

The SEA GULL



BACKMAN

LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK
Animis Opibusque Parati 1954

EVERYBODY LOVES
Moirs XXX Chocolates



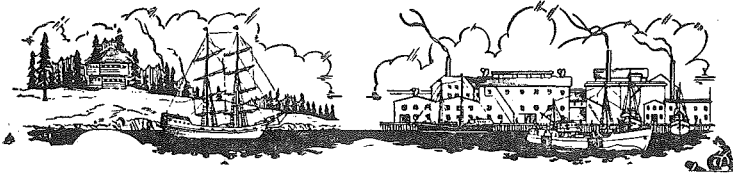
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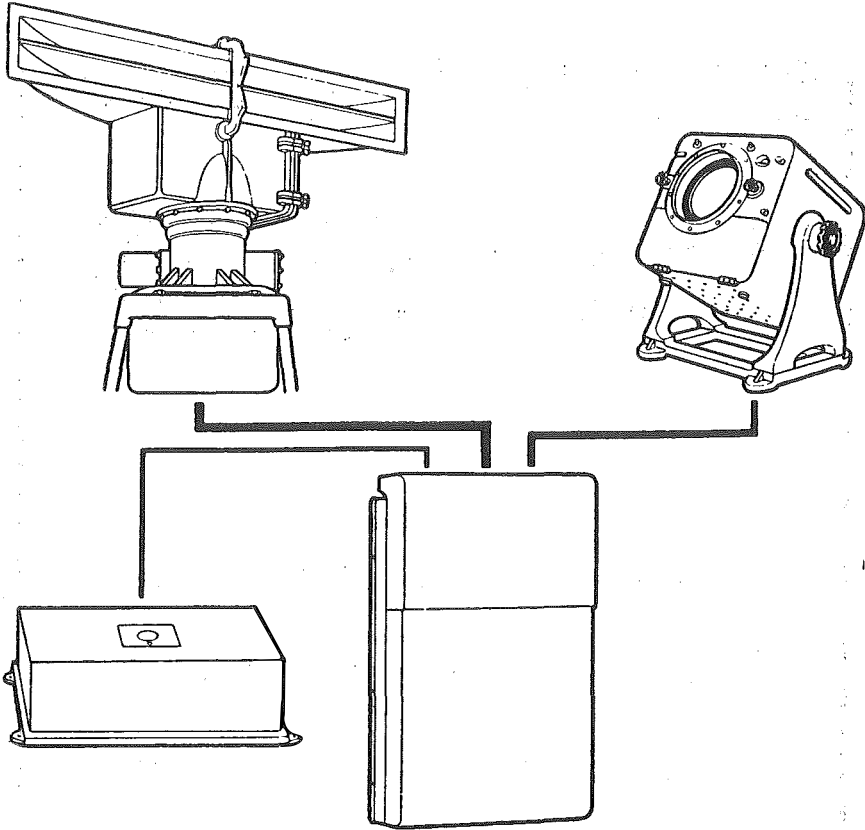
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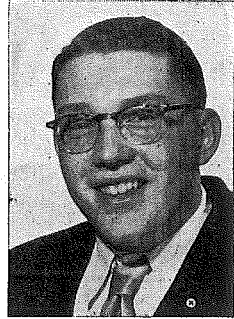
JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

MESSAGES FROM OFFICERS

We have been pleased to serve as Co-Editors of the Sea Gull. We are assured that the experiences we have gained will be of further value to us. We wish to thank all those who have contributed in any way to make this edition a success.

Janet Crouse '54

Eric Levy '54



It has been a privilege to serve as President of the Students' Council. The experience I have gained should indeed prove very valuable. Thanks to those who have co-operated with me throughout the year, and best wishes to my fellow classmates.

Annette Hebb



It has been my privilege this year to serve as President of Junior Red Cross. I have appreciated the co-operation given me throughout the year, and wish the following officers every success. This is an opportunity for me to wish the Academy good fortune.

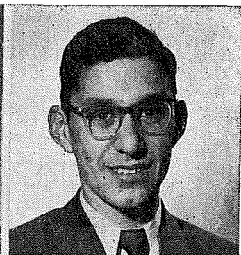
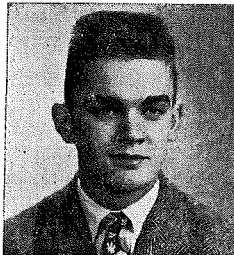
Janice Haughn

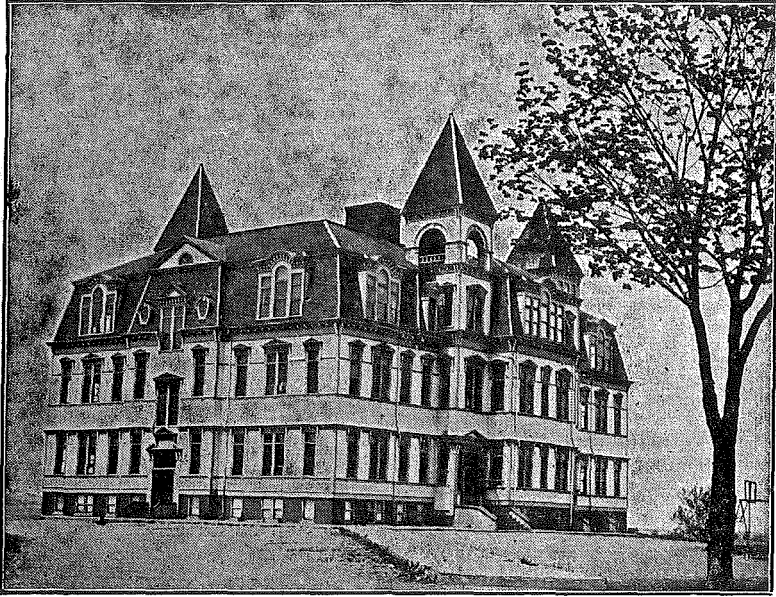


We have enjoyed our work as Managers of The Sea Gull. Both our co-workers and the business firms have joined to make the advertising section of the 1954 issue a success.

David Collins

Robert Knock





April 29, 1954.

Travelers arriving at any Town or City generally look for some "Landmark." To those approaching Lunenburg from land, sea or air, the Lunenburg Academy is the outstanding "Landmark." As you all know, it is a beautiful building painted attractively and standing on the highest ground in the Town. Inside as well as out, the building is nicely decorated and "well found" in the truest sense of the word.

The principal mission of this building is of course to provide a setting for the education of our young people and under the progressive leadership of the Supervisor, D. H. Collins and his capable staff, it is recognized and rated as one of the finest schools in the Province.

Extracurricular work is not neglected. Sports, etc. are not allowed to interfere with studies, but rather to be combined with them. The editing and printing of this magazine, the "Seagull", is a sample of the work which is being done.

The Academy in the past has produced some very outstanding people, men and women who have made their mark in the Professional, Financial and Industrial world.

I take this opportunity of congratulating all teachers and pupils on the future.

To the 1954 graduating class I would say always have a "Landmark"; high, beautiful and set on a solid foundation, but never forget your first which should be the Lunenburg Academy.

A. F. Powers,
Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners.

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B. J. Crouse

D. Andrew Eisenhauer
Fred A. Rhuland

Supervising - Principal—D. H. Collins

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"The Sea Gull"

VOL. 20 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1954 NO. 20

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by Janet Crouse '54, Eric Levy '54

DEDICATION:

The 1954 edition of the "Sea Gull" has been dedicated to the history and romance connected with the islands around Lunenburg. The interesting and colorful stories about these islands add to the pictorial interest of Lunenburg.

Each topic was chosen with particular care, and the information given has been written with an eye to public interest. We feel that it is necessary to know the history of the scenic surroundings to fully appreciate our Town and County. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we present this edition of the "Sea Gull" with the hope of broadening the reader's knowledge.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES:

As usual, the students of the Academy have been participating in the customary High School sports. The curling team went to the Bonspiel at Truro. They were successful in winning the first two games, but unfortunately lost the third and were eliminated.

Hockey is another active sport at the Academy. The Intermediate Team was quite successful until they met Bridgewater. The Junior Team was successful, winning all their games. This team promises to be the foundation of a championship team in High School.

Basketball: The Intermediate girls were successful in winning the South Shore Intermediate Tournament. This gave them the opportunity to play Lockeport against whom they were not as successful.

The Choral Club under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner, has been practicing for the Lunenburg County Music Festival. It has already been successful in presenting the operetta "Marrying Marion" to four packed audiences.

The present school year has been an active one for the students and staff. Since most people learn by doing, worthwhile activity is a positive force in personal development. May the class of 1955 be equally as happy and as busy as we have been.

THE SUPERVISING PRINCIPAL SPEAKS

by D. H. Collins

Islands, wherever they may be, hold a fascination for the individual who senses their mystery and their charm. With a beauty consisting of a blend of land and sea, they are unlike anything else in the universe. Their romantic history whether an actuality or a figment of the imagination has provided stories which appeal to both young and old.

Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked on an island in the South Pacific. His association with his man Friday and a colorful adventure with native marauders compose a narrative which has been a dream-world for successive generations.

Treasure Island, located somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, implies an adventure of another type related to swashbuckling buccaneers and the greed of man as a motivating force in his behavior. Clean adventure on a heroic scale has mesmerised both young and old in the intervening years since the story was told.

Few places in Nova Scotia contain as many islands as the waters along the South Shore, and more particularly the Mahone Bay area. Are there 365 islands as claimed, or are there 364? It is doubtful whether anyone has made an actual count, yet there they stand shrouded in the haze of a foggy day or standing out starkly in the brilliant moonlight.

Some of them are linked inextricably with the history of the County. Sacrifice Island, for example, was supposed to have been the locale of human sacrifice by Indians who performed their religious rites on a youth captured on the mainland.

Meisner's Island is linked forever with the Payzant Family, and known far better by the romantic name of The Island of The Bloody Hand. The Father of the family was cut down by a tomahawk while the Mother and her children were taken to Quebec by way of St. Croix and Fredericton.

Of all the islands, Oak Island is the gem of the Ultima Thule collection. Associated with the legend of Captain Kidd's fabulous treasure, excavations exist there today to prove the cupidity of man and his naive reliance on a broken piece of parchment. The chronicle is a fascinating story in the long search for hidden wealth.

In the 30's such aptly named islands as Hobson's Nose, Long Island, Flat Island and many others became involved in another drama. Their names are a revelation of the fertile imagination of the early settlers. Their use as safe havens by the smuggler is an adventurous chapter in the lengthy history of the islands of Mahone Bay.

Thus the 1954 issue of the Sea Gull attempts to impress its readers with the place of the islands hereabouts in the history of the County. While more could have been written, the atmosphere of island charm and beauty have been created. As a post-Bicentennial theme, it is a happy one from a long chain of selections which have not yet depleted the rich source material of a historic part of the province. Your appreciation of the work of the Staff and the Students is a fitting regard for the production of one of the highlights of the entire school year.

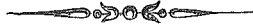
This Issue of

“The Sea Gull”

is dedicated to

The

ISLANDS AROUND LUNENBURG



*Fairy crowds
Of islands, which together lie,
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.*

Des Brisay

THE 365 ISLANDS

by Doreen Knock '54

If there is anything that will annoy a native of Chester, it is the denial that there are exactly 365 islands situated in Chester Basin. There might be 364 or 366 islands, but the inhabitants are certain that there are exactly 365. Most of these islands are famous, and have interesting stories and events entwined in their histories.

The islands were formed by the ancient ice-sheet which dug up the bottom of the sea some distance from the shore. The graceful curves of each island resemble the back of a whale, hence they are called whale-backs.

The long axis of the islands runs from northwest to southeast. This corresponds with the movement of the ice-sheet. Also, when the tide rises and falls, large sections of their ice-laid structure can be seen.

The tree-crested islands resting lazily on the blue water, with the sun shining down from the sky, form a beautiful scene and add to the beauty of Chester. The view of the Basin and its islands is especially striking from the road which leads into Chester from New Ross.

One of the most renowned of the islands is Oak Island, although almost all the islands are important. The belief of buried treasure on Oak Island has, for a long time, made this island famous. Similarly, other islands have stories which make them famous, such as Sacrifice and Lucy.

All the people of South Shore are very proud of the magnificent scenery displayed in the beautiful Chester Basin - in the form of the 365 islands.



ORCHESTRA

L. to R.—E. Miller, M. Keddy, A. Bald, K. Cook, A. Lohnes, M. O'Connor.

CROSS ISLAND

OR

THE DEATH OF A FISHING VILLAGE

by Eric Levy '54



Cross Island

Cross Island lies at the entrance to Lunenburg harbor, about six miles south-east by south of the red light at the Battery Point, one mile from Lunenburg. Because of its position, it affords two entrances to Lunenburg harbor; one being between Eastern Points and the island, the other between the island and Rose Head. The latter channel, west of the island, is usually used by large steamers and vessels which are bound for Lunenburg.

On the south-eastern corner of the island (Lat. 44 deg. 18' 45" N., Long. 64 deg. 10' W) is the red octagonal lighthouse, the oldest in Lunenburg county, and one of the oldest in Nova Scotia. The light is about one hundred feet above the water. A motor-driven table permits the gas vapor lamp to throw out two flashes every thirty-two seconds. A large white building near the lighthouse contains the fog alarm machinery. After the World War II, a radio-beacon was installed to enable ships equipped with radio direction finding equipment to pick up the island.

Near the lighthouse is the old dwelling which served as the home of both the present light-keeper and his predecessors. A few years ago three new bungalows were erected by the Department of Transport to replace the old house. These new houses are for the use of the light-keeper and his wife, his helper and family, and the wireless operator. There is every convenience of a modern home on the mainland, as they are equipped with furnaces, indoor plumbing, and electric lights.

The present light-keeper is Cecil Whynacht. The job of keeping the light has been in the Whynacht family for many years. Mr. Whynacht's

father and grandfather, Charles and William tended the light before Cecil received the job. Before the Whynachts, there were several keepers, one of them being Jacob Smith who died on the island in 1869.

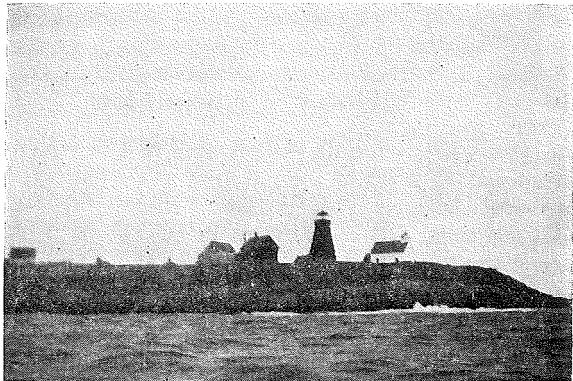
Cross Island boasts one of the best harbors on the coast. It is a long narrow indentation which enters the eastern side of the island, and lies nearly perfectly east and west. Although it is very narrow, the water in the harbor is deep, allowing even small coasting vessels to tie up almost anywhere alongside the cliff. When in the harbor, a boat is safe no matter how rough the sea may become.

At one time, about forty years ago, Cross Island was a prosperous fishing village. At the height of its prosperity, there were thirteen families living on the island, most of them on the northern side of the harbor.

Most of the men were engaged in fishing. As the marine engine had not yet been introduced, most of the larger boats were of the schooner type, having two spars and driven by wind. These large boats, between thirty-five and fifty feet long, were engaged in handline fishing on the "Ridge", about eighteen miles from the island and in fifty to eighty fathoms of water.

The fish, mostly codfish, were split and salted aboard the boats which usually made two trips a week. These men had a hard, rough life on the sea, working all day and half the night —

as many fish as possible had to be caught during the daylight hours. Furthermore, they had to be dressed and salted before they spoiled. A large proportion of the fishermen in Lunenburg county were also "Ridge fishing." Finally, there were so



many boats that the fish became scarce, and the owners began to dispose of their boats. Now the schooner type boats have become practically obsolete and only a few people are going "Ridge fishing."

Fish were also plentiful near the island. Fish traps and nets were set for herring and mackerel. Although codfish made up the bulk of the "line fish" many years ago, large halibut weighing 300 pounds and seven feet long were not uncommon. Small boats, propelled by oars and sail were used for fishing and for lobstering. Twenty fish stores lined both sides of the harbor. Now there are only seven of them standing, four of which are used for storing lobster traps; the other three taking part in fishing operations.

A lobster canning factory was set up on the northern side of the harbor. Besides employing between thirty and forty people to prepare and can the lobsters, it operated several smacks which bought lobsters from the sur-

rounding districts, because its capacity was often greater than the amount of lobsters caught around the island.

Life for these hardy fishermen, however, was not all work. Large numbers of coastal ducks, mostly eiders and scoters, spend the winter near the island. Many ducks were killed from the shore, but a clever device was invented by some thoughtful gunner. It was a "tub" in which the gunner stood, surrounded by about a hundred carefully painted decoys. The tub was moored on the spot where the ducks were found. Expert gunners often averaged a duck per shot, often killing more than fifty a day.

Besides supplying sport, the gunning expeditions supplied fresh food for the ice-bound islanders. Practically every man on the island went gunning, and of all the tubs only one remains to this day.

One by one, the people of Cross Island moved to the mainland. The chief reasons were probably the introduction of the marine engine, and the fresh fish trade. With engines people could easily go from the mainland to the fishing ground, and the advantage of nearness to the fishing grounds was removed.

At the turn of the century, a gold mine was set up. A vein of quartz was discovered and the search for gold began. The pit and mound of rocks can still be seen and give evidence of the search for the precious metal. The story behind the mine is that the person, who gathered the capital, operated the mine for a short time, and then disappeared with the remainder of the capital.

Cross Island has some of the most beautiful scenery in Nova Scotia. The island is covered with alternate rows of stunted spruces and boggy swamps. Its rough, rugged shores with the long, narrow, peaceful coves and the high white breakers outside compose a picture not to be forgotten soon. The Hounds, a series of ledges extending for about a mile from the northern shore of the island, form a beautiful picture when the sea is rough. On one ledge three breakers meet at a point, and burst into the air in a cloud of mist like the cloud from an atomic blast.

Cross Island is one of the most interesting islands near Lunenburg, because of both its natural beauty and the story of how a once prosperous fishing village became a deserted, desolate "ghost town." Were it not for the automobile, parties would likely be going there on excursions as they did years ago.

BLUE ROCK ISLAND

by Catherine Beck '55, Mark Knickle '54



Blue Rock Island or Greek's Island, as it is more commonly called, lies to the south of Blue Rocks. It is a small island about half a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide and is separated from the mainland by a narrow neck of water which the fishermen have nicknamed "the gut."

This place has been one of the favorite scenic spots of tourists for many years. It is not an uncommon sight, on a summer day, to see them sitting on the side of the bank and on the breakwater painting and taking pictures. One of the most attractive sights for the tourists in past years was the last old house, which has long since collapsed, standing discarded on the small rocky island. Pictures of this building have travelled all over the country and the United States.

At one time this small rocky island had from thirty to thirty-five people living upon it — a considerable number for such a small island.

There were only two houses ever built on the island. The first by Mike Greek, and the other by Benjamin Robar. They were not large houses being about 25 by 22 feet and only one story. At times they became quite crowded for some unmarried sons and married sons with their families remained at home to carry on fishing with their father. It was not an uncommon occurrence, for reasons which we have seen, that one of these houses should have twenty or more people living in residence.

The lives of these people, as one might expect, were not easy. Many hardships confronted them. For example, about sixty years ago the people were forced to leave the island because of a terrific gale. The water rose to such a height that the floors of the two houses were afloat. The people were

afraid that the water would finally cover the entire island. The evacuation was carried out by boat, because the breakwater connecting the island and mainland had not yet been built. You can imagine with what difficulty these people crossed over from the island in such a raging gale.

Storms made it difficult for them in other ways. Fresh water could not be obtained there. After a storm, the wells would be filled with salt water. Therefore, all fresh water had to be "boated" from the mainland, a very tiresome task.

There is no longer anyone living on the island. As for the houses, Benjamin's has been changed into a fish store while Mike's collapsed about eighteen years ago. Today there are two breakwaters built on the island. The one at the western end breaks the wash from the ocean, which used to play havoc with the small boats moored in the gut; the second, at the eastern end, connects the island and mainland.

GREAT DUCK ISLAND

Great Duck or Big Duck, as it is called by the fishermen, is an island lying about two miles east-south-east from the mainland. It is about two miles long and one mile wide. There is a heavy growth of trees on the island which acts as an excellent mark for the fishermen, and is therefore protected by the government.

There was only one boat ever lost here, a steamship, which ran ashore on the western end and became a total loss.

No one has ever lived on Duck Island except two goats, which were put there about twenty-five years ago. Very likely these two animals lived a happy life in their solitude. But this happiness, unfortunately, did not last many years, for ten years ago some cruel person shot the billygoat.

The island is a favorite spot for ducks of all kinds. Great Duck is visited frequently during the open season, and who knows how frequently when the season is closed?

BULL ROCK AND SURROUNDING ISLANDS

by Catherine Beck '55

Bull Rock is situated about a mile southwest from the low southern point of Flat Island. The northern sides of Flat island and East Ironbound island lie half a mile northward of Bull Rock. East Ironbound island light-house of which only the lantern is visible lies southeast of Bull Rock. This Rock is covered when the tide is high; when the tide is low, the rock rises three feet out of water. When this rock is covered with water, ships entering Mahone Bay must be on the lookout for it. West of this Rock is Little Duck island and Cross Island. This is a prime spot for deep sea fishing.

Little Duck island is twenty feet high. It is situated one and one-quarter miles northeast of East Point. This island is almost joined to the mainland

to the westward by a shoal. A shoal also extends nearly two cables from its eastern and northern sides.

Great Tancook is another island situated near Bull Rock. This island is one hundred and fifteen feet high, three miles long and three miles wide at the widest part. It lies in the middle of the entrance to Mahone Bay. There is a ferry which runs between Chester and Great Tancook island. The people of this island have had the ferry for the past thirty-seven years. Great Tancook island is noted for its sauerkraut industry. Many people are employed in the preparing of this product from the cabbage which they cultivate on their farms. A combination of damp weather and land provide a favorable environment for growth. Just recently in 1952 a cable was laid from the mainland to the island providing electric power. Since this improvement was made, a light has been placed on the end of the breakwater.

Little Tancook island, which is eighty feet high, lies about midway between Great Tancook island and the southern extreme of the Aspotogan peninsula. The ferry which runs between Great Tancook island and Chester makes a stop at Little Tancook.



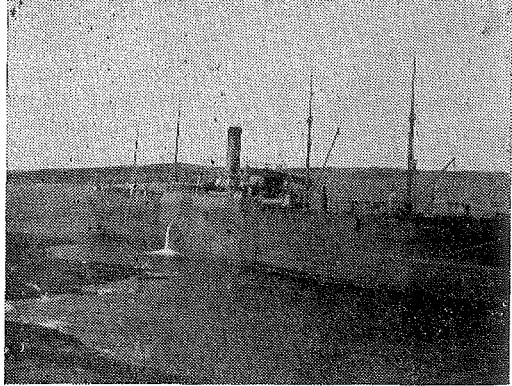
Industrial Arts Booth

LAHAVE IRONBOUND ISLAND

by Robert Knock '54, Juan Liiva '56

This Island is so-called to distinguish it from Chester Ironbound Island. It is situated in latitude 43 deg 13' 42", longitude 64 deg. 16' 30", at the mouth of the LaHave River. A good lighthouse which was erected in 1855 is on the island. The bank on which the lighthouse stands is forty-seven feet above sea-level, but even then during storms the waves have broken over the lighthouse.

On Good Friday, April 15, 1881 there was a severe gale. During the day it had rained very hard, but the rain gave up towards evening while the sea remained a raging monster. At about nine o'clock that evening the lighthouse keeper, Mr. Wolfe, saw a tremendous breaker approaching. According to his estimation, it was about fifty feet high. It struck with a loud crack and filled the kitchen with about three feet of water bringing in sand and other deposits, a terrible mess. A large piece of the house foundation was torn loose and carried a considerable distance. The lumber and firewood lying around was carried about two hundred yards inland and the oil stove in the kitchen was shifted by the blow which tore off about ten feet of the shingling. This was the fiercest storm that Mr. Wolfe witnessed during his stay on the island.



To prevent this from happening again the lighthouse was shifted sixty feet farther from the sea, where it stands at the present time.

During a heavy north-east snow storm, on December 2, 1907, the steamer Mount Temple ran ashore on LaHave Ironbound Island. The steamer was headed for Saint John, New Brunswick, carrying a general cargo. It ran ashore because the wind had driven it off its course.

The cargo was salvaged by schooners and tugs but the ship remained aground and not until the following April, four months later, did a tug succeed in pulling her from the rocks, with the aid of an exceptionally high tide.

HERMAN'S ISLAND

by Sandra Corkum '55, Robert Stevens '56



Herman's Island is situated on the north side of Princes' Inlet about half way between Lunenburg and Mahone Bay. It is one mile long and one-half mile wide. It contains between three and four hundred acres, and is noted for its forest of large hard wood, hemlock, spruce and some pine, right to the water's edge.

On or before 1800 a German Army Officer, George Herman, settled on the island with his sword and all his army accoutrements, the government likely having given him a grant of the Island. He built the house now owned by Foster Daniels which has been repaired several times outside, but the interior remains the same as when it was first built. He began to cut the wood, break up the land and make a farm. The wood, which was mostly cut as cord wood, was taken to Halifax and was sold. After some years he began to raise farm products and got a small vessel built in 1826, named the "Only Son" (21 tons). This boat, registered in Lunenburg, carried his produce and cordwood to Halifax.

He had three sons—John, Simon and Cornelius, the latter being the father of the Rev. Neil Herman. As the sons were growing up, they started building vessels about thirty yards to the west of Foster Daniel's old wharf,

where the Lunenburg Yacht Club building is now situated. According to the Lunenburg shipping registry, the ships were as follows—"Gold Hunter" in 1853 (44 tons), "Gold Coiner" in 1854 (48 tons); then they got a large schooner of 108 tons—the "Seaman's Pride"—built at Mahone Bay.

The father, then retiring, deeded the western part to his son Simon and the home place to his son, John. Cornelius moved to Lunenburg and later to Dartmouth. Then John built a small schooner, the "Vegete" (32 tons) in 1861 at the old shipyard. Simon built two schooners, the "Valorous" (71 tons) in 1860 and the "Fleety" (95 tons) in 1863, at the place where the Silver-Burns wharf now stands.

John Herman had five sons - Joseph, John, George, James and Collins. Of these, three were lost. John was going to the West Indies in the schooner "Mary A. D.", lost with Capt. Loyd, wife, child and all hands; George, in the schooner "Vergiller", lost with all hands; James in the schooner "Menendes", Captain Peter Heisler, lost with all hands—all going to the West Indies. This was a very severe blow to the family. The builders of the above vessels were Langilles—Stephen, Enoch, Calvin and Titus—all brothers.

Arthur Thurlow, father of Charles, James and Stanley Thurlow, was brought from Baltimore to Herman's Island by Capt. Simon Herman. He sailed on his vessel, and made his home on the Island for some time.

Peter Herman's father came out from Germany sometime before 1800, and settled on Second Peninsula on the place now owned by Leonard Holder and Basil Veinote. His sons, Leonard and George stayed on the home place and Peter Herman, another son bought one third of Herman's Island, the eastern part and settled there. He began to cut wood, break up land and make a farm just as George Herman had done. He built a small schooner of 21 tons called the "Only Son" which was registered in Lunenburg. She was built where the Earl and Lowell Baker wharf now stands. He also built a house where the Earl Baker house now stands. Peter Herman had four sons—Benjamin, Ephraim, Samuel and Aaron. He bought Covey's Island (now known as Meisner's Island), put his sons Benjamin and Ephraim on it and took up farming, while he and his sons Samuel and Aaron started to build vessels at what is now the Baker's wharf. They were as follows—in 1850, "President" (31 tons); in 1852, "Resident" (52 tons); in 1852, the "Golden Age" (93 tons) and in 1859, "Harmony" (68 tons).

This interesting item was published in the Halifax Chronicle Herald—The Passing Years—taken from the files of the Nova Scotian, November 21, 1852—one hundred years ago.

"We must plead guilty of not having noticed several new vessels that have arrived during the last week or two—so we will give the dimensions of a beautiful schooner which arrived on Saturday last from Mahone Bay. "The Golden Age" was built at Herman's Island, Mahone Bay, by Mr. Elchony Zwicker for her owner, Mr. Peter Herman. She is 75 feet overall, 65 feet keel, 22½ feet beam, 9' 8" depth of hold and measures 93 tons. "The Golden Age" has been justly admired by every person visiting her. She is beautiful—

ly modelled, is constructed of the best materials—and finished in a workmanlike manner. This vessel is intended for the freighting business and her general appearance will ensure her preference over less slightly crafts.”

There were no vessels built in Lunenburg up to the time of the first building of vessels on Herman's Island, and men came out from Lunenburg and worked there. John Young, William Morash and Stephen Morash, the veteran ship builder, began their first work as shipwrights on Herman's Island. There was no bridge to the Island at that time so the building was mostly done in the winter time, when all the harbours were frozen over and hauling with teams could be done over the ice. The master builder went with men into the woods, showed them what to cut, loaded it on the ox teams day after day until they had enough timber to start building. Everything had to be done by hand as there was no machinery in those days. Samuel Herman, son of Peter, sailed the previously mentioned vessels to Labrador, coasting Newfoundland, Boston, New York, Baltimore, Norfolk—Virginia and carried fish from Halifax to the West Indies before they ever shipped any from Lunenburg to the West Indies. About the time of the building of the last vessel, Aaron Herman, Peter's son, was lost on a voyage as mate on a schooner named the "Ocean Wave". All hands were lost so no one was left to tell the tale—this bringing an end to their sea going. They sold their last vessel, and went back to the farm.

Captain Isaac Whitney, father of Willie and Charles Whitney, made his first landing on Herman's Island, and made his home there for some years, his occupation being the sea.

In 1875 the Government built a bridge to the Island at a cost of about \$400.00. Men from around Princes' Inlet provided their boats and bouted rocks for \$1.00 a day. The builder was Benjamin Westhaver, father of Lupean Westhaver.

About 1870 the people on the island built a school house and paid for it themselves. The first teacher was Anna Myra, a sister of Mrs. David Smith—daughter of John Myra.

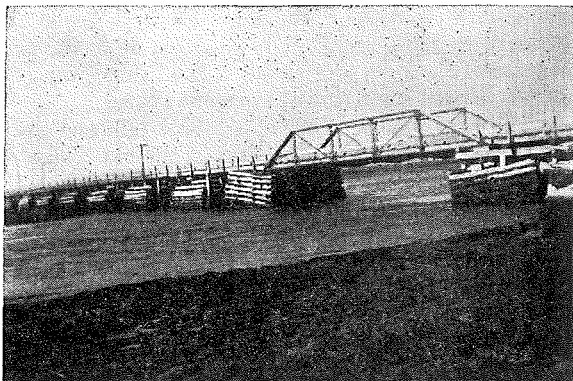
In 1880, the Hon. Wm. Stairs, founder of the firm of Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow Ltd., built a summer residence on Herman's Island, including a coach house and an ice house. He drove down from Halifax with a span of horses, on the first day going to Chester and on the next day to the Island. This was quite an event for the Island. He also had a small steam yacht built in Scotland and brought over on an ocean liner. Her name was "Ulela" and she carried a small crew to take her cruising all around Mahone Bay, Chester, Lunenburg, and Mahone Bay Islands. He never failed to drive in to Lunenburg on Sunday morning to church. Mrs. Stairs organized a Sunday School on the Island of which she was superintendant for years. After about ten years he sold the residence to Arthur Herman and now Arthur's son Samuel owns it. Today the Island has a small village, but it is mainly known as a summer resort where more than twenty-five families own summer homes.

CORKUM'S ISLAND

by Marjorie Allen '56, Marion Corkum '56

Corkum's Island is situated in Lunenburg Bay directly across from Battery Point. This small island is only one and a half miles long, and three quarters of a mile wide at the widest part. Corkum's Island received its name from its first settler, Wilhelm Corkum, who, when he first arrived here, found nothing but a French family and wood-land. Little is known of the French family except that the foundation of their home can still be seen.

Mr. Wilhelm Corkum took possession of the island, and owned it completely until



Corkum's Island

his two sons Jacob and Peter Corkum grew into manhood and decided to make their homes there. After Wilhelm Corkum's death, the land was divided between Jacob and Peter. Both Peter and Jacob married, Jacob having two daughters and no sons and Peter having two daughters and two sons Alfred and William. The land was then divided again, giving Alfred and William each a share. When the island became known to more people, new families moved there. Some of these families were those of William Beck, Martin McCarthy, James Cook, and Benjamin Mosher. Corkum's Island was then divided among these families. Thus the island began to grow rapidly in population. Fishing became the main industry, but farming and fish drying were also important to the islanders.

Years ago the only means of transportation from the island was by boat. A ferry called the "Mascott" ran from Lunenburg to Bayport stopping at the southeast end of the island to pick up passengers. With the invention of automobiles and motor boats, travel in the "Mascott" (owned and operated by Captain George Nauss and Captain Thomas Nauss) ended. She made her last trip to the Rhubarb wharf at Feltzen South and today, twenty years later, her decaying hull can still be seen to remind us of the good old days.

Motor boats then became the chief means of transportation, but automobiles were being produced to take the place of the motor boats. It was at this time that people began to realize the necessity of a bridge connecting Corkum's Island to the mainland. William Corkum drew up a petition, and went from house to house asking the people to sign the petition to get a bridge. The islanders all agreed to a bridge so the petition was presented to A. K. McLean, a member of the Liberal Government at Ottawa. The bridge, which is between five hundred and six hundred feet long, runs from the Island to the mainland at First South. It was begun in the spring of the year

1897 and completed in the fall of the same year. There were about twenty-five men employed under the supervision of Mr. Bell and Mr. Blackburn. The bridge is of wood and rests on rock filled wooden piers. The first bridge was a draw-bridge with an iron span, which raised up to let ships through. This was later replaced by a swivel bridge which swung out on side piers. Later the draw-bridge was replaced by the present span which does not open.

At one time fishing vessels used to go through the bridge to land fish for drying at First South. These vessels were towed by the Mascott. When vessels were built larger, it became too difficult to get them through the bridge and the span was closed. The bridge was repaired at different times, but has settled a great deal in recent years.

The first road on Corkum's Island followed the shore line and was little better than a hauling road. Part of the old road still remains, but cannot be used for motor vehicles. When the bridge was built, people owning property gave land for the present road which runs through the centre of the island, from shore to shore. The first road was narrow and it was difficult for cars to pass each other. In recent years, the road has been widened somewhat.

There are ten houses on the island today, the later ones situated near the road. The first homes were built near the sea shore, but few of them remain.

The first and only school house on Corkum's Island is about one hundred years old. The first teacher was Miss Rosie Lohnes, daughter of Daniel Lohnes of Corkum's Island. Another teacher, John Gow from Bridgewater, taught day school, Sunday School, Navigation School, and held prayer meetings several nights a week. The last teacher was Miss Rosaline Jennings, of First South. This was in 1943. After that year the building was condemned. Since that time, the children attend the Lunenburg Academy, travelling by school taxi.

Before the bridge was built ministers from the Lunenburg churches and occasionally the Salvation Army came by boat from Lunenburg, and held prayer meetings in the school house and sometimes at the home of Mr. Martin McCarthy. There is no church on Corkum's Island, therefore the islanders attend church service either at First South or Lunenburg.

Electricity came to Corkum's Island in the year 1946. The following year telephones were installed, and in 1948 daily mail deliveries were set up. The Island people now enjoy the same modern conveniences as their neighbors in Lunenburg.

At one time, the population of the Island was approximately one hundred people, but today has decreased to about thirty-five. Although the Island was founded by Corkums, there is only one family of Corkums left.

Corkum's Island has been the birthplace of many of the skippers who sailed fishing vessels out of Lunenburg. Capt. Allan Mosher who sailed the "Robert Esdale", later moved to Montague, P. E. I. where he still resides. A brother of his, Capt. Ivan Mosher, now lives in British Columbia, and another brother, Capt. John Mosher, was lost near Sable Island with his vessel the "Sylvia Mosher" in one of the August gales. The late Capt. Abram Cook was also a Lunenburg skipper who was born on Corkum's Island, his last vessel having been the "C. J. Morrow."

The Corkums were well known along Lunenburg's waterfront. Capt.

Scott Corkum, who sailed among others the "Uda Saunders", later retired from the sea and associated himself with the Acadian Supplies Ltd. Two more brothers Capt. Freeman Corkum and Capt. William Corkum sailed for many years out of Lunenburg, Capt. Freeman's last vessel being the "Irene Corkum" and Capt. William's last one the "Delawanna II." These three brothers have all passed away. Two more Corkum's Island men, Capt. Daniel Mosher, who sailed among others the "Harry W. Adams", and Capt. Gordon Mosher, whose last vessel was the "Arthur J. Lynn", were well known and successful skippers.

While Corkum's Island skippers are being mentioned, it would be fitting to remember several others who, although not born here, have been closely associated with the life of the Island. Capt. Edward Jensen, a native of Denmark, bought a home and lived here for a brief time before being lost when his freighter the "Angelus" was sunk by an enemy submarine in southern waters. Capt. Allan Mosher lives on the island at the present time. His last vessel was the "Delawanna II." His son is Capt. Douglas Mosher who has the distinction of being Lunenburg's youngest skipper. Another skipper from Corkum's Island was Capt. Maurice Zinck. He moved to Lunenburg where he became a successful skipper sailing among other vessels the "Bernie Zinck."

This is the story of Corkum's Island, at one time a community of fishermen and fishing skippers; today an Island whose population is only a quarter of what it was years ago. Today only two Corkum's Island men go to sea as fishermen, truly a great change as we look back over the years.

OAK ISLAND

by Ann Creighton '56, Brenda Tanner '57

Of the three hundred and sixty-five islands in Mahone Bay, Oak Island is perhaps the most noted. It has become famous by the dogged search for Captain Kidd's treasure.

Captain Kidd was sent out of Plymouth, England, in 1696, against vessels which were attacking both French and English. After reaching New York, he decided to sail for the East Indies. On the way Kidd resolved to become a pirate. He practised this trade off the Malabar Coast where he burned settlements and captured ships.

When he returned to New York with his booty, Kidd buried a large portion of it on Gardiner's Island to the east of Long Island. The rest he divided up among his crew. Kidd was no sooner in New York than he was arrested by the Governor of Massachusetts. He was sent back to England and, in 1701, the famous Captain Kidd was convicted and hanged.

The leading facts in the search for treasure are supposed to have been given by a dying New Englander who confessed that he had been a member of Captain Kidd's crew. He also stated that he had assisted Captain Kidd in

the burying of his treasure on a secluded island to the east of Boston. Many expeditions were made to look for the treasure but all were in vain.

Oak Island is situated four miles from Chester directly off Western Shore. It is so called, because of its many beautiful Oak trees on the island. The first settlers were John McMullen and Daniel McInnis. Another early settler was named Smith. He had come from New England to Chester with Daniel McInnis and a man named Vaughn, who settled on the mainland near Oak Island.

The first person to notice anything unusual on the island was Daniel McInnis. One day he discovered a spot which had been visited previously. Trees had been cut down, and in one particular spot a tackle-block was found attached to a tree. Below this tackle, a hollow was made in the settled soil. The next day Smith, McInnis and Vaughn visited the spot. They commenced digging, and, after removing two feet of soil, found a layer of flagstone unlike any rock on the rest of the island. Continuing to dig they soon came upon a tier of logs. Digging fifteen feet more, they finally decided to stop. For fifteen years this spot remained untouched.

After some time, Simeon Lynds visited Chester, and, with a number of friends, went to Oak Island with provisions and tools. They found the cave had caved in, but began work. Passing the first tier of logs, they came upon a second and then charcoal. Ten feet below this there was putty; still farther down was an engraved flagstone, the letters of which could not be deciphered. Soon after, at a depth of ninety feet water began to enter. They took out most of the water until a depth of ninety-six feet was reached. Then they left work hoping to solve the mystery in the morning, but returned only to find the pit half filled with water. With one more failure, Lynds discontinued his work.

From 1848 until 1863 various other attempts to find Kidd's treasure were made, but all were in vain. The result of one attempt ended when sixty feet of water entered the shaft. Another time mud accompanied the water.

Henry Poole, who in 1861 visited Oak Island, stated that he noticed the original shaft had caved in and the other two sunk alongside it were quite deep. He also noticed that there was no slate or rock in these shafts and when the tide rose and fell so did the water in the shafts, showing a close connection between sea and shafts.

From that time on many searches to find Kidd's treasure were made but all were unsuccessful. The last of these was in 1948. It, too, failed. Any visitor to the island must be careful not to fall into a number of excavations that have been made during the years. The main shaft remains, however, the centre of interest for treasure seekers, although it is beginning to look as if Captain Kidd hid his loot too well for anyone to discover. As long as humans desire to get rich quick, however, the search will continue and further chapters will be added to the lengthy history of Oak Island.

SACRIFICE ISLAND

by Ruth Lohnes '56, Murray Stevens '56

This odd named island, Sacrifice Island, is among the many islands found in the Racketts, at the entrance of Lunenburg's Back Harbour. It is about three quarters of a mile from Heckman's Island and quite near Gorhams Point. This uninhabited island is owned by R. C. S. Kaulback.

Years ago a family of white people, Mr. and Mrs. James Olex, a little girl and a Miss Roder lived in the little village of North West, just outside of Lunenburg. Barbarous Indians were always prowling through the woods, and one day they attacked the family killing the older people and carrying the little girl away with them to this rugged rocky island. Here they offered the child as a sacrifice, and since that time the island has been known as Sacrifice Island.

Some days later the people of Lunenburg noticed smoke coming from a fire on the Island. They investigated, and found that the Indians had killed the young child. The white men fought with the Indians and killed them. They buried them on the island, and the forms of the graves can still be seen.

As the island is very high, landing is extremely difficult. It is almost completely covered with trees, but during the summer months farmers put young cattle there to graze. The island shores are covered with raspberry bushes and in the summer many people from the surrounding country flock there to pick the berries.

HOBSON'S ISLAND

Hobson's Island formerly known as Hobson's Nose is one of the many islands of Mahone Bay.

In 1875 the first lighthouse was established. From then until 1920 four different families kept the light. Later there was a permanent light established. This gas light lasted until after the Second World War when it was discontinued. The end came in 1950 when the light fell down the bank, and was removed.

LANDING OF THE SETTLERS

by Phyllis Haughn '55, Charles Uhlman '55



Landing of The Settlers

During the year 1953, there were many celebrations in Lunenburg. One of the most effective and picturesque was that of the "Landing of The Settlers" at Rous' Brook on June 8. Thousands of people lined the banks to witness the colorful affair.

As cannon shots were heard the boat named "The Albany" slowly rounded the bend, known as Battery Point. At the same time, a canoe, containing an Indian squaw and brave was being paddled to the Inlet at Rous' Brook from the opposite side of the Harbor.

As the Albany came closer, the squaw and brave landed quickly, and hid their canoe under spruce boughs. Having done this, the brave stole quickly up the bank to warn his fellow Indians who were camped on top of the hill, now called Blockhouse Hill.

Immediately following the news, the Micmac Indians began a war dance. They sent up smoke signals, as the small group of soldiers and settlers rowed to shore in their longboats.

The boats having been landed, the soldiers headed inland, dressed in bright red uniforms, with shiny helmets, and muskets at their sides. The Indians, already crouched behind the underbrush, watched eagerly as Colonel Lawrence, leader of the soldiers, called for a conference with the Indian chief. The period following this was one of tense feeling until the



Indians - Landing of Settlers

tomahawks and muskets were placed together on the ground, thus indicating peace.

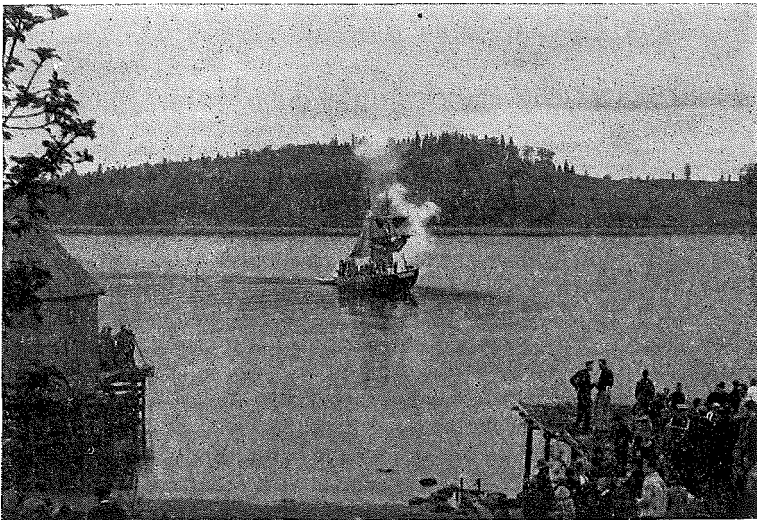
As Colonel Lawrence and the Indian Chief smoked the peace pipe, the settlers led by Captain Rous moved forward, distributing gifts among the Indians, while the tribesmen examined the soldiers' muskets and the belongings of the settlers. Following the procession, Reverend Jean Baptiste Moreau held a thanksgiving service among the people.

Colonel Lawrence read the proclamation which gave the settlers the right to establish themselves as well as be given lots, arms, ammunition and other necessary materials.

Concluding the ceremony, Mayor Zwicker introduced Senator J. J. Kinley who addressed the large gathering of people. Afterwards, the soldiers and settlers accompanied by the Lunenburg Citizens Band paraded to the stockade at the entrance of town. This was the end of a long-remembered pageant commemorating the 200 year life-span of Lunenburg.



Landing of The Settlers



Landing of The Settlers

ORATORIO - ELIJAH

by Annette Cooke



Central United Church Chancel

As a part of the celebration of the Bicentennial, the Oratorio Elijah was presented in Lunenburg in Central United Church on June 8, 1953.

The choir consisted of one hundred voices. Most of these were chosen from among the church choirs of the town, but a considerable number came from such points as Mahone Bay, Chester Basin, Riverport, Barss' Corner, LaHave and Rose Bay. They filled the choir loft of the large auditorium and made an impressive sight in their gowns of various colors.

The oratorio was composed by Felix Mendelssohn, and was condensed and arranged by E. J. Lorenz. Mrs. B. G. Oxner, a well known director of music in Lunenburg, conducted with Mrs. Ross Cook as organist. The soloists who participated were all natives of Lunenburg. Messers. Gilbert Corkum sang the part of Elijah, D. H. Collins sang Obediah at the first performance and Douglas Lohnes sang it at the second. Other soloists were the following: Mesdames Martin Eisenhauer, Murray Haughn, George Cook, James Acker and Harvey Kent of Chester Basin; Misses Marguerite Tanner, Betty Walsh, Elaine Corkum and Marilyn Mason.

The text of this oratorio was taken from the first book of Kings, and reveals how God through the prophet Elijah tried to turn the children of Israel from their pagan beliefs and worship of idols. Elijah through his prophecies proved to them that God is all powerful. The oratorio concludes with the translation of Elijah into heaven.

Gilbert Corkum, baritone, who sang the part of Elijah, possesses a beautiful natural voice and gave an outstanding rendition of the difficult role. A number of soloists are graduates of universities. Mrs. Martin Eisenhauer, soprano, and Miss Marguerite Tanner, mezzo-soprano are pro-

ducts of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. Mrs. Murray Haughn, contralto, and the organist Mrs. Ross Cook are graduates of the Halifax Conservatory of Music.

The oratorio is condensed with recitatives changed to choral speech and solo reading in place of singing as in the original edition - a most effective change. This arrangement lowered the pitch by one tone giving a mellow quality. The choruses were rendered well, with attacks, shading, diction, and releases well observed. Parts were well balanced and blended to give an artistic interpretation. Two performances were given, the auditorium being filled to capacity both times. Listeners came from distant parts especially to hear the production and were loud in their praises.

As a production it ranked favourably with larger groups, comprised of a great percentage of professional and accomplished musicians. The Oratorio was a distinct contribution in a town and county famous for their love of singing and the outstanding voices contributed to the field of music.

THE BOAT BALLET



Boat Ballet Float

by Betty Fralick '57, James Pittman '56

On July 14, during Old Home Week, the Boat Ballet was held at the Saw Pit wharf on the Back Harbour. At about 7:00 p.m. the show started with a swimming and water safety demonstration put on by the boys and girls. This was directed by the swimming instructors, George Stewart and his wife, Betty, who was the former Betty Haughn of this town. This event proved to be one of the main highlights of the show.

Next came an assault boat race by the local Reserve Army unit under

the direction of their commanding officer, Major D. J. Bourque. Water skiing followed with the daring performance of three youthful water skiers from Mahone Bay. Mr. Richard Cole, of Florida, piloted the boat for the skiers. The Industrial Shipping Company of Mahone Bay sponsored this portion of the program.

Then there was a performance by the Avon Boat Club of Windsor. They brought thirteen ply-wood boats powered with 25 and 15 H. P. outboard motors, and thrilled the crowd with their performance of fast manoeuvres. Mr. Clary Church, of the Avon Boat Club, also put on a water skiing performance.

Finally came the parade of decorated boats. They were arranged into three classes - the Saw Pit wharf boats, the Smith's road boats, and the Prince's Inlet boats. The grand prize went to Gordon Nodding, Jr. for a boat decorated as a stockade inside of which were the defenders against a band of Indians who followed on a float towed behind. Another outstanding float was that of the Sea Cadets representing a pirate ship, the crew of which



Water Ballet Float

forced one of their number to walk the plank when the ship reached the lighted area near the crowd. The Viking ship entered by Martin Mennsen was another prize winner.

This was the first time that a show of this sort had ever been held on the Back Harbour. Its success was due to the hard work put into it by the committee which was in charge, and it proved what a beautiful setting the Town has for pictorial events of this kind in future years.

The evening closed with a beautiful display of fireworks on the opposite shores.

MASSED BANDS

by Joan Murphy '53, Patricia Crouse '56

On two different occasions during Lunenburg's Bicentennial, delightful concerts were presented by the massed bands of Lunenburg County. The group consisted of the bands from New Germany, Bridgewater, Lunenburg and some musically inclined persons from Mahone Bay.

The Band of about seventy-five members was under the able direction of Mr. Raeburn Beck of Lunenburg. Each of the bands participating first practised the numbers under their own bandmaster. The bandmasters were Fred C. deLong from New Germany, Fred Berringer from Bridgewater and Merrill Ernst from Lunenburg. In the interval Mr. Beck visited these bands while they were practising to coordinate the work. Then they gathered together at New Germany for the final rehearsals.

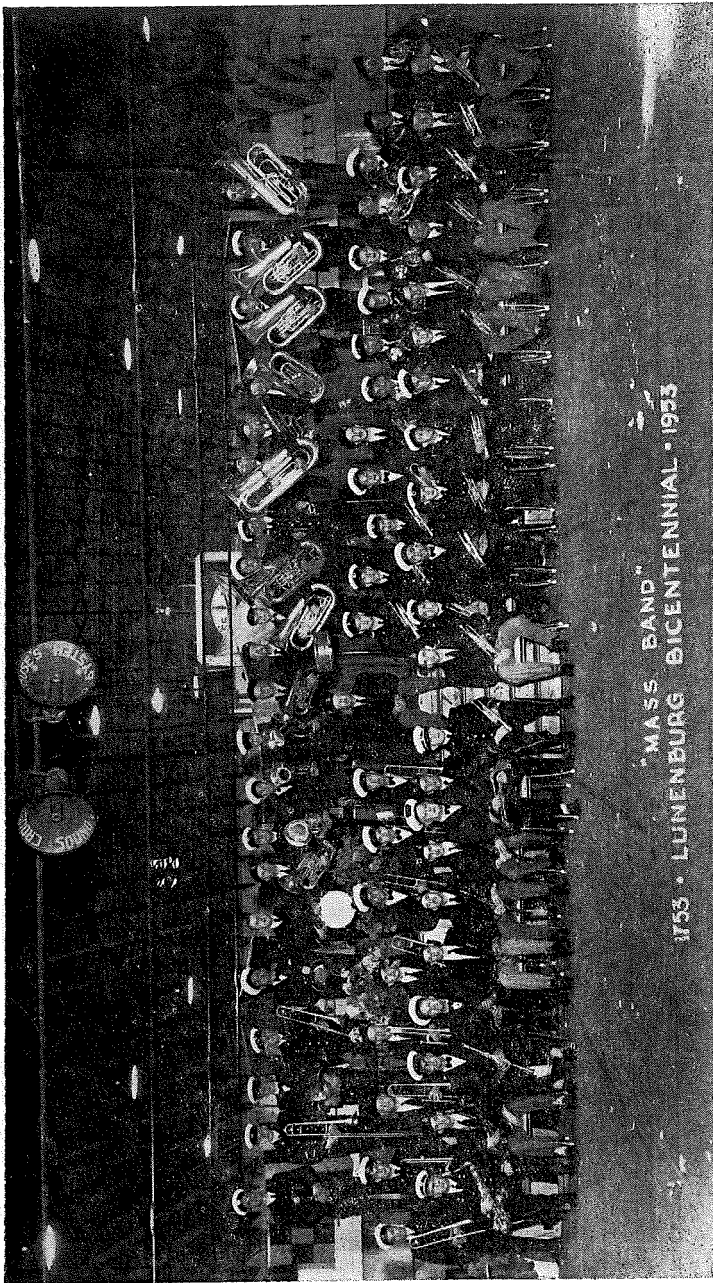
The first performance was held in the Arena on the evening of June 8, 1953. The second performance, an outdoor event was on the evening of July 17, 1953 at the Community Center. They played once out of town, at the Water Carnival at Bridgewater.

A number of solos were performed in the course of the concert. The solos were by Fred Rhodenizer and Merrill Ernst, both from the Lunenburg Citizen's Band, who placed the comet; Pennel Richardson from the Bridgewater Fire Department Band who played the euphonium; and Donald deLong from the New Germany Community Band who also played the euphonium.

This evidence of county interest in band music is gratifying. Better still was the spirit of cooperation. Future years may well call forth additional evidence of effort above the community level.



Unveiling The Cairn at Newtown



"MASS. BAND"
1753 • LUNENBURG BICENTENNIAL • 1953

1953 FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by Annette Hebb

Nineteen fifty-three, being Lunenburg's Bicentennial year, particular attention was paid to making the "Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition" bigger and better than usual. As the exhibition had already attained a very high standard, this meant a great deal of work for those in charge.

The dates September 15 to 19 were set and, after many months of careful planning and hard work, the opening day finally arrived. Chimes, bells and whistles at 1:00 p.m. marked the beginning of a week of entertainment. The afternoon was taken up with various feature entertainments, with the official opening taking place at 7:30 in the evening. The Hon. Alistair Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, presented the opening address, and various other dignitaries delivered messages.

Another special feature of the evening was the selection of the Princesses for the Queen of the Sea contest, an annual feature which attracts contestants from all parts of Nova Scotia. This year the committee in charge had worked very hard to obtain a large number of candidates.



At the Exhibition

As was customary, Bill Lynch's show covered the exhibition grounds with musical rides and a midway with all types of games of chance. Within, the buildings were well decorated. It is customary during the exhibition for various firms of the town and from outside points to decorate booths displaying their merchandise. This year they made every effort to surpass former years.

Wednesday, the second day of the gala affair, was parade day. As the year was a very important one, special pains were taken to make the parade better than ever. People gathered from all parts of the province and even from distant points, to witness the grand parade. Decorated cars, Commercial floats, costumed Town and County school children, bands and various organizations gathered on the Academy grounds, whence they paraded through the town streets to the Exhibition grounds where they circled in front of the Grand Stand, there breaking up. The streets were lined with people, all with a festive spirit, uttering assorted "ohs!" and "ahs!" as the parade over a mile in length, passed by. Attendance at the exhibition on this day reached a new high.

Throughout the day various feature entertainments occupied the attention of the huge crowd. At 8:45 in the main building the Queen of the Sea was selected. At this time, many lovely girls paraded before the judges, each cherishing the supreme hope that she might be chosen "Queen of the Sea."

After much deliberation on the part of the judges, Janet Conrad, a LaHave girl and a favorite with the audience, had the honor bestowed upon her.

The big event on Thursday was the Water Sports and although the weather was very threatening, the number at the waterfront was not lessened. The events began at 9 a.m. when there was a parade of Plywood Boats followed by races. Trawl baiting and hauling contests provided keen competition between various fishermen. The annual Sea Cadet races, Motor Boat races, Yacht races and swimming races were held. Another feature of particular interest was the Double Dory race, open to all Canadian fishermen, the winner being eligible to compete in the International Dory Race held on Friday afternoon, with dorymen from the United States. A team from Herring Cove, Halifax Co., was successful and was thus eligible to race against the Gloucester team representing the U. S.

The highlight of the day was the crowning of the Queen of the Sea. At 8 p.m. a special Coronation Procession, started at the Armouries and proceeded via Lincoln Street to the Exhibition grounds where the colorful ceremony took place on an outdoor stage.

Besides these outstanding features, each day, other special entertainments were provided. Canada's foremost impressionist, Jeanne D'Arc Charlebois and Les Barker, cartoonist, creator of Bugs Bunny, presented two shows daily. The C. B. C. Fishermen's Broadcast took place from the Fisheries Building daily at 5 p.m. The Gillan family of C. B. C. fame broadcasted directly from the stage in the Marine Building. Ball games were held. Band concerts, with bands from various places, were presented. Don Messer and His Islanders presented several shows and Dick Fry of C. H. N. S. rendered melodies on the electric organ.

Out of doors Bill Lynch's shows provided entertainment for young and old alike, throughout the entire day and a high wire act was presented twice daily by his performers.



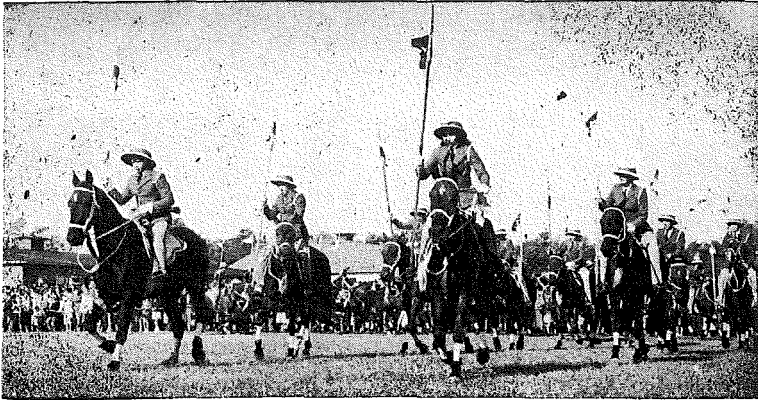
International Dory Race 1953

On Friday the International Dory Races were held with the Herring Cove team victors. Another very colorful feature of the day was the Musical Ride of the Halifax Bengal Lancers.



N. S. Fisheries Exhibition - Children's Parade

Saturday, the closing day of the exhibition, dawned clear and sunny. At 2:30 p.m. the annual children's parade took place in front of the grand stand. At this time children from two to seven years of age, bedecked in various types of costumes with decorated doll carriages, bicycles and carts paraded around the Athletic field.



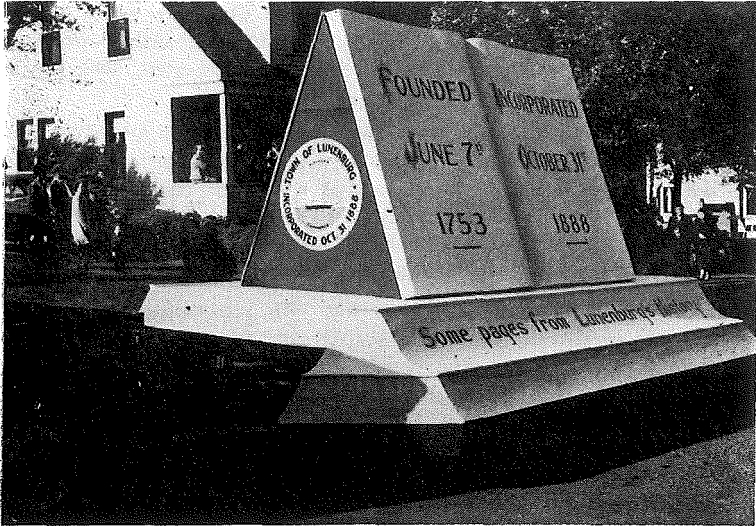
Bengal Lancers - 1953

The "Bengal Lancers" again performed to an interested audience and various other entertainments were offered. Attendance at the exhibition was again above average. The day was brought to a close with a community sing song accompanied by Dick Fry.

On Sunday, as was customary in former years, a very impressive ceremony was held at the Monument as a Fishermen's Memorial. Thus a truly important week to the people of Lunenburg was brought to a very fitting close.

THE GRAND PARADE

by Janet Crouse '54, Gretchen DeMone '57



Parade Day - Town of Lunenburg Float

As 1958 was our Bicentennial year, the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition was part of the entertainment.

The parade was a ribbon of color. Each citizen did his best to make it the best and longest ever. Many citizens from surrounding districts of Lunenburg joined in to make the parade a success. The weather was not as fine as it could have been, but this did not keep the crowds away nor dampen their spirits.

The parade was led by the Cornwallis Band, followed by squads from Cornwallis and the Micmac. The Bridgewater Sea Cadet Bugle Band led the Cadets from Bridgewater and Lunenburg. Behind them marched the Girl Guides and Boy Scouts from Riverport and Rose Bay.

The Brownie Float, "Brownieland", represented a wood scene with the Brownie toadstool and owl in the centre, and various Brownie emblems, sprites, fairies, pixies, elves and gnomes all grouped around the toadstool. The Boy Scouts, "Outdoor Life", followed. The float depicted a wood scene with a cool clear, crystal lake in front, and boy scout tents and trees in the background with scouts darting among the trees.

The outside schools were next. From this group the most spectacular were those from the First South, representing "Jack in the Box" and Riverport in a very colorful "Rainbow Valley."

The Town School was colorful. Grade Primary and Grade I had a beau-

tiful float called the "Castle of Dreams." This float was dazzling in color with its high castle adorned in silver tinsel with red trimmings. The pupils grouped around the castle. Grade II and III had a float called "Neptune's Sea Urchins." This float was tastefully trimmed with a net draped over the sides and glistening fish caught in it. On the top were two white sparkling sea horses. In the back was a huge scallop shell in pink with Neptune himself seated there holding a gold trident. The boys and girls, wearing light colored summer clothes, seated themselves in the centre.

Grade VII, representing various dishes from the "Dutch Oven", was another impressive group. These girls and boys wore blue aprons, white blouses, high white Dutch hats and each carrying a dish representing a recipe from the Dutch Oven Cookbook. Another picturesque group was Grade IX each telling what he will be in 1963. Each one dressed in the clothes of the trade at which he expects to be working in 1963.

Grade IV in the patriotic red, white and blue representing the "Heralds of Bicentennial" were very appropriately dressed to suit the occasion. The delightful and colorful brown and yellow Butterflies of Grade V marched like sprightly, light, fluttering "Butterflies."

The Lunenburg Band was followed by marching employees of the Lunenburg Foundry. These two hundred employees all wore white uniforms with a red band across their chests and white work caps.

In the Fraternal group the Rebekah Lodge with a float called "Golden Anniversary" looked very stately. This float was trimmed in white with pink roses around the sides. Six ladies sat on each side in groups of two. Behind each group was a high post with a large gold ball on top with letters printed on them representing the lodge symbols of friendship, love and truth. In the centre rose a large banner with "Rebekah Golden Anniversary Lodge." This float represented the Lodge's Golden Anniversary and the Rebekah Assembly held here in August. The Eastern Star who had created a float called the "Balloon World" looked very beautiful as they drove past.

In the Society group, the Garden Club produced a very beautiful "Rose." This Rose was a beautiful, large American Beauty whose centre was the blond head of a beautiful young girl. The V. O. N. with a spherical shaped float trimmed in blue and silver tinsel, topped with angel hair carried the name of Twenty-five Year Lights. In the centre of the float was a tinsel Tree with twenty-five lights. On each end was a V. O. N. nurse. On each side sat a small girl dressed in a tinsel dress and wearing a tinsel hat.

In the Fisheries group the float most likely to catch the eye was a very nicely trimmed Mascot and Fiesta by the Lunenburg Sea Products. This float depicted three large yellow fish pulling a small boat. Each fish wore a red bridle and carried a girl appropriately dressed in white and wearing a sailor's hat. The girl on the centre fish sat straddle-legged over the fish while the other two sat side-saddle. From the wheel house of the ship could be seen the captain wearing a captain's hat. Zwicker & Co. had a float typi-

cal of Lunenburg. "King Cod" mounted high on a platform waved back and forth as the float moved past.

In the Industrial group Smith and Rhuland presented a House and Cruiser, and Industrial Shipping from Mahone Bay presented Plywood Boats, The beautifully tinsel adorned float from Powers Bros. depicted the "Fleur de Lis." This float consisted of various steps leading up to a throne. On the steps sat four girls, two wearing shorts and two wearing evening gowns. The girl on the throne wore a pale blue evening gown.

Among the Commercial Floats the Maritime Telephone and Telegraph had a large "Silver Telephone" in the centre of their float with telephone operators grouped around the telephone. Bluenose Motors had a float advertising the "Firestone Tires."

In the Farm Section, Wayside Dairy Farm depicted a natural farm scene with cornstalks, and a small farmer holding a calf. Another farm scene was by Windmere Farm.

Lonnie Grimm with a very beautifully trimmed car "Princess Inlet" and John Manuel on his bike as a Penguin closed the parade.

The parade was the longest and perhaps the best Lunenburg has yet had. It expressed best the feeling and willingness of all the people of Lunenburg, both of those who came to see and those who took part.

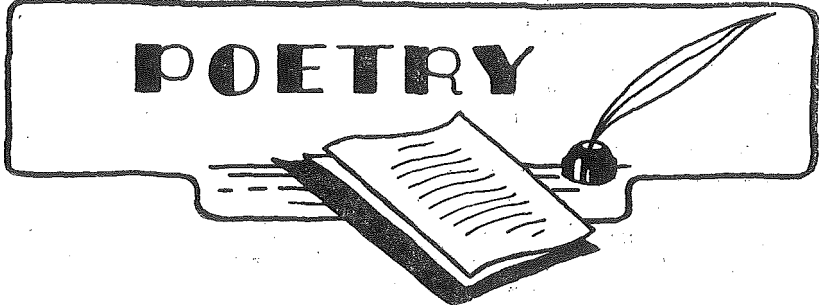


JUNIOR RED CROSS

Front row (l. to r.)—C. Miller, M. Titus, S. Corkum, A. Mills, J. Haughn, (Pres.), D. Knock (Sec.).

Back row—A. Cook, E. Creaser, R. Stevens, J. Falkenham, C. Uhlman (Treas.) E. Stevens (V. Pres.), G. Crouse, M. Van der Toorn.

POETRY



MY SAXAPHONE

by Michael ●Connor '57

What is it makes the neighbours mad?
I do not play it very bad,
That horn that makes me, oh so glad!
"My Saxaphone."

Why do the dogs begin to bark?
When to that heavenly voice they hark.
That voice, as soft as a meadow lark,
"My Saxaphone."

I wish I could with magic touch
The keys, and bring forth music such
That neighbours wouldn't wish to crush
"My Saxaphone."

* * * * *

DAY-BREAK AT SEA

by Eric Levy '54

Overhead, the glimmering stars
And the wavy, shimmering bars
Of the northern lights seem
Less distant. The wonderful gleam
Of the diamond-like phosphorescent light
Has gone with the disappearing night.
Reluctantly, the dark clouds change
O'er the eastern half of the range
Of our vision. Gulls begin their flight
Toward the land, where the dark night
Still pervades. While in the chilly air
The sun, rising out of the sea, becomes a sphere.
The eiders are again on their way
Westward. And it is day.

THE BLUENOSE

by Jo Anne Conrad '56

Many years ago a ship was built,
Of one hundred and twenty-four feet;
Her matchless speed and sailing tilt,
Made her the envy of the fleet.
She sailed from Lunenburg, her home port,
And from the great Grand Banks she brought,
As large a catch as ever was caught.

She now was qualified to race
And set out to the starting place,
With Captain Angus at the wheel,
The foam churned up around her keel.
This race she won and many more,
To bring great honors to our shore.
This ship was sold and to our grief,
She came to rest on a rocky reef.

Her trophies still are held quite dear
By Lunenburgers far and near.
And Captain Angus will often tell
Of his ship which really proved so well,
His one regret will always be
That the Bluenose we no more will see.

* * * * *

MASON'S ISLAND

by Rochelle Winaut '56

An island of beauty
Quite near to our Town
Was granted to settlers
Direct from the Crown.

They toiled many days
Their land to clear,
They built their homes
But had much to fear.

Their work, we know,
Was not for naught,
For the island is now
A favourite resort.

THE SEA CAPTAIN

by Betty Fralick '57

There was a man from Singapore,
He sailed his ship from shore to shore
Until he met a lady fair
With eyes as blue as the water clear.

Oh! lady fair, please come be mine
And I will give you things so fine
That never you have seen before,
For they have come from Singapore.

Oh! foolish captain, I do not care
For all the riches you may bear,
Give up your wandering from shore to shore,
Let us return to Singapore.

There is a man in Singapore,
He sails no more from shore to shore,
He has a wife and children now
And marks of worry on his brow.

* * * * *

ENCHANTMENT TIME

by Joan Mitchell '57

When the dusk of lonely gray;
Steals upon the passing day,
And the hills of summer time
So fresh, so clean, and clear
From the great horizon
Just seem to disappear.
When a lustrous moon appears
And stars begin to dot the sky,
When soft winds blow o'er the earth,
Enchantment time is nigh.

When the shadows of the trees
Have already cast their spell
And the drowsy, dreary world
Just seems to be at ease;
When glistening waters are at rest
And trees sway in the breeze;
When flowers nod their pretty heads
In sleepy rhapsody.
When all's at rest that we hold dear
Enchantment time is here.

MY GARDEN

by Anita Lohaes '55

The flowers in my garden
Are of such a lovely hue;
The colors blend so nicely,
From red to heavenly blue.

I love the tiny little ones
That look so very small,
Along side of the Hollyhocks
That grow so very tall.

When I awake each morning,
And the dew lies on the grass,
They lift their heads to say "hello"
As each of them I pass.

I like to bend and say to them,
"You're so beautiful to see"
If it were not for the flowers
How drear this world would be.

* * * * *

A PERFECT DAY

by Josephine O'Connor '58

Down the old camp trail I hike
To make my happy home at night,
The fleecy clouds are passing by
As I pitch my tent beneath the sky.

Here, where the sun shines all the day,
And shadowy trees hang over the bay,
There's life and freedom of every hour
To fill my heart with joy and power.

And in my camping work and play,
How easy it seems to still be gay.
'Tis more fun in rowing with hands on oars,
Than staying at home and doing mom's chores!

I watched the golden west at night,
Around the gleaming camp fire light,
And here I found a real girl's life,
Where there's nature's peace in the world of strife.

STORY TIME

by Shirley Cook '59

When the supper hour is over,
And the dishes have been done,
And the lessons have been finished,
Comes the hour of nicest fun.

That's when mother or when father
Says, "Come here, it's story time,"
And we gather close to listen
To some tale or nursery rhyme.

My it's nice and still and cosy,
In the house while sitting round,
The voice of mom or daddy
Is the one and only sound.

* * * * *

THOUGHTS OF SCHOOL

by Anthony Cook '58

School is a place to learn and play,
And listen to what the teachers say,
But we enjoy it all the more,
When the teachers fail to enter the door,
And all we do is wish and hope
That they are home with a bad sore throat.

When such a thing ever happens here,
We all get up and give a cheer!
And wander off to the old mill pond,
Where we can forget that dreaded birch wand;
And jump and run about that water,
Like a captured horse just freed from its halter.

But all this vanishes when the teachers return,
And we get back to study and learn;
Where, sitting in our stuffy cell.
They try to teach us to count and spell;
We brush our brows trying to keep cool,
It's easy to see why we all hate school.

* * * * *

GIRLS

by Bob Mayo '58

If all the girls lived on the sea
What wonderful swimmers the boys would be;
If all the girls lived on the land
The glove would be on the other hand.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL

by Dale Schwartz '57

The last day of school is a gala event,
After all the long days of studying we spent
On our History, Geometry, Algebra, French,
And sitting all day on a hard board bench.

Our teachers are glad to see us leave,
As it gives them sort of a reprieve . . .
From the drilling and teaching they do every day;
As they try to help us along the way.

* * * * *

A STORM AT SEA

by Marion Iversen '55

How grand to sail on the billowy ocean
See angry seas in wild commotion
Majestic, glorious, replete
Seems lowering sky and waves do meet.

Our stout steel ship a battle wages,
With elementary power that rages
For hours - then gradually the waves subside
Another storm she did outride.

With sunset hour, celestial beams,
Spread o'er the sky, unearthly gleams
Like cities lit by heavenly fires,
A storm, then sunset awe inspires.



CHRISTMAS CONCERT
Primary Grades

MY EXPERIENCES AT SEA

by Mary Titus '55, Eben Stevens '55

Captain Thomas Pittman started fishing out of Newfoundland when he was thirteen years old. Travelling in three masted vessels, he made round trips from Newfoundland to Portugal and other parts of the world.

At one time he sailed from Newfoundland to Portugal in eleven days carrying a cargo of fish. On their return voyage, however, they ran into heavy northwestern gales. Since they were in a three masted vessel, they had no engine to depend on. After seventy-six days of hardship and danger, they finally arrived at Newfoundland with a load of salt. At other times, winds were favourable and they made the round trip from Newfoundland to Portugal in thirty-six days.

He then came to Nova Scotia where he became engaged in halibut fishing. Then the trawler "Good Hope" was sent out from Britain for the purpose of longlining, he joined the crew of this trawler for one season. This is a distinction as it was the first longlining ever to be done off the Nova Scotian coast.

Captain Pittman then went trawler fishing. For three years, he went fishing off Halifax in winter, and salt fishing off Lunenburg and Riverport in summer.

In 1929 he was mate on the Good Hope which was mastered by Captain Larson. On March 16, while sailing in the waters off Halifax, a dense fog engulfed them. Suddenly a huge American and Norwegian liner appeared before them. After a deafening crash, all hands jumped into freezing water. Eleven minutes after it was hit, the boat was completely under the water. All hands were picked up and brought to Halifax. Although Captain Pittman had this rough experience on Saturday morning, he went to sea again on Monday night.

Next, Captain Pittman went as mate on the trawler Lemburg captained by Mister Larson. He spent eighteen years on this trawler, several times acting as captain. Captain Pittman has experienced freezing temperatures at sea. At one time the Lemburg sailed into Halifax harbor caked to the deck with ice. About ready to sink, the boat moved at the rate of about three miles per hour although it was moving at full steam. They were coming from the Grand Banks when a mid-winter gale overtook them and left the ship in this condition.

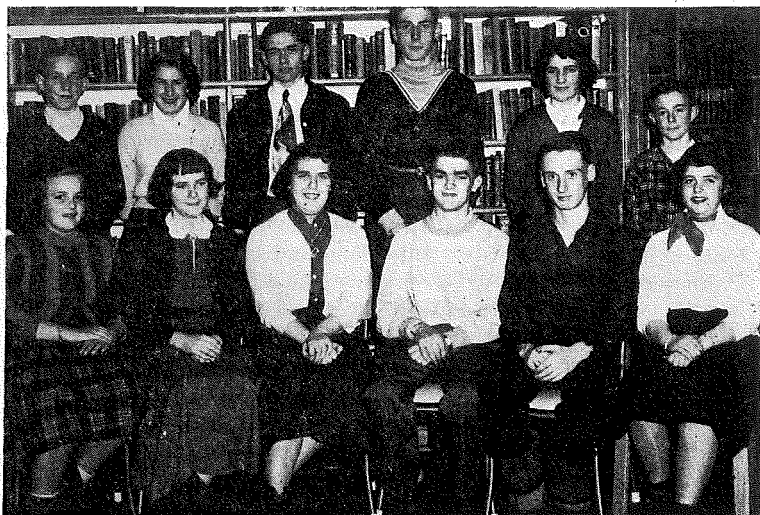
In 1939 when the war broke out, the trawler was taken from them and Captain Tom had to remain on shore. Then, in 1945, he joined the crew of



the Cape North mastered by Captain Nepean Crouse as an instructor. He remained with this trawler until the Cape LaHave was to be commissioned. Then he joined with Captain Elburn DeMone on this trawler.

Later on, following the death of Captain Nepean Crouse, Captain Pittman went back to the Cape North as Master. No serious mishaps happened with this trawler. At one time, however, the ship ran ashore off the Ovens in a dense fog, because of a defective compass. They managed to arrive safely at Lunenburg under their own steam and unloaded their fish.

Captain Pittman, who will soon be fifty-five years old, has survived freezing temperatures and the dangerous hazards of the sea. He plans to continue fishing in his fine trawler "Cape North" and hopes to have continued success in the future.



STUDENTS COUNCIL

Front row (l. to r.)—M. MacDonald, G. Hall (Sec.), A. Hebb (Pres.), D. Collins (Treas.), E. Crouse (V. Pres.), B. Tanner.

Back row—T. Mason, J. Conrad, B. Tanner, D. Crouse, J. O'Connor, H. Uhlman.

CYCLING DAYS OF THE PAST

by Anita Lohnes '55, Jean Macarthy '56

Many have probably forgotten the cycling races which were enjoyed by people who lived some fifty-odd years ago. These races were held at the oval Bicycle Track which was located about a mile from Lunenburg on the Bridgewater highway. This place is still called the "Bicycle Track."

The first race was held by Burbridge, a Lunenburg merchant. The route he took was at the Head leading from the iron gate to the tennis field. This and other racing events were organized and participated in by Frank Powers, James King, George Naas, and Allan Morash, who was Mayor of Lunenburg at the time. The races, many of which were fifteen miles long, were usually held on Labour Day or on some civic holiday. Hundreds of people would gather on both sides of the track to enjoy them. Part of the skill of racing was to avoid the deep ruts which could easily cause a serious accident. The cyclists, who trained for these races, practiced three or four days a week, often riding from fifteen to twenty miles a day.

Mr. Thomas Naas, a star cyclist, started racing in 1893. In his first race he won his first award. This was only the beginning for him. He then started competitive racing, winning fifteen trophies and twenty-two medals, while racing at Halifax, Saint John, Windsor, Lunenburg and Kentville.

One of his largest trophies, called the Scovil Cup dated 1896, was won at Saint John. The race was fifteen miles long and held on Marsh Road. Because of mishaps, he was forced to push his bike a quarter mile. He finished the race on a vehicle borrowed from Mr. Kaulback of Lunenburg. The winning time was recorded as being thirty-six minutes.

The roads were not paved as they are today, therefore the time required was longer than required today. The dirt road was rough and rocky with steep ruts on each side. For this reason the bicycles had to be made more rugged than those of today. They usually cost about one hundred twenty five dollars each and were not modern like the ones we enjoy. They did not have chrome-plated parts and they did not come equipped with air tires, but with hard rubber tires with a hollow core. These were the types used by Mr. Naas and other cyclists.

Following in the footsteps of his father George Naas, Thomas Naas skippered the tugs Maggie and Mascot. Before the age of cars, the boats made three weekly trips from Lunenburg to Bayport picking up passengers.

The Maggie and Mascot were popular as excursion steamers. The four mile trip took about twenty-five minutes. When not carrying passengers, the tugs would shift the engineless fishing schooners around the harbour or tow them out past the breakwater where the schooners would hoist sails and carry on along to the Grand Banks.

Mr. Naas, at the age of seventy-seven, still believes that, if he were challenged today to ride a bicycle, he would be able to make a successful attempt.

THE BLUENOSE ON POTTERY

by Barbara Falkenham '54



The historical Bluenose is among the first four in a series to be given a new place of honor. This honor is that of being designed on china. The Bluenose forms one all-over design on dinner-size plates, put out by the world famous English pottery firm, Josiah Wedgwood and Sons.

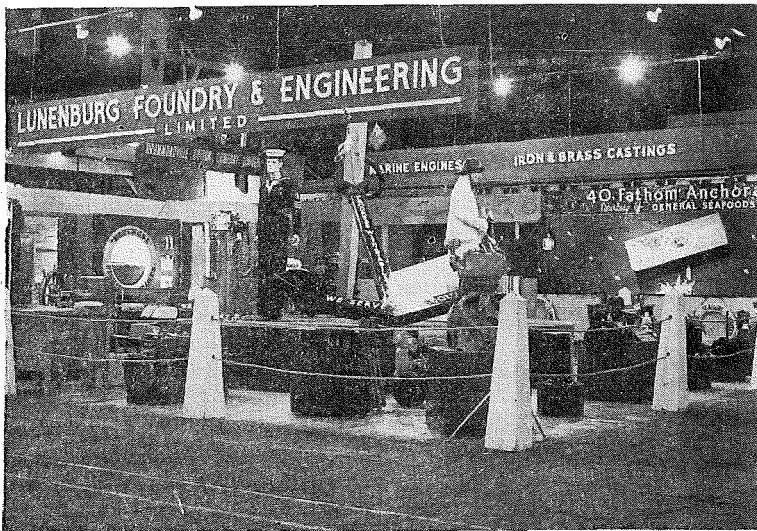
The idea of commemorating some of the vessels that had interesting stories behind them owes its beginning to Charles Cooper, managing director of the Wedgwood company this side of the Atlantic, and Jack Braidwood, secretary of the company. These two men had the idea of creating heirloom treasures for future generations. They thought this could be done ad-

mirably by showing the graceful lines and billowing sails of the vessels on fine china, in the form of decorative plates. This idea also had a special significance, in paying tribute to the fast-fading glory of the sail-driven vessels.

The entire surface of each dinner-size plate is covered by the ship's design, with the exception of a half-inch border, which forms the plate rim. The design is in the form of pen and ink drawing, showing the vessel under full sail against a background of sky and sea, and done on fine white Queensware.

Hensleigh C. Wedgwood, New York president of the firm, presented a set of the first four vessels to Captain Angus Walters last summer during our Bicentenary celebrations. A broadcast that Captain Walters made in connection with the bicentenary was heard in New York. Mr. Wedgwood arranged to present the gift in person.

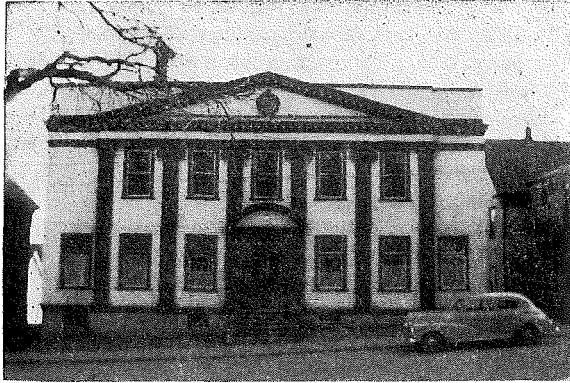
The people of Nova Scotia are proud to know that the vessel, which brought everlasting fame to Canada, had been chosen to be one of the first four vessels to be designed on china.



N. S. Fisheries Exhibition

THE MASONIC LODGE IN LUNENBURG

by Elizabeth Baker '56, Eric Crouse '55



Masonic Lodge

When we were asked to write this article on the Masonic Order in Lunenburg, the first thing that came to mind was the famous Lodge goat which is supposed to be ridden at the initiation of new members. However, as little material was available on this subject we will recall some historical facts.

Unity Lodge No. 4, originally No. 44, was the fourth Masonic Lodge to be formed in Nova Scotia.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, there was a group of Free and accepted Masons living in Lunenburg. Their wish was to form a lodge and, as there was no Grand Lodge in Nova Scotia, a Warrant was sent to the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge at Halifax, England.

Their request was granted. The Right Worshipful Grand Master directed the Worshipful William Alexander to call a meeting of all brethren in and around Lunenburg. This meeting took place at ten A. M. on March 8, 1822, at the home of Gaspær Arenburg. The meeting was presided over by a temporary Grand Lodge according to the Ancient and Established Rules of Masonry. The following Brethren were installed and invested as officers:

Brother John Creighton, Master.

Mr. Michael Rudolph, Senior Warden.

Mr. Joseph Falt, Junior Warden.

Mr. William Walker became the first Secretary of the Lodge a year later. The first meeting of Lodge No. 44 took place on April 2, 1822.

On September 2, 1822 communications were received from the Grand Lodge of England requesting that Unity Lodge No. 44 be placed under its protection. This was agreed upon by a unanimous vote.

On March 10, 1892 a Charter was granted under the patronage of the Duke of Sussex. The Charter members were:

John Philips, Donald Sutherland Grant, Charles Morrison, John Creighton, Michael Rudolph, Joseph Falt, Robert Mooney.

For many years, Masonic meetings were held in a number of different places. Finally on January 19, 1922, it was decided that a committee under

Worshipful Master Brother Lawrence L. Hebb should be set up to devise ways and means of erecting a Masonic Temple.

It was suggested to the committee that the Lodge sell shares to the Brethren. In this way the money was raised to build the Temple. Then, the site where the Masonic Temple now stands was presented to the Lodge by Zwicker and Company, Ltd. The corner stone was laid by Mr. J. H. Winfield, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, assisted by other Grand Lodge officers on August 14, 1923.

The first meeting held in the new Temple was on the evening of Tuesday, March 4, 1924. The Dedication Service took place on March 7, 1924.

The present officers elected for 1954 are:

Mr. H. Garfield Matthews, Worshipful Master.

Mr. Donald D. Maxner, Immediate Past Master.

Mr. Murray F. Fraser, Senior Warden.

Mr. Donald Walters, Junior Warden.

Mr. Robert C. Smith, Treasurer.

Mr. Hugh B. Strachan, P. M., Secretary.

Mr. John J. Kinley, Jr., Senior Deacon.

Mr. Warren I. Miller, Junior Deacon.

Mr. Donald A. Beck, Senior Steward.

Mr. Donovan C. Saul, Junior Steward.

Mr. Stanley A. Thurlow, P. M., Marshall.

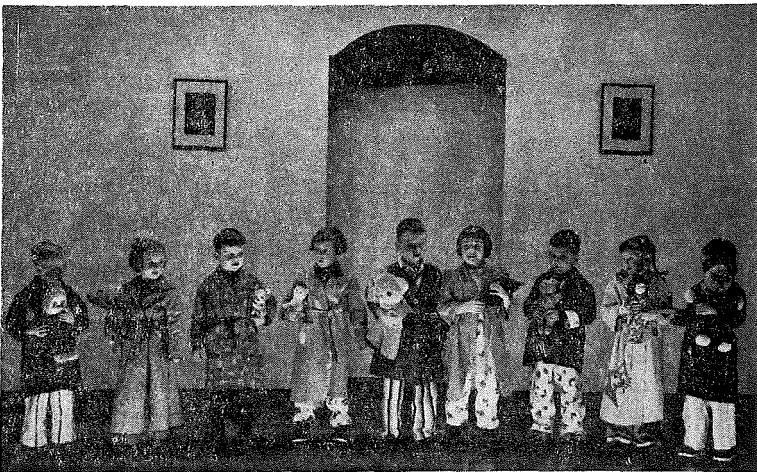
Mr. Donald O. Maxner, P. M., Organist.

Mr. Arthur Corkum, Tyler.

Rev. Alexander Allen, Chaplain.

Mr. M. M. Gardner, P. G. M., Historian.

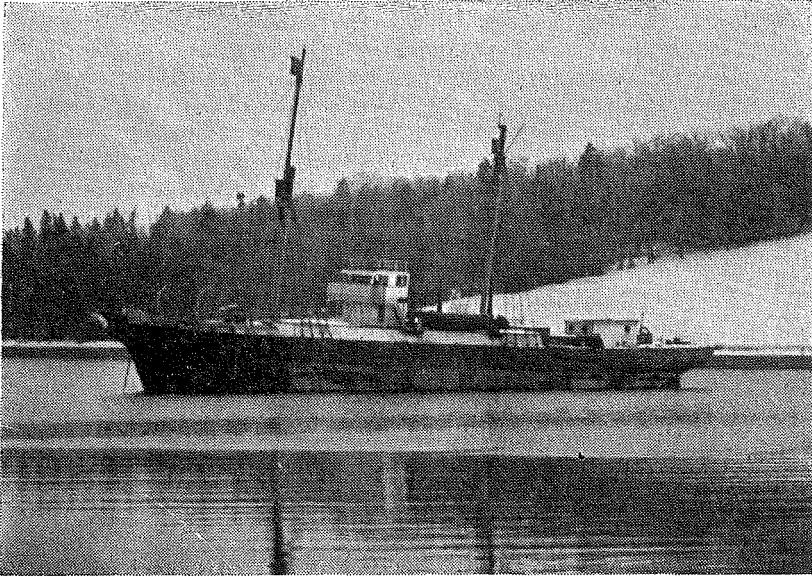
Lunenburg Masons can well be proud of the Masonic Order which has done so much good work here over the past one hundred and thirty-two years.



Christmas Concert 1953 - Nativity Scene

REAL EXPERIENCES OF CAPTAIN KENNEDY

by Eric Levy '54, Leendert van der Zwan '55



One day in early autumn a somewhat rusty steel hulled three-master rounded the fairway off Lunenburg Harbor and came to rest in midstream. Several days later, the ship moved to the Lunenburg Foundry Co. for a refit. On board the "Vema" we found an interesting character in the person of her skipper, Louis Kennedy, a native of Connecticut, but now a resident of Conquerall Bank, on the beautiful LaHave River.

Captain Kennedy was born in Connecticut forty-three years ago. Son of a wealthy publisher, he left college at nineteen and decided to follow the sea. He started as a deck hand, but finally became owner and skipper of a sailing vessel, the Abundance. The Adams, Sea Fox, Wawaloam, City of New York, and the Vema were ships which passed through Captain Kennedy's hands.

Behind Captain Kennedy's third schooner, the Sea Fox, there is a very interesting story. As he tells it:

"After returning to Stamford from Lunenburg, where the ship was repaired, my partner and I had a dispute over the question of selling the lead ballast. He wanted to sell the ballast and get his money back from the investment. I wanted to finish repairing the vessel and then enter the coasting business with her.

"I suppose he didn't trust me because a guard was put on board the Sea Fox. However, I had plans of my own. When everything was prepared I boarded my schooner, locked the guard in the cabin and, with two friends, cast off. All was going fine, when the tow-line to the old tug parted and we drifted against a mud flat — high and dry.

"My former partner notified his lawyer and the authorities. I held the ship with the guard's shotgun, my rifle, and kept my two trusty forty-fives strapped around my waist, in case of an emergency.

"The next evening when the tide was nearly high, the Sea Fox drifted off the mud flat. We hoisted the for'sail and slipped away."

At this point Captain Kennedy chuckled when he told us what appeared in the Stamford paper.

The headline was, 'Modern Captain Kidd Captures Ship.' In the article which followed, 'they sailed away while the cops stood ashore with wide open mouths'.

"We then high-tailed it to Barbados, to evade the authorities. There, in 1936, I met a girl, Patricia Greenridge, who later became my wife. As was the custom with skippers' wives in the old days of sail, my wife went to sea with me. My three children, Brian, Gabrielle, and Patsy have spent quite a bit of their lives at sea.

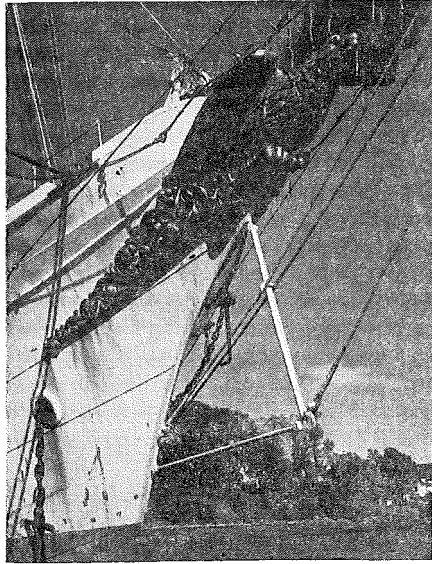
"My next ship was the Wawaloam, a three masted, steel hulled schooner, engaged in the coasting business.

"It was a beautiful day. The white sails were silhouetted against the cloudless sky and the bow of the Wawaloam was plowing through the calm water towards Barbados. Suddenly the peaceful scene was broken — a bright flash and a thunder-like bang passed in front of the Wawaloam. I wasn't too much surprised because eight schooners had found their grave in those waters due to German submarines which were operating in the district.

"We put the dories over the side. The crew of seven men, a German shepherd dog, and I deserted the old Wawaloam. When we were about a half mile from the ship, we raised the dory sails. The sub emerged and an officer appeared from the tower. I tried to persuade him not to sink my ship but he said that it was wartime and he must do his duty. Not long after we saw the Wawaloam disappear under the surface of the water.

"They gave us some food and flares. Finally we were picked up by a vessel."

During the early part of the winter, the "Vema" left the Lunenburg Foundry Co.; a different ship in many respects. Captain Kennedy had sold her in Columbia University, and she was fitted out with scientific equipment and a crew of scientists. A new skipper stepped on board the Vema and pointed her bowsprit and golden eagle figurehead towards the open sea.

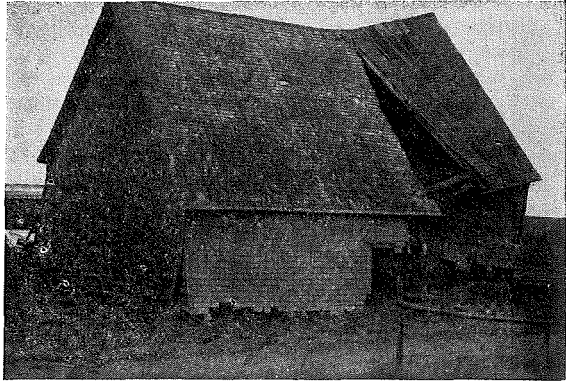


CAROL: THE BIG BLOW

by Ann Crouse '55, Glen Geldert '56

On September 1, 1953, a hurricane was detected by the weather observers some five hundred miles east of Guadaloupe. This was the famous "Big Blow - Carol", and at this time had winds of about ninety miles per hour. After doing much damage to the British West Indies and other countries, it gradually moved northward with increasing force.

In its course this hurricane missed the United States completely, but the central part of it passed up through the Bay of Fundy, across Prince Edward Island, and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. About this time the winds had reached a velocity of one hundred and fifty miles per hour. On Labor Day the southern section of the Maritimes received a visit from this unwelcome guest.



The fact that it carried the lovely feminine name, Carol, did not in any way soften the blow which caused damage estimated at about one million dollars. In Lunenburg alone Carol caused much trouble and destruction. At the Yacht Club, she blew all the yachts except one, ashore - some even landing on people's lawns. The owners of these boats spent hours of hard work to get their boats back in shape again.

In the town itself many trees were blown down, branches of which hit electric light lines. Because of this the power remained off for about five hours, and Carol, in her little game, had left Lunenburg in the "dark". Two huge trees at the Post Office were completely uprooted, and the vines which covered the Telephone Office were torn from the building.

There were also some humorous things that happened at Lunenburg as a result of Carol's rampage. One of these happened at the Lunenburg Golf Club where Charlie Young was teeing off on the eighth hole. He hit a ball which rose in the air, travelled about one hundred yards from him, suddenly stopped in mid air, and flew directly back over his head and into the woods.

Carol also caused damage in other parts of Nova Scotia. At the Annapolis Valley it caused a terrific amount of damage to the apple crops, and many farmers lost their whole year's crop.

The above are only a few of the things caused by Carol's visit to Nova Scotia and Lunenburg. Everyone will long remember this striking personality which visited us in September 1953. We hope that when one of her sisters comes visiting she will forget to stop at Nova Scotia.

ODD PRODUCTS MADE AT THE FOUNDRY

by Catherine Cook '53, Eric Eisenhauer '54

How many people of Lunenburg really know of the work done at the Lunenburg Foundry? How many people know of the odd products produced there? How many people having seen such things as lobster ashtrays, codfish ashtrays and dory ashtrays realize that these are just three of the souvenirs produced there? Anchor candlestick holders, seagulls, and Nova Scotia Emblems, door stoppers, oxen bookends and Bluenose bookends are also prominent in their production and a new arrival is the door knocker. These are all produced in brass in the moulding room with the exception of the door stopper and oxen bookends which are made of cast iron.

Knowing now that the Foundry produces these products, perhaps we would like to know who designed them. The lobster and codfish ashtrays came into being by the efforts of Messrs. Cyrus Morash and Ray Schwartz. The dory ashtray was designed as a tribute to "our fishermen" who risk their lives at dory fishing. The fireplace ashtray which is made in brass was designed by Mr. Allan R. Eisenhauer. Senator J. J. Kinley hit on an excellent idea when he designed the door knocker. One of these is awarded to the fisherman landing the largest tuna during the season. Other outstanding products are the dog door stoppers, which are ornaments made of cast iron and later painted. The oxen bookends and Bluenose bookends are also important products.

They are first patterned and constructed in wood. Casts are then modelled by Keith Nodding and Robert Tanner, and produced by the hundereds.

Perhaps the most appropriate feature of most of these products is the way their designs remind us of Lunenburg's dependence on the sea. The lobster and codfish are a reminder that Lunenburg is a fishing town and are quite an attraction to Americans who visit us yearly and have very little knowledge of the lobster fishing. This makes them more or less a novelty to the Americans. Another example of the use of a sea motif is the anchor candlestick holders and the Bluenose bookends which remind us of our famous Bluenose.

All of these products are evidence that imagination can be applied even to a firm which is proficient in boat repair and furnace construction.

FOR HEROIC SERVICE AT SEA

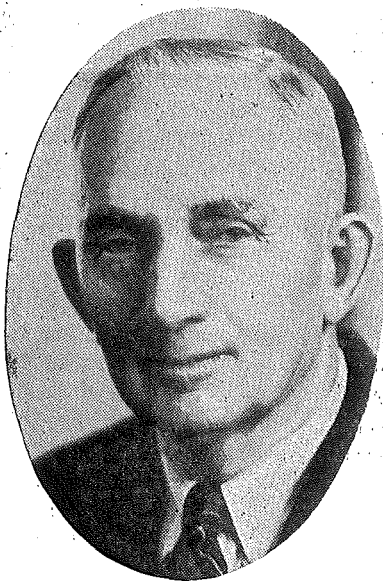
by Marjorie Allen '56

On February the twenty-first, in the year 1903, the schooner Muriel came out of Lunenburg harbour, spread her sails and headed south. Like others of her kind, she had spent a fishing season on the banks and now, with her catch landed and with a new coat of paint, she was at work again; this time freighting cargo to the West Indies.

The captain of the Muriel was John Walters or "Sonny" as he was generally called. Her mate was Angus Walters later to become the Captain Angus Walters of Bluenose fame. The crew consisted of four sailors and the cook. In her hold she carried a cargo of packed salt codfish.

A strong nor'west wind was blowing on that February day, and the vessel was sailing along nicely. Three days later she was in the Gulf Stream, and approximately three hundred miles from her home port of Lunenburg. The wind had now gradually shifted to the southeast, and developed into a strong breeze accompanied by heavy rain.

The storm continued, and, at midnight, it became necessary to shorten sail. The captain gave orders to "reef the mainsail", and the crew set to work. In the darkness and storm, the little vessel pitched and rolled about in the rough sea. A sea struck her. The main-gaff swung out, striking Capt. Walters and throwing him overboard. The crew wasted no time when they discovered the captain was missing. Picking up a dory, they threw it overboard.



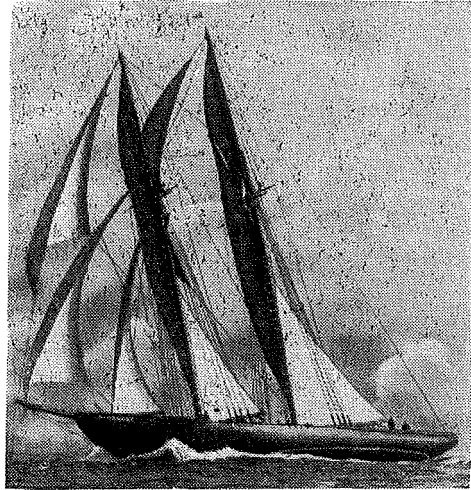
At the same time, two of the sailors Henry Allen and Paul Nowe jumped. The two men were in the dory when it struck the water. The vessel still under sail, and driven by the fierce wind, sailed on. In the darkness and rain, no trace of the Captain could be seen. With two pairs of oars but only one set of tholepins the two men in the dory made little headway. Taking the gleam made by the wake of the vessel as a guide, they rowed along.

An hour passed and the two men stopped rowing, looked and listened, but there was no sight or sound of the man in the water. Another half-hour more they rowed, when suddenly alongside the dory they saw the Captain's head above the waves. Captain Walters, a strong, healthy man and a good swimmer, saw the dory and called to the men for help. Henry Allen stuck out an oar which he grasped. In this manner they pulled him alongside. Paul Nowe stood up in the dory, and balanced it in the rough

seas while Henry Allen slipped a painter about the Captain and hauled him in. Then they tried to find the vessel.

During this time, one of the crew had turned the vessel and headed back in the direction in which the dory had gone. The men rowed for what seemed an endless length of time before they saw ahead of them the sidelights of the Muriel. Coming at last alongside, Captain Walters and the two men were quickly helped on deck. As the last man stepped out of the dory, a heavy sea struck the vessel rolling it down on the dory and smashing it to splinters. The rest of that night the Muriel hove to riding out the storm, and the next morning continued on her journey.

Eight days after leaving Lunenburg the Muriel arrived in the harbour of Ponce, Porto Rico. Discharging her load of salt fish, she took on a cargo of molasses and seven and a half days after leaving Porto Rico she sailed into Halifax harbour.



In Halifax an old sea captain came aboard the vessel, and the story of the voyage was told to him. Apparently he sent the story to the Government at Ottawa. In the autumn of the same year Henry Allen and Paul Nowe each received a silver watch from the government. The watch which is still in the possession of Henry Allen bears this inscription:

“Presented by the Government
of Canada to Henry Allen
of the schooner Muriel for
heroic service at sea.
21st of February 1903.”

BICYCLE TOUR OF PICTOU COUNTY

by Glenda Hall '55

On June 5, 1953, three other Lunenburg girls and myself motored to New Glasgow. Having shipped our bicycles to New Glasgow by train the previous day, we were coming here to join seven other girls and two leaders on a tour of "The Sunrise Trail." This was our first time to travel more than twelve miles on our bikes in one day. In a way we were not very anxious, because we hadn't had too much practise, and we felt we would not be able to keep up with the others. After checking in at the hotel and making our final arrangements, we turned in for a good night's rest.



Full of enthusiasm, the next morning, we immediately dressed and ate a good breakfast. We took our last looks at New Glasgow, until 12 o'clock, when we went to the C. N. R. Station to meet the other girls. Immediately we checked our tires, and arranged our luggage. Last of all we checked to see that our sponge seat covers were there.

At twelve-thirty, just as the people were going for their dinner, thirteen cyclists were making their way through New Glasgow's main street and out onto the highway towards Pictou. At Pictou we saw one of our old school friends - Marion Zinck. After chatting with her for fifteen minutes, we were ready to push off again to Caribou. The scenery was beautiful and the air was cool from Pictou to Caribou. This made our drive very interesting, except for the loosening of our luggage, which we had not yet conquered. We spent the night at "The Canadian Packer's Lobster Factory." Here we found that only one could speak English. The rest spoke French. After showing us our rooms, the manager took us to their dining room where they provided supper for us. We all went to bed as early as possible that night because we had 38 miles to cover the next day. One of our girls having been annoyed by some of our hosts below our window told them to "Scramez-mouche" very excitedly. This brought a big laugh to us and our friends who understood what she tried to say.

It was very foggy as we crawled out of our bunks the next morning. Some of the girls felt very sore and stiff. After eating our breakfast, cleaning our cabins, packing our luggage and listening to a couple "Scramey-mouches", we were soon on our way. We had not gone far when we discovered Lady Luck wouldn't be with us, because we had our first flat tire. Suddenly, it started to rain and blow very hard and we began to find all the huge

hills. We ate our dinner on a very kind lady's verandah. Because of the rain, wind and losing time, we did not go to the Malagash Salt Mines. At five-thirty we finally arrived at Tatamagouche. We were to spend the night at Central New Annan in the mountains. Two doctors took pity on us and drove us up in their cars.

When we arrived at the house, it was just like home. Immediately, we dried our clothes and got supper. Then we took it very easy and had a marshmallow roast before we went to bed.

The sun shone very brightly the next day, and at 7:30 a.m. you could hear, "Rise and Shine" coming from some early bird. By 9:30 the doctors had returned for us. We were very sorry to leave after seeing the woods and swimming pool with the sun shining on them. After getting our bicycles from the doctors' cellar, we immediately made our way towards Pugwash. We had not gone very far when we had a flat tire. With paved roads most of the way, we were able to make up the time that we lost. It was about six-thirty when we arrived in Pugwash. After buying our groceries for two meals and collecting our blankets for the night, we packed everything on our bikes where it was possible. We could not have carried another bobby-pin. In order to get to the Roman Catholic Girls' Youth Camp, where we were to spend the night, we had to travel like this for two miles on unpaved roads. It was not till nine o'clock that we ate our supper. By ten-thirty we were in dreamland.

At 6:30 a.m. bacon and eggs awaited us. With the sun shining brightly, we were ready to leave the camp at 8:15 a.m. Stopping off at Pugwash to return our blankets, we immediately started for East Amherst. It was not long after we struck the unpaved road that the same old tire went flat. A man nearby provided welcome assistance, and we got a free truck ride. It stopped raining by the time we were ready to leave. We were not long in reaching the New Brunswick border. The scenery was fine as we drove to East Amherst on unpaved roads for ten miles. The roads were so good that it only appeared to be five miles. We were to spend the night in an old lumber camp cook house. After supper everybody was busy making a "soft" bed on the floor of the old building. We all slept in one room on the floor between three blankets.

The sun shone very brightly as we crept out of our building one by one the next morning. Some were holding onto their backs and we were all complaining. After filling our "tummies" with pancakes, we were ready to move on to our next and final place.

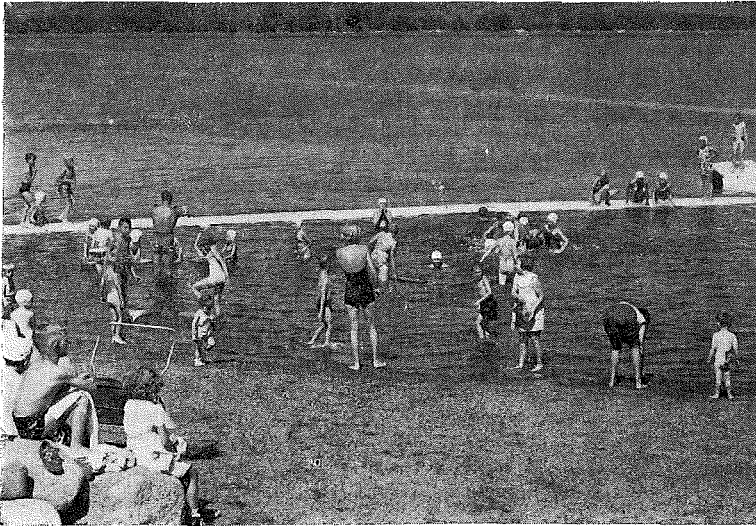
We had not yet gone a half a mile when the same back tire went flat. Tired of patching it we made the rider hitch-hike into Amherst for a new tube. Having picked up our girl in Amherst and done some shopping we set out for Minudie. The sun shone beautifully and the scenery was gorgeous. We had our dinner at, "The Nappan Experimental Farm" under a big apple tree. To make our dinner complete, we had "fresh" Jersey milk. Just before we decided to leave, the foreman came and asked us if we would like to see "The Farm." Having spent over an hour and a half touring "The Farm", we went to Joggins. Here we turned off on unpaved roads to the Ko-Uw-

Kamp. The roads were so bad in some places we thought we would never get there. We had to keep our eyes open, because it was a very tricky place to find in all the woods.

The girls were awaiting for us at the Kamp, and we immediately ate our supper. After chatting for a short while and eating cookies and drinking cocoa, we went to sleep. We had our own little cabins with a bed for everyone.

Everybody seemed to be in an extra good mood the next morning. Before breakfast most of the girls were ready to bicycle back to Maccan. After eating breakfast and getting the girls out of bed, we made our way to Maccan through Minnie. We did not come to any pavement until we reached River Hebert. Thus we made very good time upon striking the pavement. We had our last meal together in an open field near the Maccan C. N. R. Station.

After finishing our dinner, our leader bicycled back to Amherst, and the rest of us waited for our train. While we waited, we laughed and talked about our previous week's experience. Most of the girls hoped we would have a similar trip next year. All that the four Lunenburg girls could say was that they were glad they brought their "sponge seat covers."



Red Cross Swimming

THE JAZZ BAND

by Margaret Deal '56, Eugene Schwartz '56



One of the few bands which provides its audiences with laughs as well as music was started in 1927 by the late Mayor A. W. Schwartz. Its members consisted of Masonic Brethren. With the help of the late John Lohnes, the clown band was formed. Their first public appearance was at a Masonic Garden Party when they marched to the Blockhouse Hill to entertain the people.

Even the instruments of the band were exceptional. There were brightly painted imitation cornets, saxophones and victrola horns. Mr. Schwartz had these made at the Lunenburg Foundry by Theophilus Nauss and the late John Ethier.

During the next twenty years, the black faces and tin horns made their yearly appearance in the Exhibition parades at Lunenburg and Bridgewater. They also brought cheer to the shut-ins at Christmas time. At the death of Mr. Schwartz in 1946, the Jazz Band was discontinued but not for long.

When the Exhibition was started again in 1946, the group was reorganized as "The Lunenburg Foundry Jazz Band" consisting of twenty to twenty-five members under the leadership of Ray Schwartz. As the band gained popularity by playing for the sailors at Camp Major and at functions to raise money for the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, they became more widely known. Soon the band was playing for the Halifax Natal Day Parades. They were also called upon to play for the Queen's County Exhibition, Lunenburg county Exhibitions and Dartmouth Natal Day Parades.

During 1953 the Jazz Band travelled to Halifax to take part in the March of Dimes Program held in the Halifax Forum. The program was

opened with a grand march led by majorettes and the Jazz Band and followed by members of radio stations C. J. C. H. and C. H. N. S.

Then a hockey game was started by a small polio victim who the previous year had had to be carried to centre ice. This year he was able to walk with special supports. The Jazz Band also played a game of soft ball on the ice. At the close of this game, the boy was presented with the ball autographed by the members of the band.

The ladies of the radio stations played a game of hockey. During this game Ernest Smith and Robert Taylor added to the fun by playing with the ladies. At the close of the program the members of the Jazz Band were entertained at the Lord Nelson Hotel.

The Lunenburg Foundry Jazz Band with their wigs, painted faces and strangely shaped horns made at the Lunenburg Foundry Company are now a familiar sight throughout Nova Scotia. The "fun and frolic" they generate appeal to many, because man enjoys humor. As long as this is true, the Jazz Band will emerge occasionally from retirement.

EARLY NEWSPAPERS OF LUNENBURG

by Marguerite Conrad '54, Janice Haughn '54

During its history Lunenburg has had five different newspapers. The Progress, the first of these, was founded in 1876 by Mr. E. L. Nash. Fifteen years later, the Lunenburg Weekly Argos was established by Lieutenant Colonel C. E. Kaulbach. Two other papers were the Daily News (1900) and the Malagash News (1914), both founded by Mr. F. R. Morehead. During the first World War, these papers were amalgamated as the Malagash Daily News making the fifth of Lunenburg's newspapers.

The first location of the Progress was where Wong's Cafe is now situated. A few years later, Mr. Archie Knight bought the publication and moved it to the present location of the Royal Bank of Canada. The next owner of the Progress was Mr. Tom Howe who moved its office to the corner of King and Montague where C. H. R. Zwicker's store is now located.

In 1900 Senator Duff bought the Lunenburg Progress and the Bridgewater Enterprise, and amalgamated them to form the Progress Enterprise which is the name of the present paper. At the time of amalgamation, the location was on Montague St. It was not moved to its present office until 1904. During Senator Duff's ownership the editor was Mr. Peter Ross.

Then, in 1908, Mr. A. K. Maclean bought the publication from Senator Duff. During Mr. Maclean's regime the editors were Charles Fritz, V. M. Messenger, J. J. Wallis and Howard Hall. In 1917, Senator J. J. Kinley bought the paper, and formed the Progress-Enterprise Company Ltd. of which the Senator is still president.

Probably, the man to perform the longest service for the paper was Colonel C. E. Miller, who began his newspaper career when Mr. Tom Howe was owner in 1898. In 1900, after serving in the South African War

Colonel Miller returned to the newspaper office and served there until 1937 with the exception of five years. In 1937 he left the staff of the Progress-Enterprise to take over management of the Marine Hospital. Upon the appointment of Mr. H. R. Arenburg as manager, in 1918, C. E. Miller served as editor. When he resigned in 1937 Mr. Arenburg then acted as Managing-Editor until his death in 1940. Mr. D. J. Bourque then succeeded Mr. Arenburg as Managing-Editor of the paper.

The Weekly Argos was established in 1891 by Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Kaulbach. The paper was published by W. A. Lexton, and its first location was in the present residence of Bernard Walters in the Kaulbach Block. In 1893 the Argos was moved to the Hirtle building across from Kinley's Drug. In 1899 the Argos was moved to the Elie Hox building next to the former jail.

After Mr. Kaulbach's death, the Argos was bought by D. J. Rudolf who purchased it from the Kaulbach interests. In 1918-20 the Progress bought out the Argos.

The Daily News was the first daily newspaper to be published in Lunenburg. It was owned by the late F. R. Morehead. At first it was a small 9 x 12 four page sheet but it was later enlarged and for a number of years continued under Mr. Morehead's guidance. Working with Mr. Morehead at various times were C. E. Miller, Otto Haughn, Perley Oxner, Harold Knickle, Guy Smith and many others. Among the compositors still living are Mrs. Daniel Young, Mrs. Ernest Wright, Miss Bella Daniels and Mrs. Charles Lohnes.

Owing to business difficulties at one time, the paper was under different management with Mr. Morehead continuing as editor. Later Mr. W. B. Foster and the late D. J. Rudolf were associated with the paper and at this time a weekly was also published.

On August 4, 1914, the Malagash News, a very popular sheet, was first published. This was a 9 x 12 issue published by Mr. Morehead assisted by his son, Oswald, and his daughter, Marie, Mrs. Harvey Miller. The Malagash News was later enlarged and continued until 1918.

Owing to paper shortages and high costs, the Malagash News and Daily News amalgamated and continued business under the name of The Malagash Daily News. This was during the First World War.

However, in the early 1920's the Malagash Daily News split up and the Malagash News appeared as an independent paper under Mr. Morehead. The Daily News also appeared as an independent paper under the management of Mr. D. J. Rudolf.

In 1930, Mr. Morehead, editor of the Malagash News passed away. The little paper then continued to be published by his children, Marie and Oswald. In 1948 - two years after World War Two - the Malagash News ceased serving its many readers.

At the present time the Progress-Enterprise is Lunenburg's only newspaper. It is a weekly publication and is valued for its local news as well as its editorial comments on matters of interest to Lunenburg citizens. It also performs a service that no provincial paper could possibly perform.



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

by Betty Fralick '57

I remember the sun was shining that day, and the sea gulls were watching for a chance to swoop down upon their prey in the clear waters. This was their day.

I was down on the dock waiting for old Henry Shaw to come in with his passengers and the catch. I saw one of those city slickers go up to a fisherman leaning against a salt shed and smoking his pipe.

"Good morning old timer," says the stranger with a kind of smart aleck look on his face.

"Good morning to you laddy an' I'd be a-watching who I was calling an old man. Us old men have gone through enough in one day to make you city slickers have heart attacks, and any other ailment a real man never gets."

"No offence now," replies the stranger. "I was wondering if you could tell me where I could rent a boat to go out and do some fishing."

"Oh! mercy me, don't mean to tell me you call what you guys do fishing. Now when I was a younger lad I used to go with my brother Jack out fishing in an old dory my pa used to own. Well this here time we were a-fishing off the battery when all at once one of those quick breezes comes up and the swells were as big as one of those there skyscrapers. Well me and Jack we steadied ourselves in the old tub and when those mountains of water came towards us, we would lift the oars and kind of make an opening in the water and pa's dory would glide right through and it was like it wasn't any storm at all. But this one time Jack who was quite a strong fellow for his age sensed that our scheme wouldn't work. So he takes an oar, and standing up in the boat, looking like 'Casey at the bat', waits for the monster to come within hitting distance. He swings and hits the wall of water so hard that it turns and goes the other way, and heads toward the shore. Well you know ever since there's been a lot of bays and harbors hereabouts in Nova Scotia."

The stranger turning all the colors you've ever seen, walks away and you know I've never seen him go out fishing yet.

THE LADY IN WHITE

by Mark Knickle '54

It was flat calm that spring morning that John and Tom walked down to the shore. The two boys were brothers. John, being the older, owned the boat and fishing gear, while Tom was what you might call his shipmate.

"Now this is a fine mess," said John in a disgusted tone. "I guess I'll just have to row to Little Duck if I want to get there by the time the tide falls and catch the squid on the beach."

"Let me go," said Tom, "It won't take me much longer, and besides I always have to do the sitting around and waiting for the wind."

"O. K., she's all yours, but remember. No rowing in circles, you haven't got a hell of a lot of time as it is."

"Don't worry," said Tom with a laugh, "I'll make good time," and off he went across the cove, out through the pass and across the bay, his oars dipping and rising noiselessly in the water while the foam rose around the stem of the dory as it plunged into the swell. Indeed, Tom did make good time. Within an hour and a quarter he was rounding the point and entering the little cove.

He landed his dory on the western side of the cove and walked up the beach with his two buckets. The tide was three-quarters low, leaving a good number of squid lying around. Tom filled one of his buckets and carried it back to the dory, singing and humming to himself. Having done this, he began to fill his second bucket. At once he was aware of some strange sound coming from behind the big gray boulder. As he stood there wondering, out from behind the boulder came a woman, dressed in white, and lamenting as if she had lost her soul. Tom could feel the hair standing on the back of his neck. His face turned white, his eyes opened wide, and his lower lip dropped as he stood rooted to the ground. But he didn't remain there for long. As she walked slowly toward him, making those weird noises, he turned dead in his tracks and bolted toward the dory. As he rounded the point, he could see her standing on the beach at the water's edge, and then was lost to view. Instead of rowing toward the fishing grounds as John usually did, Tom turned toward home, rowing for all he was worth. He met John half way there and began to talk excitedly, telling him all about what he had seen and heard.

"Hold on now," said John, "take it easy and tell me what made you so white."

Tom told him the whole story, after he had calmed down, and needless to say, John found it kind of hard to believe.

"You must have eaten too much last night, Tommy, my boy," said John with a broad grin.

"But I tell you I did see her," said Tom excitedly, "It's not my imagination."

"O. K., don't get so excited. To prove that you're wrong, we'll both go over there tomorrow morning."

"Oh, no we won't," said Tom, "Nobody gets me on that crazy island again. I've had enough of ghosts for one lifetime."

John sat back trying hard not to laugh outright.

"What's the matter, scared you're going to be wrong?"

"Well, we'll go then," replied Tom, "but I know one thing, I'm going to take the gun along and the first thing that moves is going to get a load of buckshot."

The next morning there was enough wind to enable the boys to sail to the island. They anchored the boat in the cove and rowed to shore in the dory. Upon landing they walked up the beach, John ahead and Tom behind carrying a loaded gun. They looked behind the large boulder, or I should say, John looked, for Tom was still standing in the middle of the beach.

"See, I told you," said John, "there's no one here. Why there's not even a footprint in the dry sand up there."

Poor Tom, it set him to wondering, if he was beginning to see things or not.

Several days later, at four o'clock in the morning, the boys found themselves again becalmed and in need of fresh bait.

"I guess you wouldn't want to row over to Little Duck and pick up some squid, Tom, would you?" asked John with a broad grin on his face.

"You're damn happy tootin', I wouldn't" replied Tom. "You can go if you want to but I stay here."

As John cleared the shore he called back, "You better look under the sail, Tom. She may be there."

"Don't be too brave," went back the reply, "she may get you yet."

It was nine o'clock before the wind came strong enough to sail the boat out of the cove. As Tom rounded the islands, he saw a dory in the distance heading his way. As they drew closer together, Tom could see that it was John. The first thing that he said as he came alongside was, "I saw her, Tom, she was dressed in white and was bawling something awful.

"Let's go tell the others about it," said Tom. "Maybe they can do something."

"Now just what are they going to do with a ghost, especially a female one?"

"I don't know," replied Tom, "but they can't do much less than we did, because we just ran."

Well, the boys went to the other people and told what they had seen. As you might expect, all they got was jokes and laughter.

"There is no doubt about it," said some people, "The boys have flipped their lids and are gone stark raving mad."

The events that happened the following summer made people wonder if the boys were as crazy as they had first thought them to be. As the boats sailed past Little Duck they spotted a small sailing vessel. Thinking that it was in trouble, some of them sailed in toward it to offer their help. While they were still a good distance away they were fired upon and forced to sail out of range. The vessel remained there all day, showing no signs of life except an occasional cannon ball shot at some boat that ventured too close.

That night in one of the houses of the village, George Robar and a number of other men sat drinking and playing poker. Naturally, as one might expect, the small vessel was the chief topic of conversation. George, in more

or less a joke, said that he had a good mind to go out there and see what they were up to. This was at once picked up by some of the men and before long it had developed into a bet. Being half drunk, George, of course, was not going to take back what he had said and so at half-past twelve set out for Little Duck in a small dory.

The next day no news was heard from George. People began to wonder what had become of him. At last the men gathered together and went to the island to see for themselves what had happened. When they arrived, the first thing they noticed was that the cove was empty. Upon entering the cove and landing on the beach, they found to their surprise that the large boulder had been moved. To top all this off nothing could be found of George, not even the dory he had left in.

What happened to him? I don't really know. I suppose he could have fallen overboard, for he was half drunk. But then where is the dory? It should have floated to the shore, for the wind was in from the eastward. It could be that he and his dory were taken by the vessel. What was the vessel after? Could it be buried treasure? But there's one thing certain, they didn't move that boulder for nothing. What did the woman in white have to do with all this? Was she really a ghost? I don't know this either but there's one thing. No woman or any one else could live on that island without food.

I am afraid you will have to decide for yourself what the answers to these questions are, because frankly I don't know.



COMMON SCHOOL 1953

Easter Concert

THE CLIPPER

by Eric Levy '54

It was evening. Gathered around the rusty pot-bellied stove in the old shack was a very strange group of men - one old timer, the rest middle-aged men. I had come with a friend to while away the evening by listening to the old fellow tell yarns of "years ago."

The conversation changed from one topic to another. Finally, as is customary with such gatherings, each of them told his favourite ghost story. After several such stories, the big, husky, grey-bearded old man began his story.

"Forty-odd years ago, about the middle of November, there was a big southerly gale that lasted for several days. At last, the wind hauled around northeast and the clouds began to break. The moon was full. At times when the moon shone through a break in the clouds, it was as light as day; at others, it was pitch dark.

"About a half-mile to the eastward of Carey Rock, I saw"

"Not that one again," yawned one man. Standing up, he said, "It's time to leave . . . have to get up early tomorrow."

"Me too," added another.

Finally all were gone except the old man, my friend, and myself. My friend remained through his courtesy; I stayed because I was fascinated by the old man and wished to hear his story.

Suddenly, I remembered that this night was such a one as that which the old man had just described. The clouds were beginning to scatter over the sky. On the way to the shack, it had been very light for short intervals; at other times, I had had great difficulty in groping my way along the narrow path which led along the top of the cliff. More than once, I had tripped over a protruding rock, catching a spruce limb in the nick of time to prevent myself from coming to a quick death at the bottom of the cliff many feet below.

Although the other men had gone outside they did not leave for their homes. I could hear them making plans for the next day's fishing.

The old timer had not stopped his story - I do not believe that he knew his company had deserted him.

". . . the outline of a clipper. She was painted white and shone in the ghostly moonlight. Her three masts carried a full suit of square sails; the jibs puffed out in the northeastern breeze. In a few minutes she rounded the end of Vet's Reef and dropped anchor on the leeward side of the island. It struck me as being very strange that I could hear the chain slipping through the hawse-pipes when I was to the windward of the ship.

"I had heard my grandfather speak of a clipper which brought misfortune to our coasts. As I was not superstitious, I wanted to see for myself if there were any truth in his yarns. I was just a young fellow then; too curious and stupid for my own good. Launching a boat, I rowed around the

island. An interval of light showed me the exact position of the ship. Clinging to the yards, strange-looking men were lashing down the sails; apparently they intended to ride out the storm in the shelter of the island. After the last of them had slid down the rigging and disappeared from the deck, I took advantage of a cloud passing across the moon and drew nearer the ship. I could now see the details. She was well built and shaped for fast sailing — long and low. Her proud bowsprit pointed toward the north-eastern sky. Her masts were very tall and carried quite a bit of sail, rather much, I thought, for her size.

“Curious to find out her name and port, I searched the stern for names. They had been removed! A ship upon the sea with her names removed — could this mean mutiny? My curiosity kept building up. At last I could not restrain myself from looking into one of the port-holes. As I was about to do this, I heard a blood-thirsty scream. I had been sighted by the watch! Frantically, I tried to row away and take shelter in the darkness. As Fate would have it, at that particular moment the moon insisted upon shining with all its brilliancy. By this time several figures were scurrying over the deck. The ugly mouth of a cannon was pointed at my boat. There was a puff of black smoke; a flash of dazzling light!

“That’s the last I knew until I regained consciousness in the icy water. Somehow I managed to drift ashore, more dead than alive. I had a broken arm and many nasty cuts. Before”

“A sail! a sail!” came the shout from outside. The old man feebly got up from his chair and went to the window.

“There she is,” he muttered as he went outside.

By the time I got outside, I heard the creaking of oars between the tholepins.

“Hey! Come back!” yelled the old man, half-hysterically. “It’s no use. I guess that boys will be boys. They must find out for themselves not to meddle with ghosts,” he stammered as he staggered from the shore. “She comes here every year. Now and then some young fellow sees her and goes to investigate. It always ends in disaster. I can only hope they are as lucky as I was, and return alive”

—0—0—0—0—

As though these words had drained the old man of all his strength, at the door of his shack, he collapsed. He was dead

FEAR

by L. Van der Zwan '55

A foghorn moaned and disturbed the deathly silence of the night. Unsuccessfully the light of a lantern tried to pierce through the white blanket which had settled over the small industrial town after sundown. The streets were deserted, except for a few persons hurrying home. The creaking and shrieking of the machinery at the docks and piers had stopped; the shouts of the foreman had disappeared. Now, there only remained a lonely

watchman who stood on the side of a grey dirty building protecting himself against the chills of the night.

Pete stood alone at the wheel. Everyone had gone below. The chill sound of the continuously blowing ship's horn dazed him. His mind was not with the ship; it was shifting from one thought to the other—his hometown, fog, girl friend. Another hour, and the ship would have completed her "maiden voyage" which was pointing her bow to his home town. He heard the humming of the diesels and the motion of the machines steadied his thoughts. Was he afraid? Of what? It seemed to hang around him. Perhaps it was the ghost story the cook had told. No! He laughed at himself. He tried to fight back the fear clutching at his throat.

He concentrated on the world before him. Vaguely he saw the silhouette of the mast and the toplight which blended with the darkness. The stars were hidden tonight. On other evenings he had stood for hours watching the immense depth of the firmament. Afterwards he had felt dizzy and wondering what lay beyond. Without the glistening stars, the sky had lost some of its majestic grip. He was now enclosed in a narrow world and he felt lonely.

The wind had stopped its fierce attack on the ship. The tower high waves had been defeated by a thin layer of steel and by sweating bodies of men. Now Pete saw his enemy in the cold grey fog—in front, behind and beside him. His hands were wet with sweat as he gripped the steering wheel. Below, not many were asleep.

The illuminated dial of his watch stood at nine o'clock. If his calculations were right, in a few minutes time he should be able to hear the fog-horn. Only now he realized how dangerous the coast was! He was familiar with its rugged, inconstant coastline framed with blue-black boulders and cliffs rising high from the turbulent waters below. He knew the passages with their currents, the reefs which lay hidden under the surface of the water, ruffled by the soft summer wind, but, during storms, unmasked by white patches of foam. When he was younger, he had watched for hours the playful waves slash at the massive rock, and retreat, and attack again with a never ending spirit.

Now it was different. A black shapeless mass, darker than the fog, loomed before the ship. Unbelievably he looked at the compass. His eyes stood still, his hands were unable to move. Finally they gripped the alarm bell. Frantically he swung the wheel but it was too late. The ship struck with a grinding crash.

A sudden panic gripped him; his mind was confused. He stood there with the cold steel of the doorknob in his hand electrified by tumult, cries of men rushing to the lifeboats, rafts and belts. His senses returned when the last chance of hope disappeared over the railing. Desperately he cried out, but his frantic shouts were overwhelmed by the roaring rush of water into the bow of the ship. Through the breaking mist a glowing ball of fire appeared on the horizon. The cold icy waters closed over the deck of the ship and played around the mast. The sun greeted a new day.

LUNATIC AT LARGE

by David Mossman '55

It seemed to me that I was in some dark, tropical forest; at least that's what it looked like. The darkness of this strange place was as intense as that of the grave. The silence was broken only by the occasional scream of some strange bird of prey. The damp mists rising from the jungle floor resembled some finely woven curtain, shutting me off from the rest of the world.

What was I doing here?

Suddenly it all came to me, as I stared at the .38 calibre revolver which I held in my not-too-steady hand. I was helping capture Looney Louie, the insane convict, who had broken out of the prison on Devil's Island. It was he who happened to have the knack of breaking necks with the mere wrench of his hands. However, that was of minor importance. All guards had the order to shoot on sight as the prison was already "overloaded" and one less mouth to feed would be a welcome thought.

Louie already had a fine criminal record, having indulged in a series of house-breaking episodes which had culminated in a bank robbery involving millions. Having been captured after an extensive search, he was confined to the Devil's Island prison.

In his fantastic break for freedom, Louie had broken the necks of five prison guards. He certainly was a "rough neck". Furthermore, he couldn't have had a very good imagination for if he did break out successfully he would still have had a ten mile swim to shore.

"This jungle is certainly a spooky place!" I muttered to myself, as I groped my way through a tangle of vines and foliage. I could hear sounds of the other guards beating the brush, and I had consolation in the fact that there were others in the same predicament as I.

With the thought of approaching night, my hopes were raised. The search would have to be discontinued.

In memory, I reviewed the description of the wanted man as published in the "Daily Devil", which reads as follows: "Be on the lookout for Looney Louie, insane convict, in his late forties: thick-set, black hair, green eyes, long arms, and having the general appearance of a gorilla."

The thought of "meeting up" with him cheered me not a bit and when a twig snapped behind me, I whirled around like lightning, holding my gun in readiness. There in front of my eyes stood no, it wasn't Louie, but just a small jungle animal somewhat resembling a deer.

Extremely relieved, I decided to start back to the prison. I took a short cut through a swamp - if you could distinguish it from the rest of the under-

growth. Upon reaching higher ground I perceived a number of men running across a clearing below me.

- - A series of shots rang out - -

"Ah," thought I, "at last they got him. I suppose it's safe to appear on the scene now." I ran quickly down the slope to join the would-be captors.

Then and only then I saw a horrible apparition running toward me. It was Looney Louie, bullets buzzing all around him. Straight for me he ran - -

Raising my gun, I pulled the trigger. "No go! Great Jehosophat! I forgot to load it."

Louie was on top of me by this time, his hairy hands closed around my neck. Down the slope we rolled. Suddenly we hit bottom. Louie disappeared and I sat up bewildered. I had fallen out of my bed while having this horrible nightmare.

Rising and picking up the book, "Life on Devil's Island", I replaced it on the book shelf, turned out the light, all the while resolving that my encounter with Looney Louie was much too terrifying to renew.



Booth - N. S. Fisheries Exhibition

MR. DANIEL E. YOUNG

by Nancy Zinck '55

In January, 1954, Mr. D. E. Young retired as manager of the Lunenburg Foundry after fifty years of service in that company, twenty-five of them as manager. His son Charles now holds that position, but the elder Young is still there as a consultant.

He was born on February 15, 1880 at Martin's Brook, Nova Scotia. His parents were Israel and Johanna Young. At the age of five, Mr. Young started school at Martin's Brook and continued there for several years. He helped his father on the farm in the summer, and went to school in the winter. In his spare time, he also learned the use of his father's tools in his workshop.

When Mr. Young entered the Foundry at the age of nineteen, he took a course in Mechanical Engineering from the International Correspondence School. At the same time he learned the trade of Pattern making in the Pattern Shop at the Foundry. During the three years that he worked in the Foundry, Mr. Young walked or bicycled up and down to Martin's Brook every day.

After working in the Foundry for three years, Mr. Young left and went to Amherst where he became a Pattern maker of steam-engines in the Cobb Engineering Company. When work became slack there, three years later, Mr. Young went to Montreal and worked in the Pattern Shop of Canadian Allis-Chalmers. About a year later when things improved at the Cobb Engineering Company, Mr. Young returned to Amherst.

During his absence from Lunenburg, the Foundry had burned down. In 1907, when the Foundry was being re-organized, Mr. F. C. Rockwell asked him to take a share in the company and help to get it started. Thus he returned to Lunenburg, and became a Pattern maker in the newly built Foundry. His job then was to design and make a pattern for ship machinery and when the company went into the manufacturing of two cycle gasoline engines, Mr. Young designed them.

As the company was interested in building a small diesel engine, the firm sent Mr. Young to the Drafting Room in Montreal during the winter of 1925-26 and he worked on the design of this engine. When Mr. Rockwell died, Mr. D. H. Eisenhauer became manager of the Foundry and Mr. Young became supervisor, but he still continued with designing. After Mr. Eisen-



hauer died in 1929, Mr. Young became manager, and he held this position up until he retired in 1954.

In 1910, Mr. Young married Hilda Bachman of Lunenburg, and they lived in the house Mr. Young had purchased in 1908. They still live there today. They had four children, Charles, Alice (Mrs. Dougald Burke), Marion (who died at the age of four), and Roy who was killed in World War II.

During the many years that he has lived in Lunenburg, Mr. Young has always had a great interest in sports. In his younger days he played hockey, baseball, and did some boxing. Now he is an ardent fan of these sports. At the age of fifty, he learned golfing and is still a very active player. He is also one of the charter members of the Curling Club, and it might be added that on Boxing Day 1953, Mr. Young played golf in the morning and then curled in the afternoon - a feat, I'm sure, not too many of us in Nova Scotia have accomplished.

Mr. Young is a very active member of the United Church in Lunenburg and he is now an Elder of that church and a member of the male choir. He also served a term on the Town Council and was on the School Board.

THE MAN WHO MAKES OXEN

by Kevin Crouse '57, Jackie Tobin '55

The popularity of the Lunenburg oxen, which have found their way to all parts of the world, was originally started as a hobby by Mr. Amos Crouse, a well-known blacksmith and gunsmith. His hobby and blacksmith shop have been taken over by his son, Mr. St. Claire Crouse.

The idea was suggested to Mr. Crouse when many people wanted oxen to put under their Christmas trees for winter scenes. The first pattern was made from a child's toy, a cow. Then the mold was taken off an ox, and has been used ever since. The oxen are patterned in a sand mold, made into two halves. Afterwards, they are cleaned up and soldered together. The horns are put on, and the process is completed.

The horns are made of copper so they can be shaped easily with pliers. Now the oxen are ready for painting. First, two coats of body paint, black or red-brown, and then two coats of white. Then the yoke is cast of lead so it can be shaped. Mr. Crouse's father carved the yoke, but the son finds it too slow, and they would break too easily. Also the brass jack chain of soft brass is added; three links will make ordinary yoke chains. Tire tape is then shaped



to represent the brass ornaments that used to be brass pieces in parades. The

bell strap is also made of tire tape with the metal buckle on top. The bell is made of light gauge tin and is also shaped by pliers.

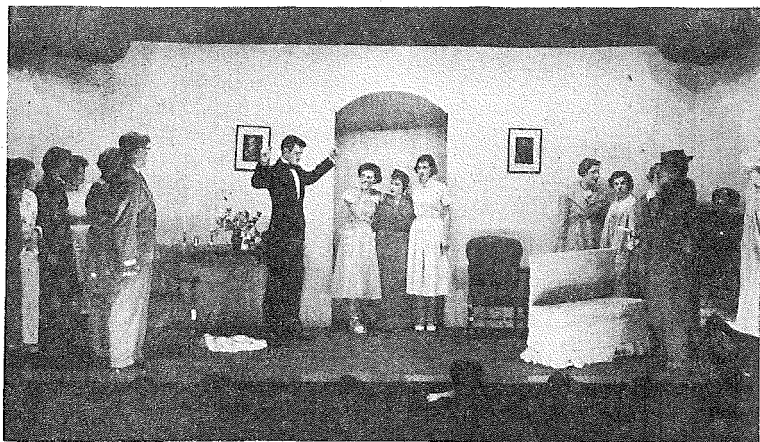
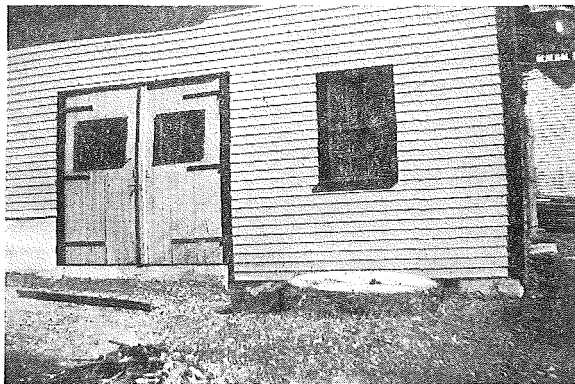
Now the final step is to cut a stand out of oak, which is later stained. To complete this step, felt is applied to the bottom and fastened with five-eight inch nails.

All the oxen are made of lead either in pairs, singly, or as book ends. The large pair weigh about four pounds, and the small pair two pounds.

Mr. St. Claire Crouse left school at sixteen, and has worked for thirty-four years in his father's shop. His work varies a great deal, but mainly concerns farm implements, specializing in trolley carts, orthopedic blacksmith work for crippled children, and supports and braces of different patterns. In addition he repairs dragger equipment.

His oxen are displayed at Himmelman's Jewellery. He also has connections in Yarmouth, Hunt's Point, and New Brunswick. The busiest times of the year are July, August, September and at Christmas. Some of Mr. Crouse's work has found its way as far as Norway and South America.

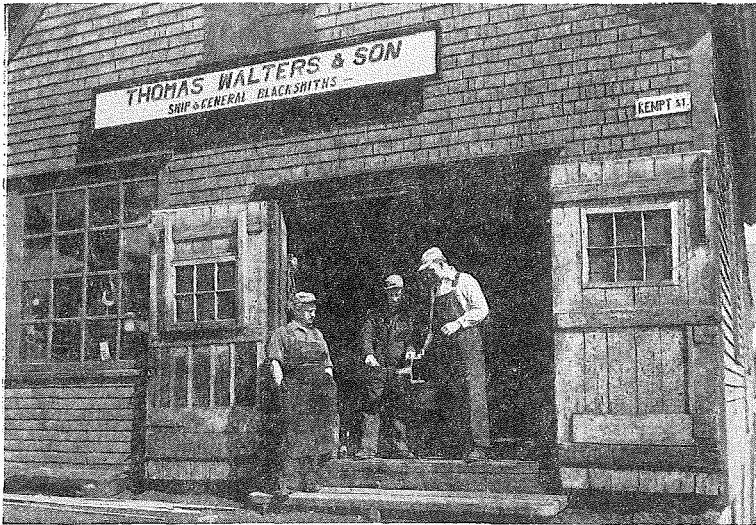
The shop was built in 1908 by Amos Crouse. It is still almost the same as it was at that time, although it has been enlarged, and there have been some changes in equipment. Thus Mr. St. Claire Crouse has continued the hobby and paying occupation of his father.



Operetta Scene

THE VILLAGE SMITHY

by Andrew Bald '56, Rochelle Winaut '56



In 1879 a thirteen year old boy by the name of Thomas Walters left his home at Rum Point, a neck of land stretching out into our beautiful Back Harbor. He came to the town of Lunenburg to work as an apprentice in the blacksmithing business with Mr. William Selig. Mr. Selig was then doing a general business consisting of horse and ox shoeing, wagon and sleigh ironing, and a small amount of shipwork.

After Mr. Walters had completed his trade, he decided to go fishing on the Grand Banks, off the coast of Newfoundland. For nine years he went fishing during the summers and worked at his trade during the winters. His main purpose in doing this was to watch the wear and strain on the ironwork of ships, caused by the wind pressure on the huge sails. This enabled him to reinforce his ironwork where it was needed. His knowledge of ironwork soon brought him and his employer a flourishing business.

Having decided to go into the business for himself, he built a blacksmith shop and opened the business on September 25th, 1893. Although few vessels were being built at this time, Mr. Thomas Walters could see a bright future for himself.

Afterwards, when there was an increasing number of vessels being built, the staff was increased. Later his son, John, came into the business, first learning his trade, and afterwards becoming a partner with his father, Thomas.

They worked together in the business for many years, always giving satisfaction to the customers, and earning an excellent reputation for themselves. They forged, galvanized and completed ironwork for hundreds of vessels, including the famous schooner "Bluenose." Although put to severe tests in her racing career, the ironwork backed by the experience of these men, stood the test well.

On December 21st, 1936, Thomas Walters, at the age of seventy, died, and his son, John, then carried on the business.

Meanwhile, the fishing business was increasing rapidly until it reached a fishing fleet of about 118 sailing schooners. As time went on and things became more modern, John Walters saw the need of electric acetylene welding and cutting equipment. His son, Vernon, having taken a course at Technical School in Halifax, entered the business as a welder.

Up to the present time this business can boast of "ironing" at least 300 vessels of various types from square riggers to long liners. Every vessel, amounting to 232, built by Smith & Rhuland, was "ironed" by this firm. This blacksmithing establishment is now known as "Thomas Walters & Son."

As the poet of old said, - "There must be something fascinating about the rhymes, lights and shadows of a blacksmith shop and the business involved therein". This must be true because the third generation is now working in this same old shop built in 1893.

THE TROUT MAN

by David Collins '54, Eben Stevens '55

Spencer Stevens, first commercial trout farmer in Canada, lives in Martin's Brook, Lunenburg County. Before Mr. Stevens started his Trout Farm he made various attempts at other occupations. In 1927, Spencer decided to take up mink farming. He started to experiment with two or four mink which he increased to 4500 by 1939. Because of the difficulties brought on by the Second War, he had to curtail large scale production. His first Mink farm was on Second Peninsula, but later it was moved to an ideal location in Martin's Brook. Because of the difficulty of getting feed for his mink, he had to go almost completely out of business. After his fur line was discontinued, he went into the lumber business. Along with his lumber business, he went into cucumber farming shortly after 1941. His main market was in Halifax, where he used to take two truck loads a week. Besides his lumber and cucumber business, he raised two thousand hens.

When Spencer lived on Second Peninsula he dug a pond with varying depths of water, which he had penned off with a certain number of trout in each pen. This was just a sideline. This was, however, the beginning of his trout experimenting, which later on led to his fame in the trout business.

When he moved to his new farm, he had a stream running through his property, which made it ideal for the raising of the fish. There are now two ponds in full scale production. During the tourist season, he has six to nine thousand trout, that is large trout (over 8 inches). Spencer, at intervals, orders as many as 40,000 small trout.

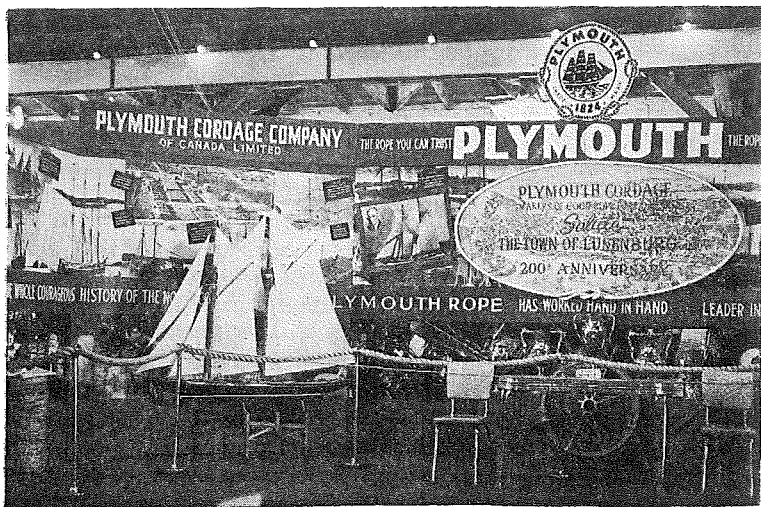
The Trout Man received permission to sell trout in 1948. At present, he is trying to get rainbow trout. He thinks that he may start experimenting with salmon, but is not yet certain.

In 1936 Spencer married Vivian Rafuse, who lived at Martin's Point. They now have a family of four. Spencer, along with the help of his wife,

built up a business which is well known in Canada and many parts of the United States.

During the summer many tourists visit Trail's End Ranch to enjoy fly and bait fishing. Can't you imagine yourself driving through the country on your vacation, and not having much to do. You have money to spend, and you want to do some fishing. Here and there you see a lake, but, you wonder, are there many fish in the lake. You don't want to sit for a week to catch one fish so you keep on driving. Finally you come to a sign which says "Come and fish for trout, you are sure not to go home empty handed." You drive to this ranch, and see if the sign means what it said. To your surprise, you see various other people fishing and enjoying themselves. You introduce yourself to the owner, and tell him what you want or came for. At once, he supplies you with a fishing line and bait. Calmly, but really excited you sit down to fish. Gently you throw your line in the pond. Expecting a bite and a fish right away, you're disappointed. You sit there fifteen minutes, but suddenly you have a bite. You haul your line in, and find that you caught a beautiful trout, truly 18 inches long. Proudly you get up and pass the owner his fishing tackle along with a dollar for the trout. You think the trout was worth more than a dollar, so you drive off hunting for a place to stop and eat your fish.

This is the way Spencer pleases his customers. His politeness, along with his eagerness to help his customers has made him famous. The people of Nova Scotia, especially Lunenburg, should really be proud of this man who provided the main course at the State Dinner by the Province of Nova Scotia when the Royal Couple were at Halifax in November, 1951. It was reported the Princess (as she was then) enjoyed the trout from Trail's End Ranch. Thus the trout from Spencer's commercial pond have become famous throughout Canada and part of the United States.



N. S. Fisheries Exhibition

THE FIRST AID MAN

By Claire Bailly '55, Malcolm Keddy '55

Previous to 1930, First Aid was practically unknown to Lunenburg. From then on, there was First Aid to the injured carried on under the supervision of the Saint John's Ambulance Society.

The first classes in First Aid were started in the Lunenburg Foundry in 1930 where Mr. Ewen Smeltzer began his career in the subject. Mr. Smeltzer now holds two First Aid certificates, a medallion, two labels and a Service Pin from the Order of St. John. He also received a Priory Vote of Thanks from His Excellency Governor-General Alexander of Tunis for furthering the work of the Order in Nova Scotia.

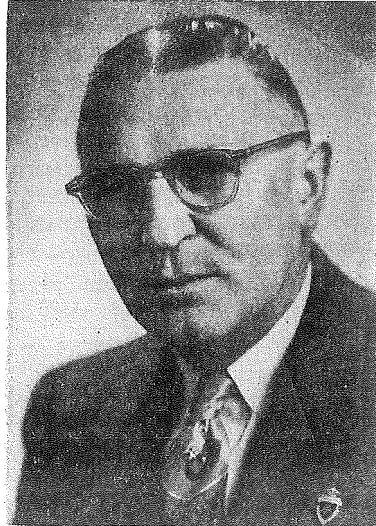
Mr. Smeltzer was born at Rous' Brook in 1894. During the next six years, he lived in Lunenburg and its vicinity. He then moved to Hobson's Island where his father was light-keeper for twelve and a half years. His father administered first aid to the people on the island.

In the year 1912, Ewen moved to Gorhams Point (Second Peninsula) where he lived for approximately six years. While living here his occupation was fishing. His final move was to Lunenburg where for twenty-nine years he was employed by the Lunenburg Foundry. At the present time, he manages his own grocery store in Lunenburg.

During World War II, Mr. Smeltzer instructed classes in First Aid, and acted as administrator for them. He also instructed students of the Navigation School in First Aid. Of all the services Mr. Smeltzer has contributed to Lunenburg in the past years, his work at the Community Centre should be emphasized. As a free will offering his constant attendance there is a community service of great merit.

The First Aid Post at the Community Centre has been in operation for approximately eleven years. The First Aid Man attends skating and hockey sessions regularly, and First Aid is administered to the injured by him or his assistants, Mr. Reginald Melanson and Miss Janice Haughn, Lunenburg is one of the few rinks in Nova Scotia that has a full-time voluntary First Aid Post. This service is appreciated by outside hockey teams who have played in the Lunenburg rink, and also by people who have been injured.

During the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, the post is operated under the supervision of Mr. Smeltzer and a staff of nurses from the St. John's Ambulance at Halifax. Also during the Bicentennial Celebrations held in Lunenburg, Mr. Smeltzer attended all events to give First Aid. Much of



the success of a community depends upon the voluntary services of its citizens who contribute their skill and knowledge for its welfare. Mr. Smeltzer's work in Lunenburg is a fine example of service in a town noted for the cooperation of its citizens.

MR. ANGUS BECK

by Ann Crouse '56

Mr. Angus Beck has long been known for his love of horses. During his years of trucking, he had in all, fifteen horses. Mr. Beck took great care in selecting these horses and took great pride in them. His last horse which he had for fourteen years, was named Harry. It was a very familiar sight to see Mr. Beck going up and down the streets with "Harry" and his wagon.

Mr. Angus Beck was born on the outskirts of Lunenburg on June 7, 1874. He attended school in the rural district of North West.



When Mr. Beck was fourteen, his father purchased the milk route of William Crooks. He then assisted his father on the farm, and delivered milk to the townspeople daily except Sunday for almost twenty-three years. During this period only two deliveries were missed, because of roads blocked with snow. This farm is the one now occupied by Willis Falkenham at Lily Dale.

In October 1911 Mr. Beck moved to the town, and it was then that he began the trucking business. The greater part of his work was done on the waterfront carting supplies for fishing vessels sailing out of W. C. Smith & Co., Ltd. He also delivered freight from the Railway Station - in fact, every day brought a variety of work.

Although trucking is considered to be a hazardous occupation, Mr. Beck had only two serious accidents. In each case the horse was frightened, and both horse and man fell over the wharf. Luckily through the efforts of the workmen on the scene, both man and horse were rescued, and were none the worse for their dip.

Mr. Beck retired from his work in November of 1952. He is now enjoying retired life at his home. He is a very jolly and pleasant man with whom to talk:

MR. EDWIN COOK

by Marion Iversen '55, David Young '57

Mr. Edwin Cook of Lunenburg is a man who has led a double life, but not in the bad sense of the word. For several years, he went fishing on the Grand Banks. Then he settled down and became a commercial traveller in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

Edwin Cook was born in Lower Rose Bay in 1873, one of Mr. and Mrs. Elkanha Cook's thirteen children. He is the only one of the family living today.

During the earlier part of his life Mr. Cook attended the Rose Bay School. After finishing school, he went fishing, on the Grand Banks for twelve years. During his twelve years of fishing, his ship rescued the crews of two vessels. The first vessel was one of our fishing schooners which was swamped because of a bad storm. On his last trip he picked up a crew of twelve men and a dog from a German barque "Der Wonder" and landed them at Halifax. There was a high wind that day but it was clear so the Germans were sighted quite easily. For this noble deed, the rescuers received ten dollars from Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, and also a letter of gratitude.



One incident Mr. Cook noticed was that some of these Germans had the name of Schwartz and Mosher which are familiar names in our town.

After years of fishing, Mr. Cook spent two years as a marine engineer on the La Have Packet, which ran between Halifax and La Have. This ship contained the first marine engine in Nova Scotia which came from Detroit. The Packet ran a daylight schedule, but it went in fog, rain and winds which came up along its route.

Then Mr. Cook worked for one year with the Atlantic Fish Company, and travelled extensively in Cape Breton. For the next forty-eight years, Mr. Cook was a commercial traveller. First, he worked for Wentzell's Limited and then it was reorganized as Howard's Limited. He covered some of the South Shore Counties in Nova Scotia. In the east his territory extended as far as Hubbards and East Chester and in the west Shelburne, New Germany, and other places on that route such as Liverpool.

He retired in 1953 and now can look back over his past, thinking of the trips he made to the West Indies, Port of Spain in Trinidad, Pontz in Porto

Rico and also the voyages on the schooners to New York and Boston.

In 1901 Mr. Cook took the former Miss Flora Arenburg as his wife. For seven years they lived in Rose Bay. In July 1910 they moved to Lunenburg, where they are now residing. Mr. and Mrs. Cook had two daughters Isabel and Nina who are now living in the States. They also have three grand-children.

RAY SILVER

by Ruth Mills '55, Kevin Crouse '57

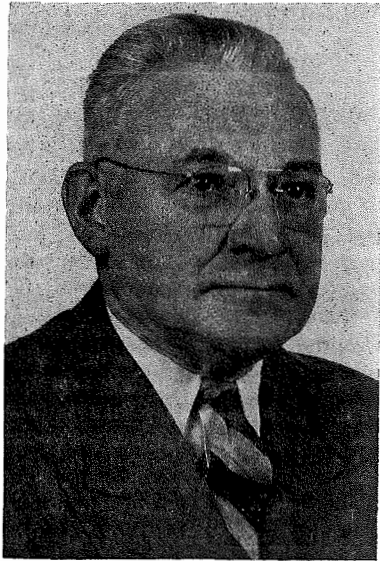
Mr. Ray Silver is one of Lunenburg's musical citizens. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Silver, and was born in Lunenburg in 1884. As a young boy Mr. Silver went to the Old Academy on the Parade Square. When it burned, he went to school in the building near the Royal Bank of Canada with Miss Lorna Kaulback as his teacher. Later, he went to the new Academy where he continued his studies.

He left school and worked for his father for five years. Later he went to Saint John, N. B., and travelled the Maritime provinces for Frank Skinner and Company for two years. In a few years he left for Boston, and travelled for the Shannon Bros. Ltd. with a line of millinery. He travelled the New England States for eight years. In 1910 he married Miss Nonie Hebb of Boston.

Mr. Silver returned to Lunenburg to take over his father's business in 1914. Soon after this a male quartet was formed with A. G. G. Hirtle, W. A. Whynacht, Roy M. Whynacht and Mr. Silver who sang Tenor. Mrs. W. A. Whynacht was the pianist.

Next, a Mixed Quartet was formed consisting of Mrs. G. O. Baker, Mrs. B. G. Oxner, W. A. Whynacht, and Mr. Silver as Tenor. This group worked together for eight years. They sang at the opening of the Pines Hotel, at Digby, and of the Capitol Theatre, at Halifax. In addition, they performed before six thousand people at the Public Gardens in Halifax for the Sunshine Camp.

Besides his participation in quartets, Mr. Silver took a very active part in Operas. He sang the tenor role in "The Chimes of Normandy", "Pirates of Penzance" and "Fra' Diavolo", all of which were presented on the Hali-



fax Stage as well as in Lunenburg. In all he practised two days a week for eight years.

He was also active in band and orchestra work. He was a member of the old "Civilian Band", the "Juvenile Band", the "Seventy Fifth Band" and an orchestra conducted by R. C. S. Kaulbach. When he gave up playing he donated his clarinet to the present "Citizen's Band."

Another activity in which Mr. Silver was keenly interested was track. He and W. A. Whynacht were the first to enter the "Halifax Herald and Evening Mail" road race around Halifax. Later he took a great interest in curling. He has attended the International Bonspiel at Quebec and still spends many evenings at the Curling Rink.

Mr. Silver has contributed a great deal to the musical life of Lunenburg in the past. Today when anyone mentions the operas he sang in, his eye sparkles and his interest kindles.

THE HONOURABLE ROBERT H. WINTERS

by Mary Titus '54

After the 1953 Canadian General Elections, Robert Winters was appointed as Minister of Public Works in the Liberal government. Mr. Winters, born in Lunenburg in 1910, was first elected to parliament as representative of the Liberal party for the constituency of Lunenburg-Queens in Nova Scotia. For the past few years, he had held the position of Minister of Resources and Development.

During the time he held this office, he gained the admiration of many Canadians. As a result of his excellent work, he now holds a much higher position. As Minister of Public Works, he is responsible for the Canso Causeway, the development of the St. Lawrence Seaway project, and many other important works.

With all his ambition and eagerness, the future can only bring more success to him. The people of Lunenburg County are proud to have Mr. Winters as one of their citizens and as their representative in the Federal House.



EX-INSPECTOR M. O. MAXNER, M.A., B.PAED.

by Jeanette Walters '55

On August 31, 1952, Mr. Maxner retired after forty-six years of service as Teacher and School Inspector. At this time his colleagues presented him with an engraved silver plate in recognition of meritorious service as Inspector of Schools. The presentation was at a banquet in Bridgewater.

Due to the scarcity of teachers last year, Mr. Maxner took the Principalship of the two-department school at Martins River, Lunenburg Co., N. S., which immediately brought him out of retirement for a year. In January 1954, he went to Western Shore to substitute for a teacher who had to have an operation. Apparently, Mr. Maxner cannot remain long from the classroom.



JOAN FRALICK

by Shirley Gaulton '56

Joan Fralick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley Fralick, was born in Blue Rocks in 1932. Joan received her education at Lunenburg Academy, from which she graduated in 1950 with her Grade XII certificate.

In September of 1950, Joan began training at the Victoria General Hospital School of Nursing in Halifax. She graduated in September of 1953 with honors. In the following month, she wrote her Registered Nurses examinations. As a result, she won the "Department of Urology" prize, for highest mark in this subject.

In November of the same year Joan started work in Lunenburg Fishermen's Memorial Hospital, where she is now nursing



ERNEST ZINCK

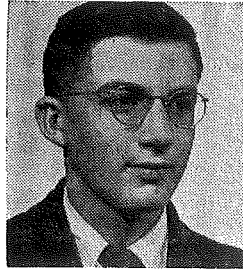
by Marguerite Conrad '54

Ernest Zinck, son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Zinck, Riverport, graduated from the Lunenburg Academy in 1953.

Ernest excelled in his studies, especially in the field of Mathematics. While he was in Grade XII he served as Business Manager of the Sea Gull, and was a member of the Curling Team.

Last summer Ernest won a \$400. Mathematical Scholarship offered for Nova Scotian students by the Canadian Mathematical Congress. He won this by writing a competitive examination open to students from the entire province.

Ernest is now employed at the Fisheries Experimental Station at Halifax. He intends to go to college in the near future, and we are certain he will be very successful in his future studies and career.



BETTY DAUPHINEE

by Barbara Falkenham '54

Betty belonged to the 1953 graduating class. A girl who was always willing to do her part in school activities, she was co-editor of last year's Sea Gull. A very good sport in school, she took part in a number of activities, such as basketball, choral club and drama club. In 1952 Betty won the cup for the best actress in the South Shore Drama Festival. Throughout her school training, Betty was always among the honor students.

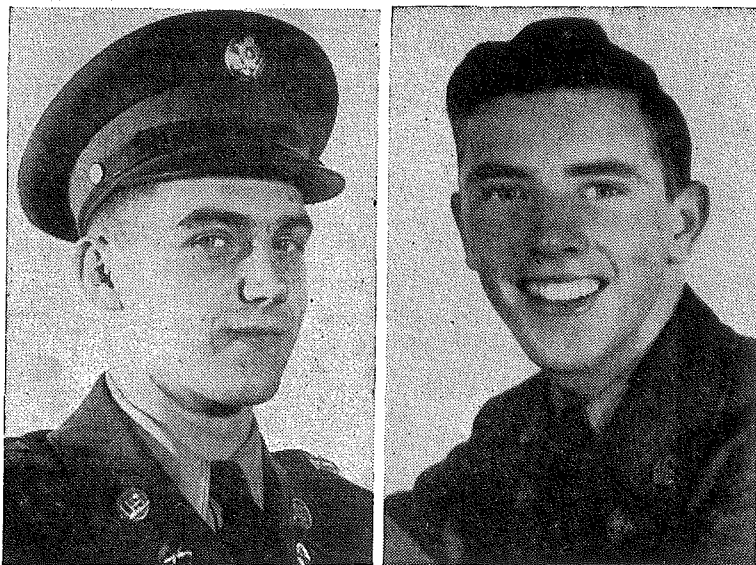
Now Betty is furthering her studies at Wittenburg College in the U. S. A. where she is majoring in History. She has made the Feature Staff of their college newspaper, the Torch. In this work Betty must write articles every week. She is considered a foreign student, and belongs to the Cosmopolitan Club. Because of that fact, she must make a number of speeches about Canada to various organizations. Betty is hoping to make Alpha Lambda Delta, which is a girls' honorary society.



Beside her activities, Betty has much studying to do. She says one thing she is grateful to High School for is that it has taught her how to work. She only appreciates it now when she sees a number of students dazed by their homework. Because they did so little studying in High School, they are at an absolute loss for a method to go at the job, as well as lacking the determination to work.

KOREAN WAR VETS AT UNIVERSITY

by Janet Crouse '54

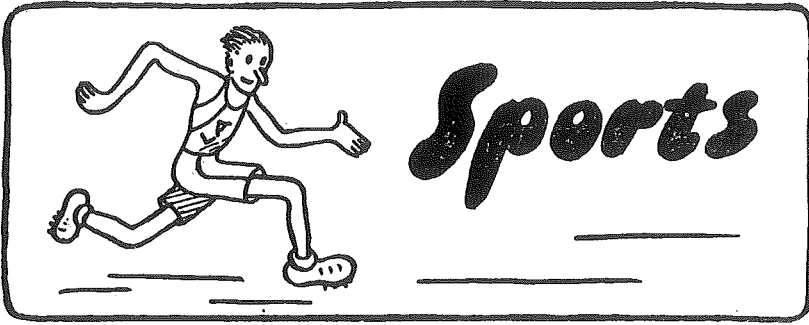


Philip Tanner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Tanner of Lunenburg, and Kingsley Ellis, son of Mrs. Charles Humphrey of Worcester, Massachusetts, began college life this year after their final year at the Academy.

When Philip and Kingsley left school in 1949, they enlisted in the United States Army. Their three years military enlistment included eight months in Korea.

In 1952, on the advice of the Personnel Director of Northeastern University, the boys returned to Lunenburg Academy to take Grade XII as a refresher course. This year proved very useful to them. In 1953 Philip and Kingsley took up the study of engineering at Northeastern University.

The class of '54 wish them both success in their studies.



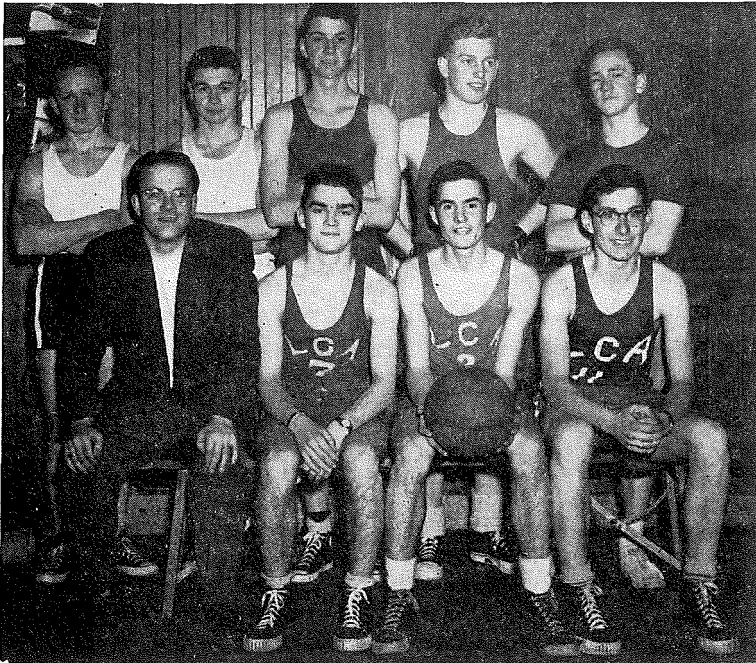
by Eric Eisenhauer '54, Janice Haughn '54

1953

March 6 - 7—Basketball Tournament at Bridgewater.

March 6—Lunenburg Intermediate boys were defeated 44 - 23 by Liverpool.

March 7—Lunenburg Intermediate boys 58, Bridgewater 32.



Front row (l. to r.)—Ian Campbell (Coach), D. Collins, C. Uhlman, R. Knock.
Back row—J. Liiva, M. Knickle, R. Stevens, M. Stevens, D. Mossman.

Lunenburg Intermediate girls lost both games to Bridgewater and Liverpool by scores of 27 - 19 and 22 - 8 respectively.

March 7—High School Intermediate Hockey team was victorious by a score of 15 - 8 over Chester Basin High.

March 28—Skating meet held at arena between schools from Chester Basin, Bridgewater, Lunenburg. Bridgewater emerged victorious by defeating Lunenburg 58 - 46.

April 17—Four basketball games were played against Liverpool, both teams winning two games.

	L'burg	L'pool.
Junior girls	18	8
Junior boys	13	24
Intermediate girls	25	22
Intermediate boys	46	67

May 23—In a driving rain storm a track meet was held in Lunenburg. Despite the rain all events were run off and the South Shore was well represented at Acadia.

Class A Boys B'water 91, Lockport 61.
Hubbards 3, Liverpool 3.

Class B Boys B'water 61, Lockport 57.
Shelburne 53, Hubbards 22½.
Liverpool 11.



INTERMEDIATE GIRLS

L. to R.—A. Cook, P. Corkum, M. Conrad, G. Hall, A. Hebb, Miss P. Westhaver (Coach), N. Zinck, M. Deal, J. Haughn, B. Falkenham (C), S. Corkum.

Class C Boys Shelburne 52, Lockport 43.
 Lunenburg 25½, B'water 9, Liverpool 7½.
 Class A Girls L'burg 37½, Liverpool 28½, Lockport 19½,
 B'water 16½.
 Class B Girls Hubbards 40½, Liverpool 24, Lockport 17½.
 B'water 14, Chester 1.

May 17—Baseball game played in Lunenburg, saw Lunenburg victorious by a score of 7 - 3 over Bridgewater.

May 27—Baseball game played in Bridgewater, Lunenburg winning by score 10 - 1.

May 28—Exhibition baseball game at Liverpool, the score being Liverpool 20 - L'burg 5.

June 10—Woodside ball team journeyed to Lunenburg where they were defeated 2 - 1 by L'burg.

June 16—Woodside again journeyed to Lunenburg where they were vic-



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row (l. to r.)—J. Nodding, A. Backman, S. Corkum, D. Conrad, A. De-Mone.

Second row—J. Greek, J. O'Connor, A. Cook, B. Fralick, A. Best, Miss R. Sarty (Coach).

Back row—S. Cook, E. Tanner, J. Tanner, M. Corkum, M. O'Connor, J. Zinck, B. Keddy, C. Tanner.

torious by a score of 9 - 5 thus eliminating L'burg from further Headmaster Competition.

1954

Oct. 14—This year members of the Athletic Association are:

Co-Presidents—Eric Eisenhauer and Jackie Tobin.

Sec.-Treas.—Ann Creighton.

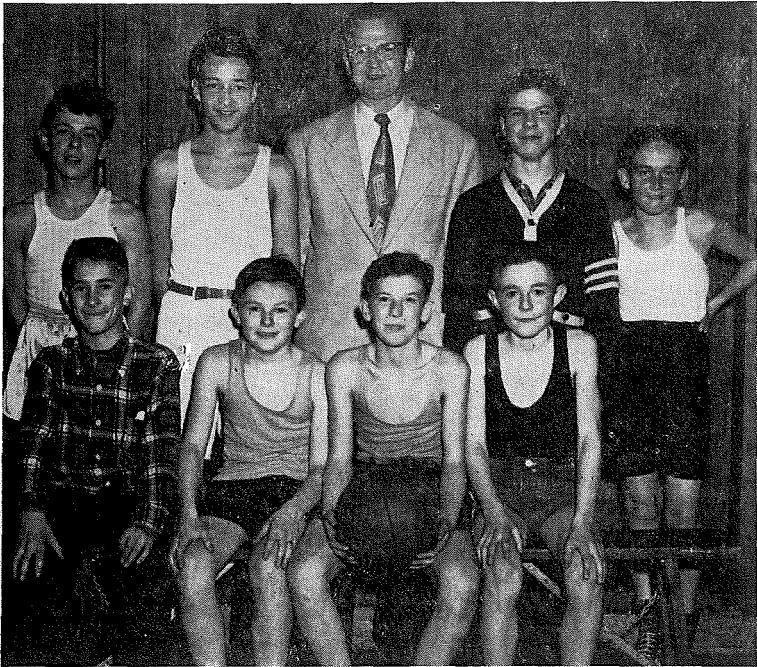
Representatives—Glen Geldert, David Young, Marilyn Corkum, Eric Miller, Sharon Clarke, Peter Comstock, Roxanna Lohnes.

Nov. 7—Headmasters Soccer Play-Offs in Lunenburg between Shelburne and Lunenburg ended in 3 - 3 tie.

Nov. 21—Soccer Play-Offs returned to Shelburne, Shelburne winning 5 - 0 over L'burg.

Nov. 22—David Dauphinee, one of our outstanding athletes left for North Sydney, where he made the North Sydney Junior Franklins Sports Club team while attending St. Thomas High School at North Sydney.

Jan. 4—Junior and Intermediate basketball practices were begun.



J. H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM

Front row (l. to r.)—P. Comstock, C. Zinck, D. Wilkie, H. Uhlman.

Back row—G. Cooper, R. Buffett, Mr. Moses (Coach), L. Knickle, M. Van der Toorn.

Jan. 6—High School hockey team played its first game of the season winning by a score of 6 - 5 over Western Shore.

Jan. 9—Second High School hockey game was played with Lunenburg defeating Chester Basin by a score of 7 - 2.

Jan. 15—Hockey game between High School and Western Shore ended in a 4 - 3 win for Lunenburg.

Jan. 16—Hockey game between Junior High School and Chester Basin ended in 8 - 5 win for Chester Basin.

Jan. 20—Hockey game between High School and Chester ended in 8 - 2 win for Lunenburg.

Jan. 20—Intermediate Basketball game in Bridgewater ended in a 34 - 30 win for the Bridgewater boys.

Jan. 23—Hockey game between High School and Western Shore resulted in 5 - 2 victory for the Shore.

Jan. 24—Boys Hockey and Basketball teams journeyed to B'water where they were defeated by scores of 8 - 4 and 44 - 16 respectively.

Jan. 30—Halifax Monarch Midgets defeated High School 10 - 4.

Feb. 2—L'burg Intermediate Girls basketball team tied B'water 11 - 11 in B'water.

Feb. 3—Basketball - Lunenburg boys defeated B'water 58 - 36 in L'burg.

Feb. 5—Hockey game in Lunenburg. B'water 8 - L'burg 1.



J. H. S. HOCKEY TEAM

Front row (l. to r.)—R. Mayo, B. Church, G. Veinotte, M. Oickle, L. Demone.
Back row—L. Knickle, C. May, H. Corkum, P. Comstock, G. Vickers (Coach).

Feb. 5—Basketball games in Bridgewater.

L'burg Intermediate girls 14 - B'water 14.

L'burg Intermediate boys 45 - B'water 34.

Feb. 8—Hockey - L'burg High defeated Chester 9 - 4.

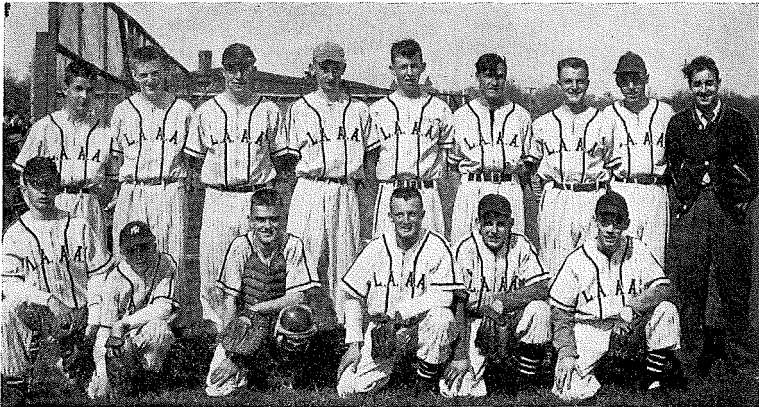
Feb. 12—Hockey - L'burg High 7, Western Shore 4.



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM

Front row (l. to r.)—E. Miller, R. Mayo, G. Veinotte, L. Demone, J. Cook, K. Crouse.

Back row—K. Crouse, E. Eisenhauer (Captain), F. Dares, H. Allen, Mr. Gus Vickers (Coach), E. Stevens.



BASEBALL TEAM 1953

Front row (l. to r.)—E. Miller, D. Young, D. Collins, W. Nowe, D. Dauphinee, R. Westhaver.

Back row—R. Zinck, J. Pittman, W. Zwicker, B. Hiltz, A. Burns, E. Backman, E. Eisenhauer, H. Allen, Mr. G. Vickers (Coach).



CURLING TEAM

A. Bald (Skip), A. Lohnes, R. Snair, D. Crouse.

Feb. 12 & 13—The L. C. A. curling team consisting of Andrew Bald, Robert Snow, Alfred Lohnes and David Crouse took part in tournament at Truro being eliminated by scores of 8 - 6; 7 - 5; by Kentville and St. Pat's (Halifax) respectively.

Feb. 15—Hockey - Headmaster's Play Offs. B'water 5, L'burg 2; in Lunenburg.

Feb. 18—Headmasters hockey in B'water. B'water 9 - L'burg 3. L'burg eliminated from headmaster competition.

Feb. 19—Exhibition Basketball Tournament in L'burg between L'pool and L'burg. The scores being:

	L'pool	L'burg
Junior Girls	9	23
Junior Boys	46	3
Senior Girls	9	42
Senior Boys	62	34

Feb. 19—Hockey - Junior High defeated B'water Junior High 13 - 0.

Feb. 20—Hockey - Junior High defeated Mahone Bay 4 - 2.

- High School defeated Chester High 12 - 3.

Feb. 24—High School Hockey team tied Chester 9 - 9.

Feb. 26—Exhibition basketball tournament in L'pool between L'pool and L'burg. Scores:

	L'pool	L'burg
Junior Girls	20	24
Junior Boys	40	10
Senior Girls	20	18
Senior Boys	101	23

March 3—High School Hockey team defeated Chester High 10 - 7. Basketball Tournament at B'water between L'pool, L'burg and B'water on March 5 and 6.

March 5—B'water boys defeated L'burg Intermediate boys 37 - 22. L'burg girls won the tournament by defeating B'water and Liverpool 21 - 18 and 20 - 10 respectively.

March 6—Liverpool defeated L'burg boys by score 70 - 18.

March 9—L. C. A. Intermediate Girls journeyed to Lockport where they were defeated 22 - 14 in the first game of the South Shore Basketball Play offs.

March 11—B'water Jr. Boys and Girls Basketball teams visited L'burg and were defeated by scores of:

	L'burg	B'water
Junior Girls	37	22
Junior Boys	15	6

March 12—Hockey - L'burg High defeated Chester by score 8 - 5.

March 12—Lockport Intermediate Girls journeyed to L'burg where they were successful in winning the South Shore Title by defeating L'burg 41 - 19.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Front row (l. to r.)—J. Tobin (V. Pres.), R. Lohnes, A. Creighton (Treas.), M. Corkum, S. Clarke.
 Back row—E. Miller, E. Eisenhauer (Pres.), G. Geldert, D. Young, P. Comstock.

SCHOOL NEWS

1953

- March 16—Hon. Robert H. Winters gave a talk on the resources of Canada.
- March 18—Mrs. Leon Iversen donated books to the library.
- March 27—The Common School Grades presented the operetta "Golden Slipper and Cinderella" under the direction of Miss Crouse, Miss Hamm and Mrs. R. Smith.
- Mrs. George Schultz presented magazines to the Library.
- April 10—Lunenburg and Bridgewater High Schools met on C. K. B. W. for a "Spelling Bee." Participants on the Academy teams were Pat Tobin, Barbara Cooke, Ernest Zinck, Doreen Knock and Joan Tanner. Lunenburg was victorious with a score of 80-70.
- April 13—School re-opened after Easter vacation.
- April 22—Madame Simone Arthur, St. Pierre addressed Grades XI and XII in French.
- Mr. Fraser, professor at Normal College interviewed Grade X, XI, and XII students interested in School Teaching as a career.
- Books presented to the school by Dr. R. C. Zinck, Mrs. R. Sterne and the Christian Science Committee.
- Mr. Dunn spoke to High School Students on Careers.
- May 6—Mr. Eddie, representing the Community Concert spoke on "How Music Affects our Everyday Lives" and he showed motion pictures of famous artists who are part of the Community Concerts.
- May 14—Drama Club presented two plays "Dabblers" and "Lost Victory" under the direction of Miss Veinot.
- May 23—Miss Brown, Junior Red Cross Representative, congratulated the school on its Red Cross work.
- June 1—Coronation program held for Junior-Senior High School, which was prepared by the Students' Council.
- A Coronation program was held for the Common School in the afternoon.
- June 5—Fashion show presented by Grades VI - X inclusive.
- June 6—Coronation pencils were given to each student by Mr. H. S. Fulton. Each student received a Coronation Medallion from the Federal Government.
- Large framed picture of the Queen was presented to the school by the Dominion Stores.
- Framed Picture of Queen placed in each classroom by the Lunenburg Sea Products.
- June 8—Lunenburg celebrated its 200th Birthday at which time a service was held at Rous' Brook. The school students attended in a body.
- June 23—Common School closing held in the afternoon.
- High School closing was held at 8 p.m. with Rev. Robert Anderson, of Shelburne, N. S. as guest speaker.
- Sept. 8—The Academy re-opened for the year 1953-54.
- Sept. 15-19—The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition was held. The school played an active part in the parade and school exhibits.

- Oct. 5—First Morning Assembly of the year was held, Mr. Fred Fox, Jr. was the speaker.
 --Student Council Representatives were elected:
 President—Annette Hebb.
 Vice President—Eric Crouse.
 Treasurer—David Collins.
 Secretary—Glenda Hall.
 —Red Cross representatives were elected as follows:
 President—Janice Haughn.
 Vice President—Eben Stevens.
 Secretary—Doreen Knock.
 Treasurer—Charles Uhlman.
 —Magazines were donated to the library by Miss Carol Zinck, Mrs. Harold Mason, Mrs. Wallace Smith and a book by Mrs. Russel Smith.
- Oct. 14—Election of members for the Athletic Association.
 Co-Presidents—Eric Eisenhauer and Jackie Tobin.
 Secretary-Treasurer—Anne Creighton.
 —Mark Knickle was elected Fire Chief.
- Oct. 15-16—Teachers' Institute was held at Lunenburg.
 Oct. 20—Students' Council raised \$7.50 at a Penny Day.
 Oct. 30—Hallowe'en Dance held.
- Nov. 7—Headmaster Soccer Play-offs in Lunenburg between Shelburne and Lunenburg.
 Nov. 10—\$26.61 was collected for the Remembrance Day Wreath.
 Nov. 18-24—First Term Examinations were written.
 Nov. 28—Athletic Association held a Tag Day at which time they collected \$119.25.
 —Junior Red Cross collected 1413 Margene cartons.
- Dec. 17, 18, 21—The Christmas Entertainment included the Operetta "Mary-ing Marion" presented by the Junior and Senior High School. The Common School presented several exercises and songs.
- Dec. 23—Common School Closing was held in the morning.
 —High School Closing was held in the afternoon. Rev. E. B. S. Miller was guest speaker at this gathering. On behalf of the Red Cross, he presented Miss Mary Johnson with a Long Service Medal for having organized Red Cross branches in the school for fifteen consecutive years.
 —Christmas High School Dance was held.

1954

- Jan. 4—School re-opened after Christmas vacation. Morning Assembly program took the form of a Red Cross meeting which was addressed by Miss Gladys MacLellan, V. O. N.
 —\$30.00 was given to the Crippled Children's Fund.
 —\$20.80 was given to Walter Callow Fund.
- Jan. 25—Lieut. McLean of the R. C. N. spoke to the High School students.

- Feb. 15—Mr. Phillip Allen gave an illustrated talk on life and habits of the Eskimo.
- March 7-13—Education Week was held, at which time the parents were invited to visit the school.
- The Boscawen Chapter I. O. D. E. donated \$50.00 and the Women's Institute \$20.00 for the Library.
- March 17—Junior and Senior High School wrote examinations.

PERSONALS

Grade XII - '53

Pauline Cook, Sandra Romkey, Enid Tanner are attending Normal College, Truro, N. S.

Betty Dauphinee is enrolled at Wittenburg College, Springfield, Ohio.

Charlotte Heckman is attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.

Sheila Hellstrom is enrolled at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.

Roy Wentzell and Ernest Zinck are working at the Fisheries Biological Station in Halifax.

Marina Zinck is studying nursing at the Sick Children's Hospital, Halifax.

Virginia Zinck is running her uncle's store at Blockhouse.

Dorothy Lohnes is working in Dr. Cantelope's office.

Patricia Tobin is studying nursing at the Halifax Infirmary.

Gilbert Berringer is studying Commerce at Dalhousie University.

James Bald is studying Forestry at the University of New Brunswick.

Dick Bailly is working in an Airline Company in Texas, U. S. A.

Barbara Cook is at home.

Philip Tanner and Kingsley Ellis are attending Northeastern University in Boston, U. S. A. taking Engineering.

Beatrice Zwicker is married to Mr. Robert Zinck and living in Chester Basin.

Grade XI - '53

Philomene Arenburg, Vincent Baker, Shirley Eisenhauer and Jane Sterne are attending the Maritime Business College, Halifax.

Anita Emeneau is employed at the Bank of Commerce, Halifax.

Joseph Gaulton is working at the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg.

Franklin Falkenham and Allison Zinck have joined the Royal Canadian Airforce.

Joan Lohnes is employed at the Block Shop, Lunenburg.

Louise Mosher plans to go to the Maritime Business College, Halifax.

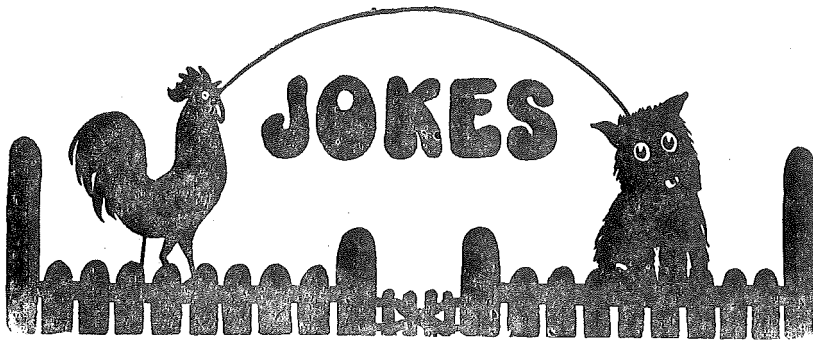
Robert Parks is working at Powers Bros. Limited at Greenwood.

Joan Tanner is employed at Dr. Wood's office, Lunenburg.

Richard Westhaver works at the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg.

Madelyn Zinck is employed at Simpson's, Halifax.

Warren Zwicker works at the Bank of Commerce, Charlottetown.



Teacher: You can't sleep in my class.

Pupil: No, you talk too much.

Miss Westhaver: Bruce, can you give me a sentence containing the words "is" and "was"?

Bruce W. Mother and father was in but now they is out.

Miss Westhaver: Bruce, where is your grammar?

Bruce W. Oh, she's been dead for ten years now.

Mr. Andrews: If you had four dollars and I took one, what would you have?

Bruce W. A grudge against you for the rest of my life.

In economics period studying cheques and drafts:

Eben S. I make quite a few drafts at the bank each week.

Jackie T. Why don't you close your mouth, you're making one now.

Mr. A. (lining Grade X up to be dismissed): "Line up two by two and shut up one by one."

Grade VIII student (in Citizenship Class): A boy or girl can suffer from lack of love.

Mr. Collins to Miss Snow: "Guess we are safe."

Mr. Collins lecturing Grade X on studying:

"I think if you concentrate in school you won't have as much work to do at home."

A window blind in the back of the room noisily unwinds.

Mr. Collins: "Well, at least I got some applause."

During Mr. Campbell's period Marion C. is busy talking.

Mr. Campbell hitting her desk with the meter stick.

Marion: OUCH!

As the snow plow goes by Grade XII looks out the window.

Miss W.: Come now. You must all have seen a snow plow before. I know I heard it often enough last night when I was trying to go to sleep.

Eric E.: My, but you must have been up late!

Miss W.: No, Eric it was only ten o'clock.

Grade XII discussing the latest episode of Marg. C. and Bobby K. in the ditch:

Annette H. Yes Marg. What happened? Didn't Bobby have his eyes on the road?

Janet C. Oh! he couldn't help it. He just got on a soft shoulder.

Mr. Collins explaining that an electric shock can be produced from the filling in your teeth.

Mr. C.: I often had it happen when I had my own teeth.

Marg. Lou to Marion: I wonder whose teeth he has now?

Mr. A.: Eric, what are you doing, eating or chewing?

Eric E.: (Turning red) u'm, chewing gum, sir.

Mr. A.: It's all right Eric. It's just that I get tired waiting for you to swallow.

Bruce W. comes rushing into class at 1.40 p.m., puffing and blowing, streaked with sweat:

Mr. A. Why are you so late?

Bruce: Well... sir... I ah...er....

Mr. A. Well out with it.

Bruce: You see sir, I was playing basket-ball outside during the noon hour and I tore my pants and had to go down to the tailor's to get them mended.

Mr. A. A likely story. Show me the tear.

Bruce turns around and, bending down, exposes a vast expanse of well filled trousers with an eight inch split neatly patched. He is sent to his seat amid no little confusion.

Mr. Campbell, during Grade XI English period: Who was Feste?

Class: The clown.

Mr. Campbell: Who was the clown?

Class: Feste.

Mr. Campbell: Splendid class.

Fr. Period.

After each sentence that Mr. Andrews spoke, Robert Snair blew his nose: Mr. Andrews disgusted said, "What is that for, Robert, punctuation?"

Mr. Campbell explaining the education system. "Our education system is by no means perfect. There is plenty of room for improvement.

Janet C. Yeh! get rid of the teachers.

Marg. D. had been talking all French period until Mr. Andrews pipes up and says "Margaret, will you be quiet? You've been talking all period. Don't you think you should pause for station identification?"

Mr. A. after explaining a difficult Algebra problem, addressed the baffled class: "Any questions about this problem?"

No sound from the class.

Mr. A.: No questions? Well, what are you thinking about?

D. Collins: The world Series."

Marion I. and Eric C. making a commotion at the back of the room: Mr. Campbell: What's going on down there?

Marion: I lost my lipstick.

Mr. C.: Well, I know boys who want to get lipstick on, but not that way.

Mr. Campbell during Social Prob. class:

"What great social problem confronts the world today?"

Robert K. Marilyn Monroe got married.

Mr. A. in French class: "Where do you see "nee" in English?"

Answer came 'After a woman's name in Wedding Announcements.'

Mr. A.: Do you ever see it after a man's?

Answer: No! They don't change their name, they only change their way of life.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

When Janice Haughn came to school with her Trig. book instead of her Algebra and had all the wrong questions done all because of a phone call.

When Bobby Knock drove Marguerite C. home one night and slid in the ditch.

When three boys in Grade XII got Valentines from a certain girl in Grade VII.

The day Mr. Campbell changed his tie.

The day Miss Snow called Bobby Knock and Eric Levy crackpots.

The day Doreen Knock came to school without her smile because a certain friend went away.

When Mr. Andrews made Marjorie Allen and Shirley Gaulton stand on chairs in the front corners of Grade X room.

When Mr. Andrews led the cheering section at a hockey game.

How Marion Corkum shook when she read the Bible.

When Mr. Collins told Marguerite C. to get her mind off a certain Gr. X student and on Trig.

The Friday afternoon when Miss Snow was really anxious to get out of Grade XII Chemistry Laboratory because of an outside interest.

When all Grade XII were eating candy during English A. period.

When Mr. Andrews admired Hennie's (Lauren A.) hair-do.

The time Annette H. came to school wearing odd shoes.

The boxing match in Grade XI between Robert B. and David K.

Miss W. talking on experience and oral compositions:

Bobby E.: How long do they have to be?

Miss W.: How long does what have to be, the experience or the composition?

Mr. A.: "What is the axis of symmetry?"

Nancy Zinck: A straight line running through the grave-yard.

Mr. Collins (during Grade XII Trig. class) was explaining the use of small "t" in tangent:

"And tangent is smelled with a small "t".

Miss W. Eric, in what battle was Anthony killed?

Eric L.: His last one.

Mr. A. watching three men mowing the grass in the cemetery:

Mr. A.: My, those men are working against heavy odds!

Class: Why?

Mr. A.: Those three men are trying to keep the grass down, but think of all those who are trying to push it up.

Miss W.: Charles, do you want to go outside?

Charles: No, Miss W., it's snowing out.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Mr. Moses letting the girls wear slacks.
Andrew Tanner not cracking jokes in Miss Westhaver's period.
Joan M. Grade IX, not blushing when Mr. Moses yells at her.
Betty Fralick and Marilyn Corkum sitting in school with a sober face.
Deanna McIssac not day dreaming in school.
John M. Grade IX, agreeing with Miss Westhaver.
Annette C. without David C.
Eugene Schwartz not wanting to take his weekly trip to Halifax.
Silence in the library.
Grade X having their Geometry exercises done.
Eugene S. paying attention.
Annette H. and Nancy Z. not discussing Dal.
Marion I. and Ruth M. not going in Kinley's for their daily - - - -
David Knock acting human.
Nancy Z. satisfied with her home work.
Leendert van der Zwan failing.
Marion I. growing tall.
Ruth M. stout.
Claire B. with long hair.
Eric L. coming to school without his science done.
Barbara Falkenham having her Algebra done every day.
Grade XII boys not looking out the window at the passing parade.
Why Annette H. knew her French so well after spending the evening before in Kerr's.
Mark K. not blushing when Roxana Lohnes comes along.
Aubrey Burns and Eugene Schwartz acting like angels for one minute.
L. C. A. hockey team winning a game from B. H. S. hockey team.
Anne Lynch spending a study period in the main part of the library.

VALEDICTORY

by Annette Hebb '54

In June another school year comes to a close. For us, the graduating class, this marks the end of our public school life. It is with mixed feelings that we think of this occasion. We cherish a feeling of joy and satisfaction, when we realize that we have been successful in achieving the goal for which we have long been striving. This joyous feeling is tinged however, with one of thoughtfulness, and sadness, when we remember that with the end of this school year, comes the parting of friendships and the culmination of our studies at "the school on the hill."

When we were in elementary school we watched the High-School students and longed for the days when we would take their places. We have climbed the various rungs of the ladder and now we are occupying the seats of those for whom we held such great admiration.

Our Teachers have done their utmost to impart to us their wide knowledge, and instill in us a sense of responsibility and right conduct which we are to carry through life. This has been achieved not only through the courses on the school curriculum, but also through extra-curricular activities in sport and social events. Sports have shown us the value of co-operation and the ability to face failure as well as success. Social life has given us a sense of responsibility.

Now we are going to take our place in the world and apply the knowledge we have attained. As we follow our chosen occupation, we still take with us the memories of the happy days, shared with our teachers and classmates at Lunenburg Academy.

To our successors I would say - work hard and well for what is worth having is truly worth working for. I should also like to wish my fellow graduates, every success and happiness.

"A" CLASS PROPHECY

by Janet Crouse '54, Eric Levy '54

I came out of the gym, jumped in my car and was soon speeding down the highway. As I was about to cross an intersection, a man loomed up suddenly before me. I was about to tell him a thing or two, when I thought that face looked familiar so I stopped short.

"Why it's Eric, I do believe. What are you doing in the Boston States?"

Eric was one of Canada's top chemists, but from what I could understand from his weird story, he mixed the wrong proportions of nitroglycerine, trinitrotoluene and some other chemicals, whose names I cannot remember. He blew up the lab. Thus he landed in the States.

Suddenly a series of loud protests came from behind us and a cop yelled:

"Hey! What are you two trying to celebrate?"

"Sorry officer, we were just talking."

"Well, you're holding up traffic. How about moving along."

"I suppose, Eric, we could meet some other time. I should like to talk to you."

"O.K., you two. Come along to the station. Can't wait all day for you to make up your minds whether you are going to move," the cop snapped, in his gruff voice.

We now moved quite rapidly. Under the cop's escort, we reached the station in a short time. We had to wait quite some time before the judge heard our case. In the meantime, therefore, we could talk.

"I wonder what happened to all our friends in Grade XII?" I asked.

"Oh! most of them are still around, although scattered all over Canada," replied Eric.

"I once heard over the radio that Doreen Knock wrote a book on 'Principles of Education'."

"Yes, I suppose she's quite a good Teacher by now. . . She's principal of the Kingsburg Rural High."

Oh! I answered. She's really getting up in the world."

"And Marguerite Conrad," said Eric, "is writing books on 'Economy by the Dozens.' She's married but this doesn't stop her writing."

"Yes, I can remember Marguerite was quite interested in Economy and its principles in Grade XII. I suppose you know that Eric Eisenhower works over here now."

"Yes, I heard that he's coach of the hockey team from the N.Y. Old Ladies Home."

"Yep, but he still has to set them up," I replied with a laugh, remembering Eric's great interest in sports.

"Barbara Falkenham is head-teller in the Royal Bank of Canada in Ottawa. Of course, her husband works there too. He's the manager."

"I can't figure out why Barbara went into banking. She was always so interested in teaching—or was she?"

"Janice Haughn is working in Lunenburg. She's matron at The Fishermen's Memorial Hospital."

"Janice? Oh yes, how could anyone possibly forget her."

"She's not quite the same person that she was when she was with us. It seems as though she developed a case of chronic laryngitis which left her with terribly weak vocal chords."

"You mean Janice can't talk?" I asked astonished.

"That's about it, or very little at the most."

"Boy! that really must be quite a shock."

"Now, let's see. Who else was in that class?" I pondered, trying to remember the Grade XII room once more.

"Oh, yes. Annette Hebb. What has become of her. I haven't heard anything about her since I saw her wedding picture."

"She's married very happily now to some lab technician. Every summer during her husband's vacation, they go to Newfoundland."

"And then, there was David Collins. What is he doing now? I haven't heard anything about him since he left school."

"David is doing quite well too. He's a successful business man today, making plenty of money, and driving around in a big convertible."

"Mark Knickle was the other I know very little about."

Here Eric's face grew sad, as if he were about to tell me bad news.

"Mark," he replied in a lowered voice, "was the only tragedy in the group. He shot himself accidentally while hunting ducks on the Blue Rock marshes."

"Oh," I murmured, "that's too bad, and Mark really was so fond of hunting."

"Robert Knock is the last one. He is quite successful in the radio and television field. He made these instruments old-fashioned when he announced his invention of Feel-a-vision in which you not only hear and see what is going on but you also feel its effects."

These were the eleven students of Grade XII in '54. Today we joke, look back and remember our school days as being the best days of our lives.

"A" CLASS BIOGRAPHIES

BARBARA FALKENHAM

"Friends, Romans, Fellow Classmates,
Lend me your Algebra."

Barbara has been a member of our class since Primary. She has taken an active part in school activities, and is especially interested in Basketball. This year she served as Captain of the Basketball Team as well as Chief Newspaper Reporter. She was also a member of the Choral Club. Next year Barbara plans to take up Home Economics at Normal. We are sure that she will be a success in her chosen career.

JANICE HAUGHN

"Much pleasure can be found in talking."

Janice has spent her entire school years at the Lunenburg Academy. This year she proved a very capable President of the Junior Red Cross. Besides being a member of the Choral Club, she takes great interest in basketball and other sports. Janice plans to be a nurse, and with her friendly personality she is sure to succeed.

ANNETTE HEBB (HEBBIE)

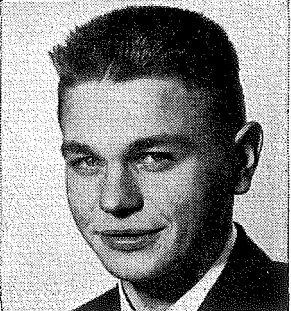
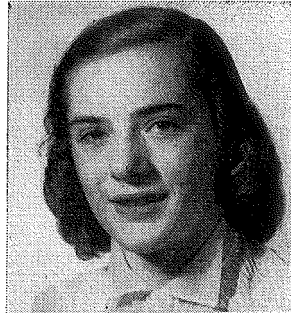
"A change is as good as a rest."

Annette has been in L. C. A. since the beginning of our school days. She is keenly interested in all school activities, and is President of the Students' Council. She is active in basketball, and an enthusiastic worker in the Choral Club. Hebbie's future is in the Teaching profession. With her smiling personality, we are certain she will be a success.

MARK KNICKLE

"I can resist anything but temptation."

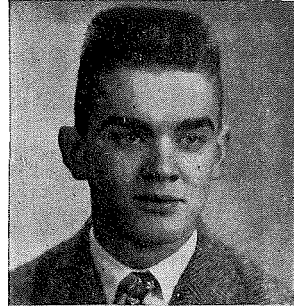
Mark came to L. C. A. in Grade IX, hailing from his home port of Blue Rocks. After completing Grade XII, Mark plans to join R. C. N. A. With Mark's pleasing smile, we feel assured that he will be a success.



DAVID COLLINS (PUDDIN')

"He smiles on many,
And loves but one."

David has received all his education at L. C. A. He has found time for sports, excelling in Basketball. This year he is Co-Manager of the Sea Gull and Treasurer of the Students' Council. Dave plans to become a Chartered Accountant. Good-Luck, Puddin'.



MARGUERITE CONRAD

"She's just as good as the best of us,
And just as bad as the rest of us."

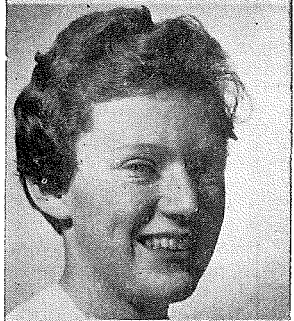
Hailing from First South, Marguerite joined the gang in Grade IX. Since that time she has been keenly interested in school activities. She has been a member of the Choral Club since her arrival and is taking an active part in basketball this year. Marguerite's future is as yet undecided, but with her friendly smile and willingness to do her part she will no doubt succeed in whatever she undertakes.



JANET CROUSE (JAN)

"Variety is the spice of life."

Janet has been with us all through school. She has taken an active part in all school activities. This year she has been Co-Editor of the Sea Gull. As Jan is interested in all types of sports, she is certain to be successful as a Physical Instructor.

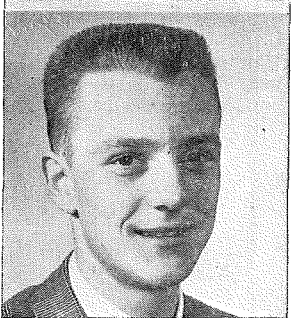


ERIC EISENHAUER (PIGGY)

"The only thing he wishes to do
is make a three cushion shot on table two."

Eric has received all his schooling at L. C. A. His main ambition besides school has been sports, and he is one of the school's best athletes. This year he is president of the Athletic Association.

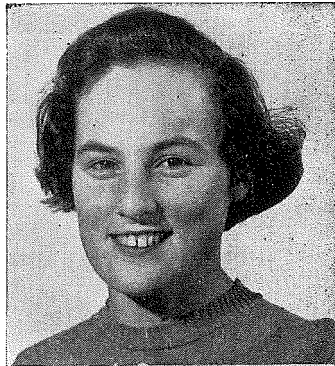
Eric plans to enter the Air Force so the best goes to the defense of the nation.



DOREEN KNOCK

"The gal with the smile."

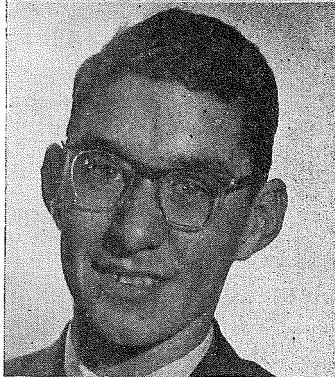
Doreen came to us in Grade X from Kingsburg. Since then she had always been near the top of the class. This year she is the Secretary of Junior Red Cross. Doreen's future lies in the Teaching profession. We haven't a doubt that she will be a great success, and we would like to see the pupil she couldn't win with her smile.



ROBERT KNOCK (CREE BALL)

"An innocent face hides a scheming mind."

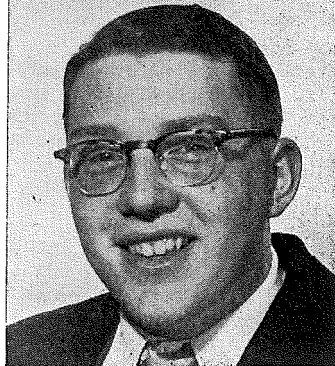
Robert hails from Rose Bay. He came to Lunenburg Academy in Grade X. Since then Robert has participated in many things, including Basketball and Hockey. This year he is Co-manager of the year book, the Sea Gull. Robert plans to take up Radio-Television. The graduating class wishes Robert the best of Luck.

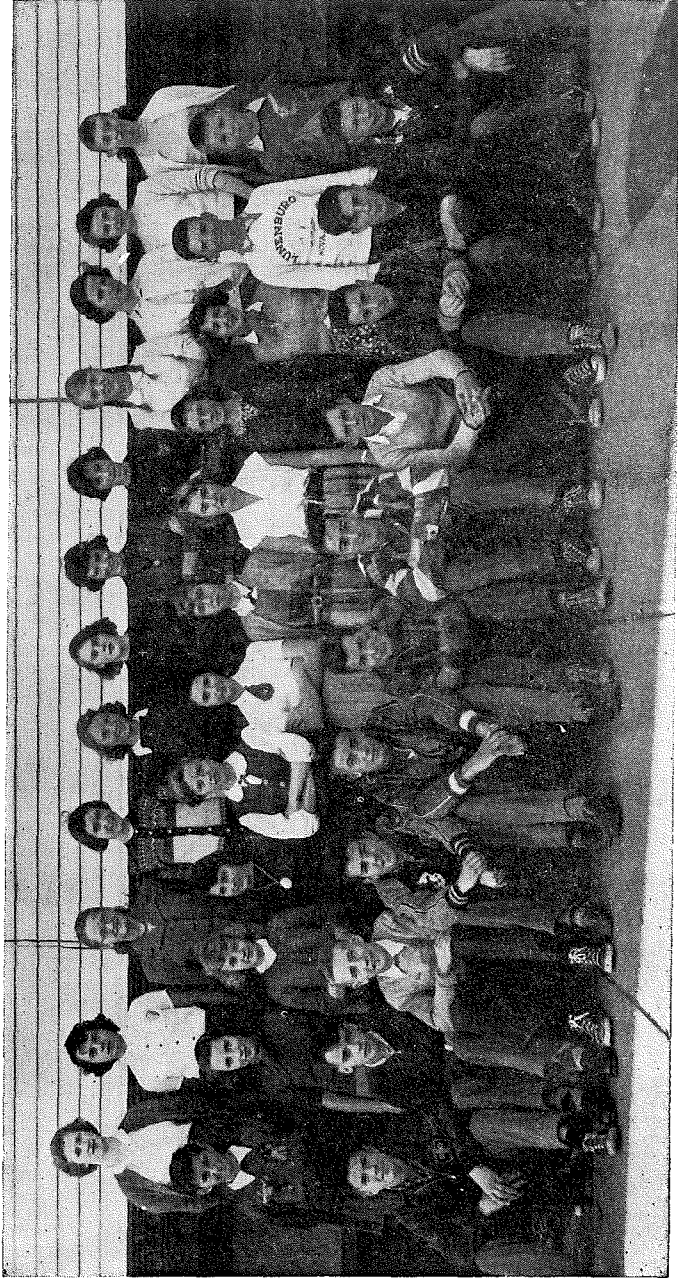


ERIC LEVY

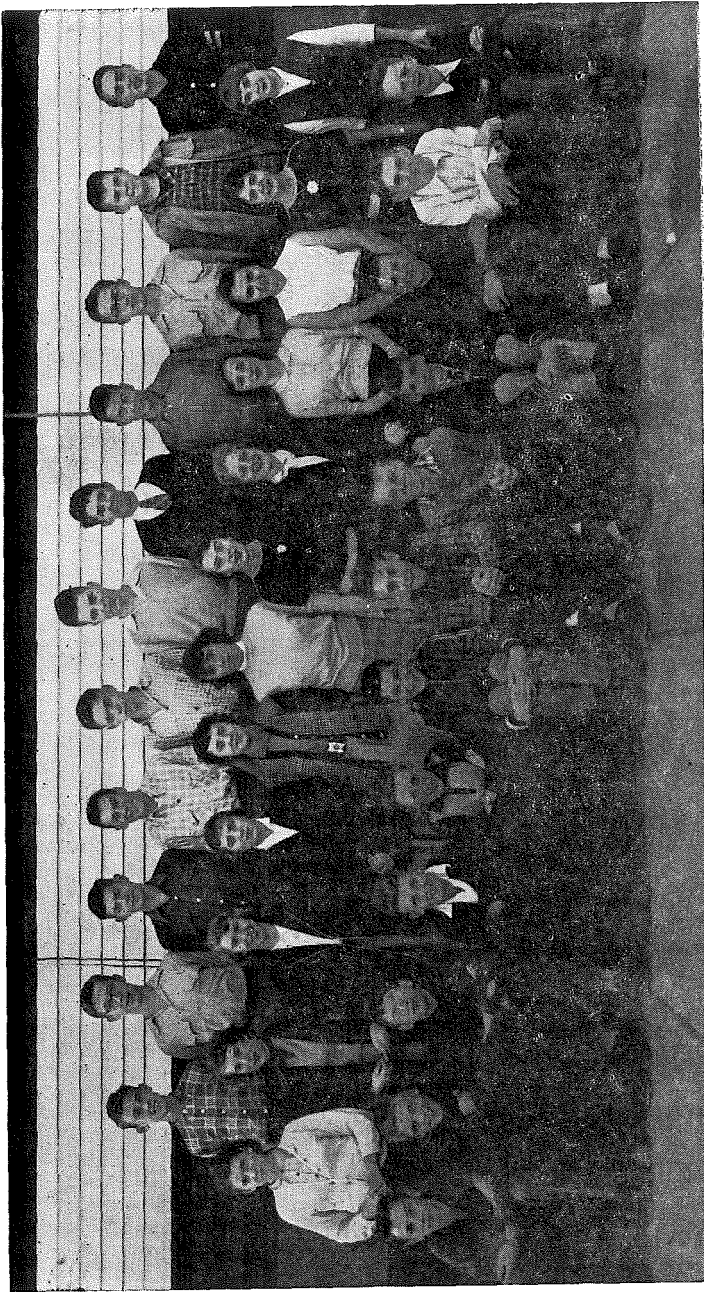
"Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow."

Eric has spent his entire school life in L. C. A. This year he has filled the position of Co-Editor of the Sea Gull. Next year he hopes to study Chemistry at Dalhousie University. He should do well.

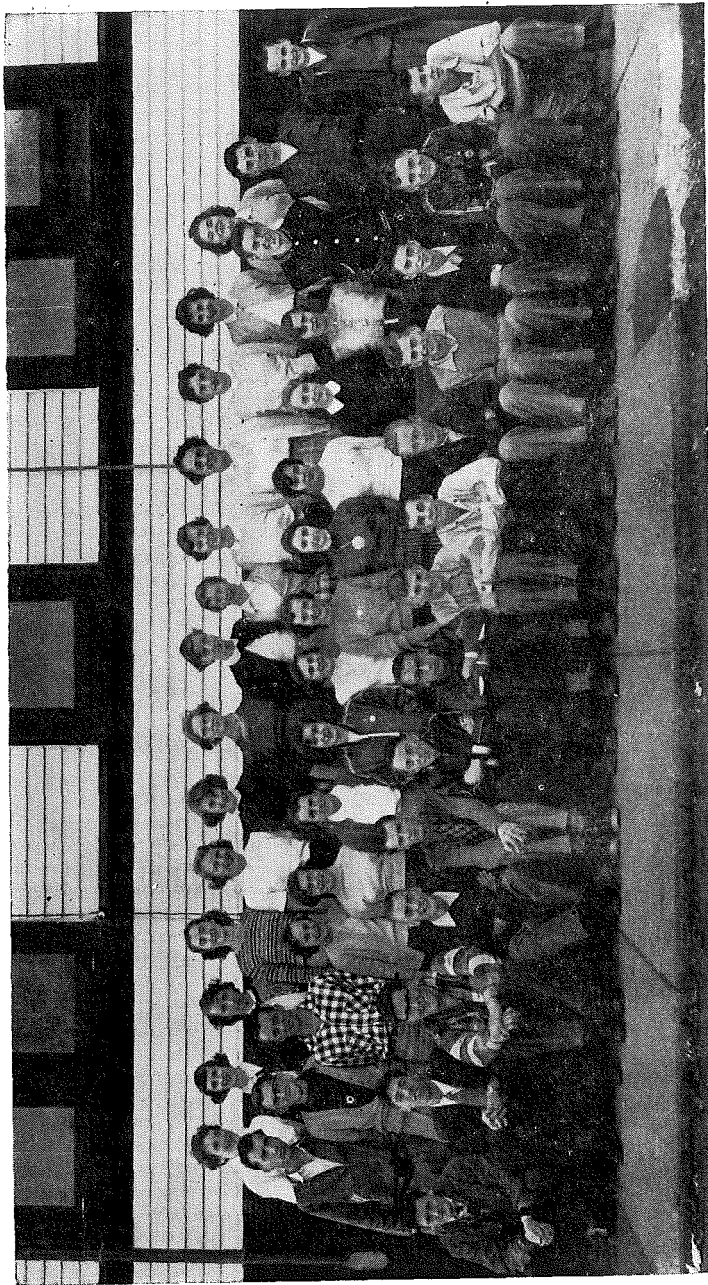




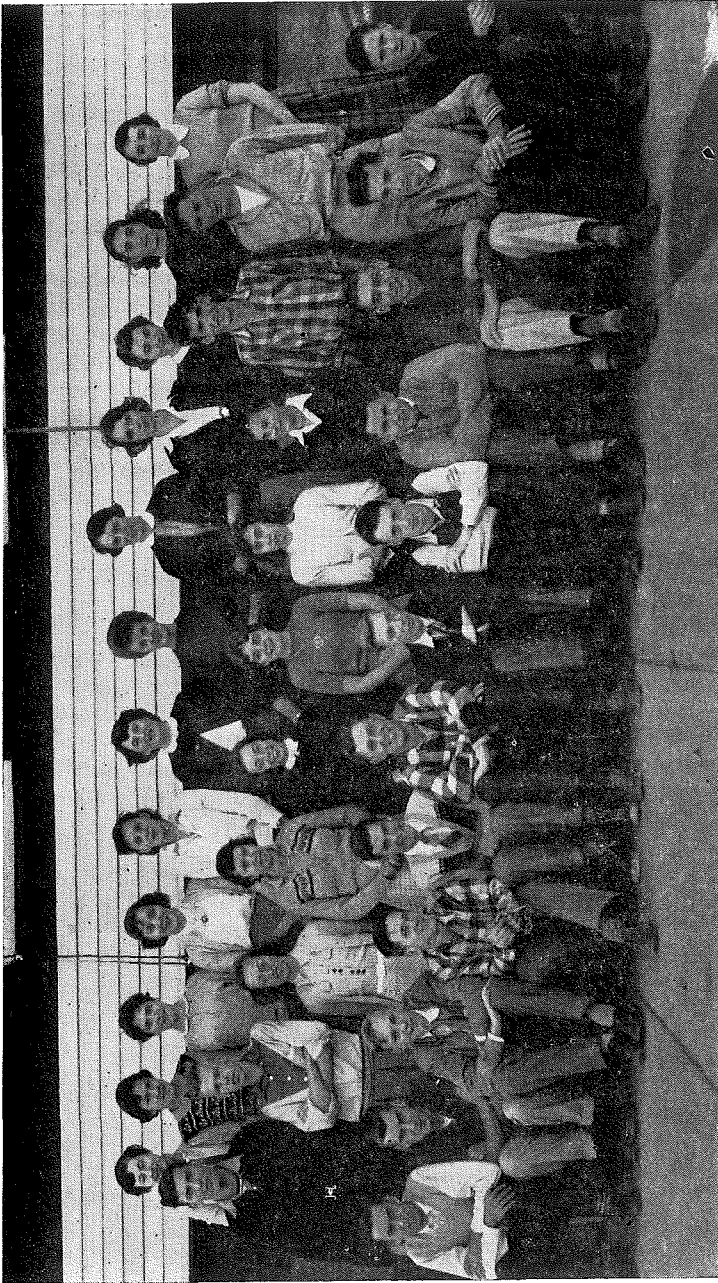
GRADE VIII



GRADE IX



GRADE X



GRADE XI



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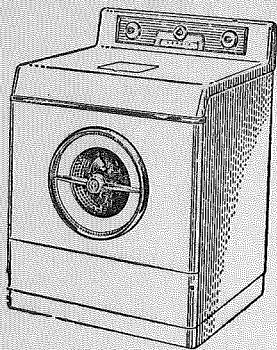
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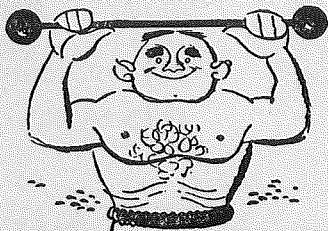
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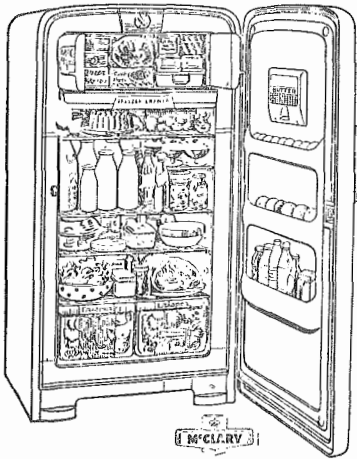
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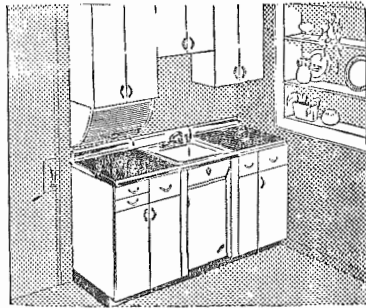
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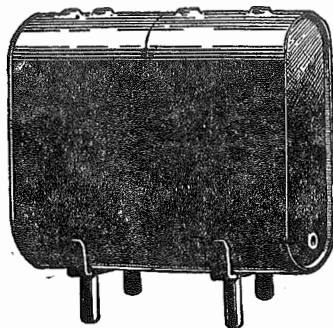
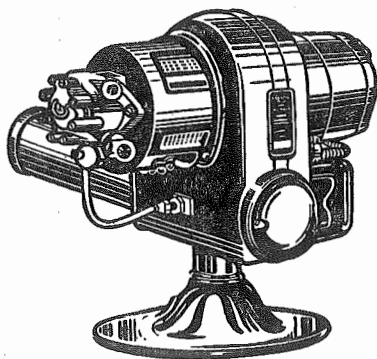
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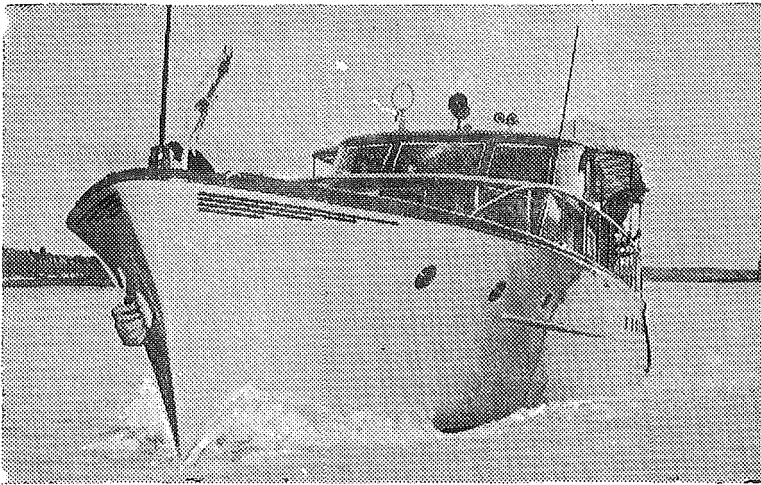
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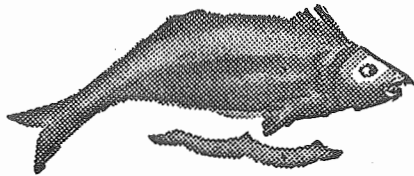
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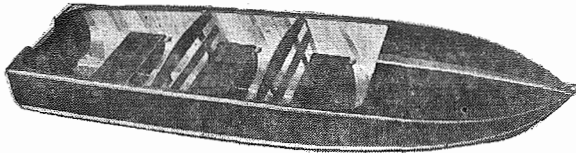
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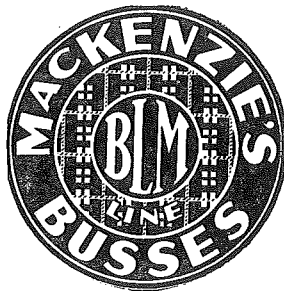
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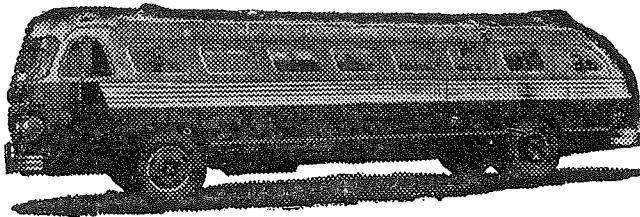
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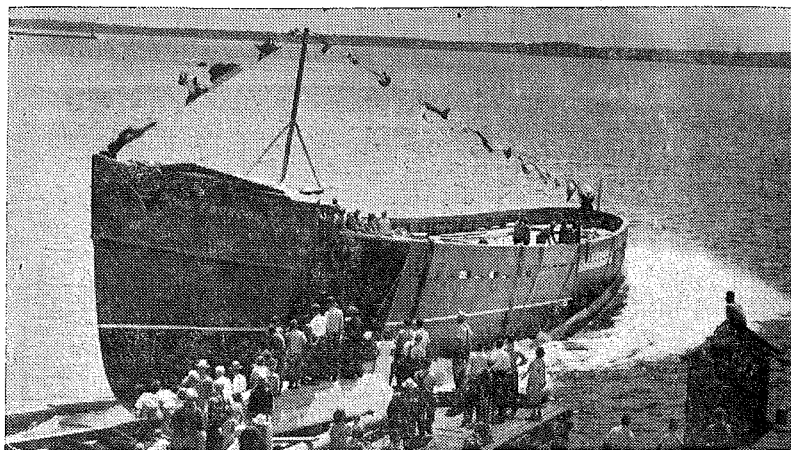
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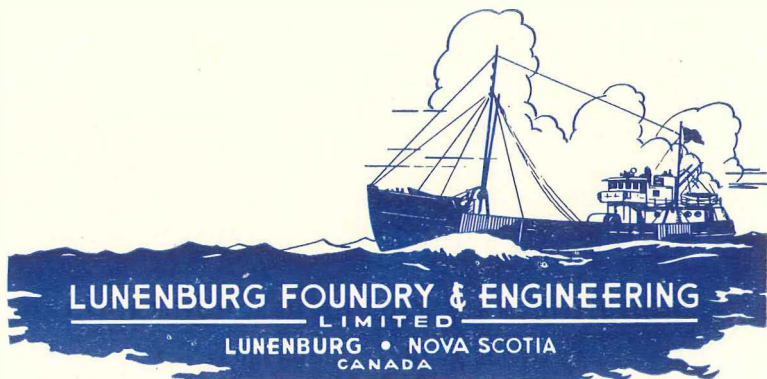
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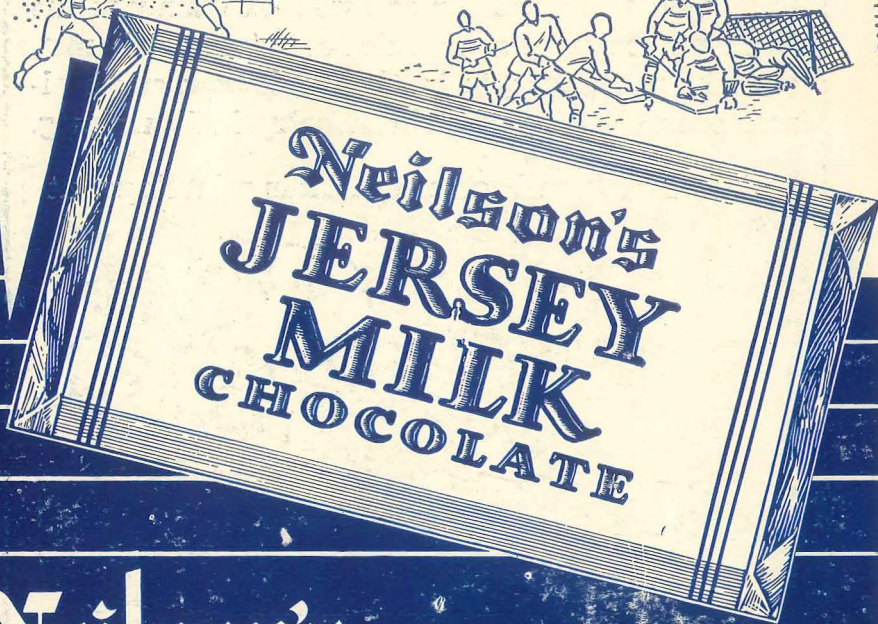
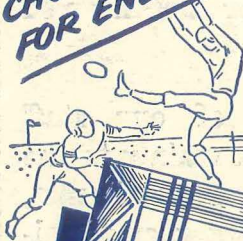
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