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LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

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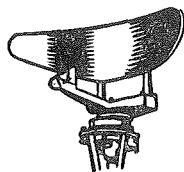
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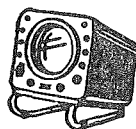
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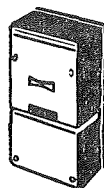
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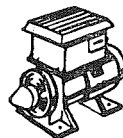
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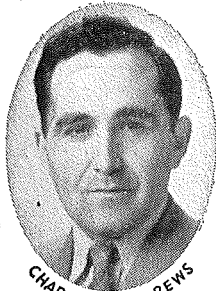
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## MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS

We, the Co-Editors, are happy to have served on the staff of the Sea Gull. We wish to thank all those who have contributed and helped to make this 1956 issue a success.

**Margaret Deal  
and Andy Bald.**  
Co-Editors.



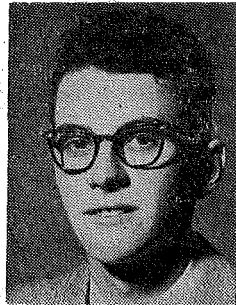
The Students' Council honored me as President this year. The experience was very profitable, and was pleasant with the help and co-operation of the students. My Teachers, also, have been of great assistance. Every success to my fellow graduates.

**Glenda Hall**  
President, Students' Council



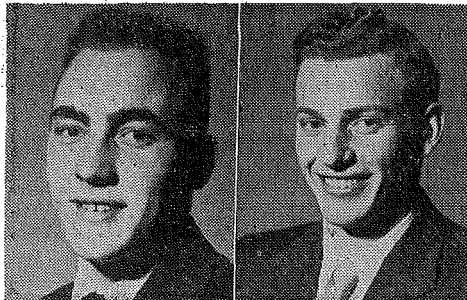
This year I have had the privilege of serving as Junior Red Cross President. The experience has been very worthwhile, and one in which I wish all succeeding J. R. C. officers great success.

**Robert Stevens**  
President, Junior Red Cross.



As Co-Managers we want to thank all the firms and individual proprietors who have taken advertising. We have profited from our work.

**Alfred Lohnes  
and Murray Stevens.**  
Business Managers.





This idea of publishing a school magazine was started in my high-school days. With each publication of this newsy little book, I consider it more and more an honor to have been one of its first editors.

To have a means of expression like the Sea Gull may at first glance seem to be just a little fun for the students, but believe me it is more than that.

It is one of the extra curricular activities that is so important in the practical education of our students. The contacts made with the public in soliciting advertising and selling, the writing and satisfaction of seeing it published, and the solving of the many problems of such an endeavor is very educational.

Maybe more important is the underlying fact that we here in our land are allowed to express ourselves in such a way - freedom of thought and speech, yet another little symbol of our democratic way of life.

We wish the newest edition of our Sea Gull success.

**D. C. Cantelope, Chairman,  
Board of School Commissioners.**

**Board Members**

**Dr. Napier Anderson                      Douglas J. Lohnes**

**D. Andrew Eisenhower                H. Douglas Pyke**

**Supervising Principal - D. H. Collins**

**Clerk - L. W. Geldert**

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# "The Sea Gull"

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**General Supervision**—Mr. D. H. Collins.

### Acknowledgment

Sincere thanks is expressed to The Canadian Fisherman Magazine for their generous loan of cuts concerning The Exhibition and Fish Sticks.





#### **From The Co--Editors**

The 1956 edition of the Sea Gull is dedicated to Miss Minnie Hewitt, Vice-Principal of the Lunenburg Academy for many years. She served this community and area faithfully both as a Teacher and as an advisor.

The Sea Gull has been growing throughout the years until today it has achieved a high level in the Town. We feel our Yearbook has always presented a wide and interesting variety of topics.

The Staff of The Sea Gull would like to thank the Students for their cooperation, because of which the material has been assembled at an earlier date than has been possible in the past years. Without the advertisers this magazine would be impossible, so they too deserve a share of thanks.

#### **From The Principal**

Anyone should deem it an honor and a duty to heap praises on such a "dear old lady" as Miss Minnie Hewitt who taught in this Academy for over forty years. I have always admired the results she achieved and revered her as an individual. As her Supervising Principal for the last few years of her service, I know whereof I write. Personal knowledge of her has resulted in a special niche in the collective memory of this school.

Her family is legion, because thousands passed through her classes. Except for the very obtuse, they all admired her wide learning and had a deep respect for her culture derived from wide experience and reading. None could surpass her as a horticulturist and as a botanist. When Miss Hewitt was in the vicinity, there was no need to get a book "to key out" the name of a plant.

The Staff and the Students are very happy to dedicate the 1956 issue of The Sea Gull to Miss Minnie Hewitt who has left her imprint on the past generations of Lunenburgers.

*This Issue of*  
**"The Sea Gull"**

*is dedicated to*

*Miss Minnie Hewitt*



Teacher in excelsis at the Lunenburg Academy for over 40 years. Her flock is scattered far and wide over the face of the earth since she came to the present Academy when it opened in 1895. Their memory of her is as fresh and green as when they left the old school.

A Teacher who can arouse a desire for one single good feeling, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of material objects, classified with name and form. Goethe

## FROM MISS MINNIE HEWITT

To my great surprise this opportunity has come for me to contact, as friend to friend, the host of dear ones that I treasure in the depths of my heart and of whom I have so many pleasant memories.

My heart thrills with feelings of pride and joy when I hear or read about the splendid work they or their children are doing, in so many different ways to make this old world a better place to live in.

Among the many readers of the "Sea Gull" then will be some of my old schoolmates, a number of my fellow teachers and a great host of my former pupils with whom I spent so many of the happiest days of my life. I wish to thank them all again for that "Memory Tea" and other great kindnesses shown to me. I assure them that I shall always take a keen interest in their welfare and doings; and that I am always delighted to see them or to hear from them or to read about them and their dear ones.

I have pleasure in congratulating them on the great things they have already achieved and feel that they will achieve still greater ones in the years that lie ahead.

I also wish to congratulate the members of the School Board, the Teachers, the societies which help in educational work, and all those interested in the welfare of the youth of our town, on the splendid work they accomplished.

The students who take part in publishing the "Sea Gull" and those who have won scholarships, as well as those who donate them, are entitled to congratulations from us all.

To the boys and girls now attending school or college or preparing for their life's work in some other way I send my best wishes. You are the future builders of a new world order. You love your parents, your home, your school, your Teachers, your town, your country and have every reason for being proud of them all. Make it the rule of your life to act in such a way that they all will be proud of you. If you play the game of life in this way, God will reward you with true happiness, success and prosperity.



MISS MINNIE HEWITT



Miss Minnie Hewitt and Friends



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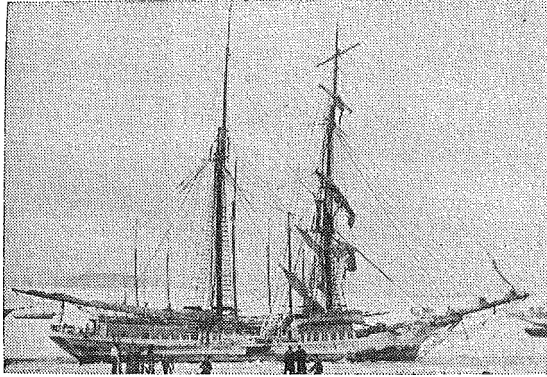


# THE SCEPTRE

by Gilbert Dares '57, Bernard Tanner '57

Below is a picture of the Brigantine "Sceptre" which was taken on February 4, 1904 by Mr. Moyle Smith, the day after its arrival from Turk's Island with a load of salt. Her crew members are pictured cutting a path through the ice so that the vessel could be docked. Built by David Smith in 1886, she had an estimated length of 115 ft. with a tonnage of 140.

The Sceptre, owned by Zwicker and Co., Ltd., was first sailed by Captains King and Dexter, then in 1902 Capt. Henry Burke was at the helm. Of the one hundred and twenty-one voyages to the West Indies, forty-seven were made by Burke. There was smooth sailing from 1902 to 1909 when a hazardous storm threatened the loss of the ship and crew.



THE SCEPTRE

On Sept. 5, 1909, the vessel set out for the West Indies, and as she proceeded southward a zone of bad weather was encountered. A strong north wind fanned her with ever increasing force and they realized that there was going to be a storm — a terrific storm. On the 9th sail was shortened and all preparations to resist the hurricane were made. At noon the wind with terrific force, changed and caused the ship to be in a dangerous position. With mountainous waves crashing over the Sceptre all seemed lost. There was but one hope — if the ship could be manouvered upright immediately there was a chance of survival. Under the skillful management of the mate she was saved. At midnight a sea struck the helpless ship, sweeping the masts and sails from the deck. For four days she lay in this condition until, on the 13th, the storm subsided sufficiently so that a small sail could be rigged.

At noon the steamship, Slingsby bound for Venice, offered assistance. Capt. Burke refused to be removed from the wreck; he was determined to return to the home port. Slow progress was made and four days later a German ship, the Bethania, offered assistance, but the courageous Capt. Burke refused. On the 26th the White Star Line ship Cedric bore down on them and he only asked to be reported at New York.

The coast of Nova Scotia was sighted the following day and the wreck was towed into Lunenburg harbour. The Sceptre was not able to sail again until Feb. 3, 1910, but only three years elapsed before she met her end. During a voyage to Porto Rico, Sept. 13, 1913, she sank when the steamship

Roseland crashed into her. Fortunately the entire crew was saved.

Thus ended the career of the Sceptre — the fastest sailing ship of its kind and undoubtedly the forerunner of the Bluenose.

She sailed between Lunenburg and southern parts for twenty-seven years, survived many hurriances, was dismasted three times, once under each of her Captains. She held the blue ribbon for making the fastest round trip to the West Indies. Sailed from Lunenburg, proceeded to Porto Rico, discharged cargo, took on ballast. From there she sailed to Turk's Island, discharged ballast, loaded a cargo of salt and sailed for home arriving here twenty-six days after sailing — a truly magnificent feat never equalled by any other.

The Sceptre sailed over 540,000 miles with Capt. Burke at the helm for 228,000 of these.

---



**LUNENBURG ACADEMY**

# THE H. M. C. S. ST. LAURENT

by Earl Saunders '57

On October 28, 1955; an historic event took place starting a new Naval family for Canada. This event was the commissioning of the first of a fleet of fourteen ships, destroyer escort type, which converts our navy to an ultra-modern system of Submarine warfare. Montreal was honored to have Lady Alexander, wife of the ex-Governor General of Canada, commission this masterpiece. The workmen were commended for having turned five million pounds of steel and aluminum into the naval ship St. Laurent.

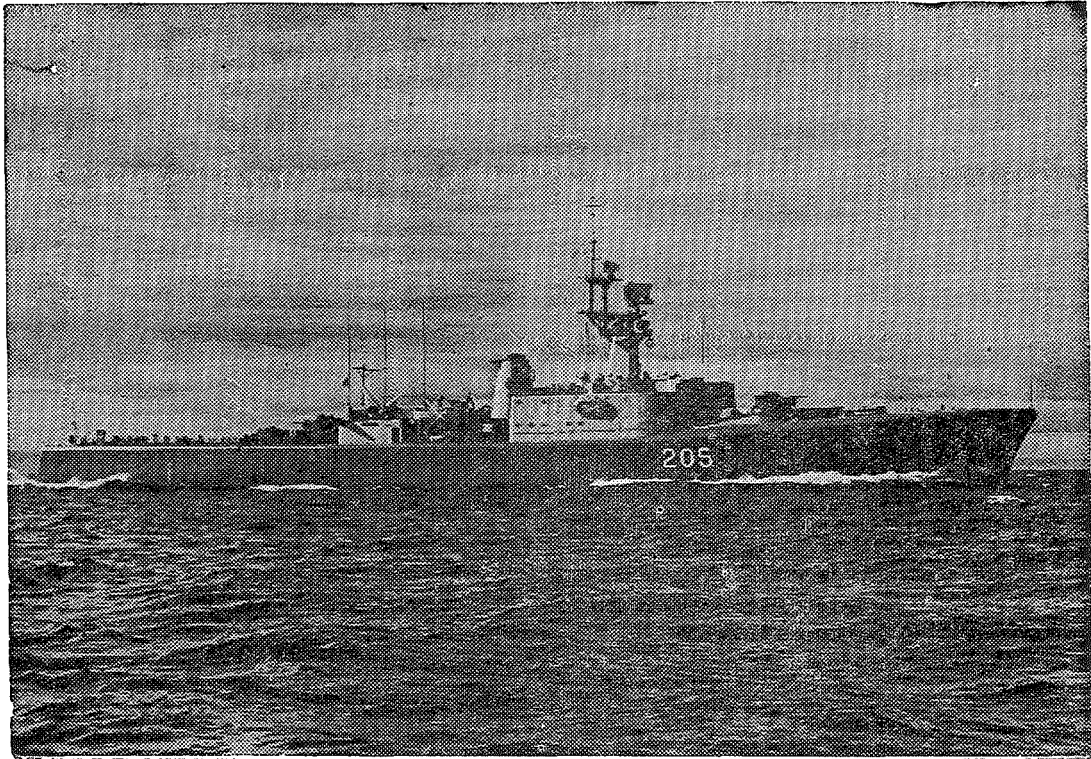
She has a ship's company of twenty officers and two hundred seventy men. Her sturdy, geared steam turbines turn twin screws to give the speed required to fulfill the job for which she was designed. Twin rudders provide an unusually high degree of manoeuvrability. Over all she is three hundred and sixty-six feet long, forty two feet wide at the beam and has an approximate displacement of two thousand, six hundred tons. The attraction of the eye is taken by the flared, rounded bow, the conical mast and low superstructure. In spite of her low, clean cut, sleek lines the St. Laurent is longer than other ships of similar function. The bridge and control cabins are lower than most so all weight possible is near the ship's center of gravity. This aids in fighting cruel Atlantic storms.

The crew have no need to complain either for even the man on watch can remain below decks or away from the weather if necessary. The cabins are equipped with an ultra-modern air conditioning system to attend to the comfort of the men. All cabins are insulated with fibre glass. The best of food is obtained from a galley with a system of modern kitchens. Medical attention is attended by a staff with the modern hospital equipment and an additional sick bay. Television, radio and movies are enjoyed by all in ward-rooms which are constructed to make everyone feel at home.

The St. Laurent may sound and look harmless but her bite is actually much worse than her bark. The ship's firearms are electrically controlled and fired; and in case of emergency can be fired accurately with the assistance of radar. These weapons are very powerful and deadly. The main firearms are two anti-submarine mortars, torpedoes which are fired from under water and several Bofar machine guns.

This modern ship is not only protected against storm and war, but another common, deadly hazard, fire. This ship was constructed of steel and aluminum. The lighter metal took the place of wood in every possible place. This makes the ship practically fire resistant. Surely no other craft would replace such an impregnable ship.

It cost approximately fifteen million dollars to build. The craft can obtain a speed of twenty-five knots under normal conditions. We wish the Captain, Cdr. R. W. Timbrell, D.S.C., C.D., other officers and her crew a "Bon Voyage" in future manoeuvres. It is also our wish that the thirteen sister ships of Her Majesty's Canadian Frigate St. Laurent will obtain equal success and ample luck in the future.



THE "H. M. C. S. ST. LAURENT"

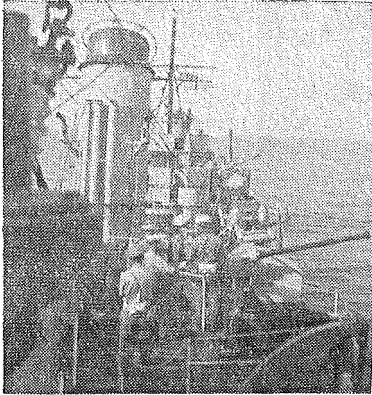
# MY TRIP IN THE NAVY

by Robert Snair '56

In the month of June 1955, I was selected from the Sea Cadet Corps of Nova Scotia to represent them on a cruise in H. M. C. S. Iroquois.

Tuesday, the twenty-sixth, I arrived on board ship. Together with fourteen other cadets from across Canada, I was assigned a mess deck and emergency and action stations. The Iroquois, accompanied by the Huron and Quebec, left Halifax and steamed towards St. Andrews, New Brunswick. My first night aboard was one of horror. How was I going to stay in a hammock that moved every time I touched it? Well, I did to my amazement, and after the first night liked it better than a bed. The next day at dinner we had just about everything, but the problem was to keep it long enough to be able to eat it. Imagine yourself trying to carry a cup and bowl

in one hand and a tray in the other while climbing down a pitching, heaving ladder. It can be done.



The third of July we arrived at St. Andrews and anchored in the stream. A motor cutter ferried us ashore where we stayed until midnight. Our next destination was Newfoundland. On route we exercised a manoeuver the navy calls "Crazy Bugger." This consists of executing different formations with other ships, and carrying out numerous drills on each ship. Our highlight of that day was trying to row a whaler around the Iroquois. The hardest part of all was trying to get your oar in the sea when it was there.

Argentia, Newfoundland, is an American naval base. Here we spent six days swimming, going to movies and competing in sports at the gym. We did all that after one P. M. From eight to twelve we polished brass, scrubbed decks, chipped paint and painted. We were supposed to be sailors so we did just what the sailors did.

The Iroquois put to sea and at exactly two P. M. and the following pipe was heard, "Chief engineer report to number two boiler room immediately." I went up on deck and saw men pouring out of the forward mess decks. I soon learned that the emergency valve had blown and the boiler room was on fire. In seconds fire extinguishers, hoses and men were pouring through a hatch on the main deck. Minutes later several planes were overhead and the Huron and Quebec were on either side of us. Less than twenty minutes later the fire was out and I found myself helping to clean up the mess. The swiftness and calm way in which the men acted showed me just why the navy has to have drills and strict discipline.

During the days we spent at sea we worked in the mornings and received classes in the afternoon in Lanchester and pistol firing, four inch gun drill,

splicing, flag hoisting and instructions on different parts of the ship.

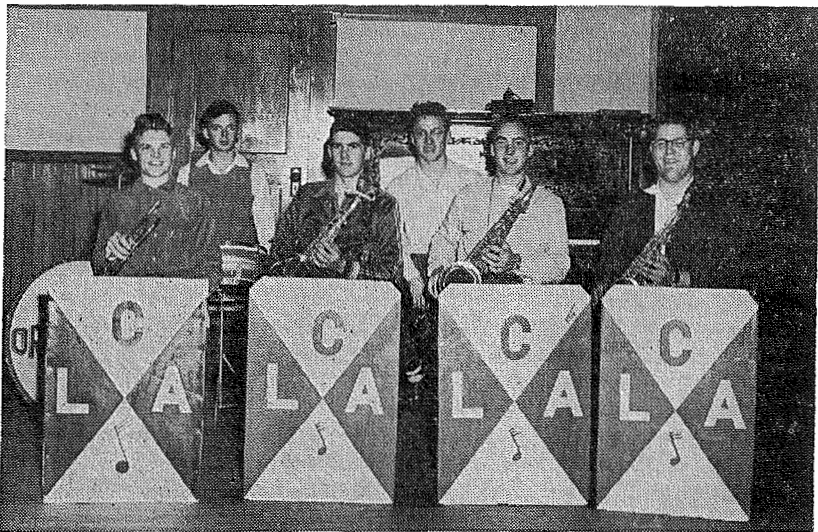
On the fifteenth, we arrived at Charlottetown. This was the city's Centennial year and we took part in a church parade and dance held for us. Our four days at Charlottetown soon slipped away and we were on our way to Boston.

The next day at sea, the Iroquois towed the Quebec after we had coiled several piles of rope on deck. During the evening star shells and squid were fired. We also watched as Quebec refueled us. The firing of the four inch guns made us drop everything and cover our ears.

The twenty-second of July we arrived in Boston harbor amid a twenty-one gun salute fired from H. M. C. S. Quebec. While in Boston we toured the city and visited the U. S. S. Ironsides, the oldest ship afloat in the U. S. navy. One night while in Boston it was so hot that we slung our hammocks on deck. At five o'clock the next morning we had to move, the rain was soaking us.

After a six day stay in Boston we left for Mahone Bay. On route we watched men transported from the Quebec to us by the use of a jack stay. We arrived in Mahone Bay on Thursday. Here the three ships held a regatta. The Iroquois was successful in winning it. At four P. M. we left for Halifax where we tied up and received week-end leave.

On Monday we said goodbye to the Iroquois and started home. I think the navy did everything they could to make us feel at home and that all the cadets thoroughly enjoyed the trip.



#### ACADEMY ORCHESTRA

Front—D. Young, M. O'Connor, A. Lohmes, A. Bald.

Rear—Eric Miller, Keith Crouse.

## THE NEW STEEL SHIP

by David Young '57, Joanne Zinck '57

About 1885, over 70 years ago, a wooden ship was built at the head of Lunenburg harbour presently occupied by the Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Ltd. On October 15, 1955 the first all steel vessel to be built in Lunenburg was launched from this same spot.

It was seven o'clock in the morning when 200 Foundry employees and interested citizens gathered to pay tribute to this significant event. Prior to the launching Senator J. J. Kinley, the president of the firm, addressed the gathering.

Mr. Kinley made reference to the first wooden ship built on this same spot by the late James Maxner. There was a wooden ship named "Geneva" built here, and also the G. A. Smith which went salt fishing for many years.

The Prima Vista will be powered by a Fairbanks Morse diesel engine, and other equipment such as radio telephone, echo sounder and hydraulic steering gear.

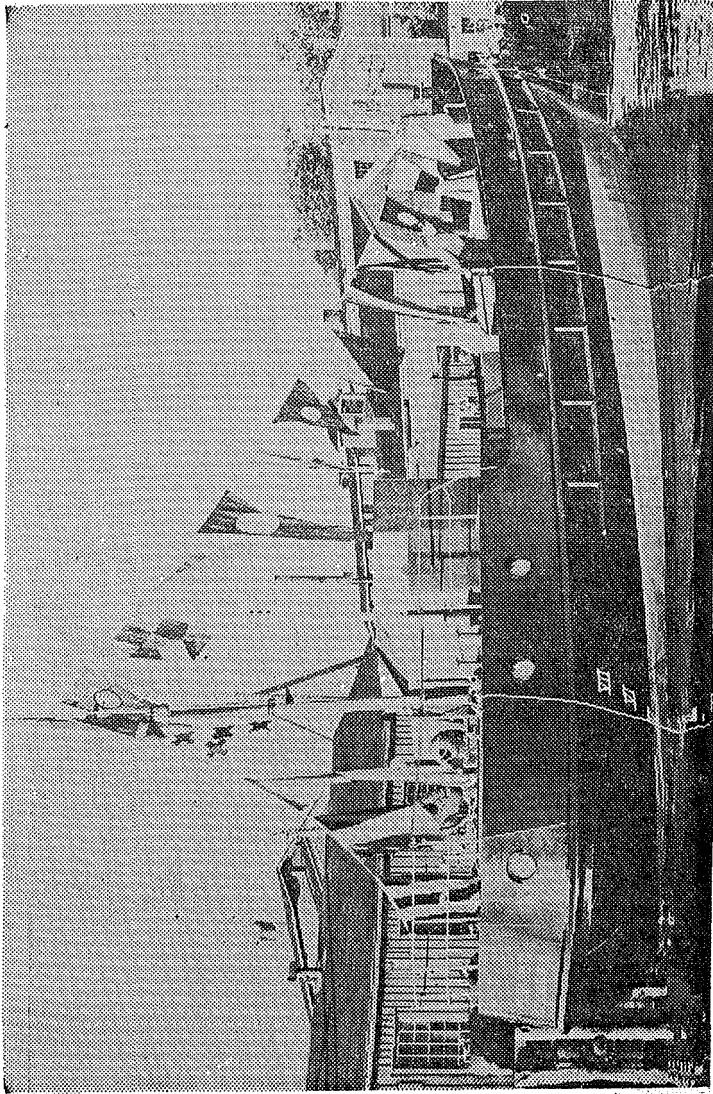
After the launching a buffet breakfast was served at the Lunenburg Foundry Garage. At this breakfast Mrs. John J. Kinley was presented with a silver tray.

The citizens of Lunenburg expect this launching to be the beginning of the steel ship building industry in Lunenburg.



Mrs. Kinley, wife of Senator J. J. Kinley, who sponsored the "Prima Vista"





THE "PRIMA VISTA"

# OUR YEARS ON THE BANK

by Margaret Deal '56

At one time, our Lunenburg fishing fleet numbered as high as one hundred and fifty vessels. When these fine sailing ships were in port, it was possible to walk the decks from the Foundry to the Shipyards.

The master was truly respected by his crew for he had risen from deck-hand to mate and finally to master. The share of a master was about sixty dollars a month; while the hands worked for as little as sixteen dollars a month. Many an old mariner will recall how it was necessary to keep on friendly terms with the Shipping Master in order to receive in advance a portion of their pay. During a fishing trip, which lasted from one to three months, a crew ate nothing but salted foods.

Captain Ernie Mossman, who has been going to sea for the past forty-six years and has sailed master for the last thirty-four, pioneered Greenland fishing. Twenty-six years ago while his ship was in port at the island of St. Pierre, Captain Mossman became acquainted with a French captain who informed him of these fishing grounds. The following year the Lunenburg schooner set sail for the grounds.

After they left St. Johns, Newfoundland, bad weather set in and it took a week for the ship to reach the fishing grounds. The first fishing vessel sighted on arrival was captained by the Frenchman who had informed Captain Mossman of these grounds. Similar voyages were made to Greenland during the following three years.

Today Captain Mossman is still employed in the business of fishing. He is master of the schooner Marjorie and Dorothy for Zwicker and Company.

Another Lunenburg fishing Captain who has many firsts to his record is Captain George Himmelman. While he was master of a sailing ship he made a record trip for Zwicker and Company to the West Indies and back in twenty-eight days — a voyage which normally took from thirty-five to forty days depending on the weather. Captain Himmelman, keeping pace with the changing industry, had the Geraldine, the first fishing dragger of the Lunenburg fleet, constructed at Smith and Rhuland's Shipyard.

One of Captain Himmelman's many interesting experiences took place twenty-five years ago when a halibuting expedition was sent from England. About one hundred Newfoundland fishermen joined the ships at St. Johns. Lunenburg supplied the masters for the expedition and Captain Himmelman and Captain Roger Conrad became the masters for the tender ships.

The mother ship of ten thousand tons took on board tons of supplies which would last the expedition for six months. After the preparations were completed the ships, consisting of the mother ship, two tenders (each of six hundred tons), and fifty small ships (of fifty tons), slipped out of St. Johns' Harbour for the open Atlantic. During the following months, fishing was carried on around the northeastern coast of Newfoundland, Flemish Cape, and Ethel's Bank which is situated almost half way across the Atlantic Ocean.

Having completed six months at sea, the Canadian crew left the expedition at St. Johns. The ships then returned to their home port Hull, England by way of Greenland.

Although wooden sailing ships have now vanished from our coasts, seafarers will continue to spin their yarns of their experiences on the deep.

## THE VANISHING NOSE

by Joan Levy '58, Andrew Tanner '57

About eight miles north of Cross Island there is a small island called Hobson's Nose. Today it is a small, treeless, deserted island in the Atlantic.

If we turn back half a century and return to the same place, we find a beautiful, small island 130 yards long, 30 yards wide and 28 feet above sea level. There is a large lighthouse which guides mariners to Mahone Bay, Chester and Tancook. Besides the lighthouse, there are the living quarters for the lightkeeper and his family also a boathouse for his use.

The first family on the island was Zinck and the last was Mosher. Between these were Churches and Smeltzers.

As the ocean tide in storms and fair weather whipped its shore, we find the island started to disappear into the ocean. The government had a breast-work built to try to save it, but as time passed the planks rotted and fell into the ocean's depths.

After the government found that the island was disappearing they gave a contract to one of the nearby men to tear the buildings down. An automatic light was put on the island but it was later removed and a buoy was placed off the shore.

As for treasure seekers on the island there is only one story. About 1830 a party of treasure seekers went from Lunenburg to Heckman's Island where they were told by Mrs. Heckman that a strange vessel had anchored off the island a few days before their visit. Mrs. Heckman said that the captain of this vessel was a young girl who landed her crew on Hobson's Nose. Mrs. Heckman could see them at work on the island with crowbars. After examining several places they left a crowbar sticking in the ground near a broken tree and walked around the point out of sight. Shortly afterwards they went on board and landed at Heckman's Island, made various inquiries of Mrs. Heckman and went on board again. In the night they revisited Hobson's Nose and dug at the place where they had left the crowbar. They left the bay at daylight the next morning.

The islanders examined the place and saw blocks and ropes left in a tree. Underneath was a hole which had indisputable marks of the removal of a barrel. A second hole was found from which a pot or vessel of some kind had been taken.

If the treasure seekers at Oak Island had made Hobson's Nose their centre of operations, they might perhaps have then discovered what they searched for in vain at the former place.

Today all these things are gone except in the memories of people, and we have only our small, barren island which in a few years will be covered by the ocean.

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## A NEW CABIN CRUISER — SMITH AND RHULAND

by Kevin Crouse '57

Perhaps Lunenburg's oldest industry is the Smith and Rhuland shipyards. From the days of "Iron Men and Wooden Ships" these shipyards have

been putting out a tremendous number of wooden ships, supplying a large part of the Atlantic seaboard.

In September 1955, this firm began to produce a new line of ships in the form of pleasure crafts or cabin cruisers. These cruisers have a direct market at Freeport, Long Island, where they are sold through a broker.

There are actually seven models of these new raised decks and each model is made to suit some particular person. The smallest model is a twenty-three foot raised deck, with accommodations for two. A little farther down the line we have a twenty-three foot Express Cruiser also with accommodations for two, but this one has a galley and a head. For those who prefer a boat with a bit more length, there is a twenty-five foot model with a raised deck which also has a head and galley and accommodations for two.

Then we have one with a bit more luxury than the others — a twenty-five foot Express Cruiser which accommodates four and has a dinette, a galley and a head. Following these is a twenty-six foot raised deck and a twenty-six foot Express Cruiser which have the same accommodations as the preceding twenty-five footer.

Finally, for those who really like a large boat, there is the twenty-eight foot Express Cruiser, which accommodates six, having a dinette, galley and a head.

All these cruisers are wonderfully built on American oak frames and all except the last have a clinker built construction, which not only provides exceptional strength, but which also eliminates caulking and increases displacement-for-length. They are also very skilfully designed with a full-headroom cabin and comfort and equipment that you would ordinarily expect on a much larger boat.

The planking used consists of Western Alaskan Yellow Cedar which is clear of knots and very durable. The superstructure, transoms, decking, engine boxes and wheel boxes are all made of Honduras Mahogany. The planking is copper-riveted and all bolts and screws used are made of either everdur or copper.

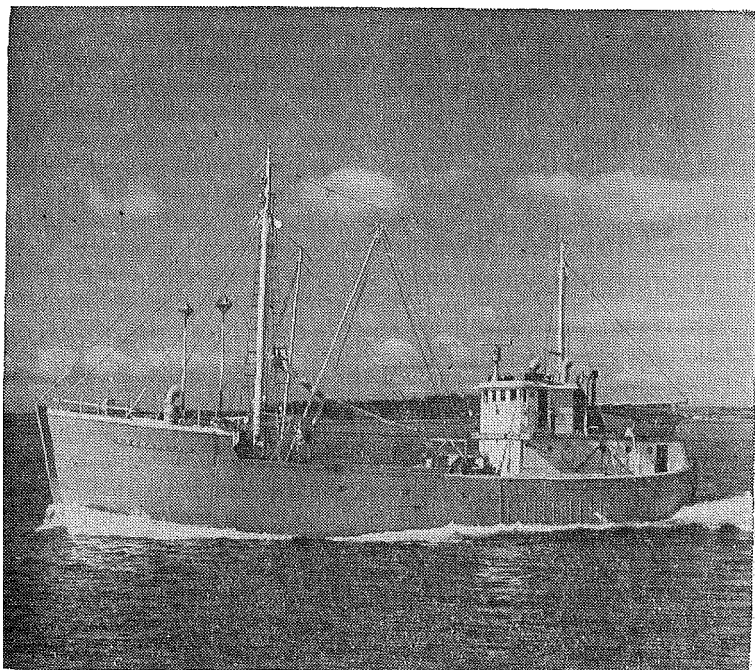
A choice of either a 95 or a 155 H. P. Norsberg is given for the engine and a six volt heavy duty battery is the basis of the electrical system. The boat is equipped with an anchor, rope, compass, bilge pump, electric horn, searchlight, flagpole, magazine and dish racks and all kinds of other ultra-modern equipment.

At first, the Company's object was to build one a week, but during the winter months, this idea was discontinued. The boats are loaded on flat trucks and carried all down through Calais and other eastern American cities to Freeport. To reduce the duty on the cruisers, they are built and finished at the shipyards, but the engines and other minor equipment are added over in the States.

So, if you decide that you'd like to own a pleasure craft of your own to go on that fishing trip you had planned or to take an evening spin at high speed, be sure to see Smith and Rhuland first before you order. These small, trim crafts speed over lake-smooth water or salt-sea lopp without fuss and with a dry deck. For the best in salty Nova Scotian construction, be sure to see the new cruisers being put out by Smith and Rhuland.

# THE BARBARA JO

by Pat Corkum '57, David Corkum '57



In late July of 1955 the Barbara Jo was launched by W. C. McKay & Sons of Shelburne. She was then towed to Lunenburg where the main engine, tanks, heating, auxiliary set, pumps, winch and deck gear, electronics and electrical installations were installed by the Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Ltd.

This fine ship was built for Barbara Jo Ltd. of Halifax to be used as a scallop dragger off the coast of Nova Scotia. She is commanded by Capt. Douglas Mosher of Lunenburg and is named after his wife and son, John.

Capt. Mosher last year commanded a very successful scallop dragger, the Aegir.

The Barbara Jo is 90 ft. length-over-all; moulded beam, 21 ft. 6 in. and depth amidships of 10 ft. 6 in. On her trial run she averaged 10.3 knots. Her main engine is a four cycle, six cylinder, 450 H. P. diesel with a top speed of 750 R. P. M. The engine along with a self priming fire and bilge is controlled from the pilot house. She has three dory lifeboats; the lifeboat winch is of one ton capacity. The dragger can carry 4300 gals. of fuel and 625 gals. of water. She has two Loran sets, radio telephone, depth sounder and radar, is heated by a 110 volt oil burner and has a refrigerator space of 100 cu. ft.

With such a fine ship we feel certain Capt. Mosher and his crew will prosper from the harvest of the sea.

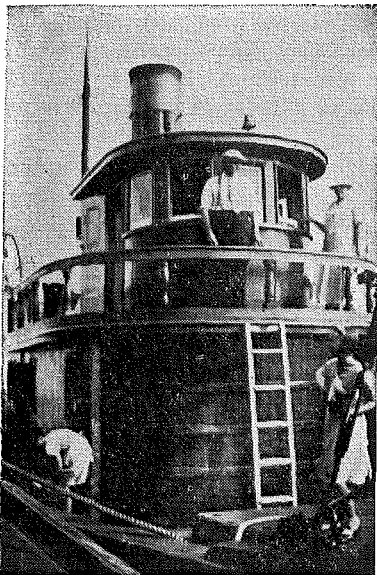
## TUGBOAT DAYS

by Jim Hulstein '56, Andrew Bald '56

Today, when one looks in a tourist guide book, one sees Lunenburg described as a small fishing town with 18th century buildings and customs, situated in a protected harbour, near cool calm waters, having excellent accommodations. This gives a picture of complete serenity and calm, a tourist oasis of rest (which the place certainly is today). But Lunenburg wasn't always this way, as many of our oldtimers can tell you.

Lunenburg was a bustling centre of activity. It was the Mecca of South Shore fishermen. There was "something doing" all the time—never a dull moment.

One of the older people in our town who clearly remembers those days, is Mr. Tom Naas. The Naas family is remembered in this town for running a tugboat service. This family started a tugboat run about 1800, and Mr. Naas sold his last boat in Dartmouth in 1941.



During this time they had many tugboats: The Fairy, Maggie, Mascot, Marjorie V.—to name a few. These boats were used for hauling vessels to and from their anchorage since vessels depended solely upon sail.

They were also water carriers and passenger boats. The Naas tugs made round trips to Bayport, Feltzen South, The Ovens, Cross Island, Blue Rocks, and other small places that were accessible. The last tug was used in Halifax harbour, and was run by Mr. Tom Naas. With all this time in the tug service, you can see that there are many tales to be told of Mr. Naas' experiences.

Perhaps one of the funniest and most ironic was the affair of the Dorothy Smart. This was a Newfoundland vessel which had run aground on "The Head". Since this happened around the time of rum-

running days, you can imagine that the cargo was a rather touchy subject.

Before this vessel could be pulled off the rocks, she had to be emptied of her "cargo", so the captain, rather reluctantly, surrendered a large number of familiar-looking kegs and cartons.

Then the vessel was pulled off the rocks and reloaded again. The

Naas' tug pulled the boat out of the harbour. As they got out far enough for sail, the captain of the Dorothy Smart untied the hawser rope and threw it to the tug, without paying for the towing. Being rather suspicious about the completeness of his cargo, he merely hollered, "Youse got what youse got!", and sailed out the bay.

The retribution came the next year when this same captain had to be towed. He was made to pay extra, clearing up the debt of the year before. Of course, this sort of thing was practised on the high seas during the rum-running era.

Think of the poor fellow who was called up in the middle of the night, and was told that the police had found out about his cache of his favourite brand. Then think of his confusion when he found that his telephone "friends" had spirited away the spirits after watching him feverishly hide the goods. Naturally on the other hand, a party would follow such a low trick, unless this same loot was taken by another group of enterprising young rascals.

Some people to be sure, will have mixed feelings as they recall these days gone by. Some will be sad, some will be regretful, and a few others will remember with a chuckle.

But do not be led astray. So far this has been very misleading. Lunenburgers had other things on their minds; they didn't eat, sleep and live such a life continually. These people also took a keen interest in politics. Mr. Naas tells us that an election or a political meeting was one of the most exciting events of town life.

Come election day, all the fishermen and farmers for miles around would flock to town, to vote. Imagine the excitement of the people, shouting their slogans, the wide-eyed wonder of the children, seeing ordinarily calm individuals thrown into such a riotous state.

Perhaps the younger set were the worst on election night. They literally painted the town red, with their buckets of paint. Or shall we say red and blue, for they had party colours, red for the "Tories", blue for the Liberals, or "Grits". These young fellows (pardon the weak expression) would go around town and paint their political enemies' houses either in red or blue streaks. Don't you think this would be rather colorful; red or blue streaks down the side of a white house?

Perhaps the true political competition in this town, was indicated by a case in which Mr. Naas had a part. This rehashing of the event, for certain, will arouse some people into good-natured, satisfied smiles and chuckles, and will shove others down into a gloomy silence as they think of their part in it.

It all started with a political meeting being held in Feltzen South by a group of "town" Tories. These people had hired Mr. Naas' tug, and when the time came to depart, a large number of Liberals (Grits if you prefer) came down to the wharf and said they wanted to go along. To the Tories, the Liberals' interest, concerning the coming meeting, was quite plain. Mr. Naas had to refuse, saying that the tug couldn't hold

them all, and that it was already hired by the Tories. This refusal sent the Liberals into a rage, and they left in a huff. While leaving, they vowed to work out some means of retaliation. Their boast wasn't an empty one.

As soon as was possible, a number of merchants of the Liberal following put up enough money to buy a tug boat. They were going to set up competition and competition it was. Not for the "Naas tug", but in their eyes competition for a "Tory tug."

This new tug was called "Mascot" and sad to say for the Liberals, it did not succeed in its aim. It was not manned by an experienced crew or captain, and eventually the Naases bought the tug. That is how they came in possession of "Mascot".

But perhaps we had better not say any more; to keep quiet about these things is probably the best way to keep one's head out of a sling.

But surely you will not lose interest in them? There are still many interesting stories that aren't printed in magazines and books, many tales which old people seem to be willing to impart to a good listener. Maybe you too, can find out more events, stories and happenings around the time of Tugboat Days in Lunenburg.



#### OPERETTA — BETTY LOU

Front—Mrs. B. G. Oxner, S. Conrad, M. Young, H. Hebb, R. Dauphinee, C. Corkum, A. Conrad, M. O'Connor.

Rear—K. Crouse, M. O'Connor, O. Conrad, D. Dauphinee, D. Corkum, R. Winaut, P. Corkum, D. Schwartz, K. Crouse, J. O'Connor, S. Cook, M. Schaffenburg, A. Lohnes, A. Cook, T. Mason, R. Beck.



## ON THE GRAND BANKS

by Marjorie Allen '57, David Young '57

One of Lunenburg's oldest citizens, and a fishing skipper in the days of "wooden ships and iron men," is Captain Harry Courtney.

Born at Grand Bank, Newfoundland on February 27th, 1867, the year of Canada's Confederation, he spent a colorful and adventurous twenty-five years at sea on the Grand Banks.

Captain Courtney first went to sea as dorymate at a very early age. He was one of a Newfoundland fishing family of nine — six boys and three girls. When only a boy the Captain lost his father and two brothers on the rocky coast of Cape Breton at the same place where the Liberian freighter Kismet II met her fate in 1955.

"In the days when I went to sea," said Captain Courtney, "there was no playing cards on the vessels like many of the men do today." In those days there was no time for card playing, it was all work, from sunrise to sunset.

From dorymate the Captain worked his way up to Master and held that position for ten years then retired from the sea. During his twenty-five years at sea he had some very trying experiences and narrow escapes from death. The captain lost his first vessel, the R. J. Pinsent, when it ran aground on the coast of Newfoundland in the thick fog. His second vessel was the Julia Forcey, and then the Pointer.

In 1887 Captain Courtney was at sea in one of the worst gales that ever swept the Atlantic. The Sunbeam, (the vessel which he was on at that time), lost one man when he was washed off the deck. That same night the Cashier, Maggie Foote and George Foote all went to a watery grave taking all hands with them. Later on, the Sunbeam was lost when she caught fire just outside of Pugwash. Luckily there were no lives lost.

At one time Captain Courtney was compelled to spend a night in a dory on the Grand Banks. Because of thick fog, he went astray from his vessel and was unable to find her again. However, the following day when the fog lifted, he found his vessel and was taken aboard, none the worse for his experience.

Captain Courtney's closest call came in October 1893, on the Green Bank. He was working on deck when a heavy sea struck the vessel and knocked him into the windlass. For twelve hours he lay unconscious, and suffered two



CAPT. HARRY COURTNEY

days of pain before his vessel reached port. Captain Courtney was laid up for one month then returned to sea; however he will always have a deep dent in his forehead to remind him of his narrow escape.

In 1908 Captain Harry Courtney retired from the sea after twenty-five years of fishing and coasting. He then came to Nova Scotia and worked in Halifax for twenty years and in 1922 came to Lunenburg with W. C. Smith & Co.

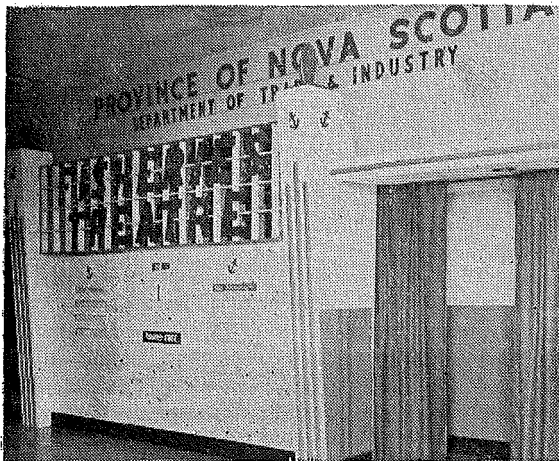
Today Captain Courtney and his wife, both advanced in age, are spending the declining years of their lives in their adopted town of Lunenburg. Here in view of the fishing fleet, and all that pertains to the sea, we hope he may spend many peaceful and happy years.

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**BRINY DEEP FISHERIES BOOTH**

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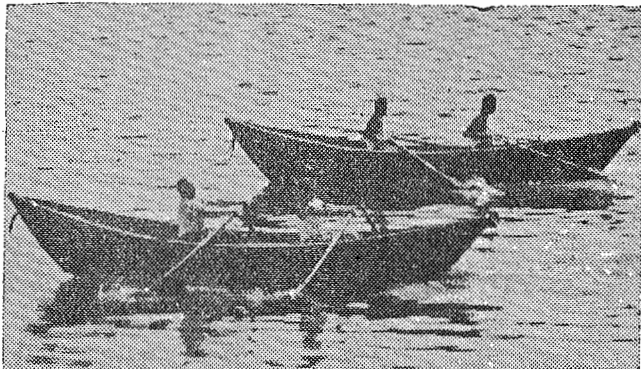


**The Department of Trade and Industry - an Exhibitor for many years.**

## THE 1955 DORY RACES

by Kevin Crouse '57, Leland Wamboldt '57

During the last week-end in June, 1955, Canada's top double-dory team consisting of Russell Langille and Lloyd Heisler, journeyed to Gloucester, Massachusetts, to attend the St. Peter's Fiesta, and to take part in the International Dory Race. There were a number of officials of the N. S. Fisheries Exhibition, and a few other local men accompanying the two athletes.



START OF 1955 RACE

The preliminaries were run off on Saturday, June 25th, on a beautiful day especially suited for dory racing. Five teams participated in this event with the winners racing against Canada on the following day. Sunday was as magnificent as the preceding Saturday and there was a great turn-out to watch the race. Heisler and Langille won and by doing so received a permanent trophy for thrice winning the Gloucester race.

Almost three months pass before we see our winners again. This time the race is at Lunenburg, during the Nova Scotia Fisheries' Exhibition. The preliminary races were held on Thursday, September 15, in conjunction with Water Sports day. Six teams participated in this event with Heisler and Langille; Gerald Schwartz and Gerald Hannams who finished second. It might be interesting to note that the time for the two mile course was almost exactly the same each time Heisler and Langille won, varying not more than twenty seconds around the approximate nine minute finish.

The following day, the International race took place and we saw the two great champions row for the last time. It was pretty well nip and tuck until they arrived at the buoy, but as they rounded the buoy Heisler and Langille gradually slipped away from the Americans and crossed the finish line well ahead of their opponents.

It was a grand day and a wonderful end for the careers of two great champions. They also received the Robert H. Winters cup as a permanent trophy for winning three International Dory Races at Lunenburg. Thus, they acquired all the standing trophies in international racing, and will long be remembered as one of the greatest teams on the North American continent.

Their place is now taken by Gerald Schwartz and Gerald Hannams, who came second in the 55' preliminaries, and we hope that these men will do as well as their predecessors in keeping up our national tradition.



The Lunenburg County team of Lloyd Heisler and Russell Langille defeated the Gloucester, Mass. crew by some six lengths to win the International two-man dory championship. Left to right Lloyd Heisler, Warren MacGregor of Gloucester, the first queen of the sea, 1947 Jane Himmelman of Lunenburg, now Mrs. Stan Gibson, Russell Langille and James Carter of Gloucester:



1955 PARADE — LUNENBURG SCHOOL FLOAT

# THE GRAND PARADE 1955

by Betty Fralick '57, Brenda Tanner '57

One of the biggest events of each year in Lunenburg is the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition which was held this year on September 13 - 17. On this week the event many people await anxiously is the Grand Parade. This feature has always drawn a large gathering from far and near and this year was no exception.

Many of the people in Lunenburg contribute to its success — all the grades of the school are represented, many outside schools send entries, and business firms and private individuals often decorate floats and cars. Another group of people we must not forget are the officials, for without them such a parade would not be possible. Of course the bands cannot be forgotten and the visiting navy in their white and navy uniforms add much to the parade.



We were fortunate again in 1955 to have a sunny, warm day for our parade. It assembled on the Academy grounds and the exclamation "Gee, that's pretty!" could be heard often as the floats and classes were viewed.

Finally the great hour came and the parade began to move, with the band from H. M. C. S. Cornwallis in the lead. The Academy grounds became empty as the parade proceeded along the route to the tune of lively music. The crowds enjoyed the antics of many clowns including Billy King. Heading the school section of the parade



were the first four grades in two gaily decorated ox carts and following them were the representatives of the other classes. This year the floats were especially beautiful and represented various organizations and business

firms. The contestants for the title of "Queen of the Sea" also rode on a float. The frequent clapping along the route gave proof of the reaction and the appreciation of the work put into the entries.

After the parade all the entries assembled at the Community Centre where the final judging took place. Then it broke ranks, thus ending for another year Lunenburg's Grand Parade.

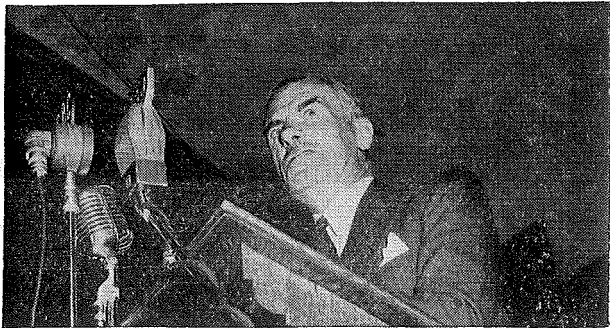
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## THE GRAND OPENING

by Marilyn Randall '58, Doris Mae Conrad '58

Sir Archibald Nye, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., G.C.I.E., K.C.B., K.B.E., M.C., United Kingdom High Commissioner to Canada, arrived at Lunenburg 12:30 p.m., Sept.

13, 1955. He came to officially open the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion of 1955. He and Lady Nye were given a civic reception at the Town Council Chamber at 3:00 p.m. He was ac-



companied by the Honorable R. H. Winters and Mrs. Winters, Senator J. J. Kinley and Mrs. Kinley, and a number of other citizens of the town. They were welcomed by Deputy Mayor Whynacht, members of the Town Council and the town clerk.

After expressing welcome to Sir Archibald and Lady Nye, Deputy Mayor Whynacht presented Sir Archibald Nye with a souvenir pair of oxen and Lady Nye with a Dutch Oven Cook Book. After signing the town's visitors book, Sir Archibald addressed the gathering and then visited the Anglican Church and other historic sites. Later in the afternoon the High Commissioner and his party toured the exhibition.

In the evening at 7:30, Sir Archibald officially opened the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition before a large and enthusiastic crowd.

He remarked on how the Nova Scotians and English depend on the sea for their livelihood. He also stated that many of our fishermen use equipment that was made in England. He spoke of the Bluenose, the schooner of which we are all so proud. Senator J. J. Kinley expressed thanks to the distinguished speaker. Thus began a week of gaiety for the citizens of Lunenburg and the surrounding communities.



# 1955 FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by Robert Stevens '56

Tuesday, September 13, at 1:00 P. M., the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition once again got under way to the tune of whistles, bells and chimes. At 7:30 that evening the Exhibition was officially opened by Sir Archibald Nye, United Kingdom High Commissioner to Canada. Other noted dignitaries were also present at the opening to deliver their greetings to all in attendance.

Later on that same evening, the selection of Princesses for the Queen of the Sea contest was again held. Radiant and charming were the many young ladies who participated in the contest, and the judges really had their work cut out for them in making the right choices.

As is customary the Bill Lynch Show, including acts and midway, occupied the Exhibition grounds outside the buildings. The numerous rides provided a varied form of entertainment which both young and old enjoyed.

Inside, many colorful booths decorated the buildings and the displays were truly fascinating and delightful.

The next day, Wednesday, dawned clear, which was a great relief to all those who hoped and planned to participate in the Grand Parade that afternoon. The Parade again was of the same high quality that has caused its predecessors to be highly esteemed.

Costumed town and country school children, bands and various organizations, decorated cars and commercial floats grouped on the Academy grounds, whence they paraded through the town streets to the Exhibition grounds. Here the Parade assembled for inspection by the people on the grounds.

At 8:00 P. M. the selection of the Queen of the Sea was held. Many young ladies participated, all having one desire — to have the honor of being chosen Queen of the Sea. After deliberating for some time the judges made their decision — and it wasn't an easy one considering the number of lovely contestants. A dark-complected beauty, Miss Helen Lee, from Halifax was the judges' choice as well as, I am sure, that of the audience also.

Among the other features, to entertain the crowd that same evening, was a program of organ music, Richard Fry doing the honors.

The main event on Thursday was the water sports. This is one of the highlights of the Fisheries Exhibition and is always witnessed by a large number of people. The program was taken up with motor boat races of various kinds, trawl baiting and hauling contest, Sea Cadet races, swimming races, yacht races and the double dory elimination race — the winner of this to face the Gloucester crew on Friday. The team of Heisler and Langille again proved they were the crew to represent Canada by defeating all competitors.

The highlight of that evening was the special Coronation Parade through Lunenburg, ending with the crowning of the Queen of the Sea, in colorful ceremony, on the outdoor stage at the Exhibition grounds.

To supplement these main attractions were such other features as Little League baseball games, Band Concerts, daily showings of films in the Fisheries Building, and free acrobatic acts on the midway. Another feature attraction was the appearance of Don Messer and his Islanders every evening on



the stage of the Marine Building. These daily performances provided great enjoyment for the crowds.

On Friday the International Dory Race was again held. There was a good deal of excitement among the crowds lining the wharves as to the outcome of the race. The Canadians again proved the better team and won by a good margin.

The evening's entertainment consisted of performances by Don Messer and his Islanders and a colorful Old Time Square Dancing Competition with groups competing from all parts of the Province.

Saturday's big feature was the Children's Parade held at 2:30 P. M. in front of the grand stand. Children aged two to seven took part in this affair. The children, all decked out in costumes of various types, paraded around the athletic field with decorated doll carriages, carts and bicycles.

The 1955 Fisheries Exhibition was officially closed at 10:00 P. M. with a special program followed by a community sing-song.

The solemn and impressive Memorial Service held on Sunday afternoon formally brought to an end the annual week of fun and festivity.



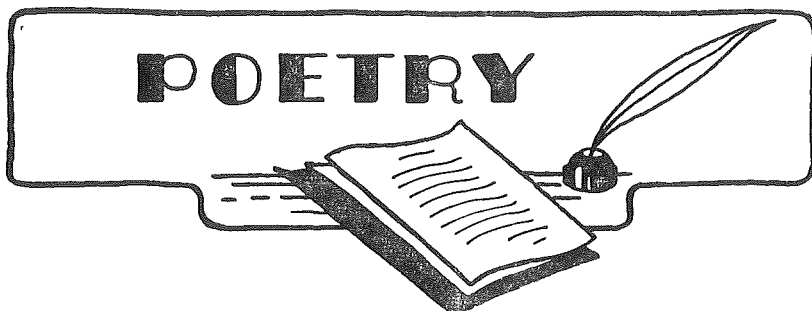
**Two charming visitors at the Exhibition**



**She won a lamp.**



**Which is the larger?**



## HERMAN

by Anthony Cook '58

Once there lived a little snake,  
Who made his home beside a lake.  
He was always free to have his way,  
Until one dark and dismal day,  
A boy, a naughty boy at that,  
Came and caught him in a trap.  
And ever since that day so sad,  
He's wasted his life inside our lab.

To spend your life cooped in a tank  
Is nothing for one to praise and thank,  
For belonging to those peering eyes  
Were a bunch of witty guys,  
Who never thought or ever knew,  
What that snake had since gone through  
They laughed at him and poked him sore,  
Until at last he could take no more.

For then one sunny day in May,  
Poor little Herman got away.  
We searched the lab, we searched our room,  
But all our efforts ended in gloom,  
It looked as if that helpless snake  
Had finally given us the shake,  
Until one day, a whole month later  
We found his bones 'neath the radiator.

We used to think that we were smarter,  
But poor little Herman, he died a martyr!

Note — The above poem is dedicated  
to the little snake who so  
faithfully served the Grade 10  
class in the Biology Laboratory.

## VACATION?

by Rita Lohnes '56

They said in school the other day  
We'd have a little holiday—  
One whole week of Christmas cheer,  
No books, no lessons, no Teacher dear.  
But then our teachers reconsidered—  
In a week our brains would surely wither,  
And so to keep us on our toes  
They load on as a pupil's foes;  
One short story as good as Herricks,  
A nice long essay—your choice of topics,  
A Sea Gull article must also be had  
And one little poem that's out of the head.  
And out of the head I'll surely be  
Before I've a clue for any of these!  
An assignment like that and I'm on the spot,  
I think it would be easier if I could be shot!

Our parents say it's so much fun,  
Going to school when we are young,  
But if this is fun, my reader friend,  
Write out my work and I shall send  
It to my teachers for them to mark  
So you can see your stab in the dark.

---

## WILD DUCKS AT NIGHT

by Rosalie Dauphinee '59

Under the bank where the willows dip,  
And spread thin shadows from above,  
A wild drake bends his head to sip,  
And softly calls to his lady love.

Across the night-black inlet hiding,  
Restive, within the small lagoon,  
The duck awaits her bold mate's bidding,  
Secure behind a sheltering dune.

But a hunter crouched among the reeds,  
Takes careful aim at the moving spot,  
For the drake with his amorous, husky pleas,  
Is to him, a dinner in a pot.

# THE ROSY PAST

by Brenda Tanner '57

Have you ever stepped to think  
How attitudes change, almost in a wink?

Today we're tired of books and schools,  
But in fifteen years time we'll call ourselves fools,  
And say, "Boy! That was the life,  
With all that play we used to call strife."

But if we then could revisit the past,  
And settle down in a familiar old class,  
Maybe we would give up at last,  
Regarding the past through a rosy glass.

---

# SEASONS

by Paul Dober

I like the spring with birds and flowers,  
The gentle breeze with sun and showers;  
The nice green grass beneath my feet,  
And farmers sowing all their wheat.

I like the warmer days of summer,  
When beneath the trees I slumber;  
Or upon the beach I play,  
While the farmers cut their hay.

I like the harvest in the fall,  
Fruit, and berries, nuts, and all;  
To watch the autumn leaves turn brown,  
Then to the ground come tumbling down.

But, Oh! I like the winter best,  
Coasting, skating and the rest;  
Winter is the gayest season,  
It's Christmas time, that's the reason.

## THE SLEIGH RIDE

by Rosalie Beck '60

One cold winter morning with temperatures low,  
My Daddy and I a-coasting did go.  
We found a hill, the highest in town,  
But Daddy was scared to go all the way down.

I coaxed him on to my brand-new sled  
Then over the snow crust, swoosh! we sped  
From the top of the hill to the harbour below  
Away I went with my Daddy in tow.

We bumped through a ditch, and Daddy went pale,  
But still he continued brave on the trail.  
An old cabbage garden I stormed through with delight,  
While Dad bravely hung on with all his might.

At last we were halted away down below  
By my new sled crashing in a big bank of snow.  
Dad grinned, got off, stamped his feet, looked around,  
And before I knew it was upward bound.

I started after as fast as I could,  
But the snow was deep and my feet felt like wood.  
My sleigh behind me heavily dragged,  
Till Daddy noticed how I had lagged.

Then, he took the sleigh, and uphill we sped,  
My Dad hauling me on my brand new sled;  
And I thought to myself as I clung on behind  
"I guess he's the best Dad I ever could find."

---

## SEA GULLS

by Mary Hardy '57

Their white backs glistening in the light,  
They rise above the flying spray.  
And raising mournful cries in flight,  
Swoop swiftly downward on their prey.

With pounding wing and urgent cry  
They circle o'er the billowy foam.  
And rising onward to the sky  
Move glistening wings toward their home.

# A HAPPY NEW YEAR

by Jeanine Tanner

Thank you Father, for a year  
So bright and shining new,  
For brand new story books to read,  
And happy things to do;  
For parents, friends, and school to bring  
Us new joys every day;  
For happy new adventuring  
In work, and prayer, and play,  
And thank you most of all that You  
Are with us in the things we do!

---

## TELEVISION BUG

by Graham Creighton '60

On the roofs of many houses  
Tower high among the trees  
The lofty T.V. aerials  
Swaying slowly in the breeze.

Although T.V. just came to town  
It's scope is far and wide,  
And for excuses at school or home  
Old T.V. will provide.

From supertime till midnight  
The set ne'er stops to blast;  
The kids can't leave the movie  
Till all is over at last.

The parents call and call and call  
It all seems so in vain;  
Apparently they've lost control  
They'll have to try again.

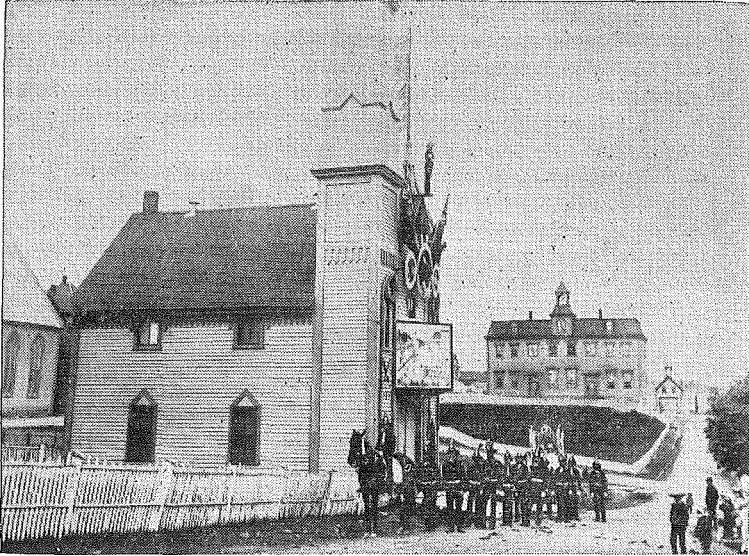
The school work tends to suffer.  
Alas! What can be done?  
The housework gets neglected,  
T.V. is much more fun.

All, from infants to the oldsters  
Spend each night upon the rug,  
With the television blaring  
Creating the "television bug."

# OUR FIRE DEPARTMENT

by David Dauphinee '58, Deanna McIsaac '58

"Deeds not words" — a great motto for a great Fire Department. We Lunenburgers are very proud to have such an efficient and well-equipped fire-fighting department. Formed in 1820, the captain was Mr. Casper Oxner.



LUNENBURG FIRE DEPARTMENT — 1879

The years following 1820 until 1855 were not of much importance. Then, in 1885, a steam fire engine was procured from Brussels, Ontario. A new volunteer company was formed. Twenty-six offered; twenty-six were accepted. It was decided that a new engine house should be built and, in 1889, it was completed. Besides the room for the engine and appliances, it had a handsome parlor and other convenient rooms. The new fire engine house reflected the highest credit on the Lunenburg firemen and all who aided them in their work.

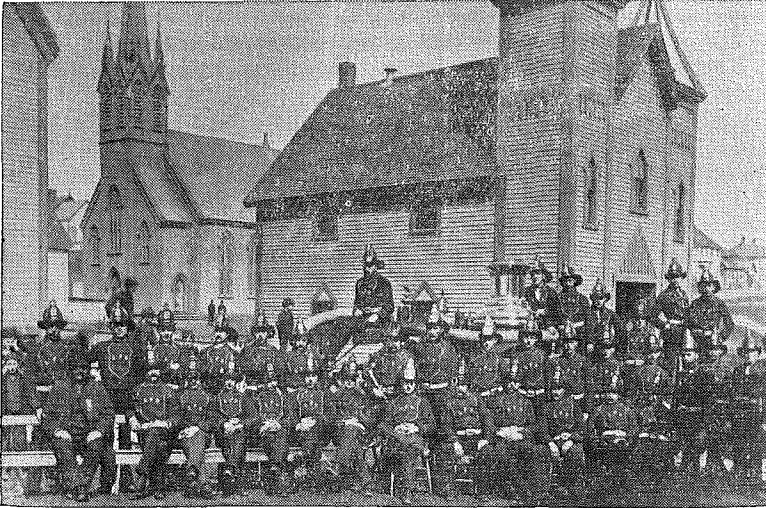
The firemen of 1894 had a well managed and well-equipped fire department. Some of their equipment was as follows: a steam engine, hand engines, lanterns, hose reels, water buckets, hats with torches, 1750 feet of rubber hose, a controlling nozzle, four rubber coats, hook and ladder combination, a wagon and several necessities of a fire department. During the year there were four alarms, only one being of any consequence. In the fall of 1894, the Town Council was debating as to whether or not there should be an engine house in Newtown and one of the engines placed there. The building of the engine house never came about, and so another year passed on into history.

The year 1900 saw a fire department consisting of sixty men. The depart-

ment had increased greatly in the previous 10 years. Besides the rubber hose, they now had 1000 feet of cotton hose. There were quite a few calls in 1900; several being serious.

The 10 years from 1900 to 1910, had not been of much increase to the fire department. Their department was not greatly increased; six rubber coats being the only purchase. One of the three fires during the year destroyed a barn.

Mr. L. J. Hebb was Chief of the Fire Department in 1920, Mr. Francis Maloney was Captain and Mr. Allan Beck was Vice-Captain. Their equipment consisted of a fire engine in good order, a salvage wagon, six hose reels, 2700 feet of hose and a ladder wagon. There had been no fires of any importance in the previous ten years.



#### A NEW PUMPER — 1885

1928 was a great year for the Lunenburg Fire Department. The present day engine house was completed, and a truck, the La France which is still at the fire hall, was purchased. A law was passed stating that the number of firemen was to be 40. Four years later, in 1932, the hose truck, which is still in use, was bought.

There was a lapse between 1932 and 1950, when the next truck was bought and finally in the fall of 1954 the Civil Defence truck came to Lunenburg.

As most Nova Scotians know, the Lunenburg firemen are quite famous at the Firemen's Tournaments. Out of twelve of these tournaments, the firemen have won ten.

At the present time the number of firemen is fifty instead of forty. The Chief is Mr. Fred Fox, Jr., Captain Mr. Victor Corkum, Vice-Captain, Mr. Tom Black. Our fires are few and there has only been one serious mishap in the history of the department, the death of the late Chief George Dauphinee. May we hope and pray that our Fire Department will always be as efficient and well-equipped as it has been in years gone by.



# THE LONG, LONG TRAIL!

by Glenda Hall '56, Thomas Mason '58

In 1756 the Government of Nova Scotia found it necessary to establish a road between the two main centres of Halifax and Lunenburg. Another purpose was to connect the scattered villages along the way.

A number of German inhabitants from Lunenburg, on February 19, 1757, surveyed a road to Halifax and appeared before the Council. The Council offered them £6 per mile to make a road one rod wide. In those days this was thought to be a high price for such an undertaking. Instead of accepting, the settlers insisted on so exorbitant a price that the Council refused their offer.

Immediately the Lieutenant-Governor advised Colonel Sutherland at Lunenburg to endeavor to agree with any man who would attempt to build a road. The terms would be the same as were offered to the settlers in February.

Later, a man named Pernette offered to build a road ten feet wide from Chester to Halifax under certain conditions. His workmen were to be given several boats to carry supplies. Also, they were to be provided with weapons for protection from the Indians. His side of the agreement was to finish the road within three months. The contractor was given an advance amount of £50 and was to be paid afterwards as each ten miles was cut. Little work was done on the project and no further immediate attempts were made to build a road.

In the seventh and eighth decades of the eighteenth century, the Government decided to build a road along the entire length of the South Shore. This was thought necessary, because the coming of the Loyalists and the growth of many of the communities made communication by land essential.

In 1770 the South Shore route was undertaken and £1000 was granted for the construction of a road between Halifax and Yarmouth via Lunenburg. However this paid for little more than blazing a trail, and did not permit the building of bridges. In the 1780's several grants were made but the thing that caused the most trouble was the enforcing of statute labour. The roads from Chester to Lunenburg were in poor repair. The settlers either had to go by sea, often in stormy weather, or travel over roads which were either washed out or full of holes.

Although the road may be said to have been opened from Lunenburg to Halifax by the 1780's, it would seem that the usual route continued to be via Windsor and then overland to Halifax until a later date.

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## ACCIDENT ON THE NOVA SCOTIA CENTRAL RAILWAY

by Joanne Greek '58, Helen Hebb '59

On February 9, 1907, there occurred a terrible train crash, the worst in the history of the Halifax and Southwestern System. The Freight Extra No.

5 departed from Bridgewater, headed for Lunenburg through Mahone Junction. It had three empty flat cars, and sixteen others piled up with lumber.

As soon as the train was on its way, bad luck stepped in. It stalled on a grade just outside Bridgewater, and a pusher had to be summoned to get it going again. After travelling for three hours, the train was only three miles from Bridgewater. Pretty soon another train came up, and gave it a push to Blockhouse, a short distance from Mahone Bay.

She went on from there alone, and finally stalled half-way up a hill and refused to move. Steam in the engine was low, and while it built up, a trainman decided to walk to the junction and throw the switch to the Lunenburg track.

During this time, a train carrying passengers and freight had come into Mahone Junction, and was standing idle before the station. The other cars, freight, were not yet recoupled, and were standing quite a distance behind the passenger cars — a lucky chance. There was quite a bustle of people on the platform, passengers and mere onlookers stood talking near the passenger cars.

Back on the hill, a pusher engine helped the Number 5 up the hill, and then left. The Number 5 rolled down the hill, rapidly gaining speed. The engineer tried to slow her down, but found to his alarm that the brakes would not hold. The fast-moving train plunged onward to destruction.

The engineer now thoroughly alarmed, blew his whistle, but to no avail. The people on the platform in front of the station had not even an inkling of the danger they were in.

When the freight train rushed into view, the shocked people were too surprised to move. Seconds later, there was a grinding crash, and the Freight Number 5 struck the other engine. Both engines were covered with lumber and flat cars.

The idle engine was forced back into the other cars by the blow, but this second impact was reduced because of the distance between the two. This lucky fact saved many precious lives, and only one casualty resulted on the train. The Number 5 had been loaded so that it was impossible to get at the brake wheels, and she was also under-manned.

Only three fatalities resulted from the crash. The section-foremen, Low, was buried under a hand car and 10,000 feet of lumber. Rescuers tried to uncover him, but by the time they reached him, he was dead.

The fireman of the mixed train, Enos Crooks, was thrown from the cab and buried under flying lumber. Both his wrists were broken, his left leg was torn off below the knee, and his leg was torn enough to expose the arteries. He suffered two fractured hips, and facial injuries. He lived for a short time after being uncovered, but died on the way to the hospital.

Willard Phelan, engineer of the passenger train, had his left leg severed by flying timber, and his right leg was fractured in several places. He died after admission to the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, but he was conscious to the last.

In the years following 1907, the Halifax and Southwestern has grown with the country to become the important railway that it is today.

## A FORT ON THE LA HAVE

by Fenton Dibbin '57, Jane Romkey '56

The picturesque community of La Have was discovered in 1604 by Sieur De Monts who called it Cape de la Heve after the port from which he sailed. Again in 1629, Isaac de Razilly, a French knight, was so charmed with the place that he fortified it and made it his residence. Here he built a fort on the La Have river, which comprised about three or four acres. A lively little settlement resulted containing about forty families whose main livelihood was growing corn and grain.

The fort continued its peaceful life until disturbed by two French gentlemen, Charnisay and La Tour, who both desired to control the settlement. Eventually, however, La Tour won, repaired the fort, and families built homes along the shores to Petite Riviere.

In 1654 a creditor of Charnisay was given orders to take possession of the fort and lands. Every home was burned including a chapel which had been built when the land was discovered. This chapel was seventy feet in length and its site is now used as a grave yard for the Roman Catholic church.

At this time La Have was considered very important by both French and English having changed hands numerous times. It was often mentioned in negotiations for possession of land in Acadia. In 1860 the French king granted a Sieur Bergier the land and fort of La Have to establish fisheries and other trades. Four years later a governor (Mr. Perrot) was given a grant of land from Rossignal (Liverpool) twelve leagues eastward along the shore. During French rule the little fort reached its peak of importance. Fifty men were stationed near by, small warships, guardhouses and storehouses were built at this period. Transportation seemed to be eased as a road was built to Port Royal.

In the later part of this century the new governor wished to have another strong fort erected and recommended that it become the principal place of Nova Scotia. Being refused this request, he carried on an illegal trade with privateers who were doing great damage to the English along the New England coast. In retaliation the English sailed into La Have and burned many homes.

La Have soon became renowned as a boat building community. Governors of other settlements realized its importance as a chief sea port. Once more it was given to the English, and efforts were made to make it the chief seat of the government.

In 1753 an Indian, Claude Gisigash, called himself governor of La Have and signed a document of peace.

Occasionally cellars have been found which are the remains of the homes of these ancient settlers. Only a small part remains of the original hill, where the fort was built. A story has been passed down through the ages that the pond near the early fort contains the golden candlesticks and treasures of the chapel which were cast there in order to keep the English from securing them during a besiegment. Many other stories are told of these first settlers and the hardships they experienced on coming to a strange shore.

## IN MY DAY

by Ann Cook '58, Rita Lohnes '56

Many people do not realize the great changes in Lunenburg during the past sixty years. In 1896 many conveniences which we enjoy today were not in existence.

We shall take you back to the younger days of Mr. Kenneth Crouse. He first came to Lunenburg at the age of twelve while engaged in the fishing industry.

He told us: "In my day there were no cars but ox teams and few horses were used. There were no paved roads and people travelled from Lunenburg to Halifax over rough muddy roads by way of stage coach. Sidewalks in the town were constructed of wooden planks from Otto Cossman's, where at present stands Victor Hall's Grocery, to William Bailly's Blacksmith Shop, where now Snair's Garage is situated and elsewhere. Products were imported and exported to and from Halifax by means of boat, (Packet), as there were no trains."

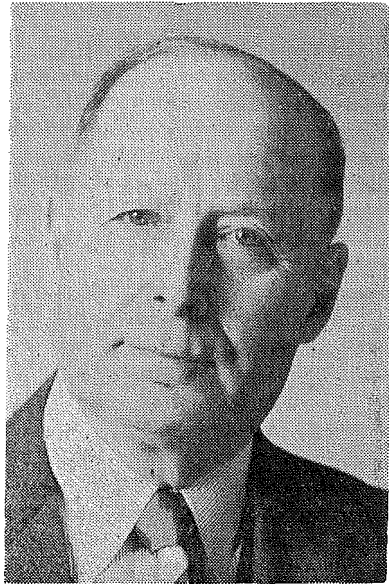
In those days the harbour was lined from the Battery to the Head with fish flakes, as there were no artificial dryers. All the salt fish had to be dried and packed in casks by hand.

The United Sail Makers was at that time one of the two sail lofts in the town. Another, run by Arthur Hebb, stood at the present location of the Lunenburg Sea Products ice house.

Since there were no cars for transportation, four livery stables were in existence. Two livery stables operated by Solomon Knickle and Gabriél Backman were located at the site of Elmer Berringer's Garage and the Legion Hall. Horses could also be rented at the livery stable operated by Steve Eisenhauer in the vicinity of the Drill Hall. Another station operated by Isaac Hirtle and John Conrad was located on the vacant property by Elmer Berringer's garage.

Where Fred Bailly lives today there was a bakery shop owned by the Bailly Brothers. Mr. Crouse recalls those good old days when he bought his six cent lunches which consisted of a five cent bun and a one cent glass of lime juice. One cent ice creams could be bought at Risser's Restaurant.

In every barber shop each person obtained his own mug and brush with a specified number, which was kept in a glass case on the wall. There were two hotels in the town in Mr. Crouse's day. King Hotel in later years be-



MR. KENNETH CROUSE

came the Ich Dien Hotel and Queen Hotel which burned was located where A. Dauphinee & Sons Block shop now stands.

The only fire alarm in his day was a bell on a steel tower on the lawn between the present Fire Hall and the Court House. The apparatus consisted of a hand pumper with a tank under it which was filled and then pumped out on the fire fire by several men on each side working the pump handles up and down.

The School House, at that time situated near the location of the present band stand, was destroyed by fire. The churches were in the same locations as today. The Post Office used to be located on the site of the present Telephone Office. The County Jail was behind the ring of Blockhouse Hill. The warden of this jail was Newton Myra.

There were at least three Cooper Shops — one where Bailly's Feed Store now stands, and one adjoining Charles Eisenhauer's Barber Shop. The third stood at the present site of the Irving Oil Tanks.

There was a funeral home run by Mr. Hobbs who made by hand all the coffins used by him in his business. This funeral home was located on Montague Street.

Entertainment in winter was Joseph Selig's singing class which was held at the Kissing Bridge school house. Classes lasted an hour and a quarter broken by a fifteen minute recess at half time.

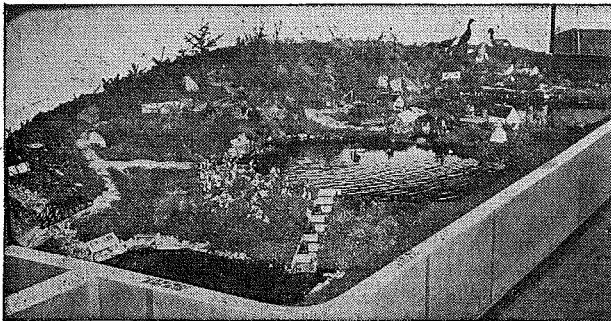
Skating and hockey games were other winter sports. Skating carnivals were also held in the rink which in Mr. Crouse's day was where the Acadian Supplies Mill is today. This rink was later destroyed by fire. There was horse racing on the ice of the back harbour, generally on a week-end.

The women gathered at different homes hooking mats, quilting quilts and spinning wool, making the affairs into a party or bee.

In summer the Lunenburg Bicycle Club went on outings and bicycle races were held on the bicycle track which was where Naas' Canteen now stands. The admission to these races was ten cents.

After election day a good time was enjoyed by all at a big feast held in the Drill Shed. Food consisted of cheese, hard biscuits and lime juice.

This picture of Lunenburg in the year 1895 as given to us by Mr. Crouse will provide some idea of the changes that have taken place in the past sixty years.



**The original display of lakes and live fish — Department of Fisheries.**

## HIDDEN TREASURE

by James Cooke '58, Murray Stevens '56

Treasure—for young and old, does this not give magic inspiration? Who does not see pirate ships laden with loot after a successful raid on a rich merchant fleet heading under full sail toward our protruding coast?

Continuing in our imaginative mood for a moment, let us suppose we were the pirates under these proposed circumstances. Our one objective would be to secure a reliable place so we could dispose of the plunder. There are many well protected harbours of the required specifications, one of which lies on the southwestern side of Lunenburg harbour now called Feltzen South.

Some one hundred years ago on a fine summer evening, two boys were playing under their father's barn. Suddenly while digging in the ground, one of the boys discovered something shiny. Not knowing what it was they showed it to their father who immediately realized its value.

The two boys, John and Freeman, returned to the place where they collected about a bushel-basket full of 18th century Spanish silver dollars. These coins were exchanged for Canadian currency at about eighty cents to the dollar. However not all the coins were traded and Titus, son of William Mosher still has a few to prove their discovery.

Another case where the proof has not been found, lies in the story of an old pirate named Baranada.

The story goes that he collected considerable wealth while sailing at sea. He stored his loot in a half-barrel, upstairs in an empty room and warned everyone to keep out. His wife not heeding his warning showed her younger sister the wealth her husband had stored.

Some years later, again while the sister was there, he took the half-barrel on a wheel barrow and walked back the road with it. He warned everyone not to leave the house until he returned and no one as yet has a clue where he hid it.



1955 QUEEN OF THE SEA

# EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF LUNENBURG

by Brenda Tanner '57

On December 15, 1753 a riot broke out at Lunenburg. A report was circulated that a Frenchman, John Peterquin, had received a letter from London stating that each person in Lunenburg was to receive one pound of bread, meat, rice, and other foods, household and farming implements and £5 in cash. Of course the people were anxious to see the letter and they went in search of Mr. Peterquin. When he did not produce the letter, he was imprisoned. Colonel Sutherland, Mr. Zouberbuhler and several other men rescued him from the mob, but he was recaptured again and placed under armed guard. After an unsuccessful attempt to escape, Peterquin was bound and threatened. He then declared that Mr. Zouberbuhler had the letter and the people assembled to get it from him. The crowd spent the day deciding what to do and meanwhile hourly messages were sent to the Colonel asking for the letter or Mr. Zouberbuhler whom they wanted to appear for public examination.

Finally Peterquin was examined by the Colonel and in the end it was determined that a Mr. Hoffman had been the instigator of the mischief. He was arrested and later found guilty and imprisoned for two years at George's Island, Halifax.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the American Revolution the people of Lunenburg were quite often bothered by privateersmen. In 1780 an American brig, the "Sally", came to anchor outside the town. Some men were sent to shore from the ship. While prowling about a farmhouse, they were suspected and captured. When they did not return to the ship, a gun was fired and the American flag was hoisted. Several boats were sent out from the town, and she was eventually boarded and taken. She proved to be a rich prize for the people of Lunenburg for her cargo consisted of rum, sugar and molasses.

Another story is often told of the days of the Revolution. One day some men heard voices near them and feared that the Americans had come again. To escape them, they ran to a nearby pond and jumped into the water. Here they remained below the surface, breathing through hollow reeds, till they thought the people had gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Murder, which is often thought of as a present day evil, was very much present in olden times. On March 19, 1791 George and John Bouttier went to visit George Eminoud and his family. After some time they left, but returned again on the same day. They were asked to spend the night this time, and chose a strange way to repay this kindness. When Mr. Eminoud returned from the barn with straw for their beds, he was killed. Then the murderers re-entered, killed the other occupants and set fire to the house. Thinking to escape detection, they reversed their snow-

shoes but true to the old saying—"Crime does not pay"—they were captured near Bedford Basin. At their trial, the men were found guilty and later were executed on Gallows Hill where the Academy now stands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although there was no central power plant in Lunenburg for many years, small private plants provided power for various businesses. In the 1870's a carding mill and two grist mills were in use near the Cut Bridge. These mills were run by water power from a nearby brook. Later, a small power plant used for lighting some of the stores on Lincoln Street, was located on the site of Wong's Cafe. About 1885, the Lunenburg Electric Light Company was formed and located near Mr. Fred Demone's home.

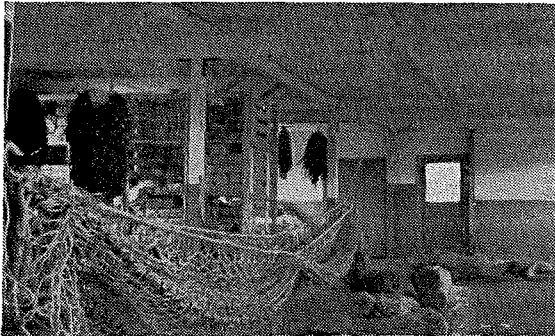
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From an early date in the history of Lunenburg, many people began to turn from the land to the sea for their livelihood. Though they had fished for many years, 1873 was the first time that fishermen from Lunenburg went to the Banks. Five vessels set out to try their luck but four soon became disheartened and went to Labrador. The schooner "Dielytris" remained and when she returned home she carried a catch of 1850 quintals of fish. In this year the fleet consisted of fifteen vessels with one hundred and seventy-five men.

\* \* \* \* \*

When William Moser of Feltzen South began to repair his barn in 1879, he found something of which he had never dreamed. One day when he was about to repair the sills and put in a new threshing floor, he told his boy to remove the soil. While doing this, the boy found two old Spanish dollars. Many more were found during the next few days and coins were sold to many people in Lunenburg.

The money was thought to have been deposited by privateersmen before the building of the barn. Mr. Moser had often heard his father tell of them coming close to shore and frightening the people. Often they had tried to rob one another and hide money on the shore.



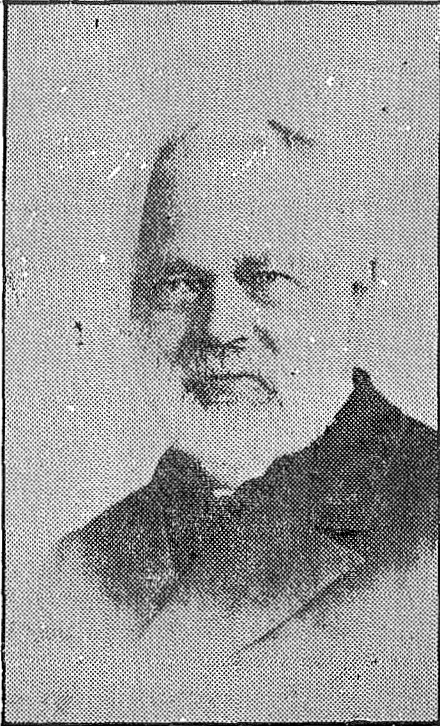
**NET MAKING IN LUNENBURG**



## THE CIRCUIT RIDER

by Suzanne Courad '58, Linda Ernst '59

Charles Cossman was born on March 1, 1806 at Sachsenburg, Saxony. He liked to study and, in 1818 when he was 12 years old, he was sent to Latin school in Halle. He entered Halle University and he was tutored in



CHARLES COSSMAN

the languages which he wished to learn. After graduation Rev. Cossman was fortunate enough to receive a position as teacher in a school until he was ordained.

During that time a call came from the Lunenburg congregation in Nova Scotia for a German Lutheran minister. Most young theologians were reluctant to accept such a position, because Nova Scotia was so far away and the salary offered was only \$400. Finally Charles Cossman was persuaded to go, and on the day of his ordination at Murseburg September 16, 1834, he left Germany for Lunenburg. He arrived safely in 1835 and was warmly received by the whole congregation.

In February he administered the Lord's Supper for the first time, and only one of the twelve elders and fifteen of the congregation made their appearance. In May 1837 he left for Germany and returned with his wife, Caroline, who bore him nine children.

Upon returning from Germany, he preached regularly twice every Sunday and on the week days at such places as Maitland, Northfield, New Germany, New Cornwall, Feltzen South, Rose Bay and LaHave. In the most populated places, he usually preached once a month in addition to the funeral services, visiting the sick, and administering the Lord's Supper.

In this new land he baptized 3,966, married 622 couples, buried 1,041, preached 11,000 sermons, and travelled 200,000 miles. Through his work,

instead of one Church and congregation, a whole conference with six pastors, more than a score of churches, and thousands of church members were established.

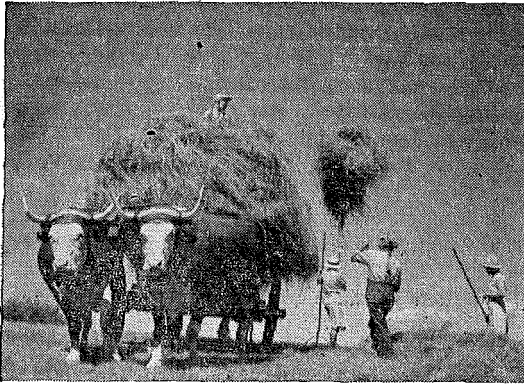
Finally, he resigned on October 17, 1876 and the parishes pensioned him on \$200 per year for the rest of his life. Even after his retirement at Lunenburg, Rev. Cossman went once a week to Halifax to preach in the German language, and administer communion to the German residents of the city. He also preached regularly every Sunday at one place or another.

On June 25, 1880, the Lutherans of the county celebrated, at Lunenburg, the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the presentation of the Augsburg Confession. An address of welcome, delivered by the pastor, Rev. D. F. Roth, named Rev. Charles Cossman as the only living link which connected that day with the historic past. Father Cossman then ascended the pulpit and read in the original German language the immortal document—the Augsburg Confession.

In 1888 it was decided to erect a new Church in Lunenburg. Among the many beautiful windows of this church is one commemorating the life-long work of Rev. Charles Ernst Cossman. He had previously been honored with the honorary title Doctor Divinitates from Thiel College in 1882.

The sixtieth anniversary of Dr. Cossman's ordination was celebrated in the church on Sunday, September 16, 1894. The building was richly adorned with flowers and densely packed with people. The services were very interesting and an eloquent address on Dr. Cossman's labours was delivered by Rev. A. C. Sweinsburg. Rev. G. T. Rankin read an address to the aged clergyman. A touching reply was made by Dr. Cossman, who was moved to tears, and asked all present to pray with him.

Thus terminated the career of an able theologian to whom the highest tribute was "Father Cossman preaches here on Sunday."



HAYING TIME NEAR LUNENBURG

## COLONEL P. V. HOLDER

by Anthony Cook '58

P. Victor Holder was born around the turn of the century. He graduated from the Lunenburg Academy and while in school took a prominent part in sports, plays, and other school activities. His closest friend, Charles Cossman, was killed in the early part of World War I. Victor immediately joined the army and at the young age of 18, became a lieutenant with the 25th Nova Scotia Battalion in France. He was severely wounded by shrapnel at the Ypres salient, and many 1916 newspapers carried despatches of his bravery. Because of his wounds, Victor was sent home.

In late 1917 he went to Texas, joined the R. A. F., and served the rest of the war as a fighting pilot. Three times he was shot down, but he was credited with having destroyed four enemy planes.

After the war he went west and settled in Detroit. He got married and now has a fine wife and three children.

When World War II began he offered his services to Canada but was rejected. After Pearl Harbour, the United States immediately accepted him and promoted him to Major, then Colonel in the Intelligence Department of the 8th Air Force. He had many harrowing experiences as commander of a P. T. boat squadron in the Mediterranean and during the invasion of Sicily he was on the slopes of Mount Etna.

In recognition of his services, Colonel Holder was decorated with the Order of the British Empire by Great Britain, the Legion of Merit by the United States government, and the Order of The Crown of Italy by King Victor Emmanuel. France is still considering rewarding him for his services.

Colonel Holder did not come out of the two wars unscathed. He was wounded in World War I and had his lungs damaged by gas. In World War II he lost an eye.

Colonel Holder is now settled in his own hunting lodge at Tawas, Michigan, as a retired Colonel, following his boyhood pleasures of hunting and fishing. We are proud that one of our former graduates has received such high honors and has done so much for our country and others.



COLONEL P. V. HOLDER

## DR. OWEN BENJAMIN SMITH

by Carolyn Corkum '58, Marilyn Young '58

Owen Benjamin Smith, the youngest son of the late Captain B. C. Smith and Mrs. Smith, was born in Lunenburg, July 23, 1898. His early education was received at the Lunenburg Academy, where among his teachers were Miss Minnie Hewitt and the late Mr. B. MacKittrick. He attended King's College and graduated with his B. Sc. degree.

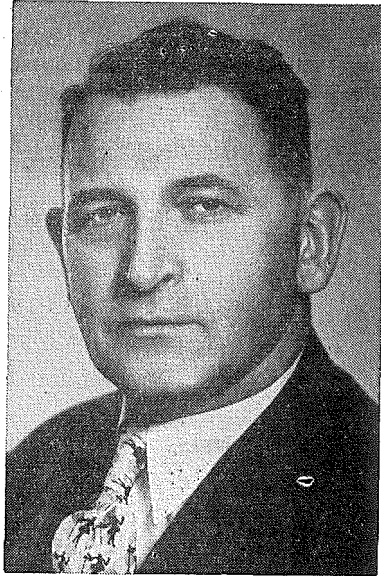
The following year he went to Glace Bay to teach, and no one is more surprised than he is that he is still there and still in the teaching field. Starting on the staff of the Glace Bay High School, he was later appointed Principal and still later Supervisor of Schools, a position which he holds today, with a staff of 203 and 18 buildings to administer.

"O. B." as he is known throughout Cape Breton is a member of the Masonic Lodge and President of the Glace Bay Rotary Club.

Mr. Smith has had a Scout Troop for thirty years, a Cub Pack for twenty years, and was a District Scout Commissioner the greater part of that time. Like his father he served his Church faithfully and well and has been on the Vestry of St. Mary's Church during his years in Glace Bay. He has also been a Warden of the Church for many years.

"O. B." served on the Board of Governors of King's College. That institution recognized his work with the church and its youth by awarding him the degree of Doctor of Canon Law (Honoris Causa) in 1954.

Married to the former Isobel Jackson of Glace Bay, they have two children, Benjie, a student at King's College and Antoinette, an Edgehill student. The Smith family spend their summers at their cottage on Herman's Island and whether it is on the Lunenburg wharf talking to old friends, on the golf course, sailing on beautiful Mahone Bay or showing friends the beauties of Lunenburg, "O. B." contends, "This truly is God's country."



DR. OWEN BENJAMIN SMITH

# JUDGE ETHEL MACLACHLAN

by Glen Geldert '56

On April 30, 1935, one of Canada's first woman judges retired from her post at Regina, Saskatchewan. This lady was Judge Ethel MacLachlan who for eighteen years was the Presiding Judge of the Juvenile Court of Regina. One of her last official acts as a Juvenile Judge was to allow the boys on probation a discharge "as a parting gift." After her retirement Judge MacLachlan's success reached a climax when the King bestowed upon her the honor of being a member of the Order of the British Empire.

Judge MacLachlan was born in Lunenburg, the daughter of James Jenkins MacLachlan of Castle Douglas, Scotland and Emma Anderson of Lunenburg, descended from the United Empire Loyalists.

Following her education at the Lunenburg Academy and the Provincial Normal School, she taught at the local Academy from 1894 to 1909, starting

at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars. This was increased to two hundred seventy-five dollars over a period of fifteen and one half years, representing an average increase of one dollar and fifty cents per year. After teaching Miss MacLachlan decided to enter the field of social service so in 1909 she went west and the following year she entered the Department of Neglected Children as assistant superintendent.



JUDGE ETHEL MacLACHLAN

During the eight years Miss MacLachlan spent in this service, it expanded its work from caring for thirty-five children to caring for three hundred and fifty. She rose steadily in the department until in 1916 she became the first and only woman in Canada to hold the office of Provincial Superintendent of the Department of Dependent and Neglected Children.

A year later with the opening of the first Juvenile Court in Saskatchewan, Miss MacLachlan was offered the position of Presiding Judge for the Province of Saskatchewan.

Judge MacLachlan dealt with both girls and boys, and in her career she presided over five thousand cases as Juvenile Judge of which only thirteen were appealed. Of these six were sustained. Judge MacLachlan was also the only travelling woman judge in Canada, often travelling twenty-five thousand miles annually in the course of her duties. The Judge tells of times when she was lost at night with a driver in the lonely hills of southern

Saskatchewan. After finally finding shelter, she had to sleep on the floor of a shack or with three or four in one bed.

The Judge was also the first woman to be appointed a Provincial Justice of the Peace. Judge MacLachlan has written three highly distinguished books on juvenile delinquency.

Judge MacLachlan is now in good health and residing in Vancouver, British Columbia. She is still active in a great many charitable organizations of which she has been a faithful member for many years.

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## **BERNARD HEBB**

by Sharon Clarke '58, Linda Ernst '57

Bernard Hebb, better known to his friends as "Bunnie" was born in Lunenburg in 1913. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Hebb. After receiving his Grade XI at the Lunenburg Academy, he worked at the Post Office for a year and a half. "Bunnie" then decided to further his education so he went to Maritime Business College for a year. After completing his course there, he was employed as an assistant accountant in a candy manufacturing and wholesale company at Hantsport during the depression years.

Three years later, "Bunnie" went to Halifax where he was employed as Chief Accountant and Secretary Treasurer of Imperial Publishing Co., Limited for three years. A firm of Chartered Accountants was his next employment. He studied Chartered Accountancy by attending night school and also by correspondence from Queen's University.

At the age of twenty three, Mr. Hebb went to New Glasgow where he was employed as Controller of Maritime Steel and Foundries Ltd. He also managed a large auditing business specializing in Income Tax Consulting.



**BERNARD HEBB**

Mr. Hebb's next advancement was his appointment by the Federal Government, in June 1952, as Treasury Assistant Auditor. He did his work so well that the government appointed him as Maritime Supervisor for the Cost Inspection and Audit Division, Department of Finance, where he is still employed.

Bernard married Ruth Newsome, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Newsome. They have three children, two boys and a girl and reside at Halifax.

## CARL MILLER

by Lillian Cluett '59, Annabelle Best '55

After graduating from Lunenburg Academy at the age of 18, Carl Miller, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Miller of Lunenburg, worked for one year at the Lunenburg Foundry.

In September of 1945, Carl went to Maritime Business College. Later he graduated with a Business Educators Association diploma in Primary Accountancy. Upon Graduating Carl was asked to remain and assist in bookkeeping and teach in accounting at Maritime Business College.

Late in July 1946, he joined the H. R. Doane Company of Chartered Accountants as a junior audit clerk. Later Mr. Miller was transferred to the company's Truro branch office where he received Primary and Intermediate training in the field of Public Accounting and Auditing.

In 1950, Carl was transferred to Halifax and received his final training.

In October of 1951 he wrote his final examination. He obtained a degree in Chartered Accountancy, and was accepted as a member of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, in December of that same year.

Carl remained at the firm as a Senior Accountant until September 30, 1955, when he was promoted to the rank of Junior Partner of the firm.

His firm is one of the largest audit firms in the Maritime Provinces, with 13 offices in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland.

Carl Miller's present position is as a Senior Manager in the head office of Halifax.



CARL MILLER

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The Canadian Fisherman, of which Allen T. Muir is editor, has been most generous the past few years in their loan of Exhibition Cuts. The Magazine Staff desires to express their sincere appreciation. The Canadian Fisherman is published in Gardenvale, Quebec.

## MRS. NORMAN ZWICKER

by Josephine O'Connor '58

Mrs. Norman Zwicker, daughter of an Anglican Clergyman, came to Lunenburg as a bride from New Brunswick and settled in the home she occupies at the present time. Mr. and Mrs. Zwicker had four children: Dr. Zwicker of Chester, Nova Scotia; Mr. Hazen Zwicker, a well-known merchant of Lunenburg; daughter Kathleen of Montreal; and Mrs. Miles of Saint John, New Brunswick.

Mrs. Zwicker has led a very busy and useful life. At the early age of fourteen, she was Church Organist in her father's Church, and later became a member of Lunenburg's Saint John's Anglican Choir. She became a charter member of the I. O. D. E., the Chancel Guild, the Institute, and the Women's Auxiliary of Saint John's Anglican Church. Mrs. Zwicker served as Supervisor of the Primary rooms of Saint John's Anglican Sunday School for twenty-five years. She was also the first President of the Victorian Order of Nurses here.

In addition to this full-scheduled life, Mrs. Zwicker devoted a great deal of her time to the Girl Guide Organization. After Kathleen's Girl Guide enrollment, Mrs. Zwicker herself travelled to Ottawa and became enrolled by Mrs. Gates. For approximately the next twenty-five years, Mrs. Zwicker served in Lunenburg's first Girl Guide Company that began about 1917.

Sixteen of these years she was Divisional Commissioner and three of the first years District Commissioner. Not only did Mrs. Zwicker and Kathleen, with the assistance of Reverend F. C. Ward Whate, work for Girl Guides in Lunenburg but also in Bridgewater, Milton, Liverpool, Mahone Bay, Chester and New Ross. Although Mrs. Zwicker admits it was strenuous work driving frequently to these various communities to assist the new Guide Captains and Brownie Owls, she did not give it up until her husband took ill. How regretful they were to lose such a devoted leader! Actually they did not lose Mrs. Zwicker as she remains an active member of the Girl Guide Association. Recently, she received the Badge of Merit from the Chief Commissioner of Canada for long service and faithful work. Also Mrs. Zwicker has received the Long Service Citation and ribbon from a Provincial Commissioner, Mrs. V. M. Schenk, for inestimable value to Guiding in Nova Scotia.

The Girl Guide Movement of this town and county owes Mrs. Zwicker a debt of gratitude which can best be repaid by striving to live up to the Guide Law, and by doing everything possible to keep the Movement alive.



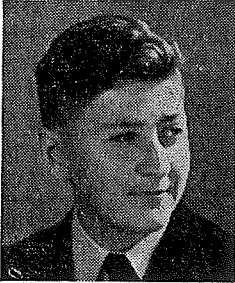
MRS. NORMAN ZWICKER



## RICHARD POTTER

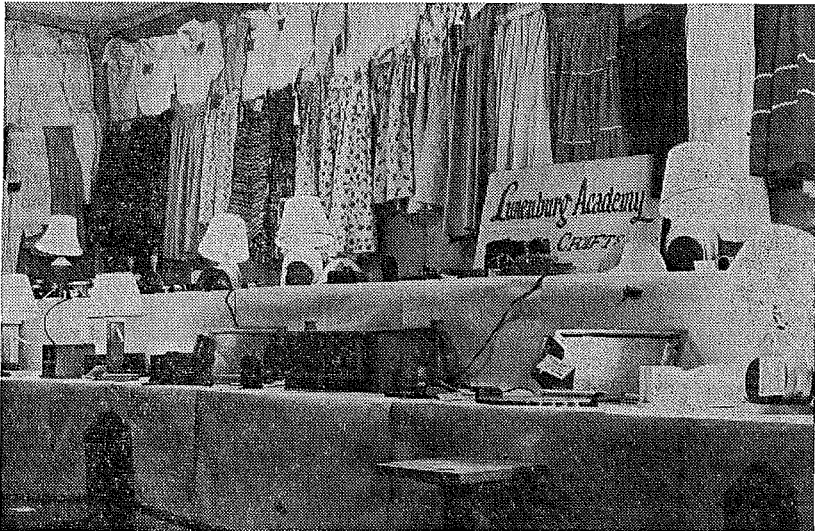
by Annabelle Best '59, Lillian Cluett '59

After graduating from Lunenburg Academy, Richard Potter, son of the late Judge Potter and Mrs. William Potter of Lunenburg, attended Acadia University and graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in the year of 1955.



In the summer of 1952, he was employed by the Geodetic Survey of Canada in Newfoundland. The following summer Mr. Potter worked with the Sharpe Geophysical Surveys Limited, in the Bathurst area of New Brunswick. Towards the summer of 1954, he was employed as geophysicist by the Newfoundland and Labrador Corporation, as party chief; conducting geological, geophysical and geochemical surveys for economic mineral deposits in central Newfoundland. This coming summer Mr. Potter will be employed by this company again, doing the same type of work in the Notre Dame Bay area of Newfoundland.

Richard is presently at the University of New Brunswick, working for his Master of Science degree in Geology. He won a scholarship there last year for outstanding performance in Geology.



SCHOOL EXHIBIT

## PHILIP DAUPHINEE

by Annie Mae Backman '58, Roxanna Lohnes '59

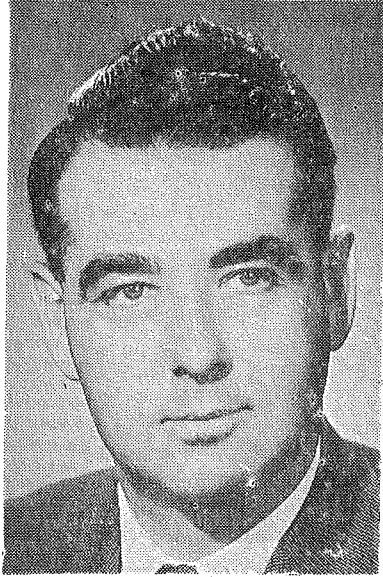
Philip Dauphinee was born in Lunenburg on April 16, 1924. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dauphinee. As a youth he attended Lunenburg Academy and obtained his eleventh grade. After leaving school, he was employed by the Lunenburg Foundry where his father was a mechanic for many years.

Philip then served in the Canadian Army. He attended Nova Scotia Technical College for a year. After leaving college, he was again employed by the Lunenburg Foundry, this time in the Sales Department.

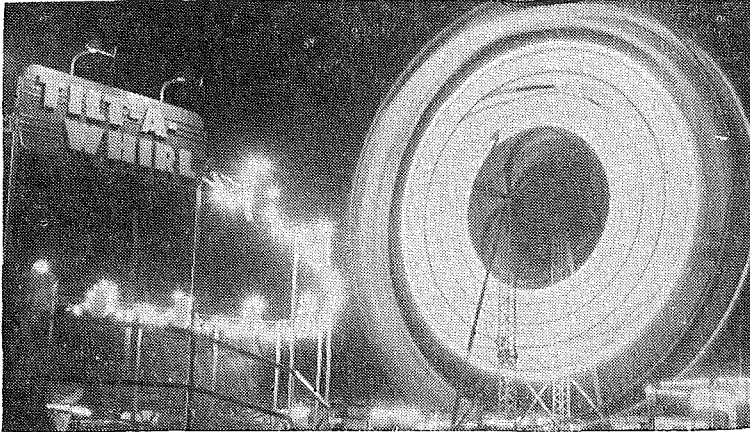
On July 3, 1948, he married Mar-iam Virginia Wile of Bridgewater. The Dauphinees now have two children, Jane Susan and Andrew Philip.

Early in the summer of 1955 he was appointed District Manager of the Dodge-De Soto Division of the Chrysler Corporation of Canada with headquarters at Sydney. Mr. Dauphinee and his family moved to Sydney in November of 1955.

While a resident of this town, he was active in the work of the Lutheran Church. He sang in the Men's Choir. He was also a member of the Jaycees and the Lunenburg Citizens Band. We wish Mr. Dauphinee every success in his new field.



PHILIP DAUPHINEE



TILT-A-WHIRL — LYNCH'S SHOW



## CIVIS ROMANUS SUM (THAT'S WHAT THEY TELL ME ANYWAY!)

by Brenda Tanner '57

Julius Caesar and Napoleon were sitting at the table, discussing their respective lives and careers, but there seemed to be something a bit off about their conversation. In fact, there was something wrong with the whole scene! Julius Caesar and Napoleon together! What was happening to the world?

"I think I'm a much more interesting character than you," announced Caesar. "I'm a great Roman Emperor."

"Character is right, brother! At least I don't get murdered by a stuffy bunch of senators and that's something," replied Napoleon. "Besides, Marie-Louise is quite a dish and you're missing that. Aren't you lonely?"

"Bah! Women!" muttered Caesar. Can't you just see one trailing behind my army, ordering everyone about. No sir, not on my life! By the way, I wonder how long it is 'til I get murdered. I rather feel like kicking the bucket today."

"Great," grinned Napoleon. "Shall I send flowers?"

"Well, don't bother, you'll probably be in exile then. I wonder what Elba is like? If you really want to though, you might send a few wild roses, long-stemmed of course!"

"You know," said Napoleon, "you should hear the new Marty Tonin record. Something like that should be introduced into the Roman Empire, but I'm afraid the directors might object. What you need, Julius, is a juke box with nothing but jazz. That would really send those Roman citizens."

"Gee," said Caesar, "look who's coming. I think it is Brutus and by the grin on his face I'd say he must have my fate settled. How's everything coming, Brutus!"

"Swell," smiled Brutus. "I've got your murder all lined up. It won't hurt too much. Who would you like to be killed by?"

"Well, it really doesn't matter, but it seems to me that History says you must do the job."

"Oh well," said Brutus, "if I must, I must. Now let's go before the director starts yelling for both of us. We're on Stage 7 today and your first scene is the murder so make it look good for the tourists. By the way, come out with me for supper afterwards, will you?"

## A STRANGE HAPPENING

by Harry Falkenham '58

As John drove along through the heavily falling snow, he sensed, by the way the wind howled and the looks of the dark clouds, that there was going to be a bad blizzard. His wife, who sat beside him, asked in a frightened tone, "John, do you think we'll make it to the Inn before the blizzard reaches us?" With a tone of confidence in his voice, he assured her that they would make it alright.

As they neared the road leading to the Inn, John felt a slow fear rising in himself. Fighting to keep his wife from sensing his fears, he turned the radio on, but snapped it off again, for there was a weather report on and he did not want to frighten Marie. He assured himself that they were going to make it and pressed his foot down on the accelerator to force the car through a heavy drift which blocked the road. Just barely getting through the drift, he knew that if there were any more drifts like this on Haley's Hill, he would not make it. Haley's Hill was on a long stretch of lonely road almost completely shut in by towering trees. It was indeed a very lonely and dismal place.

As they neared the hill, John pressed the gas pedal to the floor. The car picked up speed and soon they were at the top of the hill and whizzing down the other side. Suddenly with a sickening lurch, the car skidded sideways and with a dull crunch, it stopped in the ditch. John got out, although he knew nothing could be done about it, took one look and got back into the car. Night was now drawing on. John could feel the cold gnawing through him. He had wrapped himself and his wife in the car seat blankets, but this would be of no use if it got colder. He knew if help did not come, they would freeze to death.

It was growing darker, and the wind howled frighteningly. John looked at his watch. It was now half-past eight. He also knew the heater was giving out and hoped that death would come quickly. Marie was sleeping and he thought grimly, "This will likely be her last sleep."

He was dozing off, when he heard a rap on the car door. Looking out, he saw a tall figure, dressed in heavy clothing, but with the weirdest look about him that John had ever beheld. John got out and went to the rear. The stranger was already shovelling the front of the car out. The man motioned him to get back in. John got back into the car and revved up the engine. With a backward look, he saw the stranger pushing on the rear.

The car spun itself out of the ditch, and onto the road. John got out to thank the stranger, but he had disappeared. John got back in the car, after searching for the unknown stranger for a short while.

"Guess he didn't want any thanks," thought John.

When they reached the Inn, John and Marie went inside. They were greeted warmly, and after a hot meal, the women went to bed. John related his story to the innkeeper. Upon hearing of the stranger, the inn-

keeper gasped, "Did this stranger have a sorta weird look about him?"

"Why yes," John replied. "He did have a strange look."

"John," said the old innkeeper, "that stranger was a ghost! The ghost of a young lad who froze to death on that same stretch of road many years ago. He's been seen by a great many people who have travelled that road on stormy nights!"

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## MY FIRST DATE

by Gerald Haines '56

There are not many fellows who start having dates as early as I did. There I was, only eighteen, and having my first date!

She was one of those pretty kind—you know—the kind that makes your knees wobble—light brown, glossy hair, clear blue eyes, tantalizing lips, and to sum it all up — had a beautiful shape.

As we walked along toward the movie house, I was feeling pretty confident of myself. Mom had called her on the telephone and made my date for me, and said that she accepted without hardly any coaxing at all.

I had on my father's black tie and my brother had lent me his plaid shirt for this special occasion.

Being of a very kind and thoughtful nature, I left a spare seat between us in order that we both might have plenty of elbow room. We were seated six rows from the front so we could see well.

It was a queer picture—something about a fellow falling in love with a girl who was in love with another fellow who was in love with the girl who was crazy enough to get mixed up in all this confounded nonsense.

As soon as the show was over, I sprang from my seat and made a bound for the exit—I wasn't going to be caught in that mob! I waited for Sally outside.

She soon came moping along, not seeming very pleased about something—she mustn't have liked the movie. I tried to find out what was making her so displeased, but she only became more aggravated.

Then we visited "Uncle Joe's Shoppe." I thought I'd "fling the works", this being a big night, so I bought us each an ice-cream sundae. Since I thought I'd better save my few extra coppers for my next date, we drank water.

After this feast, I walked home with her. I didn't bother to hire a taxi, since she only lived about three miles away. I myself lived only about two miles away, and since it was getting pretty late—(It was almost 10 o'clock, and I'd never been up this late before!)—I let her walk the rest of the way herself.

As I lay in bed that night, gazing out the window at the big round, romantic moon, surrounded by scores of glittering stars, I reviewed the events of the evening in every detail, quite pleased with the undertaking, and congratulated myself on the great success of my first date.

# THE CANE MUTINY

by Anthony Cook '58

During the last one hundred years, uprisings among dissatisfied sailors have frequently occurred on the high seas. One of the most curious happened only a few years ago. The "Lady Fair" was an old beatup tub engaged in coastal trading down in Cuban waters. The crew had little respect for the old tub, and less respect for the "fat tub", or in other words, the captain, who weighed a hefty 230 pounds. They did just as they pleased and the captain could do nothing about it. One example was when the captain returned to his ship from a visit ashore and found the craft deserted.

"What's this," he exclaimed, "another 'Mary Celeste'?"

He could not believe that his crew had deserted him, and he was very worried until he found this note on the table: "Have gone shopping; will be back for supper."

Apparently the crew had got tired of the water and had taken off for a rendezvous on shore. But when evening came, the captain saw them returning across the water. When they boarded they were greeted with a volley of remarks.

"Where ya' been! What's da idea, leaving the ship deserted. Ain't ya' got no sense!"

"But cap'n, there was Butch, the dog.....and the rats; they was still here!"

"Watch your language about this ship, Barton. Now get to work, all o' ya'!"

Soon the matter was straightened out, even though the crew thought it all very funny. The Lady Fair set out to sea carrying a load of sugar cane. Everything went all right until one day the crew discovered a leak. The forward hold had been half flooded during the night and the sugar cane began to rot and ferment. Soon, as the smell spread through the ship, the complaints began.

"Captain, we ain't sleeping below decks with dat smell dar. It stinks. You gotta get rid of it, right now."

Since the captain was above deck all the time he didn't care a hang.

"I ain't trowing away dat load o'cane. If you don't like it you can leave."

"Leave! How can you leave a ship dat's a hun'erd miles out to sea. You crazy, or something?"

"All right, shut up," the captain bawled, "and get dat hold pumped out."

The crew wouldn't put up with that. They pumped the leaking ship dry but they definitely weren't going to sleep below deck. Instead they picked up their blankets and marched into the captain's cabin. There they lay down and went to sleep. When the captain tried to enter his

cabin he found the door locked and five sleepy sailors inside.

One of them stirred. "Hey Cap, if you wanna bed, we left one below deck for you."

He didn't have much choice, for it was brewing up a storm and it wasn't fit to be on deck. He was forced to sleep below, no matter how smelly the hold was. When morning came and the captain did not show himself, the crew began to investigate. They found him, half choked, down below. After a little artificial respiration, they brought him to.

"What a' you waiting for. Throw that stuff overboard. Get busy now, go on, get!"

In no time at all the Caribbean Sea was littered with floating sugar cane, and Heaven help the fish who came too close to it. They had thrown away half their cargo, but there wasn't a sorrowful man on board. Ever since, the "fat tub" has commanded his "old tub" well.

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## AUNT MARY'S REMEDY

by Melissa O'Connor '59

Aunt Mary was one of these unfortunate aunts whose sister had four children—two girls and two boys, Michael—fourteen, Richard—ten, Jane—thirteen, and Judy—seven. Of course when her sister's husband was told he was to be sent on a trip and that his wife could go with him, the responsibility of looking after the children fell to Aunt Mary.

But Aunt Mary had a little plan all her own, that was to completely surprise her sister's whole family. Monday morning Aunt Mary came to her sister's home and while the children were at school, she started to work out her plan. She called it the "Pocket Money Game."

When the children came home she told them about it and captured their interest immediately. Aunt Mary told them that they would have a certain stated allowance every week. In order to get this allowance, they had to do certain things. They were each given a card on which certain things were listed. Each time they did what they were supposed to do, a red tick was marked on their cards, but if they left something on the dining room table or on the bathroom sink, or if they made a mess in the study, they had to pay a penny. All these pennies were put in a box. At the end of the week, the one with the most red ticks got the money in the box.

Then Mom and Dad came home. What a surprise they received when they saw everything so tidy. Then they joined in the game and soon everything was done at the right time and in the right way. As time went on there was hardly ever a penny in the box. "Aunt Mary's remedy" had worked.

## POLICEMAN'S FATE

by Kevin Crouse '57

It was a dark, cold night in New York. The time—11 P.M. The place—the lobby of a large hotel. In an inconspicuous corner of the room, shrouded by dark curtains, stood a man, grim, alert, expectant. A very keen eye might detect the bulge in his dark overcoat, indicating a deadly, concealed revolver. His hair, greyed at the edges, overshadowed his wrinkled forehead and rough-shaven face. His mouth twitched nervously at the edges whenever the huge hotel door swung open, and his eyes were filled with anxiety, almost impatience. The air was still, too still.

Suddenly the hotel door flew open, admitting a huge menacing-looking man with a large, shrewd face and a cruel, vicious scar running down one side of it. He tramped noisily through the lobby and up the stairs to his room.

The detective spun around! This was the man! He became suddenly alive, crossed to the telephone and quickly dialed a large number—8601-4. A husky voice answered the phone and the detective said "Okay, Joe, he's here. Bring the boys and hurry."

He hung up and paced the floor nervously. It seemed like an age. What could be keeping them? The clock struck 11.30. Time was running out. Another half-hour and it would be too late.

Finally he heard the patrol cars scream to a stop outside the hotel, and out poured ten burly policemen.

The detective rushed to the door, and with the policemen ran cautiously up the stairs to the man's room. They paused for a second outside the door and then the detective rushed in, shouting, "Happy Birthday, Ralph!"

It was the Chief's birthday and the men had decided to spring a surprise party on him at the last minute. The party lasted until three that morning.

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## THE FLOOD

by Ann Marie Gray '60

When Mary awoke she heard the patter of raindrops on the roof and knew that it was still raining. Springing from bed she washed and dressed and hurried downstairs into the old-fashioned kitchen. The rain pounded against the windows and as Mary looked out, she noticed that the river had risen another foot. It was nearly level with the bank. She knew that if the rain did not stop soon there would be a flood. If only Fred were home, she would not feel so frightened here alone in this old farm house, but he was sixty miles away in the big city, at the cattle show and would not return home for three days.

Mary turned from the window and switched on the radio. Soft music



greeted her as she began preparing breakfast. After breakfast there would be the chickens and cows to feed and attend. The rain was coming down in torrents now and the wind whistled around the house in a manner that alarmed the young woman. She thought of the Black River Dam and the thousands of gallons of water which it was holding back. If the dam should break .....

The music from the radio stopped and the voice of the radio announcer startled her back to reality. "Flash! Residents of the Black River Dam area are warned to flee for their lives. The dam has broken." Mary stood paralyzed by the radio. The lights went out and the radio sputtered and was dead. The power was off! In a few minutes a great wave of water would sweep down upon her. A great giant wave destroying everything in its path, crumpling houses, drowning people, uprooting trees, destroying crops and spreading death and destruction everywhere.

Mary fled to the phone and dialed the operator. She must get help! She was trapped here in this house. Fred had taken the truck and there was no way for her to escape. As she had anticipated the phone was dead. Like a mad person she rushed from the kitchen, through the living room and up the stairs. Reaching the attic door she wrenched it open and tore up the unfinished attic stairs into the low, bare room. She paused for breath and then reaching above her pushed the skylight open and scrambled up on the roof. She could do nothing else to save herself now, but pray that the little farmhouse could withstand the great pressure of water upon it. What if it collapsed? What if the water rose up over the roof and swept her away? What if she was marooned here for days without food and water? A thousand questions rose to her thoughts but as she turned a cry of terror rose to her lips for a great mass of brown muddy water was sweeping toward her, destroying everything in its path. She saw Fred's fields of newly planted wheat crushed and covered by the brown water. Closer and closer drew the brown wave. Mary braced herself for the impact. Then it came, like a great, giant hand punching at the little frame house.

The little house stood firm on its foundation, and Mary breathed a sigh of relief. Looking down from the roof she saw the water creeping into the second story windows, but here it stopped and rose no further. She watched sadly as the household belongings floated out of the house and the farm animals swam past. All that she and her husband had worked for was ruined, but they were young and could start over again.

The rain was pouring down, wetting Mary to the bone. The cold April wind chilled her and she found that she was shaking from exposure. There was no shelter and no apparent signs of rescue. Mary began screaming for aid but no one came. One hour passed then two; she had to fight back unconsciousness. If only help would come. Then she heard it, faintly at first, then louder and louder. The chug, chug of a motor boat. From behind a great clump of uprooted trees came a Red Cross rescue boat. Her prayers had been answered. She was saved!

# THE SECRET AT THE BOOMERANG SHACK

by Ann Cook '58

"Are you quite sure this is the right road, Peter?" Sandra questioned her brother. "It looks perfectly awful to me."

The little roadster plowed on through the sand ruts and swirling winds, collecting dust. Suddenly the car came to a stop and the tires were stuck in a deep sand rut. The tires spun and spun until finally they cleared the rut. From then on it was pretty clear sailing and finally they could see the top of the Coast Guard Station which was peeking over the top of the large sand dunes. Yes, Sandra and Peter had finally arrived at the spot where they were staying with their cousin, Tony Harper, here at the lonely Coast Guard Station.

Bright and early the next morning, Sandra and Peter awakened with much eagerness to explore this strip of lonely beach situated on the coast of Massachusetts. After a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs, cocoa and toast, Sandra and Peter hurried outside to explore this dismal shore line. They no sooner got five yards away from the station when they started to shiver from the cold; therefore, they had to go inside for more clothing. It was very much cooler in this part of the country. After changing into heavy flannel shirts, the two were once more set to go exploring.

After travelling along the lonely stretch of beach surrounded by splashing waves, high sand dunes and fog, they spotted an old suspicious looking shack situated amongst the dunes. Tony had never mentioned this to them so after looking over the property from a safe distance, they hurried back to the station to question about it. Their cousin told them all about how they had for some time been curious about the place. He explained that there was an old woman living in the shack at this time. She called herself Miss Brown and was living in this shack which she said belonged to her sister, a Mrs. Boomerang. He went on explaining that no one was allowed on her property or near her home or she might shoot them, so therefore, everyone stayed clear of it. Tony also explained that once every month a man owning a large truck came to see her. At the Coast Guard Station the word went among the men that every time after spotting a ship off the coast, the following day this old woman would make a trip along the beach exploring the shore line.

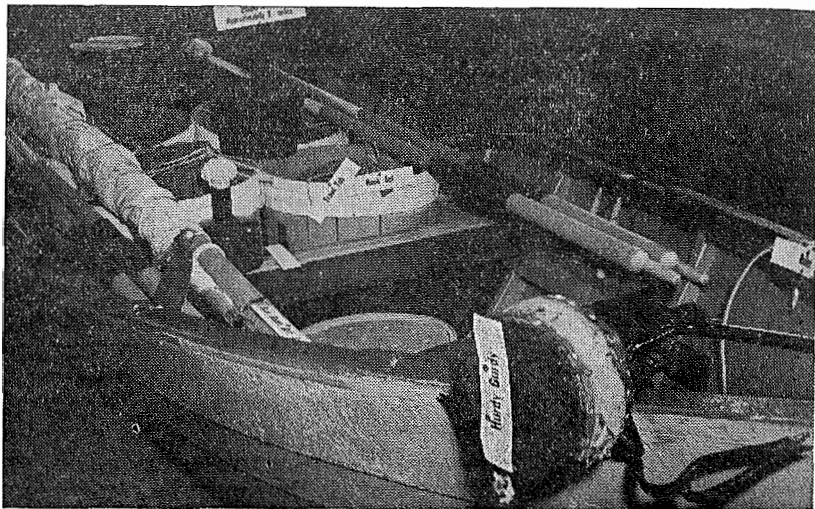
After hearing these stories about this suspicious-looking shack known as the "Boomerang Shack", Sandra and Peter grew very curious about this old lady's life. For some days Sandra and Peter kept an eye on the old shack, and watched for the old lady until, one morning, she was spotted walking along the beach about half-a-mile from the Coastal Station. Sandra and Peter kept a very sharp eye on the movements of the old lady and it seemed as though she was collecting boxes off the shore. It seemed most unusual for a helpless old woman to be down along the

shore collecting heavy looking boxes and carrying them back to the shack.

Tony reported to Sandra and Peter that it was near the time that the man made his monthly calls to the lonely site so they decided to make a trip to the house before he arrived. That night Sandra and Peter quietly sneaked in the side window of the shack while Tony kept on watch to see that they would not be caught. After they were both inside Peter crept around the dark room until he fell over something. Quickly he got to his feet and saw that he had tripped over the boxes that the old lady had been seen carrying from the beach. On them were stamped cigarettes and whiskey. At once Peter realized that these luxuries had been smuggled into the state from another country. Just then a man entered the room holding a gun which was pointed straight at Peter. Fortunately he did not see Sandra, who was now directly behind him. She grabbed a chair and struck him with it. After he was knocked out, they found out that this man was masquerading as the old lady who lived in the Boomerang Shack.

While this was going on inside, Tony also had a struggle outside. He had spotted a truck which had arrived and parked a few yards from the shack. A masked man jumped out of the truck and was about to enter the door, when Tony knocked him over the head with his flashlight.

The next day, after the exciting night, Sandra, Peter and their cousin, Tony, drove to the nearest town and reported the smuggling case and the two men were jailed. So ends an exciting adventure of the secret of the Boomerang Shack on this lonely stretch of beach on the coast of Massachusetts where Tony Harper is going on with his work in the Coast Guard Station.



**Fully Equipped Dory — Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition**

## LIMBURGER CHEESE AND CRACKERS

by Judith Crouse '60

As I entered the dark, dingy restaurant on the waterfront, the heavy aroma of cigarettes and whiskey greeted me, and I knew the chances of getting something to satisfy my hunger were very slim. However, I made my way to an empty booth near the back of the room, knowing that here, at least, was a place to rest my weary bones.

I had been out all morning, trying to get a front-page story for my newspaper and now I was very tired, and anxious to get something into my stomach. When the waitress arrived I ordered a club sandwich and some coffee, then sank down leisurely in my seat to wait for the order to come.

Alas! My peace was to be short-lived, for in the booth across from me, two burly men were engaged in a violent argument, while a pretty girl sitting with them tried to break it up.

The girl was unsuccessful, and soon the two men were on the floor, both resolving to fight to the death. A group of men in the seat next to mine soon joined in the fight, and it was not long before the whole thing turned into a free-for-all with both men and women taking part. The last I saw of the fight was the form of a woman being shoved towards me. Before I was knocked unconscious over the end of the table, I noticed that the woman was the same pretty girl I had seen at the beginning of the argument. When I finally came to my senses I heard the noise of sirens, announcing the arrival of policemen to end the brawl. I also realized the police wouldn't take my explanation that I had just been an onlooker and I would be put in jail with the rest of them. Besides the humiliation this would bring to me, it would also mean the end of my job as a woman reporter.

All these things entered my mind as I opened my eyes, and then, to my surprise I found I was in my own room and the whole thing had just been a horrible nightmare. Before I went back to sleep I resolved never to eat limburger cheese and crackers again before going to bed.

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## NO SOAP !

by Andrew Bald '56

The dawn seeped softly through the swirling morning mists, and golden fiery shafts of sunlight struck the dew, shimmering on the petals of mountain flowers, sending off miniature rainbows. Birds whistled and chirped, greeting the dawn, while underbrush fauna, stretched, scratched and yawned; they, too, opening a new day.

This peaceful setting was broken by an ear-shattering roar.

"Where'n the Sam Hill is alla soap?"

All whistling, chirping, scratching, yawning and scurrying stopped.

Down in the valley, in a gold prospector's camp, a man by the name of Gabby was expressing his opinion of a very terrible predictapickle.

Since Gabby was particularly fond of soap and cleanliness, a charac-

teristic rare among gold prospectors, the disappearance of his bucket of bubble-bath soap was a cause for no small concern. Oh! how Gabby would delight in jumping into a tub with some cool, clear mountain water and a handful of soap, foam the water into one big glorious lather and indulge in its foamy freshness. But now this joyous revelry was stopped because there was no soap.

There was the bucket, broken open, its wooden slats and wire bailing smashed to little bits; here and there lay the valuable white and pink powder. Gabby stooped and picked up a handful of dirt on which a few specks of powder remained.

He gave a deep, soulful sigh as a big crocodile tear welled out the corner of his eye and rolled down his heavy beard, falling into his open palm with the specks of soap. Oh! how he missed his soap.

Gabby's mule, Clarabelle, looked at her master's sad countenance, heaved a solemn sigh which momentarily straightened her drooping back, and then settled back with a look of complete misery on her face.

Well, these two wasted no time on misery very long. They set out, and by the time the morning sun had taken a higher position and had dispelled all the morning mists, Gabby could see that it was going to be a "scorcher of a day".

They travelled and marched, over hill, over dale, over hills, more hills, and more hills; less dales. Boy! was it hot. Gabby saw that they had soon better reach a water hole or Clarabelle, whose tongue was dragging more than usual, would be a "goner." In fact, a full ten inches of her tongue was black with dust; a terrible state of affairs.

"Oh well!" said Gabby, recognizing certain landmarks, "we'll soon be thar."

Sure 'nuff, ten minutes later they came within sight and smell of cool, clear water.

Gabby's heart beat faster as he thought of that nice, cool mountain water; but Clarabelle, now there was a real change.

Her tail shot straight out like a piece of wire, her dry, withered, drooping ears perked up, out bugged her eyes, and then she started to run.

Here was a demonstration of speed which Gabby had never before seen, and which Clarabelle had never affected since long ago in her days of youth.

Clippety, cloppity, rumble bumble, down the steep slope towards the waterhole. All Gabby's possessions, packs, rifle and tin pans went flying in all directions. Gabby started running after this flying demon which had, only a few minutes ago, been a broken-down old mule

Minutes later, amidst numerous tumbings, and language usually forbidden in print, Gabby came upon Clarabelle at the spring.

She had her head half-way underneath water, slumping away, making the sounds of an animal enjoying itself immensely.

This sight of Clarabelle aroused Gabby's own thirst. What followed

next was something that could happen only if one had a mule such as Clarabelle.

Gabby placed his possessions, which he had gathered during his stumbings down the hill, on a boulder sitting beside the water, then he threw off his weatherworn hat, bent over, and started to drink.

All of a sudden his face was coated with soap suds. Bubbles began to grow. Lather, lather, all around, billowing and buffeting against him. He was alone, alone, all alone, alone on a wide, wide, sea of soap suds.

He looked around wildly, panic-stricken, and his eye fell on Clarabelle. Her ears lay back, her eyes bugged and her front legs were braced as she gave a sudden, forceful bray. Out cascaded barrels and barrels of suds. Suds spread all over the water hole. Then the foremost wave picked Gabby up and slobbered him halfway up the hill.

In a twinkling of an eye, almost, it was over. The suds receded and there was Clarabelle, alone at the bottom of the hill, switching a soapy tail at the occasional crystal clear bubble, landing on her flanks. She opened her mouth and burped (very impolitely) with relief, sat down and waited for Gabby.

Oh! she knew he was coming all right; for he caused no small commotion. The sun sparkled and danced off the beautiful banks of frothy soap suds, sparkling like caskets of jewels in the sun, but the beauty of it all escaped Gabby. He came down the hill, skidding and falling on his way, over slippery, lather-coated rocks, pushing his way through gigantic soap banks six feet high!!

Well, ten minutes, three skunk knuckles, two stubbed toes later, Gabby reached Clarabelle. Oh! he was a sight and a spectacle to behold; but do you think he was angry? No, not Gabby, he was a soap lover.

Everyone knows that if one soap lover meets another soap lover, it is like the meeting of two brothers in a foreign land. Yes, Gabby rejoiced at the sight of Clarabelle.

"Can you imagine," thought Gabby, "here is someone so like myself, a soap lover, off here in the mountains, and me not knowin' it?!"

Well sir, you can imagine Gabby's new-found happiness. But he was also a little sad, not knowing Clarabelle's liking for soap, having to watch her master indulge in something she too craved. Yes, Gabby could easily forgive Clarabelle; he saw that he too would have gone to the same extremes, though not in the same fashion.

Eating soap!!

What else could Gabby do? He simply put his arm around Clarabelle's neck and whispered into her ear that he was sorry he didn't know before.....

Clarabelle had a forgiving look in her eye, so Gabby thought that all was forgiven.

The very next day Clarabelle and Gabby set out on a long journey; after gold? No sir! They were going to go home for another bucket of soap.

# A BUMP ON THE HEAD

by Linda Cantelope '61

During the Christmas holidays my friends and I were out coasting. The hill at Rous' Brook seemed a good place for fun.

Rous' Brook is a historic place in Lunenburg. It was here that the Indians watched the brave settlers come up the gully to settle a new country in 1753.

Soon it was my turn to speed down the icy hill. I had a swift push from one of the boys just as I neared the crest of the hill. This push caused me to go straight for a pile of logs.

The last thing I heard was, "There has been a curse put on the logs by the Indians." This turned over and over in my mind as I hit the logs.

Suddenly I seemed to be a little girl. I was a little German girl called Marie Schwartz. I heard my mother say she was going to the officer at the fort about our land. The coast was clear! With mother and papa gone, I was free to roam the cool, damp woods around the fort.

As I set out on my adventure, the warning from my papa came into my mind again. It was about the cruel Micmac Indians and how they would treat a little German girl if they found her. This I quickly forgot as I gaily tripped to the brook where I wanted to throw stones. I spent nearly an hour when suddenly an Indian girl appeared from behind a birch tree. The girl asked me to leave before her brothers harmed me. I decided to obey and the kind Indian and I took a shortcut around the shore.

As I stepped carefully through the wet seaweed the Indian girl kept saying to herself, "Must hurry. Must hurry or it will be too late."

When I reached the fort I found that all were worried because they thought that the Indians had hurt me.

After all was explained we heard a scream of pain. The soldiers and people hurried outside the fort. My Indian friend was tied to a post and she was being lashed for betraying her "Indian Brothers" when she let me go home.

I wrenched away from papa's firm grip and cried, "Don't hurt her, please don't. She's a good lady!"

I don't know what happened after that but I woke up to find myself sitting dazed on a pile of logs. I had a grey seagull feather sticking in my hair and I was screaming, "She's a good lady; please don't hurt her!"

# AFTER MANY YEARS

by Rosalie Beck '69

CAST: Elaine Derringer—heroine, in love with Martell  
Martell Distaff—hero, in love with Elaine.  
Emma Derringer—Elaine's mother  
Joyce Bell, Lillian Turner, Dorothy Filmore—Elaine's friends.  
Vacuum cleaner agent

## Act One

Scene: The living room of the Derringer home.

Elaine, Joyce, Lillian, and Dorothy are sitting around talking about their plans for the evening.

Lillian: (excitedly) What do you mean, Elaine? Not going to the dance! Why it's the event of the year. How could you miss it?

Joyce: Oh, come on, don't be silly. Be a sport and go.

Dorothy: Please change your mind. You will, won't you?

Elaine: I-I'd love to go but somehow I don't like to leave Mother alone.

Joyce: Why, doesn't she want you to go?

Elaine: I don't know. She just said she wanted company, but somehow—(brightening up). Just a minute girls, and I'll get you some cakes I made this morning. Probably after you eat them no one will be going to the dance. (laughs and goes off stage).

Dorothy: You know I don't exactly like the way she acts today. There's something altogether too mysterious about the whole thing. She's not going to the dance,—wants to keep her mother company,—but somehow—and then away she rushes to get us something to eat. Doesn't make sense.

Lillian: Her mother has entirely too much influence over her, and she's up to some witchcraft now or I miss my guess.

Joyce: I hope nothing's happened between Elaine and Martell. They're both so deeply in love they're swimming.

Dorothy: There's nothing wrong yet, I don't believe, but something's going to be if the old lady doesn't keep out of it.

Joyce: I never really talked to her. I wonder just what she is like. No one really seems to have a legal excuse for disliking her.

Lillian: Oh no! She's too shrewd for that. Smooth as cream on the outside, and selfish and scheming inside. I only hope — (enter Elaine carrying cakes, drink, etc.)

Elaine: Here they are. I hope you survive eating them. (laughs.)

Dorothy: Listen to the best cook in town talk! (tastes one) They're delicious.

Joyce: She knows just how to stir the brew. There must be magic in her mixing spoon. I only wish I could bake like this. (looks at watch) Goodness, is it three o'clock already? Well, I'll have to fly. I have



an appointment at the hairdressers. 'Bye. . (exits)

Lillian: I guess Dorothy and I will have to be rolling along too. Have to get spruced up for the party. 'Bye. And oh, Elaine, please let us know if you change your mind about going to the party.

Dorothy: So long for now.

Elaine: Good-bye. I'll be seeing you sometime soon. (She walks to door with them. After they exit, she stands there a few seconds. She does not notice her mother who enters from the opposite side of the stage and so is startled when she speaks)

Emma: (in a sweet voice, but picking up cake crumbs the girls have dropped off the floor and sofa.) Well, I see your friends have gone.

Elaine: Oh! Yes, mother. (after a slight pause as if she is uncertain whether to speak or not.) They're all going to the dance tonight.

Emma: (still sweetly) Well, if you would really like to go to the dance I guess I can stay home alone for one night (sighs) though it will be lonely without you.

Elaine: Oh, no! I wouldn't go and leave you alone, but there's Aunty Laurie. She'd come and stay with you. You know she would.

Emma: (a trifle tartly) I am not yet that aged and infirm that I need call on charitable neighbors for help, and besides she has her husband to look after. You know he's not well lately. (Elaine sighs but keeps silent)

Emma: (sweetly) Elaine, dear, to ask a blunt question, when do you plan to marry Martell?

Elaine: Why - why next summer sometime I guess. We really haven't thought much about the date.

Emma: (sweetly) So you really are going to leave me alone after all. For a while I thought it could not be true. My own daughter would never desert me for any man. But, I suppose there comes a time when everyone must face reality, bitter though it is.

Elaine: Oh Mother! I thought you'd be glad to live alone with no girls around, Aunty Laura to drop in for tea now and then, and above all, peace.

Emma: (still sweetly) You could not possibly have thought that, my dear. I am sure I made it quite clear to you as to how I felt.

Elaine: (sadly) If that is the way you feel about it Mother, I cannot leave you.

Emma: (a sly spark in her eye) You mean that?

Elaine: Yes.

Emma: Ah, that sounds more like my daughter now. Then shall we consider the matter settled and say no more about it? (exits)

Elaine: Oh! (bursts out crying)

(Enter Martell)

Martell: Why, what's the matter, Elaine? (hoping to cheer her up) Going to the dance tonight?

Elaine: No!

Martell: Why?

Elaine: Oh, Martell, I can't marry you.

Martell: (shocked) Can't marry me! But you promised. What do you mean?

Elaine: I—I've got to stay with Mother.

Martell: You've got to stay with your mother. What's wrong with her?

Elaine: You - You wouldn't understand. I'm all she has, and I just couldn't leave her alone. She would feel I was deserting her.

Martell: (pleading) But Elaine, you can't just leave me like this! Your mother doesn't really need you. Why couldn't you just slip out of the house some night and we'd get married. Lots of people do it. After we were married she wouldn't say a word.

Elaine: Elope! Oh no! I couldn't deceive her that way. She'd never forgive me.

Martell: (angrily) So that's what you think of me, that at her first call you jilt me. Well, go ahead, stay with her. I hope you enjoy yourself! Good-bye! (He starts towards door.)

Elaine: (alarmed) Where are you going?

Martell: I don't know and I don't care. I'm just going! (leaves angrily)

Elaine: What have I done? (bursts out crying)

Curtain

## Act 2

Time: Fifteen years later.

Scene: Same as for act 1, except that furniture is shabbier and older.

Lillian, Joyce and Dorothy are talking about Elaine who has been called out of the room by her mother.

Joyce: Do you know what I think, girls? Elaine is getting old!

Lillian: I know. I've often thought about it myself. Ever since Martell went away she's different somehow. It's not so much in looks or gray hairs as it is her outlook on life.

Dorothy: For that matter, why did Martell go away? That's one mystery I've never been able to solve.

Lillian: I don't know, of course, but it's my guess that Elaine's mother was mixed up in it somehow.

Joyce: It's quite probable. I doubt if she really knows what it's done to Elaine.

Lillian: It seems Elaine just has no interest outside of teaching school.

Dorothy: Even in school she's getting just plain crabby. Do you know what my Johnny told me yesterday? Elaine asked Perry Thompson what a ground hog was and he said, "A pig that has been buried." The Elaine of ten years ago would have laughed fit to kill over that, but not the Elaine of today. She kept poor Perry in for half an hour after school and lectured him on the sin of making smart answers. The poor kid is only six and didn't know any better. (Elaine enters)

Joyce: Well, did you finally get the stove fixed?

Elaine: (annoyed) Oh, that old wood stove! I get so angry at it some-

times I could throw it out. But get another one? Mother just won't hear of it! (sighs)

**Lillian:** Well, I guess I'd better be going. I left my Paul playing in the house and if I don't hurry he'll probably have every piece of furniture smashed to smithereens.

**Dorothy:** The same for Johnny. I can't trust him a minute (laughs)

**Joyce:** I guess I'll tag along too. 'Bye. (They all go to door)

**Elaine:** Come again, whenever you want to, girls. It - It's lonely here.

**Dorothy:** We will. 'Bye. (exits)

(Elaine picks up her knitting and sits down. Emma enters with knitting too)

**Emma:** Well, how did your school go today, dear?

**Elaine:** (wearily) Oh, the same as usual.

**Emma:** But I thought you enjoyed teaching. After poor dear Martell left you, you seemed so enthusiastic about it for a time. But I suppose it does become boring day in and day out with nothing more to look forward to.

**Elaine:** (trying to change the subject) By the way Mother, I saw a vacuum cleaner agent today and invited him to come in for a demonstration this evening. I expect he'll be here any moment.

**Emma:** (icily) I see no reason for this at all, Elaine. I have made myself quite clear to you in the matter of what you call modern appliances. You know, of course, what my answer will be. No cleaner comes into this house while I am here.

**Elaine:** (angrily) You won't have anything! No electric lights, no telephone, old wood stove, no radio, and no cleaner. Well, you don't have to buy one but you can't stop him from coming here and showing it to you.

**Emma:** Enough has been said on the matter, Elaine! (A knock is heard at the door and Elaine goes to answer it. A salesman steps inside carrying a vacuum cleaner)

**Elaine:** How do you do. I'm very sorry but —

**Salesman:** How do you do. (sits down) Now, here it is, the brand new vacuum cleaner that everyone is raving about.

**Elaine:** But —

**Salesman:** It makes housework twice as easy. Here's how it works. Have a place I can plug this in?

**Emma:** (coldly) Thank you very much, sir, but the house is not wired. Furthermore, I am not in the least interested in that cleaner. My daughter perhaps gave you a rather false impression, but now that she has considered the matter we both agree it would be a waste of money to buy so useless an article. Good-day, sir. Thank you for calling.

**Salesman:** Good-day! (goes out muttering) Well, of all the queer people I've met, this really is the limit.

**Emma:** In future Elaine please try to refrain from inviting salesmen to

spend the evening with us. And now, if you will kindly light a candle I'll go to bed.

**Elaine:** (wearily) Yes, Mother. (She gives her mother a candle and Emma goes off stage.)

**Elaine:** (She stands up and walks about the room) I just can't stand this. She won't have anything new, won't even let me buy anything. I never get anywhere! I almost wish I'd have eloped with Martell. But what's the use of wishing silly things like that? It's too late now. But something has to happen! I just can't go on like this!

Curtain

### Act 3

Time: 15 years later.

Scene: Same as in first two acts. Elaine and her mother are seated sewing. Elaine is no longer teaching school and has a cane because of her arthritis.

**Elaine:** Oh dear, my fingers are so stiff I can barely sew. And I hardly slept any last night. I had such pains in my back.

**Emma:** Really, Elaine, you might try being pleasant for a change. This continual grouching gets on one's nerves.

**Elaine:** (sighing) I guess I'm getting old.

**Emma:** By the way, will you go up to see Aunty Laura? Poor dear, she's so lonely since her husband died.

**Elaine:** (annoyed) I don't see why I have to make all the calls around this place. And now my arthritis is so bad that I do good to crawl around the house. I'm sure it wouldn't hurt you to go and see her yourself.

**Emma:** Elaine!

**Elaine:** (meekly) I'll go, Mother. (Begins to put her work away and gets ready with aid of cane)

**Emma:** I know Aunty Laura would love to have me stay with her, but now it is too late. Ah, the things that might have been, had I been able to go sooner.

**Elaine:** (angrily) You could have gone and you know it. You just didn't want to then, and now it's too late.

**Emma:** (calmly) Elaine, please do not speak to me in that tone.

(Elaine walks using her cane toward her coat which is hanging by the door. As she does this she looks out of the door and sees Martell)

**Elaine:** Oh! (She stands as if paralyzed as a knock sounds)

**Emma:** What is the matter now, Elaine? (She quickly goes to door)  
Good-day. No! It can't be!

(Martell enters room and goes to Elaine)

**Martell:** Elaine! You're still here, just the same.

**Elaine:** (forgetting her cane and arthritis) Martell! Is it really you?

**Martell:** Oh, Elaine! I still can't believe I've found you.

**Elaine:** But - but where did you come from?

**Martell:** It's a long story. Sit down and I'll tell you. (they sit down)  
Well, when I left here you remember how angry I was. What little fools we were Elaine! Anyway, I happened to find a ship sailing to the United States. I went to Boston and found a job. I'm manager of a lumber company now. Then I met a girl. I never loved her as I love you, but — well, I married her.

**Elaine:** Oh, then —

**Martell:** No, she died three years ago. So now Elaine, tell me, must you still stay with your mother or are you free?

**Elaine:** (joyfully) I'm free. Mother just said to-day how much Aunty Laura would love to have her live with her.

**Emma:** (really smiling for perhaps the first time in her life) Oh Elaine, I'm really glad! Perhaps I've been selfish, but I'm truly happy now for both of you and for Aunty Laura, because I know she really needs me.

**Martell:** Then it's settled! You'll come with me, won't you, Elaine?

**Elaine:** (joyfully) Oh, yes Martell!

(At that moment a knocking is heard at the door. Elaine goes to answer it, and Dorothy, Lillian and Joyce enter.)

**Elaine:** Come in girls.

**Dorothy:** We were on our way home from the church social and we just thought we'd drop in. Why Elaine, you look so happy, and where's your cane? (sees Martell) Good gracious, Martell! (falls into nearest chair)

**Joyce:** (to Martell) Where did you come from?

**Lillian:** But how did he get here?

**Elaine:** Oh, it's a long story. I'll tell you sometime soon girls. But the sum and substance of it is Martell and I are going to be married.

**Joyce:** Married!

**Lillian:** How soon?

**Martell:** Oh, as soon as possible. What do you say Elaine?

**Elaine:** Of course. Remember we have twenty-five years of happiness to catch up on.

Curtain

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## THE UPPER ROOMS

by Annie Mae Backman '58, Roxanna Lohnes '59

The nurses' residence of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital was started in March of 1955 and finished late in October. These rooms were the complete undertaking of the Ladies' Auxiliary.

The rooms are located on the upper floor of the hospital. They consist of five private rooms, four semi-private, living room, laundry room, kitchen, bath and the Superintendent's rooms. The graduate nurses occupy the private rooms and the assistants occupy the semi-private rooms.

First we come to the private rooms. These rooms are very attractive, and differ from the semi-private rooms by the fact that they have a different colour scheme and only one bed. The semi-private rooms have two beds. All of the rooms have a chest of drawers, chairs, a closet, and a writing desk. These rooms can accommodate approximately fourteen girls but at the time of our visit were not all occupied.

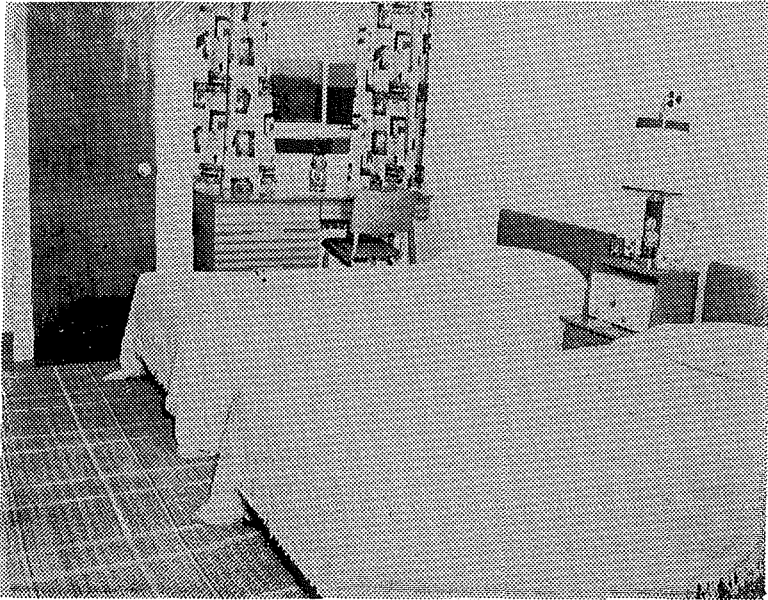
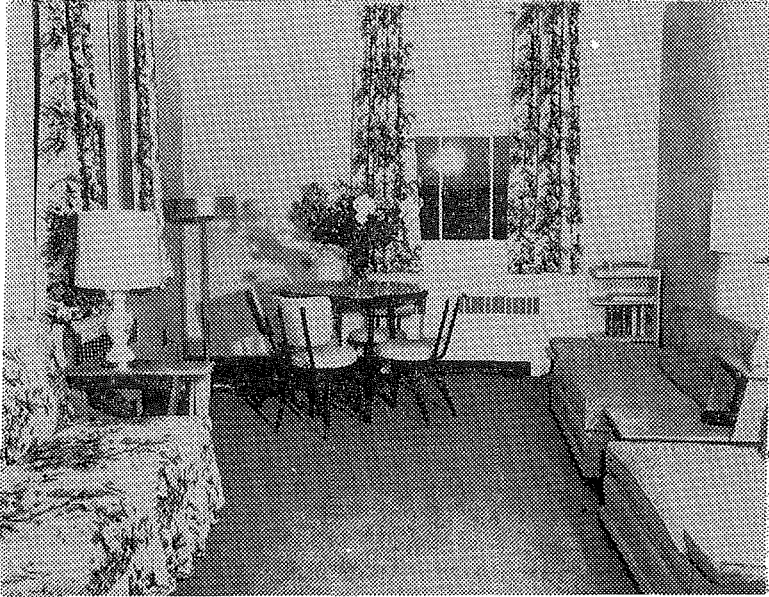
Next we find the diet kitchen where the girls can prepare lunches whenever they desire. They also have a spacious living room in front of the hospital overlooking the beautiful town of Lunenburg. It has a most comfortable atmosphere, and conveys a feeling of serenity to all who enter. The living room has most of the modern conveniences including a radio and record player for the girls' entertainment.

The bathroom is done in sand and pink. It is located near the girls' rooms. The laundry room has been started but at the time of our visit was not completed. There is also a laundry chute which conveys the clothes to the bottom floor.

Now, we go to the Superintendent's apartment. Mrs. Lamont's living room also overlooks the community. Her rooms are situated on the left wing. She has a living room, bedroom, and bath, and they are done in a luscious green. She is the only nurse who has the advantage of a telephone.

The nurses' residence can be converted into patients' quarters at a moment's notice. Signal lights are conveniently located above the doors.

We believe that these rooms will be a great help and convenience to the nurses who have been boarding in the various homes of the town. We, of Lunenburg Academy, along with the nurses extend our thanks to the Ladies' Auxiliary for their splendid project.



**NURSES' QUARTERS — FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL**

## A NEW FEDERAL BUILDING

by Judith Iversen '58, Elizabeth Baker '56

At first the idea of a new Federal Building for Lunenburg met with a great deal of opposition. The building then in use had served the community well for over sixty years, and many of the citizens felt that it was quite able to serve the public for a good many more. The thought of tearing down the structure was especially appalling to the older citizens who had seen it built and accepted it as a part of the town.

With the extension of the mail service, especially rural delivery, the former building was found inadequate. An extension was considered, but it was discovered that it could not be built under \$29,000, the original cost of the building on completion in 1893. Besides the extension, the building would need a complete renovation. It was therefore felt that in view of the large sum of money involved it would be more economical, in the end, to build a new building. No matter how much renovation was done the old turretted building would still be old and in constant need of repair.

With this in view, steps were immediately taken to draw up plans for a modern building, suitably laid out to handle the necessary functions of a modern Post Office as well as Customs Offices, the Department of Fisheries and the Unemployment Insurance Commission. Tenders were called and the contract for the building was awarded to the Acadia Construction Company, Ltd. of Bridgewater, Nova Scotia.

In the fall of 1954, the Post Office and Customs Department moved into temporary quarters in the building formerly known as the Lunenburg Coal & Supply Company, Ltd.

The demolition of the Post Office began almost immediately. Before cold weather halted operations in January, quite a bit of excavation had been completed. Work was again resumed early in April of 1955. By July the steel framework was up and the building began to take shape.

The cornerstone was laid by the Hon. Robert H. Winters in a colorful ceremony on August 3, 1955 at 10 A. M. Flags were draped along the skeleton framework of the building and a specially built platform was constructed for the speakers and invited guests. Mr. B. G. Langley, district architect, presided at the ceremony and introduced the speakers. Following speeches by prominent citizens and government representatives, Mr. Winters placed a copper box containing various items of future interest in a receptacle behind the cornerstone. Mr. Lyle Hopkins, representing the Acadia Construction Co. Ltd then presented Mr. Winters with a suitably engraved trowel with which he spread the cement binding the stone with the main structure.

The inscription on the cornerstone reads: "This stone was laid by the Hon. Robert H. Winters, Member of Parliament for Queens-Lunenburg, Minister of Public Works, August 3, 1955."

Since July construction has progressed steadily. Instead of saying, "What a shame!" people now look with pride at Lunenburg's new Federal Building.





Hon. Robert H. Winters, Minister of Public Works and Federal Member for Queens-Lunenburg, laying the corner stone of the new Federal building.

## SOLD OUT

by Margaret Deal '56, Andrew Bald '56

Twenty years ago the first issue of The Sea Gull was published. It was a small paper covered book having on its cover the silhouette of a Sea Gull in flight designed by a graduate, Philip Backman. Although many improvements have been made since the first edition, this Sea Gull still remains.

Over the years our magazine has expanded both in size and circulation. Since it has been published, interest in its pages has spread from the student to the community. Today some of our subscribers make it an annual event to send copies of our year book to their friends living far from home. Thus you can see how interest in The Sea Gull has increased.

In 1953 over fifteen hundred magazines were sold and last year there was a sale of over twelve hundred. The 1955 edition of The Sea Gull was a complete sell-out for the first time in its history. Unfortunately the growing demand for the Sea Gull had caused a shortage of magazines.

This problem can be remedied if orders are placed at once upon arrival of our school salesman. Since this book is not profit making we have to make our final printing order according to the demand, to keep the book from going into debt. We therefore urge you in the future to place your orders on time.

As a closing thought, it is hoped that this magazine can keep up the standard set before it; and that it will continue to do so in the future.

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WHO ARE THEY?

## THE CITY ON WHEELS

by Marjorie Allen '57

On July the twenty-sixth, Wally Byam's American Trailer Caravan consisting of about seventy-six trailers, arrived in Lunenburg and established "Trailer Town" at the Community Centre parking lot.

With a display of license plates from Maine to California, and representing just about every state in the U. S. A. as well as one Canadian province, this Caravan had been touring Eastern Canada and had stopped to visit Lunenburg as part of their trip along the South Shore of Nova Scotia.

On the afternoon of their arrival in Lunenburg, I visited "Trailer Town." One of the caravanners introduced me to their secretary, Helen Schwamborn, from Bakersfield, California. One of the nicest persons I have ever met, she told me about the Caravan.

The Caravan was first organized in 1945 by Wally Byam, a world traveller. Mr. Byam who came from a pioneer family, designed the trailers himself, and had them built to resemble covered wagons. He left them in Montreal to visit Europe to make plans for a tour of the continent next summer. He scouts different places, maps out a tour and gets a general idea of travelling expenses. A good sport, he is quite popular with the caravanners.

A great many of the tourists in this Caravan are retired business men and their families. However, others are still engaged in business and use their trailers as a means of travelling on summer vacations. Included in this group are school teachers and students who do not travel the year around.

The Caravan travels summer and winter. During the winter they tour southern countries; in summer they come north. The number of trailers on the winter tour is much greater than those of the summer trips. All those who wish to make a trip with the Caravan must write headquarters and give the organizer information on their ages, occupations, and other necessary details. When joining, they rally from all over the U. S. to one meeting place and all leave together from there. Their trip as an organized caravan has then begun.

Don Waters their scout is called the "trail blazer." He scouts ahead of the Caravan travelling the roads they intend to take, and arranges parking space for them. He also gets information on the points of interest to visit.

When leaving for new destination, they break camp at intervals and



travel the highways usually in pairs. By so doing they spread out and thus avoid hindering the flow of traffic on the roads.

The first to leave camp is the parking committee which consists of the early risers. They are always the first group up and the first to arrive at the next camp. They are responsible for parking the trailers as they arrive. The "caboose committee" are the not-so-early-risers, and are the last to leave camp. They bring up the rear and help others in trouble on the highway. When the caboose enters camp the Caravan is complete.

It is a non-profit organization, and all members pay their own expenses. This moving city has its own postal system, police, doctors, mechanics, dentists and have committees to handle all the caravanner's problems. The government is democratic since the majority rule. They determine where they go and how long they stay. All the members of the Caravan have caps with a distinctive crest to signify they belong to the group. Meetings are held frequently. They use a "bull horn" to announce their meetings. They also have a bulletin board and decide what they'll do for entertainment.

Social committees arrange the entertainment for the group which consists of square dancing, celebrating birthdays, anniversaries and other special occasions. On this trip the Canadian family had an organ in their trailer where they sometimes gathered for sing-songs. The young people put on many of the entertainment programmes. Many caravanners take pictures of former tours and by means of movie projectors and a P. A. system, provide the group with many a happy evening when they relive again some pleasant journeys. The "greater committee" makes contact with the various clubs such as the Rotary Club, and call on the Mayors and other officials of the town or city they visit.

Chatting with various members of the group, I learned something about their former tours. Last summer they toured Western Canada. One of the highlights of this trip was their visit to the Calgary Stampede. They were also deeply impressed with Lake Louise, and described it as the most beautiful scenery they had ever seen.

In the past winter, the Caravan visited Mexico. On this trip the group consisted of approximately five hundred trailers and about fifteen hundred people — one of the largest groups to travel together on any of their tours. Last summer they visited Eastern Canada with the exception of Newfoundland, and in the winter they hope to go to Cuba and the following summer to Europe.

The Eastern Canadian tour had its beginning at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan on June 30. Arriving in Ottawa, they visited Parliament Hill and saw parliament in session, a very interesting experience. At Quebec the highlight was the entire ceremony of the changing of the guard in full dress, at Quebec Citadel. They also became guests of the city.

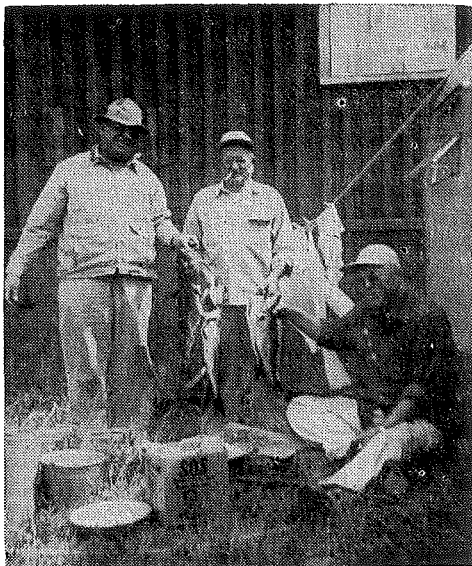
In Halifax the members went on a tour of the city and visited the Public Gardens. Many of them visited the American warships in port at the time. A large group were taken on a cruise of the harbor aboard "H. M. C. S. Granby", and some tried their luck at fishing at the mouth of the harbor. From Halifax they journeyed to Lunenburg.

When the group left Lunenburg, they travelled along the South Shore to Yarmouth, then the Annapolis Valley where they planned to take in the Acadian celebrations. From the valley they decided to go on to Cape Breton

and thence to Prince Edward Island by way of the Tormentine-Borden ferry. Many of the travellers said they had dreamed about visiting Nova Scotia ever since they studied about it in school. Some had seen movies of the province and couldn't believe Nova Scotia could be so beautiful. They were not a bit disappointed.

Many of the people I met invited me into their trailers. These trailers are not their only homes, they all have homes in the U. S. A. The interior of the trailers is compact, modern and comfortable. When in camp they hook up to the town's water and electricity, but have means of supplying their own if necessary.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Mark Smith from Jacksonville, Illinois. This couple was very pleased to tell me about one of their most interesting trips — the Central American tour. This was their story: They left El Paso, Texas on December 1, 1951 with sixty-six trailers. After arriving at Juarez, Mexico they journeyed to Mexico City.



Here they scattered out — some went fishing, some went sight-seeing and others quit the caravan because of bad roads. From there they went to Arraiga where they loaded their equipment on a railway flat-car, and made a tour through the jungle. Arriving at Tapachula they regained their trailers and drove to Guatemala. From that point they went on to Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua. Leaving Nicaragua they flew to Panama and on their return journey visited Costa Rica. There were many rivers to ford, but they loved every minute of it. Everywhere they were welcomed by the Presidents and Governors of the Republics. Travelling eight thousand miles the trip took them four months.

On Wednesday, July 27, I again visited "Trailer Town." That day I met many very interesting people. I met Mr. and Mrs. John G. Cole from Glendale, California. Mr. Cole was a retired alfalfa farmer. I learned many interesting things pertaining to farming in California. Mrs. Cole told me how much she enjoyed the trip through the French-Canadian part of Quebec province. They had heard about Lunenburg ox-teams and were hoping to see them at work. While in Lunenburg, they visited the Lunenburg Sea Products and were treated to fish sticks.

That day a party of the tourists went fishing. They left at about nine o'clock in the morning and fished around Cross Island. Out of the party of thirteen, seven of them were very sea-sick. For most of them it was the first time they had ever fished in the Atlantic Ocean. Apparently everyone enjoyed the trip. Most of them caught fish which they cleaned for supper.

I talked to Mr. Fred Beltnea from Scotch Bluffs, Nebraska, about the fishing trip. He was one of the lucky ones who didn't get sick and enjoyed himself immensely. Mr. S. J. MacDonald or Mac, as they called him, was the most sea-sick of all. After he recovered somewhat, he showed me his trailer and told me many things about his home. Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald were owners and operators of the most southwesterly trailer court in the U. S. A. — The Sun and Surf Trailer Court at Imperial Beach, California. They very kindly invited me to visit them if I ever get to California. (In fact all the people I met asked me to look them up, should I ever get to their town or city.)

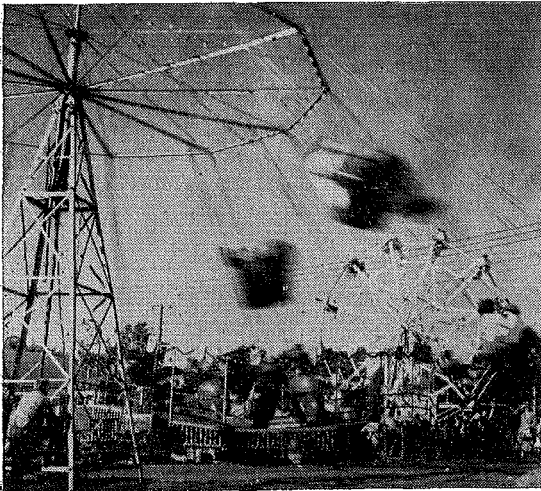
It was at this time that many of the caravanners returned from a visit to the Lunenburg Yacht Club. They thought the Lunenburg Regatta was enjoyable, and many called it the highlight of the trip so far.

Also I met Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dodge from Imlay City, Michigan, and some very interesting people from Brownsville and Austin, Texas. One of the gentlemen asked me about the Bluenose. I found many people asked me about the Bluenose, Earl Bailly, and other facts about the town.

In the evening Helen (the secretary) introduced me to the younger members of the Caravan. Among the group was Jeanie Zeidler who is a college student in music at Austin, Texas. We were entertained with the showing of films about the Lunenburg Bicentennial Celebrations, Exhibition, Memorial Service, and Newfoundland. Next the caravanners showed a movie about their tour of Western Canada. After refreshments the younger group taught me their American School songs and dances.

The following day I bid farewell to the caravanners. I am certain that judging from the many favourable comments about our town and the beautiful South Shore, that one and all left us with a wish in their hearts to return some day.

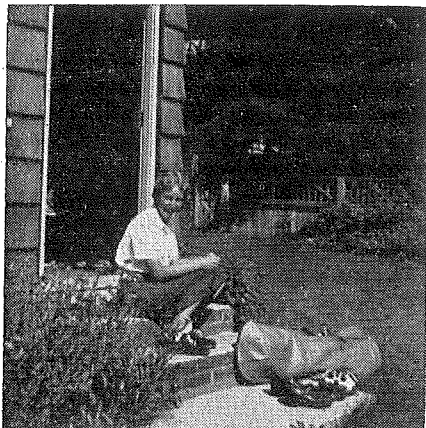
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**A Whirl on the Merry-go-round at the Exhibition**

# MY TRIP TO THE WEST COAST

by Rita Lohnes '56



## AT HOME

Not being able to sleep very well on the train the first night, we arose early the next morning and got off at Central Station, Montreal. We had six hours to spend there so after having lunch at the Laurentian Hotel, we toured part of the shopping district. Then we went to Windsor Station as from here we were travelling C.P.R. We travelled on the C.P.R.'s new diesel drawn all-stainless-steel, scenic dome streamliner, "The Canadian."

While in the waiting room of the station, a girl came to me and said, "You are going to Victoria to play golf the same as I am, are you not?" I said, "How do you know that?" and she replied, "Because your ankles are not tanned like the rest of your legs due to the fact of wearing heavy sox in your golf shoes." I told her I was, and she told me she was Miss Grey, a member of the New Brunswick team. As we were about the same age and travelling on the same train, we became friends throughout the trip.

We went to the observation car and the dome to watch the scenery. Arriving in Quebec City we picked up the Quebec provincial team of golfers who introduced themselves to the other golfers already on board the train. Then the next place of importance was Ottawa, the Canadian capital. We could see the parliament buildings while passing. Also, we picked up a few golfers in Sudbury, Ontario that night.

Got up the next day at 9.30 a.m. and had breakfast in the coffee shop. Stopped briefly at Port Arthur followed by another stop at Fort William. We were delayed for an hour at Schreiber due to the eastbound train going off the tracks. We weren't allowed to leave the station as it was indefinite how long we had to wait. After leaving the station the train increased its speed to ninety m.p.h. to regain the time which was

Thursday, July 27, 1955, the Halifax Chronicle-Herald staff photographer took our picture on the steps of the C.N.R. train in Halifax. At 10 a.m. Mrs. Helen Bolton and I were on our way to the West Coast to play in the Canadian Ladies Golf Championships at Victoria. We were two of the members of the Nova Scotia team of four players, who were selected by our showing in the Nova Scotia Open tournament. The other two players were to leave by plane at a later date.

lost at Schreiber. Passed through several other places of which Kenora was the largest and it looked beautiful from what we could see while passing through.

Arrived at Winnipeg on time at about nine p.m. having made up the hour which we had lost. We had a twenty minute stop there. We left the train and went to the waiting room in the station to post letters and post cards which we had written. My brother, Ray, who is stationed in Winnipeg with the R.C.A.F. and knew I was passing through on that train, met us in the waiting room. Talked with him until time to board the train again; proceeded directly to our roomette with which this train is equipped, instead of the usual string of berths enclosed by curtains, as on the old type sleeping cars. Went to bed and slept until nine o'clock, dressed, and went to the car in which the coffee shop is located, for our breakfast. While eating we passed through Medicine Hat, Alberta. From there we went to the scenic dome which is directly over the coffee shop. Sat, talked and watched the broad expanse of prairie lands and wheat fields which we were now passing through. Our next stop of importance was Calgary, where we had a fifteen minute stop. Here the maintenance men of the C.P.R. cleaned and polished the windows of the observation dome, to provide us a better view of the scenic beauty of the Canadian Rockies.

Our route now was parallel to the Bow River which was very beautiful and brought us to Banff. This is one of the most beautiful spots in the Rockies and also one of the scenic wonders of the world. We could see the beautiful Banff Springs Hotel nestled in the mountains and fronted by the Bow River. Between Banff and Lake Louise we saw many deer in the narrow meadows bordering the track. Passing through the Rockies we saw Eisenhower, Three Sisters, and Cathedral Mountains which brought us to the summit of the Rockies. Eleven and one half miles further by train, and still only 1,265 feet almost directly below, is some of the finest scenery and most interesting engineering in the world.

The Spiral Tunnels which take us under Cathedral Mountain are one of the marvels of engineering. The Upper (3,255 feet long), the Lower (2,922 feet long), through which the railway travels, are almost complete circles, taking us downhill for a direct descent of 1,260 feet in less than one hour. We then passed through scenic Yoho Valley; then went over an arch bridge crossing Stoney Creek. As the train crosses this unusual structure 270 feet above the foaming stream, photographers are able to snap the whole train on the curve. We came to another great feat of engineering, Connaught Tunnel in Mount Macdonald. This tunnel is five miles long, twenty-nine feet wide and twenty-one and a half feet high. Fresh air is forced through by giant ventilating fans at the western end. It took us only ten minutes to go through this tunnel. Our next stop was Revelstoke for fifteen minutes. We got off the train for fresh air and a stroll around the station before going to bed.

We got up early the next morning and had breakfast so we could be ready to see the skyline and the approaches of the city of Vancouver.



We sat in the dome and watched this beautiful sight until we arrived at the station, thus ending our journey on the train.

We boarded the S. S. Princess Patricia to cross the strait of Juan de Fuca. There we got our first glimpse of the vast Pacific Ocean which meant that in at least four hours we would finally be in Victoria. We sat on the deck of the boat on a bright sunny hot day as we left Vancouver, and watched the mainland of Canada disappear from our view until only the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains were visible. We bought souvenirs on the boat, had lunch and then looked the ship over. All the golfers then gathered around tables to play cards until we docked in Victoria at 2:15 p.m. P.S.T.

Disembarking from the boat and claiming the part of our luggage which we had checked on the boat, we proceeded on foot to the Empress Hotel which was directly across the street. Here was our home during our stay in Victoria.

This hotel was a beautiful brick and stone structure, seven stories high, the entire front of which was almost entirely covered with an ivy creeper. It was situated in a beautiful ten and a half acre garden, landscaped on the principle of our public gardens at Halifax.

After being assigned to our rooms, unpacking our luggage and getting settled away for our two week stay, we left the hotel to stroll around and marvel at the beauties of the city of Victoria, which were so new and thrilling to us. The sight which thrilled and fascinated me mostly was the great abundance of flowers and flowering shrubs of all kinds, which were in bloom in every conceivable spot including two pots hanging on either side of every lamp post. We were forbidden to pick the beautiful dogwood. Becoming tired of walking and sightseeing, we returned to the hotel for our dinner and a good night's rest in anticipation of the events of the following days.

Upon arriving at the hotel and going to claim the remainder of my luggage which had come checked throughout the trip, I discovered that my golf clubs, through some error, were now on a T.C.A. plane bound for Sydney, a mountain resort on the opposite end of Vancouver Island. This incident upset me quite a lot as, after travelling 3,500 miles to play golf, little could be done in the line of practice or playing until they could be returned to me.

The following morning after breakfast in the coffee shop at the hotel, we were met by members and officials of the British Columbia division of the Canadian Ladies Golf union who had made arrangements for our transportation to the Royal Colwood Golf and Country Club where we were to compete in the Canadian Ladies Closed and Open Championships. This day and the one following were allotted us for practice and to acquaint ourselves with the course. One lady was kind enough to lend me a few clubs and balls to get some practice. Had lunch at the clubhouse and returned to the Empress for our dinner and was glad to see that my clubs had returned.

The next day found us at the course throughout the day. Returning to the hotel, we dressed for a Garden Party at Government House. It was given in honor of the visiting golfers by invitation of the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and Mrs. Wallace. Each golfer in turn was introduced to our host for the evening.

The following day the tournament proper got under way. At completion of our eighteen holes we returned to the hotel to partake of a special dinner for all the provincial golf teams.

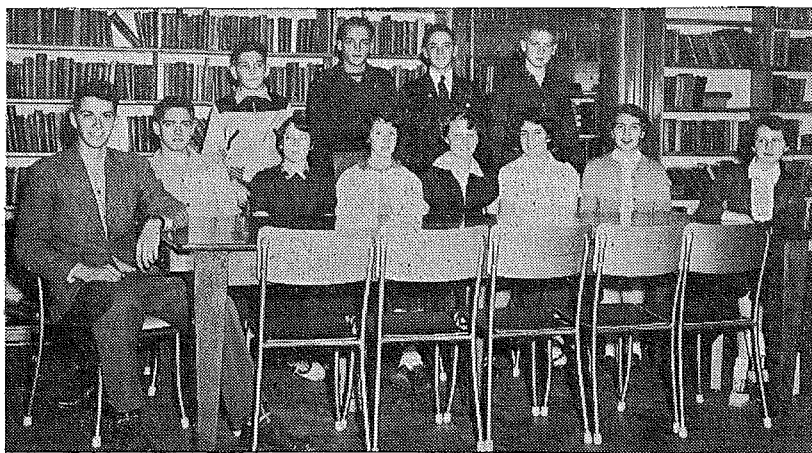
On Saturday, following conclusion of play in the Closed Championship, we had dinner at the Victoria Golf Club followed by the annual meeting of the Canadian Ladies Golf Union.

Sunday was spent in resting and small social gatherings at the hotel until about four p.m., when a cavalcade of privately owned motor cars arrived, to take us on a tour of "Royal Roads", the large Naval Training establishment.

From there we were taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Todd for dinner on the lawn of their palatial residence. The next two days consisted of golf and plenty of rest after.

The following day, at the conclusion of the day's play, we were taken to the summer residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eilers on beautiful Langford Lake. There was swimming and a buffet supper on the lawn served by the ladies of Victoria, Uplands and George Vale Golf Clubs.

The following day, at conclusion of play, we returned to the Empress Hotel to pack our luggage and make final arrangements for our return to Vancouver by boat. From there we came to Halifax by C.N.R. to see some different parts of the country on our return trip by a different route.



#### **JUNIOR RED CROSS**

**Front**—President, R. Stevens; B. Tanner, N. Morash, B. Fowler, H. Hebb, J. O'Connor, L. Ernst; Secretary, E. Paker.  
**Back**—L. Saunders, J. Cook, J. Randall, B. Tanner.

# THE LUNENBURG LOYAL ORANGE LODGE NO. 1603

by Rochelle Winaut '56, Eldona Tanner '58



Over 240 years ago, on November 14th, 1688, the first declaration of Orange principles was drawn up by Rev. Gilbert Burnett. At this time William III Prince of Orange was spurring his troops into a final route of their opponents, the followers of the deposed James II, who was fleeing from the bitter waters of the river Boyne and on July 12th won civil and religious liberty. Since that memorable day, Orangemen all over the English speaking world have celebrated that victory on the twelfth of July. Almost two years before the Battle of the Boyne, the Orange Association was formed.

The Earl of Winchelsea, one of William's strongest followers, proposed that an association of some kind be formed in the interest of the Protestant Faith which was being established at that time in England. The motion was enthusiastically backed by Sir Edward Seymour who declared that an association be formed, to be called the National Orange Association. Since that day this great Order has existed.

The Orange Association is one of the greatest fraternal organizations ever conceived by the minds of men. It has existed in British North America for over one hundred years, and still seems to be progressing.

In the year 1891 on April 13th a group of people in Lunenburg were granted a charter to organize an Orange Lodge in this Town.

At their first meeting, which was held in an upstairs room of the Court House and has since then been their regular meeting place, it was decided that the meetings be held on the first and third Thursday of each month. It was also decided that the Lodge be named the Lunenburg Loyal Orange Lodge No. 1603.

Each member pledged to support the Protestant Faith and the Union Jack.

At this first meeting the following Officers were elected:

Worshipful Master, Augustus Sturm; Deputy Master, Arthur Thurlow; Chaplain, James R. Selig; Recording Secretary, James W. King; Financial Secretary, William A. Gaetz; Treasurer, James M. Anderson;

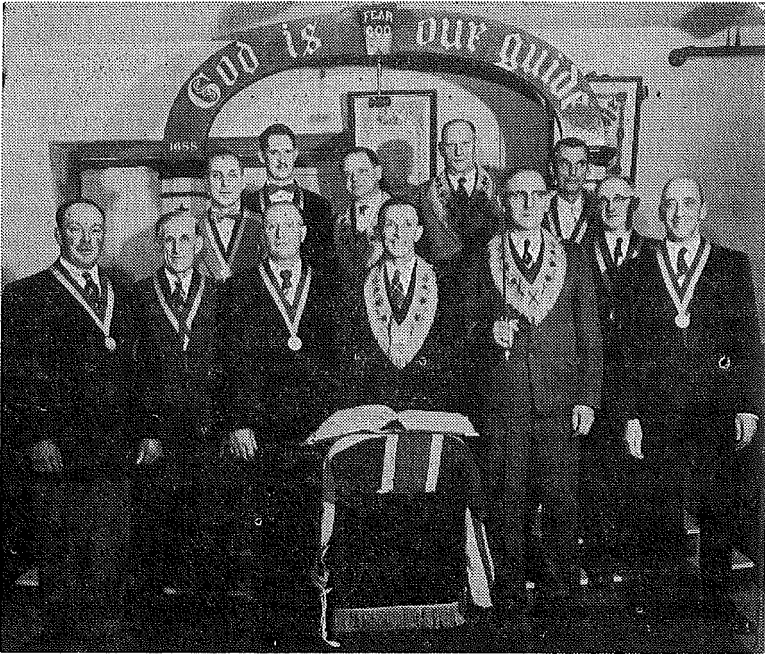
Marshall, L. B. Young; Lecturer, George Heckman.

These Officers, who are newly elected each year on the third Thursday of November, are installed on the third Thursday of December.

The Lodge was progressing smoothly until on February 13th, 1931, when the Court House caught on fire and their meeting-room was destroyed. Until repairs could be made, the meetings were held in a room above A. E. Rudolf's store, after which they returned to their previous meeting room.

The Lodge does many good works, one of which is to support the Bible Hill Protestant Children's Home in Truro, N. S., which is owned and operated by the Loyal Orange Lodges, the Loyal True Blue Associations and the Ladies Orange Benevolent Association of Nova Scotia.

On the third Thursday of November 1955, the new Officers for '56 were elected. The following are the Officers:



**Left to Right - Front Row**—Lecturer, Ross Conrad, P. M.; Tyler, John Berringer; Lecturer, Harold Levy; Chaplin, Bennett Dares, P. M.; Marshal, Wallace Daniels, C. M.; Secretary, Harry Buckmaster, P. C. M.; **Back Row**—Tyler, Fenwick Cleveland; Immediate Past Master, Gordon Winters; W. M., Gilbert Miller; D. M. Absolom Acker; F. Secretary, Willis Oickle, P. C. M.; Treasurer, Eric Miller, P. C. M.

Our own Loyal Orange Lodge has grown considerably in the past years, in fact, it was at one time the Banner Lodge of the Province, and we know that it will continue even more in its development.

# THE COURT HOUSE LIBRARY

by Annette Miller '57

The Lunenburg Public Library opened on April 15, 1954, at the Prothonotary's Office on the second floor of the Court House. This followed the announcement which was previously made by the Town Clerk, L. W. Geldert. The Town Library is really a branch of the Academy Library, and had two hundred books when it opened.

The formation of the library was a test to see whether the citizens wanted such a library then or in the immediate future. The use of it assured the Town Council that its interest and expenditure on the project received public approval.

Mrs. Harris Oxner is the Librarian. She is always prepared and willing to assist you in the selection of books and endeavors to procure for you any book which is not in her office. Every month fifty books are exchanged with the Academy Library for circulation.

Like any public place, it must be governed by certain regulations. The library is open from 2 to 5 p.m. on Monday; 2 to 4 p.m. on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. A card is issued with each book and must accompany the book on its return. Two books can be taken in one loan for a limit of two weeks. A person must pay 5 cents per day if the book is returned after this period of time. A borrower is asked to take care of these books or to replace damaged books.

The library now owns 266 books. Its success can be determined by the following figures:

Books loaned	—	2525
Subscribers	—	137

It is certain that the citizens of Lunenburg appreciate the Town Library, and there is also certainty of an increase in its use in the future.

The presentation of any good books to its number would be welcomed. A climax to the interest in the field of books would be the construction of a separate building dedicated to serving the public in this way.

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## I WAS A GUEST ON GAZETTE

by Peter Cornu,

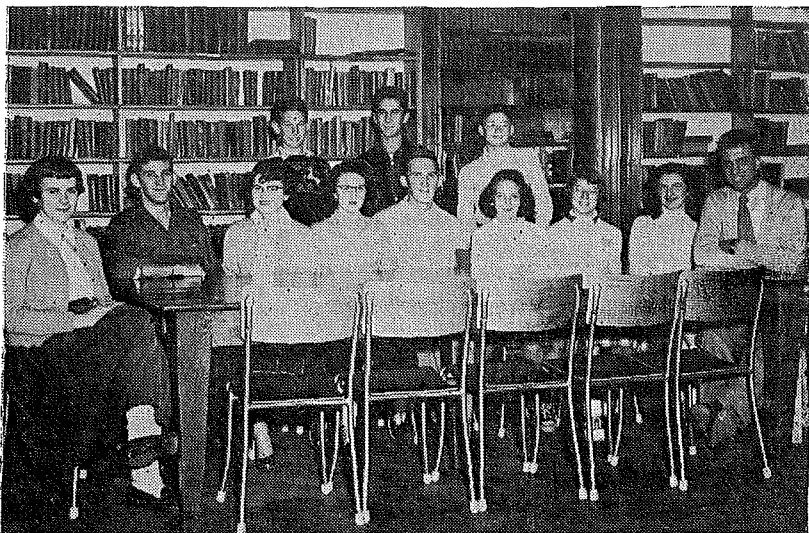
On December 9, 1955, my Dad and I motored to Halifax where that evening we were to appear on Gazette, a television programme sponsored by the C.B.C. We arrived at the studio at four o'clock in time for rehearsal. Later we had lunch and returned to the studio where they applied make-up on account of the bright lights. Max Ferguson, who is also known on C.B.C. radio as Rawhide, is Master of Ceremonies. He interviews people with interesting hobbies or occupations. This programme

also has a weatherman who is rated one of the best in Canada; he is better known as Rube Hornstein.

Mr. Hornstein and Mr. Ferguson were waiting at the studio. We had our rehearsal which was televised but not sent over the air. We met the Director of the Station who showed us around the studio. It is a large room but actually is very small as it is equipped with props—microphones, cameras, etc. We found the control room very interesting and one thing we noticed in particular was that of all the employees not one was over thirty years old.

We also had the pleasure of meeting Pat Connolly who is Nova Scotia's number one Sportcaster; also Mr. Maurice Foisey who is one of C.B.H.T.'s Newscasters.

My appearing on television was through my father being an amateur magician. Dad had shown me a few of his magic tricks so we decided to appear as a father and son team. The programme went on the air at five minutes after seven in the evening; opening with the weather by Mr. Hornstein. Then my Dad and I each performed one of our magic tricks and we had about a twelve minute interview with Mr. Ferguson. We enjoyed our experience, and have been asked to appear again at a later date.



#### STUDENT'S COUNCIL

**Front**—President, G. Hall; F. Dibdin, C. Veniot, J. Greek, R. Chenhall G. Levy, J. Crouse; A. Miller, Secretary; G. Geldert, Treasurer.  
**Rear**—P. Winters, P. Comstock, E. Crouse.

# THE ROAD TO THE ISLE

by Marjorie Allen '57

On Saturday, August 13, 1955, I saw history being made, for on that day I saw a man's dream come true. The scene, the Canso Causeway, and the fulfilment of the Hon. Angus L. MacDonald's dream — the official opening of the Road to the Isle.

As we rounded the bend at Auld's Cove, on that misty morning of August the 13, the Great Causeway came into view, a sight never to be forgotten. Even through the mist the colors were brilliant. The roadway itself stretched like a wide ribbon across the blue waters of the Strait. The cars were already crowding the parking lot, and the Mounties in their scarlet uniforms were everywhere directing traffic and keeping cars and pedestrians both, in order.

We found a good parking place on one of the many roadways at the base of Cape Porcupine. It was morning, but thousands of people were already gathered there, just looking around. Most of them, I think, were a little awed by the greatness of it all.

From our vantage point on the side of the hill we looked down at the scene. On the south side of the Causeway lay the great cruiser H.M.C.S. Quebec. Farther off in the distance the ferry could be seen, her decks lined with cars and passengers, making the run between Mulgrave and Port Hawsbury. She was not running on schedule now, but continued back and forth, closing out her career in one last great effort.

Before us lay the Causeway, already lined with people. On one side and near the Auld's Cove end, was a grandstand specially constructed for invited guests. Next to it was the platform for the speakers, and a stand for the press. Overhead, and stretching across the roadway was a white banner, with these words, which seem a part of the Causeway story itself:

"Oh the far Coolins  
Are puttin' love on me  
As step I wi' my  
Cromak to the Isles."

Across the Causeway moved an endless stream of pedestrians, cars, busses and the scarlet coated Mounties in the midst of it all.

After the noon hour an air of expectancy seemed to settle over the vast crowd. The Sydney train approached the Causeway from the Cape Breton side, stopped, and from it alighted an estimated one thousand passengers, to mingle with the crowd already there. From the Auld's Cove side, the Halifax train approached the Causeway, and discharged another one thousand passengers to add to the vast number. One by one the busses left the roadway, and traffic came to a halt. Across the Causeway now was fastened a ribbon — the bright and gleaming blue of the Nova Scotia Tartan.

The invited guests began to move up on the grandstand. Although there was now a heavy drizzle, nobody seemed to notice it. The crowd was watch-

ing and waiting. Before the ceremonies began, however, the rain ended and the sky began to clear.

At two o'clock the ceremonies which marked the official opening of the Canso Causeway got under way. They lasted only about thirty minutes, and out of them came words for a man with a dream, a man with a vision. The chairman of the program was the Hon. George Marler, Minister of Transport. The speakers represented the Parliaments of the Province and of the Dominion, the Clergymen of several Churches, and Mrs. MacDonald, widow of the great man who was responsible for this great occasion.

The speeches were brief. Mr. Donald Gordon, C. N. R. President represented the railroads, and spoke about the years of discussing and planning for a permanent crossing across the Strait. He, as did all the others, paid tribute to the late Premier MacDonald, and quoted lines from the Canadian Boat Song, which referred to The Lone Shieling of the Hebrides. He said the C. N. R. was proud of its share in the construction and use of the Causeway.

The Hon. George Marler spoke on behalf of the Government of Canada. He also paid tribute to Hon. Angus L. MacDonald, and to the engineers and workmen who built the Causeway and also took this opportunity to express his thanks to the Province of Nova Scotia and to the Canadian National Railways Company for their generous assistance and willing co-operation.

Premier Henry Hicks, the only Provincial Government member on the Speakers Platform, spoke about how the demands of increasing population have always stirred men to overcome difficulties which have always seemed barriers to progress.

A hush seemed to settle over the crowd as Mrs. MacDonald was introduced, and an air of sadness. With tears in her eyes, Mrs. MacDonald spoke of her late husband. "Do let it be remembered, and let it not be forgotten," she said, "that without his dream and his determination, there would not be a Road to the Isles for us to open today with all its colorful ceremonies." She praised the engineers and builders — all the men whose work and skill made the roadway a reality. "It seems like a miracle to me," she said.

The Clergymen gave their blessings; the Rev. S. P. MacDonald rendered his greetings in Gaelic. The words of each speaker in turn echoed against the scar-faced granite cliff, Cape Porcupine, which threw their voices back over the forty thousand people assembled there. In the hills at the base of that majestic mountain which played so important a part in the building of the great Causeway, the pipers stood almost motionless waiting for their part in the day's pageantry. Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, outlined briefly, the history of the Causeway, from the time of its planning and also praised the engineers and workmen who helped build it. "This Causeway will be of great economic importance to the province and to Canada as a whole," he said. Bishop John R. MacDonald of Antigonish gave a message as Mr. Howe prepared to cut the ribbon. "I express a three-fold purpose," he said, "that the Causeway not only serve as a means of bringing people together but as a bond of good-will between them; that material progress of which this Causeway is an example, extend through the efforts of all concerned to this vicinity and all of Eastern Nova Scotia; that this Causeway symbolize the strength of Nova Scotia and the unity of Canadian citizenship."

Hon. C. D. Howe now stepped to the tartan ribbon, and while it was held



by two Mounties, he cut it with a claymore, said to have been used in the Battle of Culloden more than three hundred years ago. At the same time the guns of H. M. C. S. Québec roared a salute.

Now down from the hills at the base of Porcupine came the four hundred pipers, representing just about every clan that boasts a Scottish tartan. The Mounties held back the crowd at the approach to the Causeway until the pipers were all on the roadway, and to the tune of the "Road to the Isles", they began their mile long march across the Strait of Canso.

Following them was an estimated twenty thousand people, young and old, and from every walk of life. The very young were there — babies who in later years, when they hear their parents tell them they were there on that opening day will look at them and say, "Was I? I was too young to remember." The children were there like my little brother and sister, who would remember the color and the excitement, the crowds and the Causeway itself, and who in some future year may say, "When I was a little child I walked across the Causeway on the day it was opened officially."

The young people were there — thousands of them like myself, who were old enough to realize that this was something great, something worthwhile and something to be remembered always.

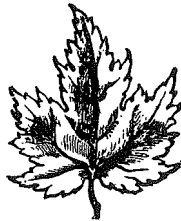
Fathers and Mothers were there, like my parents who have in their lifetime seen the world come a long way, and who sort of take these things as part of living and modern progress.

Old men and women were there, like my grandparents who came to look and marvel and see for themselves if it really could be so.

Tourists, travellers, the curious, the interested, and the doubtful were there but all walked the Causeway together.

I think perhaps next to the Cape Breton people and the ones living in the vicinity of the Causeway, the opening meant more to the Lunenburg people, than to many others. For the Strait of Canso is so well remembered by our fishermen. How many of them can look at the Causeway without his mind going back to ships, and schooners, white sails and the far away fishing banks, and not remember that they are now travelling a road where once they sailed through with vessels, on their way to the Banks or homeward bound, hoping the wind would be "fair" through the Strait?

Twenty thousand people walked across the Causeway that day and there was no haste, no pushing or crowding. It seemed as if everyone realized that this great roadway was solid and permanent, and there was no need to hurry — it would be here for all time.

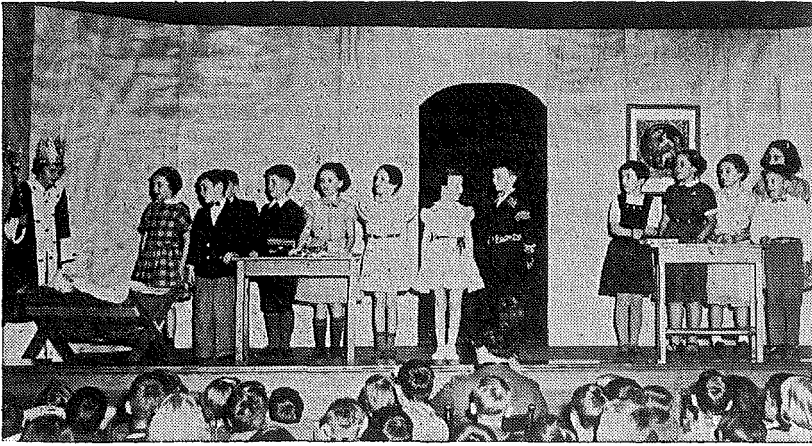


# THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

by Sharon Clarke '58, Linda Ernst '57

The Lunenburg County Academy presented a Christmas entertainment in the Assembly Hall on December 15-16-19, 1955 which was well patronized by the citizens of the town and surrounding district.

As the curtains parted, the audience was warmly welcomed by Master Jackie MacDuff. This greeting was followed by two exercises, "A Merry Christmas" and "Under the Christmas Tree" by the Primary Grades.



## CHRISTMAS CONCERT—GRADES II, III and IV

G. Smith, S. Silver, B. Demone, D. Falkenham, C. Anderson, C. Bowers, L. Dares, K. Berringer, W. Tanner, P. Naas, K. Zinck, C. Johnson, J. Manthorn, B. Haddal.

The next number was a play by Grades III and IV "The Spirit of Christmas" which portrayed the true meaning of Christmas. The blue flood lights on the Manger Scene added a realistic nightlike atmosphere which was particularly effective. One could almost imagine oneself standing with the shepherds and wise men before the Holy Child as on the night so long ago.

The tableau "Teaching Tilly" was ably presented by the pupils of Grades V and VI. This presentation brought to a close the Common School portion of the evening's entertainment.

The highlight of the evening was the comic operetta in three acts, "Betty Lou, the Dream Girl" by Lida Larrimore Turner with music by R. M. Stults.

Heading the cast, Shirley Cook gave an excellent performance of the title role. Ably backing her were Mary Schaffenburg, as her feather-brained step-mother; Dale Schwartz, as her brother; Josephine O'Connor, as her sister-in-law; Keith Crouse, as a shy young man; Alfred Lohnes, as Worthington Brooks otherwise known as Gentleman Jim; Ann Cook, as a maid; Kevin Crouse, the man who played Santa Claus.

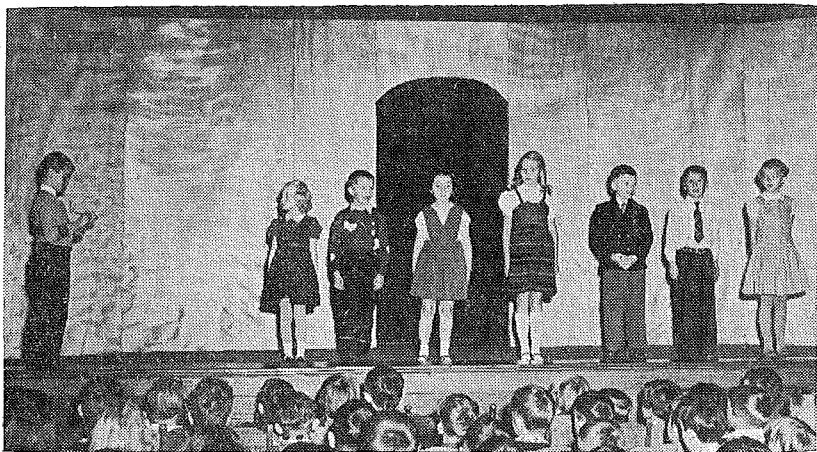
The plot of the play dealt with the efforts of various members of the

Pendleton family to recoup the family fortunes. Mrs. Pendleton's endeavors centred around the acquiring of a wealthy husband for Betty Lou. Unfortunately for their success most of these millionaires were doddering old men. The son and his wife devised an ingenious scheme in which the news was circulated, that the missing jewels of an eccentric old lady who had recently died might be concealed in one of the pieces of furniture, which they had purchased from her estate. Prospective buyers were then supposed to come flocking to the house with extravagant offers. Betty Lou's rebellion against the latest of her mother's suitors, Worthington Brooks led her to disguise herself as a little girl and pose as Betty's younger sister. In this guise she learned that Brooks was really a crook also interested in the Crabtree jewels. She also became the confidante of the shy young man, Bob Sherwood, who told her he had fallen in love with the picture of her supposed older sister, Betty Lou.

At a masquerade given by her stepmother, Betty Lou discarded her disguise; Mr. Brooks was revealed as a crook; a Chinese cabinet was sold for a large sum to a collector, and Betty gave Bob a valuable document which was found in a secret drawer of the cabinet. There was enough money to save the estate and Bob revealed his love to the real Betty Lou.

Great credit is due to Mrs. B. G. Oxner for her skilful direction of the operetta, and to Mrs. H. A. Creighton who provided choreography. Melissa O'Connor, our Grade IX student, gave a highly commendable performance as the operetta pianist.

In spite of the wonderful work done by the members of the cast, the play could not have been a success without the efforts of the people behind the scenes who were responsible for lights, curtains, scenes, costumes, etc. The loyal and devoted efforts of all those connected with each phase of the entertainment have once again made our annual presentation a resounding success.



#### CHRISTMAS CONCERT—GRADES I and 11

M. Fox, J. Zinck, D. Schmeisser, E. Lohnes, S. Haenlein, H. Hebb, D. Crouse, D. Conrad.



**CHRISTMAS CONCERT—GRADES V and VI**

Sandra Dares, Cornelius der Toorn, Marilyn Whynacht, Susan Grandy, Heather Thompson, Wayne Demone, Annette Dares, Sylvia Whynacht, Samuel Walters, Richard Crouse, Roy Young, Catherine Mosher, Peter Bald, David Winaut, John Tanner, Sue Sonderdregger, Sandra Borgersen.



**CHRISTMAS CONCERT—PRIMARY and GRADE 1**

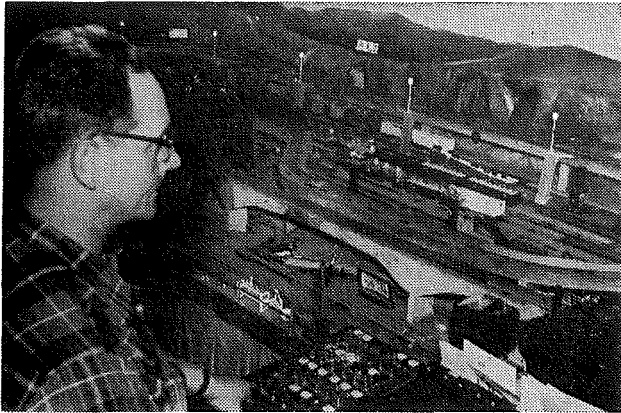
K. Risser, J. May, G. Eisenhauer, G. Cook, P. Berringer, P. Powers, G. Whynacht, N. Crouse, B. Cantelope, B. Oxner.

## A MAN'S HOBBY

by Michael O'Connor '57, Jim Hulstein '56

We suppose that among the pet hobbies of the mechanically-minded in our town, the most popular one is that of collecting trains. We are sure that there is no one who has as wide an assortment of fascinating engines, modern cars and railway equipment as Mr. Frank Risser. Is there anyone who can boast of having over three hundred feet of track, five engines, three steam and two diesel, over two dozen cars and all kinds of modern accessories?

All this is set up in his room in a most ingenious way. The background scenery, bridges, station, etc. help to make the whole set-up look as real as possible. To get an idea of how large an electrical system is necessary to run such a thing, one need only to look at the numerous buttons and switches on the intriguing transformer in the picture above. It goes without saying that to accomplish such a thing, much more is needed than just a passing knowledge of electricity.



Mr. Risser is employed at the Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Company as a welder. He has been interested in trains, steam engines, but also boats and stationary machines, since his youth. During the past few years, he has constructed several working models of steam engines and trains, including a 3/4" scale model of the famous British engine "Maisier." All of these models are constructed by himself in a small, but well-equipped workshop in his home.

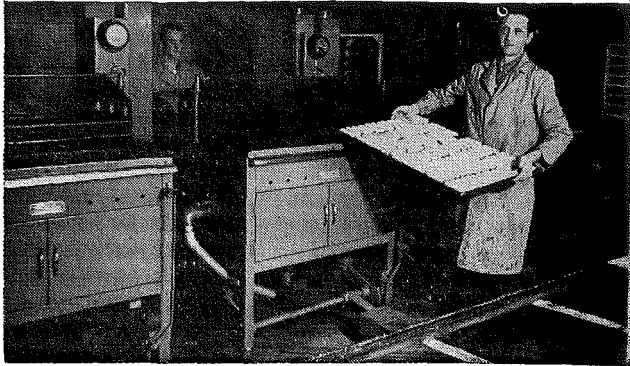
Although Mr. Risser did not state the exact amount, he assured us that its value was well over a thousand dollars.

# FISH STICKS - LUNENBURG SEA PRODUCTS

Frozen Fish Sticks, after having gone through "a batter and breader", are being placed on metal trays. Note that the sticks are not touching one another. These trays will be submerged in heated fat for frying.



The metal tray is being placed in "a fryolator."

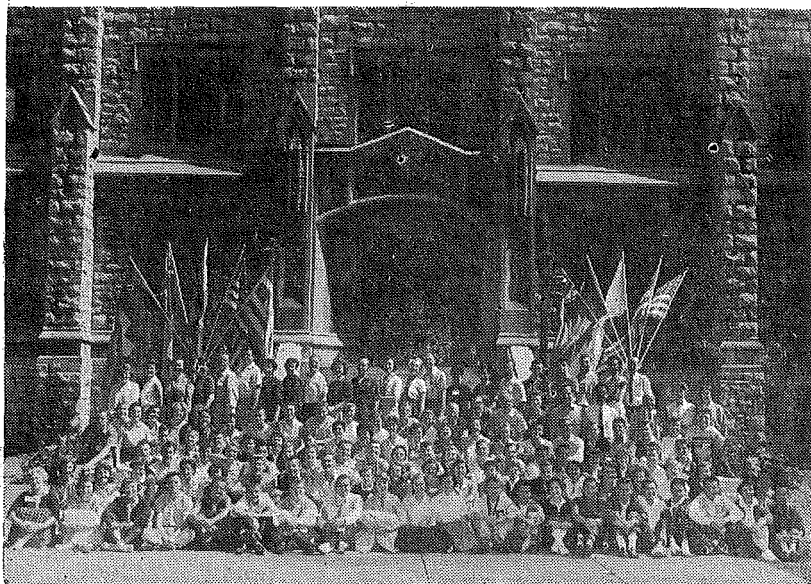


After the finished fish sticks have been packaged, they are passed to a check weigher to make certain all packages have the same weight.



# A TRIP TO QUEENS UNIVERSITY

by Robert Stevens '56



The Canadian-American Junior Red Cross Study Centre held at Kingston, Ontario, last summer, was the first program of its kind ever attempted by the Senior Red Cross on this continent. The Study Centre was held during August 21 to August 31 at Queens University, Kingston.

Delegates attending the Study Centre came from all over the world, but the main body was made up of Americans and Canadians. There were forty-nine Canadians, forty-seven Americans, and seven foreign guests from such countries as Chile, Japan, Greece, Ecuador, Uruguay, Jamaica and Yugoslavia.

Two of the main purposes for holding this Study Centre were to promote a mutual understanding of the customs, governments, and ways of living of each country, and to provide a broader knowledge of the aims and programs of the Red Cross both nationally and internationally.

Three delegates were chosen from Nova Scotia: Donald Stewart, Sydney Mines, Cape Breton; Glenda Allen, Lawrencetown, Annapolis Co.; and myself, representing the Lunenburg Academy.

All of our travelling to and from Kingston was done by train. When our train stopped in Moncton, we were joined by delegates from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. We arrived in Montreal early on Sunday morning, August 21. Here forty-seven American delegates joined us and we left for Kingston about 9:00 A. M., arriving there shortly after 1:30 P. M. the same day.

Immediately we went directly to Queens University campus where we registered at Ban Righ Hall. The rest of that afternoon was occupied with

getting settled, making acquaintances and exploring the campus.

The program during our ten days stay at Queens was a very interesting and varied one. We spent two hours in the mornings and afternoons, and one hour in the evenings, attending group discussions or lectures on topics concerning Red Cross work both at home and abroad, Junior Red Cross activities, and Canadian-American relations.

Other items in our daily schedule were recreation periods in the afternoons and evenings, free periods in which we could do whatever we wished, and of course, meal periods.

While in Kingston the whole delegation was taken on a tour of the famous and historic Fort Henry. Other special trips during those wonderful ten days were: a day spent at Ottawa and a cruise through the Thousand Islands.

Thursday, August 25th, the entire group of delegates was taken by bus to Ottawa. We arrived there before noon and toured the Governor General's residence. After lunch we toured the Parliament Buildings. Later on we had a picnic supper in a large park, arriving back at Queens about 10:30 that evening.

The Thousand Islands cruise which occupied five hours and took us along both the Canadian and American shores was very scenic and beautiful.

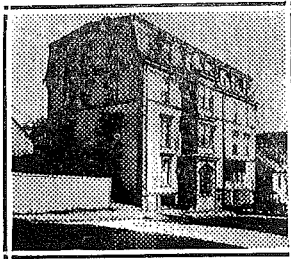
On display at the Centre for our inspection were exhibits from forty different countries. They consisted of an Art Exhibit, an International Handicraft Exhibit, and International Correspondence Albums.

Part of our time at the Study Centre was taken up with making a Study Centre Album, a Handicraft Exhibit Box, and a Tape Recording to be sent to forthcoming Junior Red Cross conferences which will be held in Ireland, Australia, and Yugoslavia. Also taken at the Study Centre were some scenes for a forthcoming Canadian Junior Red Cross film.

The ten days we spent at Queens just seemed to fly by. Suddenly it was time for us to leave and go our separate ways. There were many sad faces and misty eyes as we waved our last goodbyes. For most of us it would be the last time we would see each other.

On our way home we delegates from Quebec and the Maritimes were guests at a buffet supper given by the Red Cross in Montreal. After a short tour of Montreal, also given us by the Red Cross, the groups of delegates separated to go to their own Provinces, and then to their own homes.

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**The Old Queen Hotel  
Lunenburg**



# CURLING AS SHE WAS PLAYED

by Alfred Lohnes '57, Harry Falkenham '58

The first curling seen in Lunenburg was in the winter of 1904 - 05. The first person to take the lead in the Scottish game was the Hon. A. K. MacLean. He organized a club which played in the old Arena, located near where the Acadian Supplies Mill is now situated.

One of the first curlers was Senator J. J. Kinley, still active, who served as secretary of the first club. Others included Burgess McKittrick, Dr. H. H. MacDonald, Bob Burns and many others.

Lunenburg Curling Club, the first to be organized on the South Shore, had to limit their competition, except for a few games with the Mayflower Club in Halifax. Senator Kinley still recalls the exciting game which was new to Lunenburgers, and how they had to contend with ice conditions.

The club played under these conditions until about four years afterward. They disbanded, because of the lack of suitable ice. About the year of 1931 - 32 curling really got its foothold in Lunenburg. A group of citizens on January 15, 1932, gathered in the Fire Hall for the purpose of forming a new curling club.

Some of those present were W. T. Powers, J. E. Knickle, R. G. Smith, C. D. Ritcey, R. McK. Frittenburg, C. E. Miller, and Dr. J. A. Tupper. W. T. Powers was elected chairman and J. A. Tupper, secretary. The members decided to play in the Lunenburg Arena when ice time was available.

On February 1, 1932, the club had its first inter-club competition with Bridgewater. The curlers loaded their privately-owned stones on "The Jitney", and trucked them to the Bridgewater rink.

On March 24, 1932, the executive authorized the sum of \$5,000.00 to build a new curling rink and made plans to seek a suitable site from the Lunenburg Arena Ltd. In the fall of 1932, a new rink was built just west of the Arena and on December 1, 1932 the first meeting was held in the new club room.

From 1933 to 1942, the curlers enjoyed the wonderful sport in their new rink. They improved their game and entered many cup competitions. During the year 1944-45 the membership reached its peak and this membership enthusiasm manifested itself in a movement for an artificial ice plant.

With the beginning of 1945-46 season, the chief topic was the desire for an artificial ice plant and by the end of the season plans were already drawn up, and finally in March of 1947 the club moved to the new modern rink and bade farewell to the old rink.

With the entering of the artificial ice the teams improved in the game. The old timers think back to the times when the natural ice had to be studied more carefully and they had to counteract such things as "minus ice." The members of the old original clubs watch the players on the new ice and think of "curling as she was played."

# CURLING CHAMPIONS 1955

by Betty Fralick '57, Helen Hebb '59



The Ralston Trophy was donated by the late Col. J. Layton Ralston, who was then a member of the Yarmouth Curling Club. He was also Minister of National Defence at the outbreak of the war in 1939. Teams from all curling clubs west of Halifax take part in competition for the Ralston Trophy.

The Lunenburg Curling Club entered the bonspiel for the first time in 1933, but they were unsuccessful. Then in 1938 they won the trophy at Lunenburg, and in 1939 successfully defended it at Wolfville. For the next fourteen years the trophy was dominated by the Bridgewater, Middleton, Liverpool, and Kentville clubs.

In 1952 the trophy was won for the first time since 1939 in a hard, uphill battle by a team under Skip Ivan Schnare. They again won the trophy in 1953, but went down defeated in 1954 by the Yarmouth Club. The score was 11-4.

In 1955 the Lunenburg team entered the finals for the fourth year. Although the team skipped by Ivan Schnare got off to a slow start, their consistent curling paid off in a 10-5 victory over Digby. This gave Lunenburg their third Western Counties Bonspiel in four years. Skip Schnare also tied a record held by S. S. Rafuse of Bridgewater by having skipped three winners.

## SOUTH SHORE TRACK MEET '55

by Rick Chenhall '58, Keith Crouse '57

The 1955 South Shore Headmaster's Track Meet was held on May 22, 1955. A pleasant surprise awaited both the spectators and the competitors in the form of a beautiful day with little wind. The reverse was experienced in the last couple of Meets held at Lunenburg.

The Meet opened around ten o'clock with the customary parade of the contestants before the judges, and a word of greeting and encouragement to the athletes by Mayor Roy Whynacht. The school teams of Bridgewater, Lockeport, Hubbards, Nova Scotia School for Boys, Chester, New Germany and Lunenburg then began to compete against each other in the various events. With an hour and a half for lunch, the Meet continued till around four-thirty. At this time, the first, second and third winners in the events and the captain of the winning team were presented with ribbons and the cup by Dr. Canteloupe.

New Germany Rural High, with their first try in track and field, made an excellent showing and placed high in the standings. They will prove to be stiff competition in all academic sports as time goes on. Hubbards also made a fine-showing considering their limited number of participants.

Some new events were put on the list of contests. The girls' and boys' discus throw in the "B" class, and the class "A" girls' shot put gave even more variety than was present before.

After all the events were completed, the loudspeaker spouted the long-awaited results. The Bridgewater team were the winners with Lockeport, New Germany, Lunenburg, Chester, Nova Scotia School for Boys and Hubbards placing respectively. There was almost one hundred points difference between the third and fourth placers, showing that the competition for first place was mainly among the first three teams. However, all athletes competed with great spark and enthusiasm.

One fact is always overlooked when school Track Meets are written. Enough is said about the active participants, but little mention is made of the working machine which is jotting down the results of each contest; this machine which is starting, finishing, timing, measuring, and preparing the different events. All this is most necessary in the running of a successful Track Meet; and all this work is done with no financial attachment, whatsoever. The men do this work, because they have participated in sport in their school days and wish the present contestants to get what they got out of their Meets — the development of the feeling of being a good sport, no matter what the result.

Therefore, all these faithful officials should be commended on their fine work and encouraged to continue making the South Shore Track Meet the success it has been.

# ALMOST CHAMPIONS

by Peter Comstock '59, Carolyn Tanner '59

The Academy's 1955 Soccer Team was a team of which the school and town were proud. Although they did not succeed in becoming Champions, the boys were still good sports and winners to the very last minute. The games that kept them from the title were played with Brookfield Rural High School Team. The spirit of the boys was very high especially in the last few minutes when they were trying to tie the score.

The boys attended practise regularly and emphasized the old slogan "Anything worth doing is worth doing well."

They got off to a good start by defeating Lockeport at an exhibition game in Lunenburg. The referees for the games were usually chosen from out of town communities.

When the series started, the team was in good shape and the boys started to work exceptionally hard. They were continually given courage by "Pop", Mr. Gus Vickers, the coach.

The team won the first game played with New Germany by a score of 4-1, but the second game was lost by a score of 1-0. However the total of the goals was in favour of Lunenburg.

Moving along in victory, the team won the South Shore title from Shelburne by winning two out of three games.

Berwick High School Team was the last team to be played before the finals for the Western Nova Scotia Title. The boys played hard and deserved every goal they scored.

After defeating the Berwick team, they finally were ready to play Brookfield High's Team with whom they played last year and lost.

Tackling the game with great zeal, our players aroused the spirit of their parents and Lunenburg citizens when they tied the score 2-2 on a dull Wednesday afternoon. Again on Thursday morning, cheered on by the students, who were so excited that they were continuously over the line, the boys put every bit of their energy in the game, but Brookfield took the title by a total 4-3 score.

The defence line was upheld by Alfred Lohnes and Andrew Bald, who tried always to intercept a play by kicking the ball to the opposite end of the field.

David Dauphinee, the captain received co-operation from all the players who were as follows:

Alfred Lohnes, Rick Chenhall, Keith Crouse, Michael Van der Toorn, Errol Veinotte, Andrew Bald, David Wilkie, Kevin Crouse, Michael O'Connor, George Veinotte, Robert Mayo, David Corkum, Eric Miller, Raymond Buffett, Loren Knickle.

The scores for the complete series were:

	Home Team	Visitors
Lunenburg vs Lockeport	5	0
Lunenburg vs New Germany	4	1
New Germany vs Lunenburg	0	1

Lunenburg vs Shelburne	2	1
Shelburne vs Lunenburg	1	2
Lunenburg vs Shelburne	1	0
Lunenburg vs Berwick	0	1
Berwick vs Lunenburg	3	1
Lunenburg vs Brookfield	2	2
Brookfield vs Lunenburg	1	2

We congratulate the boys for their sportsmanship and hard work. There is always next year to win the championship which has eluded the Academy Soccer Team.

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## THE NOVA SCOTIA SCHOOLBOYS' CURLING BONSPIEL

by Anthony Cook '58, Rick Chenhall '58



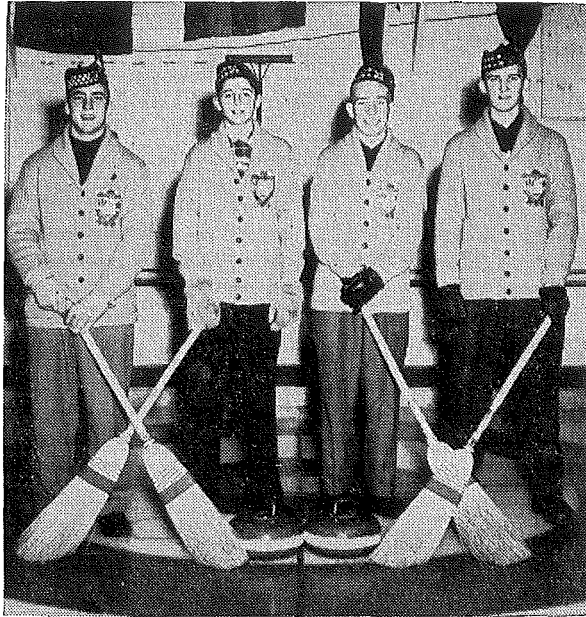
February ninth, tenth and eleventh 1956, were big days at the Lunenburg Curling Club this year. The event: the Nova Scotia Schoolboys' Curling Bonspiel, held each year at some Nova Scotia Club. It is sponsored by the Nova Scotia Headmasters Association in order to determine a schoolboy team to represent the province in the Dominion Schoolboy Championships, this year held at Fort William, Ontario.

The players and their coaches arrived on Wednesday and Thursday. The boys stayed at the private homes of Lunenburg citizens who so graciously of-

ferred their hospitality to the some eighty or ninety boys from all over the province.

Thursday afternoon the big event was officially opened with a parade of the curlers around the ice, led by two pipers. The opening stone was delivered by Dr. D. C. Canteloupe, the Chairman of the Schoolboard. Eight teams then began play in the first round of the Bonspiel, as things got underway.

Our Lunenburg Academy team consisting of skip, Alfred Lohnes; mate, Anthony Cook; second stone; Thomas Mason, and first stone, Rick Chenhall drew Yarmouth as their first opponents. It was a close and hard fought battle but the hometowners came out on top by a score of 6 - 5. This was the only match of the day for Lunenburg. One other round was played Thursday evening. Since eighteen teams entered the competition, two teams drew a "bye" the first day.



Thursday evening all the curlers were officially welcomed to the Bonspiel at a banquet held in the Curling Club. Speeches were given by various heads of the Bonspiel Committee, special guests, and Mayor Roy Whynacht. After a much enjoyed halibut dinner they were entertained by Johnny Cornu, who treated everyone with a demonstration of his "magic." Following this, the second and final round of the day was played which ended Thursday's activities.

Friday morning found the boys out early for the third round which began at nine o'clock. This was the day in which the path for supremacy would be narrowed down. The Spiel was run on a double knockout system, which simply meant that a team was eliminated from play as soon as it lost two games. Since they were only eight end games, five rounds could be played in a day.

In the fourth round our Lunenburg team played its record game against the powerful St. Patrick's High School of Halifax, and was again victorious by a 10 - 7 score. At four o'clock in the afternoon, Lunenburg was scheduled to meet Digby and we were handed our first defeat by a 9 - 2 score to make

it a disappointing sixth round. But Lunenburg rallied that evening to take the Armdale boys 9 - 4.

After the final round of the day, a dance was held at the Curling Club for all the guests. The Lunenburg Academy Orchestra supplied the music and the boys much enjoyed the dance. At the close of Friday's matches only six teams were left in the running. Sydney Academy and Digby led the field with three wins and no loss. Bridgetown, Truro, Kentville and Lunenburg each had three - one records.

Saturday morning at nine o'clock these six teams played off in the eighth round of the 'spiel. Lunenburg was slated to meet Truro, the defending champions and a very strong contender for this year's crown. But behind the faultless shots and thinking of skip Lohnes, the Lunenburgers won 8 - 4. After this round only four teams were left. Lunenburg took to the ice again to meet the Digby team, who had handed us our first loss. Unfortunately we were defeated again after a hard game by a score of 7 - 5 and were put out of the running for first place.

The finals then began Saturday afternoon with Sydney Academy going against Digby. In this game Sydney came out on top and a second game was necessary because each team then had only one loss. The powerful Sydney team was again triumphant and emerged as Nova Scotia Champions. Two weeks later at Fort William, the Sydney Academy boys played off in the Dominion Bonspiel where they placed near the top.

The standings of the top four teams in the Bonspiel are as follows:

	Wins	Losses
Sydney	6	1
Digby	5	2
Lunenburg	4	2
Kentville	3	2

By Saturday night all the curlers had left for home and the swish of the broom and roar of the stones dimmed to its regular hum. Few will forget those brief days of fun and many were sorry to leave. We are sure all Lunenburg enjoyed having them and treated them with our best hospitality. We wish to thank everyone who took the curlers as guests and also all those who headed the Bonspiel. Special mention must be made of Mr. Dougald Burke who so successfully coached our Lunenburg team all through the season. This interest was deeply appreciated.

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# RITA LOHNES - CHAMPION THREE TIMES

by Annette Miller '57, John Morash '57

In July 1955, Lunenburg's schoolgirl golfer, Rita Lohnes, went to Sydney to play in the Nova Scotia Ladies' Open Golf Championship. The tournament was to be played over Lingan's rebuilt and extended rambling fairways. A total of fifty-seven ladies entered this event including the



New Brunswick champion, the sole entry from that province. As evidenced from the previous years it seemed that there was to be close competition between Rita and Mary Ellen Driscoll of Riverside, N.B., the defending champion.

The scores posted on the first day of the event showed Rita and Mary Ellen tied for first place, and excitement arose as to who could break the tie during the following day's play.

The final day turned out to be a very rainy one. Rita and Mary Ellen, being on top of the list played together along with the third best scorer. They spent five hours on the rain-soaked course, and often had to wait until the cups were bailed out in order to see the hole. At the end of the first

nine of the eighteen holes, Rita had a comfortable four stroke lead, but on the tenth she suffered a two stroke penalty. Her lead was halved, then she lost a stroke on one of the following holes, but by winning single strokes on two more holes her lead increased to three with three holes left to play. On the seventeenth she lost two of these strokes, leaving her with a single stroke lead going into the final hole. On the par five eighteenth, each golfer was on the green with her third shot, each had long putts on the water-sogged green, and when each putted for a par five, the championship went to Rita with her one stroke lead.

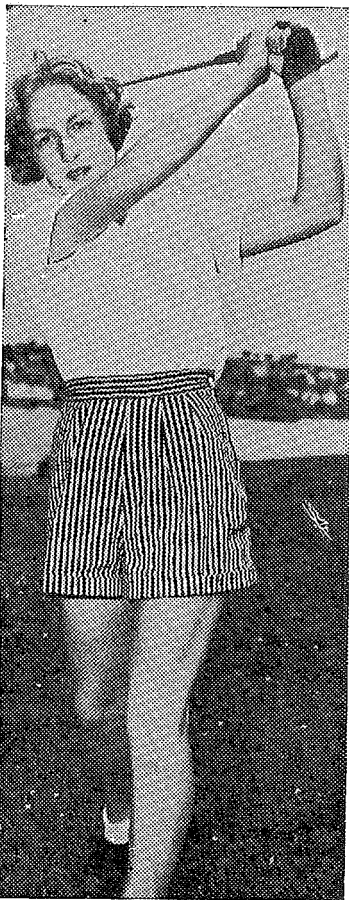
This was indeed a thrilling match, neither golfer cracking under the strain as each battled for the title.

Almost two months later in August, Rita entered her first Maritime Ladies' Tournament match play, which was being held at Halifax's Ashburn Golf Club. On Monday, the first day of the tourney, the Junior Championships were held in conjunction with the qualifying round (the golfers who qualified to play in the championship flight). Thirty-five golfers entered the event, including the best from Nova Scotia and



New Brunswick. Rita's score on this day led the entire field and she won the Maritime Junior Title. This also won her a place in the championship flight of sixteen top scorers.

Rita won her both matches the following day and escaped elimination, thus entering the semi-finals as the sole Nova Scotian, the other three being from New Brunswick. On this day she was matched with her rival, Mary Ellen, and again, as in Sydney, it rained. This time Mary



Ellen had the lead of 2-up at the end of the first ten holes, then Rita went on to deadlock the match on the seventeenth. The gallery was tense, something had to give. On the eighteenth, Rita had a par four and Mary Ellen, by going over the green found it difficult to get a par from the downhill angle behind the green and lost the match when she holed out in five.

Rita had reached the finals, and the following day played the experienced New Brunswick former champion, Miss Carine Wilson. This was a scheduled 36 hole match. After the morning round Rita had a 5-up lead. In the afternoon her lead varied from 2-up to 5-up, and ended the match on the 32nd. Rita was 5-up with four to go, thus ending the match and winning the Maritime Senior Ladies' Championship. Within four days, she won two Maritime Championships and within two months won three major tournaments.

We hope Rita will continue to succeed in her favorite sport, and that she defends her titles valiantly in the future. "Good Luck, Rita," from your L. A. Gallery.

# VALEDICTORY - JUNE 1955

by Leendert Van der Zwan '55

Mr. Chairman the Rt. Hon. R. H. Winters, Mr. Collins, Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Graduating class, Fellow Students:

1955 is an important year to this graduating class, because we are now standing at one of the crossroads of our lives. At that crossroads I can see a sign post on which are arrows marked Business, University, and Industry. What dreams will come true, what goals will be attained, or what results will be reached? Unfortunately, I cannot give the answers, for these will depend on our personal character, endurance, energy, will power, and also on how the wheel of fortune will turn for us.

Our Teachers have led us through the years over the rocky road of knowledge, and all thanks to them for their patience and energy. We have been acquainted with a dazzling world — from the unimaginable small atom to the incredible speed of light. Veils were lifted from the economic and social world. We dug into the cold austere beauty of mathematics. (What a drudge it was for some of us!) In literature we have come to realize what a beautiful tool the English language is, and we have been entertained by such as Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Milton, and many others.



Our education may be compared to the foundation of a building. Before the concrete can be poured wooden forms have to be built. The wood is essential at this stage but after the concrete has taken its crystalline shape, the forms are removed. The concrete now stands alone. The wooden forms are the details, the great variety of subjects which we have studied. The cement is our education, the core which gives us a better understanding of life, makes us more responsible citizens, and perhaps offers us a hint at the art of living.

Now at this supreme moment of our high school careers, I want to address myself to those students who are in the lower grades. May you realize what a splendid opportunity is given to you, and when comparing yourselves to those who are less fortunate, less privileged than you, let it be a driving spirit towards harder work.

I want to finish this speech by saying goodbye to our Teachers and to my fellow classmates to whom I wish happiness and success in life.

## "A" CLASS PROPHECY

by Rita Lohnes '56, Gerald Haines '56

"Well Gerald, here we have been at the Pearly Gates for almost two years and still haven't met a single member of our old graduation class of 1956."

"It's all your fault that we're here so early."

"Don't complain, being St. Peter's helper is still a better job than the ones we've had."

"Yes, all you ever did was plough around the hills and sand pits swinging sticks. You wouldn't call that a job, would you?"

"It was as good as yours — you told me yourself you spent your fifteen post-graduate years in Paris clipping French poodles. Then you brought your art back here right next door to my golfmobile garage."

"That vehicle is the thing that got us here. If I remember correctly you weren't looking for stop signs the day you ran into me, demolishing the both of us."

"Do you see what I see?"

"Why, it's Andrew Bald! Let's get his story, Rita."

"I have it right here. He was an agriculturist and a good one at that! In fact, he was so successful that he grew peanuts on the Prairies when the Prairies stopped growing wheat. These completely new peanuts, cultivated by Andrew himself, were called 'Bald Peanuts', and are still the best sellers."

"And there's Rochelle Winaut right behind him."

"Yes, and as far as I can tell she had been a foremost authority on training nurses but simply couldn't stand the strenuous hours of teaching her classes how to take temperatures."

"Things are humming now; business is brisk. I'm sure I see Murray Stevens, and he has a well-cut questioning frown. No wonder, he's been in politics all his life, most of the time directing line of fire from the Opposition Bench."

"Gerald, why are our classmates coming here almost simultaneously?"

"Haven't you heard Rita? Robert Stevens, the brains of the class, had them gathered together at the 25th anniversary of our graduation to show the latest developments in his home of 'hidden furniture.' He made a ceremony of demonstrating the uses of modern push button living. Unintentionally he pushed the swimming pool button, and, realizing his mistake in his state of confusion, quickly pressed another button and they were crushed when the floor swung shut again."

"I guess that explanation is right, because I see Elizabeth Baker is entering. Her early years as a struggling mathematician were well worth the efforts she spent when her first edition of 'Tricky Trig and Allen Algebra' stormed the schools of Canada."

"Poor Webster Creaser, he's coming at a snail's pace. Ever since he ran the mile in three and one quarter minutes he was awarded the privilege of never having to hurry again. This meant more to him than a trophy."

"I wonder what ever made Webster go that fast."

"I never found out. Let's go on with our work Rita, because here comes Jane Marie Romkey. How did she ever get so fat? I thought she was a model."

"Yes, she was, in fact she was once Canada's highest paid glove model."

"All the Riverporters are here. It wouldn't be complete without John Leary — a chauffeur widely known for his mechanical skill in emergency breakdowns and his ability to fill an empty gas tank out of the thin air."

"I suppose that gas was pretty cheap Gerald, but John won't need any here."

"Margaret Deal is now coming into the scene. She looks as though she's had a happy life. What do you suppose she did for a living Gerald?"

"Oh, Margaret was married to the Admiral of the Fleet and her life was luxuriously lived. Her three little Sea Cadets are running around wearing their father's cap and socks."

"Here comes Glen Geldert behind her with his hockey career written on his face in scars and deformities. Yes, Glen certainly became widely known when he scored his first goal in ten years. I bet that goal gave Glen the greatest shock of his life."

"Look at Arthur Dauphinee. Rita. What do you suppose he did to fill in his time?"

"Oh, Arthur was manager of a National Hi-Style Foundation Garment Company until he had the whole country wearing his products. You could never fool Arthur, he always had a way to work things out."

"And here comes Glenda Hall with her usual 'Good Morning.' She was a successful business woman making plenty of money. Shortly after marriage she went abroad."

"Last but by no means least is Jim Hulstein. How he loved to sing, I guess it didn't surprise anyone when he joined the Metropolitan Opera."



### BOYS' CHORAL CLUB

**Director**—Mrs. B. G. Oxner.

**First Row**—K. Crouse, R. Mayo, A. Lohnes, K. Crouse.

**Second Row**—T. Mason, S. Mossman, B. Tanner, G. Creighton, D. Schwartz.

**Third Row**—G. Tanner, R. Wentzell, L. Mason, R. Saunders, P. Cornu, L. Knickle.



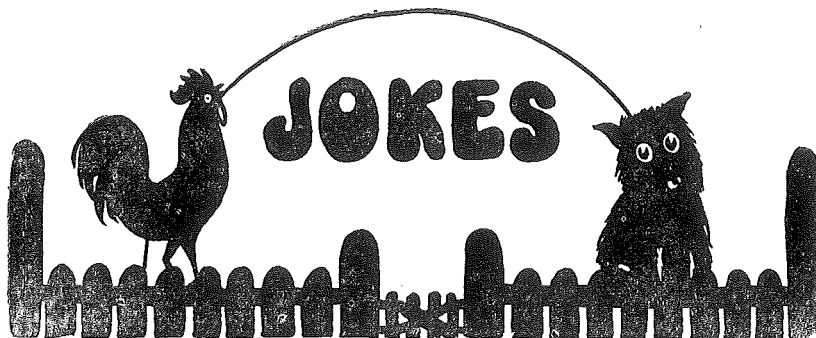
## PERSONALS – GRADE XI – 1955

Horace Allen is working at Lunenburg Cleaners.  
Robert Beck is working at Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Co., Ltd.  
Ray Lohnes is attending Vocational School, Halifax.  
Aubrey Burns is working at Whynacht's Furniture Store.  
Pat Crouse is working at Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg.  
Judy Falkenham is attending Bridgewater Commercial School.  
Annette Cooke is attending Vocational School, Halifax.  
Shirley Gaulton is working at Lunenburg Sea Products.  
Jeannette Walters is attending Bridgewater Commercial School.  
Betty Lohnes is working at Kinley's Drug Store.  
Lena Croft is teaching school.  
Catherine Cooke is attending Maritime Business College, Halifax.  
Joyce Buckmaster is teaching school.

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## PERSONALS – GRADE XII

Eric Crouse is working at the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg.  
Anne Crouse is taking a correspondence course in typing and shorthand.  
Kenneth Creaser is working at the Bank of Montreal, Riverport.  
Bruce Wentzell is working at the Bank of Montreal, Mahone Bay.  
Charles Uhlman is attending Acadia University.  
Jacqueline Tobin is attending Mount St. Vincent College.  
Mary Titus is attending Mount Allison University.  
Sandra Corkum is attending Normal College, Truro.  
Leendert Van Der Zwan is attending Dalhousie University.  
Nancy Lea Zinck is attending McGill University.  
Yvonne Young is working at the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital.  
Marion Louise Langille is attending Mount Allison University.  
Irene Knock is teaching school.  
Bruce Hiltz is employed by the Atlantic Bridge Co. Ltd., Lunenburg.  
Eben Stevens is working at the Bank of Montreal Lunenburg.  
Jean Murphy is studying nursing at the Halifax Infirmary.  
David Mossman is attending Dalhousie University.



Gordon C: Did you hear about the fight down by the candy store last night?

Marjorie A: No, what happened?

Gordon C: Two suckers got licked.

Annette Miller: Do you want to buy a Sea Gull (meaning a year book)?

Customer: No thanks, I already have my dinner for tomorrow.

Janice K: I hate to see a half a worm in an apple.

Pat C: Why?

Janice K.: Because I know where the other half is.

Mr. Collins: Do you know what they did to one of the old soldiers in the army?

Grade XI: No, what?

Mr. Collins: They sent him out to look for the Last Post.

Miss Westhaver: Earle, make a sentence with the "old crag."

Earle S.: The canteen on the old crag was on the rocks.

Miss Westhaver: All right, bright boy, now make one with "brush fire."

Earle S.: The brush fire burnt like blazes.

Mr. Mason: If you saw Bridge-water building up a score 8-0, 9-0, 10-0, what would you do?

Gerald S.: Get a shotgun.

Mr. Campbell: What tense would it be if you wanted to say you did your lessons for the past week?

Bobby M.: Well, in the first place I'd be lying.

Mr. Mason: All this laughing in Grade XII indicates a good sense of humor.

Student: Indications are sometimes misleading.

Mr. Mason: Yes, but usually Miss Deal.

Gerald S.: teasing Suzanne C.

Suzanne C.: Cut it out.

Graham B.: With scissors or a knife?

Girl I: You know, that guy reminds me of the sea.

Girl II: Oh, wild, exciting, restless and romantic, eh?

Girl I: No, he makes me sick!

Loren A.: What did one ear say to the other ear?

Brenda T.: I don't know. What?

Loren A.: Let's race around the block.

Mr. Mason and James Cook discussing tests—

James C.: We had five tests already this week, including a patch test.

Miss Westhaver: What's wrong with this sentence? "The boys got their lunch and got in the boat and rowed off from shore.

Mike O.: They forgot the girls.

Mr. Campbell: A famous Frenchman once wished that every peasant could have a chicken in his pot on Sunday.

Bernard T.: suddenly wakes up from a hunting expedition and looks sleepily at Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Campbell: Bernard, what did I just say?

Bernard: Why, you said, Oh, Yes! You said that pheasant hunting was not allowed on Sunday.

Lovett S. to mother: Mom, can I have \$2.00 to go skating.

Lovett's mother: What happened to that \$2.00 I gave you yesterday?

Lovett: er, ah, Why, I used it for overhead expenses.

His mother: What overhead expenses?

Lovett: I got a haircut and shampoo.

Lovett S. and Earle in after school for Mr. Mason.

Lovett: How are we going to get out of here?

Earle: I'll squirt the ink from my pen out the window and you slide down the stream.

Lovett: Heck no, that won't work, I'll get half way down and you'll run out of ink.

Mr. Campbell: (Giving a speech on studying.) When I went to school I paid attention in class, therefore I didn't have to do much studying at home. Matter of fact, I studied less than anyone.

Earl S. (to Robert S.): He had to be going some to beat me.

Andrew T.: What kept you from school yesterday—acute indigestion?

Earle S.: Nah—a cute blonde.

Robert S.: I was looking at a sport's car this morning.

Bernard T.: How fast did it go?

Robert S.: 160 mph and it stops on a dime.

Bernard T.: Then what?

Robert S.: Then a putty knife comes out of the dash and scrapes you off the windshield.

The boys in Grade XI were imitating cattle and Mr. Campbell said: We'll have a contest after school to find out who is the best cow.

Robert S.: First prize, one bale of hay.

Mr. Campbell in English class commenting on a sentence: "His eyebrows were very thick which matched his hair." What's wrong with that?

Bright Pupil: He needed a haircut.

David Y.: I fell in a mud puddle coming to school today.

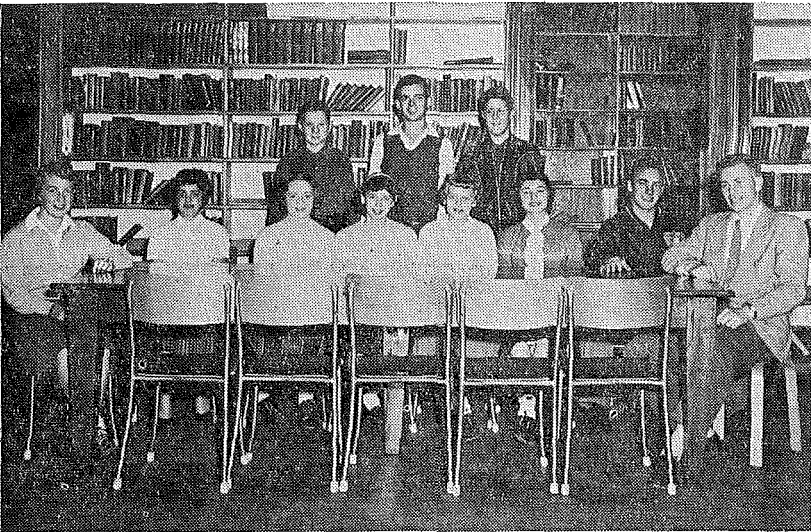
Gordon C.: Not with your good pants on?

David Y.: Well, I fell so fast I didn't have time to take them off.

## DO YOU REMEMBER ?

When Mrs. Oxner kissed Mr. Moses during operetta practice.  
When Mr. Moses got a flower from Halifax.  
When Carol Miller blushed when she sat on Mr. Collins' lap.  
The last time David Byers had a book review done on time.  
When most of Grade XI did the "death march" on the return of their exam papers.  
The day Brenda Tanner missed her seat and sat on the floor.  
When Gilbert Dares played Romeo.  
The speech made by Lovett Spindler.  
The day Gordon C. fell asleep in French period.  
When Dale Schwartz cried to make the rest of us laugh.  
The day Andrew L. took Mr. Collins' place in lab.  
When Grade XI sent to Santa Claus for new French Dondo's.  
The day Linda E. was talking about the man with the beard and Mr. Mason thought she was discussing French.  
The first day Brenda Tanner brought the Buick to school.  
The day Lovett S. forgot his bananas.  
When Annette M. moved away from the Grade XI quartet.  
When Marjorie A. and Janice K. tried to remember "Do you remember" for The Sea Gull.  
When Mr. Mason's triangle was finished on the P.A. system.

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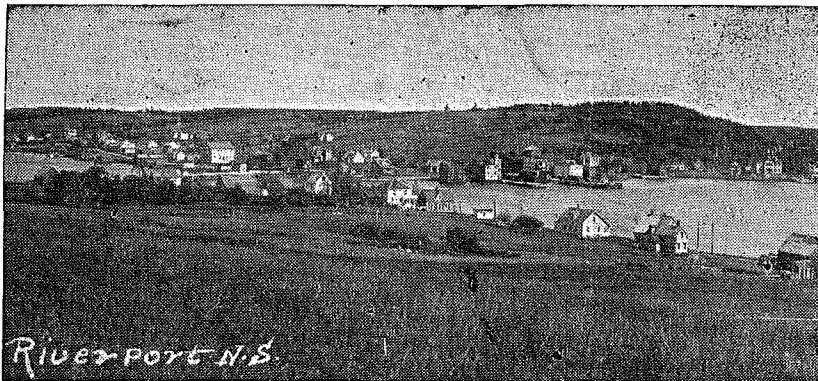
### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Front Row—Co-President, R. Lohnes; B. Tanner, M. Crouse, D. Levy, S. Clark, C. Miller, A. Lohnes; Co-President, M. Stevens.  
Back Row—P. Cornu, E. Miller, G. Creighton.



## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Mr. Moses not taking his weekend trip to Halifax.  
Brenda Keddy with long hair.  
Roxanna Lohnes not taking her daily stroll to Grade X or XII.  
Marshall O. staying awake.  
Grade IX being quiet.  
Grade X not hanging out the window every time a plane flies past.  
Grade X having fewer than two tests a week.  
Grade XII giving bare facts on a history test.  
Margaret D. and Rochelle W. not discussing in class "the night before."  
Murray Stevens coming to school in dungarees, plaid shirts and sneakers  
50% of Grade XII becoming chemists.  
Andrew Bald falling in love with Algebra.  
Arthur Dauphinee without "Well Sir".  
Janice K. and Brenda T. having their minds off the navy.  
Lovett Spindler staying awake in class.  
Annette Miller not jumping when she sees a green Pontiac.  
Betty F. not interested in the U.S. Navy.  
David Young not raving over Glenn Miller's music.  
Joan Ling owning a history book.  
Leland W. spending lunch time with Myrna T.  
Anyone being able to tell the Mason twins apart.  
Mr. Collins forgetting Grade XI's Algebra test.  
Gerald Wile in an argument.  
Linda Ernst being serious.  
David Young not borrowing gum.  
Grade XI not having Juke-Box Serenade in certain periods.  
Lovett S. and Robert S. with just one hair out of place.  
Loren Allen not bringing nuts for the girls.  
Andrew Tanner acting normal.





**INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM**

Front Row—B. Meisner, M. Oickle, D. Wilkie, J. Best, E. Miller, R. Rose.  
 Back Row—Mr. Vickers, P. Comstock, R. Mayo, G. Geldert, R. Zinck, G. Veniot, L. Demone, Mr. Mason.



**JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM**

Front Row—I. Dahl, R. Corkum, P. Crouse, G. Black, C. Myra.  
 Back Row—Mr. Vickers, D. Wilkie, W. Knickle, K. Tanner, B. Tanner, G. Knickle, E. Lohnes, Mr. Eisnor.



**INTERMEDIATE GIRLS' BASKETBALL (CLASS B) TEAM**

Front (l. to r.)—Eldona Tanner, Annie Mae Backman, Ann Cook, Margaret Deal, (Capt.); Josephine O'Connor, Janet Hannams, Brenda Keddy, Mr. G. Vickers, (Coach).

Second Row—Glenda Hall, Carolyn Tanner, Betty Fralick, Helen Hebb, Jeanine Tanner.

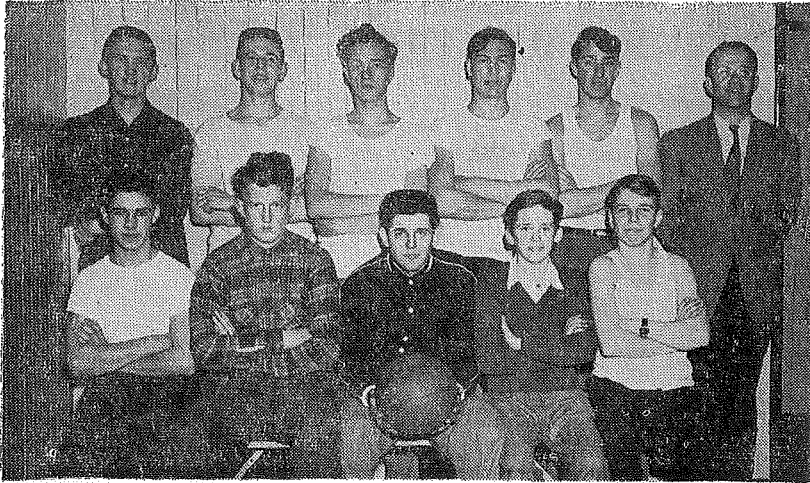


**JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM**

Front (l. to r.)—Joanne Zinck, Linda Canteloupe, Carolyn Tanner, Myrna Tanner, Patricia Tanner, Gail Cook.

Second Row—Jamesie McDuff, Shirley Cook, Geraldine May, Alice Conrad, Elizabeth Hardiman, Geraldine Tanner.

Third Row—Mr. G. Vickers, (Coach); Sandra Haughn, Melissa O'Connor, Annabelle Best, Elizabeth Pyke, Patricia Hall, Mr. Charles Andrews.



**INTERMEDIATE BOYS' BASKETBALL (CLASS B) TEAM**

Front Row—Steve March, Hugh Corkum, David Dauphinee, James Whynacht, Beverly Bowers.

Second Row—Rick Chenhall, Gerald Schwartz, Raymond Buffet, David Byers, Errol Veinotte, Mr. Ian Campbell, (Coach).



**SOCCKER TEAM**

Front—R. Zinck, R. Mayo, E. Miller, D. Wilkie, A. Lohnes, D. Dauphinee, M. Vandertoorn, G. Veinot, R. Buffet.

Rear—Mr. Vickers, K. Crouse, A. Bald, K. Crouse, E. Veniot, R. Chenhall, M. O'Connor, D. Corkum, Mr. Moses.

## CLASS BIOGRAPHIES - GRADE XII



**Charlotte Elizabeth Baker**  
 "A good sport, a true friend  
 What else counts in the end?"

Elizabeth came to us from Mahone Bay, in Grade V. She has been a member of the Choral Club and has acted as Secretary of the Junior Red Cross this year. Elizabeth is going to Mount Allison next year.



**Andrew Louis Bald**  
 "Gump"

"Never put off 'till tomorrow  
 What you can do the day after."

Andrew has received all his education at L. C. A. He was one of our best soccer players.

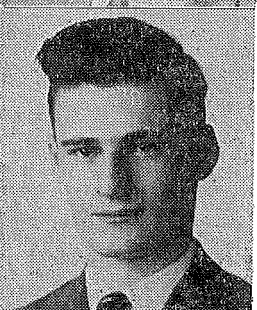
This year he was Co-Editor of the Sea Gull. Best of luck Gump.



**Webster Carman Creaser**

"Very quiet — but still  
 waters run deep."

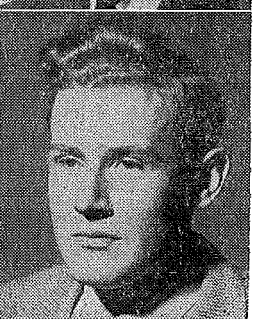
Webster, hailing from Lower LaHave, joined us this year. He has proven to be a serious and friendly student. Good luck, Webster.



**Arthur George Dauphinee**

"With malice toward none,  
 With charity toward all."

Arthur joined us this year from Second Peninsula. He has been a serious and co-operative student. We know that with his friendly attitude he is sure to succeed.







**Jaap Hulstein - "Jim"**

"A manly stride, a steady grin,  
Some pep, some brains . .  
he's sure to win."

Jim, coming from Holland, joined us last year in Grade XI. He has been one of our top students and has made friends of us all. Jim plans to become a Chartered Accountant.



**John William Leary**

"Work and worry have killed many a man  
So why should I take a chance?"

John joined our class this year from Riverport. With his devil-may-care attitude he has won all of us in a short time. John plans to join the R. C. A. F.



**Rita Leone Lohnes**

"A winning smile, a happy face  
In all our hearts she's found a place."

Rita, coming here from Riverport, joined us in Grade II. This year she has been Co-President of the Athletic Association. The graduating class wishes her every success especially on the "golf course."



**Jane Marie Romkey**

"A serious girl and studious you'd say as you pass by  
But did you ever notice the twinkle in her eye?"

Jane joined L. C. A. this year and with her quiet friendliness has won many friends. She rates as one of the top students.

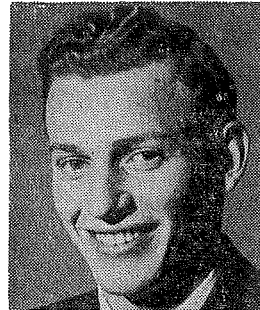




**Murray David Stevens**

"E'en though vanquished  
he could argue still."

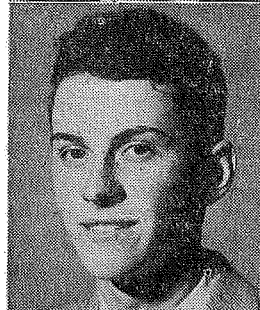
Murray joined us in Grade X from Second Peninsula. This year he was Co-Business Manager of the school magazine and Co-President of the Athletic Association. Engineering at Dalhousie is his goal.



**Robert James Stevens**

"A lot of work, a little play;  
The road to success, the shortest way."

Robert came to us in Grade X from Second Peninsula, and since then has led his class. This year he has proved a very capable President of Junior Red Cross. Next year he hopes to attend Dalhousie.



**Darlene Rochelle M. Winaut**

"Such whimsicality of speech and thought,  
Can ne'er among us be forgot."

Rochelle has been an enthusiastic member of the Choral Club, and this year was Secretary of our Citizen's Forum Discussion Group. Rochelle plans to be a nurse.



**Glenda Anne Hall**

"A smile for all, a greeting glad,  
A likeable, friendly way she had."

Glenda has been keenly interested in Basketball and was also a member of the Choral Club. She has done an excellent job as President of the Student's Council. She plans to train at the Children's Hospital.





**Margaret May Deal**  
"Margie"

"Living is laughing, loving is learning,  
Not both ends of the candle burning."

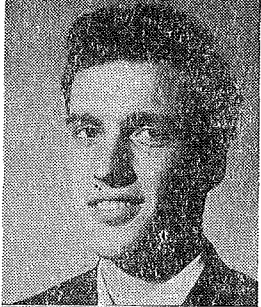
Margie has been with us since Primary. Her favourite sport is Basketball and this year she was Co-Editor of the Sea Gull. Next year Margie intends to take a Business Course.



**Glen Archibald Geldert**  
"Gellie"

"Ah! Why should life all labour be!"

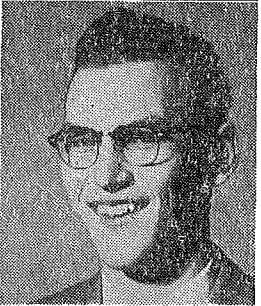
Gellie has been with us throughout our school life. This year he was Treasurer of the Student's Council and has participated in hockey. He is going to take engineering at Dalhousie.



**Gerald Vernon Haines**

"Determination leads nobly to success."

Gerald joined us this year, from Martin's Brook. He has since become one of our top students. He hopes to take up Commerce next year.



**ICE HARVESTING**





#### GRADE VIII

- First Row**—C. Lohnes, S. Mason, A. Hebb, M. Tanner, J. MacDuff, K. Conrad, J. Crouse, M. Dober, B. Fowler, M. Lohnes.
- Second Row**—E. Lohnes, L. Mason, G. Winaut, S. Nowe, R. Hynick, A. Gray, R. Beck, D. Levy, G. Cook, B. Bower, C. Myra.
- Third Row**—G. Lohnes, J. MacDonald, G. Tanner, R. Langille, M. Corkum, G. Creighton, E. Crouse, R. Wentzell, R. Corkum, G. Knickle.
- Fourth Row**—B. Tanner, C. Herman, I. Parks, R. Anderson, M. Mosher, G. Cooper, H. Keeping, R. Barnes, K. Tanner, K. Allen.



#### GRADE IX

Front Row—M. Backman, M. Young, P. Tanner, R. Dauphinee, C. Tanner, M. Tanner, C. Miller, J. Hannams, B. Keddy, R. Lohnes, B. Conrad, H. Hebb, L. Cluett.

Second Row—J. Zinck, G. May, D. Ling, A. Smith, A. Best, M. O'Connor, S. Knickle, J. Nodding, E. Pittman, B. Lohnes, C. Veniot, M. Walters, M. Schaffenburg.

Third Row—S. Cook, J. Tanner, D. Wilkie, W. Cook, S. Palmer, D. Corkum, L. Saunders, P. Comstock, G. Veniot, M. Vandertoorn, C. Zinck, S. Rafuse, P. Falkenham, M. Tanner.

Fourth Row—W. Skinner, D. Keeping, G. Meisner, R. Rose, G. Baker, S. Mossman, L. Demone, E. Veinot, E. Miller, M. Feener, J. Best, H. Corkum, R. Buffet, M. Oickle.



### GRADE X

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Second Row—A. Backman, C. Corkum, J. Iversen, S. Clark, J. Falkenham, A. Cook, J. O'Connor, D. Conrad.

Third Row—D. Dauphinee, R. Knickle, S. Conrad, E. Tanner, D. McIsaac, S. March, J. Cook, R. Mayo.

Fourth Row—L. Knickle, H. Falkenham, J. Lohnes, R. Chenhall, E. Colp, T. Mason, A. Cook, E. Mason.



### GRADE XI

First Row--B. Tanner, A. Miller, L. Ernst, M. Allen, B. Fralick, J. Ling, P. Corkum, J. Knickle.

Second Row--R. Parks, R. Snair, B. Tanner, G. Crouse, L. Spindler, L. Wamboldt, G. Wile.

Third Row--M. O'Connor, K. Crouse, A. Lohnes, F. Dibdin, D. Corkum, D. Young, A. Tanner, R. Zinck, E. Saunders.

Fourth Row--J. Morash, K. Crouse, D. Mason, L. Allen, N. Knock, G. Dares, R. Spindler, L. Ernst, D. Mason, D. Schwartz.



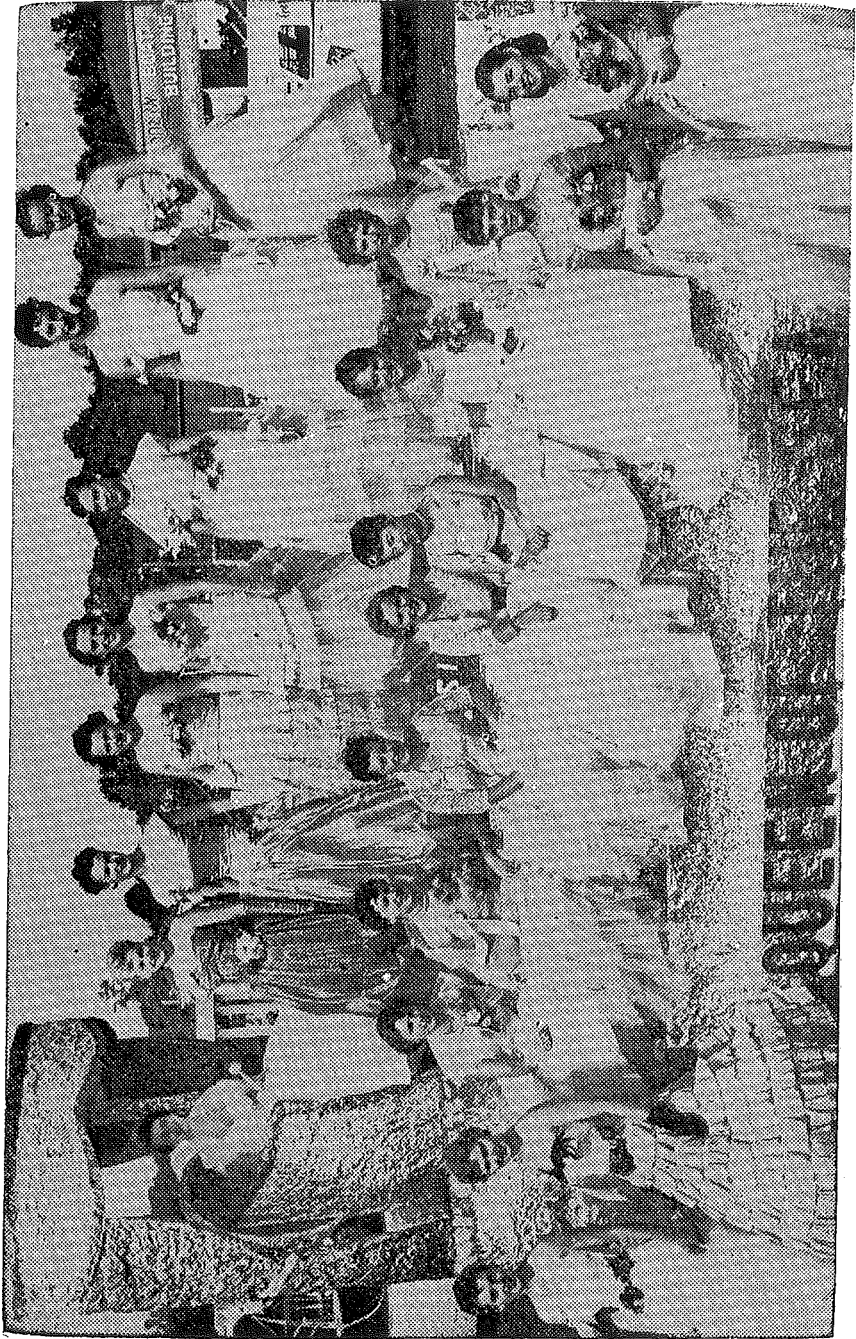
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- Second—L. Ernst, S. Conrad, C. Miller, R. Hynick, R. Winaut, P. Corkum, A. Conrad, S. Conrad, M. Crouse, R. Beck, S. Schnare, N. Morash, A. Hebb, G. Cook, S. Mason.
- Third—B. Tanner, C. Lohnes, R. Lohnes, H. Hebb, T. MacDonald, D. Conrad, J. Zinck, D. Levy, S. Nowe, P. Tanner, C. Tanner, M. Young, B. Lohnes, R. Dauphinee.
- Fourth—M. Schaffenburg, S. Cook, J. Tanner, B. Fowler, S. Buckmaster, J. Greek, S. Knickle, J. Nodding, C. Veniot, M. Walters, S. Clark, J. Falkenham, B. Fralick, M. Allen, C. Corkum, M. Nauss, E. Tanner, J. Iversen.
- Fifth—G. Smith, J. Knickle, G. May, M. O'Connor, J. Crouse, M. Dober, K. Conrad, A. Gray, J. MacDuff, L. Demone, M. Lohnes, G. Christianson.
- Sixth—G. Levy, A. Smith, L. Cluett, P. Tanner, C. Mills, P. Hall, P. Falkenham, M. Backman, L. Cante-lope, B. Wentzell, J. Hannams, B. Keddy, C. Tanner, J. O'Connor, Ann Cook.



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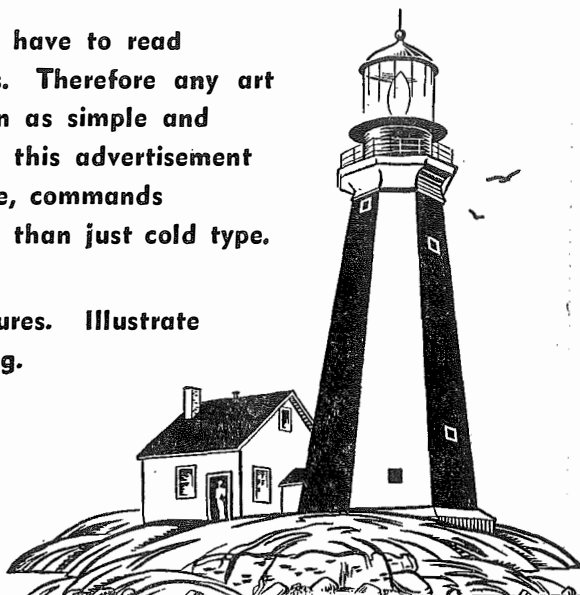


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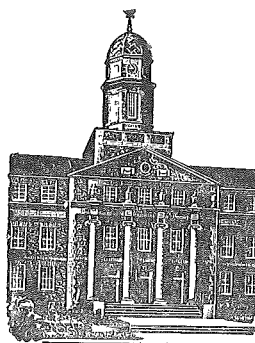
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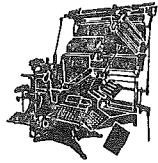
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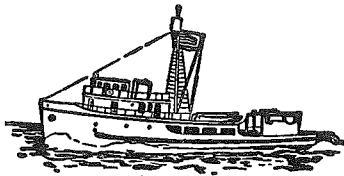
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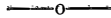
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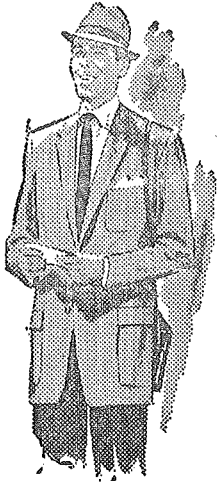
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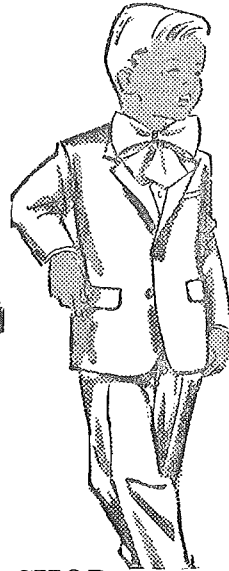
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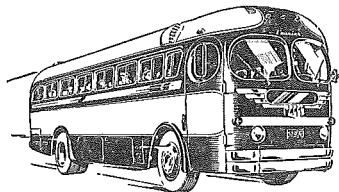
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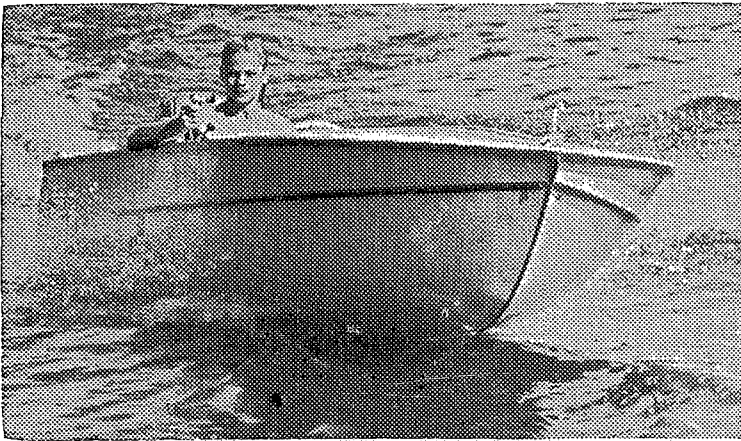
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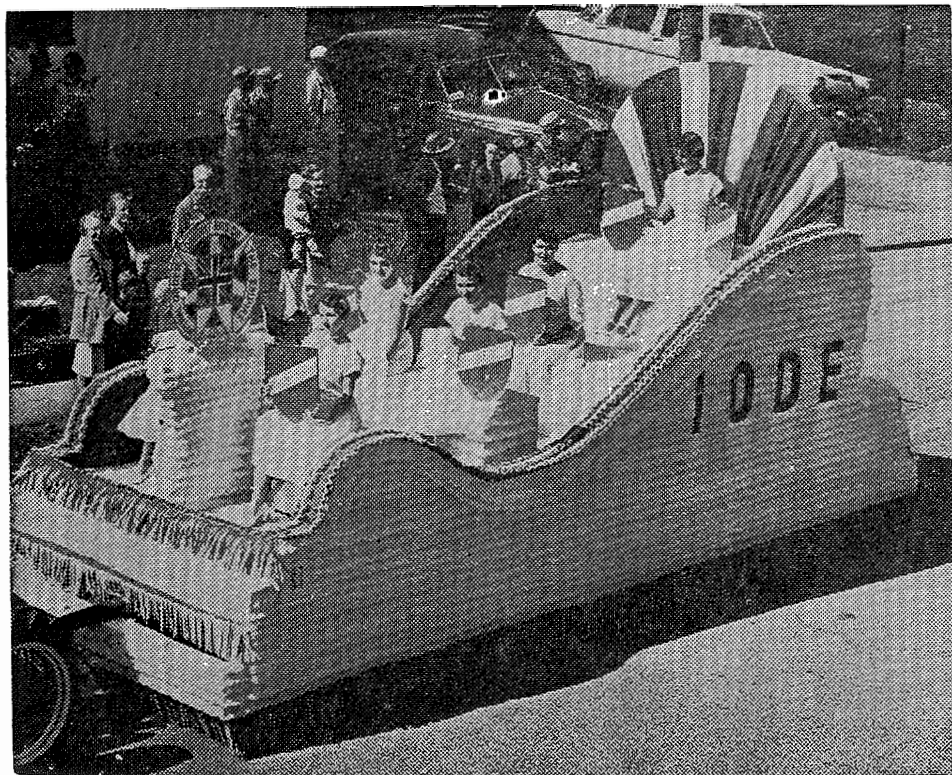
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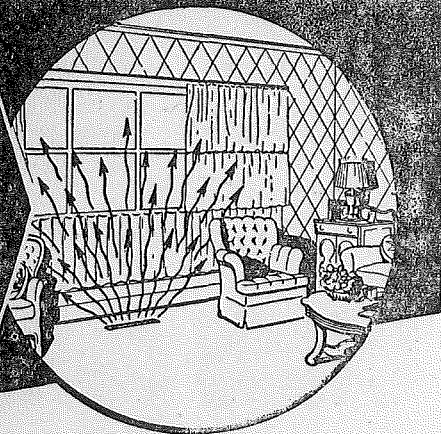
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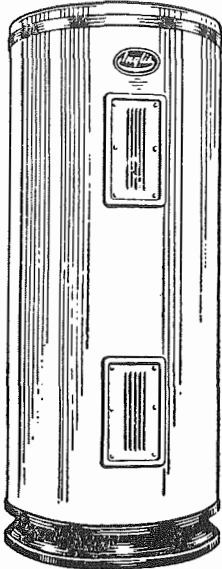
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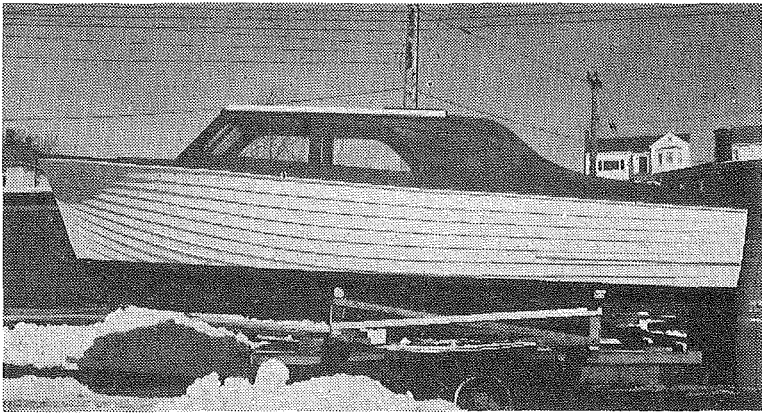
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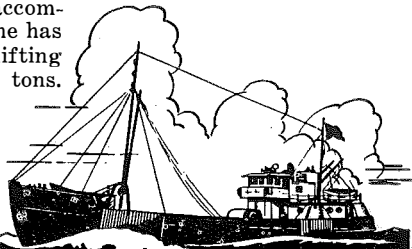


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