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THE SEA GULL



BACKMAN

UNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK
nimis Opibusque Parati 1952

--1953--

LUNENBURG'S BI - CENTENNIAL



In one year 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

LUNENBURG ACADEMY



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JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

THE SEA GULL

MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS



We have had the honor of being Co-Editors of the 1952 Sea Gull. We feel that this experience will be of value to us in later life. We wish to express our gratitude and thanks to all those who have helped to make this edition a success.

DAVID LOHNES
MARION ZINCK

It has been my privilege to serve as Treasurer of the Students' Council during 1951 - 52. I would like to wish my fellow class-mates success and happiness for the future.

LUCILLE BECK



Being President of the Students' Council gave me the pleasure of working with the Teachers and student body. I know the experience gained will be of great value in the following years. May I take this opportunity of wishing success to my fellow-graduates.

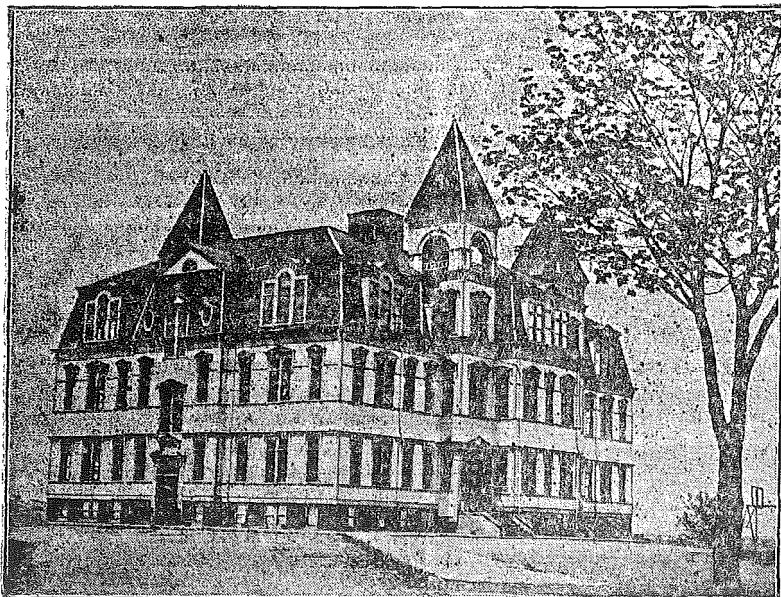
RONALD CROUSE

This year it has been our privilege to act as co-business managers of the year book. We would like to take this opportunity to wish success to the graduating class, and to thank the business firms for their co-operation.

R. CLEVELAND
RONALD CROUSE



THE SEA GULL



The Sea Gull of 1952 has been dedicated to -
The Nova Scotia Fishermen's Reunion.

In a Sea Gull of some years ago, the Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners hoped that the future would witness a number of changes, such as modern lighting, a complete paint job as well as decorating the Assembly Hall. I am happy to say this work has been accomplished along with the installation of a sprinkler system.

I want to congratulate the graduating class, and express the hope they will meet with great success in whatever their future may be.

Just a word to the under-graduates; take full advantage of your well-recognized Academy. Throughout your courses, take advantage of all that is offered to you in debating, in your social functions, and in the production of the Sea Gull. Do your best to complete the courses given at the Academy, and by that, I mean, let us have as many students in Grade XII as we have in Grade XI.

Great credit is due both the Students and the Teachers for the production of this year's Sea Gull.

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

BOARD MEMBERS

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Lloyd Crouse

Dr. W. A. Hewat
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THE SEA GULL



by The Editors

The 1952 issue of the Sea Gull has been dedicated to the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion. The exhibition is one of wide interest, not only to citizens of Lunenburg, but to the people throughout Canada.

An annual one day affair, started by our forefathers has become a week of entertainment and interest to citizens and thousands of visitors.

It is with pride and pleasure that the students of the Lunenburg Academy dedicated this issue of the Sea Gull to Lunenburg's famous exhibition.

As usual the students of Lunenburg Academy have enjoyed a full year of sports, participating in baseball, track, hockey, curling and basketball.

This year the Lunenburg curlers did not meet Bridgewater and Liverpool, for the right of representing the South Shore, but instead participated in a Provincial Bonspiel held at Halifax. Unfortunately the boys were defeated in their first two games thus being eliminated. However, even in defeat they put up a fine fight and showed good sportsmanship.

This year the Academy produced two good hockey teams. The fine brand of hockey shown by the juniors promises much for the future. The seniors were eliminated in the play-offs by Bridgewater, their old rivals. However, the team enjoyed several exhibition games.

Last spring, for the first time in years, a baseball team was entered in the Provincial play-downs. Displaying some good ball the team gave Liverpool a strong fight.

An excellent track team was organized in Junior High School last year. Under Mr. Seaver's expert coaching, the team went to Bridgewater where they won the championship. This was the first time in a number of years that the cup was brought home. As usual a track team was trained for the Acadia Relays, but did not participate as the meet was cancelled due to the polio epidemic.

There will be a track meet held in Lunenburg on the twenty-fourth of May to decide who will be sent to represent the South Shore at Acadia. The

THE SEA GULL

winners of each event will be on the final team. Teams have been entered from Bridgewater, Liverpool and Lunenburg. This is the first time in years a track meet has been held at Lunenburg. We are sure that it will be a complete success.

This year was a very successful one in basketball. At the tournament held at Bridgewater, Academy teams were completely victorious, winning all their games. Thus they earned the right to advance against other schools. Our girls were defeated by Lockeport, the defending champions, but the boys brushed aside all opponents, earning the right to participate in the tournament, held at Truro. The team, displaying great skill and team work, went through the tournament undefeated. Thus another championship came to Lunenburg. Congratulations are due to the boys on all accounts, not only on their skill but also on their gentlemanly conduct, both on and off the court. Well done!

The town and school were stunned by the sudden sickness of our Physical Director, Mr. Seaver. We send our best wishes to Mr. Seaver for a speedy and complete recovery.

This year our School again resumed its various organizations. In addition to the organizations which help govern the Student Body, we have very active Choral and Drama Clubs.

As usual, our Choral Club has been practicing all year for their annual appearance at the Lunenburg County Music Festival.

Last year a Drama Club was formed and presented a very successful concert at the end of the year. This year, however, our Drama Club competed with five other places at the Lunenburg County Drama Festival and were successful in bringing home two of the three cups. We not only presented the best play, but had in our group the leading actress of the drama festival.

IMPROVEMENTS

When the Students returned to school last September, they were greeted by several outstanding improvements. The first, and probably most noticeable to all, was the painting of the exterior of the building. As the students walked across the school grounds, they saw that the road opposite the school had been paved. This indeed is a great change as it eliminates the untidy appearance of a deep-rutted, muddy, dirt road.

The major improvement within the school took place in our Assembly Hall. For years we have been striving towards a new curtain for our stage, and this year the dream was realized. In contrast with our coral pink walls, the stage has rich wine velvet curtains, back drops and wings. It is almost impossible to explain what a difference this has made in our hall.

In the grade three and four classrooms, new fluorescent lights were installed, and now nearly every room throughout the school has the advantage of this type of lighting.

A DEDICATION

by D. H. Collins, Principal

Our custom of dedicating the Sea Gull Magazine is a good one, so long as the selection is wise and "of good report." Friends have wondered how long we could continue without exhausting the supply of material, but our magazine has been in existence for seventeen years with increasing success. This year the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion has provided a plentitude of material for an interesting issue. Next year our Bicentennial holds a promise of tremendous possibilities.

The Exhibition is one of the annual highlights in the central industry of this town, and is expressive of a business which is assuming increasing importance to the province. The very name - Lunenburg - is associated with fishing and the famous Bluenose of permanent memory. No town could have been selected, albeit accidentally and through the wisdom of a few men, more fittingly to stage a unique exhibition, and the only one of its kind in Canada. As the industry expands to other points in the province, it is well that the shire town of Lunenburg retain the celebration which is forever linked with her name.

Those who have been associated intimately in the staging of this yearly celebration know the tremendous amount of work involved both in its preparation and final execution. Few realized its possibilities when the Exhibition site was moved to the Community Centre Grounds. Now that it has matured into a full week of activities, the wonder is that the quality is maintained from year to year.

One reason for the success of the Exhibition is the number of volunteers who carry on committee work during the months preceding the affair, and then labor without stint during the week itself. The key man, as we all know, is the Manager. Lunenburg has demonstrated its possession of managerial ability by the number of men who, over the years, have accepted the responsibility, and have discharged their task with efficiency. Theirs is a heavy load, assumed with reluctance, and discharged with enthusiasm.

Naturally it would be fitting that the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion should reach its zenith in 1953. As the climax of a year of celebration, the Exhibition will round out the Bicentennial celebration by concentrating attention on our means of livelihood.

With all the changes that have occurred in the catching and processing of fish, it can be said that the fishing industry has reached a position of respectability among our primary industries. The dragger and the trawler are widely separated from the fishing schooner of a few years ago. And yet their one objective is the harvesting of the riches of the sea - fish. Many of your parents have played a part in this development either as fishermen or as key men in the industry.

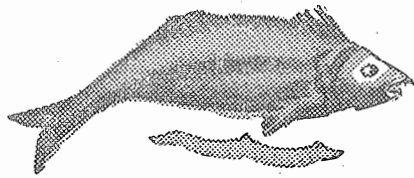
As students of this Academy, it is fitting you should realize the importance of the fishing industry. When you visit the Exhibition in 1952, make it a point to dwell at greater length on the exhibits which are linked with fishing. This is the intent of the Exhibition, and is your privilege.

This issue of
"The Sea Gull"

is dedicated to

—THE

NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION
AND FISHERMEN'S REUNION



-a unique exhibition-
-a co-operative effort-
-a basic industry-

FROM THE PRESIDENT

The practice of dedicating The Sea Gull on occasion to one of our local organizations is one that undoubtedly commends itself to the majority of this publication's readers. Those of us who are responsible for the staging of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion very much appreciate having The Sea Gull dedicated to the Exhibition this year.

The "Fisheries Exhibition", as it is now commonly called, is an annual event of which the people of the Town and County of Lunenburg can well be proud. It has grown from a small beginning to a show that attracts many thousands from all parts of Nova Scotia, as well as many people from outside the Province. The interest of those responsible for all the work entailed each year does not seem to wane, and the Executive are all looking forward enthusiastically to a bigger and better exhibition in 1952 and to the greatest show yet in 1953 when The Town will be celebrating its Two hundredth Anniversary.

I trust your many hundreds of readers will enjoy reading about the Exhibition and learn something from the articles that follow. My very best wishes for a successful edition.

C. J. Morrow,
President.

**NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION
AND FISHERMEN'S REUNION**



FROM THE MANAGER

The members of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition Executive look with a great deal of pride on having the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition chosen as the theme for this year's "Sea Gull" magazine. We sincerely wish this fine magazine a continuation of the success it now enjoys.

The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition has grown from a one day Lunenburg Fishermen's Picnic in 1916 to its present five day Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. It could now be called the Canadian Fisheries Exhibition and if so desired, without any exaggeration whatever, could truly be an International Fisheries Exhibition. During the past number of years we have had exhibitors from all parts of Canada, the U. S. A., England, Ireland and also a Norwegian and Holland company that have started business in Nova Scotia. We have had exhibitors that have taken part in the Canadian National Exhibition and the International Trade Fair, and they have all spoken very highly of our Exhibition and stated our Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition is the best Exhibition for its size in the Dominion of Canada. Most exhibitors have a permanent booking with us for display space, and very few companies do not return as exhibitors after once taking part in our Exhibition. It is therefore difficult for any new companies to become part of our show as we have only about half a dozen booth vacancies available each year. I trust this situation will continue in the future as it relieves the manager of any worry in so far as having all booths occupied is concerned, although it makes it very difficult to refuse anyone who wishes to occupy a booth in our fine Exhibition. At this time I wish to pay tribute to our many Exhibitors in the past for the very fine displays which they have given us. They have set a standard which means a great deal of work to maintain in the future. The Exhibitors certainly lend a great deal to the success of our Exhibition. We could not carry on without them.

Another evidence of our Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition having visitors from all over the world is shown by the judges of our "Queen of the Sea" Contest. We always endeavour to select them from as far away from Nova Scotia as possible so no partiality may be shown in their judging. During the past years we have had men and women from Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, England, United States and many other parts of Canada. One year we had the Captain of the American Yacht "Constellation" which was making a sailing trip around the world. When he left Halifax, he heard of our Exhibition; and he decided to drop into Lunenburg for a few hours to take some pictures of this event for his scrap-book. However, after arriving here on the first day of the exhibition, he found the Show and entertainment so much more than he expected that he stayed for the full week even though it meant putting his proposed sailing schedule a week behind. He had nothing but the greatest of praise for our Exhibition. Last year we had the honor of having two men from the Universal Films Co. of Hollywood as contest judges. Their praise for our Exhibition was also unlimited, and they considered it a great asset for our Town and a great undertaking for so small a community. Every year we have an increased number of visitors,

and we know they come from all parts of the world. Anyone who has been with us always wants to come back again and everyone seems to enjoy themselves and find plenty to see and hear at our Show.

We always try and obtain the highest quality entertainment for our visitors. We have had during the past years The Lindes from Montreal, Don Messer and his Islanders of C. B. C. fame. The Acadian Quartette, Hank Snow and his Radio Show, The Junior Bengal Lancers of Halifax, Bill King and his juggling Act, and many other well known performers. Lynch Shows which occupy the Midway always has a very fine Act.

Both the Dominion and Provincial Governments give us much assistance both financially and otherwise. The Dominion Government always has a very fine exhibit and arranges for Naval, Fisheries, and R. C. M. P. Boats to be with us during our Exhibition. The Provincial Government also has a fine exhibit and, in conjunction with the National Film Board, operates a Theatre within one of our Exhibition Buildings. The C. B. C. also pays us a tribute by broadcasting their Fishermen's Broadcast direct from one of our buildings, and also broadcasting one of the main features of our entertainment over the National Hook-up. To all these we offer our most sincere thanks.

Our Exhibition would not be complete without the Lynch Greater Shows which occupy the midway. Mr. Lynch, the owner, offers us much assistance in the set-up of our Exhibition and he always has a very fine assortment of Rides, etc. He has been with us since our First Fishermen's Picnic, and we now consider him as a part of the Exhibition. We wish him continued success in the future, and trust that he will always be with us as part of our Show.

Another strong link in the success of our Exhibition is the very fine cooperation we have among the members of our Executive. All jobs are done grati, and all committee chairmen and members of the committees put in many long hours and hard work striving to make each year's Exhibition better than the previous one. It is to these men and women that I offer my most sincere thanks for a job well done.

To you visitors who have already seen our Fisheries Exhibition, I know it is not necessary to ask you to come again but to anyone who has not as yet seen the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition may I extend to you an invitation to come to this year's Exhibition which is being held from September 9th to 13th inclusive. We shall do everything to make you welcome and your stay a pleasant one. If you are unable to attend this year, try and visit us next year during our Bicentennial celebration. Once you see our Show you will always want to come back again.

Respectfully yours,

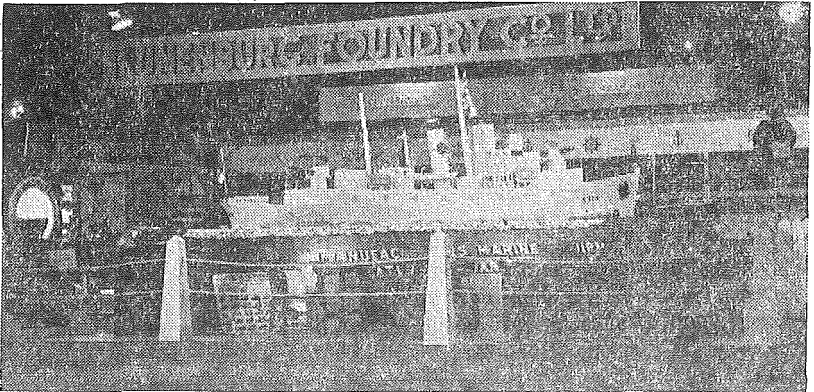
B. J. Walters,

Manager,

N. S. Fisheries Exhibition.

NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION - DEVELOPMENT AND SUCCESS

by Marion Zinck '52, Patricia Hewat '53



Is it possible that a group of picnickers could be the beginning of an Exhibition known throughout Canada? It has been done. However, most of the thousands of visitors and citizens who crowd the gates at the Annual Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fisherman's Reunion at Lunenburg each year are unaware of this fact.

Starting in the year 1918, a very picturesque scene could be observed on the old Academy grounds as all the fishermen and their families enjoyed a one-day affair known as the Fishermen's Picnic. Senator William Duff, then mayor, was in charge of the picnic.

The Fishermen's Picnic was incorporated in 1932 by an Act of the Provincial Legislature. Under this Act it was necessary to call a meeting giving ten days notice in one newspaper published in the Town of Lunenburg before adopting by-laws. It was now known as the Fishermen's Picnic Association. Members of this incorporation were Arthur W. Schwartz, Wallace E. Knock, George W. Silver and Melburne M. Gardner.

The first Picnic of the now incorporated association was held on September 19, 1923, on Blockhouse Hill. At this one-day affair some of the very ideas of our present day exhibitions were formed. There was a parade; land and water sports were scheduled and the Lunenburg Band was engaged to play in the afternoon. It was here, at this Picnic the showman, Bill Lynch, got his start.

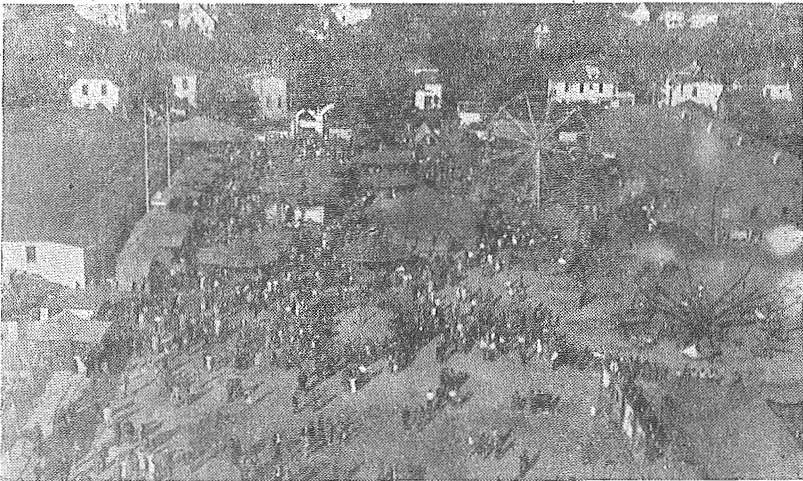
The Picnic was again held in the years 1924 and 1925. The next year, however, two vessels and their entire crews were lost, and so it was decided that the Fishermen's Picnic would not be held that year but would be postponed until 1927.

Again, in 1927, disaster came to one of the Lunenburg vessels. An interview with the fishermen was then held and since ninety percent of them

were in favor of continuing the plans of the Picnic, it was held as scheduled.

In 1929, this Annual Picnic became more than a one day affair and was combined as the Fishermen's Reunion and Fisheries Exhibition. This event lasted for three days and was held on the Arena Grounds. M. M. Gardner was the first Exhibition Manager and held this office for two years, 1929-30. The following year he was succeeded by W. P. Potter who was again elected in 1932. W. T. Powers took over this office in 1933 when for the first time the old Curling Rink was used.

The preparations for Old Home Week were made and sponsored by the Board of Trade in 1934. In the same year the Maritime Fire Fighters Athletic Association of the Province of Nova Scotia notified the Lunenburg Fire Department that they would like to have the Firemen's Tournament at Lunenburg during Old Home Week. This motion was carried by the executive and they agreed to provide facilities at the Exhibition for the holding of the Tournament. This affair lasted seven days and proved to be very successful under the presidency of A. W. Schwartz and his efficient executive.



The years 1935-1937 were under the capable management of G. O. Baker, who was succeeded by R. M. Whynacht in 1938. The following year marked the beginning of World War II. A meeting was held on September 1939. After considerable discussion - about the military authorities taking over the Arena and the possible effect of the war on the attendance at the Exhibition - on motion of R. M. Whynacht, seconded by L. J. Hebb and unanimously carried it was decided to cancel the 1939 Fisheries Exhibition.

In 1947 after much detailed planning, the executive of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion bought the property of the Lunenburg Arena Co. and the Whynacht Property, lying to the rear of the Arena Property, from the shareholders. These lands were then turned over by this generous body of men to the Town of Lunenburg for the establishment of a War Memorial Community Centre. Work started immediately on

the draining and levelling of the grounds. Also, in this year an Exhibition was scheduled. However, at this time there was no money in the Exhibition treasury. This did not stop the men of the Town from getting together and giving their best so this exhibition would be successful and able to carry on in the future. As previously stated, the executive started without financial means - through the honest efforts of all the citizens of the town not only a splendid show was produced but it was financially successful. This was of course, due to the fact that all was obtained purely through voluntary effort.

It does not seem possible that the shows of 1948, - 49, - 50, and - 51 could grow bigger and better as the years advance. To the present-day visitor our exhibition is a marvel and quite overwhelming. He rarely wonders how this came about but is usually just awed by the fact that it is there. It is true we should be amazed by its grandeur, and praise the efficiency of our present day executive. It is now we must also give our thanks to those who worked in the past to build such as this. For is it not said that such an Exhibition has never been held except in our small port? It is for these things we citizens of Lunenburg should be proud. We have the men in our community who can produce great things and who will continue to produce our great Exhibition - The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion.

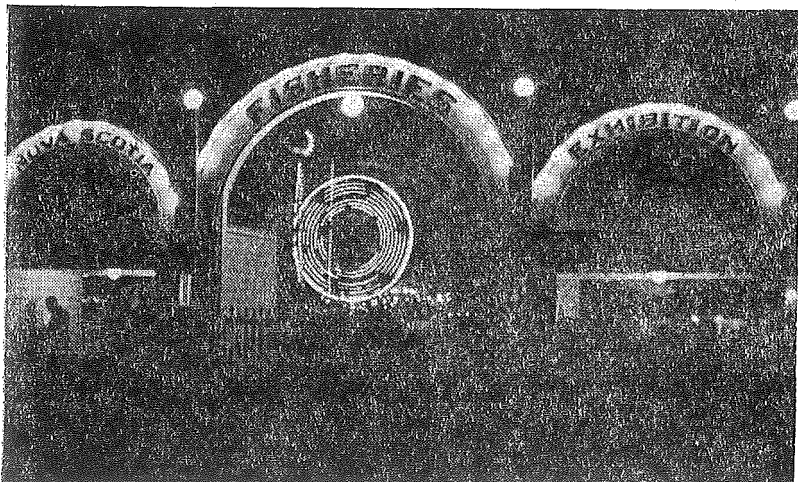


SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Piano, Pat Hewat; Trumpet, Ray Lohnes; Drums, Robert Cleveland

THE FIRST NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION AND FISHERMEN'S REUNION

by Mary Lou Langille '55



Many of us can look back to the beginning of the Fisheries Exhibition. It actually is twenty-three years ago that the town decided the old Fishermen's Picnic, which was held to welcome home the fishermen, could be a larger celebration. In 1929 a new organization was formed not only as a reunion of fishermen, but as an exhibition of products of the sea. This would advertise to all Canada what part the town of Lunenburg was playing in a great industry. It was with this idea in mind that in 1929 the first exhibition, under the name of "The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion," was held.

It was staged at the arena and booths were occupied by the different firms to exhibit their fish and fish products as well as all the different marine products and material used in the occupation. There were also exhibits of fancywork by the wives and children of the schools, to show what could be accomplished while the men were at sea or at work.

The different committees were formed to look after the three-day celebration which was held on September 17, 18, 19. The president was the late Arthur W. Schwartz, with Mr. W. T. Powers as secretary. The following chairmen with their committees were appointed: Water Sports: W. E. Knock, Chairman, David Heisler, Alvin Himmelman, Capt. Angus Walters, L. B. Hirtle, C. J. Morrow, E. A. Knickle, Capt. Freeman Corkum, L. L. Hebb. Grounds: S. A. Young, Chairman, H. D. Pyke, Ralph Corkum, George Silver, B. G. Oxner, Ray Silver, C. U. Veinotte, John Eisnor, J. A. Lohnes, W. A. Smith, F. A. Young, W. A. Smith, Fred Fox, W. W. Graham, Moyle Smith, G. O. Baker, Douglas Pyke, Eliza Eisnor, George Dauphinee. Refreshments; L.

J. Hebb, Chairman, J. A. Lohnes, A. W. Schwartz, G. A. Backman, Elvin Eisonor. Advertising: H. R. Arenburg, Chairman, W. T. Powers, L. L. Hebb. Parade: C. D. Ritcey, Chairman, A. F. Powers, C. E. Miller, G. H. Love, D. H. Collins. Exhibition: M. M. Gardner, Chairman, Wm. Duff, J. J. Kinley, W. E. Knock, E. A. Knickle, R. S. Corkum, James Zwickler.

The Deputy Minister of Fisheries W. A. Found formally opened the Exhibition. The program consisted of a Grand Parade by school children, trade floats, decorated cars, and bicycles; as well as a number of bands from nearby towns and the Elks Band of Halifax. The officers and crews of the Government boats "Arras" and "Arleux" which were in port during the exhibition.

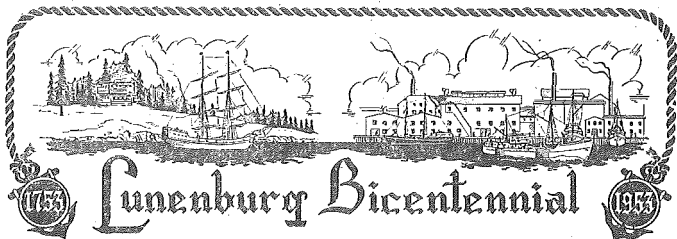
There were water sports on the front harbour consisting of motor boat races, dory races, swimming and diving contests, as well as a fishing schooner race. There were three schooners entered in the race the "Margaret E. Smith", "Leah Beryl", "Shirley B. Corkum."

There were also land sports on the arena grounds which included all kinds of races, a two mile race, a twelve mile race from Bridgewater to Lunenburg and other sports for men, women and children. Prizes were awarded to all winners.

Among the other attractions was the daily parachute jump from an aeroplane, and Bill Lynch's show which occupied the midway during the entire exhibition.

Through the efforts of Wm. Duff, M. P. a grant of \$2,000 was received from the Department of Marine and Fisheries. Donations from business firms also helped.

This undertaking required an enormous amount of work by all committees and judges, but it was considered a success by all who took part.



A DAY AT THE NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by Joan Tanner '54, Dorothy Lohnes '53



The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fisherman's Reunion is a tribute to the fishing industry. It also gives a hearty welcome to the brave fishermen who are the mainstay of the Fishing Industry.

During this festive week Lunenburg is in grand attire with its streets trimmed with flags, the waterfront filled with schooners, which are "in port" so that the fishermen may enjoy their exhibition, and the Exhibition Grounds a hive of activity.

The townsfolk have worked untiringly for many weeks in order to make the exhibition better than any that have gone before. Those who visit with us and join us in our merriment can see that the efforts of the townsfolk have been justly rewarded; for the Exhibitions are highly successful.

Gaiety! excitement! music! happiness! are the words that can best describe a day at the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition.

As you enter the grounds, you can hear the screaming of people, the music from the merry-go-round, the distant cheers of people watching a baseball game, and you can see in the faces of almost everyone, happiness from pleasure.

As you begin making a tour of the grounds, you can find many exciting as well as interesting attractions to make your day a merry one. While making this survey you will find that Bill Lynch's Show affords pleasure in various ways. There is side-show entertainment, "rides" such as ferris wheel, whip, etc.; booths where souvenirs may be obtained, games where prizes can be won and many refreshment stands. If you wished to spend an

exciting day, you would probably go on all the rides but if you are contented to meander and observe, you may spend a very interesting day by inspecting the three buildings that house the displays and exhibits of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition.

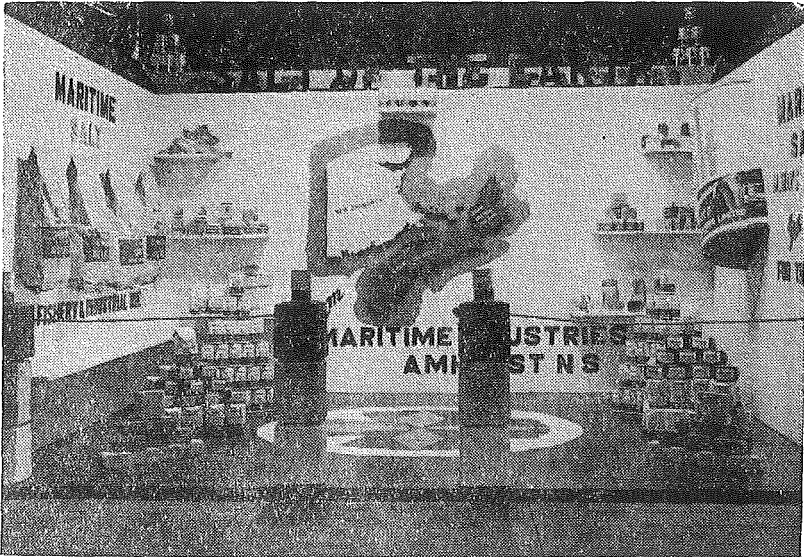


In the "Marine Building", you will find displays by firms in the fishing industry and allied with the industry. Here you can inspect Marine Engines and other types of machinery used by fishing boats. Nets, lines and hundreds of other items employed by the fishermen can be found here on display. You will find it very interesting to watch the fishermen at work repairing their nets, lobster traps and other fishing equipment. This will give you a chance to actually see the fishermen at work with the skill and care that they apply to their tasks. For your pleasure, you will find in the "Marine Building" a daily entertainment program.

As you leave this building, you will probably feel that you have gained some knowledge of "our brave toilers of the sea", of the work they do day after day, what they endure and what they accomplish.

Only a few yards away from the "Marine Building" is the "Commercial Building" housing booths of many firms displaying leading Canadian products. In this building are found school exhibits and many handcraft displays belonging to talented Lunenburg inhabitants.

Across the grounds and through the "Midway", you will find the "Fisheries Building" occupied by the Federal Department of Fisheries and presenting a series of most interesting displays. These displays are well worth seeing and it would be most educational as well as interesting to examine them leisurely. After you are finished surveying these displays, you may further your knowledge of Nova Scotia, its inhabitants and fishing industry by attending the moving pictures which are shown at regular intervals in the "Fisheries Building."



When you have finished your survey of the three main buildings, the afternoon will be gone and suppertime near. One advantage of the Exhibition is that you may eat your meals right on the grounds in the "Exhibition Dining Room" located in the upper end of the "Fisheries Building."

Another main attraction of this exhibition day is the Aerial Act performed on that part of the grounds called the "Midway." Daring feats are performed by experienced and well-known performers. The Aerial Act may be seen twice in the course of one day and it is one of the main attractions of the "Exhibition." Other main attractions are Grand Parade, Baseball Tournament, Children's Parade, Water Sports and various others.

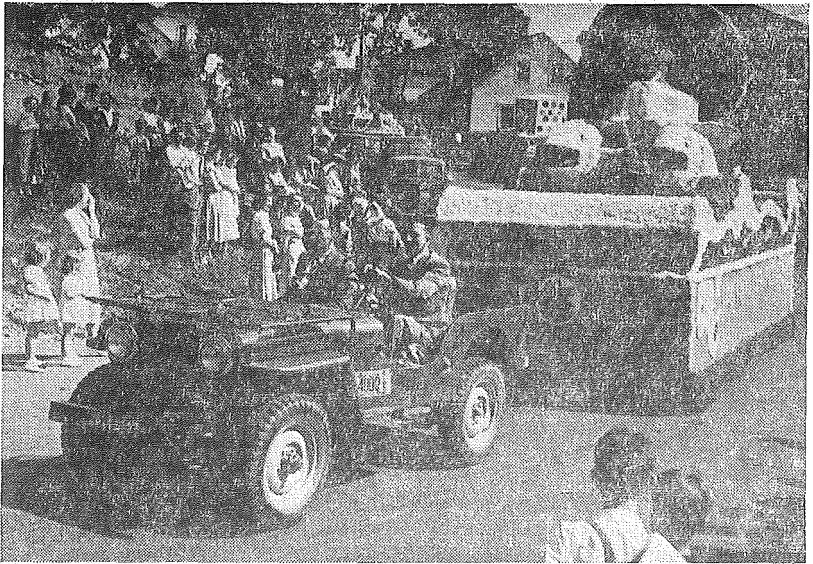
When you leave the exhibition after a wonderful day, you can see that the gaily coloured lights make the exhibition look like a fairyland and a merry one at that! You will feel that you have spent a marvelous day and have learned a great deal about the fishing industry.

After spending a day at the "Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition," I am sure that you will join with the man who once said "so many and varied are the exhibits and attractions that the Exhibition has been termed the 'Mardi Gras of the Sea.' "

Long may our exhibition be successful!

THE EXHIBITION PARADE

by Philomene Arenburg '53



For the past twenty-five years, the Town of Lunenburg has been holding what is known as the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion.

One of the highlights of this unique Exhibition is the Grand Street Parade, which often stretches for one and a half miles. This parade is made up of several bands, school children in costume, decorated cars, commercial floats, fraternal, fisheries floats, Naval officers and men, Sea Cadets, Princesses of the "Queen of the Sea" contests and civic organizations. The parade moves from the Lunenburg Academy grounds shortly after 2 p. m. and wends its way through the principal streets of the Town until it finally reaches the Exhibition grounds.

Scarlet-coated Mounted Police take the lead and are followed by floats and several different bands - including an H. M. C. S. Navy band. Bands are always popular in music-loving Lunenburg and are an important part of the street parade. We are proud of our own band and pleased to welcome bands from several other small communities, such as New Germany, Mahone Bay, Chester and Bridgewater. The Lunenburg Foundry Clown Band is always a popular entry and dispenses merriment all along the route.

The Community Centre Float was entered for the first time in the

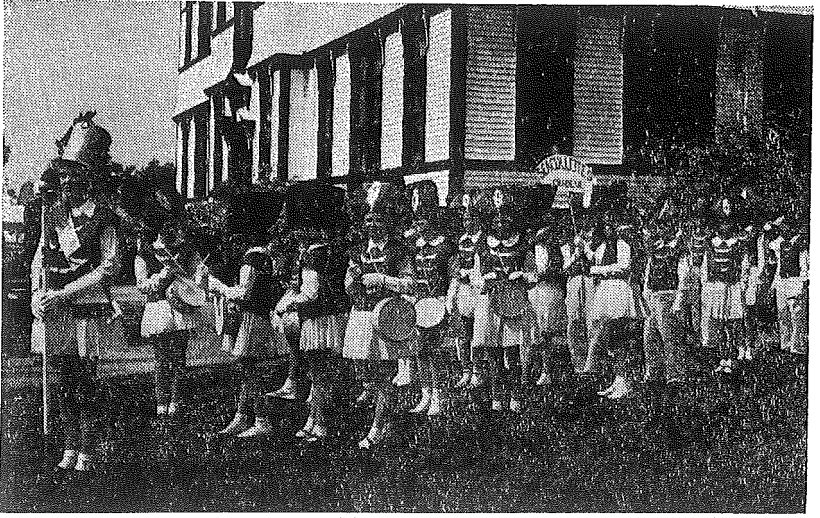
1951 parade, and represented various activities which take place at the Centre. The National Sea Products float is always one of the finest and most beautiful entries. It is a great highlight of the Parade. Some of the other floats which are highly complimented are those of the Victorian Order of Nurses, Powers Bros. Ltd., Lunenburg Hospital, Eastern Star, Red Cross and individual floats. These floats are always objects of admiration and represent much time, work and co-operation from young and old. They are all attractive and well-worth seeing.



The Teachers spend considerable time in costuming the children, which gives the parade additional color and variety. Primary and Grades I and II are hauled in pretty, decorated ox-wagons, a mode of transportation for which Lunenburg is famous. Behind these ox-wagons follow hundreds of school children from the Town and County Schools.

There are many special features entered in the parade. Some of them are very amusing and cause much laughter and excitement which all helps to make the parade an outstanding success.

Thousands of citizens of Lunenburg County and visitors from many parts of the province gather to witness this long and colorful parade. Last year, 1951, the attendance at the Exhibition on parade day was over 10,000 people.



This year, 1952, a drive is being put on, with Mr. D. H. Collins and Mr. Fred Haughn as co-chairmen to make this parade bigger and better than ever. In 1953, Lunenburg will be celebrating its Two Hundredth Anniversary - those who intend to enter in the Bicentennial Parade, should be thinking of historic events to be used for their floats.

The Bicentennial Parade will be a real challenge - let's all help to make it the biggest and best ever!



STUDENT'S COUNCIL

Front Row—S. Hellstrom, L. Beck, R. Crouse (President), J. Bald.

Back Row—G. Geldert, J. Walters, A. Creighton, G. Tanner, J. Tanner, J. Gaulton, J. Pittman.

WHAT THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION MEANS TO LUNENBURG

by D. M. Lohnes '52

There comes a time, at the first of September, when most people turn from the activities of the summer and look forward to a languorous autumn, followed by the chills of winter.

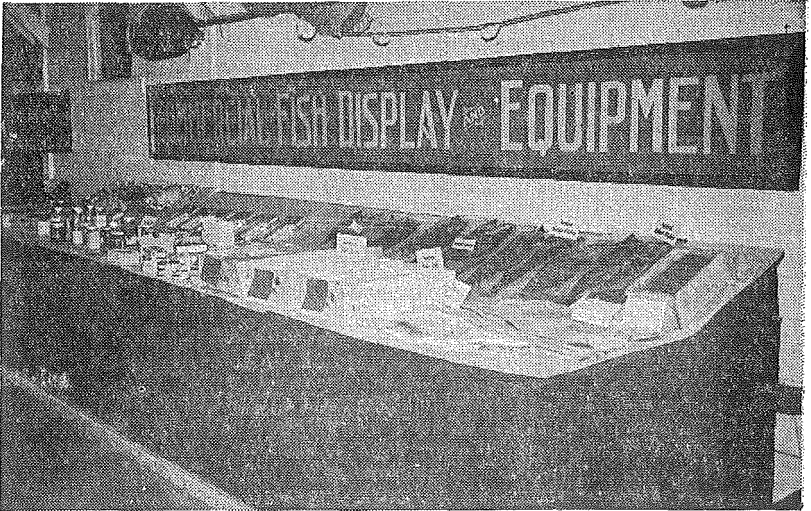


This is not so in Lunenburg where the tempo is increased to a feverish pitch. The year of planning is behind and the time of final preparation has come. Preparation for what? For the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition.

Although it is called the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, it is really Lunenburg, the capital of eastern fishing, which bears the brunt of the work. It is a time when we throw open our doors and welcome strangers and friends alike. The whole town, from the smallest organization to the largest company, takes part in the celebration. Firms from as far away as Oregon and England have booths in the Industrial Building, while all the local firms and organizations vie for the honor of having the best float in the mammoth parade.

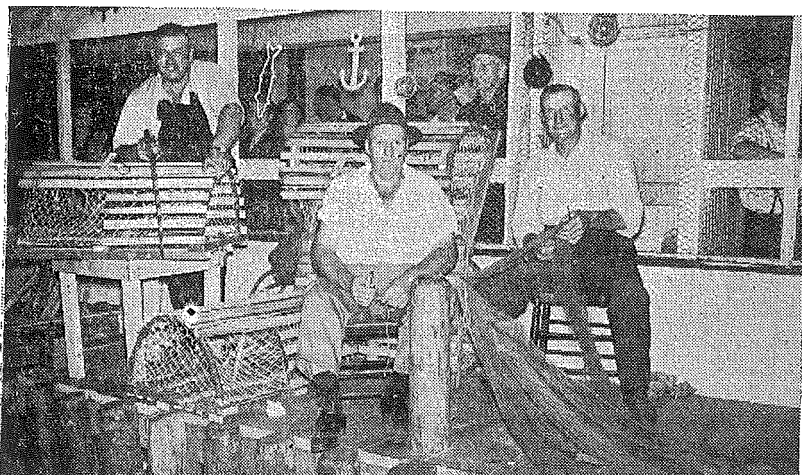
In order to show what the exhibition means to Lunenburg, it is first necessary to show what the exhibition is. Now, let us consider, why all this work, effort, and trouble. For money? No, certainly not, for the exhibition costs as much as it earns. Why then? We must look at the history of the exhibition for the answer. What is now the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition started back in 1918, when it was known as the Fishermen's Picnic, and

was only a one day affair. From that time the exhibition has grown up with the fishing industry. The exhibition today reflects the changes that have taken place in the industry. Lunenburgers regard the exhibition as their own particular creation and are extremely proud of it. Farmers have their exhibitions, industries and crafts theirs, so why can't fishermen have an exhibition and what place could be more suitable than Lunenburg?



The exhibition means different things to different people, but generally it is a time of gaiety and happiness, when the cares of life can be laid aside for a week. It is a time when we show off our town and main industry to our visitors, and show just what Lunenburg can do. The best way to describe it is to call it what it has so often been called before, "the Mardi Gras of the Sea." There is an element of competition to the exhibition, giving it a vigorous and spicy atmosphere.

The various industrial booths compete for honors originality and ingenuity. To them it means a chance to show the public just what they are doing and what new developments have taken place in their fields. The parade also has its element of competition. The local companies and organizations enter beautifully decorated floats in attempts to capture honors. The various classes of the school put their ingenuity to work in order to create an original group of costumes. To the men who have made Lunenburg famous, the fishermen, it means a chance to rest from the toil of the year, but more than that, it means an opportunity to display their crafts to the public in the exhibition and to bring their skills in from the sea to be displayed on the waters of the front harbour. Here, once again competition plays a big



part. So far I've only been able to deal with the material aspects of the exhibition, but really that is not what makes the exhibition mean so much to Lunenburg.

There is, during the week of the exhibition, an intangible feeling in the air. A feeling of fellowship and good will. It takes everybody in its grip. It changes the whole atmosphere of Lunenburg. This is the real reason why the exhibition means so much to Lunenburg - it is the Spirit of Lunenburg.

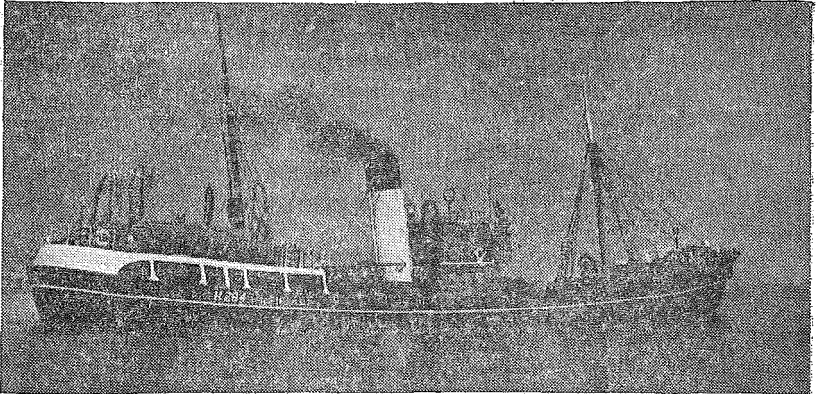


MECHANICAL DOLLS

Sitting: Betty Ann Levy, Cheryl Ann Bower. Standing: Shirley Sawler, Frederick Andrews, Russell Bond, Lorna Blenkhorn, Glenda Smith, Wayne Nodding, Diane Löhnes, Grethe Kristiansen, Sandra Ann Keeping, Peter Bald, Linda Cantelope, Ann Hannams.

ST. MATTHEW

by Lucille Beek '52



The St. Matthew was brought from England by Captain Oran Crossman in October. The ship is an Otter trawler used for both fresh and salt fishing. It is of steel construction being 184 feet over all and steam powered.

The St. Matthew was built by Cook, Welton and Gemmell four years ago at Beverley, England. It was used in Great Britain for fresh fishing to Greenland, Iceland and the White Sea. The ship was primarily purchased to catch salt fish since her fuel capacity is large enough for a trip of thirty days.

The trawler is larger than our native-built draggers. It has a crew of twenty men during the fresh fishing season, and a crew of twenty-four men during the salt fishing season. She is also capable of using larger gear than any of the other draggers fishing out of Lunenburg. Her gross tonnage is 536 tons and she has an engine of 750 H. P. She has a refrigerated fish hold which has a capacity of 500,000 pounds of iced fish.

The St. Matthew has great improvements in regard to comfort. First of all, the captain's quarters include a private bath, day room, chart room and a wireless room. The chief and second engineers, the mate and boatswain each has his own room and share a bath. The fore-castle is equipped with bath and toilet facilities.

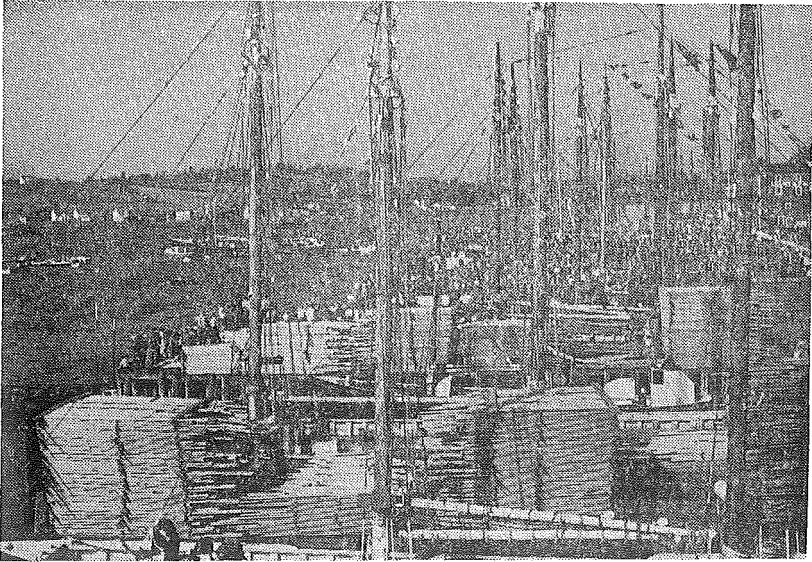
She has a steam heating system throughout and fresh water under pressure is available in the quarters and mess room. The ship has her own equipment for converting sea water into fresh water. A cod oil extraction plant including 5,000 gal. tanks for storing oil is installed.

Other modern equipment include ship-to-shore telephone, radio direction finder and two sounding machines. The installation of radar is planned for the future.

The St. Matthew is now fishing on the Grand Banks and lands her fish at General Sea Foods in Halifax. These trips have been very successful, and in the spring she will sail salt fishing out of Zwicker and Company Limited, Lunenburg.

TALES FROM THE WATERFRONT

by Marian Zinck '52, David Lohnes '52



The sea, from which our town receives its livelihood, can be both cruel and bountiful. The men who sailed from here in ships have rich experiences, some humorous, but most of them grave, examples of the never ending battle between men and the sea.

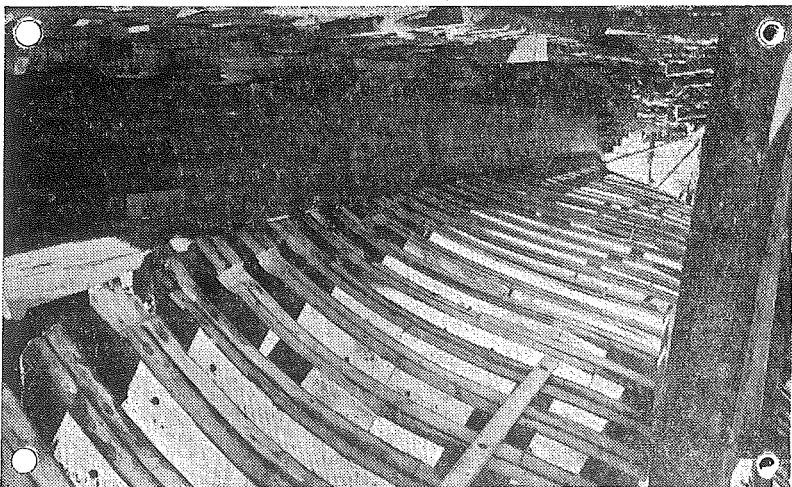
Several of the following stories are humorous, while the others illustrate the hazards undergone in by-gone days, and, to a lesser degree, today.

The following anecdote was told by Mr. Edward Whynacht: One time, while he was cook aboard one of the vessels, he ran out of corned beef. He informed the captain who told him to use barrel staves instead. He took the captain at his word, and, putting his tongue in his cheek, set to work. At the next meal, the crew received a doubtful looking conglomeration. The captain immediately asked the cook what it was, whereupon he was told that the mess was chapped barrel-staves boiled in the proper manner, just what the captain ordered! Mr. Whynacht received his corned beef the next day.

Captain George Corkum, while he was not in the fishing industry, was engaged in the coastal trade which was closely connected with Lunenburg in the days when there was a brisk trade between here and the West Indies in salt, fish, lumber and molasses. His most amazing feat probably was the time he steered his ship from the West Indies to the LaHave River, completely without a rudder!

On January twenty-seventh, 1937, the E. P. Theriault, a four hundred ton three-master under Captain Corkum, left Turks Island with a load of salt.

On February third, about three hundred miles from Turks Island, the rudder broke clear from the stern-post. This left Capt. Corkum with nothing but his sails with which to steer. Some days, with a favourable wind they would go fifty miles, on others they would be driven back thirty. While he had south winds pushing him it would not be impossible, for if he kept sails on the forward end of the vessel she would drive or drift before the wind. When the wind blew from the north, as winter gales do, what then? Capt. Corkum wisely stripped the spars to the bare poles so that he would not drift back as far as he had gone ahead. On the fifteenth a Dutch freighter, the Amazon, was sighted. She supplied the crippled ship with sufficient supplies to reach home. About two hundred and forty-five miles off Cape Hatteras a homing pigeon came aboard. On its leg was a band bearing the inscription 315 I. F. 36 W. D. C. It was later returned to its owner. The Theriault arrived off LaHave on the thirteenth of March, forty-six days after leaving Turks Island. Safe home at last, after wandering over two thousand miles without a rudder! Capt. Corkum had another no less amazing adventure involving the Theriault.



On the run from Halifax to Barbados the Theriault carried a load of lumber. The passage, which was a stormy one, was accomplished in twenty-four days. Upon reaching Barbados, four of the crew, all foreigners, left the ship, not returning until she was ready to sail for Turks Island. Once there, they deserted again, leaving Capt. Corkum short handed to load eleven hundred bushels of salt. When the cargo was finally loaded, the men again reappeared, but decided they wanted to return to shore. When the captain refused to permit them to leave the ship, they gathered together their effects, threw them overboard, and swam to Turks Island, which was a mile away. Knowing that the crew might not reappear for several days, and that the winds would soon change, Captain Corkum decided to sail for home. This decision being made, the Theriault pointed her bowsprit, toward home,

and with a crew of only three, including himself, began the long journey north. She arrived safely in port in good shape after a trip of only fifteen days. That she got home at all, with such an inadequate crew to "man" her, caused many people to shake their heads in amazement. These are only a few of the many adventures which this master mariner experienced during his many years at sea.

We conclude this with a little story which took place on our waterfront. It is strange that upon looking back, many incidents which were serious at the time, are now amusing. Some time ago two lads were playing on one of the wharves. After a time one borrowed the other's tricycle. His manoeuvres carried him dangerously near the edge of the wharf. Then he began to peddle backwards. He, and tricycle, disappeared over the edge. Several men rushed to his rescue, while the owner of the tricycle stood on the end of the wharf and wailed, "Never mind him, save my tricycle!" Fortunately both were "fished" out of the water.



DRAMA CLUB

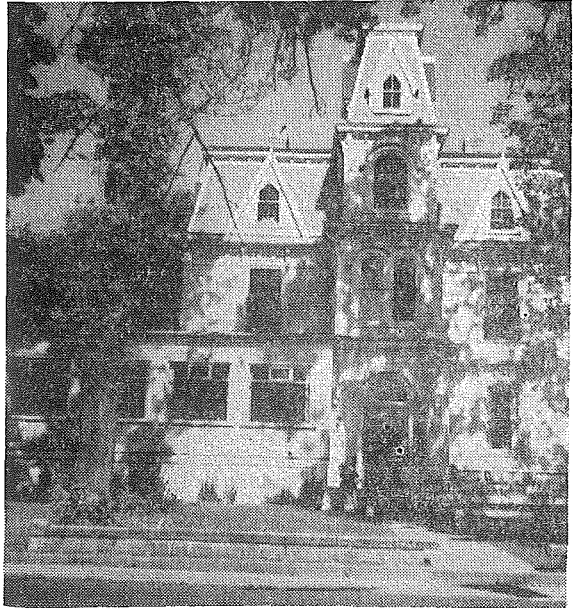
Front Row—M. DeMone, L. Beck, D. Townsend, E. Deale (President), J. Sterne, P. Cook.
 Back Row—S. Hellstrom, P. Hewat, B. Cooke, G. Corkum, M. Zinck,
 Back Row—S. Hellstrom, P. Hewat, B. Cooke, G. Corkum, M. Zinck, B. Dauphinee, M. Dominix, A. Hebb, J. Tanner, Miss P. Veinot (Director).

THE BLUENOSE LODGE

by Sandra E. Corkum '55, Jeanette R. Walters '55

The Bluenose Lodge, favourably situated on a corner of Falkland and Dufferin Streets, is one of our very progressive hotels. It is majestically situated behind an array of many large trees, and is completely surrounded by a beautiful lawn. This, combined with its German architecture and its white paint with blue trimmings, makes it an attractive looking hotel, especially at night when all lights are aglow.

It was built in the 1890's (when large colonial style houses were quite popular in this town) as a private residence. It was purchased in 1946 by Mr. Claude Vincent and Mr. Fred A. Glover to be converted into a modern hotel. Immediately they constructed a large wing on the west and north sides of the hotel. This is used as a dining room and kitchen, which are of the most modern design and equipment. The dining room seats seventy ordinarily, but one hundred twenty can be handled comfortably at wedding receptions and banquets. The dining room is enclosed in glass and boasts a piano.



In 1949 Mr. Vincent sold his interest to Mr. Glover, who became the sole owner. The manager and owner, who is known as "Fred" to all commercial men is a congenial and thrifty man, who will go to any extremes to make his customers satisfied. If the tourist wants Newfoundland salmon, Nova Scotia lobsters or New Brunswick strawberries, provided that they can be obtained this side of high heaven, he will oblige. Thus, the slogan, "If you want a good meal, stop at the Bluenose" is quite prevalent. Now, who do you think prepares the pastries and rolls? None other than Mr. Glover's good wife, while the other portion of the meal is made by an experienced chef. Fred says that his wife is one of the best pastry chefs in the business, so you can well realize how they became man and wife (the way to a man's heart is through his stomach you know!)

The hotel contains eleven neat, airy rooms of which nine are fully equipped with showers, toilets, and running water. The rooms are kept neat and clean by local help.

The Bluenose Lodge carries our proudest name from the immortal schooner "Bluenose." Every time that name is mentioned, a Dutchman's heart jumps and skips a beat, and a lump comes in his throat. She died the undefeated champion, but her name as well as her history will live on forever. Her picture hangs in thousands of homes throughout Canada and the world.

After she finished her spectacular roving career, she toured on exhibition to many ports of the world, including England the United States. Of her we are justly proud, because she was, as the expression goes, "born and raised here." So were her Captain, crew and builders. She was justly honoured by Canada by having her picture put on the Canadian dimes and postage stamps.

The Bluenose Lodge is also fittingly decorated with pictures and paintings of the Bluenose and her gallant captain, Mr. Angus Walters, who is still with us, hale and hearty; and as spunky as he was when he was in command of the Bluenose.

The Lodge also contains three trophies won by the schooner at Gloucester, Mass. in 1922; at Halifax, 1921; and at Halifax in 1926 she won the Race Trophy. The original steering wheel of the Bluenose is displayed in the hall of the Lodge.

We, in Lunenburg, are proud to have such places as the Bluenose Lodge. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Glover and their staff every success in the future!

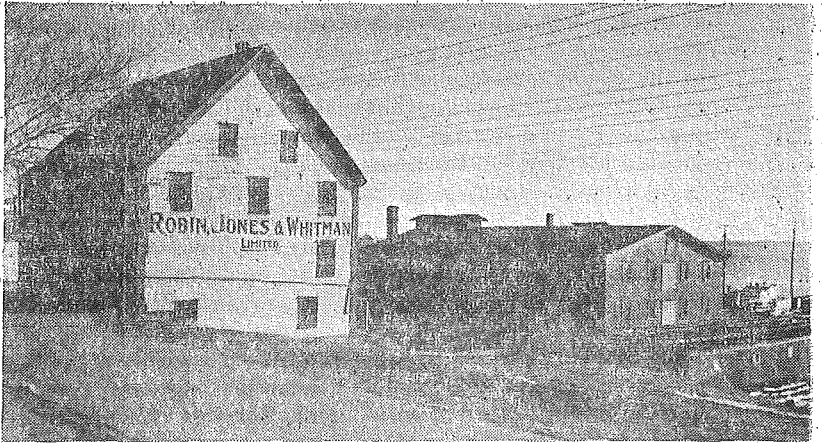
WHY WE ARE PROUD

by Sandra E. Corkum '55

The Bluenose Lodge
Is famous; and proud
Of its name
From the schooner
That brought it such fame,
Why?
The Bluenose was Champ,
Five trophies she won.
She honoured her captain
As well as our town.
She raced against "Elsie"
From Gloucester, Mass.,
She raced against"
But she did as we asked.
She was sold to the Yankees,
To be used as a freighter
But soon struck a reef
And sank down off Haiti.
You will still find her picture
On money and stamps,
She still is the winner
So she'll still be the Champ.

ROBIN, JONES AND WHITMAN LIMITED

by Marion Iversen '54



One of the oldest firms in Canada has a branch in Lunenburg. This is the business of Robin, Jones and Whitman, Ltd.

Part of the present buildings now owned by this company were put there by a concern known as Hirtle and Rafuse. They continued to operate under that name until 1905. In that year, Hirtle and Rafuse; Louis Anderson and Company, which is now the location of Adams and Knickle Ltd., and Black Brothers Ltd. of Halifax and LaHave were amalgamated to form the Atlantic Fish Companies Ltd. with Senator William Duff as manager, at the location of the present stand of Robin, Jones and Whitman Ltd.

The facilities of the plant were enlarged to include wharves also a large freezing plant for bait was installed along with an ice-house. They engaged in the fish exporting business to the West Indies, and carried on an extensive pickle fish business and the purchase of herring from their station in Newfoundland and Labrador. The herring were brought here and frozen to be used as bait. The Boneless Fish business was carried on at their plant at LaHave.

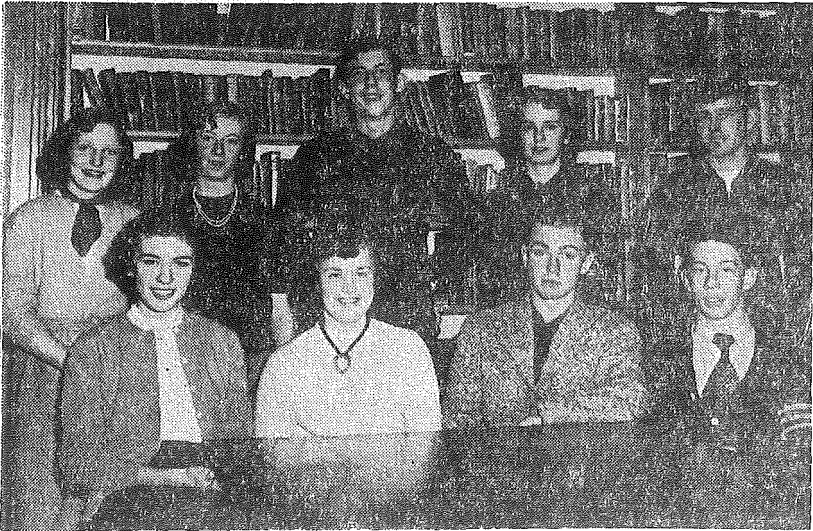
The Atlantic Fish Company operated until the year 1910. In that year a further amalgamation took place between the C. Robin, Collis Company Ltd., the A. G. Jones and Company of Halifax, and the Atlantic Fish Companies of Lunenburg to form what is now Robin, Jones and Whitman Ltd. with head office at Halifax. The officials of this company were Mr. A. E. Jones as president, Mr. A. K. Whitman as vice-president and general manager. Captain Christian Iversen was the first manager in Lunenburg.

The business of Robin, Jones and Whitman Ltd. dates back to 1766, and is the third oldest company in Canada. In that year Charles Robin, coming from the Island of Jersey, established a trading station and fish business in

the Bay of Chaleur and selected Paspébiac, Quebec province, as his headquarters. Charles Robin was a very strict man and did not believe in his employees getting married. If, however, any of his managers married they were unable to bring their wives to Canada, but had to leave them in Europe. They were allowed to visit them for six months every two years.

This business existed prior to the forming of Robin, Jones and Whitman Ltd. and at the time of the amalgamation in 1910 was known as the C. Robin, Collis Company Ltd.

At the present time, there are over twenty branches and stations on the Gaspe Bay Peninsula and northern New Brunswick. Also there are branches at Cheticamp, Cape Breton, Lunenburg and Halifax. The operation of the company continued to be chiefly in the salt fish business. The markets are in Canada, the United States, West Indies and Europe. They also do a large wholesale and retail business in general merchandise.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Front Row—Shirley Eisenhauer, Pat Tobin, Gilbert Berringer (President), Richard Westhaver.
Back Row—Deanne MacIssac, Patricia Corkum, Aubrey Burns, Nancy Lea Zinck, David Dauphinee.

MR. LEON JOSHUA IVERSEN

by Janice Haughn '54

It is a well known fact that the people of Lunenburg depend, either directly or indirectly, on the fishing industry. There are several business firms connected with the industry on Montague St., and one of them is Robin Jones and Whitman. The present manager (since 1936) is Mr. Iversen, who has been an employee of the firm since 1926.

Mr. Iversen is one of Lunenburg's native sons, having been born here in 1905. He is the youngest son of Ella and the late Captain Christian Iversen. Capt. Iversen was of Danish descent, and his wife was Ella Heckman of this town.

As a boy, Mr. Iversen attended the Lunenburg Academy where he received his elementary and High School education. After graduation, he went to Truro to further his education. Finished here Mr. Iversen went to Maritime Business College and also to Dalhousie University where he took Commerce.

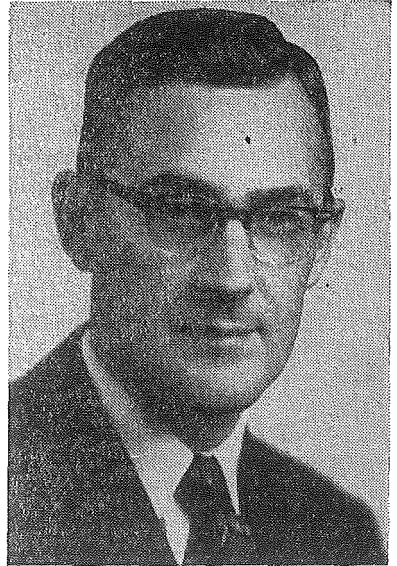
In 1929, he took as his wife Bessie Marion Smith, the daughter of the late Norman and Bessie Smith. They have two daughters, Marion and Judith, both attending the Academy.

Having descended from a sea-faring family and being a part of a fishing firm, it is not surprising that one of Mr. Iversen's interests is in boating. He now owns a lovely cabin-cruiser, the "Besslee." Two other interests of Mr. Iversen's are hunting and fishing in the spring and fall.

Lee (to his friends) has always been a very active member of an "up and coming" community. He is a member of Central United Church of which he is an elder. He is the Past President of the Board of Trade and also Past Commodore of the Lunenburg Yacht Club. Mr. Iversen is still very active in both these organizations.

During the last War, Mr. Iversen was Campaign Manager on several of the Red Cross drives for funds. Mr. Iversen's interest in the health of our community did not end with the end of the war. At present he is engaged in the local hospital efforts.

We are all proud and grateful to men such as Mr. Leon Iversen who have made Lunenburg what it is today, and who are still working for the good of all its citizens.



"THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS"

by Ronald Crouse '52, Marilyn Demone '52

Lights! — Camera! — Action! Little did Lunenburgers dream they would ever hear those words "in real life." But if they had been within "throwing distance" of Lunenburg shore on a calm September morning, they might well have heard the echo.

The Reason? — "Universal-International" had chosen Lunenburg as one of the places at which to shoot scenes for its picture "The World in His Arms." This movie, which stars Gregory Peck and Ann Blyth, is adapted from a Rex Beach novel of 1850-60 swashbuckling nature. The story "in a nutshell" concerns a ship-owner Jonathan Clark (Gregory Peck), and his competitor in sealing — Portugue Joe (Anthony Quinn). The most thrilling incident of the story is the race between their vessels as they each try to reach the sealing grounds — first there gets the most seals! Ann Blyth and Gregory furnish the romantic interest.



At first there were just rumors of a picture; then confirmation by the "papers"; and finally Mr. Gilbert Kurland arrived here from Hollywood on August 6th to make the arrangements.

This port was chosen, because it contained the type of craft required to play the role of a 19th century sealing vessel. Then too, because of its famous ship-yard and skilled workmen, the film company felt they would get the remodeling job they wanted on the boats. The "Margaret B. Tanner" from Lunenburg and thirty-nine year old "Shirley C", from Newfoundland were the "lucky" schooners. They were completely re-rigged and equipped with sails until they were hardly recognizable. Even the names were changed. The "Margaret" became the "Santa Isabel" while the "Shirley C." was re-christened "Pilgrim." However after the filming was concluded the vessels (which were chartered for the particular occasion) would have to be restored to their original state.

Many local men worked long, hard hours before the ships were ready to go before the cameras. Mr. Charlie Hebb made the sails while Smith & Rhuland supervised the rigging — Mr. Morris Allen and Mr. Joe Himmelman directing the work. Walters' Blacksmith Shop, The Foundry, Lunenburg Outfitting Co., and Zwicker's all contributed to the transformation.

The picture was not all filmed at one place. The main unit was shot

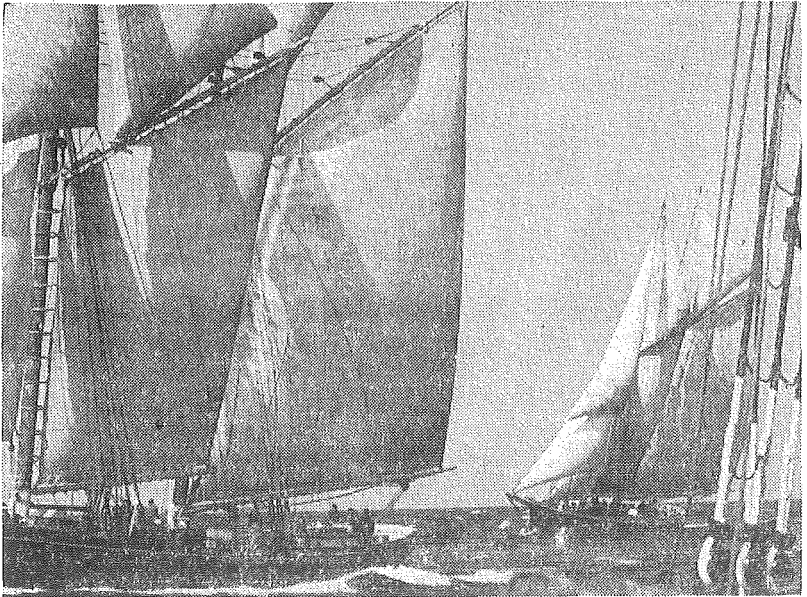
right at the studio in Hollywood, while a small unit went to the Pribilof Islands and another came to Lunenburg for the "sea shots." As the time for filming drew near twenty-five "crew members" arrived on September 5th. All the equipment had to be sent out from Hollywood; so, the (8) tons of it were "crated" the 5,000 miles by a great van.

Having a film "shot" so close to home made us realize that it takes more, much more, than the actors and actresses to make a picture. Production of any film requires the combined talents of people of various professions — "The World in his Arms" was no exception. Included in the "staff" were:

Director	Mr. Raoul Walsh
Producer	Mr. Aron Rosenberg
Director 2nd Unit (Sea Unit)	Mr. Jim Havens
Assistant Director	Mr. Dick Moder
Production Manager	Mr. Gilbert Kurland
Chief Camera-man	Mr. Russel Metty
Camera-man 2nd Unit	Mr. Stanley Horseley
Make-up 2nd unit	Mr. Ray Lopez

This gives an idea of how many different "professionals" it takes to complete a movie. Many of the "men behind the scenes" on this picture were "veterans" in their field — some having served 15-30 years with various film companies.

Now that the "stage" was set, the day for actual "shootng arrived! A camera boat was needed so they chartered the "Sherman Zwicker", under the command of Captain Moyle Crouse. Hardy Lunenburg fishermen were



hired as "extras". Ten of these were on the production crew — forty on the three boats — ("Margaret", "Shirley" and camera boat).

Since it is a period, technicolor picture, the men had to be "made up", and only by sheer coincidence did their friends know them in their "grease paint." However, rather than succumb to the everyday procedure of acquiring false whiskers, several of the men boasted luxurious beards of their own. There are some close-ups of the "locals" on deck and in the dories. They also furnish many action-filled background scenes.

The scenes were shot in all kinds of weather and in different parts of Lunenburg Harbor. These "takes", which were background, sailing and scenery shots, were taken off Lunenburg, at the Ovens, at Rose Bay and Riverport.

As the picture is technicolor it meant about 40% more work than if it had been a black and white. There were 2 Technicolor cameras with 9 camera-men — 2 camera operators.



Since this is U. I.'s biggest picture of the year care and time had to be taken to make it perfect — the work here took about three weeks. By reports "the visitors" found Lunenburg picturesque and ideal for working. Their hours depended to a great extent upon the weather, but the day usually began around 7 or 8 o'clock and continued to 6 or 7:30. The men got their meals on the boats and thoroughly enjoyed the fishermen's 'cuisine.'

There are some interesting incidents connected with the filming. The sails, as mentioned, were newly made. So, in order to make them look weather beaten, a mixture of sawdust and lampblack was applied and the men swept it over the sails with brooms. This was called "aging" the sails.

Each night the film was unloaded and the cameras carefully overhauled.

(This was done by special men who worked only in the night.) Then the film was put in packing cases and sent by car to Halifax each night. From there it was shipped to Los Angeles by Air-freight. Because Technicolor film is very perishable, it had to be shipped quickly.

In order to facilitate communications while in "action" not only were the radio-telephones on board the boats brought into use but a "walkie-talkie" device was employed for quick contact between ship and shore.

In general, "fair" weather is considered an asset to most operations. Oddly enough, lack of "bad" weather delayed the filming of this picture more than a week. High winds and billowing white caps were required for one racing scene but the weather man refused to co-operate. Moderate winds and calm seas persisted for days. Finally the storm broke! ——— filming was rapidly completed!

Thus, as the "shooting was wound up" we bade Farewell to Universal-International. Lunenburg was honored and thrilled to have had these celebrities in its midst and trust they enjoyed their stay in this historic seaport.

We await with avid interest the showing of "THE WORLD IN HIS ARMS."

FLASH!—With her "starring" role in the movie, the 'Shirley C.' ended her spectacular career. On returning to her native Newfoundland with a load of coal, she sank, happily without loss of life!

FREEDOM AGAIN

by Leendert van der Zwan '56

It happened nearly seven years ago in 1945. I was only seven years old, but I still remember almost everything about it.

The day before May the fifth everybody who had a radio heard the long-expected, big, exciting news - namely, the Germans had given up our country. We were free again after five long dreadful years of oppression. Then the next day over the bridge the majestic tanks with their impressive cannons came, after that the soldiers in big trucks. Everybody who could climb on the trucks did so, and you should have seen the crowds of people who were cheering and jumping with pleasure and happiness around the cars.

The next day the feasting started. Every community, town and city held dances, parties and parades. Autographed cigarettes and candies became one of the most beloved things you could get from officers and soldiers.

About six or seven weeks the flags were hanging out in every street. Parties on the street was one of the most common things. But then the regular life started and schools opened their doors again. However, the most important thing of all was that we were free again.

BRANCH OF THE BANK OF COMMERCE AT LUNENBURG

by Richard Bailey '53, Barbara Cooke '53

As you walk into the spacious interior of the Bank of Commerce, you are immediately set at ease by courteous employees whose aim is to serve you promptly and efficiently.

This bank is probably the most modern bank building in Lunenburg County. It was formally opened in the spring of 1950 under Mr. John W. Oxner, the present Manager.

The branch here opened on December 5th, 1918, just after the Armistice of the First World War, on the premises, formerly occupied by The Halifax Banking Company in the Bailey Building presently owned by Powers Brothers Limited. It was opened by T. W. Magee, the temporary Manager, who was succeeded a week or two later by A. C. Adams, Manager until 1928.

Former Managers of the branch were W. K. Phillips, J. M. Archibald, H. S. Oakley, A. W. Leach, M. C. West and W. T. Parker. John W. Oxner took over the position in March of 1945 and is the present Manager.

The Head office of the bank was founded in 1867, the year of the Confederation of Canada with its head office in Toronto. The present Head Office building is the highest in the British Empire. Since that time it has grown steadily and today has over six hundred branches scattered throughout Canada, United States, West Indies and England.

The local branch building is fire-proof, of brick construction, with two large vaults at the rear which are of reinforced concrete. The front on King Street and the side on Montague Street are trimmed with limestone, while the main entrance doors and window frames are aluminum veneer. Raised stainless steel letters giving the name of the Bank are affixed on both the front and side of the building. The main banking hall with an acoustic ceiling, is finished in quartered oak while the counters, coupon booths, and decks, are of modern design and also made of oak. The main vault door, weighs over three tons and is equipped with special devices in case of attempted robbery. Lavatories and a staff room are all in the basement which makes the Banking Hall available for the public and working staff.

The building is equipped and laid out to accommodate a staff of ten which is evidence of the faith The Canadian Bank of Commerce has in the growth and prosperity of Lunenburg and the surrounding district which the branch serves.

Many of Lunenburg's young people have started their banking career in this branch. Among them were Harry W. Messer, Assistant Manager, Halifax; D. L. Hebb, Manager, Hantsport, N. S.; and Leonard A. Oliver, Accountant, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Presently working at the bank are: Manager - John Oxner; Accountant - Donald Brinton; Ledger Keeper - Ann Nauss; Teller - David Beck

We, the citizens of Lunenburg, are very proud to have such a fine bank building and wish this business establishment every success in the future.

THE SEA GULL
BROTHER JOHN !

by Marilyn DeMone '52

This is an appreciation on "little brothers."

As I sat by the briskly crackling fire the other night, my thoughts travelled back a good many years to the time when I was young. What a g-y time I had when I was in my teens. All was bright and sunshiny—there was only one small thundercloud on my horizon—my little brother John. Oh! how Johnny and I "got along"—just like cats and dogs!

I looked on him as a plague sent to torment me—he was always there at the wrong time. That little brat was the cause of more embarrassment, heartbreak, anger, (and I might add fun too) than any other person I know.

I remember one particularly sentimental occasion—my first kiss. My dreamboat and I had chosen the patio under Johnny's bedroom window for our "good-night." We were on cloud No. 19 when a shrill cackling (like that of a witch) brought us back to earth with a bang! It was John! "Ha, ha, ha, wait 'till mom hears about this, Julie!" I immediately went into one of my tantrums which Johnny always seemed to be able to promote. We woke the whole house with my screeching and his wailing—but I can tell you—that little fellow didn't sit easy for a week.

This Johnny was also the cause of many tempestuous years of my youth. Christmas was my happiest time but I could always depend on "Johnny-on-the-spot" to put a damper on festivities. As so many young people of the time I carried on a correspondence with overseas pen-pals. One pen-pal of mine was so generous as to send me a package of pure English chocolate. It was my pride and joy but it soon became Johnny's stomach-ache. You see, when no one was looking that dear, DEAR baby brat ate the whole box—at one sitting! All I could cry in anguished tones was "You brat, you brute, you absolute stinker, you-you second cousin to a skunk!"

I used to get so angry because I seemed so helpless against the forces of this human dynamo. Why everyone said the d— shone right out of his eyes, and, believe me, he lived up to his name. He had a friend his equal in devilment, slyness and schemes. They were a "pair of cases". One never knew where they were, what they were doing or what to expect next. If they weren't planning some mechanical gadget, they were destroying one. If they weren't pulling the girls' pig-tails they were doing something worse. You never could tell!

He went to camp one year. By the stories that drifted back, he was the terror of the troop. Funny, but, whenever anyone found a snake in his bed, his bathing trunks up a tree, ketchup in his coffee, the bath-house door locked on the inside (and Johnny in), they always knew who was the "man with the mind."

This little fellow, as you can plainly see, was definitely the "out-door type". In fact, the farther away he was from everyone else—the safer for all concerned. You can understand then what tortures he endured when the family decided he should take piano lessons. He felt like a bird in a cage

and played like a caged elephant tramping back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

Along with his other accomplishments he was stubborn as a mule. This trait was most infuriating. He stubbornly refused to practice a song more than once. I then devised a scheme to induce him to repeat each one by purring, "Oh! Johnny, I just love that song, play it again." For a while he did. Then he got lazy, (or "caught on"), and answered with a smirk, "If you like it so well, play it yourself—DEAR!" Oh! with beady eyes and clenched fists I stalked away and prepared for another attack.

Once I gave him a box of chocolates for no special reason (except that I didn't like them). For days (instead of being grateful and letting it go at that) he smirked, "Julie, what do you want me to do? Are you sure there's nothing you want me to do?" He made me sick!

That was the way our life went on—attack, victory or retreat, laughter, embarrassment, attack, retreat or victory, all over again.

It was one constant struggle for the survival of the fittest.

Looking back on it now it all seems very humorous—but believe me at the time it was far from funny!



COMMON SCHOOL STAFF

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

ST. NORBERT'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

by Patricia Tobin '53, Jacqueline Tobin '55

In 1753 when the German settlers first came to Lunenburg, there were not enough Catholics among them to have a church erected. As time went on, however, their numbers increased and by 1840, St. Norbert's Roman Catholic Church was completed. This was at the time of Rev. Edmond Doyle, who succeeded Rev. Father Kenney. These priests had to travel long distances, not only in Lunenburg County, but into several adjacent counties.

More than fifty years before, Father O'Reilly had lived in Lunenburg. He had been sent as a missionary to the Indians in the West and for three

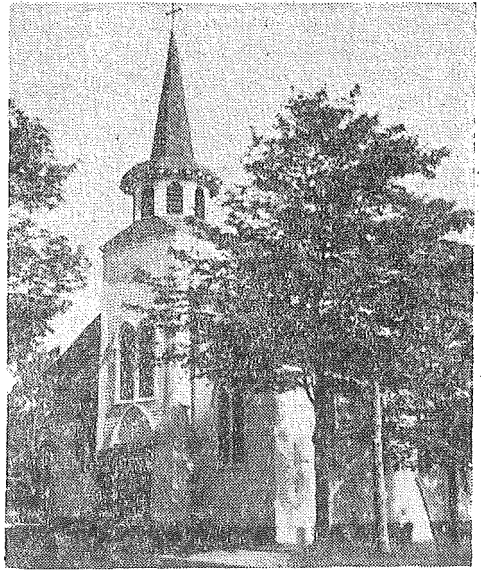
years previous to his arrival in Lunenburg, he had not seen the face of a white man. The districts these priests had to serve were very large. Even if there were only three or four people in a mission, these priests still had to travel there, through all kinds of weather. In those days there were no motor cars and transportation was very slow. Father Edmond Doyle drove a pair of small ponies, with which he made long journeys to Caledonia and other places.

Because there was no Glebe House in Lunenburg, Priests were not able to live here. The county was, for many years, visited by priests who lived elsewhere. Rev. Father David O'Connor was the officiating priest in 1851. He left in October, 1862, but was succeeded in 1861 by Father P. Danohy who came from Liverpool. In 1862, Father James Kennedy came from Windsor, N. S. Father E. Kennedy, who resided in Liverpool, visited this county in 1865, and continued his services for five years except for an interval, during which Father J. K. Lovejoy, who lived in Chester, served Lunenburg County.

Father David O'Connor, coming from Liverpool about 1871, again officiated in this county. The present rector is Father Butts who also serves in other missions in Lunenburg County.

When the Church was constructed, it was not as large as it is now.

It fell down once and was closed for some time when repairs were being made. It was rebuilt to its present size and was reopened on July 28, 1935.



Much credit was due to the officiating rector at that time, Rev. Father Devine. Since then it has been remodelled several times, the last time in 1951, when hardwood panels were set in the different sections of the sanctuary. The beautiful oak altar and candlestick holders were very artistically carved in an intricate design by a twelve-year old boy from Montreal. A new curtain set behind the altar, also adds attractively to the appearance of the sanctuary. The seating capacity of the church is about one hundred.

Each year, during Lent, Benediction services are held every Friday evening, besides usual Sunday Mass.

Throughout the years, despite many setbacks, St. Norbert's Catholic Church has made progress in upholding the Faith in Lunenburg.



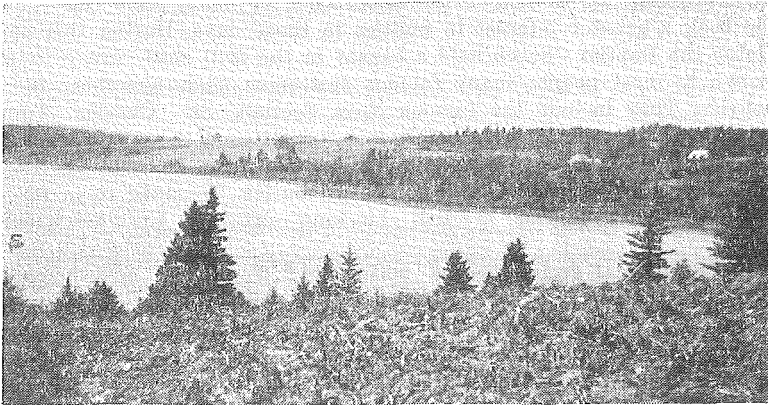
FATHER ADRIAN BUTTS

Father Adrian Butts was born in North Sydney, Nova Scotia in 1905. He received the major part of his education at Saint Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, and at the California Technical College.

After graduating, he was associated with the Emsco Equipment Company for three and one-half years in Iran, in Polesta, Roumania, in South America and in Topocila, Chile. Then he returned to study for the priesthood at Holy Heart Seminary in Halifax. During

World War II, he served as a chaplain for the West Nova Scotia Regiment in Europe.

In June, 1952, Father Butts will have served six years as priest in Lunenburg County.



PRINCE INLET

THE STORY OF THE ARMOURIES

by D. M. Lohnes '52

Today, standing at the corner of Cumberland and Hobson Street is a long, square, green building known as the Armouries. Because of the lack of records, it was necessary to delve into the memories of our citizens for information. I should like to express my gratitude to Mr. Charles Young and Colonel Charles Miller for their generous help.

Because of the condition of the armouries, it is surprising to learn that it is over one hundred years old. The frame, like that of the Anglican Church, was constructed in Boston, sometime during the 1840's. It was then stripped and shipped to Lunenburg where it was reassembled. Every carpenter, and many laborers donated several days' work for the construction of the Armouries, or, as it was then called, the Drill Shed. The building, although it has been repaired from time to time, has undergone no major structural change. Then the floor was level from the front door to the rear of the building, instead of being raised as it is today. At the rear was a raised platform, while a raised walk, three feet wide, went completely around the outer wall of the building. In the main room was an artillery piece while another one was placed immediately inside the main entrance. Sometime later they were towed across the harbour to Kaulback's Head, where they can be seen today.

The Drill Shed played a very important part in the social life of Lunenburg. It was the location of many varied and interesting happenings. It will only be possible, however, to relate the most important ones. At first the Armouries played an important role in politics, as it was the place where political rallies were held. In addition to this, the winning candidates would hold a barbecue and general celebration for the public on Declaration Day, when they were proclaimed elected. There was roast-beef, Boston pilot biscuits, and limejuice. The people flocked to town from the surrounding districts to join in the celebration. It would seem as though people took a greater interest in politics in those days. During this period and later the Baptist Church held a bazaar in the drill shed every winter. Unknown to most people, many famous statesmen made speeches in the Armouries. They include the famous Nova Scotian, Sir Charles Tupper, the vigorous supporter of responsible government, and the two great Liberal leaders Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mackenzie King. In 1878 the Lunenburg County Exhibition was held at the armouries. To make room for the exhibits, a long fence was erected, blocking off all the neighbouring streets.

In 1880 a local group secured permission from the government to operate the armouries as a theatre, and in the winter, as a skating rink. It was during this era that the most colorful events took place. During the winter, many people enjoyed skating to the music of the band, while occasionally Mrs. Arthur Hebb, and Mr. George Love, the Town Clerk, put on figure skating exhibition. In the spring and summer, entertainment was provided by travelling companies of artists, notably the Wallace Hop-

per Company, and the Zera Zemone Vaudeville Troupe. They staged such plays as "East Lynne," "Nugget Well," "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and similar comedies and melodramas which always played to a full house. From time to time an event of special interest took place. Once, a professional walker came to town, challenging all-comers to a heel and toe walking race. His challenge was accepted by John Nauss, a resident of Lunenburg. The race was held on the walk which circled the armouries. Much to the professional's surprise he was completely defeated by Mr. Nauss. In 1895, on July twelfth, what is probably the most colorful event connected with the armouries took place. The whole town turned out to see John L. Sullivan, the ex-world heavy weight champion, and Paddy Ryan stage a boxing exhibition.

After several years of private management, the Drill Shed passed into the hands of the Seventy-fifth Regimental Band, under the direction of Mr. Delaney. They had the government enlarge the band room upstairs, and the whole building sheathed. In November of 1900 one of the last shows, "Under Two Flags" was staged in honor of Colonel, then Private Charles Miller, who had just returned from the South African Campaign. In 1902, when the Canadian Militia was formed, the building came directly under the government, and was then renamed the Armouries. Two companies, under Captains Hamm and J. J. Kinley, used the building as headquarters. During the war the building was used as a recruiting and training centre.

After the war the Canadian Militia was converted into the Reserve Army. The armouries serves as the home of the Twentieth Field Squadron, Royal Canadian Engineers, under Major D. J. Bourque. It is also used by the Academy students for basketball practice and games. Although it is not as prominent as it used to be, the armouries still plays a large part in the life of the community.

THE ENCHANTING SUNSET

by Kevin Crouse '57

One evening, after supper, I went outside and the most extraordinary, unbelievable display of colours was laid before my eyes. The sun was almost hidden from view by the distant hills. The moon was coming up and the distant, tree-covered hills seemed to throw forth a brilliant, red and orange light that looked like an immense forest fire. The blinding red on top of the trees seemed to thin out until it reached the blue of the autumn sky. Then, as I was standing there, enchanted by this beauty, the remaining part of the sun descended behind the hills, and all this outstanding display of Mother Nature's beauty was gone forever.

THE 1951 FASHION SHOW

by Barbara Cooke '53

The Home Economics Classes for the last two years have put on a fashion show, mainly to display to the public some of the work that they do during school hours. The Classes are held in the "Arts and Crafts Building" in Newtown.

If you were to visit one of these classes you would probably hear groans and sighs in all corners of the room. You may hear one of the pupils saying, "My heavens! I have the sleeve sewn in wrong", or "Ouch! I stuck my finger with that old needle." But, after all the mixups and mistakes the Home Ec Teacher finally gets every thing in "tip top" shape.



Finally, while the school term is hurriedly creeping to an end, each student finishes her project, whether it be an apron, a dress or some other article.

However, the time for which each student was busily preparing has arrived. It was definitely not a great Fashion Show, merely the Home Economics Class displaying their various projects that they all had so laboriously worked at.

As they sat patiently waiting to parade across the stage, you could occasionally hear such comments as, "I'm too nervous to go up on that stage," or "My hair's such a mess." Finally each one's turn came and the Fashion Show turned out to be a great success.

The outstanding events of the "Fashion Show of 1951" was the wardrobe that was sent by "McCalls" which was to be modelled by the girls. This wardrobe definitely made the show more colorful and interesting. The show revealed to the audience how useful the Home Economics Course has been to the Academy Students.

The first grade to enter on the stage was Grade VI. This was their first year of Home Economics, so they commenced the course by making white aprons and caps.

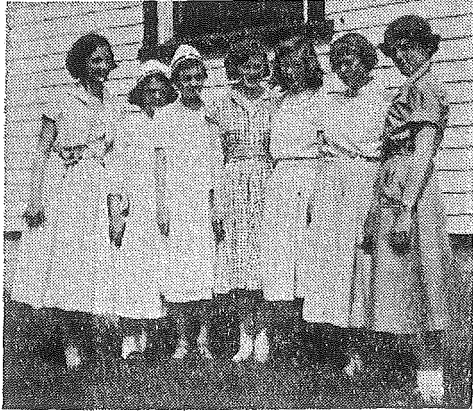
The more advanced Grade Seven followed in pretty cotton skirts. It was their first year of sewing with a pattern, and their happy faces revealed that they were proud of their work.

The success with a pattern for a second year was further revealed by the Grade Eight girls. Naturally, they had tackled a more complicated pro-

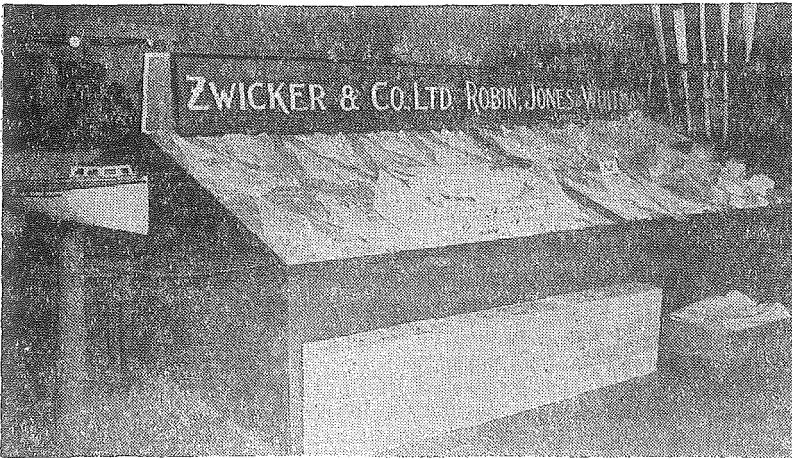
ject, and the results of their cotton blouses told us that they were "born seamstresses"!

The Grade Nine students emerged victorious as they had finally completed a whole dress. It could be seen by their triumphant expressions that the girls were overjoyed with their results. The different materials and patterns gave a wide variety of color and design to the show.

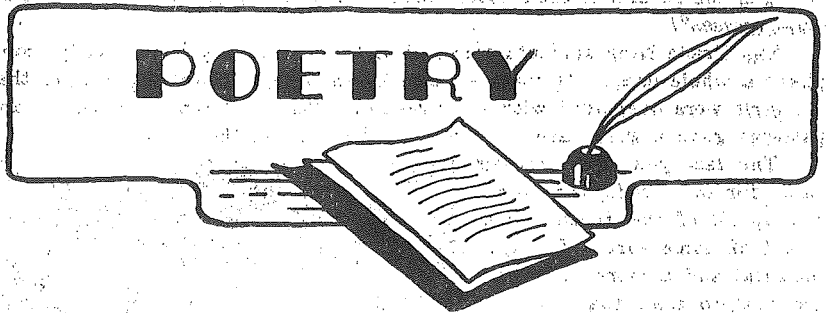
The last year of sewing came for the Grade Ten girls. Mostly all of the dresses consisted of some sort of rayon material and a more complicated pattern than that of the Grade Nine students. Each girl appeared on the stage with an expression of satisfaction. Thus, the girls certainly gave the audience proof that Home Economics was a wonderful course.



In addition to the individual project that the girls modelled, each one had various other projects to make such as scrapbook, pin cushions, aprons, towels and many of the Grade Ten girls made blouses or skirts. After the show, the audience were able to see many of these extra projects for they were displayed on tables in the Assembly Hall. Thus, on the whole, the "Fashion Show" proved to many of Lunenburg's citizens that Domestic Science is a valuable subject.



Fish Exhibit at Nova Scotia Fishermen's Exhibition



A PAUSE

by Barbara Cooke '53

I've stood on the tops of mountains
 And listened to birds on the wing,
 Their cheerful voices lifted
 In honour of God, our King.

I've stood on the tops of mountains
 And watched the sunset die,
 Rich in all the colors
 Of the rainbows in the sky.

I've stood on the tops of mountains
 And thought and thought and thought
 Of all the wonders in this world
 That almighty God hath wrought.

THE OLD FOG HORN

by Dale Schwartz '56

I like to live in Lunenburg
 The place where I was born;
 Where the vessels and draggers go to sea
 And you hear the old fog horn.

It often troubles me at night
 But I know, it must be there,
 For it helps the mariner into port
 To the ones he holds so dear.

Though I may wander far away
 I shall ne'er forget the horn;
 And I'd be happy to return
 To the place where I was born.

TO A CROW

by Sheila Hellstrom

Why do you cringe, lonely crow,
Hunched like a rag on the wire;
Your glossy plumes grayed by the snow
Which beats you, releasing its ire.

Last summer, in June and July,
Your presence struck fear in the breasts
Of small birds, which, hearing your cry,
Flew swiftly to warm, downy nests.

And then, there's the farmer, whose corn
Was planted with back-breaking toil;
You scratched and ate 'til it was gone,
Leaving scarcely a grain in the soil.

You're alone; not a friend in sight
To whom you may turn in your need -
In solitude, ponder you plight,
And humbly repent each bad deed!

MY LITTLE PEST

by Annette Cooke '56

There is someone in our house
Who's such a little pest,
When I sit down to study,
He never lets me rest.

He bangs against my bedroom door
Yelling, "Annette, I wanna come in!"
And of course I can't yell, "Go away!"
For that would be a sin.

And so I open up the door,
While in the room he bounds,
And from then on, believe me,
My head goes round and round.

He pinches me, he tickles me
And even pulls my hair,
And by this time you'll surely know
I'm as cranky as a bear.

In case you've started wondering
Who could be so very bold,
Why, it's my little brother,
Who is only four years old.

DENNY'S TALE

by Edgar Gerhardt '53

Denny was a dachshund,
 He was very, very long.
 At night he sat behind the stove
 And hummed his favorite song.
 He swore he'd join the opera,
 For he thought his voice was fine;
 But when he practised in his dreams
 His master drew the line.
 One night he heard a clatter;
 And then he heard a clash.
 His nose went up, his tail went out,
 His teeth began to gnash.
 Denny howled and howled and howled!
 Was that a burglar there?
 His duty as a watch dog
 Was to give that man a scare.
 Alas, alack, 'twas all for nought,
 'tward nothing but a broom.
 Poor Denny sank onto the floor,
 Engulfed in deepest gloom.
 He'd howled and howled and roared so much
 That now his voice showed strain;
 So Denny hid behind the stove
 Never to sing again.

SCHOOL

by Brenda Tanner '57

From Monday until Friday,
 We have to go to school,
 And listen to our teachers
 Expand the golden rule.
 Each morning when my mother
 Calls, "It is time to rise,"
 I groan and turn around again
 And close my sleepy eyes.
 But when again I hear the call,
 This time, in sterner voice,
 I jump out of my nice warm bed
 And make a little noise.
 I wash and dress and breakfast,
 And slowly start for school,
 Wondering where our teachers
 Ever learned that darn old rule.

CHARLES WILLIAM SILVER, NONAGENARIANby **Gilbert Berringer '53**

Lunenburg's "grand old man" is Charles William Silver, who was born at Lunenburg in 1860 to John and Katherine Silver. Few there are who are unfamiliar with his lean and vigorous figure on the streets.

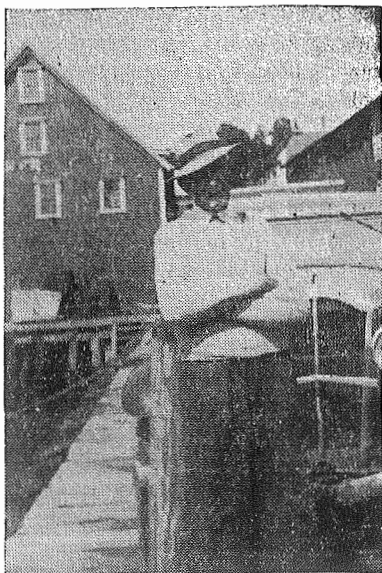
Mr. Silver, one of eleven children, had to leave school at an early age to help his family. While in school, he took an interest in skating and bean sticking. Bean sticking is a game something like hockey in which you wear skates, and use a stick to push a rock instead of a puck along the ice.

He worked first on Eisenhauers' Wharf, which was situated where Adams and Knickle's is today, for two dollars a week. After this he worked for Captain Long, an Englishman, in a lobster factory in one of the buildings of the present Adams and Knickle firm.

After going deep-sea fishing for two years, he went on the steamer "Lunenburg Packet" which was operating along the South Shore. He worked on this steamer for ten eventful years in which he had many experiences.

In 1906 he married Elfreda Whitman and they had two children, Marjorie and William both living at home in Lunenburg. Mrs. Silver passed away in 1952. In 1901 Mr. Silver took up the occupation of ship's carpenter and was employed for thirty-eight years at Smith and Rhuland Shipyards. During Mr. Silver's employment there, he helped construct many ships including the famous "Bluenose, Queen of the North Atlantic." He helped launch his last boat on his eightieth birthday.

For the last twelve years Mr. Silver has been retired. At the age of ninety-two, he still takes his daily walk down town and along the waterfront. Few persons would think that this erect and nimble man was much more than sixty years old.

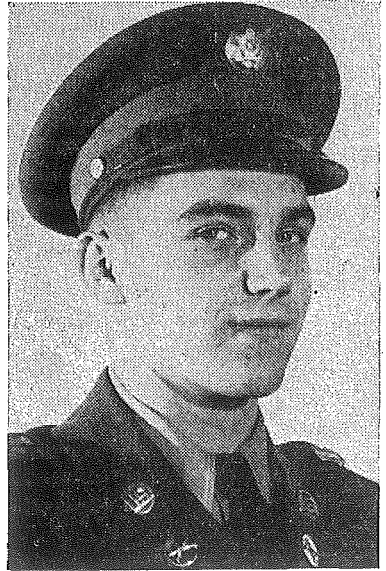


PHILIP TANNER

by Marie Dominix '53

Philip, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Tanner, graduated from the Lunenburg Academy in the spring of 1949. During his High School years, he took an active interest in sports and other extra-curricular activities. Philip was a member of the Nova Scotia Champion Intermediate Basketball Team (Headmasters.)

After graduating, Philip worked for two months at Powers Motors. On August 28, 1949, he went to Boston to join the American Army and took basic training at Fort Dix, N. J. After spending fourteen months there, he was transferred to the Second Infantry Division, Fort Louis, Washington, where he spent five and a half months. He was then sent overseas. His unit stopped at Sasbao, Japan and from there they went to Busan, Korea, arriving there on August 11, 1950.



Phil remained with the Second Signal Co. (Second Division) until July 15, 1951 when he started the long trip back to the States. After spending five days in Japan waiting for a ship, he sailed July 25 on the Pvt. Joe Martinjse. After reaching Alaska, they headed for Seattle, Washington, arriving there on August 7. From there they proceeded and picked up orders for a thirty day furlough. After furlough he returned to Fort Devens, Mass. where he was temporarily assigned to the 624 Q. M. Seventh Co. On December 3 he was permanently assigned to 1013, ASW, at Devens.

We, the students of Lunenburg Academy, wish Philip good fortune at his new post.

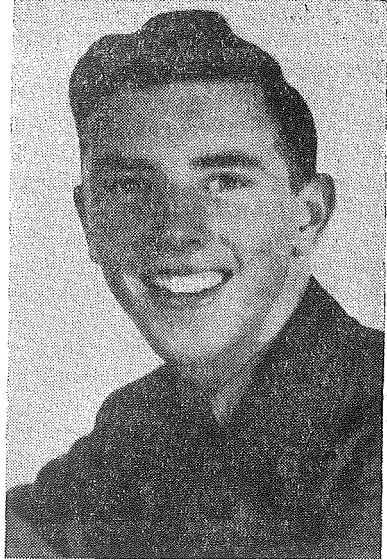
THE SEA GULL
KINGSLEY ELLIS

55

by Ivy G. Daniels '53

Although Kingsley Ellis was just with us four years and received grades VIII to XI at Lunenburg Academy, he is well known in this town. While attending the Academy he took an active part in sport and was a member of the basketball team which in 1949 won the Intermediate Boys Basketball Championship.

On October 3, 1949, Kingsley enlisted in the U. S. Army. He received his basic training at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and later went to engineering school at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. After spending three months at Fort Mason, San Francisco, he was transferred to Japan and later, on November 19, 1950, left for Korea. Kingsley served seven months in Korea with the Second Infantry Division.



On June 16, 1951 he returned to the United States and was stationed at Fort Devin, Massachusetts. Following a short leave Kingsley returned to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, on January 23, 1952, to continue his studies. His friends were pleased to have him in Lunenburg for a short visit following the Christmas Holidays.

REVEREND HARRY JAMES KNICKLE

by Nancy Zinck '55

On September 20, 1900, a son, Harry James was born to the late Charlotte and Alexander Knickle, Blue Rocks, Nova Scotia.

Harry Knickle received his elementary education at the Village School, and finished his public schooling at the Lunenburg Academy in 1917. At the Academy Harry Knickle was always on the Honor Roll, and, for three years, he walked to the Academy from Blue Rocks each day.

On graduating from the Academy, it was Mr. Knickle's desire to take an Arts and Divinity Course at King's College, as he had always wanted to be a Priest of the Anglican Church. At the time, however, this was not financially possible. After taking a business course in Halifax, he went to work in that city. In 1918 he went to the United States and secured a position there, with an exporting firm.



In 1922 Mr. Knickle entered King's College, and graduated in 1926, with a Bachelor of Arts Degree. During the summer vacations of his college life, Mr. Knickle had a rich experience in missionary work. During his second summer vacation, he was sent to a church in northern Saskatchewan, while the next two summers were spent in small churches in Nova Scotia.

At King's College Mr. Knickle played on the Varsity football team; he was president of the Senior Class; and Valedictorian of the graduating class of 1926. After graduation in 1926, Mr. Knickle was sent to take charge of a Mission Church at Wynyard, Saskatchewan. He returned to Boston in the spring of 1927, and went to work there with an Insurance Company, until the autumn of 1927. He then entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was now on the road to the fulfillment of his desire.

Mr. Knickle was recommended to this institution by Rev. F. C. Ward Whate, then vicar of St. Alban's Cathedral and a former rector of St. John's Church, Lunenburg. On the strength of this recommendation, he received a small scholarship for study at the Seminary. Everything was not easy for Mr. Knickle, however, as he did not have sufficient funds to pay all his expenses and sometimes he held as many as three jobs at a time. During his

three years at the Seminary, Mr. Knickle also took graduate work at Harvard University.

In June 1930, he was given a Bachelor of Divinity Degree by the Seminary, and was ordained a Deacon of the church by the Rt. Rev. Samuel Babock, Suffragan Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts.

Upon his ordination to the Diaconate, Mr. Knickle was called to be the Curate of Grace Church, Lawrence, Massachusetts. In the spring of 1931, Mr. Knickle was raised to priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Knox Sherrill, then Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts and now presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church.

In September 1931, he was married to Charlotte Florence Parke, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Parke of Boston, in St. James Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the choice of his bride, he was most wise, as Mrs. Knickle has been "his strong right arm, for the past twenty years."

After serving a year and one-half at Lawrence, under Bishop Heron, Mr. Knickle was called to the assistantship of the parish of St. James, New York City. After serving five years as curate and assistant minister, he was called in June, 1937, to the Rectorship of Grace Church, Plainfield, New Jersey, the largest Episcopal Church in the area, and the third largest in the Diocese of New Jersey. Before going to Plainfield, he was given a Master of Arts Degree, by Columbia University, New York City, where he had been studying in the Graduate School and had finished all his courses for the Doctor of Philosophy Degree.

Mr. Knickle is a member of the Churchman's Association, of New York City; a Trustee of the home for the Aged of the Diocese of New Jersey and a member of the Major Chapter of Trinity Cathedral, Trenton, New Jersey. For the past four years, he has been on the Army and Navy Commission of the Diocese of New Jersey. He has been a member of the Diocesan Foundation and Board of Missions, and was for a year, president of the Minister's Association of the Plainfields, a body composed of thirty-five Protestant ministers. He is a Knight Templar of the Masonic Order, Plainfield, and a member of the Chapter and Blue Lodge of Plainfield.

During the summer of 1950, Mr. and Mrs. Knickle travelled with a group of educators and clergymen, through many European Countries, and attended the Oberammergau Passion Play. He says, "To travel in foreign countries and study the churches of these lands is most beneficial to clergymen and educators. It is too bad that we do not have the opportunity to do our travelling while we are studying at college or the university."

Lunenburg Academy has reason to be proud of a graduate who is such an outstanding citizen devoted to the service of God and his Church.

JANE M. BAILLY

by Ruth Mills '54



Of the many graduates who have left the Lunenburg Academy, one who has distinguished herself has been Jane M. Bailly.

Jane, born in Lunenburg on November 14th, 1923, is the older daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailly. Miss Bailly attended the Lunenburg Academy from which she graduated in 1947, leading her class with an average of 88. In the fall of 1947 she entered Dalhousie University on a "Leonard Foundation Scholarship." She also won an Entrance Scholarship but was unable to accept it.

At the end of the third year Jane won the Sarah Lawson Scholarship in Botany and also won the Ross Stewart Smith Scholarship. During the summer months she worked at Dalhousie as

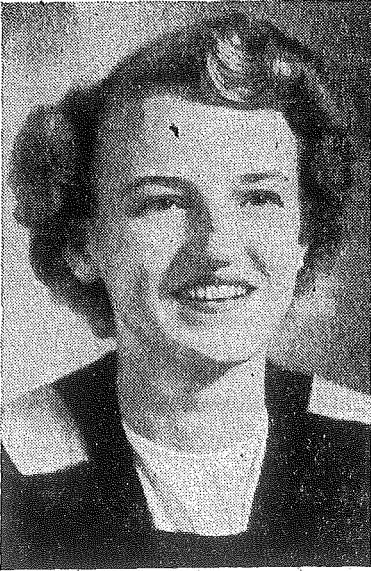
Assistant in Botany. The next two summers Jane worked as a Research Assistant under an N.R.C. (National Research Council) Scholarship. While at Dalhousie she also won a "Silver D," for her work with the Glee and Dramatic Club Chorus.

After four years of studying at Dalhousie she graduated with high honours in Biology and received a University Medal. After graduating she accepted a position with the university as Assistant to the Biology professor. At present Jane Bailly is working as assistant to Doctor Bell who is professor of Botany.

Graduates of the Lunenburg Academy such as Jane reflect great credit on the school. We are all proud of her success in her chosen career, and we wish her happiness and success in the future.

CAROL ZINCK

by Lucille Beck '52



Carol Zinck was one of the 1948 graduating class of L. C. A. That same year she entered Acadia University where, after three years of study, she successfully graduated in 1951 with her B. A. and Diploma in Secretarial Science.

Both at school and college Carol took an active interest in sports and extra curricular activities, as well as being a student.

Each year there are a number of students chosen from the graduating class for their outstanding achievements in various campus and intercollegiate activities. Last year Carol was one of a group of eleven students consisting of nine boys and two girls to be chosen. Her name will long be remembered in Acadia's Hall of Fame for her demonstrated capabilities in athletics and as a student and worker in many phases of campus life.

In addition, Carol was presented with the Gold "A" for her work on the Acadia Year Book, first as 3rd Associate Literary Editor and then as Literary Editor, and earned her Silver "A" as a member of the Varsity Basketball Team. She was one of three girls in 1951 to be awarded the college distinction blazer in athletics for her participation in basketball and ground hockey.

Having successfully completed her studies Carol is now employed with the International Service of the CBC in Halifax. We wish her good fortune in her new work.

HARRY G. HERMAN

by Jane Sterne '53

Son of Mrs. Robert E. Herman and the late Mr. Herman of Lunenburg, Harry Herman was born in 1912. He received his elementary and high school education at Lunenburg Academy. After receiving his high school diploma, he went to Dalhousie University to study Commerce. Not being as fortunate as some, Mr. Herman worked his way through College by doing odd jobs such as shovelling snow and painting.

Harry went to Toronto in 1934 to join A. E. Ames and Son, after he graduated from Dalhousie. When he was in Toronto, he joined the Irish Regiment of Canada and served in Italy and Northwestern Europe from 1942 - 1946. While in the Regiment he was promoted to the rank of Captain.

After returning from overseas, Mr. Herman returned to Ames and Son. In 1947 he was transferred to the Vancouver branch of Ames. A few months ago, a new office was opened at Calgary and he was given the management of this branch.

Mr. Herman is an ardent tennis fan and also loves skiing. He is a member of several clubs and associations, and takes keen interest in youth movements. He married Margaret Brown of Glasgow, Scotland, and they have one son, Robert.

Lunenburg Academy is proud to have Mr. Herman as one of its graduates. May he have every success in the future.



THE SEA GULL
DONALD KNICKLE

61

by Annette Hebb '54



Donald Knickle, son of Mr. Sydney Knickle and the late Mrs. Knickle, was born in Lunenburg on September 2nd, 1923.

He received his early education in Lunenburg Academy. Leaving in grade eleven, he worked in Lunenburg until 1943 when he joined the R. C. A. F. Donald received his wings and Commission as Pilot Officer at Hagersville, Ontario on November 14, 1944.

The following year he returned to Lunenburg Academy and obtained his grade eleven. He entered Acadia University in 1945, and graduated in Applied Science in 1948. Then he studied at the Nova Scotia Technical College until 1950 when he graduated in Mechanical Engineering.

Donald married Josephine Stewart of Reserve, Cape Breton, on January 31, 1949. They have one daughter, Heather Jane.

He is now employed as Maintenance Supervisor with Canadian Industries Limited at Nobel, Ontario.

Donald's hobbies are Photography and Bowling. We of the Lunenburg Academy are pleased to hear that Donald is doing so well.

THE SEA GULL
CARL MILLER

by Ronald Levy '53

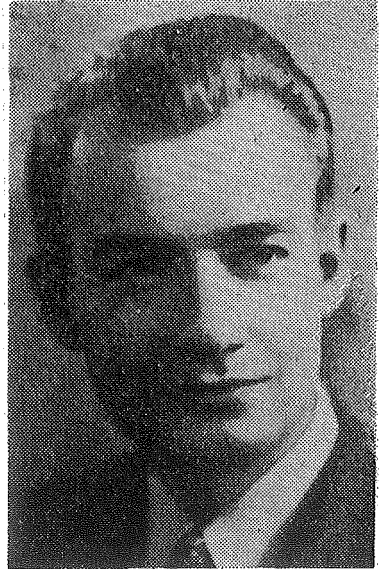
Carl Miller, son of Clara and George Miller, was born on July tenth, nineteen twenty-six. He entered Lunenburg Academy and was keenly interested in all its activities. His major sport was basketball.

After graduating in 1944, he worked in the Lunenburg Foundry for a year refitting naval ships. Deciding to further his education, he entered Maritime Business College in September 1945, and graduated with a Primary Accountancy Diploma in May, 1946. At twenty years of age, he was then engaged to join the teaching staff at the College and taught bookkeeping.

On July 22, of the same year, he left the College and joined the staff of H. R. Doane and Company, a Halifax firm of Chartered Accountants. After being transferred to the Truro branch of his present Company, he became a student of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Nova Scotia. This was the beginning of a five year course from Queens University.

Carl was transferred again in September 1950; this time to the Halifax office where he received more experience in accounting and continued his studies in auditing and taxation. He passed all his examinations and was admitted as a member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in December, 1951.

At present he is continuing his practice with H. R. Doane and Company. We know he will do well in his chosen occupation.



E. FENWICK ZWICKER

by Ronald Levy '52, Patricia Tobin '53

Of the many citizens in Lunenburg, there are a very few who can trace their ancestral relation back to the time when the first settlers from the old country set foot in Lunenburg. Such is the case, however, of Mr. E. Fenwick Zwicker, whose family is steeped in tradition.

He was born in Lunenburg on April 18, 1865, and was a son of the late William Norman Zwicker. His mother was a descendant of United Empire Loyalists who settled at Saint John, New Brunswick. His great-grandfather, Peter Zwicker, came to Lunenburg in 1753 with the first shipment of settlers from Germany. John Zwicker, son of Peter, was the founder of the firm of Zwicker & Company, of which E. F. Zwicker is now president.



Of a family of ten, there are only three surviving members — one son, E. Fenwick Zwicker, and two daughters, Mrs. Fred Primrose of Baltimore and Mrs. Andrew King of Wolfville.

Mr. Zwicker received his basic education in Lunenburg Academy. After completing his studies here, he resumed his education at the Business College in Halifax. Upon finishing this course, he entered the firm of Zwicker & Company, in a junior capacity. From 1904 - 1929 he filled the office of Secretary-Treasurer. Since 1929 he has been President of the Company.

In 1891 he married Miss Ada Elvira Dodge, daughter of William L. Dodge of North Cambridge, Massachusetts. His wife passed away in 1936 at Montreal and was buried at Windsor, N. S. They have one son, F. Homer Zwicker, and one grandson, Sherman Zwicker.

Mr. Zwicker is a regular attendant at St. John's Anglican Church, where he was baptised when an infant and later confirmed. In his early days, he sang in the choir. He was a vestryman for a number of years and later was a warden. The Zwicker pew has been occupied by the family since the time of Peter Zwicker.

Mr. Zwicker was also a very enthusiastic sportsman. His interests varied from golfing to boating. Even in 1951, at the grand old age of 86, he was still playing golf. He was mostly interested, however in water sports. He had his own yacht and sailed frequently on his father's yachts.

Mr. Zwicker is a man of fine character and has always been a well-liked and respected citizen of Lunenburg.

THE SEA GULL
WALLACE KNOCK

by D. Townsend '52

The story of Mr. Wallace Knock is an interesting chronicle of accomplishments, and varied interests during a lifetime of activity. It can be written at the beginning that, after many years of fruitful work, he has retired to enjoy the leisure of an onlooker.

His contact with the sea began at the age of six when he accompanied his mother to the West Indies on the Brigantine Maggie Glenn, with his father, David Knock, as master. Possibly the cargo of fish discharged in Cuba and a reloading with sugar, spelled the commencement of a lifetime of merchandising in the industry for this young lad.



After receiving a message from W. N. Zwicker, he left grade X at the age of thirteen to undertake the job of office and storeboy with Zwicker & Co. Ltd. In the days when mail was brought in by stage coach from Mahone Bay, as office boy, he had to be on the spot around nine o'clock in the evening to get the firm's mail which came from ports all over the world. This he had to deliver personally at Mr. Zwicker's residence. A few years later, they received their mail by daily train service. Plugging at his job wholeheartedly he soon was promoted to general clerk. Not long after this Mr. Knock taught himself to use the typewriter in order to type all correspondence and invoices for the West India shipments which were many in those days. Secretaries, however, soon took his place and he became purchasing agent for the firm. That is, he had to purchase commodities for the store and the vessels of the company. He held this job until his retirement, giving his untiring services for fifty-seven years with the firm.

During his years on the waterfront, Mr. Knock witnessed many improvements in Lunenburg's Fishing Fleet. Perhaps the most important was the changeover from sail to power as with it fresh fishing became more important. Other improvements came in the form of radio, depth sounders, direction finders and loran. Before Mr. Knock's retirement druggers were beginning to supplant the schooners.

Mr. Knock was one of the largest shareholders in the fishing fleet, having interest as well in three and four master schooners. During World War I, he was a partner in the River John Ship Building Company at River John which turned out a number of vessels. One of these was the four master

"Combray." Since that time, Mr. Knock has been a shareholder in the Marine Railway and other local industries. He was one of the original incorporators of the Fisheries Exhibition, and still takes quite a bit of interest in it.

In the year nineteen hundred and thirty, after serving for a number of years as town councillor, Mr. Knock was elected mayor by acclamation. During his term of office he was chairman of the Board of School Commissioners. One of the highlights of his term as mayor was a visit to Lunenburg by the Governor-General and his wife, Lord and Lady Bessborough. At a reception in Jubilee Square, Mr. Knock as mayor had the honor of making the address of welcome, and later they all visited the historical points of interest around Lunenburg.

Mr. Knock is and always was a great lover of music. In his early twenties he played a cornet in both the 75th battalion and civilian bands of the town. He sang in the St. John's Anglican choir for over thirty-five years. In his late forties, he took part in the opera "Fra Diavolo." He had one of the leading singing parts in this opera which was performed in Lunenburg, and also in the Academy of Music at Halifax.

As a lover of sports Mr. Knock took great interest in baseball, hockey and curling. Curling was his favourite sport. He played in the original curling rink which is now at the community centre grounds. His son, Wallace Knock Jr., was a member of the curling team which won the Curling Championship of Canada for 1951.

In addition to his other interests, Mr. Knock has long taken an active interest in Masonry. He holds the 32nd degree and has been Worshipful Master of Unity Lodge, Lunenburg. Older members of the Lodge can remember when Mr. Knock was chairman of the Masonic building when it was under construction. Today he is Past Master of Unity Lodge.

On Sept. 10, 1902 he married Miss Helen Dauphinee, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. William Dauphinee from which union there is one son, formerly mentioned, who was in the air force during World War II, and seven daughters, all living. If this couple live to Sept. 10, 1952, they will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

At the age of seventy, Mr. Knock retired from the staff of Zwicker & Co. Ltd. Now retired for six years he is still in good spirits enjoying his remaining years at home.



RUTHLESS

by Ronald O. Levy '53

Outside, the cold rain had been cutting against the sides of the house and the windows all evening. But now the rain had slackened and there was only the occasional shower. However, the dark, misty fog still hovered low over the city like a huge monster, reaching out and devouring the little warmth from the street lights. Now and then a bolt of lightning flickered only to be followed by loud rolling thunder.

Inside the house, all was bright and cheerful. A small fire was burning slowly in the fireplace. Sara Buchan smiled, for she had just finished lighting the fire. "There, that will take the chill off the house. I hope Greg and Sheila will not stay home tonight on account of the rain." She placed the last log on the fire; then, while doing so, she noticed that it was seven-thirty. Greg and his wife would be there in half an hour to play bridge and her husband was still down in the basement fixing the lock on the basement door.

"Rupert, come up and get dressed, before Greg and Sheila come. It is late, so come on, do you hear me, Rupert?"

"Yes! Yes! I'll be up in a minute," came a hurried reply. After five minutes and no Rupert, Sara decided to go and get him herself. As she opened the door to the cellar she saw her husband lift the cork from a bottle of Bourbon.

"Oh no, you don't! Rupert, you are not going to take a drink before Greg and Sheila come. So you can just put that bottle back on the shelf where it belongs."

"But honey, I was not going to take anything out of the bottle, but instead I was about to put something in." His voice hardened as he spoke. Slowly his hand raised and the contents of a little bottle disappeared in the half-full bottle of Bourbon.

"What did you put in this bottle, Rupert?" Then her eyes caught the label on the bottle, her heart sank, she uttered a scream.

Several times in the past two weeks someone had broken into their basement. However, nothing much of importance or value had been taken. Last evening someone had broken in and escaped with two bottles of whisky. Rupert had not called the police. He decided to take care of matters in his own brutal way. Whoever it was would return again soon, and when he did, how could he resist a bottle of Bourbon, even if it did contain

a little rat poison. For as Rupert argued, anyone who broke into a house and stole was worse than a rat.

"Don't do it Rupert! Throw it away. It will be murder if anyone drinks that."

"Don't be so foolish dear," his harsh voice explained, "One sip of that and anyone will know it is not Bourbon, and will spit it out. It won't kill you, but only make you sick, if you take a sip. And who would be foolish enough to take a sip of that? Anyway, don't be afraid, no one is going to get hurt who hasn't got it coming to him."

It was not good for Sara to argue. It was best to let him have his own cruel way. So she watched him put it back on the shelf beside an empty whisky glass. The bottle and the glass looked so inviting . . .

A few minutes later Greg and Sheila arrived. Rupert had just finished dressing when the bell rang. "Before we start to play bridge I want to show Sheila the new bedroom suite," said Sara, "so Rupert you will have to entertain Greg for a few minutes while we are upstairs."

As Rupert watched them go upstairs, he noticed that the fire was low in the fireplace. "Excuse me a minute Greg while I go downstairs to get some logs for the fire."

A few moments later there was a loud thump from the basement. Rupert's foot had caught on a loose stair pad and he had fallen down the steps, his head hitting the floor.

Several minutes later he began to regain his senses. Greg's strong arms were around him while a kind voice was saying, "That was a very nasty spill you had, but you will be all right. Just knocked the wind out of you. No bones broken. Just relax now. Here, drink this, it will make you feel better!"

Slowly a small whiskey glass was pressed by innocent hands to his lips. Dazed and half-conscious, he drank

THE GOLD MEDALLION

by Sheila Hellstrom '53

Alexander Collingwood leaned back in his deck-chair, and placed the book he was reading across his knees. He was a prosperous-looking widower in his late forties, whose sandy hair was graying at the temples, and whose tanned face was beginning to show lines of age and worry.

The passenger in the next chair and smiled cheerfully. "Beautiful day, isn't it?" he exclaimed.

Collingwood nodded. He had met the man, Blair Harrison, several times during the voyage, and found him good company. Today he was especially glad to see his acquaintance for, somehow, the clear summer weather and sparkling ocean brought back memories he preferred to forget.

Pointing to an article in the newspaper on his lap, Harrison said, "I see they're still hunting for that treasure ship in Ascension Bay - you know the one that was supposed to have caught fire and sunk with all the gold."

"Yes, I know the one you mean, but they'll never find that treasure,"

Alec replied. A sombre look crossed his face, and reaching inside his sport shirt, he showed Harrison a small gold medallion which hung on a chain around his neck. Then, like a man eager to confess a crime, he began:

"My grandfather told me about the ship when I was a small boy and right there I resolved to find it. As I grew older I took up deep-sea diving as a hobby, but never could get enough time off to take the trip. A couple of months ago, a young fellow called Jack and I got some equipment and went down to Ascension Bay.

For days we searched without finding a trace of the ship. We were on the verge of giving up but decided to look around one more day. It was very clear and sunny, much like today, though not as warm. We both climbed down the ladder as we always did, leaving the owner of the boat running the compressor above us.

"The ocean floor was muddy, and sloped down rather steeply for some distance before levelling off. This was deeper than we had ever gone before - in fact, from there the floor seemed to drop abruptly to the bottom of the ocean itself. Well, we stumbled down to the level space and there we saw her!

"She wasn't a big ship as I had expected - just a little sailing vessel. At first we weren't even sure it was the one we were looking for, but we made out the words 'SANTA ROSA' on the bow and that dispelled our doubts. It's no wonder other search parties hadn't found her for she was perched on a ledge under an overhanging cliff which formed a crude hiding place.

"With a rush, Jack scrambled up to the deck while I followed more slowly, clearing his air-line. We had found our treasure at last! There was a chest on the deck which we broke open and found filled with gold coins and medallions. I grabbed a handful, and then moved over to a huge gaping hole in the deck. Jack was pointing to something in the hole - more chests and half-rotten boxes. We could only guess what they held, because the hole was quite deep and we would have to get some equipment before we could go down into its depths.

"I climbed down again to the ocean floor and made my way to the ladder hanging from our boat, but Jack stayed on deck, exploring the ship. Suddenly I heard a faint rumble and saw the vessel sway. Jack made a desperate attempt to get off, but was thrown to the deck as the treasure craft lurched on the rim of the ledge. I stood there gaping and numb with horror as the soft bed rock crumbled, the ship paused for a moment, and then slid to the bottom.

"But through the rising cloud of crumbling rock and mud, I saw a figure shoot to the surface. Jack must have shut the valve in his suit, filling it with air, and cleared the deck before the ship went down.

"The minutes passed with agonizing slowness as I inched my way up the ladder and crawled on deck. The pilot had already pulled Jack, unconscious, out of the water and was working over him. I had been afraid of that when I saw him float to the surface. He was too deep to come up the

way he did safely. The change in pressure caused a severe case of bends."

"So that's why no one will find the treasure," interrupted Harrison. "You should tell the papers what happened. It would make a pretty big story, I think."

"No, they can find it out for themselves. All I have left of that trip is this medallion and I don't want reporters coming around making me dig out memories I'd rather forget. You know, you're the only person besides the doctor who treated Jack who knows this story."

"But what happened to him? Didn't you have to tell his parents what happened?" he asked.

"Jack never recovered from the shock," Collingwood said sadly. He did revive for a short time but when the doctor told him he would never walk again he just gave up. His ashes were scattered over Ascension Bay. As for notifying his parents his mother was dead. You see, Jack was my son."

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN

by Joan Tanner '54

It was a big day for me as I sat in my private office at Bailey's Department Store, gazing out of the window and feeling that a part of the world was mine. At sixty, I could retire and live pleasantly on the savings which I had been building across the years. I could retire to some little town, and live quietly for the rest of my days without considering time or the silk, satin and velvet on the sales sheet!

I began thinking about the time I had just begun working at Bailey's. Yes! even though I had been just twenty, I knew I had possibilities of being a successful saleslady. I knew clothes and fabrics and colours suitable for all kinds of people. Those are the essential things one must know to become successful in the silk department of a large department store!

On that first day, I was busily straightening some rolls of silk when a young lady, not more than two years younger, than I walked in. After looking around, she finally came to me and said:

"Could you select for me a material that would suit and make me look my best. It's for a very special occasion."

I looked at the young woman. She was extremely pretty. I was a plain-looking girl. This young lady had blonde hair and blue eyes, with a tiny mouth turned into a cupid's bow. As I looked at her, I felt some resentment. "After all," I thought, "it isn't fair that one girl should be so much more beautiful than another." But I decided to put the resentment away, and, looking at her, I said:

"I know the material that would suit you perfectly. You need a green, the color of grass in springtime or something that will emphasize the springtime freshness of your face."

I immediately set to work finding the material that would become her. After I had found it, and she was standing by the mirror with the lovely

material draped about her body, I could see she was brimming with happiness.

She decided to take eight yards of the expensive material. During our short meeting, we had told each other our names and become friends in an impersonal sort of way.

After that day, I had not seen Miss Stanley for some weeks until one day, her mother and sister came in the store with her. I could see that they were well-to-do from their appearance. Miss Stanley led her mother and sister over to me. She told her mother that I had a wonderful taste for choosing becoming materials, so she and her mother depended a great deal on my judgment in choosing the materials for her trousseau. She bought yards and yards of silk, satin and lace.

After that day, my boss told me that if I kept on doing such a splendid job, I would get somewhere in Bailey's. This is what I wanted more than anything else in the world. "After all what did life hold in store for a plain girl like me? Love? Laughter? Thrills?" I said to myself. "All these things come last. My career is what really counts."

From time to time, Mary would come in and ask for materials.

"Ida," she would say, "you can help me in choosing the right kind of material I need. I rely completely on your judgment."

She was always over-flowing with happiness. Her blue eyes sparkling, her beautiful face lit up with a glow of complete joy and peace.

Some years later, Mary and I were fast friends. She had a little boy now, and was extremely happy in her married life. I was convinced by now, that I would be a spinster for love just never seemed to come my way.

Then, one day, Mary came into the store, with red rimmed eyes. There was a note of sadness ringing in her voice as she spoke.

"My husband has enlisted in the Army, Ida. I'm so unhappy! I want you to choose me a material that will make a lasting impression on him through the weeks we are to be separated. I want to look stunning on his last night home."

After that day I didn't see Mary for some time. During this time I was busy working myself up to head saleslady of the silk department. I hadn't thought much about Mary until one day her mother came into the store. This time she did not want to buy a bright exciting material but a black. She said it was for Mary. Black for Mary? Since when - and then I stopped wondering when Mary's mother exclaimed:

"Mary's husband has been killed in action."

I had only seen Mary's husband twice. He had been a pleasant man, and had given Mary everything she wanted.

Mary had often come to me with her problems, and I had always tried to help her. Then one day Mary came with the news that her son Doug had enlisted. Mary took it calmly.

Mary was no longer rich for her finances had dwindled, because she helped her parents who were now on the verge of bankruptcy. While Doug was overseas, Mary came in now and then. She could no longer afford to

buy expensive materials, but she would buy at sales. We often dined together at my lunch hour. Then, one day disaster struck at Mary again. Doug was killed. Now she seemed to sink deeper and deeper into a shell. Now, I saw her less frequently. Now and then, she would stop by to see me; she was no longer the beautiful girl I had once met. She seemed to be aging rapidly - too rapidly. She was going down the ladder, step by step while I was ascending. I now had an office of my own and money in the bank.

"Oh! Mary," my heart seemed to say, "let me help you."

But Mary didn't want to accept any help.

I stopped gazing out of the window, and I decided to forget Mary for the time being and do some work. Goodness knows I had enough to do! I was signing some papers when I was interrupted by a knock at the door. It was Madge, my secretary. She said that Mary wanted to see me in my office - privately. Strange! Mary very rarely wanted to see me in my office.

I walked swiftly to the door and opened it for Mary to enter. She was fifty-eight now and to my surprise and delight, she seemed to be bubbling with happiness as when I had first met her. I resumed my seat behind my desk while Mary seated herself in the old leather chair.

"Ida," she said, "I shall come right out with it. Will you give me a job? Please don't look so surprised, I mean it! I'm not so hard up that I must work. It's just that I want to work. I want to be part of the world; and feel that I'm part of it by doing something useful. I know that I'm certainly not ready to creep in my rocking chair, and sit there to spend the rest of my days. Will you give me a job?"

This was Mary! This was the woman who had just today cracked the shell in which she had been embedded. I, who was now sixty, was just today contemplating the idea of retiring. I thought I was old enough to creep into my rocking chair but Mary made me see the light and I answered her:

"Yes, Mary, I'll be glad to give you a job."

Sixty years old, forty years of striving and saving. I had thought life was all over but it wasn't. At fifty-eight, Mary's life was just beginning, but at sixty, I, Ida Thisby, was ready to close mine. I could still sort and rearrange and solve the multitudinous problems of the day, week and month. I could still give Bailey's the best of my knowledge, judgment and ability. I thought almost whimsically, "I ought to buy myself a birthday present. What shall it be? Maybe I'd better settle for a new alarm clock!"

A SAD MEMORY

by Lucille Beck '52

Joan sat gazing through the window at the cloudy sky as she had done so often lately, and as usual her thoughts drifted back to the happy and yet bitter memory of that summer day she wanted to forget.

It was a beautiful, cloudless, warm day, just right for a ride to the beach. Bruce had called before she was out of bed, and had left instructions for her to make a lunch and be ready by ten.

She had just finished packing the last sandwich when she heard the roar of his motorcycle. It had always excited her, and set all the neighbours looking out of the window.

She could still remember the first day he came for her with it. Everyone was shocked to see the nice Randall girl going on that horrible machine. They were getting used to it by now, but they still watched them leave.

The motor seemed to have a different noise today as though it were telling her to hurry because summer was getting short, and there weren't going to be many more days like this. How true that thought was now, but at the time she hadn't known its true meaning.

"Hi Bruce," she called, "beautiful day for a picnic."

"Hi Joan," he said and gave her his usual warm smile. "Climb aboard and we'll get started."

"Ready?" he always asked before they started.

"Ready," she replied with a gesture of her hand and they were off.

They waved to everyone they knew on the streets as they sped along until they were finally out on the highway.

Joan was always thrilled, sitting behind Bruce's square shoulders with the breeze blowing her hair into tangles. "What a perfect day this is," she thought to herself, and was ready to yell it to Bruce. Then she remembered that he probably wouldn't be able to hear her anyway.

The beach was lovely that day; there weren't as many people there as usual, and the tide was at its lowest.

They hurried to get into their swim suits, and raced into the white foam that formed when the waves broke. Farther and farther out they swam until exhausted they floated on their backs and looked into the clear blue above.

After a rest, they swam back to the beach and tanned in the lovely summer sun.

"I'm hungry," announced Bruce, "how about some food to give a fellow some strength."

"Okay, it's time to eat now anyway," answered Joan.

The food always tasted better to them outdoors than in the house. They ate until every morsel was gone.

"You're some good cook," teased Bruce. "I could eat more of those delicious sandwiches you put together. What do you put in them that makes them click?"

"Oh, just some stuff you buy in the grocery store. It's amazing what

good stuff they mix up nowadays," she replied as though she had nothing to do with their flavour.

Joan and Bruce never talked much when there were better things to do; and so they enjoyed the sun and water for the rest of the afternoon without much conversation. This was one of the things that held them together through the summer.

But as all days do, this happy one came to an end and it was time to start back if they wanted to make it in time for supper.

On the way home an uneasiness began to creep over Joan as Bruce went faster and faster.

"Not so fast Bruce, my foot scraped on the last corner," yelled Joan in an attempt to make him slow down. But he didn't hear.

Then they came to a sharp corner. As if compelled, Joan leaned the wrong way and she felt herself being hurled through space. Then everything went black.

Just then Joan's mother called to her from the kitchen, and she was brought back to reality. "Joan, there's someone on the phone who wants to speak to you," said the cheery voice.

Feebly Joan got up to answer it. Her bruises still hurt her but her broken arm didn't pain anymore. She was thankful for that much anyway.

"Hello, Joan Randall speaking."

"Hello Joan, this is Bruce, how about going to a movie tonight?"

"But you know I can't go. Mother won't allow me to go with you until you sell your motorcycle," she replied slowly.

"Oh that! Well you can tell your mother she doesn't have to worry any more. I sold it and got enough money to pay my tuition fees for college. No more hot rods for me, I want to live a little while longer."

"Me too," was the reply, "I'll tell mom. See you at seven."

Joan hung up the phone. Somehow she didn't hurt so much now. She even smiled as she thought of how they would look walking down the street each with his arm in a sling and limping a bit so people would stop and stare.

OPERATION DUMB-BELL

by David Lohnes '52

A group of young soldiers gathered around the bulletin board in their barracks. Various groans and howls arose as they digested the contents of a notice.

"Twelve mile route march, August seventh. ●overnight. Full battle order," read a section leader.

"Oh, no. My aching back." Three figures turned away, thrust their hands into their pockets and groaned.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching." The singer broke off, choking on a mouthful of pillow and number nine boot.

"You take his head Woody. I'll take his feet," said the leader, while

the third held the pillow in their struggling victim's mouth. They marched triumphantly into the wash-room, dumped their burden into a shower, turned on the cold water, and looked with satisfaction upon his bedraggled condition. Then they turned and sauntered back towards their beds.

The morning of the seventh dawned grey, and, as usual, chilly, as the Orderly Sergeant's whistle shrilled. First number one platoon sprang into action, slamming down windows in a vain attempt to shut out the six o'clock air, then two platoon got into action, and finally three platoon, one hundred and twenty soldiers eager to go. What's this! There were one hundred and twenty minus three soldiers eager to go. Three inert shapes were still reclining in the comfort of dreamland. The sergeant's whistle blasted out a warning. Our three heroes, Sandy Christie, Jimmie MacMasters, and Colin Wood, opened their eyes, shut them and returned to their slumber.

"Come on, you block-heads, get up," growled the orderly. A rebellious, but muffled reply came from one of the shapes.

"I'll be back in ten seconds," said the sergeant. "If you're not up by then you'll be scrubbing floors with a toothbrush."

The three figures popped up, scrambled to the nearest windows and slammed them down. Then they turned to the more serious business of getting ready in time.

Immediately after breakfast (bacon and eggs) the trio returned to barracks with the rest of the company and proceeded to load on their packs.

"Oh, oh, here comes Sergeant Branton," said Colin, as a tall paratrooper, wearing the badge of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, or as Christie called them, "Ping-Pong Champions of Long Island," strode through the doorway.

"Come on, get outside," he roared, in no uncertain tones. The platoon, wearing packs, shuffled outside. They fell in and then stood quietly.

"At-ten-shun," roared the sergeant. They snapped to attention as smartly as the Grenadier Guards. Then, "Christie! Don't look at me, I'm not Betty Grable. Get your eyes to the front." He then proceeded to march them to the parade square, where the other two platoons were already formed up. As they approached the edge of the square the sergeant yelled, "Swing your arms. Higher."

"Blast his nasty, pale-green soul," muttered Christie under his breath. Finally, after all the formalities were over the company marched through the gates. They were on the way.

Some thirty minutes, three thousand steps, and countless grumbles later Colin said, "I feel like a blooming camel."

However, the torture was finally over and at noon the destination was reached. It was then that Woody discovered that they had made a great circle and were only four miles from camp.

He wailed, "They can't do this to me. I'm going to write to parliament."

"Can't they?" replied Jimmie, sarcastically. "Go over and tell Branton that."

"You'd like to see my head knocked off wouldn't you?" retorted Woody.

THE SEA GULL

"Wouldn't be a bad idea. Then you couldn't go around scaring people," replied Jimmie.

They spent the afternoon digging slit trenches. Said Christie, "I don't see why we have to hide the ground in the bushes. Why don't we just dig a hole and bury it?" Woody threw his shovel at him.

After supper Lieutenant Porter, the platoon commander, called the sections around him. He then explained the manoeuvre. "This platoon will be the attacker. The enemy, numbers one and two platoons, will be entrenched somewhere up in the woods. The object will be to capture a number of the enemy, then withdraw. It will be dark so you'll have to stick closer together than in the daytime. You'll be issued with blank ammunition at the truck. That's all."

"As simple as that," said Jimmie.

"Come on Jimmie," said Woody. "Let's get our ammo. Some fun."

The three walked to the truck where they were given two hundred rounds apiece. Then they returned to their own section and waited until they were called again.

At nine o'clock a whistle shrilled. Number three platoon was soon gathered around Lieutenant Porter.

"Okay boys, the signal has just been given," he said. "They're in the woods. Make this look good. The new camp commandant, Colonel Windell, is here."

Our three heroes moved through the darkness with their section. They were at the extreme right wing of the attack. Because they knew the enemy was at some distance the platoon moved rapidly at first, but, as they drew nearer the woods, they became more cautious. Suddenly a mortar belched. Everybody hit the ground. Then there was a slight pop as the case burst open. The empty casing whistled to the earth with a vicious thump. High above the ground the flare floated, suspended from a small parachute. The flare shed a weird light over the whole area, then it flickered and died out. The platoon bounded to its feet and moved forward. The mortar up ahead roared again. Christie rammed his nose deeper into the ground and blessed the enemy mortarmen with "Blast their nasty, pale-green souls." The empty bomb-casing buried itself into the ground. Woody shivered and said, "I wish I had my tin hat on."

Jimmie whispered, "I wish my skull was thicker."

Suddenly a shot broke the silence of the night. Reports followed like an avalanche on a tin roof. Flares were now going up continuously. Woody, Christie and MacMasters wiggled towards the right where a fringe of trees marked the edge of the river. Flashes lashed out of the blackness ahead.

Woody whispered, "They're about a hundred yards away." They reached the trees and waited. Behind them was the shining ribbon of slowly moving water.

"It looks as though they're up against the river," said Jimmie. "Come on, we'll wade across and get behind 'em. Holding their rifles high they started across.

They reached the far bank and crawled to a point about twenty yards

behind the line of flashes that marked the enemy's position. Then they recrossed the stream. Cautiously they squirmed up the bank and surveyed the situation. Suddenly they saw a figure standing almost immediately in front of them.

"There's our prisoner," whispered Christie.

"You take his legs, Christie. I'll take his middle. You take what's left, Woody," instructed Jimmie. "Ready? Now!" The three launched themselves forward, like comets. Their victim toppled like a pole-axed elephant. A few choked gasps oozed out of him.

"Sit on his head, Woody," grunted Jimmie. Quickly they tied their victim's hands. A muffled jumble of words came from the prisoner. "What's this?" he gasped.

"You're our prisoner," they replied.

"I'm the Colonel," he grunted.

"If you're the Colonel, I'm General MacArthur," said Jimmie from his perch on the struggling man's back.

"Keep quiet or I'll ram my boot down your throat," growled Woody, bouncing up and down on the prisoner's head.

"Make him keep quiet," said Jimmie.

"Stuff your hat in his mouth," said Christie.

Woody proceeded to do just this with great relish.

"Too bad it isn't my tin one," he said. Grasping his arms, Jimmie and Christie guided him along, while Woody walked behind, jabbing him in the most appropriate place with his rifle, plus bayonet. They dragged him through the river without mercy. Then they made a wide detour and reached the safety of their camp. They dragged him up to the headquarters area, where they procured a light. Jimmie turned slowly. They flashed the light on their prize, starting at his boots, moving upward to his shoulders. His shoulders! On them gleamed a golden crown and two pips.

"Ye Gods, it is the Colonel!"

* * * * *

Three very shaky and awed privates were ushered into an awful presence, the Colonel's. He rose, looked them over, returned the salute, then said, "Oh yes, my captors. There are several points I'd like to bring up."

They remained mute. Then he said, "First, when someone says he is the colonel, you don't impersonate a general. There's a law against that, you know, young man."

"Yes sir," gulped Jimmie weakly.

Furthermore, young man," he said, looking at Woody who shivered in fear, "you don't sit on a Colonel's head. He might bite."

And now let us draw the curtain on this rather painful scene.

GOD'S WILL BE DONE

by Patricia Tobin '53

Ricky Hayes sat by the window watching the snowflakes tap gently on the window-pane. They seemed to come like fascinating, dancing fairies out of the land of "Make Believe," and his imagination was working overtime as he thought what he would do if he were out there, dancing and playing with them. He saw his best friend, Tommy, pass by on his way to school with an armload of books.

For the past two months Doctor Barnes had been examining the boy, and the day before, he had told Mrs. Hayes that Rickey had only two more weeks to live, for his heart disease was incurable.

Ricky did not fully understand his mother's sudden attentiveness or the sadness in her eyes, but he knew there was something wrong and several times he confronted his mother with questions concerning his own health. To answer soothingly but yet satisfactorily, his mother had had to choke back the tears which almost drowned her clear blue, innocent eyes, and to force a smile past the corners of her pale lips.

For the last two months she had been trying to hide the pain she had felt for she had resolved if Ricky did die, he would die a happy death. She and Ricky had always been so close; too close in fact, for it would seem as if the whole world were tumbling about her if he should die. But deep in her heart she had a feeling that he wouldn't die and it was this spark of hope that encouraged her.

The loss of her husband in a tragic air accident a year ago had been the cause of a nervous breakdown from which she had not yet fully recovered. To lose Ricky too - the thought was too much to bear.

By this time the whole village was feeling sorry for both Ricky and his mother. They seemed to share part of her unhappiness for she was not the only one in this unfortunate village to lose beloved ones. Her dearest friend, Molly MacLeod, had lost her only son in a car accident a few years before, and it was she who gave Rickey's mother the most comforting advice at this trying time.

The days passed by quickly for Ricky for there seemed to be no end to the fruit, candy, and story books which friends sent him. He was particularly fascinated by a set of nature stories Tommy brought to him. He would sit hours on end looking at the pictures and gaining from them all the knowledge his small mind could hold. He was really very brilliant for his eight years and older people often marvelled at the intelligent questions he asked.

The day ending the two week period finally arrived. Ricky was in extra good spirits that morning and for a time his mother felt that everything would be all right. She had kept very near him all day and told him often that she loved him. After supper they went into the living-room where Mrs. Hayes read Ricky one of his favorite stories. When the clock on the living-room wall struck seven-thirty, she realized it was Ricky's bedtime.

They "carried on" all the way up the stairs and when Ricky was

finally undressed and ready to be tucked in, a rather puzzled look came to his face. He hadn't realized it, but his mother was fully aware of what that day meant for him.

"Mommy . . .", Ricky was not able to finish before his mother was saying softly,

"Hush, now. Say your prayers and I will answer all your questions tomorrow morning.

He seemed satisfied and she "tucked him in" with a kiss, tiptoeing gently from the room after he had wandered into dreamland.

Next morning, bright and early, Ricky's mother called to him that it was time to be getting up. He usually replied to her first call, but when he did not answer a second time, a sudden shot of panic raced through her body. She realized now that everything was not all right and quickly mounted the steps to Ricky's room. He lay there, silent, just as when she had "tucked him in." She stopped short for a moment, then raced to the bedside, falling there sobbing blindly.

"Ricky, Ricky, answer me. Oh, God, he's dead, he's dead."

Her whole brain was a whirlpool of confusion.

"Oh, please dear God, bring him back," she cried frantically.

There was a silent funeral. Ricky's mother felt sure now that it was God's will and that Ricky had a secure, happy home in Heaven.



CHRISTMAS CONCERT
Ballet Number
Miss Leslie Ann Thomas

SOUTH SHORE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL TRACK MEET FOR THE YEAR 1951

by Barbara Falkenham '54



Our Junior High Track Team was trained under our Community Centre Director, Mr. Cliff Seaver, during our physical education periods and for several weeks after school. The fine showing of every contestant was a credit to our school and the coach. The Track Meet took place at Bridgewater the first Saturday in June, under the supervision of Mr. Boyd Barteaux, Principal of Bridgewater High School.

At nine o'clock Saturday morning, we left by bus for Bridgewater. Before we departed, Mr. Seaver told us we were to bring home the cup. We thought this was a rather large order, knowing that it had been held by Liverpool for the past six years. However, we all did our best, and the "Ernst Trophy" was brought to Lunenburg!

Lunenburg won with a total of 142½ points. Points for the other teams were: Liverpool 134½; Lockeport Rural High 88; Bridgewater 78; Chester 20; New Germany 6. We won 59 per cent of the total possible points, and 31 of the 33 Lunenburg contestants placed among point winners. In 12 events Lunenburg girls captured 77 points, while the balance of 65½ points were won by the boys in 15 events.

The Lunenburg Boys Point Winners were Richard Westhaver 12½; Joe Gaulton 10½; Alvin Ansty 8½; David Dauphinee 7½; Loren Wile 5; Franklin Falkenham 4½; Leroy Walters 4½; Clarence Schwartz 4; Lloyd Mosher 2; Walter Nowe 2; Warren Zwicker 1½; Eugene Schwartz 1½; Vincent Baker 1½; David Mosher ½.

The Girls Point Winners were: Clara May 9½; Mary Lou Langille

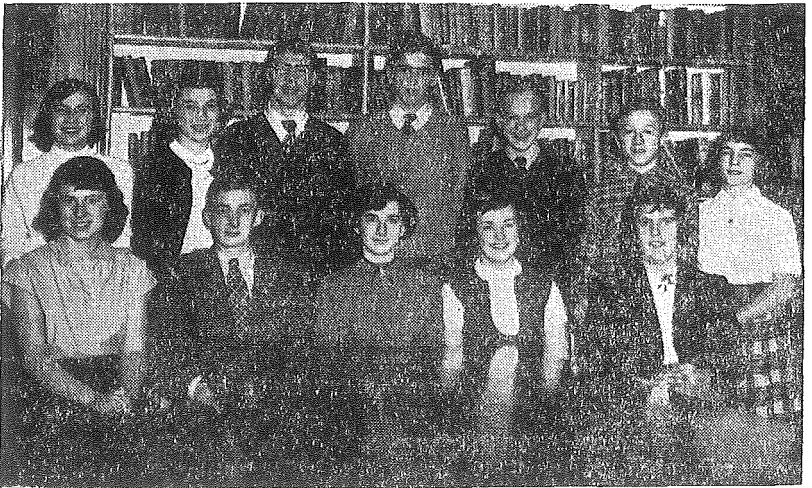
8½; Margaret Deal 7½; Jackie Tobin 6½; Nancy Zinck 6½; Barbara Falkenham 6; Anita Emeneau 5; Patsy Corkum 5; Lucille Demone 4; Jean MacCarthy 4; Janet Crouse 3; Ruth Mills 2½; Betty Lohnes 2½; Shirley Tanner 2½; Rhoda Hannams 2; Glenda Hall 1; Bernice Walters 1.

Other members of the team were Marion Iversen and Jeanette Walters. Spares; Ann Lynch, Sandra Corkum, Gretchen Demone, Charles Uhman. Aubrey Burns, a regular member of the team, was unable to take part because of illness.

One of the highlights of the "Meet" was the high-jumping of Currie Hubley of Bridgewater High who broke his previous record by clearing the bar at 5 feet 2 inches, to establish a new mark. Another highlight of the day was the finish of the Class C (Girls 440 Relay. The runners doing the last 110 yards picked up the baton at the same time, but the Liverpool girl edged ahead, and held the lead to within a few yards from the finish line. Then Mary Lou Langille came from behind hitting the tape 3 feet ahead to win the event.

Richard Westhaver of Lunenburg and Donald Peach of Liverpool were awarded silver cups for highest individual points in the boys group, while Mary White of Liverpool won the cup in the girls class.

After the Meet a dance was held in the Bridgewater High School for all the members of the different teams. Everyone had a wonderful time and enjoyed the kind hospitality of Bridgewater. At 10:30 Lunenburg left for home. The boys and girls of the Lunenburg Track Teams were very proud to bring the cup to Lunenburg.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

Front Row—B. Dauphinee, E. Gerhardt, M. Demone (President), P. Tobin, A. Hebb.

Back Row—G. Demone, M. Langille, W. Zwicker, D. Mosher, L. Van der Zwan, K. Crouse, C. Cook.

BICYCLE TOUR OF THE ANNAPOLIS VALLEY

by Betty Dauphinee '53, Sheila He lstrom '53

With mixed feelings we rode to the Windsor Community Centre, and suddenly a professional-looking figure on a ballooned-tired bicycle whizzed passed us. By the duffle bag fastened securely on the back of her bike, we realized that she would be one of our companions on the tour. Would such an expert condescend to ride with us? The offers of certain Windsor small fry to follow us with an ambulance certainly didn't boost our confidence. Gradually other members of the group arrived at the Centre



and, after being divided into cooking and clean-up patrols, we were on our way for "Clifton", former residence of Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick." There we saw many interesting items such as a bed in which six children could sleep and a very beautiful tree of life made of shells.

After having dinner at "Clifton," we set out on the first lap of our journey. The Inspector of Schools for Hants County gave us an official send-off and as we crossed the bridge over the Avon River, we encountered a brief, but heavy shower of rain. On reaching Grand Pre we visited the Memorial Park and then went to the Canadian Youth Hostel. That night we fell asleep to the tune of "Will Your Anchor Hold?" sung by certain enthusiastic Baptists, and the squeaking of a hammock occupied by our professional friend.

The next morning we left Grand Pre for Wolfville in the face of a cool breeze. During a brief stop there, we visited the Acadia University campus and then started for Blomidon. The ride through this section of the Valley was extremely beautiful with excellent roads which ran downhill most of the way through Port Williams and Canning. Then came a change! We were now on a gravel road and were beginning the longest two miles of our lives. Slowly we began the exhausting climb up Cape Blomidon and when we did come to a downgrade, we found that we had to pump it! Was it a Magnetic Hill? For what seemed like hours we toiled upward and finally reached the top. We thought we had had hard going, but later it was found that one member of the group had plodded up the two miles with the brakes of her English bicycle securely clamped on the rear wheel. Once on top the view from the Look-Off was magnificent. One of our sun-bathing enthusiasts took full advantage of the high altitude and would not let so much as the shadow cast by a blade of grass mar her suntan.

We rose early Wednesday morning, looking forward to the long, hard

ride to Margaretsville on the Bay of Fundy. The day proved uneventful as we slowly pushed over the gravel roads through Centreville, Billtown, Welsford and Welton. We noticed that although we very frequently pumped uphill, we never seemed to coast down the other side. By mid-afternoon everyone began to feel the effects of the long pull. No one seemed to know how many miles it was to Margaretsville for upon inquiring at a farmhouse, the village was said to be ten miles away, while a mile farther on, the distance was given as fourteen miles. After slowly wending our way up Bishop's Mountain, we thoroughly enjoyed the long coast down to the shores of Fundy where food awaited us like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Through the kindness of three Middleton families who donated their private cottages for the use of the group, the tired cyclists spent a very pleasant, though rather rainy, night in Margaretsville.

The next morning the strain of a forty-one mile ride showed its effects as the girls stiffly mounted their bikes and started for Middleton - our first stop for the day. Here we became acquainted with the 'Hootch', a mysterious but delicious concoction from the drug store soda fountain. After being considerably refreshed, we continued on our way toward Annapolis, travelling smoothly over the beautiful paved highway which we had so greatly missed during the past two days. Early in the afternoon we visited the Bridgetown Coco-Cola plant where, to our delight, we received free samples of their product. When we reached Annapolis, a group of girls who later provided our supper conducted us to the Community Centre. Here we were to spend the night upon tumbling mats on the gymnasium floor. We had arrived at Annapolis too late to see all of Fort Anne before closing time and in the evening the girls decided against taking a seven mile ride over rough roads to the Port Royal Habitation. However, we had an enjoyable time with the Annapolis girls who made us feel very much at home. That night we were rather uncomfortable, for tumbling mats are by no means soft. But this didn't seem to bother two of our friends who entertained those who were still awake with a charming duet of soprano and alto snores.

The group had been looking forward to the long coast down from the cape, but the roads left much to be desired. Instead of gliding smoothly over the surface, our bicycles bounced merrily from rock to rock. On this road we met a fine black and white dog who began to follow us in spite of all our efforts to chase him home. During the following days he became our mascot and faithful companion. The day had been hot and gratefully we arrived at our quarters for the night - St. Joseph's Catholic Youth Camp at Medford. There we went back to our childhood days and played on the teeters and swings. That night we retired to our double-decker bunks earlier than usual in preparation for the long ride the next day.

Friday morning saw an eager group of girls set out for Greenwood. Crossing the bridge over the Annapolis River we travelled along the gravel road to Bridgetown and, on reaching the main highway, started once more through the beautiful Paradise Valley. The morning showed that we were getting more experienced as we reached Middleton by noon.

Since we were already so near our day's destination and had time to spare, we were taken on a tour of the modern Middleton Rural High School by a cyclist from that town. We thanked our lucky stars that we were on the trip, for the students were just settling down to write their Provincial examinations.

After a pleasant ride we turned off the main highway at Kingston and were soon at the Greenwood Air Station where we were delayed at the gate until the Royal Canadian Air Force officials checked to make sure everything was in order. Then we were led to the base hospital which was to be our quarters for the night. Much to our surprise and delight we found a bus waiting to take us to supper at the Combined Mess Hall. Following the meal we were escorted on a conducted tour of the airport where we learned much about the Air-Sea Rescue operations of the Air Force. While visiting the Control Tower we saw four naval training planes take off below us and heard the instructions given over the Inter-Com. The tour closed with a call at the Meteorologist's office where we were given a brief summary of that gentleman's work and a weather forecast for the last day of our trip. The bus whizzed us away again - this time to the base theatre to see free movies. Following the show we visited the dance hall. The orchestra was just tuning up for the regular Friday night dance but, as we had to ride to Kentville the next day, we were not permitted to stay. However, rumour has it that certain leaders broke their own orders after lights out.

In the morning the bus was again waiting to take us to breakfast at the Mess Hall. Here we had a wonderful time keeping a long line of hungry airmen waiting while we played with the toasters. A little later we sadly left Greenwood on the last lap of our journey. At Kingston we also said good-bye to the dog which we had met at Blomidon. We had left him at Middleton when he got a sore paw and couldn't follow us to Annapolis, but he had begun to trail us again when we passed through Middleton the second time.

A short distance from Kingston we stopped at the Annapolis Valley Peat Moss Company where our professional friend again came into the limelight. She actually convinced one of the girls that she was eating and enjoying small pieces of peat moss. Of course she was only pretending, but the other girl, completely fooled, really did taste it. By her facial expression we knew that peat moss would never make a table delicacy. We reached Waterville in time for dinner and said good-bye to three of the girls who left for their homes on the noon train. Our group a little smaller, we rode to Coldbrook and paid a short visit to a large, modern farm where some of the girls went swimming in a fine pool on the lawn.

Soon we were on our way again. After a short ride, we arrived in Kentville and rode in single file through the town to the railroad station. Here we sadly said farewell to our travelling companions and the three leaders - Freda Wales, Barbara "Toni" Fry, and Florence "Bow" Bohaker. Through six days and one hundred ninety miles they had given their guidance to the twenty-two girls who were chosen for the tour, and we looked forward to meeting them again on another bike trip. This tour was the first to be organized by the Department of Public Health and we certainly hope it will herald many more.

SPORTS

by Gilbert Berringer '53, Geraldine Corkum '53

CURLING

The L. C. A. curling season started in January. There were only nine boys who turned out for the team with the majority of them throwing their first stones this year. The team played its first game of the season in Halifax on January 26 against St. Mary's, with the latter winning 17 to 7. The boys then settled down to harder practices. A team representing L. C. A. was entered in the Nova Scotia School Boys' Bonspiel held in Halifax on February 7, 8, 9. The Lunenburg team was eliminated after the first day of play, losing to St. Patrick's 9 to 4 and to Pictou 10 to 6. After this the boys hung up their brooms for the season.



HIGH SCHOOL CURLING TEAM

G. Berringer, J. Ritcey, E. Allen, R. Parks.

BASKETBALL

Basketball got under way in November 1951. Several exhibition games were played with both the Girls' and Boys' Town Teams. L. C. A. basketball teams played their first outside game in Halifax on February 2nd when L. C. A. took their teams to Halifax to play Q. E. H. S. The latter won all of them. On February 9, L. C. A. was host to two Dartmouth basketball teams with L. C. A. being victorious in both games. The following week Q. E. H. S. visited Lunenburg with Q. E. H. S. again winning all the games. Two L. C. A. teams invaded Dartmouth on February 23 with L. C. A. being successful in both games. During the next week two girls teams and a boys team went to Bridgewater to play B. H. S. with L. C. A. winning the games. The return games with B. H. S. were played the following week in Lunenburg, and L. C. A. was again victorious in all the games. This finished all exhibition games until after the Headmasters' Play-offs were completed.

The Headmasters' Play-offs were arranged differently this year, with a tournament being played in Bridgewater on March 7, 8. Lunenburg, Liverpool and Bridgewater were entered in this tournament with the winners advancing further in the Headmasters' Play-downs. This was a round robin series which the Lunenburg teams came out undefeated.

The scores of the games were:

Lunenburg (Girls) 23 - Bridgewater 10.

Lunenburg (Girls) 10 - Liverpool 7.

Lunenburg (Boys) 34 - Bridgewater 27.

Lunenburg (Boys) 24 - Liverpool 17.

On March 15, Liverpool Junior teams visited Lunenburg with the L. C. A. girls losing and the boys winning.

Our Intermediate Girls' Basketball team lost both inter-zone games with Lockeport Rural High School. The Boys' Intermediate Team won both games with the Yarmouth Consolidated High School. Then they travelled to Yarmouth where they won the provincial championship by defeating Colchester Academy, Digby Rural High School, and New Waterford.

HOCKEY

The first High School hockey game of the year was an exhibition game played with one of the Arena teams, the score being 6 - 1 for the school.

A series of games were played with Chester. They won first game with a score of 5 - 3.

In the next game the Academy met Blue Rocks, and defeated them 8 - 0.

Another of the game series with Chester was played next with a tie score 3 - 3.

An exhibition game was played with Bridgewater. They were victorious by a score of 6 - 0.

The High School played Chester again to make the third game of the series. They came up as before with a tie score of 2 - 2.

Bridgewater and Lunenburg High went next to battle out the first of the play-off games. The Academy was defeated by a score of 4 - 2.

The following game was played with a Town Team. They tied with a score of 9 - 9.

In the next game Bridgewater eliminated the High School Hockey Team in the second play-off game, the score being 9 - 5.

Two exhibition games were played with Western Shore. In the first game the score was 5 - 4 for the school. The second game we were defeated by a score of 4 - 1.

The High School Team played the Junior High Team in which the preceding team was victorious 4 - 0.

Another game in the series with Chester was played next. The Academy Team won by a score of 3 - 1.

For the next game Liverpool journeyed to Lunenburg where they were victorious by a score of 5 - 3.

The last game of the season was played with Chester, the score being 5 - 3 for them.

The Junior H. S. Hockey Team played exhibition games with other teams along the South Shore. They won several games, and give promise of being a strong contender within a few years.

Both teams were coached by Mr. William Risser. The Intermediate Team was under the direction of Mr. George Andrews and the Junior Team under Mr. Ernest Eisnor.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM INTERMEDIATE

Front Row—J. Tanner, J. Demone, B. Cooke, J. Lohnes, P. Cook, P. Tobin.
 Back Row—Miss P. Westhaver (Coach), P. Hewat, D. Townsend, J. Sterne,
 B. Falkenham, J. Haughn, S. Eisenhauer, G. Corkum, B. Dauphinee, M.
 Zinck (Captain).



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row—L. Demone, N. Zinck, G. Hall, M. Deal, M. Corkum.
 Back Row—J. Morash, G. DeMone, Betty Fralic, Miss Sarty (Coach), A.
 Creighton, P. Corkum, S. Gaulton.



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row—R. Smith, L. Mosher, R. Crouse, W. Zwicker, J. Gaulton, R. Knock.

Back Row—Mr. Andrews, R. Westhaver, R. Cook, R. Cleveland, E. Eisenhauer, F. Falkenham, M. Keddy, W. Risser.



HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM - JUNIOR

Front Row—J. Pittman, W. Nowe, W. Dominix, E. Crouse, R. Snair, M. Dares, D. Mosher.

Back Row—Mr. E. Eisnor, G. Geldert, H. Allen, E. Schwartz, B. Tanner, Angus Walters, D. Dauphinee, Mr. W. Risser (Coach).



**INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL TEAM
CHAMPIONS OF N. S. — 1952**

Front Row—A. Anstey, R. O. Levy, D. Collins, Ian Campbell (Coach).
Back Row—A. Burns, J. Bald (Captain), G. Berringer, G. Miller, E. Allen,
J. Ritecy.



BLUE ROCKS

SCHOOL NEWS

by Elaine Deal '52

March 31. Two high school basketball teams went to Kentville. Our school won both games. Boys' score 26 - 17; Girls' score 15 - 10.

April 1. The various Glee Clubs, under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner presented a concert at the Capital Theatre.

April 2. School re-opened after Easter vacation.

April 4. The Boscawen Chapter I. O. D. E. donated \$50.00 for the School and Community Library.

April 23. The last assembly of the year was held. Grade XI and Grade XII Drama Club presented two one-act plays, namely, "Sugar and Spice" and "Polly Put the Kettle On."

April 27. Mrs. Howard Creighton presented the Academy Library with a set of Waverly Pictorial Dictionaries.

May 8. Mr. G. W. MacKenzie, Inspector of High Schools made his annual visit to our school.

May 10 - 11. The Lunenburg County Music Festival was held in Lunenburg School Auditorium and Capitol Theatre. The School Choral Clubs took part in this festival and made an excellent showing.

June 5. Mr. Simmons talked to students on Community Concert work and showed a film on that subject.

June 12. The accredited examinations for Grades XI and XII began.

June 13. The Junior High School examinations commenced.

June 13. Junior High School Track Team won the cup at the track meet at Bridgewater. Richard Westhaver won the individual cup. He won the sixty yard dash and high jump. He had a perfect score of 12½ points.

June 13. A three game series of baseball was played between Lunenburg and Liverpool. First game, Liverpool won, score 6 - 0; Second game, Lunenburg won, score 14 - 2; Final game was a victory for Liverpool.

June 13. Miss Madelyn Sarty gave \$5.00 to Library and Mrs. Ida Beck donated a book.

June 21. High School held closing exercises at which time the Minister of Education, Hon. H. D. Hicks was special speaker.

June 22. Common School closed. Mr. Michael Van der Zwan formerly of Holland was the guest speaker.

June 22. In an essay contest sponsored by Canadian Trades Alphabet Handwriting Competition of Canada, Grade VII won the fourth prize of \$7.50.

Sept. 5. The Academy re-opened for the year 1951 - 52.

Sept. 19. The Fisheries Exhibition was held in which the school played an active part.

Oct. 1. The first assembly of the year was held. The special speaker was Mrs. Frittenburg, V. O. N.

Oct. 3. The Junior Red Cross Society held a special assembly on the afternoon of Sept. 28. This meeting was arranged for the purpose of awarding Miss Minnie Hewitt a medal for her long service with the Junior Red Cross.

Oct. 15. Second morning assembly for the year was held. Lieut. Watts, of Salvation Army, outlined the history of the organization.

Oct. 18 - 19. Teachers' Institute was held at Bridgewater.

Nov. 3. L. C. A. had a tag day, proceeds to assist in the financing of Athletics for the school. The sum of \$154.00 was raised.

Nov. 7. Regular basketball practice began.

Nov. 8. Basketball game played between High School and Town. Town boys won, score 69 - 32.

Nov. 11. The school contributed \$20.00 for a wreath for Remembrance Day.

Nov. 15. Common School and High School examinations began.

Nov. 19. Royal Tour car was displayed on Academy School Grounds.

Nov. 19. Common School Teachers attended a Teachers' Convention at Bridgewater.

Nov. 21. Athletic Association sold magazine subscriptions. The school received \$82.00 for their efforts.

Nov. 23. Two basketball games between Town and Academy teams were played. The Town Boys' defeated the L. C. A. Boys' by a score of 40 - 32. The Girls' game was a tie 7 - 7.

Dec. 5. Two basketball games played between L. C. A. and Town teams. Town boys' won first game, score 56 - 38. In second game Intermediate Girls' won against Town in score 16 - 10.

Dec. 7. Two basketball games played between school and town. Town was victorious in boys' game with score 28 - 36. Town was also victorious in girls' game, score 8 - 6.

Dec. 10. The Canadian Pacific Railway Department presented four pictures to the school.

Dec. 15. A basketball game played between Halifax Comets and High School Boys'. Halifax Comets won, score 70 - 46.

Dec. 13, 14, 17. The Christmas Concert was held. The Common School presented several numbers. An operetta, "Miss Starlight" was presented by the Choral Club, under the direction of their capable leader, Mrs. B. G. Oxner.

Dec. 18. A Legion Memorial Scholarship of \$50.00 was offered by Lunenburg Branch of Canadian Legion. It is directed to children of Service Personnel.

Dec. 20. The school closed for Christmas vacation.

Dec. 20. The Christmas High School Party was held.

Jan. 7. The school re-opened after two weeks' Christmas holidays.

Jan. 11. Two basketball games were played between the School and Town teams. L. C. A. girls were defeated by score 9 - 8 and L. C. A. boys were defeated by score 52 - 43.

Jan. 14. Mr. C. J. Morrow addressed the Junior - Senior High

School Assembly on the campaign to help polio victims. Envelopes were distributed for this cause.

Jan. 23. Academy played a hockey game against Bridgewater High School in the Lunenburg Memorial Arena. Bridgewater won, score 9 - 2.

Jan. 24. Chester and Lunenburg played a hockey game which ended in a tie score.

Jan. 24. The pupils received inoculation for diphtheria.

Jan. 25. A basketball game was played between High School girls and Town. The High School girls won. Score 16 - 4.

Jan. 26. School hockey game played. The first one at Lunenburg which resulted in a tie score.

Jan. 26. Another basketball game was played, Town and School boys versus Dartmouth, the latter being defeated by a score 65 - 50.

Jan. 27. Academy hockey team played Bridgewater High School hockey team at Bridgewater. Score 6 - 0 for Bridgewater.

Jan. 29. A sex film was shown to High School students.

Feb. 1. Red Cross held a High School Party. Proceeds were for the Junior Red Cross.

Feb. 2. Hockey game played at Bridgewater between Lunenburg and Bridgewater School. The score was 7 - 0 in favour of Bridgewater.

Feb. 4. A debate between Grade XI and XII was held in the Assembly Hall. The subject was "Resolved that Canada has enough Social Security." Grade XII was the winner, upholding the affirmative side.

Feb. 5. The High School enjoyed a film, "Sports Cavalcade."

Feb. 6. Three Lunenburg Academy basketball teams went to Halifax to play Queen Elizabeth High School teams, Halifax was victorious in all three games. Intermediate Boys' game, score 67 - 30; Intermediate Girls' game, score 31 - 14; Junior Girls' game, score 20 - 7.

Feb. 6. Our High School hockey team journeyed to Bridgewater to play in the Provincial Play-offs. Bridgewater team was victorious by score 14 - 2.

Feb. 7. The Academy Curling Team went to Halifax where they entered the Nova Scotia Headmasters' Bonspiel. Our boys lost their two games.

Feb. 9. Bridgewater Junior High School hockey team came to Lunenburg where they won the game, score 5 - 3.

Feb. 9. Two basketball teams came from Dartmouth High School to play Lunenburg. Our teams were successful in both games. Girls' score 33 - 7; Boys' score 29 - 17. Our school held a party for the visitors on Saturday evening.

Feb. 21. Common School Second Quarter exams.

Feb. 22. Junior High School Hockey Team played game against Blockhouse, score 4 - 4.

Feb. 22. High School Boys' basketball team played against Town. Town won by a score 61 - 58.

Feb. 22. Lunenburg Academy Drama Club went to Bridgewater where

they entered the South Shore Drama Festival. They won the cup for the best play. Betty Dauphinee won a small cup for "best actress."

Feb. 23. Intermediate Boys' and Intermediate Girls' basketball teams went to Dartmouth where they were victorious in both games. Boys' score 43 - 35 and the girls' score 30 - 4.

Feb. 23. Junior High School Hockey Team played against Bridgewater, score 4 - 4.

Feb. 25. The Lunenburg Academy hockey team played against Western Shore. Our team was successful with score 5 - 4.

Feb. 26. Two Bridgewater basketball teams played Lunenburg in Lunenburg. The Lunenburg teams won both games, the score for girls' game was 33 - 17 and the boys' game 65 - 27.

Feb. 27. Senior High School Hockey Team was defeated in a score 4 - 1 against Western Shore.

Feb. 27. Mrs. Homer Zwicker contributed magazines to the school library.

Feb. 28. Junior Basketball Girls' Team was successful in a game played with Bridgewater. The score being 21 - 8.

Feb. 29. Junior hockey team played against Bridgewater. Lunenburg won, score 6 - 3.

March 3. Junior hockey team played against Marriott's Cove. Lunenburg won with a score of 4 - 3.

March 8. High School hockey team vs. Chester. Lunenburg won, score 3 - 1.

March 7 - 8. Senior Boys' and Girls' Basketball teams went to Bridgewater for the Basketball Tournament. Academy was successful in all games.

Girls game vs Bridgewater, score 23 - 10.

Girls game vs Liverpool, score 10 - 7.

Boys game vs Bridgewater, score 35 - 27.

Boys' game vs Liverpool score 24 - 17.

March 10. A debate between Grade IX and X was held in the Assembly Hall. The subject was, "Resolved that Physical Education should be taught in High School." Grade X, supporting the negative side, won the debate.

March 11. Miss Jean L. Ross contributed a book to School Library.

March 11. Women's Institute donated \$20.00 to Library.

March 15. Junior Boys' and Girls' Basketball teams came from Liverpool to play school. Liverpool Junior Girls' won with a score of 20 - 16 while Lunenburg Junior Boys' won with score 37 - 33.

March 15. Hockey game between Lunenburg High and Liverpool High. Score 6 - 4 for Liverpool.

March 17. Mrs. Daniel Mosher and Mayor H. F. Zwicker gave books and magazines to Library.

March 19. Junior - Senior High School had examinations.

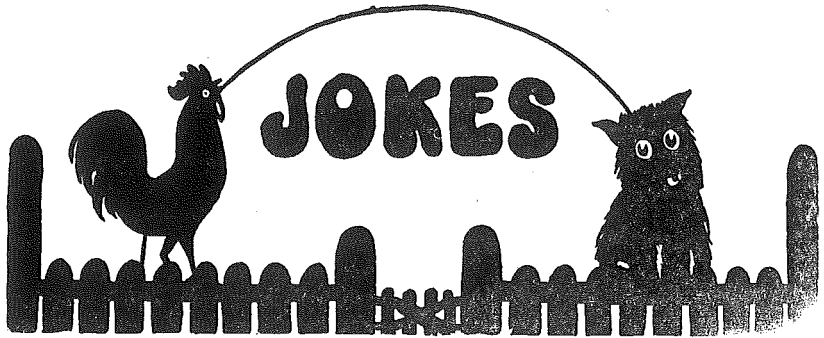
PERSONALS

Grade XI '51

1. Clifford Creaser is working at the R. C. A. F. base in Halifax.
2. George Anstey is employed at Simpson's, Halifax.
3. David Emeneau has joined the R. C. A. F.
4. Billy Dennison is employed at the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg.
5. Madelyn Spindler is working at Dauphinee's Block Shop.
6. Irene Richards and Elaine Corkum are studying at Mount Allison University.
7. Joan Mosher is training at the Children's hospital in Halifax.
8. George Allen is on an oil tanker owned by the Shell Oil Company.
9. Carolyn Zinck is working at Simpson's in Halifax.
10. Ernest Schnare has joined the R. C. M. P.
11. Barbara Walters is attending Vocational School at Halifax.
12. Dale Ward is doing photography work at Halifax.
13. Barbara Berringer is employed at A. E. Rudolf.
14. Isabel Crouse is attending Maritime Business College at Halifax.
15. Shirley Hynick is attending Maritime Business College at Halifax.
16. Joan Gaulton is employed at the Royal Bank of Canada in Bridgewater.
17. Joan Cunningham is attending Edgehill School for Girls, Windsor.
18. Jean Haughn is employed at the National Sea Products.

Grade XII '51

1. Frank Gilmore is employed with the Canadian National Railway at Liverpool.
2. Gordon Prince is employed at the Lunenburg Foundry.
3. Marven Schnare is employed at Simpson's, Halifax.
4. David Beck is employed at the Bank of Commerce, Lunenburg.
5. Neal Wentzell is employed with the Imperial Oil Shipping Co.
6. Donald Marshall is attending Fairey Aviation, Dartmouth.
7. Ralph Nowe is in the Royal Canadian Air Force.
8. Jeffrey Cook is studying at Mount Allison University.
9. Sherman Zinck is studying at Dalhousie, Halifax.
10. Gwenneth Wilneff and Lucille Ernst are attending Normal College, Truro.
11. Barbara Beck and Ann Sholds are studying at Acadia University, Wolfville.
12. Jean Ritcey is attending Dalhousie University, Halifax.
13. Barbara Hirtle is employed in the Steadman Store.
14. Kathryn Kinley is studying at Mount St. Vincent College, Halifax.
15. Madelyn Sarty is attending Acadia University, Wolfville.



Joey Gaulton answers a question partly correct:

Miss Westhaver: You are on the right track.

Joey Gaulton: But on the wrong train.

During the English "b" class.

Mr. Campbell: Alvin, I would advise you to put that ruler down. You make me nervous.

Alvin: I wasn't doin' nothin'.

Mr. Campbell: (coldly). The correct English for that is "I wasn't doing anything."

Mr. Andrews in French period, asked for the past participle of "drink".

Richard W.: Plastered. (meaning drunk).

Mr. Campbell: (in History period) "How many know who the Hapsburgs were?"

Eric L. Austrians.

Mr. Campbell: Right. Where is Austria?

Lloyd M. On the map.

Mr. Moses: What's the matter Jeanette?

Jeanette W.: Why, er-ah- nothing.

Mr. Moses: I never saw two people talking about nothing before.

Mr. Moses, during Biology class; referring to oysters:

Richard W.: You know, that would make a good examination question.

Mr. Moses: What?

Richard W.: What spends its life in bed? Oysters.

In Social Problems.

M.Z.: Why haven't you any notes, Ronnie?

R.C.: I don't have to take notes. I have a photographic mind.

R.L.: You may have a photographic mind, but is it developed yet?

Miss Veinotte: (telling the drama club some "do's" and don'ts")

Miss Veinotte: Don't say "wuz" say "was".

Barbara C.: How do you spell it?

Miss Veinotte: W-u-z.

Barbara C.: No, the other one.

Miss W.: Drayton was one of the most versatile Elizabethan poets.

Robert: What does "versatile" mean?

Miss W.: Would you say that Robert is versatile, Ronald?

Ronald: Ah-h-h, yes.

R.C. (turning around furiously): You can't swear at me like that, Ronnie Crouse.

Dianne Townsend has one motto she would like to state:

Don't kiss your boy-friend
By the garden gate:
For love may be blind—
But the neighbours ain't.

Ronnie Crouse, looking out the window at Miss Thomas approaching the school during an Algebra period in which the class is drawing graphs:

Mr. Andrews: Ronald. Get your mind back on the algebraic curves if you please.

(At the drama festival trying to remove the makeup from her eye.)

Marie D.: I can't get the make-up off my eye.

Miss Veinotte: No wonder, you are wiping your wrong eye.

Mr. Moses, after giving French tests back, said to Sandra Corkum: "You're slipping."

Correcting sentences in French period.

Glenda H. (translating): "I am not going to study".

Mr. Moses: Good.

Mr. Andrews, asking questions in Algebra period:

Mr. Andrews: Frank A.

Frank A.: I don't know, sir.

Mr. Andrews: I haven't asked you the question yet.

(On a basketball trip)

Gerry C. "How did you like that guy you were with?"

Barbara C.: Oh! he was okay, but there was something wrong with his nose.

Gerry C. What was wrong? Didn't it fit nicely into your face?

Miss Westhaver: Are you looking at your book Charles?

Charles U.: Yes, Miss Westhaver.

Miss Westhaver: Must be a new way; with your ear.

Mr. Eisnor, seeing Jackie talking: Jackie, are your hands cold?

Jackie T.: No, Mr. Eisnor.

Mr. Eisnor: If they are I'll warm them for you.

Mr. Collins to Betty D.

Mr. Collins - "Betty, why weren't you in school this morning?"

Betty D.: "I couldn't make it sir."

Mr. Collins: "Well, I had to make it".

Betty D.: "You must be made of better stuff than I am."

Mr. Andrews, asking Ivy Daniels to give out objective papers:

Ivy Daniels: Should I give them out as far as they go?

Mr. Andrews: I don't see how you can give them out any farther.

Mr. Collins during chemistry class: What do you use in fruit jellies?"

Robert C. "Fruit."

A comment made by a 4 year old member of the school operetta audience:

Margaret C.: Was Sheila H. looking for a husband?

Mrs. C.: Yes, she was looking for a husband.

Margaret C.: Well, we just got ours in time.

Economics period.

Mr. Campbell: What was your assignment for today?

Dick B.: Economics.

Mr. Andrews to Charlotte K. who has an extra "L" in her French sentence.

"Charlotte erase the 'L'". She erases the apostrophe.

Mr. Andrews (yelling) "Charlotte, get the 'L' out of there!"

Mr. Moses: What is the golden rule?

Gerald B.: Love thy neighbor but not thy neighbor's wife.

Mr. Moses: Money is in the partitive sense.

Jackie T.: I thought money was in dollars and cents.

(Marion Z. and Jeffrey C. driving towards Hebbs. Time 10 o'clock in the evening)

Jeffrey (leaning forward) "My land Marion what's wrong with me. I can't see a thing."

Marion (in a soft voice) "Well Jeffrey, you could turn on the headlights."

Mr. Andrews: Come here! Marilyn.

Marilyn D. facing the back of the room turns around to find Mr. Andrews staring at her.

Mr. Andrews: Are you deaf?

Marilyn (puzzled): No, I'm Marilyn.

Jackie R. (annoyed) "Sometimes you get carried away with yourself."

Marion Z. "How else would I get around".

Elaine to Ron. O.: You'll never make the team, you're not fast enough.

Ron. O.: I'm no speed demon.

Elaine: "No, just a demon".

Aubrey B. to monitor: "Please, may I leave the basement?"

Dianne T.: No, but you may leave the room.

Mr. Eisnor: Charles when you have finished the dream you may go to work.



A STRIKE IN SANTA CLAUS LAND

Shirley Cook, Catherine Lohnes, Carolyn Tanner, Andrew Bald, Brenda Tanner, Janet Hannams, Roxanna Lohnes, Harold Uhlman, Peter Comstock, Thomas Mason.

THE CLASS PROPHECY

by Marilyn DeMone '52 and Ronald O. Levy '52

It is hard for our class to realize that this is our very last year together. When the fact did finally dawn on us, however, we decided to do a rather sentimental (rather foolish) thing. At our 1951 Fisheries Exhibition we went to "The Gypsy" — in other words, we "took the bull by the horns" and decided to see what was to be our fate! You see, this was a very special Gypsy who could foretell what we would be doing in 2000 A. D. — and that's just what we wanted to know.

.... On the day appointed we all gathered outside "The Tent." Immediately there was a desperate debate — who would go first? "Not, I," said one. "Ye Gods, she might tell me that I'll end up in the salt mines of Siberia, I'm not going first!" said another. One thing we were all agreed upon — whether it was rules or not we are all going to be present as the Gypsy told the fortunes of each.

Finally, after pushing, scratching and hairpulling one brave soul stepped forward and announced HE would be the first to face the music. This was Robert Cleveland. He meekly settled himself in the chair before the crystal ball. After duly instructing him to concentrate religiously the gypsy peered intently into the glass. Finally, she breathed, "Ah, I see you are a person who does not like work, but you have genius — oh! the scene changes — what's this? — you are a middle-aged man — there is a robot in the picture — the robot is doing your work for you. The scene fades — Oh! there it is returning. Now you are eating a mountainous sandwich as you watch the robot work for you. You are as broad as long from non work and no exercise. Oh! the image has faded — it is gone." As the gypsy raised her head there were snickers from the rest of the class. It appeared that Robert would never have to worry about work, so he went merrily on his happy-go-lucky-way.

Next, lively Marian Zinck plopped into the chair. Once again the gypsy started to drone out her prophecy. She began — "Ah - I see a laboratory, I see you disfigured by chemical fumes and (by the look of it) several chemical explosions. Your hair is bedraggled, your clothes are tattered and torn and the Lab. in which you serve as experimentalist is blackened by the fumes of some reaction "gone wrong" Ah — the scene alters slightly — you are now screeching with joy — you have just discovered a compound that will restore all your beauty which the numerous chemical reactions took away. The scene is fading — fading — gone!" As Marian stole out she solemnly swore not to be a Lab. Technician after all! We wonder what made her change her mind so quickly.

After Marian's experience everyone was rather timid and dubious about having his future told. Ronnie Crouse decided, however, that his future couldn't be any worse than his present so he resigned himself. Then we witnessed a strange, humorous incident. The gypsy's eyes suddenly popped and she "let out" a little squeal . . . "Eek, such figures I have never seen,

never in all my life have I seen such figures. Ah, Meester Crouse, I see by this that by the time 2000 rolls around you will be a most famous commercial artist — advertising skin soap." Then she again focused her attention on the crystal ball and squealed again, "Ah! those figures, those proportions — you appear to be very happy in your work Ronald, as well you might be — ah! the beautiful pictures are fading — yours is one future I could gladly concentrate on all day — ah! the last Beauty has disappeared." The gypsy gazed at Ronald and laughingly said, "Well, you have one of the shapeliest futures I have ever seen, but, in order to develop such forms you must practice young." She got a unanimous cry from the listening class, "He is!"

The tune was now changed and everyone wanted to be next in the line-up, but spunky Elaine Deal battled her way to the chair. The gypsy again gazed intently into the "unknown." "I see a walled city, it is Quebec. Now I see a room — there are rows of children. It is a school-room — Ah! now the picture is clear — you are a teacher; but wait, you are beating the desk, you are screeching and crying 'Ce francais me tue!' that means 'This French is killing me.' Then you say, 'I cannot pronounce this French.' Now, you fall exhausted over your desk . . . all has gone blank!" However that little glimpse into her future convinced Elaine that she would never make the gypsy's prediction come true . . . she resolved to stick strictly to English in her teaching career.

After Elaine "quitted" the chair, vivacious Dianne Townsend "elbowed" her way forward "Okay", she quipped, "you'd better make this good or I'll never speak to you again!" To us, who know her, this was hard to believe. Nevertheless, the gypsy went on undaunted. She slowly said, "Dianne, the picture is becoming brighter, you are an acrobat — no, not exactly, you are instructing girls in gymnastics! — Yes, that's it — you are a Physical Education teacher — Whee! That jump you just made, and now you are playing basketball, still hiping — and at your age too — But you suddenly stop rush toward the door and into the arms of a tall, handsome man. Now you are going to a pile of junk that looks like a 1951 Chevrolet?" The half-concealed giggles and whisperings of the waiting class answered that question.

Next the class "genius" stepped forward to the whispers of "Let's see what she has to say about our 'Little Brainwave'!" David Lohnes settled himself comfortably and was asked to concentrate as the gypsy did likewise. As the image became clearer she began to chuckle, "Did I hear them say you were a genius, well for a genius you are in an awfully funny place. You are up a tree yelling 'blue-murder' and there's a grizzly bear below you." She added, "How do intelligent people get themselves into such messes?" We hastened to explain that David desired to be a forester but after the prophecy he decided that when he "finished" school he would join the Foreign Legion!

Lucille Beck, another would-be-teacher then "took the stand." But by the gypsy's reaction it was easy to see that by 2000 Lucille would be no teacher. The suspense mounted until we were finally relieved when the gypsy excitedly explained, — "I see a mansion, a huge mansion, it is coming nearer, — you are in the doorway, you are coming down the steps — but

what's this behind you — what on earth is it? Ah-h! It is a whole file of the sweetest, neatest, most adorable, little children I have ever seen. The little girls have dainty frills and the boys neatly starched rompers. They are running and playing about. You seem very happy with your little brood of 12 . . . they come Cheaper by the Dozen even for a millionaire! There, the picture has disappeared — Well, Lucille, it looks as if you will have a very comfortable future, to say the least!

There now remained only we two, who had to brave it and after the various predictions we were not at all anxious to hear ours. All the class cried, "Ladies before gentlemen, so, Merilyn you go first!" So Merilyn went first and sat with bated breath as she and the gypsy tried to concentrate. Everyone wanted to see if the gypsy would predict that Merilyn was going to be an African Missionary. Then suddenly and with excitement she cried, "I see a jungle, I see natives, I see a fire, I see a pot, you are in the pot" — with that the "Ball" went black, the class roared and Merilyn fainted.

Last, but not least, Ronald was dumped in the chair. The gypsy, by this time, was tired concentrating so she let her mind wander, and Boy! what she came up with! She gazed into the crystal ball and said, "Ronald, by 2000 A. D. you will be an engineer, and what an engineer! — I see bridges, buildings and subways crumpling all over the place. Now the scene changes - Ah ha, I see a dismal, old, grey building with "Zing Zing Prison" written over the door. Now we are moving inside — you are in a cell with a stripped suit and a ball and chain. You look very "down in the mouth." It's a wonder the prison doesn't fall on you just like all your constructions fell on so many people — o-o-h! there it goes!"

With these gloomy predictions we "crossed her palm with silver" and silently filed out of her domain.

We were of "one mind" on one point — if all of her predictions came true we would return to haunt her — every last one of us!

DO YOU REMEMBER ?

1. When Sheila H. sang "I'm Looking for a Husband?"
2. The time Nonie O. sat on Robert P's lap?
3. When Mr. Campbell's temperature was 199.9?
4. The time when Dick B. was speechless?
5. The time Mr. Collins called a short teachers' meeting and Miss Westhaver didn't show up? She didn't think she came under the category of short teachers.
6. The day the button came off Mr. Campbell's pants?
7. When Richard W. said C.C.F. meant "Canada's Crazy Fools?"

GRADE 12 CLASS — 1952

by Marilyn DeMone '52

The Grade 12 class is very small--
 You can hardly find the learners.
 There are only ten of us, in all
 Who returned to brave the tortures!

In order of seating in their aisles—
 First is our lively Dianne,
 One who is never lacking in smiles—
 She is a real born "ham."

Next is our gay, laughing Marian,
 Who is usually "all over the place";
 But when it comes to studyin'
 There is sometimes a frown on her face.

Elaine, another in our brood,
 Enrolled from near Rose Bay.
 A girl of surprisingly reckless moods,
 We still think she's quite "okay."

Next on our list is quiet George A.
 Who in mid-term deserted us.
 George hadn't very much to say
 And very rarely made a fuss.

What would we do in this dear Grade "A"
 Without our hilarious Robert!
 We'll long remember him for the way
 He performed in our Christmas Concert.

Another fellow in our class
 Is happy Ronald Levy;
 Like the wind when you feel it pass—
 He's always very "breezy".

There's another girl in our "Hall of Fame"
 Whose ambition causes some alarm;
 Lucille Beck is her given name—
 Her one desire-to be a "school marm!"

Ronnie Crouse, "gay blade" of our crew,
 Has designs on commercial art.
 Other interests take his time too,
 But in school he takes an active part.

We cannot all be clever
 But David has the Brains!
 His composure is hard to sever
 But he's witty—when he “takes the pains.”

Last of these good, old, jolly ten
 Is me, the fellow with the pen.
 I am but a very tiny part
 And to write about me—I haven't the heart!

So all that I desire to say
 Shall be stated without the slightest delay:
 This is (Oh Joy!) our last year here
 But the memory of it will always be dear.

As we say Good-bye to L.C.A.
 And into the world we wend our ways,
 Maybe we'll find true what everyone says—
 “School was, after all, the ‘Happiest Days’”.

BIOGRAPHIES — GRADE XII

Dianne Townsend

“Eat, drink and be merry, why should
 the devil have all the fun.”

Di has spent her entire school years at Lunenburg Academy. She takes great interest in sports - basketball being her highlight. She is a member of the Drama and Choral Clubs.

Di can't decide just what to do but she hopes to take up teaching next year - well, whatever she decides, Best Wishes, Dianne!



Marian Zinck “Rudy”

“She's either going into trouble
 Or just coming out.”

Ever since Marian began her school days she has been in and out of trouble, but she never lets it get her down. Marian had a very busy last year for besides being Co-Editor of the Sea Gull, she was Captain of the Girls' Basketball Team and member of both the Choral and Drama Clubs. “Rudy” intends to take a Business Course at Halifax next year. If she retains her sparkling disposition and winning way she should make an extremely capable secretary.

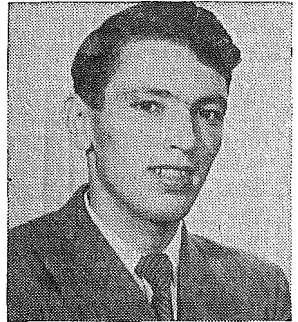
‘Bye Marian - our good wishes go with you!



George Ansty

"Without sleep man cannot function."

George came to us last year from Riverport. He kept most of his outside life a deep secret. George is now working in Simpson's, Halifax. Good luck in your vocation.



Lucille Beck "Lou"

"She is really full of fun,
And the best of friends with everyone."

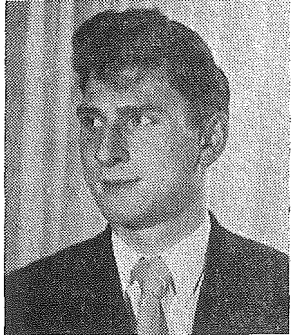
Lucille comes from First South and joined the class in Grade VIII. Besides taking keen interest in her studies, she has found time for other activities, such as dramatics and choral club. This year, she was Treasurer of the Students' Council. Lucille's vocation lies in the teaching profession and with her friendly personality she cannot help but be a success. "Bon voyage."



Robert Cleveland '52

"The early birds may have their worms,
I'd rather sleep."

Robert, although he takes part in various activities, finds time for his studies. He takes an interest in Dramatics and will always be remembered as "Maurice DeLanthe" in "Hearts and Gowns." Robert is outstanding in hockey and also takes part in the orchestra as a guitar player. This year his duties are fire-chief of the School and Co-Business Manager of the Sea Gull. His future plans are undecided but we know he will succeed in his chosen occupation.



Ronald Crouse

"Fond of beauty, sports and laughter,
Pleasure first, and business after."

Ronnie joined our class in Grade VI and has proven himself a keen and ardent student. He is one of those rare persons who can mix pleasure with work. Ronald is an outstanding net-minder, playing hockey for the L.C.A. team for the past four years. This year he proved a very capable president of the Students Council and leader in other activities. He is also Co-Business Manager of the "Sea Gull." Ronald plans to be a commercial artist. Every success!



Elaine Deale

"Not over-serious, not over-gay,
But a good friend in every way."

Hailing from Rose Bay, Elaine joined our class last year. During these two years, she has made many friends. Besides her school work, Elaine is interested in dramatics and will always be remembered for her performance in "Miss Starlight." Her future plans lie in the teaching profession where she is sure to succeed.

**Merilyn DeMone "Demon"**

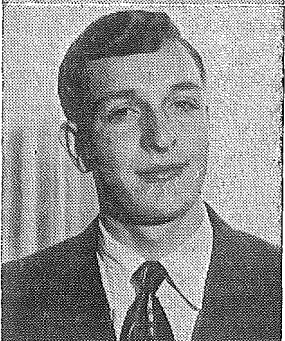
"She's little and she's wise
But Oh! there's mischief in her eyes."

Merilyn joined us in Grade II. She is President of the Red Cross. Besides being a member of the Choral Club, she is an active member in the Drama Club. We will always remember Merilyn as Mrs. Sanderson in the 1950 Operetta. Next year Merilyn is planning to take up Social Work at Waterloo College, Ontario. With her sunny personality, Merilyn is bound to make a success of her work.

**Ronald O. Levy**

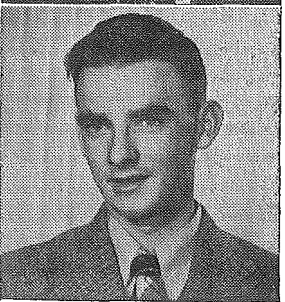
"Not over serious, not over gay,
But a real friend in his own quiet way."

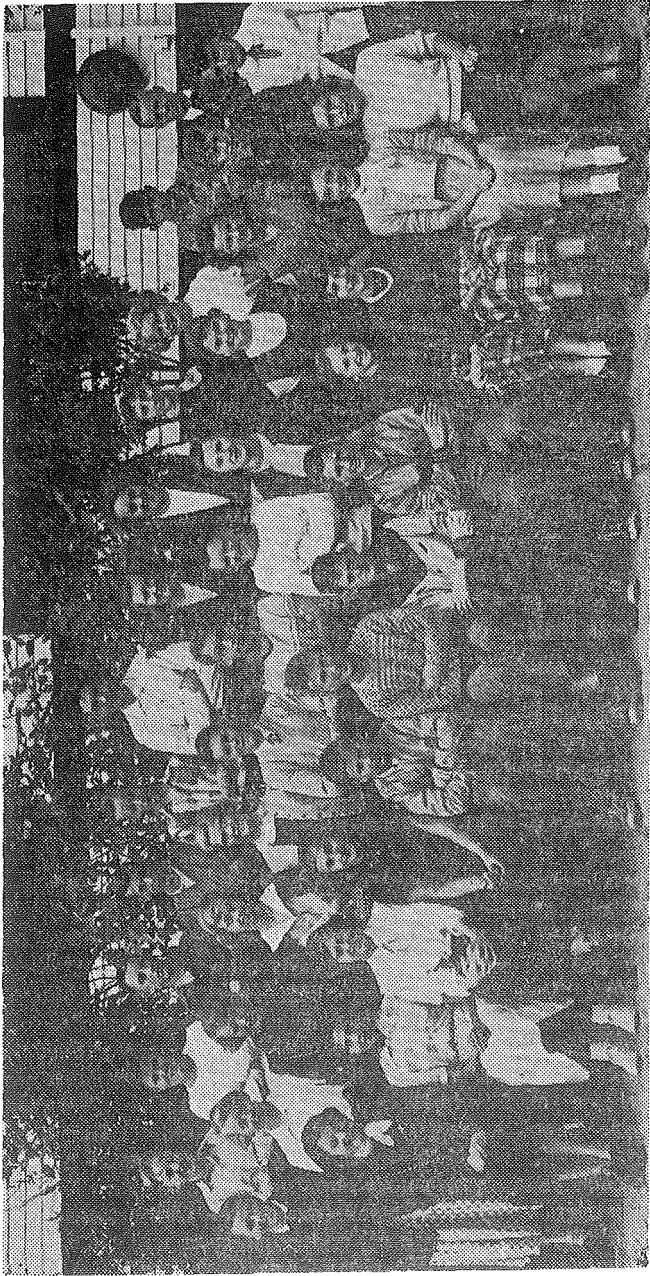
Ronnie came to us in Grade VII from Tan-cook. Besides being on the basketball team for the past five years, he has been on many of the track teams and is a member of the Choral Club. Ronald's future is as yet a question mark, but he is sure to be a success. Best of luck Ronnie.

**David Lohnes "Peewee"**

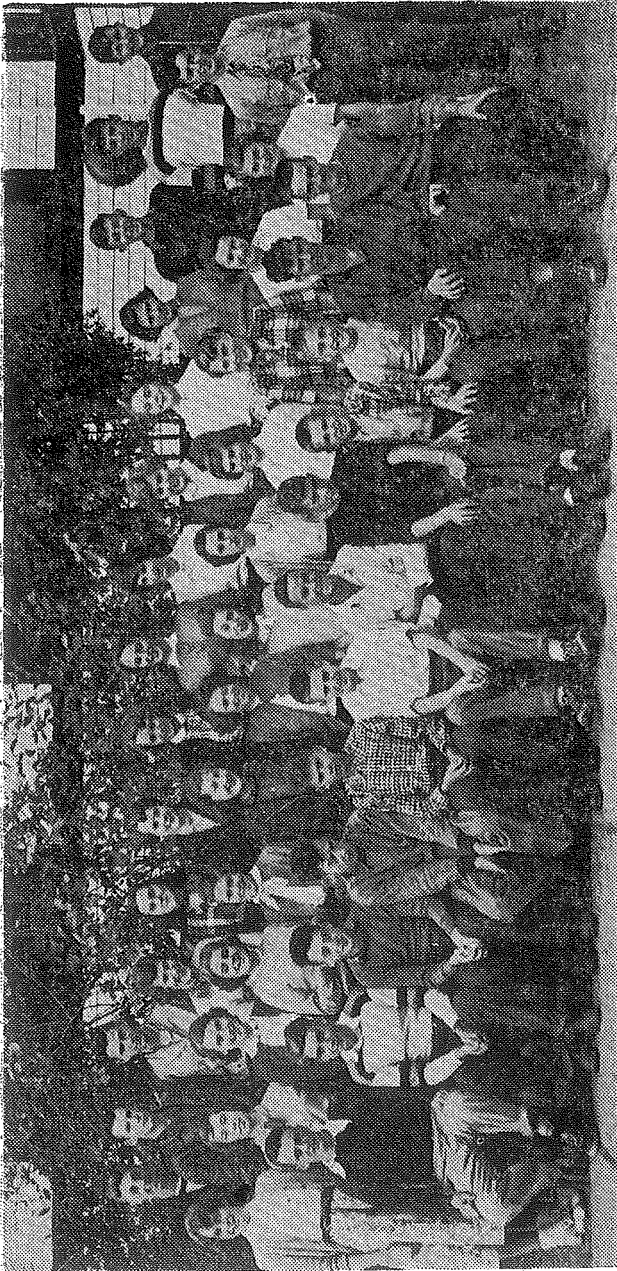
"Even though vanquished he could argue
still."

David has been with our happy gang ever since Grade Primary. All through school he has been at the head of the class. However, this has not kept him from indulging in a bit of fun now and then, especially teasing the girls and arguing with Ronnie Crouse. Besides school activities David is an active member of the 20th Field Squadron of the Royal Canadian Engineers. Dave plans to study forestry. Every success to you.

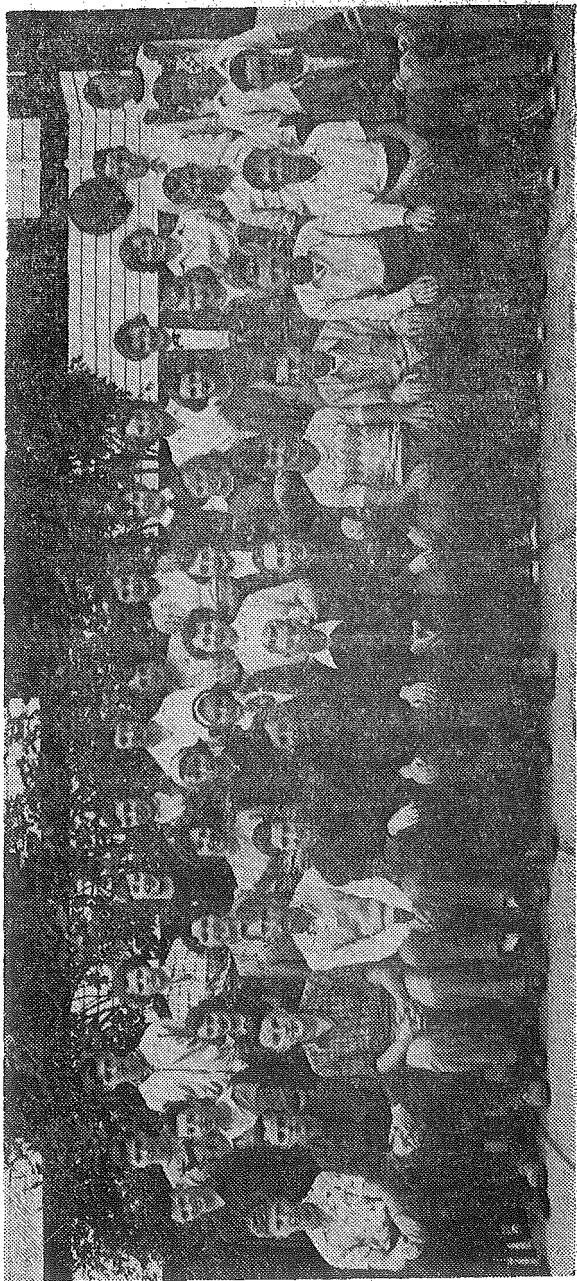




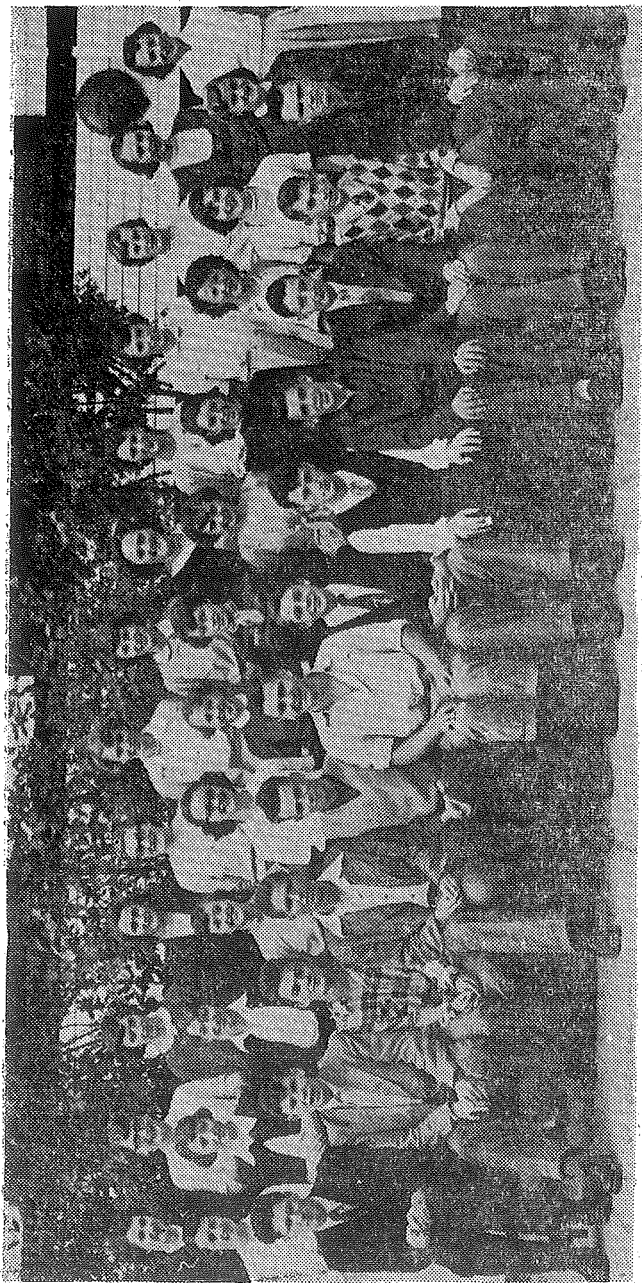
Grade VIII



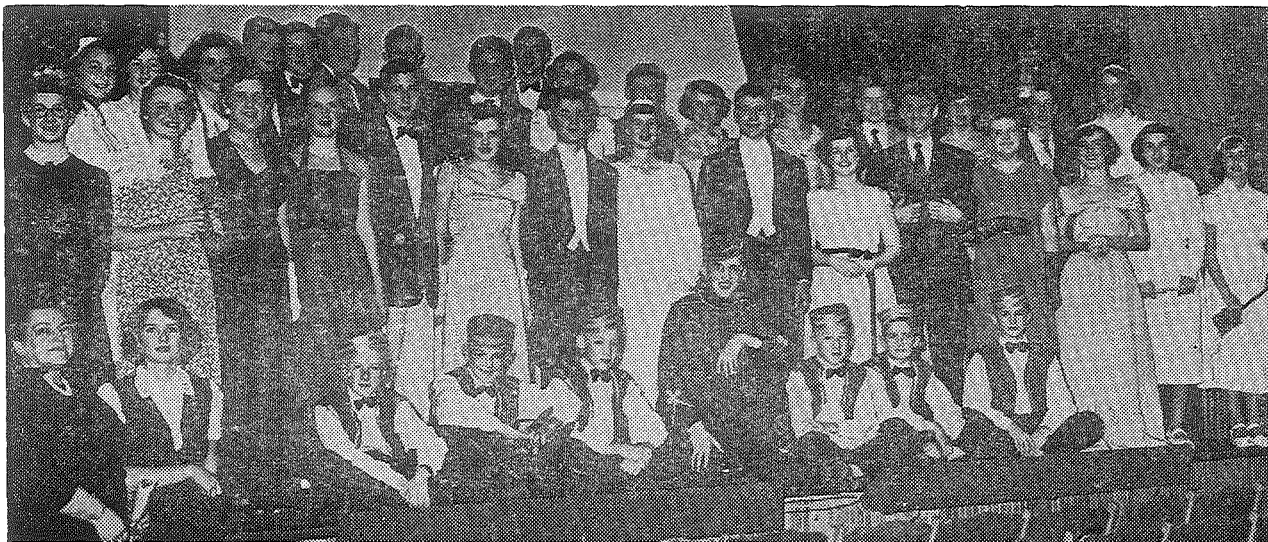
Grade IX



Grade X



Grade XI



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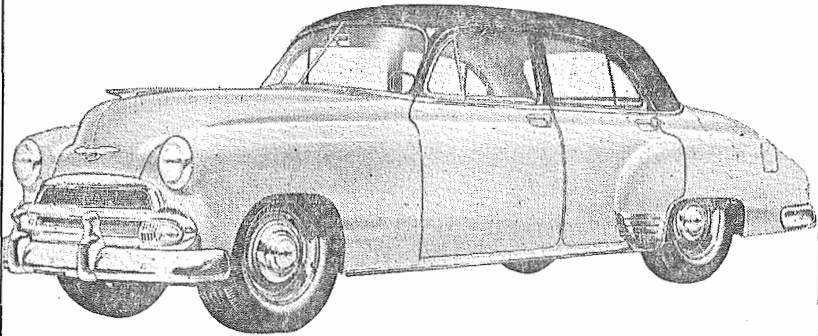
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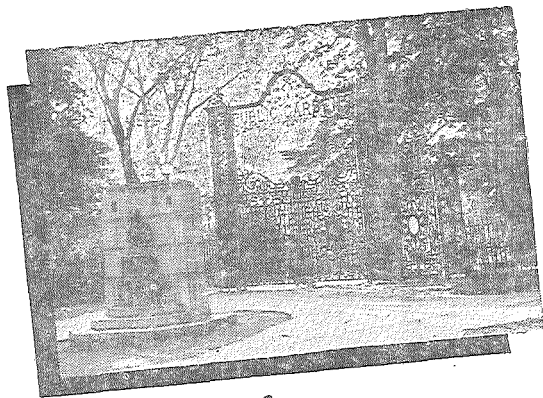
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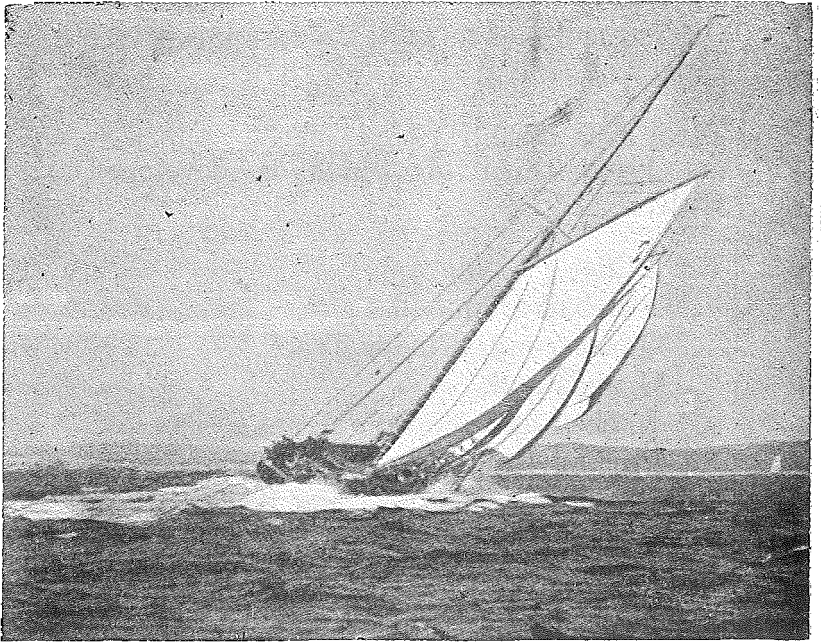
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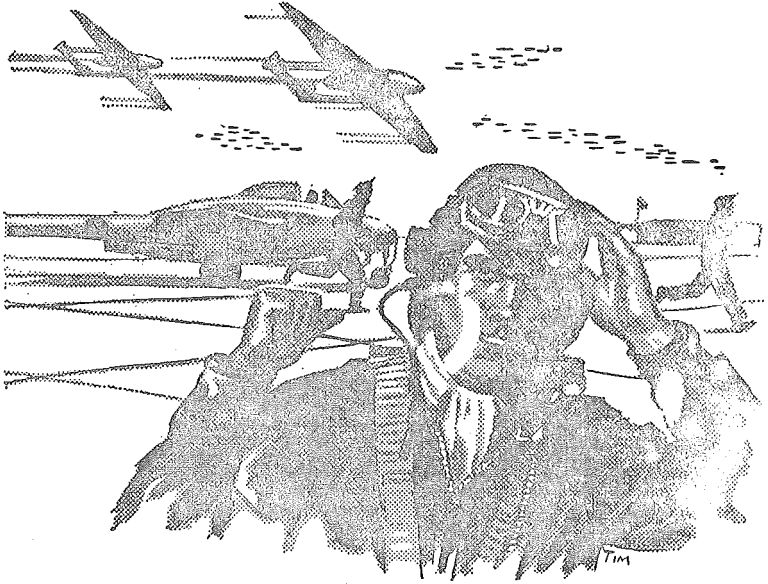
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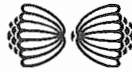
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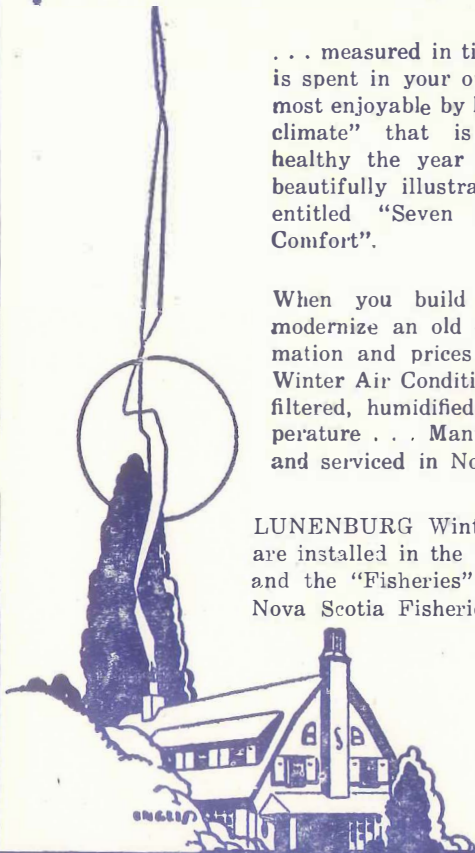


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