

# *The* SEA GULL



B. G. M. A.

LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

Animis Opibusque Parati 1953



This year Lunenburg will celebrate its Bicentennial, 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



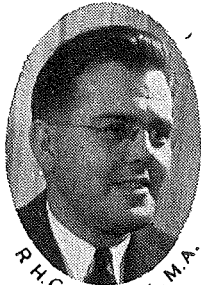
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VICE PRINCIPAL



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DOUGLAS H. MOSES



SADIE C. SNOW, B.SC.



ERNEST EISNOR

## JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

## MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS

As co-editors of the Sea Gull, we hope that this, our Bicentennial issue, will be enjoyed both by the citizens of the town and those who are interested in its fascinating history. Our many thanks go to all those who have in any way contributed to the production of the magazine.

**Sheila Hellstrom '53**  
**Betty Dauphinee '53**



It is with much pleasure that I thank those who have afforded me the honor of being President of the Students' Council. Much of the success of the Students' Council has been the result of the guidance and co-operation of Mr. Collins, the staff, and the students. May I take this opportunity to wish the members of the graduating class every success.

**Patricia M. Tobin '53**



This year it has been my privilege to serve as Treasurer of the Students' Council. May I take this opportunity to wish success and happiness to my fellow graduates.

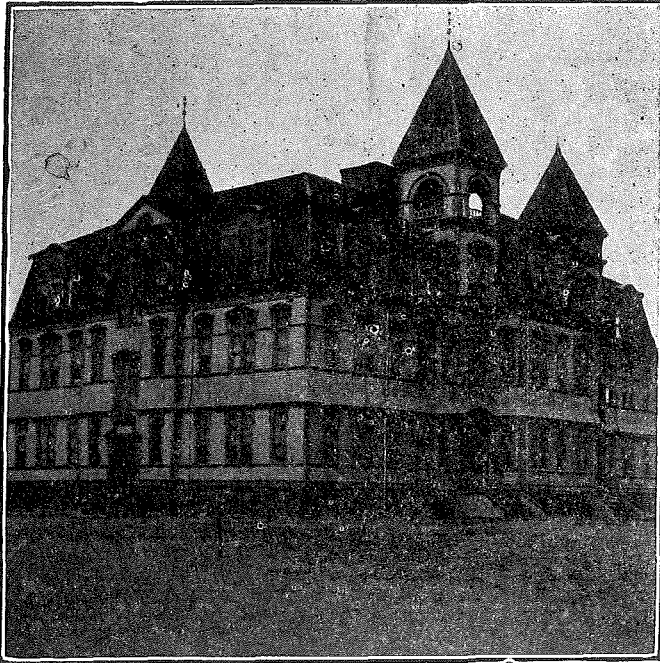
**Roy Wentzell '53**



This year it has been our pleasure to serve as Business Managers of the Sea Gull. We would like to thank all the business firms who have given us advertisements in this, our Bicentennial edition. Our work has been interesting, and we believe it has given us valuable experience.

**Gilbert Berringer '53**  
**Ernest Zinck '53**





The Sea Gull of 1953 has been dedicated to Lunenburg's Bicentennial Year.

Again, I have the privilege of congratulating the Students and Teachers of Our Academy on the presentation of another fine issue of the Sea Gull, the Academy's Year Book.

As we are all aware, this is the Town's 200th. anniversary. We shall have many visitors in our midst, among them graduates of our Academy, relatives, and friends of those who are attending the Academy at the present time. May I extend to them a cordial invitation to visit our school, and see, not only the many improvements, but to note the various added facilities for the education of the pupil.

I extend best wishes to the Graduating Class, and also every success to the various activities carried on throughout the Town during 1953.

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

**Board Members**

**E. J. Crouse**

**A. F. Powers**

**Dr. W. A. Hewat**

**Henry F. Zwicker**

**Supervisor—D. H. Collins**

**Clerk—L. W. Geldert**

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# "The Sea Gull"

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VOL. 19 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1953 NO. 19

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## BOARD OF EDITORS

CO-EDITORS—Sheila Hellstrom, Betty Dauphinee.

Assistant Editors—Eric Levy, Joan Tanner.

Business Managers—Gilbert Berringer, Ernest Zinck.

Assistant Managers—Warren Zwicker, Richard Westhaver, Edward Backman, Charles Uhlman.

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Articles - Charlotte Heckman, Shirley Eisenhauer, David Parsons, Pat Crouse.

Biographies - Virginia Zinck, David Collins, Mary Lou Langille, Glen Geldert.

News - Pauline Cook, Janice Haughn, Claire Bailey, Catherine Cooke.

Special Features - Dorothy Lohnes, Marguerite Conrad, Aubrey Burns, Annette Cook.

Humor - Richard Bailey, Richard Westhaver, Jack Riteey, Ann Creighton.

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Photography—Messrs. R. H. Campbell, D. Moses.

Special Features - Humor—Messrs. G. Andrews, E. Eisnor.

Short Stories - Biographies—Messrs. R. H. Campbell, D. Moses.

Sale of Magazine—

School—Messrs. G. Andrews, D. Moses, Miss Snow.

Town - Outside—Misses P. Westhaver, R. Sarty, Mr. R. H. Campbell.





by Betty Dauphinee and Sheila Hellstrom

### Dedication

This year Lunenburg is celebrating its Bicentennial: therefore we are dedicating the 1953 edition of the Sea Gull in its honor. In addition to all the regular departments, we are featuring four short stories dealing with the history of the town plus a number of exhibition cuts given us through the courtesy of Imperial Oil Company Limited.

We feel certain that these will be of interest to our readers. Indeed, there are few towns that combine such a wealth of historical material and picturesque beauty. As one of the older communities of the province, its legends and epics possess a flavour not often found in more modern centres.

### The School

This year, also, special tribute was paid to Lunenburg Academy on the occasion of its fifty-seventh birthday. During these many years, the school has contributed much to the educational and social life of the community, imparting to faculty and students alike a noble tradition which inspires us to be better citizens.

Many of our students in the past few years have given their services for the cause of freedom. Among these was Aircraftsman Wayne Smith who lost his life in a tragic plane crash in British Columbia. Two former students, Philip Tanner and Kingsley Ellis, have returned safely after serving with the United States Army in Korea. They are now attending the Academy to review their matriculation work in preparation for university next year.

Our school is very fortunate in having an interested and capable staff. The fact that there have been few changes in teachers over the past years has contributed much to the high academic standing of the school. Although sorry that Miss Betty Dunlop resigned, we feel that her position as Home Economics instructor has been ably filled by Miss Sadie Snow.

### Extra - curricular Activities

The students of the Academy have enjoyed a full year of extra - curri-

cular activities. Although no athletic championships were won, sports have played an important part in the recreational program. Our new physical instructor, Mr. Gus Vickers, coached the soccer and hockey teams. We are particularly proud of the soccer team, which, in spite of their inexperience, succeeded in reaching the Nova Scotia semi-finals. Basketball and curling teams were also active.

The choral club has had an exceedingly successful year, with the annual operetta having been staged at Christmas. As usual, both boys' and girls' groups are practising for the county music festival, a highlight in the musical program of the school. This year our capable director, Mrs. B. G. Oxner, has devoted even more of her time in the instruction of music, and is now preparing Handel's "Messiah" for presentation during the Bicentennial celebrations.

### **Improvements**

As has been its policy for several years, the administration has continued its plan for the gradual improvement of the Academy facilities. One of the most useful of these has been the transfer of the Biology laboratory from its former cramped quarters to a more spacious location in the room vacated by the Mechanic Science department some years ago. The empty apartment has now been tastefully redecorated as a study for the male members of the faculty.

In addition, at the cost of \$1400, the long-awaited installation of stage lights was completed and the stage itself was extended by a proscenium.

### **Conclusion**

Although many of our activities, such as Industrial Arts, and, with the completion of the new auditorium - gymnasium, dramatics and athletics, have been moved from the school on the hill, plans are still being made for further improvements. It has been definitely decided that the School Board will install fluorescent lights in grades nine, ten, and twelve and in the chemistry laboratory.

A part of the educational program of the modern school is audio-visual teaching. To assure the students of Lunenburg Academy of this training, a new motion picture screen has been purchased and will be available next year. However, to complete this plan, it is hoped that a better film projector will soon be added to our equipment.

In concluding, we, the editors, wish continued success to this grand old school which, if it has not the chrome and tile of more recent structures, has nevertheless adequately equipped its graduates for the workaday world which they are about to enter.

# THE SUPERVISING - PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

by D. H. Collins

The way one looks at a subject depends on whether he is a poet, a philosopher, a politician, or simply a citizen. Consider, for example the question of advanced age —

The poet writes—For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress;  
And as the evening twilight fades away,  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

The philosopher opines—  
The disappointment of manhood succeeds to the delusion of youth; let us hope that the heritage of old age is not despair.

Now the politician is an optimistic soul, whether he be on the lowest rung of the ladder or has earned the appellation of statesman. His observations are direct and astute—

They who compare the age in which their lot has fallen with a golden age which exists only in their imagination may talk of degeneracy and decay; but no man who is correctly informed as to the past will be disposed to take a morose or despondent view of the present.

Finally, a Citizen of one of the Western Provinces is reported to have said at one time about us Easterners a few words which burn and are pungent to the point of arousing a defense.

You people in the East are like potatoes of which the best part is buried.

And the Easterner could have said quite appropriately "the better part."

In this Bicentennial Year which coincides, to our advantage, with the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, it might be good sense to arrive at a balanced view of our community old age and its implications. Our gracious Queen comes of a long line of Monarchs whose heritage and history shades Lunenburg's history by a few hundred years. And yet a fresh and vigorous Queen ascends the throne to rule with majesty and wisdom. A new reign has begun, and a new vision grips the people. Likewise a new age has begun for Lunenburg when the failures of the past can be viewed in their proper perspective, and the problems of the present should be considered without deviousness. The Hon. R. H. Winters has written an article for this issue of *The Sea Gull* in which he develops the thesis of the past as a challenge to the future. Does the past doom us to the rigidity and fixity of old age wherein, but not necessarily, all change and innovation are anathema? Our forefathers did better than that, for they adapted themselves to the conditions and opportunities of the New Land. Our present generation has opportunities too in Lunenburg which if not taken at the crest substantiates what Shakespeare said "the fault is in ourselves that we are underlings."

Should we be so proud of what has been as to exclude the possibility of "the best is yet to be"? It has taken generations for the East to reconcile itself to the passing of the "wooden ship and the shipping lanes reaching out

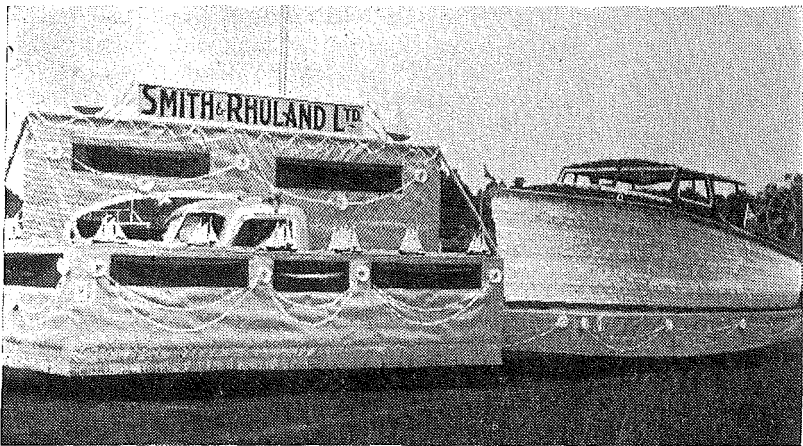
from Nova Scotia." Obviously the old order is changing, and we change with it or the law of irrevocability relegates us to the role of "ancestor worship." Our future is in our own hands, and we must render the decision as to the road we shall take.

The 1953 Sea Gull contains an article by Miss Minnie Hewitt, a venerated pedagogue who taught here for years. That her mind retains with astonishing clarity the anecdotes of other generations who attended the Academy is a tribute to her youthfulness and her resiliency. Her article confirms the need for a broad understanding of human nature in order to plumb and enjoy the guidance of youth.

Imperial Oil Fleet News through the generosity of an editor who is a former Maritimer has granted the use of all the cuts used in their article on The 1952 Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion. This is an added attraction for this memorable issue. Furthermore this community magazine, for it is more than an Academy Yearbook, could not survive were it not for the cooperation of many persons in the town of Lunenburg.

Lunenburg celebrates her Bicentennial birthday with all the pageantry and color which is possible in a small town which was one of the first white settlements under the British Crown in Canada. In comparison with the advanced ages of many places in Europe our town is but a fledgling, but as ages are computed in North America it is hoary with age. All of us are proud of that age and of our heritage; so long as both are a challenge to better things for Lunenburg they are justified.

Finally, our history has been one of loyalty and devotion to the Crown as every cause from 1753 to the present day bears mute testimony. As loyal subjects of the Commonwealth, we pledge anew our dedication to the Crown with the Coronation of Elizabeth II. Long live the Queen! With equal fervor, we should dedicate ourselves to a brighter future and a better day for Lunenburg by affirmative action and a complete absence of the attitude of despair.



**Float In N. S. Fisheries Exhibition Parade**

This Issue of  
“The Sea Gull”  
is dedicated to  
The  
TOWN OF LUNENBURG  
on its  
Bicentennial Year



- *a historic town*
- *a good town in which to live*
- *a town noted for its cooperative spirit*

# THE PAST AS A CHALLENGE FOR THE FUTURE

by THE HON. R. H. Winters

When Captain Roche sailed into what is now Lunenburg Harbour on June 7, 1753, the settlers with him must surely have thought that here was one of the finest sites for settlement on the face of the earth. Had there been a Department of Public Works at that time, Captain Roche might have requested a little dredging on the gently sloping shore on the north-east side of the harbour where he intended to land, but in those good old days the delay in waiting for a high tide was of little consequence to people who had already sacrificed so much and who were prepared to undertake more and greater hardships in the days to come.

The story has been told often that our forefathers who settled here were unskilled in the ways of the sea; that what knowledge they had was in the field of agriculture. Confined as they were in those early days in Lunenburg to a narrow peninsula and beset by unfriendly Indians when they tried to broaden their holdings, they were forced by circumstances to turn to the sea.

This was another problem to be faced and to them it must have seemed a severe one, but for us they made the wisest decision they could have made.

That was two hundred years ago. There were then no roads. Even relatively recently people on the seacoast looked to the sea for their means of travel as well as their livelihood. Those who settled inland had little choice in the matter; they simply stayed in close proximity to their homes. But the Lunenburgers, almost from the start, not only looked to the sea but they took to the sea, and with this development their vision broadened.

It is true everywhere that people who travel are inclined to take a broader outlook and are more apt to be able to see the other person's point of view. Our forefathers quickly came to learn the ways of other people; they learned their customs; they acquired their skills; they broadened their outlook; and Lunenburg flourished. Before long, it was a name that was known widely, and today Lunenburg is among the best known names in Canada. In fact, we have here what many municipalities pay great sums to achieve; that is, a name that is well known, and, being well known, becomes an attraction for visitors.

Lunenburg prospered because our forefathers applied themselves to the sea. That became their way of life. It was a hard way of life, to be sure, but it was a good way of life. It was a matter of pride to follow in the steps of one's father and go to sea. To be a good fisherman was, at the same time, a measure of a man's stature.

The desire for broader horizons and the prosperity that came from

the sea - the very factors which made Lunenburg what it is, were, at the same time, the factors that induced our more recent generations to take advantage of educational opportunities and careers in other fields. That has been the trend of Lunenburg's growth; it is the pattern of Canada's development, and, in great measure, it is irresistible. As a result of it, Lunenburgers have played a prominent role in Canadian development, but, at the same time, the thoughts of so many of our young men and young women have turned from the sea with which our destiny is so closely associated. Those who do still follow the sea derive a sense of satisfaction in overcoming the hardships and meeting the challenges of their rugged calling.

Our forefathers accepted the challenge of the sea. They made for themselves good homes, happy lives, a prosperous and respected community. The challenge of the sea is still there, but it is not being accepted to the same extent today. In some respects this is because of the older generations themselves. Knowing the rigours and hardships of such a life, they oftentimes encouraged their sons to seek other callings. Then too, the young people, by their own choice turned to fields for which they found themselves fitted by educational advantages their fathers lacked. Perhaps we, in this generation, have less ability or less spirit to face this challenge of danger and hardship. Or it may be that the industry has been slow to offer rewards that would attract young people and compensate them for the privations a life at sea involves. The explanation may be more far-reaching than any of these, but such are the questions that arise in one's mind when contemplating the future of Lunenburg and looking back upon the challenge of past achievement.

Canada is growing rapidly. The population of the world is increasing at what many people think to be an alarming rate. Increased population means increased consumption of fish. No area in the world is more favourably located to cope with increased demand for fish products than is Nova Scotia, and where in Nova Scotia can tradition and "know-how" in the fishing industry be found more than here in Lunenburg? If we meditate upon the history of Lunenburg, the hardships and successes achieved, and then contemplate the future with all it has to offer, the grounds for optimism about this famous fishing town of ours are good. Looking back is often retrograde, but when we do so in order to stiffen our resolve to challenge the future, the experience can be both stimulating and helpful.

# THE GREAT DECISION

by Sheila Hellstrom '53

Carl Hoffman stirred on his hard bed. In the delicious semi-consciousness of partial sleep, he could hear the measured breathing of his brother Franz by his side. Suddenly he opened his eyes and sat bolt upright in bed. Something was wrong! On the wall opposite the window a faint, orange light was dancing. It couldn't be the moon for it was only the first quarter. Then his brain, drugged with sleep, cleared. Outside their little house he heard the unmistakable crackle of fire.

Leaping to his feet, he stuffed his toes into his cold shoes and shouted, "Franz, father, wake up! The barn is on fire!" He rushed across the one large room which served as kitchen and bedroom and threw open the door. To his ears came the muffled cries of cattle and fowl, trapped in the flaming building. Even as he watched, the roof fell, sending up a shower of sparks, and destroying all that was beneath it.

By this time, the entire family was crowded at his side, their eyes staring in shocked surprise. "It is no use," shrugged the boys' father helplessly. "We can save nothing. Everything is gone." In the darkness, his eyes reflected the last glowing embers of their barn, and Carl had to turn away when he saw them fill with tears.

The next morning the boys decided what to do. With all the equipment gone, there would be nothing to do at home, so they would go to Lunenburg and find work. Perhaps they could become apprentices at the printer's shop or help quarry gypsum on the Kalkberg.

They wandered through the streets all day, but no work could be found. The year before had been a bad one for crops, and 1750 was little better. Food was scarce, many people were hungry, so that the town was already crowded with beggars and job-seekers.

Just as they were about to go home, a mighty surge of humanity swept them along to the huge oak where the notices and proclamations were posted. Franz, being taller than his brother, shouldered his way through the mob, and, having reached the paper, was urged by the illiterate crowd around the tree, to read it.

The excited throng became hushed as the young man began: "His Most Gracious Sovereign King George, King of Great Britain, Elector of Hanover, is desirous of populating his colony beyond the sea, Nova Scotia.

"The climate of the Province is healthy, the soil productive and fertile yielding an abundance of all things necessary to support life, with a sea coast abounding in fish, well situated for shipping and trade, and furnished with secure and convenient harbours.

"Those who are deemed suitable to settle in such a land will be under the full protection of the British Government. They will receive fifty acres of land each free from all rent and taxation for ten years, with additional acres for each member of a family, and further privileges in proportion to the number of acres of land cultivated and improved, and



will be maintained for twelve months after their arrival in the Province. They will be provided with arms and ammunition, and a sufficient quantity of materials and implements for housekeeping, clearing and cultivating their lands, erecting habitations, and promoting the fisheries.

“Interested persons are to apply to Herr Johann Dick, or to his agent, in Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, who may be found by inquiry of John Adam Ohenslagen, shipmaster, who resides at the Saxenhausen Bridge.”

While he was reading, Franz could see pictures of this new land floating across the paper and when he reached his brother, he saw that he was not alone in these thoughts.

The walk home went quickly, for their minds were too busy with dreams of the future to notice the passing miles. Their words flowed rapidly as they told their parents of the proclamation. Late into the night they sat by the fireside talking about their plans. Carl and Franz knew their parents would be broken-hearted if they left, to say nothing of the younger members of the family. And what of Hilde Heinrich, the girl Carl often made excuses to see?

At last it was decided. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman would accompany their sons to Frankfort where they could stay with their uncle. They would apply for passage to the New World, and if accepted, would go on alone, while their parents returned home.

A few days later, after everything was prepared, they set out. The journey to Frankfort was made with high hopes, but when the two boys saw the crowd gathered about the Saxenhausen bridge, their dreams landed with a thud. Enough people were milling about there to populate a good-sized village - whole families carrying their earthly belongings in large sacks, as well as young people setting out for the first time on their own.

However, John Ohenhausen could be found nowhere. A bit discouraged, the boys returned to their uncle's home and then walked to the city's crowded riverfront. Suddenly Carl's heart skipped a beat. Only a few yards away stood Hilde with her parents and little sister. Boldly, the youth strode up to them and bowed slightly as Mr. Heinrich acknowledged his greeting. It appeared that the Heinrich family was also going to the colonies in search of new fortunes. In fact, he told them that the little group was standing outside Mr. Johann Dick's shipping office at that very moment. On hearing this, the brothers wasted little time in entering and booking passage for Nova Scotia.

The stay at Frankfort was a short, pleasant one with Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman spending most of the time preparing for their sons' departure. That day arrived only too soon and amid tearful good-byes, the family broke up as Carl and Franz set out in Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich's coach for Rotterdam.

That port was not all the youths had expected. The waterfront where the families who were to embark the next day were quartered was infested with every kind of rodent known to mankind and the emigrants were

crowded together in a filthy warehouse. The brothers would gladly have spent the night wandering about the streets, but these were also made unsafe by the roving press gangs and the thieves.

The next morning the bells of a nearby church summoned the passengers to a special service where last farewells were murmured by friends and loved ones. Now cut off from all they knew and cared for, the voyagers were herded together and forced, amid great protests, to sell all their belongings. Then, like cattle, the one hundred and thirty emigrants were driven on board the good ship "Anne" to spend the next month under the iron hand of Captain John Spurrier, their first taste of the hardships they would have to endure away from the fatherland.

In spite of their bad treatment, the settlers looked forward eagerly to their new life as British subjects, and the enjoyment they would have of the privileges which were peculiar to the colonies of the Empire. The "Anne" was the first of numerous ships to bring 1,165 settlers to Nova Scotia between 1750 and 1753.

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#### THE COMMON SCHOOL STAFF

Seated (l. to r.)—Mrs. R. Smith, Doris Crouse, Pauline Veinot.

Standing (l. to r.)—Mary Johnson, Mrs. O. Zinck, Ruth Hamm, Marion Adams.

# THE VOYAGE

by Patricia Hewat '53

I was a very little boy then, but I shall never forget this experience until the end of my days. You see, my name is Frederick Schwartz, and I came from the Old Country with my parents and my sisters and brothers to settle in this new land. The story I want to tell you is about our voyage from Germany to Halifax. . . . .

I remember the day we embarked from Rotterdam on our good ship "Anne". It was in 1750 when I was only nine, but the memory is very clear in my brain as it was so different from anything I had experienced.

Our ship was mastered by John Spurrier, and to me it was the greatest ship that had ever floated. It was 180 feet in length and had a 400 ton burden. The beam and freeboard were wide and high, and it was for this reason and for the fact of the complicated rigging, that it appeared so impressive to me. The art of tacking also made quite an impression, although we lost a great deal of territory when tacking was necessary.

My family and I were put in a small compartment where we were partitioned off from the other families. It was here we slept and lived, although the ship did provide a galley in which we could prepare and eat our meals. Fresh water was limited, and there was an allowance of one to two gallons a day for adults. This ration had to serve all purposes—cooking, drinking and washing. We had to take all our own food and the confusion in our cabin that first day was indescribable.

I remember that moment when Captain Spurrier ordered the anchor to be weighed, and we set sail for this land and prepared ourselves for our new way of life. As we lost sight of Rotterdam, a feeling tinged with sadness and a strange sense of dread came over me. This was soon lost in my next emotion—one of adventure and discovery.

For the first few days all went well, and I found never a dull moment in exploring all the nooks and crannies in our small compartment; and then the thrill of going up on deck once a day with my family. You may think this rather an odd thing so I shall explain it. Every day each family was allowed on deck for fresh air for a limited amount of time. It would be too dangerous to have all two hundred passengers wandering on deck at any time of day with the heavy seas.

Having had fair weather, we reached the English Channel about our fifth day out, and it was then the rough weather began. At first, I thought I should die, but soon one became hardened—or at least I did—and I was able to fight my seasickness quite successfully. I cannot say the same of my mother though, as she was not quite the same from that day until we reached our journey's end.

Despite gale and storm, we beat our way down the English Channel. After being tossed unmercifully for five days by the cruel wind, we finally came to the Atlantic Ocean.

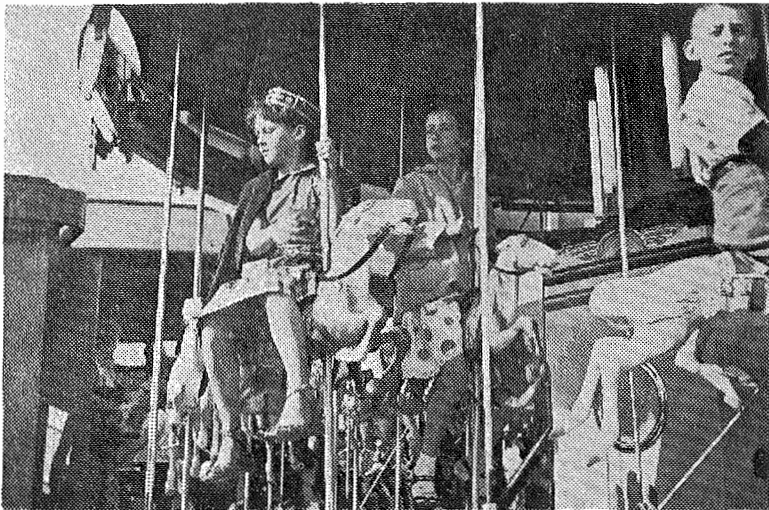
Two weeks had now passed, and after this experience we felt sure land would have to appear. I know if the passengers had had their way at this time, we might never have seen the New Land, but would have put

back for Rotterdam. The gales of the Atlantic were not quite so terrible as those we had experienced in the English Channel. Time began to hang heavily on our hands however, and even I became weary of this new adventure.

When I now think of our small ship wallowing in those deep waves and when I remember how the decks were so often swamped by the heavy seas, I thank God for preserving us as well as he did. The order "batten down the sails" which was given so often to the men by our captain, seems now only a nightmare. The fear of what could or might happen makes me now tremble uncontrollably. It was during our third and fourth weeks we had our trouble. Although these were quite minor, they were of great concern to all. There was the break in the rigging, the small leak in the fore-castle and the rip in the sail.

Thirty days out at sea—the passengers were listless from their limited supply of food, and were restless and uncomfortable in their cramped quarters. I guess I was really lucky as my father and mother were unusual people whose countenances were never dimmed in the face of want or unhappiness. It was to them that many of our fellow settlers came for consolation.

And then one day the dark sky brightened, the water became smoother, the winds were steady. Gradually our hopes rose. It was our fortieth day at sea, and we knew we could not be too far from our destination. Time was now flying by, and then that day came—Land had been sighted! With the appearance of land on the horizon, a feeling of exultation which cannot be described, but only experienced came over me and the rest of my family. It was with this feeling of hope and adventure that we looked upon our New Land. This same feeling remained with us long after we had dropped anchor in Halifax Harbour.



The Merry-go-round Lynch's Show

## IN THE NEW WORLD

by Barbara Cook '53 and Pat Tobin '53

At last the dim outline of the shore which surrounds Merliquesch was seen against the horizon. It was not long before the small group of people that were aboard the ship were being shuffled onto the shore at Rous' Brook. Now they could look forward to a brighter future in this new land.

In the eyes of Gus and Anna Schwartz, the vast forest presented a most wearisome task - first the cutting down of the great pines and spruce, and then the hewing out of the stubborn stumps. Well, that would be a muscle strengthening job for Tom, the eldest son of the Schwartz family. The lighter jobs would be left for the younger members of the household.

"We had better start making a shelter for ourselves before it gets too cold," said Gus to his wife who had just finished bundling up their young son.

Gus had a rather drawn countenance, for it had been a harassing journey across a turbid ocean and then along the shore from Halifax. His large brown eyes twinkled under the candle light in the tent that they had set up for the time being. Anna had just tucked Bobby in, who was seven years old, to whom everything seemed strange and novel.

The sun shone brightly through the narrow opening of the tent. Gus had risen at early dawn and had gone out to work with the other men who were sharing this new experience. Anna, who was hardworking in her middle age even though fate had not granted her strong health, was busy cooking the fish chowder over the intense heat of the camp fire.

Several weeks passed. The newly built huts comprised a small village. It was considered wise to build a small fort to safeguard against any outside attack by the omnipresent Micmacs.

The days grew shorter and by the time that the last hut was erected, autumn had come. This was a time to be feared. Neighboring Indian tribes, particularly the Micmacs, seemed to be getting rather restless lately. Somehow, either by a mere rumor or by "the latest trend of events", word had reached the fort that the Micmacs were planning an attack for the following week. Tom, only a lad of twenty-one, but with a brain and keen wit that would do justice to a trained militia man, had charge of the fort. The lieutenants under him were the best that could be mustered from such a small group of men.

"We had better prepare to have the woman and children be brought to the fort at the least sign of an attack," says Tom to Miller, his most able lieutenant.

"Oh! I don't think there'll be any danger of that so soon" quipped Miller.

"All the same, we're not taking any chances while I'm in command, but let's not be troubled about it too much. How about giving the folks a little enjoyment tonight in the reserve cabin at the far end of the clearing. Tell Claude to bring along his fiddle."

"Good idea" shouted Miller as he strutted out of the fort.

The noise of the revelry-makers pierced the stillness of the night

with an occasional outburst of laughter which indicated everyone was having a good time. The dance was at its height when a messenger burst into the crowd notifying Tom that a smoke signal had been noticed on the horizon about two miles from the fort. He also expressed doubt about a faint beating of drums in the distance.

"Good heavens! the attack is even earlier than rumored, I'll notify the lieutenants at once." He shouted, "Miller, everybody listen! The Micmacs are not far away. Everybody gather the children and proceed to the fort as quickly as possible. Miller, see that they file out in orderly fashion and watch that no one gets hurt."

They were practically all in the fort. A few people including, Gus, Anna and Tom's young brother were proceeding up over the hill toward the fort. Suddenly there was a great deal of skirmishing and cries at the bottom of the hill.

"Come on, get a move on", yelled Gus to his wife who had been lagging behind with Bobby. Gus had the baby carrying it in his arms.

Anna and Bobby were just about to enter the fort, when suddenly a loud warhoop and a flying hatchet cut down Anna.

Gus turned around in time to see Anna fall to the ground, a lifeless form, while Bobby stood there, bewildered. He literally threw the baby into the nearest woman's arms.

"Oh, God! they've got her. Run, Bobby, run! Inside the fort! Quick!"

All during the fight, the muskets were steadily aimed, cutting down ten Micmacs to one white man. The few remaining Indians began to retreat when they considered themselves defeated. Bobby reached the fort gate just as a lone Indian raised his hatchet. But Gus fired first, and his aim was good. Bobby was safely inside the gate and Gus lay there exhausted.

Tom ran up to his father.

"Where is mother?" he asked excitedly. He knew by the desolate look his father gave that there was no need for an answer.



Operetta - Sweet Anne Page - 1952

## THE WEDDING DRESS

by Betty Dauphinee '53

All heads turned to watch as Paul Jung and Gertrude Eisenhower returned home from their early evening walk. This was the handsomest, cleverest, and most talked about young couple in Lunenburg at that time. They were to be married the next day, and there was nothing these homely German settlers enjoyed more than seeing domestic bliss begun, especially in the case of Paul and Gertrude, for they, or rather Gertrude, had the most puzzling habit of deciding upon a date of marriage, and then postponing it without explanation. However, this time it really seemed as if the long awaited event were about to take place.

Such was the thought in young Paul's mind as he proudly strode by the side of his bride-to-be. But his mind was not quite so carefree as he tried to pretend. The shy, flirtatious glances which the pert, dark-eyed Gertrude gave to some young soldiers of the new militia, which had been so grudgingly sent from Halifax against the threat of a Yankee attack, were most disconcerting.

As for Gertrude, well, she was very much amused at the obvious discomfort she was causing Paul. There was nothing she enjoyed more than trying to goad her big, blonde, blue-eyed suitor into a rage. She seldom succeeded, for in temperament as well as coloring, he was her exact opposite. His was the calm, slow to anger nature which went with calm, but pleasant blue eyes, while Gertrude's temperament matched her flashing dark features, which made her stand out so vividly in this community of placid, fair people.

It was with great relief that Paul followed Gertrude up to her parent's home. He only hoped that hospitable Mr. Eisenhower had not attempted to make any of the new soldiers feel at home by inviting them to his home.

"Ah, my children!" exclaimed plump, baby-faced Mr. Eisenhower, who was quite alone. "Mother is visiting the Schwartz's, but she'll be back soon. She's warned me to keep Paul here till she returns, because she wants to give final instructions. Ha! Ha! And have you had a nice walk?"

"Wonderful," beamed Gertrude with a somewhat wry glance at the embarrassed young man across the room.

And Mr. Eisenhower, whose reputation as a talker was well established, continued with a little monologue about the grandchildren who would sit on his knees while he told them stories and about the beautiful wedding dress he had bought, the price of which he wouldn't think of telling.

He was just about to begin on the grandchildren again (indeed there is a sneaking suspicion that they were the main reason for his attempts to marry off his daughter) when Mrs. Eisenhower, a plump, blonde excitable woman, burst in.

"What shall we do? What's going to become of us?" she babbled.

Mr. Eisenhower, who was by now a master at handling such a crisis, soothed his wife with, "There, there my dear, tell us all about it."

Finally she was calmed enough to inform them that a woman out in

Black Rocks had seen a Yankee vessel, and had sent her husband to warn Colonel Creighton.

Upon this, Eisenhower burst out laughing. "Really," he chuckled. "That must be quite a husband to listen to every one of his wife's hysterical whims! Ten chances to one, it was one of our vessels, if she really did see it. Women!"

But that night after Paul had left and Gertrude and her mother had gone to bed, Mr. Eisenhower as one of the most influential and prominent of the settlers, sped hastily to the home of Colonel Creighton.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gertrude woke early the next morning. She wasn't at all happy at the idea of what lay ahead of her. Never before had she been able to reach the day on which she would be married without postponing the date. Actually, taking such a step was not her idea at all. She was too amused with playing Paul on a line (as the fishermen would put it); and much too fond of her freedom to think of such a thing. But her father had insisted that she be married. After he bought the beautiful dress, she felt it would be very unfair to him to postpone the wedding again.

The thought of the wedding dress soothed her mind a bit. It was all she had ever dreamed of. Gertrude, who was more than a little vain, smiled a pleased little smile. She contemplated the effect its white lace over the very palest peach silk combined with her dark beauty would produce.

Just then, the air was filled with the deafening clang of the alarm bell. Terrified, Gertrude jumped from bed and rushed to the front door.

Everyone was running toward the church square. Gertrude was about to follow, when her father came running breathlessly up to the house.

"Quick! Get your mother! Hide anything that's any good" he panted.

"The Yanks!" gasped Gertrude.

"Yes! Hurry up!" he urged, "And don't forget the silver!"

Then began the flurry and confusion which always accompanies a scene of haste and panic. The sound of firing from the harbor struck terror to their hearts, and they immediately doubled their haste and their usefulness.

\* \* \* \* \*

It wasn't long before a group of "Yanks", who had as keen a nose for plunder as any race that could be found, made their way to the homes of the more prosperous.

"They're coming!" breathed Gertrude. "Is everything hidden? The silver?"

"Oh grief! No!" exclaimed Mrs. Eisenhower.

"Quick, a bag! We'll put it down the well," hissed Mr. Eisenhower.

"Good Heavens! My wedding dress!" Gertrude gasped as she rushed to her bedroom, rolled it into a ball and ran down the stairs.

Just as the sound of her father hurriedly closing the back door reached her the front door was flung open and Gertrude was faced with four of the biggest, fiercest men she had ever seen — or so she thought.

Swallowing hard and being careful to have a sweet, timid look on her



face, she stepped forward and pleaded softly, "Please do be quiet. My poor baby has been so sick."

Then clasping the bundle closer in her arms and somehow managing to bring tears to her now soft eyes said, "Until now he hasn't been asleep for two days! And all that time he has been crying steadily!"

One of the men shrugged his shoulders and started forward, but he was held back by the big hand of the fiercest looking member of the group.

"You come right back here you — fool! Do you think you're going to give this poor woman more trouble? If one of you dares go in that thar house, you reckon with me! See?"

Then he went on to tell Gertrude that he believed the little one had the same sickness as had his own baby — only four months old and weighing eighteen pounds, if you please. Thus began a very earnest discussion on the proper way to treat baby illnesses, and on how to care for babies in general.

Some time later, the sound of the approach of more plunderers was heard.

With a fierce scowl, the proud papa snarled, "Come on boys get the — out of here and tell them — fools that if they know what's good for 'em they'll stay clear of here."

"But why?" inquired one of his companions.

"Because she looks like my wife, that's why. And remember, I can lick three of you at a time!"

Evidently that last statement was true, for although practically every other house of the community was sacked on that fateful day, the house of Mr. Eisenhauer was spared.

And, as Mr. Eisenhauer put it, the credit was all due Gertrude and the wedding dress baby, and with a chuckle, he added that it was the best investment of his life.

Then his face sobered, and he told them that Lunenburg had suffered a great loss. But as long as the indomitable spirit of the Germans lived in them, the town would prosper, especially when there were young people like Paul and Gertrude to aid the development. He regretfully announced that it would not be proper to have the wedding at such a time and that it would have to be postponed.

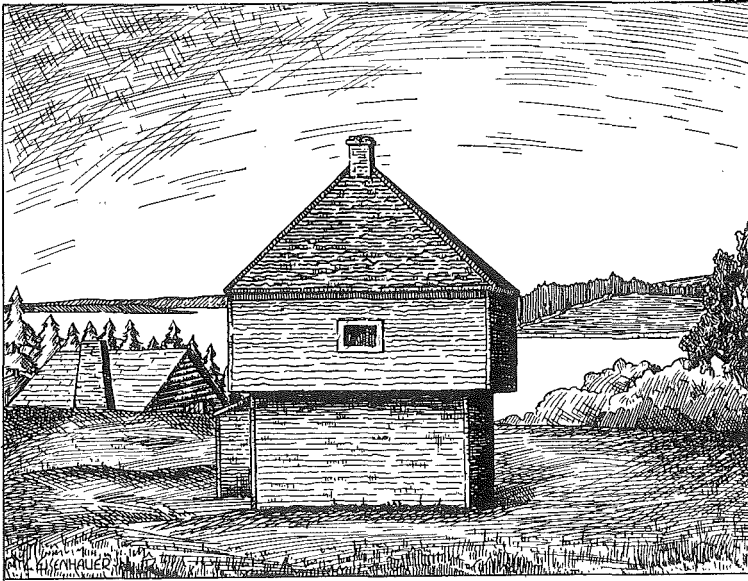
Indeed, the wedding never did take place, for Gertrude felt that her father had now been repaid enough for buying the wedding dress.

Now, in spite of Mr. Eisenhauer's grief, because he never did have any grandchildren, this was actually the ideal condition.

Paul and Gertrude grew more and more devoted to each other, continued postponing their wedding day, and in doing so, kept their youth and happiness. Every Sunday morning of the many years of their lives that followed, he walked her home from Church. In fact, people did believe that they would marry eventually, but this happy state of affairs continued until the end of their lives. Gertrude retained her freedom, and Paul never learned that she was not quite so perfect as he thought she would be.

# BLOCKHOUSE HILL IN 1753

by Sandra Romkey '53 and Jackie Tobin '55



When we speak of Blockhouse Hill, some of us are not aware of what it means or of what romantic history lies behind the name.

The Blockhouse as it was called in the olden days was a lookout for the settlers who came from Germany and landed at Rous' Brook. Many interesting and important events have happened from that day onward.

The first in the series of these events was the terrific battle between the Indians and the settlers for the right to claim the land which they were to settle. The battle which Blockhouse Hill witnessed was the bloodiest battle in the history of Lunenburg County.

In 1754 the disturbances having subsided, the settlers began to build a stockade and several blockhouses, because of the fine view of the harbour and the surrounding country-side. This peace was not to last for long as the Indians began a series of attacks.

About the year 1755, a windmill was erected for the purpose of grinding corn. It was due to this windmill that the hill was given the name of "Windmill Hill."

The name of "Windmill Hill" died out and "Blockhouse Hill" replaced it.

The end of the American Revolution in 1783 brought hopes to the settlers of Lunenburg for a long period of peace. These hopes were ended, however,

by the war of 1812. The result of the war of 1812 was that a new blockhouse was built in place of the old one that fell down. This new structure mounted two nine pounders, two small guns, and two brass field pieces. At Battery Point another blockhouse was built on the site of old Fort Boscawen. This fort was built of stone and wood, four twelve pounders.

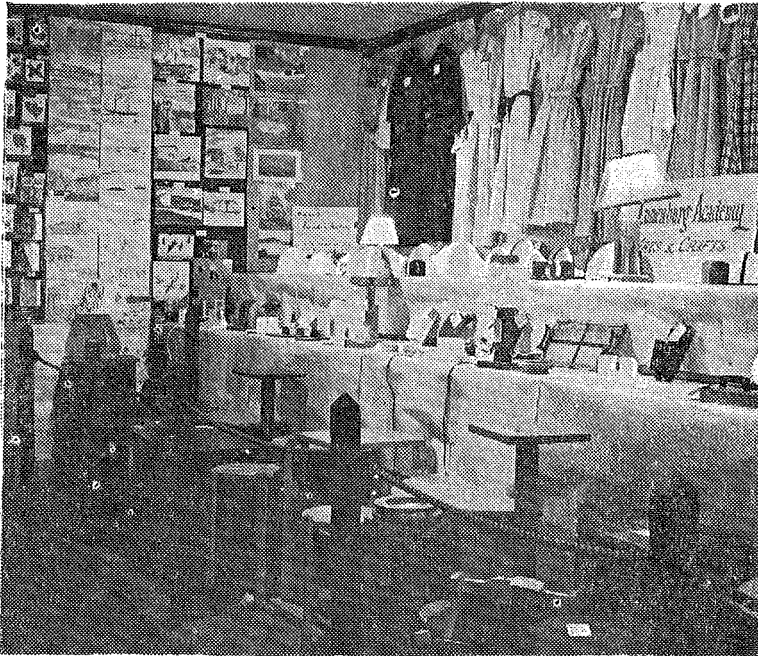
There were also two other blockhouses built, one at Lower LaHave and the other at Kingsburg.

In 1871 the last blockhouse was moved from its foundation, during a gale, which we remember as the strongest gale of October 1871. Later it was set afire and destroyed in 1874.

The latest relics were found in 1889 while men were digging a cellar for Captain F. Geldert's house. Here they found a ladder and cast about four feet under the surface of the ground. These relics were supposed to have been put there by some of the persons in charge of the blockhouse.

Blockhouse Hill is an interesting spot, the oldest in Lunenburg today. It has been beautified by the houses being built there. We hope in later years a museum will be built here, as it would be a great help to tourists and to the citizens of Lunenburg.

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Arts and Crafts Display - Lunenburg Academy

# THE BLOCKHOUSES OF LUNENBURG COUNTY

by Janice Haughn '54

The militia regiment of Lunenburg was formed in 1753 with Patrick Sutherland as Lieutenant Colonel and Leonard C. Rudolf as Major. It was organized fundamentally to protect the people against the Indians whose depredations at that time were both bold and numerous. The need for additional safe-guards was obvious, and the construction of thirteen defences was authorized and carried out. Some of the defences were merely pallisades consisting of sharpened stakes or pickets while others such as the blockhouse at Windmill Hill and Battery Point were constructed fairly substantially of stone and wood surrounded by earthen mounds.

The defences erected were:

## Town area:

1. Garrison blockhouse on Gallow's Hill.  
Blockhouses on
2. Windmill Hill (Now known as Blockhouse Hill).
3. Battery Point called "Fort Boscawen."
4. The burial ground.
5. Back shore below Labroane's garden.
6. Back harbor opposite Mason's.
7. Picket fence from Fort to Fort from front to back harbor.

## Surrounding area:

- Blockhouses at
8. Mush-a-Mush.
  9. Marriott Brook.
  10. North West Range.
  11. Lower LaHave.
  12. Upper LaHave.
  13. Jacob Hirtle's Mills.

The armament of these blockhouses consisted mostly of nine and twelve pound guns. It is difficult to obtain many details about actual size and the costs, but one particular one is recorded; that one is Fort Boscawen at Battery Point which cost then £219, 11s. 3d. The Gallow's Hill Blockhouse was called the Star Fort from the shape of the fence by which it was enclosed.

Other than from numerous small Indian skirmishes the first actual combat sustained by any of the Blockhouses was in 1782 when Yankee privateers attacked, captured and rendered useless the main Blockhouse on Blockhouse Hill. This was defended at the time by only Colonel Creighton and about five men. The Yankees had six vessels in their attack and after capturing the blockhouse they proceeded to plunder all the chief houses and shops in the town.

When war was declared in 1812, practically all the original defences had decayed and were utterly worthless. Four new ones were authorized and built — one near the town at the site of the old fort; one on the site of Fort Boscawen; one at Lower LaHave; and the fourth at Kingsburg. The one at Kingsburg was destroyed by fire in 1874 and the other three gradually met the fate of the first ones until today practically the only visible remains are those on Blockhouse Hill.

# THE DEVELOPMENT OF LUNENBURG

by Margaret Deal '56

On May 10, 1753 a meeting of the Council at Halifax decided to settle a town on Merliguesch Harbour. On May 28 the settlers embarked on a small sloop called the York.

The settlers landed at a brook which empties into the harbour. They gave their landing place the name "Rous' Brook" in honour of the Captain of their ship. The settlers immediately set to work clearing the forest, and building crude cabins and huts. During the night, the first baby was born in a crude hut built in the bushes.

As a means of defence, they constructed blockhouses outside the town. A blockhouse was built on Blockhouse Hill after the first town road had been cut from the shore to the top of the hill. A fence made of sharpened pickets surrounded the town. A Militia detachment of about one hundred and fifty men helped to defend the new settlement.

In the following year, cows, sheep, pigs, oats and poultry were sent to the colonists. During the same year, crops were planted. The German settlers became famous for the cultivation of cabbage. Their properties consisted of a town lot, a garden lot, and a three hundred acre lot. The Garden Lots were on the east of the town, so that the Indians would have to pass by the town before they could rob the gardens. Foot paths led from one house to another.

By 1754 there were three hundred and nineteen houses and forty huts, several of which were not inhabited. During the following summer the Church of St. John was built by the Government.

On the fourteenth of June help by the Government was discontinued except for the aged and sick.

In 1756 some of the settlers travelled to Acadia, following the Expulsion of the Acadians, and drove off a number of cattle and horses. However only sixty cattle reached the town, as the rest of the cattle and all the horses died from fatigue and hunger.

In 1757 it was decided that the first highway would be constructed from the town of Lunenburg to Halifax.

Little progress was made in agriculture on account of the Indians who carried off many of the settlers as captives, and killed and scalped others.

The Indians caused little or no discomfort to the settlers after 1760 when peace was made with them. Because of these hostilities, the population had only increased by seven souls since the founding of the town. From this time on, they started to settle the lands outside the town. Saw mills and grist mills were erected and small vessels were built to carry produce from the farms to market. In a short time, the settlers were supplying the fleet, the army and the inhabitants of Halifax with vegetables.

Until the beginning of the American Revolution, Lunenburg advanced steadily, though not rapidly, in population and wealth. Their attention turned to the sea with remarkable success. Lunenburg fishing schooners built locally and manned by her own sturdy men, became a familiar sight in almost every Atlantic Coast fishing bank.

# FIRST THINGS IN LUNENBURG

by Sheila Hellstrom '53

On June 7, 1753, fourteen transports and one provincial sloop sailed into the pretty little harbor adjacent to the peninsula of Merliguesch and disembarked one thousand four hundred fifty-three colonists plus a contingent of ninety-two regular soldiers, and sixty-six rangers to protect the little settlement. This, then, was the beginning of Lunenburg.

Upon landing at the point where a little brook enters the harbor, the settlers named the spot Rous' Brook to perpetuate the memory of the captain who had brought them there safely. Then the work of establishing themselves began. The same day on which they landed, these brave people began to fell the trees and clear the underbrush preparatory to building homes. Under the very eyes of hostile Indians this work was carried on, with every man always on his guard for more than once these savages carried off any settler who happened to wander too far from home.

Thus both civil and military authority was set up to protect the little community within and without. Two days before embarking at Halifax, Patrick Sutherland, Sebastian Zouberbuhler and John Creighton had been appointed the first Justices of the Peace for Lunenburg. They immediately passed an order for a review of the militia on June 23. A regiment was formed of which Patrick Sutherland was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel and Leonard Rudolf, Major. With this standing force in existence, blockhouses were built at strategic points such as Windmill Hill, now known as Blockhouse Hill, Battery Point (here the blockhouse was called Fort Boscawen), and Gallow's Hill. In addition the community was completely surrounded by a fence of poles sharpened at the top.

During the summer, the first jail was built in the town of Lunenburg by the government and was called the "King's Prison." This was to come into constant use a few months later. It would be thought that the severe labor which the men had to endure during that first year in fighting off attacks by the Indians and completing the fortifications of the town would bind them together in common interest. However, this was not the case, for in December 1753 a riot broke out among the people concerning a letter which was supposed to grant them extra food rations. So violent did the mob become and so serious the circumstances that Colonel Monckton was dispatched from Halifax to disarm the rioters. By January the settlers were again at peace with one another and the ringleaders had been taken to Halifax to serve their sentence.

In spite of the unrest and danger, the life cycle of the people went on. The night after the settlers landed the first birth in the new community occurred. It was that of Jane Margaret Bailly who was born in a rough camp cleared out of the bush, at the back of what was formerly the residence of Mr. Charles Myra.

In the parish register of the Church of England it is recorded that the first registered baptism took place on June 13, 1753 when Charles, the son of

Johannes and Gertrude Van Hoboken was received into the Church. Roman e was not lacking either. Love which was probably born during the hardships of the trans-Atlantic crossing or the long days in Halifax was rewarded when Ulrick Hubley and Anna Catherine Treffian were united in marriage on July 10. The voyage and hardships of this rigorous life also took their toll - the register records the first death in Lunenburg that of David Lancert which took place on June 20.

Civilization began to gain a foothold on this wild peninsula. Soon after the arrival of the settlers a store was set up by Mrs. Martin Born. It could hardly be called a store in the modern sense of the word for it consisted of a trunk made of heavy birch plank, four feet nine inches long, two feet in height, one foot nine inches in width with a till nine inches wide and one foot in depth. It was fastened with strong iron hinges and a huge German lock. This "shop" was kept in the log-house built by Mr. Born nearly opposite the site of the Presbyterian Church. It was supplied by Mrs. Born's sisters in Halifax with calicoes, needles, ribbons and other dry goods - a constant source of delight for the townsfolk who had been transplanted so far from civilization and no less for the proprietress as she deposited the money in the till.

Meanwhile, the work of building up the town was proceeding steadily. The town plot had been laid out into six divisions, each containing eight blocks. Each block was in turn divided into fourteen town lots sixty feet long and forty feet wide. The settlers drew for the lots by means of cards, and then had their holdings registered. The first deed actually executed in the town was dated December 3, 1753 and was made by Henrich Kolbach to Wendel Wust. The consideration money was one pound, and Wust became entitled to the grantor's right and claim to a garden plot in the fourth division. Another deed registered in 1759 records the first transference of land from one settler to another, the land in question being two house-lots sold for fifteen pounds ten shillings. To house these official documents and for the purpose of administration, the first Court House was built in 1775.

Not only were the physical needs of the settlers cared for but the mental and spiritual needs as well. Soon after landing, open-air services were held under the leadership of the Reverend Jean Baptiste Moreau. These were continued in the homes of the colonists of various denominations, often by laymen until clergymen could be obtained and churches erected. At the same time, these denominations for the most part looked after the education of their young. However, in 1862 a government-supported schoolmaster was sent to the town - a great improvement over the itinerant teachers who were so common at the time.

Transportation was still a problem in those early days. The first vehicle which was used to carry wood and other articles was made of native birch, the wheels being cross-sections of trees with holes burnt in them for the axle. The horse was the most popular means of travel and it was not uncommon to see a lady ride for many miles on a pillion behind her husband. Indeed, the first gig was not seen in the town until about 1840 with the

first four-wheeled carriage being imported at approximately the same time.

For the common use of those who depended upon water travel as a means of conveyance and could not afford a boat of their own, a small one was built. Then too, a ferry service was established between Lunenburg and "South", a distance of about three miles. Operated by a Mr. Kolp, the ferry was very reasonable, charging only four pennies for a return trip.

It was not long after they had arrived at Lunenburg that the settlers realized the tremendous possibilities the site had for the fishing industry. Not only were there plentiful supplies of timber near at hand, but the fishing grounds lay just off shore. For many years, however, fishing was carried on to maintain the supply for domestic use only. As late as 1850, the town had only ten vessels sailing each year for the fishing grounds. A few years later the industry "caught on" in Lunenburg and by 1888 the town had a fleet of sixty home-built schooners. These years were prosperous ones and soon the waterfront was lined with the establishments of sailmakers, blockmakers, coopers and chandlers.

The citizens now began to realize how hazardous the life of a fisherman was. Therefore, in true community spirit they built the Marine Hospital in which the sick and injured mariners might be well cared-for. The Hospital, the first of its kind in Lunenburg, commands a fine view of the harbor - a view which the fisherman could not fail to appreciate.

Yes, Lunenburg was growing quickly. Just five years after it was founded the first two members were sent to Halifax to represent the town in the House of Assembly. They were Philip Knaut and Alexander Kedy, who received thirty-eight and forty-two votes respectively out of a total vote of one hundred sixteen. Representation in the provincial government continued and for many years men from Lunenburg were familiar figures in the political circles of Halifax.

In 1888 the dream of the town's founders was realized when Lunenburg was officially incorporated and Augustus J. Wolff was elected the first mayor. The councillors returned at this first election of the newly-incorporated town were: David Smith, S. Watson Oxner, Charles Hewitt, Ian Morash, Daniel Rudolf and James A. Hirtle.

A year later, Lunenburg's contact with the outside world was completed when the Nova Scotia Central Railway ran a locomotive for the first time between Middleton and Lunenburg.

Thus, by 1890, Lunenburg had accomplished most of the "firsts" which comprise a town's growth to maturity, and by virtue of her fine Churches, Academy and buildings plus her excellent public services had placed herself in the foreground as one of the most advanced towns in Nova Scotia.



# RAIDS ON THE DISTRICT OF LUNENBURG BY INDIANS AND PRIVATEERS

by Nancy Zinck '55

When the early settlers came to the district of Lunenburg in 1753, there were many hardships facing them, in the setting up of a strong and sturdy settlement. Not only was there sickness, lack of food, clothing and shelter, but the danger of raids by the Indians was very great. Although some protection was provided by the English, the death toll rose quite high in the early years of the struggling settlement.

The Indians, who in the province of Nova Scotia were chiefly Micmacs, cannot wholly be blamed for the cruel deeds they committed. Taught by the French to hate the English, they were often paid, by them, to commit their ravages of murdering and scalping. Then, when the settlers came to Lunenburg, the Indians saw with alarm part of their hunting grounds being encroached upon.

They generally hid themselves during the day, and went on their depredations of cruelty at night. The weapons used were chiefly guns and long knives, which fastened to their wrists.

The Indians at first threatened the extinction of the settlements along the South Shore, and the increase in population was very small.

Lunenburg was fortified with Block Houses, but, despite any precaution the settlers took, the Indians continued to take their heavy toll. Several places around Lunenburg received their sinister names from the murders that were committed there. On Murder Point, where Mr. Ralph Bell now has an estate, the crew of a fishing vessel went ashore where they were cruelly attacked and murdered by Indians. A little boy managed to escape, and tell the horrible tale to some nearby inhabitants.

Near Sacrifice Island, where some fishing schooners had anchored during the night, their cables were cut by Indians. When the boats drifted ashore, their crews were murdered. A white child was also offered up as a sacrifice on this island, and since then it has been known as Sacrifice Island.

In 1756 Mr. Louis Payzant and his family, settled on an island in Mahone Bay, heard a strange noise outside of their home. Mr. Payzant rushed out and was scalped by some Indians who had surrounded their home. Following this they murdered a servant and her child and took as their captives, Mrs. Payzant and her 4 children on the long, arduous journey to Quebec where after some time they were finally set free.

These, as well as many others, are examples of the cruelty and savagery of the Indians in the early years of the settlement in and around Lunenburg. They were to be followed not many years later by the raids of Privateers.

While the thirteen English colonies and Great Britain were fighting in America, the towns along the coast of Nova Scotia were in constant fear of invasion by Privateers from the New England colonies.

In 1782 a body of ships left Boston for Lunenburg. One day when the sun rose, a large company of men was perceived coming on the road from the

Commons. They were a number of Privateers who came from six ships anchored near the town.

The town at this time contained no more than forty or fifty houses and many of the people were absent. However the citizens still put up some stout resistance. Colonel John Creighton, being warned by his servant, hurried into the east blockhouse with five men and opened fire on the attackers, wounding three of them. The first landing party, however was soon completely cut off from the surrounding district and the Privateer's boats were anchored in the harbor.

Colonel Creighton was forced to surrender and was taken prisoner. The only other show of resistance was at Major D. C. Jessen's house, but the raiders soon broke into the house and the Major barely escaped through the back door.

The people of Lunenburg were terrified and watched in despair, as their valuables and food were being taken by the robbers. What they did not want they destroyed and the town itself was a spectacle. There were all sorts of articles lying in the streets and the people were running about, without aim or direction.

While the raiders were looting the town, those who managed to escape begged for help from Halifax. A force was sent to the town but it arrived too late. At La Have Ferry, Major J. Pernette rallied together twenty men and marched toward the town. They were met by a messenger who begged them not to take any action, for the safety of the inhabitants was in the Privateers hands.

The leaders of the Privateers demanded a ransom and when agreeable terms were met the flotilla sailed from the harbor with their holds laden with goods, food and ammunition from the town. Their raid was a complete success.

The townpeople begged for soldiers to protect them and in the fall, a detachment of troops arrived from Halifax. By the end of the year, the war had ended and the veil of fear was lifted.

We may all be very proud of our early settlers who possessed much courage and hope when they settled in this new country. It is certain they would be very proud of the wonderful country they helped to create were it possible for them to view our 1953 celebration.

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## PLAGUES OF BYGONE YEARS

by Claire Bailly '55 and Ann Crouse '55

After having visited and talked with several elderly residents of the town, we learned that Lunenburg has had several epidemics. These outbreaks have dated back as far as 1753 when Lunenburg was founded, and caused much hardship and the loss of many lives.

One of the earliest epidemics was an outbreak of smallpox 1775-1776. This was a much dreaded disease since in these times medical science was in its infancy, and there was no cure for the disease. As a result of this

outbreak, fifteen people died, the majority of these being small children.

Then from 1800-1801 there was another outbreak of smallpox in Lunenburg. This time it was believed to have been brought to the town by a boat from Amsterdam. There were few nursing homes. During this and the former outbreak, there were so many sick to be cared for that they took as many as possible to an old fish-store on the Front Harbor. The outbreak took eighteen lives, and again they were mostly children. Those people who recovered were always reminded of the disease by the ugly marks and scars left on their bodies and faces.

Another serious epidemic was an outbreak of scarlet fever in 1875. This was a disease to be dreaded at any time. It was a common occurrence for school children to be affected by this disease. The doctors, however, had more knowledge of this disease than many others. Because of this there were not many who died at this time. Two younger brothers of Mr. R. C. S. Kaulback, William and Moyle died at infancy from scarlet fever at that time.

In the year 1880 there was a serious outbreak of diphtheria. This dreadful disease spread not only in Lunenburg County but throughout the province. At first the doctors barely knew what it was but little by little they gained more knowledge of the disease.

Striking both adults and children, it swept through whole families. Usually a sign of diphtheria was swelling of the throat. Unfortunately the disease took the lives of many people, young and old.

One of the most serious epidemics was an outbreak of Infantile Paralysis in August of 1905. As now there was no cure for the disease and therefore little hope could be entertained for the victims. There were thirty-four people who contracted the dreadful disease at that time. Of them four were crippled for life and one died, this being the four year old son of Dr. H. K. McDonald.

Infantile Paralysis struck in the Bailly family leaving Earl Bailly, now a famous artist, crippled by the loss of the use of his arms and legs. Everyone is quite familiar with the wonderful paintings he does by holding the paint brush between his teeth. Two other members of the Bailly family, Bert and George were also affected. Elwood Geldert was also left with a deformity. Two members of the family of R. C. S. Kaulback were affected by the disease. His son Edwin escaped from any deformities but his daughter Violet was left a cripple at the age of two years.

In 1918 a very serious influenza epidemic struck which at that time was all over Canada and parts of the United States. There were many deaths in Lunenburg due to this epidemic.

These are only a few of the more serious epidemics of the past. Fortunately medical science has made such progress that diseases such as these are kept under control and not allowed to spread as in the past.

# TRAGEDY AT MEISNER'S ISLAND, MAHONE BAY

by Virginia Zinck '53

Lunenburg County probably strikes only a faint keynote in the minds of many. Yet it is remembered by tourists as a place consisting of interesting and charming little towns, and most of all as being surrounded by superstitions and legends. Many of these concern Indian massacres and ghostly happenings.

One such incident took place near Mahone Bay during the 18th. century, a time when Indians and scalping were quite prevalent in the County of Lunenburg. The exact place of the tragedy was Meisner's Island. Some regard it as merely a legend but the story is confirmed by a descendant of the family involved, Dr. H. A. Payzant who now lives in Dartmouth.

Louis Payzant, a Huguenot whose father was a ship builder, left his home in Jersey and with his family came to Halifax in 1749. He had arrived in one of his father's ships, and had with him materials for building a house. Like many other men of his time he was a pioneer, and, instead of remaining at Halifax, he came to Meisner's Island at Mahone Bay. Mrs. Payzant is believed to have been a sister to General Montcalm, but other reports say she was either a distant relative or more likely an early sweetheart. This much can be said about the background of the Payzants.

After arriving upon the island, Mr. Payzant built a comfortable log hut which served as a temporary residence for the family and a storage place for goods. Later a two storey building was built in which the family settled hoping to have comfort and security. This hope was not to be so easily realized, however, for on May 8, 1756, a series of horrible events took place.

The labours of the day were finished and the men had gone home, for night and darkness had now come upon the island. Just as the family were preparing to retire for the night, they heard an unusual noise. They suspected at once that there must be evilminded persons prowling around the house. Mr. Payzant fearing trouble and being warned about the Indians, picked up his musket and went outside. He fired his musket hoping to frighten away the intruders. But these intruders were not so easily frightened. They were the dreaded Indians who felt they still claimed a right to the land upon which the white men had settled. No, they would not run from a musket, for they were too clever and too cruel.

How they came to this place is a story also. General Montcalm had sent them to bring Marie and her family to Quebec, but he made it clear that there was to be no bloodshed. The Indians intent upon carrying out his wishes succeeded in forcing a boy from Rous's Island to guide them to the Payzant residence. Then forgetting the agreement, they tomahawked the boy for his scalp. At this moment Mr. Payzant appeared. He had seen them bring their canoes along the shore, and, not realizing the consequence, he fired his musket. The Indians answered his fire by brutally attacking him and finally murdered him. Hearing the shot Marie rushed out of the house but was too late. Her husband had been fatally wounded and was only able to whisper, "Marie, my heart is failing — the Indians."

The story is that he put his hand on the wound which was bleeding free-

ly, and then his hand covered with blood upon a rock nearby where the imprint still remains. Sometimes it is clearer than at others, a perfect impression of a man's hand the four fingers and thumb - a red blood color. At other times it seems faded. Some people think that it might not have been the imprint of Mr. Payzant's hand but that of an Indian's. It has since been reported that the rock has been removed, because it was feared that the stone might be stolen.

Mr. Payzant's body is supposed to be buried on Heckman's Island. It is said that the grass near the grove of trees where he was buried has always remained green. Some people even claim that they heard supernatural sounds. The imprint of Mr. Payzant's hand is thought to have been implanted on the rock indelibly from the heat of the fire.

We must now return to the remaining members of the tragedy. The Indians raised their war whoop and advanced towards the house. Mrs. Payzant, shocked and terrified, knew that it would be useless to put up any resistance, so she went back to the house and barred the door. The Indians then tried to open the door but failing at this they prepared to burn the house, so that she was forced to surrender. She asked her eldest son Philip, then twelve years old to open the door. He obeyed. When the Indians advanced, the boy went to the table and pounded his fists on it in a last attempt to keep them off.

The Indians paid no attention to the boy. Instead they scalped a servant woman and her babe and also a hired man who had just entered the room. Next they made their way to Mrs. Payzant's room mimicking the cries of the woman whom they had just killed. They took Marie and her four children, three boys and a girl, captives and also their plunder and put everything into the canoes. But before leaving they had one last duty to perform. This was the burning of the Payzant home. They deliberately set fire to the household and as the unhappy prisoners left the shore of their island they could see their home, all they had worked for go up in smoke and flame.

This was indeed a drastic change for both children and mother to undergo. Especially was this true for the mother who was now alone with her children, forced to leave their home; and not knowing what terrible event might take place. This was only the beginning of her afflictions for she was a prisoner now, and would surely undergo more torments from the Indians.

She was so grief stricken and shocked that tears would not come. But she remembered that she was not quite alone — no not alone for God would help and protect her and her children.

They continued their journey to Quebec, making their way by canoe to East River, and later down to St. Croix. As they passed Windsor where a British fort was situated, the Indians held tomahawks over Marie's head for fear that she would warn the sentry. They next proceeded to Fredericton where the Indians expected to obtain rewards for their scalps and prisoners. Among the articles were Mrs. Payzant's wedding shoes of little value to the Indians, but which at the same time meant so much to her. When she asked for them, the Indians only laughed at her and threw the shoes into the harbour.

During the trip the family was fed poorly and sometimes not at all. One day Louis became so hungry that he ate some blue-berries which belonged to the Indians. When one of the Indians learned about it, he became so enrag-

ed that he threatened to scalp the boy. The Indian became intoxicated, however, and he fell from his canoe and drowned.

At St. Ann's where the group later went, Mrs. Payzant became separated from her children. She later learned that the two boys were with the French while Mary and Philip were still with the Indians who refused to part with the white children. Mrs. Payzant became anxious about them and went to a Roman Catholic bishop for help. He threatened that unless the Indians returned the children they would be refused absolution. Soon all were reunited. While there, a fifth child was born who was called Lizette or Elizabeth.

The boys later went to Quebec where they were treated exceptionally well and obtained good education. In the meantime, Montcalm was fatally wounded in the Battle of Abraham and at the end he went to Marie and asked her forgiveness.

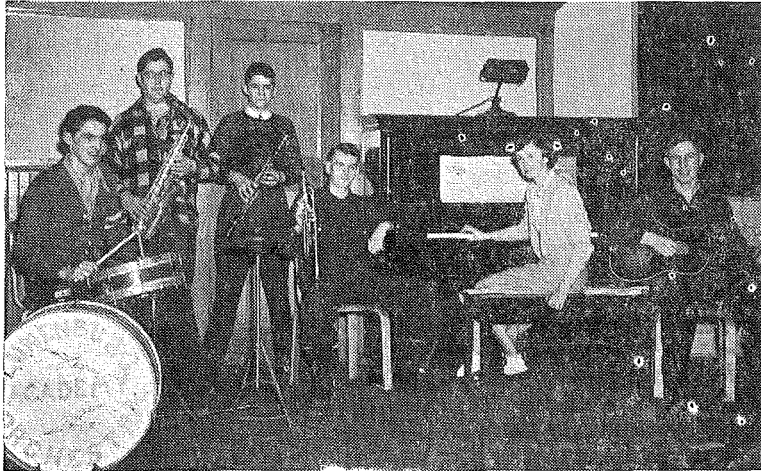
He said, "I've brought you a lot of trouble. I'm dying and I want you to forgive me."

Marie replied, "I'll forgive you, but not for the death of my husband."

Later the Payzants settled at Lunenburg and then Mrs. Payzant and her family went to Falmouth, Hants County where they farmed together. The children soon grew and settled for themselves. Louis who remained at Falmouth lived to be 96. During the time he was clerk at Halifax, he saw his father's murderer. It was Philip, however, who paid his revenge by killing the man who had murdered his father. Then he fled to the United States and was not heard of since. John became a Congregationalist minister at Liverpool. Both Mary and Lizette married.

But to-day the imprint is still on the rock to remind us of the Payzant family who through courage and endurance were able to find reunion.

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**Orchestra**

**Left to Right—R. Parks, A. Bald, M. O'Connor, J. Gaulton, P. Arenburg, M. Keddy.**

# HISTORIC PLACES OF LUNENBURG

by Catherine Cook '56 and Rochelle Winout '56

## BLOCKHOUSE HILL

Immediately after landing at Lunenburg (Rous' Brook), the settlers proceeded to cut a road from the shore to the top of a hill, later known as Windmill Hill (because at one time there was a mill on it for grinding corn). On this hill, which overlooks the harbour, the settlers erected a blockhouse for protection against the Indians. The name of this hill was then changed to "Blockhouse Hill", and is now known by that name.

## BATTERY POINT

Battery Point was first called Fort Boscawen, in honor of Admiral Boscawen. It was fortified to protect the harbour, but no actual fighting took place there.

## WAR MEMORIAL OF WORLD WAR I

This monument was erected by the citizens of the town of Lunenburg in honor of those who gave their lives for their King and their Country in the World War 1914 - 1918.



## WAR MEMORIAL OF WORLD WAR II

Standing in direct line with the War Memorial of World War I is a tribute to the memory of the Lunenburg boys who died in World War II. The new monument was designed by Mr. Philip Backman, one of Lunenburg's talented sons. This monument was unveiled on Remembrance Day, Nov. 11, 1948.

### ST. JOHN'S ANGLICAN CHURCH

When Lunenburg was founded in 1753, a particular spot which was the "Church Parade" was chosen for the building of the Church. This Church was completed and ready for services in 1754, with Rev. Jean Baptiste Moreau, as the minister. In 1870 the Church was moved two feet forward to lengthen at the rear. After the enlargement was made, the first service was held on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 23, 1871. Further improvements have been made, and the Church has been greatly beautified by presentations as memorials. This Church being the second oldest Church in British North America is very beautiful and rich in history.

### THE COURT HOUSE

In 1890 it was decided to build a Court House. The Legislature passed an act to borrow twenty thousand dollars to build this Court House which was to be erected at Bridgewater.

In 1892 the people decided to build a Court House in Lunenburg, it being the Shire Town of the County. In 1893, the municipality passed an act to erect a Court House, which was completed that year. There was much trouble between the citizens of Lunenburg and Bridgewater as to where the Court was going to sit. Finally in 1893 an act was passed which said that both buildings would be recognized as Court Houses.



### THE ROMKEY HOUSE

The Romkey House the oldest house in Lunenburg built in 1757, is situated on the corner of Pelham and Duke Streets. It was originally occupied by a German who used it as a brew house. The house when built had doors which were made of planks with iron hinges and bolts. The walls in the lower rooms were six feet high. Six steps led to the upper rooms which were still lower. Through the years the house has been repaired and is now occupied by Miss Ina Romkey.



## ROUS' BROOK

Captain Rous on the ship the "Albany", entered the harbour of Lunenburg on June 7, 1753. They came to anchor and sent scouts ashore to ascertain whether any Indians were about. As none were reported, they disembarked at the mouth of a small brook on the northeast side of the harbour. This brook was named "Rous' Brook", after Captain Rous.

## THE PARISH HALL

The first Court House built in Lunenburg was constructed in 1775, and stood on the same foundation as the Parish Hall stands today.

Around 1901, the Anglican Church bought the old Court House, and converted it into a Sunday School.

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## LINCOLN STREET IN 1888

by Marguerite Conrad '54 and Mary L. Langille '55

If one could have been able to walk down Lunenburg's main street in 1888 and again in 1953, one would observe a great many changes. Through the efforts of many of the public-spirited citizens of Lunenburg over the past 65 years a tremendous change has taken place.

Let us try to take you back 65 years for a stroll down Lincoln Street. We shall try to show you what changes have occurred. Let us start at the Capitol theatre. This was a barn owned by R. Pearly. Next to what is now

the Post Office was a sunken garden, and a tennis court. Kinley's Drug store was then the residence of Mrs. Sponagle, and also contained the telegraph office. Mr. Warden Wambolt's meat market was at that time the grocery store of Mr. P. H. Ross. The next three buildings, those of Mr. Douglas Oxner, Mr. L. C. B. Schwartz and C. D. Ritcey & Son, were



the residences of Dr. Ross and Dr. Jacobs. The shop of the late Mr. Charles Oxner was a barber shop and also a small harness shop.

A small barber shop, and the home of Magistrate Griffis were found where the stores of Mr. Harold Burns and Mr. Fred Mason are now situated. Miss Esther Comingeau, daughter of Canada's first Presbyterian minister, had a small store and resided where Rudolph's Store now stands. Stephen Finch, who had his office where the Steadman Store is, was the bank agent as there was no bank in Lunenburg at that time. A general store run by a Jew, named Glouby, was located where Mr. Harry Fulton's drug store exists.

The telegraph office was at that time the Post Office and the home of Henry Joust. G. W. Silver & Co. was a store owned by Mr. Sim Hunter, where organs, sewing machines, etc. were sold. Next where Hazen Zwicker's store is, there was a Dry Goods Store owned by George Geldert.

On the next block, where Mr. Hatt's meat market is now, there was a dwelling house and the office of P. J. McGuire who was a magistrate. Where the Progress-Enterprise and MacKay's Bakery are now situated there was a vacant lot. The buildings which are owned by Mr. R. C. S. Kaulback were then owned by his uncle Lieut.-Col. C. E. Kaulback. Lieut.-Col. Kaulback was M. P. for Lunenburg-Queens. The next house owned by Mr. Paul Conrad was there at that time, and it was also owned by Lieut.-Col. Kaulback.

Now we will cross the street, and slowly make our way back to the centre of business, so to speak.

The garage owned by Mr. J. A. Schnare, was in 1888 a blacksmith shop owned by W. J. Bailly. Carriages were made and sold by Mr. Lemuel Rafuse and Mr. James Rafuse. There were houses from Mrs. Beck's to Young's Market, and in Young's Market there was a shoemaker's shop owned by Mr. John Burns. In the building, where Mr. Leslie Comstock has his office and Mr. Murray Frittenburg has his jewellery store, was a grocery store owned and run by Mr. Isaac Gates. An old clock shop, where clocks and watches were made and sold, was situated where Dr. R. C. Zinck's residence is. This clock store was owned by Charles Godfrey, an Englishman. A hardware store operated by Mr. Jessen Rudolph took the place where Simpson-Sears Ltd. now stands.

Across the street was the Heisler Building, then a vacant lot, and where the telephone office exists were the law offices of Owen and Ruggles. Capt. Leonard Young's residence, and S. A. Rounsefell's drug store stood where the Powers Motor Co. now stands.

There was a small stationery store where Mr. Eber Hatt's Meat Market is. E. L. Nash occupied a store where Wong's Cafe serves the public. This man is especially interesting for he was capable in electrical work. In the back of his store, he installed an electric light plant from which part of Lunenburg could get its electricity. Through this Mr. Nash made Lunenburg the first town in all Nova Scotia to have electric lights. Publicover's barber shop was where Mr. Keith Young has his studio and C. E. Cossman had a grocery store where Mr. B. G. Oxner has his grocery store.

In the next block where Moore's Electrical Shop and Mr. Elmer Wentzell's shoe shop are there was a hotel known then as the "Royal Hotel." This included the house which is adjacent. In Mr. Leigh Hatt's meat market, Mr. Sam Mack owned, and ran a paint shop. From this store there was nothing until the large Hirtle building which is now vacant. It was then occupied by Miss Sarah Hirtle, who had a dry goods store, and Mr. James Hirtle who had a tailor shop.

This sketchy picture of Lincoln Street in 1888 will provide some idea of the drastic changes which have taken place in 65 years as told to us by Mr. Charles Silver and Mr. R. Moyle Smith. Who can tell what another 65 years portends for our main thoroughfare?

# A TRIBUTE TO MISS MINNIE HEWITT

by Ex-Mayor D. F. Adams

In this bicentennial year of 1953, one of the persons Academy Graduates will especially wish to visit will be their former teacher, Minnie C. Hewitt, Vice-Principal of the Lunenburg Academy for many years. They will be happy indeed to extend to her their best wishes, and together they will perhaps recall some of the happier memories of past school days.

During Miss Hewitt's long teaching career, she came in contact with many pupils who could not but be impressed by her personality and teaching of the languages - English, German, Latin and Greek and the many other subjects of the school curriculum. She taught year after year welcoming new classes, and extending her best wishes to the graduating classes whose school days were over. This busy life lasted for years until Miss Hewitt had earned a well-deserved rest and terminated her teaching career here.

Miss Hewitt, however, did not live a life of semi-retirement, but continued to lead an active life. Some years back Miss Hewitt decided to escape the cold northern winters and spend them in Bermuda. Her reputation as a teacher travelled with her, and she was offered and accepted a position as teacher for several years in the Upper School of Gilbert Institute.

Bermuda with its beautiful scenery could not but challenge the artist in Miss Hewitt, so she was soon busy painting pictures of Bermuda's many beauty spots. As she had painted Lunenburg and its environs, she painted Bermuda. Many grateful friends were recipients of her paintings, one of which hangs in Lunenburg Academy today.

The late Burgess McKittrick and herself are owed much for their part in the founding and growth of the School Library. Miss Hewitt was an incessant worker, and she was always a generous contributor.

Miss Hewitt always had a fine garden, and her knowledge of wild flowers was exceptional.

Interested in anything for the improvement of the mind and the betterment of her native town, she is a firm believer in the golden rule delighting in doing kind deeds for others and deeply appreciative of any kindness shown herself.

Minnie C. Hewitt was true to the role for which she had been prepared. To have been an industrious and conscientious teacher is a great tribute in itself, and portrays a worth-while life which must be a source of satisfaction to her always. There are those who teach and those who learn - those who learn are grateful for having Miss Hewitt as their teacher.

Miss Hewitt has lived an interesting life and the following incident is one of many she has experienced in her travels - while enroute to Bermuda last October on the "Lady Rodney." This steamer, in Boston harbour, exchanged salutes with the "Lady Nelson" to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" as this was their last trip under the Canadian flag. Miss Hewitt had often travelled on these steamers and was very much moved realizing she would not be able to do so again.

## REMINISCENCES OF THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS AT THE ACADEMY

by Miss Minnie Hewitt

Teaching was the favorite profession in our family — all but one having tried their hand at it. In my early days the favorite pastime in our neighborhood was “playing school.” As I was the youngest of the group, I wasn’t allowed to act as teacher. One of my earliest recollections was standing in front of the picket fence in our back yard and calling on the pickets to spell some of the big words that I had learned to spell, and, when no response came from the pickets I’d try to beat their heads off with the part of a bean pole that I used as a pointer. My father seemed pleased to know that I had chosen so noble a profession at such an early age, but didn’t approve of my methods of getting results from my “pupils.”

As soon as I was old enough to enter the Normal College at Truro, he took me there to get a first class diploma. I could have graduated in six months as I already had a license to teach, but I remained nine months and spent some time teaching English Grammar to some students who were backward in that subject.

As there was no opening in the Academy I did a little substituting in a country school and studied stenography with Judge Chesley who promised to take me to Ottawa when he went there as a reporter. However I longed to get at teaching and felt delighted when one day I was asked to substitute for a few days in Grade Four. That was my first day of teaching in the Academy and I shall never forget it. There were sixty or more pupils in the grade. They told me that the teacher always started school with a hymn. I asked them which hymn they liked best. They chose, “Pull for the shore, sailor!” and said the teacher always started it for them. Unfortunately I didn’t know the song very well and started the chorus. Everyone knows how the Lunenburg children love to sing and what vim they put into their singing. They kept on singing, the chorus over and over again. I didn’t know how to stop them so I let them “pull for the shore” hoping that they’d soon get tired. My cousin who was teaching in the adjoining room had to discontinue her teaching and was about to come to my rescue, but as the noise became fainter, I risked speaking to them and the music ceased. I complimented them on their volume of sound and told them I hoped they’d put equal energy into their other subjects.

At the end of the term my cousin retired to be married and I was appointed teacher of Grade Five. There were sixty-five names on the register



and seats for forty-eight. This state of affairs was conducive to regular attendance, for when a pupil was absent he had to lose his seat and had to sit on one of the boards which were put across the aisle and rested on two seats. Every available place was filled except a corner near the door where a rusty bee-hive stove held sway, often so red-hot that the children sitting near it were almost roasted and kept asking to change seats with the almost frozen ones whose seats were at the other end of the room wedged in on each side of the little platform with a small table and a chair which I only used when I was calling the roll, as it had to be pushed under the table to make room to use the blackboard.

Mr. MacIntosh, my former teacher, was principal at the time. I had not been too angelic as a student so perhaps he hoped I'd be "paid back in my own coin." He soon came in to see how I was getting along with my young hopefuls. I said, "Oh very well, but there's a boy that won't read for me. What am I to do?" His advice was very good, "Just let him alone as long as he looks on his book and doesn't annoy you in any other way." I didn't have to worry long about that boy for he got into some mischief on the playground and took refuge in the schoolroom and when the principal came rushing into the room after him he jumped on a desk and made his escape through one of the windows leaving his school education unfinished.

There was another boy who was rather troublesome. At Normal College it was impressed on us that education was a leading-out not a cramming-in process. One day while teaching the history of Nova Scotia orally and trying to get the children to make mental pictures of the Expulsion of the Acadicians, I asked the class to suggest a good way to get all the people together so they could easily be transported. One bright girl said, "They could get all of us right here in school." This chap astounded us all by jumping up from his seat, waving his clenched fists about and yelling, "They wouldn't get me!" It was such a surprise to me that I joined the children in their laughter.

These little incidents didn't worry me, but one day I had a real scare. "Jaw-breakers" took the place of "all day suckers" in those days. One day I noticed a quiet little girl with one cheek protruding and without thinking what might happen, I called on her to answer a question. She quickly tried to swallow the "jaw-breaker" and almost choked to death. Luckily she lives to tell the tale.

Of course young teachers in their first year of teaching dread the visits of the School Inspector. I was giving a lesson on clouds and, with a schoolroom that resembled a tin of sardines, in order to have the pupils get the full benefit of the grand cloud effects that day, they had to get up and kneel on the desks and support themselves on one another's shoulders. In the midst of the lesson I walked Mr. Patillo, the Inspector for Lunenburg and Queens. I don't know his reaction to the scene that met his view, but noticing that there was more interest than confusion, he asked me to keep on with the lesson. Then came spelling and when one tiny girl spelled *delicious* correctly, he said to her, "Now give me a sentence to show that you know the meaning." She smiled to him and said, "You are such a delicious man." I read the report in the register with fear and trembling, but was pleased to find it was a favorable one.

I'll relate one more of my surprises. Sliding down the banisters was forbidden but one boy had come in with his "tam-o' shanter" dripping with soft

snow. Seeing no one near he thought he'd take a ride down the banister. The principal happened to come along and thinking he could administer a blow while the boy was caught in the act, he sent the dripping cap straight into my face as I happened to come along the hall.

The time came when Mr. Patillo was succeeded by Mr. MacIntosh as Inspector of Schools. Mr. Stanley Bruce of Shelburne took his place as principal and when Mr. Bruce was appointed Inspector for Yarmouth and Queens, Mr. McKittrick took his place as principal.

It was during his regime that we had to bid a sad farewell to the old Academy building in which so many had spent years of study and teaching. September 28th, 1893 was rather a cold day and fires were necessary in some of the classrooms. At noon the fire alarm sounded and as I was hurrying up the "Sheriff's Hill", Senator Kaulbach who lived at the foot of the hill called out, "Miss Hewitt your school house is burning down!" I thought he was teasing me as he used to do so I called back, "No such good luck!" I soon realized that this was no time for joking. The dear old walls where I had spent so many happy hours were doomed for destruction. Almost sixty years have passed and many of the townspeople remember that sad day with great regret.

Of course the holidays ahead were a consolation to some lazy pupils, but the parents, the school authorities and the teachers had to worry about the future.

The old Firemen's Hall, the Temperance Hall, and the old Court House were fitted up as schoolrooms. The school board thought they were doing me a favor by giving me a place near my home. It was an old unoccupied shop across from the Newtown fountain. Again my pupils were packed in like sardines. There was no playground but the street. Luckily ox-teams and a few carriages took the place of cars so there was little danger of accidents. The cellar of the store was often filled with water so only boys with rubber boots could go down for the wet fuel. The other teachers had their troubles too and when we met there were discussions as to who was suffering the greatest inconveniences.

There were discussions too in the Town Hall in regard to the location of the new building. The old grounds were too small and the cemetery was too near the other proposed site. Finally Mayor Watson Oxner gave the casting vote in favor of the "Gallows Hill" which has gradually lost its old name.

On November 7, 1895 the new Academy was formally opened and joyful processions of children wended their way to the new hall of learning. My brother Harry was then the only boy attending High School. As the High School students made their triumphant march to their new quarters, some student struck up "Hold the fort for we are coming — see the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on etc." Harry was likely marching with Mr. McKittrick so fortunately the students were free from disrespect to their beloved teacher and as Harry sometimes deserved the epithet there was really no ambiguity.

An octogenarian is no longer needed to go into detail in regard to what happened from that date. Students flocked in from the rest of the county and Mr. McKittrick needed a Vice-Principal. Miss Agnes Roop, later the wife of General Foster of Wolfville, was chosen for that position. I had six months leave of absence and attended Pictou Academy and obtained an Aca-

demic License. When Miss Roop retired to study law I succeeded her as Vice Principal. Mr. McKittrick and I carried on the work of three high school grades with over 100 pupils in two class rooms, grades nine and eleven occupying the same class room. Unfortunately Mr. McKittrick had a nervous breakdown and for over three weeks I had to manage alone leaving one or sometimes two grades without a teacher. I shall never forget the thoughtfulness of the students then in my charge and the kind cooperation of the teachers in the common school grades.

Luckily the schoolboard were able to get Mr. Brodie of Halifax to act as principal until Mr. McKittrick recovered. The classes were now too large to be accommodated in two class rooms so a room was fitted up on the third storey and Mr. Hugh Bell of Halifax was engaged as the third high school teacher. When he left to take a professorship at Dalhousie University Mr. Arthur Hirtle took his place. When Mr. McKittrick resigned Mr. Robert MacLeod of Fictou became principal and Mrs. J. Joseph Rudolf, Miss Annette MacLeod, and Miss Mary Rudolf each acted as third teacher. Mr. Morris Maxner succeeded Mr. MacLeod and when Mr. Maxner became Inspector of Schools, Mr. Collins took his place.

I have worked as vice principal under five principals and with five associate high school teachers and I know that all had enjoyed their work with the Lunenburg Academy students and were very proud of them especially when year after year the reports from the Education Office showed that a Lunenburg student had headed the province in the Provincial Examinations and had lived up to our old motto, *Secundus nullo*.

The High School Teachers always realized that "you can't erect a stone building on a bean pole foundation" and that any success in the upper grades was due to the faithful work of the Common School teachers. They in their turn realize the great importance of the home training of the children, the Sunday School, the church and all the organizations that help boys and girls to become better citizens. At this Bicentennial year we'll think often of the heroic early settlers whose blood runs in the veins of most of our people and to whom is due many of the fine characteristics which make Lunenburgers outstanding.

After going back two hundred years I'd better stop or I'll end up with our ancestors in the Garden of Eden who might have had a better influence on us all if they hadn't listened to bad advice.

All those who have interested themselves in the education and character building of the boys and girls of Lunenburg can have feelings of pride and satisfaction; and realize that they have spent their efforts on a grand company of gallant youths who have become leaders in almost every important walk of life and have made good not only in their own home town and county but in the various places they have lived and worked. Many of our former pupils will be returning to our town during this year. I hope they will not forget their former teachers and call to see us. Many have been called to higher service and a more abundant life but their good influence lives on. "Their echoes flow from soul to soul and live forever and forever."

My best wishes go out to all interested in Lunenburg Academy and to all who every day and in every way are trying to make it more successful than ever. My congratulations and best wishes go out also to the citizens of my old home town. Although I don't spend all my time there I can always say with a thrill of gratitude and pride "I belong to Lunenburg, Nova Scotia."

# BEGINNING OF EDUCATION IN LUNENBURG

by Joan Tanner '54

Education is the foundation of prosperity and progress to a community and its individuals. It is the basis of our country's prosperity.

Education in Lunenburg dates back to the first years of its progress when the educational facilities enjoyed by the early colonists were meagre, beginning with the local clergyman who undertook the twofold task of teacher and preacher. The first clergyman to teach and preach in this community was the Rev. Jean Baptiste Morreau.

This was followed by the period of the schoolmaster who fared badly since he depended upon the hospitality of the parents for his board and the reward for his services. The schoolmaster who followed this practice of "boarding around" was subjected to both plenty and poverty, according to the well-being of his hosts. Thus, schoolmasters in those early days often endured great hardships. The following extract from a letter by one who worked in the county following this practice illustrates the point.

"I have in some sections had for food in poor families where I boarded, nothing but Indian meal without milk or sweetening; slept on hay and straw beds on the floor where mice, fleas and bugs could be felt all hours of the night."

Yet, despite these hardships and setbacks, industrious and painstaking men and women could be found teaching the young throughout the county. These were people who felt called to their work — men and women who built the foundation of our society.

One of the earliest schoolmasters in Lunenburg was George Frederic Belvidere, an Englishman by birth, who had been a British officer. He was considered a good teacher as well as a strict disciplinarian whose "oaken towel" (as he called his instrument) taught many a lesson.

The first Academy, which was erected near where the Fire Hall now stands, was later used by the Anglican Church as a Parish Hall.

Another respected educator in Lunenburg was William B. Lawson who was principal of the Grammar School until the enactment of the New Education Law.

After the Free School Act was passed in 1864 "A meeting of the ratable inhabitants of the town of Lunenburg was held on Tuesday, October 25th, 1864, for the purpose of determining whether an Academy shall be established in this town or not." The first trustees appointed were:

Hon. John Creighton (secretary).

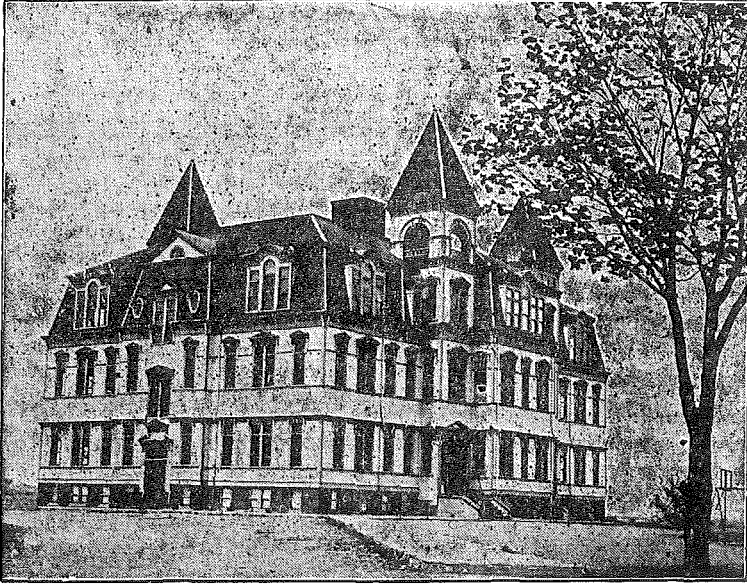
James D. Eisenhauer, Stephen Finck, Joseph W. Lockhart, and William W. Zwicker.

One of the first acts of these new trustees was to appoint F. W. George as principal. While the Academy was under construction, classes were held in the Old Temperance Hall. The first Lunenburg Academy or "Old Academy" as it is now referred to, was a one story building 50 x 90 feet with an L 50 feet square. Situated on the parade square, it contained four classrooms sufficient for over two hundred pupils. James Dowling, the Captain of the Artillery, honored the occasion of its opening by firing a royal salute



f om Blockhouse Hill. This building, later remodelled and enlarged, was destroyed by fire on September 28, 1893.

The Newtown School was constructed in 1883 for the total sum of five hundred dollars. Additional land was granted in 1884 to provide space for a playground.



Despite disagreement over the building site, a new Lunenburg Academy was erected on the Gallows Hill in the year 1895. It was mainly due to the efforts of Mayor S. Watson Oxner and several other councillors that the Academy was built on the Gallows Hill. This Academy, built at a cost of \$30,000, was considerably in advance of many of the Public Schools at this time, and was often times referred to as "the finest wooden building in the Maritime Provinces." It is still in use today. At the time of the official opening the Board of School Commissioners consisted of:

Chairman—Mayor A. J. Wolff.

Councillors—A. R. Morash, E. A. Parker.

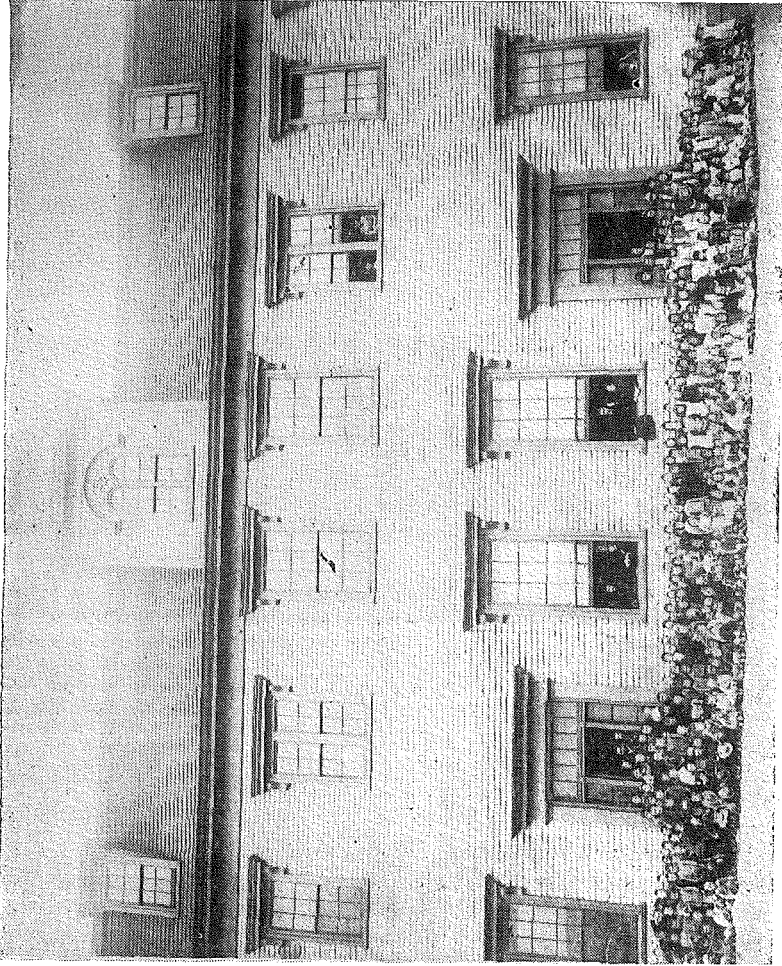
Government Commissioners—E. L. Nash, W. L. Romkey.

Since those early days of development, improvement and learning continues unabated echoing the words of our glorious English poet, John Keats:

How charming is divine philosophy,  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

# THE OLD ACADEMY

by Lucille DeMone '55



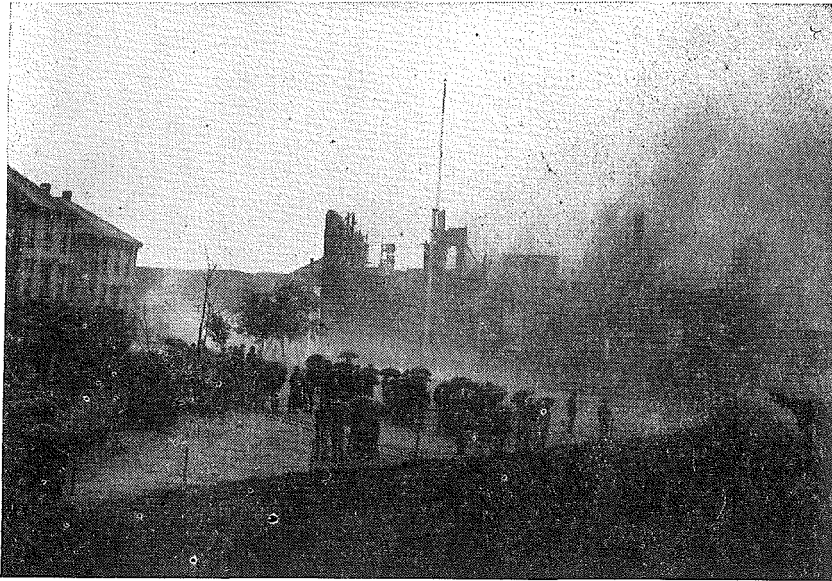
The Free School Act was passed in 1864. The residents of the town of Lunenburg held a meeting on October 25, 1864. This meeting was to determine whether they would build an Academy. The matter was discussed, and they finally decided to build an Academy. It was also decided that it would be supported by taxation.

The trustees appointed F. W. George as Principal, and preparations were at once made for the building of the new school. It was to accommodate the county school and the public school.

During the construction of the building, the children went to school in the old Temperance Hall. They continued their regular school work in the Temperance Hall until in 1865 the new building was completed.

A Royal Salute was fired from Blockhouse Hill in honor of the occasion. It was fired by James Dowling, captain of the artillery company. There were also other festivities carried on that day.

This school, as it is now called "The Old Academy", was a one story building 50 x 90 feet with an L 50 feet square. This building contained four classrooms, which were sufficient for over two hundred pupils. Later on the school was remodeled and it was also enlarged to eight or ten rooms which gave them sufficient room for all the new pupils.

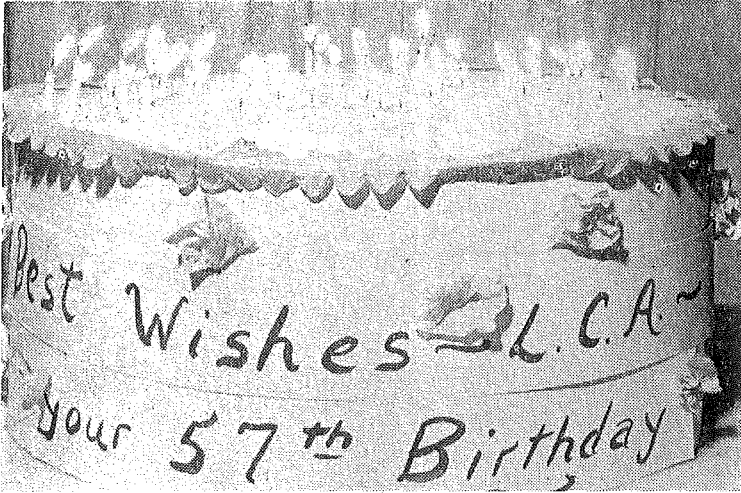


On September 28, 1893 fire swept through the wooden building. The fire broke out just before the noon session began. The principal and teachers went about getting all the children to safety. Everyone was taken out, and no-one was hurt. The school was totally destroyed by the fire.

Preparations were then made for the construction of a new Academy which is still in use. It was designed by H. H. Mott and was constructed at the cost of \$30,000. It was opened for school purposes on November 7, 1895.

## 57th BIRTHDAY

by Betty Dauphinee '53



One of the most enjoyable events of this busy and interesting school year was a surprise birthday party for our school. Actually it was the guests at this party who were surprised, for the Academy was a witness to the many secret preparations made by the hard-working President of our Students Council and her assistants.

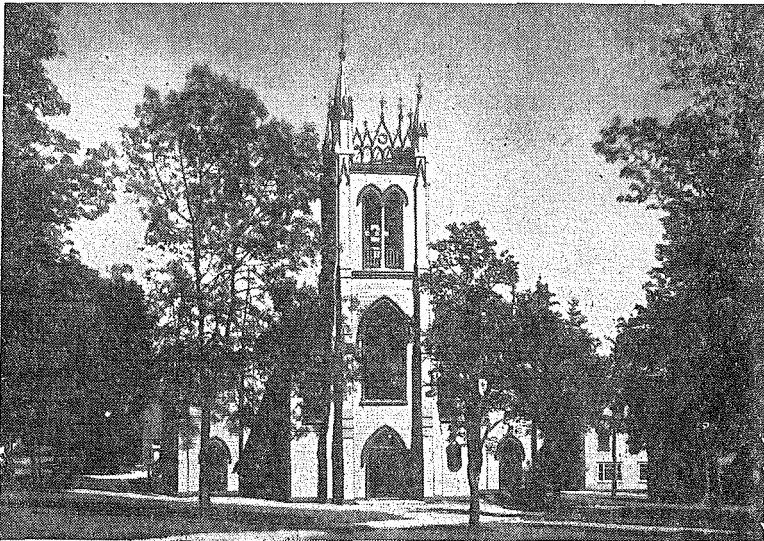
It was a most beautiful sight as the handsome new curtains of the stage opened on a large, lacey, pink and white cake set against the rich wine background. As all present joined in the singing of "Happy Birthday", they were filled with an intense pride and love for this grand old institution — an institution which is not a mere building, but a spirit which has been built on the joys, sorrows, and triumphs of those who have attended it through its 57 years of existence.

## EARLY CHURCHES IN LUNENBURG

by Betty Dauphinee '53

Lunenburg is one of those fortunate towns which have been able to meet the demands of modern civilization, and yet retain the inspiration and traditions handed down by those who braved hardship and danger to establish our beloved town. Nowhere is this link with the past more felt than in the impressive churches of Lunenburg, where the spirit of our devoted forefathers still lingers. The strongly religious settlers, who came to Lunenburg in the spring of 1753, were accompanied by the Rev. Jean Baptiste Morreau, a former Roman Catholic priest. Upon arriving at the place called Merliguesch by the Indians and few French settlers, Rev. Morreau administered to the religious needs of his two hundred regular German and French communicants. Every Sunday, until a Church could be built, he held an open air service, in three languages — German, French, and English — for Lutherans, Calvinists, Presbyterians, Anabaptists, members of the Church of England, as well as numerous Indians. The Church built by this congregation, with certain additions and revisions, still exists, and is generally recognized as the second oldest Protestant church in Canada.

In the records of Rev. Morreau are found many interesting incidents which show the desires, amusements and fears of these people. In a report for the year 1775, Morreau states that one of the congregation was put to public penance for participation in a plot against the government. After he had humbly asked the pardon of God, the king and his Christian brethren, he was readmitted to the Holy Communion.

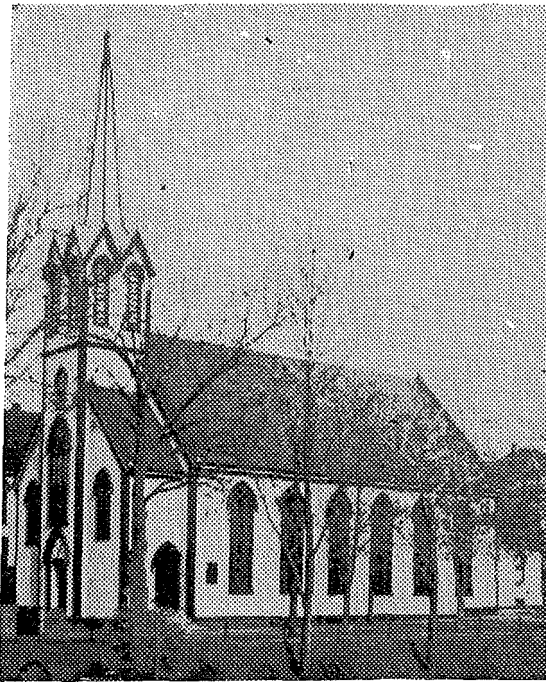


**St. John's Anglican Church**

Under the Anglican church are buried two of its most faithful servants, Rev. Morreau and his assistant, Rev. Paulus Bryzelius. The latter is said to

have preached such moving sermons that the church was always crowded with weeping people, whose weight often put the upper galleries in danger of breaking. His death, which came as the result of a stroke of apoplexy which he received while preaching on Good Friday, brought grief to the hearts of all.

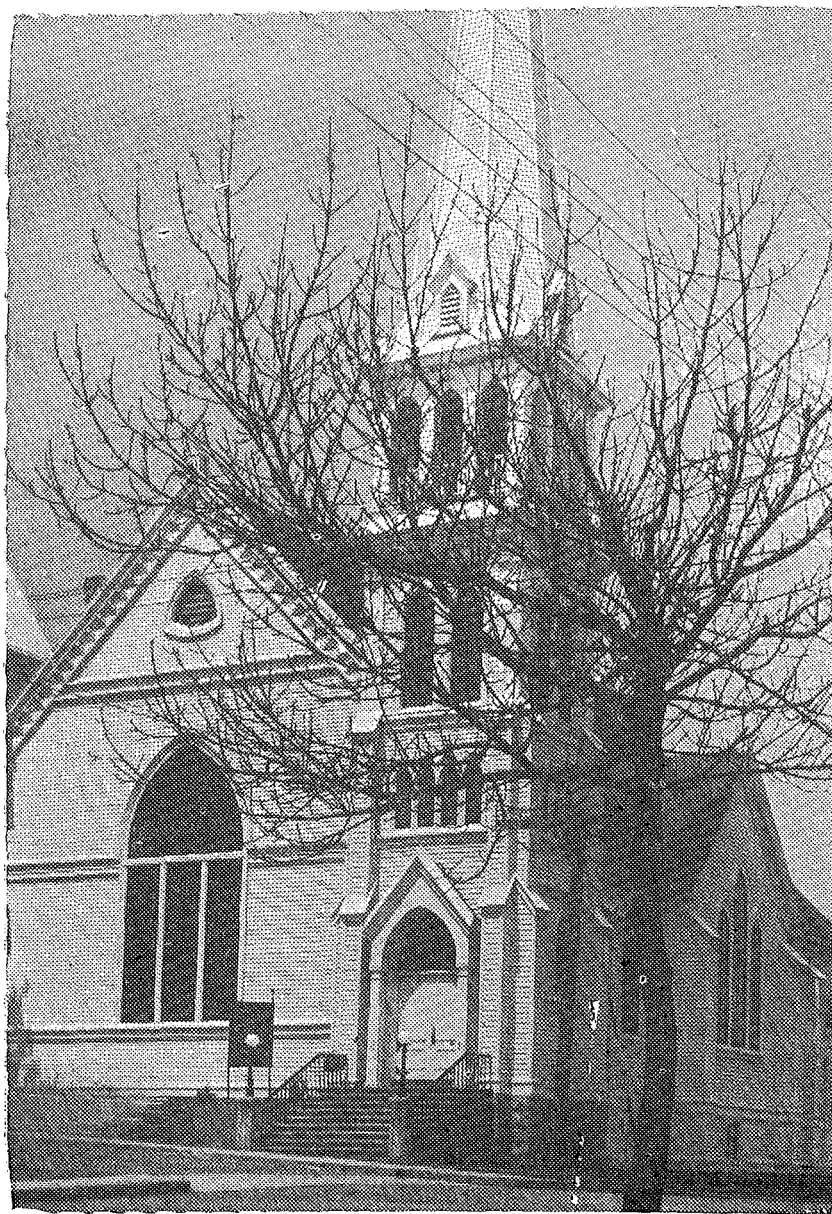
With the first settlers came a number of persons belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church, who went without the services of a specially appointed minister until the year 1769. At that time, a Church was erected by subscription. A delegate, who had been sent to Germany brought back aid in the form of money and a communion set, which is still preserved. In answer to a request for a minister, Mr. Bruin Rocas Commingo, the first Presbyterian minister ordained in the British North American Provinces, came to supply the want of the community. In spite of complaints about his lack of education, Rev. Commingo, or Rev. Brown, as he was commonly called, succeeded in winning the love and respect of his congregation by his devoted service.



**St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church**

Rev. Brown's successors were also able and God-fearing men who, in spite of many obstacles, fulfilled their ministry in a manner which should serve as an inspiration for all us moderns.

In 1760 a school master, who also held private services in the homes, was obtained by the Lutherans. Ten years later, a Lutheran Church, which was dedicated by its first pastor, Rev. Frederick Schultz as "Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church" was constructed. This was the first Lutheran congregation in Canada.



### **Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church**

Of the many outstanding pastors who led this Church, there were none of greater strength, ability, or vitality than the Rev. C. E. Cossman. It is said that during his ministry in Lunenburg county he baptized 3,966, married

622 couples, buried 1,041, preached 11,000 sermons, and travelled 200,000 miles on horseback. But in spite of his hard work, Father Cossman, as he is lovingly called, lived to an old age, retaining both his physical health and his keen mind. An 1892 issue of the "Halifax Herald" praises the grand old gentleman of eighty-four for the excellent sermon he presented on the occasion of the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the presentation of the Augusburg Confession. Indeed, even now, after his death, he is loved and revered by the citizens of Lunenburg. Every Sunday as a story-laden old bell, taken from the old French fortress at Louisburg, rings forth from the present church, worshippers enter this building, of which the most outstanding feature is a beautiful stained glass window placed there in memory of this great Churchman.

In 1813 a Methodist church was formed at Lunenburg, under the influence of four men who were excommunicated from the Lutheran church, because they attempted to hold prayer meetings without the permission of the pastor. One of these men, George Orth, became the first minister of this congregation.



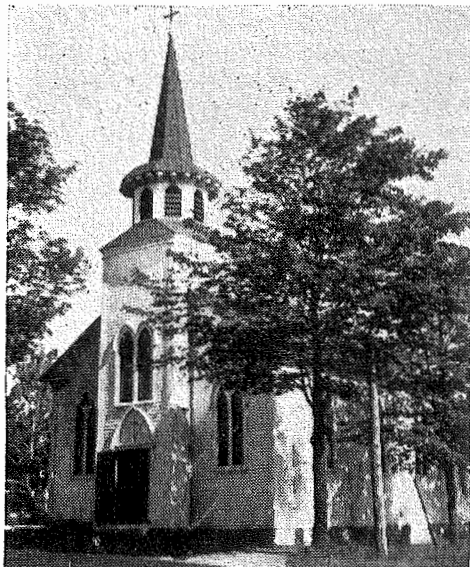
United Church Chancel

For some time, the actual church building remained unfinished, with only rough benches for seats. Then the congregation began to grow to such an extent that the Church had to be enlarged. This was done by sawing the building through the middle, removing the one part ten feet from the other and adding that length of space to the centre. Later, the Church was again enlarged by an addition of twenty feet at the north end. It soon became impossible to keep adding to this building. In 1883 the cornerstone of the present building was laid.

Although the Baptist movement of Lunenburg county began in 1812, no Church was organized in the town of Lunenburg itself until 1884. Later this Church was discontinued, when in 1925 the majority of its members joined



the Methodist congregation, along with certain Presbyterians to become "Central United Church of Lunenburg." From this union came an exceedingly strong, and hard-working Christian organization. The small, attractive Church which was abandoned by the Baptists at that time has now become Sweeny's Funeral Home.



**St. Norbert's R. C. Church**

despite many setbacks, they have persevered and have succeeded in planting and caring for a growing Church in Lunenburg.

And so, through the years the leaders and members of these various Churches have worked together in amazing harmony to establish a true Christian spirit in this grand old town which will be evident to all who visit us during our Bicentennial year.



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## **"THE SALVATION ARMY"**

by Annette Hebb '54 and Ruth Mills '55

The Salvation Army began in the open-air Mile End Waste in London, England in July 1865. It was then called "The Christian Mission", and it was not until twelve years later, in 1877, that it became known as "The Sal-

vation Army." A tent and, later, a dancing hall were the first buildings used.

The Salvation Army was founded by the Reverend William Booth, a man of simplicity and iron will, an indefatigable worker.



He was the first Christian to have the honour of an interview with the Emperor of Japan. He had Honorary Degrees conferred upon him by many universities. This great man died on August 20, 1912 having contributed a great deal toward the betterment of mankind.

The Army's work was begun in Canada in 1882 in London, Ontario by Jack Addie and Joe Ludgate and soon spread to other parts of the Dominion. On October 24, 1886, only four years after the Salvation Army appeared in Canada did it launch its work in Lunenburg, bringing with it inspiration, charity, hope and both spiritual and social meaning. The first officer to begin the work in Lunenburg was Captain George Manton. After twenty-six years, it was found necessary to discontinue the work here. It was started again in May 1914 by Captain Grace Moat, but within two years the work ceased again. After a period of ten years, a final attempt was launched again by Captain Claris Sparks which has thus far continued.

Since the Army's beginnings in Lunenburg, it has occupied many buildings at different locations in the town. In 1941 the property on Cumberland Street, the present location, was purchased. Both the Hall and Officer's apartment have been remodelled and within the last year it has been painted both inside and out.

A Salvation Army officer is appointed to a particular place for an indefinite period of time. Such an appointment usually means two years service in that town. Due to this fact no less than seventy-five Officers from all parts of Canada have given service to the Town of Lunenburg. With the help of these officers and the co-operation of the people of Lunenburg, despite the many setbacks, The Salvation Army has survived and carried out its great work.

The Salvation Army's College for all Canada is at Toronto. The Army in Lunenburg has had the privilege of sending three young people to this College. Lieutenant and Mrs. Walter Ernst (Isabel Haughn), both received their education at Lunenburg Academy. They have recently been appointed to Stratford, Ontario, and Lieutenant Evangeline Croft who also attended the College has been appointed to Warwick, Bermuda.

The present officers at Lunenburg are Captain Ethel Watts of New Waterford, C. B. and Lieutenant June Dwyer of Windsor, N. S.

The Salvation Army in Lunenburg looking to God to supply its needs, moves forward to assist in the spiritual and social welfare of Lunenburg.

## EARLY ELECTIONS IN LUNENBURG COUNTY

by Dorothy Lohnes '53 and Patricia Tobin '53

Elections in Nova Scotia owe much to the efforts of Joseph Howe, who was the Father of Responsible Government in Nova Scotia and Canada. At first there were many restrictions as to who could vote — the franchise was restricted to those who held a certain amount of property; then to those who held any property; and finally the franchise was extended to include women voters.

The civic elections held in Lunenburg years ago were "serious affairs." Lunenburg was always strongly Tory, whereas Bridgewater voters were Liberal rivals. The Davisons were the influential people in Bridgewater and the Kaulbachs in Lunenburg.

On nomination day each side would form a parade, and come to the Shire-town of Lunenburg where a joint meeting was held. The Sheriff stood on a pedestal and called out. "Whom do you vote for?" It was necessary to announce your vote openly which caused much bad feeling. Sometimes less independent people were hurt because of their opinions. Later the secret ballot was introduced so that one's vote was unknown to others. At these meetings there was a concerted attempt by each side to show its strength, both by the applause at the joint meeting and the rushing about afterwards. For instance, one of these meetings held at Bridgewater became so boisterous that, by general agreement, in 1935, joint meetings were stopped as they were of no value except as a demonstration of force. Without joint meetings, electors had a quiet nomination day.

Declaration Day was the big day in Lunenburg. Meetings were first held at the courthouse. People attending these elections showed how much they were wedded to their party; for example, one man held: "A Liberal and a Lutheran I was born, and a Liberal and a Lutheran I will die!"

Later, meetings were held at the Drill shed. Speakers were drowned out by the noise made by the opposing party. Rows became so common that it was hard to get a candidate. A fighter was needed who could stand up to the other side in debate, so each side had its champion.

At one election, a horse was drawn up to the stand, and its belly-girth was tightened. The horse neighed. The opposing party said that the speaker would even make a horse laugh, and so the meeting was discontinued.

At another election the party that got in power not only rejoiced, but painted crosses and nasty remarks on peoples' houses.

On election day, members were declared elected about twelve o'clock noon. The victorious member gave a huge feed in the Drill Shed. The county people got free cold roast beef, pickles, biscuits, cheese and lime juice, prepared by the members. The beef was sent around to friends of the party, roasted, and then sent to the Drill Shed. There was always a huge crowd there with a rushing and tearing about. These feeds were discontinued, however, when one county member declared that he was not able to afford a banquet. Several men in town can still recall the fun they had as boys, stuffing their old-fashioned shirts with crackers and cheese.

On Declaration Day the Liberals wore blue ribbons while the Conservatives wore red ones. There was one incident when a Tancook school-

teacher was brought out to run against a strong candidate. He was little known and less powerful than his opponent. The people voted for him anyway, because he was "not brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth." You could see many people tear off their ribbons when that man was elected!

After the feast, the victorious party had a big parade through town - horses, banners, bands and all kinds of slogans stirred up the crowd and ridiculed the defeated party. When the big feed was stopped, the whole affair lessened from year to year so that now on Declaration Days only certain officials do the necessary acts to carry out the purpose of the elections.

In these days patronage was very important. The party in power made all appointments to office in any district. This caused much commotion. For example, at one time there were only two families at Ironbound, one Liberal and the other Conservative. When the party changed, the lighthouse keeper changed. This, however was done away with by the introduction of the Civil Service Act.

There was a reason behind all these commotions and skirmishes. There were not many diversions for the people and they had to make their own fun. This was their way of using their surplus energy. There was no better way of having their fun and fuss than at a political bout. Thus, civic elections in Lunenburg and elsewhere have improved from the riotous demonstrations of years gone by to the peaceful tactics used in modern elections.

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#### Students' Council

Front Row (l. to r.)—Patricia Tobin, (President); Richard Westhaver, (Vice-President); Roy Wentzell, (Treasurer); G. Demone; Marion Iversen, (Secretary).

Back Row—C. Knickle, R. Mills, D. Dauphinee, S. Clarke.

# EARLY MAYORS OF LUNENBURG

by Ann Creighton '56

Since 1888, when the historic town of Lunenburg was incorporated, the office of Mayoralty has been occupied by thirteen different men. The first was the late A. J. Wolff and the present one is Mayor F. Homer Zwicker.

This article will include biographies and a few incidents which happened during the terms of the first few mayors.

## **Augustus J. Wolff**

Mr. Wolff was born in Prussia, Germany on Oct. 30, 1844. He followed the sea, and later he received his master's certificate.

In 1881 Mr. Wolff settled at Lunenburg where he took up the businesses of a ship-broker and commission merchant.

In 1888 Augustus Wolff was elected first Mayor of Lunenburg. The councillors were as follows: David Smith, Charles Hewitt, James Hirtle, S. Watson Oxner, Allan Morash and Daniel Rudolf. The latter three were later Mayors.

He was master of Unity Lodge No. 4, and later became Grand Master in 1911. Mr. Wolff served as mayor for the town of Lunenburg for eight years. On Dec. 9, 1918, he passed away.

## **S. Watson Oxner**

The second Mayor of Lunenburg was S. W. Oxner. Mr. Oxner's term as Mayor began in 1891, during which time the old school-house on bandstand hill was destroyed by fire. The question soon arose of where the new school should be built. Mr. Oxner thought that the hill overlooking the back harbor would be a suitable place on which to construct the new building. After much arguing the town officials finally decided to build on the site where it now stands.

Mr. Oxner was an accountant for Robin, Jones & Whitman. He also was an insurance agent. For seventeen years Mr. Oxner was warden of St. John's Church and superintendent of the Sunday School for ten years. In 1895 he was presented with the past-master's jewel of Unity Lodge No. 4.

Mr. Oxner married Mary Catherine Adams, and he was the father of four children.

## **Daniel J. Rudolf**

Daniel Rudolf was born in LaHave and later came to Lunenburg to live. He was in the drygoods business with Stephen Finck on Lincoln St. When incorporation took effect, Mr. Rudolf was one of the first five Councillors. In 1899 he was elected Mayor. He held this position for four years. Mr. Rudolf worked hard to obtain the electric light and water plants for the town. He succeeded in obtaining the first stone-crusher which was used to lay better foundations for the streets.

## **Allan R. Morash**

Mr. Morash was born in Lunenburg, and was one of four musical

children. He was the organizer and director of the Civilian Band. He gave violin lessons as a hobby.

Mr. Morash carried on the fish business in the firm of "Eisnor and Morash" for many years.

In 1902 Allan Morash was elected Mayor. His term ended in 1909. During his term of office the water plant was purchased by the town. Mr. Morash was a member of Parliament for many years.

#### **Senator John J. Kinley**

Senator Kinley is one of a family of nine. He began his education in the new academy and finished with honors. Mr. Kinley who was one of the actual founders of the Lunenburg Foundry Co. is now the President.

In 1911 he began his three year term as Mayor. Before he was elected Mayor, he was a Councillor and Chairman of the School Board. In 1935 Mr. Kinley was elected to the Federal Parliament. Again in 1940 he was re-elected and was then appointed to the Dominion Senate.

Senator Kinley is a very keen sailor and he also takes an interest in curling and golf. Lunenburg can be proud of a son who has climbed the ladder of success as well as Senator Kinley.

#### **J. Frank Hall**

Mr. Hall was born in 1858 in Lunenburg where he spent most of his life.

In later years he ran a barber shop and a harness shop on Lincoln Street. After selling the barber shop to Charles Oxner and the harness shop to Robert Bachman, he went in the Insurance business.

Mr. Hall was a Councillor for a number of years before he was elected Mayor in 1914. His term ended in 1915. During Mr. Hall's term the town purchased a fire alarm consisting of a bell weighing 1375 pounds and a sixty foot tower.

Mr. Hall was a regular attendant of St. John's Anglican Church and was for many years a member of the Vestry.

After giving up the Insurance business Mr. Hall went to the Odd-fellow's Home where he stayed until he passed away, Dec. 25, 1951.

#### **Senator William Duff**

Senator Duff was born in Carbonear, Newfoundland. He was educated at Newfoundland and Falkirk, Scotland. In 1895 he came to Canada.

He was elected Mayor of Lunenburg in 1916 and in the following five years he was named Mayor by acclamation. Due to his duties out of the town of Lunenburg, Mr. Duff was unable to run for Mayor again. Mr. Duff was a member of the House of Commons and in 1936 he was called to the Senate of Canada.

Senator Duff is always willing to render his services whenever he is called upon and like Senator Kinley he is highly esteemed by the citizens of Lunenburg.

# EARLY MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT FOR LUNENBURG COUNTY

by Barbara Falkenham '54

In August, 1759 a notice was put up by D. Christopher Jessen. It notified the freeholders of the Town and County of Lunenburg to meet at Lunenburg to elect two members for the Town and two members for the County of Lunenburg in the General Assembly to be held at Halifax in November.

At the first meeting of the Assembly in Halifax, Philip Knaut and Alexander Kedy were returned for Lunenburg. In February of the following year, Archibald Hinshelwood, having been elected at Lunenburg for the whole Province, took his seat in the Assembly. Sebastian Zouerbuhler and Philip Knaut were returned in December of the same year.

In 1761 Joseph Pernette and A. Hinshelwood were the members who were returned for the county; S. Zouerbuhler and P. Knaut for the township. Mr. Hinshelwood was one of the Clerks of the House. In 1770 only two members, Archibald Hinshelwood for the county and Philip Knaut for the town, were returned for Lunenburg. Philip Knaut for the town and John Creighton, Otto W. Schwartz for the county won the election in 1774. In 1782 Otto W. Schwartz and Casper Wollenhaupt were elected for the County and John Newton for the town.

In 1785 Detleb C. Jessen and John W. Schwartz were the members for the county, and Casper Wollenhaupt was the member for the town; J. W. Schwartz and Edward James were for the county and John Bolman for the town in the year 1793. The year 1800 brought in C. Wollenhaupt and Lewis Morris, the members for the County, and John Bolman for the township.

In 1806 John Bolman was elected for the town and Edward James and Lewis M. Wilkins, who became speaker for the County. In 1812, L. M. Wilkins and Francis J. Rudolf were elected for the county and for the town John Creighton. L. M. Wilkins was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court.

At the next election in 1819, F. Rudolf and John Heckman were elected for the County and Edward James for the Town. In 1820 John Heckman and Lot Church won the election for the county and Edward James for the Town. In 1827 Lot Church and William Rudolf for the county and John Heckman for the township.

In 1830 William Rudolf and John E. Creighton were returned for the County and John Heckman for the town. In 1837 William Rudolf and Garrett Miller won the election for the County, and John Heckman for the town. In 1841 John Heckman was successful for the town, and John Creighton and Edward Zwicker for the County. In 1844 John Creighton and Charles B. Owen were elected for the County, and John Heckman was elected for his last time for the town.

At the next election 1848 George Ernst and Henry Mignowitz were the County representatives, and John Kedy the town. In 1851 John Creighton and Benjamin H. Zwicker came through for the county and for the town Henry S. Jost was elected.

In 1856 Benjamin Reinhardt and George Geldert were elected for the County; Henry Bailly was elected for the town. The members representing from 1860 were Benjamin Wier, Henry Bailly and Henry Mosley. In 1864 H. S. Jost, William Slocomb and H. A. K. Kaulback won the election. H. S. Jost, A. N. Kaulback and Abraham Hebb were returned for Lunenburg in 1867.

From 1868 to the present, the assembly cut down to two members instead of three. In 1868 James Eisenhauer and Mather B. DesBrisay were the two members elected. James Eisenhauer and C. H. Davidson were the members elected in 1877. In 1879 Edward James and C. A. Smith won the election. Hon. C. E. Church and George A. Ross were returned for Lunenburg in 1883. In 1889 Hon. C. E. Church and J. D. Sperry were appointed. In 1897 Hon. C. E. Church was again elected, this time with A. R. Morash. At the election in 1902, A. K. MacLean and E. D. Davidson were brought out. 1905 brought A. K. MacLean out again, this time with J. D. Sperry. J. D. Sperry and C. A. Mader came through in 1906. In 1907 C. U. Mader and H. A. March were returned for Lunenburg. Hon. A. K. MacLean and C. A. Mader were elected in 1910. In 1912 Joseph Margeson and A. C. Zwicker won the election. Joseph Margeson and J. J. Kinley were appointed in 1917. In 1919 J. J. Kinley was the only representative. Hon. J. J. Kinley and A. H. Sperry were successful at the election of 1921. The election in 1926 brought Wallace N. Rehfuss and William Smith out on top. In 1929 Hon. J. J. Kinley and Hon. Gordon E. Romkey were elected. Hon. Dr. Frank Davis and Hon. Gordon E. Romkey won the election in 1933. From 1937 to 1953 Gordon E. Romkey was the only representative. In 1949 to 1953 Lunenburg was represented by Arthur Thurlow.

From the election of 1867 to the election of 1921, Lunenburg County was represented in the House of Commons at Ottawa by one member.

At the election of 1867 E. M. MacDonald was elected. In 1872 C. E. Church was returned. In 1874 he again took his seat by acclamation. Lt.-Col. C. E. Kaulback won the election in 1878. Then in 1882 T. K. Keefer won; J. D. Eisenhauer in 1887; C. E. Kaulback was again victorious in 1891 - 1896 - 1900. Then in 1904 A. K. McLean emerged in politics. In 1908 he won again. Stewart was voted to power in 1911. At the elections of 1917 and 1921, Senator William Duff was elected.

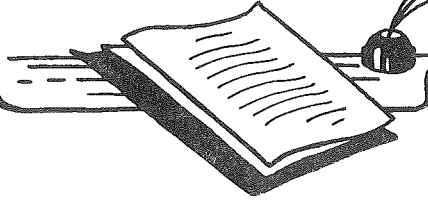
At the election in 1925 Lunenburg did not have enough population, so it joined with Queens County.

In 1925 Senator William Duff was elected. The Hon. W. G. Ernst won the election in 1926. At the elections of 1935-1940 Senator J. J. Kinley was returned. The Hon. R. H. Winters won the election of 1945 and again in 1949.

There have been four Senators for Lunenburg County. They are Hon. Senator Kaulback, Hon. Senator C. E. Church, Hon. Senator William Duff and Hon. Senator J. J. Kinley. Senator Duff was appointed to the senate in 1936, and Senator Kinley was appointed in 1945.



# POETRY



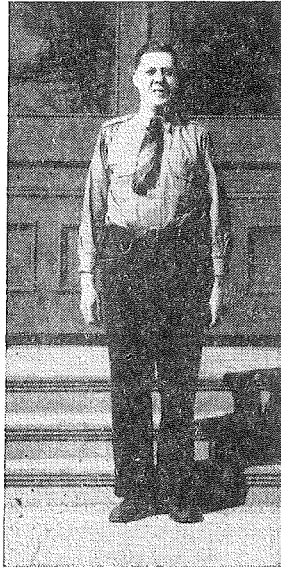
TO S. K.

(CONTRIBUTED)

There are heroes decked with medals  
For brave deeds in fields of war:  
There are men whose civic lives  
Have earned our praise:  
In all spheres of endeavour -  
Sports, industry and art -  
Distinction has been won  
In many ways.

In the humbler walks of life,  
Far removed from war and strife,  
Where it's patience, and not impulse  
Makes men brave,  
There are unsung heroes bending  
To the tasks that are unending  
As they tread their toilsome journey  
To the grave.

There's the man who stokes the furnace,  
And keeps the school-house warm,  
With kindness that burns through  
Smiles and tears:  
Rings the bell, wheels out the ashes,  
And makes sure the swings are strong:  
Keeps his shoulder to the wheel  
Of work-filled years.



SYDNEY KNICKLE

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## NEW YEAR'S DAY

by Ronald Thurlow '57

When New Year's Day comes round again  
With resolutions many  
I'll likely do as I did this year  
Be wise and not make any.

## THE SEASONS

by Barbara Cooke '53

With Spring, comes sunshine and the rain,  
With Summer comes the sun again,  
Then Autumn when the leaves fall low  
On into winter, comes the snow.

The spring with flowers blooming bright,  
The grass so green, the showers at night,  
The growing lawns, the various greens,  
The sprouting tops of peas and beans.

The summer with its hot, hot days,  
Rising sun, through the morning haze;  
The lazy feeling in the midday heat,  
The tired feeling, the dragging feet.

The Autumn, colour of the trees,  
The red and brown of falling leaves;  
The beauty of the country wide  
Give you pleasure deep down inside.

Ah! winter with its rain and snow,  
Its freezing cold and gales that blow;  
Its sleigh rides down the snowy hill,  
The fun you have, the occasional spill!

Yes, seasons of the year go by;  
They give us pleasure wet or dry,  
They give us joy, they give us pain;  
But it's nice to have them round again.

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## FISHERMEN'S TREAT

by James Cook '58

Come all you sailors that follow the sea  
Weigh up the anchor and sail back with me,  
Start up the diesel; a fresh gale blows  
We'll get rain and wind and maybe some snow.

Next morning the wind from the nor'west hauls  
While in Lunenburg harbour we quietly crawl.  
They open the holds and take out the fish  
Then home for some sauerkraut — Oh what a dish!

## THE FISHERMAN'S THOUGHTS

by David Parsons '55

While standing his watch the fisherman sees,  
The vessel he sails surrounded by seas.  
And while he stands there all alone  
His mind wanders to thoughts of home.

He remembers how on saying goodbye  
His wife had kissed him, then started to cry.  
He sees the proud look on his oldest son's face  
When he said, "Daddy, I'll soon take your place!"

He knows it is true, he is getting old,  
Soon he'll not be able to face wet and cold.  
He thinks to himself that it is unfair  
For his own young son, his burden to bear.

A blast from the ship's horn brings him out  
From the dreams of home and back to the boat,  
He knows that's the signal; he can now retire  
Down to the fo'c's'le and sit by the fire.

Thus the fishermen from this province of ours,  
Sail to sea where they work long hours.  
Sometimes, though, they bitterly complain,  
Yet they always return to the old sea again.

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## THE BICENTENNIAL

by David Mossman '55

The Lunenburg Bicentennial has drawn near,  
It marks the time first settlers did appear.  
The time goes back two hundred years ago,  
When our forefathers tilled the land with spade and hoe.  
The trials, which were faced, they overcame  
And left a tradition, which has brought them fame.  
Their settlement has grown to a small town  
Of which the citizens are proud to own.  
With this coming event so near at hand,  
All people will, throughout the land  
Look forward to the celebration  
And to our town their footsteps hasten.

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Let voices, in accord, all tell  
Of Lunenburg's Bicentennial.

# LUNENBURG

by F. Jane Sterne '54

In seventeen hundred and fifty-three  
Came men and their families from o'er the sea,  
They landed at last on this distant shore,  
They stayed, they settled, and roamed no more.

French, German, English — on newly turned sod,  
Opened their hearts and worshipped their God,  
With faith in their Maker, and love of their land,  
They worked in the fields, by wood-plough or hand.

Food they grew on this fertile soil,  
And built their houses but not without toil;  
Little by little their efforts were shown,  
Their houses, their buildings and churches were known.

Strongly she stands in beauty and faith,  
Thanking her fishermen sons for her wealth,  
In vessels they leave her tree-trimmed shore,  
Bring in their harvest, then leave for more.

In nineteen hundred and fifty-three,  
She stands — her arms stretched out to sea,  
Thanking her sons who long before  
Left their homes to settle this shore.

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# MY SHINING SUN

by Robert Parks '54

Oh! The shining sun which I do see,  
Is not of heat and light;  
But one that holds so dear to me  
The most of strength and might.

God is the sun which does inspire;  
My every wish and every desire,  
It is He who shines upon my door,  
And this shall be for ever more.

And when at last the end is near,  
I shall be ready to appear,  
Before the throne of God, the One,  
The loving God, my shining sun.

## A FISHING TOWN

by Kevin Crouse '57

There is a town in our vast land,  
That stands above the rest;  
This good old town is Lunenburg,  
The one which we love best.

For from this town there sailed a ship,  
Which ne'er shall be forgot;  
The many cups the Bluenose won,  
Have given this town a start.

We have an artist in this town,  
Whose fame spread far and wide,  
For a man who paints with his mouth,  
Earl Bailly gives us pride.

Then when Robert Winters rose,  
From small to greater fame,  
He proved that this old town could make,  
A man that held a name.

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## NIGHT RAID

by Sheila Hellstrom '53

The mournful wail of a siren pierces the night air.  
From dark huts dim figures run  
To gleaming instruments of death  
Silhouetted against the sky.  
The silence is shattered by the roar of motors,  
And pinpoints of light are extinguished  
By nervous airmen catching one last smoke  
Before taking off.  
One by one they go — four, eight, twelve;  
Each a jet-powered phantom of space  
Invisible but for the tell-tale exhaust  
And the agonized scream of tortured metal.

.....  
At last it is dawn. Out of the east they limp home,  
No longer proud guardians of peace;  
Two, four, six — each battered hulk of aluminum  
A grim reminder of those who did not return.

## THE SOLDIER

by Geraldine Tanner '56

I go to sleep in a G. I. bed,  
On G. I. pillows I rest my head;  
My blankets they are G. I. too,  
Then gee I lay and think of you!  
A G. I. Bugle wakes me up,  
I drink my coffee from a G. I. cup.  
My uniform is G. I. too,  
Eut gee I wish I were with you.

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### Junior Red Cross

Front Row (l. to r.)—A. Cook, Dorothy Lohnes (Secretary), Eric Levy (Vice-President), Pauline Cook (President), Robert Parks (Treasurer), E. Baker.

Back Row—S. Maycock, A. DeMone, A. Walters, R. Mills, D. Parks.

# NAMES OF VESSELS REGISTERED AT LUNENBURG THAT WERE LOST WITH ALL HANDS SINCE THE YEAR 1890

(Provided by Mr. R. Moyle Smith)

Vessel	where lost
F. W. Kimber	on passage to Porto Rico from Lunenburg
Crescent	Lunenburg from Turk's Island
Menendez	Lunenburg to Porto Rico
Morris Wilson	Capsized on Canso Banks
W. Cortado	Lunenburg to Porto Rico
Mary G. Duff	Lunenburg to Porto Rico
Leader	Lunenburg from Newfoundland
Kene	Lunenburg to Bay Of Islands
Otokio	Grand Banks to Riverport
Agnes D. Myra	Lost off Nova Scotia coast
Mary E. Flemming	New York from Lunenburg
Viccola	Newfoundland from Sydney
Palma	Turks Island to LaHave
Canadian Maid	the West Indies
Sadie E. Knickle	At Sable Island
Mahala	On Canso Banks
Silvia Mosher	At Sable Island
Clayton Walters	Near Sable Island
Uda A. Corkum	Foundered on the Middle Ground
Joyce M. Smith	At Sable Island
Jennie E. Duff	On a Southern trip
Lillian	West Indies from Lunenburg
Allison H. Maxner	At Black Rock off LaHave
Lenora T. Winters	Boston to Lunenburg
J. W. Geldert	Prince Edward Island to Lunenburg
Jutland	Foundered on the Banks
Cashier	On the Grand Banks
Mantanzas	Newfoundland to Barbadoes
Caldera	Newfoundland to a Nova Scotia Port
Oregan	Passage to a Southern Port
Verna D. Lohnes	Passage to a Southern port
Audrey Brown	Liverpool to West Indies
Beryl Corkum	On the American Coast
Markland	Southern Waters
Barque Abeona	New York to Lunenburg

# THE TEAZER AND OTHER SEA STORIES

by Anita Lohnes '55 and Mary Titus '55

In the lovely town of Lunenburg, one may hear many adventurous yet fateful stories of the sea. These concern largely the fishermen who went "down to the sea in ships." Some of these brave men did not return home again. Many odd tales and superstitions came from these stories.

One of the oldest, yet most startling tales, is the story of the Teazer. She was an American privateer headed for Halifax. While sailing in Chester Bay, the crew discovered they were being pursued by the British ship Orpheus. The Teazer had interfered with trade and commerce, and, for this reason, was being chased. One of the crew on the Teazer who was a deserter, fearing punishment from the British Navy, set fire to the magazine, thus causing a terrific explosion.

Since then, many people say that on moonlight nights a ship, blazing with fire, sails slowly along the coast. This ship is said to be the Teazer which returns supernaturally to visit the waters in which she met her fate.

Many stories which are told are sad and tragic ones, because fishermen lost their lives on the rough and treacherous seas. Tragic accidents happened while fishing near the dreaded "Sable Island."

This is the sad story of the four schooners; Uda Corkum, Mahala, Joyce Smith and Clayton Walters, which were lost due to an August gale in 1927. They were sailing on the western banks near Sable Island, which is called "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." While they were fishing early one morning, a terrific gale came up, and by midday the ships including the crews were lost. Although they were never seen again, enough proof has been uncovered to show that these vessels went down near Sable Island.

Although there are tragic tales, many old sea captains like to tell of their great experiences at sea.

This story is about a three masted schooner Marion L. Conrad which left Halifax, N. S. with a cargo of dried fish for Pernambuco, Brazil.

The crew consisted of six men: mate - Aubrey Backman, cook - Sydney Knickle, seamen - Frank Attilo, Pat Sullivan and Levi Butler.

They left Halifax early in April with a westerly wind blowing. After passing Sambro Light, their course was set for South America.

After a few days at sea, they met some very rough weather and had to shorten sail. The storm passed, however, and they continued on their way.

Sailing along, they noticed some spectacular fish flying through the air. While they were passing over the ship, they struck the sail and fell to the deck. Once they fell they could not rise again, so the crew enjoyed a hearty meal of these fish which resembled herring.

Because of lack of wind, they were forced to remain in the Horse Lati-



tudes for a few days. For one of the crew and the cook, it was the first time they had sailed over the Equator.

Some days later they arrived at Pernambuco making a record trip for a sailing vessel. From here they were sent to Maciro. This port had not any harbor, so the cargo had to be hoisted into large boats where it was rowed ashore.

When the cargo was unloaded, sand ballast was put aboard, and they moved on toward the Island of Barbados. Here a cargo of molasses was put aboard, and they set sail for Lunenburg, N. S.

After a short visit, they were to continue to New Brunswick where the molasses was to be taken. However, leaving the harbor in the fog, they ran ashore on Cross Island. Due to a bad leak in the keel it was necessary for them to return to Lunenburg for repairs. After the schooner was repaired, they once again set out for New Brunswick.

They returned to Lunenburg without further mishap. Then they sailed for Quebec where lumber was loaded on the schooner to be taken to New York. One morning, due to fog, they almost collided with a steamer. The schooner managed to pass the steamer by only a very few feet.

They arrived safely, however, at Bayridge, N. Y., discharged their lumber, and loaded on hard coal which was brought to Bridgewater, N. S. After about four months of absence, they finally returned home. The eventful trip was ended.



#### Athletic Association

Front Row—(l. to r.)—J. Riteey, Nancy Zinck (Treasurer), David Collins, and Geraldine Corkum (Co-Presidents).

Back Row—M. Corkum, E. Tanner, D. Schwartz, T. Mason, D. Young.

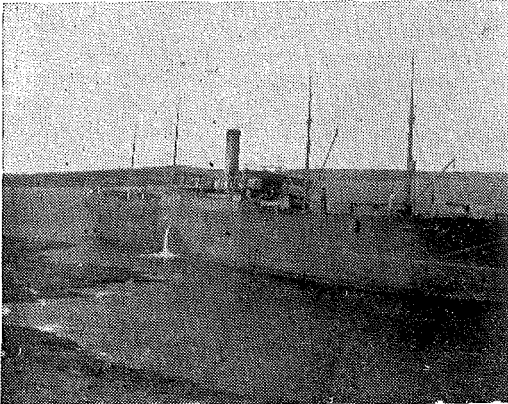
# LIGHTHOUSES OF LUNENBURG COUNTY

by David Mossman '55 and Joan Lohnes '54

There are many lighthouses in Lunenburg County. New ones have been built, and others have been either washed away or torn down. There are many stories connected with the history of lighthouses. Some of these stories have been lost and yet some remain that our elders may recall. Before we tell you, the reader, the main story here are a number of facts and dates concerning some well known lights.

The oldest lighthouse in Lunenburg County and, about the fifth oldest in the province, is Cross Island Light which was built in 1832. In 1946, an automatic radio-beacon was established on this island to assist ships equipped with radio direction-finding equipment to pick up this lighthouse station. In 1948 three new dwellings were erected to replace the old double-dwelling which existed for many years. In clear weather, the light, which is approximately one hundred feet above high water and gives two flashes every thirty seconds, has a visibility of fifteen miles.

Some of the other lighthouses of Lunenburg County are: Mosher's Island Light, established in 1868, found at the entrance of the LaHave River; Quaker Island off Chester (the old building burned down, which was erected in 1883); Tanner's Island Light on east end of Tanner's Island; and the LaHave Light on Fort Point erected in 1876.



**Mount Temple Wrecked on West Ironbound Island - 1907**

Here is a story that most people will know something about and enjoy reading. On December 2, 1907, during a heavy north-east snow-storm, the steamer Mount Temple ran ashore on LaHave Ironbound Island. The five hundred and twenty-five foot steamer carried a general cargo bound from Antwerp, Belgium to St. John, New Brunswick, under the command of Captain Boothby, an Englishman.

The cargo was transferred to Halifax, Nova Scotia by tugs, steamers and schooners, one locally in command of Captain Richard Lohnes of Riverport. Many attempts were made to free the ship, but none were successful until April 15, when, under a high tide and the assistance of a tug she finally got off. The ship suffered severe damage to her plates during this four month period of being aground. The LaHave West Ironbound Light was not too handy the scene of the wreck. However, had there not been a storm the light would have been seen and this tragedy avoided. The keeper at the time of

the mishap was Charles Wolf. Fred Wolf and Fred Covey were his successors and the present keeper is Raymond Weagle.

Doubtlessly there are interesting stories connected with the other lighthouses mentioned but we learned from Mr. H. V. Anderson, the Director of Marine Services, that due to an unfortunate fire at the turn of the century, many records were lost. Consequently many historical events up to that time are unknown.

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## ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE BY BICYCLE

by Sheila Hellstrom '53

The wheels of the train carrying Marilyn DeMone and me to French Village clacked rhythmically over the rails, half-lulling us to sleep. At last we were on our way to join a group of seventeen girls on the second annual Department of Public Health-sponsored bicycle trip. The girls had started from Halifax the day before, but, since the High School graduation was held the same evening, it was arranged that we might join the group the following day.

The leaders were waiting for us at the station, where the trainmen, who couldn't understand why anyone would start a bicycle trip on a train, had unloaded our bikes. Here we found that we had missed an excellent day's cycling through such beauty spots as Peggy's Cove and Indian Harbor. In fact, we found when we caught up to the girls that most of them were rather saddle-sore.

Although we had viewed this scenery many times, it still seemed new and interesting to us. However, during the afternoon a heavy fog rolled in from the sea leaving most of the cyclists cold and uncomfortable. Hubbards was our destination and on arriving there we set up housekeeping at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation camp. Marilyn and I were on supper patrol that evening and, after walking for what seemed like miles to get provisions, we treated the girls to goulash and chocolate pudding. Unfortunately, we did not have time to heat the oven to a high temperature so we improvised one on top of the stove. For some strange reason, the bottom of the pudding was burned to a crisp (the waxed paper we had placed in the pan wouldn't even come off) while the top was something like chocolate sauce. Furthermore, the cream wouldn't whip so we just poured the milk over the pudding. In spite of this, no one seemed to mind too much (I hope).

The next day the group set off bright and early along the South Shore, destination Camp Major on Herman's Island. Few of the girls realized just how far they were going that day. They were the lucky ones - someone once said that ignorance is bliss and after that I believe it. As we crossed the county line into Lunenburg, I tried to convince my buddy for the day that a certain distinctive atmosphere could be smelled, but needless to say, I didn't succeed. Could it really have been that barn we passed a short distance back?

Soon fog engulfed us again, but, by dinnertime, it had disappeared. We were now in Western Shore. Here a couple who owned the general store where we bought our supplies did everything imaginable to make our meal

enjoyable plus supplying us with some of the most delicious coffee I have ever tasted. Then on again toward the Island. It was now unbearably hot with not a cloud in the sky. Never had I dreamed there were so many hills between Gold River and Mahone Bay. At last we reached that beautiful long grade which enables you to coast almost into the town itself. After that the miles went more quickly and we were soon at Camp Major. In spite of the fact that we had cycled over thirty-four miles that day, Marilyn and I rode down to Hebb's Canteen in the evening. Being close to home must have given us strength for we simply could not persuade any of the other girls to go with us.

Thursday dawned cold and foggy with a heavy mist falling. Although we had slept on mattresses on the floor, we left the snug confines of Camp Major rather regretfully. It was a pity the weather was so bad because the girls who had never been here before missed some of the most beautiful scenery along the South Shore. On reaching Lunenburg, Marilyn and I immediately left for home while the rest of the girls were taken on a tour of Lunenburg Sea Products, much to their delight. Dinner was served (?) at the tennis club where we were visited by Mr. Hugh Noble of the Physical Fitness Department. The girls broke up into two groups - part riding to Blue Rocks to see the scenic beauties of that hamlet while the remainder toured the Anderson Museum. Although still very foggy, Lunenburg never looked so nice to us. I suppose you don't really appreciate your home town until you see it as a member of a group such as this.

That night we bedded down at the Ovens in one of the most comfortable cabins in which I had ever slept. Five of us were housed in one double cabin complete with all the comforts of home, including a stove which we did not fail to use. Everyone seemed very pleased with the Park, particularly the caves which were made more eerie than ever by the fog and dampness. Rain pattered gently on the cabin roof as we went to sleep innocently unaware of the hard day of cycling ahead of us.

By the time we left the Ovens Friday morning, the sun was beaming brightly at us, and with a bracing breakfast of burnt eggs, burnt toast and burnt bacon (I was on breakfast patrol) we were on our way. We fairly sailed through Rose Bay and Riverport, ran into a little trouble on a road which was under construction, had the thrill of crossing the LaHave on the ferry and spent a delightful hour at Crescent Beach. Here again, the proprietor of the store in West Dublin at which we bought our groceries treated us by giving each girl free ice cream for dessert at dinner.

Until now all had gone well. However, as we left for Bridgewater a stiff wind sprang up which we had to buck for the rest of the day. At times it was so heavy we had to pump downhill. The miles seemed like leagues to us until we lost all sense of distance. After I thought we had been travelling for a sufficiently long period and had passed a little village which I assumed was Pleasantville, I remarked that we had only five miles more to go. I was wrong - we rode nine miles before we finally reached Bridgewater. There we learned we would spend the night at Pinehurst, in preparation for which we picked up one blanket each at the Armories.

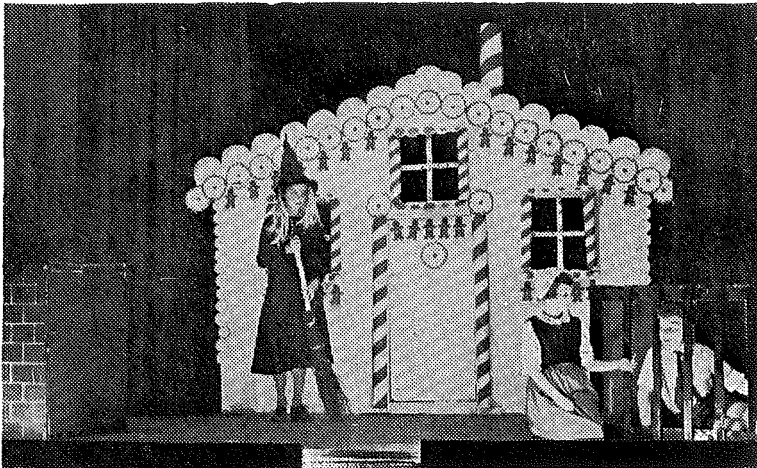
Twelve miles and many groans later, nineteen tired girls staggered into Pinehurst. When we found out we had pedaled forty-three miles we nearly fainted! But we couldn't flop into bed after dark. No sir, we had to make

straw ticks if we didn't want to sleep on the boards of our bunks. Being inexperienced in such an art mine was extremely lumpy. By ten o'clock the camp became quiet with each girl, covered by one lone Army blanket, settling down to being alternately stuck and tickled by pieces of straw.

Gradually it grew colder - so cold that even the mosquitoes which had been feeding on us migrated to warmer regions. The cabin was very quiet when someone whispered through chattering teeth, "I'm freezing!" In a flash the room was alive with noise. It seems that each girl had been suffering a similar predicament in silence since she thought everyone else was asleep. Torches were flashed on as shadowy figures made a dash for raincoats, jackets, sweaters - anything to keep warm. It has been said that "one meat-ball" is a sorry sight, but one Army blanket on a cold night is even worse. Finally things became quiet again but from time to time a board would squeak, proving that all was not comfortable.

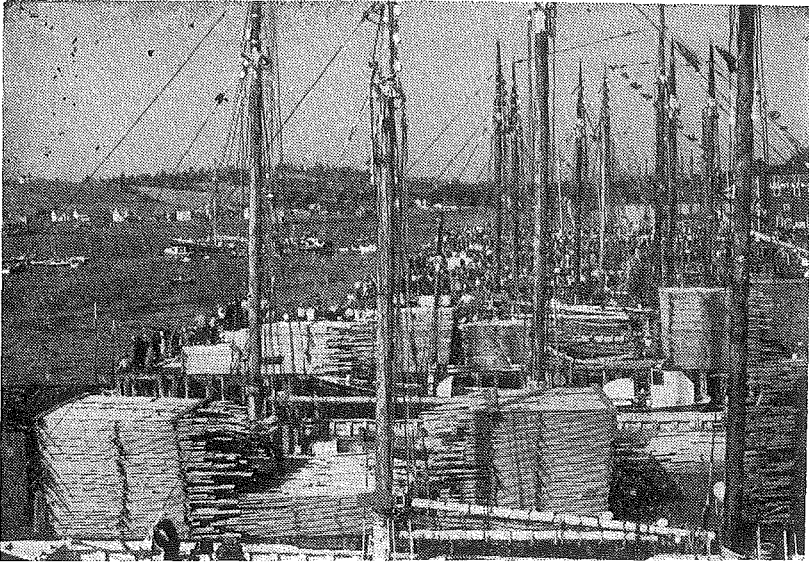
Law came at last. As we got up, we found that the night had taken its toll. Nearly everyone was numb and stiff from the cold, but the sorriest sights of all were the girls who suffered from "straw tickitis." In this category we had swollen eyes, hay fever and similar ailments caused by the dusty straw. When we left Pinehurst the only words we could say were "What a night!"

This was our last day together. The two girls from Wolfville boarded the train for home at Pinehurst while the rest of the group returned to Bridgewater. At the restaurant at which we ate dinner, the saddest records we could find were played on the juke box until nearly everyone was on the verge of tears. Soon after, Merilyn and I said good-by and started for home. We had spent a very pleasant five days with these girls, and, in spite of the fact that almost every mile was familiar to us, we enjoyed every minute of it.



**Operetta: Hansel and Gretel**

**Left to Right—Anne Cook, Dorothy Wentzell, Bruce Tanner.**



## TALES FROM THE WATERFRONT

by Geraldine Corkum '54 and Eric Levy '54

It was a stormy day when we approached Capt. William Corkum who related to us some of the stories from his fishing days. At first he was rather doubtful whether he could be of much help. He began telling us, however, about one of his most harrowing experiences.

"It was approximately 3 p.m. when we left Port Hawkesbury, in the 'Pauline Winters', bound for the Mægdalen Islands. At about 3 a.m. we let the vessel 'come to' to sound and to see how far we were from the Mægdalens." Abruptly, Mr. Corkum stopped the story. We feared that it had come to an end.

After filling his pipe, he seemed to gain more confidence. With a far-away look in his eyes, as if the years were rolling back, he resumed the story.

"We were Sou-west of Entry Island. The watch sung out, 'Red light on starboard bow!' Our vessel was lying with her sails flapping in the breeze. Another vessel was coming towards us, but there was nothing we could do. Within a few minutes the vessel struck us, smashing seven dories, the fore boom, the rail, and our stanchions were driven through the bottom of the other vessel, the 'Elizabeth Ward'. Immediately, our crew scampered to the other vessel for safety, because they thought that we would sink. Within ten minutes after the 'Elizabeth Ward' slipped off our vessel, she began sinking. I was alone on board, the 'Pauline Winters', with one Newfoundlander who by this time, was coming out of the hold with a flashlight: 'There's not much water in our vessel. With two crews

we can save her.' I blew the horn for the other men to come on board. Some of them were out of sight, while others were within hearing. After much persuasion, we got them on board. Half of them manned the pumps, while the remainder began getting boards out of the hold. After the hole in the fore-castle was mended, we began to get some of the water out of the hold.

"With the use of the lights we saw there was much low-hanging fog on the water; the sky was clear. Since it was beginning to get light, we started for land. Because our binnacle was smashed, we had to chart our course with a dory compass. We had only the mainsail and two jibs. When we arrived at Entry Island, we had difficulty in repairing the vessel, because nearly all our deck beams were broken. After sending a cable to Halifax, a tug-boat came and towed us to Lunenburg where the necessary repairs were made."

Mr. Corkum went on to tell us another story about rescuing a Portuguese sailor.

"While fishing off Sable Island, one of the crew noticed a man drifting towards us in a dory. We sent out one of the dories to pick him up, because he was moving so slowly. When we got him to the vessel, he was so weak from starvation that we had to lift him on board. The sailor had been astray from his vessel for three days and three nights. During this time he was in a big snowstorm. I sent him down to the cook for something to eat. When I was nearing the table, I noticed that he was eating a big plate of beans. This would have killed him shortly so I gave him milk and dry biscuits. The chap was so nervous from his exposure that he didn't sleep at all the first night.

"In the meantime his vessel had returned to Gloucester and reported, 'Eighteen year old, lost at sea.' After arriving at Lunenburg, he sent a telegram to his parents. They were very delighted to hear from their son. Later he returned to his home in the United States." About two years ago (approximately twenty-five years after this experience) Mr. Corkum was talking to this same man.

To end this talk on "Wooden Ships and Iron Men," Mr. Corkum went on to tell us the "Iron Men" part of the expression.

"En route to the fishing grounds off Newfoundland, a serious accident happened to one of my crew. A chock (a block of oak, about 5 feet long, which was used to prevent the mast from chaffing), let go from the gaff and hit the fisherman on the head, making a deep gash across his skull. Immediately we took him to the cabin where he sat on a chest. In order to remove the hair from the gash, we sterilized a pair of pliers in creoline. We put iodine on the cut to kill the germs, and then we bandaged it with adhesive tape. During the entire operation, the chap was chewing tobacco, asking us every now and then to stop so he could spit.

"The next morning the same fisherman got up and ate breakfast. We asked him how he was feeling. 'I've got a slight headache,' he replied. In two days he was working with the rest of the crew."

And so we conclude the tales of one of our retired fishing captains, whose life now is in strange contrast to the stirring tales he told us.

# CAPTAIN LEO CORKUM

by Ann E. Crouse '55 and Glenda A. Hall '55

It was a cold brisk evening when we went to visit Mr. Corkum, but we received a welcome at his home that made up for the weather. We found Mr. Corkum to be a very friendly man with whom to talk, and eager to tell of his experience at sea.

Captain Leo Corkum was born at East LaHave in the year 1889. At the early age of thirteen years, he began his sea-faring life. His first trip was made with Captain Cyrus Parks on the boat called the Mariner. His duties on this trip were very ordinary, but the thing which Mr. Corkum seemed to remember most clearly was the sea-sickness which he experienced. This, of course, he overcame later. Starting at the bottom, he gradually worked his way up, and was successful enough to reach the position of Master at the age of twenty-one. After living at East LaHave until 1923, he then moved to Lunenburg where he has been living ever since.

The first vessel Mr. Corkum sailed was the Benensence. The others were: W. T. White, Irene M. Corkum, Maxwell F. Corkum, S. S. Promotion, Irene Mary.

Mr. Corkum's experiences at sea were many, and he told us some very interesting sea yarns. There were no engines when he first went to sea, and they went salt fishing half the year. The rest of the time they were engaged in coasting. This took him to many ports in the West Indies and Europe. Then, in 1930, Mr. Corkum started fresh fishing, and this he carried on along with salt fishing until 1947, when he retired.

Captain Corkum began to tell us some of his minor experiences at sea which were:

When Mr. Corkum was eighteen years old, one of his crewmates was on the mast head, and he was on the rigging. This man fell from the mast head and struck Mr. Corkum, and because of this Mr. Corkum saved his life. Through saving the life of this member of the crew, he was hurt, but not seriously.

On the LaHave River while unloading fish, his dory swamped and sank. Being unable to swim, Mr. Corkum was kept afloat by the air in his oil-clothes. He was soon rescued by some members of his crew. Since then Mr. Corkum has learned to swim very well.

He also went through the Halifax Explosion. At the time he was loading flour to be sent to Newfoundland. He was at Pier II about one quarter of a mile from the explosion but no damage was done to his boat.

He then told us of his most thrilling experiences which occurred while





sailing the Beam Trawler, Promotion, on September 2nd, 1919. They were fishing on the Western Banks with a crew of twenty-three men. It was very rough and foggy that night. Suddenly, at two o'clock in the morning, a French passenger boat called the La Lorraine struck them. This boat was sailing from New York to Le Havre, France. Twenty minutes after the collision the S. S. Promotion sank. By then Mr. Corkum and his crew were safe on board the La Lorraine. They were taken to Le Havre where they spent quite a long time. Then they started their journey back to Canada. When they reached Liverpool, England he had to spend quite a while here getting transportation for the crew to Canada. Then they came back to Canada on the boat called the Canada by way of Montreal.

We found these stories very interesting and exciting. Mr. Corkum also showed us many pictures of his various vessels and crews. We really spent a very enjoyable evening at Mr. Corkum's home and we were sorry when the time came for us to go.

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## D. J. BOURQUE

by James Bald '53 and David Collins '54

Major Bourque was born on the outskirts of the City of Moncton, New Brunswick. At the age of seven, after his father's death, the family moved to the city where he attended Moncton schools. When he had finished his preliminary education, he attended Business College.

Mr. Bourque's first job was as bookkeeper with L'Evangeline Limited, a French Weekly newspaper. After a time, he left his work and joined the Canadian Army. Overseas he served in the second and third Artillery Brigades. On returning to Moncton in 1919, he worked for a short time with L'Acadien, another French Weekly newspaper; and later returned to the L'Evangeline Publication House. Later, to occupy his leisure time he joined the Moncton Operatic Society when "Chimes of Normandy" and several Gilbert and Sullivan Operas were produced.

In the Fall of 1922, Mr. Bourque left his employers and toured for eight weeks with Larieux concert troupe from Paris, France, travelling through Eastern Canada and the Eastern United States. In 1923 a concert group was formed and in 1923 - 24 he made three tours of Eastern Canada, and Eastern and Central United States with Arthur LeBlanc, the noted Canadian violinist.



Mr. Bourque developed throat infection in the Fall of 1924 during a concert tour. Following a throat operation, his concert singing career was ended,

D. J. then decided to go into theatre work. In the Spring of 1925, he produced the first Home Talent production in Gardner, Massachusetts. Later he worked in Windsor, Yarmouth and Truro, Nova Scotia. In February of 1926 he was engaged by the Lunenburg Operatic Society to produce a musical review. He continued to produce musical entertainment throughout Canada until 1938.

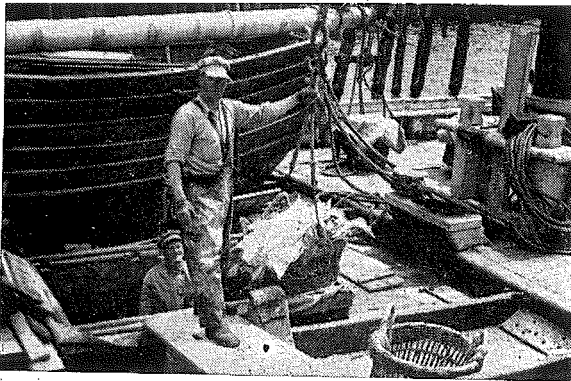
In September 1929, Mr. Bourque married Katherine Arenburg of Lunenburg. Their only daughter now Sister Frances Philomena of the Order of the Sisters of Charity is teaching in Brooklyn, N. Y.

On July the 7th, 1941, he came to Lunenburg and accepted his present position as manager of The Progress-Enterprise, a weekly newspaper. In 1941 D. J. organized an A. R. P. Organization in Lunenburg and was elected to serve as chief warden. In 1942 he organized the number three section of the twentieth Field Squadron of the R. C. E. reserve force, and has commanded the Squadron since 1944. He now has the rank of Major.

The Major has taken an active interest in the local affairs of the community. He is a member of The Board of Trade and Chairman of its Tourist Committee. For several years he was chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. Mr. Bourque was the originator of The Queen of the Sea Contest, which now plays an important part among the many attractions of the Exhibition. He is also chairman of the Bicentennial Publicity Committee. This year he has been honored by being elected as President of the Nova Scotia Weekly Newspaper Association.

Despite his many activities, Mr. Bourque finds time for a number of hobbies. One of these is amateur photography. As an ardent sportsman, curling, fishing and hunting help to take up any of the spare time that he might have.

(Written in 1951)



Landing The Catch

## COLONEL CHARLES MILLER

by Robert Cleveland '52 and Jack Ritcey '54

Colonel Charles Miller was born in Lunenburg on the first of December, 1877. He attended school in the old Lunenburg Academy. When he was in Grade IX, he left school to learn the tailoring trade from Mr. James A. Hirtle. He worked at this business about one year and then left to work at the printing business with W. A. Letson, who ran the Weekly Argus. Later, he changed over to work with Thomas Howe on the Progress. After working with this concern for awhile, he took up house-painting for a short period, returning to work in the printing office with Mr. F. Moorhead until 1899.

In the month of October 1899, Mr. Miller enlisted with the 2nd Special Service Battalion of the R. C. R. and went with this outfit to South Africa, where he fought in the Boer War. After returning to Canada in 1900 with the rank of private, he went to work with Senator Duff who had joined together the printing concerns of Lunenburg and Bridgewater; the company in Lunenburg was now called the Progress-Enterprise.

In 1901 Mr. Miller became a commissioned officer in the Canadian Militia and took military courses at Halifax and Fredericton in the 75th Regiment. In 1912 he took command of "B" company of the 75th Battalion and was in command until the beginning of war in 1914. The unit was then broken up. In March 1916, Mr. Miller joined the 219th Battalion of the Highland Brigade, and went overseas in October with the rank of captain in command of "B" company. When the Highland Brigade was broken up in England, he was transferred to the 17th Reserve Battalion and was detailed as conducting officer in charge of detachments to France.

When Mr. Miller returned to Lunenburg in 1918, he again worked with the Progress-Enterprise, which was now owned by Senator J. J. Kinley. He was with that organization until 1922, with the exception of one year when he worked with the Halifax Herald.

In 1922 Mr. Miller was requested by Ottawa to reorganize the Lunenburg Regiment with the rank of Lieut. Colonel and he held that command for six years.

In 1937 Col. Miller became superintendent of the Marine Hospital under Doctor Creighton. After nine and a half years in that position, he retired. Mr. Miller has not lost contact with newspaper work as he writes for the Halifax Herald.



## CAPT. WILLET SPINDLER

by Geraldine Corkum '54 and David Parsons '55

As we look around Lunenburg, we find many Masters who have seen the change from sailing vessels to the use of auxiliary power. One of these is Capt. Willet Spindler, who was born on June 13, 1885. At the age of twelve years he started his fishing career.

The schooners which Capt. Spindler sailed on before becoming a skipper are in order as follows: The Valiant, Minto, Secret, Vera, Misspa, Bertin Powell, Glenwood, and Earl Grey.

At the end of four years as doryman in the Earl Grey, he became Master of same. This was in 1911 and he skippered her until 1913 when he became skipper of the Lorela Francois. He sailed this vessel for ten years, till 1923, then in 1924 the Marie Spindler was built and he went skipper of her until 1927.

It was while sailing this vessel that he experienced a very bad storm at sea. They were anchored off the north-east-bar of Sable Island. Without a radio to get the forecast they had to depend on the glass which was down so that they expected a storm. They had the cable secured and the sails reefed.

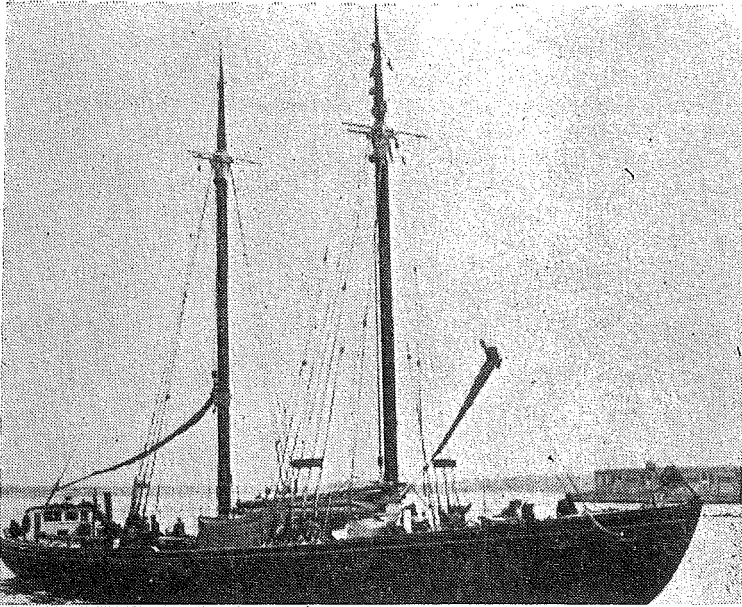
Not long after the storm overtook them, the cable parted and they went adrift. This was about eleven o'clock. Approximately a half hour later monstrous seas were doing tremendous damage to the vessel. These seas tore off forty feet of rail and laid it back over the stanchions, broke the main gaff and filled the cabin with water. However, they survived the night and the next day the storm moderated. When Capt. Spindler called the men together and counted them he found that one man had been washed overboard during the storm. Capt. Spindler sailed his vessel home where it was repaired and again set sail for the fishing grounds.

In 1928 Capt. Spindler became Master of the Isabel Spindler. It was while sailing this vessel that he lost his brother at sea. It happened during a heavy wind. His brother was taking in sail when a sea carried him overboard.

This happened in 1934 and in the same year auxiliary power was put in the Isabel Spindler, so that up till 1934, Capt. Willet Spindler had been mastering only sailing vessels.

During the month of February, 1936, a storm overtook them at sea. At once Capt. Spindler tried to make a harbour for shelter but couldn't. He got his ship only thirty miles off Sambro when the storm became so fierce that he was forced to heave-to. The wind was so strong it tore off the foresail and carried away all the canvas. There being too much wind to hoist sail he





was compelled to run his ship to seaward for forty-eight hours before the wind. At the end of this time the wind moderated. Luckily no one was injured and there was no loss of life.

Capt. Spindler was married in 1912 to Loretta Conrad of Bayport. They have a family of three children; one son Fred, and two daughters Isabel and Marie.

In 1948, he retired from his active life on the sea but he still keeps tabs on the fishing industry. Capt. Spindler is now director of the Acadian Supplies which he helped to organize in 1920. His favorite hobbies are repairing furniture and listening to vessel talk.

Capt. Spindler takes an active part in social life. He belongs to such societies as The Oddfellows Lodge, The Yacht Club, Board of Trade and Master Mariners Association.

## MR. W. A. WHYNACHT

by Marion Iversen '54

Mr. Whynacht was born on July 20, 1882 and is the elder son of Alfred and Mary Whynacht. He attended the old Academy but when this was burned in 1892 he finished his school years in the present Academy.

In 1900 Mr. Whynacht learned the tailoring trade with C. & W. Whitney. He then worked in "Oak Hall", Saint John, N. B.; later becoming assistant cutter with Henderson & Hunt of that city. He studied designing and grading patterns with J. C. McDonald, instructor with the John J. Mitchell Co. School of Garment Cutting, New York. He was a member of the International Custom Cutters Association of America. In 1905 Mr. Whynacht returned to Lunenburg as cutter for C. & W. Whitney and later for J. H. Hirtle & Co. In 1914 he established his own tailoring business, which he is still carrying on.

Mr. Whynacht always took a great interest in Sport. He excelled in track and field sports. He ran the 100 yard dash in ten seconds at Middleton, N. S.; five miles in twenty-eight minutes in Lunenburg; won the F. B. McCurdy Cup for seven-mile race in Liverpool, N. S.; and the high jump by 5 feet 8¼ inches. On Lunenburg's Natal Day Sports in 1908 he entered and won the following events: 100 - yard dash, 220 - yard dash, 120 - yard high hurdles, quarter-mile race, two-mile race, high jump and broad jump in open competition against athletes from Western Nova Scotia. He is a Medalist in the Annual Herald & Mail ten-mile road race.

His great passion was however, in the field of Music. Billy, as he is known to his friends, was a member of four bands - Juvenile Band directed by Stewart Morash; Fife and Drum Band directed by A. F. Morash; Civilian Band directed by A. R. Morash; and 75th. Regimental Band directed by J. T. Arenburg. He sang many leading Bass and Baritone roles in Operas and Cantatas, notably Geacomo in Fra Diavolo, the Pirate King in the Pirates of Penzance and Henri in the Chimes of Normandy. He sang bass with the



mixed Quartet of Mrs. G. O. Baker, Mrs. B. G. Oxner and Mr. G. Ray Silver which sang in many parts of the Maritime Provinces including the official openings of the Capitol Theatre, Halifax, and the Pines Hotel in Digby. Mrs. W. A. Whynacht played the Accompaniments. He organized and sang second bass in several outstanding male Quartets. In 1898 he joined the St. John's Church of England Choir, and last summer at the annual choir picnic was presented with a gold watch and an illuminated script from the congregation for twenty-five years of leadership in the choir.

On October 3, 1911 he took as his wife Miss Gertrude Silver, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Silver. He had four children; three boys and one girl. He is now the grandfather of five boys and three girls.

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## OTTO FRITZE

by Charlotte Heckman '53

Otto Fritze, son of Mrs. Fritze and the late Mr. Arthur Fritze, was born at First Peninsula on August 25th, 1910. He entered the Lunenburg Academy in Grade III, and obtained his Grade XI here.

While at school, he represented Lunenburg in the Oratorical Contest sponsored by the Halifax Herald in 1927.

After graduating from the Academy, he taught school for the next two years. During this time, he studied his Grade XII and wrote the examination in 1929. In the years 1929-30 he attended Normal College. After winning the Entrance Scholarship to any Maritime University, he entered Acadia in

1931 for his Arts degree. In 1939 he received his M. A. in Mathematics. In 1940, he wrote the entrance examination to Harvard University. As a result of high marks on this examination, he was given the privilege of doing the work in four years and not the required five years. He graduated from there with an M. Ed. in the field of School Administration and Supervision.

He taught seven years in Bedford and then joined the Queen Elizabeth High School Staff at the opening. He was appointed teacher of Mathematics and Physics in 1942. He was also head of the Physics department in 1944. During the last ten years he has taught night classes for veterans in Mathematics at Dalhousie, and in Physics for the Department of Veteran Affairs.

In 1952, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Normal College, Truro, which position he holds at the present time.

We wish him every success and happiness in his future work.



# MAXWELL CLUETT

by Joan Lohnes '54

Maxwell, who attended Lunenburg Academy, graduated in 1946 with a Grade XII certificate. While at the Academy, he participated in basketball and Christmas operettas. During his High School years, Maxwell was also a member of the Students' Council. In his last year, he was Business Manager of the Sea Gull.

In the fall of 1946, Maxwell entered the University of King's College on a Foundation Scholarship, having as his major subjects chemistry and mathematics. He graduated from the University in 1949 with a Bachelor of Science Degree.

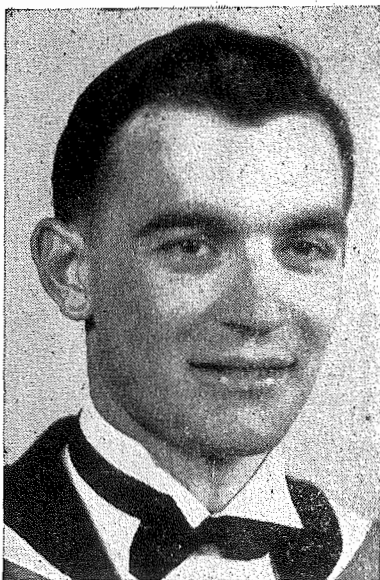
Maxwell was employed in the summer of 1949 as a technician in the control laboratory at the steel plant in Sydney, Nova Scotia. Here he gained considerable experience in the field of chemistry.

In the fall of 1949, he entered the graduate school of the University of Toronto to do post-graduate work in analytical chemistry. Thesis research was performed on the analytical chemistry of the "platinum metals." One part of his thesis was published in the December 1950 issue of the Canadian Journal of Research entitled "Volumetric Determination of Small Amounts of Tridium." The second part, not published to date, involved the "Use of an Adsorption Anion Exchange Resin for the Separation of Rhodium and Tridium." Maxwell graduated with a Master of Arts Degree from Toronto University in 1951.

At present, Mr. Cluett is employed as a chemist at the Welland Works plant of the North America Cyanamide Limited. His position involves assistant supervision of plant laboratory control and he is actively engaged in the commercial finishing of sulphur drugs.

Mr. Cluett has received his appointment to a predoctoral Pratt Fellowship at the University of Virginia, Virginia; and in July he will enter the University to carry on research in the Pratt Trace Analysis Laboratory toward his doctorate degree (Ph. D.) in analytical chemistry.

Mr. and Mrs. Cluett, who were married in August, are now residing happily at Niagara Falls, Ontario. Mrs. Cluett, (the former Lucy Gerhardt) is also a graduate of the Lunenburg Academy.





## WAYNE F. SMITH

by Philomine Arenburg '54

On November 24, 1952 an R. C. A. F. Lancaster Bomber crashed at Comox, British Columbia. Among the victims was one of our local boys, Wayne F. Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith.

Wayne was born in Lunenburg and received his early education at Kingston, Nova Scotia. After moving to Lunenburg, he continued his studies at Lunenburg Academy, where he made many friends. Wayne, who had a pleasing personality, was a general favourite with his classmates and was always ready for a bit of fun.

In February, 1952, he enlisted in the R. C. A. F. and took his basic training at St. John's, Quebec. Then he had a month's leave which he spent at home, and later returned to Comox, British Columbia, where the tragedy occurred when the pilot was trying to land in low-hanging clouds. Three survived the crash but one of them died on the way to hospital. Wayne was aboard the plane and among the crash victims.

He was buried with military honors, the service being held at St. John's Anglican Church. The former Lunenburg Academy classmates of Wayne attended the funeral in a body.



## ANDREW EISENHAUER

by Shirley Eisenhower '54

Mr. Eisenhower was born in Lunenburg in 1923, and is the youngest son of Mrs. Eisenhower and the late Mr. Daniel Eisenhower.

He started school at the Lunenburg Academy, but in 1937 he went to King's College. After receiving some education there, he came back to Lunenburg Academy to finish his Academic course.

After completing his studies at the Academy, he went to Dalhousie University. In 1943 he received his diploma in engineering. He then went to the Nova Scotia Technical College. The last year he was there, in 1945, he was president of the Engineering Society.

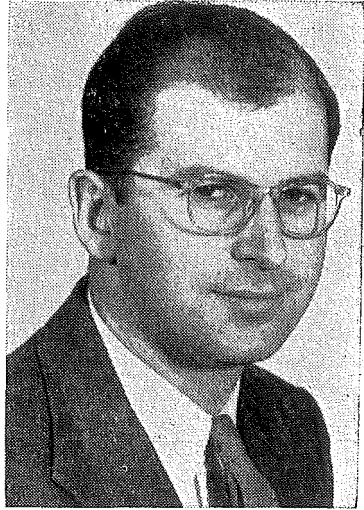
Following his years of study Andrew was engineer with Captain Kenneth Iverson, and he spent the summer

of 1945 in Labrador. From there he went to London, Ontario, and was employed at E. Leonard and Sons as the assistant superintendent.

In 1947 he returned, and with some friends started the Atlantic Bridge Company.

In 1948 Andrew married Josephine Robertson of Bridgewater. They now have two children - a girl and a boy.

As far as Mr. Eisenhower's social life is concerned, he displays a keen interest for the different organizations of the town. For the year 1951 he was President of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. He has been a member of the Town Council, and one of the Community Centre Commissioners for the past three years. Also during 1951 he was on the Board of School Commission. Along with all these duties which Mr. Eisenhower had to perform during the week of December 7 - 13 he was appointed on the Nova Scotia Branch of Engineering Institute of Canada.



## MARTIN EISENHAUER

by Anita Emeneau '54

Martin Eisenhauer, son of Mrs. May Eisenhauer and the late Daniel Eisenhauer, was born at Lunenburg in 1920.

On graduating from the Lunenburg Academy in 1937 he entered Dalhousie University to study engineering. During his last year at Dal, he was president of the Engineering Society. In 1941 he received his Bachelor of Science degree and a diploma in engineering.

Martin then entered the Nova Scotia Technical College to advance his studies in engineering. Here also, he was president of the Engineering Society for one year. In 1943 he graduated from the Technical College with his Bachelor's Degree in Engineering.



Following graduation in 1943, Martin joined the Canadian Navy as an engineering officer. Shortly after, he was transferred to the Royal Navy in England. He served on a Royal Navy destroyer, making several runs off Northern Russia.

After returning to Lunenburg, he became assistant engineer to the Navy in Lunenburg and Pictou.

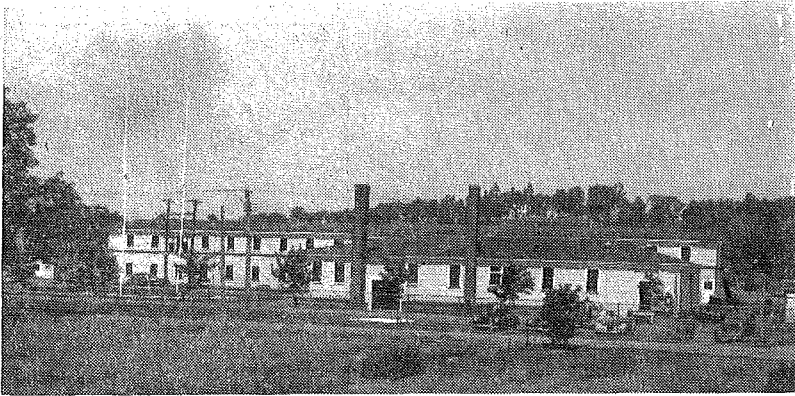
After his discharge, he took a job as branch manager of Canadian National Diesel Engineering at Halifax.

In 1947 Martin became branch manager for William Stairs Son and Morrow Ltd. in Saint John, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. He and his brother have been associated with the Atlantic Bridge Company from its inception.

Martin married Isabel Oxner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Oxner, in 1944. They have two children, a boy and a girl, and reside at Saint John, N. B.

# THE ATLANTIC BRIDGE COMPANY

by Richard Bailey '53 and Barbara Cooke '53



In the winter of 1950 a group of men were sitting around a table discussing an article in "Newsweek" about a process for prolonging the life expectancy of batteries. If it proved feasible, there would be a ready market in the Maritimes, so it was decided that one of them should go to California to investigate the idea. Mr. M. A. Eisenhower flew there and spent two weeks studying and examining the process at the Manufacturer's factory.

Early in 1951 "ABCO Distributors" was organized with the idea of handling this new process which was seen to be practical. A battery rebuilding shop was set up in Lunenburg. Today it has the largest volume of its sort in the Maritimes. Recently, glass-heat Panels for home and industrial use were added to the number of products that ABCO Distributors handle. Thus, the Atlantic Bridge Co. had expanded from a gasoline - diesel motor agency into a still larger contracting, selling and distributing organization.

The Atlantic Bridge Company started when five men - Mr. M. A. Eisenhower, Mr. D. A. Eisenhower, Mr. Russell G. Smith, Mr. G. N. Kent, and Mr. John F. Meisner - purchased Camp Norway in February of 1947. The former Camp was remodelled to accommodate the new firm, and business started in July of that year. First they obtained a franchise for selling gasoline marine engines in the Maritimes. From this beginning, they started doing service work on vessel equipment.

The Atlantic Bridge Company has two distinct phases of activity - Selling and Servicing. They represent Canadian, American and English companies, dealing in range from small outboard motors to large diesel engines. They are representatives for the Champion Motors Company of Minneapolis, Minnesota, a manufacturer of Outboard Motors. Also represented by this Company are, Flagship Marine Engine Company of Baltimore, Maryland; Murphy Diesel Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Davey Packman and Company of Colchester, England and Ruston and Horusky of Lincoln, England.

When they felt there was a demand for other equipment they took on

a complete line of air compressors, generators and small electric motors.

In this line of industry they represent the Broom and Lade Company Limited of Highwickham, England, and Mark and Card Electric Company of Gladstone Michigan. After this move, heavy equipment lines were added, as well as other small accessory equipment.

The servicing work of the Company began mainly in the installation and selling of marine engines. The famous three-master, City of New York, which was recently destroyed by fire, was completely outfitted by the Atlantic Bridge Company in 1947.

The work has expanded to the coastal towns in Nova Scotia including construction work in Labrador.

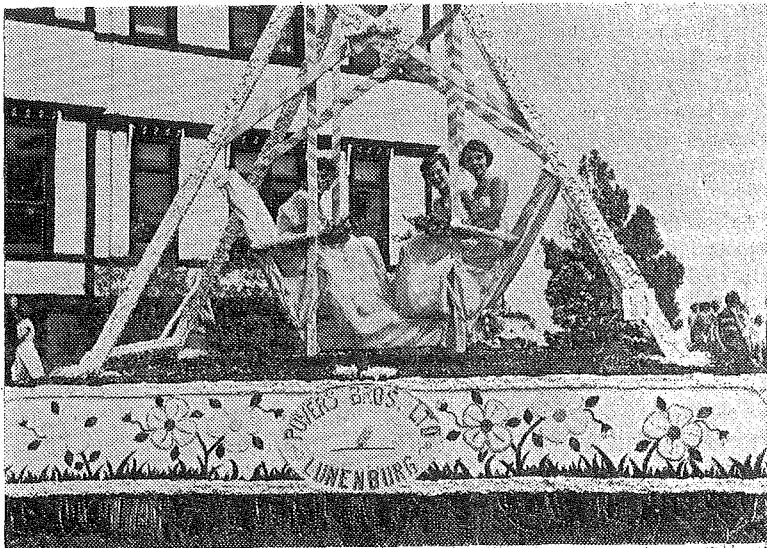
The construction business has built itself up steadily from 1949 to present day. In Lunenburg alone they employ twenty-eight persons not to mention salesmen on the road.

In 1949, they decided there was room in the Maritimes (or enough demand in the Maritimes) for another firm to build wharves and breakwaters. Since that time they have constructed eight (8) breakwaters around the Maritime Provinces; already in 1953 they have orders for three breakwaters.

Thus it can be seen that the Atlantic Bridge Company does everything but build bridges.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to the keen insight and the faith in the Maritime Provinces of the five owners is the expansion and success of the Atlantic Bridge Company and their subsidiary ABCO Distributors. We, students of Lunenburg Academy can only wish them continued prosperity.

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Powers Bros. Float Parade - 1952

## BOSCAWEN MANOR

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

The structure known as the Boscawen Manor was built in the year 1885 by the late Senator Kaulbach for his daughter, Mrs. James R. Rudolf. The house was constructed by Solomon Morash, the leading Lunenburg contractor



of his day. His plans and specifications, together with the detailed drawings of archways and carvings, are still extant and doubtless will be museum pieces some day. The house was sold in October, 1905, to the Bank of Montreal. The Bank used it for many years as the home of the Resident Manager.

In August, 1945, the house was sold to Mr. Dana L. Sweeny, Lunenburg. It was renovated and decorated by him, and was opened as a hotel in 1946. As an antique dealer of reputation, he installed many ancient pieces of furniture that give the Manor a distinctive atmosphere. The hotel was then sold in April, 1948, to Mr. A. J. Campbell from Halifax.

The Boscawen Manor is named in honor of Admiral Boscawen, son of the first Viscount Falmouth. This British sailor commanded a fleet which ably assisted in the campaign for possession of North America. Some historians say that it was Boscawen's naval forces rather than Wolfe's army which were primarily responsible for the final capture of Louisburg from the French, although Wolfe has generally received almost sole credit for the victory. The name "Boscawen" was given to the Blockhouse erected on Battery Point, Lunenburg, and has been closely linked with this town for two centuries.

In 1948, a wing was added to the original house giving the Boscawen Manor twenty bedrooms and fifteen baths. The house, when first erected, was heated by means of eight open fireplaces. All of these have been carefully preserved, but winter heating is now performed by a modern oil furnace. The Dining Room, which will seat from eighty to one hundred, is noted for its marine decoration, including the famous Currier and Ives prints of gallant old sailing ships, and a number of interesting ship models. Two of the many silver cups won by the famous schooner "Bluenose" are on display at the Manor through the kindness of their owner, Captain Angus J. Walters.

The lounges are spacious and beautifully decorated. In the hall hangs the personal mirror of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. Another fine wall mirror came from the first Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York. The oriel window of the Manor also attracts the attention of guests who ex-

claim over the delicately tinted glass and the hand painted design. Other attractive items include rare old English Prints, unique bric-a-brac, and fine examples of antique furniture.

The food served at the Manor has gained for the Inn the recommendation of such noted experts as Duncan Hines and the publisher of the *Gourmet's Guide*, Hotel Plaza, New York. These recommendations follow regular tests and inspections. The Manor is also recommended both for its rooms and meals by the Travel Bureau of both the Dominion and Provincial Governments. Mr. Elmer Jenkins, National Travel Director of the American Automobile Association, in his *Directory of Accomodations* describes Boscawen Manor as follows: "A delightful hotel with a charming old world atmosphere, situated on a hill overlooking the harbor. Large comfortable rooms with attractive period furnishings. Delicious food served. Unique pottery and porcelain collection."

Numerous visitors to Nova Scotia come to Lunenburg solely in order to see and sample the hospitality of this Inn. The reason is obvious. As one person expressed it: "Boscawen Manor demonstrates beautifully the gracious living of an earlier day."

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## THE 1952 FASHION PARADE

by Annette Hebb '54



The 1952 Fashion Parade of the Home Economics Classes took place on June sixth in the Assembly Hall. Outside the rain fell steadily, but this did not dampen the spirits of the girls; nor lessen the number of interested parents and friends in the audience.

This was a big night for the "Home Ec." girls, for, after having spent many months under the careful supervision of Miss Betty Dunlop, basting, sewing, ripping out — and finally sewing in again, were ready to display their results.

The Fashion Show began with a word of welcome from Janet Crouse,

one of the Grade X pupils. Then the Grade X girls one by one modeled their garments, on the stage decorated with beautiful spring flowers, while Janet made a comment about each one. This being their last year the girls had made dresses from quite difficult patterns out of pretty silk or rayon materials. As these girls modeled their garments, the other classes sat behind stage patiently — or impatiently waiting their turn.

After the Grade X students came the Grade IX girls who for the first time had made dresses; all of different shades, materials and styles, the effect being very pleasing.

The Grade VIII girls modeled their blouses while Anne Creighton commented on the materials, styles and their suitability to the wearer.

The Grade VII girls entered next, wearing pretty cotton skirts. This was their first year of sewing with a pattern and the results were very gratifying.

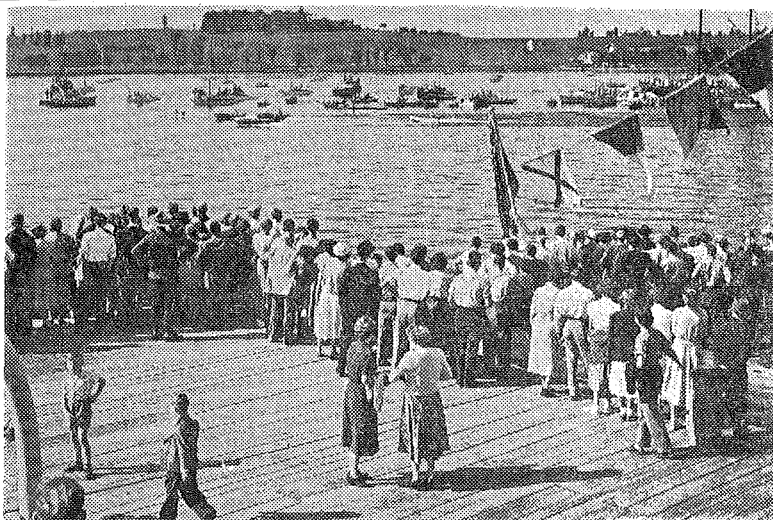
Last but certainly not least, the Grade VI girls appeared on the stage wearing the aprons and caps they had made, and carrying various kitchen utensils. They each recited verses, and then sang a song which had been made up by the Grade X girls, pertaining to the various projects undertaken by the Household Science Classes.

The expressions of satisfaction on the faces of all the girls proved to the people in the audience that Home Economics is a wonderful course.

The evening then came to a close with the presentation of a gift to Miss Tunlop, as a token of appreciation for all she had done for the girls of the Domestic Science Classes.

After the show, the audience were able to see displayed on tables in the Assembly Hall some of the various extra projects undertaken by the girls.

The citizens of the town of Lunenburg through this "Fashion Parade" were able to see and realize the value of the Home Economics Course.



Water Sports 1952



# MY VOYAGE TO CANADA

by James Gant '57

On Oct. 7th, 1952, we, that is my parents and I, decided to leave England which at the time was where we were living. We made reservations on the Cunard White Star Liner Franconia, which is a vessel of 20,000 tons. Our destination was to be Canada. This would mean a seven day journey by sea.

On the 7th of December 1952 we left Grimsby, a sea fishing port on the north-east coast of England. We had an eight hour journey by train to Liverpool from where the ship was to sail. The date of the ship's departure was to be the 31st of January 1953. On arrival in Liverpool we booked two rooms in the Stork Hotel. We occupied these rooms until the date of the ship's departure.

On this date my mother and I took some sea sick pills as this was our first sea voyage. Before we could go on the ship, we had to pass the customs and this took about half an hour. The day was very windy and the sea was so rough that the ship was unable to pick us up at the pier. The firm who owned the ship was afraid to let it come out of the dock for fear it might crash into the dockside. As we were unable to board the ship at the pier, the firm sent buses to pick us up and take us to it. The ship was to depart from Liverpool at 3 p.m. in the afternoon, but owing to the gale it stayed over night and sailed the next morning at 12 noon. The ship had to call at Ireland. Up to then the sea had been calm, but when we were out of sight of land the sea became rough. The rocking of the ship made my mother and I sick. Later we felt better. My father, who is a fisherman, said we should not have been sick as it was a calm sea.

We were two days out when we made friends with an American family. These American friends were Mrs. H. E. Evsenbrey and her two children, Elizabeth and David. On board the ship there was a gym and games that you played on the deck. There were also games that you played on tables such as chess and draughts. After we had been five days out, we saw a ship about two miles from us, but a fog suddenly came down and we lost sight of it. The next day was very calm and so we played the deck games, just about all the morning. In the afternoon we went to the cinema to see a cowboy film called "Where the River Bends." Since it was our last night on board the ship we had a farewell dinner which we enjoyed very much.

The next day we arrived in Halifax about 11 a.m. After we had landed and passed the customs once more, we booked two rooms for the week end. On the following Monday we caught a train for Lunenburg, N.S. which was to be our destination. When we arrived, we obtained rooms at the Hillside Hotel. We were there for nearly two weeks but now we have an apartment. On the Wednesday after we arrived I started school. It was a bit different but now I think it is very good. My mother and father have just about got settled.

# THE LUNENBURG FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

by Janet Crouse '54 and David Parsons '55

The Lunenburg Fishermen's Memorial Hospital is one of which the people of Lunenburg may be proud. Not only is it well-equipped, but is also staffed with efficient nurses and doctors. The Hospital was completed and opened for inspection on July 16, 1952. The cornerstone was laid on July 6, 1952 by Mayor F. Homer Zwicker, and Clarence J. Morrow.

The staff at the present consists of nine nurses and two nurses' aids. Mrs. LeMont is the superintendent in charge. To give some idea of how well-equipped and what the interior of the Hospital is like, we shall describe some of its main rooms.

The first thing catching your eye are the three large halls. These divide the building into the west wing, east wing, and centre wing. Inside the entrance the chart desk is at the right. Here all the charts of each patient are kept, and the buzzer system operated. When a patient wishes a nurse, he presses a button in his room which in turn buzzes at the desk, that she is wanted. A light flashes on to tell which room desires service. Adjacent to the chart desk is the Superintendent's Office.

In the west wing, there are several important rooms. At the far end is the Maternity Ward. Next to this is the Nursery where each baby is partitioned off from another by a glass partition. Each baby has his own table, linen and other articles. The Babies' Isolation room is adjacent to this. Any baby needing special treatment or care will be put in here. The Children's Ward is found in this wing and contains two cribs.

Most of the private rooms are found in this wing. These rooms are dedicated by a person or some organization, and are more elaborate than the others. Each room has beautiful, flowered curtains with covered cushioned chairs to match, and its own bathroom and buzzer system. All the beds are fitted with a convenient tray for bed-side feeding. Most of the other private rooms are like the one described.

Next we enter the centre wing. Here at the far end is the Sterilizing Room. Here is a water sterilizer in which water is purified for patients' use; the instrument sterilizer where needles and all operating instruments are sterilized. Lastly in this room is the autoclave in which the packs, battens and clothes for surgical use are sterilized. Other important rooms in this wing are the Emergency Delivery Room and the Major Operating Room. The Major Operating Room is used for serious operating cases. Opposite the Delivery Room is the Case Room, and next to this the Doctors' Scrub Room where the doctors "clean up" before an operation. In a room opposite this are kept three large oxygen tanks, and oxygen tents—a large one for adults and a small one for children. Next is the X-Ray Waiting Room. Opposite that is the X-Ray Laboratory and File room. Lastly is the blanket warmer and linen chute.

In the east wing, at the far end is the eight bed Men's Ward. The semi-private rooms are in this wing. These rooms contain two beds, and are decorated much the same as the private rooms. Mops, buckets and

brooms are kept in the Utility Room in this wing. The diet kitchen is on the left. In this room each patient's diet is made up. The food comes up from the kitchen on an elevator.

Lastly in the basement at the far end is the boiler room. The Hospital is steam heated. The Janitor's Living Quarters are here. The Adult Isolation is to the left. In the Laundry Room there are three chief machines which carry out the washday duties. One for washing the clothes, the second to wring them after they are washed and a third to dry them. The laundresses only have to watch the machines, and when the clothes are ready to be ironed they are placed on a roller which irons them. The kitchen is a very long rectangular shaped room with sinks and stoves on either side and tables in the centre. All the food is prepared here before it is sent to the kitchen on the above floor. The Nurses' Dining Room and Rest Room are off the kitchen.

Each wing has its own supply cabinet in which anything needed is kept

The first campaign to raise money was started in 1946, so after approximately six years the Hospital for which many prayed, hoped and worked was completed.

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## FROM SHORE TO SHORE

by Robert Parks '54

I was both surprised and greatly thrilled when I received notice that I had been chosen by the Canadian Sea Cadet Committee at Halifax as one of the six Sea Cadets to represent Canada in a proposed trip to Europe.

On June 19, 1952, I left Halifax for Montreal where, with five other Cadets from Canada, I boarded H.M.C.S. "Quebec", one of Canada's cruisers. This ship was to carry us for six eventful days across the Atlantic.

When we boarded the ship, we automatically became members of the crew, and we were detailed to our own special stations. During the time we were on board, we participated in all the ship's activities. After six days of navy life, we approached one of England's most famous Naval Bases, Portsmouth. As we entered the harbor, we were welcomed by the English shore station in code.

After the ship dropped anchor, we were taken ashore in one of the ship's motor launches. Here we began the first of many sightseeing tours. We were taken to a dry dock which held a very famous English ship, H.M.S. "Victory," the ship on which Admiral Nelson fought and died for England.

From Portsmouth we were taken by train to London, the largest city in the world. Many new experiences awaited us there, and after being taken to a fine hotel we began a five-day tour of the city. We remember these historic spots now, more than ever: Trafalgar Square, Leicester Square, Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral, and many old English theatres. Perhaps our most delightful experience was in seeing Buckingham Palace, and the "Changing of the Guard."

But London, as beautiful as it is, was soon behind us, for we were on a fast train heading for the coastal town of Harwich. Here we boarded a

ferry and left England's shores. Our next stop was Holland where the cobblestone streets, and the milk-carts soon interested us. But fast electric trains soon had us snatched from this fair land far into Germany.

It was here in Germany that we had our first glimpse of wartime destruction at its fullest. After a number of hours over the German border, we entered one of the most war-torn cities we had ever seen. Homes were broken, huge industrial plants were in shreds, and every field was like a graveyard. For hours we travelled through the remainder of Germany taking the brighter side into view.

Finally Germany was behind us and we entered Denmark. It is a small but lively country where everyone is at work. You can see workers in almost every square mile. After a main stop at Copenhagen, we proceeded to the coast from where we were taken by ferry to Sweden.

Our first stop here was at Hassleholm and after a few hours, we went by rail to the capital city, Stockholm. We spent five enjoyable days there in which time we visited the Town Hall, the City's Museum, and made an all around bus trip of the entire city itself. It was one of the finest cities we were in, and we thoroughly enjoyed our stay there.

After leaving Stockholm, we began a number of three-day stops at other cities.

The first was Gotenborg, where a large shipbuilding industry is carried on. It was our pleasure while being here, to be taken on a boat-trip around the city. A canal which in the old days protected the city made this possible.

The second city we visited was Malmo, which is one of the most beautiful cities we were ever in. It was completely modern and some of the buildings were constructed peculiarly. It was at Malmo that we spent our last days in Sweden. As the final day arrived, our smiles were less broad, and we were disappointed in that this was good-bye to Sweden. When we departed, we left hundreds of new friends behind us, which was the object of our visit.

Soon we were at Hassleholm again, from which point began our return trip to England. We returned on the same route by which we had travelled but many new spectacles met our eyes. While passing through Germany the second time, we all happened to be awake enough to see the Kiel Canal which was so important to Germany during the war. This return trip seemed to go faster; before we knew it we were in London waiting for the plane to take us home.

Here we received word that we would have to wait several days for the T.C.A. "North Star" which would take us home. It was this opportunity we took to visit the English town of Leicester.

After a three-day visit, we returned to London where we boarded our plane for home. Nineteen hours from the time of our departure we were in Montreal. It was here that we had to say farewell to one another. Each one of us was scheduled to leave on different trains and after brief good-byes and hurriedly written addresses I was alone. Several hours later I was on the "Ocean Limited" which carried me to Halifax. From there it was an easy trip home by bus.

This was an experience that none of us shall forget even though it seems like a dream now. Our thanks goes to all those who helped make it possible.

# SHORT STORIES



## UNEXPECTED by Roy Wentzell '53

In one of the more fashionable suburbs of a large Metropolitan area, lived a very successful business man and his wife. They were known as the Felines.

Now as a strange coincidence Mrs. Feline had a fond affection towards all domestic animals, especially of the cat family; in fact, she was now the proud owner of a rare, almost extinct breed of Persian cat with which she planned to capture the local trophy at the annual "Feline Show." This animal, a new member of the Feline family and known as "Sir Felix", was the talk of all animal lovers, and never ceased to be looked upon as a wonder.

As for Mr. Feline, little part did he take in this social life of Mrs. Feline and Sir Felix. He sought fame in other fields. His hobby was biochemistry, which was frowned upon by his wife. So when friends came to visit, Sir Felix was placed in a prominent position and Mr. Feline was abruptly ignored. Thus banished, he withdrew to his laboratory amid test tubes, charts and chemicals, for one thought gave him comfort which was that someday he hoped to perfect his new drug. With this hope he zealously turned to work, knowing that scientific knowledge would be triumphant.

The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months, and thus approached the Annual Feline show, a great day. Yes, great in the eyes of Mrs. Feline who groomed and placed "Felix" upon a rigid diet. He had to be at his best, for there were rumors of keen competition.

Everything seemed to be going well. Even her unusual husband was different of late, having taken a peculiar attitude towards our animal friend. In fact, he had fairly adopted it and when the great day broke forth bright and sunny it was at Mrs. Feline's suggestion that her husband consented to drop the great star off at the exhibits centre on his route to the office that morning.

But little work was to be done at the office that day for Mr. Feline was in distant dreamland as his mind flashed back to the events of the morning. He remembered the struggle in the car all so clearly, the strong defense Felix had put up in protest to the strange chemical he had offered him, but he had finally forced him to accept the peculiar drug. Now all to do was await results, results on his wife's beloved pet, results on his beloved experiment, an experiment which was to prove that hair could be completely removed from a body without harmful effect to the living organic cells.

Wouldn't his wife's eyes pop, wouldn't Sir Felix shiver as he sat before the judge completely stripped of his beautiful fur. He would make that stupid animal pay for monopolizing his wife's attention.

Meanwhile Mrs. Feline, having arrived at the show, found a large aud-

ience gathered, for the judging had already begun. As she elbowed and pushed herself forward towards a front line position she was halted by the voice of the judge.

"Ladies and gentlemen and animal lovers everywhere, there is within this booth a well known animal, a special attraction to this show and undoubtedly a prize winner. This animal is very rare and is registered under the name of Sir Felix. A fine tribute to the owner Mrs. Feline and the entire animal race, 'Sir Felix.'"

With this the door was thrown open amid a ripple of applause and there sat the great Persian hero as erect as Darius himself. Yes as erect and beautiful in death as in life.

"I am sorry," said the judge coldly, "No mounted animals allowed, this is no taxidermist exhibition."

"Unfair competition," shrieked Mrs. Feline crumpling to the floor.

.....  
At present Mr. Feline is performing an autopsy upon the remains, to determine the cause of death.

## THE CURSE OF THE HADJI

by Dick Bailly '53

I'm not one to believe in the supernatural. I spoofed at my close friend, Charles McCormack, when he said to me that he had heard a very strange story in Spain, where he had been working on a novel about the Spanish Inquisition.

By the look on his face, however, I judged him to be in earnest, so I let him tell me this mysterious story.

This is Charlie's story in his own words:

"The Spanish Inquisition as you know, was the notoriously severe tribunal of the Church, set up for the discovery, examination, and punishment of heretics and heathens in Spain. It lasted nearly 600 years.

"In the 16th Century, one of the chief inquisitors was a Cardinal Navarro, a very severe man, who specialized in 'converting' Moslems. Any Moslems, unlucky enough to fall into the hands were subjected to such harsh tortures that they usually embraced Christianity, and rejected the Koran. One of these unfortunate Moslems, Mohammed el Pasha, a scholarly Hadji, was such a firm believer in Islam that he succeeded in resisting all the Cardinal's persuasive methods. Cardinal Navarro, seeing that it was useless to try to bring this Mohammedan to see 'the heavenly light' ordered him entombed in one of the rooms of the Cardinal's castle. But before he was completely sealed in, Mohammed el Pasha pronounced the Curse of the Prophet Mohammed on the Cardinal and all his relatives.

"Not many months after the entombment, the Cardinal was found dead in his bed, although no-one knew just how he had died.

"After his death, Cardinal Navarro's castle was closed down, and the inquisitions ceased at the place. It was unoccupied for over 170 years until a great-grand-nephew opened up the old castle in order to continue his work upon a treatise dealing with higher mathematics. He was a peculiar fellow, this nephew of the late Cardinal Navarro; he would take an occasional stroll once or twice a month to the little village of Alicante to buy some writing

paper from the local merchants. When they hadn't seen the mathematician for over two months, the villagers began to suspect something was wrong, so a few of the braver men of Alicante decided to go up to the castle and see if everything was all right.

"Receiving no answer to their loud knockings on the door, they gained entry through an open window and began to search the house. They found the scholar hanging from a chandelier; he had been dead for over a month.

"This discovery started the legend of the Curse of the Hadji, Mohammed el Pasha. As the story was told and retold it became greatly exaggerated, as all such stories do. The legend took on all the trappings of a full-fledged haunted house, what with loud moanings, ghosts roaming the country-side, and believe it or not, many even complained of being attacked by the Hadji's spirit.

"Well, the castle remained haunted and unlivid in for the best part of two centuries, and the sleepy village of Alicante gradually grew sleepier and not too much attention was paid to the Castle of Navarro and the curse placed upon it.

"Then around 1870, another relative of the deceased Cardinal, hearing of the unlivid in family castle, decided it would be the ideal resting place to recover from a recent nervous breakdown, brought about by too much worrying about his financial interests in Brazil.

"This fellow, his name was Don Sancho Aguilar, I believe, deserted the ancient castle in two months. His hair had turned completely white and he had suffered a total nervous collapse worse than his previous illness. He never did fully recover.

"Now this Aguilar chap was quite rich and when he died (no doubt his death was hastened by his experiences in the old castle), he left a lot of money plus the Castle of Navarro to a nephew living in Argentina. The nephew, Adolpho Ruiz Bienvenida, went to Spain to claim the inheritance left him by his rich uncle.

"When he saw the castle, he decided he could turn it into a paying proposition by turning it into a fashionable tourist resort. On hearing this, the natives of Alicante, remembering the old legend, told Bienvenida about the Curse of the Hadji and advised him neither to live in nor remodel the ancient fortress. But Adolpho Ruiz scoffed at their superstitions, and just to prove to them that a "curse" laid upon the place by a Moslem fanatic in the 16th century could have no effect on a man living in the 20th Century, he hired as caretaker and butler one of the old men of the village, and went to live in the old place.

"He was there a week, living happily, making plans for the conversion of the building, and telling the natives 'I told you so', before he disappeared. Completely disappeared—not a word has been heard of him since!"

"Well, that's my story," said Charlie, "what do you think of it?"

"It's a pretty good tale," I said, "all except for the ending."

And so we dropped it at that. That was all of thirty years ago. Today, in the paper, I found the conclusion of Charlie's story of the Castle of Navarro and the Curse of the Hadji. This is what the paper said:

"Workmen, tearing down an old castle, outside of Alicante, a little farming village in south-eastern Spain, discovered today in the wall of one

of the bedrooms, the mummified remains of a man missing for over 30 years. He was identified by a ring on his finger as Adolpho Ruiz Bienvenida. Another body, dead for centuries, perhaps, was found beside the body of Bienvenida. Its presence has not yet been explained."

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## THE MISSING BUTTON

by David Parsons '53

There he sat leaning against a lamp post with his head dropping slightly to the left. The rain that was falling beat untiringly on his bare head while the wind blew his hair out in fluttering wet streamers.

Garry Smith, the Morning Sun's ace crime reporter, saw this peculiar sight as he drove home from working late at the office.

"Funny," thought Garry "I'd better wake him up, he must have had one too many."

He stopped the car, got out and went over to where the man was sitting on the curb.

He bent down and shook him saying, "Hey mister, better get inside. It's raining." .....

No answer. Garry shook him again, and, as he did, he noticed a red stain on the man's shirt. The stain was smeared, because of the rain soaking the shirt.

Garry slowly lifted the man's head, and there directly in the center of the forehead, directly over the nose bridge was a small, neatly made hole. The hole was circled with red and at the base the same red broke off from the circle and trickled slowly down his face.

He let the head fall back, went to his car and drove till he found a drug-store open. There he phoned the police; then he drove back to the body, lit a smoke and sat in his car and waited.

While he was waiting, he kept thinking that he had seen the victim's face somewhere before. The long face with the sharp nose seemed vaguely familiar.

Just as he blanked his smoke the police car came to a grinding halt beside the body and Inspector Carrington of Homicide and two uniformed policemen got out.

Garry got out of his car, and walked over to where the three men were grouped around the body.

The inspector, who was a little antagonistic towards Garry, said, "Oh No! two minutes from the time we arrive, the Sun's ace snoop is snooping around."

"Now, now," said Garry, "That's no way to treat an old friend."

The words the inspector used next I am not able to quote here but they certainly stated that he and Garry were not on friendly terms.

While the three men worked over the body, Garry stood watching with a reporter's eye, the quickness and effectiveness with which the policemen worked.

Then looking over the ground around the body, Garry noticed a large brown button lying a little way to the left of the body. The policemen missed this, and Garry asked them a few questions for his story. When told the vic-



tim's name, his mind was immediately relieved of the curiosity as to what he was. He did know the man, he was John R. Whitcomb the owner of the Club Abango, one of the most exclusive and expensive clubs in New York.

When the policemen had gone, Garry picked up the button examined it, put it in his pocket and drove home. At home he phoned in his story and then went to bed.

In the morning he went to the station house to see if anything new had developed. Nothing had except that the Coroner's report stated that the man was killed at around 11 o'clock. "That's a whole hour before I found him; it's funny no-one else saw him," thought Garry.

Next he went to Mrs. Whitcomb's apartment to visit the deceased wife. He asked a few routine questions and just as he was about to leave the phone in another room rang and Mrs. Whitcomb left the room and went to answer it. After an absence of ten minutes, she returned. Garry thanked her for her trouble and then left her apartment and returned to the police station.

On arriving there, the inspector greeted Garry with his usual greeting, "Hi ya Snoop."

Garry asked, "Who are the suspects in last night's murder?"

"His wife and Jim Thomas whom she's been seeing quite a bit lately, Mr. Whitcomb's daughter and her husband. Why?"

"Oh! Nothing." "How are their alibis?"

"They are all in the clear." Then after a few moments, "You wouldn't know more about this case than you are telling, would you?"

"Tell me the wife's alibi and Thomas' also," said Garry.

They were both at the club from approximately eleven-o-five till twelve o'clock. They were seen by lots of people."

"Did he or she leave the table anytime during their stay at the club?"

The waiter said he saw Thomas leave the table at about twenty to twelve. He went to his car to get something from the glove compartment, he told the waiter."

How long was he gone?"

"About fifteen minutes."

Garry said, "Inspector, if you were at the club, how long would it take you to drive to where the body was and back at that time of night?"

"Oh - h - h .....! about fifteen minutes."

Exactly!" exclaimed Garry.

Exactly what?" said the inspector.

Garry said, "They killed Whitcomb at home, put him in the car and drove to the club. Then Thomas left the table and drove off and dumped the body and came back."

"Sure, sure, but we need more proof."

"We'll get that. Have all the suspects at Mr. Whitcomb's apartment tonight at eight."

That night at eight all were seated in the large and luxuriously furnished living room. The inspector and Garry stood in the doorway. Then Garry advanced.

Addressing himself to Mrs. Whitcomb he said, "Well, let's begin."

"Yes!" said Thomas irritably, "let's get it over with."

"Is this your coat?" asked Garry.

"Yes," Mrs. Whitcomb answered.

"Were you wearing it last night?"

"Yes."

"You notice one button is missing." Garry said it half as a question and half as a fact.

"Yes," she answered.

"Where is it?"

"I - I don't know."

"I do!"

"Where?" she asked excitedly.

"It was found lying beside your husband's body."

"No! — No!" cried Mrs. Whitcomb.

Thomas interrupted saying, "Just a minute. Are you accusing her of murdering her own husband?"

"I'm not accusing anybody of anything! I'd just like to hear her explanation if she has one."

"I - I can't explain it," she said.

"I can," said Garry, "you and Thomas here killed your husband in the apartment around eleven o'clock. Then you wrapped him in something or other and put him in the car and drove to the club. You must have had a struggle and before you could shoot he ripped the button off your coat and held on to it until Thomas drove to where the body was found and placed the body there. While doing this the button fell from the victim's hand. Am I right?"

"Partly," said Thomas, "But she had nothing to do with the murder, she was in the bedroom when I shot him and after it was done all she could do was help me a little.

"No," said Garry, "you and she were deeply in love. Mr. Whitcomb knew it. He was going to divorce his wife but she wanted him dead before he could do so. Then she could inherit his money. She shot him before you arrived and when you came you helped her."

"Yes, yes," cried Mrs. Whitcomb, "I had put on my coat and when he asked where I was going I said to see Jim. He got mad and grabbed me. I didn't notice he tore a button off my coat. I stepped back and took out my derringer from my purse and shot him."

With this, she went hysterical. The Inspector called in two plain clothes men and told them to take her away.

Then speaking to Garry, he said, "What first made you think Mrs. Whitcomb had done it?"

"Well," said Garry, "I went to see her this morning and while I was there she went into another room to answer the phone. I noticed a coat on a chair and I looked it over. I found that the buttons on it matched the one I had picked up near the body so I took a chance.

"You were right too." ..... "You know, you're pretty smart for a snoop."

"Thanks," said Garry as he went out the door, "maybe some day you'll improve too. Ha. Ha.

# A WEIRD TALE OF THE FUTURE

by David Collins '54

Can it be that dreams foretell the future? I hope not, for I would not want anybody to go through an experience that I dreamt. In my dream, I visited the city Ananeth, in the year 2592.

This was the city of Ananeth, famous for its great men, especially scientists. In this city, I was a scientist; my name was Will; my girl friend's name was Joan.

I can still picture myself standing in the doorway of my science building with Joan, looking at the people of that time. I was talking to Joan. "Look at them Joan! They are nothing but brains, their muscles are wearing away; emotions are extinct. They're less than humans."

I was disgusted with the people of that age. They didn't do any work, but had robots doing the work for them. Joan defended them. She told me that they had been that way for quite awhile. We were different, because we worked hard and exercised.

I was certain, that I could change these people from weaklings to well-built people. I had been experimenting in the lab., and had discovered a serum which would make people strong and vigorous. I told Joan our fathers were strong before us, but it was too late to make the people of that age strong and vigorous again by hard work and exercise. I said I was going to use my special serum on them.

At the mention of the serum, Joan said, "No Will! Not that serum of yours. Look at what it did to those animals. It made them vicious, brutal; made them horrible."

I didn't listen to what Joan said, because I had worked years at the serum. I wanted to restore humanity to man. This was my dream, and I wanted to make a world, peopled once more with real people, not weaklings.

As we re-entered the lab., I met my helper, Lonny, who told me he had set up the distillation equipment, and that we would be able to make as much serum as we wanted. I inspected the animals which I had used in the tests. They were still vicious. I knew the serum I used on them was too strong.

Lonny began to tell me that the serum had transformed the animals from weaklings into strong animals. As usual, he began to talk of what it could do for him. I told Lonny not to touch it, because I had to have years of research before I used it. Suddenly, Lonny took a hypodermic and filled it with the serum. He told me he wasn't going to wait years. I could do nothing. Lonny injected the serum into his arm, and almost immediately he became a strong, vicious man. He yelled, "I have strength, I am large and more alive." I tried to talk with Lonny; told him that the serum had to be counteracted at once. He paid no attention. He said that he did not want to be changed back to what he was; said he would even kill before he allowed that. He then hit me with his fist, and ran out with the serum saying that he would be back for Joan and other things.

It was then that I realized that I had created a monster, a cave man. Joan asked me if he would stay that way long. I told her no, but I knew

that he would, because he had all the serum with him. That serum would last him for an indefinite period of time. I struggled to my feet, and told Joan that I had better call out a patrol to be on the watch for Lonny.

Lonny struck that night and killed many people. I knew it was too late. The patrol went out, but these modern people were incapable of coping with the monster. The patrol told me that they had caught up with Lonny, but their arms were useless against him.

It was then that several more victims of Lonny came in on stretchers. I found out to my surprise that it was not Lonny who had attacked them, but other monsters. I realized that he had fed the serum to other people. I knew he was going to feed this serum to many people, because he wanted to take over the city. At that very moment, he was building up a strong force.

Ananeth became a city of terror. Men's wives were being captured by these vicious monsters. I took Joan home, and told her not to dare go outside the door for any reason. She was still scared though, since Lonny had looked at her after he had taken the serum and said that he would come after her.

That night Lonny stole Panther (a dog to which I had fed the serum) from my lab. I realized that if he fed the serum to all the animals there really would be trouble. Joan and I watched the people leaving the city. Suddenly, Lonny struck again. He hit me on the back of the head, and picked up Joan and ran off with her.

When I recovered, I tried to think where Lonny would have taken Joan. I was going to get Joan back no matter if I died in the attempt. Suddenly, Panther appeared. He was still vicious. The dog attacked me. I had one chance, and that was to break the dog's backbone. The struggle was a fierce one, but short. As I walked out of my lab, I asked the armed men if they had used their heavy ray guns. They told me they couldn't do it, because the monsters were holding a number of women and children as hostages.

I knew that Lonny had used too much serum. It then flashed to my mind that our men once worshipped fire, because they feared it. I got some rags and tied them on the end of a mop, soaked it in oil and lighted it. I knew this was my only chance of ever getting Joan back. I found the monsters and noticed that they watched me approach.

Then I realized the long forgotten fear had come back to them. They ran away. Lonny yelled at them to stop running, but they paid no attention to his commands. He held Joan. Then, suddenly, he attacked me. I knew that my life was at stake, so I fought with him very carefully. I felt my arm break, and a number of ribs crack when he threw me. It was after this heave I managed to manoeuvre my one arm down his throat and choke him. I then cracked his neck with my right leg. He fell to the ground with a tremendous crash. He didn't move an inch. I had broken his neck. Joan ran towards me and threw her arms around me. She was still shaking and trembling from the scare she had received.

The rest of the monsters returned inside the city walls. The army suggested we burn down the city and get rid of them, but I knew that the serum would wear off eventually. They would return to normal, or almost so. After they had recovered, the people returned to the city and wanted to

live as real humans. Then I fed the right amount of serum to all the people and they turned to what I call real humans. They were strong and willing to work as humans ought to. The city of Ananeth returned to a modern state where a just government ruled the city properly, not as it would have been ruled by brutal force. This was my ambition in life and I had achieved it.

I certainly hope that dreams cannot tell the future, because I certainly would not want to live through the things which those people experienced.

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## THE TRAP

by Ruth Mills '55

It had been windy and chilly all day but the coming of darkness made it colder, bitterly cold. Jacklin pressed his body against the wall of a building in the alley. His thin coat gave him slight protection from the icy wind. All he thought about was getting back to his room near his heater. Two men hurried past the alley, their heads down bucking the wind. It was eight o'clock: Jacklin was sure of that. Cassidy had told him to be here at eight o'clock sharp. Jacklin wondered how much longer he was supposed to wait. Another man passed the alley entrance. He was walking alone heavily bundled up. His arm swung from his body, tossing a package into the alley. Jacklin found the package and scooped it up under his arm and shuffled away staying close to the buildings. He had eight blocks to walk to the place where he roomed. He sighted the tavern so he decided to have a drink. Jacklin finished his drink. He left the Tavern, rounded the corner, and came to the building where he lived, and climbed to his room. Here he hid the package under a loose board beneath the bed.

It was half an hour later when he heard footsteps in the hall and a knock on his door. "Jacklin," called a voice from the hall, "Jacklin! come on, open up." There was something ugly in that voice. Jacklin went to the door. He unlocked it, opened it, and stepped back. It was Detective Corkum. He asked Jacklin where he had been at eight o'clock. Jacklin said "home."

Corkum nodded "You'd better be able to prove it. At a few minutes before eight, someone jumped out of an alley and shot and killed Detective Max Rodney. Well, I am going to give you a chance. Do you know what you're going to do?"

Jacklin said nothing. He didn't even shake his head. "You're going to dig up a name," said Corkum "or you'll be finished."

Corkum left and Jacklin made sure of the lock on the door, then he took out the package he had hidden. He unwrapped it and caught his breath. He was staring at a gun and wallet. The gun which had been used to kill Max Rodney, and the wallet? It was also Rodney's.

Jacklin put on his overcoat again. He wrapped the gun in a handkerchief and dropped it into his overcoat pocket. The wallet wrapped in another handkerchief followed. He had to go out. Out into the cold again. He had to get rid of the gun and wallet in such a way that it could never be traced to

him. There was a back door opening on the alley. Jacklin used it, and went outside finding the streets deserted.

The first person that came in his mind was Ward who owned the Ward Cigar Store. Jacklin moved that way. He found the buzzer and waited for Ward to come. He told him all about the death of Max who was Ward's best friend. Ward gave him a cigar, and as he did so Jacklin noticed the telephone on the desk, and the number on the dial plate. It had become a habit, growing out of his search for some clue as to the identity of Cassidy. This number on this telephone was Crestview 2-8620.

Jacklin's body went rigid. It was one of the numbers at which he had called Cassidy. Jacklin was trying desperately to readjust his thinking to what he had just discovered. It was Ward who was Cassidy. He was owner of the Cigar Store by day but at night he got a boy named Skippy to work for him. Ward took off his glasses and wiped them again, and peered through them at Jacklin.

"Did you stop in the store tonight?" he asked suddenly. Jacklin shook his head. "Then you didn't get the message. Skippy had a message for you. It was from the man Cassidy. He said he was coming to see you tonight at ten thirty or eleven."

Jacklin was now sure that Ward was Cassidy. He knew the message Ward had given him was not real. Ward knew Jacklin would probably go home, and then Ward would call the police and blame it on him. The call had perhaps already been made. The Jaws of the trap were closing. The door buzzer sounded. Jacklin jumped from his chair. Ward went to open the door. The minute he left the room, Jacklin hurried back to the desk. He pulled open the top drawer, took the wrapped gun from his pocket, and rolled the gun far back in the drawer. The wallet he put in another drawer.

Voices reached in from the hall. Who was out there with Ward? He didn't know. The man was Doc Wyman whom Ward had asked to come to visit him. Jacklin decided to leave, as he was getting nervous, because Ward might get suspicious.

He ran outside and down the alley towards the back of the house. He made a reach for the knob. Suddenly from the shadows, arms stretched out and grabbed him. It was Detective Corkum. He had returned to get the name of Max's murderer. Jacklin gave him the name "Frank Ward." "You searched my apartments, so search his. Get the records of his dope. . ." This gave Corkum the clue that Max was working on a dope angle.

Jacklin was taken to his room. The detective soon returned. He had found the wallet and gun in Ward's desk. Besides that they found a box of dope and a record of addresses and names which smashed the entire ring. Ward was the man Max Rodney was after. Ward had the best motive for Murder.

# A FORTUNE FOR LIFE

by Marjorie Allen '56

It was a warm sunny day in the late spring. A few soft, white clouds drifted slowly across the blue sky, the lilacs were in bloom and their sweet scent hung heavily on the almost still air.

Marjorie and Marion were sitting on the verandah steps looking out over the waters of the Front Harbour. They were each dreamily watching the scene before them and talking very little. The tide was running out, and the sea was almost calm. Just beyond the motor-boat and inside the shoal a large log drifted along with the tide.

"I wonder where that log came from," said Marion breaking the long silence.

"It must have drifted out from back of the bridge," said Marjorie, "Maybe it isn't a log at all, maybe it's a seahorse! Years ago the people thought they saw a sea-horse."

"I heard that story but I forgot how it went," said Marion.

"Grandma told me the story just the other day," said Marjorie. "Shall I tell you about it?"

"It was a spring day something like today, about twenty-five or thirty years ago, I should imagine. It was planting time and most of the men and women were at work on the land. The children were running around playing, the same as they do now, I suppose, only in those days there were many children on this Island.

Suddenly William stopped his work and looked out over the harbour waters. He noticed an animal swimming across from the Head in the direction of the Island. 'There,' he said pointing at the animal, 'There is a fortune for life, whoever can get it.'

Work was forgotten for the time. William, Stephen, Allie, Jimmy and James made their way quickly to the beach. Three boats were shoved off from shore; and armed with many fathoms of rope, they rowed with all speed to ward their prize.

They soon caught the animal, which turned out to be a moose and each man fastened a rope around its neck, so that all would have an equal claim on the prize. Suddenly the moose, not liking the treatment gave a savage jerk and overboard went Jimmy, all two hundred pounds of him, into the water.

"One man overboard!" said Stephen. There was much difficulty in getting this animal towed ashore. Their efforts were accompanied by a deal of shouting, yelling and waving of hats. James who was wearing a peanut straw hat waved his hat so hard that when he got on the beach he had only the crown left.

"By this time about sixty or seventy-five people had gathered on the beach. Allie ordered the road cleared so that this moose could be taken to MacCarthy's fish store where it could be tamed and later sold for a fortune.

"Everybody wished to help lead this moose. The women in their eagerness to help pulled on the ropes, some of which were attached to the boat,

while the others were around the neck of the moose. Anyway, in the general confusion, the moose was choked to death.

'Stand the moose up,' said Allie, 'and let it run!' But the moose was dead.

"This changed the situation completely. William became doubtful of the outcome of all this, and he went off to Jimmy's house for an Almanac which contained all the laws. He found the almanac, said there was a fine for capturing a moose out of season.

"Now they all decided something must be done with the moose, so a large hole was dug in the sand, on the beach, and the moose was buried.

"For several months nothing was said about the moose, then one day the sheriff arrived on the Island. He inquired about the moose. The men looked at each other. To tell the truth would make them liable to a fine, and they did not wish to tell a lie.

"Stephen broke the silence, 'I think it was a sea-horse,' he said.

'Yes,' said Allie, 'It might have been a sea-horse.'

"The law ordered them in to the courthouse where they were each fined six dollars. Thus ended the story of the 'sea-horse' that was going to give each man a fortune for life."

"There hasn't been that much excitement on this beach since I can remember," said Marion.

"No," said Marjorie, "Moose are scarce nowadays. I wouldn't know one if I saw one. I, myself, might think it was a sea-horse."

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## THE DISGUISED MERMAIDS

by Mary Titus '55

As they gazed at the pictures on the posters, Joyce Smith and Beverly Brown grew more and more excited. They were about to see a grand show featuring Magicali, the greatest magician of their time.

The two girls were particularly excited, because their tickets had been sent to them through the mail by an unknown admirer.

"Come on Bev. This alley leads to the main entrance. I just can't wait to see this great Magicali and his magnificent mermaids," exclaimed Joyce.

It was just as the girls were passing the stage entrance that a great surprise came to them. Two hands suddenly pulled them into a nearby dressing room.

"Are you the two girls who received the free tickets to see this show?" asked two stunningly attractive girls with black inquisitive eyes. Both girls were older than Joyce and Bev. and were somewhat taller.

"Er—yes," Bev had recovered from her surprise a little. "But—?"

Before they could utter a word of protest, they found themselves pulled through the doorway, down a long hallway and into another dressing room.

"What on earth?" Joyce gasped.

"Who-who are you?" stuttered Bev.

"We're Joan and Paula, daughters of Magicali. We help him with his act."

"Are you the mermaids?" muttered Bev.

"Yes. My sister and I must go on the stage in fifteen minutes and we



must be on the other side of town in fifteen minutes for an appointment. And you———”

“And us?” said Joyce as the other girl paused.

“You are going to take our places and without Magicali recognizing you.”

“You can't be serious?” Bev gasped.

“Serious? We are depending on you very much. Please help us.”

After hurried explanations, the two girls disappeared and Bev and Joyce were left with the two mermaid costumes.

“What on earth will we do?” Joyce gulped, “We just can't go up on that stage.”

“Those girls seemed mighty cunning and suspicious to me. There is something about them you can't trust. But what if they're in serious trouble and we walk out on them?”

Just then there was a knock on the door. “You are on in ten minutes,” said the boy.

In seven minutes they had on their dazzling mermaid costumes. After they put on their headdresses and their masks they were almost the same as the other two girls except they were a little shorter.

A burst of applause showed that the act was over. Down came the curtain.

What followed was unreal and dreamlike. Joyce and Bev watched as two uniformed men brought a large glass tank on the stage. With a beckoning gesture to the chums, Magicali went forward and up went the curtain

“Now for it Bev,” muttered Joyce.

They walked slowly towards the tank while Magicali made an announcement.

There was a large outer tank filled with water but there was another glass tank fitted snugly inside the outer tank which was empty. However the audience could only see the one large tank.

“And now ladies and gentlemen, these mermaids will enter the tank of water. For hours they can lie in water if they want because they are real mermaids,” said Magicali emotionally.

Hearts in their mouths they bowed to Magicali. Then with as much grace as possible they climbed into the tank. Gracefully they lay down on the bottom, their toes and heads just touching the ends of the tank.

Suddenly, the water in the outer tank began to bubble and get cloudy. It was then that the girls began to feel as though they were sinking. Then suddenly the bottom of the tank opened and the girls were dropped on a mattress in the cellar where they could hear the rumble of applause.

“Oh my stars! Let's get into the dressing room quick,” gasped Joyce. “Here's where we become ourselves again.”

Now that it was all over, the girls sped back into the dressing room, and changed each into their own clothes. In another moment they would be out in the sunshine. A voice suddenly said, “One moment, you girls.”

Joyce and Bev froze. Slowly they turned and saw a stern-faced man looking at them. Did this mean their impersonation had been discovered?

“I'm the theatre detective. Come with me to the manager's office at once,” bellowed a very cross voice.

Upon entering the office a girl with "Cashier" written on her blouse was standing by the manager.

"Those were the two girls who stole the money. I recognize the raincoats" said the girl.

"What?" shrieked Bev and Joyce aghast.

Like a flash the amazing truth struck them.

"The two dark girls took the money and wore our raincoats as a disguise. They asked us to take their places in the show while they pinched the money. Then they wore our clothes and dropped our purses so we would be suspected," said Bev.

Joyce and Bev were sure that was true but from the sarcastic stare of the manager and detective, they knew they didn't believe it.

At this time Magicali and his two daughters entered the office. Both the girls had on mermaid costumes. After the manager explained to the twins what the girls had said, Paula and Joan announced coolly that they had never seen Joyce and Bev before.

The girls knew now that they were in real trouble. Joyce looked at the sneering girls and saw secret triumph in their eyes. It was at that moment of despair that Joyce thought of an idea.

"But I can prove that it was Bev and I who were in the tank while the money was stolen," she stated.

Without another word she rushed from the office to the stage where the two attendants were taking the tank away.

"Bev, get in the tank and lie flat on the bottom," ordered Joyce.

Then Joyce said to the attendants, "You noticed that when we were in the tank we laid flat on the bottom, didn't we?"

"Yep, I noticed in particular that your head and toes just touched the ends of the tank."

"Bev, now get out of the tank. Let's see if Joan and Paula can do that.

In dead silence the two girls, suddenly very pale, entered the tank. Miraculous as the girls were, this was quite impossible. Their knees poked up considerably.

"See, they can't do it because they are taller than we. It must have been us in the tank while they stole the money," cried Bev.

The two girls and their scheming father confessed and the money was returned.

At least there was one satisfactory outcome of the mystery and that was in the form of a fifty dollar cheque. Even though they were rewarded, they knew it would be a long time before they accepted two free tickets from unknown friends again.

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## A LITTLE BOY'S ADVENTURE

by L. Vander Zwan

When, in the year 1939, the nations' differences and strife after more power was to explode at any time, the autumn sun shone on the majestic city of Warsaw. The proud towers reflected the sun like diamonds. On this peaceful, bright and happy morning nobody thought of the trouble ahead, and

certainly not the inhabitants of the cute, little bright painted cottage surrounded by a short-cut lawn.

A little boy was playing on the grass trying to catch the slowly whirling, yellow, brown, orange and many other colored leaves. The sky was blue. The air was silent except for the whistling of the departing birds.

How different the scene would be, a few hours later!

On the horizon little dark spots appeared, advancing rapidly. People began to notice them. The humming of machines was heard. They carried a destructive load of bombs.

After the airplanes had disappeared, the once proud city, capital of Poland, was changed into a burning torch, not a torch giving light, but giving tragic warning smoke. The small family looked terrified at the ruins of their city, but they were unhurt. More was yet to come.

For three and a half years the family lived in their small house. Food was getting scarce. Constantly the question was asked and thought, "What will the next sunrise bring? Disaster? No more food? Then the tragic day came. It was a brisk, cold winter morning, the night had brought a white innocent blanket of snow, the sun stood low on the sky and broke just through the clouds. Michael Slawoski and his wife were packed like beasts into the train with no windows left and an unknown destiny and faith. They were forced to leave their son, Michael, behind. After many days the train stopped at the town of Hanover. With nearly frozen limbs they were brought to the much feared labour-camp. But all this did not matter for those poor shivering people. They only thought of their blonde dear son. There was doubt in their minds if they would ever see him again.

However, the war was almost over. The Western Allies were coming every day closer to their labour-camp. There was no more work; every factory had been bombed. In the east the Russians drew nearer. At the end of 1944 the first American patrols had reached camp and taken over.

## II

Michael Slawoski, the little boy, could not forget the day that he had last seen his parents. He did not understand much of what had happened. He had been brought to a home with many boys like himself. The Red Cross took care of him now. Luckily the Red Cross organization maintained this home throughout the war.

After the new soldiers had come in the country, Michael was told that his parents had immigrated to Canada. Michael was determined that he would go there himself.

One day he ran away from his home. At the station Michael crept into one of the box-cars, escaping the watchful eyes of the guards. He quickly hid behind a crate. Suddenly steps were coming to the huge crate. He held his breath, his heart bounced up and down, up and down, he shivered with fear. Then the steps slowly faded....."Bang," the door was closed, and there were a few moments of complete darkness until Michael had adjusted his eyes.

A whistle whistled: the train started slowly like a huge elephant moving his paw. A smile appeared on Michael's face. In his first part he was successful. He closed his eyes and he dreamed about this adventurous trip.

Michael awoke, the train stood still and the monotonous noises of the

locomotive stopped. For a moment he gazed around and suddenly he realized that he had escaped from his own Poland. He went to the door, opened it a little and looked around. The weather was nasty, a thick mist clung to the ground. He could see for only a few yards. One of the guards walked past the box-car in which he was, and disappeared in the mist as if a blanket were closing around him. Michael thought, "This is the time." He jumped down, ran toward a few bushes. He made it. Before him he saw a street crowded with people. Hurrying, he went through a hole in the fence.

Above him he saw a sign, "Hotel Berlin", he spelled out. He was now in Germany. A red flag was painted beside the sign. The street gave an unpleasant view; on both sides ruins; only a few wooden stores. He crossed a square and stopped before a huge barbed wire entanglement. He had learned not to wait too long for barbed wire, so he crept through an opening in the fence. Tearing his clothes he rushed on. Here again, the mist acted as a protection.

The M.P. who had seen this little boy coming out of the Russian Zone picked him up and brought him to the Headquarters of the army.

The officers listened with amazement to the boy's story and whispered, "Incredible, impossible, only a few have accomplished this."

The rest seemed to be a dream. First he was put on an airplane, followed by a sleek boat where he could have all the food he wished—delicious steak, fat juicy chicken and tangy fruit juices. After seven days on the ship he saw for the first time his new native country, Canada.



#### Drama Club

Front Row—(l. to r.)—G. Hall, A. Hebb, Miss Pauline Veinot (Directress), E. Cooke, C. Bailly.

Back Row—P. Tobin, P. Cook, Joan Tanner, B. Dauphinee, R. Mills, N. Zinck, S. Hellstrom.

## FORMER ATHLETIC GAMES AND PLAYERS

by Pauline Cook '53 and Marina Zinck '53

Lunenburg used to have a number of leading athletes who brought home trophies from various sport events. Among them were R. C. S. Kaulback, Billy Whynacht, Ray Silver, W. W. Smith, the Burns boys and others.

As Lunenburg has been depending on the sea for her livelihood, it is not uncommon for her to take the sea for her sports. The Aquatic Club was organized about 1879-80. Boat-houses stood on the same ground as the National Sea Products plant stands today. Besides the customary rowing boats, the club comprised four-oared shells and single sculls. The two sculls were captained by Benjamin Morash and Solomon Morash. Frequent regattas were held on the Front Harbor with Lunenburg citizens cheering their favorites home.

Two of the outstanding yachts of this time were the "Esme" owned by William Zwicker and the "Circe" owned by Joseph Rudolf. Both yachts were built in Halifax by Butler. The "Circe" won the "Prince of Wales Cup" off Halifax.

A Cricket Club was organized by Capt. Charles W. H. H. Kaulback about 1880. James Hirtle, Messrs. Etter and MacAuley, James and Harry King, Roland Nauss, Lemuel Rafuse, and others were some of the early members. Their playing field, known as the Old Cricket Field, is now occupied by the residences of Capt. Colin Ritcey, Mr. John Himmelman, Capt. Elburne Demone, and Capt. Angus Tanner. Matches were played with Bridge-water, Liverpool and Windsor.

In 1880 a Skating Club was organized by William Romkey and C. W. H. H. Kaulback. They used as their rink what is now the Armouries. Some of the charter members were George Love, James King, Charles Morash, Dr. Cheyne Aiken, Roger, George and James Aiken, and Mrs. Arthur Hebb. Annual skating carnivals were held, the costumes for which were hired from Halifax.

Some of the early members of a Rifle Range Shooting Club were James W. King, Harry King, D. M. Owen, Messrs. McAuley, Etter, James Hirtle. The Range covered the area from what is now known as the Cut Bridge to the Target Butt below the present Cemetery Hill on the Kissing Bridge Road.

The first Tennis Club was organized about 1882 by C. J. Cogswell. The first tennis court was built where the Post Office stands now. Later it was moved to the old Cricket Field in Newtown. Some of the early members were: A. R. MacLean, Edith, Mary, Daisy and Margaret Finch, Roger Aiken, George and James Aiken, W. C. Acker, and Dr. Polley. The last Tennis Club was organized and captained by R. C. S. Kaulback about 1900, who built the courts at his own expense at the present site known as Victoria Park. Some members of this club were, Rev. G. C. Watkis, president, Dr. Polley, R. S. Currie, Dr. Gilbert Parker; and among the lady members were the King girls who later became Mrs. H. K. MacDonald and Mrs. R. S. Currie.

Situated near Mahone Bay was the Kinburn Trotting Park. It was or-

ganized by George Polley, James King, James Naas, George Mader, Robert Backman, and others, about the year 1890.

The first Bicycle Club owned the Bicycle Park now occupied by Thomas Naas on the Bridgewater Road. R. C. S. Kaulback organized and captained this club about 1896. James King, Harry King, George Love, Alex. Silver, Freeman Bolliver, Dr. Polley, Frank Powers, Aubrey King, Willis King, Thomas Naas were some of the early members of the club. Some ladies who were members of the club were those ladies presently Mesdames J. J. Kinley, K. D. Zinck, H. K. MacDonald, R. S. Currie. This club made tours to Chester, Crescent Beach and other places. One of the members, Thomas Naas, held several Cycling Championships.

The first Hockey Club used what was known as the First Hockey Rink built in the swamp where now stands a saw mill operated by the Acadian Supplies Ltd. This club was organized in 1896, and was led by R. C. S. Kaulback. Other members of the first team were, S. E. Mack goal; Robert Burns, point; George Polley, cover point; Forwards: Aubrey King, Harry Colwell, Charlie Young, R. C. S. Kaulback. This team was undefeated under Capt. Kaulback playing against Bridgewater and Liverpool.

The community of Lunenburg has participated in sports, but the Academy should not be left out. We can say for a fact that the athletes of the community were once the athletes of the school. The Academy participated in two main sports. The boys enjoyed Hockey and Basketball but the girls were left to cheer on the benches until 1941.

In March 1929 Track and Field were introduced by the Principal of the Academy, D. H. Collins. The first year the team entered the Relays at Acadia University they did not score any points, but made themselves known by placing in various heats. This Track and Field Team was the first in the history of Lunenburg Academy. The team consisted of Fred Fox, Calvin Allen, Raymond Simpson, Philip Backman, Murray Sodero, Keith Chipman, Gordon Shupe, Charles Winters, and D. H. Collins (Coach). The same year also saw many of these players on other teams.

Lunenburg Academy had three sports on the program in 1930. Fred Fox, Jr. played on all three teams. At the Acadia Relays held at Wolfville, Lunenburg finished fourth out of nineteen teams. In those days there were no classes. Man ran against man whether he was 14 or 19 years of age. At this Meet, Fred broke the record for the 220 yd. dash and George Chipman broke the mile record. Later on in the fall Fred Fox and George Chipman competed at Dalhousie for the Dalhousie High School Bowl. This two man team finished third in the meet and Fred Fox was the high aggregate scorer for the meet having won the 60 yd. dash, 100 yd. dash, second in the 220 yd. dash and second in the 440 yd. dash. George Chipman won the mile and half mile.

In this same year, the Academy competed in the first indoor Meet ever held in Lunenburg. The Meet was held in the Lunenburg Arena, and here Fred Fox won the Junior 50 yd. dash and 220 yd. dash while George Chipman won the Junior mile.

1931 L. A. was again in the spotlight of sports. The main stars were again Fred Fox and George Chipman. The School Team won the South Shore Hockey Title, the Western Nova Scotia Baseball Title, and the Mari-

time Track and Field Title. Lunenburg entered three Track and Field Meets. The team finished second in the Acadia Relays held at Wolfville, finished first in the Dalhousie Meet held at Halifax, and also won the Maritime Junior Championship held at the Wanderers Ground in Halifax.

Fred Fox won the 100 and 220 yd. dash in the Acadia Relays, and broke the records for both events. In breaking the 220 he broke his own previous record. Today this record for the 100 yd. dash still stands after twenty-one years of competition.

At the Dalhousie meet in which Lunenburg placed first, George Chipman broke his own record in the half mile. George also established a new half mile record at Wanderers.

In their last year at Lunenburg Academy Fred and George played on Hockey, Baseball and Track and Field. Practically the same players played on all three teams.



1934 saw the School Athletes participating in Hockey and Track and Field. The Track and Field Team finished second at Acadia, won at Dalhousie and won the Junior Meet at Wanderers. This year Fred's brother Harry Fox was the high scorer at both Acadia and Wanderers. Harry Fox along with brother Fred who was running senior, went to Hamilton, Ontario to run in meets in that city. (George Chipman also running senior continued to dominate the half mile and Doug. Cantelope began to clean up in the hurdles and broad jump. Harry Fox also became a noted High Jumper. All in all the Lunenburg High School boys strengthened by graduates Fred Fox and George Chipman on several occasions competed in fourteen Track Meets during this year.



A few years later the students of Lunenburg became interested in Basketball. In 1941 a Girls' Basketball team was organized. Miss Phyllis Westhaver acted as Basketball coach. The Girls' Intermediate Basketball championship of Nova Scotia was captured by our Girls' Basketball team in 1946. They held this title for three years.

In 1952 the boys were successful in capturing the Intermediate Basketball Championship of Nova Scotia with Ian Campbell as their coach.

Today the school has a large sports program. The students enjoy Basketball, Curling, Hockey, Track and Field, and Soccer.

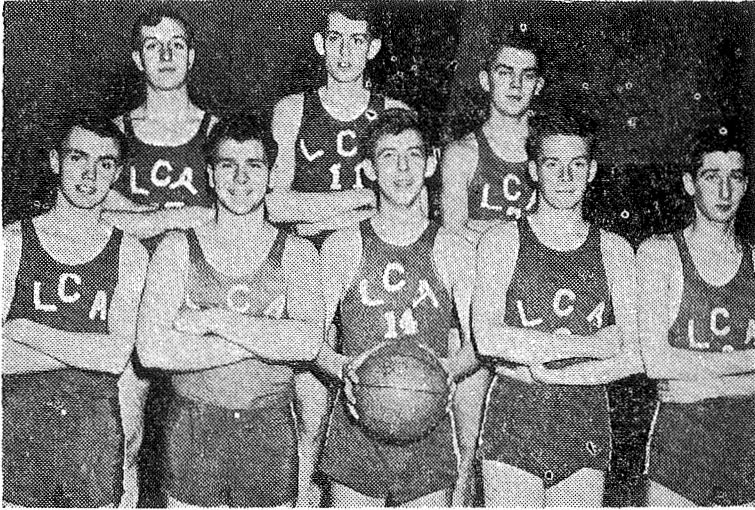
Fred Fox's athletic ability did not end when he graduated from school. Fred is now Chief of the Fire Department which has competed in Maritime Firefighter's Track and Field Championships.

The Lunenburg Fire Department entered the Track and Field meets in 1927. The first time the firemen of Lunenburg won this meet was in 1934 when the meet was held in Lunenburg. Lunenburg also won in 1936, 1938 and 1948. The team was the first to win the meet four successive times (1948 - 1951). The firemen on the 1948 - 1951 teams were Robert Stoddard, Victor Corkum, Douglas Berg, Elvin Ritcey, William Risser, Gerald Schwartz, Fred Dauphinee, Charles Nauss, Murray Heisler, Freeman Corkum, Ernest Smith and Fred Fox, Jr. (Chief).



## BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

by Gilbert Berringer '53 and Jack Ritcey '55



1952 was a very successful year for the L. C. A. Boys' Basketball Team. As usual, practices started in November but the boys did not settle down to hard work until the Christmas vacation. The team which consisted of James Bald, David Collins, Gilbert Berringer, Jack Ritcey, Aubrey Burns, Gordon Miller, Ronald Levy and Eric Allen was again coached capably by Mr. Ian Campbell.

There were a few exhibition games with outside teams to get ready for the Basketball Tournament held in Bridgewater on March 7 and 8. Besides Lunenburg, Bridgewater and Liverpool were entered in the tournament in which L. C. A. came through undefeated. This gave Lunenburg the right to play Yarmouth for the South Shore Championship. After a two game total point series, L. C. A. again came out on top. Now Lunenburg had won the right to represent the South Shore at the Nova Scotia Headmasters' Basketball Tournament being held during the Easter vacation at Truro.

On Tuesday, April 15, the team accompanied by Mr. R. H. Campbell left for Truro. That night we checked in at our hotel and got ready for the big day on Wednesday. We reported to the officials the next morning, and met the teams representing the other three districts.

Our first game was against Truro Academy on Wednesday evening. L. C. A. won this game by a score of 45 - 38. On Thursday afternoon we played against New Waterford. Once again Lunenburg came out on top, defeating the Cape Breton Champ 40 to 21. While Lunenburg was winning their two games, Digby also had beaten the same two teams. Lunenburg was then matched against Digby and this was to be the playoff game whereas both teams had won two games and lost none. This final game was very close

all the way through, with the Lunenburg eagers edging out the Valley Champs by a slim margin. The final score was Lunenburg 36 and Digby 32. This was the deciding game and now the L. C. A. Team became Nova Scotia Basketball Champions.

After the game, the Headmasters' pennant was presented to team captain James Bald and crests were given to all the team members. When this reception was over, there was a dance held in honor of all the teams in the tournament at the High School auditorium.

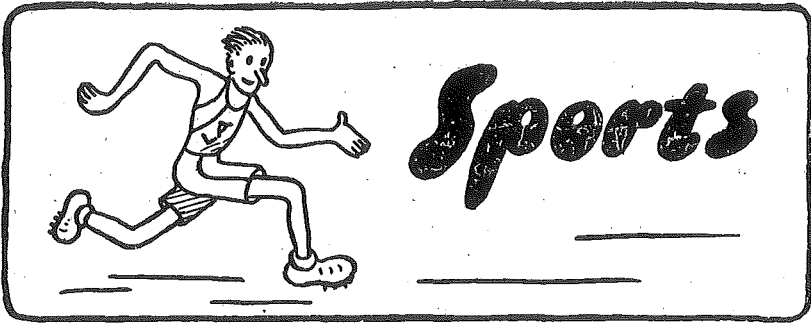
On arriving back in Lunenburg on Saturday, the team was surprised by the welcome waiting for them. We were met at the Town limits and driven to the Town Hall on the fire engine followed by many interested citizens. At the Town Hall we were warmly welcomed by members of the Town Council and School Board.

The team was invited to the next banquet of the Junior Chamber of Commerce held at the Bluenose Lodge. Here we were presented with statuettes from the Town of Lunenburg. The Students' Council then held a dance in honor of the boys' team. To end this championship year we were rendered a complimentary banquet by our coach Mr. Ian Campbell at the Boscawen Manor. After a vote of thanks was moved, the team presented "Ian" with a gift for his endless services.

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Crown Prince Olav and Princess Martha at Lunenburg during the Navy years.



by James Bald '53

### TRACK

On May 24, 1952 a Track Meet was held at the Lunenburg Community Centre. Teams from Milton, Hubbards, Lunenburg and Bridgewater participated in the Meet.

The Bridgewater Team won the Meet with a total of 96 points; Lunenburg came second with 49 points; Hubbards 31½ points, and Milton 16½ points.

This was the first meet held at Lunenburg since the war and both the Lunenburg and visiting students had an enjoyable time.



Soccer Team

Front row—(l. to r.)—A. Bald, L. Van der Zwan, W. Nowe, D. Dauphinee, R. Beck, E. Stevens.

Back row—E. Eisenhauer, V. Baker, F. Falkenham, W. Zwicker, R. Zinck, Mr. G. Vickers (coach).

## SOCCKER

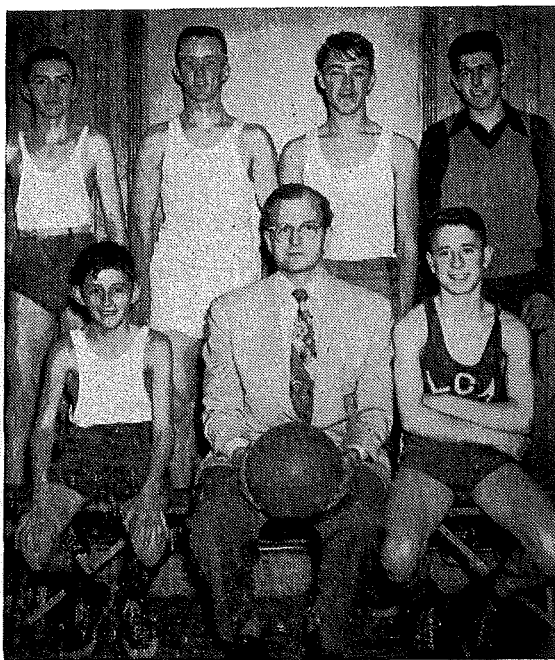
This year Lunenburg had a boys soccer team coached by Mr. Vickers. The Lunenburg team defeated Shelburne in a two game series. The first game was played on October 23rd. in Lunenburg. This game ended in a tie 1 - 1. The second was played in Shelburne on October 25. Lunenburg defeated Shelburne in this game and won the S. S. Headmasters' competition.

Lunenburg went on in the Headmasters' series to play Kentville. The Lunenburg boys were eliminated in a 2 game series by 8 points. The first game was played in Kentville, the latter winning 9 - 0. The second game was played in Lunenburg. The Lunenburg team won this game 2 - 1. These games eliminated the Academy team from further play in the Headmasters' series.

## BASKETBALL

Basketball practices for the Boys' and Girls' teams began in November 1952. Exhibition games were played with both the Town teams.

L. A. teams played their first outside games in Bridgewater on January 17th. Lunenburg Intermediate Boys were defeated by a score of 37 - 30, and Lunenburg Intermediate Girls by a score of 26 - 18.



### Junior Boys

Front row (l. to r.)—Anthony Cook, Mr. D. H. Moses (coach), Angus Savory.

Back row—Ralph Whynacht, Walter Nowe, Erroll Veinotte, David Dauphinee.



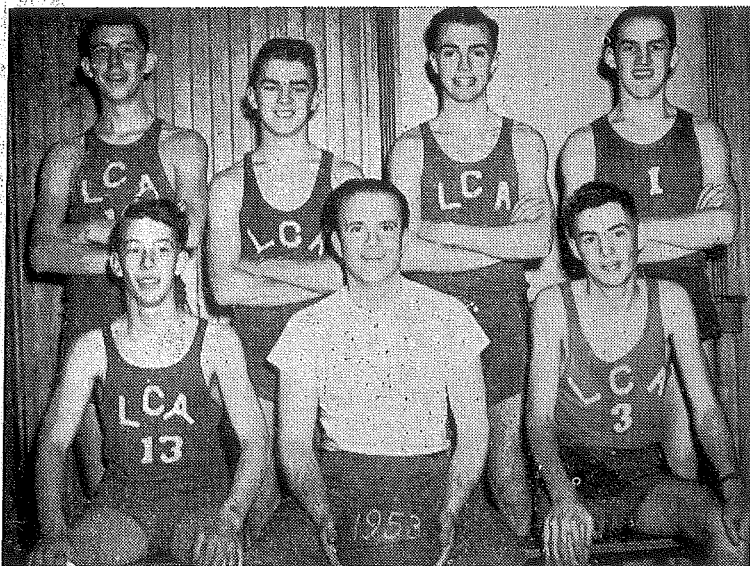
#### Junior Girls

Left to Right—C. Cook, J. Zinck, E. Tanner, A. Cook, A. Cook, A. Demone, A. Backman, S. Maycock, P. Corkum, Marilyn Corkum (Captain), B. Fralick, Miss Roberta Sarty (Coach).



#### Intermediate Girls

Left to Right—P. Tobin, B. Cooke, S. Hellstrom, P. Cook (captain), J. Tanner, A. Hebb, N. Zinck, J. Sterne, B. Dauphinee, B. Falkenham, J. Haughn, S. Eisenhauer.



#### Intermediate Boys

Front row (l. to r.)—R. Westhaver, Mr. Ian Campbell (coach), C. Uhlman.  
 Back row—A. Burns, D. Collins, G. Berringer, R. Parks.

Four Basketball Exhibition games were played in Liverpool. The Lunenburg Junior Girls won by a score of 12 - 6. Junior boys were defeated 32 - 10. The Lunenburg Intermediate girls were defeated by a score of 34 - 22 and the Intermediate boys 57 - 32.

The Basketball Tournament was held at Bridgewater on Friday, March 6 and Saturday, March 7, Teams from Lunenburg, Liverpool, and Bridgewater were entered with the winners advancing further in the Headmasters' Play-downs. This was a round robin series in which the Lunenburg teams were defeated.

The scores of the games were:

Lunenburg (boys) 23 - Liverpool - 44.

Lunenburg (boys) 58 - Bridgewater - 32.

Lunenburg (girls) 19 - Bridgewater - 27.

Lunenburg (girls) 18 - Liverpool - 22.

The Bridgewater Girls' and the Liverpool Boys' teams were undefeated.

## CURLING

The L. A. curling season got underway in January for both the boys and girls. This year the Provincial Curling Playdowns were held in Bridgewater. About twenty Nova Scotia High School teams participated in the Bonspiel. The Lunenburg team was eliminated after the first day of play. The Sydney Curling Team took the Provincial Championship.

We are indeed grateful to the members of the Lunenburg Curling Rink for their interest shown in instructing the students, after school hours and on Saturdays.



Front row (l. to r.)—R. Parks, G. Berringer.  
Back row—E. Zinck, A. Bald, R. Lohnes.

## HOCKEY

A Hockey game between Bridgewater and Lunenburg teams was held at the Lunenburg Arena. This game ended in a 1 - 1 tie.

The next game between Lunenburg and Bridgewater was held at Bridgewater. Lunenburg was defeated by a score of 5 - 0.



Front row (l. to r.)—W. Nowe, W. Dominix, M. Dares, E. Eisenhauer, E. Stevens.  
Back row—Mr. G. Vickers (coach), H. Allan, F. Falkenham, J. Pittman, V. Baker, W. Zwicker, D. Dauphinee, Mr. G. Andrews (manager).



#### Junior Boys

Front row (l. to r.)—G. Bailly, R. Rose, M. Oikle, R. Mayo, L. DeMone.

Back row—Mr. G. Vickers (coach), C. May, R. Zinck, F. Dares, C. Knickle, J. Cook, Mr. E. Eisnor (manager).

On February 14th. a Hockey game between Lunenburg and Bridgewater was played in Lunenburg, the score being tied 3 - 3. In the series played for the South Shore Championship, Bridgewater won by a total of eight goals.

On March 7th. a game was played in Lunenburg between the Lunenburg High School Intermediate Hockey team and the Chester Basin High School team. Lunenburg won by a score of 15 - 8.

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Haymaking in Lunenburg County



# SCHOOL NEWS

Pauline Cook '53

March 15—Books and magazines were donated by Mrs. Daniel Mosher and Mayor H. F. Zwicker.

March 25—Junior and Senior Examinations were completed.

March 26—Dr. Ross gave a talk on temperance. A film "It's the Brain That Counts!" was shown to the students. Books and magazines were donated by Mr. J. D. Crease.

April 3—"Driven to Kill", Major Douglas from the Department of Highways spoke on this subject.

April 9—Mr. Donald Wetmore, Dramatic advisor of the Department of Education, spoke to the members of the Drama Club.

April 10 - 21—Easter vacation.

April 21—Articles donated to school by Mrs. Warren Goodwin. Mrs. G. H. Backman donated books.

April 25—High School party held in honor of Boy's Basketball team.

April 28—Awards presented for Red Cross Swimming classes.

May 5—Red Cross film "Stanley Takes a Trip" presented at Morning Assembly.

May 6—Mr. Harry Beall gave a talk on Community Concerts. Mr. Ray Zink and Boscawen Chapter I.O.D.E. donated magazines and books to the school.

May 8 - 9—Music Festival held in Bridgewater. One thousand orders received for Sea Gull, which was dedicated to Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion.

May 9—A quartet representing the Presbyterian Ministry sang negro spirituals at a special Morning Assembly programme.

May 11—Choral Club under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner sang at the Capitol Theatre. Mrs. Elliott Gray donated books.

May 16—South Shore Student Society met at the Lunenburg Academy. Sheila Hellstrom was appointed treasurer.

May 24—The common school received the results of their May Examinations.

June 23—Common School closing was held this afternoon. Mrs. Elias Flikke gave an interesting talk on "Norway". In the evening the High School closing was held. Dr. Stanley E. Walker was the guest speaker.

June 24—Provincial Examinations began for grades eleven and twelve.

Sept. 24—The election of various officers took place this week. Sea-Gull: Co-editors - Sheila Hellstrom, Betty Dauphinee. Officers of Students' Council: President, Pat Tobin; Treasurer, Roy Wentzell; Vice President, Richard Westhaver; Secretary, Marion Iversen; Chief Newspaper Reporter, Barbara Cooke. Dr. Ross of Education Office gave a talk on "Temperance."

Sept. 25—First Students' Council Meeting was held. At this meeting officers for the various committees were chosen. Athletic Association: Co-Presidents, David Collins, Geraldine Corkum; Secretary, Nancy Zinck; Treasurer, Charles Uhlman. Red Cross - Officers: President, Pauline Cook; Vice-President, Eric Levy; Treasurer, Robert Parks; Secretary, Dorothy Lohnes.

Oct. 6—First morning assembly presented by Grade XII students. Miss Sarty was appointed to act as chief advisor for committees appointed.

Oct. 15—Fire Prevention Week. Teachers' Convention. Thanksgiving Week-end.

Oct. 17—High School Party held by Students' Council. Business Managers selected for Sea Gull — Gilbert Berringer, Ernest Zinck. Mrs. Wallace Smith donated magazines to school.

Oct. 22—\$28.40 collected by our school for the Walter Callow Fund. Mr. Vickers had girls and boys from Grades 5, 6, 7 at Community Centre after school for Biddy Basketball. Coaches were members of Junior and Intermediate Basketball teams. Students' Council held Penny Day. Proceeds amounted to \$24.53.

Oct. 25—Athletic Association held tag day. \$167.00 was raised.

Nov. 1—High School Students conducted a house to house canvass for magazine subscriptions for leading Canadian and American publications. Miss Madelyn Spindler and Mrs. Harold Mason donated books and magazines to library.

Nov. 11—Remembrance Day Wreath purchased by school.

Nov. 12 - 18—Examinations for both the Common School and Junior-Senior High School. Cast for Operetta "Sweet Ann Page" was selected by the director, Mrs. B. G. Oxner. Orchestra was formed by several L. A. students.

Nov. 19—Symphonette Concert sponsored by the Department of Education was held in the Assembly Hall.

Nov. 26—Basketball practice for Junior and Senior Basketball Teams began this week.

Dec. 16, 17, 18—Lunenburg Academy Christmas Concert. The Concert consisted of several plays and dialogues by Common School and the operetta, Sweet Anne Page, directed by Mrs. B. G. Oxner.

Dec. 24—Junior and Senior High School closing was held on Friday afternoon at 1:15. Father Butts was guest speaker. Other entertainment at this time was scene I of Dicken's "Christmas Carol", carols and three films together with solos and duets by members of Junior and Senior High School. High School Party was held on Friday night. An enjoyable time was shared by all those attending. Mr. and Mrs. Oxner were the guests of the Students at this party.

-1953-

Jan. 7—Students returned from a two week Christmas Holiday. At the first morning assembly of the year, Mayor Homer Zwicker spoke on "Greetings of Good Health and Happiness."

Jan. 14—Pupils of Grade 5-12 inclusive were re-vaccinated.

Jan. 19—Mr. C. J. Morrow spoke on "March of Dimes" at morning assembly.

Jan. 28—March of Dimes campaign netted \$101.02. Mr. Breg and Dr. Ross gave interesting talks on "Allied Youth." Mr. C. J. Morrow contributed \$10.00 towards stage lights.

Jan. 31—High School Students went by bus, to Halifax to see the Shakespearean play "Julius Caesar" presented in the Queen Elizabeth Auditorium.

Feb. 5—Pictures of Queen Elizabeth II were sold to raise money for stage lights.

Feb. 6—The stage lights in the Assembly Hall were installed this month.

Feb. 14—Mrs. Lawrence Allen donated magazines, and Mrs. R. H. Winters donated two framed pictures.

Feb. 16—\$18.14 was received from banks in the Junior and Senior High School for the children of Far Eastern Countries.

Feb. 20—Mr. Keith Young and Mrs. Russell Smith presented books to the library. Dr. Douglas Cantelope donated material on Dietetics.

March 5—The Boscawen Chapter of I. O. D. E. donated \$50.00 to the Academy Library. Mr. James Flett donated several books to the library.

March 9—The Women's Institute gave \$20.00 for the Library.

March 11—Andrew Bald presented book-ends for Grade IX desk.

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Gloria Feindell, 1952  
Queen of the Sea, is  
crowned by Dianne  
Elliott, Lunenburg's  
1951 Queen.



Cheryl Anne Lohnes is  
another Sea Queen.  
She won the grand  
prize in the Children's  
Parade of 72 entries.



(Courtesy Imperial  
Oil Fleet News)



#### Class of '52

George Anstey is working at Simpson's, Halifax.

Lucille Beck and Elaine Deal are attending Normal College, Truro.

Ronald Crouse and Robert Cleveland are employed by the Lunenburg Foundry Co., Ltd.

Marilyn Demone is studying at Waterloo College, Waterloo, Ont.

David Lohnes is studying at the University of New Brunswick.

Ronald Levy is employed in the Stedman Store, Lunenburg.

Diane Townsend is attending Mount Allison University.

Marion Zinck is home at present.

#### Class of '53

Margaret Anstey is employed by Canadian Liquid Air, Halifax.

Frank Anderson is working in the Civil Service Office, Dockyards, Halifax.

Eric Allen is attending Maritime Business College.

Maxwell Creaser is working in Toronto.

Doris Dauphinee is at home.

Ivy Daniels is employed by G. W. Silver Co., Ltd., Lunenburg.

Marie Dominix is working in Frittenburg's Jewelry Store.

Edgar Gerhardt is attending Dalhousie University.

Patricia Hewat is studying at Dalhousie University.

Barbara Knickle is working at Simpson's, Halifax.

Charlotte Knickle is working at Lunenburg Sea Products, Ltd.

Ronald V. Levy is employed in the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg.

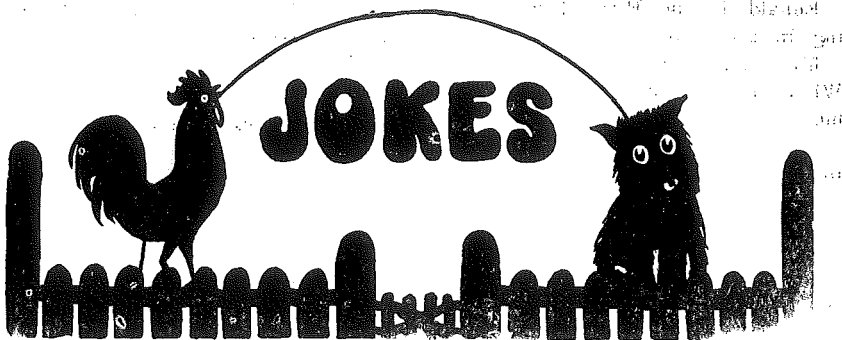
Gordon Miller is working in the Royal Bank of Canada.

Mona Miller is employed by Lunenburg Foundry Co., Ltd.

Nona Oxner is attending Commercial School, Bridgewater.

Robert Parks is going to sea as cook on the "Arctic Sealer."

Kathryn Romkey is working in Fulton's Drug Store.



During Grade XI English "B" period, Mr. Campbell was explaining the humorous essay "Civilization Smashes Up," in which poor Mrs. Bimmis judges civilization by the skyscrapers, new face cream and the bus lines.

Warren Z, snapping out of his perpetual daydream (perhaps it isn't a daydream) exclaimed: Bust lines?

Mr. Campbell (laughing): Well, most of them are artificial nowadays anyhow.

Madelyn Zinck coughing steadily. Miss Westhaver: Has anyone a cough drop to soothe the tickling in Madelyn's throat?

Dick W.: No, but Warren has some sandpaper in his desk.

Mr. Campbell (during Grade XI History period): What is meant by "Confucianism?"

Warren Z.: That is the art of being confused.

Mr. Campbell had discussed the various facets of Communism, Fascism, and Nazism. Turning to the "Junior Electronic Calculator" of Grade XII, he asked: "Ernest, what would you do with all these -isms?"

"I'd make them all 'wasms!" came the prompt reply.

Mr. Collins: "The monatomic gases are argon, krypton, neon and so on."

Vincent B.: "I never heard of so on."

A group of Grade XI girls steadily chattering were interrupted by Mr. Andrews' exclamation: "Another cup of tea, girls?"

Eugene S., driving about 65 m.p.h. just outside town, to the girl sitting beside him: "Gee, aren't you happy to be alive?"

Nancy Z.: "Happy isn't the word, - I'm amazed!"

Mr. Collins: What is the outstanding contribution chemistry has made to the world?

Philip T.: Blonds!

Mr. Eisnor and Jim Pittman at woodworking class.

Mr. Eisnor: How do you make a Venetian blind?

Jim: Stick your finger in his eyes!

Miss Westhaver: Dorothy, why don't you answer me?

Dot L.: But I did, Miss Westhaver, I shook my head.

Miss Westhaver: Well, you don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, do you?

Ronald T. and Edward B. shooting in the woods.

Mr. Andrews, 100 feet away: What are you trying to do - shoot me?

Edward B.: What are you doing in that tree?

Ronald T.: That's not Mr. Andrews - that's a squirrel!

Overheard in a downtown store just before Christmas -

Clerk: Here's a card with a very touching thought - 'To the only girl I've ever really loved.'

Student: Fine, I'll take a half dozen of those, please.

Aubrey B.: I just got a letter from my pen-pal.

Eugene S.: Where does he live?

Aubrey B.: Alcatraz!

Grade X Geometry class, speaking of Converse statements.

Pupil: It is raining, the streets are wet. Converse of this - The streets are wet, it is raining.

Mr. Collins: That is not always true; I let my dog out at night!

Aubrey B.: They don't hang men with a wooden leg any more.

Eugene S.: They don't? Why not?

Aubrey B.: They use a rope!

Grade XII discussing one of the speakers on a Social Problems program about South Africa.

Mr. Campbell: Was she a Boer?

Dick B.: Oh no. In fact she was very interesting!

My father was going hunting. Mom said, "May I go with you?"

"Why do you want to go?" asked Dad. Mother said, "To carry the buckshot home."

When Glenda Hall took Nancy Zink her homework, Nancy found it

signed, "From the hall to the sink."

After the teacher ordered a pupil to give back to the owner her compass, she heard a loud "Ouch!"

Teacher: I thought I told you to give that compass back.

Pupil: Yes ma'am, I did, but I didn't think she'd be fussy how I gave it back to her.

Miss Westhaver had given out vaccination slips for the pupils to

fill in.

Sandra C.: Oh my goodness! I've lost my slip!

Joan M. (looking amazed): You have?

Betty: Where are you going to spend your future?

Jeanette: I don't know - where are you going to spend yours?

Betty: Behind the Academy.

Jeanette: What future is there behind the Academy?

Betty: The cemetery!

English "A" class - sentence on the board - "The man did what she was told."

George F.: We'll go on the road a little earlier this morning when we go to school.

David K.: Where did you think we'd go - on the lawns?

Mr. Andrews working furiously at the board, hears a commotion at the back of the room.

Mr. Andrews: Young man, are you the teacher of this class?

Bobby K. (timidly): N-no, sir.

Mr. Andrews: Well then stop acting like an idiot!

Mr. Collins was discussing a particularly dumb child with his parents. "What is your child going to be when he gets out of High School?" asked Mr. Collins.

"Looks like he's going to be an old man!" was the father's prompt reply.

Mr. Andrews was telling a story of a man who took a trip alone on a ship during the war. He was very lonesome and finding a rat on board, made friends with it. After a while, he became hungry and since there was no more food on board, he looked around for his friend the rat.

Joan L. to Annette H.: In Europe they eat worse than that - they eat out of garbage cans. Gee, I'm getting hungry!

Miss Westhaver (during English period): What do we mean by 'syntax'?

Dot L. (sarcastically): Don't tell me they're even taxing sin nowadays.

When a "student" at the Academy received a report card with four F's and one D, he was called before the Principal and asked if there could be any explanation for four failing grades.

"I guess I just spent too much time on the other subject," was the blithe reply.

Mr. Moses (in Biology class): What is pasteurized milk?

David M.: Milk given by cows which have grazed in a pasture.

Miss Snow: Jim, what does HNO<sub>3</sub> signify?

Jim B.: Well-ah-er-I've got it right on the tip of my tongue

Miss Snow: Well, you'd better spit it out. It's nitric acid.

Pupil to Friend: These teachers here don't know a thing. Why, not one of them could teach anywhere else and get away with it. They're just dumb. There ought to be a whole new teaching staff.

Friend: Yeah: I flunked too.

Miss Sarty: Can you make a sentence with the phrase 'bitter end' in it?

Bright Grade VIII pupil: Would this do? Our dog chased our cat and he bitter end.

Father: Did I hear the clock strike three last night when you came in?

Claire B.: Yes, Dad. It was going to strike eleven, but I stopped it so it wouldn't wake you up.

Betty D. (at exhibition): How realistic! It makes my mouth water.

Pauline C.: A sunset makes your mouth water?

Betty D.: Dear me! I thought it was a fried egg!

Betty D.: Au revoir.

Sheila H.: What's that?

Betty: That's good-by in French.

Sheila: Well - sulphuric acid.

Betty: What's that?

Sheila: That's good-by in any language!

## CLASS HISTORY, GRADE XII

by Betty Dauphinee and Charlotte Heckman

Like most classes, we consider ourselves quite unique. Indeed, where else can such a group of individuals be found?

Yet this distinction has only been obtained through our many years of education at the Academy, and various other schools. We believe that dear old Bradley's contention that "a union of different personalities provides vigor" applies not only to languages but also to school classes. In our case, the result has been a delicious Canadian stew with just the correct amount of American seasoning. The full extent of its perfection can well be illustrated by the beautiful grace with which blackboard erasers are launched by the most brilliant members—to study colloidal dispersion of the dust, naturally.

Unfortunately, space does not permit us to delve into the backgrounds of all these individuals. Doubtless, an examination into the history of the Junior Electronic Calculator or two-gun Eailley would provide us with thrilling facts. But we must content ourselves with the milestones in the lives of those who have attended the Academy for some time.

The first of these milestones was the actual entering of that strange building which many of us once thought was the castle where "The Sleeping Beauty" was a prisoner. Then came the time when we did our first real arithmetic problems. However, as we proceeded through our school years, lessons became more of a chore than a thrill.

One thing about our Common School career that remains vividly in our memory is the magnificent wedding held as a Junior Red Cross program in Grade five. Although the bride and groom have since left our ranks, many of us, particularly the girls, who wore their mother's hats and shoes, and decorated the lower half of their faces with lipstick, remember being guests.

Once we entered High School, our lives became filled with more events. Basketball enabled many of us to travel to various other schools, where we made new friends, and received many new ideas. Debating, Choral Club, and the operetta opened fascinating new fields. And who can forget his first high school party? We girls are told that we really did make a dive for a boy and drag him on the floor, just like the present Grade seven girls; and, doubtless, like Grade seven girls will do for many generations.

Members of our class have participated in the events which have brought honor to our school. In the line of sports, boys from our class formed the main part of the team that came first in the D class at the Acadia Relays in 1949, the curling team that reached the provincial finals in 1952, and the team that captured the Nova Scotia Intermediate Basketball Crown in 1952. Many '53 students were in the Choral Club which placed first at the Halifax Music Festival in 1950. Certain members of our class have also played an important part in drama. The cast which placed first in the South Shore Drama festival was largely composed of members of the present graduating class.

Yet, in spite of this quite creditable record, our class feeling does not depend entirely on such achievements. Indeed, if we had done nothing in



this line, our contention, that "ours is a unique class" would be true, because, as a graduating group, we have a feeling of comradeship and loyalty which somehow makes us a much closer unit.

As the year draws quickly to close, we realize that our group must soon break up. But the vitality and versatility of youth will permit us to proceed without too many backward glances. And so, on that farewell day, when the French students will wish each other "Bon Voyage" and Ernest will think of something appropriate in Latin, we shall show that our years at school haven't been wasted and we will quote Shakespeare, saying, "The greatest is behind."

---

## THE RETIRED FISHERMAN

(Supplied by Capt. Willet Spindler)

I've fished long enough to reach three score,  
I'm going home to fish no more.  
I've fished in the sun and I fished in the rain,  
I've fished in the storm with but little gain,  
I've fished in health and I fished in pain,  
I've fished enough to have riches gained,  
I've fished enough to become insane,  
Now I'm going home to be born again.

---



Blue Rocks

# VALEDICTORY

by Patricia M. Tobin '53

It seems so short a time ago that we, as Grade XI students, were watching the graduating class of 1952 experience the most inspiring moment of their young lives. Now we, the graduating class of 1953, are not unlike them in this respect, and we are here together tonight for the last time as a single group. From this point on, each one of us will follow his chosen vocation, in his own way.

The education we have received both from our Teachers and Parents has been the most important factor in preparing us for our careers. We might have thought that they were rather harsh on us at times, but those of us who have seen fit to finish our High School education now regard it as an important step, especially during the past year when one was required to accept much more individual responsibility than he had had heretofore. We have learned to organize ideas, to take on the leadership of various committees, to think and work for ourselves, to concentrate on our own individual efforts — all these things combine to mould our separate characters, and a character which embodies these qualities is probably a person's greatest asset in a world which values ideas.

While meditating over past school events, our minds naturally turn toward the sport world. Here we have learned that co-operation is the underlying idea of any kind of teamwork. Participation in sport brings to mind the fun we have had on basketball or hockey trips, and the enjoyment we received from singing to the strains of "The School Song" on the return trips. We learned to play in a sportsmanlike way and to accept defeat graciously.

We have seen our Parents, Teachers and Clergymen toil side by side to develop and influence us socially, intellectually, morally, and spiritually. They will do the same for future generations. At present, all this seems very important to us, and it should. The same feeling will undoubtedly be expressed by following graduating classes.

We remind those who feel that they will never make a success of school life not to become discouraged. The convincing thing to do is to keep on trying. Let "I will" replace "I can't" and success will reward every effort.

Although some of us have known each other only a short time, we have made lasting friendships. Memories of old L. A. will never be forgotten and we, the graduating class of 1953, are determined to follow the ideal, in anything we do, like that of our simple but patriotic school song . . . . .

"We'll never let the old school down,  
For we come from the Bluenose town;  
We don't want to fight to show our might  
But when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight . . . . ."

## BIOGRAPHIES GRADE XII

### PAULINE COOKE "DEANIE"

"She's wise and very small,  
But friendly with us all."

Pauline spent her primary years in various schools in Cape Breton, but finally settled down at the L. A. She has been flitting about us since Grade V, and during the years has won the friendship of her fellow classmates. This year she has been President of the Red Cross and also a member of both Choral and Drama clubs. Besides that, she is also an ardent basketball player. We are sure that she will make an excellent dress designer.



### BETTY DAUPHINEE

"She works for what she gets, but  
gets what she works for."

Betty has always shown a willingness to do her part to make the various activities connected with the school a success. Her activities include basketball, drama, choral club, baby sitter deluxe. Betty hopes to go to Wittenberg College in the States, and major in History.

With her intelligent good-natured personality, she cannot help but make a good teacher.



### CHARLOTTE HECKMAN

"A cheerful lass with a pleasing smile."

Since joining us from Heckman's Island in Grade V, Charlotte has brightened the portals of the Academy considerably. She's the kind of person whom it's a pleasure to have around. Although her studies come first, she is also interested in various school activities. She plans to attend Maritime Business College next year.



### SHEILA HELLSTROM "HELLIE"

"Ut Breviter Dicam" — To make a long story short.

"Hellie" received her entire schooling at the Academy, and during most of these years led her classes. She takes part in the humor and mischief of the class, as well as in other school affairs. This year she is co-editor of the Sea Gull and treasurer of the South Shore Students Society, plays basketball, and belongs to the drama and choral clubs.

Next year Sheila is going to study biology, and we all know she will continue to succeed in her studies.



### ROY WENTZELL

"A still tongue maketh a wise head."

Hailing from Feltzen South, Roy joined our happy gang last year. Although he keeps most of his outside life a deep secret, Roy has made many friends in the L. A. This year he has been a very capable treasurer of the Students Council. Roy's future plans are undecided but we know he

will succeed in his chosen occupation.

### ERNEST ZINCK "ERNIE"

"It is a great plague to be a handsome man.  
It's even worse to be homely!"

Ernie came to us this year from Riverport, and he has proved to be one of the top students of the class.

Besides curling, he divides his time between Sheila H. and his favorite subject, chemistry. We all wish "The Alchemist" good luck in the years to come.

### MARINA ZINCK "NEANIE"

"Brown eyes, a ready smile  
She won our hearts in a little while."

Marina arrived on the scene in Grade XI, coming from Rose Bay. Although she does not take part in any athletics she participates in various other school activities, and is always ready to lend a helping hand. She is a representative of the Athletic Association and belongs to the Choral Club. Marina has decided to enter the "nursing profession" but whatever she may undertake, we know she will succeed. Best of luck to a swell friend!!

### VIRGINIA ZINCK

"She's calm and reserved, a very nice friend  
She seems to be quiet, in a mannerly trend."

Virginia hails from Blockhouse, and joined the gang this year. She has tried very hard in her studies and has become a great friend of all of us. Virginia has changed her mind a great many times about her profession, but her final decision is that of becoming a nurse. We feel sure that she will succeed.



**DOROTHY LOHNES — "DOTTY"**

**"Joke Box Serenade"**

Dorothy joined the gang in Grade V coming here from Riverport. Music, golfing, and curling are her favorite pastimes. "Dotty" is also Secretary of the Red Cross. Although her future is still undecided, with her famous smile and willingness to do her part she will no doubt succeed in whatever she undertakes.



**SANDRA ANN ROMKEY "SANDY"**

**"She's nearer heaven than most."**

Sandra joined the Lunenburg Academy crew in Grade XI coming to us via Lower LaHave and Riverport. Although one of the quieter members of the "A" class, in spite of her red hair, she is always ready with a wisecrack or a laugh. With these qualities in her favour, we are sure the teaching profession will benefit greatly by the addition of Sandy to its ranks.



**ENID TANNER**

**"Shy, but friendly."**

Enid came to us in Grade IX from First Peninsula. Although she is not a lover of all sports, she takes great interest in swimming. Enid has not yet decided her future vocation, but with her friendly personality we know that she will succeed in whatever she undertakes.



**PATRICIA TOBIN "PAT"**

**"Rara est adeo concordia formae  
atque pudicitiae."**

Rare is the union of beauty and purity. Pat came to us in Grade VIII from First Peninsula. This year she held the position of President of the Students' Council and has proven a very capable leader. Besides being a member of the Choral Club she participates in dramatics, and takes an active part in basketball and curling. Pat plans to be a nurse and with her cheerful personality she is sure to succeed.



### **RICHARD BAILLY "DICK"**

"Speak your mind, I always say,  
For you'll never get anywhere any other way."

Dick was born in New York, and received his early education in that State and Massachusetts. He came to Lunenburg in the fall of '51 in the eleventh grade. Since then he has had a busy time teasing the girls, and matching wits with the Teachers. Dick has made many friends in Lunenburg, and plans to join the U. S. Air Force in the fall.

### **JAMES BALD, "BALDY"**

"If there were no knaves and fools,  
All the world would be alike."

Born in the Windy City of Chicago, Jimmy breezed into our class in Grade II and soon became one of the most popular boys in it. During the past few years he has been a star basketball player, and this year he is a member of the Athletic Association. Jim plans to study forestry next year.

### **GILBERT BERRINGER "GIBBY"**

"A sly smile betrays mischief in the air."

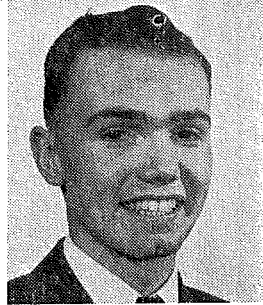
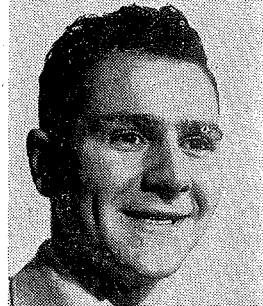
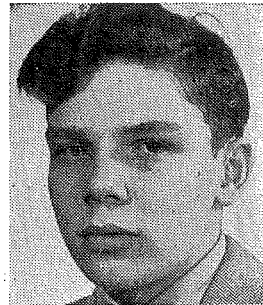
Gibby has been with us since the Primary. He is active in many school activities. Gibby is Business Manager of the Sea Gull, and plays on both Basketball and Curling teams. Gilbert plans to take Commerce at Dalhousie University.

### **BARBARA COOKE "COOKIE"**

Twinkle, twinkle, little Bat,  
How I wonder what you're at.

Hailing from "First South" Barbara joined the class in Grade V, left and returned in Grade X. Since that time, she has taken a very active part in most of the school activities. She is a very ardent basketball player, and also takes part in curling. She belongs to choral club, is president of the drama club and has been news reporter for the last two years. Cookie's winning smile has brought her many friends, and we are sure if she keeps smiling she will win many more.

She hopes to be a "lab. technician." If she should become the lab. assistant to a certain boy in Grade XII, we are sure they will make a great discovery.



## WE RETURNED TO SCHOOL

by Kingsley Ellis '53 and Philip Tanner '53



After leaving the Lunenburg Academy in June 1949, we went to the United States. In the fall of the same year, we entered the services of the U. S. Army.

During our three years of military enlistment, we had the opportunity of extensive travel throughout the continental United States and foreign countries. Included in this was eight months of service in Korea.

As we travelled and talked to many people, it became plain to us that education is desirable to one's complete development; and is an asset in getting worthwhile employment. Travel and hard-knocks are twin teachers of the cold facts of life.

Realizing the importance of education and having the desire to continue our studies, we visited several Universities. The advice of the Registration Personnel was to return to a High School to take a refresher course. With this advice, we could think of no better and happier place than Lunenburg Academy. We do not regret our decision.

## BEATRICE ZWICKER

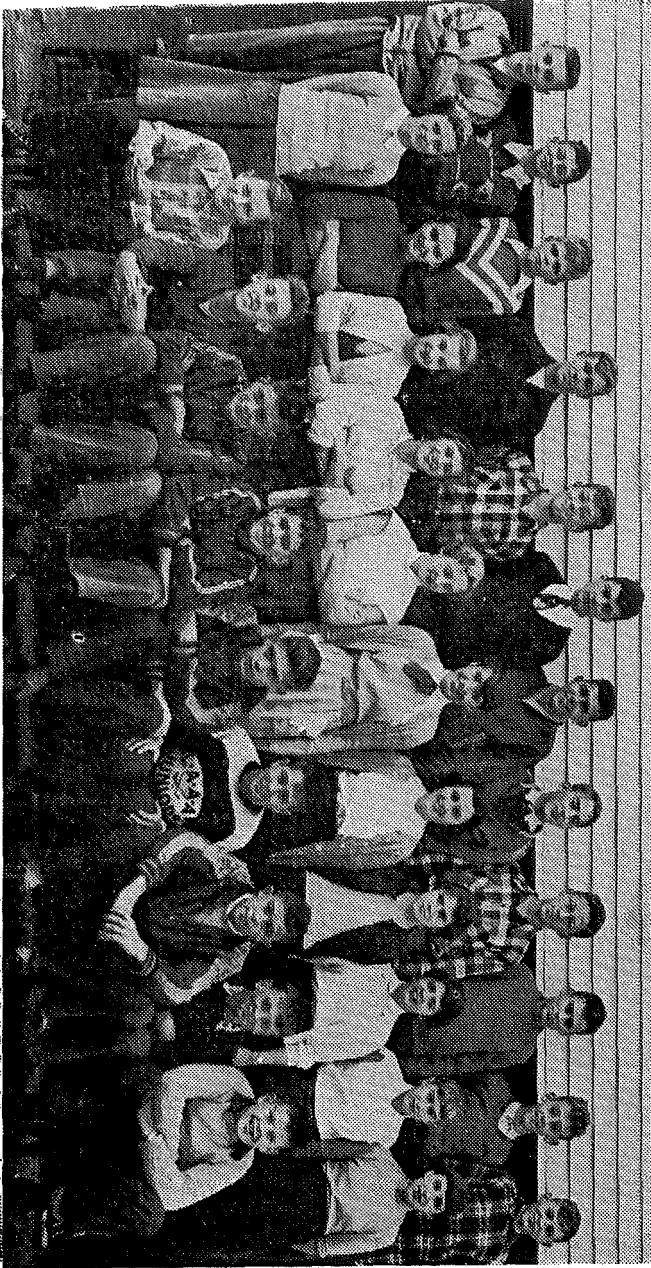
"Dictum, Factum" (No sooner said than done)

Although this is Beatrice's first year at the Academy, she has succeeded in making many good friends among the Teachers and students. Indeed, few could resist her quiet modesty, combined with a sense of humor and the ability to enter whole-heartedly into class activities. Beatrice, watch that impish dimple and that twinkle in the eye. They might prove rather disconcerting to your future pupils!

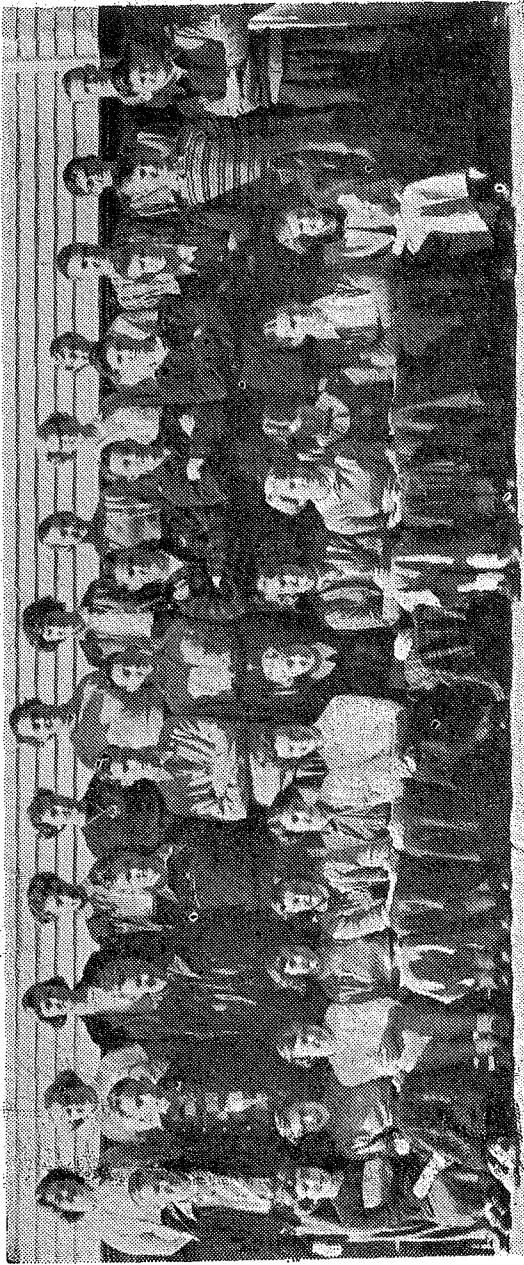


R.C.A.F. Demonstration on Exhibition Hill

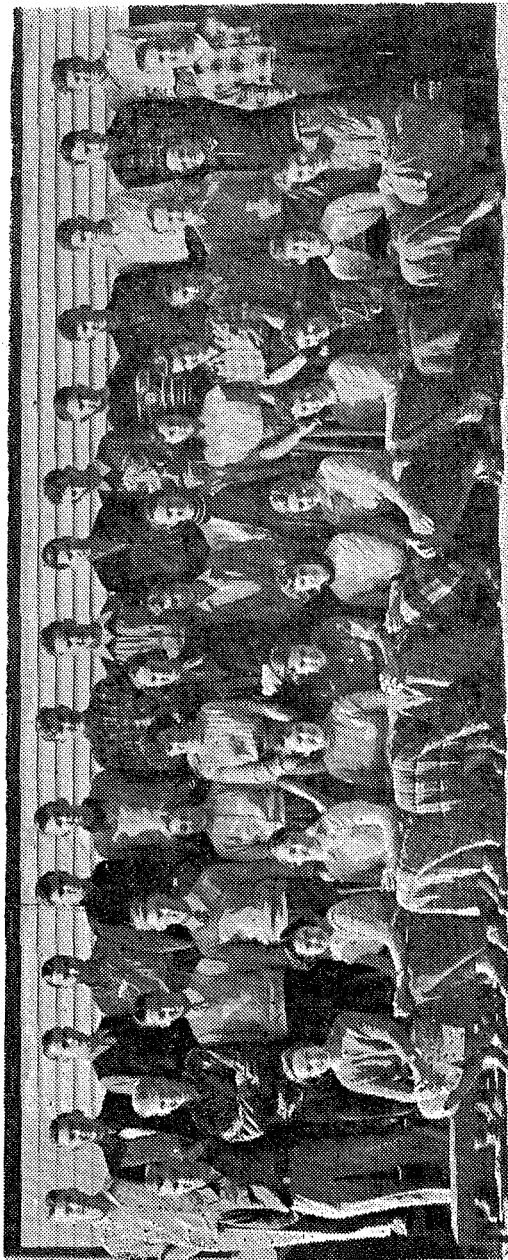




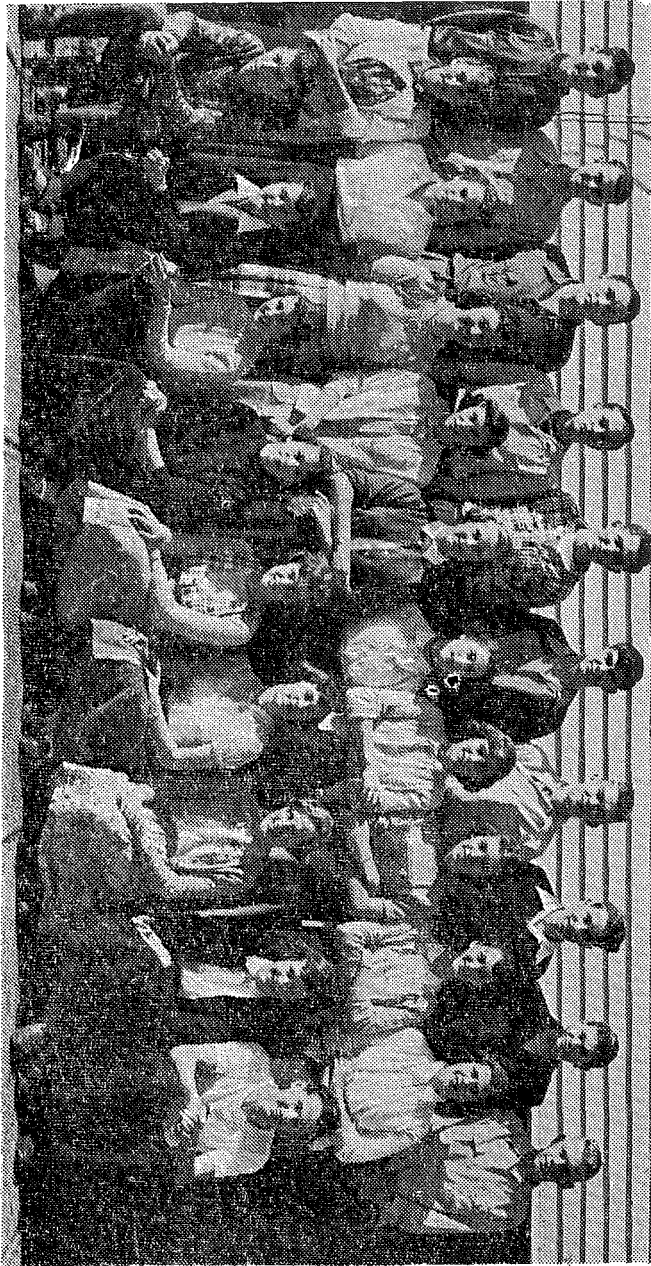
GRADE VIII



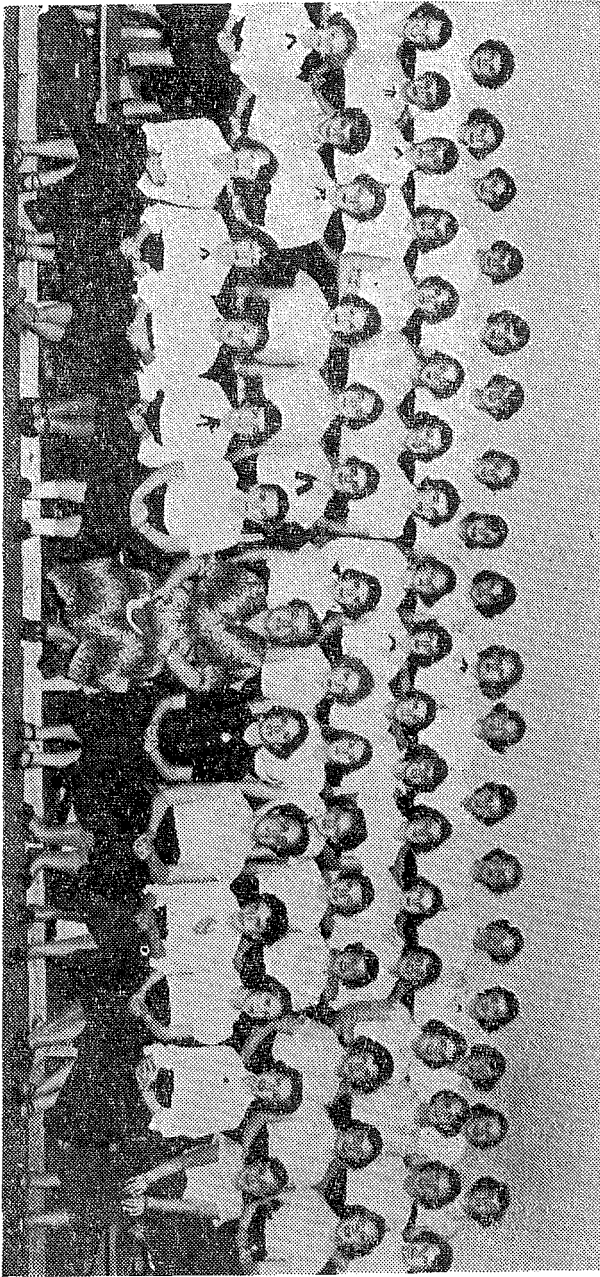
GRADE IX



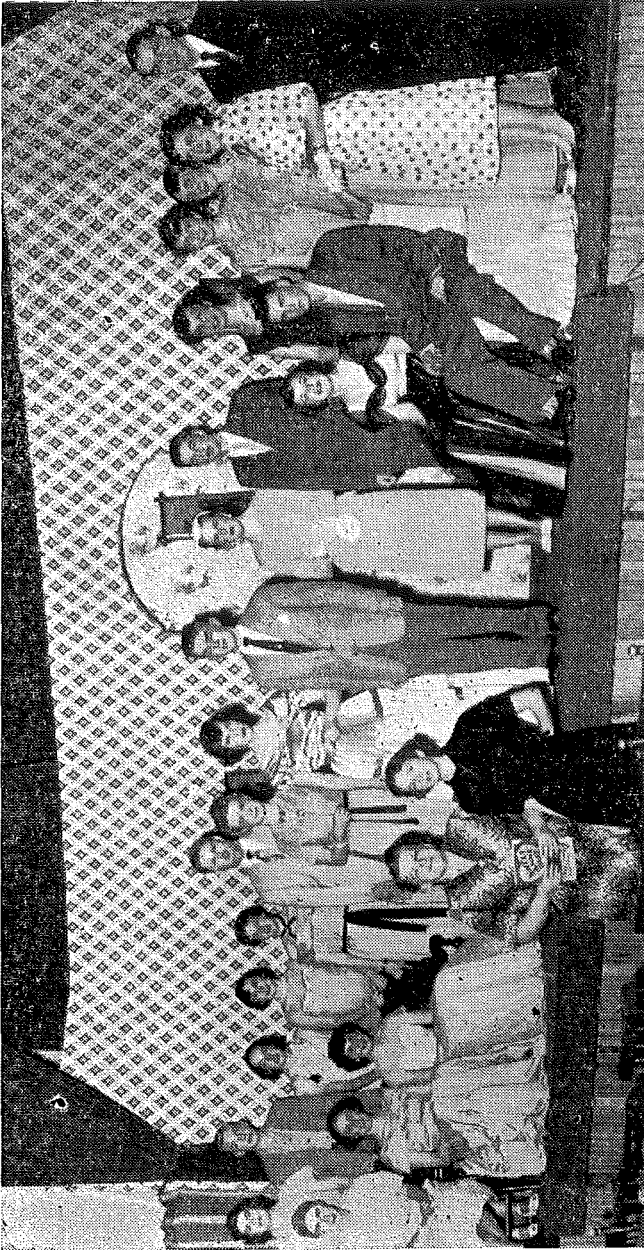
GRADE X



GRADE XI



BETHOVEN CHORAL SOCIETY

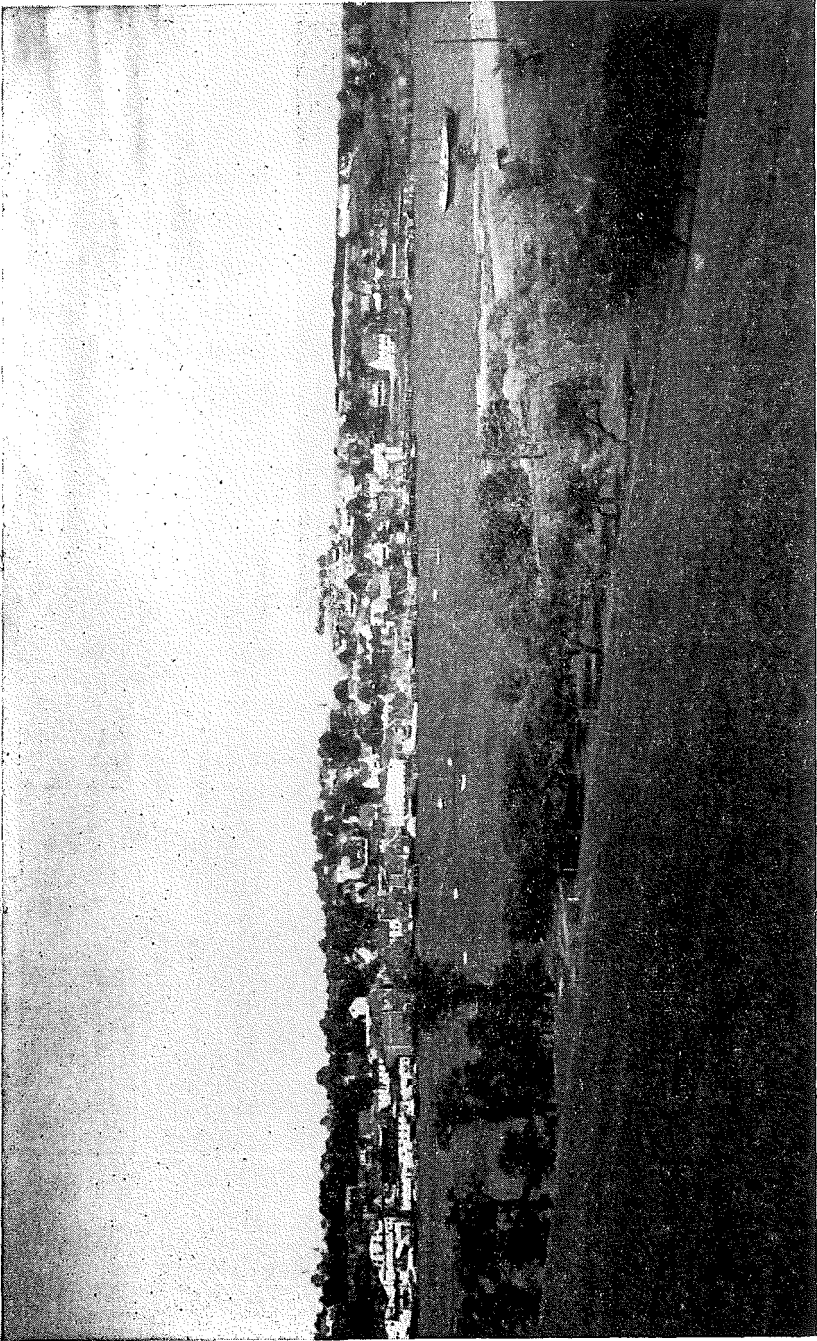


**Operetta Cast - 1952**

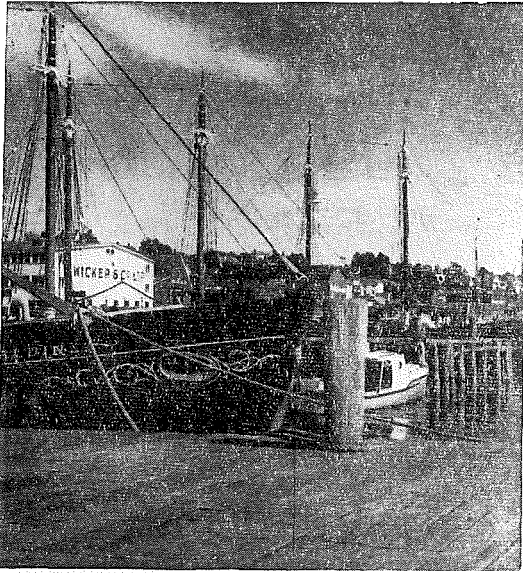
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Pianist—Miss Nancy Zinck

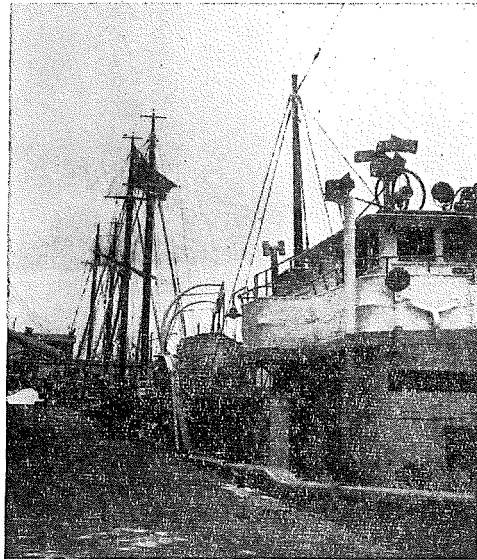


TOWN OF LUNENBURG — (Courtesy Imperial Oil Fleet News)



Schooners in for fall outfitting lie at Lunenburg's colorful waterfront while their crews take in the exhibition.

Engines have replaced sails and the schooner is giving way to the dragger and trawler as the fishing industry becomes modernized.



(Courtesy Imperial Oil Fleet News)



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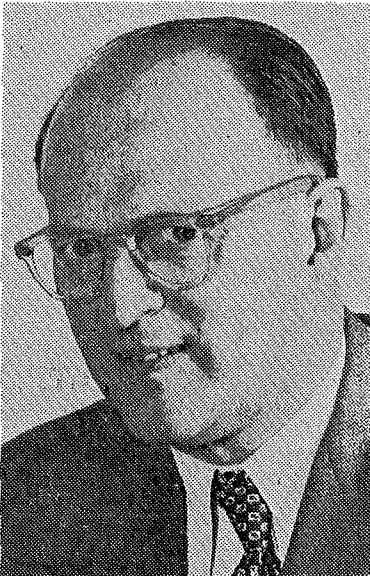
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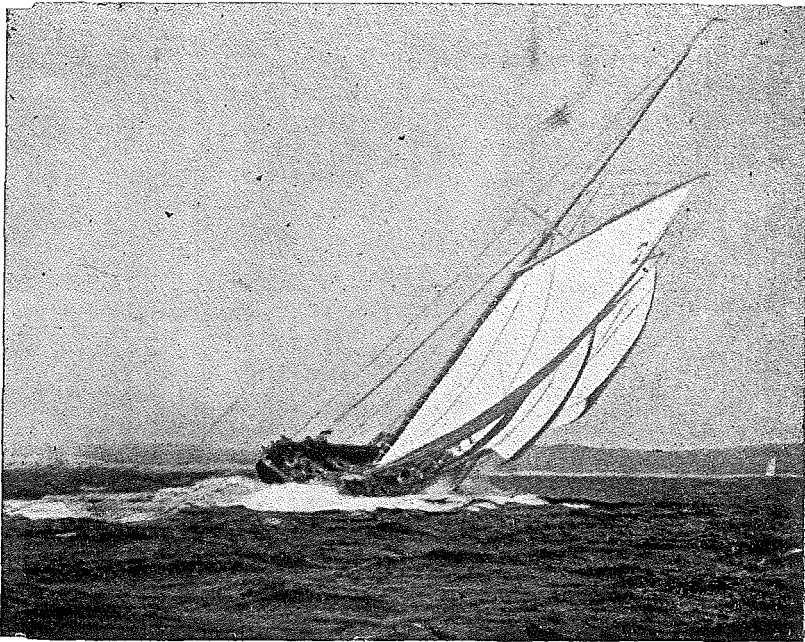
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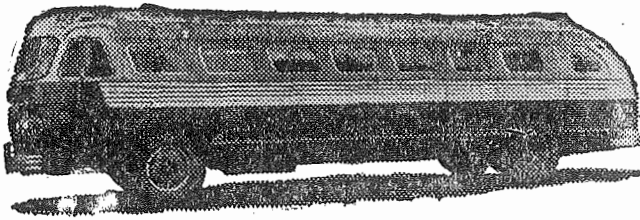
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# LUNENBURG BICENTENNIAL

## — Program —

### NATAL OBSERVANCES

- June 7 11.00 a.m. Church Services  
3.00 p.m. Community Religious Service (Community Centre)  
9.00 p.m. Oratorio "Elijah" (Central United Church)
- June 8 10.00 a.m. Landing of the Settlers  
2.30 p.m. Unveiling of the Cairn  
3.30 p.m. School Track Meet  
7.30 p.m. School Choral Presentation  
9.00 p.m. Evening Massed Bands of Lunenburg County (Community Centre)  
Public Dance at Arena (free)
- June 10 7.30 p.m. Legion Bazaar at Arena

### OLD HOME WEEK

- July 12 9.00 p.m. Oratorio "Elijah" (Central United Church)
- July 13 Afternoon Community Get-Together  
& evening. Dog Show (Community Centre)  
Evening Massed Bands of Lunenburg County  
Firemen's Ball at Community Centre
- July 14 a.m. Firemen's Parade  
Civic Reception  
7.00 p.m. Boat Ballet, Fireworks, Bands and attraction (Back Harbor)
- July 15 a.m. & p.m. Firemen's Sports  
Evening Garden Party (Legion)  
Night Shirt Parade
- July 16 Evening School Memory Celebration (Academy)  
Free Street Dance 10 p.m.
- July 17 Afternoon Yacht Races  
Evening Band Concert
- July 18 Afternoon Yacht Races  
Community Picnic  
Evening Baseball Game
- July 19 7.30 p.m. Community Religious Service (Community Centre)

### REGATTA WEEK

- August 8 - 15 Regatta Week (Yacht Races)

### EXHIBITION WEEK

- September 15 - 19 The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion
- September 20th 3.30 p.m. Religious Service

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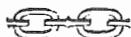
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## **ACADIA CONSTRUCTION LIMITED**

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**Contractors**  
—

Road Grading and Paving

Airports

Buildings

Etc.

Head Office — Bridgewater, N. S.

# THE LUNENBURG WAR MEMORIAL COMMUNITY CENTRE

Offers the use of its facilities at appropriate rates available at the Town Office:

Total area of thirty-three acres, approximately one-third of which is developed with:

- Athletic Field.
- Baseball Diamond.
- Quarter-mile Cinder Track.
- Grandstand.
- Hockey and Skating Arena.
- Curling Rink (Club property).
- Recreation and Storage Building.
- Parking Area adjoining Grounds and Provincial Highway No. 3.

The Community Centre Commission is proud to have these facilities used annually as the permanent home of

—THE—

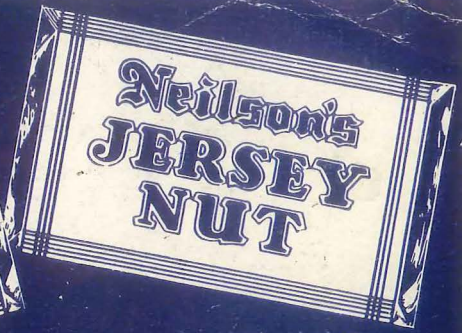
# NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION

**THROUGH THE YEARS** the Lunenburg Foundry has been creating and introducing new products as well as manufacturing those older and better known.

All of them contribute to the welfare of the Maritimes; Marine Engines for the fishermen; Mill Power Units for industry; Stoves and Air Conditioning Systems for homes, churches, schools, theatres, and garages.

It is hoped these products and services will always warrant your patronage so that employment may continue to expand with Lunenburg through the years to come.

*Lunenburg Foundry Co. Ltd.*  
SHIP REPAIRS ··· MARINE ENGINES ··· VESSEL EQUIPMENT ···  
LUNENBURG ··· NOVA SCOTIA



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