count Von Luckner, has been widely read, especially in Lunenburg where almost every person has a deep interest in life on the ocean waves. One voyage which Capt. Kohler found both pleasant and unusual was a route that he sailed between Tahiti, French Oceania in the Pacific and Marseilles, France. These voyages took him through the Panama Canal, across the Atlantic, through the Strait of Gibraltar, and on into the Mediterranean. Several trips were made up the West Coast of South America to San Francisco. "Sailing in the South Pacific has a thrill all its own, the many coral atolls dotting the sea make a picture that is always remembered. The Tuamotu Archipelago has over 1000 of these atolls, a great many of which are uncharted. Seen in the distance the smaller ones appear as a bunch of coconut palms coming directly out of the sea" was Capt. Kohler's description of a memorable trip.

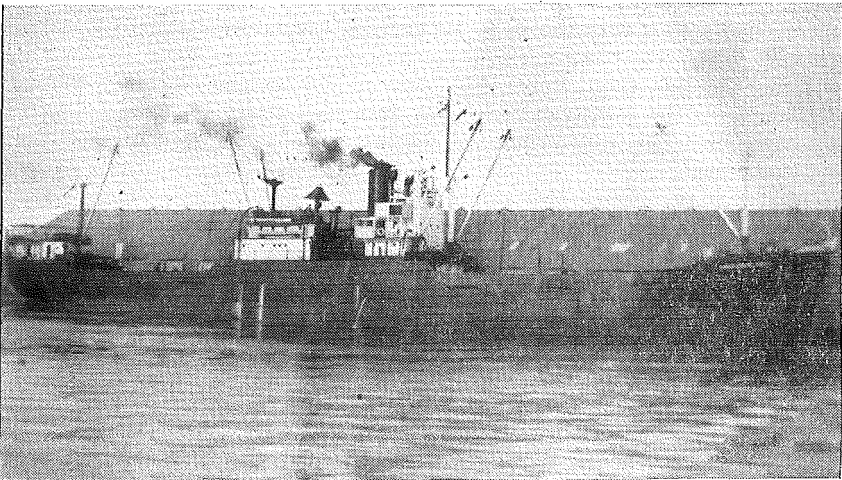
He said that sailing in the South Pacific was more like a yachting trip than a business proposition. The native crew spoke French, not their Tahitian dialect. These men were of excellent physique, with straight black hair and brown skin, good seamen and fearless.



On one occasion the boat came to Lunenburg and the men were so impressed with the size of his home at that time, that when they returned to Tabiti they said the Captain's home was bigger than the Governor's.

A peculiar phenomenon of the South is the appearance of islands. These have been known to emerge from the deep and remain for days and weeks, then suddenly drop out of sight. This strange occurrence is supposed to be due to the volcanic disturbances in the Pacific.

During one of the trips on the "Scotia", the ship caught fire in the Mediterranean. Without a warning a column of fire spouted from the engine room, and in an instant the blaze was beyond control. They had to leave the ship, jump into the boats or be burned alive. Immediately the crew, all Kanakas, thought of his wife and child, not of themselves. In less than 24 hours they were rescued by the "British S. S. Fenchurch" and taken to Valencia (Spain).



The S. S. Dufferin Bell

During World War II, Capt. Kohler had six years continuous service in merchant ships. First in the "S. S. John Cabot", and later in the "S. S. Dufferin Park", afterward named "Dufferin Bell." In the "John Cabot", he sailed across the Atlantic without convoy. He arrived in St. Nazaire, France, with a cargo of birch logs for the manufacture of plywood for "mosquito" bombers the day previous to the capitulation of France. Here Capt. Kohler saw the British ship "Lancastrian", a large ship, loaded with evacuated troops, go down. Seeing that bombing was continuous, it was a miracle his ship escaped. Several bombs and parachute mines came dangerously near the "Cabot" and all on board said "Amen". At the same time, the last bomber dropped one on the Lancastrian; this struck the funnel and the ship went down with all the officers on the bridge. "What a dreadful sight", related Capt. Kohler. There were only a small number of survivors who were rescued by destroyers.

The following night, against orders of French Authorities, he got under way and decided to proceed to Falmouth, England. On the way, the ship encountered the remainder of the French fleet, all in disorder after the evacuation of Brest. The following morning at daylight, off the English coast, hundreds of boats of every description could be seen; from trans-Atlantic liners to small motor boats, all on their way to England for a haven of refuge. On arrival in Falmouth, Capt. Kohler saw most of these craft slowly coming to port. This port was only equipped for the arrival of about ten ships per day; consequently this influx of ships created a chaos that is hard to describe. After waiting about three days, he finally received orders to deliver the cargo in Prestow, England. For this experience, Capt. Kohler was decorated with the O. B. E. (Order of the British Empire) in 1945 by the Governor General, Viscount Alexander at Ottawa.

In St. John's, N. B., the Lt. Governor of N. B. made a special trip from Fredericton, accompanied by his Aide de Camp, to decorate a member of Capt. Kohler's crew with the B. E. M. (British Empire Medal) on board the "Dufferin Bell."

Following this, Capt. Kohler ran between Halifax and Jamaica, taking the route along the American Coast and often seeing several ship aflame at the same time. This was during the heaviest submarine warfare on the American Coast.

In 1945, Capt. Kohler took command of the S. S. "Dufferin Park" and traded between Halifax, St. John and Jamaica during the remainder of World War II. These voyages were made mostly in convoy. On several occasions Capt. Kohler was appointed Commodore or Vice Commodore of the Convoy. Altogether forty-seven voyages were made in the "Dufferin Park", later named the "Dufferin Bell."

Captain Kohler has retired from the sea to enjoy his remaining years in the quiet seclusion of this sea-port town. Whenever he feels "the pull of the sea", he can walk along the waterfront where the salty atmosphere can bring release.



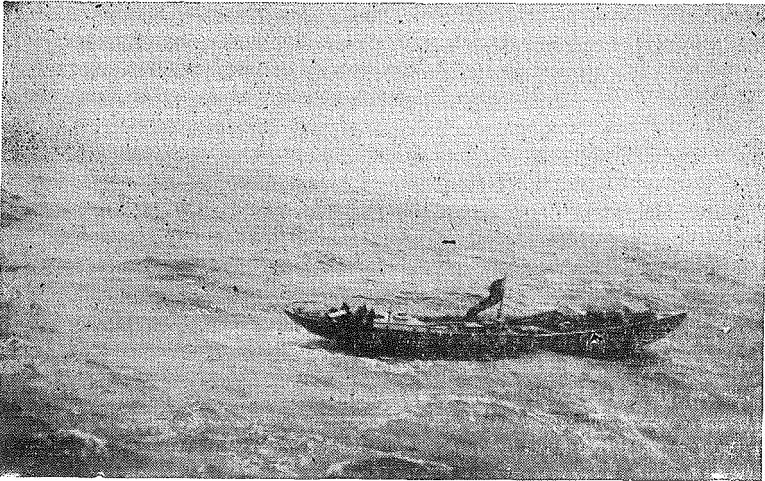
1950 Fisheries Exhibition Parade Float — Grade VII

## THE GREAT STORM

by Robert Cleveland '52, David Emeneau '52

The storm of August, 1927 is a tale of the past to most people along the Atlantic sea-board. There are a few who have not forgotten this great sea tragedy which took one American and three Nova Scotian fishing schooners and crews to their fate on the sand bars off Sable Island. Old-timers who had witnessed the storm of the previous year never expected a worse storm for another half century.

The storm of 1926 was a typical August gale which raged with great force, but the most intense was yet to come in 1927. This storm of August 26th broke out without warning, and the people of Cape Breton say it was second only to the Saxby Bay gale. On land where the storm was weakest much damage was caused to property and buildings. At sea this storm was terrible. Reports from men, who escaped this sea tragedy, said the sea piled up in enormous waves of mountainous size which destroyed everything in their path.



Families in Lunenburg County and Newoundland, who had loved ones at sea, waited anxiously for word which would mean safety. Many ships which were close to the coast, when the storm came up, managed to take shelter in nearby harbours. When the storm diminished, these vessels made their way to Halifax and Lunenburg. As soon as possible, the government Patrol ship Arras, under Capt. Barkhouse, set out in search of four vessels which had not arrived at any port. The first wreckage was found by an Imperial Oil Tanker, Albertolite off Canso. The wreckage consisted of a smashed dory and sea chest. This, along with the report from a vessel which had seen the Joyce Smith fishing near the sand bars off Sable Is-

land before the storm, meant that she was a complete loss to the raging storm.

The Clayton Walters, a handliner out of Lunenburg and captained by Mars Selig, was well overdue at port, because she had reported before the storm that she carried a full cargo of fish. Wreckage found by the government patrol ship was believed to be from this vessel, but it was not certain until days later, when a spar was sighted thirty feet under water. Soundings were taken and part of the wreckage was recovered from the sand. This mast was towed to Lunenburg where it was clearly identified by owners to be that of the Clayton Walters. The huge waves were too much for the loaded vessel, and she was taken to a watery grave.

People in the village of Blue Rocks were shocked when it was discovered that the schooner Mahala, skippered by Warren Knickle, was a complete loss to this hungry storm which did not seem to give up claiming lives and property. Grief was intense for some families who lost more than one. Captain Knickle had his two brothers and his sister's husband with him. Practically the whole crew was related in some way, which meant that everyone joined in the common sorrow.

Along with these three Canadian schooners, lost to the graveyard of the Atlantic, was the American schooner Columbia, of racing fame and well known off the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

This great storm of 1927 will long be remembered by men of the sea from New England to Newfoundland as one of the greatest sea tragedies in the history of the Fishing Industry. Lunenburg's Annual Fishermen's Memorial Service originated at this time in memory of those lost at sea. The tragedy in 1927 left an indelible mark on the hearts and minds of thousands who gathered at Jubilee Square in the fall of that year.



The 1950 Fisheries Exhibition

## MY YEARS AT SEA - CAPTAIN ROLAND KNICKLE

by Philomene Arenburg '53, Pat Tobin '53

When we went for our first interview with Captain Roland Knickle, it was raining. The atmosphere immediately changed after we were welcomed warmly into his home, and he began telling us many tales of his thrilling adventures on the high seas.

Captain Knickle was born in Blue Rocks on September 21st, 1888, the son of the late C. John Knickle. He began his fishing career at the early age of ten years, when he started out with his father as "Catchie." At sixteen he went fishing in a dory where he soon learned how to catch fish. Then in 1907, he went to Boston, Massachusetts, where he took out papers to become an American citizen. While in the United States, he fished out of Boston and Seattle. In 1912, however, he changed his

mind about the United States, and came back to Lunenburg. For two years, he sailed with Captain Benjamin Smith from the firm of W. C. Smith.

Here are his vessels in the order in which he sailed them:

In 1914, he had first command of the schooner "Henry L. Montague."

In 1915, he sailed the "Vivian P. Smith" from Smith and Rhuland. In 1916 he sailed as master of this boat from Newfoundland to the Mediterranean Sea. In 1917, on the way back from Gibraltar on the same boat, Captain Knickle experienced the loss of two of his crewmen in rough, stormy seas.

Captain Knickle sailed these ships in the following years:

1918 - "Sadie A. Knickle" at Liverpool.

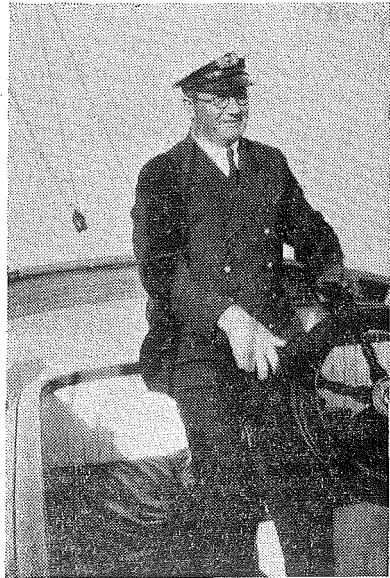
1920 - "Alcala" from Smith and Rhuland.

1925 - "Andrava" from Smith and Rhuland.

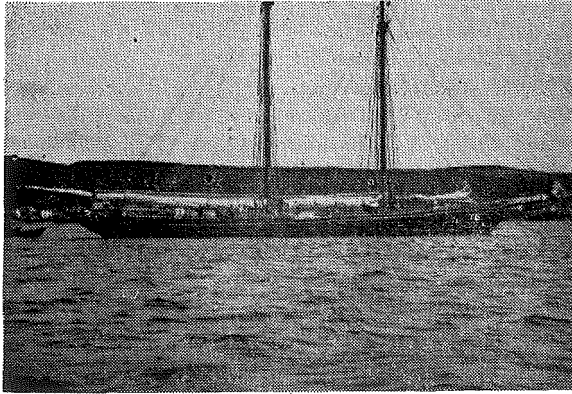
He commanded the *Andrava* until August, 1927. This was his last sailing vessel.

Captain Knickle related to us the following story about one of his hair-raising experiences.

"We were out on one of our halibut-fishing trips when we were caught in an August gale on the south side off the West Bar of Sable Island. The waves crashed desperately over the vessel, threatening to drown the helpless crew. I decided that the only chance of saving the crew and the vessel was by running before the wind across the Bar. By considerable manoeuvring



around, along with good luck, we managed to battle the storm. Consequently, all hands were smiling the next morning, despite their frightful experience and we arrived at our home port safely.



In 1928, Captain Knickle sold the "Andrava", and then took command of the "Caprice" owned by Walter M. of Montreal. He commanded her for four years, making several trips, and then sailed to Montreal to the Lower Saint Lawrence. During the winters of these years, he lived at home in Lunenburg and managed the Lunenburg Arena.

Captain Knickle became acting postmaster of Lunenburg in April 1932.

In the spring of 1939 a group of men called the "Lunenburg Exhibitors", including Captain Knickle, chartered the schooner "Bluenose" to go to the World Fair at Chicago. They had a fair trip, the "Bluenose" being under command of Captain Angus Walters. Captain Knickle was one of the crew and also assistant manager of the expedition.

It is these stories, and also tales of his fine yachting trips to the Pacific Coast that Captain Knickle delights in telling.

After returning home from the World Fair, however, Captain Knickle decided to go to sea again, having been jobless for a time. Captain Knickle and Mr. W. H. Smith of Lunenburg Sea Products bought a power vessel which they called the "Andrava." The Captain continued halibuting in the summer, and fresh water fishing in the winter.

In the year 1936, he experienced another of the tempestuous storms that prevail around Sable Island. The "Andrava" just cleared the Bar, having lost ten dories and everything on deck. Fortunately, no lives were lost.

They sold the "Andrava" in 1938 to Newfoundland parties. This was the end of his long fishing career. He had sailed from Newfoundland to Spain, to Barbados, and from Lunenburg to Puerto Rico with fish and returned.

Captain Knickle is now active in many community projects, with curling as his favourite sport. He has a very keen sense of humour, and is very interesting as a talker, especially on the subject of fishing.

"Rollie", as he is called, is a friendly man who always has a cheery word for everyone he meets.



## CAPTAIN SAMUEL D. HERMAN

by Ruth M. Creighton '53

Lunenburg has produced many interesting citizens. One of these had an adventurous and exciting life at sea prior to retiring to business activity. He is familiar to all of us as Capt. Samuel Herman.

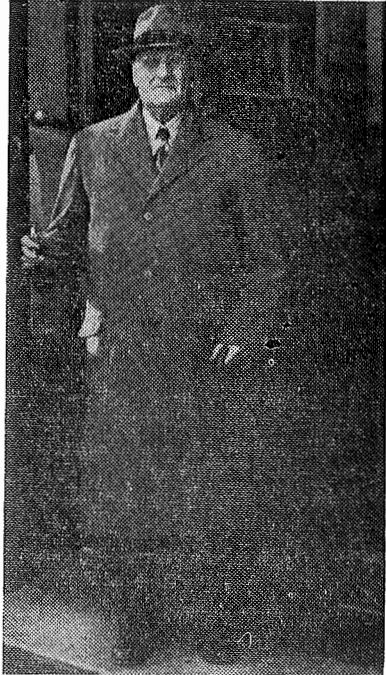
Mr. Herman was born Dec. 6th, 1864, on Herman's Island, the son of Captain Samuel David Herman and Sophia Acker. He got his first training in seamanship while rowing across Prince's Inlet each day to attend school. The school house which was built by his grandfather Acker was situated in the woods over the hill behind the Wellesly Young property.

When Sam Jr. was twelve years of age, he made his first voyage to Halifax with his father. He remembers anchoring inside George's Island in the night, and, upon coming on deck the following morning, he saw a huge British Man-O-War square rigged ship close by. The sound of the trumpet call, and the sight of the sailors scrambling aloft and bending sails made a vivid impression on the young lad.

At the age of sixteen, Capt Herman went fishing on the Grand Banks spending many hazardous days in the open dory. He had narrow escapes and brushes with death on the high seas. He spent nine years dory fishing on the Bank with his Uncle William Gates on the schooner "Mary Young." Capt. Herman was on the Banks when the schooner "Morris Wilson" was lost with Capt. Sam Knickle and all on board. The loss of the schooner "Welcome" and "J. W. Russell" during the gales occurred while Capt. Herman was on the Banks.

During his fishing days, Mr. Herman made several trips to the West Indies and Europe in the winter months, receiving \$14.00 per month for his services. When Capt. Reuben Balcolm, skipper of "Sarah Alice", which was sailing out of Halifax made a record trip to the West Indies and back in twenty-seven days, Capt. Herman was on board as mate.

Samuel D. Herman, Jr. received his Master's Papers at the age of twenty-five, when he had the schooner "Gleaner" built, of which Hon. Wm. Stairs held one quarter of the shares with the balance held by Capt. Herman



and his brothers. He fished on the Grand Banks in the summer, and carried cargoes to the West Indies in the winter.

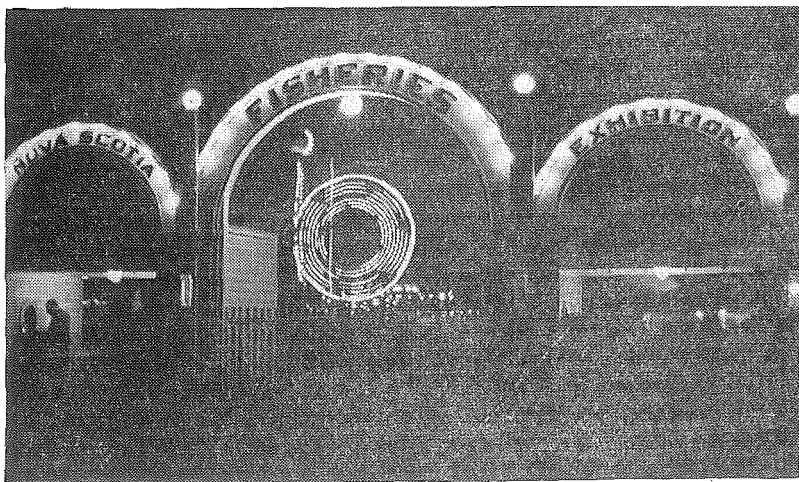
It was about this time that the far-sighted young skipper attended the Halifax Commercial College for two months during three winters. In March 1894 he received his diploma.

In 1896 Capt. Herman married Bertha Louise Westhaver. Several years later he retired from the sea, and for ten years was Secretary-Treasurer of the Lunenburg Gas Company. He then went into Life and Fire Insurance Business, and was on the management committee of the I.O.O.F. Music Hall, which was operating as a theatre with silent pictures, concerts and road shows. F. G. Spencer took over the I. O. O. F. Hall in 1929, remodelled it, and installed talking picture equipment and named it the Capitol. Captain Herman was appointed manager, and has held this position ever since.

Mr. Herman is the oldest active theatre manager in Canada. At the Annual Convention of the Allied Exhibitor's Association held in Amherst in the fall of 1949, Capt. Herman was made an Honorary member of the body.

Captain Herman is interested in many local enterprises and community efforts. He held shares in the famous "Bluenose", and was on the Sailing Committee for the 1926 races. An active member of Central United Church for many years, he was a member of the choir for over twenty-five years and is now an Elder. He has been a member of Rising Sun Lodge, I.O.O.F., for over forty years. In the years following his retirement from the sea, he acted as Town Assessor and was Town Auditor for four years.

Lunenburg is proud of men like Capt. Herman, who have done much to make our community the prosperous and industrious town it is.



Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition Entrance at Night

## CAPTAIN PAUL MYRA

by Susan Smith '54

For nearly two hundred years, Lunenburg ships have engaged in fishing, coastal and foreign trade. Many of her captains followed all three occupations. Living in Lunenburg today, retired from sea-faring life, but still actively engaged in rigging work, we find one such Captain in the person of Paul Myra. He was born on September 2, 1885 and was the son of George Myra, who also spent his life as a fisherman and sailor, making ninety-eight trips to foreign countries. He retired from the sea to become a master rigger, at which trade he continued until 82 years of age.

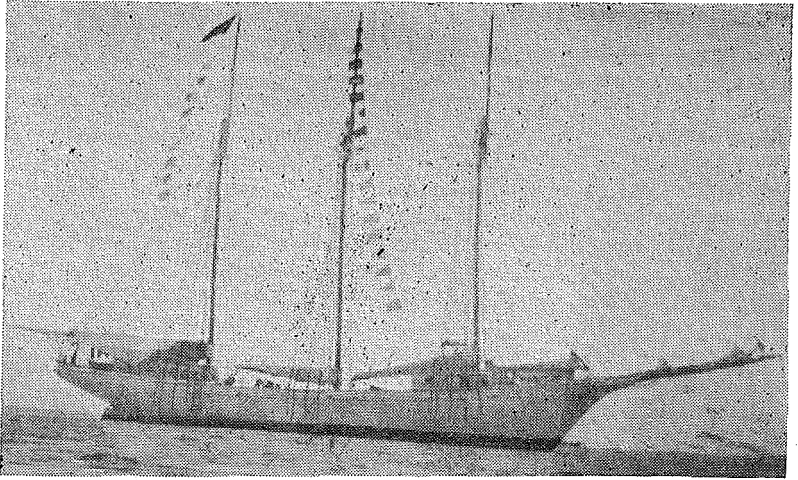
Paul Myra gave up school and made his first trip to sea at the age of nine. Then, until thirteen years of age, he helped make fish near his home. At that age he began going to sea on the Lunenburg fishing vessels. On returning from his first year of fishing, he left home without permission. He worked as "cookee" in a lumber camp in Annapolis County until June of the next year. At this time he again went fishing which occupation he followed for the next fifteen years, going coasting on vessels during the winter to South America, Europe and the West Indies.

About this time, Mr. Myra became captain, having studied privately to increase his education. He engaged in foreign freighting, sailing the vessels, "Hazel Myra", "Lillian Corkum", "Plomer", "Eastwood", "Morso", "S. B. Hirtle", and "Radio II." During this time he saw the change from the exclusive use of sail to the use of auxiliary diesel power.

On many occasions, he experienced all kinds of weather and several times closely escaped marine disasters. Twice he was not so lucky. He was on the "S. B. Hirtle" when it foundered off Nova Scotia; and when he was in command of the motor vessel, "Morso", she caught on fire and blew up about thirty or forty miles from Churchill in the Hudson's Bay.

During the year 1927 Captain Myra, who had worked in the meantime with his father at the rigging profession when not at sea, joined the MacMillan Expedition. The MacMillan Expedition was going north on the government ship, "Stanley" and Captain Myra went along as head rigger. His job was to erect aerials at lighthouses and aerial towers at wireless stations at such places as Wakeham Bay, Northingham and Port Burwell.





The Hazel L. Myra

In 1928 Captain Myra again went north on the auxiliary ship "Morso" with supplies for the Dominion Explorers to Hudson's Bay to build cabins for a prospecting party. When the ship returned, he remained to erect wireless aerials, and returned home by plane in the last of November.

In 1929 he was again employed by the Dominion Explorers as captain of the "Morso" carrying prospecting supplies. On this trip, while en route to Churchill to pick up additional equipment for prospecting, the ship caught on fire and blew up. This took place thirty-two miles from Churchill to which place the crew was forced to row by boat.

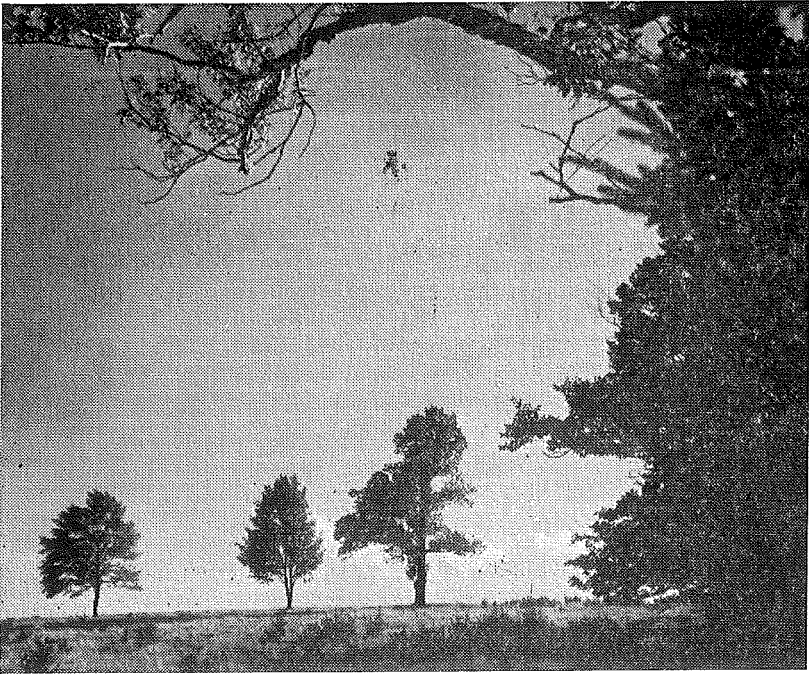
Captain Myra continued to go to sea until 1933 when he retired and entered the rigging business exclusively. He had engaged in this business for short periods since 1925 when foreign trading was slack. Captain Myra has a greater knowledge of the rigging and equipment on fishing, freighting and sailing ships of all sizes than any other men in Lunenburg. On many an occasion Mr. Myra has been called upon to do heavy work such as erecting steel stacks and unloading heavy equipment at various places.

After having retired from the sea for many years, Captain Myra sailed on the "Cancalus" in 1946 to Madagascar. He sailed to Madagascar by way of Halifax, Trinidad, Brazil, Natal, and Cape Town. Mr. Myra sailed as chief mate returning home by plane and steamer.

Captain Myra is still active in rigging work and likes very much to discuss his life experiences. He is also often called upon to lead in singing sea chanties and he is widely known for his mastery of this art.

## THE SAGA OF TREASURE ISLAND

by David Lohnes '52



Mahone Bay is the deepest indentation in the coast of Nova Scotia. According to the marine charts, the huge body of water contains a curious number of islands, three hundred and sixty-five, one for each day of the year. Both water and wind sweep directly in from the sea, giving the air a wholesome tang and the water an invigorating chill. The wind carries in another element, the fog, which wreathes the islands with its grey cloak and seems to throw a mystic shroud over the whole bay. Perhaps it is the shadow of history drifting in from the dim pages of the past. Perhaps someone will look out to sea and discover a low, dark ship gliding silently in on the tide. Such craft frequented the bay in days of yore; one particular type, which was very low, long and rakish, was given the name of "Mahonne" by the French. It was from these ships, probably engaged in rather audacious adventures, that the bay received its name.

To-day the waters of Mahone Bay are dotted with other types of craft - the trim little racing yachts and the more stately cruisers. Chester, situated on the bay, has become very popular with the American tourists. There is, near Chester, one island which received its full share of attention from

visitors. Its name is Oak Island, after the numerous oak trees which grew there. The island has long been believed to be the resting place of part of Capt. Kidd's fabulous treasure.

In April, 1696, the notorious Captain Kidd left Plymouth, commissioned as a pirate hunter, with the galley *Adventure*, 287 tons, in his charge. He arrived at Boston in July, staying there for a short time. While on his way to the East Indies, he decided to become a pirate. On reaching the African coast, he immediately put his plan into action, burning several settlements and capturing a number of ships. He continued this plundering for over a year, returning to New York in 1698, laden with spoils. Part of this treasure he buried on a small island not far from Long Island; some was divided amongst the crew; the rest disappeared. On reaching New York he was almost immediately arrested by Bellamont, the governor. This pirate, his rapacious career at an end, was sent to England where he was convicted of murder and hanged on May twelfth, 1701. His secrets died with him, but the strange legend of Captain Kidd did not die. Bellamont, knowing that Kidd's treasure was in the vicinity, sent out several search parties. One of these, scouring Gardiner Island, discovered a box containing 638 ounces of gold, 847 ounces of silver, 1 bag of silver rings and 1 bag of unpolished stones. However, this was only a fraction of the treasure that Kidd had amassed. The stories surrounding Kidd died slightly and became really legends. Then, in 1748 the tales were brought back to life. An old man, on his death bed, confessed that he had been one of Kidd's crew; and, more important, that he had helped to bury over two millions in gold and silver on some island far to the east of Boston. Many searches were made, but nothing was discovered. Once again life came back to normal. Then the scene changed from New England to Nova Scotia.

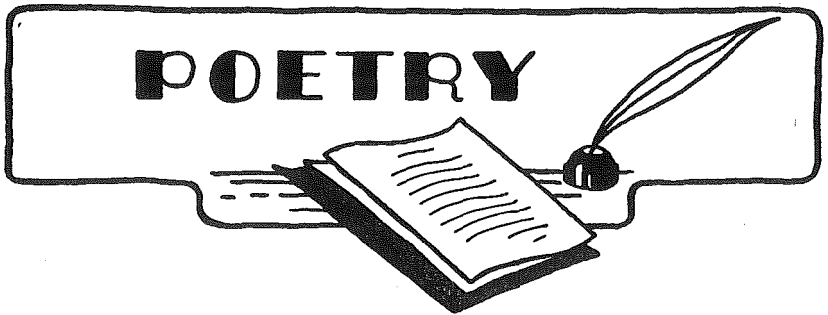
Three men, John Smith, Daniel McInnis and Vaughan, moved from New England to land near Chester. Vaughan stayed on the mainland while Smith and McInnis settled on Oak Island. One day while he was strolling through the oak forest which covered the island, McInnis discovered some signs which had been made by men many years before. Several trees had been cleared away forming a small clearing. On this branch, rotting slowly from its supports, was a large wooden block, such as were used on the sailing ships. When McInnis knocked the block to the ground, it fell to pieces, but he noticed that there was a strange depression immediately below the branch. The next day McInnis brought his neighbours to examine his findings. This time they discovered evidence of an ancient road leading to the shore. Immediately their minds became alive with the stories of pirates, treasure and the tales which they had heard in Boston. This was the island of which the dying old man had spoken! This was the island where Kidd had buried his millions in gold! The three men brought tools and cleared away the top soil. When they had dug down three feet, their shovels struck a layer of flagstones. Examination showed that the stones were unlike those on the island, probably coming from the vicinity of Gold River. On remov-

ing the stones, the men discovered that they were entering an old pit which had been filled with loose ground. After they had dug down ten feet farther, they encountered a platform of oak logs, rotten with age. After removing the logs, they dug down another fifteen feet, but they could go no deeper without help. As no one seemed willing to assist the three men, work was abandoned.

About fifteen years after this, Simeon Lynds came to the island, where he was joined by Smith, McInnis and Vaughan. They found that the original excavation had caved in, but they cleared out the loose gravel and resumed work. On digging to a depth of eight feet they encountered several layers of foreign substances. First there was another layer of oak logs, then came a layer of charcoal, finally a thickness of putty. A little deeper they discovered a flagstone which bore some ciphers which they could not understand. At the ninety foot level, water began to seep into the pit. One night before stopping work, their shovels struck against an iron substance. They returned the next morning, expecting to solve the mystery, only to find that the pit had filled with water during the night. They tried to bail out the water with buckets, but making no progress, they sent to Boston for a pump. The pump broke on its first trial so the treasure shaft had to be abandoned. The next year another shaft was dug to a depth of one hundred and ten feet, but again the water filled it. In 1848 and 1861 other shafts were sunk to depths well over one hundred feet. It was discovered that the water level of the pits rose and fell with the tide, showing that there was a free passage between the diggings and the sea. The first discovery that any treasure really existed was made in 1863. In that year a sampler sent to the bottom of the original pit brought up a gold chain. Many excavations were made during the nineteenth century, but nothing further was revealed.

The latest company, using modern equipment and methods, has uncovered many signs but no treasure. One of their latest ventures almost resulted in tragedy. A twenty-five ton shovel, which was being ferried from Chester to the island, capsized, plunging to the bottom, and almost drowning the seven men who were escorting it. A short time later a ten ton shovel was brought to the scene of operations. By using this equipment, the company hopes to find Kidd's treasure.

So men are ever lured on by the dull gleam of gold and the chance of sudden wealth. Some day in the near or distant future Kidd's huge treasure may be uncovered and if it is it will be well worth its discoverer's time and energy.



## A BELATED EFFORT

by Madelyn Sarty '51

Of all the tasks of school and home,  
 There's none that irks me more,  
 Than making up a silly poem  
 A sad and hopeless chore.

All the works that I recall,  
 Do not inspire poetic rhyme,  
 To no avail I've read them all,  
 This makes the twentieth time.

The subjects are of every theme,  
 Most anyone would suit me right,  
 Oh! surely here I'll find a scheme,  
 I'll have it done tomorrow night.

Tomorrow night is gone with speed,  
 Still it isn't nearly done,  
 To tell the truth, I must concede,  
 I haven't even yet begun.

Perhaps I'll write a little ditty,  
 Or should it be on something deep,  
 Right now I'm not so very witty,  
 As this deprives me of my sleep.

I've finally settled on Milton,  
 As the clock is striking three,  
 But my strength is surely wilting,  
 And I'm just as blind as he.

So when asked to write a line,  
 Don't put it off like me,  
 Space two words that chance to rhyme  
 Just as this turned out to be.



## THE LIGHT

by A. Dale Ward '52

To all the ships that sail the sea,  
The old or new, what'er they be  
They all behold a cheerful sight  
At the harbour entrance, the harbour light.

In all kinds of weather the light will shine  
To guide the ships and their crews so fine,  
In past the treacherous shoals they glide  
And all because of the light, their guide.

The light will shine with all its might,  
To guide the ships that sail by night.  
And through the storms that come in the fall  
The light will shine to bring safety to all.

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## FENCES

by Joan Cunningham '52

There are fences high, and fences low,  
Fences that stand in a long straight row;  
Fences crooked, broken and bent,  
Not filling the purpose for which they were meant.

Some are of wood, so neat and trim,  
Some are of iron so dark and grim;  
The one 'round a country cottage small,  
The other encloses a mansion tall.

A wire fence around a farm,  
Keeps grazing cattle away from harm;  
A fence keeps a small child's toddling feet,  
From the traffic rush, in the outside street.

Some fences invite, while others can be,  
A warning sign, to you and to me;  
That folks inside will not tolerate,  
A trespasser on their estate.

'Tis the friendly fence that we will scale,  
For it's not too strong, nor yet too frail;  
It's the fence we know cannot divide,  
The friendship of those who live on each side.

**STUDYING MY LESSONS**

by Jane Sterne '53

I'm ready with my pencil,  
 And I'm ready with my book,  
 I wonder if the light is on,  
 I'll have another look.

Back again to History  
 I'll now begin to study  
 I wonder if the dog is in,  
 And if his feet are muddy.

I'll start right in on Algebra  
 It's difficult you know  
 —It's funny — I feel hungry,  
 To the kitchen I must go.

My Algebra is finished  
 —It took me awfully long,  
 I'll now turn on the radio  
 To hear "Bing" sing a song.

Back again to English "a"  
 Won't lessons ever end?  
 Every night it takes me  
 From six-thirty until ten.

At last! My lesson is finished  
 And I'm tired as can be,  
 Does everybody do their work  
 As long as it takes me?

**A MISERABLE LIFE**

by Ann Creighton '56

They say when you're married,  
 And hooked by a wife,  
 They'll cause you much misery,  
 And mess up your life.

I know from experience,  
 I've one of my own -  
 They wear too much make-up  
 And glasses of bone.

My advice to you men,  
 Is stay away please!  
 'Cause you'll never get rid  
 Of the sarcastic tease.

## A FISHING VILLAGE

by Sheila Hellstrom '53

In a little village by the sea  
Where I was born and bred,  
The people greet you with a friendly smile,  
No one seems to be sad.

There are no streetcars, dust or smoke;  
The air is fresh and free,  
And below the one main street you hear  
The rumble of the sea.

You can keep your cities with the noise  
Or the glamour of night-clubs gay;  
Just let me dream of a sea-gull's scream  
And the sting of the salty spray.

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MUSIC

by Jean Ritcey '51

"Music hath charms" the poets say,  
It's something you hear most every day  
Loud or soft, "hot", or "sweet",  
It makes you want to tap your feet.

Some like it low and softly mellow,  
(That's for dancing with a fellow!)  
Others like a tune for a nice fox-trot,  
As for "jive", they like it "hot".

Whenever you go, you're sure to hear  
Music that's bound to sadden or cheer,  
A great church organ, Spanish guitars  
Songs about ladies, romance, or stars.

There's music in bells on a Sunday morn,  
There's music, too, in a rusty old horn,  
Music is found most everywhere  
So always be tuned for that song in the air.

## THE SCHOOL IDYLL

by Janet Crouse '54

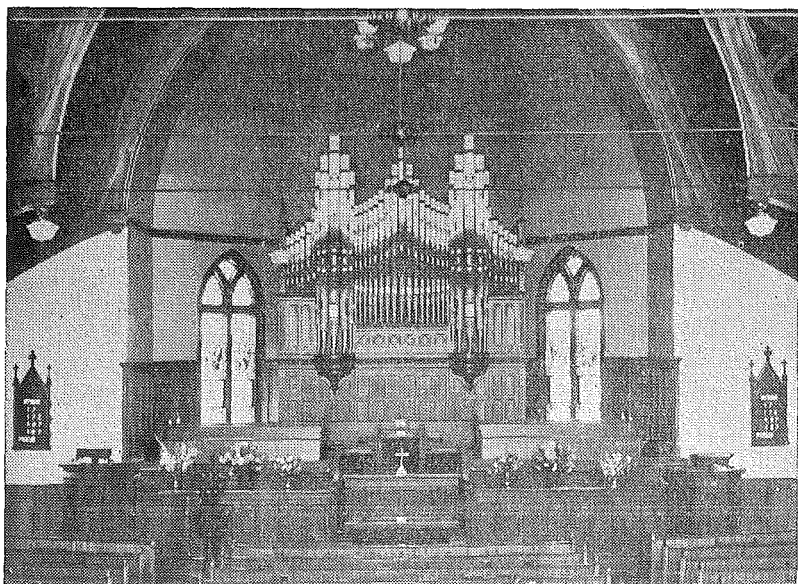
Ram it in, cram it in;  
 Children's heads are hollow;  
 Slam it in, cram it in,  
 Still there's more to follow -  
 History and geography,  
 Math and etymology,  
 Ram it in, cram it in;  
 Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;  
 What are teachers paid for?  
 Bang it in, slam it in;  
 What are children made for?  
 Algebra and geometry,  
 Latin and trigonometry,  
 Rap it in, tap it in,  
 Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in;  
 All that they can swallow.  
 Fold it in, mould it in;  
 Still there's more to follow.  
 Faces pinched, and sad and pale,  
 Tell the same undying tale -  
 Tell of moments robbed from sleep,  
 Meals untasted, studies deep.  
 Those who've passed the furnace through,  
 With aching brow, will tell to you  
 How the teacher crammed it in,  
 Rapped it in, jammed it in,  
 Pressed it in, caressed it in,  
 Rapped it in and slapped it in -  
 When their heads were hollow.

## CENTRAL UNITED CHURCH — LUNENBURG

by Patricia Hewat '53, Jane Sterne '53



The name of this Church, Central United Church, gives recognition to one important phase of its history, namely the union of four Church bodies in Canada, (in Lunenburg only two, Presbyterian and Methodist) into one United Church in 1925. But this is a comparatively recent event of the long history of the Church in Lunenburg, and it is with the more than one hundred years previously that we must deal first.

### The Founding of the Church in Lunenburg

At the time the settlers arrived in Lunenburg in 1753, John Wesley was a man of 50 years of age, travelling widely throughout England preaching and forming Methodist Societies. His first such society was formed while he was at Oxford as a tutor, and when he died in 1791, there were 80,000 members of his organization. Notwithstanding his work with the Methodist Societies, John Wesley always professed to be a Minister of the Church of England as his father before him had been. We may conclude in any case that there was no unbridgeable gulf between the two bodies — The New Methodist Church, as it was to become, and the Anglican Church. It may have been for this reason that many of the German Settlers in Lunenburg, found it no radical departure to turn to Methodism when they were looking for their own place for religious expression.

Strangely enough, however, it seems to have become an act of excommunication by the Lutherans in Lunenburg in 1812, that prepared the way

for the Methodist Church. The record states that the first Sunday after Trinity, 1812, four men, George Orth, George Philip Rothenhauser, Peter Mauser and Christopher Lohnes were excommunicated from the Lutheran Church, because, it is said, they tried to conduct prayer meetings without the permission of the pastor. Mr. Orth had been converted under Methodist preaching in some part of the Province, and had begun to preach in neighbouring Towns and Settlements. In Lunenburg the Methodist Church was organized in July 1814 with Mr. George Orth as Minister and two others of the excommunicants, Peter Mauser and Christopher Lohnes, as members. The first Board of Trustees was composed of Jacob Hamme, Peter Lohnes, Frederick Mader, Frederick Lohnes, Martin Pentz, and Philip Winter. In the minutes of the British Wesleyan Conference of 1815, Lunenburg appears as a Mission Station in Nova Scotia, with a membership of Thirty, and the name of "George Orth, German Missionary," is placed opposite Lunenburg in the Station book. It was in that year that Mr. Orth was received on probation as a candidate for the ministry.

In 1816 the first Church was erected on the lots on which the present parsonage now stands. Philip Winter, one of the Trustees, was the carpenter in charge of the work. On July 11 the frame was raised; and, on November 16, in the same year, the outside of the building was completed. We can imagine the pride and enthusiasm of the little group that on the very day conducted the first service within its walls. It was a small building, only 40 feet long by 32 feet wide, and the congregation had to manage without a stove until January of the next year; they went without pews for several years, but their number increased steadily and in five years reached 104. German, of course was the language generally spoken, but by 1828 it could be said that many of the people were able to speak English fairly well, and nearly all understood something of it.

In 1858 the purchase of lamps for the Church was authorized. Until then candles were probably the chief source of light for the worshippers; but in the years since the original group built their own church, progress had been made along other lines. Pews, for instance, had been installed and arrangements made for letting them. The annual rent for a wall pew was set at 25 Shillings, and for a centre pew, 20 Shillings. By the year 1871 the increase in members and adherents had twice demanded enlargement of the Church building, the second such improvement costing \$670.00 as compared with a cost of \$1860 for the original structure without pews or interior finish.

### THE NEW CHURCH

To keep enlarging the old building for the accommodation of the ever growing congregation finally became impractical, however, and in 1881 fund-raising commenced for the purchase of a site for a new church building. A Committee consisting of Messrs David Smith, J. H. Wilson, S. A. Chesley, John Morash, and Edward Rafuse was appointed to form an estimate of the cost and determine what portion could be secured by subscriptions. Their work resulted in laying the corner stone on October 17, 1883 for a structure 112 feet by 56 feet with an auditorium 90 feet by 54 feet. The building went

forward by day labor rather than by contract, and by March of 1885 was completed, at a total cost of \$14,893.21. It was formally opened and dedicated on March 15th, 1885. On March 16, the very next day, two thirds of the pews were sold at auction, and an amount of money realized, which, together with funds already collected, was sufficient to pay for the entire building and site, except for about \$3000.00. This debt was also wiped out in the succeeding ten years.

But while replacing the Church was a matter of choice at that time, replacing the parsonage was not. At 2 o'clock in the morning of January 24, 1885 the old Parsonage occupied originally by the Orths, was found to be on fire; and, although a brave attempt was made to save it, nothing effective could be done. In three hours the site was a mass of ruins and ashes. One fireman, Arthur Etter, lost his life as a result of the fall of a portion of the chimney, and valuable records were also destroyed. But this event added to the importance of the year 1885 in the history of the Church; for before the end of the year a new parsonage, the one standing to-day, was completed making the second building replaced in a single year by a group that started out some 70 years before with a membership of only 30.

It is of interest perhaps to note in passing that the present church, opened with some pride in 1885, was itself seriously threatened by fire in September 1893 when the Academy situated on the hill across the street burned to the ground. Many burning cinders fell in the belfry and the open portion of pinnacles, and only the alertness of the willing workers kept the fire from catching and spreading.

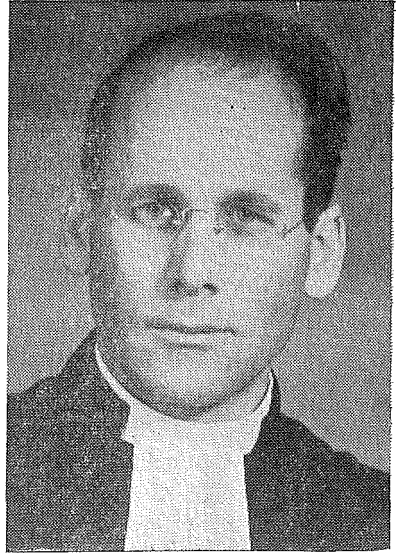
#### ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY

We mentioned at the outset, the union of the four church bodies in Canada in 1925, and we must here refer again to that event because it represents another step forward in the life of the Methodist Church in Lunenburg, and also in the life of the co-uniting body, the Presbyterian congregation. As a result of this step, the name "Methodist" was dropped, because this was the only church among those uniting, that entered the union with its ranks unbroken, and a new Church body was formed, calling itself in Lunenburg, Central United Church. Under the banner of this Church, the old Methodist congregation joined arms with those of the Presbyterian Church (who elected to join), and marched forward, in more recent years to achievements which the early builders themselves, staunch and enthusiastic as they were, would have been proud to claim.

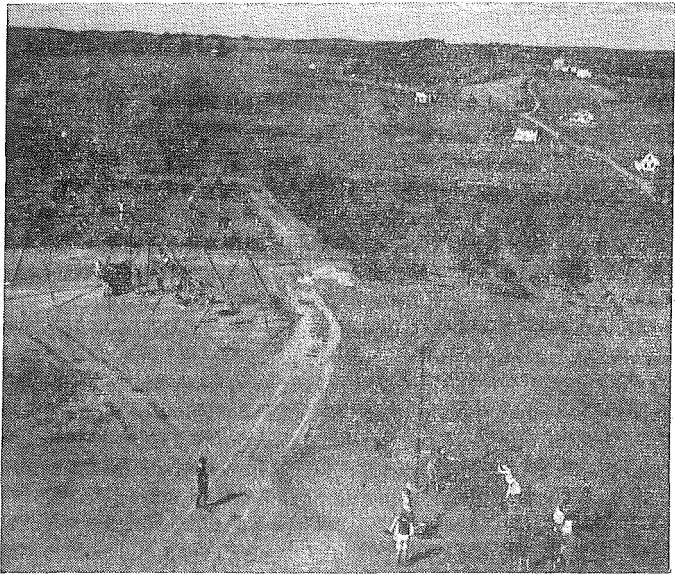
The Church of 1885 was a masterpiece of design and construction and it served well a succeeding generation, but modern days brought a demand for modern facilities, and a new generation proved equal to the task. Prior to 1949 major changes had already been made in the structure of the church, making the auditorium suitable to the needs of the entire community, and now renovation of the church proper had to be undertaken. A committee of Mrs. Aubrey Tupper, Messrs Fred Bailly, B. G. Oxner and Gilbert Whynacht, with Mr. D. H. Collins as Chairman, formulated plans and the work began. On June 11, 1950, the re-opening of the renovated church took place with Rev.

E. B. S. Miller, the incumbent minister, officiating, and Rev. H. S. B. Strothard, Mr. Miller's predecessor, delivering the address. A total of approximately \$10,000 had been spent to made the edifice up-to-date and well serviced in every respect, and another milestone was passed in the history of a church that had started 135 years before in a small building 40 by 32 with 30 members.

The total number of persons under pastoral care to-day is 1285 while total membership is 718; and, just as in every stage of its development, this old Church stands ready to-day to meet the demands of its religious principles with the same devotion and courage the founding fathers showed to launch it on its long road of progress and service.



REV. E. B. S. MILLER



Lunenburg Academy Playground



## THE 1950 FASHION SHOW

by Betty Dauphinee '53

The "Arts and Crafts Building" seemed to be full of giggling girls. Occasionally, above the general hubbub could be heard such remarks as "Oh dear! My hair's such a mess," or "If I get through this without a seam ripping, I'll certainly be glad."

No, this was not a great Paris Fashion show, merely the Home Economics classes of the Lunenburg Academy preparing for their annual Fashion Show. In spite of the confusion behind the



scenes, the Fashion Show was carried off exceedingly well, and many favourable comments were given by the visitors present. The fact that there was a large audience served to encourage those who are interested in having a Home Economics course for the Academy students.

This Fashion Show also proved to the audience how worthwhile Home Economics really is. As well as their main projects, the girls had also made many towels, pin cushions, and scrap books.

The affair opened with a small playlet from which many useful tips on "How to look Your Best" were received. Next, the girls modelled their main projects.

First came grade six. Since this was their first year of Household Science, most of the time was spent on the main principles of sewing and nothing elaborate could be made. Nonetheless, they looked charming in their white caps and aprons.

Naturally, the more advanced Grade Seven girls had made a more complicated article. For the first time, they had tackled a purchased pattern, and, in most cases, had emerged victorious. It could easily be seen by their triumphant expressions that the girls were very proud of their pretty cotton skirts.

In grade eight, the preparation for the cotton dress to be made in grade nine had begun. Here the more difficult portion of the dress, the blouse, had been made with very good results. Naturally this class felt very superior to the joyous grade seven girls. It seemed hardly possible that it was only the year before that they had been just as elated over their first struggle with the mysteries of a real pattern. It seemed silly to be so pleased with a mere skirt, now that they had been successful in making a blouse.

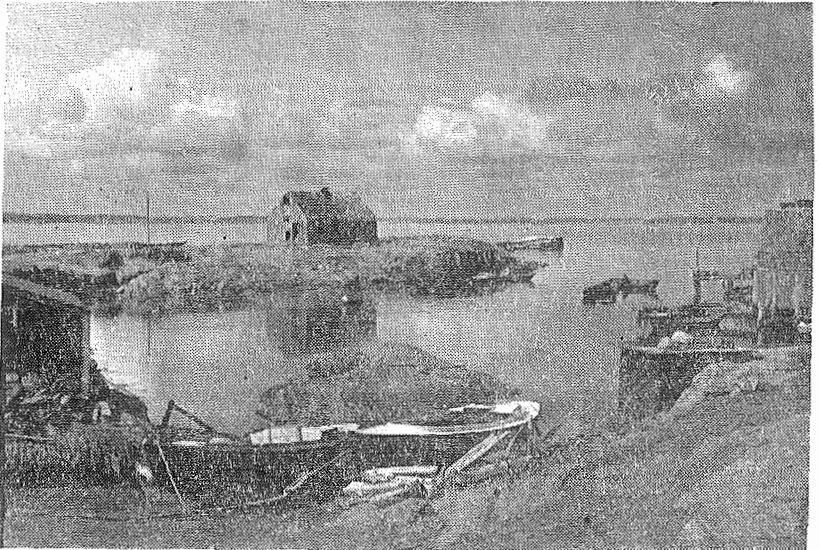
For the ninth graders the great day of their sewing career had finally

arrived. This year they had commenced their first dresses. Although the dresses were made of fairly cheap material, this certainly did not lower their spirits. In this class all that had been learned in previous years was put to use. Every girl had chosen her own pattern and material, taking into consideration how the color and style of the dress would affect her appearance. Soon the pieces had been cut out and basted together, and, after several fittings and rippings, finally completed. The variety of bright cottons and pretty patterns added a great deal of color to the fashion show.

Last came grade ten. This was their final year of the course and each was supposed to have learned the fundamentals of sewing. Each year this class studies some particular material. This year it was rayon and naturally the majority of dresses were made of some type of rayon material. The results certainly did prove that the girls did learn a great deal during the time they had spent at Home Economics.

After all the dresses had been modelled, the girls of grade eight served tea and sandwiches.

The large attendance at the fashion show proved the growing interest of the people of the community in this home making course. If they had any doubts of the value of Household Science before they came, they went away convinced that the results shown that afternoon were well worth any time or effort they had given to make it possible.



Blue Rocks by John E. Knickle

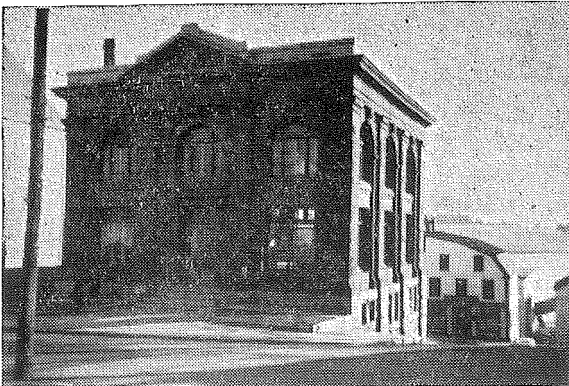
## BRANCH OF THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA AT LUNENBURG

by Marilyn Demone '52, Shirley Hynick '52

Most people go into a bank time after time and take it for granted. They do not stop to think what its history is, where it started, or how it developed its business.

However, this bank has a very interesting background that has developed through the years to form the bank as we have it today in Lunenburg.

It all began many years ago in 1869, when Stephen Finck was the first manager. He carried on the business by himself, through his small store which was on Lincoln Street in the building where the Dominion Store is now located. People, who had no use for their money at that time, gave it to Mr. Finck who in turn sent it to Halifax by Stage Coach. When the lenders wanted their money again, it was sent from Halifax by mail. Interest of three percent was charged.



The procedure of getting the money to Halifax by Stage Coach was interesting. It must be remembered that roads and transportation were extremely different in those days. The Stage Coaches to Mahone Bay were open conveyances in the summer, and open sleighs in the winter. At Mahone Bay to Chester and from there to Halifax covered coaches were used. They had doors on the side and were swung on straps. The number of horses depended on the number of passengers travelling with the mail, but the usual number was four. The different stops were: Chester, Hubbards, Head of St. Margaret's Bay and then on to Halifax. The trip, which was begun at six o'clock in the morning lasted for a whole day. Thus was the business mail of the Royal Bank of Canada branch, at Lunenburg, transported to Halifax. A deposit was made at Halifax once a month. Surprising as it may seem, it is recorded that at no time was there a robbery.

This small business, which was formerly a branch of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax, grew until it has gained its place as a part of one of the foremost Banks in the World. Its name was changed in 1900 to the "Royal Bank of Canada" with its head office moved from Halifax to Montreal.

Meanwhile, the local office was changed to the new premises of "Henry Wilson's Building", which is today "Risser's Restaurant." Mr. R. S. Currie was manager at the time.

The modern building is a beautiful, commanding, structure with a touch of the "Colonial" added by its imitation pillars. It was constructed of red sandstone with granite trimmings, shortly after the turn of the century, but for some strange reason there is no corner stone. The building has a prominent position overlooking the harbour and business firms, many of which patronize the bank.

The vault is a heavy construction at least twenty inches thick. The bank has artistic features both on the interior and the exterior. Its interior charm is increased by the courtesy of the employees - some of whom are our local men and women.

There have been seven managers in the Lunenburg Branch since Mr. Finck. They were:

Mr. G. H. McLoughlin - November 4, 1887 - February 24, 1890.

Mr. John McKane - February 24, 1890 - November 1, 1890.

Mr. R. S. Currie - December 1890 - August 11, 1899.

Mr. T. G. A. Parkes - August 8, 1899 - April 22, 1901.

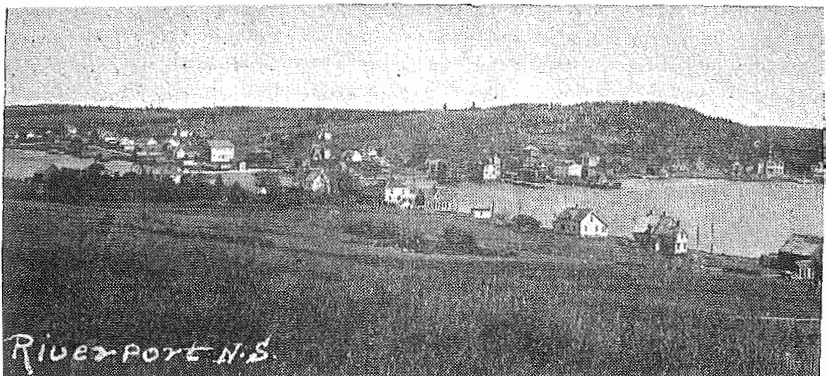
Mr. R. S. Currie - April 22, 1901 - September 30, 1925.

Mr. W. M. Simpson - September 21, 1925 - May 17, 1935.

Mr. R. St. C. Hoggood, our present manager, has held his office in Lunenburg Branch since May 13, 1935.

Many of Lunenburg's young people have started their banking career in this "home bank." Probably the most distinguished man to rise from the Lunenburg district was the late President Morris W. Wilson, who also began his career here. The interesting history of his rise to the Presidency of the Royal Bank of Canada, has been given in an earlier issue of the "Sea Gull."

Thus the bank of Lunenburg commenced from a small business that had been moved from store to store and sent its money to Halifax by Stage Coach until it is today a well-established business, in a beautiful building.



Fishing Community near Lunenburg.

## HISTORY OF THE OLD COURT HOUSE

by William Dennison '52, Ronald O. Levy '52



Much of the history of any county is intertwined with the story of its law enforcement, Court Officials, and Court Houses. All official records are kept at the Court House. Some of the most stirring events of the history of this county have taken place at the County Court House.

The first Court House to be built in Lunenburg County was at Lunenburg. The building was constructed in 1775, and stood on the same foundation as the Parish Hall stands today. The original structure was much the same as that of the Anglican Sunday School, the main difference being that the entrance was on the side facing the Anglican Church. Leading up to this entrance were stone steps. Around these steps gathered many citizens to hear the prominent men of the day make their nomination speeches.

The interior of the Court House consisted of the main Court Room, a Judge's room and a Jurors' room. There were steps on either side which led to a gallery surrounding the main room. This gallery was the only place the citizens, attending the court session, were allowed to sit. The Court Officials and the Lawyers were the only persons permitted on the main floor. Branching off from the Court Room were the Judge's and Jurors' room. Opposite the entrance sat the judge. He was seated at a desk on a high platform. Directly facing him on the wall was a painting of a Coat of Arms. This painting was done by Cross and Page, two well known painters at that time. Although this painting is about eighty years old, it can still be seen in the main room of the Parish Hall. To the left of the Judge sat the Sheriff on a high three-decker platform, similar to the old fashioned pulpits. The Jurors' box was on either side of the Judge's bench, and the prisoners' box directly in front of him.

The Sheriff at this time was a very important person. While attending

these sessions, he wore the uniform of an officer with a large sword strapped to his waist. He wore on his head an enormous hat similar to that which Napoleon wore.

In connection with the Court House and the office of the Sheriff, it is interesting to know that two families, the Kaulbacks and the Creightons monopolized this position for about one hundred and forty years. The two Kaulbacks held the office for sixty years, and were succeeded by two Creightons who held the office for eighty years.

The most outstanding trial and conviction that took place in this Court House was that of Joseph Mailman. This case occurred around 1871. One afternoon during the blueberry season of this same year, Joseph Mailman, his wife and their two children went to pick blueberries at Hemford. While picking blueberries the two children were separated from their parents. It was during their absence that Joseph Mailman murdered his wife. Later, in an investigation concerning the disappearance of his wife, it was learned from his children that their father had taken an ax along with him. When a search was made, the body of Mrs. Mailman was found buried beneath a heap of leaves. It had been cut to pieces with an ax.

Mailman was then brought to trial for the murder of his wife. The Crown Prosecutor for the case was Mr. John Creighton Q.C. who was assisted by Mr. W. Howen. Mr. Henry Kaulback defended Mailman. In his speech for the defence, Mr. Kaulback talked for twelve hours without stopping. When Justice Des Barres, the Judge for the case, pronounced the death sentence on Mailman, he wore a black cap on his head which was the death sentence on Mailman, he wore a black cap on his head which was said that Justice Des Barres wept when he donned the black cap to pronounce the sentence on Mailman. Joseph Mailman was hanged on Gallows Hill, where the Academy stands today.

At the time, this was the only Court House for the County of Lunenburg. As the years passed the building deteriorated, and finally became so bad that Chief Justice MacDonald claimed that he would not hold court there unless the building were repaired. Later Chief Justice MacDonald officially condemned the Court House; and it was decided to build a new Court House. A quarrel ensued between Lunenburg and Bridgewater as to where the new location for the building was to be.

The Municipal Council decided to build a new Court House at Bridgewater, and immediately they began to erect a Court House in their town. When the people of Lunenburg heard this, they also decided to build a new Court House at Lunenburg, their contention being that the Court House should be built in the shire town. Since both towns had a Court House there arose a great deal of friction between the two towns and many lawsuits were started. To settle this friction, an act was passed in Halifax in 1893 by the government making both Court Houses legal. Since then Court Sessions are held in both towns, each town has its own court officers and deputies. These buildings are in existence today, and are still being used

as Court Houses, with one session each year being held in Lunenburg and one in Bridgewater.

Around 1901 the Anglican Church bought the old Court House and converted it into a Sunday School. Shortly after this when the Lunenburg School burned down, it was used temporarily as a school room. Thus time brought many changes in our Court House structures, with the most unique being the fact that there are today two of them in the County indicative of the keen rivalry between two progressive towns - one rich in tradition and history; the other a railroad centre and the hub of a large agricultural area.

## BILLY KING - MASTER PERFORMER

by James Bald '53, David Collins '53

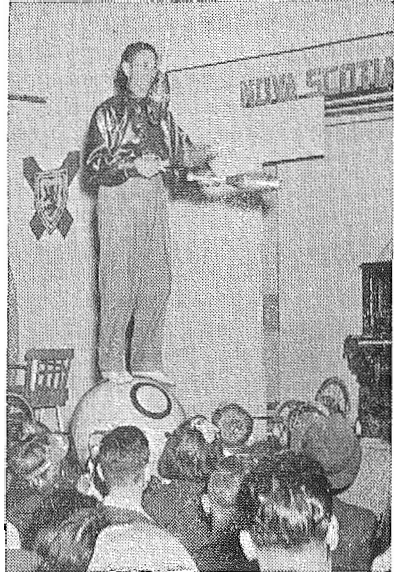
We are in the main building of the Fisheries Exhibition at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. The building is rapidly filling with people who are gazing with interest at a tall, thin, gray-haired man who is performing for them on the stage in the centre of the building. There he is, juggling balls, knives and hoops almost faster than the eye can follow, riding and hopping from one uni-cycled contraption to another.

This is Billy King, as he is known among the people of his acquaintance, trick cyclist and juggler. He is a familiar figure in Lunenburg and especially at the Fisheries Exhibition, formerly known as the Fishermen's Picnic, where he has performed as a feature attraction from the time of its inception on the school grounds.

His performances are forever the delight of the people who go to see him perform his feats of skill at the Exhibitions, and the boys and girls talk about him for days afterward. It seems that Billy King has ridden and juggled his way into the hearts of the people of Lunenburg.

His parents were the late Mr. and Mrs. James William King. Billy was born in Lunenburg on August 8th., 1887.

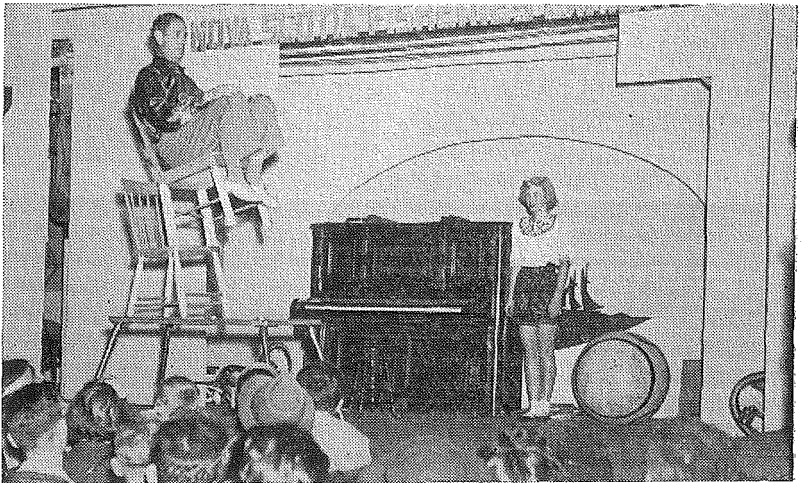
Mr. King first became interested in show business when a troupe of vaudeville artists from the United States performed in Lunenburg. They sent a man dressed as a clown, called Happy Hooligan, through the streets on a bicycle to announce the show. While doing this, Happy Hooligan would go



through a series of stunts on his bicycle to attract the attention of the people. Billy saw Hoeligan, and soon after took his sister's bicycle to try these tricks. You might say that this was the beginning of Billy's show work.

At the age of thirteen, he began gymnasium training under the tutoring of his father and two elder brothers. He was very interested in sports, especially baseball and hockey. At the age of sixteen, he played Senior Hockey for Lunenburg. Baseball was also one of his hobbies. He later played professional hockey for a year with the Halifax Crescents.

Billy King operated the silent movies in the Legion Hall until the sound movies became popular. He then ran a bowling alley and a pool hall. He became a moulder at the Lunenburg Foundry Company, then later went to the United States as a welder. While there, he became a full-time performer as an accomplished cyclist and juggler.



Billy has been in show and dance hall business for twenty-five years. He learned the arts of trick cycle riding and juggling and slack-wire walking by persistent practice. During his many years in the show business, he has toured the East Coast and played across Canada as far as the West Coast. Four years ago he performed in Montreal, and played vaudeville at Exhibitions and in Theatres. He travelled during the summers with the Hollywood Daredevils.

When the Fall comes once again, we shall be looking for the familiar figure of Billy King. He and his assistants will thrill the large audiences who always turn out to see what new attraction he has added to the feats of skill and daring which never cease to be a source of interest to all, young and old alike. In fact, the Exhibition would not be the same without this Master Performer, Billy King.



## SUCSESSES OF THE CHORAL CLUB

by Florence Feener '50

For many years singers have been going from Lunenburg to study music at Universities and under private teachers. Most of these will agree when I say that they began their education in the Lunenburg Academy Choral Club. This Choral Club has been under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner for the last fourteen years, and has always had a membership of no fewer than eighty students. The dime these students pay every week is a trifling charge for the valuable training they receive.

The students have always practiced hard, and, as a result of this fact, they have yet to put on a program or a concert that has not been successful. One example of this is the operetta they stage every year as a Christmas Concert. These operettas are anticipated not only by the students, but also the people of the town. I think I am quite safe in saying that there are few persons in Lunenburg and the surrounding districts who have not seen, at least, one operetta.

Besides the operettas, the Choral Club enters the Lunenburg County Festival annually. As yet this festival is not competitive, but there has been adjudication. The Choral Club has usually made a fine showing. The year the students sang the Hallelujah Chorus, they were given high praise from the Adjudicator for the successful rendition of it. The Adjudicator added that she wondered why this group of singers was never entered in the Halifax Festival competition, so last year they competed. They brought home honors, making the highest mark of 84 on their songs.

For the last few years the Choral Club has presented a concert at the Capitol Theatre, towards the end of the school



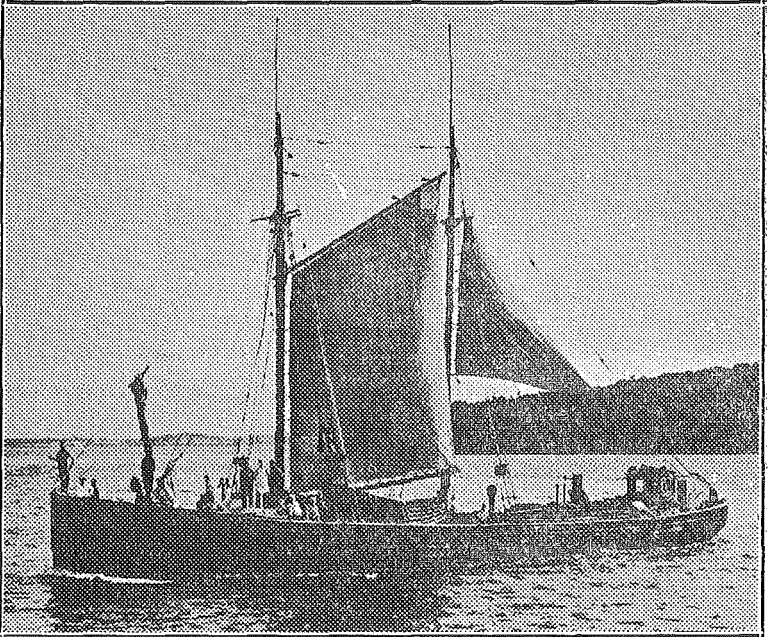
Maurice De Lanthe  
Robert Cleveland '52

year. These concerts consisted of all the work the students had practised during the year, including the festival work. The parents then had a chance to see and hear what the Choral Club had done.

All students, past and present, feel greatly indebted to Mrs. Oxner for the work she has done and is doing. As a past member, I can truthfully say that during my six years in the Choral Club I learned a great many things that I shall always remember. I not only learned how to read and sing music, but also how to co-operate in a group.

Yes, Lunenburg should be proud of its Academy Choral Club.

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The Mahaska, First Dragger built in Lunenburg at Smith & Rhuland Shipyards in 1928 under the name of Geraldine S. Chartered for a few years; Line Fisherman in 1934; re-converted to a Dragger in 1947. New engines installed in 1948, and then lost at sea.



**THE 1950 OPERETTA - "HEART AND GOWNS"**

**Frank Falkenham, pianist; Mrs. B. G. Oxner, directress.**

**Front row (l. to r.)—Ernest Schnare, Kathryn Kinley, James Bald, Pat Hewat, Shirley Hynick, Joan Cunningham, Barbara Beck, Irene Richards, Madelyn Spindler, Anne Sholds, Marion Zinck, Carolyn Zinck, Jean Haughn, Joan Gaulton, David Collins.**

**Back row (l. to r.)—Eugene Schwartz, Robert Parks, Eric Allen, Ronald O. Levy, Newman Melloy, Jackie Ritcey, Jeffrey Cook, Elaine Corkum, Robert Cleveland, Marvyn Schnare, Warren Zwicker, Isabel Crouse.**



**BEETHOVEN CHORAL CLUB**

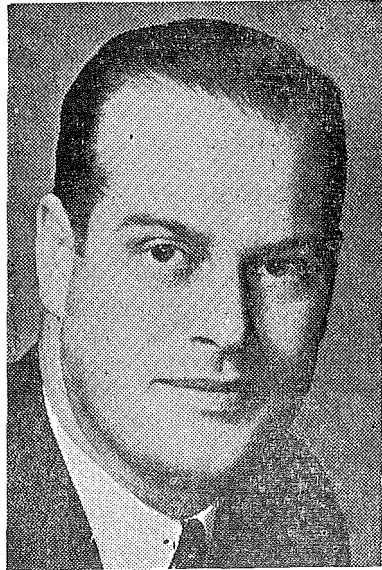
Choral accompaniment for  
"HEARTS AND GOWNS"

Christmas — 1950

## THE HONOURABLE ROBERT H. WINTERS

by Marian Zinck '52

The Honourable Robert Henry Winters was born in Lunenburg, on August 18th, 1910. He is the son of the late Henry Colling Winters, a retired Sea Captain. Cabinet Minister for Nova Scotia and a Canadian Privy Councillor since November, 1948, the Honourable Robert Winters at the age of thirty-nine is one of the youngest Members of the Federal Government.



Mr. Winters received his early education at the Lunenburg Academy. Then he went to Mount Allison University where he obtained his Bachelor of Arts degree. In 1934 Bob entered the famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Graduating from M. I. T. with a Master of Science degree, he returned to Canada, and joined the Northern Electric Company in Montreal as a design and development engineer.

On July 11, 1936, Mr. Winters married Eleanor McRobie Dixon, daughter of W. G. Dixon of Montreal. There are two sons, Henry and Richard, and one daughter, Marjorie.

In 1942 Bob Winters was accepted for active service as a Captain in the technical directorate of the Royal Canadian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. He served overseas for a brief period in Britain, Belgium and Holland. His discharge came after he had attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

With the ending of the war, Robert Winters was nominated to represent the Liberal Party in his home constituency of Lunenburg - Queens, on the South Shore of Nova Scotia. Two years later he was made Parliamentary Assistant to Revenue Minister J. J. McCann, and then came to fill a similar office in the Transport Department under the Honourable Lionel Chevrier.

When the Right Honourable Louis St. Laurent became Prime Minister, in 1948, Mr. Winters assumed direction of the Department of Reconstruction and Supply. He also became responsible for the National Film Board and the Government Travel Bureau.

The Honourable Robert H. Winters now holds the office of Minister of Resources and Development. He is responsible for the Federal Government responsibilities in forests, wildlife, housing, the tourist industry and many other important fields.

The people of Lunenburg County are proud of Bob's success.

## JOHN E. KNICKLE

by Kathryn Kinley '51

John Everett Knickle was born at Lunenburg in 1899 to James Everett Knickle and Minnie Schnare.

During his early school years, his main sports interests were skating and hockey. At the age of fourteen, he became interested in music, and began singing in the church choir. Johnny studied music under several teachers, and attended the Musical Festivals at Halifax. While still in school, he also participated in a large number of plays and operettas.

Not only did he take part in all the operas put on in town; but, for years, he undertook leading roles in all plays that were put on by the local teachers, and by directors from outside the town.

He took an active part in the Lunenburg Male Choir when it was in existence. At present, he sings in St. John's Anglican Choir, often rendering beautiful tenor solos.



After leaving school, Johnny worked in Gould's Tailor Shop for seven years. At twenty-three, he decided on photography as a profession.

At first, he developed and printed films in a barn fitted for that purpose. He studied with E. H. Corkum for three years, and then opened his own studio in the Backman building opposite Rudolph's Dry Goods Store. At present his business is located in the building formerly owned by D. J. Rudolph which he now owns. As a result of the encouragement and interest of the late Rev. Hartzell, former Pastor of Zion Lutheran Church, Johnny became interested in pictorial scenic views, and has at present a very fine collection of all types of landscapes and seascapes.

On October 8, 1938 Johnny married Florence Maude Eisenhauer.

He is at present a member of the Maritime Professional Photographer's Society, a society of which he was one time President.

Now his outside interests lie in curling, skating and golf. He is also a member of the Oddfellows, the Masonic Order and the Eastern Star.

**DR. WALTER COOK**

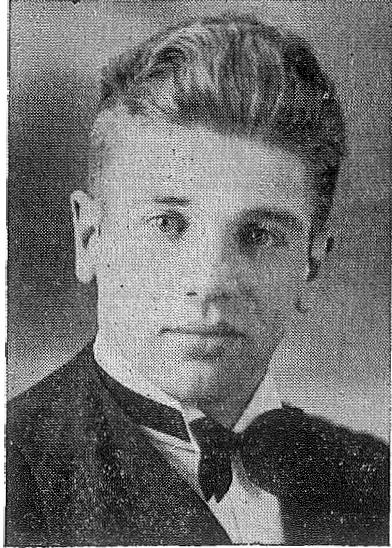
by Barbara Beck '51

Walter Cook, son of Captain Frank Cook and Mrs. Cook, Lunenburg, started his education at the Newtown School; then, from Grade III on, he attended the Academy. While attending the Academy, Walter took an active part in the various sports and extra-curricular activities.

In the fall of '44 Walter entered Dalhousie University from which he received his Bachelor of Science degree in 1947. In that same year he started his Doctor of Dentistry course which he completed in 1950.

While attending University, Walter participated in inter-faculty sports and he received a Reserve Army Captaincy Commission in the Dental Corps.

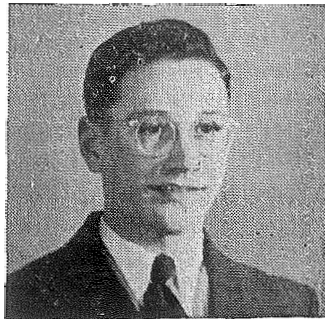
Walter is now practising his profession in Pictou, N. S., and we, the students of the Lunenburg Academy, wish him every success in his chosen work.

**GEORGE MOSSMAN**

by Jean Ritcey '51

George Mossman of Rose Bay entered Lunenburg Academy in '47. During his High School years, he was always at the head of his class. When in Grade XII, George was President of the Students Council, and this, like all his other duties, was carried out with distinction.

In both Grades XI and XII, George won first prize in the I. O. D. E. essay contest. He was also awarded a \$50.00 bursary by the Boscawen Chapter of the I. O. D. E. as the most promising student of XI and XII intending to study at University. When he was in Grade XII, George entered the essay contest on the "West Nova Scotia Regi-



ment" sponsored by the Bridgewater Branch of the Canadian Legion. He was successful in winning the second prize of \$15.00.

In '49 George won a Lord Beaverbrook entrance scholarship to Mount Allison University. Last year he won a renewal of this scholarship, and the Hibbert C. Lawrence prize for the highest standing in First Year Arts and Theology. George is continuing his studies at Mount Allison, and we are certainly proud of his high standing. We extend to him our congratulations while wishing him the best of luck in the future.

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## DIANNE ELIZABETH OXNER

by Jane Sterne '53

Dianne Oxner, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Oxner, was born in this town on November 10, 1928. She was a very musical child, and showed great promise at an early age. At eight years of age, she placed second in a group of children under fifteen years of age in a Musical Festival.

Dianne graduated from the Lunenburg Academy in 1943. She took part in many operettas, and sang in the Choral Club, which was under the direction of her mother.

On graduating from the Academy, she entered Tuft's College in United States to study Physical Education. After two years, she decided to change to a serious study of music. She first studied in Boston under the great teacher, Margaret Armstrong Gow. She was later awarded a scholarship to Curtis Institute of Music of Philadelphia.

On entering the Halifax Music Festival, she won five hundred dollars in 1949, and in 1950 she received the grand award. The Government of Nova Scotia awarded her a scholarship in line with its assistance to young artists.

Dianne is following in her mother's footsteps and is continuing to study in Philadelphia under Madame Ginnia Gregory. We are proud to claim Dianne as a graduate of L. C. A. and as a talented representative of Lunenburg.





## CAROLYN MOSSMAN

by Ivy Daniels '53

The National Research Council Scholarship valued at \$750 was won by Carolyn Mossman in the spring of 1950 after she had attended McGill University, Montreal, for only one year. This is not the first scholarship Carolyn has won, and there is a likelihood that others will follow.

Carolyn Mossman is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Titus Mossman, Rose Bay. She graduated from Lunenburg Academy in 1946. She then attended Mount Allison University from which in May 1949 she graduated with a Bachelor of Science Degree (summa cum laude) with honors in chemistry. She was awarded a Life Membership in the Alumnae Society for making the best general average in the entire class. She also won the Canadian Federation of University Women's Scholarship of \$1,000 to McGill University.



Carolyn is continuing her studies in the field of Science at McGill University. We wish her success in the future in keeping with the distinction she has won.

## ARTHUR EISENHAUER

by Kathryn Kinley '51

Arthur graduated from L. C. A. in 1946. That fall he entered Acadia University on a scholarship. He received his B.Sc. and Engineering Diploma in three years.

While at Acadia, Arthur played interclass soccer, softball and basketball. His second year he became Assistant Art Editor of the Year Book and received his first "A". During his final year he became Art Editor of the



Year Book, and gained his gold "A." He was also Drawing Assistant this year.

On graduating from Acadia, he was awarded the Ralph B. Munroe medal in Engineering, awarded to the member of the class having the highest average for the three years of the course.

In the fall of 1949, Arthur entered the Nova Scotia Technical College. In 1950 he received a Nova Scotia Government Scholarship.

At present, he is completing his last year at the Nova Scotia Technical College, expecting to graduate in 1951.

Although he is not definite about his plans after graduation, we are certain he will be successful in anything he undertakes.

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## JOHN J. KINLEY, JR.

by Elaine Corkum' 52

John Kinley, Jr. was born September 23rd, 1925, the son of Senator and Mrs. J. J. Kinley, Lunenburg.

John's school years were spent at the Lunenburg Academy, with the exception of his attendance at a model school in Ottawa during a few winter months for two years.

After completing his education at L. C. A., he studied at Dalhousie University in '43-'46, graduating with a Bachelor of Science degree, and a diploma in engineering which has aided him in his naval experiences. After Dalhousie, John Jr., studied at the N. S. Technical College '46 - '48 where he successfully obtained a Bachelor of Science degree in mechanical engineering. Completing Technical College, he journeyed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge, Mass. Here he remained from '48 - '50 in order to complete studies in business and engineering administration resulting in a degree of Master of Science.

During John's career in the Navy, he was promoted to Sub-Lieutenant (E), after serving for a period of time on the H.M.C.S. "Acadia", and a further promotion to Lieutenant (E), serving on the H.M.C.S. "Swansea." Later he was stationed on the H.M.C.S. aircraft carrier "Magnificent."

John is now employed at the Lunenburg Foundry where his talents will be employed in the business life of an old, established firm.





## A TRIP TO SANDY ISLAND

by Jean Ritcey '51

"Good morning, Captain Timothy," said Sally Griffin as she climbed into her little cat-boat which she called the "Flying Saucer."

"Ain't goin' out this morning' are ye' Sally?" asked the old man.

"Why yes, Captain," replied Sally, "it seems like a very nice day for sailing. I'm going to visit Jane who's spending the week end at her cottage on Sandy Island."

"Well, all the same, I don't exact'ly like the looks of those black clouds up yonder," said the "old salt."

Sally did not reply but climbed into the "Flying Saucer," seated herself at the tiller, and sang gaily as the little boat skidded over the waves. Her head was filled with thoughts about her day at the island. She wondered if Jane's visiting cousins from New York were really as handsome as she had heard. If so, maybe she should have curled her hair last night. With these high hopes of a pleasant day, she did not notice the increasing power of the wind.

When a drop of rain slapped against her face, she was awakened from her dream - and none too soon. Just at this moment a strong breeze almost wrenched the tiller from her hands. Oh dear! thought Sally, Captain Timothy was right. The weather is getting very bad and I'm still quite a distance from the island. The little boat bobbed up and down, struggling with all its might, to fight the huge waves.

Before long Sally's clothes were soaked from rain and salt water. She heard a loud crash, and, looking upward, saw that her spar had cracked. In a matter of minutes, it would fall over and maybe capsize the boat.

At last, the angry waters were still, but the only trace of life on the water was an old man who desperately searched for a blond haired girl and a little red boat. The cruel black water seemed to look up into his misty eyes and say, "Can't you see you are no match for us? We have added still another to our locker of sand and water."

## THE MYSTERY OF PINNACLE ISLAND

by Sheila Hellstrom '53

Sunlight streamed in the window and reflected from the white walls of the hospital room to the high bed where Bernard Llewellyn lay. Hearing footsteps in the corridor, he glanced toward the door and smiled as a nurse entered, followed by his friend Michael Lorne.

"Hi, Bernie!" Michael cried. "The doctor said you would be able to tell about your experiences this morning, and the Inspector sent me down to get the story."

"I'd be delighted, old boy", laughed Bernard as the nurse helped him into a sitting position. "Well, after I left the yard, I got in with the Andrews gang, helped with a few jobs, and soon was a trusted member of the clique, I thought. We all knew something was up and tension was mounting in the group. Then one night the boss called us into his office at the tavern and said . . .

"Boys, we just got a long-awaited order from the high command. Two of you are going on a dangerous mission to Pinnacle Island. Llewellyn and Martin, stay behind; the rest of you can go."

Bernard and dark, sinister-looking John Martin stepped out of the group as the rest left.

"You'll be leaving tomorrow," said Andrews tersely. "Llewellyn, go home and get some sleep. Martin, I'll give you full instructions later."

The next evening, as driving rain and a heavy wind lashed the island, the two men landed on the small beach and proceeded to hide their life raft.

"I wonder what they're up to?" thought Bernard as he watched John Martin walking ahead of him. He was carrying a large bag very carefully in one hand, while under his arm he held a small portable wireless set. Both men were drenched to the skin when they reached the lonely log cabin, the only habitation on the island.

The next morning Bernard opened his eyes and found John gone.

"Where in the devil did that guy go?" he exclaimed. "I don't think he exactly trusts me." Then, after looking around the cabin for some food, he noticed that the bag which had been lying beside the wireless was gone too. He sat down and began fingering the knobs of the set idly when suddenly the door opened and a voice shouted,

"What are you doing with that set? Leave it alone "

"Nothing, John," said Bernard. "I used to be an amateur radio enthusiast and was just looking it over. It's a fine set, too."

"It oughta be. Cost enough. By the way, I have to leave the island this afternoon and meet the boss. Don't let anyone come snooping around."

That afternoon when John had left, Bernard went out of the cabin and began a survey of the island. It was a bleak place, with few trees and very

little shelter. Bernard stopped to rest near a small cairn on the summit of a rise. As he was about to move on, a loose rock fell from its place and revealed an opening.

"The missing bag," Bernard exclaimed.

He opened the bag cautiously and took out a black instrument. Then his jaw dropped with surprise.

"It's a Geiger counter!" he cried. "By Jove, it was made in Russia."

As he lowered it to the ground he heard the unmistakable tick from the counter.

"So that's what they're up to! Those guys must be working for the Russians, and are looking for uranium. There must be some here, too, or else this Geiger counter wouldn't be ticking. Martin must have discovered that, and wouldn't risk sending a message to Andrews by wireless. Well, I'll have to risk it and contact Inspector Thomas at the Yard!"

Bernard rushed back to the cabin and feverishly began to manipulate the wireless.

"XO-8961 calling PC-92 Scotland Yard. This is Llewellyn. Andrews and gang Communists. Found uranium on Pinnacle Island. Send . . . ."

"And that's all I remember until I woke up here," Bernard explained.

"H'mm, very interesting," murmured Michael as he finished jotting down his notes. "Well, I think I can fill in the rest. We got just about all the information we needed from your message and immediately sent a patrol boat out to the island. Martin and Andrews got there just as you were giving the message and one of them slugged you. You were lucky they didn't kill you on the spot. When we landed on the island they opened fire and killed one of our men, so they will get tried for murder as well as treason. Then, on the way back to London, Martin got scared and gave us the names of the other members of the gang and, the best prize of all, the names of the higher command. You should have seen the look on Andrews' face! We thought he'd burst with anger. By the way, that uranium is going to be of good use to us now, thanks to you."

Just then the nurse entered the room bearing a tray of thermometers and informed Michael that visiting hours were over. As he went out the door he called back,

"Hope you can get to the trial!"

But Bernard was too deeply engrossed with the beautiful blue eyes of his nurse to hear.

THE SEA GULL  
RAINY RESCUE

by Anne Sholds '51

Sherry dimly and dully became aware of the gray dawn hovering over the distant hill. It was one of those slow, sleepy awakenings in which the dreamer has drifted back to the world of reality and is, for a time, concerned only with the snug warmth of her surrounding. The sound of a door opening downstairs awakened her with a start and she dutifully awaited the inevitable call from below.

"Sherry!" came the shrill voice of Mrs. Harper.

"Yes," her daughter answered weakly.

"Sherry — are you awake?" the voice persisted.

"Oh yes, I'm coming!" came the reply, sharpened by the realization that she must once again forsake the comfortable bed. Stretching and turning over, she decided not to chance another forty winks and bravely protruded a toe into the icy morning.

Breakfast was the usual routine of crisp bacon and scrambled egg, with the customary squabble with Bobby thrown in for flavour.

"For goodness sakes, Mom, must I always put up with this little brat at breakfast time?" Sherry questioned, having reached the climax of their daily episode.

But her mother, seldom given opportunity to answer such a query, found this to be no exception. The subject in question immediately hastened to defend himself. "You — have to put up with me!" he shrieked, "Why —!"

"Tune in again tomorrow, same time, same station . . ." interrupted Mrs. Harper, emerging from the pantry, carrying her first sample of Saturday morning baking. "Please, children — just one moment of interruption from this battle of words while I make a few suggestions."

Silence descended over the table as each contestant eyed his opponent wanly. "Thank you," she continued. "I merely wish to outline your day's work. Sherry, your father and I think you quite capable of driving to town now by yourself. How about taking the truck in this morning? I have a big shopping list to cover today and I'm afraid I'm much too busy to go in myself. Your father, of course, is at work installing the new machinery in the barn, so it's impossible for him to make it . . ." Mrs. Harper was mixing a cake batter and didn't notice the elated expression steal over her daughter's face.

"Yipes!" Sherry finally managed. "You mean I may actually take the truck to town — unaccompanied — I mean all by myself?"

"That's what I said," continued Mrs. Harper. "Incidentally, kiddo, you've got your old ma to thank for it. You know what your father is like about letting you drive."

"Oh, Mom!" exclaimed the enlightened Sherry, "you're a positive dear! Just tell me when I take off and I'm gone with the wind."

"Hold it, sister," Bobby interrupted. "If you think for one blissful

minute that you're getting away without me, you can start thinking again."

"Bobby," his mother began consolingly, "I'm sorry you can't go along, but you know Dad's been planning on your fixing the fence down the road today and he's so busy . . . ."

"Aw, for Pete's sake! She gets all the breaks. By the time I get to be sixteen I won't even know how to drive!" Bobby banged out through the back door and down the steps.

Sherry powdered her nose, gathered up her mother's shopping list, and started out of the door.

"Now please be careful, Sherry," Mrs. cautioned. "You know your father would have a fit if anything happened . . . ."

"To the truck," finished her daughter, laughing. She smiled at the parental advice always handed out so freely whenever she had the opportunity to drive alone. "Don't worry, Mom, I'll be home for dinner . . . truck and all intact. 'Bye."

The road to Nordon was a ten-mile drive. The seven miles of gravel road and the remaining three of pavement usually provided a scenic view even to those who were most familiar with it. This morning, however, was thick with fog, and the pleasant scenery melted into a misty gray blur. But Sherry was little concerned with either the scenery or the weather. She happily wound her way over the crooked, narrow road, driving carefully and confidently. Too quickly she reached the summit of the hill which disclosed the quiet and inconspicuous town.

Since the stores contained few customers, her shopping was routinely accomplished in a comparatively short time. Stepping out of the last store, Sherry felt raindrops in quick succession beating against her body. The rising wind howled in her ears. For only a second she stopped in surprise, then fled hurriedly toward the truck's shelter.

She had thought that a few moments' stop at the drug store to see if some of her friends were around would be nice; but now she decided — with a glance at the dismal atmosphere outside — that home would be her immediate objective.

The road to the country had become muddy — the main fault of dirt roads, thought Sherry. The holes which were just that on the drive in now swiftly became mud puddles. The windshield wipers sloshed back and forth across the glass.

Halfway up Bear Hill — as it was known in those parts — Sherry pushed in the clutch to shift into second, rolled backward a little in the process, and stepped on the brake. Releasing the pedal to give it some gas, she heard the motor stop. "Oh, darn — stalled!" she thought, pulling on the emergency brake and turning the starter. The engine replied to her attempt in a sickening whine and droned out. She tried again with similar results. The only alternative was to back down and start again. At the foot of the hill, she realised that the motor was flooded and only patience would remedy the situation. She waited for what seemed to be a reasonable length of time before going through the motions again. "Come on, come on," she said

aloud. "We can't stay here all day." The truck sat stubbornly still.

Sherry was more than annoyed . . . she was getting worried. It appeared, as she tried, waited, tried again, that she was stuck here. Glancing at her watch, she noticed that it was 11:30. Fifteen minutes of sitting still in a rainstorm on a deserted dirt road had done nothing for her morale. Hadn't Dad harped about not letting her drive to town alone? Hadn't he flatly refused a thousand times when she even just wanted to take the truck down the road? Finally, he had trusted her with it . . . with a little persuasion from Mom. But where had it gotten her? Here she was stuck in the middle of nowhere — five miles from town — five miles from home. And to think of walking in this storm was suicide. 11:35 . . . 11:40. The minutes dragged past like hours while she wretchedly tried and retried the motor. Even that little brat Bobby would know what to do if he were here. Oh, why hadn't she asked Mom to let him come? But wait — that sounded like something coming behind her . . . She turned and saw the Lawrence's old car plowing toward her. Quickly, she opened the door and was just about to scramble out when she noticed the automobile pull up and stop behind her.

Laurie strolled up to the truck and, leaning over, shouted through the open window, "Well, don't keep me out here in the wet, aren't you going to invite me in?"

Sherry opened the door and slid over. "Gladly, Sir Galahad," she said.

Sliding in behind the wheel and brushing the rain from his face, he looked at her amusedly. "Now," he ventured, "what's the trouble?" "I'm stuck," retorted she, matter-of-factly. "It's really quite obvious. But I must be civil to my rescuer, mustn't I." Then, remembering her plight, she continued pleadingly, "Oh, Laurie, please see if you can start it! I'm at my wit's end and I have to be home by dinner-time or the folks will know something's wrong and I . . ."

"Sure, sure," cut in the calm Laurie, turning the key and so mechanically starting the motor. This time it didn't die . . . This time it really was going! "See? It's easy," he concluded evilly. "All you do is turn this little key and keep your foot on that funny gadget down there. Then you push in this queer-looking pedal with . . ."

"All right, Laurie Lawrence, you aren't a bit funny!" Sherry stated indignantly. "But thanks a thousand times for pulling that magic. And say," she concluded anxiously, "you won't breathe a word to the family about this, will you? Because I'd simply never get the truck again, because you know Dad and how he'd have a fit if he knew anything about it . . ."

Laurie was still amused. He was laughing at her. "Oh, please, Laurie!" she pleaded.

"Okay," he finally said. "But remember, I don't always happen to come along at the opportune moment. Perhaps next time you'd better let me know in advance." With this final advice, he was gone and Sherry slid back behind the wheel.

Laurie pulled out and with a quizzical toot of the horn passed her. She happily sent a reassuring toot back. Once again she started up Bear Hill.



## SURPRISES ALL AROUND

by Ronald O. Levy '52

Miss Helen Lamott lifted her eyes from the keys of her typewriter. She sighed with the relief of one who has just finished a task and done it well. Just to look at her now as she sat there in her swivel chair reading over what she had just typed, her glistening dark hair flowing over her square shoulders and her deep brown eyes shining, one would scarcely have thought that she was the crusading editor of the Daily Star.

Today was Helen's birthday. In her busy life she might never have given that fact much thought, if it had not been for that ace reporter, Kirk Parker. He had come to work at the Daily Star after the War. At first he was just a member of the staff, but now, after two years of splendid work, he was their ace reporter. In time the mutual admiration of reporter and editor had blossomed into a close friendship. It was this very Kirk who made Helen aware of her forthcoming birthday, and he had promised her a wonderful surprise.

At that moment she heard the sound of feet moving behind her. She turned around in her swivel chair suspiciously only to find three men facing her. Then one of the men jabbed a revolver into her side.

"Don't scream, Miss Lamott!" a harsh voice snapped as rough hands pinned her arms to her sides and a gag was tied tightly over her mouth.

Helen began to struggle but found it impossible to free herself from her bonds. Her eyes swept over the faces of the three men standing over her. She studied each face carefully.

"Trying to remember us?" asked one of the slim men who was getting a great satisfaction from seeing Miss Lamott struggling. "Don't waste your time, Miss, or that pretty head of yours, for you ain't going to be able to remember us after today."

Helen bit into the gag over her mouth and tried to yell—

The third man laughed at her useless efforts. "Take a look through those papers on the desk," said one of the men. "See if the lady was planning to give us some free advertisement."

The two men began to look through a pile of papers on the desk, then in the desk. Suddenly, one of the henchmen noticed a piece of typed paper still in the typewriter. "Hello! What's this!" exclaimed the henchman jerking the paper from the typewriter. "Here it is boss, we're saved, I found it here in the typewriter! She's just written a column here about some opium sold by a ruthless gang of racketeers!"

"Us!" leered the man who was obviously the boss of the gang. "Let me read it, I want to know what she and that ace reporter know."

Just then footsteps were heard outside in the corridor. Helen's heart leaped, Kirk was returning. How could she warn him of the danger before him, if he should enter her office, which of course she was sure he would do. She struggled at her bonds, then tried to scream, but all attempts

were in vain. Meanwhile the three crooks had heard the approaching footsteps, and made ready to receive their unwanted visitor.

The door to the editor's office was partly open. Kirk entered without knocking as usual, and was prepared to surprise Helen, when he found the barrel of a revolver brushing the back of his head, and a strong arm around his neck and a voice snapping to him to come quietly.

In the editor's chair he saw Helen, bound and gagged and very pale.

"Get over against that wall Parker, and no funny stuff. See!"

Kirk shrugged his shoulders. "Well Helen, I guess this is a surprise after all, but I'm the one who is surprised." He looked forlornly at the gift under his arm.

The leader laughed. "So it was supposed to be a little surprise party. Aye! Was it?"

Kirk was busy untying the colored ribbon from the gift package.

"Hey, gimme that!" ordered one of the short henchmen.

"That's all right, Nick," intervened the tall man who was the leader. "Let him give her the present. It will be the last one he gives and the last she gets. Go ahead, Parker, I'm sentimental."

Kirk removed the wrapping and reached into a box. Suddenly his arm flashed above his head, gripping a hand grenade ready to be tossed.

"Get your hands up and drop those guns," he snapped.

"Y-You fool, y-you throw that and we will all be done for," snarled the leader.

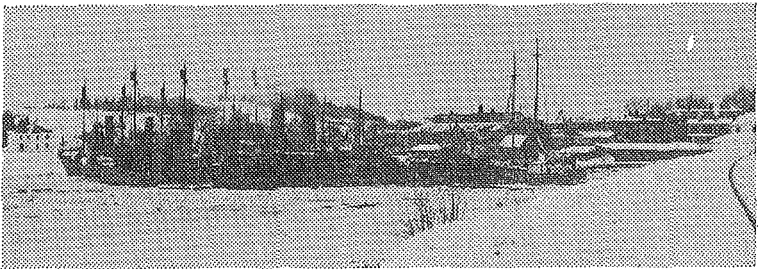
"That's all right with me," replied Kirk in an angry voice. "It's our finish anyhow, so we don't mind a little company."

The next instant guns were being tossed on the floor, and Kirk was calling the Police Department while the three men stood frozen in fright.

"But whatever possessed you to bring a hand grenade, of all things, with you?" asked Helen later that night.

Kirk smiled to himself. "Just a souvenir I picked up on the other side," he said. "Here let me show you how it works."

Easily he lifted the half of the metallic shell. Helen gasped. The shell which had been scooped hollow, contained an engagement ring in plush setting. Helen murmured: "Oh, honey, it's a wonderful surprise!"



Busy scene at The Foundry during World War II.

## WHAT SUPERSTITION DID TO PETE

by Barbara Falkenham '54

It was a peaceful autumn day on the Jones' front lawn. Old Pete Walters was on his ladder putting up the storm windows. Seven year old Andy had just finished carving a funny face in the pumpkin his big sister, Gladys, had given him.

"Look Pete," the boy shouted, accidentally walking under the ladder. Pete looked. Then, with terror on his wrinkled face, he slid down the ladder and took the boy by the shoulders.

"Don't you ever do that again, Andy. Ain't I told you it's the worst kind of bad luck to walk under a ladder?"

The old man started towards the garage to fetch another storm window. It so happened, at that moment Mrs. Muldoon, the neighbour's cat, had decided to take a walk. She crossed in front of Pete, and following her were her seven coal black kittens.

Poor Pete nearly fainted. "Scat," he croaked weakly, grabbing the corner of the house for support. Mrs. Muldoon scooted under the hedge and across the Horton's yard. The seven kittens followed her.

"I've had enough, I quit!" he said. "I'm a-goin' home and lock myself up in the house for the night."

Pete Walters' place was a little frame shack beyond the railroad tracks at the edge of town. Everybody knew the old fellow's fear of black cats, witches, ghosts, and gobbins. On Hallowe'en his home was the destination of every practical joker in town.

That Hallowe'en the whole gang was there, up to their usual tricks. Pete's front gate had hung forlornly by a single hinge. This year it was to be over its misery; "Suddy" was going to cement it shut permanently. Everyone was busy doing some damage to Pete's property when suddenly a strange figure came walking by.

"What are you young ones up to, if it's not too much to ask?" asked Officer Clancy. A deep freeze settled over Pete Walters' property. The fleeting shadows froze into statues with mouths hanging open.

"Why if it isn't Officer Clancy," Bill Horton exclaimed walking towards him. "Welcome to the party." ...

"Yes, do stay," urged Charlie. "As you see we're all giving Pete the surprise of his life."

Pug spoke up now: "It's like this Officer Clancy. All day long poor Pete has been lamenting about his bad luck. Tonight he's expecting nothing but calamity because it's Hallowe'en. So we plan to show him how wrong he is. Don't we gang?" ...

"We sure do," shouted the gang.

"What kind of luck will the poor man call it when he sees his picture painted in whitewash all over yonder fence?" demanded the officer.

"That?" Pug replied. "Oh, Joe was just testing his brush. He's going to whitewash the whole fence and save Pete the trouble. Aren't you, Joe?"

"Yes," Joe replied in a low voice.

When Bill saw that the policeman was eyeing the bucket of cement he

said, "Have you noticed Pete's chimney lately? The loose bricks will come tumbling down on the man's head any day now." Having already set up the ladder Bill started to fix the chimney.

Officer Clancy couldn't find anything wrong around there, so he went off.

The next morning when Pete emerged from his hiding place he discovered that Hallowe'en had indeed been his lucky day. When he looked out of his sparkling windows he saw a gleaming white fence, a tidy yard, a safe chimney, and a gate swinging on two hinges instead of one.

Pete was a very happy man that day. He went over to the Jones' and finished putting up the storm windows. When little Andy came home from school, Pete climbed down his ladder and took the boy by the hand and deliberately walked under the ladder, not once but several times. Andy was bewildered.

"Hey, Pete, you said -"

"Crazy nonsense my boy," the old man interrupted, "Don't believe a word of it." Then leaning over the neighbour's fence he called out: "Bring your family over anytime you like Mrs. Muldoon. We'll be very glad to have you."

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## THE SECRET OF THE CHINA DOLL

by Joan Tanner '54

Ever since Jimmy and Jane could remember, the little china doll had occupied the place of honour in the centre of the living room mantel. It stood between the squat lustre jug that gleamed with such warm coppery tones when the light struck it, and the small green glass bottle which held the most perfect little ship Jimmy had even seen. The china maiden dressed in simple peasant style, with golden hair was bent forward holding the handle of a little butter churn with her tiny fingers. On the butter churn was engraved a tiny verse which Jimmy and Jane had read many times.

Now it was gone and Jane felt a queer sensation at the pit of her stomach, as she stood on tiptoe to trace its outline in the faint film of dust left by last night's fire.

Beside her, Jimmy clasped his hands behind his back, and rocked slightly on his heels as he always did when he was worried.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "we still have the ship."

"Yes, I know," returned his twin, "But it can never take the place of the little china doll." She brushed away a tear that would come in spite of her efforts to keep it back. "You can't invite a ship to a t-tea party!"

Jimmy and Jane were orphans. They lived with their Aunt Betsy McKinley, who mothered them, loved them and scolded them as the need arose. Their own mother had died when they were born. Their father, the ranting, roaring "Capt'n Levi", third generation of bluff and hearty deep sea captains, had sailed away to far-off lands, and left his children in the care of his sister.

When the twins were five, they received a thick white envelope bear-

ing an unfamiliar postmark. The letter marked the end of the mysterious Capt'n Levi who had died of a fever in a strange country. Shortly after this event, his sea chest had arrived and in the bottom carefully packed in a leather case, was the little china doll.

Aunt Betsy's capital was growing smaller and smaller. Finally it shrank so much that she was unable to meet her just debts, pay for the children's schooling or their clothes. They did outgrow them so fast.

Then she remembered about the china doll. She would take it to the city. Probably she would realize a goodly sum for its sale, enough anyway to tide her over their immediate difficulties. So that was why the mantel had an unaccustomed bareness.

Jane stepped back from the fireplace. She carefully brushed the few specks of dust from her pink tipped fingers and turned to face her brother. "Listen!" Jane cocked her head, bird-like, to one side. "Isn't that the gate?"

Aunt Betsy's jolly face wore an unusually sober expression. She looked tired and careworn as she entered the house, and under her arm she carried the same leather case that she had taken to the city so hopefully before.

"D-didn't you s-sell it, Aunt Betsy?" asked Jimmy.

"No, Jimmy," said Aunt Betsy. The woman to whom I took it only offered me ten dollars."

"But ten dollars!"

Aunt Betsy shook her grey head. "My dears, I need ever so much more than that. Jane dear, you might put the figure back on the mantel."

Without answering the little girl opened the case and removed the china doll. How blue her eyes seemed, how pink her cheeks!

Carefully she carried her precious load across the room. The mantel was high. Jane was short. She had to stand on her tiptoes to reach the top. She just got her over the edge when, somehow, the china doll fell from her fingers and fell with a loud crash on the hearth below.

"Oo-oo!" wailed Jane. "Oo-oo! I've broken her." She began to cry softly as she gazed, heartbroken, on the wreckage.

Aunt Betsy stooped to pick up the pieces. "See, she isn't so very badly broken after all. I believe we can glue her together as—." Aunt Betsy's voice trailed off uncertainly, as she saw something in a hole of the tiny yellow butter churn of the china doll.

"Why whatever is this?"

It's a hole, Aunt Betsy, a hole in the churn," shouted Jimmy.

Eagerly the woman poked her finger through the opening and pulled out—a wad of soft cotton wool.

Flushed with excitement Jimmy and Jane stood breathing noisily at her trembling elbow. They could hardly wait until she had pulled its softness apart.

Then in the centre they saw three huge, gleaming pearls! The sun caught them and they glimmered rosily.

"Will you take them to the city?" asked Jane.

"The first thing in the morning." This time the trip to the city did not prove a disappointment.

The jeweller's pale blue eyes shone suddenly as he breathed, "Ah! Exquisite! Magnificent! I'll give you three thousand dollars apiece for them and mend the doll, too."

On the way home Jimmy exclaimed, "I guess the verse, on the doll, was right,

" 'Churn, my pretty maid, churn  
Your debts to pay,  
And your living to earn.' "

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## 'NEATH THE SHEET OF ICE

by Ann Crouse '55

It was on the first day of February that this unbelievable thing happened to me. I was skating merrily on the little pond in our back yard on this brisk winter's day when suddenly the ice beneath me cracked and there, shaped in the cracked ice, was a tiny ice girl.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "who are you?"

"Hello, I'm Mary from Iceland," she said. "Would you like to come with me to our land of glitter and sparkle?"

"Oh yes!" I exclaimed.

So, from the pocket of her ice dress, she took a handful of what looked to me like shredded ice. She told me to kneel down and get it, as she was very small, and sprinkle it over my head.

When, I did this, I felt very strange. I was shrinking, shrinking and shrinking until I was her size. Oh! but I felt funny! Now that I was her size she took me by the hand and led me through an arch of ice that was also formed when the ice cracked. And oh! what a glorious city was before us. It looked all ablaze with the sun shining on it, and there, walking around, were little ice people like Mary; in fact, everything was ice.

She looked at her ice watch and said it was time for dinner, so off we went to a restaurant. Mary just stopped me in time, because I was just about to walk right through the ice door, since it was so hard to see it. When the waiter brought the food, it looked so peculiar for it was the same as the dishes and once I nearly took a bite out of my plate.

When we finished, it was six o'clock, so I told Mary it had been nice visiting her town and I had enjoyed it very much but I had to leave now. Mary looked very sad when I said this but she led me through the gate through which we had come. Before going I bade her good-bye. Suddenly, as soon as I was through the arch, I discovered I was my normal size and the spell was broken.

"Ann, come in for supper," called mother.

So I ran into the house. To this day I have never told anyone my little secret as I know he would not believe me. I hope to visit Iceland and Mary in the near future.

# SPORTS

by Kaye Nauss '52, Gordon Prince '51

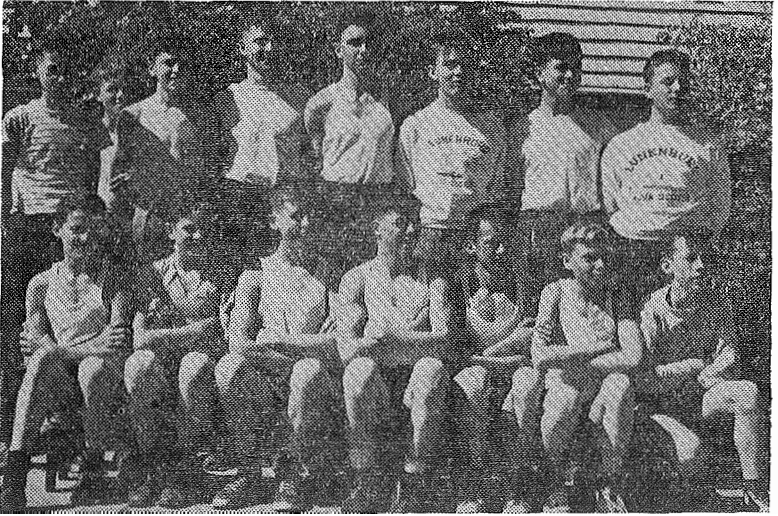
1950-51 has been a successful year for all of the L. C. A. Sports teams. Teams from L. C. A. took part in track, basketball, curling, hockey and baseball.

In the spring of 1950, the Junior Track Team participated in the Track and Field Meet which was held at Bridgewater. Teams from Liverpool, Bridgewater, and Lunenburg were entered in this event. Liverpool again succeeded in capturing first place, Bridgewater taking second, and Lunenburg third.



**JUNIOR GIRLS' TRACK TEAM 1949 - 50**

Each Row: (left to right)—Betty Dauphinee, Glenda Hall, Clara May, Roberta Sarty (coach); Barbara Faulkenham, Geraldine Corkum, Sheila Hellstrom. Seated—Janet Crouse, Pauline Cook, Ann Lynch, Mary Lou Langille, Claire Bailley, Lucille Demone.



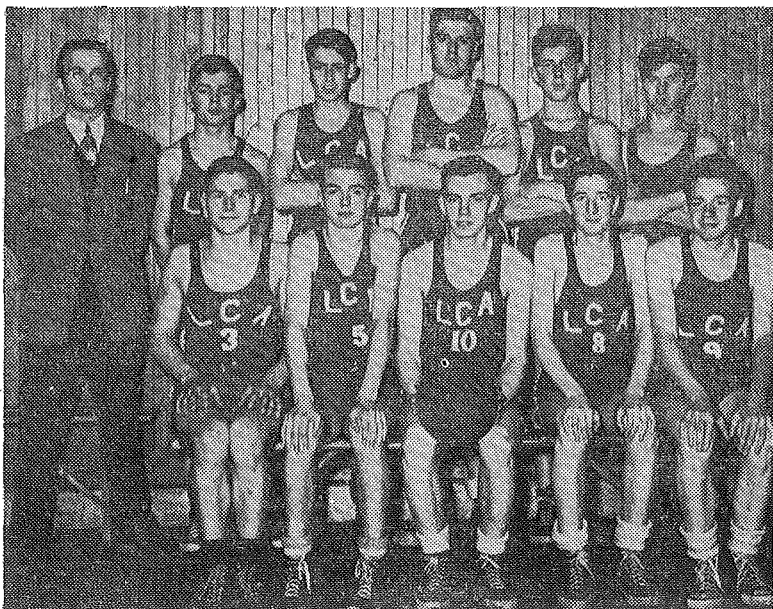
#### JUNIOR BOYS' TRACK TEAM

**Back Row:** (left to right)—Bruce Hiltz, Leonard Melloy, David Mosher; James Bald, Gilbert Berringer, David Collins, Newman Melloy, Eric Eisenhower; **Seated**—Robert Parks, Alvin Anstey, Aubrey Burns, Warren Zwicker, Walter Nowe, Robert Smith, Richard Westhaver.

In the fall of 1950, five boys travelled to Wolfville to take part in the Acadia Relays. These boys made a very fine showing, but were not quite as successful as the year before when they succeeded in capturing the banner for the "D" class.

Basketball got under way in November, 1950. Several exhibition games were played with both the Girls' and the Boys' town teams. No outside games were played until February. The L. C. A. Basketball teams met Q. E. H. S. on January 19, to play three exhibition games in Lunenburg. Return games were played in Halifax on March 3, the results being a two out of three victory for L. C. A.





#### INTERMEDIATE BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

**Back Row: (left to right)—**Mr. Ian Campbell (coach); David Collins, Gordon Miller, Ernest Schnare, Aubrey Burns, Newman Melloy. **Front Row: (left to right)—**James Bald, Gilbert Berringer, Gordon Prince, Jackie Ritcey, Eric Allen.

The Headmaster's League was opened by a series between Bridgewater High School and L. C. A. The L. C. A. girls and boys both succeeded in defeating the B. H. S. teams.

Boys score - B. H. S. - 51; L. C. A. - 139.

Girls score - B. H. S. - 26; L. C. A. - 70.

The L. C. A. teams then met Queens Co. Academy, Liverpool, our great rivals, on March 2nd. The first games were played in Liverpool in which L. C. A. took two out of three games. The return games were played in Lunenburg the following Friday.

Scores: L. C. A. Junior Girls - 50; L. H. S. Junior Girls - 11.

L. C. A. Intermediate Girls - 40; L. H. S. Intermediate Girls - 25.

L. C. A. Intermediate Boys - 39; L. H. S. Intermediate Boys - 51.



#### JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

**Back Row:** (left to right)—Gretchen Demone, Ann Creighton, Diane Knickle, Annette Cooke, Catharine Cook, Marilyn Corkum. **Second Row:** (standing)—Rhoda Hannams, Lucille Demone, Annette Hebb, Margaret Deal, Sandra Corkum, Nancy Zinck, Joan Lohnes, Joan Demone, Joan Tanner, Roberta Sarty (coach). **Front Row:** (seated)—Barbara Faulkenham, Glenda Hall, Susan Smith (captain), Shirley Eisenhauer.

As there were no more games for the Junior Girls to play, this put an end to their basketball season, however the Intermediate Girls went on to meet Lockeport. The first games of the home and home series were played in Lunenburg on March 17th. A return game was played in Lockeport on March 22nd. After a very hard fought battle, the Lockeport team defeated L. C. A. by a total score of 49 - 38. The winners then went on to meet the section winners from Nova Scotia in a tournament which was held in Yarmouth.

Mr. Ian Campbell merits the appreciation of the Academy by his coaching of the Intermediate Boys' Basketball Team. He has shown exemplary coaching and interest throughout the entire season. Our Academy teams benefit from his willingness to help on every occasion.

The L. C. A. Curling Team made a fine showing this year. The boys started off the season by defeating Q. E. H. S. 33 - 24 with 3 rinks in Lunenburg. The Headmasters' Curling League opened between Bridgewater and Liverpool, Lunenburg drawing the bye. Lunenburg met Bridgewater, who had defeated Liverpool, and defeated them in a very close game by a score of 8 - 7. The L. C. A. team then represented the South Shore in the

Bonspiel which was held at Truro. In the first day of play, L. C. A. successfully defeated Halifax, Yarmouth and Middleton (twice). On the second day L. C. A. bowed out to Truro, who succeeded in capturing the Nova Scotia Curling Championship.



#### JUNIOR HIGH HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: (left to right)—Mr. Ernest Eisnor (manager); Bruce Hiltz, Robert Smith, Malcolm Keddy, Leroy Walters, David Mosher, Vincent Baker, Mr. Seaver (Physical director and coach). Front Row: (left to right)—Richard Westhaver, David Dauphinee, Horace Allen, Joe Gaulton, Eric Miller, Robert Schnare, Eugene Schwartz, Merril Dares; Mascot, David Wilkie.

Under the coaching of Mr. C. Seaver, the L. C. A. hockey team had a very active season. They opened the year with an exhibition game with Chester which they won 6 - 3. Other exhibition games were also played with Hubbards and Kings Collegiate in preparation for the Headmasters Playdowns. The league started with a round robin series between Bridgewater, Chester and Lunenburg. Although Lunenburg defeated Bridgewater 3 - 2, they lost out to Chester 9 - 3. They then finished out the season by playing exhibition games with Chebucto and St. Pats in Halifax.

## THE SEA GULL

### CURLING - 1951

by Ernest Schnare '52



#### L. C. A. CURLING TEAM - 1951

Finalists in the N. S. Headmasters' Play-downs at Truro

Left to right—Jeffrey Cook, Ernest Schnare, Gordon Prince, David Emeneau.

This year the school was very successful in curling. There were about fifteen students who decided to play. The first practice was held on January 12th, and it was decided that we could curl on Friday afternoons and every Saturday.

On January 19th, the Headmasters' Team was picked and entered. It consisted of David Emeneau, Skip; Gordon Prince, Mate; Ernest Schnare, Second; and Jeffrey Cook, Lead; with Eric Allen and Jack Ritcey as spare.

In order that a team could be picked to represent the South Shore at the Bonspiel held at Truro, a bye system was adopted. Two teams would play off, and the winner of the second game represented the district.

On January 23rd, Bridgewater and Liverpool met in the first round at Bridgewater. Bridgewater won by the surprising score of 13-2. This came as a surprise to everyone as Liverpool was the section winner of last year.

Lunenburg, on drawing a bye to the finals, took their team to Bridgewater on January 25th and beat Bridgewater in an exciting game which ended 8-7. With this win, the Lunenburg team had gained the right to represent the South Shore in the second Provincial Headmaster's Bonspiel held at Truro February 2nd and 3rd.

Arrangements were made to send the team to Truro on February 1st.

In spite of extremely bad weather, the team set out and reached Truro without difficulty. The bus arrived on time and we then proceeded to the Curling Rink. From the Rink we were taken to our Hotel rooms.

At 7.30 the next morning, we were aroused from our peaceful sleep, got washed up, ate breakfast and went to the Rink:

All the various rinks representing their sections were there, and the skips drew their opponents. Lunenburg was very lucky in their draw, as again we drew a bye. This enabled us to relax and watch some very good curling.

Our first game was to be played against the winners of the Halifax, Truro game. Halifax won the game.

We took to the ice in the second round, and won the game against Halifax. This game lasted so long that ten minutes later we had to start our next game against Yarmouth. This game was put off so long that after it was all over and we had won, we just had enough time to play our third game.

We won, Middleton being the loser, and had to get ready for the banquet. It was opened with O Canada, a few toasts and a short sing song. After the meal, the Curlers were entertained with stunts and feats of magic by a skillful amateur magician.

After the banquet, we took to the ice to play our fourth game which was again against Middleton. We took the game, and were leading the spiel with four wins and no losses. The only team left was Truro with four wins and one loss. There were two games left, and we only needed one win to clinch the banner. That night we went to bed full of thoughts of the next day, and what it might bring. We knew that Truro had a good team, but we thought that we had a fair team also.

The next day brought disappointment to the team. We arrived at the Rink in the morning, about 8.45, and went on the ice at 9.00 to start the semi-finals. There was a large body of people crowding the Club Room to watch the game, and both teams were very nervous. Lunenburg needed this win, and it would be all over. It was not to go that way, however. We lost the semi-finals; but, as each team had one loss the final game had to be played.

After the players had a rest, the final game of 10 ends was played. All previous games were eight ends. Again Lunenburg came out on the losing end and Truro was declared the Provincial winner for the second consecutive year.

After the banner was presented to Truro, the Lunenburg team had dinner and prepared for the trip home. As our bus only left Truro at 4.00, we had several hours to spare, and this was spent in seeing the sights. The trip home was uneventful.

Naturally we regret that we did not win the title, but we have pleasant memories of the hospitality of Truro, and the fellowship of other curlers to console us.

## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

- Anne S. and Jean R. not talking?
- Jeffrey C. concentrating?
- Donnie M. with black hair?
- David B. not winking at the girls?
- Kathryn K. not talking about doctors?
- Barbara B. not forgetting something?
- Albert C. not making a noise?
- Lloyd M. acting like a normal individual?
- Gerald B. not talking to himself?
- Isabel C. weighing 200 lbs?
- Grade IX being quiet?
- Eugene S. not laughing?
- Joan G. without Ernie S?
- Clifford C. not tearing pages out of Madelyn's books?
- Billy D. not talking about music?

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## DO YOU REMEMBER

- When Miss Westhaver strapped Alvin A?
- The night Dianne T. broke a glass of water over Donnie's head?
- Grade XII's discussion on eggs and chickens in French period?
- When Eric A. told Mr. Andrews the only time he could find time to stay for French was on Sunday morning?
- When Grade X went on a biology hike?
- The day Miss Westhaver sat on the bench at basketball and it collapsed?
- When Jimmy B. had his legs shaved for the operetta?
- When Grade X was put out of the library?
- When Mr. Campbell's "Old Bessie" stopped on him?

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## SCHOOL NEWS

April 21—Two Lockeport basketball teams were in Lunenburg to play L. C. A. teams. The L. C. A. boys won by a score of 35-17, and the L. C. A. girls by a score of 28-19.

May 10—The Burgess McKittrick Memorial Library Plaque was presented to the school by Mr. F. J. A. McKittrick.

May 10—The last assembly of the year was held. Miss Katie Heckman gave a guidance talk on Stenography and Secretarial work.

May 13—The Lunenburg County Musical Festival was held at Mahone Bay. The School Choral clubs took part in this festival, at which they made an excellent showing.

May 23—The closing High School Party was held.

June 13—The accredited examinations for Grades XI and XII began.

June 14—The Junior High School examinations commenced.

June 14—Mrs. A. J. Rudolph presented a sword to the Academy.

June 21—The Academy closed for 1950. Speaker at the Common School

closing was the Reverend L. G. Bald. The Reverend James Brooks of Riverport was speaker at the Academy closing.

June 26—Provincial Examinations started.

Sept. 6—The Academy re-opened for the year 1950-51. The sprinkler system was installed during the summer and early fall.

Sept. 14—The Fisheries Exhibition Parade was held, in which the Academy took part.

Sept. 22—A number of boys went to Wolfville to participate in the Acadia Relays.

Sept. 22—The sum of \$32.56 was collected for the Cecil Schwartz Fund.

Sept. 25—The first assembly of the year was held. The special speakers were Mayor Adams and Dr. Saunders.

Sept. 25—Our Choral Club had their first practice.

Oct. 10—As it was fire prevention week, Mr. Fred Fox and Mr. Chambers spoke on the causes and prevention of fire.

Oct. 10—Several framed pictures were donated to the Academy by Mrs. Ray Schwartz.

Oct. 23—The special speaker in Morning Assembly was the Reverend R. Fowlow.

Oct. 23—The Athletic Association held a pantry sale at which the sum of \$25.60 was raised.

Oct. 30—Special speaker at the morning assembly was John Bald.

Nov. 15—Our first examinations of the year began.

Nov. 15—Mrs. Ray Lohnes donated a subscription to "Children's Activities."

Nov. 20—The school contributed \$20 towards buying a wreath for Remembrance Day.

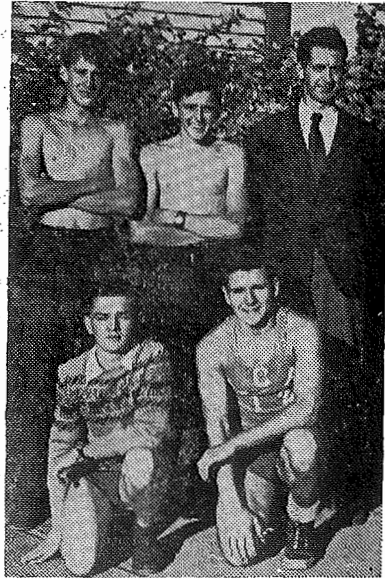
Nov. 23—A film, "The Happy Valley", was shown to the students.

Nov. 23—During this week, magazine subscriptions were sold. The amount the school received was \$62.20.

Nov. 24—Mr. R. C. S. Kaulback donated books to the school.

Nov. 25—With the permission of the town, the school sold tags and thus obtained \$158 for athletics.

Nov. 30—Two basketball games between the Town and Academy teams were played. The Town Girls defeated L. C. A. Girls by a score of 10-9. The Town Boys won over L. C. A. Boys by a score of 50-30.



ACADIA TRACK MEET

Back Row: Left to right—Albert Cook, David Mosher, Mr. Andrews.

Front Row: Left to right—David Collins, James. Bald.

(not shown: Newman Melloy).

Dec. 6—A Vocational talk was given by Mr. Baker, Manager of the Bank of Montreal.

Dec. 16—A hockey game was played between L. C. A. and Chester School. L. C. A. won by a score of 6-3.

Dec. 15, 18, 19—An operetta, "Hearts and Gowns", was presented by the Choral Club. Mrs. H. Mason and Mrs. Charles Winters donated a set of National Geographic magazines for the I. O. D. E.

Dec. 18—Santa Claus visited the school.

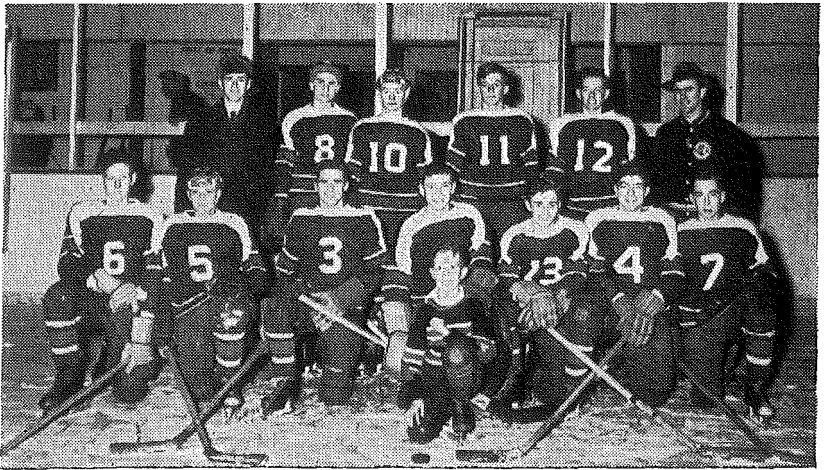
Dec. 18—Two films were shown to the pupils of the school. They were "In Old New York" and "Youth of Christ."

Dec. 20—The school was closed for Christmas vacation. The Reverend Fowlow spoke at the Common School closing, and Dr. Hewat at the High School closing.

Dec. 20—The Walter Callow Fund received \$44.50 as L.C.A. donation.

Dec. 20—The Christmas High School party was held.

Dec. 30—L. C. A. hockey team played King's Collegiate School. K. C. S. won by a score of 6-3.



**INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM**

**Back Row:** Left to Right—Mr. Andrews, Robert Cleveland, David Beck, Ralph Nowe, Franklin Falkenham, Mr. Seaver (coach).

**Front Row:** Left to Right—Lauren Wile, Eric Eisenhauer, William Dennison, Marvyn Schnare, Frank Falkenham, Warren Zwicker, Lloyd Mosher, Glen Dares (Mascot). Not shown: Sherman Zinck, Walter Nowe.

Jan. 3—The School was opened after the two weeks' Christmas holidays.

Jan. 5—Two basketball games were played between the school and Town teams. L. C. A. girls won by a score of 17-11 while the L. C. A. boys were defeated by a score of 46-39.

Jan. 18—Academy played a hockey game against Bridgewater High School, in the Bridgewater Arena. This game ended in a tie score 3-3.



Jan. 20—Blue Rocks hockey team was defeated by the Academy by a score of 5-0.

Jan. 19:—Three basketball teams from Q. E. H. S. visited Lunenburg to play. The girls' afternoon game was won by Q. E. H. with a score of 24-12. In the evening the Q. E. H. teams again won both games, the score for the girls' game was 32-24 and for the boys' game 75-53.

Jan. 20—Three curling teams from Halifax played against Lunenburg. The Academy defeated Halifax by a score of 32-24.

Jan. 24—Mr. Clifford Seaver, Physical Director, presented the Skating Trophy to the Junior High School for their attendance at a Skating Carnival which took place at the Lunenburg Arena.

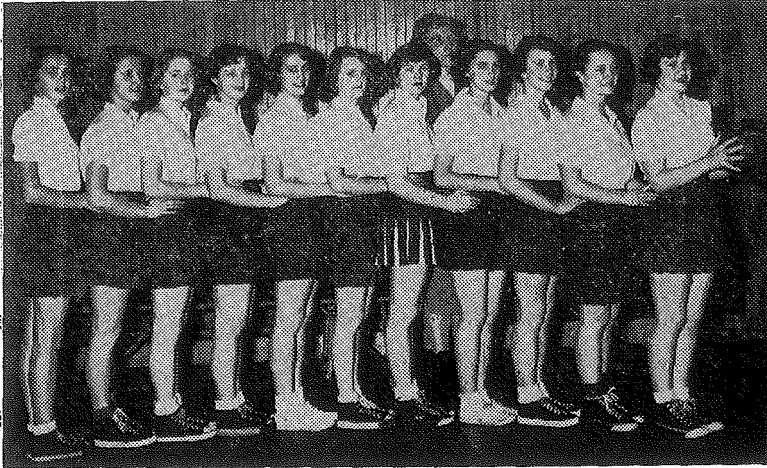
Jan. 26—L. C. A. Girls' basketball team defeated the Bridgewater girls by a score of 28-15, in Bridgewater.

Jan. 27—Two hockey games were played in Lunenburg. The Lunenburg Junior High School defeated Blue Rocks by a score of 4-1. Bridgewater High School defeated L. C. A. by a score of 5-2.

Jan. 29—A debate between Grade XI and XII was held in the Assembly Hall on the subject "Resolved that the New Gymnasium be built adjacent to the Academy." Grade XII was the winner, upholding the affirmative side.

Feb. 1—The L. C. A. Curling Team left for Truro to play for the Nova Scotia Headmasters' Championship Banner. The first day Lunenburg won four games. In the finals, they were defeated by the Truro Team.

Feb. 2—An exhibition basketball game was played between L. C. A. girls and B. H. S. girls. L. C. A. won by a score of 34-6.



**INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM 1950 - 1951**

Geraldine Corkum, Ruth Creighton, Madelyn Spindler, Jean Haughn, Joan Gaulton, Gwenneth Wilneff, Dianne Townsend, Shirley Hynick, Patricia Hewat, Sheila Hellstrom, Katherine Nauss (Captain); Back Row: Phyllis Westhaver (Coach).

Feb. 19—A debate between Grade IX and X was held in the Assembly Hall. The topic debated was "Resolved that there are too many Extra-Curricular Activities in Junior and Senior High School." The winner was Grade X.

Feb. 21—A Headmasters' hockey game was played in the Arena between L. C. A. and Chester High School. Chester won a complete victory with a score of 4-0. Several of our players were sick at the time, so they were not at their best.

Feb. 24—Three basketball teams representing the Academy went to Liverpool. The Junior girls played in the afternoon winning with a score of 32-6. The L. C. A. intermediate girls won by a score of 22-16. The boys' game ended in a score of 26-13 in favour of Liverpool.

March 2—Basketball Game. Lunenburg Academy vs. Liverpool High School.

Jr. Girls - L. C. A. - 16; L. H. S. - 5.

Intermediate Girls - L. C. A. - 18; L. H. S. - 9.

Intermediate Boys - L. C. A. - 24; L. H. S. - 25.

March 3—Basketball Game with Queen Elizabeth High at Halifax.

Jr. Girls - L. C. A. - 18; Q. E. H. S. - 17.

Intermediate Girls - L. C. A. - 8; Q. E. H. S. - 36.

Intermediate Boys - L. C. A. - 35; Q. E. H. S. - 34.

Headmaster's Hockey Game at Lunenburg.

L. C. A. - 3; Chester - 9.

March 6—Common School exams.

March 7—Visitor's Day.

March 9—Basketball game between Town and School girls.

L. C. A. - 30; Town - 16.

Mayor D. F. Adams donated "Life's Picture History of World War II" to the library.

March 14—Junior and Senior High had exams.

March 17—Girls' basketball game with Lockeport at Lunenburg.

Lockeport - 22; L. C. A. - 17.

March 20—Exams finished.

March 22—Girls basketball game at Lockeport.

Lockeport - 27; L. C. A. - 21.

Easter film shown - "The Great Commandment." School closed for the Easter holidays.

April 2—School opened after Easter holidays.

## CLASS PROPHECY

Neil Wentzell '51, Gwenneth Wilneff '51

Neil Wentzell: This was my last day at the bank; and now that I'm on pension, my dear, I can relax and reminisce.

Gwen Wentzell (nee Wilneff): Yes Neil, I remember as if it were only yesterday our graduating class. I wonder if they are all as happy as we are.

Neil: Well one person that certainly should be is Kathryn Kinley. She just saited away another huge sum of that green stuff again to-day. It's easy money for her too, for all she does you know is appear in that famous side-show and throw her weight around. Would you ever have believed that she would become the largest woman in the world.

Gwen: Can you imagine the cost to maintain that 73 inch waist line?

Neil: Here is our '51 Sea Gull. Let's take a look through it, and bring back the memories of our graduating class. Oh, here's our pictures.

Gwen: Remember Donald Marshall? He has really been successful in applying atomic power to peacetime industry. If it hadn't been for him, we would not have our atomic auto today. He always did take an interest in engines.

Neil: Yes, you should have seen the gadgets he had on his Dodge to eliminate oil fumes. They really worked, too. Here's your old friend Barbara Hirtle. She made widespread fame with the birth of a sextet. All ma'es at that! If she does that many more times, the government will have to stop issuing baby bonuses.

Gwen: She always said, "Anything you can do I can do better."

Neil: Here is Gordon Prince, a real girl-killer in his day, and now what is he? A heartbroken bachelor. I'll never understand it. That's one of the great wonders of the world.

Gwen: Yes, and to think he was romantic. Marvyn Schnare is in the hair dressing business in Hollywood with Harry Hero. I wonder how he ever got into that business?

Neil: Speaking of Hollywood, Anne Sholds is certainly in the lime-light, making movies for M.G.M. The only trouble is she spends fifty per-cent of her earnings on divorce suits and honeymoons.

Gwen: Remember Jean Ritcey? She teaches pupils to drive at Hale and Yarvard University. Those who live through it usually obtain their license. But think of the expense.

Neil: "Zinck and Beck's Law and Detective Firm" has really ruined the fun of the underworld. David Beck's red hair must solve all the mysteries.

Gwen: Madelyn Sarty is the manager and instructor of Fritz Gran-zie's ballet dancing studios. The latter, of course, is her husband's name.

Neil: Our play-boy, Jeffrey Cook, withdrew his life savings several weeks ago and invested it in an oil field in his own backyard. After erecting a well and making all the preparations, he found it dry. He could have squeezed more oil out of an olive.

Gwen: No Wonder! It was a gold mine. Jeffrey is destined to be the

richest man on the continent, if his luck doesn't run out. After all, it might be fool's gold.

Gwen: Barbara Beck turned out to be one of those old maids writing a lovelorn column. It amazes me that so many people write to her, when she has had no personal experience with the problems of matrimony and children.

Neil: Remember Ralph Nowe? In last night's N.H.L. game, he proved himself to be a real goal-getter in spite of the concentrated opposition of three defense-men and Burk Broda in the nets. He managed to score seven goals, only two of which were assists. No wonder he is ranked as the greatest hockey player of the 20th century!

Gwen: Lucille is certainly getting around isn't she? She has already made dozens of trips to the moon on rocket ship. I never believed she would become a stewardess.

Neil: What puzzles me is that all she eats is that old green cheese. Of course that's the staple food there, since the moon is made of it.

Gwen: Well, Frank has certainly become widely known among agriculturists and matadors. He has produced a breed of bull that is not attracted by red. It's no small wonder that the bull-fighters are making such a fuss. After all they don't like getting too friendly with a bull.

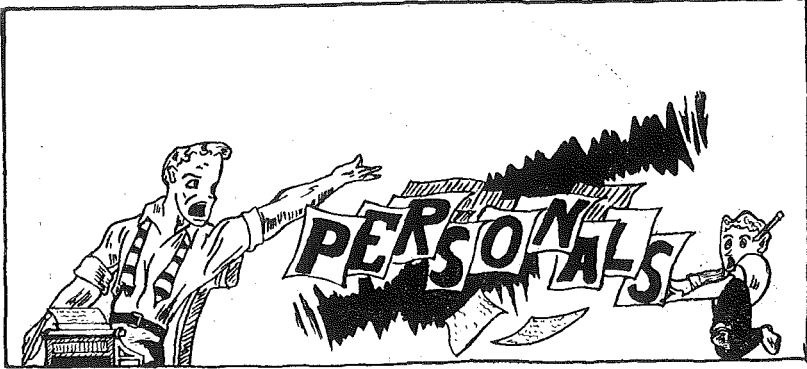
No wonder they named this breed of bull Killmore. Well Gwen, my dear, I guess that's the class, and now since you consider yourself too old to play basketball, I'll have to teach you how to keep an account of what you spend, or before you know it, we'll both be in the Poor House. What would our class mates think then?

Gwen: They would probably say "so long it's been good to know you."



#### LUNENBURG ACADEMY ORCHESTRA

Front Row: (left to right)—Ray Lohnes, David Beck, Jeffrey Cook, Patricia Hewat... Back Row—William Dennison, Robert Cleveland.



### Class of '50

Max Beyreis is planning to join the R. C. A. F.

Lynn Corkum is studying at Dalhousie University, Halifax.

Ronald Conrad and Elizabeth Smith are attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.

Joan Fralick is in training at the V. G. Hospital, Halifax.

Charles Mossman is employed in K. E. Crouse and Sons, Ltd., Lunenburg.

Florence Feener and Jolene Reinhardt are attending Normal College, Truro.

Donald Himmelman is attending Waterloo Seminary, Waterloo, Ont.

George Greek is studying at King's College, Halifax.

Joy Nodding is employed in Crouse's Radio Service, Lunenburg.

Mona Naas is working in the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg.

Shirley Lohnes is studying at Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.

Robert Sampson is employed in Hebb's Hardware, Lunenburg.

Janet Zinck is studying at the University of Toronto.

Richard Potter is attending Acadia University, Wolfville.

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### CLASS OF '51

Madelyn Heckman and Ross Ritecy are attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.

Clyde Zinck, Gladys Cluett, and Dorothy Stevens are at home.

Nadine Lohnes is working part-time in Burn's Confectionery Store.

Edmund Haines is home working on the farm.

Kathryn Knock is employed in Fulton's Drug Store.

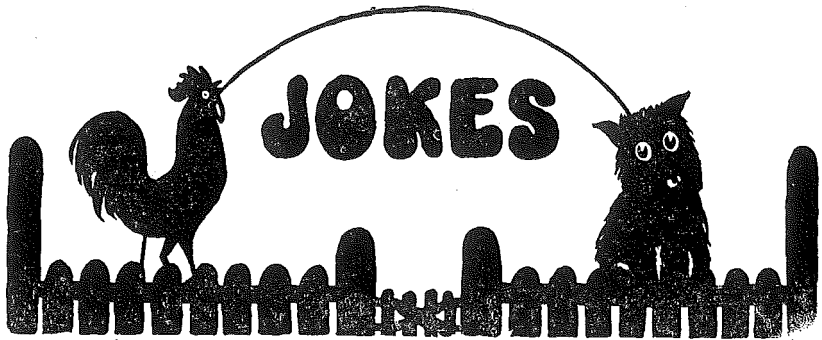
Joan Miller is employed in Himmelman's Jewelry Store.

Kathryn Murphy is married.

Marilyn Himmelman is in training at the Children's Hospital, Halifax.

Audrey Tobin is employed in the Steadman Store.

Vantine Lewis is working in Halifax.



Betty Dauphinee: (after first quarter exams): I'm afraid I'll have to stay for help in your English, Miss Westhaver.

Miss Westhaver: Why? What did you make on the examination?

Betty: 84.

Ann Sholds: I don't like any guy shorter than I am.

Barbara Beck: I don't look up to a guy either unless he is taller than I am.

Jeffrey Cook: Miss Westhaver, what is a 'brat'?

Miss Westhaver: Socrates said, 'Know thyself.'

Gwen W.: Jean, have you a joke for the Sea Gull?

Jean R.: I'm the joke.

Gwen W.: Barbara, have you written a poem?

Barbara H.: I'm the poem.

Gwen W.: What makes you think you're full of rhyme and rhythm.

David Beck and Marvyn Schnare walking down main street, meet Madelyn Sarty.

Madelyn S.: Marvyn, where are your pants?

Marvyn: David just brushed them off.

Grade XII Social Problems Period  
Mr. Campbell: Class, what would you think about being shipped to Korea?

Gwen W.: How many American soldiers did you say are there?

Robert Cleveland: Oh! You don't know nothing.

Ernest Schnare: That's what you think. What did you make on your last test?

Robert: Twelve.

Ernest: Yeah! I made seventeen.

Robert: Can I help it if the book you copied from was a revised edition?

Mr. Andrews: Dianne, are you going to Choral Club.

Dianne T. No, I have a cold.

Mr. Andrews: All right then, we have a date after school.

Dianne T. But you'll get my cold.

Mr. Andrews: I don't mind, I'll exchange mine with you.

Ron. O. Levy: Well!

Mr. Andrews: How many wells does it take to make a river?

Ron. O. Levy: One, if it's big enough.

Carolyn Z.: I'm thirsty.

Billy D. Hi Thirsty - I'm Billy.



**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**

Seated: (left to right)—Patricia Hewat (Secretary); Joan Gaulton (Vice-President); Ronald Crouse (President); David Collins (Treasurer.) Standing—Glenda Hall, Patricia Crouse, Glen Geldert, David Beck, Walter Nowe.

Miss Westhaver detects the noise of a springing bobby pin in the back of Grade IX classroom and sees a look of guilt on Albert Cook's face.

Miss Westhaver: Albert, was that your brains springing?

**Phone Conversation**

Gordon Prince: Why did you have to get the flu' when we have to play basketball,

Aubrey Burns: Well, I just opened the door and in-flu-enza.

David E.: Can you boil water without burning it?

Elaine P.: No, but I can make it good fried.

Madelyn S.: Do you file your finger nails?

R. O. Levy: No, I just cut them off and throw them away.

Kaye N.: Why don't you take a taxi home?

Jackie R.: We haven't got a mansion.

Mr. Campbell: Grade IX, you are terrible at spelling. Vincent, spell girl.

Vincent Baker: P-O-I-S-O-N.

Miss Westhaver: Clifford, what's wrong?

Clifford C.: I can't see a word on the board.

Miss Westhaver: What word is it?

Clifford: "consequences"

David L. Hey Waiter! Hey, Waiter!

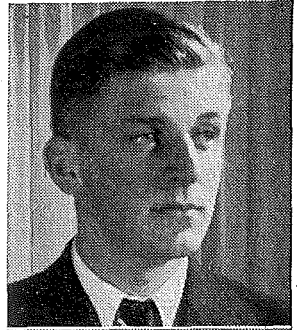
Waiter: Sorry, we don't serve that here.

## BIOGRAPHIES GRADE XII

### Ralph Nowe

"Never say more than necessary."

Ralph has received his education in the Academy. He takes an active interest in sports, being on the hockey and baseball teams. When he leaves school he plans to join the R. C. A. F. Best of luck, Ralph.

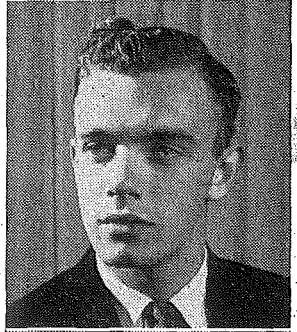


### Gordon Prince

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

Gordon has received his entire elementary education at the Academy. As well as being captain of the basketball team, Gordon is also a member of the Curling Team. He also has served as Fire-Chief for the past year.

Gordon plans to attend Business College. Good fortune.



### Jean Ritcey

"'Tis the greatest folly  
Not to be jolly."

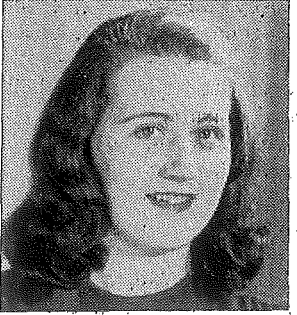
Since Jean joined the class in 1949, she has been one of our best students. Besides her high scholastic standing, however she has made many friends. Her varied interests include all school activities. What the future holds in store Jean doesn't know, but here's wishing every success to a swell friend!



### Madelyn Sarty "Midge"

"She's just as good as the best of us  
And just as bad as the rest of us."

Hailing from Pleasantville, Madelyn joined our "happy Family" in Grade X. She has always been near the head of the class. For the past year, she has been Head News Reporter. With her very friendly personality, we are sure she will make a success in the teaching profession.





**Anne Sholds**

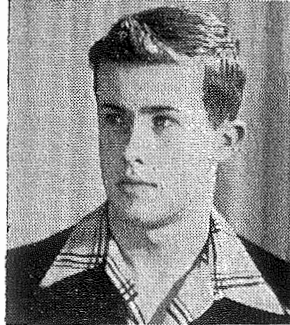
"A serious girl you'd say as you walk by  
But did you ever notice, the twinkle  
in her eye?"

Anne, one of the top students of the Grade XII class, is co-editor of the Sea-Gull. She has a great flair for dramatics which she proved to us by her splendid performance in our operetta, "Hearts and Gowns." She plans to study secretarial science at Acadia University. Best of luck!

**Neil Wentzell (Slippery)**

"Never do tomorrow what you can do today."

Neil hails from East LaHave, joining us here in Grade XI. Although he does not participate in any sports for the school he shows very much interest in them. We all wish Neil every success in his future career with the R. C. A. F.

**Marvyn Schnare**

"He is just what he is, what better report."

Marvyn hails from Lily Dale, joining us here in Grade Seven. He takes an active part in sports, playing on our hockey team. Marvyn's future is centred around the R. C. A. F. We wish him every success in his chosen occupation.

**Gwen Wilneff**

"Come on, laugh and be gay,  
We can do our work another day."

Gwen's laughing face has been with us from the primary, Grade I. She is interested in sports, but basketball is dearest to her heart. She had the honor of being the captain of the team last year. Her future plans are in the teaching profession. Good luck!



### Barbara Beck '51

"Get thee behind me Satan but don't pash."

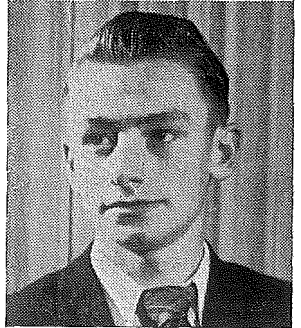
Barbara has been with us since the beginning of our school days. She proved a very capable President of the Students' Council and a leader in other activities. We wish her good fortune in her Home Economics career.



### David Beck

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

David is the sort of student who brightens up the classroom. Besides taking an active part in sports, he finds time to play a saxophone in the Academy Orchestra. David is Co-Business Manager of the School Magazine. David plans to join the R. C. A. F. and his co-graduates wish him the best of success.

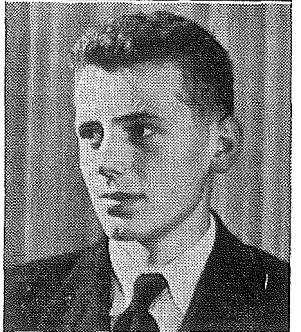


### Jeffrey Cook '5'

"Bless my buttons."

Jeff is our Academy orchestra leader. He is active in the drama club, and takes part in many other school activities, and is an ardent curler.

Jeffery is a very keen-witted young man, quite quick with the tongue and has an all-around good head on his shoulders. Added to that he has a sunny disposition. With all these qualities we know he shall succeed in his chosen profession, an engineer.



### Lucille Ernst "Loui"

"She never laughs but that she cries."

"There's just one darn thing after another."

Hailing from First Peninsula, "Loui" joined the gang in Grade VII. With her dark brown eyes and pleasing smile, she has won many friends at L. C. A. - too, there are secrets unrelated. "Loui" has always been a good student, conscientious and sincere in her work. She plans to be a teacher. Every success!



**Frank Gillmore**

"I like to work. I really do  
But I like a little nonsense too."

Frank joined us in Grade XI. Since then he has taken an interest in the activities of the school. This year he was Treasurer of the Students' Council. Frank plans to join the R. C. M. P. His classmates wish him the best of luck.

**Barbara Hirtle**

"Laugh and enjoy life.  
You'll be dead a long time."

Barbara joined our class in Grade IV and since then has added a touch of gaiety to the classroom. Barbara's future is in the nursing profession, and with her cheerful personality, we are sure she will make it a successful future.

**Kathryn Kinley**

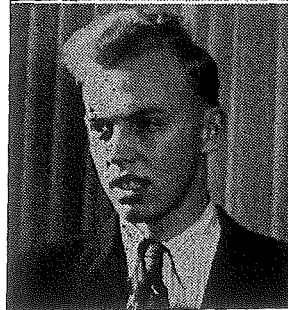
"Music and laughter are at her call,  
Lessons bother her not at all."

Kathryn is one of those rare persons who can mix pleasure with work. She has been with us all through school. She is President of the Red Cross, and takes great interest in her work. Kathryn's future vocation is yet undecided, but, with her friendly personality, we know she will succeed in whatever she undertakes.

**Donald Marshall**

" Youth of quiet ways."

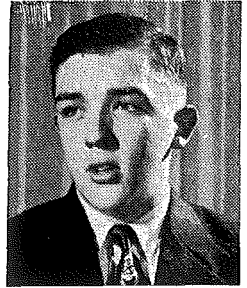
Donald hails from Chester and he just joined the Grade XII ranks this year. He keeps most of his outside life a deep secret and in class it is a rare sight to see him carrying on when he should be paying attention. His main interests are music and gardening. Good luck in your future vocation.



### Sherman Zinck

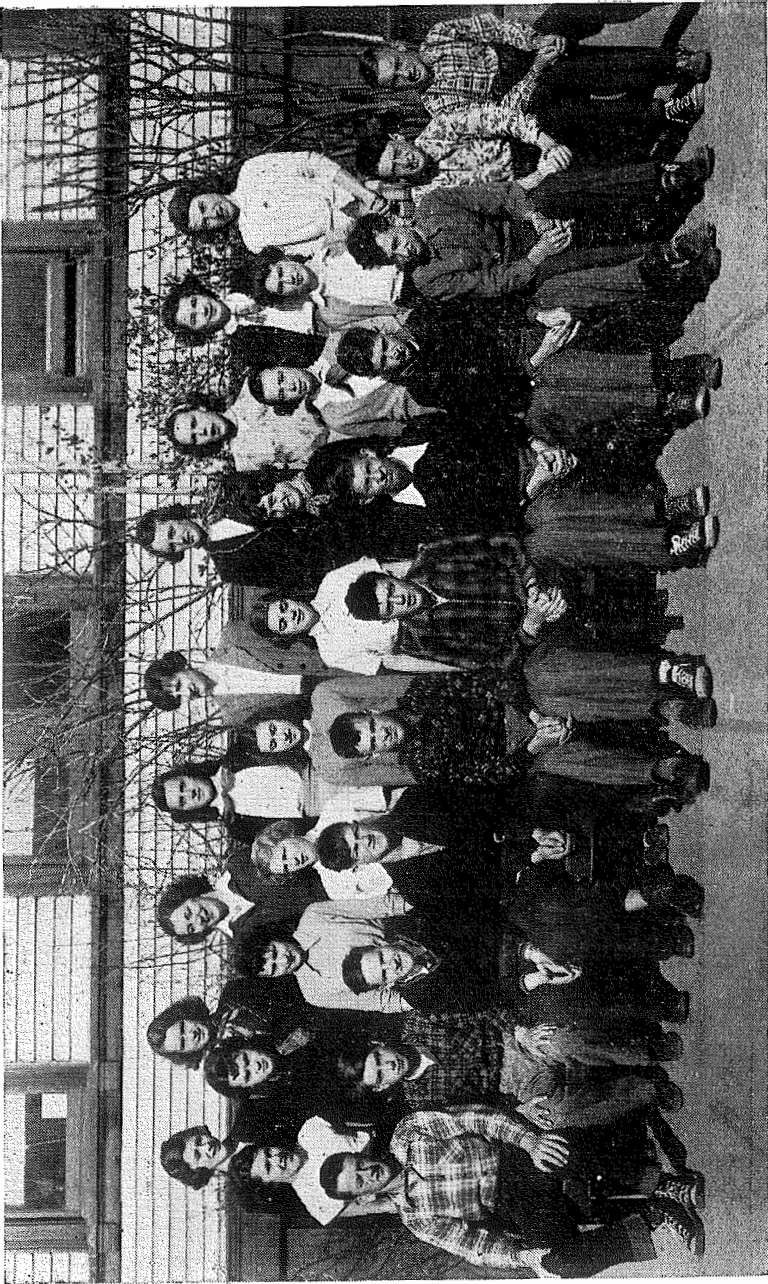
Some wit, some brains, he is sure to win."

Sherman's favorite pastime is teasing a certain short girl who usually has the jump on him. He takes an active part in many school activities being Business Manager of the Sea Gull and a keen hockey player. Although his future is undecided his present ambition is to be bit taller. Good-luck, Sherman, in your chosen occupation.

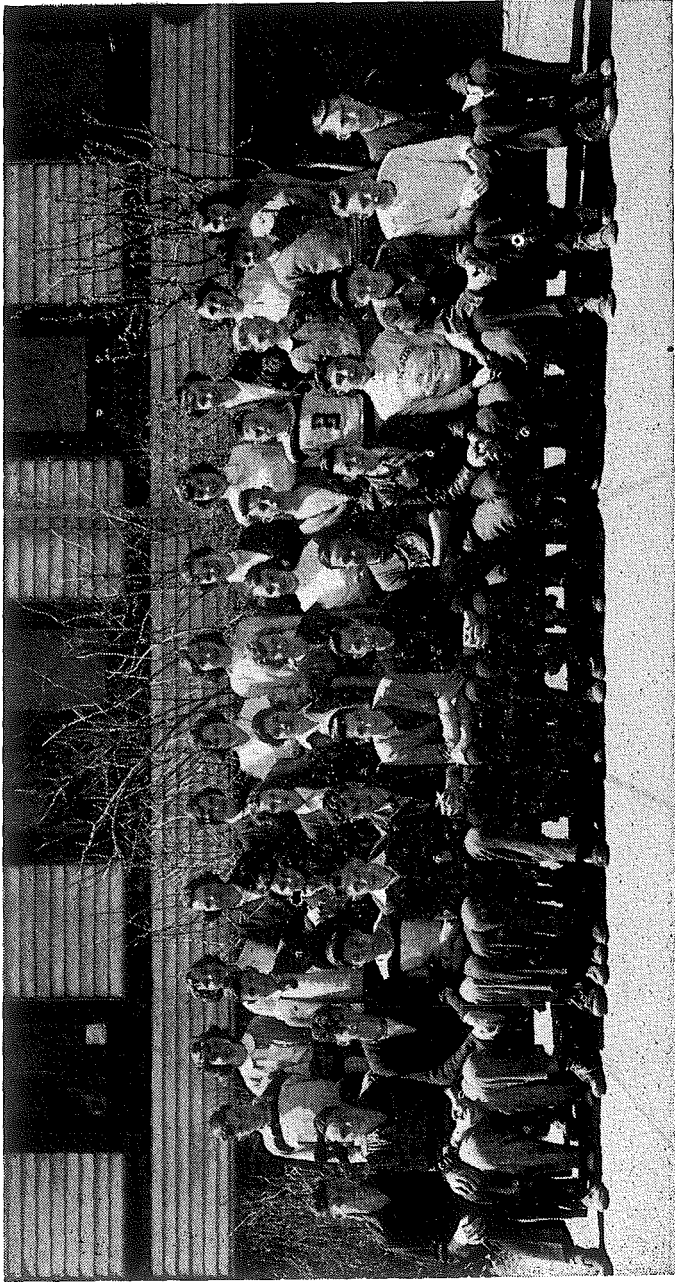


### STUDENTS' COUNCIL

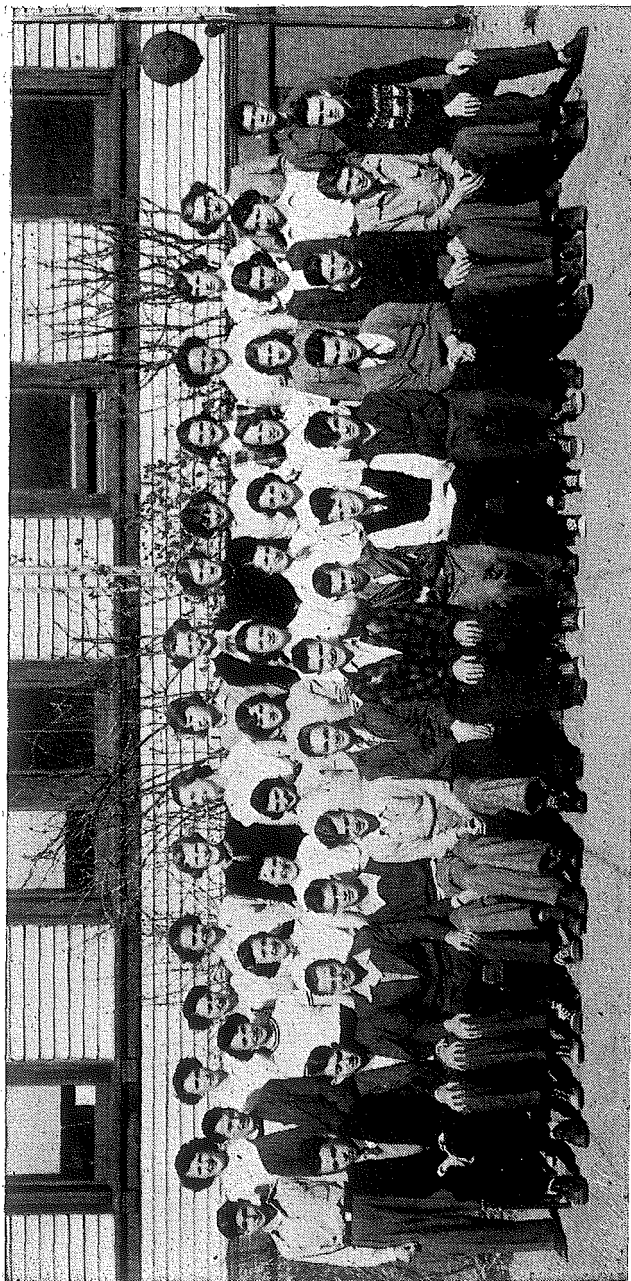
Seated: (left to right)—Frank Gillmore (Treasurer); Marion Zinck (Secretary); Barbara Beck (President); William Dennison (Vice-President).  
 Standing: (left to right)—Aubrey Burns, Sheila Hellstrom, Claire Bailey, Marion Iverson, Richard Westhaver, David Dauphinee, Gilbert Berringer.



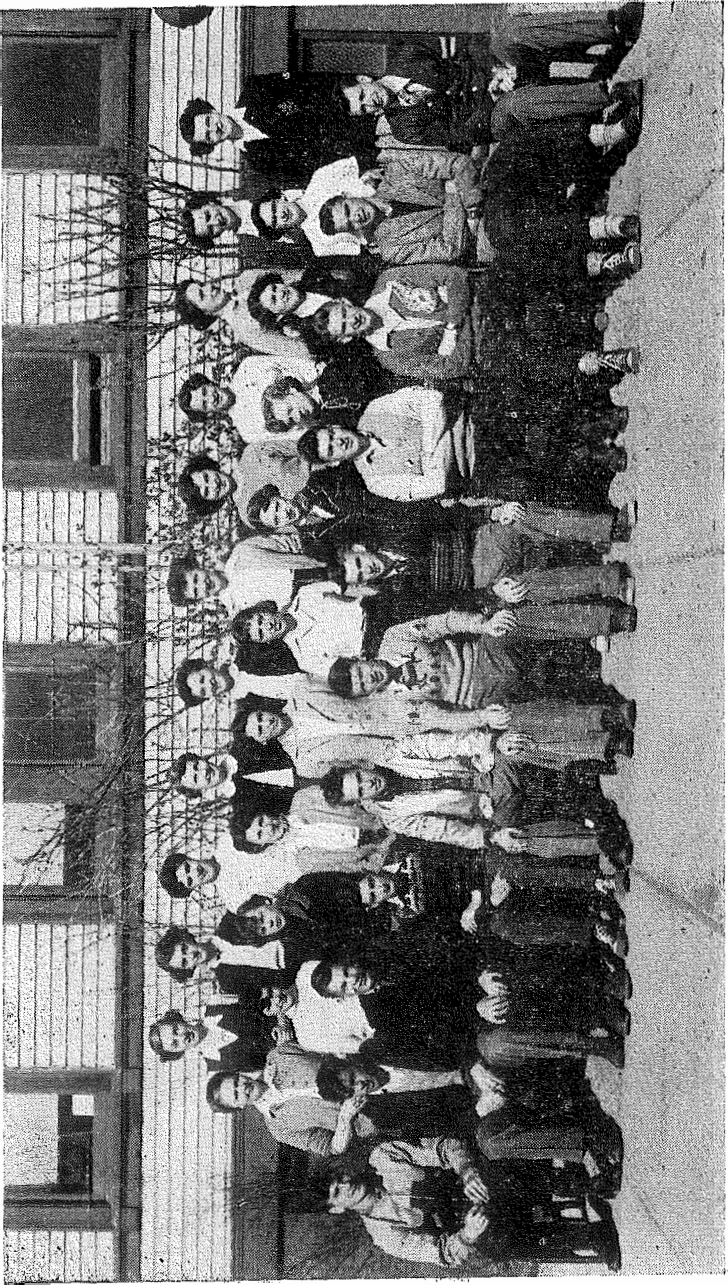
GRADE VIII



GRADE IX



GRADE X



GRADE XI

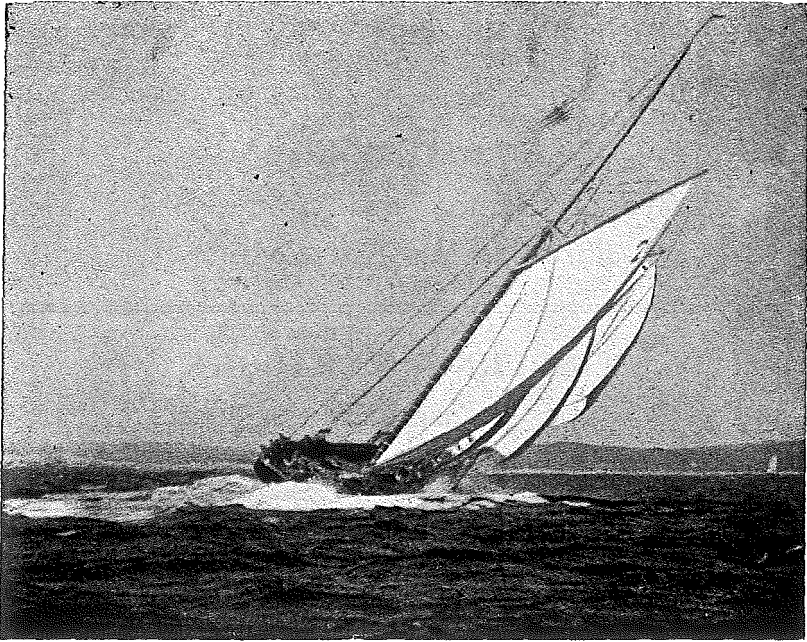


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**Ship Builders**

**Contracting and Repairing**

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**Heartiest congratulations on a memorable issue  
of the Sea Gull**

THE SEA GULL

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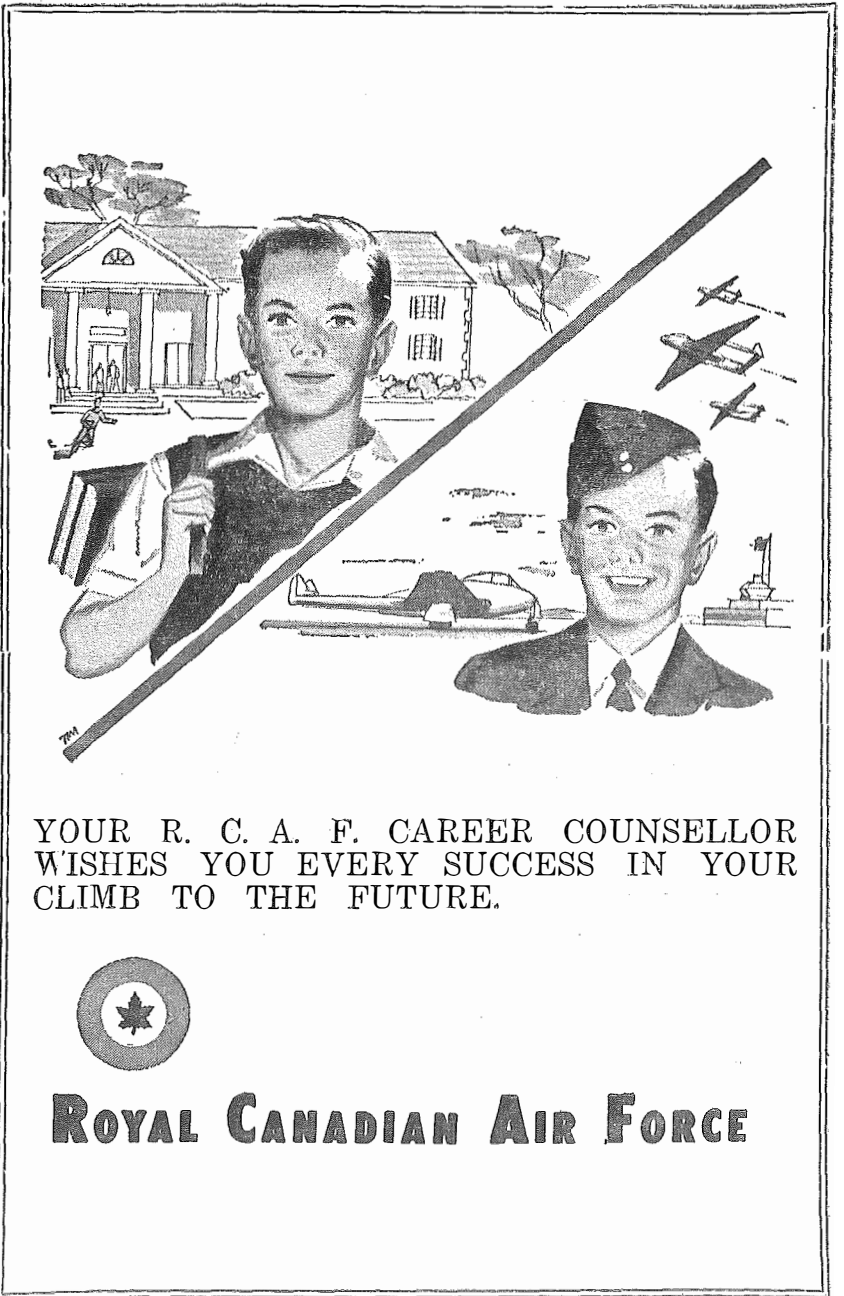
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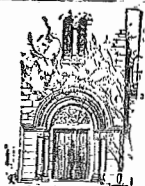
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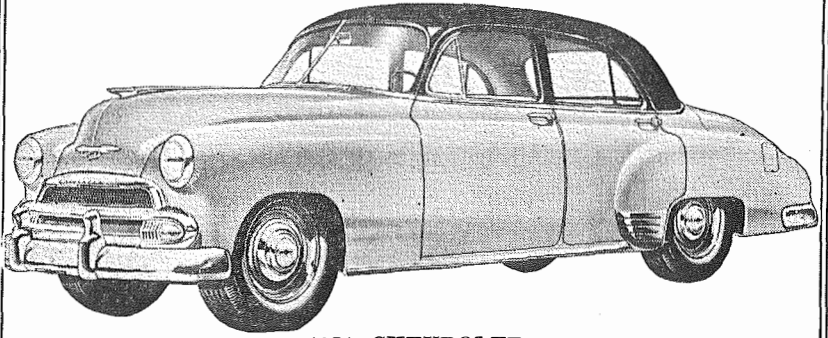
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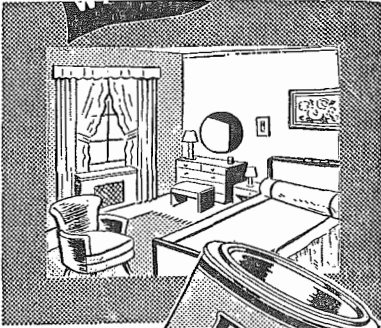
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