

# *The* SEA GULL



LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

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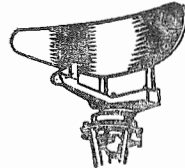
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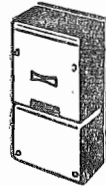
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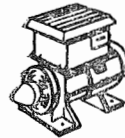
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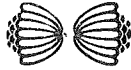
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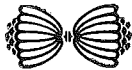
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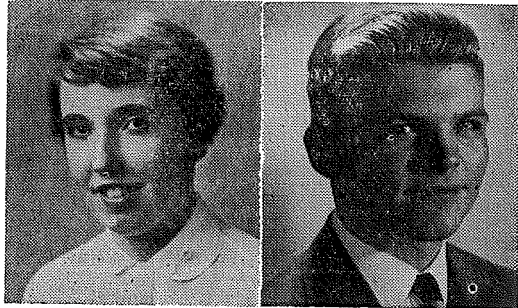
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## JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

## MESSAGES FROM THE OFFICERS

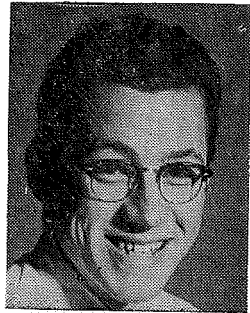
We, the Co-Editors of the Sea Gull, are most grateful for this opportunity to serve the Academy. We want to thank heartily those who helped make the 1957 magazine a success.

**Betty Fralick,**  
**David Young,**  
Co-Editors.



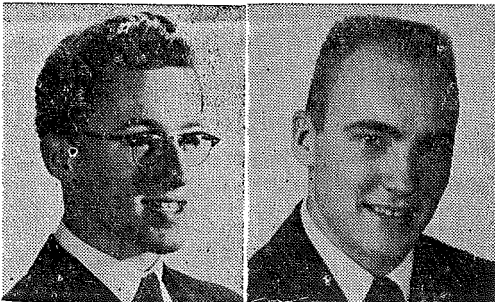
This year I had the privilege of serving as president of the Students' Council. The experience that I have gained from filling this position has been very useful to me. I should like to thank all those who have co-operated with me. I wish the members of the graduating class the best of luck in all their endeavours.

**Kevin Crouse,**  
President, Students' Council.



As President of the Junior Red Cross, the past year, I have received valuable experience. I thank the Students and their Parents for their co-operation in our various enterprises.

**Bernard Tanner,**  
President, Junior Red Cross.



We would like to thank the Academy for the privilege bestowed upon us. Co-operation between the students, faculty, and especially the business firms, was the formula which gave success to this department.

**Keith Crouse,**  
**Alfred Lohnes,**  
Co-Managers.

"Education is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a comfort to the aged."

One thing always fascinated me about education. Vast stores of knowledge have been accumulated in the collective brains and libraries of the world. How is it possible for all this to be summarized and interpreted for the purpose of a general education? Yet each successive wave of children by our remarkable system of education seems to get this knowledge communicated to them. They assimilate enough to keep them up with our complicated world and make them useful, happy citizens.

There must be some primitive urge "to know" and "to teach." I suppose primitive man in the process of evolution found these urges necessary in order to stay alive. After all, he had to have education enough to tell a saber-tooth tiger from a muskox or he might never have returned to his cave. The same necessity for education, learning facts and how to interpret them is present today. Our world still has some saber-tooth tigers to conquer.

With this little fable again we of the School Board express our felicitations for another edition of the Sea-Gull.

Board of School Commissioners.  
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# "The Sea Gull"

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VOL. 22 LUNENBURG. N. S. JUNE 1956 NO. 22

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

**Acknowledgment**—The Canadian Fisherman Magazine has given us a  
number of cuts.



With the 1957 school term well under way, once again the Students and Teachers of Lunenburg Academy have contributed their time and talents to make possible another edition of the Sea Gull. We are sure that you will find the information contained in this book both interesting and enjoyable.

This year our students participated in the usual sports, but unfortunately failed in their bid for top honours. The school sporting season began last year with soccer. After a number of exhibition games with the navy, the sailors were successful in winning two out of three. In the playoffs with New Germany, our team was quite out-classed in the first game, losing 4-0, but came back strongly in the second game, winning 1-0.

With the coming of winter, hockey, basketball and curling came into the limelight. Our senior high "puck-chasers", in a number of exhibition games, defeated Halifax Monarchs and Armdale. However, in the playoffs with Bridgewater, our team did not fare so well, losing 5-4 and 11-0. Our Junior High School hockey team upheld our honour by winning three out of five games against Bridgewater. In basketball, both boys' and girls' teams failed to come through at the Headmasters' Tournament held at Liverpool. A number of exhibition games were played in which both teams displayed their skill and good sportsmanship. Lunenburg Academy was again represented in the Nova Scotia High School Bonspiel held at Truro, February 7, 8 and 9. The first day saw our team take and lose a game, winning 10-7 against Bridgetown and losing an 8-5 decision to Wolfville. On the second day of the tournament, after losing a hard-fought 6-5 match to Digby, our team was eliminated from further competition. Thus, another year of sports was rounded out.

The Choral Club under the direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner again staged a successful operetta entitled "Sailor Maids." The school is very much in debt to Mrs. Oxner for undertaking this task and for her fine leadership. Other cultural activities included the Career Day which was again held this year, an event which the school hopes to continue.

Further improvements were made in the school during the summer holidays, among them being the remodeling of the Grade X room. The Academy was honoured this year when one of its Junior High School teachers, Mr. Douglas Moses, was granted a scholarship to further his studies at Acadia University. In the meantime his valuable services will be lost to the school.

We speak for the school in wishing him good fortune and achievement.

The chances for graduates to continue their studies were increased last year with the addition of several new scholarships. These are greatly appreciated by the students and show the interest that the public has in the school.

The greatest value of the above activities has come from the sportsmanship and good-will shown by each and every person. This can be shown mostly in the pride with which Lunenburg Academy is looked upon by both students and adults in the area. In concluding, we wish the Academy and its magazine the best in future years.

Anthony Cook '58  
Thomas Mason '58  
Assistant-Editors.

### A Testing Time

High School Students have to make decisions today which affect seriously the balance of their lives. In a way this is regrettable, since an outburst of physical growth and an upsurge of revolt against authority are characteristic of this age group; both are deterrents to wise decisions.

I received recently two letters which bring the subject of "school leaving" into sharp focus. Both contain overtones of regret for what "might have been", and state a determination to erase the mistake.

Leaving school is not a subject to debate. Its intrinsic truth is as axiomatic as the Biblical statement: "The fool hath said in his heart: 'There is no God.'" Each passing year renders more invalid any possible argument for "quitting" school, even though there are exceptions to the general rule.

The decision to depart from the "halls of learning" may appear to be a promise of release from the discipline of actions and mind. What many an individual forgets is that life is a continuous discipline to the very last gasp. Any job imposes limitations and restrictions. Cooperating willingly with management; taking orders cheerfully from the foreman; giving a day's work for a day's pay - these and similar ideas are examples of self-discipline which mark the mature person.

Another fact glossed over with many spurious excuses is that "leaving school" is an admission of laziness. The individual has not the will power or the character to study regularly, to cooperate willingly with others in his own interest, to select a goal that is remote and to keep that destination in mind as an ultimate accomplishment.

Now the letters - the first one expressed regret at refusing to accept advice. The writer admitted that High School, at least, is imperative for the boy or girl who wishes to get ahead. With the letter-writer's decision to go to night school in an Ontario city is involved work by day and study by night. Likewise it will spell a postponement of pleasurable pursuits until a later date.

The second letter requested advice on the subject of selection courses for after hour study. There was no admission of mistake except by implication. The very act of registering for correspondence courses confirmed an earlier and an unwise decision. Neither writer gave a thought to returning to day school as the easiest and simplest course of action.

Many causes have been given for the "drop out." By far the commonest is a plentiful supply of jobs. To anyone who wants to earn money for the simple enjoyment of spending it, this is a sufficient reason. Ignored completely is the change of perspective that comes with age; the realization of being trapped in a blind alley; and the consequent evolution of the cynic and a most unhappy individual.

Equally illuminating is the statement, "The Teacher picked on me." This proves to be a flimsy excuse when the real cause is diagnosed. At best it expresses a revolt against authority; its worst concomitant is the permanent injury done to the person concerned.

This dissertation is prompted by a personal knowledge of the admitted mistakes and regrets of many students who have followed "the low road." Their common refrain is - "If only I had taken your advice. Why didn't someone make me remain in school." Each of us has to make his own decisions about life whether for good or bad. The astonishing fact is that so many students make the wise choice.

---

#### **Mr. Archibald F. Powers**

Our 1957 Sea Gull is dedicated to a man who served on the Board of School Commissioners for twenty-one years, and during the latter stages became chairman. During his lengthy tenure of office, his inherent interest in the Academy's welfare never weakened.

Mr. A. F. Powers was a gentleman who was well equipped to render attention to the physical needs of the school plant. His lengthy experience as "a heating and plumbing" expert was utilized in the service of the community. No structure suffers so much "wear and tear" as the school. Thousands of feet, both large and small, pass through its rooms and corridors. An equal number of hands pass over the many surfaces such as desks, walls, and stairways.

His opinions on most subjects possessed the rare quality of commonsense. Thus his advice was sought, and his ideas were weighed carefully.

"Archie" - and so he still is - had a target of service to worthwhile causes and the community in his Mother, Mrs. Ada Powers. She was possibly the first, and, up to this point, the only lady School Commissioner. His brother, the late and lamented W. T. Powers, was at one time a member of the Town Council and a representative of the Council on the School Board.

Those who worked with "A. F." treasure his penchant for a pithy remark which often relieved pent up tension in an outburst of genuine laughter. He was, and still is, a friend of every man who served with him on the Board, and this includes the Supervisor at whom he roared on a number of occasions. Can I write more of Archie except to wish him abundant health and a full measure of happiness in the years ahead?



*This Issue of*

**"The Sea Gull"**

*is dedicated to*

*Mr. A. J. Powers*



who was a member of the Board of School Commissioners for twenty-one years. Major changes came about during his term of office. His counsel and his technical knowledge made him an invaluable Commissioner.

## 21 YEARS ON THE SCHOOL BOARD

by A. F. Powers

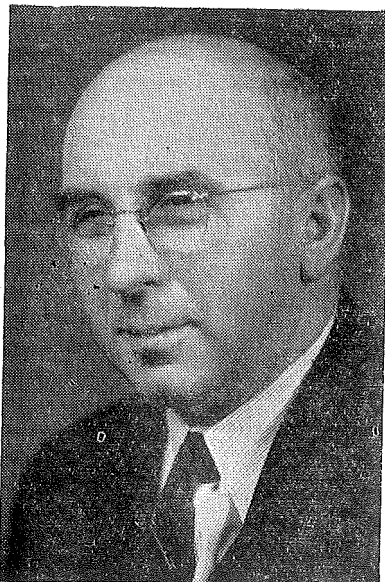
(Being somewhat modest, I shall refer to myself with the objective term Mr. Powers.)

Mr. Powers was born in Lunenburg on June 24, 1886. He attended the "Old Lunenburg Academy" until he was in the fourth grade when the Academy burned down. After the fire, school was held in various halls throughout the town until the new Academy was built. Mr. Powers returned to the new Academy when he was in the 6th grade, "crawled through High School on his hands and knees," and he graduated in 1902. He has been working, more or less ever since.

Mr. Powers was appointed to the School Board in 1933 and held that position until 1954 when he resigned. During his years on the School Board, he does not claim to have accomplished any one outstanding thing, but every year the Board tried to do something for the good of the pupils, the teachers and the building, and to keep the tax rate at a reasonable figure.

Mr. Powers wishes to extend his appreciation to the school principal, and to the secretary of the Board for their untiring efforts for the good of the school and the town.

A word of advice to the pupils from Mr. Powers is "get as much education as you can. You will need it more every year. Be sure and get a job or work that you like - then you can make a success of it. Above all, be loyal to your town and to your employer."



A. F. POWERS

## MY YEARS ON THE BANKS

by Josephine O'Connor '58, Bernard Tanner '57

Captain Calvin Tanner, a name well known around this and other ports, belongs to one of the most experienced seamen in Nova Scotia at this time. Although Captain Tanner has reached sixty-one and has finally retired, his numerous years at sea will linger for a long time in his mind and the minds of those who experienced some of those wonderful, yet dangerous, years with him. There was a good reason behind the idea of nicknaming Captain Tanner "Fish", for his forty-seven years on the high seas give him the opportunity to catch a tremendous quantity. Although Captain Tanner has retired, the sea still lingers in his mind.

In the village of Black Rocks, September eighteenth of the year 1895 Calvin was born. Following the ideas of a small, seaside settlement, he went to school until he reached the age of fourteen, and then, following in Dad's footsteps, he began his long career at sea.

The first two years of his experiences were spent as a deck hand. Youthful Calvin soon changed his position and at sixteen he was dory-mating with his Dad.

But adventure prevailed and Captain Tanner joined the Merchant Marine the following year. For his first trip across the Atlantic he sailed with Captain Lorraine Bachman in the schooner Watagua with a cargo of Newfoundland salt cod destined for Porto, Portugal. After unloading the cargo at Porto and taking on salt at Cadiz, Spain, the next forty-six days were spent on their return trip homeward. Again Captain Tanner turned to fishing and until 1915 he sailed as dory-hand on fishing schooners.

Then, back again to the Merchant Marine went Calvin. This time the West Indies was their destination. A peaceful voyage was spent following the usual route travelled in the transport of salt cod to Barbados and then to Turks Island for the cargo of salt.

During Captain Tanner's six years experience at fishing so far, two years as deck hand and the remaining four in a dory, one storm still lingers in his mind. In 1919, during a salt fishing trip to the Grand Banks they encountered a terrific gale. Mountainous waves crashed over the deck and completely demolished every object except spars and wheel-house. While the sea raged on with all its fury, the hurricane winds ripped the sails from the spars. All crew members remained below deck, except for the few who re-



CAPTAIN CALVIN TANNER

remained, spellbound by the thought of expected death, in the wheelhouse. Although much equipment was lost, miraculously all lives were saved.

Finally, after years at sea, Captain Tanner had reached the rank of mate in 1925. One of his most eventful experiences as mate goes back to 1927 when he was mate with Captain Frank Meisner on the Palitana. They were situated forty miles southwest of Sable Island, directly in path of destruction as a disastrous August gale with winds reaching gusts of eighty miles an hour from the southwest blew up. They encountered the winds accompanied by rain and fog. Without power it was impossible to manoeuvre. The powerful wind ripped sails and drove the schooner towards the bar. Very little hope remained in the men's hearts, for they knew only too well, even though they could not see, that they would soon become grounded on "the Graveyard of the Atlantic."

About nine o'clock in the evening breakers were seen close off the starboard bow and destruction breathed in their faces, for they knew the bar was just ahead. Somehow, without any explanation, the ship cleared the bar miraculously. The ship had been so near the island that some sand was deposited on deck. The ship was completely disabled and required towage into Canso by an American ship. Although the Palitana had been lucky others were less fortunate. Four ships and their entire crews from our home port were lost during that dreadful August gale which so many of the older folks of Lunenburg may well remember.

Eventually, after twenty long years at sea, Captain Tanner mastered his first ship, namely R. M. Simons, in 1929. In the following year he sailed the last sailing ship of his career, the Nina Corkum.

The Roy M. was a new experience for Captain Tanner in 1931 as it was the first power driven schooner he had ever boarded. He considers this one of the greatest changes he witnessed in all his days at sea for the internal combustion engine provided safer and more dependable power. From 1932 until 1935, Captain Tanner mastered the Christine M.

After four years as master of the Douglas and Robert (the ship named after two of his sons), Captain Tanner lost the ship on March the fourth, in 1940, off Little Harbour Point when it ran ashore just three miles east of Lockeport during a gale. The ship, with 143,000 pounds of fish, was a total loss, but all lives had been saved (except that of Demise, the dog.) The crew abandoned the ship after it had grounded on the Reef. The ship later broke up and came ashore.

In the following fourteen years Captain Tanner weathered gales, and caught many fish during his captaincy of the Caroline Rose, his ship which was built in 1950 and named in honor of his wife. In 1942 he set a halibut record which is now held by his elder son, Captain Bernard Tanner. The worst gale Captain Tanner encountered in the Caroline Rose was a ninety-five mile an hour blow in the month of August. As the wind raged furiously in its southwest direction the decks were cleaned. This was the only storm in which Captain Tanner gave up hope and yet all crew members were saved.

Although Captain Tanner has been retired from fishing for over a year, he remains a popular figure in conversation as the men still continue to talk of him.

## SAILING DAYS

by Betty Fralick '57

Captain Angus Tanner went to sea at the age of eleven, and spent his twelfth birthday on the Grand Banks aboard the schooner Hispaniola under the command of Captain Eleazer Zinck.

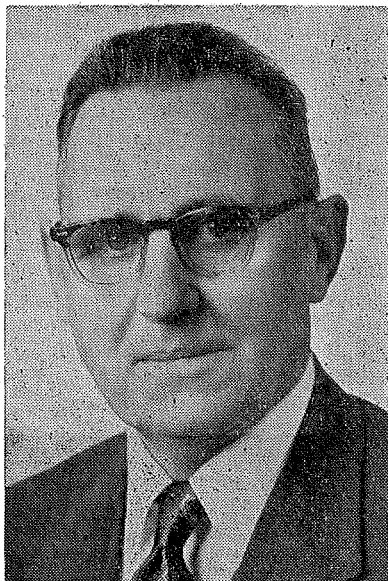
Following are some of the Captain's thrilling experiences at sea:

It was in the schooner Alexander, under the command of Captain Henry Winters, that he had his first real baptism at sea. The ship was anchored off Bird Rocks in the St. Lawrence Gulf when a storm came up. It abated during the night, but much ice had formed on the boat. The next morning the dories were let down to haul up the trawls which had been in the water for several days.

In the meantime Mr. Tanner decided to knock ice from the bowsprit shrouds with a stick. He carefully made his way to the end of the bowsprit, but the stick had little effect on the ice. He was cautiously making his way back when a heavy sea sent him into the icy waters. The ship's dog saw this, and with his howling attracted the attention of the Captain and the cook. Unable to swim he was slowly sinking beneath the waves. After several attempts, they reached him with a rope and pulled him to safety. Thanks to the watchful dog he had been rescued from the icy waters and the certainty of death.

During the last war, when German submarines were playing havoc with Atlantic shipping, the U. S. navy issued orders for Captain Tanner to sail from Puerto Rico. The ship carried no guns for protection, but they had air patrol during the day. As the sun was setting, the ship was crossing Mona passage. A plane was flying directly astern. Captain Tanner and the crew were unaware that a German submarine was following them. The plane sank the submarine and the ship continued on its way. Two days later they arrived at Santiago De Cuba, where German submarines had just sunk three merchant ships. Theirs was the only ship to get in the harbor safely.

During 1944 when Captain Tanner was freighting for the American Marketing Administration, he received orders through the American Embassy in Cuba to proceed to Vera Cruz, Mexico without delay; mission unknown. On his arrival he was met by Juan Chambonnet who arranged passage to Canada for Commandant Paul Louis Weiller, Commander De La Legion



CAPT. ANGUS TANNER



d'honneur carrying information regarding the Bristol Bomber. They landed at Lunenburg where Commandant Paul Louis Weiller departed immediately, escorted by the same person who wished them "bon voyage" when they sailed from Mexico. Several Days later Captain Tanner received a note saying Commandant Weiller was an aviation expert.

The first vessel Captain Tanner sailed was the Irene and May. The others were the Maud Thornhill, the Grace Bohner, the Marguerite B. Tanner and the Brenda Marguerite.

The Marguerite B. Tanner sailed as far north as Disco Island, Greenland, well within the Arctic Circle. In the year 1937 the Marguerite B. Tanner landed the largest trip of fresh fish ever landed by a dory fisherman. This was declared by J. E. Michaud, Minister of Fisheries and the Boston Post. In 1923 the Maud Thornhill under sail made a record run for a two masted schooner, of 640 miles from Atlantic City to Hamilton, Bermuda, in 60 hours, 20 minutes.

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## DROP ANCHOR IN LUNENBURG

by Beverly Bower '60, Joanne Greek '58



The new sign near the Cut Bridge has been labelled by visitors to Lunenburg as the most original and attractive ever seen in all their travels.

In the above picture, Mr. Roy M. Whynacht proudly tells a distinguished group about the unique sign. Left to right are Hon. R. H. Winters, Federal Minister for Queens-Lunenburg and Minister of Public Works; Mayor Beatrice Cortiss of Gloucester, Mass.; Hon. Livingston T. Merchant, U. S. Am-

bassador to Canada; the U. S. Consul General of Halifax, and Mayor Whynacht

The idea for the new sign at the town entrance developed when Mayor Whynacht was discussing the matter with Mr. Lloyd Eisenhauer, draftsman at Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Ltd. Mr. Eisenhauer confronted with the idea of something unusual in size, suggested using the big anchor the Foundry utilized in one of their Fisheries Exhibition displays and putting a sign near it, "Drop Anchor in Lunenburg." Thus was born the idea of the sign, and the remainder of the wording on the board was completed by Mr. Whynacht.

The anchor was originated by Senator Kinley who had it made as a center for the exhibit of the Foundry & Engineering Ltd. in the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition two years previously. The Senator being very public-spirited, presented it to the town to put to its present use. The town had the triangular site prepared, and we understand further improvements in landscape will be made next spring.

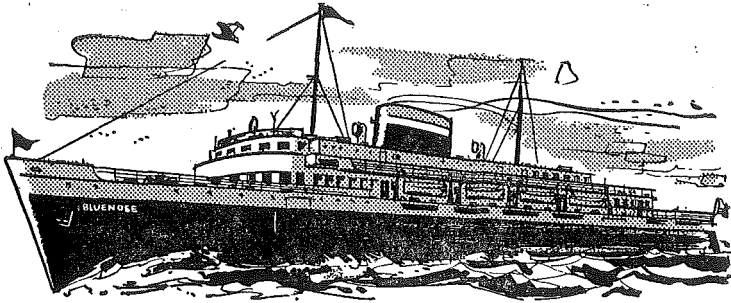
Due to the number of cars that stop to see it, the town may have to arrange for extra parking space near the new sign. It has become a number one target for cameras.

## ORCHESTRA



M. O'Connor, Guitar; D. Young, Trumpet; E. Miller, Drums;  
A. Lohnes, Saxophone; Keith Crouse, Piano.

## M. V. BLUENOSE



by Michael O'Connor '57, Myrna Tanner '59

On Saturday, June ninth, 1957, after long months of preparation on the part of energetic committees and anxious anticipation on the part of the thousands of persons whose economic welfare depends upon the ferry service between Yarmouth and Bar Harbour, Maine, a dream was brought to reality.

It was on this day that the schedule of the new M. V. BLUENOSE was officially inaugurated. To fittingly celebrate this long awaited event, the citizens of Yarmouth and Bar Harbour united to plan a programme of great festivities. The result of this combined planning is "Bluenose Day", when thousands of Canadians and Americans will gather to enjoy every year.

Highlights of the festivities were the official opening of the terminal at one-thirty in the afternoon with the Hon. R. H. Winters, Minister of Public Works, officiating; the arrival of the "Bluenose", escorted by the H. M. C. S. Huron and Quinte, as well as a massed flotilla of fishing craft. Upon the arrival of the "Bluenose", the official party proceeded to the dais where speeches were heard, climaxed by the inaugural address by the Cabinet Minister.

During the afternoon a parade was held, featuring five bands: The Royal Canadian Artillery, the band of H. M. C. S. Cornwallis, Yarmouth citizens Band, The Mersey Paper Company and the Black Watch Pipe Band. Numerous floats, members of the armed services, youth groups and others combined to make a colorful procession.

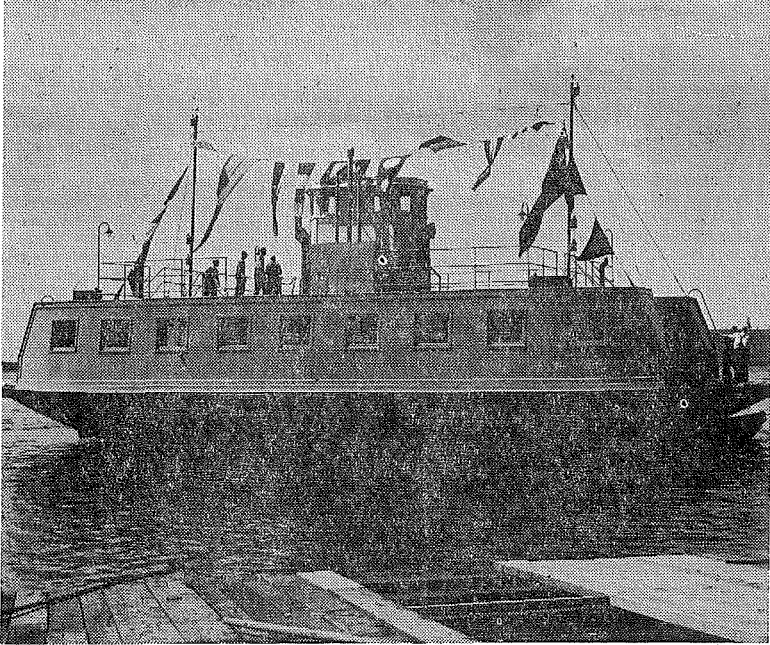
Other outstanding features of the day were a pulling championship and an international "tug of war." An immense display of fireworks, which began at ten in the evening brought this eventful day to a close.

The long awaited inauguration of the Yarmouth-Bar Harbour ferry services is considered the greatest shot in the arm for Nova Scotia's economy in many years. It is estimated that the operation of the new ferry service will bring an extra 60,000 visitors to Nova Scotia annually. Distances from various points in United States and Upper Canada have been shortened immensely.

Considering the great economic boost this service will give the province of Nova Scotia and especially the citizens of Yarmouth and the immediate vicinities, we can all well understand the open displaying of their emotions in the first celebration of "Bluenose Day."

## FERRIES AT THE SHIPYARDS

by Winston Skinner '59, Rosalie Beck '60



### AFTER THE LAUNCHING

Ferries at the shipyards! What a far cry from the wooden three-masters so familiar to people twenty-five years ago. Yet there they were, proving that our ship-building has advanced and kept abreast of the times.

The building of the Angus L. Macdonald bridge made it impossible to keep in operation the three ferries then in use on Halifax harbour. It was plain something had to be done as the ferry losses were mounting. Smith and Rhuland of Lunenburg were commissioned to solve the problem by building two smaller ferries that carry passengers only.

Each of the boats is approximately eighty-two feet in length. They have a beam of thirty-six feet and a depth of nine feet.

These ferries are made entirely of wood. The hulls consist mainly of American White Oak while the decks are made of Douglas Fir. The interior of the cabins is sheathed with varnished plywood. White enamel covers the roofs while the floors have an attractive, durable covering of blocked rubber tile. Oak batted seats add to the attractiveness of the ferry cabins. Each ferry can accommodate three hundred passengers.

Both ferries are powered by two Cummins engines, one on each end. The boats have two shafts, propellers and rudders. This ensures a minimum amount of time in docking and eliminates turning the boat around. A single control room which is situated in the center of the upper deck makes the

operation of the boats easier. Their speed is nine and one half miles per hour.

The first ferry launched, Dartmouth II, slipped into the water on July 24. Mrs. Ackerly, wife of the mayor of Dartmouth, christened the ship. It was blessed by Reverend Ryder, a former Anglican minister of this town. The Hon. Mr. Hicks, then premier of Nova Scotia, spoke at the launching. Practically all of the Ferry Commission, together with their wives, were in attendance.

The second ship, Halifax II, followed her sister on July 27. This ship was christened by Mrs. Randall, wife of the ferry manager in Halifax, and blessed by Father Murphy. At the time of launching the ships were nearly ready to operate.

The ferries are now operating between Halifax and Dartmouth. In busy times a ferry leaves both places every ten minutes. When traffic is not heavy they take fifteen minutes for the run.

We are proud to feel that the boats plying between Halifax and Dartmouth were built by a firm in our town, and that we have here people capable of meeting the demands of changing times.

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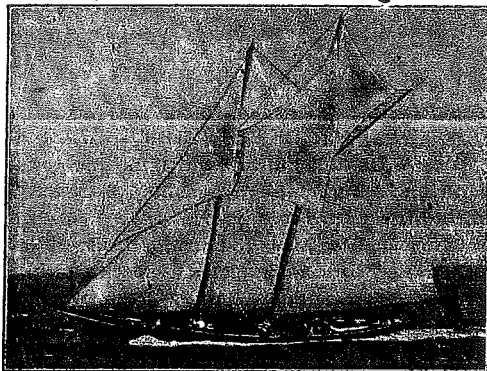
## SEIZED AT THE WORLD FAIR

by Deanna McIsaac '58, James Cook '58

In May of 1933, after a stock company had been formed the *Bluenose* left for the world Fair at Chicago. Her aim here was to take people on daily excursions which would earn extra money.

Mr. Stillwell, a millionaire from Chicago, became interested in the *Bluenose* and asked to charter her for two weeks to go yacht racing to Mackinaw City. The first couple of days she tagged behind the small yachts, but on the last day a stiff breeze blew up, and she passed the others with ease. Arriving at Mackinaw City, she received a two hundred pound cheese for placing first. As the other yachts came in, the crew of the *Bluenose* treated their captains with cheese.

On the way back to Chicago Mr. Stillwell, hearing by radio broadcast that his stock prices had declined, asked to be put ashore at Milwaukee. Due to this the *Bluenose* returned to Chicago, Capt. Angus Walters thinking this charter was finished and resumed her daily excursions. However, Mr. Stillwell was mistaken, for he was safe financially. When he heard the *Bluenose* had resumed her regular trips, he sent the United States Coast Guard to seize her. His reason was



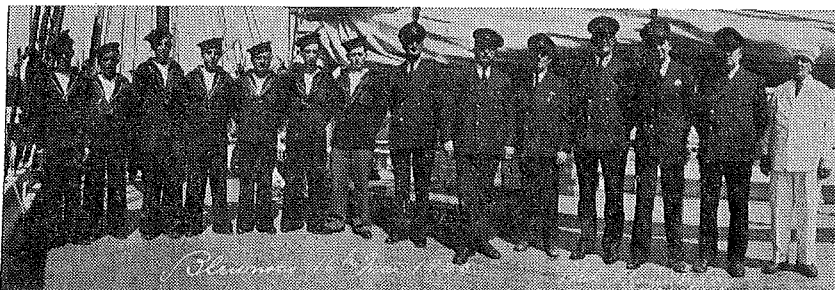
CHAMPION BLUENOSE



that he had not completed his two weeks. Next day the seizure of the Bluenose was headlined in all Chicago newspapers.

After a few days the Bluenose was released since Mr. Stillwell had no grounds to hold her. No trouble was caused by either party and she was released unconditionally.

As a result people stormed to the dock to see the now famous vessel. The prosperity of the Bluenose increased greatly after this because many people took the daily excursion trips out of curiosity.



(1 to r)—S. Walters, G. Rose, W. Knock, G. Whynacht, P. Pod, F. Rhuland, G. Walters, H. Himmelman, C. Kohler, Capt. Angus Walters, Capt. Roland Knickle, A. Walters, P. Walters, Wm. Dauphinee.

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## THE RAGGEDS

by Elaine Backman '59, Joan Levy '58

The Raggeds, named on the chart for the South coast of Nova Scotia, extend from Bluff Head around Heckman's Island to Tanner's Pass. They consist of numerous small islands and jagged rocks which stick up everywhere. It is a very dangerous place to navigate if you do not know the channels.

The largest islands in this group are Long Island, Sheep Island, Indian Rake, Tanner's Spectacle and Chockle Cap. At the end of these are Gimlet Reed ledges which get exceptionally rough in a storm. The large island of Sacrifice, which has a fine beach, is on the northwest end of the Raggeds. There is a passage through the centre of Sheep Island Channel which has deep water. On sailing through the rest of the channel you can find places where bottom cannot be seen and other places in which jagged rocks nearly reach to the surface.

Indian Island has a fine sand beach and ground-up sea shells. Years ago people obtained this grit for their hens. There is only one granite rock in the Raggeds and it is called Sawler's Button.

The Raggeds have long been a good place for lobster fishing and in years gone by great quantities of scallops were also raked there. The scallops were of the finest quality and size. They were much better than most of the deep sea variety but today they have become very scarce.

The finest sail to take around Lunenburg is a trip through Tanner's Pass, around Heckman's Island and through the Raggeds or Hell Raggeds, as they are sometimes called.

## MEDALS AWARDED TO CAPTAIN CORKUM

by Keith Crouse '57



Captain George Corkum is one of the men of the community who has excelled himself in Lunenburg's natural and traditional occupation - sea-faring. His sailing, however, was even more heroic than that of our local fishermen. Captain George Corkum was engaged in international commerce during the two World Wars, when the Atlantic was a veritable graveyard for merchant ships.

If we could peek back into the past to 1893 we would see a lad just under twelve leaving the home fires of that family of Corkums to take up the career of sea-faring. As time marched on, we would see this lad rise from deck-hand to Captain until by 1914 he is piloting ships from New York to Marseilles. We would also see him "barepole" his schooner as he enters New York harbour with raw materials from other ports of the globe. For these services, he was later awarded the General Service Medal and the Marine Medal.

In the 1920's and '30's he continues in foreign trade until the outbreak of hostilities in 1939. Now we see him heading south to the Carribbean where he is engaged for most of the war. Here, Captain Corkum appears as mate on the ill-fated schooner "Perces" in command of C. J. R. Kohler. We watch with awe and fright as we see that underwater terror of the Second World War, the German submarine, surface on that beautiful bay one day and command the surrender of this ship and its crew. We see Captain Corkum among the other prisoners held under subjection by Hitler's fist for sixty-four days. We then see them dumped on a dismasted ship in the South At-

lantic and watch Lady Luck smile on them as they finally reach Rio de Janeiro.

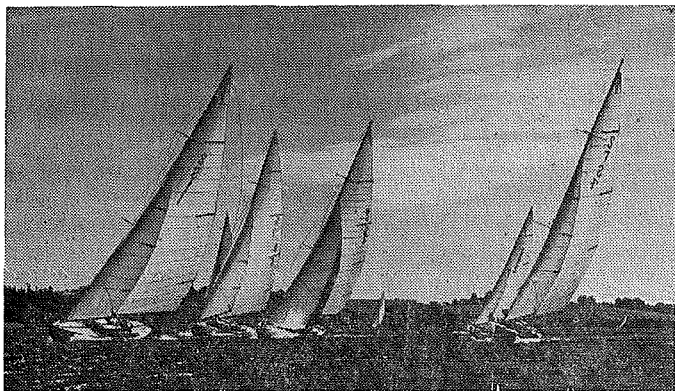
What emotions must have stirred his soul and those of his loved ones when he returned to his native Lunenburg after his gamble with death.

In 1945, a sail to far-off Madagascar on the "Cancalais" epitomizes a very colorful life. Crossing the Atlantic safely, he rounds that cape on the southern tip of Africa where so many lives were lost in attempts many years ago, and reaches Madagascar. One death from malaria is the only tragedy Lady Luck gives the Captain on this voyage. A safe anchorage marks the end of a tremendous sea expedition of some 20,000 miles.

For these services and displays of raw courage during the Second World War, Captain Corkum was awarded the Atlantic Star, the 1939-45 Star and the General Service Medal. These medals represent service in international and Canadian trade when traders were most urgently needed to supply the Allies. That bravery and courage were needed to undertake this business is clearly shown by the career of Captain George Corkum.

## YACHT RACING AT PRINCESS INLET

by Sharon Clarke '58, Alfred Lohnes '57



### WINDY DAY — PRINCESS INLET

For many years yacht racing at Princess Inlet has had a strong grip on the hearts of sea-minded men of Lunenburg. Beginning in the year 1929, Mr. Ralph Corkum and Mr. George Silver first raced their Tancook Schooner-type craft. These races were held unofficially each week-end. At a later date Mr. William Smith joined this duet with a sleek sloop and still later Mr. Jerry Petite of Halifax joined them for the week-end match.

Prior to the year 1947 many other men of Lunenburg and district developed an interest in the art of sailing. In 1947 these men formed a club. Still not satisfied and having to cope with a growing club, they added a class of six yachts in 1948. These yachts had exact measurement and sail areas. They were called the "S class boats", the "S" standing for Stevens who designed and built them.

The S boats are named and owned by the following skippers:

S 1	Mr. William Morrow	Restless
S 2	Mr. Everett Knickle	Westwind

S 3	Mr. Gilbert Whynacht	Stardust
S 4	Dr. H. A. Creighton	Kittiwake
S 5	Dr. W. A. Hewat	Valkyrie
S 6	Mr. Ronald Smith	Curlew

In 1949 the S 7 (Whisper) was built for Mr. N. Wells of Halifax. Other boats were built either in Lunenburg or by private concerns.

Some of the boats which belong to the club are:

28	Mr. J. J. Kinley	Gipsy
34	Mr. A. Langille	Susan Ann
46	Mr. F. Adams	Mist
—	Mr. R. A. Tanner	Caprice
—	Mr. F. A. Rhuland	Roue 20
—	Mr. A. Deckman	Cyce

As things were getting too big and the club was growing even larger a club house was needed. In 1950 a beautiful building was erected on the shore of Big Herman's Island facing Little Herman's Island. In August of the same year the club moved into their commodious quarters.

Since this date the clubhouse has been a busy spot for entertainment and the centre of yachting activities. Every summer week-end these sailing minded men of Lunenburg come to the shores of Princess Inlet to race their sleek crafts.

At present there are about fourteen sailing yachts and many power craft belonging to the club. Each summer week-end, weather permitting, the yachtsmen assemble at the clubhouse, and get their yachts and gear ready for an afternoon of racing. At about 1:30 the yachts, one by one glide away from their moorings. A warning gun is fired and then there is the keen timing and sailing accurately for the starting line. When the starting gun is fired, you can see the grace and beauty of each and every yacht as they are trying to get every ounce of force out of the wind.

In about two hours, they can be seen coming around the point. This time they are not all together but scattered over the bay. The finishing guns are fired and the time it took each boat to complete the course is taken at the finish-line. The yachts then return to their berths and the crews go to the clubhouse to have a chat with fellow yachtsmen about the wind, water and their boats in general.

Today, there is a very keen interest in sailing and other yachts have joined the club. Some of these yachts are smaller than the S Boats, and some are larger. This gives variety and brings out skill in sailing.

We have said that yacht sailing was only held on week-ends. Well, that is a fact but almost every fine evening you can see the white sails of a sleek yacht slowly drifting across the Inlet in the setting sun and evening breeze. It is perhaps a yachtsman taking his family or friends for a peaceful sail on the beautiful Princess Inlet.

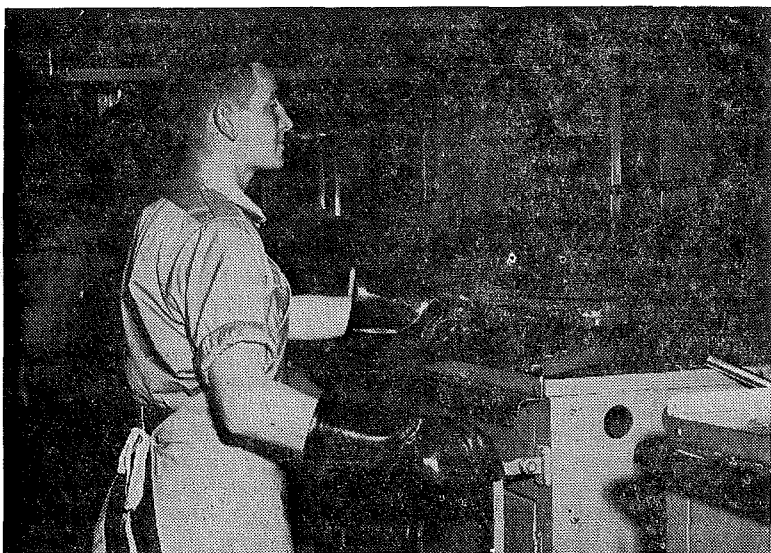
His spirit of racing and yachting has passed down to the present generation. It has grown in breadth and has produced many yachtsmen. This love, for the sea and its mastery should be passed on to the next generation, for there are many young yachtsmen who are taught yachting on Princess Inlet by their dads.

## FISH AND CHIPS

by Brenda Tanner '57

Once fish and chips were considered a treat that could only be obtained at a restaurant. Now, because of the frozen pre-cooked product, we can enjoy them at home with little or no trouble. When we sit down to a plate of fish and chips however, very few of us realize the work and planning that goes into this product. Before we can enjoy the fish and chips, there are a great number of problems to be solved and a great deal of work to be done to supply the attractive dish.

The Lunenburg Sea Products have been making and packing several frozen products. Recently, they expanded their production to include frozen pre-cooked fish and chips. I visited the plant during the Christmas vacation and there I learned many of the aspects of the business.



FRYING POTATO CHIPS

The fish used is boneless haddock which is frozen in seventeen and one half pound blocks. These blocks are sawed into smaller pieces and then taken to the fryers. At the fryers the fish is dipped by hand into the batter, and then dropped into the hot fat. There is no definite length of time for the fish to remain in the fryer; this is judged by the color of the batter. When the batter is the right shade of brown the fish is dipped from the fryer, drained, and then placed on trays to be frozen before packing. The fish is not completely cooked when it is taken from the fryer; the cooking is finished when it is heated by the consumer.

Downstairs at the Sea Products plant there is an impressive line of machinery where the potatoes are prepared for frying. The potatoes are first

washed and then they go into a peeler. Here a rotating disc rubs the peeling from the potato. Because of this method of peeling, a potato which is uniform in shape is best. After coming from the peeler the potatoes are carried along a conveyor belt where a number of girls watch for potatoes with eyes. The girls remove the eyes and the potatoes are carried along another belt to the blanchers, the smaller pieces are removed. These pieces are used in making fish cakes, one of the by-products of the frozen french fry industry. In the blancher the potatoes are kept in hot water for one minute, then they are put in cold water for another minute, and finally they go into hot water for two minutes. This blanching helps to keep the french fries from becoming too brown by removing some of the sugars from the potato. It is also a partial cooking. The potatoes are hot when they are put in the fat and this cuts down the cooking time. From the blancher the potatoes are carried by a conveyor belt to the next floor and then taken to the fryers. Like the fish, the potatoes are not completely cooked when they are removed from the fat.

After the fish and chips have been frozen separately, they are packed in boxes and placed in a colorful wrapper designed to attract the housewife's eye and carrying the Highliner brand. The package contains three pieces of fish plus the french fries, sixteen ounces in all. All you have



**FRYING THE FISH**

to do open the package, place the contents in a hot oven for almost twenty-five minutes, and you have delicious fish and chips.

All this may sound deceptively simple, but there are many problems connected with the production of fish and chips. One of the greatest of these problems is that of finding a suitable batter for the fish. The batter must not be too thick or the fish will be raw inside after cooking. Too thin a batter is just as bad, as it will blow up and leave the fish when it strikes the hot fat. The batter must also keep enough moisture in the fish so that it does not become too dry and it must not become too fatty when re-heated. Several months were spent experimenting for just the right batter at the Sea Products even before production of the fish and chips began.

During the war years, potatoes were dehydrated before being sent overseas. When the war ended there was no longer any use for the dehydrated potato plants and from them developed the frozen french fry industry. Today french fries are among the most popular frozen food products.

The french fries would seem to have no problems connected with them but there are some difficulties there also. It is taken for granted that while one apple is best for eating another variety is often considered better for

baking but it surprised me to find out that virtually the same thing is true with potatoes. There are different varieties of potatoes which are best for frying, baking, boiling, etc. A uniform size and shallow eyes are desirable qualities for potatoes to be used for french fries as this eliminates some of the waste in peeling. Low sugar content is also important for control of color in the product. The amount of sugars in a potato depends to a great deal on the storage temperature as a low temperature causes the sugars to increase. This results in an undesirably dark french fry. As a great percentage of a potato is moisture, a potato with a high amount of solids produces the best french fry. No single type of potato has all these qualities and so compromises are necessary.

This article will give you some idea of how the fish and chips are made and also of the problems involved in production. But to appreciate all this you should visit the Lunenburg Sea Products to see the fish and chips being made. I'm sure you will find it as interesting as I did.

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## CAPTAIN ALEX HEISLER

by Betty Fralick '57, David Young '57

Alex Heisler is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Heisler of Lunenburg. He is a former graduate of the Lunenburg Academy who has made the sea his life.

He sailed on various British ships for twelve years. He then skippered Zane Gray's "Fisherman I" from 1925 to 1927. The Fisherman I was a three masted yacht which was rigged to face all weather and was equipped with excellent accommodations. She spent some time here and in Mahone Bay in 1926, and then went to the south seas. Mr. Heisler has been on the U. S. Pacific coast since 1929.

Recently the Pacific Motor Boat Magazine "Sea" carried a full page advertisement by an oil company for the California Yacht Anchorage Inc., of Los Angeles, of which Captain Heisler is General Manager. The advertisement pays tribute to a former Lunenburger.



CAPTAIN ALEX HEISLER

## CAPTAIN VICTOR CROUSE

by Brenda Keddy '59, David Wilkie '59

The late Captain Victor Crouse was born on April 25, 1912. At the age of sixteen, he started going fishing and worked as one of the crew on the boat commanded by Captain Angus Tanner.

In his early twenties, he became Captain of his first fishing boat, the fifty-two foot Hazel A. G. He sailed it for a short time, and then the boat was taken to the United States and sold to an American party. Shortly after this, he fished with his brother, who commanded the "Muriel Isabelle," and then he entered the World War in 1940.

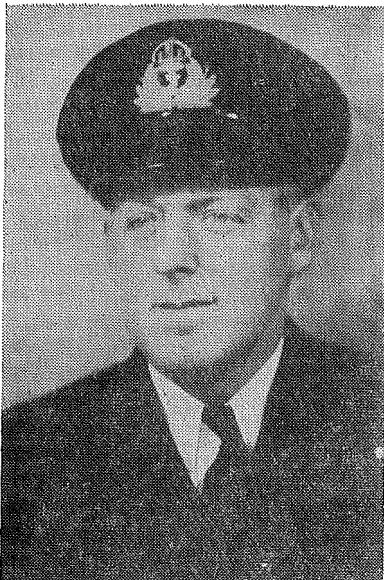
While in the Navy, he spent most of his time at sea. Whenever he could, he would spend his time studying at Navigation School. Finally he got his mate's papers.

During the war, in his letters to his wife, he said many times: "After the war is over I'm satisfied to work on shore and give up the sea." A month after he left the navy, he became captain of the boat C. J. Morrow. A year later it was sold, and then he got the one hundred foot Muriel Isabelle which had been formerly commanded by his brother. He sailed this boat about four years, the longest he had sailed a boat of his own. In 1949 he gave up this fishing boat, and for two years went fishing on several other schooners.

In 1952 he joined the Canadian Hydrographic Service where he worked as a mate on the Canadian Government boat C. G. S. Kapuskasing until his death.

Captain Victor Crouse was a very quiet man. He liked to read and loved the sea. He belonged to the Canadian Legion, and Unity Lodge which he attended whenever he could.

His wife at home is still in possession of a varied collection of records he had written from his experiences on sea. They are very interesting. He was the kind of man who will never be forgotten by his loved ones, and by those who knew him. His memory will linger on.



CAPTAIN VICTOR CROUSE



## MAXWELL TANNER – A NEW CAPTAIN

by Graham Creighton '60, Roxanna Lohnes '59

Maxwell Tanner was born in Lunenburg on September 24, 1926. He attended the Lunenburg Academy, and at the age of 17 years joined the crew of the Lady Rodney, which carried troops from Halifax to Newfoundland. One of their more important jobs was the carrying of war brides from Antwerp and Rotterdam during the last war. While in Antwerp the members of the crew visited a famous Cathedral where a great artist spent ten years in painting the ceiling with religious pictures.

A seaman however, is never still long in one berth, so in 1947 Maxwell joined the Canadian Cruiser which ran to the West Indies. While on this ship, he was promoted to Third Mate. A marious incident occurred on one of these trips when they were carrying seven head of cattle valued at \$20,000 a head, and somehow a bull happened to be among them. By the time they reached South Africa, there was an increase in the family aboard ship.

After writing and obtaining his Mate's Home Trade Ticket in 1947, Maxwell went on the Cumberland County. This ship ran to the Belgian Congo, Capetown, S. A. and carried such commodities as railway equipment, cars and buses from Halifax. Coal was loaded at Durwin and carried to Buenos Aires. There grain was loaded for Italy. Returning to his home port, Halifax, they were not idle for long, for the next voyage took him to South Africa.

The Cumberland County in 1948 was the last ship to load iron ore which was destined for Baltimore. However, good luck is not always with the seaman for between Norway and the United States a fierce storm sprung up unexpectedly. The ship started to crack up and realizing the seriousness of the situation, the captain was forced to return to Belfast, Ireland, for repairs.

The work being completed, the cargo was delivered and the ship went into dry dock in Halifax.

Seamen are generally tolerant and patient but they, too, can get discontented. On the next trip to Capetown and Port Elizabeth, for coal to transport to the Belgian Congo, the seamen went on strike for higher pay. After a short hold-up, a settlement was reached, and the cargo was delivered.

Having received Second Mate's Papers in May of 1950, Maxwell went on the Seaboard Star, which ran back and forth to England for a period of three years. To break the monotony of the voyage, a stowaway was discovered, a



CAPTAIN MAXWELL TANNER

couple of miles out of Montreal. The only possible solution to this problem was deportation, so she was sent back to her native land.

In 1950 the Seaboard Star was the last ocean going ship to leave Montreal before the harbor closed for the winter. Conversely, in 1953 the Captain of the Seaboard Star received the golden cane which is presented annually to the first ship to navigate the Saint Lawrence in the spring.

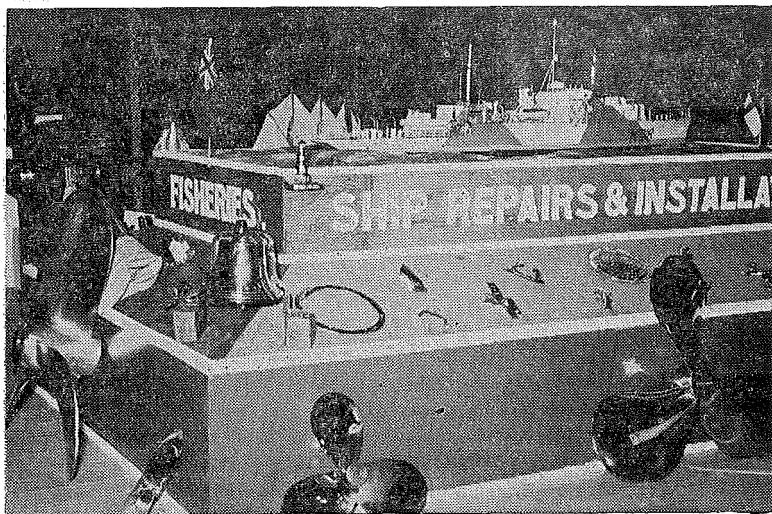
In 1952 Max wrote his Mate's ticket in Halifax. Having been successful, he returned to the Seaboard Star where he stayed until it was sold and transferred to Liberia in 1954. Max then joined the Markland Shipping Company going on the Liverpool Packet, which runs back and forth to England. He left this ship just long enough to acquire his Captain's papers.

To be eligible to write a Captain's Paper a man must have at least eight years steady time on a foreign going ship. He must have four years on the sea before he can write Second Mate's Papers. Between the Second Mate's and Mate's Ticket he must serve from eighteen months to two years steady sea time. This also applies to the interval of time between Mate's and Master's Papers.

The Master's Course requires three and a half days to write all the papers. On the first day he writes navigation papers, the second day he writes meteorology, ship construction and stability, ship master's business and engineering knowledge. The third day he has oral examinations on seamanship. To pass these papers the candidate must make an average of at least 70%.

In addition to securing his Captain's Papers, Max has a foreign going ticket which means he is allowed to sail to all parts of the world. Max is at present Mate on the Liverpool Packet.

Hard work and perserverance have made Maxwell Tanner realize his ambitions, and we of Lunenburg Academy wish him every success in his chosen work.



LUNENBURG FOUNDRY BOOTH

## EXHIBITION OPENING

by Rick Chenhall '58

The 1956 Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion was officially opened on Tuesday, September 11, by the Honorable Livingston Merchant, U. S. Ambassador to Canada.

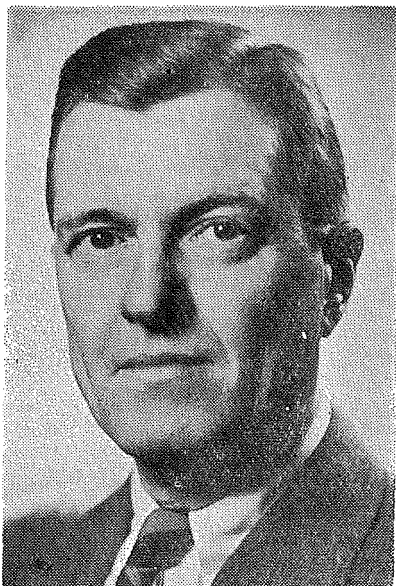
His Worship Mayor R. M. Why-nacht acted as chairman. Following letters of greeting and short speeches by various prominent local and visiting guests, the Honorable Robert Winters introduced the Honorable Livingston Merchant and reviewed his brilliant career. After much applause the speaker addressed the large gathering.

In his speech the United States Ambassador, who lived for many years in Boston, stated that there are more than physical similarities between the New England coast and our province. New Englanders, he said, share many "ancestral memories" as well as the tradition of the sea, with the people of the Maritime Provinces.

Going a step further he drew an analogy between the men of a ship and the nations of the world, appealing to that portion of the audience who could see the relationship between the fishing industry and the peace of the world. Mr. Merchant stated that it was unnecessary to have a war to provide prosperity for the industry. It is necessary to have understanding and trade agreements in peacetime to give a decent living to many thousands who are in the business.

In reference to this Mr. Merchant discussed the Atlantic Pact, an agreement of the Atlantic countries to support one another in the face of an attack, stating that the Pact can and has done much to bring good times to the fishing industry. Ambassador Merchant, in his speech, expressed well the community of men's interests along the Atlantic seaboard and their part in the process of peace . . . . Mr. Merchant then declared the 1956 Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion officially open.

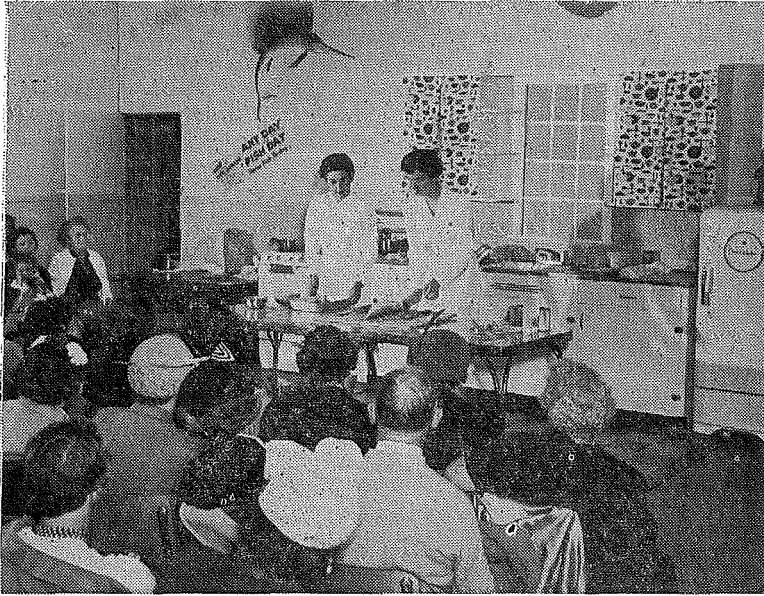
After a hearty applause the Honorable Livingston Merchant was thanked by Senator J. J. Kinley on behalf of the people of Nova Scotia there assembled.



Honorable Livingston Merchant  
U. S. Ambassador to Canada

# THE COOKING SCHOOL

by Ann Cook '58, Eldona Tanner '58



One of the chief attractions at the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition in Lunenburg, is the cooking school of the Federal Department of Fisheries. Since 1951 the south end of the Fisheries Building has been reserved for the Home Economists of the Federal Department of Fisheries to conduct their cooking school, which has become very popular among those attending the Exhibition.

The demonstration area itself is attractively arranged on a raised platform, and is equipped with the most modern kitchen appliances. Twice a day, before an audience of 125 people, the Home Economists demonstrate new and attractive ways of preparing fresh, frozen, canned fish and fish products in various ways that will appeal to the homemaker and her family.

This fish cookery school is only one part of the work done by the Inspection and Consumer Branch of the Federal Department of Fisheries. The headquarters and main test kitchen are located in Ottawa; and under the supervision of Mr. H. V. Dempsey, Director of the branch, and Miss Margaret Myer, Chief Home Economist, similar test kitchens have been set up across Canada in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal; and this year a new unit is being organized in Halifax.

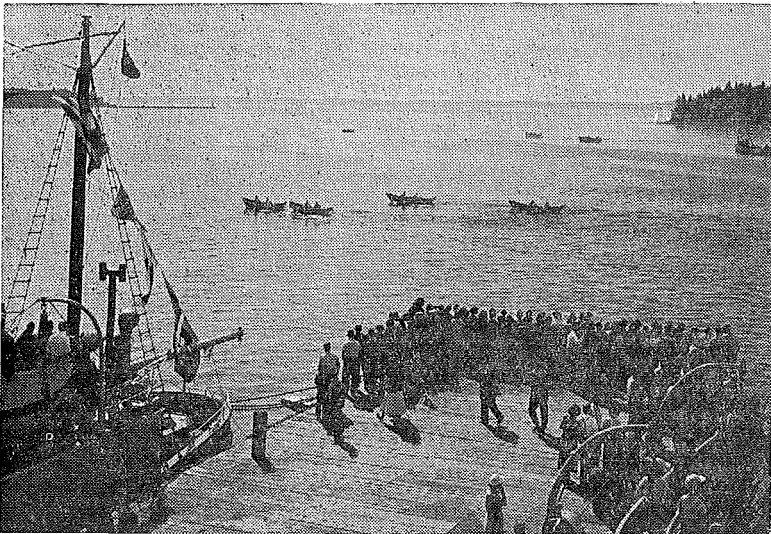
At the test kitchen in Ottawa experiments are carried on to develop, test and adapt new recipes for fish and fish products. These recipes are then published in recipe booklets, newspapers, magazines, wherever such information is required. Food photography is another phase of the work;

these pictures are used for film strips on fish cooking, or to accompany recipes for publication. During the summer the Home Economists in Ottawa choose and test recipes especially for use at the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. These are published in booklet form and given away at each demonstration.

The Home Economists, working in the various centers across Canada carry on an interesting programme, giving demonstrations and lectures on buying, handling, cooking and serving fish to homemakers, students, womens' organizations, and to individuals or associations concerned with institutional feeding. These lectures are given in person, on the radio, or on television.

This year the Home Economists giving the demonstrations were Miss Nancy Conger, of Ottawa; and Miss Johanne Zwicker of Lunenburg. Miss Zwicker is now the Home Economist for the Maritime Provinces.

Through their work in the Consumer Service, the Home Economists are able to inform the homemakers how to improve their eating habits, and health, by teaching them the nutritive value of fish, and the most attractive ways of serving it. During the last few years, the consumption of fish has been estimated to have risen to approximately 14 pounds per person a year. The result has been beneficial to the fishermen and all those connected with the basic industry, the Fisheries of Canada.



**DORY RACE**

# THE 1956 NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by Thomas Mason '58

The 1956 Fisheries Exhibition, held from September 11 - 15, proved to be a great success. New features and ideas were added by the committees in charge and more publicity was obtained when radio and television networks permitted several broadcasts to be made from the Exhibition grounds.

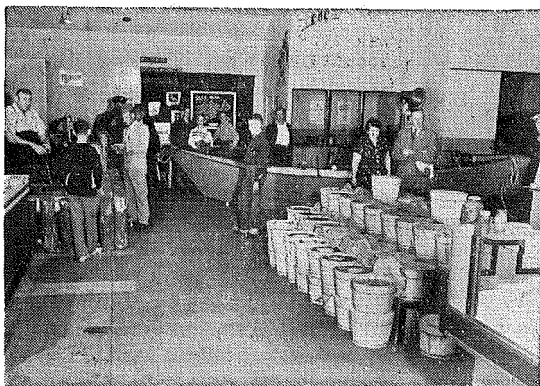
The week itself was full of exciting events. On Tuesday the great occasion was heralded in at 1:00 p.m. by the chiming of bells and the screaming of ships' whistles. That night the Exhibition was officially opened by the Hon. Livingston T. Merchant, U. S. Ambassador to Canada. This fact alone added an international flavour and importance to the Exhibition. On stage were dignitaries from the United States, all parts of Canada and the Maritimes, and well-known fishing captains.

On that day also, the people saw the Exhibition for the first time. Entertainment was provided by Lynch's Shows on the Midway. Many rides — some new, some old — thrilled adults and children alike. The various sideshows added a vaudeville atmosphere to the excitement. Greater enjoyment was further provided twice a day when well-known and experienced people performed in mid-air on top of a very high pole. Such was the variety outdoors.

However, the importance of the exhibition did not stop there for in the buildings one was able to get an educational understanding of the sea, its products and the machinery required by the fisherfolk. In the many booths, sponsored by firms all over the North American continent, various products were shown. In the Commercial Building handicrafts were also shown along with the artistic work of the school students. In the Fisheries Building, "movies" took you on roving trips on the sea and illustrated important principles of Canadian life. A cooking school was conducted where "cooks" learned the latest ways and means of the kitchen. These projects clearly illustrated the thought and work behind such an exhibition and the people doing these jobs deserve much credit.

On Wednesday the first highlight was the Grand Parade, a mile long event which progressed from the Academy grounds through the streets of Lunenburg to the Exhibition grounds. Decorated cars and floats, gaily dressed school children from town and several outside points, bands and clowns paraded through crowd-lined streets. Prizes were later awarded to those judged best in each class.

The second highlight of that day was the performance of the "Sunset



Ceremonial" in the early evening by the band and guard of H. M. C. S. Cornwallis. The precision drill and the accompanying martial music provided the audience with a sight rarely seen in Lunenburg. Each part of this performance has an historical background and a distinctive meaning.

The final feature of interest that evening was the choosing of the 1956 Queen of the Sea. As the seventeen contestants from all over Nova Scotia paraded before the judges, one could feel the excitement and suspense. Within the hour a strikingly lovely young Halifax girl, Marjorie Garrison, was proclaimed winner to the satisfaction of the majority of people. She was crowned the following evening on an outdoor stage, after being driven through the town accompanied by fishermen.

The third day of the gala affair, Thursday, was Water Sports Day. Since the day dawned clear and sunny, the wharves, vessels and small craft were crowded with people by 9 a.m., starting time. Everything went off as planned. Trawl baiting and hauling contests provided keen competition between the fishermen. This was followed by motor boat, swimming and yacht races. The final event was the Double Dory Race to pick the Canadian representative to oppose a team from Gloucester, United States, in the International Race on Friday. The team of Gerald Schwartz and Gerald Hannams proved to be successful, but only after a keen race with the other crews.

Friday was the duller day of the Exhibition in respect to weather for clouds hung low overhead, the north wind blew steadily and the harbour waters were choppy. However, the entertainment was just as enjoyable and as thrilling as, if not better than, the other days. In the afternoon the International Double Dory Race took place with the weather favouring the Canadians for the Americans were reputed to be able to row their best in calm waters. In spite of this, the Americans provided stiff competition although the Canadians were victorious by about eight double dory lengths.

The newest feature of the Exhibition, the long-distance swims, created much interest among the town people. On Friday morning, Dorothy Feener of Halifax plunged into the water off the outer automatic buoy off Cross Island to attempt an eight mile swim to the Government wharf in town. However, when only about half-way through her swim, she was overcome by seasickness and had to submit to defeat. Another swim was attempted by three High School students, David Corkum, Michael O'Connor, Josephine O'Connor; from the Feltzen South breakwater to the Government wharf, a distance of three miles. All three completed the swim, with David Corkum being the winner.

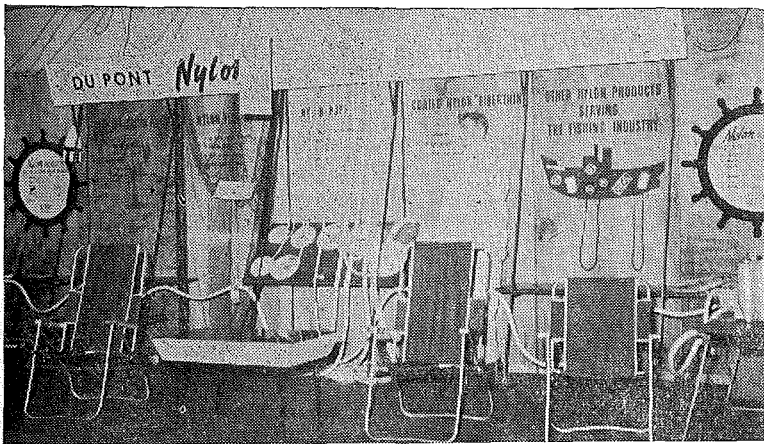
Saturday dawned bright and clear. The main event that day was the Children's Parade in the afternoon in front of the grandstand. Children in colourful costumes pulled or pushed decorated carts or bicycles. These comic and original characters proved to be of great delight to the crowd, as well as to the children themselves. The Queen of the Sea presided over the happenings and presented the winners with prizes.

As is customary with each exhibition, a special stage show was presented twice daily. This year the programme consisted of Gene Snead, ventriloquist, who was ably assisted by his two "assistants" or dummies and the Cycling Kirks who presented several tricks and feats performed on various special types of bicycles. This show met with great approval from the people as it was entirely different from anything presented in former years.

Throughout the daily programmes there were also band concerts and baseball games. Billy King performed some of his well-known acts several times throughout the week and Dick Fry on the Hammond organ, supplied a musical background to all that went on in the Main Building. On Friday evening the crowd was thrilled to hear Don Messer and His Islanders put on an hour-long show.

At 10:00 p.m. Saturday night the Exhibition was officially closed and a hearty sing-song rounded out the week's activities.

The following day a special Fishermen's Memorial Service was held at the monument in honour of those who were lost from the ships at sea. Following this a service was held at Zwicker's wharf where wreaths were laid, later to be taken out to sea by the first ship departing from the port.



**BOOTH AT THE EXHIBITION**



**PARADE — GRADE VII — WITCH DOCTORS**



## THREE MILE SWIM

by Bernard Tanner '57

This swim took place as an exhibition attraction and was a swim not a race. The course was three miles long with the starting point on First South wharf and ending at the Railroad Wharf.

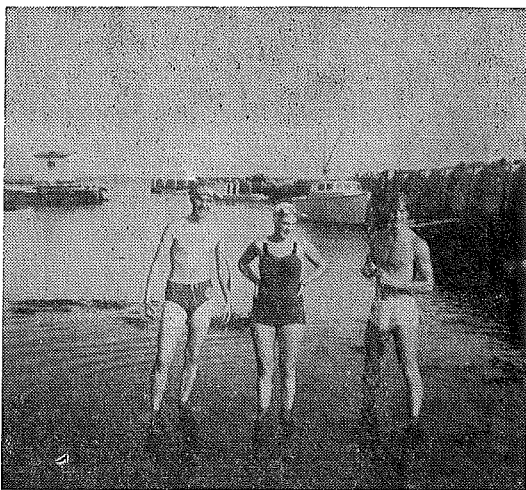
Josephine O'Connor, David Corkum and Michael O'Connor were the three slated for the event. Helpers were needed to row the boats and act as life guards.

Swimmers	Oarsmen	Life Guards
Josephine	Bernie Tanner	Betty Fralick
David	Kevin Crouse	Joanne Ling
Michael	Keith Crouse	Gerry Schwartz

Committee boat had Eric Miller and Loren Knickle on board.

At seven o'clock, and still half asleep, we gathered at David's home. Finding a slight slip up in arrangements, we spent an hour gathering two dories and two dingies. Then it was necessary to get transportation to the starting line. A sergeant of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police boat agreed to provide transportation. So now with all our trivial details cleared up, we proceeded with our long line of boats towing behind us.

We arrived at the First South wharf at 8:45, and found it thronging with enthusiastic spectators. The swimmers thanked the R.C.M.P. and were rowed to shore on the lee side of the wharf.



SWIMMERS—

Most professionals use something to protect them from the cold water and to reduce friction. Mike and Dave used grease whereas Josephine used vaseline. Pictures were taken by acting photographer Gerry Schwartz.

M. O'CONNOR, J. O'CONNOR, D. CORKUM

At nine o'clock the swimmers plunged into the cold Atlantic water followed by a loud shout from on-lookers. Earlier a strong wind was blowing from the southwest, but a short time before the swim started it had practically died out. This made the choosing of a course very difficult, because they knew the wind would blow up again.

Josephine swam along the First South Shore, then across and down the

centre of Lunenburg harbor. This course gave less resistance to the expected wind. Mike swam still farther up shore, and then followed Josephine's course. Dave swam directly across to the breakwater. If the wind had held off much longer, Dave would have crossed much before the others, but the waves, which he later had to fight, slowed him up tremendously. Each swimmer chose his own stroke for the undertaking. Dave pulled through with the breast stroke; Josephine with a continuous over-hand stroke; and Mike with an assortment of strokes.

The actual wind was strong enough to form three foot waves, and at some instances the swimmers were actually submerged by their crests. I found it difficult to stay within yards of Josephine and the Crouse twins commented on the waves depositing water in their dingies.

Despite the difficulties of wind and waves, their spirit never lessened. They swam through to victory. Expectations were that the swim would take over three hours but they all did it in less time. Dave, first to land, conquered the course in two hours fifteen minutes, Josephine stepped ashore in two hours twenty-five minutes and Mike with two hours forty-five minutes. Among those who love to swim these three are at the top of the list. Their victory will give them courage to try longer distances. Each received a trophy at the closing Exhibition ceremonies.

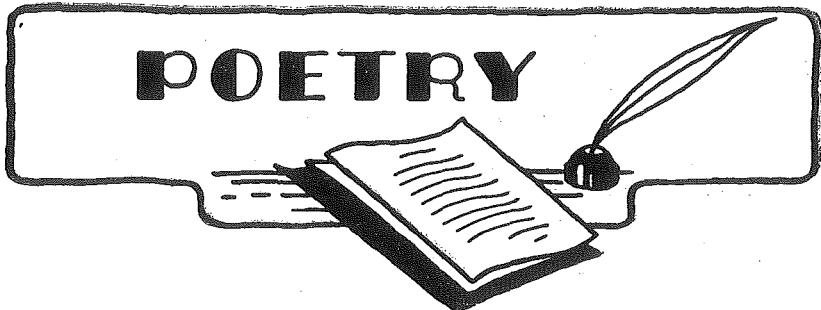
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#### STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Front (l to r)—G. Bailly (Vice President), B. Tanner (Treasurer), L. Cantelope, D. Levy, D. Lohnes, H. Hebb, M. Young (Secretary), Kevin Crouse (President.)

Rear—P. Cornu, G. Creighton, E. Miller, L. Conrad.



## IN '67

by Brenda Tanner

In '67 what will we be,  
Lawyers, or sailors on the sea?  
Perhaps one of us will be on T.V.  
Or maybe a great celebrity.

Perhaps in ten years' time there'll be  
A famous professor of Chemistry,  
Who once was a student at old L.A.  
And enjoyed the lab. on Friday.

But engineers, doctors, or whatever we are,  
Close to home or in lands afar,  
We'll remember our year on the third floor  
Behind the "cell number twelve" door.

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## SKATING

by Jean M. Nauss '57

Now the rink has opened  
With gay skaters galore;  
Their clothing makes bright splashes  
As they glide on frozen floor.

Gliding, twisting, turning,  
Cares seem to disappear  
As you skate around the rink  
With laughter ringing clear.

Twisting, twirling, gliding,  
How free it makes you feel!  
And do they not amaze you,  
Those two thin blades of steel?

## A SEA GULL

by Richard Crouse '61

Have you ever seen it flying?  
Have you ever seen it gliding?  
Isn't it graceful to watch it fly  
Over the sea and into the sky?

Isn't it wonderful to be a bird?  
To fly to places before unheard,  
To perch on seas none too smooth,  
To catch the fish where e'er they move.

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## SMOKIE

by James R. Cook '58

I have a little rabbit hound,  
His coat is black and brown;  
I think more of my lively hound  
Than all the girls around.

---

## THE TEENAGE WORLD

by David Byers '58

Yes, Elvis, the girls' heart throb  
Who, wherever he goes, attracts a mob  
Of screaming girls, who come to see  
This "kool kat" from Memphis, Tennessee.

Ask any girl and she will boast  
That, in her book, he is the most,  
And a boyfriend who gets unwisely bold  
And denies this—WHAM!—he's just out in the cold.

So you see us boys have to imitate his style  
To win from the girls a friendly smile,  
For if we don't make a try that's fair  
All the "kool kats" will call us square.

If you don't dig this new Rock 'n' Roll,  
Man, you ain't livin' or you're just plain too old  
To understand this teenage fad,  
So chin up and bear it; it's really not that bad.

## THE BEAUTY OF WINTER

by Jeanine Tanner '59

The snow had fallen on the ground,  
A hoary blanket all around;  
The sun was bright and shining high,  
Out of that blue and peaceful sky.

And afar off on a snowclad tree,  
Sang the snowbirds gay and free,  
With the children sleighing down  
The hills, round the gay little town.

Some people fret when the cold wind rings,  
And fuss about the dull snow it brings;  
But me, "I like winter best!"  
'Cause then the world wears her fine white dress.

---

## THE STORM

by Gary Tanner '60

The air was still, the sky grew dark,  
The leaves were scattered o'er the park.  
'Twas fall, the time most every year  
When storms of great force do appear.

Night came on, the wind increased,  
The rain fell down to say the least;  
Majestic trees were forced to bend  
Before the fury of the wind.

The lightning flashed, the thunder roared,  
The storm soon passed—there was no more.  
At last appeared the morning bright.  
The sun shone forth with glorious light.

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## DAFFODILS

by Glenn Conrad '61

Like soldiers on dress parade  
Marches the daffodil brigade;  
Their lively colors clear and bright  
Present a very pleasant sight.

Along the garden path they grow,  
White and yellow, row on row,  
In the sun so warm and bright,  
—Makes you think the world's all right.

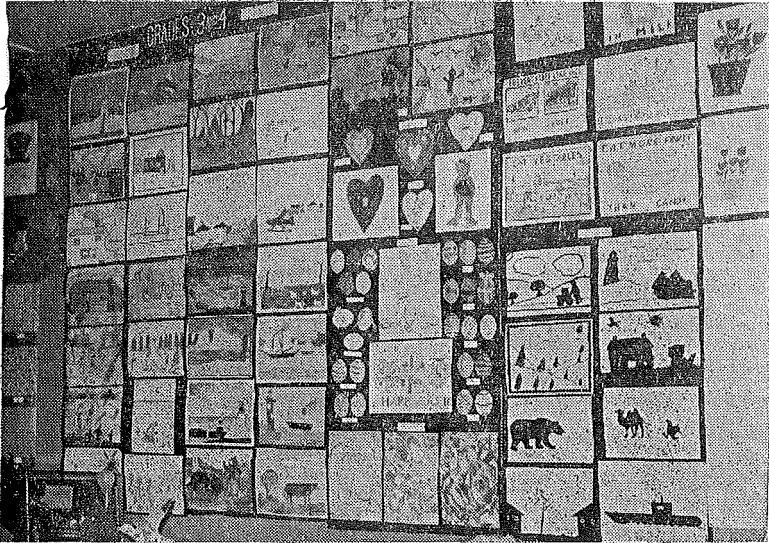
# SPRING

by Janet Hannams '59

Spring, it is a time of love,  
A time of joy and sorrow,  
The time to forget the troubles you have  
And leave them 'til the morrow.

Spring also has its beauties,  
Which seem to surround us all,  
For all life begins to sprout,  
To die again next fall.

So let us all appreciate  
The beauty that comes with spring,  
The budding of the new born leaves,  
And the pleasures that they bring.



ACADEMY EXHIBITION BOOTH

# JUNIOR RED CROSS CONVENTION

by Rick Chenhall '58



The Junior Red Cross International Study Centre which I attended last summer was the first one ever attempted by the American Red Cross. The Centre was held at Hood College in Frederick, Maryland, U S. A., between the dates of August first and tenth. Two representatives were chosen from Nova Scotia, Winnifred Black, of Stellarton, and myself representing Lunenburg Academy.

Over one hundred and twenty delegates attended from all over the world representing sixteen different countries. The main body of delegates was from Canada and the United States, Canada having thirty representatives and the U. S. A. fifty.

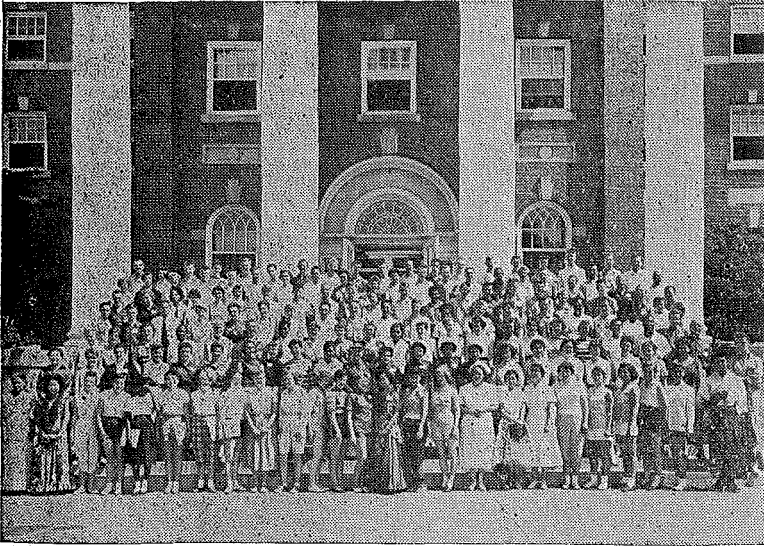
Our thirty-two foreign representatives came from the following countries: Trinidad, Haiti, the Philippines, Ecuador, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Bahamas, Germany, Japan, Mexico, Korea, Australia, Italy and Holland.

The main theme of the Study Centre was International Relationship.

The purpose was to give the delegates a better knowledge of each other's governments and customs, plus how the Red Cross operates both nationally and internationally. The idea of the Study Centre was to have the delegates gain this knowledge, so that they in turn may lead others in this field in their respective places.

All the delegates became friends regardless of country, race, or religion. Informally, on the spacious campus of Hood College the delegates intermingled, during their free time, and talked about their respective countries and homes.

As I stated before, International Relationship was the main theme, and this was illustrated throughout the Study Centre. For example, each day we held a morning assembly. We were lectured there on some topic of the Red Cross' work throughout the world by a visiting official or a staff member. Following the address several skits would be presented by different national groups so that we could see how this particular topic was carried out in their country. Every country participated at some time.



The most important part of the Study Centre was the discussion groups. These groups met twice a day to discuss the morning's topic. A discussion group consisted of about fifteen delegates from different countries, and was directed by one of the staff members. The group might consist of five delegates from the U. S. A., four from Canada and one each from Australia, the Philippines, Haiti, Germany and Ecuador. In these groups we could find from each member how the day's topic was carried out either in their locality or in their country. Therefore, a wider knowledge of the topic was obtained and new ideas were acquired in these groups.

Even in the evening programs, International Relationship was expressed. Both Canada and the United States each had a night to entertain the other delegates, while all the other countries joined together for a program. There was also a Talent Night and Stunt Night. By means of these pro-



grams we could see the different national dances and customs of the other countries. We also saw the talents and brilliance of our foreign friends as each country put on a fine performance.

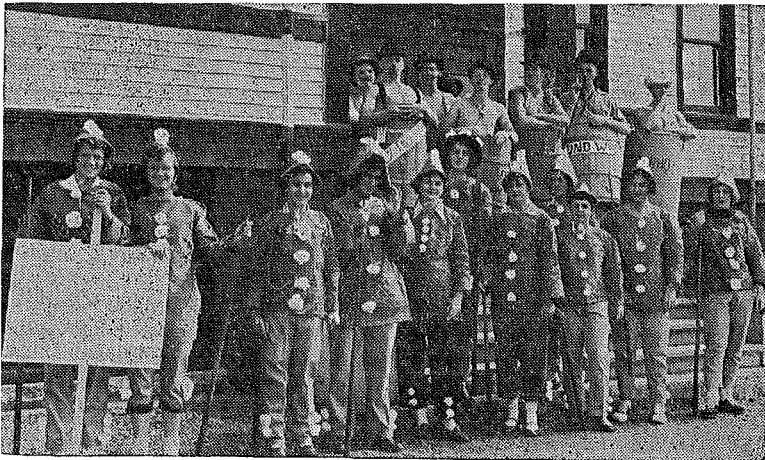
Part of the day's program was spent in "activities groups." There were several of these activities which included a recreation group who planned the recreation for all the delegates. A recording group made a tape recording to send to other parts of the world. An album group made an International Correspondence Album summarizing the activities of the Study Centre. There were also groups in charge of the Banquet and Closing Ceremony. So, one can see that we were allowed to run our activities ourselves which gave us experience in leadership and planning.

There were also International exhibits on Handicrafts, Art and Correspondence Albums shown by the delegates, from the various countries. Special programs on Water Safety and Home Nursing were also given.

Of course, it was not "all work and no play." On August seventh, the entire Study Centre was taken to Washington, only fifty miles from the Centre, and shown all the important sights such as the White House, the Lincoln Memorial and Mount Vernon, Washington's home. We were honored to eat in the Supreme Court Building and were addressed at the luncheon by Mr. Ellsworth Bunker, President of the American Red Cross.

The Canadian delegates also spent two enjoyable days in New York visiting the United Nations Building, the Red Cross Branches in New York and Brooklyn and all the highlights of New York.

The ten days at the Study Centre went by extremely fast, and suddenly it was time to leave. Following a very impressive closing ceremony the delegates, next day, departed towards their homes with sadness, knowing it would probably be the last time they would see each other. But there was also a deep happiness inside, knowing that we had gained a great deal of knowledge about each other's country and the Red Cross, making the International Study Centre a success.



GRAND PARADE — GRADES X - XII

## THOUGHTS ON SPRINGHILL

by Ann-Marie Gray '60, Sheldon Mossman '59

Shortly after 5 p.m., Thursday, November 1, 1956, the bankhead of the Cumberland Rail and Coal Company's No. 4 colliery at Springhill, suddenly blew up in a fierce explosion that could be heard for thirty miles. The explosion crumpled pithead buildings and set them ablaze. It shattered windows in buildings for miles around. The blast tore through sixteen feet of steel and concrete bankhead, smashed equipment and buildings and spread wreckage over the mine surface. It flung a bankhead worker one hundred feet into the air and fatally injured him. For the trapped men in the lower workings of the mine, it was the start of the most terrifying ordeal of their lives.

One hundred and twelve men were trapped in the No. 4 colliery, and deadly gas fumes were seeping through the mine passages. The trapped men all had a common aim — to get out of the mine as fast as possible. Each group of miners chose the nearest exit to them. Many of the passages were blocked by dense clouds of wood smoke, dust and deadly gas. The going up the slope from one level to another was painfully slow. Some of the miners collapsed from the gas fumes and had to be dropped back to safety; others were already dead and had to be left lying in the passages. Other miners managed to keep the air reasonably clean by setting up barricades against the poison gas. Within this small area was a compressed air outlet which supplied the miners with gas pure air.

Throughout the night of November first and the days and nights that followed, frantic miners were praying to be rescued. Some of the men wrote their wills. One man had a birthday and, in a tiny niche almost a mile underground, his friends sang "Happy Birthday" to him. Many of the men were weak from the lack of food, because most of the food in their lunch pails had been spoiled by gas fumes. They shared what little food was left with their comrades.

Meanwhile, in the levels below, groups of frightened miners fought for survival. A group of men, finding the gas on their level was becoming unbearable, managed to crawl through a pipe to a higher level which was safer. Perhaps the biggest hero of the disaster was fifty-nine year old Con Embree who managed to construct a gas-free shelter in the mine. His shelter became the nerve center of rescue efforts, and he kept up the morale of the trapped miners in his section.

Occasionally three scouts would venture forth into the gassy levels outside to look for survivors or the Dragermen who would be bringing help. The scouts could not remain outside of the shelter very long, because of the deadly coal gas. Some of the men at lower level's managed to drag themselves up to Con Embree's shelter. The trapped miners feared that rescue workers might come down the shaft and pass by unnoticed. Therefore they wrote signs on loose boards. Some of the signs read "Men alive here" and "For God's sake come as fast as you can."

The greatest fear of the trapped men was that the compressed air supply would be shut off. Most of the time the miners stayed silent, praying and thinking about their families at the surface. Food was a serious prob-

lem and the water, which was used for cooling the engines operating in the mine, was not fit to drink.

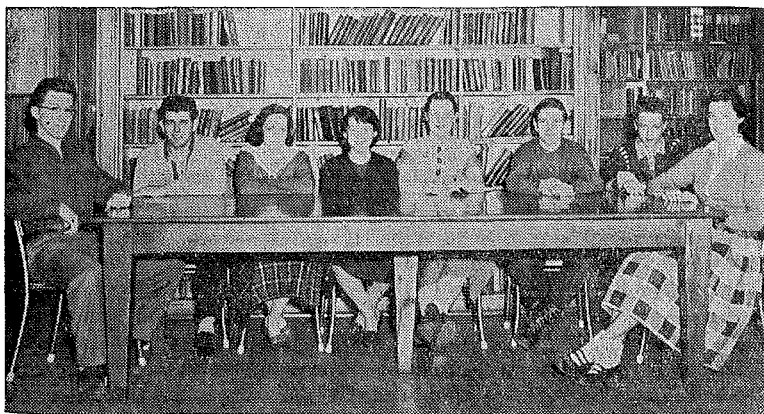
On Saturday morning a group of about nine miners started up towards the surface, hoping to get word to the rescue workers whom they felt sure were on the way. The course they laid out was up the fanway down through which air is supplied to the mine. Part of the way the men climbed straight up and in all they climbed twice the height of the Empire State Building. The air was heavy with deadly gas which the miners tried to keep out by breathing into masks soaked in seepage water. Part way up the first group of miners was joined by a second group of twenty-eight men.

On the way up one miner found a box containing a spoiled banana and two cakes which he shared with his friends. As the miners reached the top, they were met by rescue workers who gave them water and helped them to the surface.

The first miner to reach the surface, after being imprisoned for almost forty-three hours, was Charlie Burton. His appearance at the pit-head exit brought forth cheers from the crowd. In the next nine and a half hours thirty-six exhausted miners were rescued and taken to hospital for treatment.

By Sunday evening fifty-two miners were alive and still in the mine. These men had heard nothing from rescue workers, and the morale of the group was very low. One miner said he felt sure rescue would come in the near future, and a few hours later his prediction came true.

By six o'clock in the evening on Monday, November fifth, the last miner alive had been taken from the mine making a total of eight-eight men saved. Twenty-four miners were known dead and still in the mine. Because of the danger of another explosion the mine had to be sealed off until a later date when the miners' bodies could be safely removed. Thus ended one of the greatest tragedies in the history of Nova Scotia.



#### ATHLETIC COUNCIL

(l to r)—Keith Crouse (President), D. Dauphinee (Secretary), M. Crouse, S. MacDuff, R. Lohmes, B. Bower, I. Dahl, A. Cook (Treasurer.)

# 1956 VALEDICTORY

by Andy Bald '56

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Levy, Mr. Collins, Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Graduating Class, Fellow Students we are near the end of the 1956 exercises. There have been many commencements such as this where the students of Grades 11 and 12 have received their first formal introduction to the society outside their school life. In a way this may be called an initiation.

It is common in many fraternities and clubs or groups who meet under some system of laws to welcome the new-comer with a test or initiation. Sometimes these are harsh, injurious or may be pleasant and serious, and full of meaning, giving a clear picture to the newcomer of his responsibilities. So we too are experiencing an important initiation. This is an entrance into society — into life. This is not something from which we can casually withdraw ourselves whenever the going gets rough. There will be problems with which to cope, obstacles to overcome, ethics to practice and morals to be learned.

We of the Graduating Class have feelings first of happy expectation, a slight feeling or touch of regret, a certain amount of fear and a pretended look of assurance. These have all combined to give us that BABE IN THE WOODS feeling. Here it is my friends where you come into the picture.

In the very near future we will be mingling and working with you. It is with you that we will get our first impressions and with you that our basic outlook on life will be molded. This short period, a few years, is the initiation period. When this time is past, we will be expected to have gained the basic rudiments of the art of living, an essential smattering of moral codes, and the ethics of our chosen vocation.

Before all this we have a decision to make. This decision has often been depicted by a signpost pointing towards higher education, business or industry. Some will choose higher education and enter the excellent universities near us, others will enter the serious busy and active atmosphere of the workaday world. We are moving on — leaving one group of teachers behind, moving on to meet others. Our former teachers may be compared to a team of highly skilled draftsmen, planning and adding piece by piece, sections to a very intricate blueprint.

We sincerely thank our teachers, who with patience, understanding and intelligence, have guided and tolerated us for so long. Their task has been difficult. They have smoothed out many rough spots in our personalities, they have been our pattern makers. What about our new teachers? We hope that these plans will be used as carefully as they have been made.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I say this because you are our future teachers.

Speaking on behalf of the Graduating Class of 1956 - we are looking forward to meeting you, we hope that you are looking forward to receive us.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I  
Thank  
You.

## A CAR FOR THE V. O. N.

by Doris Conrad '58, Brenda Fowler '60



The Lion's Club was officially opened in Lunenburg on November 21, 1955 when they received their charter. It is really a service club. The Lion's Club is the largest service organization in the world, having approximately 550,000 members. The Lions operate by the Golden Rule — "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The name Lions stands for:

- L — Loyalty to country, community, and home.
- I — Individual integrity in thought, word, and deed.
- O — Our flag, our language.
- N — New ideals, new hopes, new ambitions in business and professions.
- S — Service that is founded on the Golden Rule.

A Lion's Club sponsors, aids, helps and promotes needed community projects.

The Lions were in search of a worthy project and they felt that a new car for the V. O. N. would be the best. They also felt that they would not only be helping the nurse, but also the town. The money for the new car was collected from a succession of Bingo games held at Community Centre

during the summer and early fall. It was made possible for the Lion's to obtain the car through the patronage of the citizens of Lunenburg.

The car was presented to the president of the Victorian Order of Nurses, Mrs. C. J. Morrow, by Dr. Rayfield Wood, who is president of the Lion's Club, on October 4th, 1956, at the Lunenburg Monument.

At exhibition time the car, which is a dark green 1956 Pontiac, was put in the parade, and later exhibited in the showroom of Bluenose Motors. Pictures of the presentation of the car were taken which appeared in the Halifax Chronicle Herald and the Progress-Enterprise. The car is now being used by Nurse Harriet Gerrish who is the active V. O. N. at the present time.

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## THE OLD SINGING SCHOOL

by Helen Hebb '59

About sixty years ago the old singing school was held at Second Peninsula, under the direction of Joe Selig, a very capable instructor, Mr. Selig used to hold his singing classes in the old Second Peninsula schoolhouse in the winter, and it was a familiar sight to see him travelling from Lunenburg to the old schoolhouse by horse and sleigh. Many times the going was quite rough and Mr. Selig had a cold job travelling those seven miles.

His singing classes were held once a week; everyone was greatly interested, and eager to take part. Young people from all the surrounding districts came. They made quite an affair of this once-weekly meeting.

Attendance fee for this singing school was about three dollars for the season, but the participants really got their money's worth in learning and pleasure. Mr. Selig taught them the notes by writing them on the blackboard and everyone had to learn to sing by sight-reading. The teacher was strict. If someone carelessly sang a wrong note, he could expect the occasional crack across his fingers. The Teacher was also very careful about time, and he said that no student could sing if he could not keep time.

Some of the popular songs in the old singing school were "Jesus, Lover of My Soul", in four parts; "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me", and "There'll Be No Night in Heaven."

Such were the proceedings at the old school. Although many of its members have left Lunenburg or passed away, there are still those few left who remember the good times that they had at the old singing school.

## GRACE CHAPTER NO. 8, EASTERN STAR LODGE

by David Corkum '57, Judith Crouse '60



Front (1 to r)—Mrs. A. Horne, Mrs. Wm. Cole, Mrs. H. Strachan, Mrs. R. Schwartz (Worthy Grand Patron), Mrs. G. Cook (Worthy Matron), Mr. R. Zwicker, Mrs. L. Corkum, Mr. H. Strachan, Mrs. J. Knickle (Worthy Patron.)

Rear—Mrs. C. Veinot, Mrs. M. Fraser, Mrs. F. Smith, Mrs. S. Knickle, Mrs. E. Corkum, Mrs. M. MacKean, Mrs. R. Schwartz, Mrs. H. Rhodenizer, Mrs. H. Corkum, Mrs. O. Lace, Mrs. J. Walters, Mr. Wm. Cole.

Grace Chapter No. 8 is one of the smaller chapters under the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter Order of the Eastern Star. The O. E. S. is the largest fraternal organization in the world in which both men and women are members. This organization had its beginning in 1850. Dr. Rob. Morris, Master Builder of the Order of the Eastern Star, was born August 31, 1818 near Boston. He received many educational advantages, becoming a lawyer, lecturer, educator, and instructor in Masonry. He devoted many years in research and creative writing. Dr. Morris travelled extensively for years in foreign countries and organized the first Masonic lodge in Jerusalem. Through all this time, Dr. Morris was preparing for a new lodge to which Master Masons and their wives, daughters, mothers, widows or sisters could belong. From all this research came into being the Order of the Eastern Star.

Dr. Morris was generous, tender of heart, and loving in disposition. He was happiest when sharing with others that which the Lord had bestowed upon him.

The O. E. S. in Lunenburg was organized by the late Mrs. Grace Hebb

assisted by eight Past Masters of Unity Masonic Lodge No. 4 A. F. and A. M. on April 21, 1932.

Twenty-five years ago in April, members of Halifax Chapter No. 7 instituted Grace Chapter No. 8. The Right Worthy Grand Matron Minnie F. Keyes and the other officers from the General Grand Chapter from various parts of the U. S. A. came to Lunenburg for this memorable occasion.

During the past twenty-five years Grace chapter has grown, members from Lunenburg County centres journeying here for the meetings.

It is the aim of the order to "hear the cry of the orphan, the call of the needy, and sympathize with the sorrowing." Yearly donations are given to Red Cross, Children's Aid, Walter Callow Fund, Masonic Home Fund, and many others. Large donations were given to Liverpool Fire Relief and Springhill Mine Disaster. School prizes are presented yearly, and generous Christmas baskets to needy families. It is the desire of the members of the O. E. S. to become associated throughout the world with "Estarl." Eastern Star Training Awards for Religious Leadership are now being received by students in Theology in all branches of Christian service. Twelve awards were given in Nova Scotia in 1956.

Grace Chapter is honored to have a Past Grand Matron, Eva May Kohler, and a Present Worthy Grand Patron, Ray Schwartz, of the Grand Chapter O. E. S. of Nova Scotia. They have brought honor to the local Chapter.

The Grand Chapter of Nova Scotia is held annually in June and in 1953 was held in Lunenburg. At this week long session nearly 800 members were registered and glowing compliments on the town were later received by Grace Chapter from the visitors.

The present officers of Grace Chapter No. 8 are:

Worthy Matron—Mrs. Dorothy Cook.

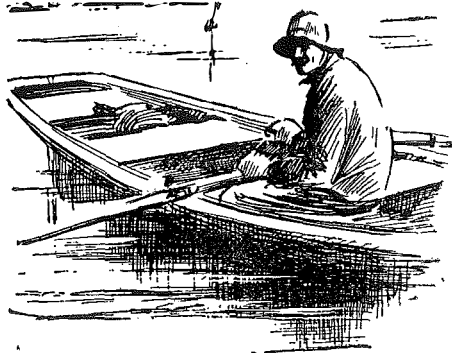
Worthy Patron—Mr. Robert Zwicker, Pinehurst.

Associate Matron—Mrs. Marion Strachan.

Associate Patron—Mr. Hugh Strachan.

Secretary—Mrs. Leo Corkum.

Treasurer—Mrs. Lila Schwartz.





# LUNENBURG – A THREE CONSTITUENCY COUNTY

by Rosalie Dauphinee '59

Until the year 1954 Lunenburg was a one constituency county, with two members representing the towns and all the outlying districts. The members, business or professional men, found themselves unable to carry on their work at home and still perform as interested and responsible elected representatives. It is considered important that a man acting for many working people should himself have the common touch, and this is best achieved by meeting the constituents frequently. So to lessen the burden of representation it was decided that Lunenburg County be divided into three separate political portions. The three sections are: Lunenburg West, Lunenburg Centre, Lunenburg East.

Lunenburg West consists of Dublin Township including Bridgewater, a beautiful town on the LaHave River, West LaHave and outlying districts. In this section of our County lumbering is a very important industry. Manufacturing, fishing and farming make a livelihood for most of the people.

Lunenburg centre, comprising Riverport, Mahone Bay, the Tancook Islands, Ironbound, New Germany and surrounding communities, depends on farming, fishing, boat building and some manufacturing to support its scattered populace.

Lunenburg town with its concentration of population is of great significance to the entire community. From its shipyards have sailed men's dreams and visions in the form of fleet sailing ships. Borne on the west wind, from the cradle of their birth, these well built, beautiful vessels have pounded their way over tormented and peaceful seas to the distant and exotic corners of the globe.

Martin's River divides Lunenburg Centre from its neighbour, Lunenburg East. This, the third portion of the county consists of the town of Chester, New Ross and near-by villages. In this district the most significant industries are lumbering, fishing and farming.

Each year tourists flock to the town of Chester to enjoy a summer surrounded by the beauties of nature. Chester is a yachtsman's paradise. Its front and back harbours are more or less land locked, providing anchorage for many yachts, motor boats and endless variety of dingys and small craft. The scenic loveliness of Chester charms visitors from hundreds of miles away as well as those near at hand.

Geographically the constituencies are separated, but are united in effort and aims to build the best possible life with the natural resources and business opportunities at their disposal.

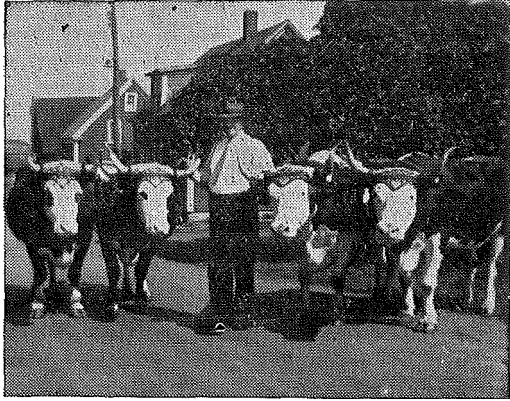
## OXEN — A TOURIST ATTRACTION

by Roxanna Lohnes '59, Helen Hebb '59

Just as oxen are a great attraction at the Lunenburg County Exhibition held in Bridgewater, they are also a great attraction to tourists in Lunenburg town itself. Lunenburg has always been a great county for raising oxen, and it will be long remembered as such.

It has been said and truthfully, too, that the old Lunenburg farmer thought more of their teams of oxen than they did of themselves or their families. When one of these hardy men came home from a hard day's work with his team, he fed his oxen and bedded them down before he ate his own evening meal. In the morning, he fed his oxen first, and then got his own breakfast.

Today, there are only two teams of oxen left within Lunenburg's town limits, but these two teams are a magnet to curious



tourists from far and wide. Mr. Avery Selig is the proud owner of these, and he and his teams have been in the service of the Lunenburg Foundry for almost fifty years. During the summer months it is a familiar sight to see Mr. Selig and his oxen being photographed by eager tourists.

People who visit Lunenburg are always eager to take pictures of oxen at work, for that is a rare sight in this modern age. They are also happy to buy the metal ashtrays supporting the figures of a pair of oxen, for these are as popular as the pictures themselves. As many as five busloads of tourists a day have come to Lunenburg during the summer months for the sole purpose of photographing oxen.

These animals are gradually being replaced by modern machinery, but there is still some use for them here. The Lunenburg Foundry hires oxen for hauling sand and gravel, because oxen can travel where no machine could ever go.

Farmers of years gone by always had a pair of oxen on their farms, because they were economical, and because they were good workers. They were used for plowing, hauling, and many other jobs. Oxen work more slowly than horses, but they can work for a longer period of time than a horse can without taking a rest.

When their work was done, the farmer put his oxen out in the meadow to fatten, after which he sold them for beef. You can't sell a worn out tractor for beef, and that's the beauty of owning oxen.

Tourists who come here will always remember Lunenburg as that place where they ate that wonderful sauerkraut, and where they got their coveted pictures of those disappearing animals — the oxen.

## CAREER AFTERNOON

by Shirley Cook '59

On the afternoon of April 13, 1956 at two o'clock in the Lunenburg Academy auditorium, the first Career Conference was conducted. This conference was held to aid youth in planning their life work; to present practical facts on the requirements, opportunities and training for a given vocation or profession; and to encourage students to seek future information about the fields of work in which they are most interested.

Mr. Douglas Moses, the Guidance Director of the school, introduced Mr. Perry, Guidance Director for Nova Scotia. For the planning of the students' future, Mr. Perry stressed the importance of a Career Conference. Then the students were assigned to the different classrooms to obtain more information on their special interests and to discuss their career problems with the various group leaders. They were:

Mrs. Ella Lamont—Nursing. Mrs. Lamont took her group on a tour of the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital.

Miss Katie Heckman—Secretarial work and Stenography.

Constable John Hodgson—R. C. M. P.

Mr. J. J. Kinley—Business.

Mr. Matt McMullin—Engineering.

Dr. J. P. McCarthy—Teaching.

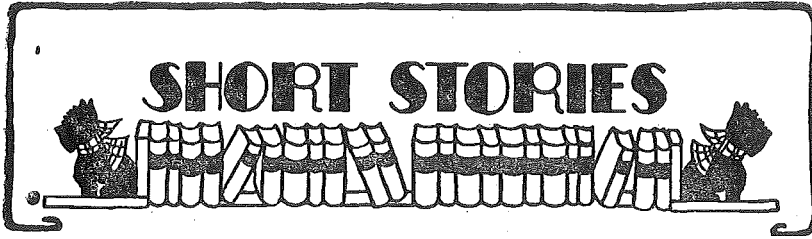
Lt. Cmdr. Cannell—Navy.

Lt. G. W. R. Bowman—Army.

F./Lt. Greenlaw—R. C. A. F.

Dr. W. J. Archibald—Professional, Dalhousie University.

In each group a student acted as chairman, introduced the speaker, and at the conclusion of the discussion thanked him. Following the discussion periods the speakers and members of the staff were guests at the afternoon tea in the Library catered to by the Home Economics Department of the school. All agreed that Lunenburg Academy's first Career Afternoon was a success.



## THAT IN-TURN DRAW

by Anthony Cook '58

As on every Saturday night, Charlie, Harris, McGinnis, and Old Dick settled down to their regular poker game in the west corner of the clubroom. The evening's curling had been completed and the building was deserted of all signs of life, except for a rising pall of smoke over the poker table, illuminated by a single floor lamp. The clubroom was separated from the main part of the rink by the huge windows, running the entire width of the clubroom. The curtains were drawn across the windows for the night, shutting off the darkened rink from the four men in the corner.

As the game progressed, they began to exchange yarns.

"I've never seen such poor curlin' in all my life as Jim Bennet skiped tonight," sounded Harris. "He's about ready to retire from the game. Do him a bit of good if he'd put up his broom for good and let some young fella take over in his place. Hasn't won a game this winter vet."

"Jus' stubborn," retorted Old Dick, lighting up his pipe, "Jus' stubborn."

"Yep, and it makes it hard on his team, being stubborn, I mean. How many Charlie?"

"Three, please."

"Dick that pipe of yours sure stinks," exclaimed Charlie, getting off the subject for a moment.

"Forget me pipe, and gimme two cards."

In order to break the monotonous conversation, McGinnis, as ardent a curler as there ever was, broke in, "Did you boys ever hear the story of old Patrick McDougald? He was a fellow much like Jim Bennet, as nippy as cider. Back in his day they used to curl out on the north arm of Lake Patrick. Was named after him after the 'accident'. Was one Sunday afternoon that Patrick and a bunch had a little game scheduled. Was no artificial ice then, and as it was, the lake was a little soft about then. It made no difference to Patrick McDougald, and he argued 'till at last they decided to have a little game anyway. Or, maybe I should say he decided! Everything went fine until Patrick came up to throw his last stone. The mate called for an in-turn draw; that was Patrick McDougald's specialty, the in-turn draw! Anyhow, as soon as the stone left his

hand, he chased after it, sweeping it in. Patrick always believed in sweeping his own stones; probably one of the best sweepers there ever was. Well anyway, as I said, the ice was soft. Just as he swept her across the hogline, the ice gave way, and both him and that rock dropped out of sight, forever! Since then, so legend has it, he haunts every curling rink built in this town."

"That's quite a yarn, McGinnis, but I never heard of Patrick McDougald, or any ghosts in a curling rink, for that matter," sputtered Old Dick, his pipe still spewing forth smoke.

"What do you think Charlie, you must have heard that story?"

Charlie responded with his familiar "Three, please."

"Well I won't argue but I think Jim Bennet is the spitting image of old Patrick," continued McGinnis, in a tone of absolute sureness.

Time passed, and the poker game continued, with the silence broken only by Dick's mumbling and grunting.

"What's that?" questioned Charlie as if startled.

"It's this bad hand you gave me."

"I'm not talking about you, Dick; I thought I heard something. Yes, there it is again, that rumbling noise. Sounds like a curling stone. But isn't everyone gone home?"

"Charlie's right," broke in McGinnis in a frightened voice, "that sounds like a stone coming down the ice out there. Oh no! Patrick McDougald's ghost!!"

The four stood up, peering across the dark clubroom at the drawn curtains. Even Old Dick began to tremble, but tried not to admit his fright.

"Go look, one of you, look!"

His frantic plea faded into an echo, unanswered. Meanwhile, the roar became louder as if the stone were nearing their end of the rink. Suddenly, it stopped with a loud crash, a sound so familiar in any curling rink. Old Jim, his hand trembling, parted the curtains.

....."Well, sweep me silly! If that ain't the limit. I never did believe in ghosts. Why it's only.....Jim Bennet."

The four ran out onto the ice to see what was going on, very surprised to find anyone curling at that hour of the night, yet very relieved at not finding Patrick McDougald's ghost, instead of Jim Bennet.

Jim, in his same hard coarse voice replied explaining his presence there: "Came in the side door about 9:00 p.m. to do some practising. Been all night on that in-turn draw!"

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## STARTLING STORIES

by Jean Nauss '57

My uncle's great weakness is telling tall tales. He always insists that every word is true, of course. He would be very indignant if any-

one suggested otherwise, but we smile when Uncle begins to tell us one of his past experiences.

It was late in the fall, and we had come down to spend Thanksgiving with them. Dinner was finished and we had just gathered in the living room when my brother remarked that old Joe Lordly had gotten a moose tick on him while out deer hunting during the past week and had to get the doctor to remove it.

"Ha! That's nothing to the moose tick I had on me down in Lunenburg County about forty years ago!", uncle exclaimed, as he stretched out in his chair.

"Well," uncle began, "You know that everything grows big in Lunenburg County, moose ticks included. One day late in October in 1916, old Justus Fleet and I set out deer hunting in my old Model T Ford. We took a trailer along to put the deer in. After bumping over a narrow, rocky path, we finally reached his camp.

At five o'clock that afternoon we decided to go home as our trailer was piled high with deer. Just then I felt something on my arm, and glancing down I saw a moose tick burrowing its way into my arm. I gave it a yank and expected it to come off, but to my surprise, I hadn't moved it. After breaking off all my fingernails trying to get it off. Justus tried. When he had tried for an hour with no success, we decided we had better go to Dr. Jones' as as fast as we could go, for the moose tick already had its head burrowed in.

Flying over rocks and stumps at ten miles an hour we finally reached Dr. Jones'."

"Well, now! That looks like an easy job," said Doc, when he saw my arm. After he had broken all his tweezers trying to get it out he decided that perhaps it wasn't so easy. Then Doc got out his forceps and strong instruments. Following three hours of pulling and puffing, all of Doc's forceps and strong instruments lay bent or broken and the moose tick burrowing its way in farther every passing moment. When we left Doc, he was wailing and gnashing his teeth. I heard afterwards that he had gone to Florida on account of his health.

We went next to Halifax, where they worked over me for twelve hours on an operating table with all their strongest forceps; and newly invented instruments until they were broken, and the doctors all sent to the Nova Scotia Hospital.

Next I flew to Montreal in one of those new -fangled aeroplanes, which got me there in one day. After a staff of fifteen specialists had worked over me for two days and nights they finally extracted that moose tick by a new suction method. Immediately five of the doctors went into a state of depression, and the other ten had fits of hysterics."

"But Uncle," said my little sister, "Didn't they hurt you dreadfully?"

"Me?" laughed Uncle, "Why no child! I came from Lunenburg County too, so I am just as sturdy as the moose tick."

Sometimes, though, I wonder about this last statement for when Uncle accidentally strikes his shin he groans and feels sure he is going to die.

# GHOST STORIES

by Bernard Tanner '57

Where and when they begin, nobody knows, but investigators claim all are new versions of old tales. During World War I a soldier shocked his buddies, and a number of officers with a story he vowed witnessing while on furlough in a small French town. Here the son of a French officer was born, and at that instant of birth, the officer's guns leaped from the mantelpiece of a wine ship, formerly operated by him. Later it was told that the officer had been killed at that precise moment.

Again this story was believed to be true, but investigators have proved that there were many parallels to this story in the past. They even run back to the days of feudalism. When a Lord was born, it appeared, a number of swords in an adjoining room leaped from their scabbards. As you can see the details are altered, but the plot remains the same.

A rancher told this story and vowed that it actually happened. It concerned a man who owned a black stallion to which he was greatly attached. The animal met with an accident and had to be destroyed. This caused the owner to become very heartbroken.

Some time later he became ill and his friend who related the story, realized that he was in serious need of a doctor. In order to get a doctor he was forced to ride to a distant village.

While riding fast he saw, galloping toward him, a riderless horse. As it passed he was shocked by its close resemblance to his friend's dead horse. On returning to the ranch with the doctor, he saw a man riding a black horse away from the ranch. As it approached he saw that the rider was wearing his friend's jacket. But this was impossible for he had left his friend in great illness.

After watching horse and rider disappear, they resumed their race toward the ranch. On examining the man, the doctor pronounced him dead.

The fact is that this was not a new one although its beginning is unknown. There was a similar story which originated during the American Revolution in the United States. In this version the characters were a young boy and his dog.

It is left to each one of us to determine the facts about the ghost stories we hear. But today we do not hear of too many happenings in Canada. The few which we do hear happened a long time ago. We may say that if ghosts were seen in those early times, why aren't they seen now? This is because people spend less time thinking about these things, and are less isolated than they were many years ago.

## ROMANCE IN THE MODERN WORLD

by Keith Crouse '57

The juke-box razzed out some beat which is popularly called "rock 'n' roll". The sweet-shop was humming with the usual laughter and slang of teenagers. We picked the side table for its comparative seclusion.

"What'll it be?"

"Oh, a couple of sodas, Joe—pink mares."

A bit of silence. Joan and Cindy looked their usual selves. The double date was going fairly well and Cindy seemed pleased with her escort. Jerome was new in town, came from the South. Although rather quiet, he had proved a nice guy.

"It was a good show."

Yes, I can't see how they can make romance seem so natural, so real."

Joan added, "Yes, romance today is really an imaginary thing."

Getting interested, Cindy continued the train of thought. "It makes me think of the Middle Ages and the Elizabethan era. Romance really flourished then. What with the knights and Euphuism, the golden age of poetry, love-making was really a noble art—a true romance.

"Yes, I suppose its death is due to the modern world with all its orderliness, speed and business," sighed Joan.

"It's death?" piped up Jerome for the first time in the evening.

"You don't think it's alive today, do you?" laughed the girls, "Would you hope to carry on noble phrases of admiration, singing under windows and professing true love today in the manner that Shakespeare describes it?"

"I would not only hope to but would not marry a girl unless I could successfully make love to her in this way," beamed Jerome with great assurance.

"You must be crazy or very unrealistic to say that," condemned the girls.

"Not so, I have seen such love once which makes me desire it as the greatest possible fulfillment of love, but you wouldn't believe me anyway, you're too realistic," ribbed Jerome.

"Oh, please tell us about it," exclaimed the girls.

I was urging him, too, and he finally consented to tell us about this twentieth century miracle.

"It occurred in the south—in Colombia, South Carolina. I was a college student there. The day I met her? A beautiful clear, lovely day. Being a freshman and enrolled only a week or so, I didn't know many of the students. I was strolling on the campus, and then I saw her. Shakespeare's raving in his love scenes was all justified now. We "exchanged eyes." A date Friday evening! What a night. Walking home we talked of love—so naturally. The house was such a short distance from the theatre. A good-night. A soft kiss—so dynamic. A balcony, actually just an upper story porch. Wonders of all wonders! In my dazed state she appeared there. She was there! She beamed as beautiful



as Shakespeare's Juliet. I started to sing to her. Words of love in beautiful music spouted forth! Things I had never dreamed before. She smiled—ecstasy—glories of the soul!

Sorry, I ran off at a tangent. The amazing thing about it is that I had had dates before, many of them. Why am I not married? She left with her family for Europe about a week after I met her. She was born there—in Italy. I hope to go to Italy one day."

We all sat there dumbfounded.

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## GANGSTERS?

by Lawrence Saunders '59

One day, as I was sitting on the verandah, I thought it might be a good day for hunting, so, I got my gun and started for the woods. The day was a fine one and the air had a clean fresh smell.

As I was enjoying the beauties of nature I suddenly heard what sounded like trucks, but I couldn't understand what trucks would be doing in this part of the woods.

When I reached the top of a hill I found out. They were driving into a cave. From where I stood I could see five of them. As I was walking down, to see just what they were up to, I heard a man talking,

"I guess this is the last for today."

"Yeh! stealing trucks is as easy as taking candy from a baby."

Here I was, between them and the cave; the only way was to get into the cave and quickly! After reaching the mouth of the cave, I walked slowly inward. Before long I could hear several more people talking, but I couldn't make out what they were saying. I quickly went behind one of several trucks parked nearby and waited for the men to leave. I was sure they could hear my heart beating, because it was going so fast that it seemed as if I had been running for hours.

Then two of the men I heard talking were coming toward the truck I was behind. They got inside, started the engine, and drove out of the cave. Before long the remainder of the men were leaving in the other trucks.

I quickly ran for the opening of the cave, but when I reached it there were several other trucks coming in. I then back-tracked to the place where I had been hiding, ran into another branch and waited until I heard no noise.

Later, with my heart pounding as hard as ever, I sneaked up as close as I could to where the men were sitting. From behind a rock, I heard the men talking about waiting for the boss. As there was no point in taking further risks, I turned and crept to the entrance of the cave. After reaching the outside world, I ran for the police.

When I arrived with the police, I took them to the place where I had seen the men. Just as I was expecting the police to arrest them, to my surprise they picked me up and threw me out.

I couldn't understand what I had done wrong until I saw another truck going into the cave. On the side of it was written in large letters: "Warner Brothers Ltd."

## BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

by Michael O'Connor '57

The year was 1944, and that biting December afternoon the members of the W. S. P. L. were gathered at the home of the chairwoman of the "Knit socks for the Boys Overseas" committee, Mrs. Dickson. For more than two years now they had been meeting Tuesday and Friday afternoons at the homes of various members, armed with their needles and wool, determined to fight Adolf Hitler in their own little way. And those ladies were proud of their achievement over those thirty odd months. In a conspicuous spot on the front wall of their hall, next to their charter was nailed a plaque stating that they, Group 103 of the W.S.P.L., had knit more socks than any other Group in the province of Nova Scotia during the month of July, 1940.

For the purpose of creating a little competition amongst the members and thereby possibly increasing their output of socks, the president, Mrs. Churchill, had drawn up a plan whereby the Group was divided into two teams. They were the Bees and the Beavers. Mrs. Churchill was chosen captain of the Bees and Mrs. Koelar as captain of the Beavers. As members of her team Mrs. Churchill picked Mrs. Livingstone, Mrs. Tanner, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. MacMillan, Mrs. Hanley, Mrs. DeMont, Mrs. Hardley and Mrs. Dickson. On Mrs. Koelar's team were Mrs. Fraelick, Mrs. Crouse, Mrs. Schmitt, Mrs. Westhaver, Mrs. Myers, Mrs. Corkum, Mrs. Himmelman, Mrs. Conrad and Mrs. Eden. (Upon her own request, a few weeks later, Mrs. Eden transferred to Mrs. Churchill's Bees.)

It was soon five o'clock and as was the practice, the knitting was put away and the ladies gathered in groups for tea.

Following tea and while awaiting the entertainment, the ladies sat, still, oddly as it seems, in their respective groups, exchanging the latest tasty tidbits of local news. As we sit in on the conversation of the ladies of the "Bees" group Mrs. Churchill is remarking to Mrs. Eden that she had heard her husband (manager of a local bank and captain of the local militia) mention that a German spy had been captured in Halifax. Upon this remark Mrs. Eden replied (adding that Mrs. Churchill was to be sure it got no further than her) that she had heard that Captain Kurt Westhaver (a local skipper) was being watched by the government who suspected he might be holding parleys with the Germans while at sea. The savory subject of spies now having been invoked, it is sufficient to mention that a robust flow of conversation took place in those intervening moments between tea and entertainment.

To indicate the direction of the flow it should suffice to mention the remark of Mrs. Dickson: "And you know, as I was walking home last night I saw that Mr. Leibnitz up on Cossman's Hill signalling to the German submarines again." (Of course, the thought that the poor old fellow might possibly have been walking with lantern in hand to the barn to milk his cows, never had a chance to slip into her poor distorted mind.)

This patriotic gathering of the "Knit Socks for the Boys Overseas" committee of Group 103 of the Women's Society for the Preservation of "Our Liberties" was brought to a rousing close with Mrs. Livingstone's charming rendition of the current popular ballad, "We're Gonna Nip, Nip, Nip Those Nipponese."

## A PRESENT FOR JODIE

by Brenda Fowler '60

Many thoughts raced through Jodie Curtiss' head as he hastily prepared for bed. Tomorrow would be his birthday, the day when he would become ten years old.

But suddenly another thought checked Jodie's happiness. It would also be exactly a month tomorrow since the death of his father, Dan Curtiss, in a tuberculosis sanatorium. All these troubled thoughts tumbled about in the head of the soon-to-be-ten Jodie Curtiss.

Jodie lived with his mother Mary Curtiss in a decidedly old-fashioned but pleasant white frame house on Maple Street in the quiet residential town of Middleburg. The death of Jodie's father had made him become more quiet and mature, as he felt the responsibility of looking after his mother was placed on his young shoulders.

All this Jodie thought of now, as he sat dejectedly on the bed, all the gladness of the coming birthday gone from him.

Then all at once he uttered a small cry. "The ring!" It had been his father's and Jodie had wanted it from the time he had been old enough to be attracted to bright objects. It was a black onyx, with Dan Curtiss' initials on it in bright red, and was surrounded by small diamonds. More important than this, Dan had promised it to Jodie on his tenth birthday.

His heartbroken sobs brought his mother rushing to his bedside. In a sobbing, broken voice he related his tale of sorrow to her.

With tears in her eyes, Mary tried to console him, but to no avail. Softly kissing his hot cheek, she walked quietly out of the room, and slowly down the stairs.

In the morning after a tossing fretful sleep, Jodie, arose and went downstairs for breakfast. There were several presents waiting for him from his various friends and relatives, including a catcher's mask, bat and baseball, but even this failed to cheer the heartbroken boy.

When evening came Jodie went upstairs to dress for the regular monthly meeting of the Good Neighbour Club of which he was president. Finding the box which contained his uniform, he lifted it out and was startled when a small box fell with a clunk to the floor. After picking it up and opening it, he cried out in amazement as he beheld its contents. The coveted ring!

At his cry, his mother came running into his room in time to see him display the contents of the box. A note accompanied the package and in an unbelieving voice Jodie began to read: "Dear Son: When you find this box I shall be gone. But I did not forget my promise. When the doctors told me I would not live, I immediately wrapped up the ring and hid it where I knew you would be sure to find it, as I would not be able to give it to you myself. I know how much this ring means to you and I give it to you with all my love."

"Oh, my dear son .....

But the rest is strictly between father and son and is too personal for us to read.

## ONLY A PRAYER

by Robert Spindler '57

Dave Bolton roared his jet over the airfield with a troubled mind. He surveyed the sky and found it to be empty, even of clouds.

"It's empty now, but it won't be empty long," he grunted to himself aloud.

He knew in his own mind that war was only a matter of weeks away. Perhaps in a few days he might be facing enemy planes over the same air-strip. A chill swept over him and he turned his plane savagely towards the home base. As he climbed from his plane he saw Mary, his wife, waving to him from the car. He waved back and headed for officers' quarters.

On the way home Dave sensed that something was wrong. His wife was usually cheerful when his work was over for the day but today something was bothering her.

"What's the matter, honey," he said? "You look like you swallowed a cactus plant."

"It's your brother John," she said heavily, "He's all up in the air about the coming war. He came up to our place today saying that he was glad a war was coming because that was where a man would find glory."

"Well that's true isn't it?" asked Dave coldly.

"Sure but what good is glory to a man when his head is blown off?" she asked. "Oh, Dave, I hope and pray every day that the war won't come but what can a few small prayers do when the world is so troubled?"

She glanced at her husband and found him staring off into space. He hadn't heard a word she had said. Suddenly the color drained from his face and he brought the car to an abrupt halt.

"Look!" he cried pointing at the horizon.

Mary looked and there in the edge of the sky were thousands of tiny dots, slowly moving towards them.

"Enemy planes," Dave shouted. He wheeled the car around in the road and headed back towards the base. As he jumped out of the car he took another look at the planes and almost fell over in his tracks. They weren't planes at all. They were huge oval shaped discs and they moved noiselessly across the sky.

"What are they?" screamed Mary with a horrified look.

"I don't know," answered Dave, recovering from the shock. "They're not from this world. I'm going to get permission to go up and investigate."

"Dave you ca....." but it was no use. He was on his way.

Five minutes later he was screaming across the runway in pursuit of the strange craft. Mary watched as his plane became a small dot on the horizon. After fifteen minutes of anxious watching and waiting she heard his plane returning and with a sigh of relief returned to the car.

The base commander was waiting as the plane taxied up the runway. There were three holes in the canopy of his plane but he was unharmed.

"What did you find out, son?" asked the base commander.

"They're some kind of strange creatures from other planets. Sir," said Dave. "I flew close to one of those babies and it fired at me right through the walls of the ship. It must have used some kind of ray gun or something. Anyway they must be from a civilization which is much more advanced than ours. If they plan to attack we will need a great deal of assistance to defend the world. Have they been seen anywhere else Sir?"

"Yes," answered the base commander. "Reports are coming in from all over the world, even from enemy territory. It seems that they are as worried as we are about the new threat."

"This new threat to civilization is so much greater than the threat of war among the people of the world, that the enemy has forgotten her former grievances. If we are to defend the world, we shall have to unite together and forget about former troubles."

In the days that followed, great preparations were made all over the world for an assault from outer space. Men who might have fought and killed each other joined together in exchanging ideas and solving problems. The skies were watched for days for signs of the foreign craft. Weapons which would have been used to destroy each other stood side by side defending the world. Days stretched into weeks, weeks into months but there was no sign of the strange ships. A new peace came over the earth. The world powers were now friendly toward one another because they faced a common danger.

Every night when Mary picked her husband up at the airport she asked him about the space ships and Dave just smiled and said, "No, he hadn't heard of any reports about them." One night when she asked him about this Dave made her promise never to tell anyone about his reason.

"You see honey," he said with a smile, "There never were any real space ships. That day when I followed them I flew right through one. There was nothing there, just air. I started thinking about what would happen if I reported they were real. I realized world peace might be the result, so I made three holes in the canopy of my plane."

"But if they weren't real what caused us to see them?" asked Mary wide eyed.

"Maybe it was an answer to your prayers," said Dave with a puzzled look.

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## THE UNKNOWN TEXAN by Rick Chenhall '58

Everybody has heard wild and entrancing stories of the western frontiers. The immortal "ridin' cowboys" nowadays are so popular they even have their own television shows; gunslinging cowboys like Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy, the kiddies' favorites. But everyone seems to have overlooked a great Texan who was the roughest, toughest man who ever hit the west. His name was.....Slim Zabrowski.....!!

No one ever knew why he didn't get his own television show. It was the one thing in life he wanted most. Maybe it was his name. No kid could ever pronounce it and besides it didn't quite have that Texas twang. Or perhaps it was his size. He certainly didn't look like the wild, tough and idolized cowboys of today. He was a short man and rather

wry with a strong determined expression. His features were hard and accented, his hair long. He wore his guns loosely and his eyes sharply watched anything that looked mysterious. This man, unknown to the people of the world, could have been another Roy Rogers.

Regardless of his name or his size nothing could stop him. He was a keen, law-abiding citizen in the little town of Clifton Springs. This town was known throughout the west as a rough and lawless pioneering settlement. People, whenever possible, stayed away from it for fear of grave trouble.

Let me tell you about the time when a rough band of prospectors hit Clifton Springs one evening. These men had been in the barrens for some nine months and were planning to liven things up. Well, as time went on that evening, things began to get out of hand and Slim became more and more annoyed. Finally he could stand it no longer. Putting on his six shooters and with blood in his eye, he marched down the middle of the main street towards the saloon. People who knew him got out of his way fast, for they knew trouble was in store. Slim marched directly into the saloon and stopped just inside the door, placed his feet wide apart and rested his hands on his six shooters. Then, in a high soprano voice, he ordered these men to quiet down or leave town. A roar of laughter came from the prospectors who thought it ridiculous for such a little man to be ordering them around. Slim was infuriated. Even though there were twenty strong men facing him and his six shooters were loaded, he opened fire. Well you wouldn't believe it. Every one of those twenty men was either killed or wounded, and Slim had only twelve bullets. What a man!

The recognition he got for this extremely brave and exciting display was his picture on the back page of the want ads in the Clifton Springs Daily Mirror.

There are many stories to tell about Slim Zabrowski. Too many to tell here but every one of them is true and equally exciting. There was the time he rounded up a herd of stampeding cattle in a driving snow-storm. There were several hundred cattle in the herd and they were charging straight for his hometown. No one even dared to try to stop them but Slim with his mind made up, went out into the blizzard, all alone, to try. With a whip in one hand and a torch in the other, Slim went charging into the herd and, no one known how, stopped them, saving the town.

There was no limit to this man's talent. He certainly should have gotten a television show. For instance, he took on a band of wild Indians one day and killed all but six of them. The town's crops were being robbed during the nights by a fierce band of Indians. Slim decided to stop this. For six hours he fought against over one hundred savages. He used gunfire against them, fought with a tomahawk and even fought bare-fisted knocking two and three out cold at a time.

Yes kiddies, there was never a man in the west as great and daring as Slim Zabrowski. Nothing scared him and he certainly should have been famous, but somehow he was unknown and so we are stuck with Roy Rogers and Hopalong Cassidy.

## THE BOX by Judith Crouse '60

I had found the box in one of those crowded little stores in China during my stay in Asia. I don't know why I had ever entered the dumpy place — perhaps I had been destined to solve the mystery of the box — but anyway, there I was. Upon going in I sighted the prize almost immediately, maybe because of its exquisite charm in comparison to the other dust-laden articles in the store.

Going over to it I found it to be even more beautiful than I had first thought. It was about the size of a large matchbox and engraved in the wooden cover were two wee dancing ballerinas. Sprinkled through their swirling skirts and slippers were the tiniest blue and white stones, and around the sides, were little scrolls, hearts, arrows and cupids all studded with the tiny gems. There was a tiny lock on it and upon opening it, I found it was lined with soft white satin. I could wait no longer and I immediately took it, to the shopkeeper to ask him the price. I found it necessary to ask him three times before it finally dawned on me that ten dollars was the actual price. I paid him, had the box carefully wrapped, and then rushed quickly out with my coveted prize, fearing that any minute he would call me back to tell me the price was a mistake.

That evening, while packing my suitcase, a sudden impulse came to open the package and look at it. Perhaps it was sixth sense or something but what I saw when I opened it was not a figment of my imagination. There, resting in the midst of wrappings and string was a plain wooden box. It was poorly made and one of the hinges on the cover was broken. The thin ugly wood was cracked and chipped and it looked ready for the trash can. However, this action was farthest from my mind as I flung on my coat and rushed out the door clutching the box tightly in my hand. Upon reaching the place where I had bought it I was to have the second shock of the day. The store was no longer a store. In fact, the whole street had been transformed into a beautiful park and where the store had been there was now a pond with graceful swans drifting to and fro.

I questioned the first person who came along as to when the park was constructed, and I was told it had been there ever since the town was built. Now questions began racing through my mind. No, it couldn't have been a dream, for I still had the box clutched in my now wet hand. No, I could not have bought this box in any other store, for that was the only store I had visited that day. Yes, I was positive this was the correct street, for it was the one directly below my hotel. Had I suddenly gone crazy? Did something just snap in my mind? Where had this box come from? Not finding an answer to any of these questions I immediately made reservations on the next steamship and arrived home worn out from worrying but happy that now at least there would be someone to talk to and listen to my story. Then, my worst shock came. No one did believe me. After a while no one came to see me, I lost all my friends, and I was alone. So now I am writing this story. You may believe it or not. It is true. If you can solve this mystery that has been bothering me for years please send your solution to:

Judith Crouse,

122 Dufferin St.

Lunenburg, N. S.

Then I shall be able to finish my story.

## OLD TOMBSTONES

by Janet Hannams '59, Marilyn Dober

Among the many hundreds of tombstones in the Hillcrest Cemetery of Lunenburg you will find such prominent names and families as Kaulback, Rudolf and Duff. These are the names of some of the oldest families in Lunenburg. Honorable John Henry Kaulback was high sheriff in Lunenburg during the early part of the nineteenth century, and was a very highly respected citizens.

On other tombstones we found the names of Captain John Corkum who died in 1922, and Lt. Col. Charles Edwin Kaulback, son of Hon. John Henry Kaulback, as well as such unfamiliar names as Ruben Oilben.

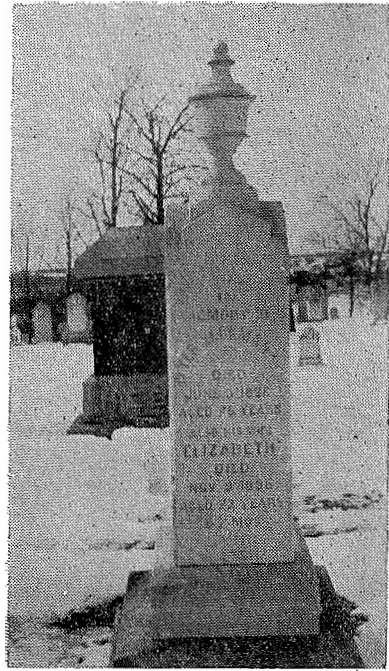
Another family name found in this cemetery is Knock, whose ancestors date back to the 1880's.

Included in the Duff family was Rev. William Duff who was a well known minister for some time. Rev. Duff was born in Perthshire, Scotland.

Most people only go to the cemetery to visit the graves of loved ones or friends, but we are certain that they would find it very informative to go to the graveyard to read some of the inscriptions on the tombstones. It might even be very interesting to try to translate some of the foreign inscriptions such as:

Zubier Rubien Sie Oilben  
Seb

Toban Michael Oilben  
Geboren Sen 3t 1787  
Geftorben Den 13t 1810  
Olt 23 Tabr 5 m 10 to



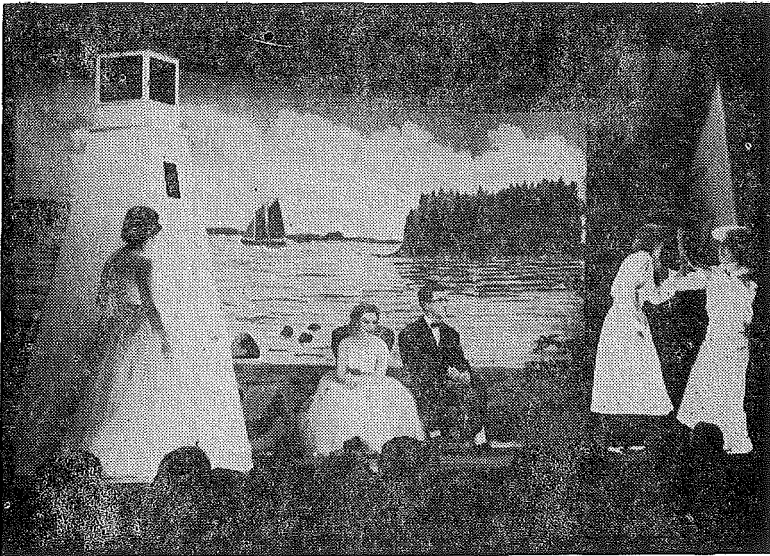
While exploring the cemetery we found a very old tombstone which dated back to 1761. This probably is the oldest tombstone in the graveyard although some were covered with moss and were not readable.

Another point of interest about the tombstones was the fact that in the earlier days they used slate rock and it appears that the families themselves wrote the inscriptions on them.



## THE 1956 OPERETTA

by Dale Schwartz '58



(l to r)—G. Winaut, S. Cook, Keith Crouse, H. Hebb, Kevin Crouse.

This year the Lunenburg Academy put on another of its annual concerts which, according to popular opinion, was among the best.

The operetta "Sailor Maids" by R. Chaney dealt with the mistaken identity of David Kern (Keith Crouse) with Edward Dover (Kevin Crouse), childhood sweetheart of Frances Marie (Shirley Cook), the heroine of the play. The actions on stage are very confusing, but the operetta was written in such a way that the audience could follow the story. All ended well, however, when Frances Marie admitted her love for David, and Edward said he loved Jeanette (Gail Winaut), a friend of Frances Marie.

Helen Hebb gave a tremendous performance as Olga, the Swedish housekeeper. Others in the cast were: Alfred Lohnes, Frances Marie's rejected lover; David Corkum as Cyrus Templeton, the light-house keeper; and Dale Schwartz as Captain Dover, father of Edward. The chorus of Sailor Maids and Life Guards helped with the music, together with the Beethoven Choral Club.

The beautiful background was painted by Mrs. Mary Dauphinee, and there were many favourable comments on its originality and beauty. Many people who have such a talent are not eager to give of it as freely as Mrs. Dauphinee.

No one, except those who have taken part in an operetta, know the great amount of work and patience that is required to put on such a production. Mrs. B. G. Oxner deserves much credit for the patience and hard work which she goes through to present these operettas. Mrs. Howard Creighton gave

of her talent in training the dancers; her son, Graham, provided an excellent interpretation of the Sailor's hornpipe.

Although the operetta was a success, it would not have been so had it not been for those behind the scenes. Teachers and students gave of their talents in costuming, make-up and lighting etc.

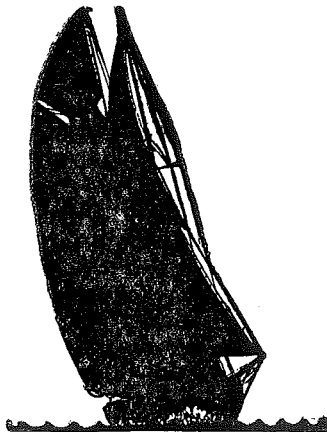
Sailor Maids was staged here years ago. This is the second year Mrs. Oxner has repeated an operetta from her repertoire.



#### CAST — OPERETTA

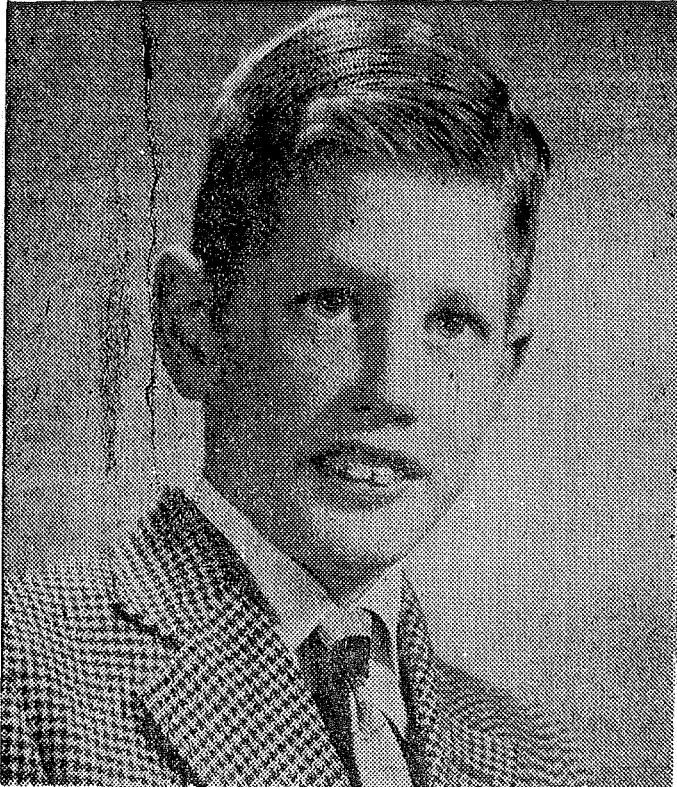
Front (l to r)—Mrs. B. G. Oxner (Director), F. Wood, R. Crouse, B. Tanner, G. Creighton, G. Lohnes, G. Tanner, L. Mason, G. Conrad, M. O'Connor (Pianist.)

Rear (l to r)—J. O'Connor, J. Zinck, A. Cook, A. Lohnes, K. Crouse, S. Cook, G. Winant, K. Crouse, D. Corkum, D. Schwartz, H. Hebb, M. Schauffenburg, A. Smith, D. Conrad.



## TWO NEW SCHOLARSHIPS

by Eldona Tanner '58, Carolyn Corkum '58



This year two new scholarships were presented at the graduation exercises in June. Both scholarships were awarded to graduating students — The Richard Winters Memorial Scholarship presented to Robert Stevens, and the Lion's Club Scholarship presented to Glenda Hall.

The Richard Winters Scholarship presented by Mr. Charles Winters, on behalf of his brother, came as a result of Richard's close connections with Lunenburg. Richard was the son of the Hon. Robert H. Winters. Mr. Winters received his early education at the Lunenburg Academy, and his son Richard also attended the Academy for two years. Besides going to school here, Richard spent his summers at Hermar's Island.

Richard was never able to do in life that which he wished, because of a physical handicap present from birth. It was just a year ago Richard had his operation and passed away. For this reason his parents wanted to perpetuate his memory at the Academy by awarding a scholarship.

Robert Stevens, who came to Lunenburg Academy in 1953 from Second Peninsula, was awarded the Richard Winters Scholarship. Robert was very

co-operative at school, and ready to assist in any way possible. In the summer of 1955 Robert was chosen to attend the Canadian-American Junior Red Cross Study Centre at Kingston, Ontario, and the next year was chosen Junior Red Cross President. Robert is now a student at Dalhousie University, studying engineering. We are hopeful Robert will succeed, and reach the goal for which he strives.

This new scholarship is not only an opportunity, but a goal to anyone who has the ambition like Robert, to strive for the goal Richard would have liked.

This year the Lion's Club felt they wanted to do something for the school students, thus came their Citizenship Scholarship. Unlike most other scholarships, this one was not awarded necessarily to the most brilliant girl or boy, but to the one who becomes a leader in the school.

Glenda Hall, last year's president of the Student's Council, was selected to receive this Scholarship. Glenda had received all of her education at Lunenburg Academy, and was an all-around student. She was a member of the Choral Club, and was especially interested in basket-ball. She was congenial at all times, and tried to help her fellow students. We feel Glenda was a fine selection for the honor. This year she is a student nurse at the Children's Hospital in Halifax.

Both scholarship will be presented annually. They do provide incentives to the students who are both ambitious and have demonstrated citizenship qualities.



#### JUNIOR RED CROSS

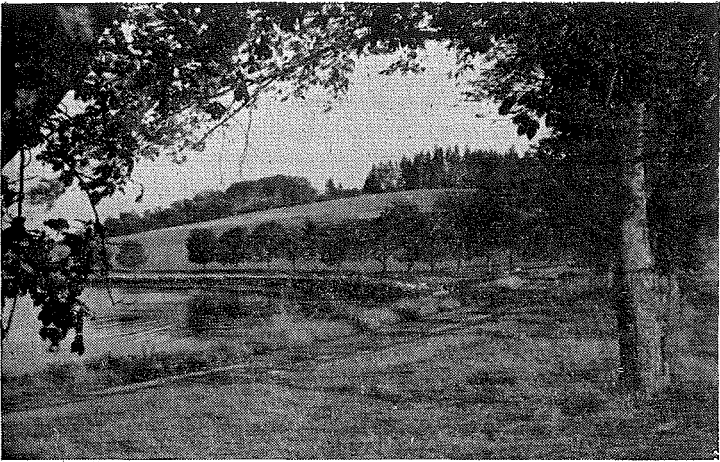
Front (1 to r)—B. Tanner, President; L. Ernst, Secretary; D. Mc-Isaac, Treasurer; D. Lohnes, G. May, S. Haughn, M. Lohnes, R. Chenhall, Vice-President.  
Rear—G. Tanner, J. Parks, J. Creighton.

## OUR GOLF LINKS

by Thomas Mason '58

Every day during the spring and summer months the people of Lunenburg and surrounding vicinity drive to the golf course for an enjoyable round of golf. Many of these people are mainly interested in the exercise and competition of such a sport as golf. They do not bother to question themselves how such an organization was created.

On March 10, 1930, twenty prominent men of Lunenburg met at the Court House with the aim of establishing a new club. Several were of the opinion that it should be a golf course. The general outcome, however, was the formation of a community enterprise called the "Bluenose Club." Officers were elected, a constitution was drawn up and by-laws made. During the next three years, this club held its meetings in the Burns building and later the Ich Dien Hotel and proved to be of great service to the community.



Portion of the Bluenose Golf Course across the harbour from the town

Then, during the summer of 1932, the members of the club decided that, if Lunenburg was to take its place among other towns as a tourist resort, it would have to have something for the tourists to do. Thus, the "Bluenose Club" dissolved and reorganized themselves as "The Bluenose Golf Club, Inc." The first officers of the club were: President — F. H. Zwicker; Vice-President — K. D. Lynch; Treasurer — H. E. Mercer; Secretary — Douglas Adams. Later on various Executives, Match Committees, etc. were appointed to help run the affairs of the club.

The site selected for the proposed links was on Kaulback Head, directly across the harbour from the main part of the town, where a small valley separated the property. This land was leased from Mr. Edwin Kaulback of Montreal. At first only the eastern parts of the property

were developed. The greens then were level places which could be easily rolled. This necessitated having the golf course built entirely "around" the greens. As a result, the nine holes only had a total length of 1600 yards, somewhat short of the requirements.

The Golf Course was officially opened on July 8, 1933, by the Governor-General of Canada and his wife, Lord and Lady Bessborough. The first golf balls were shot by H. E. Mercer and F. H. Zwicker, with a gallery of over 500 watching.

A golf course cannot be kept in good condition without machinery. Thus, during the winter of 1934, the members had the Lunenburg Foundry construct a tractor out of an old second-hand car. The club also purchased a multiple-gang roller in order to make the fairways smoother and more playable. The year following, a second-hand greens mower was procured along with other necessary equipment. Today, the golf course has some of the most modern machinery available, which accounts mostly for the course always being in good shape.

Since the people of the town at first did not have much idea as to how to play golf, a professional had to be secured. The first one was Mr. J. J. Boon—the hobo Golf Pro. He really started the people off the correct way and introduced the rules of the game to them. In 1934 Bill Kerr of Montreal took over this job and stayed for the next three years. Although he was not given regular wages by the club, he secured his living from the selling of golf equipment and by giving lessons. At the end of the golfing year the club might give him a bonus, depending on its financial standing. In later years this job was carried on by Cliff Seaver and Peter Shymko, who were paid regular monthly wages.

As the years passed, a great many changes were made in the location of greens and tees. The total yardage was extended to 2300 yards and later to the present 2600 yards. This was made possible by the conversion of the western half of the property into golf holes. No. 5 was also made a more difficult hole when F. H. Zwicker leased part of his land and constructed No. 5 green on it. The course is now a test of a golfer's skill and several other changes are being discussed for the future.

As a golf course always has to be kept in condition, a permanent groundsman, Charles Winters, was appointed in 1934. In 1937 a caddy master, Robert Smith, was appointed to help the groundsman. As the jobs increased on the course it became necessary to hire two workers, which is the number hired today.

No golf course would be complete without lady members. In fact, the ladies of the Bluenose Golf Club did a great amount of work. Each week they held teas and social gatherings. Each year they presented the club with a money donation to go towards the cost of constructing new greens and fairways. The ladies were, and still are active players and provide keen competition on a handicap basis.

Throughout the years several cups have been presented to the club. Each year these cups are placed in competition. Sportsmanlike competition has provided the club with interesting matches as well as with

promising young stars. Matches are also played regularly with outside clubs.

The Lunenburg Golf Course is one of the most picturesque courses in the world. A clear view of the town and harbour as well as of the surrounding countryside can be seen from the clubhouse, which once was an old farm house. On No. 8 green a scenic and natural view can be obtained of the Atlantic Ocean, the lighthouse and Cross Island.

Thus, the Lunenburg Golf Club has proven itself to be of greater service to the community than at first realized. Its work is being carried on by the President, Dougald Burke, who is ably assisted by all the members. It hopes to continue its good work for many more years.

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## SCHOLARSHIPS AND ERIC LEVY

by Gilbert Dares '57



In 1954 Eric Levy, a bright young student, graduated from the Lunenburg Academy. During the year Eric had made high marks and was at the top of his class. He had shown evidence of outstanding intellectual ability. This won him two scholarships. The first was a \$100, bursary from the I. O. D. E., the second was the First Keating Scholarship, which was an entrance scholarship to the University of King's College.

He then entered King's to take a four year honours course in chemistry. In his second year at King's Eric won the Dr. M. A. B. Smith prize. This prize is awarded to the student making the highest marks in chemistry during his sophomore year.

Then in 1956 Eric continued his course at Dalhousie University where he won the Belle Crowe Scholarship. This is a \$200 scholarship awarded annually by the Department of Chemistry at Dalhousie, to the two most promising students entering the third and fourth years of the honours course in chemistry. Next year Eric hopes to complete his honors course in chemistry. Just last summer he had the privilege of working at the National Research Council, Halifax, Physical Chemistry Division.

A scholarship is a donation for the support of a scholar or student. Scholarships may be won in a variety of ways, but the winning combination of a scholarship is practically always interest, intelligence and initiative. This is the combination which won Eric his three University scholarships. It is the combination which will lead him to success in his profession of chemistry. I am certain that we all wish Eric well as he continues his course and makes his way in the world.

## HISTORY OF NEW ROSS

by Linda Ernst '57, John Morash '57

New Ross settlement, originally called Sherbrooke, was founded through the deep interest taken by the Governor of Nova Scotia, the Earl of Dalhousie, in agricultural matters. He persuaded Captain William Ross to take charge of a regiment of soldiers and to undertake the clearing of the soil. On August 7, 1816 the first soldiers arrived.

For three years, as long as the free rations lasted, all went well. The number of settlers was increased by more disbanded soldiers. When the free rations came to an end, and the settlers had to depend upon their own resources, many of them left in disgust, or sold their claims. Others remained and faced poverty and privations.

Access to the settlement was at first very difficult. There were no roads, and supplies had to be carried from the seashore of Chester in winter and summer. A proposed road from New Ross to Kentville was thought impractical. However, a trail was blazed, and Mrs. Wells, wife of the paymaster, went through on horseback. When news of this feat was reported at headquarters, money was supplied and the road made.

As in most pioneer settlements, life was very difficult at first. Strong arms and brave hearts were required to face the difficulties in the newly settled place. In the autumn of 1821, Captain Ross died of an illness contracted after being over-long in the woods during a violent storm.

The first sermon preached in New Ross was by the Rev. Charles Ingles in the house of Captain Ross. The first church was an Anglican Church erected about 1824. A Roman Catholic chapel was erected in 1827-1828. Later, in 1862, a third church was erected by the Baptists.

New Ross now comprises a central settlement called Charing Cross, and five outlying districts - Leville, New Russell, Mill Road, The Forties, and Lake Ramsay.

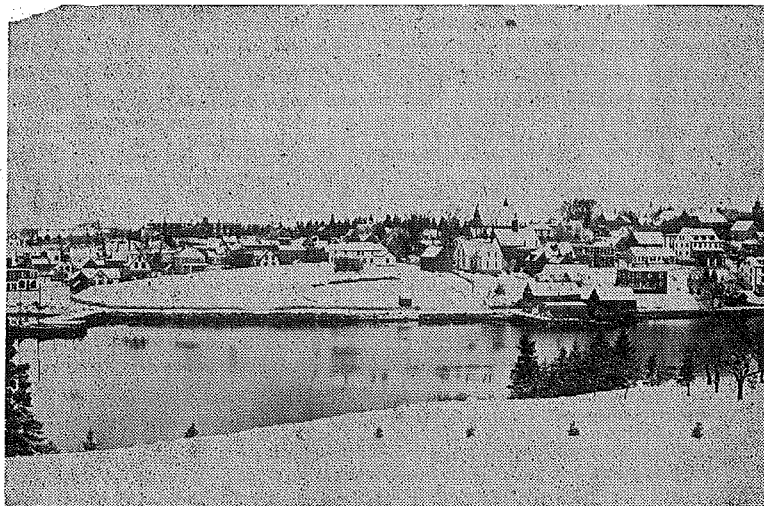


WINTER — NEW ROSS



# THE HISTORY OF CHESTER

by Jean M. Nauss '57



CHESTER — IN WINTER

The village of Chester has long been famed for its beautiful scenery. Chester is forty-five miles from Halifax, thirty-seven miles from Windsor, twenty-four miles from Lunenburg and twenty-six miles from Bridgewater. It is situated on hilly terrain overlooking a bay which, as legend has it, contains three hundred and sixty-five islands — one for each day of the year. The bay is divided by Freda's Peninsula into two harbors — the Front Harbor and the Back Harbor. A small canal or passageway for boats was constructed in 1864-65 between the Parade grounds and the peninsula, making the latter an island. This canal has been of great public convenience in connecting the two harbors.

Chester, first called Shoreham, was colonized by settlers from Boston. They left Boston on July 30th, 1759 and reached Chester on August 4th. They numbered thirty — sixteen men, four women and ten children. Several brought cattle with them and were better furnished with means of support than those who first settled at Lunenburg. A town meeting was held on August 24th and Captain Timothy Houghton was chosen Moderator.

For the defence of the town a blockhouse, furnished with twenty small guns was built near the southern end of Chester. Preparations were made to build a fort but this was abandoned. A guard house was kept on the hill where the Hackmatack Inn now stands. Chester was frequently visited by American privateers, and the people were robbed of their cattle, poultry and other goods. Sometimes a load of prisoners was dumped upon the village and left behind. Several Chester vessels were also captured by the raiders. Occasionally a gunboat would put in and commence firing at the blockhouse. They still dig up the odd cannon-ball in nearby gardens. When Chester was

visited by privateers Anthony Thickpenny, a British officer, buried his money under an old stump.

The first road was built from Halifax to Chester in the 1820's and the railway was built in 1905.

The first minister in Chester was the Rev. John Seccombe who came from Boston with the settlers. The first church, out of which grew the present Baptist Church, was established in 1788 with Rev. J. Seccombe as pastor. His congregation was made up of Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Baptists. He himself, was a Congregationalist. Twenty-nine pastors have served the church since his time. He died on October 29, 1792. The present Baptist Church building, the third home of the congregation, was completed and dedicated in 1914.

In like manner other churches have arisen in Chester. "St. Stephen's", the Anglican church, was established in 1795. The first minister was Reverend Thomas Lloyd. A subscription list for the erection of "St. Augustine's", the Roman Catholic church, was begun in 1844. A Methodist church was erected in Chester in 1881, and a Lutheran church in the following year. The Methodist church, however, ceased to exist during the first World War. The churches at New Ross, Tancook Island, Chester Basin and East River Point all owe their origin to the work of the Chester pastors.

The first medical doctor in Chester was Thomas B. DesBrisay who started his practice in Chester shortly before 1832.

Mr. John Stanford established several of Chester's early industries, among them a saw-mill, a tanyard, a grist mill and a carding mill. There were several merchants. Today there are to be found in Chester the following industries: Hawboldt's Foundry; Chester Sea-Crafts; E. Hume & Son, Woodworkers; Hilchie Fish Market; S. G. Mason & Son, Vegetables. There are also various merchants and two druggists.

Excluding the churches, other important buildings of Chester are the Zoe Valle Library, the two school houses, the Post Office, the Court House and the Fire Hall. The Bank of Nova Scotia was established in Chester in 1913.

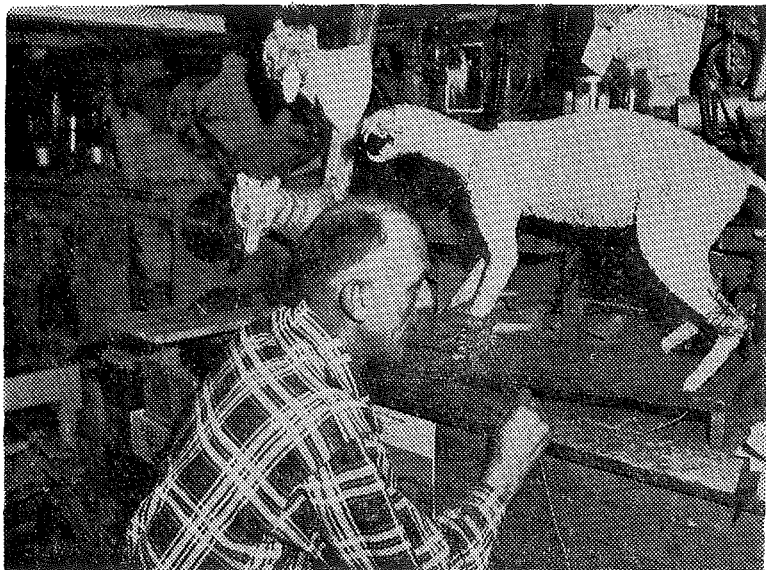
Many American families who vacation in Chester have summer homes there. During the summer months they amuse themselves along with the natives of Chester at the Chester Yacht Club, the golf course and the tennis court. Other forms of entertainment are the outdoor skating rink, Kenerik theatre and the Chester Drive-In theatre.

There seems to be a tradition of good eating in Chester. In the past there were the Lovett House, the Cole House and the Hackmatack Inn. At present there are Byron's Villa Inn, the Casa Blanca Guest House, the Zinck House, Mitchell House and the various restaurants.

Chester, so people from other parts of Nova Scotia say, had no history worth mentioning, but when a "personage" visits our capital he is taken to Peggy's Cove and to Chester and is then given the impression that he has seen Nova Scotia. However, once a visitor sees the great curving bay from the top of the high hill behind the village of Chester, he is hers forever. At the present time Chester is making plans to commemorate her bicentenary in 1959.

## MELVIN TANNER - TAXIDERMIST

by Anthony Cook '58



Melvin Tanner, or "Boots", as he is known by Lunenburg County sportsmen, is one of the few taxidermists in Nova Scotia. His interest in the art started as a hobby at the age of twelve. Since then, years of experience and learning have made him an outstanding authority on the subject. While still young he was advised to take a course in taxidermy which he did. Consequently, Mr. Tanner became a graduate of the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, the only school of its kind in the world; and he is now a lifetime member of that school.

He developed his hobby in the basement workshop of his home. During his twenty-five or more years as a taxidermist, he has mounted practically every kind of legal Nova Scotian game, plus a few rare tropical birds which occasionally fly this way. A great many people also have him mount their favourite pets when they die. Included in Mr. Tanner's years of taxidermy are an eight hundred eighty pound sea turtle, his largest specimen, more than four hundred deer heads, a domesticated goat, and a humming bird, the smallest and perhaps most difficult bird to mount.

The actual mounting of a specimen is only a part of the story of taxidermy. Included in Mr. Tanner's accomplishments is a very acute knowledge of wild life and the natural habits and poses of every bird, animal or fish which he has mounted, as well as a knowledge of chemistry, since many different chemicals are used in the processes of tanning and preserving skins. Mr. Tanner needs also to be a carpenter, for near-

ly every frame of a mounted animal is made of wood. Sculpturing is also important in the shaping of the papier mache and pottery clay needed to mold the features of the animal being formed. After the wooden frame is covered with excelsior and shaped with papier mache, the preserved skin of the animal is drawn over the mannequin, thus completing the animal, except for details like eyes, touching up, and mounting on a base.

Mr. Tanner's favourite specimen is the pheasant, perhaps because he finds it the easiest to mount. It is one of the most popular game birds in Nova Scotia. He showed me some pictures to prove his skill in mounting this beautiful bird. Most of his finer works are bought by the many visitors he has during the year. He is always busy, for when not working on his own projects, there are many requests by eager local sportsmen to have their trophies mounted.

Research and continuous study are necessary in this work, says "Boots." He is a subscriber to many sporting magazines, some of which contain articles about his splendid work. All the taxidermists of North America aid each other by sending in new ideas to these magazines to be published. Mr. Tanner frequently takes trips in the woods with a pair of binoculars, studying the movements and habits of various game. Taxidermists all over the country report the finding and location of any rare bird or animal which they may discover.

Naturally, in an exacting hobby such as taxidermy, tools are very essential, as can be seen on entering Mr. Tanner's workshop. Hanging on every wall and in practically every drawer are highly tempered knives of all sizes and shapes, tweezers, all kinds of snips and scissors, pliers, calipers used in taking measurements of animals, picks, pins, plus many woodworking tools. Aside from this there are many cans and tubes of paint of all shades; chemicals used in preserving, tanning, and absorbing moisture; special glass eyes of every shape; wire for framework; and a never-ending assortment of pictures and diagrams. However, a creative imagination is still the taxidermist's best aid.

All of Mr. Tanner's finished works are guaranteed to last many, many years. He especially emphasizes patience, accurate detail, and life-like poses as important factors in the art of taxidermy. Mr. Tanner's efforts were never in vain, for he has gained fame over a wide area as a taxidermist, won several awards, is a member of the Nova Scotia Museum of Science, and has sent finished specimens to as far away places as England. He sees the value of his work and that of other taxidermists, not so much as having a trophy to hang in your house, but for preserving specimens which beyond our time might become extinct. Conservation, through common sense and thoughtfulness, says Mr. Tanner, is the only thing which can save our wildlife from extinction. Although almost thirty hours are spent in creating only a single deer head, Mr. Melvin "Boots" Tanner, taxidermist of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, has never been bored with his hobby, after more than thirty years at it.

## DRUMMER AND MERCHANT

by Janice M. Knickle, 58, E. Dale Schwartz '58

Mr. Louis Schwartz, born 1899, is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Leaff-der Schwartz and has spent his entire life in Lunenburg.

As a child, he had keen interest in music and would sit by the hour pounding on his little toy drums. Mr. Albert English, base drummer of the 75th Battalion, used to mend his drums. As Mr. Schwartz became older Mr. W. A. Whynacht taught him the technique of drum playing.

When he was a boy, he was in the Anglican choir and served under choir leader, Professor Williamson and others. J. T. Arenburg, then chimer in the Anglican Church and Lunenburg bandmaster, noticed the boy's talent and took him into the band. His first engagement with the band was in March 1914 at the opening of Irving Ritcey's Cafe. Mr. Schwartz was always noted for his "the show must go on" attitude and rarely missed a practice or engagement. He had a record at that time with four years perfect attendance. In 1936 he went to Aldershot with the First Lunenburg Regiment under R. H. Beck. Here he received his Long Service Medal from Brigadier-General Hertzberg for service rendered in the past.

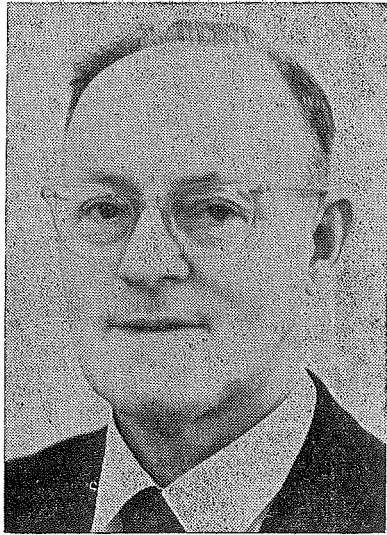
Mr. Schwartz served under many excellent bandmasters among whom were: J. T. Arenburg, Claire Smith, Stanley L. Thurlow, Douglas Silver, Ray Beck, Merrill Ernst, and to the present day Victor Hall.

He not only had interest in band music, but helped to put in the imitations for the silent movies at Alexander Theatre where the Legion Hall is located. He is also an active member of the Anglican Church choir where his fine bass voice is much appreciated.

Mr. Schwartz says that in order to play or sing music one must feel it inside the person and express it with feeling. He also says that music is simply poetry expressed in notes with their values.

In 1917 Mr. Schwartz worked with J. Alex. Silver whose shoe business where part of Risser's Restaurant is today. In 1918 Mr. Silver moved the location of his store to Lincoln Street where the present L. C. B. Schwartz Shoe Store is located. He worked with Mr. Silver until 1937 when he took the business over himself and is still at the old stand.

Mr. Schwartz's life has been rich. He has given much to the town of Lunenburg in respect to his musical ability as well as being a servant of the public. Mr. Schwartz is also a member of the Lunenburg Fire Department and an Oddfellow of Rising Sun Lodge No. 59.



MR. LOUIS SCHWARTZ

## THE BIRD MAN

by Gerald Wile '57, David Young '57

There are many interesting hobbies, but one of the more recent and interesting ones to come to the town of Lunenburg is that of "budgie" raising. One of the most active persons engaged in this hobby is Mr. Henry Kerr. It has proven not only interesting but also profitable as Mr. Kerr has sold birds throughout Nova Scotia.

Mr. Kerr began his hobby three years ago with the purchase of twelve pairs of "budgies." By careful breeding he has now increased the number of birds to over one hundred.

In Mr. Kerr's collection there is about every color "budgie" that is known. They include such fascinating colors as grey and yellow, which are the more common colors, the cobalt, yellow winged green, white winged cobalt, yellow winged blue and one of the prettiest of all is the rainbow colored. It is indeed a beautiful sight to see with its many colors.

The "budgie" begins his life in an egg which is about the size of an overgrown pea. It is white in color. A nest consists of five eggs. These eggs are laid inside a special wooden box on the side of the cage. The nest is built by the parents out of small wooden chips. After the eggs are hatched, the little birds remain in the nest for about thirty days; by then they will have their feathers

and be able to fly. Then they are taken from their parents as soon as they can feed themselves, and are all put in one large cage.

Their food consists of canary seed and white millet. They also eat cuttlebone. This keeps their feathers glossy and it also sharpens their beaks.

Mr. Kerr also has a pair of Cockateels. These birds are closely related to the parrot and speak as clearly as a man. They are grey and white in color and quite a bit larger than a "budgie."

This hobby of Mr. Kerr's has proven to be very relaxing to him. As an owner of three restaurants Mr. Kerr has an exhausting schedule. He must make many trips to these restaurants to see that they are being run properly. The raising of "budgies" enables Mr. Kerr to get away from this schedule and relax.



MR. HENRY KERR

## ARCHDEACON RALPH FOWLOW

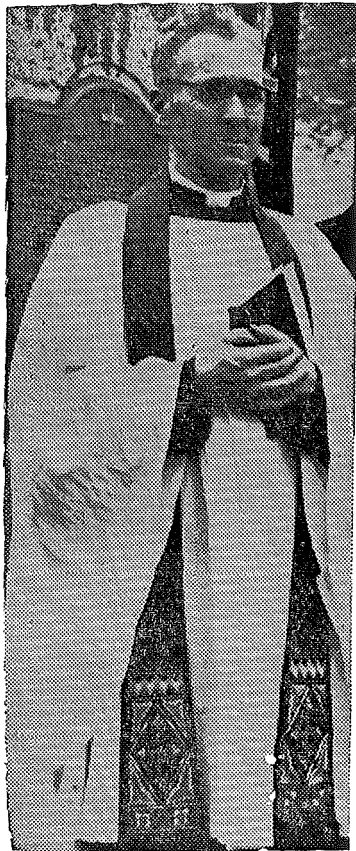
by Joan Levy '58, Marilyn Young '58

Archdeacon Ralph Fowlow was born at Trinity (East) Newfoundland, and was educated at Trinity High School, Bishop Field College, St. John's, Newfoundland and the University of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

In 1916 he enlisted in the King's College platoon of the 193rd Infantry Battalion of the Highland Brigade, and saw service in England and France serving in the latter country with the "Fighting 25th" of Nova Scotia. He was wounded during the great Germany push in the spring of 1918 and was invalided to England. On returning to Canada at the end of the war, he completed his studies, and was made a Deacon by the Right Reverend W. G. White, late Bishop of Newfoundland, in May 1920.

For the next eight years he served in the Diocese of Newfoundland, in the fishing villages and towns along fifty miles of Northeast Coast. In 1928 he received the appointment to the parish of Maitland, Hants County, and was rector of this parish with its six churches for five years. In November 1933, he was appointed to the parish of Cornwallis, King's County, where he remained until 1940 when he enlisted for overseas service in the Canadian Chaplain Services.

On being sent overseas in March 1941, he was attached to the 6th Field Artillery Regiment (a Western unit), and served with this regiment until April 1942 when he was attached to Number 7 General Hospital, from Nova Scotia. Returning to Canada in October 1942 he was appointed, the following year, District Chaplain of Military District No. 10 with headquarters at Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, Manitoba, with the rank of Honorary Major. Here he had under his charge nine chaplains, served several training centres and a Japanese and a German interment camp. At the end of the war in 1945 he return to Nova Scotia and was called as Rector of the parish of Lunenburg in May 1946. In 1950 he



Archdeacon Ralph Fowlow

was appointed Archdeacon of the South Shore by the late Archbishop Kingston.

Mrs. Fowlow is also a native of Newfoundland. There were four children of the marriage - two daughters and two sons. The older son, Norman, served with the R.C.A.F. and was killed in action over France in May 1944. He was Squadron Leader and had received the Distinguished Flying Cross. The younger son, George, died suddenly of polio, in September 1942. Both daughters are married and have families.

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## DR. MAWELL L. CLUETT - RESEARCH CHEMIST

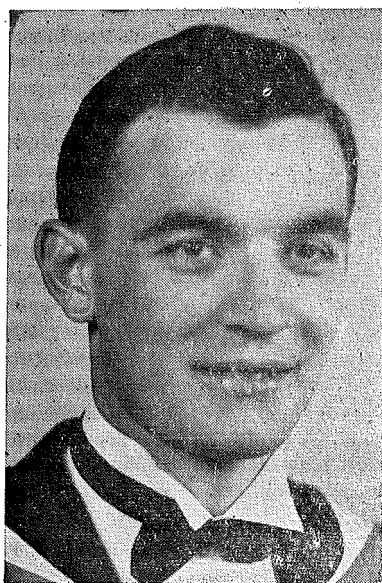
by Carolyn Tanner '59

Dr. Maxwell L. Cluett, a Grade XII graduate of Lunenburg Academy began his career in life by obtaining his Bachelor of Science degree at Dalhousie-Kings in 1949. The same year Maxwell received a Demonstratorship to attend the University of Toronto, from which he graduated with the Master of Arts degree in analytical chemistry, in 1951. After working for two years at the Welland plant of North American Cyanamid Ltd., Niagara Falls, Dr. Cluett was granted a Pratt Predoctoral Fellowship to attend the University of Virginia. At his graduation in 1956 he received the Doctor of Philosophy degree in analytical chemistry. Following this Dr. Cluett began his work as a research chemist with the Grasselli Chemicals Department of E. I. duPont de Nemours and Co. Ltd., in Wilmington, Delaware.

Maxwell began his research work when he entered the University of Toronto to study for his Master of Arts degree. His research was concerned with certain aspects of the analytical chemistry of the platinum metals. This work was carried out under the direction of Dr. W. A. R.

McBryde. There were two phases of Maxwell's work at Toronto. The first one was the discovery and development of a method to determine iridium metal in the presence of rhodium when both are in a solution together. The second phase consisted of discovering a method to separate iridium metal from rhodium and other precious metals when they are in the same solution.

Following Dr. Cluett's graduation from the University of Toronto, he



Dr. Maxwell L. Cluett



was engaged in analytical research at the Welland plant of North American Cyanamid Ltd. There, his research was in the fields of agricultural chemicals, intermediates for plastics, drugs and explosives. Familiar examples could be ammonium nitrate fertilizer and sulfa drugs.

After two years at Niagara Falls, Dr. Cluett returned to his studies at the University of Virginia. Under the direction of Dr. John H. Yoe, Dr. Cluett's research was in the field of Trace Analysis. Special interest was directed towards the presence of trace metals in human blood. If it were not for the presence of minute quantities of specific metals in our bodies, certain enzyme and vitamin activities would not occur. Many metals are known to be present, but the biological importance of some of them has not as yet been determined. Included with those that have been identified with particular biochemical activities are: copper, zinc, and manganese.

Dr. Cluett developed the first spectrophotometric method specifically designed to analyze human blood for nickel. This method will aid other researchers in finding out the significance of the minute quantity of nickel which is present in everyone's blood. Maxwell found that normal human blood contains an average of forty parts nickel for every one billion parts of blood. This research was presented by Dr. Cluett at the National American Chemical Society meeting recently held in Miami, Florida. The paper was heard during the part of the meeting which was devoted to honoring Dr. John H. Yoe who received the Fisher Award in Analytical Chemistry for 1957.

Dr. Cluett's research at Grasselli is in the field of agricultural chemicals, particularly organic pesticides. It is his responsibility to develop methods to analyze foods and soils for residues of the pesticides, and also their decomposition products or metabolites. Pesticide is a general name which may refer to a particular insecticide, fungicide, or herbicide, etc. He is also doing research in paper chromatography as a method of analysis for application in the field of agricultural chemicals.

Maxwell Cluett, Ph.D., one of the many famed sons of whom Lunenburg is proud, has been honored by membership in several chemical societies. These include the American Chemical Society, the Chemical Institute of Canada and the Society of the Sigma XI (honorary scientific society.)

Maxwell is the second son of Mrs. W. Guy Tanner and the late Captain William P. Cluett. He was born January 6, 1929. In 1951 he married Lucy Gerhardt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo A. Gerhardt, Bayport, N. S. Mrs. Cluett also received her education at the Academy. They now have a daughter Jayne and reside in Wilmington.

## JEFFREY COOK

by Kevin Crouse '57

Jeffrey Cook graduated from the Academy in 1951. With the help of a one hundred dollar entrance scholarship, he entered Mount Allison University to take a one-year pre-architecture course in Engineering and Science. Having completed his one year course, he went to Winnipeg, where he enrolled for a five year course in the School of Architecture at the University of Manitoba.

While attending the university, Jeff has proved himself a very outstanding student as can be seen by his student activities, and the honors that he has won for his work. He is a member of the Choral Society and was Open House Convener in his fourth year. In his fifth year he has achieved the offices of Vice-Stick of the Student Architectural Society and chairman of the Lectureship Fund Committee.

The honors that he has won for his work include: prizes for summer sketches; a one hundred and fifty dollar scholarship for the highest standing in the third year, from the Manitoba Association of Architects; an Adams - Sidney Alexander Memorial Bursary and above prizes for excellence in design.

From the above, it may be seen that our Jeff has kept himself very busy during his university life. After such an exhausting school schedule we would think that he would welcome a work-free summer vacation, but not Jeff. Every summer of the five years that he has been studying at Winnipeg, he has found employment for his architectural talents. He has worked with surveying teams in such places as northern Quebec and Labrador for an iron ore railroad, in the iron ore transfer dock at Contrecoeur and even for the town of Lunenburg. In the summers of fifty-five and fifty-six, he was employed in architects' offices where he worked at the designing and the production of working drawings for such things as the coat of arms for the collective rural schools in Alberta.

Jeffrey has also done considerable designing of houses for different companies and his design of a house for a family of four children was published as an entry in the 1956 Indianapolis Home Show.

One of the most interesting of Jeff's projects is his thesis for his degree, Bachelor of Architecture. He is designing the proposed Nova Scotia Museum of Science. Although this problem was undertaken for Academic reasons, his program has been established quite realistically. The problem of space requirements was evolved after a consideration of what the museum was now doing, and the reasonable minimum of what it should be doing. In addition to consultation with the staff of the Nova Scotia Museum of Science, he also visited a number of leading museums in the U. S. A. From these calculations and observations, he deduced that the proposed building should be a three story structure with a total floor area of 80,000 square feet, and should include an aquarium, a vivarium and a planetarium as well as having a gen-



JEFFREY COOK

eral exhibition space of 20,000 square feet. The building would be built facing the Public Gardens in Halifax on what is now the Wanderer's Grounds.

Jeffrey's plans for the future are somewhat indefinite. He will graduate from the University in May of this year — 1957 and expects to take a one year post-graduate course in the U. S. A. during the school year 1957-58. Following this it is quite possible that he will do considerable travelling and finally settle down in the Maritimes to practice architecture. Whatever he does decide, we are sure it will be for the best and that he will do well in anything he wishes to undertake.

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## A YEAR IN ENGLAND

by Geraldine May '59, Robert Spindler '57

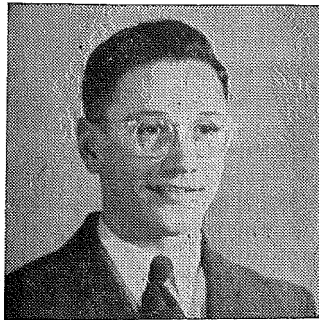
After graduating from the Academy in 1949, Reverend George Mossman attended Mount Allison University at Sackville, New Brunswick. He studied for three years at the University and then proceeded to New York where he attended Union Theological Seminary, connected with Columbia University. While in New York he participated in various youth organizations. After a year of study there, he returned to the Maritimes and studied Theology for two years at Pine Hall Divinity Hall in Halifax.

During these years of study, George helped to pay his way through college by working as a student minister on United Church mission fields in Canada in the summer months. He spent three summers in this fashion, one in Saskatchewan and two in Ontario.

In June of 1956 George became an ordained minister. This memorable event in his life was staged at Sackville, New Brunswick. On the second of the following month, he was married to Carolyn Lee Schurman at St. Andrew's United Church in Halifax. During the rest of the summer, he preached at Great Village, Colchester County.

For his fine work at Mount "A", George won the Lord Beaverbrook scholarship, which entitled him to carry on his studies overseas. The scholarship, which is open to students of New Brunswick universities, covers one year post graduate work with a possibility of degree courses up to three years. George was the only student from Nova Scotia to win this scholarship.

After winning this scholarship, George and his wife proceeded to Edinburgh where he is studying at the present time. Students from all over the world attend this famous university, including a great many from the United States. Since George went to Scotland, he has preached a few sermons at Abroath a few miles outside of Edinburgh. When his studies are completed George plans to return to Canada to preach.



REV. GEORGE MOSSMAN

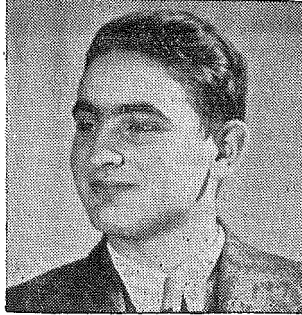
## DONALD HIMMELMAN – TUBINGEN SCHOLARSHIP

by Lillian Cluett '59, Norman Knock '57

In 1950 Donald Himmelman, son of Mrs. and the late Captain William Himmelman of Rosebay, graduated with honors from the Lunenburg Academy.

Shortly thereafter he entered Western University and graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree. In 1955, he registered with Waterloo College. Mr. Himmelman graduated from Waterloo Seminary on May 8, 1956, with a Bachelor of Divinity degree.

He was awarded a Lutheran World Federation Scholarship, from the Commission of Theology of Lutheran World Federation, to study at Tubingen University, Tubingen, Germany. At the present he is studying Systematic Theology.



MR. DONALD HIMMELMAN

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## MISS JOHANNE ZWICKER

by Betty Fralick '57, David Young '57

Johanne Zwicker was born in Lunenburg, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Zwicker. She received her academic training at the Lunenburg Academy which she left in 1949.

Johanne received a Bachelor of Science degree in 1954 from Mount St. Vincent College, Halifax. Following graduation, she served her internship in home economics at the Victoria General Hospital. She continued on as the hospital's staff dietitian until her appointment with the Department of Fisheries.

In 1956 she was appointed to the staff of the Inspection and Consumer Service, Federal Department of Fisheries, as a home economist.



MISS JOHANNE ZWICKER

## MISS DIANE OXNER

by Betty Fralick '57, David Young '57

Diane Oxner is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Oxner of Lunenburg. She graduated from the Lunenburg Academy in 1946. Since that time, she has followed the family tradition of a musical career.

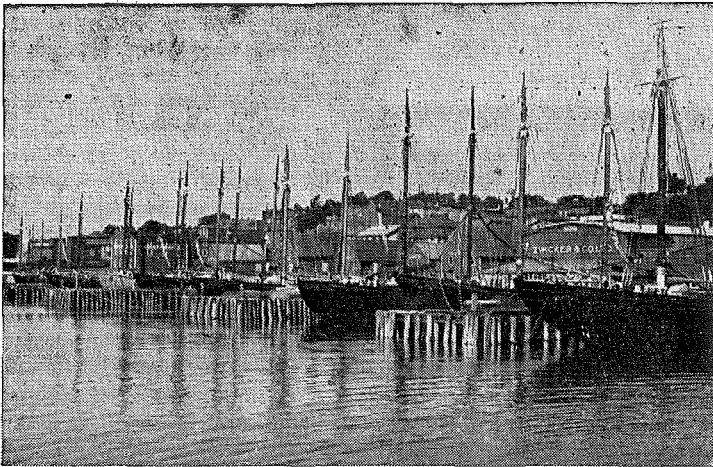
While attending school, she received her musical training from her mother. After her graduation, she went to the United States where she attended the Curtis Institute of Music at Philadelphia.

In 1956 she was awarded a scholarship valued at \$500. to further her studies in singing, which she is now continuing with Charles Underwood at Halifax.

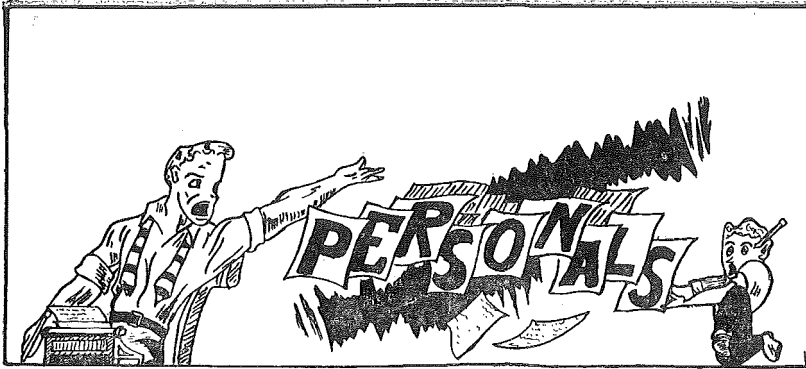
Diane has recorded several folk songs which are frequently heard by radio listeners. Recently she visited her former school with the Halifax Symphony as a soloist.



MISS DIANE OXNER



LUNENBURG'S WATERFRONT



## GRADE XI - 1956

ANNETTE MILLER is attending Vocational School, Halifax.

MARY HARDY is studying in Halifax.

MARJORIE ALLEN is working in Montreal in the Dupont factory.

JOAN LING is working in the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg.

PAT CORKUM is married.

LELAND WAMBOLDT is working in Halifax.

ROBERT SNAIR is working in the Royal Bank of Canada, Lunenburg.

DAVID PARKS is working in the Post Office, Lunenburg.

FENTON DIBBIN is working at Lunenburg Foundry.

RAY ZINCK is working at Lunenburg Cleaners.

EARLE SAUNDERS is in the Navy stationed aboard H.M.C.S. Cape Breton.

DAVID MASON is working on the railroad in Ontario.

DONALD MASON is working on the railroad in Ontario.

LOREN ALLEN is in Halifax working in the Civil Service.

## GRADE XII - 1956

ELIZABETH BAKER is attending Acadia University.

ANDREW BALD is working at Waterloo, Ontario.

WEBSTER CREASER is working with Remington Rand, Halifax.

ARTHUR DAUPHINEE is working in the Bank of Montreal, Lunenburg.

JIM HULSTEIN is taking a Chartered Accountant's course, Vancouver.

JOHN LEVY is working in the Bank of Montreal, Riverport.

RITA LOHNES is attending Commercial School, Bridgewater.

JANE ROMKEY is working in Halifax.

MURRAY STEVENS is in Germany studying German.

ROBERT STEVENS is attending Dalhousie University.

ROCHELLE WINAUT is a Nursing Assistant at the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital.

GLENDIA HALL is in training at the Children's Hospital, Halifax.

MARGARET DEAL is in Montreal attending Business College.

GLEN GELDERT is attending Dalhousie University.

GERALD HAINES is attending Dalhousie University.

# LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT – GRADE XII

by Bernie Tanner

We men donate our whiskers to the Peach-Fuzzed Kids of Grade XI.  
We women will our Maturity and Sophistication to Grade XI girls.  
Kevin wills his hair to Alfred.  
Alfred leaves his Grape-fruits to Betty.  
Bernie wills his Asbestos Suit and blue print of the Atom Bomb to Kevin.  
Keith leaves his Muscles to Mike.  
Mike wills his Side-burns to David Y.  
Dave Y. leaves John his Laugh.  
John wills his Glasses to someone else who cannot see.  
Brenda leaves her Height to Jean N.  
Jean wills her Long Hair to Brenda.  
Betty leaves her School Books to someone who will love them as much as she does.  
Linda wills her picture of Elvis to Betty.  
Gordon leaves his Dimples to Mr. Collins.  
David Corkum wills his Fan Club (Females) to Gibby and Gerald.  
Andrew leaves Stanfield Flannels to Norman and Lynn.  
Norman wills his Fox and Deer Tails to Robert S.  
Robert leaves his Lunch Can to someone who will carry on his tradition of snatching a precious mouthful between periods.  
Gilbert will name his first invention after Gerald.  
Lynn Ernst wills his Red Hair to Mr. Mason.  
Gerald leaves his pictures of Marilyn Monroe to Gibby.

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## CAN YOU IMAGINE?

CAROLYN C. without Judy I?  
DALE S. not being with the girls?  
ANNIE MAE B. not writing letters in class?  
KATHLEEN B. not jumping about?  
ANN-MARIE singing "Long Tall Sally"?  
KEITH and KEVIN without the Vauxhall?  
ALFRED L. not thinking of Florida?  
DAVID Y. with curly hair?  
RICK C. wearing Elward Crouse's trousers?  
ANTHONY C. not asking questions in Science class?  
GRAHAM B. not writing that weekly letter?  
THOMAS M. not knowing his work?  
BERNIE T. with red curly hair?  
BOBBY M. six feet tall?  
ANN C. going asleep in class?  
MICHAEL O'C. with a crew cut?  
JEAN N. singing rock 'n' roll?

MYRNA T. misbehaving?  
 ANDREW T. behaving?  
 ANNA S. not talking?  
 HELEN and ROXIE without their daily argument?  
 BRENDA T. failing?

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## SUPERLATIVES

	GIRL	Boy
Most cheerful	Marilyn Y.	Robert S.
" literary	Rosalie B.	Thomas M.
" argumentative	Sharon C.	Robert M., Michael O'C.
" romantic	Janet H.	Kevin C.
" daring	Judy I.	Loran D.
" musical	Shirley C.	Dale S.
" talkative	Roxanna L.	Andrew T.
" athletic	Ann C.	David D.
" dreamy	Carolyn C.	Alfred L.
" bashful	Patricia T.	Edward C.
" studious	Jean N.	Albert D.
" forgetful	Marilyn L.	Mr. Mason
" fickle	Annabelle B.	Lawrence S.
" sophisticated	Carol M.	Dale S.
" vivacious	Geraldine M.	Robert S., Anthony C.
" independent	Melissa O'C.	Michael O'C.
Class Wits	Helen H.	Norman K.
Class Geniuses	Brenda T.	Thomas M.
Most honest	Linda E.	Lynn E.
" quiet	Joan L.	Gerald W.
" Steadiest steadies	Deanna McI.	David D.
Most impish	Jamesie MacD.	Anthony C.
" philanthropic	Sharon C.	Thomas M., Winston S.
Best sports	Betty F.	Rick C.
Class sleepers	Deanna McI.	Kevin C., Gordon C.
Class Clowns	Helen H.	Chris H.
Man hater	Myrna Y.	
Woman hater	_____	Hugh C.
Most Artistic	Rosalie D.	Anthony C.

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## "A" CLASS PROPHECY

by David Corkum '57, Michael O'Connor '57

The year is 1967, the scene mid-Atlantic, the bridge of the crack Canadian Liner "Canadian Rover." Captain O'Connor is speaking to the radio officer. "Have you made contact with the 'Canadian Enterprise' yet? (The



'Canadian Enterprise,' Captain D. F. Corkum, is sister ship to the "Canadian Rover.")

"Yes sir, Captain Corkum wishes to speak to you."

Captain O'Connor picks up the head phones. "Hello, Dave, how are you making out in the gale? Over."

"Fine Mike, although we've lost our f'ward starboard lifeboat. She's taking the storm fairly well though. You know these atomic-powered liners certainly are an improvement over those tubs we apprenticed on, aren't they? over."

"They sure are, Dave. We certainly owe a lot to those old classmates of ours, Gilbert Dares and Gerald Wile, for all the discoveries they made at N. S. I. T. (Nova Scotia Institute of Technology). You know it was a shame that our mathematical genius, Dave Young, left there after two years to become the 'Rock 'n' Roll' side-burned rage of all the teenagers. Over."

"Speaking of members of the '57 class, Mike, you know I've got the Canadian Olympic Badminton Team on board. They're headed for the Olympic Games at Pompeii, with their coach Mr. Mason. There's John Morash, Brenda Tanner, Linda Ernst and Jean Nauss. Mr. Mason is finally fulfilling his life-long ambition to visit the land of the Caesars. Mr. Universe and Mr. World, Kevin and Keith Crouse, were supposed to make this trip too, but they missed the boat and had to fly over. You know, Mike, those boys sure went a long way in physical development. They finally succeeded in showing the Department of Education what poor human specimens, on the whole were graduating from the schools, due to over-emphasis on study. When they showed that grades improved when the student's bodies were developed physically, it was a great boon to education in Canada; and we've won the Olympic Games twice since. Over."

"Well you know, that's quite a coincidence, Dave. I've got three members of the '57 class aboard. They're those three brilliant building demolishers who started their careers in grade twelve — Andrew Tanner, Norman Knock and Robert Spindler. Thy tell me they just sent in their last payment on that Grade XII wall they knocked down in '57. Over."

"I guess you heard, Bernie Tanner was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in Architecture for his design of the new A. A. rest home on the western shore of Spectacle Lakes. They say it's already doing a thriving business. By the way, what do you think of that new Gordon Commission report in which Gordon Crouse advised all Nova Scotians to migrate to a more fertile and economically advantageous site? When he suggested Baffin Island, I hear that Betty Fralick let it go right to her head and went off and married the Eskimo Chief of that island. Now Alfred Lohnes and Lynn Ernst are free to conduct their nuclear tests on the barren desert wastes of Nova Scotia. Over."

"Long live the memory of Nova Scotia and the honor of the Gordon Report. Over and out."

"Over and out."



Kathleen B. — "You know we're just like Napoleon."

Margaret C. — "Why?"

Kathleen B. — "Because we both shall go down in history."

Captain (taking a passenger on a tour of the ship) — "And up there is the crow's nest."

Passenger — "Oh, may I go up and see the dear little things?"

Doctor — "Did the medicine I give you work?"

Patient — "It certainly did. I took two teaspoons and cured my cough, rubbed some on my legs and my rheumatism left and the rest I used to clean my shoes."

Reginald A. — "Why are you wearing so much clothing? It's not cold."

Marshall O. — "I am going to paint the house and it says on the can, for best results put on three coats."

Doris C. — "What's the difference between a cat and a comma?"

David B. — "I don't know."

Doris C. — "The cat has claws at the end of his paws and a comma is a pause at the end of a clause."

Miss Westhaver — "Glen, if you have three apples and eat three, what do you have left?"

Glen Knickle — "Three cores."

David Y. — "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waitress — "Yes, sir. We serve anyone. Sit down."

In Grade IX French class:

Mr. Moses — "Why isn't la written after beaucoup de?"

Glen K. — "Because I erased it."

Mr. Andrews (looking at a new model car) — "She sure has the '57 features."

Mr. Moses (watching a passerby) — "She sure has."

Grade XII Pupil — "Sir, I'm indebted to you for all I know."

Mr. Collins — "Don't mention such a trifle."

Lawrence S. — "How did King James get his stable government?"

Clark Z. — "Oh, he just used his horse sense."

Brenda F. — "What's the idea of giving me that dirty look?"

Jamesie M. — "I didn't give it to you, you always had it."

Joan L. — "What time is it?"  
Carolyn C. — "Ten to."  
Joan L. — "Ten to what?"  
Carolyn C. — "Tend to your work."

Pupil (to woman talking at a movie) — "Please, I can't hear."  
Woman — "You're not supposed to, it's private."

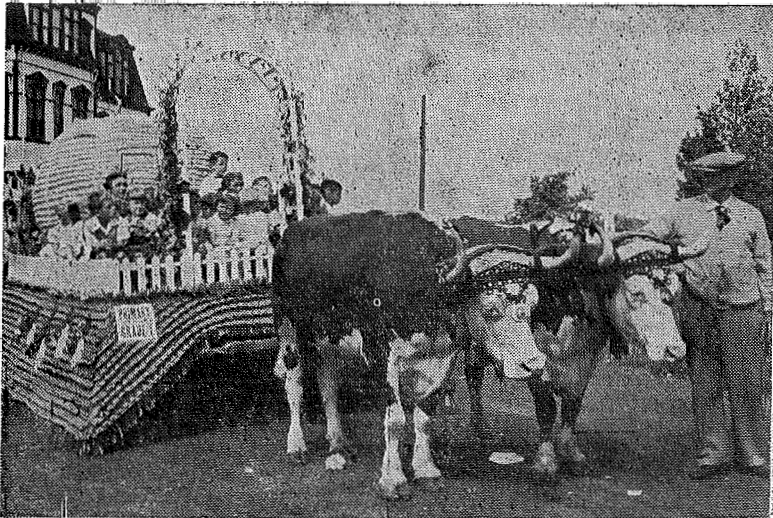
Mr. Mason (in Geometry period) — "Loren, what is a locus?"  
Loren K. — "Oh, that's one of those little things that sing when it's hot out."

Eldona T. — "Those who can understand Economics don't need it."  
Sharon C. — "Yes, and those who need it can't understand it."

Deanna — "Why does a boy break a date?"  
Dave D. — "He usually has to."  
Dale S. — "And pray, tell me why a girl does?"  
Janice K. — "Because she usually has two."

Mr. Moses (in Biology) — "Janice, how do you determine the sex of a mouse?"  
Janice — "Crack a joke. If she laughs, it's a female; if he laughs, it's a male."

In Grade IX Science Class:  
Mr. Eismor — Who, in this class has used a bicycle pump?  
Judy C. — I have.  
Mr. Eismor — What happened after you pumped it several times?  
Judy — Nothing, it was broken.



GRAND PARADE — PRIMARY, GRADE I



**JUNIOR H. S. — BASKETBALL**

Front (l to r)—A. Dares, M. Whynacht, S. Conrad, A. Conrad, G. Smith, S. Naas, S. Knickle.  
 Rear—S. Haughn, G. Cook, D. Ling, S. Zinck, N. Morash, E. Pyke.



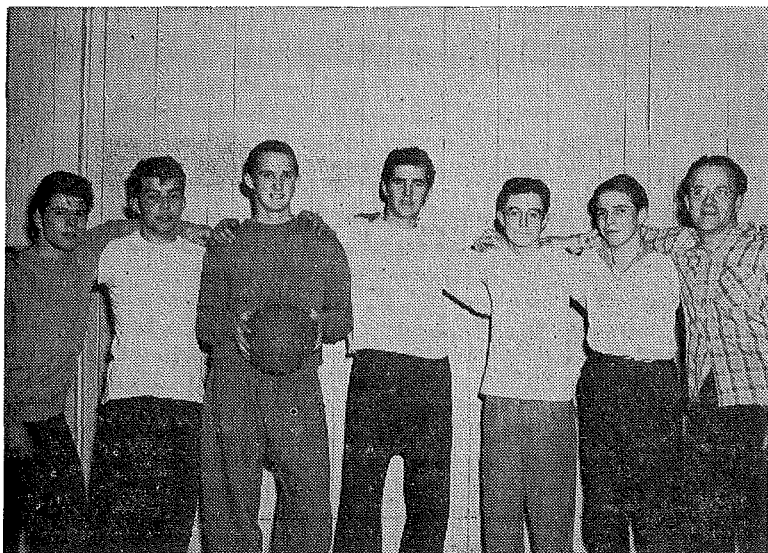
**SENIOR H. S. — BASKETBALL**

Front (l to r)—C. Corkum, A. Backman, B. Fralick (Captain), Myrna Tanner, B. Keddy.  
 Rear—Mr. Vickers (Coach), J. Hannams, H. Hebb, A. Best, M. O'Connor, A. Cook, A. Tanner, J. O'Connor (Co-Captain.)



**SOCCER TEAM**

Front (l to r)—M. Oickle, D. Wilkie, G. MacManus, M. Van der Toorn,  
L. Knickle.  
Rear—J. Best, Keith Crouse, D. Byers, M. O'Connor, Kevin Crouse,  
B. Tanner.



**SENIOR H. S. — BASKETBALL**

(l to r)—L. Knickle, R. Mayo, R. Chenhall, M. O'Connor, H. Uhlman,  
B. Bower, Ian Campbell (Coach.)



**SENIOR S. — HOCKEY TEAM**

Front (1 to r)—D. Dauphinee, R. Corkum, R. Crouse, B. Mayo, M. Oickle, E. Crouse, E. Lohnes.

Rear—Mr. G. Mason (Staff), E. Miller, B. Meisner, G. Knickle, P. Comstock, L. Demone, D. Byers, Mr. G. Vickers (Coach.)



**JUNIOR H. S. — HOCKEY TEAM**

Front (1 to r)—D. Tanner, W. Demone, G. Conrad, R. Crouse, B. Hebb, F. H. Himmelman, C. Levy, G. Black.

Rear—Mr. E. Eisnor (Staff), P. Crouse, B. Nodding, G. Creighton, B. Tanner, W. Knickle, D. Morash, V. Dominix, Mr. G. Vickers (Coach.)

## CLASS BIOGRAPHIES — GRADE XII



**John Alexander Morash**

"All the good men are dying off and I don't feel so good myself."

John is a true blooded member of the class of '57. He plans to attend Dalhousie University where he will study Engineering. We feel sure that John will travel down the road of life building his bridges before he crosses them.



**Gerald Oscar Wile**  
"Jerry"

"Tall, dark, and more quiet than most."

Jerry came to L. C. A. in Grade IX from Centre. He plans to become a laboratory technician. Good luck, Jerry!



**Alfred Henry Lohnes**

"When Alf won't argue or crack a joke You know there's someone he'd like to poke."

Alf was a member of the soccer and curling teams; leader of the school orchestra, and business manager of this magazine. We hope that he will continue to develop these interests at Dalhousie next year.



**Gilbert Everett Dares**

"Very quiet — but still waters run deep."

Gilbert has received his education at L. C. A. This year he headed the articles department for the Sea Gull.

Gilbert plans to attend Dalhousie to study Physics.







**Bernard Calvin Tanner**  
"I'll resist anything but temptation."

Bernard came to L. C. A. in Grade IV, hailing from Blue Rocks. This year he has taken an active part as president of Red Cross. After completing Grade XII, Bernard plans to attend Dalhousie University to take up Engineering. We wish him the best.



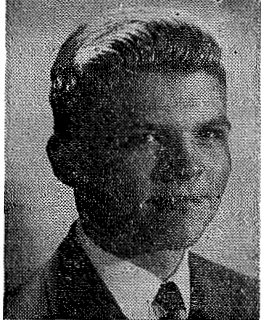
**Betty Jacqueline Fralick**  
"Sparkling brown eyes,  
A friendly smile,  
You think her quiet?  
Wait till you know her  
awhile."

Betty is keenly interested in Basketball. This year she was Co-President of the Athletic Association and also Co-Editor of the Sea Gull. She plans to attend Dalhousie.



**David Robert Young**  
"Where there's a joke,  
I'm there; where  
there's a trumpet, I'm  
behind it."

Dave appears as Co-Editor of this year's Sea Gull. He has taken great interest in music, and is active as a trumpeter in our orchestra. He plans to attend the Ryerson Institute, Toronto.



**Gordon Walter Crouse**  
"Why worry about it son,  
it ain't worth it."

Gordon has been one of the members of our class since those happy days in Primary. One of his favourite occupations is teasing, and he isn't far away when there's mischief going on in the classroom. Gordon plans to become a banker, and we wish him all the best.







**Jean Marie Nauss**  
 "Oh! That face so innocently beaming, You'd never guess the mischief she is dreaming."

Jean comes to us this year from East River, She was interested in badminton, was a member of the Choral Club. She has also been the Secretary of the Citizen's Forum Group. Jean plans to attend Normal College.



**Norman Winfred Knock**

"Come today; gone tomorrow. What's the sense in being a scholar."

Norman joined us in Grade X, and has been a thriving member of the class ever since. We know that with his personality he is certain to succeed in his work.



**Lynn Hartman Ernst**

"Anyone want to argue?"

Lynn arrived on the scene in Grade IX, from East LaHave. He has been a serious and friendly student. Lynn plans to become a Chartered Accountant.



**Robert Nelson Spindler (Bobbie)**

"Throw physics to the dogs, I'll have none of it."—Shakespeare.

Bobbie joined us in Grade IX, coming here from the fair hamlet of Riverport. Never was there a more jovial fellow.

Bobbie is not certain what he will do. Maybe he will play the piano.

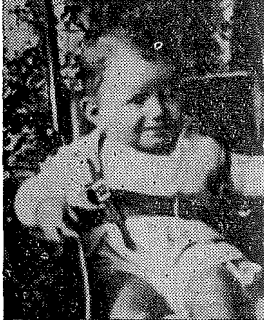




**Brenda Tanner**

"Work when you work and play when you play."

Brenda has been a top student all through High School, but she studied hard. She still found time to participate in school activities. She is treasurer of the Students' Council. Plans to attend Dalhousie where she will study Science. Good luck.



**David Freeman Corkum**  
"Dave"

"When I feel like studying I lie down until the feeling goes away."

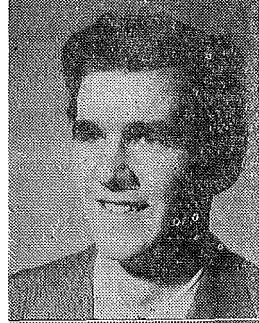
During the past three years, Dave has been an outstanding player on our soccer team. After completing Grade XII, Dave plans to work with Imperial Oil. Best of luck, Dave!



**Michael Joseph O'Connor**  
"Mike"

"I like to work, I really do  
But let's do all the work in school."

Mike has been around for some time. He has been a member of the boys' Choral Club and of the Academy Orchestra. Mike will follow the sea.

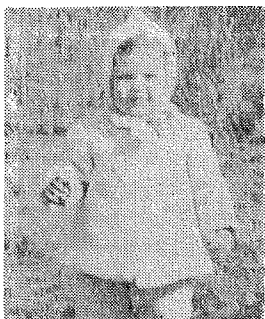


**Andrew Dawson Tanner**  
"Andie"

"Try anything once,  
And most things twice."

Andie joined our class from Centre in grade IV. His ambition is to be a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Good luck, Andie.





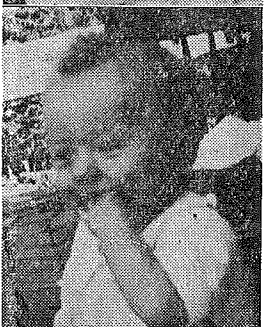
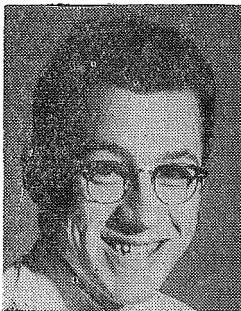
**Linda Elizabeth Ernst**  
 "Working hard and silently, she achieves her goal."

Linda came to us in Grade IX from East La-Have. This year she graduates from our school. She was the secretary of the Canadian Junior Red Cross. Next year she plans to study teaching.



**Kevin Ernest Crouse**  
 "Greatness comes by exercise  
 But not by those the pencil tries."

Keve has been with us a long time. He has excelled in soccer, the stage and in physical development. This year he acted as, President of the Students' Council. Future? — College.



**Keith Albert Crouse**

"Stay awake if necessary  
 But sleep if possible."

Keith has been a valued student. Upon graduation plans to attend college. He is interested in sports, and this year is co-president of the Athletic Association. He is also Co-Manager of the Sea Gull, and a member of the orchestra.





### GRADE VIII

Front (l to r)—C. Tanner, L. Cantelope, S. Conrad, D. Wentzell, E. Hardiman, G. Winaut, L. Demone.  
Second—S. Mason, M. D. Crouse, M. L. Crouse, A. Hebb, A. Conrad, N. Morash, C. Feener, J. Knickle,  
C. Mills.  
Third—G. Smith, S. Haughn, S. Schnare, M. Naas, G. Kristiansen, G. Levy, G. McDonald, E. Pyke, P.  
Hall.  
Fourth—J. Manuel, P. Dober, D. Tanner, W. Woundy, M. Corkum, R. Abrahamsen, J. Whynacht A.  
Rudolf, R. Selig, R. Saunders.  
Fifth—D. Hynick, C. Cantelope, E. Lohnes, J. Parks, G. Randall, R. Naas, P. Crouse, J. Zinck, G. Black,  
I. Dahl, P. Cornu.



#### GRADE IX

Front (l to r)—S. Nowe, A. Gray, B. Fowler, P. Tanner, J. Zinck, D. Green, M. Tanner.  
Second—D. Ling, M. Lohnes, R. Hynick, J. Crouse, K. Conrad, R. Beck, M. Dober, D. Levy.  
Third—J. MacDuff, E. Crouse, G. Creighton, G. Cooper, B. Tanner, R. Langille, G. Tanner, G. Cook.  
Fourth—W. Ernst, C. Herman, H. Corkum, J. MacDonald, L. Mason, D. Dolimount, G. Lohnes, R. Corkum.  
Fifth—G. Knickle, R. Anderson, M. Oickle, R. Barnes, L. Mosher, H. Keeping, B. Bower, C. Myra.



### GRADE X

Front (l to r)—M. Van der Toorn, C. Miller, S. Cook, R. Dauphinee, E. Backman, M. Tanner, G. May, R. Lohnes, J. Hannams, B. Keddy, H. Hebb, W. Skinner.

Second—S. Palmer, P. Levy, M. O'Connor, C. Tanner, M. Young, A. Smith, I. Falkenham, C. Veinotte, M. Shaffenburg, A. Best, L. Cluett, C. Zinck.

Third—E. Mason, D. Corkum.

Fourth—E. Miller, P. Comstock, L. Demone, R. Mayo, D. Wilkie, S. Mossman, J. Best, R. Buffet, B. Meisner, I. Lohnes, S. MacManus, L. Sanders, H. Uhlman, B. Cook.





### GRADE XI

Front (l to r)—M. Young, S. Knickle, D. McIsaac, J. Iversen, C. Corkum, E. Tanner.

Second—M. Conrad, J. Greek, J. Levy, K. Baker, S. Buckmaster, A. Cook, S. Clarke, D. Conrad, J. O'Connor.

Third—L. Knickle, E. Colp, T. Mason, A. Cook, R. Chenhall, D. Byers, D. Schwartz, D. Dauphinee, J. Cook.



### BEETHOVEN CHORAL CLUB

Front (l to r)—S. Nowe, B. Tanner, R. Beck, R. Hynick, J. Levy, D. Levy, J. Crouse, J. Nauss, L. Ernst, M. O'Connor, A. Cook, D. Green, J. Zinck, M. Dober, Mrs. Oxner.  
Second—S. Cook, C. Corkum, D. McIsaac, S. Bucknaster, J. Greek, A. Gray, G. May, S. Clarke, J. Falkenham, E. Tanner, J. Iversen, M. Young, A. Pest, J. O'Connor, C. Tanner.  
Third—G. Cook, R. Lohnes, P. Tanner, B. Fowler, G. McDonald, D. Conrad, A. Smith, M. Schaufenburg, L. Cluett, G. Winaut, J. McDuff, M. Lohnes, C. Conrad, R. Dauphinee, E. Backman.  
Fourth—N. Morash, J. Levy, A. Conrad, S. Haughn, E. Hardiman, L. Cantelope, S. Conrad, C. Mills, J. Tanner, H. Hebb, S. Schnare, M. Nauss, G. Christiansen, L. Demone, J. Smith, C. Tanner, D. Wentzell, A. Backman.  
Fifth—M. Whynacht, S. Nauss, A. Hannams, H. Bailly, P. Tanner, C. Tanner, A. Dares, M. Falkenham, D. Lohnes, B. Levy, J. Whynacht, J. Knickle.



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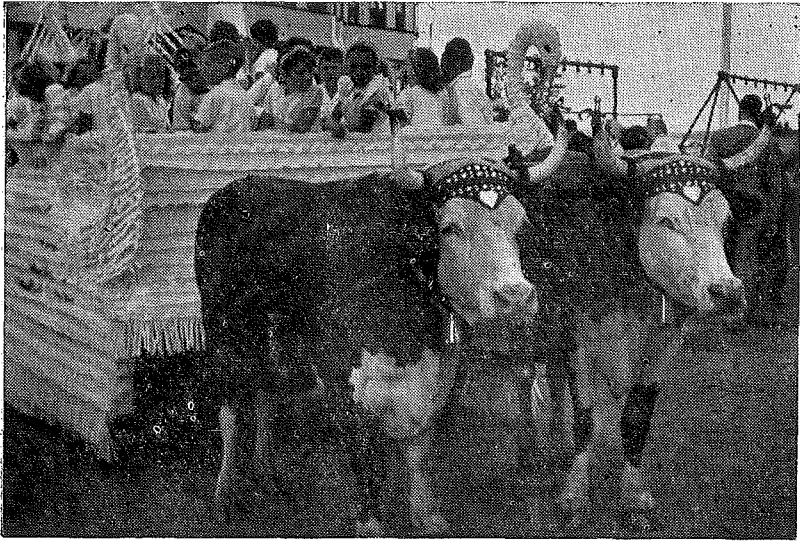
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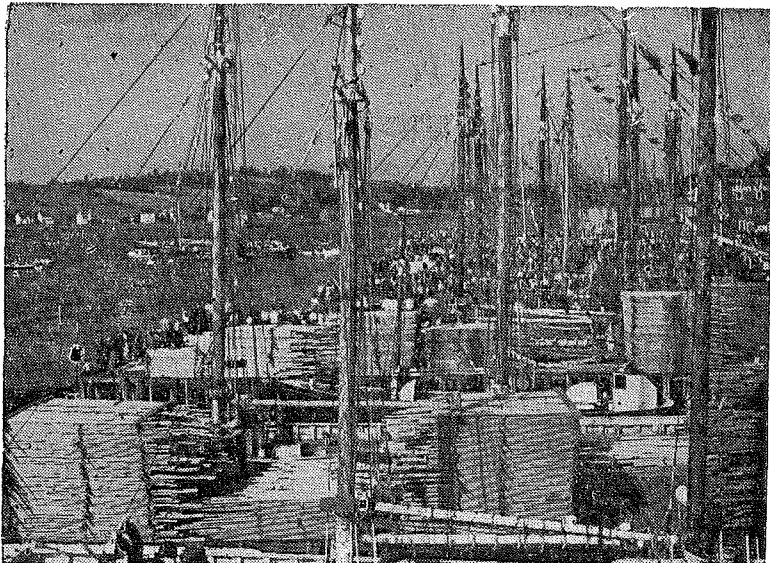
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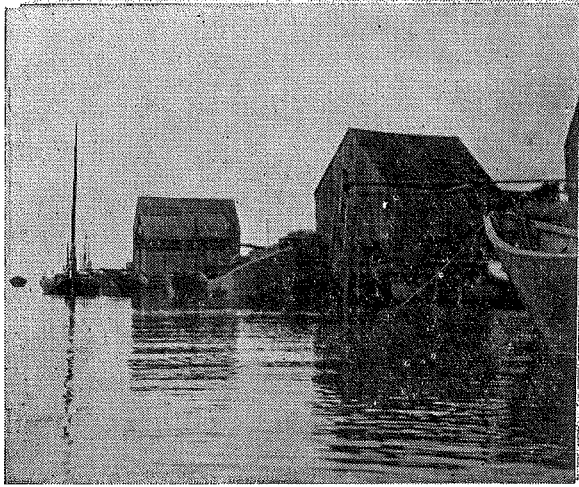
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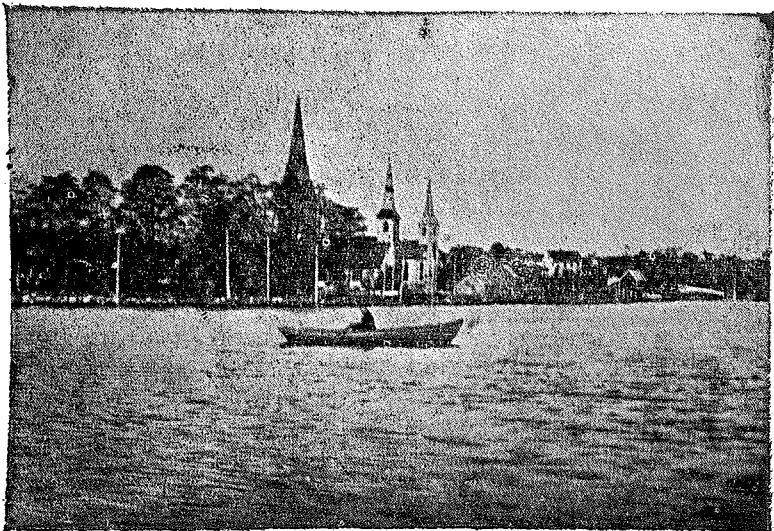
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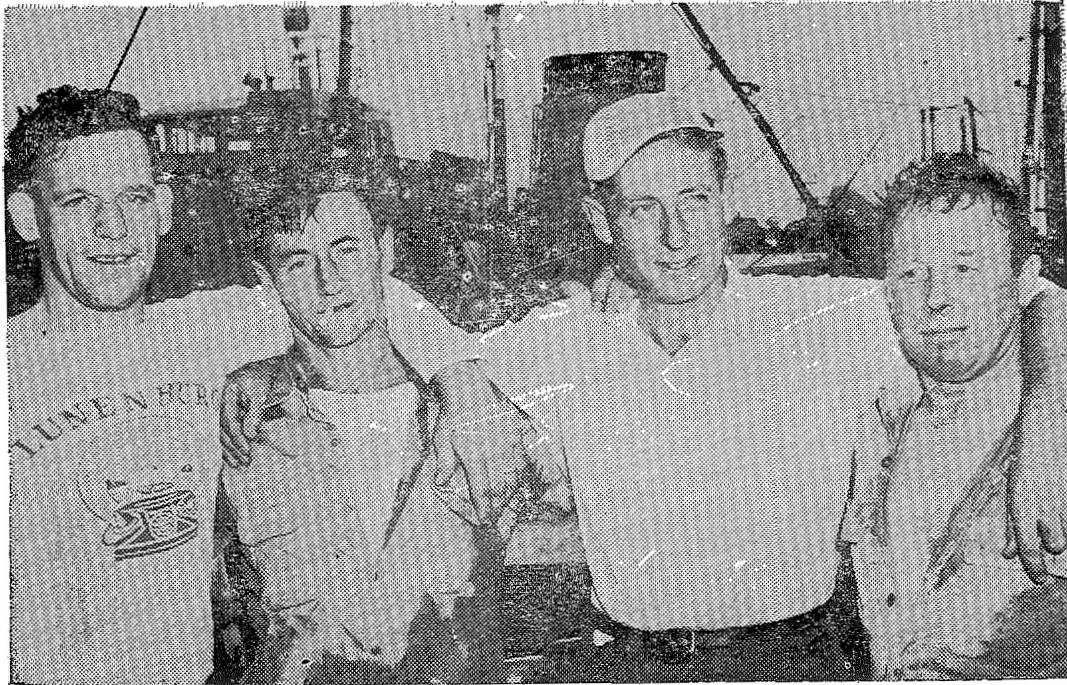
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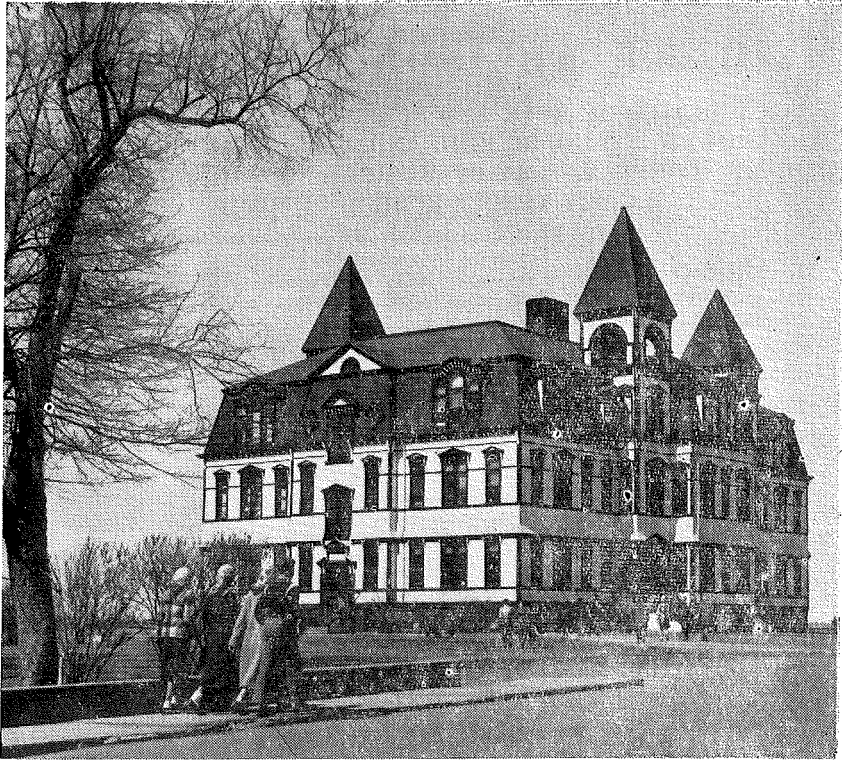
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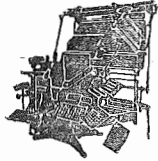
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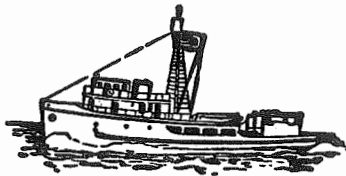
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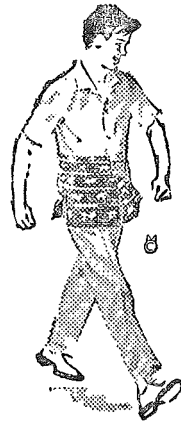
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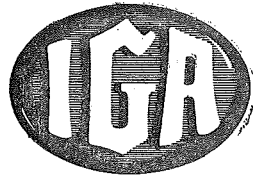
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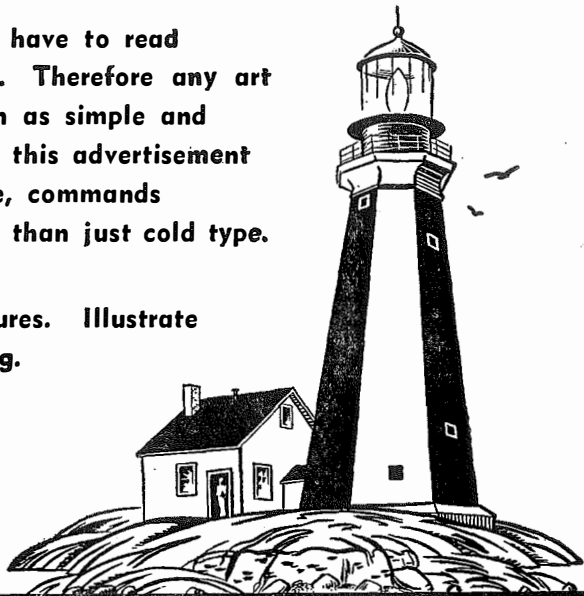


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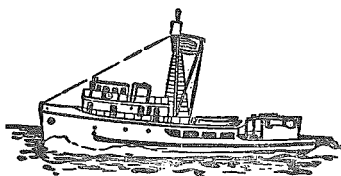
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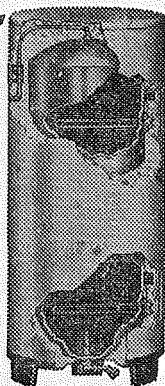
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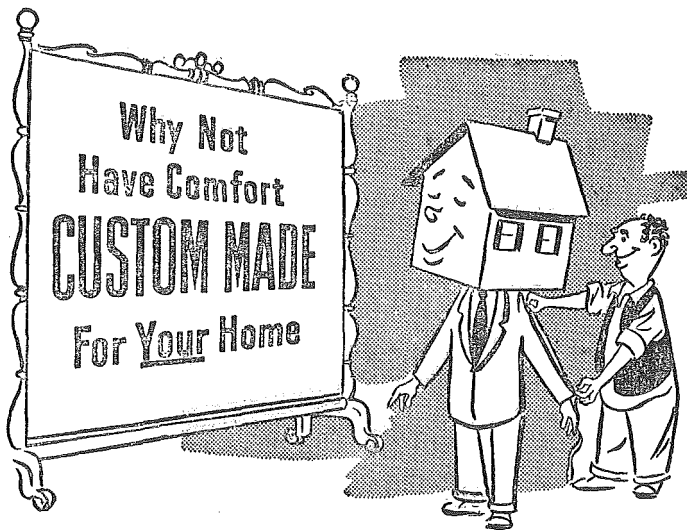
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