

The SEA GULL



LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK

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1958

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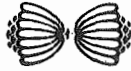
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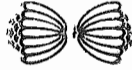
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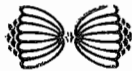
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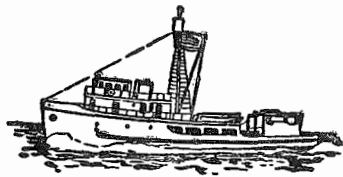
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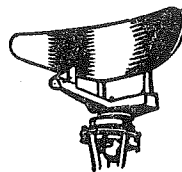
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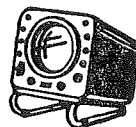
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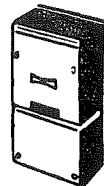
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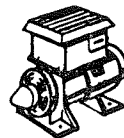
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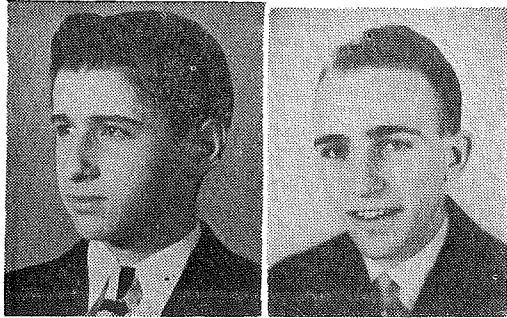
ERNEST EISNOR

JUNIOR-SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

MESSAGE FROM CO-EDITORS

We appreciate the opportunity to have served as Co-Editors of the Sea Gull. It is important to stress that the real foundation of this magazine depends on those who have contributed the information and articles found within. We, therefore, thank those persons as well as you, the public, for your cooperation.

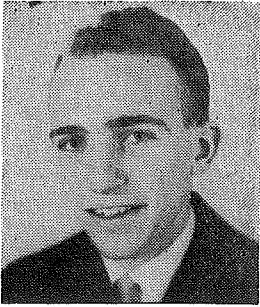
Anthony Cook '58
Thomas Mason '58



MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT OF STUDENTS' COUNCIL

I have been privileged to serve as President of the Students' Council this year. The work of the Council is successful because of the cooperation and support of the Students, Teachers, and various Council Members. The experience gained will be of great value to me in years to come. I extend my best wishes to the graduating class of '58.

Thomas Mason '58



MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

I have served as President of the Junior Red Cross. This post has given me valuable experience. I would like to thank the Students and my advisors for their cooperation.

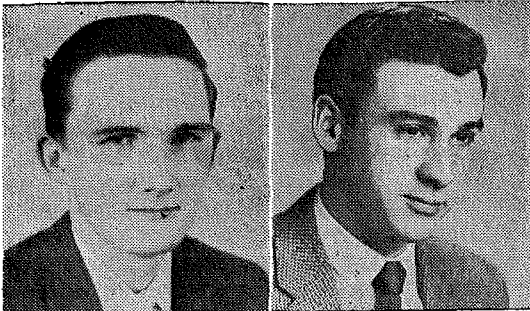
Rick Chenhall '58.



MESSAGE FROM CO-MANAGERS

It has been our privilege to serve as Business Managers of the Sea Gull. We would like to thank the business firms for their advertisements, and their co-operation, as well as the faculty and students for helping us in our work.

Rick Chenhall '58
Graham Bailly '58



“Full many a gem of purest ray serene, the
dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and
waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

I first came in contact with this quotation from Gray's Elegy during my years of study at this school from which so many pupils have graduated. At that time I am sure the full meaning was not obvious to me, but often since I have pondered what thought the author meant to convey. Compare that to our own lives and we arrive at the thought behind the quotation. The time that is wasted, the opportunities that are lost, the talents that are uncultivated, and the advantages that are permitted to fall from our grasp really cause me to wonder.

Why do we have these institutions of learning? Why do we lay stress on getting an education! Education teaches us of the better things and better ways of doing things. It helps us to think clearly and reach good judgments. It affords us the opportunity to distinguish the good and true from the false and vulgar. When we are educated we are fit to perform justly, tactfully, generously and above all, with personal satisfaction, the offices of life.

We, of the School Board, wish you continued success in your annual edition of the Sea Gull.

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"The Sea Gull"

VOL. 24 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1958 NO. 24

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Biographies - Short Stories—Mr. R. H. Campbell, Mrs. S. Veinot.

Photography - Mr. R. H. Campbell.

General Supervision—Mr. D. H. Collins.



SENATOR J. J. KINLEY

Our 1958 Sea Gull is dedicated to a man who has had an outstanding career. His time as a Councillor and then Mayor of Lunenburg was the opening door to service in the wider spheres of provincial and federal politics.

One central fact about his life is worth stressing. Despite pre-occupation with the duties of state, he has never wavered in his regard for Lunenburg. "J. J." has always been a staunch supporter of community causes.

This observation is illustrated by his assistance in starting the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, our Fishermen's Hospital, the Lunenburg Arena, to name but a few. These prove his abiding faith in his home town. It is illustrated further by a question he asks anybody from town or area who happens to visit him in his Senate rooms — "Now tell me — What is going on at home?"

Of course he is still intimately connected with the business life of Lunenburg as President of the Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Co. This concern has been one of our chief industries, and provides employment for many men in this area. Its products are known well beyond the boundaries of the Atlantic provinces. Its ship repair department has placed Lunenburg in the forefront of the marine life of this coast.

Throughout his career, his wife, Lila, has been an invaluable assistant and counsellor. There are few community organizations with which she has not been associated intimately — the Boscawen Chapter I. O. D. E., the Women's Institute, the Hospital Auxiliary, and others. Both the Senator and Mrs. Kinley have been active members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.

Thus the Sea Gull Staff is pleased to honor Senator J. J. Kinley both for his accomplishments and outstanding citizenship. Of this we can always be assured, "J. J.'s" chief concern will ever be his home town, its business life, its institutions, and the public welfare of his fellow citizens.

EDITORIAL

With the 1958 Sea Gull now in print, we feel certain that you will find it to be a creditable effort by the students of Lunenburg Academy. All parties concerned have done their best, and we would appreciate your taking note of those who have served on the various committees. It is through their efforts that the new ideas featured in this magazine were brought about.

Each year the magazine is dedicated to some outstanding citizen or establishment of the community. This year this honour is bestowed upon Senator J. J. Kinley, who is well known locally, provincially, and nationally.

The 1958 Operetta was again a tremendous success, with capacity crowds at all performances. Of course, most of the credit falls on Mrs. B. G. Oxner, who has given freely of her time and experience to coach and direct the participating students. Not only that, but she has also used her time week after week in organizing a choral club, comparable with that of any other school of our size. The students indeed have been benefited greatly from her advice.

Mrs. Oxner is truly a credit to this community, and we hope that the citizens recognize the amount of work she puts into such an undertaking. For further reference on the operetta, be sure to read the article in the magazine. Special consideration also goes to Mrs. Mary Dauphinee who displayed her fine talents in painting the background scenery, and to Mrs. H. A. Creighton who originated the dance.

There have been two changes in the Junior High School faculty this year. The Household Science Department was competently taken over by Miss Marilyn Calder, replacing Miss Gertrude LeBlanc. The vacancy caused by the leaving of Mr. Douglas Moses was filled by Mrs. Susan Veinot of Mahone Bay.

In the line of sports, most competitions have not yet reached the play-off stage. A good number of students have again turned out for soccer, basketball, hockey, curling, and track and field. In all the sports, exhibition games with outside towns were arranged, Lunenburg taking their share of the honours. Whether you win or lose, this experience proves valuable to the student in preparing him for the life of a citizen in his community.

This year, as always, a group of students will be graduating from High School life into the complex society of the modern world. Each student will strive to be a credit to the Academy, and to do his job to the best of his ability. We wish each and every student success in his chosen field and, on behalf of the graduating class, we wish every success to the Academy in the years to come.

Anthony Cook '58

Thomas Mason '58

co-Editors

This Issue of

"The Sea Gull"

is dedicated to

Senator J. J. Kinley



Whose lifetime of service has encompassed his home town,
Lunenburg County, the Province, and Canada.

Lunenburg, Nova Scotia
March 26, 1958

Mr. Donald H. Collins,
Principal -
Lunenburg Academy,
Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

Dear Mr. Collins —

Your invitation for me to take part in the school publication, the "Sea Gull" for 1958, is a very pleasant privilege. It brings back to me memories of other days when I too was a pupil in the Lunenburg School.

I recall the fire which destroyed the old Academy. Then our classes had temporary quarters; first in the old Temperance Hall and later in the Fire Hall, which housed the High School. With the opening of the new Academy in 1893, we went to a splendid school building, which still stands out on the hill always seen first by travellers coming towards Lunenburg. Although sixty-five years old it is still a good school building, and is a reminder that those who controlled the affairs of our Town sixty-five years ago had vision and wanted the best for the education of our youth.

I had close association with the school, as Mayor of the Town and Chairman of the School Board and learned a lot from that service. The work was very interesting and most closely associated with the children and the parents. These experiences, especially, leave an abiding interest with me in the welfare of our schools. It is with pride that we see the achievements, and the high standing it has built up over the years.

I have given the "Sea Gull" to prominent men in Canada, especially those who came to Lunenburg to open the Fisheries Exhibition and wanted local information. They found the publication most useful and commendable.

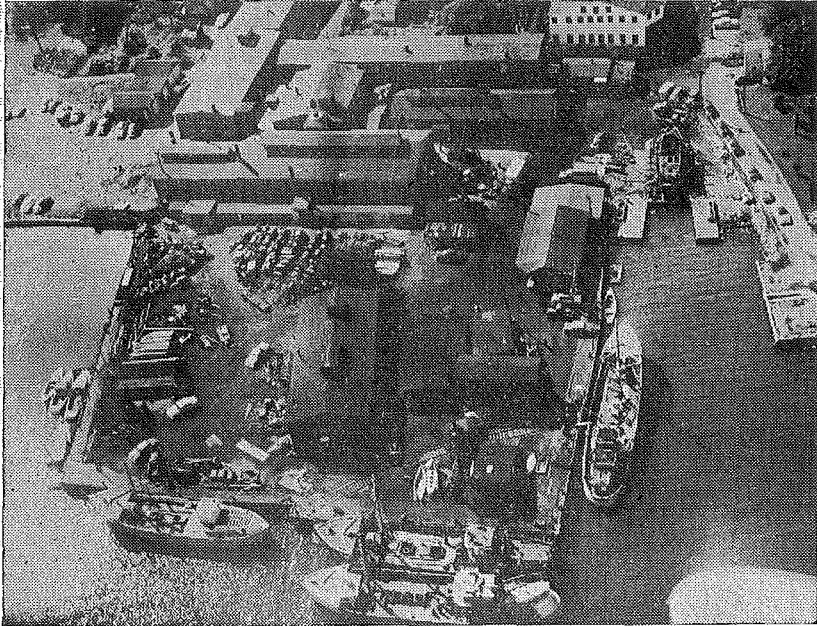
The "Sea-Gull" is the spirit of youth in Lunenburg. The name is well chosen. It is a take-off on the wings of the morning to that wonderful and challenging journey of life. Our children come from good stock. They are strong in mind and body, but they must be prepared and that means the best in education.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN J. KINLEY.

LUNENBURG FOUNDRY & ENGINEERING, LTD.

by Helen Hebb '59, Thomas Mason '58



In 1890 several moulders from Yarmouth in association with men of Lunenburg started a stove foundry in Lunenburg, known as Lunenburg Foundry Co. Ltd. Because of hard times, the enterprise after a few years was sold to A. C. Thompson & Co. of North Sydney, who carried on the operations until a fire destroyed most of the plant. After some time a number of local citizens bought what was left, and formed a company to restore the buildings and start anew. A. K. MacLean, M.P. was President, J. J. Kinley was Vice-President,, J. C. Rockwell was Secretary and Senator Duff, W. C. Smith, W. A. Zwicker, and later Thomas Nicol of Mahone Bay were directors. They expanded the business over the years from the two original buildings, until today it covers a considerable area. Although the stove foundry was kept up, the company's work gradually became more of an engineering nature. In order to denote this the name of the plant in 1953 was changed to the Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Ltd. When Mr. MacLean left the county, J. J. Kinley became President, the position he still holds. The directors have changed over the years and today the board consists of J. J. Kinley Jr. - Vice-President, C. E. Young - general manager and directors - Roy Whynacht, Harry Zwicker, D. E. Young and Ray Schwartz.

Lunenburg at that time was a great sea-faring town. Since the company was located at tidewater in the town, the activities of the company have become more and more of a marine nature. Around the beginning of the 20th Century, the days of the wooden sailing ships were drawing to a close. Over the next forty odd years, iron and steel ships have come into use. As a

result of this trend, the business of the company has expanded many times. More products and new ideas were developed by the company. In the first decade of this century, the Foundry found a ready market for castings as deck and underwater fittings, for iron capstans, windlasses, etc. Later, winches and hoists were developed for the then newer type of vessels. During the First World War they had a market for ships' gear as far as the Mediterranean and Pacific Coast. These various products have continued to be developed.

The Lunenburg Foundry has also added several firsts to its name. It built the first internal combustion marine engine installed in a commercial fishing boat on the Canadian Atlantic coast. The installation of this six horsepower engine was first performed in February 1909 on a boat owned by Essen Levy of Bayport. It pioneered in the introduction of diesel engines for the Nova Scotia fishing industry. Also, in 1929 when a channel was dredged to the Lunenburg Foundry Plant, deep-sea schooners were able to be outfitted and to have their engines and machinery installed at the new wharf adjacent to the plant. The honor of being the first vessel to have this done goes to the fishing schooner "Marguerite B. Tanner." From then up to the present date, the Foundry has done work on nearly all the schooners. During and after the Second World War, the work on the fishing draggers was extended to include the erection of steel superstructures, and in some instances aluminum alloy superstructures on wooden hulls. Another first came to this company when it was the first in the Atlantic Provinces to fabricate all-welded aluminum alloy fishholds, and aluminum alloy superstructures on fishing draggers. These firsts have succeeded in spreading the name of the company to many parts of Canada.

Mention must also be made of the different trades developed in this industry, and of the men who work at them. Over the years the company has employed mechanics, machinists, welders, platers, riveters, electricians, shipwrights, riggers, etc. At first the company employed fewer than one hundred men. Because of its vast expansion, the company increased its working force, reaching a peak of over five hundred during the war. In the post-war era, this was reduced to about two hundred and fifty. During the summer this increases and during the winter it falls. No matter how many men are employed, however, the quality of workmanship remains on the highest level.

The Second World War proved an opportunity for real service by the company, and caused a major development in its marine activities when it became engaged in Naval refitting. Special jobs at this time included 104 refits on Royal Canadian Navy ships; the conversion of eight Norwegian whaling ships into minesweepers for the Royal Norwegian Navy; the furnishing of seventy steel and wood tugs with deck fittings and the installation of engines and machinery in two R. C. A. F. supply ships. During this period, the plant was further enlarged, and the workers gained additional experience and knowledge from naval experts.

The Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Ltd. also took part in the post-war preparedness programme. In this period three diesel driven Bangor Class Minesweepers were rehabilitated, and converted and ships of the Royal Canadian Navy were refitted annually. The aim of this programme was that

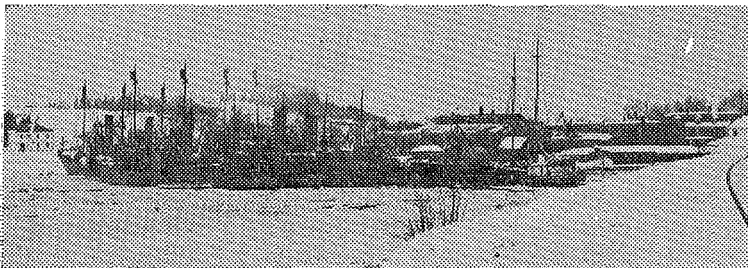
the Department of Defence Production in conjunction with the Department of Defence wished to maintain certain vital shipyards in case of a national emergency. It also wanted to relieve winter unemployment. This programme has been quite successful in its aims thus far.

The Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Ltd. is divided into two main plants. The dock at Plant No. 1 is in a perfectly sheltered corner of the Lunenburg Harbour, and has a capacity to berth three frigates and a number of smaller ships at the same time. Two boilers, several cranes and electric and water services are available for the ships. This plant also maintains a fully equipped foundry, in which are produced iron, brass and aluminum castings, iron deck machinery, etc., and a machine shop, making engines, pumps and other mechanical products used in the fishing industry. Also located here are the pattern shop, electrical shop, blacksmith shop, diesel repair shop and steel plate shop. The company also operates the crane on the Government Wharf. This service is available to all shipping at a tariff rate.

Plant No. 2 was erected during the last war and located adjacent to the Marine Railway. This is a modern machine and steel plate shop built to service ships while on the Marine Railway. It is furnished with the latest equipment including a 70 h.p. boiler and a 75 h.p. compressor.

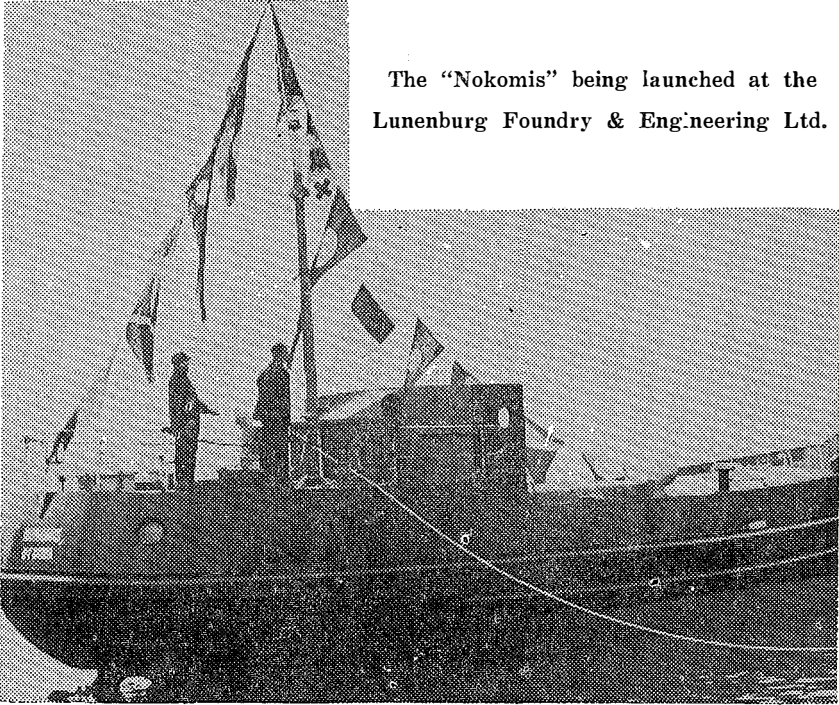
Because the company was interested in the outfitting of fishing and coastal vessels, a natural development was the building of small steel ships. The first steel ship ever built in Western Nova Scotia was built by this company for the Department of Transport as a workboat. It was launched on October 15, 1955, and christened the Prima Vista by Mrs. J. J. Kinley, wife of Senator Kinley, the President. Then the Company was successful in obtaining two more contracts by tendering competitively against other yards in the Atlantic provinces, St. Lawrence and Great Lakes area. The second steel ship was the Pilot Boat for use by the Pilotage Service at the port of Halifax and was launched in August, 1956. The third boat, like the first, was a workboat for the Department of Transport for operation on the Great Lakes and was launched in April, 1957. This steel ship building was a major development for the company and proved of great benefit to the community as a whole.

Today the facilities and trained personnel of this company stand ready to give prompt and efficient service to any ships wishing to take advantage of them in a port open the whole year round. The various activities of this company also show the proud endeavour made by this company to develop the town of Lunenburg with its seafaring traditions.



ANOTHER STEEL SHIP

by Rosalie Dauphinee '59



The "Nokomis" being launched at the Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Ltd.

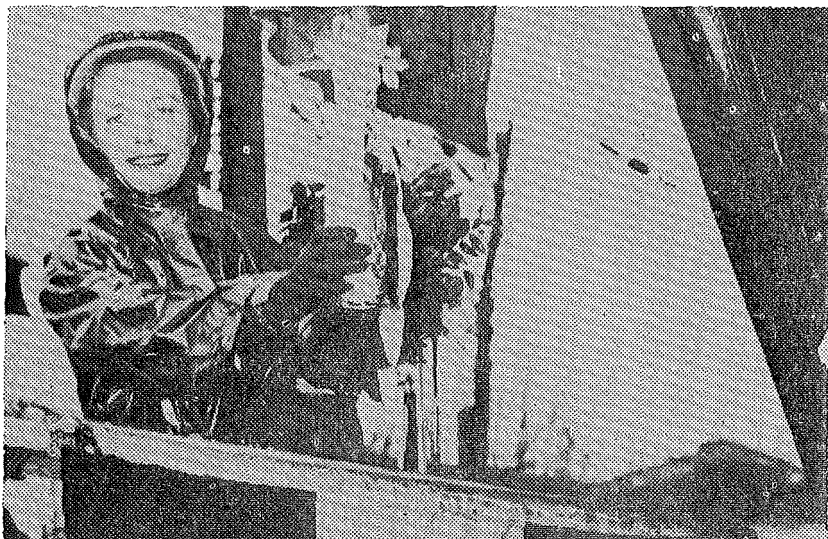
Although Lunenburg ship-builders have never gone to extremes in vessel modelling - always combining utility with appearance, nevertheless they have kept abreast of the times. The lofty and beautiful square-rigger was gradually replaced by the three and four masted ships that sailed proudly out between Battery Point and Kaulbach's Head carrying their sails like magic wings, and their cargo of salt, dry cod like gold bullion.

Then, about one hundred years ago the schooner type vessel slid from the ways into the deep, sun-drenched waters of Lunenburg harbour, and brought wealth and prosperity to the town. In due time these famous, sturdy ships found themselves outmoded by the practical engine-driven dragger.

Lunenburg did not stop there. Complying with the demands of modern times, the Lunenburg Foundry Co. has three steel ships to its credit. The "Nokomis", the latest of the three, was launched April 1957, and is a credit to her designer and builders.

At her launching heavy rain fell on land and sea but did not dampen

the interest of the spectators as Mrs. Robert Winters, the sponsor, christened the new ship. She added a "God bless you, and those who sail with you." Senator Kinley spoke in praise of the men whose skill and knowledge placed Lunenburg in such an honored place among ship-builders. The Hon. Robert Winters stressed the importance of the industry in the economy of the Maritime Provinces. Others taking part in the ceremony of the launching of the "Nokomis" were Mayor Roy Whynacht, Alex Watson, for the Department of Transport, Ottawa, and Rev. Stuart MacDonald of Central United Church, Lunenburg.



MRS. ROBERT H. WINTERS

The "Nokomis" is 66½ feet long, and 17½ feet wide. She draws 5½ feet of water, and has accommodations for six. Her speed is 10 knots. The propeller is made of nickel-vanadium steel and can be used in ice-clogged waters.

Granted, the "Nokomis" is less graceful than the old type of craft Lunenburg people have known and loved. No towering spars will mark her passage against the horizon, nor will she spring to life at the signal from the wind, yet the "Nokomis" will fill her niche the same. On the Great Lakes she will carry cargo, food for the hungry, material for the workman. She will carry fame of Lunenburg to inland ports that have never known the tang of salt water.

SALT FISH CURING AND DRYING

By Edward Colp '58



To the people of the South Shore of Nova Scotia the salt fish drying industry is a familiar topic. Few persons realize how complex an organization it really is.

The salt fish industry has a long history. John Cabot was probably the first to see the fish off Newfoundland on the Grand Banks around 1500. Soon after this discovery fishing fleets from England, Spain and France were swarming to these waters each spring where they stayed until the season's catch was over. They dried their fish along the coast before returning home...

As Nova Scotia became settled these people, too, engaged in the fishing industry. At first each man dried his share of the catch on his own flakes built about three feet above the ground. Later small companies grew which engaged in buying the fish from these "fish makers." Soon they too began to send vessels to the Grand Banks. It is out of this organization that the companies we see today have developed.

Today these companies obtain their fish in two ways. The first is by using their own vessels or schooners. Each year in May or June vessels, each with a crew of from twenty-six to thirty men, leave for the Grand Banks. The fish are weighed, split and salted in the hold of the vessel.

When loaded the ships return home. Here the fish are unloaded and packed into a storage room at a temperature of thirty-six degrees. The vessels make two or three of these trips each year. The second way, which is growing more important as the industries expand, is by buying the fish from Newfoundland. These fish are already split and salted.

The next step is the washing of these fish. Most of this work is done by

electricity. Men bring the fish from the cool room, put them in one end of the washer and take them out the other end washed. At this time the fish are culled according to size and either piled away in the cooling room to be used later or put into the driers.

This leads us to the central part, the drying of the fish. The drier itself is made up of a number of parts, usually seven or eight, called bays. Each of these bays contains sixteen flakes on which the fish are spread. When fish are put in to dry, air at a temperature of eighty degrees is blown through the drier. Every four or five hours the direction of this air current is reversed.

The fish are left there for two or three days according to their size; small and medium fish two days, large and extra large fish three days. When this time is up the fish are taken from the driers, put on piles and left to sweat for two weeks. They are then put back in the drier for one or two days according to their condition. The main part in processing salt fish is now over.

The remaining step is to pack and ship the fish. Most of them are packed into one hundred pound boxes, others are put into butts containing four hundred forty eight pounds. All these fish must be government inspected before shipping.

The fish are then shipped by rail or ship to a foreign market. The West Indies and South America are two of the greatest importers of our salt cod.

AT SEA AGAIN

by Lillian Cluett '59

Last year the famous Bluenose skipper, Captain Angus Walters, went to sea again. This time he went in steel when he sailed the ship Nokomis from its birth-place Lunenburg, to Port Arthur on the far tip of Lake Superior. He was asked by Senator Kinley to sail the ship. He accepted the invitation gladly, for this gave him the opportunity to complete his Great Lakes route, a goal for which he had longed quite some time.

On June 17, at noon, the Nokomis and her crew left the port of Lunenburg. After sailing a few hours, Captain Walters detected trouble with the compass. However, the Nokomis and her crew were fortunate enough to strike fine weather, so the compass was not needed to a great extent. The matter was dismissed until the Nokomis reached Quebec where it was adjusted. No more trouble was met until Nokomis crossed Lake Huron, where she ventured into rough waters.

The ship and her crew arrived in Port Sarnia Friday afternoon at 3 p.m. After refueling, the weather indications were not very encouraging. Captain Angus then telephoned the Coast Guard Station, and asked about conditions regarding Lake Huron at that time. Luckily, the report was favourable enough to proceed, which they did, still knowing there was a hurricane passing

over Ontario. In a few hours the Nokomis encountered the storm, and an unpleasant time was spent from that hour until the next evening.

At 6 p.m. that evening the Nokomis entered Saulte Ste. Marie, and anchored there for the night. The following morning they were on their way again. After reaching the "Soo" Canal, they sailed inland until they reached a place known as the "Soo." Here Captain Walters discovered that the gale was still over Lake Superior, so they remained at "Soo" that day.

At one a.m. the next morning left the "Soo" and sailed again until she ventured into Lake Superior. That day was sunny and clear and Nokomis arrived at her destination, Port Arthur, at 3 a.m. the next morning.



CAPT. ANGUS WALTERS

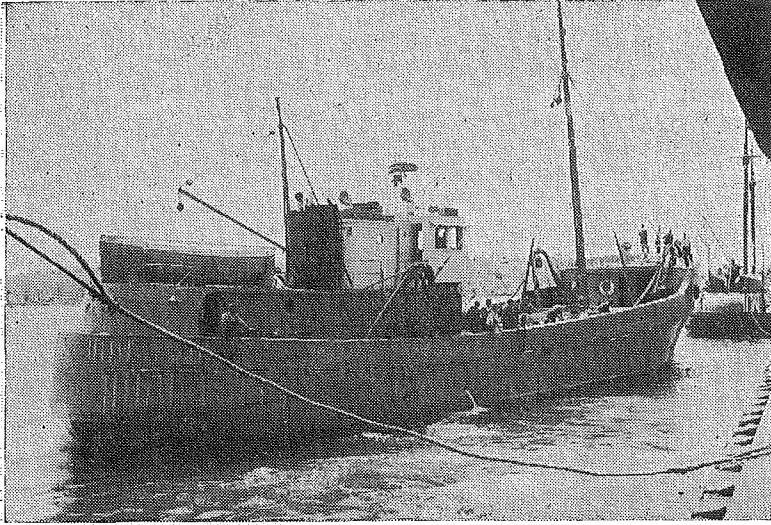
Having reached his destination safely and performed his duty faithfully, the Skipper then proceeded to return home. From Port Arthur he went to Port William. From there he travelled to Montreal where he flew to Moncton. At Moncton, he boarded a plane for Halifax, and at Halifax he boarded a bus for his home port, Lunenburg:

Our famous captain wishes this statment to be quoted as a compliment to Lloyd Eisenhauer, chief builder and designer of the Nokomis.

"Much credit is due to Lloyd Eisenhauer for the designing and construction of Nokomis. She proved very seaworthy in the face of the hurricane on Lake Huron, and that, in itself, was a great accomplishment, for the Nokomis was only slightly over fifty feet in length."

A NEW DRAGGER

by James R. Cook '58



On February 22, 1957 the "Cape Roseway," was launched at Smith and Rhuland Limited shipyards. She was then taken to Lunenburg Foundry and Engineering Limited to have the main engine, tanks, heating, auxiliary set, pump winch and deck gear installed.

This new ship was built for Lunenburg Trawler Company Limited of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. The "Cape Roseway," is at the present time fishing out of the port of Lunenburg for Lunenburg Sea Products and she is under the command of Captain Earl Demone.

Captain Demone formerly sailed the "Cape Fourchu." His new dragger is along the same lines as his former ship but has many new characteristics. The main difference in the two ships is in the hulls. The new ship has much higher rails and whale back. The wheel house of the new ship is much wider and without an open bridge. This larger wheel house has room for the electronic equipment that is necessary in a modern fishing craft.

Dimensions: The dimensions of the new ship are 115 feet by 24 feet by 13 feet and she has a gross tonnage of 230 tons.

Machinery: The main engine is an eight cylinder Cooper Bessemer diesel developing 555 b.h.p. at 325 r.p.m. The propellor is a three bladed columbian 78" by 46." The auxiliary set is Russel-Hipwell 21 h.p. lister. The trawl winch is a Bromfield Nfg. Co. model 24. The winch is driven by a 150 h.p. Cummings Diesel. The ship has four fuel tanks which hold 6700 gallons.

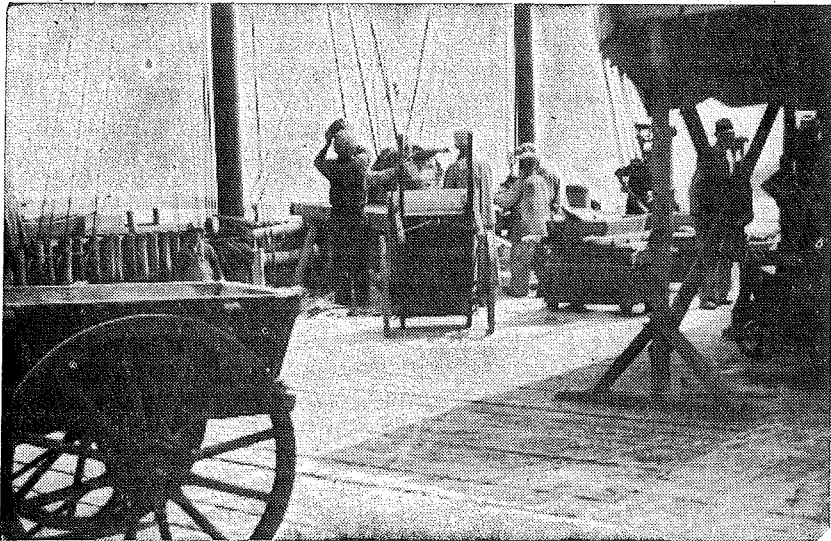
Navigational Equipment: APN9 Loran; Marconi radar, echo sounder and fish finder.

With such a fine ship we feel certain that Captain Demone and his crew will prosper from their harvest of the sea.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH by Rosalie Beck '60

How often we pick up a salt shaker and sprinkle its contents on our food, but do we ever stop to think how important salt really is? Where does it come from? How do we get it?

Salt has played an important part in man's life since he first appeared upon the earth. It not only gives flavor to food; it is an essential part of all animal tissue. Without salt man could not live, so it was quite natural for the earliest communities to grow up around salt deposits. Always an article of trade, salt from the great mines of India was carried to Mediterranean markets by camel caravans more than two thousand years ago. The word salary comes from salt, and shows the great value ancient man placed on this article.



Salt today is obtained from two sources, sea water and salt lakes or from deposits of rock and salt buried deep in the ground. Many millions of years ago much of the world's present surface lay under great salt seas. When the seas gradually dried up, the salt was left. During the following ages the salt of the ancient seas became buried under many feet of earth, clay and rock. Thus our present salt deposits were formed.

Obtaining the salt from these sources is, however, not quite so simple as it might seem. The easiest way of getting salt from the sea is by solar evaporation. The salt water is led into shallow pools where the sun evaporates it, leaving the salt behind. Such salt, however, is not pure.

Granulated salt or table salt is produced by vacuum evaporation. The brine is led into cast iron vessels. Here it is heated by steam and kept in motion to bring it in constant contact with the heating arrangement. When the brine begins to boil, salt crystals form and drop through the bottom of the vacuum pan into the salt catcher. They are then removed

and after further drying are weighed and packaged. This salt is very pure.

Grainer salt is coarser and used in salting fish and curing meat. It is produced by allowing brine to flow into huge pans and heating it by means of steam. When the crystals of salt form, they float on the surface of the brine. Soon other crystals form and gather on the first ones. These become heavier and sink to the bottom of the pan. They are then removed and put through a drying and grading process.

Much of our salt comes from mines. Men descend into these mines as they do coal mines. Machines loosen the salt from the tunnel walls and dynamite breaks it free. Then it is loaded onto cars and taken to giant crushers. After further crushing, screening and grading it is packed and shipped to all parts of the world. This type of salt is used as a refrigerant and in the chemical, paper and textile industries. Another very practical use of rock salt is melting ice.

Deposits of salt are found all over the world. Here in Nova Scotia we find Canada's greatest salt mine. This mine, discovered in 1918, is located in Malagash, Cumberland County. Salt was discovered here in 1916, and the reserve is estimated at twenty-five million tons. This mine is in sharp contrast to the coal mines of Nova Scotia. Here miners do not work in dark, dirty surroundings. The salt sparkles and gleams on the walls, ceiling and floor whenever it is touched by the lights and torches of the miners. Since rock salt is stronger than cement, the only support needed in the mine is a pillar of salt here and there. Most of the Malagash salt is used for keeping things frozen and for salting fish. Salt from Malagash is sent all over the Maritime Provinces, to other places in Canada and to Maine.

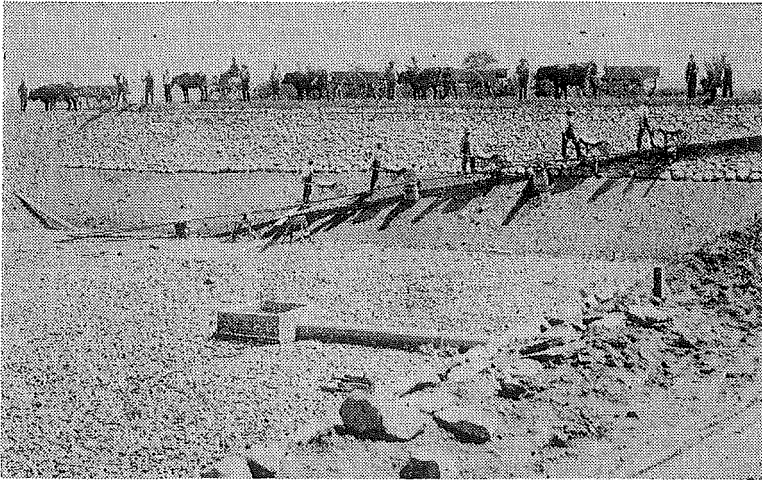
To us in Lunenburg salt is of special importance. Without salt the fishing industry on which our town was built would not have been able to thrive. When the fishing schooners stayed at sea for weeks or even months at a time, they had to have salt to preserve the fish. In late years salt fishing has declined since speedier vessels and modern methods of refrigeration have made it possible to get the fish on the market while they are still fresh. However, salt fish is still a popular dish with many people.

Most of the salt used in the fishing industry comes from Turks Island or Inagua, two islands in the Bahamas. In both these places the salt is obtained from the sea water by solar evaporation. The Inaguans began producing salt from sea water by solar evaporation in the late 1700's. However, after a brief boom the business died out until three Erikson brothers again revived it in the 1930's. Now the great salt farm there is extremely modern. The salt obtained there is claimed to be purer than Turks Island salt. From both these places salt is shipped all over the world.

In the days of sailing ships the fishermen would take a load of fish down to these islands and bring back a load of salt. Now, however, the salt is brought up by steamer. The salt of the earth is found in many different forms, but it is all necessary for life and is used in every field of human endeavor.

LUNENBURG'S WATER SYSTEM

by Anthony Cook '58



RESERVOIR during construction.

In the year 1888, the "Lunenburg Water and Electric Light, Heating and Power Company, Limited" was incorporated. In 1895, this company acquired lands and water rights, and installed the first water system. As a source of supply they used Cantelope Lake, a few miles northwest of the town. From there the water was pumped to a reservoir which was built on a hill above the lake, taking advantage of gravity to deliver the water into town. On August 22, 1896 the Town Council was petitioned by the Board of Trade to purchase the system for the town. A sum of \$65,000.00 was offered on February 8, 1900, but it was refused by the Lunenburg Water and Electric Light, Heating and Power Company Limited. However on November 15, 1902, the Town of Lunenburg purchased the system from the company at a cost of \$90,000. The Town then borrowed an additional \$15,000. in order to extend the system.

Cantelope Lake is an almost perfect water supply. It is entirely spring fed, the water being of highest quality. It is approximately 36 feet deep at its deepest point, and a one inch fall in the level of the lake amounts to a loss of almost nine million gallons. A dam at the lower end of the lake raised the water, so that at high water the surface of the lake covers about 400 acres.

The low water area is approximately 335 acres. A distance below this dam is the pumping house, which lifts the water 105 feet from the level of the lake to the reservoir. A water turbine provides the power for the pump. It is interesting to note that approximately 10 gallons of the lake's water must go through the turbine in order to lift one gallon of it to the reservoir. It is therefore necessary, when the lake is low, to use the two standby electric pumps instead of the water driven turbine, in order to conserve the supply.

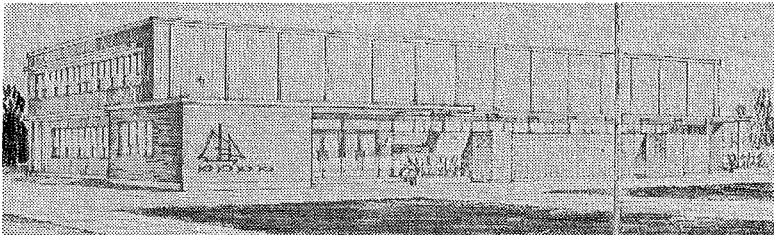
The pump is used about seven months in a year, sometimes going 24 hours a day, depending on the level of the water in the reservoir. No means of purification of the water was found necessary, until this last year, when a chlorinator was installed, under the advice of the Health Authorities, who in a series of test found an excess of a certain type of bacteria in parts of the system.

The water is carried by pipe from the pumphouse to the reservoir. This reservoir is the original, constructed in 1895. It was entirely constructed by hand labor; wheelbarrows, shovels, and oxcarts being about the only equipment. The sides, a few feet above and below the water line, are lined with rock, just as is the bottom. It has a rated capacity of 840,000 gallons. A daily check on the reservoir sees that the water level is kept constant. The reservoir is 12 feet deep at the center, and 126 feet square in area.

A single pipe originally carried the water from the reservoir to the town system, but the Town is now working on a parallel transmission line. This new line has already been constructed except for an 1800 foot section near the reservoir. When completed the new system will more than double the present maximum available flow. The reason for this development is not so much for domestic use as it is for improving fire protection. The step was recommended by the Nova Scotia Board of Insurance Underwriters. Most extensions today are done with profits realized from the efficient operation of the town's water system.

The original pipes in the system were thought to have been brought from Scotland. The new transmission line is a 12 inch main, while the mains in the distribution system vary from 4 to 8 inches in diameter. Because of corrosion, water pressure in the mains has been somewhat reduced. I was shown by the Town Engineer, Mr. Manuel, a sample of incrustation taken from an old main. This was almost 2 inches in thickness, having accumulated over a period of 54 years. Such accumulations greatly reduce the carrying capacity of these mains, and also result in lower pressure through excessive friction. However, this is somewhat overcome by a scraping device which, forced by water pressure through the pipes, cleans off any ridges and accumulated dirt.

Our water system has been well used, the present average daily consumption being about 300,000 gallons. The heaviest usage is during the winter season, when the town's two artificial ice making plants begin operating. Just as a passing fact, the total consumption during 1957 was 109,831,200 gallons. Because of the many improvements, the system is today valued at about \$202,100, a far cry from the \$90,000 for which it was purchased.



COMMUNITY — FISHERIES BUILDING

MORE ELECTRIC POWER FOR LUNENBURG

by Sheila Conrad '61

Lunenburg's Electric Light Department began as a steam plant in 1889 under the supervision of Mr. E. L. Nash. Situated on the northern side of Creighton Street, it consisted of a large deep well, an engine house with a boiler, two engines, four dynamos and other essential electrical instruments. Mr. Nash was given permission by the Town Council to run electric light wires along the streets of Lunenburg. Later, in October of 1890, the Town Council directed him to place electric light poles along Lincoln Street while they assisted in the work by ordering thirty street-lamps at twenty-four candle power each, operated at \$18.00 per year for each lamp.

By 1891 the Lunenburg Gas Co. Ltd. was incorporated under Chapter 133 of the Nova Scotia Acts of 1889 written by the mayor and councillors. Its main purpose was to strive to furnish the Town and buildings, and all regions within its boundaries, with light, heat and power. This provided street-lights, both arc and incandescent, fuel, various forms and uses of gases and electric motors to endeavor to expand the industries and meet ever rising demands for more power. The total stock of the company amounted to \$45,000 invested at \$20 per share. By-Laws had to be made and at a meeting early in June, 1891, a slate of directors was appointed. From them the Board of Directors chose the following as officers:

President - W. N. Zwicker
Vice-President - J. Jos. Rudolf
Secretary-Treasurer - E. L. Nash

At this time Mr. Nash, who owned the property and furnished the power station with the necessary equipment to start the electrical light development in Lunenburg, offered to sell. The sum which he requested \$12,500 was thought acceptable by all on the Town Council, and the property was purchased. Mr. Nash agreed to become the General Manager and still resume his present post as Secretary-Treasurer of the Company. His services were free of charge except that he requested that his shop and home be supplied with light until the company was self-supporting enough to pay a 6% dividend.

In January, 1892, it was decided to use lamps of sixteen candle power each; in bedrooms which ordinarily were not used as sitting rooms at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents per annum. At the end of the same year a balance of \$375.27 remained to be used for other purposes. The directors now decided that a dividend of three and three-quarter per cent could be paid to all stockholders having shares up to that year.

The power company continued to thrive and by 1898, it was necessary to acquire the property and water privileges belonging to Mr. T. G. Nicol, of Mahone Bay, bordering on the Mush-a-Mush River at Clearland. With the building of dams to keep back the water and supplying the need-

ed machinery, this plant was now able to provide electricity for both Lunenburg and Mahone Bay. The highest rate amounted to \$15.00 a year for five lamps sixteen candle power each. Customers using more than the quota allotted at this rate were supplied with meters costing twenty-five cents a month rent as well as eight cents per kilowatt.

After the turn of the century in 1906, the Lunenburg Gas Company offered to sell the Power Development on the Mush-a-Mush River to the town. Most ratepayers found the price too steep at the time and voted down the proposal. Again in 1919 the company offered to sell, this time at an even higher price since over the years its business was increasing rapidly. Still the stockholders voted against such a sale. The plant continued to grow, furnishing more homes and additional industries with the heat and light required. Finally in 1921 the Power Development was purchased by the Nova Scotia Power Commission for \$55,000. Under new supervision changes were made; the most important being the abolishing of the flat rate for sale of electricity and introducing meters for all customers.

The Lunenburg Gas Co. Ltd. continued to operate but now owned only the distribution system. Soon complaints were raised concerning service and high rates and so the company was sold to Associated Gas and Electric Company Ltd. of New York. Under their instruction the plant expanded by spreading electricity to Blue Rocks and other rural districts.

This company in turn sold its interests to the Nova Scotia Light and Power Company Ltd. in whose hands it remained until 1937. Then it was purchased by the Town Council for the benefit of the citizens for \$60,000.

The money to pay for this purchase was arranged to be paid over a period of twenty years. Last year, 1957, the final payment was made so now the Utility is absolutely free of debt. Rates have been greatly reduced since 1937 but the number of homes and industrial centres which need power have increased.

Over the past six years a surplus of money has been gathered from the Electric Light Utility and used towards:

1. The purchasing of all School Lands within the Town,
2. The seal coating all permanent streets,
3. The partial payment of a new water main now under construction.

These have been the results of the efforts of the skilled and efficient management of the Company. Over the years it has grown from a small beginning to the thriving and essential part of Lunenburg it is today.

THE NEWTOWN DEVELOPMENT

by Ann Cook '58, Jamesie MacDuff '60

During the latter part of the nineteenth century practically all the development of our town, known as "Newtown", started. Newtown in general is the area of Lunenburg southeast of the Canadian National Railways right-of-way.

The area bounded by Falkland, Dufferin, Tupper, Green and Victoria Streets originally belonged to the Trustees of Common School Lands. In

1861, part of this area was subdivided into lots by John P. Lawson, land surveyor, and the remainder of it was subdivided in 1787 by Edward H. Solomon. Thus, all the houses in this part of Newtown were constructed during or since 1861.

Although this part of Newtown was established later in the nineteenth century, part of the Tannery Road was constructed some time before this. A plan dated 1819 shows the site of the old Tannery and also a few buildings between the corner of Captain Angus Walters to the Tannery Road bridge.

As far back as the year 1926, the need was felt for a new subdivision in Lunenburg. The Board of Management of School Lands owned the land now bounded by Tupper, Green, High and Churchill Streets. (The Crown originally set aside the School Lands both within the town and the county of Lunenburg. Proceeds from the sale and lease of these lands was to be used for the support of education.)

In that year Mr. S. E. March, Provincial Lands Surveyor of Bridgewater, was hired to make a proposed subdivision plan of this area. This was later approved by the Board of Management of School Lands and by the Council of the town of Lunenburg. Very few houses were constructed on the lots of this subdivision prior to 1945 since only the lots on Green, Dufferin and part of Tupper street were accessible.

In 1944 the Board of Management of School Lands employed the Harold C. Loring Associates of Chester to make a revised plan of this subdivision making certain changes in street and lot layout. This revised plan was approved by the Board and the Town Council. Since that date some minor revisions have been made in the layout of the lots.

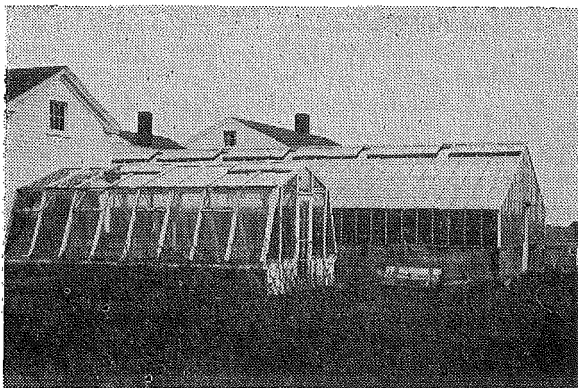
One residence was constructed in 1945 in this new subdivision and several were constructed in 1946. In 1947 this new subdivision was provided with water, sewerage and electric services as required and the streets were constructed.

From this time on, construction has proceeded quite rapidly in this area. The completion of the hospital in 1952 on High Street (formerly known as Slaughterhouse Road) was one step in the progress of the Newtown development. Early in 1954 the town purchased all the school Lands within the town of Lunenburg. In the same year the Broad Street extension from Churchill to High Streets was provided with water and sewerage. All the lots of this extension were immediately sold and several houses have already been built. In 1956 this subdivision became even more improved when Montgomery Street was extended from Broad to Brook Street.

In this latest Newtown subdivision the majority of the lots have a frontage on the street of at least eighty feet. Many of the lots have a depth of one hundred and forty feet or more. We feel that this combined with useful planning of the houses relative to the street and lot lines and the landscaping by individual property owners is creating in this area an attractive residential district.

OUR GREENHOUSE

by Roxanna Lohnes '59



On December 1, 1946 Lunenburg's first greenhouse was started by Mr. Rae Beck. He had been in the Services for six year. Upon returning home, he felt that he wished to start a small business of his own. Looking over the prospects of some small business in Lunenburg, it seemed to him that the possibility of something of this sort was good.

Mr. Beck took his old job again as machinist at the Lunenburg Foundry, while operating a small greenhouse more or less as a hobby. The first one Mr. Beck established was a small and solely for experimental purposes. As he became more experienced and as the demand for cultivated flowers grew, the necessity arose for an expansion of the business until it became the present greenhouse which was built in 1949. The business continued on a part-time basis until 1951. Due to an increase in the volume of business, David returned home in November of 1956 to join his father. The name of the business has been changed from R. H. Beck, Florist, to Beck's Flowers and has become a partnership.

They actually grow only a small percentage of flowers, most of them coming from the large greenhouse in the Annapolis Valley. Special types of flowers such as orchids, are shipped either by air or train from greenhouses in the United States. During the off-season, some small items are grown, as well as field flowers in the summertime. In addition, plants for the bedding plant trade are grown in the spring.

On entering the greenhouse, we first come to the showroom where flowers are kept in a refrigerator for the purpose of display. Further on there is the office where the bookwork of the business is carried on. Flowers are readied in the room adjoining the office as well as downstairs where the necessary equipment for arranging flowers is kept. In back of the workshop there is a large refrigerator where the flowers are stored until they are needed. Unknown to most people perhaps, is the fact that flowers must be kept at an even temperature the year-round, because they spoil with temperature fluctuations. Before being sent to the customer they go through a hardening period.

The entire plant is heated automatically by means of an oil furnace. In

case of a power failure, Beck's have an emergency lighting plant in the cellar which can be driven by means of a farm tractor.

During the rush seasons as well as on other occasions, Beck's may be called upon to work long, hard hours arranging the flowers and delivering them to their customers. They do their own delivering and their own work except where necessity compels them to hire extra help but this does not occur too often.

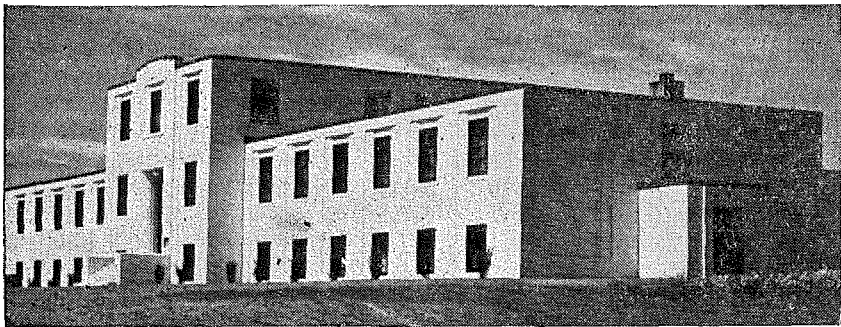
The Becks' are a bonded member of the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association. In order to become a member of this organization, one must meet with certain requirements such as the quality of flowers and standard of workmanship. One must also be considered a responsible business firm. F. T. D. is a world-wide association. The significance of belonging to F. T. D. is that you are enabled to send flowers to anybody, anywhere in the free world. Beck's became a member in 1952 and have the honor of being the only member so far in Lunenburg County.

Mr. Beck and his wife took their floral course at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, while David took his course just last summer at the Canadian School of Floral Art, Hamilton. All were successful in obtaining their diplomas.

The courses taken dealt mostly with the artistic designing of flowers in addition to the different aspects in connection with the floral business.

As trends in flower designing are continuously changing, review schools and conventions which deal with these varying methods are held semi-annually throughout the Maritime Provinces. There you may learn what the new developments in floral arrangements are. Beck's also keep up to date with the variations by means of literature supplied by F. T. D. as well as articles printed in other magazines.

Hard work and perseverance have made the proprietors' dream become a reality, for today Beck's Greenhouse has become one of the outstanding and thriving businesses of the town. Lunenburg should always look to her greenhouse with the feeling of pride that comes from the knowledge that they will always receive fine, courteous service.



FISHERMEN'S MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

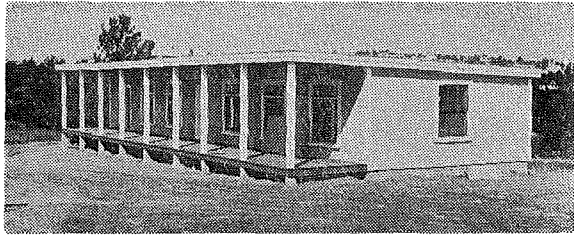
THE LUNENBURG ROD AND GUN CLUB

by Bruce Tanner '60

For many years the Ich Dien Hotel in the centre of the town of Lunenburg was an asset to the town. But changing times and circumstances converted it into a liability and eventually it was torn down.

Its destruction resulted in the construction of a less elaborate but much more important building in the newer section of the town. This is the Lunenburg Rod and Gun Clubhouse, standing on the hill overlooking the Community Centre.

In September 1954, a group of hunters and sport fishermen of the town formed the Rod and Gun Club. They built a six-target indoor rifle range in the old Curling Rink and during the winter of 1954-55 about 45,000 rounds were fired over this range. The following spring they started work on a trap range and an eight-target



THE LUNENBURG ROD AND GUN CLUB

outdoor rifle range. These ranges were open to the Lunenburg Academy students and a school rifle team was formed. Unfortunately, this arrangement has fallen through, but now once again the Club extends an invitation to school students who are sixteen years and over.

In April of 1956 when the Ich Dien Hotel was demolished, sufficient timbers, studding and boards were obtained to lay the foundation of the new Club House. In addition to this, the old Ich Dien furnished hardwood flooring and seven picture windows which were utilized in the construction of the new building.

The Club House is seventy-five feet by twenty feet. It has a concrete basement, in which a six-target small bore rifle range is found. The main floor has a large club room, fifty by twenty feet. The efficient heating system was kindly donated to the Club by Senator J. J. Kinley. Adequate water facilities are provided by a well near the Club House.

The construction of the building, and all the work in connection with lighting, heating and so on, would have represented a tremendous cost, but because of the cooperation of the town, which leased the land at a very low rate; of the merchants who furnished necessary material at a very low cost; of the gifts of community-minded citizens; and more particularly of the whole hearted support and labour of the members, the job was successfully accomplished. In fact, without the kindness of the town merchants, and the hard, determined work of the club members, the Club House would have remained a dream instead of a fact.

In the fall of 1956 the first annual Nova Scotia Provincial Hunters' Meet was held at the Lunenburg Club. There are only two meets of this kind held

in Canada. The other is in Quebec. A large number of shooters from all parts of the province came and enjoyed the competition. The Club is really one of the most advanced in Canada. The use of conventional targets is one example, for these are special targets, used by only one other club in Canada.

The Club House also furnishes a place for meetings and dances. There are seventy-five nesting chairs, a propane stove, juke box, and piano, as well as ample floor space. Plans for progress include a road to be built up over the hill, leading to the Club House, and someday in the future an archery range.

The Lunenburg Rod and Gun Club has three life members, the late W. T. Powers; Senator Kinley, and Mr. L. L. Hebb. Though its membership started with only thirty, it has now grown to one hundred and ten, in four years, and it is hoped will continue to grow.

The aim of the Club is to learn to use firearms for pleasure, with safety and skill, not carelessly for destruction and death. It also provides a social centre for its members.



LUNENBURG ACADEMY

LUNENBURG LITTLE THEATRE GROUP

by Sharon Clarke '58

In February of 1950, a set of plays was presented by members of the Church congregations of the town. These plays were well received, and it was decided to form a Community Dramatic Society which was named the Lunenburg Little Theatre Group. Meetings were to be held monthly, and Mrs. B. G. Oxner offered the group the use of her music-room as a meeting place. The first president was Miss Pauline Veinot.

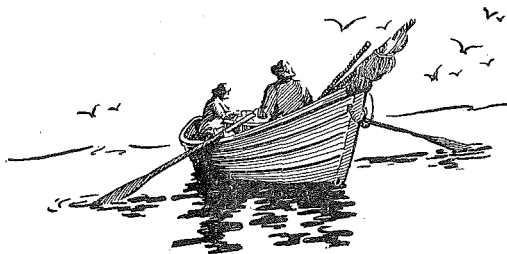
This group later became affiliated with the Nova Scotia Drama League, which in turn is a member of the Dominion Drama League. The latter sponsors the Dominion Drama Festival every spring and plays from every province are presented in competition before a qualified adjudicator. The Drama Festival for 1958 is to be held in Halifax. Lunenburg's Little Theatre Group will be called upon, along with other Nova Scotia groups, to help make the undertaking a success.

Though small in number, this aggregation is a very enthusiastic group. When plays are in the process of production everyone contributes his efforts cheerfully just for the fun he gets out of doing his part. Discussions at meetings wax long and loud.

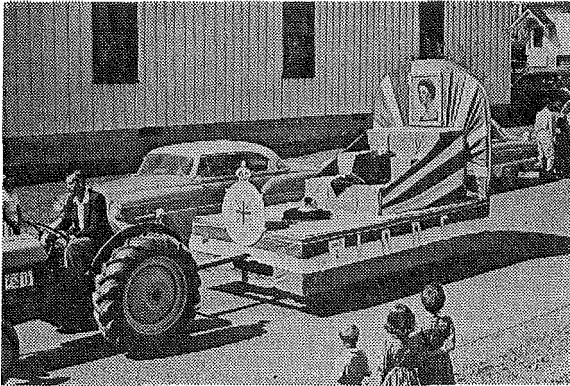
In 1952 the visiting Hollywood technicians, who shot scenes around Lunenburg harbor for some of the sequences of the film "The World in His Arms", were the guests of the group. The Little Theatre organization was given a number of demonstrations in make-up for various forms of filming, which contained many valuable pointers for our amateur make-up crew. Mr. Graham Knickle was included in the crew recruited locally by Hollywood and the casts have benefited from his know-how ever since.

Since its inception the group has presented two three-act plays and twenty-two one-act plays. Miss Barbara Miller, now Mrs. Edward Brignell, received honorable mention from Adjudicator Pierre Lefevre for her role in "Incident on the Border" by Donald Wetmore, presented at a Nova Scotia Drama Festival. Other plays receiving excellent comment in League Festivals were "The Bishop's Candlesticks" at Bedford and "Dark Brown" at Truro.

The group is looking forward to the new Community Hall where they hope to have equipment and space worthy of their efforts.



BOSCAWEN (BOS-KAWN) CHAPTER I. O. D. E.



By Elaine Backman '59, Gerald Randall '61

The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire was founded in Canada in 1900, to foster unity of the women of the Commonwealth. The Boscawen Chapter was founded in Lunenburg in 1914. It was named after Edward Boscawen. In 1758 he was appointed admiral of the British Navy and commander-in-chief of the expedition to Cape Breton. He, in conjunction with General Amherst, took the fortress at Louisburg and the island of Cape Breton.

The Boscawen Chapter has approximately thirty-five active members. The first regent of the Chapter was Miss Agnes Maguire (an aunt of Mrs. Everett Knickle). The oldest living member of the Chapter is Mrs. Norman Zwicker. Among the devoted members today are Mrs. Ray Lohnes and Mrs. Harry Rhodenizer who have served in office for quite a number of years. Mrs. W. A. Hewat is the present regent.

Each Chapter has its own motto. That of the Lunenburg branch is: "Under this Standard Thou shalt conquer!"

The methods used by the Boscawen Chapter to raise funds are rummage sales and bridge marathons. The I.O.D.E. also has a booth at the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition. Mrs. Anson Berringer has contributed greatly in past years by presenting her fine handiwork to be sold in the booth.

Most of the money obtained by the Chapter is spent locally on education. A bursary of one hundred dollars is given annually to a graduating student of the Lunenburg Academy. Smaller prizes are also distributed throughout the school. The Boscawen Chapter sponsors various contests for the school students each year. Prizes are awarded to the winners of these contests. The rural schools are also allowed to compete. The Chapter distributes magazines and books to the rural schools, which do not have libraries. It donates money annually for the extension of the Lunenburg Academy Library.

This gives us an idea of the work carried on each year by the Bos-

ewen Chapter I.O.D.E. in Lunenburg and surrounding areas.

Now that we have seen one Chapter and its work, let us turn to the I. O. D. E. in general. The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire is one of the largest women's organizations in Canada. The membership from the Yukon to Newfoundland is approximately 32,000 in 960 Chapters. Nova Scotia has seventy-one of these and next to Ontario has the highest membership.

The provincial annual meetings are held at Halifax, presided over by a former Lunenburg girl, now Mrs. G. D. Anderson who is the Provincial Regent. Dominion annual meetings are also held, over which the Dominion Regent presides.

What does the I. O. D. E. do? It stimulates patriotism; fosters unity in the Empire; assists youth in Canada in furthering their education; gives aid in times of Peace and War; promotes a high citizenship among all; and it cherishes the memory of brave and heroic deeds.

The Order functions through departments which carry on its varied work. In peace-time, education is its main work. It assists libraries in schools, awards Bursaries and Scholarships in schools and universities and encourages children in Canada to correspond with children in other parts of the Empire.

When the I. O. D. E. was formed, its first undertaking was to supply comforts to the Canadian soldiers who fought in the Boer War. During the World Wars, it earned admiration and gratitude for its gift of a million dollars worth of clothing and comforts to bombed and evacuated families in Great Britain.

In 1951, the outstanding project of the I. O. D. E. was the acquisition for Canada's archives of the beautiful needlepoint carpet made by Her Late Majesty Queen Mary. The I. O. D. E. Chapters were successful in raising a considerable sum for Britain by displaying the carpet in many cities. The Royal Carpet became the official property of the Dominion when it was presented to the National Gallery of Canada (Ottawa) by H. R. H. Queen Elizabeth during the 1951 Royal Tour. In return the I. O. D. E. of Canada sent a cheque for one hundred and nineteen thousand dollars to the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

The Order's distinctive badge is worn only by members of the Order, on the left breast. The badge is surmounted by the crown and nothing is worn above it such as costume jewellery or a corsage. There are in all, sixteen bars available to members who are eligible to wear them. Life Membership, which is bestowed on a member for outstanding work, entitles a member to wear a gold bar.

In 1917 War Bars were instituted and all members of the Order who were active while their husbands, sons or daughters were on active service were entitled to wear a blue (husband), red (son) or white bar (daughter).

What does the Badge mean? The points of the star represent the British Empire, the Union Jack in the center with its three crosses represents Loyalty, Unity and Sacrifice. The white circle represents the bond of Empire, the Crown denotes Sovereignty, and the symbol of spiritual unity which binds the Nations of the Commonwealth.

THE JAZZ BAND

by Kathleen Baker '58, Graham Creighton '60

The story of the Jazz Band dates back to the year 1927, when the group was first organized by the late Mayor A. W. Schwartz, to provide entertainment at a Masonic Garden Party on Blockhouse Hill.

Prior to the Garden Party itself, the clown band, made up of Masonic Brethren, marched through the streets of Lunenburg urging the people to attend. Thus the Jazz Band was born under the leadership of the loyal Masons, John Lohnes, W. T. Powers, Harry Arenburg, and Arthur Schwartz.

A bit later the Jazz Band participated in the first Fishermen's Picnic Parade. This effort was made possible by the united endeavors of J. E. Knickle and Lawrence L. Hebb.

Instruments used by this band were certainly original. They were made of sheet metal by two of Lunenburg's best tinsmiths. The Theophilus Naas and John Ethier. After these rare instruments had been fashioned, they were painted brightly and fitted with bazoos. Some of the instruments represented were cornets, saxophones and victrola horns. Fascinating music was produced by the instrumentalists.

The band, under Mr. A. W. Schwartz's leadership, carried on for many years appearing on different occasions, such as during the Christmas season, for the sole purpose of playing and singing to shut-ins. Other annual events in which the band took part were the Lunenburg and Bridgewater Exhibition parades. Following the death of Mayor A. W. Schwartz in 1946, there was a short lapse during which the band remained inactive.

Then in 1946 the group was reorganized as "The Lunenburg Foundry Jazz Band," under the leadership of Ray Schwartz. This time the group consisted of about twenty-five members.

A committee of the following men did much to bring about a successful reunion of the band: Scott Myra, Hubert Miller, Oscar Feener, Leslie Hall, Ernest Smith, with Rayburn Lohnes as director of music.

The band gained popularity steadily, and it was in demand more often at various functions. With their novel costumes and instruments, the Jazz Band began to travel on request all over Nova Scotia. It has donated its services to the March of Dimes programmes at Halifax, Halifax Natal Day, Dartmouth Natal Day, Kentville Apple Blossom Parade, Berwick Labour Day celebrations, Bridgewater Exhibition parade and many others.

Besides all these out-of-town appearances, the Jazz Band has taken an active part in the annual Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition parade. It also has loaned its services to many welfare organizations for the good of our community.

Thus the Lunenburg Foundry Jazz Band, with their wigs, painted faces, strange costumes, and unusual musical instruments have become a familiar sight throughout Nova Scotia. They generate fun and frolic, and thus have become very popular. We hope they will continue to be of service to their many friends and admirers whenever they can.



A STRANGER IN THE MIDST

by Geraldine Levy '61

It was a dark frosty night out on the Grand banks. Dick Harrington's watch was coming up, so he sleepily hopped out of his bunk; got a mug of hot coffee; and put on his oil clothes. There was an air of stillness which gave Dick a peculiar feeling. However, he was soon on deck ready for his six-hour watch.

Was Dick asleep or was this really true? At the wheel stood another fisherman. Thinking it was just one of his shipmates doing him a favor, he went below again and turned in.

Next morning as the crew sat up to breakfast, Dick mentioned the incident of the night before. "Thanks for standing my watch for me last night," he said. "I sure needed that extra six hours." Then chatter arose among the gang.

Finally, Pete spoke up, "Glad someone done you such an honor, but he not be one of us."

Dick's face turned from a rosy red color to ghostly white. "You sure?"

"Course we're sure," answered old Tim.

Dick's mind was in a frenzy now. Who stood his watch? Maybe one of the gang trying to scare him a bit, or was it.....? No, it was just his nerves. All day Dick wasn't himself. His mind still pictured the rugged fisherman standing at the wheel.

That night he turned in uneasy, almost afraid when he thought of his watch. Would the stranger be there? Two o'clock arrived with Dick on deck. Relief overcame his uneasiness. There was no one there. Despite this Dick was still tortured. This was an old vessel and lots of men got lost off it. Could it be that one of them.....? Dick's nerves were on the last strand.

When the crew was ready for dinner next day Dick wasn't there. He showed up about half an hour later. The gang noticed his tenseness, and thought a few jokes would cheer him up. "Ghost there last night?" asked Tim.

"No," answered Dick in a shaky voice.

"Well, guess we might's well tell ya," said Pete. "T'was just me doin' ya a favor."

Dick's color came back that very second, and he began to laugh with the rest of the crew. "Thanks, Pete," he said. "But next time don't wait so long to tell me. My nerves ain't too good now-a-days."

FREE RIDE

by Jamesie MacDuff '60

As the stranger strode into the General Store in Snakeback, the storekeeper appeared from the back of the shop.

"What can I do for you today?" asked the gruff voice of the storekeeper. "There's Horace McGarvie, the Scotsman, gettin' off the stagecoach. Says it's the easiest way to catch the outlaws and deliver them to the sheriff in Wind Junction. I guess he's after Slug Monarch this time," he said pointing to the poster hanging sloppily on the wall. "If that fellow didn't have a mustache you could pass for his twin brother. By the way, just what is your name?"

"Oh, er, Bill Fawn. By the way, just forget you ever saw me," he said hesitantly.

"Oh. . ., yes, of course."

Bill Fawn stalked out of the General Store, his arms as empty as they had been when he came in.

"Bye jove," the storekeeper mumbled to himself. "If he thinks I'll ferget him he's loco," and with that he ran out of the store, down the street, after hanging a "Closed" sign on the door, and ran into the Silver and Gold saloon where he had seen Horace McGarvie go earlier in the day. He saw him in a small corner. He went over to Horace McGarvie and said quietly, "Hi Will, how's about havin' a little ole drink with an ole friend?"

"Never mind the drink, just tell me how much it's worth to you for a tip on Slug Monarch?"

"Well," said Horace hesitantly, "I'd say about fifty dollars."

"Well," began the elderly storekeeper, "I know where he is. Slug Monarch I mean," and he related the whole story as it happened to Horace.

The Scotsman ran out of the saloon and down the street like a bullet being shot around corners.

Then he saw Slug Monarch, grabbed his hands and handcuffed them. Slub offered no resistance, oddly enough, and went along quietly.

The next day as the passengers were getting off the stagecoach at Wind Junction among them could be seen Horace McGarvie and Slug Monarch.

The two men trudged down to the sheriff's office.

"Howdy Sheriff," came McGarvie's swift recognition, "got a two thousand dollar catch this time, Slug Monarch."

"You can't have Monarch a cause of the fact that he's he-ah in ma own jail, but I'll shore admit that this he-ah guy's a dead ringer for him. Probably woulda made that mistake maself.

"Then who are you?" McGarvie said looking at Slug and turning red.

"Jim Elton," replied Slug. "I was offered a good job as a lawyer here in Wind Junction and thought it too good to pass up. I didn't have enough money to even pay the coach fare after just getting out of col-

lege. When the storekeeper in Snakeback said I could pass for Monarch's twin brother, I did some quick thinking and was picked up as Slug Monarch. Just taking a chance on someone knowing I'm not this ah, Slug Monarch fellow, and brought to Wind Junction and, well, here I am. Well boys, thanks for the free ride, hope I can do the same for you sometime!" And with that he turned around and walked out, much to the surprise of the two bewildered faces behind him.

NIGHT FUN

by Thomas Mason '58

Margaret, Wayne and Andrea were on their way home after having attended a going-away party for one of their friends. Although it was already in the wee hours of the morning, in fact, it was after two o'clock - they gleefully talked about the fun of the evening. As they casually strolled up to the front door, Wayne asked his two sisters for the key. Margaret lazily replied, "Andrea has it."

"No, I haven't. I thought you had it, Wayne."

"Well, I don't. I thought one of you took it when we left the house. Better look in all your pockets." After having literally turned everything inside out, they could produce no key. "Now, what are we going to do?" Wayne asked. "There's no one in the house except the dogs and they certainly can't help us."

"Just think," Andrea butted in, "all evening we joked and laughed about such things happening and here we are in the very predicament. What a laugh!!"

"It'll be some laugh if you have to sleep out under the oak tree all night," replied Margaret.

"Oh well, just think, all those nice stars and that big round moon. It **would** be fun," Andrea said with a twinkle in her eye.

"Oh you!" was all Margaret could say before both started laughing.

While they were busy joking amongst themselves, Wayne stood thinking about how to get in. Finally he exclaimed, "I know. We'll take Dad's crowbar and try to push up one of the windows. Come on. Let's get busy."

"Wait a minute, you eager-beaver. What are you going to do about the storm-windows?" asked Margaret.

"Oh! ————Well, then, we'll have to take them off. Does anyone know off-hand where we can find a spike?"

After Andrea had replied, "In the cellar," Wayne quickly went to the side of the house and opened the cellar doors. As no flashlight was to be had, he carefully made his way into the deep dark passageway. After several minutes of comparative silence, a loud "Ouch" echoed through the air. Startled, both Andrea and Margaret shouted, "What happened?"

"Oh nothing," answered Wayne, with a slight laugh. "I just hit my head on one of the rafters." Amid the girls' giggles, he came out, holding his hand on his head and muttering to himself, but - and what was

more important - producing a spike, sort of rusty and slightly out of shape but still useful for its purpose. Quickly they obtained two old crates and placed them on top of one another under the living-room window. Within several minutes Wayne had screwed out five of the holding screws, with one more to go.

Then out of the night came a bellowing voice, "What are you doing, may I ask?" The two girls jumped with fright and Wayne, the living daylights nearly scared out of him, almost tumbled from his perch atop the crates.

"Just trying to get into the house," replied Andrea after she had gotten her breath.

"So I see, and now I suppose you'll say you live here."

"But we do," stammered Margaret.

"Well, we'll see about that," replied the husky man. "But now, how about coming down to headquarters with me and explaining the whole thing to the police sergeant."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Andrea, "aren't you the new policeman in town?"

"Yes." Before anything else could be said, Wayne, who had been casually unwinding the last screw while looking at the policeman and listening to the conversation as well, let out a yell as the window fell out on top of him. The policeman made a dash and just managed to grab the top as it fell towards him, thus preventing a fatal crash. Wayne slowly picked himself up off the ground while feeling himself for any bruises. After expressing their thanks to the officer and after carefully describing to him the interior details of the house so that he could check when they got inside, the girls and Wayne quietly set about opening up the window.

While this was going on, the dogs in the house barked incessantly and loud enough to awaken the entire neighbourhood. When the window was opened, Wayne talked to the dogs, stuck his head in and was greeted with a complete facewash by their tongues. Amid his howls he was pushed in head-first and fell on the floor, knocking his head against the leg of the chair. Mumbling every other word but the right one, he went to the kitchen and let in the others.

After Andrea had conducted the officer all over the house, making some passes at him and getting no results, her curiosity got the best of her and she asked curtly, "Now that you're satisfied, would you mind telling me who told you about us breaking into this house?"

As the officer gradually made his way to the door, he replied, "Oh, just a nosy neighbour! Good-night," and left with a wry smile on his face. Andrea could just about have thrown a book at him but instead banged her fist on the wall.

Just then, Margaret shouted from upstairs, "Hey, Wayne, here's the key on your dresser where you left it tonight."

Wayne didn't answer for he was sound asleep on the living-room couch.

THE SECRET OF THE ORNAMENTAL DOLL

by Sheila Conrad '61

Susan Beck and her sister, Jane, had made long and careful plans for their trip to the country. The joy of anticipation left them bubbling over with excitement, and no patience to wait until vacation time arrived. Susan, who worked for a magazine publisher, had in the previous year been assigned to do a new article. Her boss could never understand why she should leave just then, so she very unwillingly sacrificed a summer of fun. But this year Jane and she had rented a beautiful, old, stately mansion in the country which showed promise of a peaceful vacation. Nothing must possibly go wrong.

At the stroke of dawn on the morning of their departure for the country, the girls were aroused from a fitful sleep by a sharp rap at the door. Susan hastened to answer it, and found only a letter on the front step. By this time Jane, too, reached the door and as Susan fearfully and hastily ripped open the envelope a small card dropped out. On it were written the words:

"Keep away from Rosedale Mansion."

"How strange!" said Susan, "I am sure few people know about our plans."

"Someone is just trying to play a trick on us," suggested Jane. "I am not scared in the least." But in her heart Jane was just as frightened as her sister.

Once back in bed, Susan could not forget the incident, and pondered it over and over in her mind. Should they let this threatening note spoil their vacation? The fear of being assigned to a new story no longer bothered her. Deep down in her heart, though she wished it would happen. "No! no!" her conscience fought back, "that's taking a coward's way out." Made bolder by this thought she was determined to go to the mansion. Perhaps it was just a hoax after all.

It was a long drive to Rosedale Mansion, and the bright sun and cool breeze cheered the girls considerably. The sun had reached high noon when Jane drove the convertible up the tree-lined avenue leading to the house. The surroundings thrilled them at first sight. Near the house was a large orchard crowded with apple trees. The fragrance of heavily laden rose bushes scented the air. Flowers of many kinds bloomed in profusion along the path while the sun's rays played hide and seek among the branches of an old elm tree.

Once inside the house, the girls visited each room, praising their delightful qualities and planning some changes. Susan's bedroom was filled with old fashioned pieces of furniture and peculiar ornaments of rare designs. These delighted her, especially the collection of stuffed dolls. The most beautiful was dressed in a long golden embroidered skirt with matching blouse, and a tiny pearl-seeded cap resting on the head of soft black curls. Susan lifted it and to her astonishment it made a noise. "How strange for this.....Crash! What was that!"

Dashing down the steps to the kitchen, she found Jane huddled be-

neath a pile of pots and pans which had tumbled out around her. Both girls laughed heartily for really she must have looked very funny.

Towards evening, after scrubbing and cleaning, both girls climbed into bed very tired and sleepy. As the old grandfather's clock in the downstairs hall struck twelve, Susan was aroused by a strange noise under her window. Pulling the covers up over her ears, she lay very still almost paralyzed with fear. Then the shadow of a man appeared on the wall as he climbed through the window.

"What could she do? Should she call Jane? No, she must stop him herself. But how?"

As the stranger neared the stuffed doll Susan slipped out of bed unseen by him. Just as he clutched the doll tightly in his hands, Susan grabbed a glass jar and brought it down over his head. Disturbed by the noise, Jane switched on the light and dashed in almost tripping over the unconscious man sprawled across the floor. The police were summoned and the stranger was taken away.

What was he after? The stuffed doll - that's it. Quickly Susan ripped open the seam holding the doll together displaying a small box containing a miniature ring set in real diamonds. Both girls gasped, for it seemed hard to believe that one day's vacation could be so exciting.

THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER

by Dorothy Wentzell '61

It was early autumn, but the snow had already fallen in Manitoba. Trixie and Connie who had moved to the city a few years ago, became homesick for their old home in the country. So it came about that one afternoon, since they had nothing else to do, they set out together to visit the old home. They soon left the paved roads of the city and took the winding path through the forest. The trees and path covered with snow made the walk immensely enjoyable. About two hours later, they arrived at the old cabin where they had passed so many happy years.

They walked around it several times - peering into the windows and recalling all the pleasant times they had spent in days gone by. But the time went quickly. Dusk began to fall, so the girls decided it was high time they start for the city.

Bidding the old cabin farewell, they began their homeward journey. The fading light and stillness of the snow-covered forest made them feel very much alone.

"It's dreadfully quiet out here, isn't it?" said Trixie.

"Yes, it is," answered Connie. "It is so different from the hustle and bustle of the city."

"I am a bit frightened," whispered Connie. "Are you?"

"Yes, I am," said Trixie. "Father often spoke of bears in the forest, especially in the wintertime."

"Bears!" cried Connie. "I hope we don't meet any for they might

tear us to pieces and eat us.”

“Don’t!” said Trixie. “You make me feel creepy.”

They walked on in silence for a while. The soft, flaky snow made no noise as they trudged on, and the little breeze there had been in the afternoon had died away by now. There was no movement or was there?

Suddenly Connie stopped. “Look over there,” she stammered. “Did you see something?”

Trixie looked as Connie pointed. “You mean near that bush to the right?”

“Yes,” she whispered. “I’m sure I saw something.”

“You’re right,” said Trixie. “It’s moving! Oh what can it be?”

Then it appeared! A big, black head with a long nose peeped around the tree.

“A bear!” shrieked the two girls, too petrified with fright to move.

“Oh,” wailed Trixie. “What shall we do? What shall we do? He’ll eat us up. I’m sure he will.”

“We can do nothing but pray,” responded Connie.

“Pray!” exclaimed Trixie.

Now Connie, ever since she was a small child, had always attended Sunday School. Many times she heard of stories similar to this, but only thought they were fairy tales. Alas, this was true, and she quickly uttered a short and frightened prayer. “Please, Jesus, there’s a bear in the woods and we can’t get away. Please help us. Amen.”

Then they heard another noise, and at first they thought it was a bear. Instead it was a man on a white horse. The horse was almost as white as the snow, and it moved swiftly through the trees toward the children.

The man said kindly, “Follow me,” and the children, not knowing what else to do and glad for company, followed him.”

On and on they walked with the man on the white horse in front of them.

“I wonder who he is?” whispered Trixie.

“I don’t know,” said Connie, “but I can ask him when we get in town.”

However, she didn’t get a chance. When they reached the edge of the forest, the rider turned around, smiled again and galloped away as mysteriously as he had come.

Now, even though the two girls are grown up, they still believe it was an angel sent by Jesus in reply to Connie’s prayer. I believe they were right. Don’t you?



THE GREENHOUSE CASE

by Roxie Lohnes '59

"Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Body of girl found under heap of old plants in cellar of Pat's Greenhouse. New suspect is being sought. Extra!"

Hearing the cries of the newsboy, Clara Bell cautiously approached him, bought a paper and with nervous anticipation read the account on the front page. There they were, all the details as the police knew them; but there were a few details they didn't know. Clara, however, knew these but, oh, she was ever so afraid to tell for the murderers had seen her passing the Greenhouse on the very day of the crime. The murder had taken place six months ago but until now the police had not discovered the body or any new suspects. The account in the newspaper read:

"Body of Joan Mack, 21, secretary at Mike's Gambling Casino was found last night hidden under a heap of old plants at Pat's Greenhouse. Although it is believed the murder didn't actually take place there, it is suspected that murderers are in collaboration with one of the employers, Victor Graham. No motive has been supplied as yet for the murder but police have called in Sir Robert Glen of Scotland Yard, England's most promising young detective. Sir Robert immediately arrested Victor Graham as a possible suspect. A material witness is being sought in connection with the crime. It is believed that she is a tall, red-head who on the day of the crime was seen passing the Greenhouse. Anyone knowing of her whereabouts is asked to contact Sir Robert at 20878 Davies Ave."

After reading this account, Clara was more terrified than ever. Now the police were looking for her. True, she had seen two men who were very suspicious-looking in the Greenhouse on the day of the murder, but couldn't they just have been there on business? Indecision flooded Clara's mind. Should she go to the police, or should she just keep quiet and let them find out for themselves? Realizing, however, that if the police knew her description those men likely did also and maybe they would seek her out and harm her, Clara boarded a street car and arrived at Davies Ave.

She was ushered into Sir Robert's study and awaited his arrival. Upon entering the living-room, Sir Robert said, "I'm glad you've come for I have reason to believe that those men whom you saw in the Greenhouse were the murderers. They will likely seek you and perhaps kill you. I am of the opinion that as far as your safety is concerned, it is necessary for you to change your name and move to a new locality. Now I have picked Judy Faye Davis for your new name and preparations have been made for you to stay at Grey's Hotel in Glenville until your safety is assured. And now a resume of the details of the day of the crime."

After telling Sir Robert all the details as she knew them, Clara returned home to prepare for her departure. Having finished packing, she awaited Sir Robert's arrival. Then her silence was broken by the shrill clanging bell of the telephone. "Hello, who's speaking?"

"Never mind who's speaking. We know where you live now, and we'll

soon close in on you. So until we meet for the first and last time, Good-bye!"

Clara's mind filled with both horror and fear as the doorbell rang. To her relief it was Sir Robert. She told him about the mysterious phone call. "Just as I thought," Sir Robert murmured, "they do know your whereabouts. Quickly into my car and I'll see you safely to Glenville. Keep reading the columns in the newspaper and if any trouble arises I'll send you a warning in code. Remember under no condition must you leave Glenville without informing us. Goodbye, Judy Faye."

Nine months had passed since Clara had left home, but still the police had been unable to close in on the murderers. Suspects had been interrogated and cross-examined, but nothing could be pinned on them. Sir Robert was obviously waiting for some break. Then one day the following message appeared in the personal column of the Glenville Moon.

"Judy Faye Davis, Remember night has a thousand eyes. Be careful of how you prepare your soup for the pot is boiling over."

Clara was panic-stricken, for she knew Sir Robert was warning her that the murderers had discovered where she was living. Maybe, they were coming to settle with her. Maybe this was the break Sir Robert was waiting for.

Two weeks passed, and no harm had come to Clara. Tuesday evening as she was finishing her midnight snack a knock was heard at the door. Clara opened the door and stood ———.

Don't miss next week's episode in the thrilling story of The Girl in the Greenhouse when we will discover who was standing at Clara's door. Was it Sir Robert, the murderers, or some unforeseen person? Be sure and tune in next week, same time, same station. Remember this programme is brought to you by Rigor R. Mortis, your friendly mortician. Mr. Mortis' motto is, "We'll be the last to let you down." And now until next week goodbye, and don't forget we'll be right here in your living room to tell you the exciting, suspense-filled story of The Girl in the Greenhouse.

MOUNTAIN OF DISASTER

by Ellis Hirtle '58

Through most of a long and sultry night, Ken lay awake thinking of what the following day would mean to him and to his brother, Martin. He had always hated Martin, and had waited patiently many years for this moment. From the beginning Martin was granted all the privileges while Ken had to work to help support the family. Martin was proud! He looked on Ken as something lower than his brother and treated him much worse. He seemed to be the winner in everything. It was he who was granted the privilege in his early manhood, of being sent to college in the city while Ken was forced to slave at home to survive. Now that Martin had returned home, after completing his training in medicine and

setting up his practice in the city, it would be very easy for him to be killed in an "accident" and no one would know the difference — no one but himself—

The sun was already up when Ken awoke and Martin was busily cooking over the tiny camp stove.

"You were sleeping so soundly, I thought I wouldn't awaken you," said Martin cheerily, looking up from his work. "Well, breakfast is ready whenever you are."

Ken grunted an unwillingly reply as he hurriedly pulled on his clothes, and tried to shake the cobwebs out of his head. After a hot breakfast, he was feeling more awake but he was still drowsy and slow of thought.

At 8 o'clock the pair started out for Scotts Cliff, which they planned to scale that day, and where Martin would end his career by an unfortunate "accident." The cliff was two miles from the camp and Ken was plodding along trying to keep awake and also keep up with the briskly walking Martin.

The sun beat down furiously on Ken and he tried to shift the weight of his pack. He was sweating from the heat and wished he was in bed. The cliff then came into sight; a huge mass of stone 425 feet high and stretching for miles. They began climbing! It was easy at first but as they went higher, the travelling became harder and the sun hotter. By noon they reached the ledge 275 feet up where they were to eat lunch. It was a sort of cave in the side of the cliff about 4 ft. high under the overhanging stone and travelling most of the length of the cliff.

Martin reached the ledge first and had his lunch consumed before Ken finally crawled onto it. Above them, the cliff bulged a little and then went straight up. From the bulge, it was possible to go straight to the bottom without even touching the ledge. That was how he had planned it! At the top of the bulge, Ken had cleverly laid a row of loose stones and debris that would easily crumble and take Martin down with it.

After a refreshing rest, they again proceeded up the cliff. It was very risky and possible for anything to happen even an "accident." Martin again took the lead and was soon well above Ken. He was almost to the top of the bulge! Just a few more feet! "Look out!"

A shower of rocks came down upon Ken from off to the one side of Martin! Ken was frozen to the cliff! A large rock struck him on the shoulder and knocked him off balance. He fell!

Swinging his pick wildly, he managed to grapple the ledge as he fell. The rope pulled tight with a snap that almost disjointed him. He reached up with his right arm for the rope to pull himself up. A shot of pain raced to his brain and his arm fell back numb. His shoulder must have been broken by the rock! Now it began to pain and he called in desperation just before he passed into unconsciousness.

He awoke finding Martin busily trying to mend his arm. It pained, almost to the limit of his endurance. Martin carefully examined the arm and shoulder and then set and bound his arm with a shirt which he ripped up. Martin tried to comfort and console Ken and did his best to help him. "I'll climb to the top of the cliff and go for help," he said, "with

ropes and some help, I'll have you fixed up in no time. You can have the rest of the food and my coat to keep you warm."

With these words Martin headed up the cliff again, leaving Ken securely on the ledge, safe from wind and water. Ken had but vaguely heard the words of his brother and their meaning had not imprinted itself on his brain. Tired and sleepy, Ken finally lapsed into unconsciousness.

A frightening yell broke the silence, as a shower of rocks and debris went crashing down the mountain side. Ken snapped awake and crawled to the edge of the ledge. Down below him he saw where the rocks landed and knew that Martin was also there. At last! His one desire! With Martin gone, everything would be perfect! There would be no shining example now! Nothing to hold Ken back now! He was free! — Free from his brother and the tortures of his mind.

Then the horrible thought struck him! With his broken shoulder, he was unable to climb. He was trapped! Sure, there would be a search party organized to hunt for them. But where would they look? They were on a two-week camping trip; he'd be dead before they would find him!

Ken looked back over his life; he examined carefully every detail of his own and his brother's life. Maybe Martin was not in the wrong! Maybe it was Ken who was the selfish and proud member of the family. He thought of the tenderness and consideration that was shown to him by Martin when he was binding his arm. Ken wanted for himself; it was Ken, not Martin who should have gone over the cliff.

He stood up, dazed and tired. He decided to end it quickly; he would leap over the cliff and end his misery. He closed his eyes and moved forwards.....

The sun beat down furiously but Ken did not mind the heat now. He was no longer sleepy or tired; now he had peace!

In the morning a group of men approached the top of the cliff. A rope was lowered and a man descended, carrying a bag. When he reached the ledge, all that remained was a worn leather jacket that was his own. No one was there!

Martin looked over the ledge and among the rubble below, distinguished a shape which he knew was his brother. Having escaped death twice the previous day himself, he was filled with horror and could barely gather the strength to take himself up the cliff again.

The party then turned and headed along the top of the cliff until they reached a place which was easily descendable. In half an hour they were at the spot where Ken lay. He was a broken mass of flesh and bones.

Martin turned away from the dreadful scene, and one could clearly see that there were tears in his eyes.

WINGS OF THE WIND

by Jeanine Tanner '60

It was one of those cold winter days, that makes one shiver even to look out the window.

"What a deadly day!" sighed Judy passing the door of her brother's room.

She usually enjoyed the days when school was closed, but today her two best friends were in bed with the flu. Her mother had gone out, and Peter had skated up the lake to see a friend.

Listlessly, she walked in to look over the new radio set on Peter's worktable. Peter was five years older than she and handy with tools. This winter he also built toboggans and iceboats. The radio set seemed complete except for a case. She started to turn a dial, but remembered that Peter didn't like her touching his things.

"Just trying it won't do any harm," she thought, turning a dial. Tubes glowed. There was a whine, and then a voice saying, "This is Bob Ellis."

Judy felt a stir of interest. Bob Ellis was a pilot who owned an airport in Alpine. It was he who had promised to teach her brother to fly when he was older. That was one reason Peter worked with radio. Judy now turned up the volume to hear better. The radio made so much noise, that she failed to hear the front door open.

Bob Ellis' voice over the radio was shaky as he continued: "My plane crashed on the lake. My hip is wrenched so I can't walk. If anyone hearing this will please contact Dr. Peterson of Alpine. . ."

Suddenly, the loose board in the hall creaked. Judy sprang up, and tried to turn the radio off by reaching for the dial. In doing so she knocked down the chair, and it struck one of the tubes and the radio went silent. Her cheeks burned as she now saw Peter. His eyes were flashing.

"You broke my last tube! And where am I going to get money to replace it?"

Judy's throat hurt as he strode over to stare at the set.

"It was Bob Ellis," she faltered. "His plane crashed."

"Where?" Peter cried. Bob was practically his hero.

"His hip is wrenched...That is all I know."

"If you hadn't bothered my things, I could use my set now to communicate with him."

"You wouldn't even know he was hurt if I hadn't tried the set," Judy reminded him, although she felt bad about it.

"Perhaps we could find him if you skate up the lake and I skate toward the Alpine," Judy suggested.

"Maybe we could," he said hopefully.

With that he dashed downstairs. By the time Judy had changed to warmer clothes, he had disappeared. As she walked from the house to the lake, she noticed how heavy the clouds were. She slipped on her new figure skates and laced them tightly. She started skating south, still

feeling a little awkward. Then, as she rounded the bend, she saw Bob's plane, and the cabin door was closed. She quickly skated up to the plane, and after a great deal of hard tugging, she opened it.

"Hi, Judy, you're a welcome sight."

"We got your message. Does your back hurt a lot?"

"Plenty - and it's pretty cold. Otherwise I feel fine. Is Peter home?"

"No, he's looking for you, too. He headed north. Could I get a doctor?" she asked.

Bob shook his head. "The nearest one is in Alpine, and you couldn't skate twelve miles."

"No," she said, "I guess I couldn't. Only - only I've got an idea. Maybe " Judy couldn't decide whether to tell him or not, but then Bob gave a slight moan, and Judy made up her mind.

"I know where I can get an iceboat," she said. "Only I've never piloted one and—"

"Have you ever sailed a catboat?"

"O, yes," said Judy.

"I think they're pretty much alike," Bob said. "The main difference is..."

Judy listened carefully to his explanation, trying not to show how frightened she was. When she reached home, she went straight to the boat. As she drew in the anchor she drew in her breath, too, in little gasps of excitement. This whole business was frightening. As she pulled on the lines, the booms swung outward, and the canvas popped. Then the sails swelled out in the wind.

Suddenly a stronger gust of wind struck the canvas, and the boat trembled. Now she began to get the feel of the thing. Her feet moved swiftly and easily to help her maintain balance.

She was approaching The Narrows now, where the mountains on opposite sides of the lake almost joined. The boat surged ahead, and Judy remembered how tense Peter's own face always got when they came near The Narrows. But what did he do when he reached the spot? Desperately she slacked off the lines.

Then it happened. The iceboat twisted sidewise, lifted its main booms and wheeled in a half circle. The mast buckled forward, and Judy herself was flung high into the air. Several minutes passed before she dared move from where she had landed on the crumpled sail.

A rock had pierced the bow. The mast was splintered and the smaller boom had been snapped off at the base. The main sail was ripped. Sitting down on a rock and looking at it, Judy could think, at first only of Peter. If he had been angry about a broken tube, what would he say about this?

Then, suddenly, she thought of Bob Ellis, lying in his plane. As she looked at the small sail Judy began to see how much it looked like a sail Peter had once made for her to use in sail skating.

"Maybe I can make it to Alpine," she told herself, jumping up. From then on the going was easier. When she had rigged the sail, she stepped out onto the ice, raising the canvas until it was tilted behind her. The wind did not carry her straight, but she knew what to do. It was just

like tacking in a catboat, but it was slower than ice-boating and faster than just ice-skating.

Less than an hour later, she had reached the doctor's office and was coming back with him in his sled. When they got to Bob, a small crowd had gathered around the plane, Peter among them.

Inside, she stood by in case Dr. Peterson should want things from his satchel as he checked to see whether or not Bob could be moved. Finally, Dr. Peterson called to the men outside the plane, "Yes, we can move him. Will some of you come help?"

Judy made Bob as comfortable as possible after he had been lifted onto the stretcher.

"Wait a minute," Bob said, fumbling with the radio at his side. "I have to get a tube."

"Say, listen," Dr. Peterson said, "You don't have to send any messages now."

"Yes, I know," Bob said, "but I have to give a present to my rescuer. I think she wants to give it away herself."

Judy took the tube and looked at it miserably. She hadn't seen Peter come up behind her.

"Thanks, Bob," she said. "But you'd better give it to Peter. He won't speak to me. I broke his iceboat too."

"Will you listen to that?" Peter said to Bob. "I told you I never could figure women out, certainly not sisters. They save your best pal's life, and then they worry about breaking an iceboat. Come on," he added, smiling the way only Peter could smile. "Let's go celebrate by breaking up a whole set of tubes and iceboats!"



FINE DAY ON THE PLAYGROUND

THE LADY IN THE GREEN DRESS

by Ann-Marie Gray '60

MacBrien Manor's dark and eerie halls re-echoed with the sounds of music and laughter. It was New Year's Eve, and old Johnathen MacBrien was giving a party for his son, Victor.

"Spooky old place," Bill Yates mused to himself.

"Shouldn't be surprised to meet a few ghosts in these surroundings."

What Bill said was true. The old mansion was indeed a strange place. It had been built over two hundred years ago when the MacBriens were rich, and high up on the social ladder. But time and death had narrowed the MacBrien clan down to old Johnathen and his son who would soon be the sole heir.

Bill turned and walked into the huge dining hall where the MacBriens of long ago had held their banquets and merry making. Tonight, however, the room was in sharp contrast with the rest of the gloomy mansion. Balloons had been hung up, the furniture pushed back, and the whole atmosphere of the hall was that of a modern dance floor. Music played from a record player, and most of Bill's college friends were dancing on the smooth floor.

Old Johnathen MacBrien, a smile on his wrinkled face, stood watching the young people and tapping his cane to the music.

"Say, I think I'll scout around this place a bit before I start to dance," said Bill to himself. "This old house is certainly a relic."

He quietly slipped out of the hall, and began to wander through the silent rooms. Nothing had been changed in the manor for many years. The old furniture of some long ago era remained in its former place, covered with dust and cobwebs. Musty tapestries hung in many of the rooms, and thick velvet drapes shut out any light that might have come through the windows. Most of the rooms had no electricity, for old Johnathen MacBrien was a wary spender and had only the few rooms he occupied installed with electric lights.

"I might as well explore the upstairs while I'm at it," thought Bill. He began to climb the curved staircase leading to the next floor. The place was in total darkness, except for a dim light shining through a window, on the landing, at the head of the stairs.

The upstairs proved to be as ancient as the lower floor, and Bill, finding a candle, lit it and started on his tour of exploration. Many of the bed chambers hadn't been opened for years, the dust lay thick on the canopied beds and bulky furniture. Old portraits of former MacBriens stared down at Bill from the walls. Their costumes of older times made Bill feel as though he were an impostor in a strange and old fashioned world. The dank and empty halls echoed his footsteps as he explored each room.

"Whew, I'm getting awfully tired," said Bill. "This house has more rooms to it than I thought. But I still haven't found anything really interesting."

He paused in the hallway by a curtained window seat.

"Think I'll sit down and take a rest," said he. Bill blew out his candle, pulled aside the heavy drapery and sat down on the broad seat. A strange feeling of uneasiness crept through Bill's body, a feeling that he was being watched. As he turned, the bright moonlight shining through the window revealed - a woman.

She was very beautiful with black hair framing her face, and falling in curls down her back. Her face was very white, but the paleness of her countenance seemed to add to her beauty. The lady's eyes were her crowning glory, green as the emeralds she wore around her neck. Her dress also was green and fashioned in the style of long ago.

Bill, recovering from his surprise laughed nervously.

"For a moment I thought I was seeing a ghost."

The lady smiled but she did not speak.

"Funny," Bill said, "but I don't remember seeing you at the party."

Again the beautiful lady said nothing. Inwardly Bill thought "I don't seem to be making a very good impression on this strange creature. I wonder where she is from and why she is dressed in such an ancient manner?"

Out loud he ventured, "My name's Yates, Bill Yates."

The lady smiled, a dreamy, far away kind of smile.

"My name is Mary Ann," she replied, speaking for the first time.

"Do you live around here Mary Ann?" Bill asked.

"Yes, I live here", she answered.

"Here?" "I never heard Victor mention....."

Bill broke off, from downstairs his friend Victor was impatiently calling his name.

"Excuse me Mary Ann," Bill said, turning to his companion. But the lovely lady was gone. The only trace of her departure was the gentle stirring of the curtain through which she had made her exit.

"This old place is sure full of strange mysteries" muttered Bill as he walked along the hall to meet his companion Victor.

"Well old boy, where have you been?" asked Victor.

"I've been exploring your mansion. It's quite a gloomy old place," replied Bill.

"Nothing has been changed for years," said Victor as the two young men paused on the stairway. "You know, there's an old legend connected with the place, called the 'Green Lady'"

"Did you say Green Lady?" inquired Bill.

"Yes, her name was Mary Ann or something like that. She always wore green. The story goes that her father disapproved of her lover, and had him murdered right here in this mansion one New Year's Eve a long time ago. Mary Ann committed suicide because of a broken heart. Now every New Year's Eve she is supposed to roam the mansion in search of her beloved. It's really a charming story but quite untrue. Supernatural ha!"

Victor paused and looked at his friend.

"Why, what's the matter old boy? You look like you've seen a ghost!"

"Perhaps I have," murmured Bill in a shocked voice. "Perhaps I have."

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES

by Ann Cook '58

Rose, the maid, wearing her crisp red and white uniform, cheerfully served breakfast to Mr. and Mrs. Hudson and their handsome young son, Ronnie, as they sat out on their terrace reading the daily newspaper. What was so interesting on the social page this morning? Why, it was the announcement of Ronnie's engagement to the beautiful young television actress, Nancy Reventar.

After breakfast, at 9:30 sharp, Mrs. Hudson began her daily routine of inspecting her household servants. Rose looked very pretty in her crisp clean uniform while Ray, the gardener, stood proud in his brand new overalls. Mrs. Graigney, the cleaning woman gave her usual good morning smile as her mistress looked her over. One, two, three — why there was someone missing and it was that good - for - nothing, Herman, the butler. Where was he? Sure enough he was late again and came trudging in the room five minutes late.

Well, the day had begun in the usual manner but before it was over many things were going to happen. That night there was a big party for the celebration of Ronnie's engagement and much work had to be done in preparation for the big event. Yes, indeed, that was a busy day and everybody worked hard every minute of it, even that lazy good - for - nothing butler of the Hudson's.

It was ten o'clock that evening and the living room and parlour were filled with people. Herman, dressed in his best black suit, was serving cocktails to the guests. He was gazing at the bright elaborate dresses of the guests. There was Ronnie's aunt, Mrs. Reedman, clothed in a soft pale blue floor-length lace dress; Miss Reeds, Ronnie's cousin, dressed in a breath-taking red taffeta gown; Katherine Reventar, Nancy's sister, stunning in her lilac strapless gown. These were some eye-catching guests who dazzled him as he served the drinks.

Who was that sitting as pretty as a butterfly over near the piano? Why sure enough it was the guest of honor, herself, Nancy Reventar, clad in a stunning yellow satin gown, glittering with pearl and rhinestone trimmings and beside her, Ronnie, dressed in a well-pressed white dinner jacket and black trousers.

This was all very stunning to Herman who took in as much as he could at these parties but there was one thing that really took his eye. It was Ronnie's mother, Mrs. Hudson. She entered the room wearing the most breath-taking black lace dress and sure enough she was wearing that precious diamond necklace that had been passed down in the family and was only to be worn on special occasions. All kinds of thoughts passed through the young butler's head as he watched Mrs. Hudson lightly go from one guest to another to greet them with a friendly hello.

It was getting late and the friends were beginning to leave when all of a sudden a scream sounded and Mrs. Hudson fainted. Everyone crowded around the woman finding out that the diamond necklace had disappeared. What had happened to it, no one knew. Immediately Ronnie called the

police and no one was to leave the house that night until all were searched. It was nearly three-thirty in the morning when the last guest left and the necklace had not yet been uncovered. All the rooms, gardens and terraces of the Hudson home had been searched.

After the guests were gone the police immediately suspected the good-for-nothing butler to be the thief but he was found clean. Well, nothing more in the Hudson home could be done at this time of the morning so the police left hoping to find some clues of the missing necklace later on in the day. The doors of the Hudson home were locked and all went to get some rest.

The next morning the Hudson's were again sitting on their terrace eating breakfast and reading the daily news but this morning was not nearly as cheerful. Instead of reading about some happy social event they were reading about the disappearance of the necklace which had still not turned up.

When the servants were inspected there was one missing. No, it wasn't Herman for he was too wide awake to hear what the latest news was about in the disappearance of the necklace. This morning Ray, the handyman, was laid up, sick; therefore, there was a shortage of help in the work. Since there was so much straightening up to be done from the night before, Herman, was assigned to look after the tidiness of the garden and washing the outside windows while Rose and Mrs. Cragney looked after the cleaning inside.

About eleven o'clock that morning Herman was standing on a ladder and washing windows. With a sudden surprise the ladder began to slip and down went Herman on to the ground with his bucket of water behind him. As he landed on the ground the bucket flopped right on top of Herman's head. Ronnie thought the sight was very funny and laughingly he removed the bucket from the butler's head.

After doing this Ronnie got the surprise of his life. What do you suppose had happened? Herman was bald-headed and the wig which he had been wearing to cover it up was lying on the ground beside him. Ronnie thought it would be courteous of him to help Herman get up and then pick up his wig for him but before picking him up he noticed something sparkling from the inside of the wig. When he picked up the wig he found the undiscovered diamond necklace inside a pouch on the inside of the wig which Herman had been wearing.

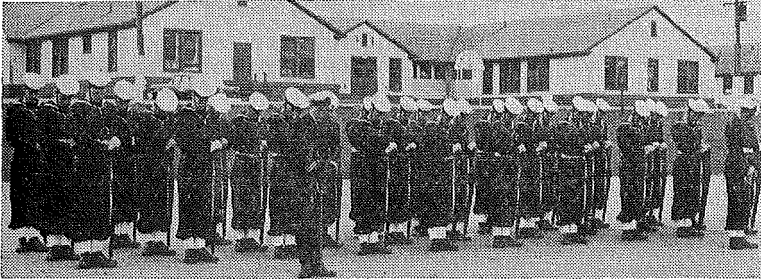
Immediately Ronnie knocked Herman out and called the police. When the police arrived Herman had already confessed to the Hudson's that he had stolen the necklace while Mrs. Hudson was helping him in the kitchen and she wasn't conscious that he was taking it.

After the police had taken Herman away Ronnie said that he would not have an innocent looking butler because they were always the ones that caused the most trouble.

SUNSET CEREMONY

by Thomas Mason '58

Since it was re-commissioned in 1929, H.M.C.S. Cornwallis has taken a greater part in the life of the Annapolis Valley, particularly in the local festivities. Of great benefit on many of these occasions has been the guard and band from this naval establishment. They have travelled, and won recognition, all over the Maritimes, Ontario and Quebec, performing the "Naval Beating Retreat and Sunset Ceremony."



Sunset Guard resting on "Arms Reversed" during ceremony.

Both the Beating Retreat and Sunset Ceremony are filled with British Military tradition from the times of the Middle Ages. In these eras the towns and cities everywhere were carefully fortified. In the daytime the inhabitants grew their food and grazed their cattle on the lands surrounding fortified places. At sunset each day a call on a horn or a trumpet was made. This was called the "Retreat Call" and served two purposes. One object was to warn those people outside to return within the safety of the walls. At the same time, this call acted as a signal for the mustering and posting of the necessary guards for the night watches. When the garrison of the night guard had been mustered after sunset and had taken over the duties from the day watch, their muskets were fired and then reloaded. This was done to ensure that the powder was fresh and the weapons ready for use during the night.

Another military tradition has developed from the fact that in garrison towns, the soldiers had to return to their billets for the night. Since many of them would be in the taverns, drinking, drummers were sent along the streets to beat their drums. This was the signal to all that it was time to return. The publicans on hearing the drums, would turn off their taps and refuse to sell any more liquor. From this custom has developed the modern "Tattoo." In fact "tattoo" is derived from the Dutch words "Tap Toe" which mean 'turn off the taps.' Thus, there is a great deal of history and tradition behind a ceremony of this kind.

The Ceremony that is presented at engagements nowadays combines

parts of Retreat Call, Tattoo and the naval custom, on ships at anchor and in shore establishments, of lowering the ensign at sunset. Each part is represented by specific manoeuvres and the whole is combined to give you the complete Sunset Ceremony.

At the beginning the guard and band march on to the Parade Ground from opposite sides, pass through each others ranks, with the band finally taking up its position in rear of the guard. The whole then carry out the "march past" to the tune of "Heart of Oak" or "Braganza" before returning to the centre of the Parade. The band wheels to face the saluting base and the guard halts behind them, turns to the front and carries out dressing. This part of the ceremony is derived from the original practice of the soldiers coming out of the garrison and preparing to march into the town to call in all citizens and troops for the night.

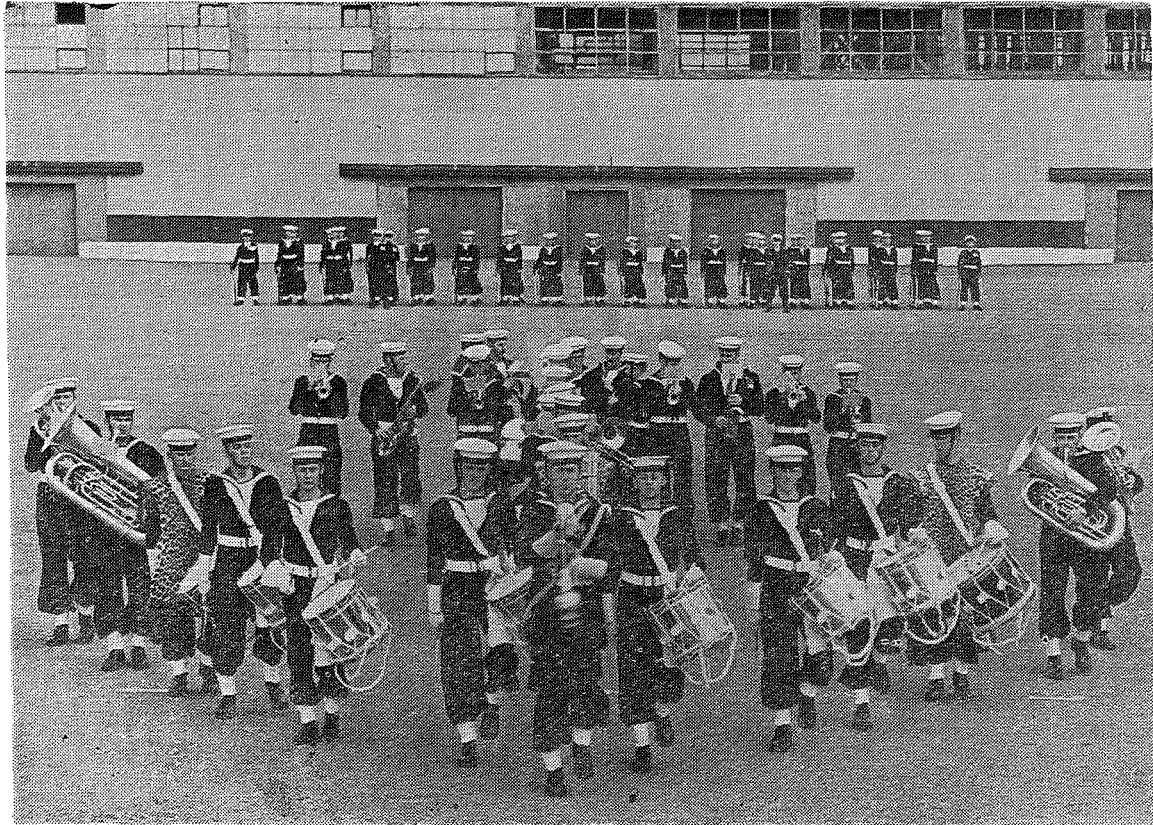
Next, the guard orders arms and stands at ease while the band moves forward and carries out a series of marching manoeuvres in slow and quick time. After the band has concluded its drills and has taken up a position behind the guard, the guard then marches forward towards the saluting base, halts and again carries out dressing. It moves off in slow time towards the saluting base, turns outward in two halves, turns to the rear, and finally turns inward on the original alignment. These two halves pass through, break into a quick march and countermarch at the edges of the parade ground before returning to the centre and facing the front. This is symbolic of the soldiers marching through the streets of the garrison town.

The tradition of "Beating Retreat" to call in all the troops is portrayed by the following manoeuvres. The guard moves to the right in "Threes." The guard and band step off, "Band Wheeling Left" countermarch, at the edge of parade, halt facing each other. The drum corps step off at the "Slow" March through the ranks of the guard, break into the "Quick countermarch"; then march back through the ranks of the guard. The guard steps off at the "Quick" back through the ranks of the band, countermarches the drum corps, then reforms with the band. Both then march to the centre of the parade, guard halting and band taking up position in rear of the guard.

The guard forms into open order and carries out ceremonial dressing. Three rifle volleys are fired, signifying that the muskets have been emptied and are now ready with fresh powder for the night guard. This is followed by the men resting "on arms reserved", while the band plays the evening hymns "Abide With Me" and "The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is Ended."

After the hymns the guard fixes bayonets and the "Alert" is sounded. The guard presents arms in the "General Salute" while the band plays the orchestrated sunset or retreat call. As the ensign is lowered for the night, the band plays "O Canada" and "God Save The Queen." As a finale to the ceremony the guard and band move off the parade ground.

For the past several years, one of the highlights of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition has taken place early Wednesday evening when this "Beating Retreat and Sunset Ceremony" was performed by the Band and Guard of H.M.C.S. Cornwallis. During its performance in the 1957 Exhibition the weather was threatening. The many people who came did not mind this for they were so thrilled by the precision marching, the intricate drills and the stirring music. The Mayor of Lunenburg presided over the entire ceremony. This is one event which many hope will be repeated in the years to come.



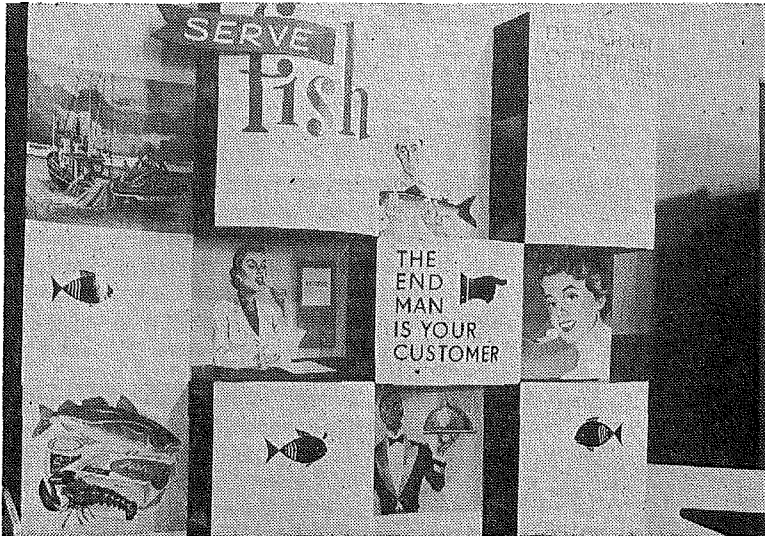
BAND AND GUARD OF H.M.C.S. CORNWALLIS

THE NOVA SCOTIA FISHERIES EXHIBITION BUILDING

by Carolyn Tanner '61, Roberta Hynick '60

One of the most interesting places to visit at the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition is the "Fisheries Building."

When we enter this building, we see immediately fine exhibits of fish displayed by firms and individual fishermen. There are many different kinds of fish to be seen, such as salt cod, smoked cod, salt herring and mackerel. The fish, packed in boxes and arranged on the tables, are ready for market. One's interest is aroused when watching well-known fishermen sit for hours knitting headings for lobster traps and fish nets. Nearby is a dory completely fitted for fishing. Lobster traps and eel traps made by individual fishermen are also shown.



DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES BOOTH

An original display of lakes and live fish was arranged by the Department of Fisheries. This natural scene received much attention from people of all ages. The log cabins, the waterfalls, and the ponds, miniature in size but containing live salmon and trout, some large, some small, made the scene appear very realistic.

A National Film Board Theatre showed interesting films four times daily in a room set apart for this purpose. These movies took you on roving and exciting trips to the sea and illustrated important principles of Canadian life.

An amusing thing, especially to the children, was seeing oneself on Television, which was provided by CBHT, Halifax.

Again the Home Economics of the Federal Department of Fisheries

held their annual cooking school in the Fisheries Building. Fish cooking demonstrations were given twice daily. Everyone was invited to attend. Giving the demonstrations were Miss Johanne Zwicker, Lunenburg, and Miss Jacqueline d'Eon, Yarmouth.

On a table situated near the left door were many ornaments and jewellery made from different sea shells. There were also pin cushions and novelty articles made from cloth which were in the shape of things pertaining to the sea.



ATLANTIC BRIDGE CO. BOOTH

The office of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition is located in the north end of the Fisheries Building. The Exhibition dining hall is located in the south end of the building where Mr. Guy Tanner served many delicious "Lunenburg Favorites".

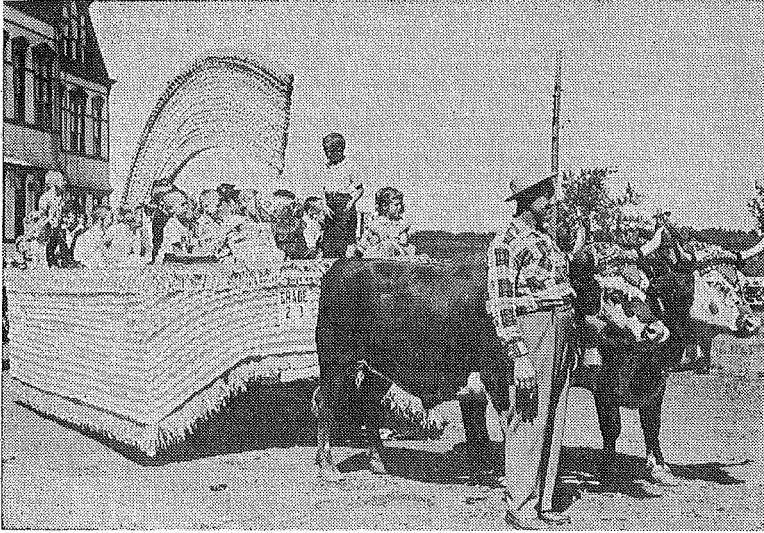
The favorable comments and the huge number of spectators who pass in and out of the building continuously are without doubt proof that the Nova Scotia Fisheries Building forms a popular part of the Fisheries Exhibition.



THE 1957 FISHERIES EXHIBITION

by Helen Hebb '59

The 1957 Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Reunion was held from September 10 - 14. It broke all previous attendance records, and was acclaimed by all to be superior in many ways to any previous exhibition.



Chimes, bells, flags and gaiety heralded the beginning of the event, and the exhibition was officially opened at seven thirty on Tuesday, September 10, by the Honourable Robert Stanfield, Premier of Nova Scotia. Booth space was sold long before the show opened as in previous years, and a fourth building could have been filled. The displays and exhibits of fish were top highlights in the exhibition, which fact is a credit to all who participated in their arrangement. As in previous years, the Bill Lynch Show held the midway, and there were rides, games, and fun for all.

On Tuesday evening at eight fifteen, the princesses were selected for the Queen of the Sea Contest, and as usual the main building was filled with people excited by this gay event. Later that same evening, Don Messer and His Islanders presented a Feature Act on the stage of the Marine Building, and that show too was well attended.

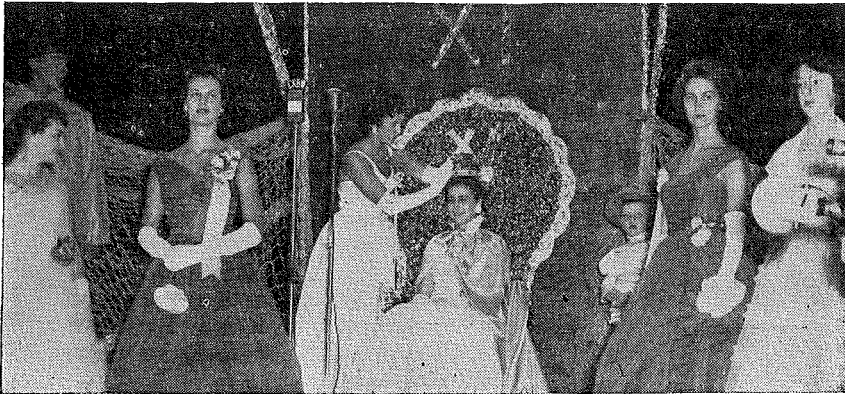
The Grand Parade was held on Wednesday, which turned out to be a warm and beautiful day. This parade, always one of the main spectacles of the week, was even better than ever - reflecting much credit on those who organized it as well as those who took part. The parade was composed of bands, town and county school floats, commercial and industrial floats, decorated cars, and, as always, a throng of happy and excited school children dressed in gay costumes.

At seven o'clock Wednesday evening, a precision-perfect performance,

the Sunset Ceremonial, was presented by the Guard and Band of H. M. C. S. Cornwallis in front of the grand stand. This performance was made possible by the kind permission of Captain M. J. A. T. Jette, C. D., R. C. N., Commanding Officer, H. M. C. S. Cornwallis. At eight o'clock that same evening came the long-awaited event, the selection of the Queen of the Sea.



Twenty-four candidates paraded before the judges, and the building was packed with people. A Colchester County girl, Miss Noreen Baxter, R. N., was chosen as queen, and this decision was well received by the large attendance. The First Lady-In-Waiting was Miss Elsa Beattie of Bridgetown, and the Second Lady-In-Waiting was Miss Joyce Bezanson of Kentville. The Queen was crowned Thursday evening amid a spectacular outdoor ceremony, and later she and her entourage paraded through town.

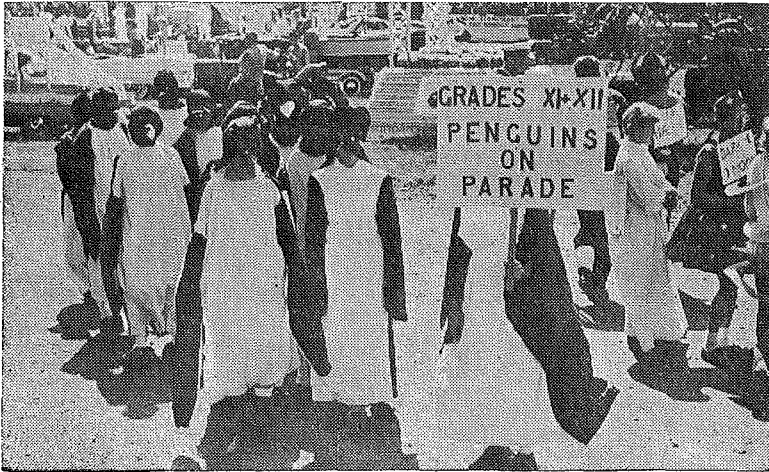


Thursday dawned fine, a good day for the Water Sports. There were trawl baiting contests, plywood boat races, yacht races, swimming races, and a host of other exciting events. The Double Dory race was run off, and the Herring Cove crew of Nagle and Dempsey came out victorious, and eligi-

ble to race against the American team in the International Dory Championship to be held on Friday.



Friday was the day of the great event - the International Dory Race between Canada and the United States. The Herring Cove crew of Dick Nagle and Gerald Dempsey was victorious over the American team, and kept the Canadian undefeated record intact. This race was inaugurated in 1951, and since then American and Canadian teams have met fourteen times, seven in Lunenburg and seven in Gloucester. The race here is part of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, while the one in Gloucester is part of St. Peter's Fiesta. Friday evening the Queen of the Sea presented the Water Sport prizes, and the International Dory Race Cup.

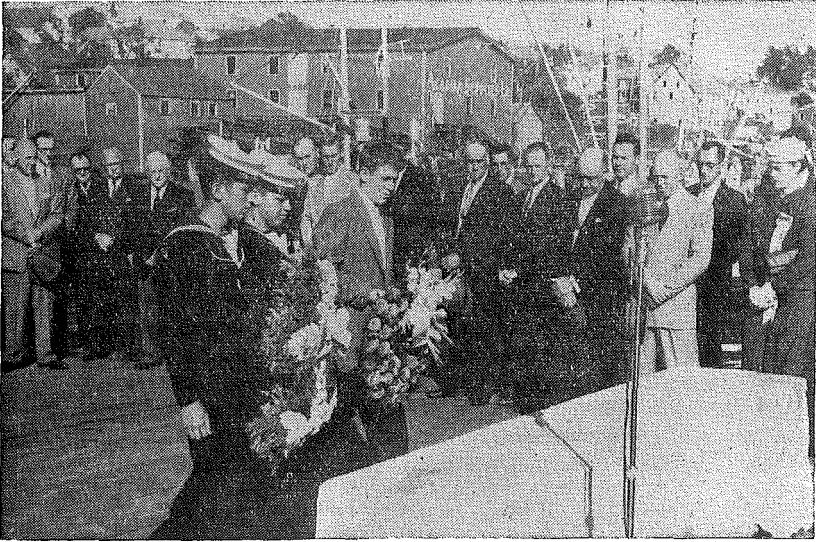


**EXHIBITION PARADE — PENGUINS
GRADE XII**

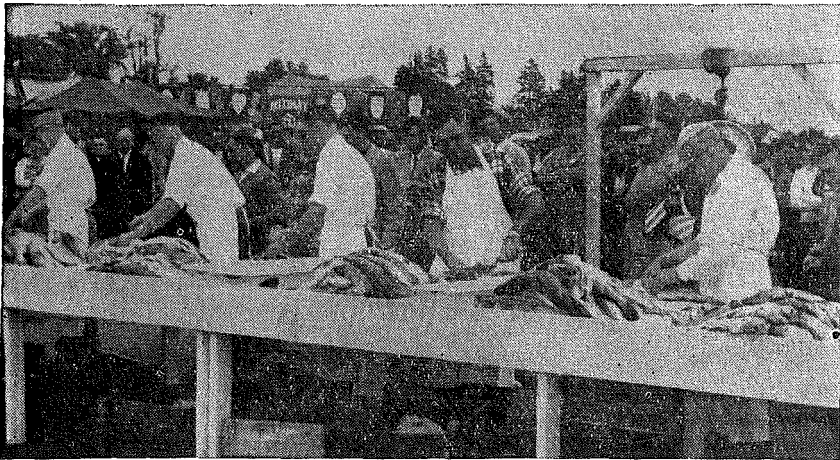
Saturday, September 14, the children's parade was held before the grand stand on the athletic field, and the prizes were presented by the Queen of the Sea. This parade is always looked forward to by the younger children, and the parade this year turned out to be as successful as any. Saturday evening, the official closing of the 1957 Exhibition was held in the Marine Building,

with a special programme followed by a Community sing song.

The Fishermen's Memorial Service was held on Sunday, and a large group of townspeople bowed their heads in memory of fishermen lost at sea. Under the direction of Mayor Roy M. Whynacht, local church choirs and the Lunenburg Citizen's Band supported the Community singing of hymns. After the service, wreaths were placed on a prepared stand to be taken out to sea by the first outgoing ship.



So the 1957 Fisheries Exhibition drew to a close and people returned to their homes with a greater love and understanding of the Town of Lunenburg with her seafaring traditions.



FILLETING CONTEST — FISHERIES EXHIBITION

CHILDREN'S PARADE

by Peter Cornu '61, Carolyn Tanner '59



A feature attraction of the 1957 Fisheries Exhibition was the annual Children's Parade on Saturday. The parade started at 2.00 p.m. on a fine and extra warm day. The clear blue sky, along with the velvet green grass, provided a very picturesque scene and background.

With the Queen of the Sea, Miss Noreen Baxter, Ladies-in-waiting, and page girls in attendance, the promenade began at 2.00 p.m. Crouse's Sound System was used to help the audience to identify the different groups and floats.

The promenade began with group entries, and then the whole group made several turns around the ball diamond. There were judges for each group of entries. A committee of women was in charge of the parade, which began at the north end of the Commercial Booth Building in a closed-in area. From this narrow passage, the parade proceeded around the base-ball diamond.

There were three main divisions: decorated floats, tricycles and carriages, individuals. From these were chosen the winners of the grand prizes, group prizes and specials. The gifts were presented by the Queen of the Sea and the Ladies-in-waiting.

To judge by the floats winning prizes, it is very easy to conclude that the parade is improving each year.

The Grand Prizes were:

1st Grand—Buzz Inn.

2nd Grand—Bird in a Gilded Cage.

3rd Grand—Mayflower III.

Decorated Floats—1st H. M. C. S. Teddybear.

Tricycles and Carriages—N. S. Ocean Playground.

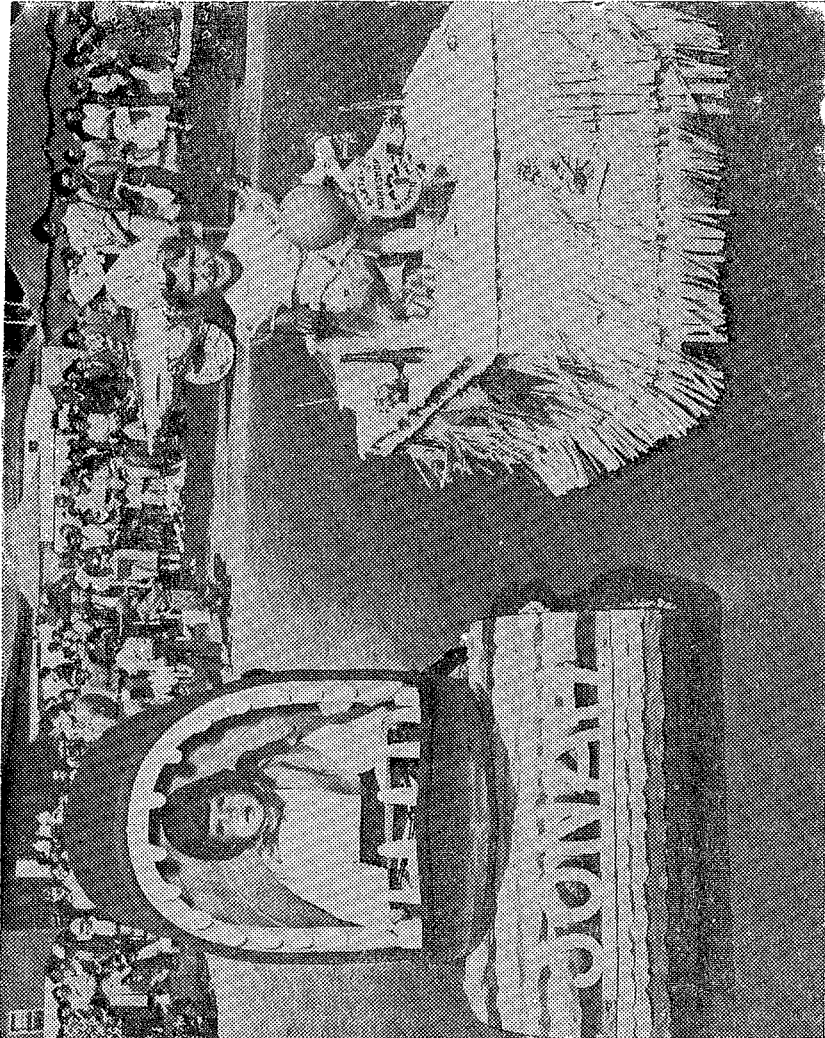
Individuals—Queen of Hearts.

Altogether there were twenty-five first, second, third, fourth, and special prizes presented.

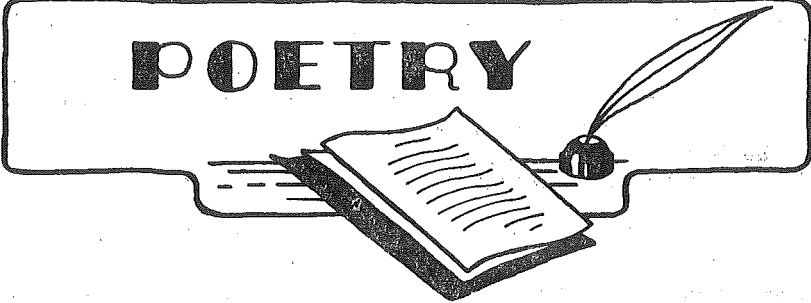
The age group ranges from two to eight years, and the average age group is five to six. The entrants in the parade showed superb workmanship and patience on the part of the parents.

This is indeed a good way to end the Exhibition entertainment. This point was certainly acknowledged by the large crowd surrounding the ball field and on the grandstand.

The success of the Children's Parade was largely due to Mr. James Tupper who was convener of the 1957 Saturday show.



POETRY



MY GEOGRAPHY

by Janet Knickle '61

If you want to travel,
Just come along with me
To lands near and far
In my geography.

We'll visit every island
Far out in the sea;
And go on tours of adventure
In my geography.

And if you are at work or play,
Wherever you may be,
Just take the time to take a trip
In my geography.

TELEVISION

by James Lohnes '59

At last a television did we get,
"Did you see McGraw last night? You bet!"
Never a lesson does get done,
Come on let's watch; it's more fun.

If in "Dodge" comes on a villian,
We just look for Marshal Dillon;
Then comes "Fury" and her mate,
Could any man have a worse fate?

We also have "Ed Sullivan" and his caste;
How long do you think they'll last?
Unless I study for tomorrow,
I am afraid this term will end in sorrow.

GRADUATION NIGHT

by Ann-Marie Gray '60

This is the happy moment;
Our school life has reached its height;
We take our place on the platform;
It's graduation night.

The girls in their white dresses;
The boys their hair slicked back;
They are the envy of all those
Who let their work go slack.

The valedictorian arises
And goes to make the speech;
He says, "Happiness from labor
Is now within our reach."

Then comes the final moment;
With diplomas in our hand
We all go up together
To join the worker's band.

But as we leave the Academy
Our eyes sting just a mite;
We feel a little sadness
On graduation night.

THE SEASONS ON THE CALENDAR

by Ruth Dauphinee '63

First comes winter with its ice and snow,
And its northern breezes fiercely blow;
But soon we'll hear the robins sing,
Then we can feel quite sure it's spring;
Next come the flowers, the bumblebees,
The soft green grass and nice warm breeze.

Summer has come, "Hurry! Hurry!
We'll have some fun for every day;
But when the leaves start turning red,
And all the plants and flowers look dead,
This is the Fall without a doubt
And the calendar is just about out."

OUR NORTHERN FRIENDS

by Gerald Randall '61.

Away up north in ice and snow,
We find our friend the Eskimo
Dressed all in fur from head to foot;
How big and clumsy he does look!
At dinnertime he likes to eat
Some reindeer steaks or walrus meat;
He's very fond of seal meat, too,
And cooks them into tasty stew;
His igloo house is made of ice,
In summertime that should be nice!
In winter though, it does seem silly.
I think it must be rather chilly!
There is no motor in his sled
He uses dogs to pull instead;
And though he may not ride in class
At least he can't run out of gas.

BIRTH OF THE SEA GULL

by Rosalie Beck, '60

The day was wild with storm,
The ocean cruel and grey,
When up from depths unknown
Flew one white bit of spray.

It soared and soared until
So high it seemed to fly;
It was not spray - instead
A gull against the sky.

A scream came from its throat
In which was all the pain
And haunting, lovely lovely music
Of the seas ageless refrain.

When'er you hear its cry
Or see it wheeling free,
Remember that the gull
Is still part of the sea.

FLOWERS

by Margaret Young '63

Blue or yellow, pink or white,
Along the garden walk,
Nodding their heads to greet you
As you come to talk.

They may be large; they may be small;
They may be tall or short;
Along the path; against the wall
Grow flowers of every sort.

ON THE HILL TOP

by Patsy Lohnes '62

One winter night when all was still,
I climbed a big and snowy hill;
I watched the stars up in the sky,
And a big round moon was riding high.

I reached the hill-top white with snow,
Then stood and watched the scene below;
I saw the houses in the town
With shining lights, and snow all around.

I stayed awhile, then started home
Down the hill up which I'd come;
Remembered long the lovely sight
That I had watched that winter night.

TREES IN WINTER

by Rosalie Dauphinee '59

Naked trees hold empty arms
Against the hollow of the sky,
As dotted sparsely over farms
They watch the wintry day go by.

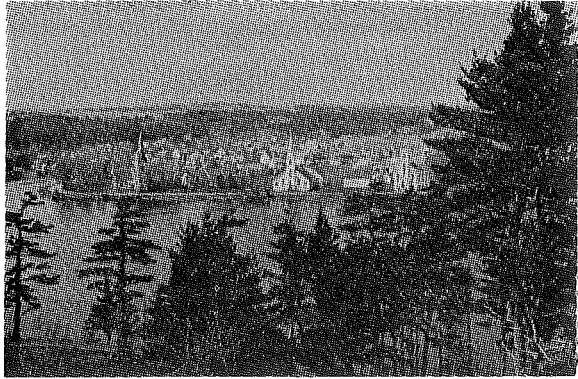
Companions of the biting wind,
And blasted by the fleeting snow,
Indifferent to the howling din,
Of elements that seaward blow.

Their bony fingers held aloft,
Recoil and creak from sleets cold sting,
But deep within their core sap waits,
The inevitable call of spring.

THE STORY OF MAHONE BAY

by Carolyn Dorey '58, Gaile Strum '58

It has been said that the name was originally given to the bay, because it was once a place used as a rendezvous by pirates who had low crafts propelled by oars. Hence the French word for Venetian boats, "Mahonne", was appropriately employed to name the bay. This was later anglicized to "Mahone Bay", and later shortened to just "Mahone". The pirates left many impressions on the minds of the people living there. Many of these legends are told and retold still today. One of the most noted is that of the "Teazer", which



was at one time a well-known pirate ship that used to hover among the islands in Mahone Bay for protection after one of its piratical trips or massacres. On various foggy nights during the year people, even some still living, claim to have seen this ship appear in the harbor bearing red lights, and disappear again into the fog.

Another noted part of Mahone Bay is Oak Island. Captain Kidd, being pursued by other pirate ships and the government boats of the English Colonies, is supposed to have buried his treasure on this island. Shortly after this, he was captured by government officials, but word of this treasure seeped out after many years. Numerous attempts have been made to regain this treasure, but each time the pursuers near the goal something prevents them from reaching it. This place has become of great historical importance, and is an attraction to tourists from all over the world.

The Indians were formerly troublesome at Mahone Bay. Piles of firewood and inflammable materials were always ready for lighting on the surrounding hills to give warning of their approach. Communication was kept up between the forts of LaHave and Mahone, at which the militia had often to work day and night. A look-out fort was also built on the hill outside Mahone Bay. Today this place is known as Blockhouse.

In 1754 the settlement of Mahone Bay was established under the supervision of Capt. Ephraim Cook. From this, it grew until in 1919 it was incorporated as a town with a population, principally of German descent, consisting of about 1200 persons. The number is about the same today. The first mayor was Mr. Arthur Ernst.

The first church erected in Mahone was a union building in 1833. This building became too small for the rapidly increasing number of Presbyterians,

Lutherans, Baptists and Methodists, so separate churches were built. Today there remain in Mahone Bay five churches, United, Lutheran, Anglican, Baptist and Presbyterian. Many paintings and pictures have been made of the scenic beauty of the Lutheran, Anglican and United churches, which are situated together at the head of the bay.

There is exceedingly beautiful scenery about Mahone Bay, which makes it especially attractive to tourists as well as to the natives. It is studded with innumerable islands and teems with fish. It also provides facilities for bathing, water-skiing, boating and hunting. There is also an outdoor skating rink, a ball park and the Kenerik theatre to provide entertainment.

Mahone is a rapidly improving town. It has for its leading industry the production of world-famous "paceships." There is only one other plant of this type in North America. That is in Texas. The boats made in Mahone Bay travel to world markets everywhere, and this small town has become better known due to this. This industry owes much of its fame and prosperity to the late Brig. A. R. Roy, former manager of the Industrial Shipping Company.

What may be a prominent industry in the future is the Nova Scotia Yacht and Boat Builders, which may prove another large small-boat business for the town. These boats are made of mahogany and are built mainly in the "Cabin Cruiser" style. Another important boat-building establishment is W. D. MacLean & Sons, which produces fishing boats and larger crafts.

Mahone Bay contains a variety of stores. Among the more prominent are Lohnes I. G. A. Market, Acadia Stores, Bill's Store, Lane's Furniture Store, Nunn's Pharmacy and Kerr's Restaurant. There are five service stations in Mahone Bay and another one is being built.

Three years ago a new government wharf was built in the harbour. Many boats dock there in the summer time. At the present time a new Liquor Store is being erected just outside the shopping centre. Two very important buildings in Mahone Bay are the Town Hall and the Post Office. The Town Hall is an old building, while the Post Office is about twenty years old.

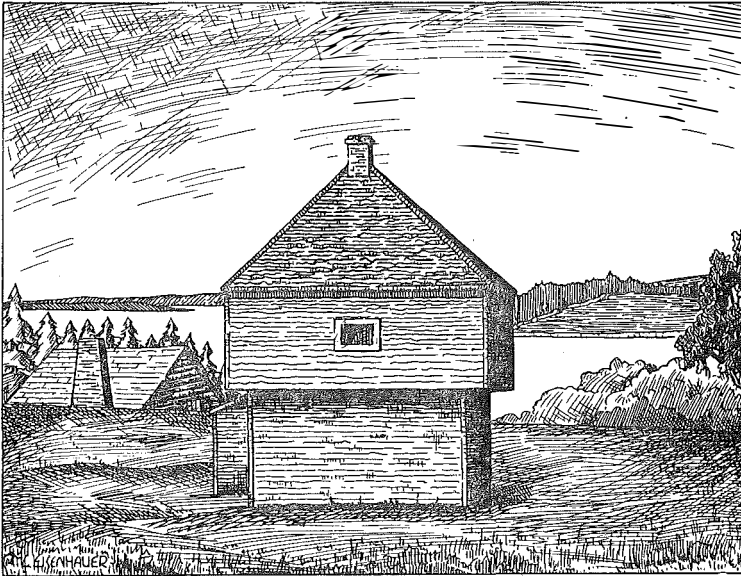
There are two very well-known antique collectors in Mahone Bay. One is Mr. Dana Sweeney. The house in which his antiques are displayed is one of the oldest in the town, being built in 1779. Another old home is that occupied by Miss Clara Quinlan. This house contains many antiques, including the original Keddy clock brought to Canada when the first settlers came.

In 1954 Mahone Bay celebrated its bicentennial. The town at that time was presented a plaque bearing the coat of arms and motto - Union of Land and Sea. The mayor at that time was Mr. Basil Eisenhauer, who supervised the celebrations. The present mayor is Mr. W. R. Marriott.

The present school in Mahone Bay was built in 1912. This building has been a very important factor in the education of young people in Mahone Bay and near-by districts.

Mahone Bay offers many accommodations to tourists. Some of the more important are: "Longacres" guest house, Lockies' Cottages, Green Shutters, Royal Hotel, and several private homes open to visitors. The "Teaser", a hand-craft shop, also is a great attraction to tourists from all places who are interested in Nova Scotia's smaller industries such as hand-weaving, hooking rugs and painting.

THE GREAT RIOT AT LUNENBURG



by Marilyn Dober '60, Glenda Smith '61

On December 15, 1753, a report was circulated that John Peterquin, a Frenchman, had received a letter from London, wherein it was stated that Parliament had directed that each person should receive one pound of bread, meat, peas, rice, hulled oats, molasses, one pint of rum, clothing, all necessary household utensils and also implements of agriculture, and five pounds in cash. On hearing this the people went in search of Peterquin to get the letter. When they found him, they imprisoned him in the cellar of the blockhouse.

When this came to the ear of Colonel Sutherland, he went with Mr. Zouberbuhler, Mr. Strasburg and Major Rudolf to release Peterquin, but he was taken from them by the mob and again confined in the blockhouse under a guard, within and outside the building. He was kept here until Sunday, when he tried to escape but he was discovered by the guard and so was bound hand and foot and removed from the cellar into the body of the blockhouse. He was then threatened, if he did not produce the letter.

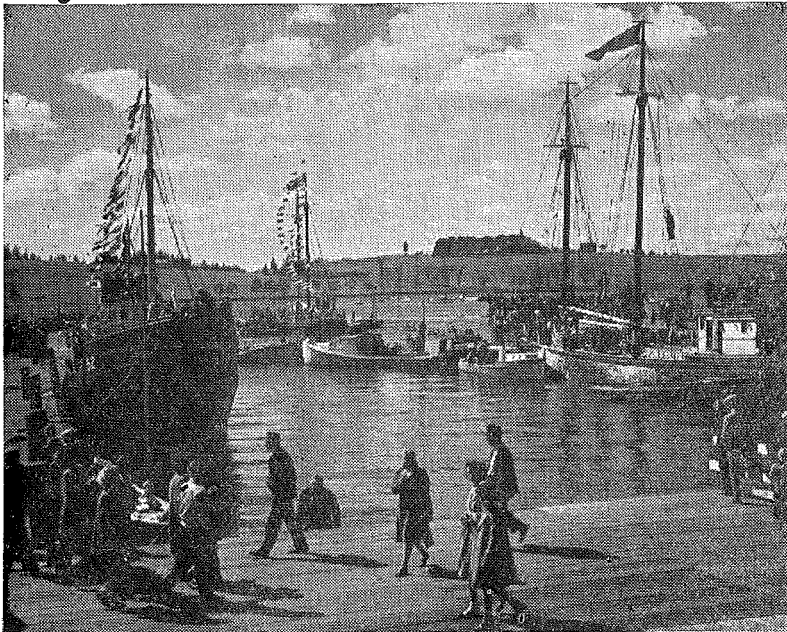
On Sunday morning he declared that Mr. Zouberbuhler had received the letter from him. In consequence of this the inhabitants were required to assemble on the parade at nine o'clock to take measures for getting the letter from Mr. Zouberbuhler. There the people deliberated the whole day, and sent hourly messages to the Colonel for the letter or Mr. Zouberbuhler. This state of things continued during seven days. Mr. Zouberbuhler retired for protection to the west blockhouse, which was on Gallow's Hill.

There was a great variety of opinions and a great uproar, some desiring

one thing and some another. They wished to force the soldiers to compel Mr. Zouberbuhler and the Frenchman to appear on the parade, and undergo a public examination. At the same time it was reported to the Colonel that the Indians were near the town so he took the precaution of providing the storehouse with large guns. But messengers from the inhabitants immediately repaired to him, and demanded to know whether he would remove the guns again or not. It was evident that they had taken the command in their own hands.

The nineteenth of the month, Peterquin was examined by the Colonel, and he declared that he had given the letter to Zouberbuhler. All possible pains were taken by Colonel Monckton to ascertain the rights of the affair. Peterquin explained the whole transaction. It appeared that a Mr. Hoffman showed a letter of similar meaning to that first mentioned, to Peterquin on the parade, and told him that he had received it from a sailor, and that Hoffman gave Peterquin directions how to proceed. In short Hoffman was the instigator and cause of the whole thing.

The Colonel then had Hoffman arrested and sent to the blockhouse until his trial. After his trial in Lunenburg, he was sent to Halifax where he was sentenced to imprisonment on George's Island.



WATERFRONT — FISHERIES EXHIBITION

OLD TOMBSTONES

by Peter Winters '61

During my trip to Hillcrest Cemetery, I saw many old and interesting tombstones. Some were so ancient the inscriptions could not be read because the rock had eroded; others were covered with moss.

The oldest stone in the graveyard is that of Mrs. Ann Kenaut who lived from 1729 to 1780. Other old tombstones were those of Rebecca Elizabeth Meisner (1783-1802), Mary Elizabeth Jung (1763-1784) and John Frederick (1762-1812).

The Reverend F. C. Temme, who was pastor of Zion's Lutheran Church for almost twenty-four years, is buried in the Hillcrest Cemetery.

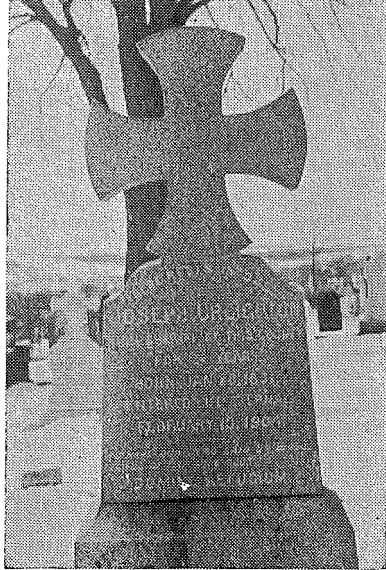
Some of the earlier stones were made of slate, and had a skull carved in them. They were shorter than most of the other stones and look to have been hand-carved.

There was one marker made of wood with an iron bar around it. Nothing could be read on it, but it is amazing that wood could last so long.

Most people go to the graveyard only to visit the graves of loved ones and friends, but it would be very interesting for you to take a walk through the graveyard and read the inscriptions on some of the tombstones.

As most of the early settlers of Lunenburg were German, some of the early tombstones are inscribed in German. One such stone had the following inscription on it:

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



If you have found this article interesting, I am sure you would be even more interested to see these things for yourself.

SHIPWRECK OF THE PATRICIA SWEENEY

by Diane Levy '60, Frances Nauss '58

Captain William Crouse, who lives at the corner of Duke and Lawrence streets in the shire town of Lunenburg, experienced his second shipwreck between Port Reading, New Jersey, and Yarmouth on March 10, 1957.

The Patricia Sweeney was the biggest vessel in a fleet of fishing and freight boats owned by Lawrence Sweeney, a Yarmouth businessman. Built in the Saint John drydock in 1947 for the Chinese government, the ship was purchased by Mr. Sweeney when the Canadian government refused delivery to the Red Chinese after the Korean War erupted.

The "Patricia Sweeney", of five hundred and eighteen gross tons, sailed Sunday morning from Port Reading with a cargo of coal bound for Yarmouth. The billowy waves, storm-tossed by a strong wind, rocked the boat to and fro. The ship's owner said he thought the coal cargo must have shifted to have caused her to turn over. There was no insurance on the vessel. The last radio contact with the ship was Sunday night when she radioed the Lurcher Light Ship off Yarmouth. The ship was then expected to arrive in Yarmouth Monday.

It happened suddenly. In spite of the heavy seas they were making headway when all at once the ship gave an unexpected lurch sideways, and began going under immediately. Captain Crouse judged that the crew members had roughly ten minutes to get into a boat before the vessel dived toward its last repose. This boat was already stocked with water, canned beef, and hard biscuits in preparation for any disaster. The last person to leave the ill-fated vessel was its captain, Mr. Crouse. He tried to notify the world of the ship's plight via ship-to-shore telephone, but the port door was jammed and he was unable to reach his cabin.

None of the crew got panicky and they never gave up hope of being rescued. One of the crew members said the waves were so high the first day that they were unable to row. All they were able to do was to bail in an effort to stay afloat. Because of the strong wind they were not able to use their sail. Cooper, an eighteen year old from Lunenburg, was never idle. He kept sending up distress flares that were finally spotted in dim, murky visibility by the United States Coast Guard Vessel, "Castle Rock" at 7:35 P.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM CROUSE

M. They had been adrift in the ship's two life-boats for more than forty-seven hours.

The crew members were then taken to the United States Public Health Hospital where they were treated, and where they waited for travelling clothes and transportation in order to be able to return home.

Captain William Crouse, age fifty-two of Lunenburg, is a well-known coastal skipper. He first went to sea when he was nine years old and has worked for the Sweeney fleet of about twelve ships since 1933. He is married and has one daughter, Patricia, who works in a Lunenburg bank. Mrs. Crouse said she had heard her husband Sunday night over the ship-to-shore radio and he had planned to be in Yarmouth Monday. She said the radio report had given no intimation of the coming disaster and that the ship was apparently in good order at that time.

Members of the ship's complement were: William Crouse, captain; Paul Risser, chief engineer; Lawrence Adams, second engineer; William Tilly, cook; Reginald Cooper, Malcolm MacAulay, Cecil Clement, and Earle Forward, cabin boy.

Captain Crouse has never been recognized in a tangible way for his perilous experience in saving his men. After resting at home, he returned to the sea which calls him in a persistent voice.



H. S. ORCHESTRA

D. Byers, P. Comstock, G. Knickle, B. Tanner.

AT SEA WITH CAPTAIN BERNARD TANNER

by Ann-Marie Gray '60

Captain Bernard Tanner started going to sea at the age of fourteen on his father's boat the Christine M. He has been going since that time. In the winter of 1938 when his father was master of the vessel Douglas and Robert, they met with a terrific gale off Sable Island. The boat was badly iced up and the dories and sails were lost.

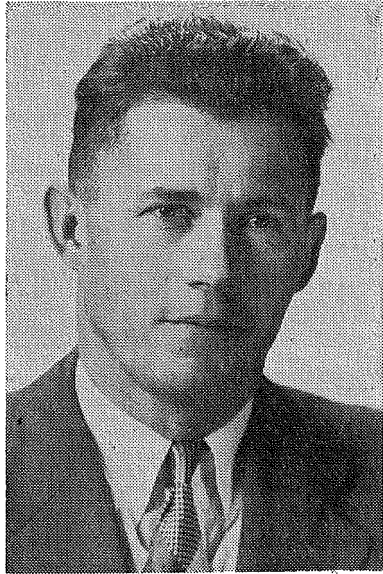
Two years later, the Douglas and Robert ran ashore off Little Harbour near Lockeport. The sea was very rough and the boat was soon battered to pieces. Fortunately, all men survived and the only loss of life was Dempsy, the ship's dog.

In October of 1940, Captain Tanner was again with his father on the boat Caroline Rose. In March 1944 Captain Tanner left his job as ship's engineer, and became Captain for a month until his father once more took over the vessel. In October of the same year, Captain Tanner again took over the Caroline Rose for a month.

A startling experience during the war, which Captain Tanner will never forget, happened while he was still on the Caroline Rose. Snow was falling and the vessel was just off the Emerald Bank when a light, flashing in the darkness, slowed the boat to a stop.

A closer look revealed a large submarine partly submerged in the water, the waves washing over it and a light flashing from the conning tower. The Caroline Rose immediately contacted the Halifax Navy Yard and discovered to the horror of the men that no friendly submarine was in the waters near Emerald Bank. There was only one answer - that was an enemy submarine. The terrified men watched as the sub moved to and fro in front of the Caroline Rose. After what seemed like an eternity the submarine quietly slipped under the water and out of sight.

In April 1945 Captain Tanner became skipper of the Fairmorse which he sailed until December 1948. It was while Captain Tanner was skipper of the Fairmorse that he saved one of his men, George Abbott, from drowning. The Fairmorse was off Scatari Island near Sydney Harbour. Two men, John Dolimount and George Abbott, were out in a dory near the vessel. Somehow the dory got under the bow of the Fairmorse and filled with water, throwing the two men into the sea. Dolimount could swim and was pulled to safety. But Abbott was knocked out and floated face down in the water. The men on the



CAPTAIN BERNARD TANNER

vessel thought Abbott was dead, because his face turned a deep purple. Tanner fastened a line about himself and went over the side to rescue the fisherman. When he had taken hold of Abbott, the two men were pulled back aboard the boat where Captain Tanner applied artificial respiration and revived the unconscious man. Because of this fine deed Captain Tanner was presented with an honorary certificate from the Royal Canadian Humane Association.

In 1949 Captain Tanner took over the Doris Susan, a new boat. When he was master of this boat, he had the honor of landing the two largest catches of halibut ever landed in the United States and Canada. A good crew, plenty of fish and fine weather enabled the Doris Susan to return to port with 155,000 lbs. of halibut on the first trip and 175,000 lbs. on the second trip. All this was accomplished within five weeks.

Later Captain Tanner became skipper of the Cape Argus - a steel trawler built in England. The Cape Argus had come over for the Lunenburg Sea Products Company.

In 1955 Captain Tanner took over his own vessel, the Rush. He decided to name his boat the Rush, because, "Fishing has been a rush from start to finish, so I named my boat that." The Rush goes as far as the Grand Banks and at the present time is engaged in fresh fishing.

The best to Captain Bernard Tanner for continued success in the fishing industry of Lunenburg. The way of life is hard but who would not prefer our "wooden ships and iron men?"



BICYCLE INSPECTION

THE STORY OF THE LUTHERAN BELL

by Dorothy Wentzell, Joanne Knickle '61



About 250 years ago, three bells were brought to Louisburg from France. One of those bells, according to tradition, was known as the Marie Antoinette bell and was hung in the tower of the Governor's chapel. It was cast in Brittany, France, and had a chevis arrangement or a crown to which was a fixed wooden yoke. The original yoke is still in use today with a carving on it with the date, 1723, possibly the date of the casting of the bell. On one side is a Latin cross, and on the opposite side a bas-relief of the Virgin Mary. When Louisburg was dismantled by the English in 1758, spoils of war (among these, the bronze bell) were brought to Halifax.

In 1776 Zion's Lutheran Church purchased it from the government for their church and on August 10, it was rung for the first time. It has been said (though upon what authority it is impossible to declare), when the town

was invaded in 1782 by American invaders that this bell was taken down by the Lutherans and carried to the Back Harbour. Here it was sunk in the water and left until all fear of having it seized was over.

Andreas Jung (Young), an early settler and member of the Lutheran Church, kept a record of the people who gave funds to purchase the bell. The money collected was 27 pounds, 16 shillings, and 5 pence (approximately \$135.) It is interesting to note the names of the donors, because many of these family names still exist in Lunenburg. After the erection of the third church, a larger bell was installed in the belfrey and the Louisburg bell was "loaned" to St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Chester. Later it was returned to Zion's Lutheran Church, where it was stored in an unused room in the parsonage where it remained for fifty years.

In preparation for the 175th anniversary celebration of the founding of the congregation, the Pastor and church council decided to have it suspended from the ceiling of the belfry where it now occupies an honoured place. This bell is rung for Sunday School session, organization meetings and together with the larger bell is rung on the festival days of the church.

Of the three bells that came from the fort, Louisburg, it is the only one in existence today and is one of the few bells in Canada that has such a unique history and long usage.

THE LAKES OF LUNENBURG COUNTY

by Rick Chenhall '58

Lunenburg County is one of the larger counties of our province. It is bordered by five other counties consisting of Hants and Halifax to the north-east and east respectively; Annapolis and Kings to the north; and Queens to the west. Lunenburg County has a large number of lakes compared to its size. Some are large lakes and many are small, but together they comprise a total of one hundred and fifty-two. It would be impossible to mention all the lakes in this article, but we shall endeavour to give the reader an idea of the number, and their relative location to well known towns and villages.

The township of Chester has in its control the largest number of lakes of any town in the county. There are sixty-six lakes, the largest of which are about one-half the size of Sherbrooke, named after Sir John Coope Sherbrooke, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia (1811-1816) or Nine-Mile Lake, so named owing to its position. Some of these lakes are Wallabach, Lake Holden, Connaught and Timber, Rocky Lake and Dauphinee, named after an old family of early settlers, Large Whitford, Hollow Horn, Fox Point and finally Stanford Lake named after John Stanford, an Englishman who arrived in Chester about 1845.

The township of Lunenburg and New Dublin comprise the other eighty-six lakes. In the township of Lunenburg there are thirty-nine, the largest again about half as large as Sherbrooke Lake. Some of these are Whale, the well known Mush-a-Mush and Big Mush-a-Mush, Dares, the town's reservoir, Cantelope, Wentzell named in honor of Nathaniel

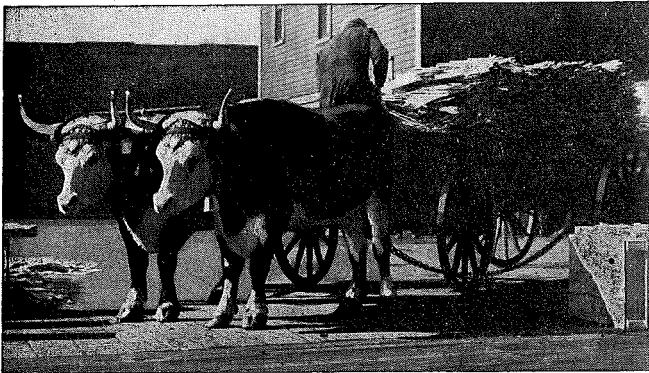
Wentzell, an early settler and Blysteiner, named after an early family of settlers. New Dublin controls the remaining forty-seven. The largest of these lakes are Seven Mile Lake, Shingle, Rhyno, Maligeak, an Indian word said to mean "loose" not firm, Menamkeak and Fancy Lake plus Oakhill or Wiles Lake, called after an early German settler called Wile. Therefore these three townships have under their control the aggregate of one hundred and fifty-two lakes, and as a result control all the lakes of the county.

The afore-mentioned lakes are only a few of the many lakes in the county. In the southern part of the county, there are many lakes which should be recognized by the reader. For instance around the vicinity of Mahone Bay, we find Oakland, Clearland and Common Lakes. Further north of the town can be found Round Lake and Zwicker and also Mush-a-Mush, already mentioned. Steverman's is found further south. On our way to Bridgewater from Lunenburg and in the vicinity of the highway we find Wentzell's, Spectacle, Crouse's, Rhode's Lake and others.

North of Dayspring, running north towards Mush-a-Mush Lake across country, we find a string of lakes such as Rhodeniser, Covey, Little Lake, Little Langille and Langille and finally Naas Lake.

Also on the south side of the LaHave River, we find another group of lakes such as Cross, Pernette, Oickle, Kaulbach, Huey, LaHave Lake, the Indians knowing it as "Sooleawagitk" meaning, "Silver lies in the water," and others running south towards Petite Riviere and communities along that shore.

Of course there are many other lakes in the county than those mentioned, but they are so numerous that after awhile they just become names without any significance. As one can see, the origin of the lakes' names came from many languages. The lakes also have many uses such as fishing, camping and others supplying the county with all its wants. As a result the many lakes of Lunenburg County are valuable to its citizens, and play an important part in many peoples' lives.



A LOAD OF DRY FISH

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

by Carolyn Tanner '59

The curtains of the assembly stage parted for four performances from Friday, December 13, to Wednesday, December 18. The house was sold out each time.

A welcome was given to the audience by four little primary graders - Tommy Hillier, Carol Langille, James May, Catherine Risser. They spoke distinctly and everybody enjoyed the welcome messages. Several other recitations and exercises were presented from Grades I and II, including about thirty-one students.

A Christmas Pageant, Carolers are Kind, was presented by Grades III and IV. The Christmas spirit was really aroused by the recitations and carols in the pageant.

An outstanding feature of the Common School was a recitation by



CHRISTMAS CONCERT — PRIMARY GRADES

M. Rhuland, C. Purcell, S. Stoddard, S. Byers, P. Conrad, J. Eisenhauer, S. MacDonald, R. Bailly, S. Sheaves, B. Tanner.

Judith Am DeMone. The recitation, entitled "When Christmas Almost Was Not", was said without practically any mistakes. Good diction and enunciation, along with expression, told a beautiful story to the audience.

The last number on the Common School programme was a play by pupils of Grades V and VI. The play entitled "The Enchanted Boxes", was portrayed excellently by five main characters: Emily - Patricia Cook; Mary - Brenda MacKenzie; Fairy Queen - Susan Hicking; Harold - Crispin Cook; Ethel - Sonja Oickle.

Other characters were: Enchanted Boxes - Christopher Anderson,

Michael de la Ronde, Terrence O'Connor, Ronald Whynacht; Mother - Jennifer Johnson; Teacher - Linda Falkenham; Visitors - Cheryl Bower, Peter Chenhall, David Falkenham, Betty Feener, Janet Joudrey, Reid MacDuff, Cynthia Smith, Garry Upham, Linda Zinek. The play had a realistic story showing the true spirit of Christmas - Good Deeds, Kind Thoughts, etc. - which is often forgotten these days.

This year, the main highlight of the Christmas Entertainment was the presentation of "Mississippi Melody" under the capable direction of Mrs. B. G. Oxner.

The Operetta was a story encompassing the lives of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. These two parts were played well by Glen Conrad and Ronald Wentzell. The Operetta began with the usual call of a mother for her boy. Aunt Polly, characterized by Kathleen Conrad, acted as a very stern guardian to Tom Sawyer. Acting with her as a mother was Carolyn Tanner, playing the part of Mrs. Harper. Joe Harper - Gerald Randall - was supposed to be Tom Sawyer's friend, but Tom was more often with Huck Finn. Another of Tom's friends was Ben Rogers - Gary Tanner.

The plot of the play concerned the adventures of mischievous boys, and the tangles in which they were involved. When they went adventur-



OPERETTA — MISSISSIPPI MELODY

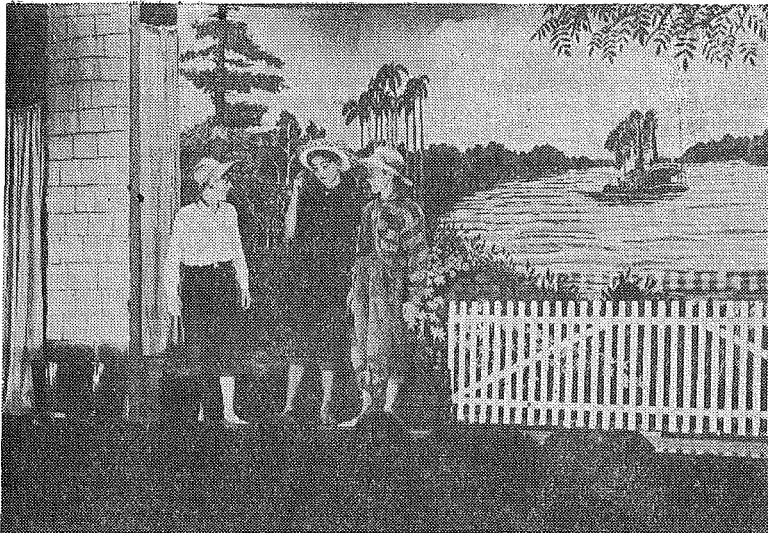
G. Winaut, G. Tanner, G. Cooper, C. Corkum, G. Lohnes, R. Lohnes,
D. Whynacht, J. Buckmaster, D. Byers, G. Randall, A. Cook

ing to Jackson's Island, their disappearance upset the townspeople, who were about to pronounce the boys drowned when they appeared as mysteriously as they had disappeared. The village gossip, Widow Douglas, portrayed by Ann Cook, loved Huck Finn and defended him in every instance, finally adopting him.

The Operetta had a great deal of humor and suspense. Sidney, a

nasty little boy, told many tales of Tom to Aunt Polly, often resulting in punishment for Tom. Miss Watson, Widow Douglas' sister - Anna Smith - created great laughter with "That's what I say". There were also a number of humorous love scenes.

The most outstanding love scene was that of Mary and Steamboat Sam, played by Shirley Cook and Bruce Tanner. A "puppy love" scene was portrayed by Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher - Linda Cantelope. As two little children, Sidney - Frederick Wood - and Susie Harper - Rosalie Beck, became engaged. Another romantic scene was played by two old characters, Pudd'nhead Wilson - Graham Creighton - and Ellem Mae Phelps - Dorothy Wentzell.



OPERETTA

G. Conrad, G. Randall, R. Wentzell.

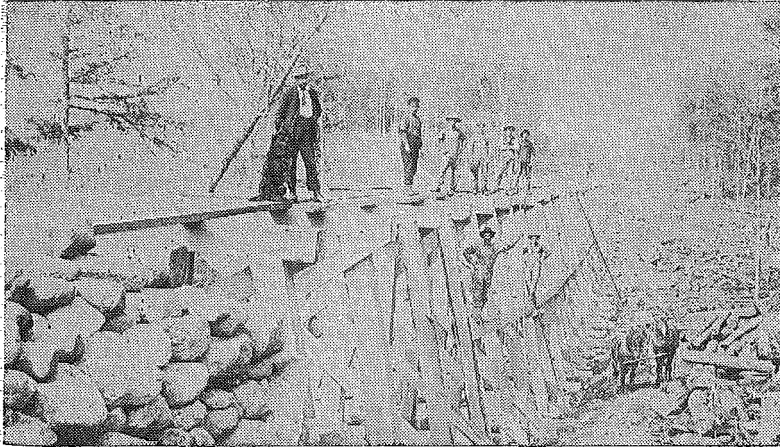
A highlight of the Operetta was the dance and song performed by two colored servants, Anthony Cook and Gail Winaut. The remainder of the stage cast consisted of chorus girls and boys. There was chorus work performed in a creditable manner by the choral club.

Mrs. Mary Dauphinee, our dependable artist, once again provided the beautiful scenery, thus supplying the Operetta with a magnificent background. Only those who saw the scenery can appreciate Mrs. Dauphinee's contribution.

The difficult costuming and hair styling were done by teachers and helpers. At the closing of the curtain on Wednesday night a great Christmas Concert was brought to a conclusion with much joy - credit being giving to all who assisted, especially to Mrs. Oxner for her excellent work and toleration. Presentations to Mrs. B. G. Oxner, Mrs. H. A. Creighton and Mrs. Mary Dauphinee were a happy feature each evening.

THE OLD SPRINGFIELD LOGGING RAILWAY

by Anthony Cook '58



OLD SPRINGFIELD RAILROAD — One of many trestles.

Many a sportsman familiar with the woods around Springfield, Annapolis County, has surely noticed at one time or another an old railway embankment. So few, however, know anything about the reason for this embankment, that I have taken it upon myself to try to secure some information on the subject.

In 1865, Mr. E. D. Davison, along with his family, settled in Bridgewater and started a lumber business. Timber land was taken up along the LaHave River and its branches, deep into the forest where the heaviest timber was located. Dams were built at the foot of the lakes. During the winter and spring men and horses were employed in cutting and bringing the timber to the lakes. At break up time, the logs were floated to Bridgewater in a mass drive. For the purpose of cutting up the logs, "E. D. Davison and Sons" built two mills, one the Lower Gang Mill at Bridgewater, and the Upper Gang Mill at New Albany. After being sawed into lumber, the product was transported by a sluice and the river to the Government Wharf at Bridgewater.

Mr. Davison died in 1894, leaving the business, the largest in the province, to his sons, who in 1903 sold the entire business to the American Lumber Company.

In order to do away with river driving, the idea of building a railroad to haul the logs out to the settlement was then originated. Wealthy Americans, particularly women, were eager to become shareholders in such a "prosperous" undertaking. In 1905 work began, most of the labor being done by low paid Italian immigrants. It is believed the railway was built in different sections, by different people. The first stretch extended from just south of Springfield Station (Hastings Junction) to Hastings Mill. Later the line was pushed on to Crossburn, and then to completion, reaching perhaps twenty-five to thirty miles in length. A number

of trestles, some twelve feet high, had to be built over low areas and lakes. In order to cross bogs and marshy areas, the land was bridged with poles covered over with earth, the road bed being laid on top of this. There were also many branch lines or spurs to lakes and other areas where timber was available. As well as these lines, a short six mile branch line extended west from Springfield Station to Joe Simon Lake. As far as I was able to find out, the line was known as Brown's Railway.

Most of my information I received from Mrs. Edgar Mason of Springfield. Back in the days of the railway, Mrs. Mason was a School Teacher at Crossburn, then a prosperous village. The name Crossburn, incidently, came from a Mr. Cross, plus a brook, or "burn" in Scotch, which supplied the village with water. A round house and machine shop were erected here to serve the needs of the rail line. Today all that remains is a "ghost town", with a few cellars and pieces of machinery marking the site.

Mrs. Mason recalls riding the Shays, as the engines were called, to get out of Crossburn on holidays, or to go shopping in Springfield. In fine weather and accompanied by an escort, she rode on the rear end of the heavily-loaded log cars, this being the usual means of travel. However, when she rode alone, she was always invited by the firemen and drivers into the cab, where according to Mrs. Mason "it was much more comfortable."

Although many of the original workers are now dead, such men as Mrs. Mason's husband and an Italian by the name of Mike Noterangelo (now living in Springfield) helped build the original trestles and bridges, such as the one which spanned Lake Sixty. Among the Engineers who built the road were Cecil MacDougall and Lew Carter, both now passed away. Bill Best and James Conrad of Springfield could probably relate many thrilling experiences they encountered as engineers of the heavy-log-trains. It is believed a contractor by the name of Surette was in charge of the construction from Hastings Mill to Crossburn.

The track was of the standard width now used by the C.N.R. and D.A.R., so that lumber cars could be carried via these routes to the sea-coast. With a steam powered log-loader, the logs were lifted to the flat-cars, eight to ten at a time. A special low-g geared locomotive pulled these cars to Crossburn. The locomotive was propelled by means of triple vertical cylinders on each side of the boiler, and was capable of hauling a load of ten cars up steep grades. At Crossburn the train was taken over by standard locomotives for the trip to Hastings Mills. This mill was built at the same time as the railway. One of the largest of its kind in the province, it was constructed directly across the lake from Springfield. At Hastings the logs were dumped into a closed-in pond, where the water was heated by steam to keep it from freezing in winter. Two steam engines of six and seven hundred horsepower powered the saws. A fact quite startling to me was the size of the fly wheel, which was twenty feet in diameter and four feet across the face. The mill was capable of turning out, at its best, 250,000 board feet of prime pine logs a day.

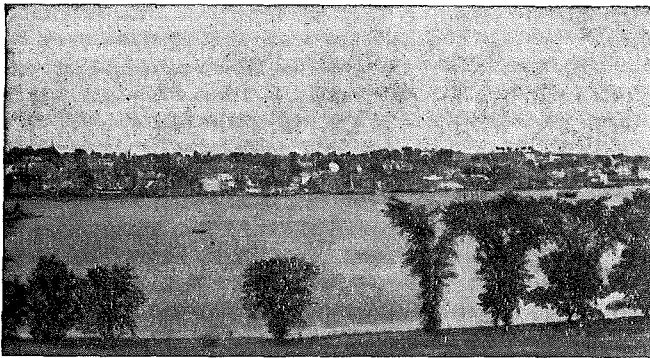
A "Donkey-engine" and passenger car were used to carry the

"nabobs" of Crossburn on special occasions such as picnics, religious services and camps, this seeming to put the railway to as much use as logging. Mrs. Mason, being the Teacher as well as having a class in Crossburn's large Sunday-School and a member of the choir, always got along on such outings.

About the same time the railway was in use, someone with a very vivid imagination dreamed up the idea of a "steam-skidder" to convey logs from the forest to the railway track. Having been given a great deal of publicity, the project was finally completed at an alleged cost of one-quarter of a million dollars. A holiday having been declared, the "distinguished guests" were taken in a parlor-car to view the finished wonder. Shortly afterward, when they proceeded to operate the miracle-machine, they soon learned all their work and money had been thrown to the wind. It was an endless-chain device, that went up and down the hills through the woods. Because of the many curves in its course through the trees, long logs just couldn't make the corners, and would fly off east, west, and in every direction. Defeated, the hair-brained invention was abandoned, left standing as a monument to Man's folly, until many years later it was destroyed in a forest fire.

Similarly, the railway line eventually met with failure. Ever since the first spike was driven it was doomed financially. Whenever a deputation of shareholders would show up to inspect their investment, a big show of prosperity would be staged. Unfortunately the shareholders fell for it, and returned home with a false sense of security. However, the railway gradually fell into bankruptcy, until finally the company was liquidated. Hollingsworth and Whitney bought the woods right of it, while the rails were taken up and sold, as well as the old Shays and anything else that could be sold for junk. Today all that remains are the embankments, a lasting reminder of a venture which never paid off.

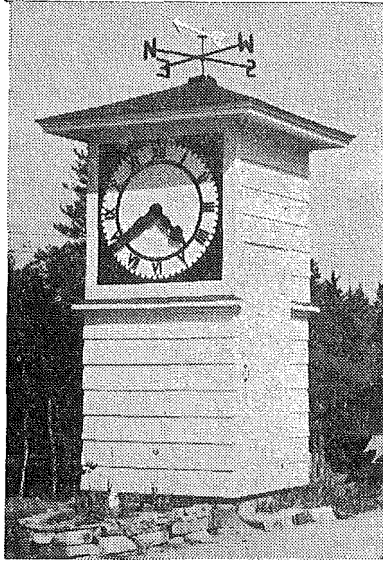
I must tell you that no two stories on the railway are exactly alike. Through the kindness of Mrs. Mason, Mr. Charles Dauphinee of Lunenburg who helped build the line, and Mr. Henry Davison of Pleasantville, I hope I have presented you with a more or less clear picture of the old Springfield (Brown's) Railway.



LUNENBURG — TAKEN FROM GULF COURSE

THE OLD TOWN CLOCK

by Marilyn Young '58



The Old Town Clock was donated by the Federal Government about 1904, during the Laurier Government. At this time the sitting member for the constituency of Lunenburg was Mr. Charles Edwin Kaulback.

The clock which was made in England, is known as a gravity escapement. It is classed as a tower clock.

Between windings, the running period of the clock is two weeks. There is a hand crank which hoists two large weights that operates up and down a shaft. Each of the two weights weigh about one ton. The use of the one is for time and the other for strike.

The clock mechanism operates a differential which in turn operates shafts leading to three dials. Another shaft leads to a striking arm which hits a bell to signal the hours. The bell was made in Troy, New York. The mechanism is all brass and weighs about five hundred pounds. Each of the three glass dials measures five feet in diameter. These dials are illuminated at night by means of several lights in the rear of the dial. Adjustments on the back of each of the three dials allows the hands on each to be set independent of the others. When the old Post Office was demolished, the clock was still in good running order. As there was no place in the plans of the new building to locate it, the clock was taken away. At present the clock is set up in the front yard of one of the residents of Crousetown, Lunenburg County. Here it is operating efficiently.

While in the tower, the clock was a landmark viewed by all residents of the town and by visitors. It was used by many to set their own time pieces. Although the Old Clock has been taken away from the town, its memory will long remain in the hearts and minds of the residents of Lunenburg.

1957 SCHOLARSHIPS

by Anthony Cook '58, Thomas Mason '58

Each year the graduates of Lunenburg Academy are given the opportunity to further their education through the existence of a number of scholarships. Along with the scholarships and bursaries of previous years, a new one, the Kinsman Scholarship, was awarded by the Lunenburg branch of this organization in 1957. Although as yet it is quite impractical to award all graduates for their work, it is generally agreed that the recipients of these awards are the most deserving.

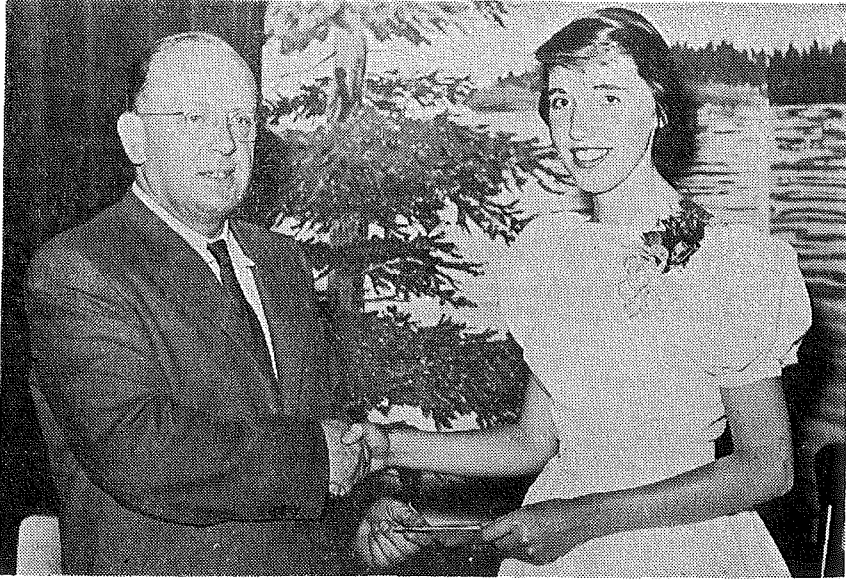
The Richard Winters' Scholarship, first awarded two years ago as a memorial to the youngest son of the Hon. R. H. Winters, was presented by Mr. Charles Winters to Jean Nauss of East River, Lunenburg County. This award, of a sum of one hundred dollars annually, is given to a graduate of the Academy to enable him or her to further their education, something which Richard Winters was unable to do. Jean was an outstanding student during the year and plans to attend Normal College.



RICHARD WINTERS SCHOLARSHIP

Presentation by Mr. Charles Winters to Miss Jean Nauss.

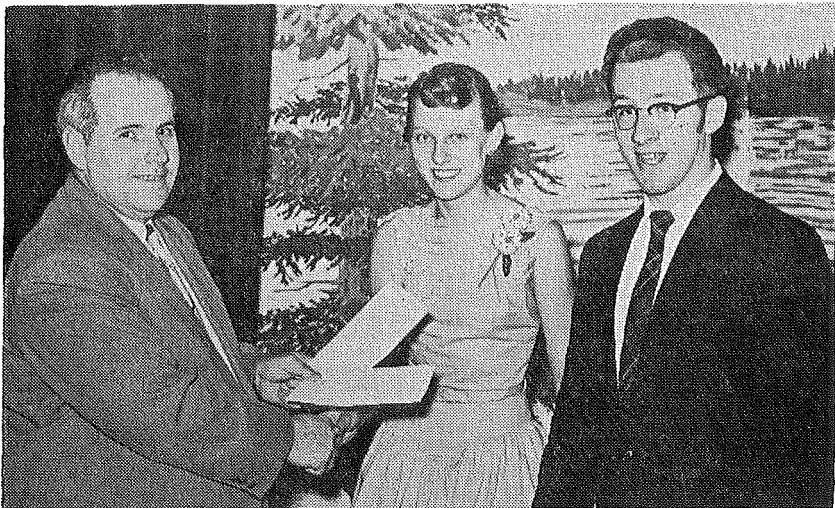
The Citizenship Scholarship, which is awarded by the Lion's Club of Lunenburg, is not given to the student making the highest marks but rather to one who has qualities of leadership and character. Last year this scholarship was awarded by Dr. R. G. A. Wood to Betty Fralick who was co-editor of the Sea Gull and co-president of the Athletic Association. Betty was very popular in school and thoroughly deserved this award.



CITIZENSHIP — LION'S CLUB

Presentation by the President, Dr. R. G. A. Wood to Miss Betty Fralick.

A third scholarship of fifty dollars, that of the Kinsman Club of Lunenburg, was presented by the president, Mr. Carl Bower, to Keith Crouse. This scholarship is in recognition of high standing in Mathematics and Science. Keith has made use of the award in attending Waterloo College, where he is taking theology.



MR. CARL V. BOWER PRESENTS

1. United Nation summer school warrant to Miss Helen Hebb.
2. Mathematics and Science Scholarship to Mr. Keith Crouse.

The Women's Institute Bursary, as a rule awarded to some worthy student of Grade XII from outside of town, went to Thomas Mason of Grade XI, who while he lives in First South, has been attending school here since Grade Primary. This exception to the rule of awarding the bursary to a Grade XII student is understandable when we explain that Thomas has led his class year after year, and in Grade XI received some outstanding high marks for that grade. The award was presented by Mrs. W. L. Wamboldt, Secretary of the Women's Institute, at last year's closing exercises.

Still another award, a scholarship given by the Boscawen Chapter I.O.D.E., went to Brenda Tanner. The scholarship, of a sum of one hundred dollars, is being used by her to help her earn a B.Sc. at Dalhousie University. Mrs. W. A. Hewat, on behalf of the Boscawen Chapter, presented the award at the graduation.

These scholarships are very useful to the graduates, particularly those who are in need of financial aid. Usually awarded by citizens and institutions of the town, they illustrate the interest of the public in the training of tomorrow's leaders. No matter how large or small they may be, these awards all help the students in one way or another and the more there are, the better are the chances for more graduates going on to university.

LITTLE LEAGUERS

by Elward Crouse '60

At the close of school in June, it is not uncommon to see the boys of all ages making their way to the Community Centre. It is there that they may enjoy themselves thoroughly.

There is one game particularly that attracts the boys between the ages of eight and twelve years. This is the game of baseball. To help them with the fundamentals and rules of the game, they have Mr. Gus Vickers. He spends many hours on the field showing them the technique of the game. This is a hard job in itself. When he thinks that they are ready to play ball, he picks three evenly matched teams. They are given uniforms which have been bought by various firms of the town. These are spotless when given out, but are badly in need of dry-cleaning when they are returned at the end of the season.



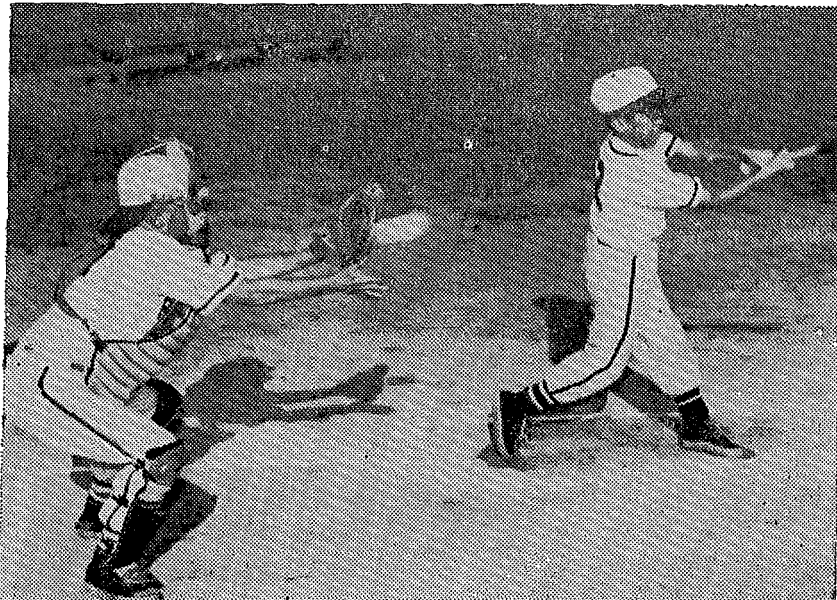
A schedule is made out and put in the Progress-Enterprise for the boys to follow. At the first game, there is always great excitement. When the umpire bawls "play ball," the opposing team hustles on the field. Throughout the game, there is a great amount of chatter. The hustle is obvious both on and off the field.

I shall give you an example of the interest in the game. There is a former Lunenburg boy, now living in Dartmouth, who always spends his summer vacation with friends here. When his school closed, he packed his suitcase and was ready to leave. His mother asked to see what clothes he was bringing. When she opened the suitcase, she saw a ballglove and a baseball. This is just one example of the interest of these boys.

They enjoy the schedule, but they have the time of their lives when Exhibition Week rolls around in September. One whole day is devoted to these "Little Leaguers." Teams from Liverpool, Milton, Mahone Bay, Brooklyn, Bridgewater, and Lunenburg play off for the South Shore Championship. They play one game sudden-death, which means that the losing team is eliminated from play. It is during this day that the long hours of practise pay off. There are six innings, but they can be the most thrilling six innings you have ever seen.

The winners are presented with suitable trophies. Bridgewater Little Leaguers were unbeaten in 1957, and received the prizes. Who will it be next year? No person can predict the outcome, but Lunenburg will be in there pitching.

It makes no difference who wins, for the winning team is always congratulated by the losing teams who show great sportsmanship. These boys through playing together are learning how to co-operate with others.



UNITED NATIONS SEMINAR

by Anthony Cook '58

The third annual United Nations Summer School for boys and girls of the Atlantic Provinces was held last July 2 to 6 at Mount Allison University, Sackville. Representing Lunenburg Academy were Linda Ernst, sponsored by the Legion; Helen Hebb, whose expenses were paid by the Junior Chamber of Commerce; and myself, sponsored by the Boscawen Chapter I.O.D.E. All arrangements having been made beforehand, we left by bus, arriving in Sackville on the evening of July 1. Most of the ninety-two delegates attending did not arrive until next morning. We were all housed in the Academy residence, and given our meals in the Truman House cafeteria. The purpose of this Summer School was to give High School students an accurate knowledge of the United Nations, so that armed with this knowledge, they may return to their communities to arouse interest in the organization.

After registration on Tuesday, the welcoming address was given by Dr. Flemington, President of Mount A. Following this we began our regular program. Each day's program was similar, starting with breakfast at 7.30 a.m., followed by a short chapel service. The remainder of the morning was taken up with two lectures and a discussion group. For these discussions we broke up into four smaller groups, each appointing its own secretary and chairman for that day.

After lunch we were given a two hour recreation period, two of which consisted of trips to Fort Beausejour and Radio Station CBA, both only a few miles from Sackville. Any other spare time we had we spent lounging on the campus or playing some sport, since the weather was perfect throughout the entire five days. We generally had one lecture in the afternoon. In the evening our program began with films on U.N. topics, followed by our general discussion group. The whole group presented the conclusions which they had reached in the morning discussion. After lengthy talk, we usually came to some agreement. As a reward for our hard work, we were allowed to have a dance each evening, before hitting the sack at 11:15 p.m.

Our lecturers included P. A. Lockwood, Associate Professor of History at Mt. A. and organizer of this U. N. Summer School; Robert Kennedy of the Adult Education Division of the Nova Scotia Department of Education; Ernest Carter, Canadian representative at the UNESCO conference, and editor of "World Review for Canadian Schools"; Kathleen Bowlby, National Secretary, United Nations Association in Canada; and W. B. Cunningham, Associate Professor of Economics at Mt. A. Our guest speakers were Rev. M. J. MacKinnon of St. Francis Xavier University; Mr. A. G. Campbell of the External Affairs Department; and Mr. J. B. Richardot of the Technical Assistance Administration, United Nations Secretariat, New York.

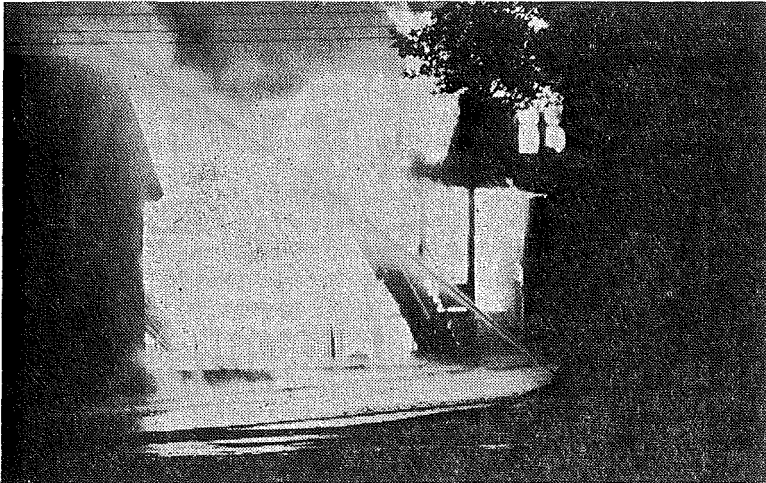
It would be quite impossible for me to describe in this brief space everything which we learned and discussed. The topics of our lectures ranged from the historical background, birth, and structure of the U.N.,

to talks on Canada's foreign policy, technical assistance, and the Colombo Plan. We found most of these talks quite interesting, even if it did not all sink in.

On Friday evening a Mock General Assembly was held in which approximately twelve countries were represented, each with a delegation of five members. A fake resolution was put forward and strict U.N. procedure was followed in debating and taking the vote. At the head table was the President of the Assembly and the Secretary General, I being appointed to the latter position. Helen and Linda each had positions on delegations. It was a very interesting way to spend the evening, and proved to be one of the main events of the Summer School.

On Saturday morning the time came to depart. We regretted it, for those ninety-two delegates were really the finest people I have ever met. On arriving home Helen and I began to wonder how we could arouse interest in the U.N. in our town. The idea came when we received information on the UNICEF campaign to be held Hallowe'en. We organized a group of students to canvas the town, and ended up with the surprising sum of \$130.00, all of which was immediately sent to UNICEF headquarters, and almost as quickly acknowledged.

We three students extend our thanks to the people of Lunenburg for assistance, but above all to the Legion Branch No. 23, Jaycees, Boscawen Chapter I.O.D.E. and Lunenburg Academy for making it possible for us to attend this Summer School. It is unfortunate that everyone could not attend, but to us who did, they were the most enjoyable, profitable, days we ever spent.



LEGION HALL FIRE

VALEDICTORY

by Michael O'Connor '57

Jeremy Taylor, a great and learned scholar once said "To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance." To a student pausing at the completion of thirteen years of formal learning, this statement has a very dampening effect, as do, it seems, many similar statements of fact.

The student has for more time than he cares to remember been amassing numerous facts and formulae. He has been occupied with the formidable task of transferring approximately five hundred text-book pounds of knowledge to a brain weighing a mere fifty ounces. In the field of literature he has progressed from the sparkling little ditty "Here I am, My Name is Nan, I have a dog, I have a cat too," to the intricate rhythms of Vachel Lindsay.

He who first was mystified by the identity—two apples + two apples = four apples—is now required to have on the tip of his tongue, the binomial expansion of $(x+a)^n$. It is not very soothing to his pride, once he has accomplished all this to see on television a nine year old boy explain the same binomial theorem, and others, which the student has not yet learned.

It is then that the student begins to see the truth of the quotation I mentioned previously. It is then he sees what an infinitesimally small amount of learning he has gained.

Ladies and gentlemen, when I think of commencement day, I like to think of the moment at the completion of a radio program when the announcer says "We pause now for station identification." We of the graduating class have reached the place in our lives where we must pause to identify ourselves — to identify the person we have been moulded into by thirteen years of formal education with the person we wish to be. Alas, for a few there will be few similarities between the two personages, but for the majority there will come the gratification of being the person they have strived to become.

In closing, fellow students, as we all go on to some form of further education, let us remember that knowledge is second only to virtue in raising one man above the other. Thank you very much!

DR. REGINALD MCKEAN SAUNDERS

by Geraldine May '59

Dr. Reginald McKean Saunders is from United Empire Loyalist stock, a son of the late Dr. D. O. and Mrs. Saunders who lived in this county for a number of years. Later Dr. Saunders' father retired to his old home in Bridgetown.

Dr. R. McK. was born at Getson's Cove, now LaHave, while his father was in practise there. He attended school in Bridgewater while his parents resided in this county.

Following his school graduation, he went to Normal College. For two years he taught school in Annapolis County.

Later, he went to Dalhousie University and graduated as a medical doctor in 1911. Following graduation, he interned in the Victoria General Hospital. In 1912 he came to Bridgewater for a year in partnership with Drs. Stewart and Kelly.

In January 1913, forty-five years ago, he bought the house of Dr. MacAully, in Lunenburg. He has spent his time and developed his practice here ever since.

The first years of practice were carried on with horse and buggy. A good many of the older citizens will well remember his fine horses. The Dr. says he really did love them.

Even after cars came in they were put up during the winter, owing to the big snow drifts and bad roads. They were used only during the fine summer weather. As the roads were improved, the cars were soon operated the whole year through.

Besides his practice, Dr. Saunders took a keen interest in curling. He was a chartered member of the curling club that erected the old curling rink on the community centre grounds.

For eighteen years he was a member of the Board of School Commissioners for the town. For thirty years he has been Coroner for the county.

In September 1919, Dr. Saunders married Mary Evelyn Warner and has two children, Marjorie (Mrs. B. A. Ruiter) of Ottawa and Dr. Reginald O. Saunders now practicing with Senator (Dr.) F. A. McGraved of Fredericton Junction, N. B.



Dr. Reginald McKean Saunders

MEDAL WINNER

by Rick Chenhall '58

Last May, Ernest Zinck, a former member of the Academy, received one of the highest awards a university student can achieve - the Governor-General's Medal. Graduating from Acadia University with a Bachelor of Science Degree and a major in Chemistry, Mr. Zinck was presented with this and other awards.

Coming from Riverport, Mr. Zinck completed his Grade XII at the Academy and proved to be a top student. It is also very interesting to note that his favorite subject at this time was chemistry in which he majored at college. I believe it would be fitting to list the numerous scholarships that Ernie was awarded while obtaining his degree. It certainly is an astonishing list and consists of the following:

Canadian Mathematical Congress Scholarship - 3 years.

U. N. T. D. Scholarship - 1st year.

F. W. Patterson Scholarship - 1st year.

D. F. Higgins Scholarship - 2nd year.

Class of 1892 Prize - 2nd year.

Henry Wentworth Fawcett Memorial Prize - 2nd year.

Chemical Institute of Canada Prize - 2nd year.

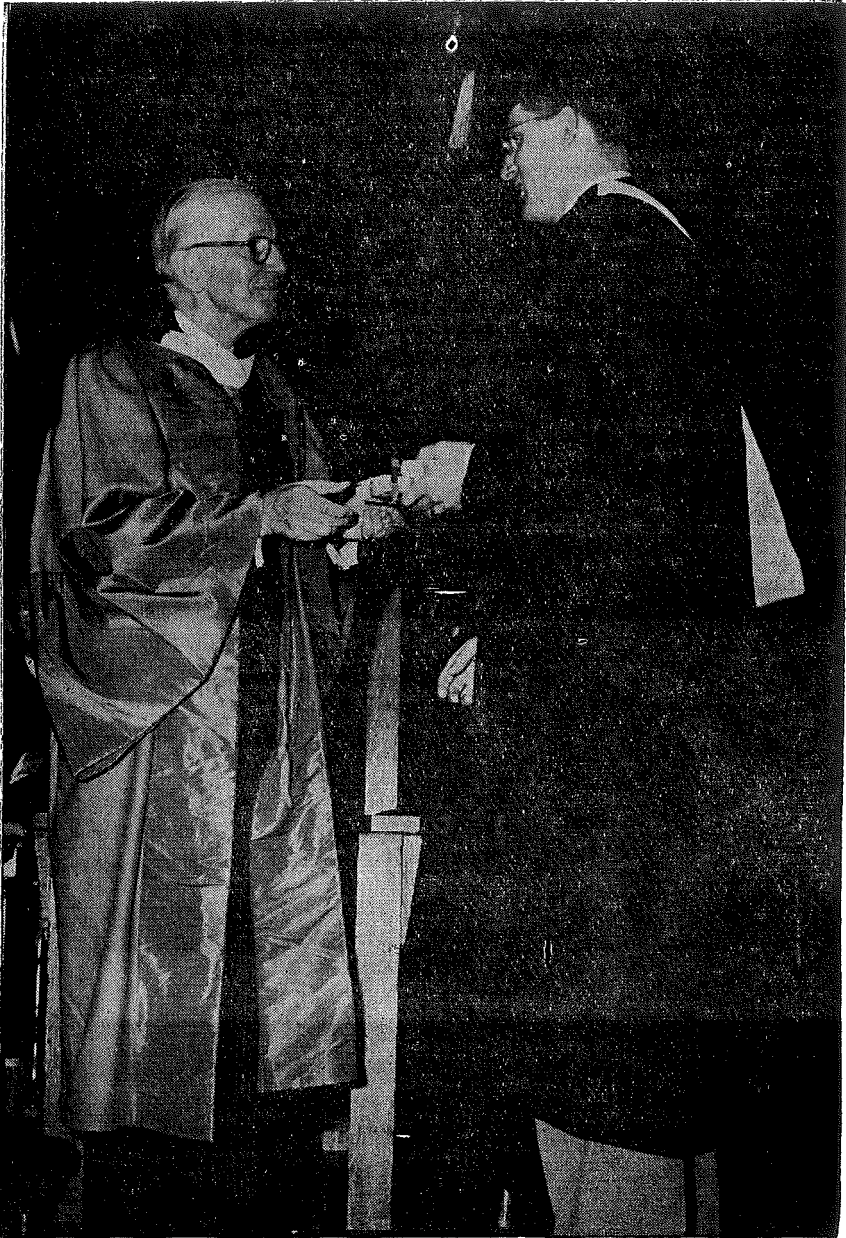
Edward Manning Saunders Scholarship - last year.

Aluminum Company of Canada Scholarship - last year.

Interclass Debating - 1st.

Chemistry Assistantship - lasts 2 years.

Ernest was also President of Student C. I. C. in his last year. Along with the Governor-General's Medal Mr. Zinck was awarded the University Bronze Medal and the Aluminum Company of Canada Scholarship. His fine work at university is sure to turn into finer achievements throughout his life, and we sincerely wish him every success.



Ernest Zinck receiving the "Governor General's Medal from Hon. Vincent Massey, Governor General of Canada.

NED CRAWFORD

by Linda Cantelope '61, Alice Conrad '61

Like most boys of his day, Ned Crawford spent part of his time at school. The rest was occupied at the waterfront, playing and day-dreaming when tall spars and billowing sails confronted him. One day Ned was sitting on the end of a pier looking at his reflection in the water. Suddenly, the peaceful harbor waters were in great motion. The cry, "Mackerel", echoed along the wharves. The men got into their boats and readied the fish nets. The quiet town was a beehive of excitement. That was a memorable day for Lunenburg, because it was the largest catch of mackerel ever made here.

Ned Crawford, born in Lunenburg in 1867, is the son of the late Zachariah Crawford and Anna Pettit. He is, at present, the oldest citizen born and raised in Lunenburg.



NED CRAWFORD

He will be ninety-one on his next birthday. Mr. Crawford is quite spry, and has an untarnishable memory of his happy youth.

After completing his schooling in the old Academy, Ned went to work. Following his father's example, he became a seafaring man, fishing in mild seasons. He was a cooper in the winter months.

Starting as a helper in a tiny shop behind Acadian Supplies, he learned his trade. Since the Lunenburg fishing fleet was larger in those days, coopering was a flourishing and important trade. Barrels, buckets, trawl tubs, buoys and other equipment were needed by the schooners.

Ned remembers the wreck of the steamer Amsterdam off Little Duck Island. The surviving members of the crew and passengers were brought to Lunenburg. There they were fed and sheltered for days. Unfortunately, smallpox was prevalent among the crew. The dread disease began to spread to citizens in the town. Medical facilities being what they were in those days, many died after contracting the disease. One case is said to have spread to an undertaker after he buried a victim. A farmer who had the disease is said to have been milking a cow one evening. The next day it died!

Ned married his first love, Freda, in September, sixty years ago. They had one child, Angus Crawford. Being happily married these many years, they are looking forward to many more pleasant ones.

MR. ELWOOD C. GELDERT

by Judith Crouse '60, Sammy Walters '62

"Strike three! You're out!" The crowd went wild as they rushed onto the field to carry their hero off on their shoulders. Despite his infirmity, Elwood had pitched another winning game from his chair.

Mr. Geldert, the eldest son of the late Captain and Mrs. Archibald Geldert, was born June 29, 1903, in Lunenburg. In August 1905, he was stricken with polio, from which he recovered but was never able to walk again, except with crutches. This infirmity did not prevent him from taking part in the young people's activities at that time.

At an early age, he learned to swim and a number of times swam across Lunenburg Harbour from Kaulbach's Head to the Government Railway Wharf. He also played baseball. Although his right leg was completely paralyzed, and he was forced to play the game from a chair, he became the star pitcher of the Tannery Road ball team.

He learned to ride a bicycle, and while he could not pedal it, his brother and pals towed him around town on a rope cable attached to their bikes. At an early age he became interested in music and studied piano. When silent movies were in vogue, he was the pianist at the Alexandra Theatre in Lunenburg and he also played in Billie King's Orchestra.

After receiving his Grade X diploma at the Lunenburg Academy, he left school and went to Mount Allison Commercial College, Sackville, N. B., where he graduated in bookkeeping in March, 1921. The following year he went to Maritime Business College, Halifax, where he received his diploma in shorthand and typewriting. After graduation he worked with the firm of Corkum and Ritecy, Wholesale Grocers, Halifax, for two months and then accepted a position as Assistant-Bookkeeper with the Lunenburg Foundry. In 1937 he was appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Company and also Secretary-Treasurer of the Lunenburg Foundry Garage Co. Ltd. Mr. Geldert has been employed there for thirty-four years and is, today, one of the oldest active members of these organizations.

Since his father was a sea captain, he spent a great deal of time around his ships and loved the sea. While a young man, he made many sea voyages with his father. When his son was seventeen years old, Captain Geldert bought him a sailboat and he became quite proficient in the art of sailing.



MR. ELWOOD C. GELDERT

During his sailing career, he owned four class boats which he always skippered himself when racing at Princess Inlet. He was one of the promoters of the Lunenburg Yacht Club, was its first Secretary, and is now a Charter member of the club.

Mr. Geldert became interested in stamp collecting in 1926, and is now the possessor of a fine stamp collection. This collection includes a complete issue of King George V's Silver Jubilee issued in 1935; the complete Coronation issue of George VI issued in 1937; the complete issue of the Coronation of Elizabeth II. His collection also includes a block of four of the fifty-cent Bluenose stamps. Mr. Geldert is now interested only in Canadian stamps, and this hobby is more or less dormant at the present time.

In 1958 he became interested in oil painting; and has built a studio in the basement of his home. This has now grown to be his favorite hobby. Mr. Geldert is chiefly interested in painting marine scenes. He also enjoys creating scenes from his own imagination, and excellent examples of his work, hang on his studio walls.

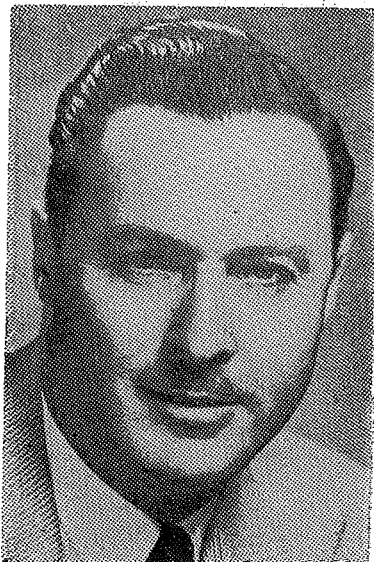
He is a member of Oddfellows Rising Sun Lodge No. 59 and Unity Masonic Lodge No. 4 A.F. and A.M., Lunenburg. He is a member of Central United Church, and was a member of the Men's Club for years.

Mr. Geldert married Hazel Marguerite Smith and they reside at their home on Green Street, Lunenburg. His philosophy of life is:

"Be thoughtful, sincere and kind to thy fellowmen.
And your journey down Life's pathway shall be filled with
Happiness and contentment."

LLOYD CROUSE, M. P.

Lloyd Crouse, a former student of the Lunenburg Academy, was elected to the Parliament of Canada in last June's Federal election as the Conservative Member for Lunenburg-Queens. This is another proof of the high calibre of students graduating from the Academy. Lloyd won the seat from the Hon. Robert Winters, former Liberal Minister of Public Works and also a graduate of the Academy.



SENATOR J. J. KINLEY

by Anthony Cook '58, Thomas Mason '58

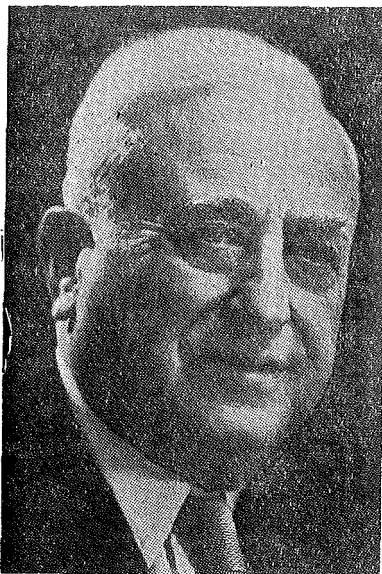
John James Kinley, son of Captain James Francis Kinley, Master Mariner, and Louisa A. Loye, was born on October 15, 1881, at Lunenburg.

"John" got his basic education at Lunenburg Academy, followed by technical training and a correspondence course. Having served as an apprentice druggist for several years, he opened a drug business of his own in 1902 in the old Hirtle building. With his brother, Gordon S. Kinley, he opened stores in Halifax, Liverpool and Bridgewater - the beginning of the now familiar Kinley Drug chain. The Lunenburg store was taken over by Wilfred Kinley after his return from Overseas, and, later, Gordon took over the stores of Kinley's Limited in Halifax, the Bridgewater store remaining in the ownership of J. J. Kinley.

In 1907 the Senator became interested in the Lunenburg Foundry Co. Ltd., at that time owned by A. C. Thompson and Co. Ltd., of North Sydney. The plant having recently been partially destroyed by fire, Mr. Kinley, along with several others, bought what was left and started the company anew. He served as vice-president a number of years, and afterwards became president, the position which he still occupies. The plant has grown steadily, first as a cast iron foundry and small machine shop, to a company that now, among other things, builds and refits iron and steel ships.

During the First World War they had an extensive business in iron equipment for wooden ships extending as far as the Mediterranean Sea and the Pacific Coast. This company has served the marine and fishing industries throughout the years; the installation of diesel power being a big factor in the progress of the fishing industry and also the Lunenburg Foundry. It has had outstanding success in Warm Air Heating, Refrigeration and Ventilation, this being an extensive part of the business today.

John Kinley Jr., a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a Master's degree, was added recently to the directorate and is now vice-president. The Lunenburg Foundry is a long established institution in the town dating back to 1890, and presently employing approximately three hundred men and women of Lunenburg and vicinity. "John" is also president of the



SENATOR J. J. KINLEY

Lunenburg Foundry Garage Co. Ltd., started by the Lunenburg Foundry but afterward becoming a separate company.

Having always been interested in the newspaper business, he is now president of the Progress-Enterprise Co. Ltd., which came about through the amalgamation of the Bridgewater Enterprise and the Lunenburg Progress, publications that go back for many years in this County. The Progress-Enterprise was formerly owned by the late Senator William Duff, M.P., and then by the Hon. A. K. MacLean, M.P., who sold out to the present owners.

"J. J." is best known for his many years of public service; started as a Councillor in Lunenburg town from 1906 to 1908; and served as Mayor from 1911 to 1913. It was during his period as Mayor that the first concrete sidewalks were laid in Lunenburg, and our sewerage system installed. While a councillor he also served as a member of the School Board, and was Chairman during his period as Mayor.

Turning to provincial politics, Mr. Kinley served thirteen years in the Nova Scotia Legislature, after being elected in 1916 and re-elected in 1920. From 1924 to 1925 he served as Minister without Portfolio in the Nova Scotia Government. The Liberal Government met defeat at the polls in 1925, but in the election of 1928 "J. J." regained his seat in the Legislature, and remained until 1930 when he resigned to become a candidate for the House of Commons. Being unsuccessful in this first attempt, he was elected to the Commons in the general election of 1935; re-elected in 1940, and summoned to the Senate on April 18, 1945. During the Senator's Federal Service, there was a disturbing time for Lunenburg when the beam trawler - because of necessity and assisted by subsidy - was replacing Lunenburg's grand old sailing fishing fleet. Fishermen became scarce and dory fishing was hazardous, power boats also making great changes. Experience has shown, however, that the co-operatively operated fishing schooner was a fine instrument of production and served its day, still surviving in many countries.

Between 1925 and 1930 "J. J." was President of the Nova Scotia Liberal Association for three years, and was President of the Board of Trade when the idea of extending the Lunenburg Fishermen's Picnic to a Fisheries Exhibition was considered and consummated. He put through the Legislature a bill of incorporation. The Senator still continues his interest in the welfare of the Exhibition.

As a result of Senator Kinley's interest in the drug business, he is an Honorary President of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Society. A Knight of Grace, of the Order of St. John, he is also President of the Lunenburg Branch of the Navy League of Canada and Neptune Sea Cadets; was President of the British and Foreign Bible Society for two years and has fifty year decorations from both the Masonic Order and the Independent Order of Odd-fellows. "J. J." has Long Service and Officers Colonial Auxiliary Service decorations in the Canadian Militia, as well as having been chairman of two victory loans in Lunenburg constituency. He was decorated by King Haakon VI with the Liberty Cross, the citation denoting it is for distinguished service to Norway during World War II. He now holds the rank of Major Retired in the Canadian Militia.

He has always been interested in agriculture. "J. J." has for a long time

been owner of Lakeside Farm at Centre Range. He has lived in Lunenburg all his life and is still going strong.

Senator Kinley married Lila E. D., daughter of John Brunner Young of Lunenburg, and has two children, Mary, now Mrs. James Russel of Ottawa, and John Jr. of Lunenburg.

Always quite active in the deliberations of the Senate, Mr. Kinley has particular interest to the sea-faring economy of Nova Scotia. He is still brought his experience to the successful achievement of items which are of most vigor in the direction of the Lunenburg Foundry & Engineering Ltd., and we wish him health and happiness and more achievements in the years to come.

MRS. W. A. HEWAT

by Ann-Marie Gray '60

Mrs. W. A. Hewat, well known citizen of Lunenburg, was born in Yarmouth. She attended both public and private school there before going to King's Hall, Compton in Quebec. After her graduation from King's Hall, Mrs. Hewat went abroad to study French. For a while she lived with a French family. Upon her return to this country, Mrs. Hewat attended MacDonalld College, and next took a business course in Yarmouth. She then began working for the Associated Gas Company as a home service director. This occupation required that she go about various towns in Nova Scotia demonstrating cooking methods.

In due course she came to Lunenburg and married Dr. W. A. Hewat who was then just beginning his practice in this town. The couple have two lovely daughters, Gretchen who is married and Pat, a nurse in the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto.

Mrs. Hewat leads a very active and useful life. Besides being a capable housewife, she is Regent of the Boscawen Chapter of the I.O.D.E., and Secretary of the V.O.N. Mrs. Hewat is a member of the South Shore Community Concert Board and a member of the South Shore Art Association. She is also Secretary of the Ladies' Curling Club in Lunenburg and President of the Nova Scotia Ladies' Golf Association. To add a spice of variety to her many activities, she is Press Reporter for the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hospital.

"Flo" belongs to St. John's Anglican Church, and is an active member in the W.A., and the Ladies' Aid, although we wonder where she



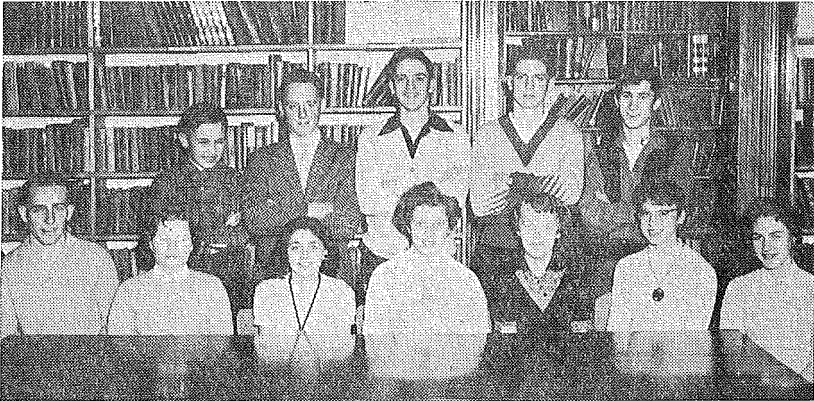
MRS. W. A. HEWAT

gets the time to take part in so many activities.

She has always been keenly interested in Athletics, and has played many different sports. At present her favorite sport is golf. "Flo" also enjoys curling when she gets the time.

Mrs. Hewat is very interested in politics. Her interest stems from the activity members of her family have taken in the government of Canada. Her grandfather, the Honorable L. E. Baker was a member of the Local Legislature, and her brother was a member of parliament for Shelburne and Yarmouth. He was also Parliamentary Assistant to the Hon. Brooks Claxton. "Flo" attended the recent Liberal Convention in Ottawa where the Hon. Lester B. Pearson was chosen as leader of the Liberal party. She was impressed by the enthusiasm and interest in the welfare and future of Canada, shown by the delegates at the Conference, especially those from the Western provinces. Mrs. Hewat is Past President of N. S. Women's Liberal Association and is presently Vice-President of the N. S. Liberal Association.

Mrs. Hewat has identified herself with almost every worthy cause in Lunenburg. May she long be able and willing to provide leadership, and the willingness to do more than her share.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Front R.—T. Mason, (President); J. Hicking, B. Levy, G. Smith, S. Clarke, (Treasurer); J. Crouse, S. Cook, (Secretary).

Back R.—R. Young, M. Corkum, G. Randall, B. Tanner, P. Comstock, (Vice-President).

VALENTINE QUEEN



First Queen of Valentine's Party at the Academy —
Miss Marilyn Young, A Class 1958

The Academy Dance in February took the form of a Valentine Party. For the first time in living memory, the grades competed in the selection of a Valentine Queen. Miss Marilyn Young, Grade XII, was the popular choice for 1958. Principal Collins crowned Marilyn, and Mrs. Collins handed her the Sceptre.

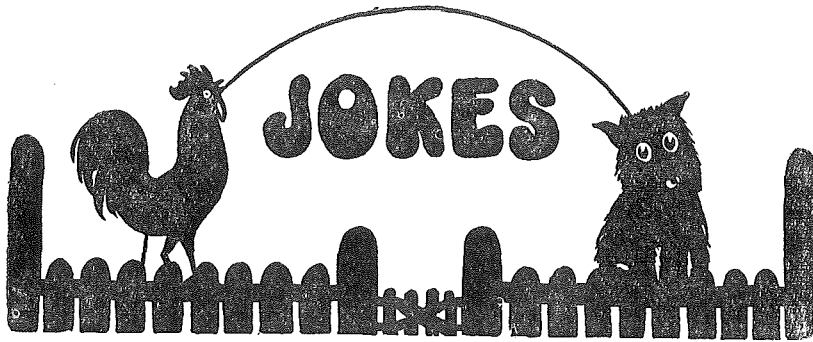


GRADE XII — 1957

John Morash is attending Dalhousie University.
Gerald Wile goes to Acadia University.
Alfred Lohnes is also continuing his studies at Acadia.
Gilbert Dares is at Acadia University.
Bernard Tanner is at Dal.
Betty Fralick is studying to be a Lab Technician in Halifax.
David Young works at CBHT, Halifax.
Gordon Crouse is employed at the Royal Bank of Canada in Lunenburg.
Jean Nauss teaches school at Sims' Settlement, Lunenburg Co.
Norman Knock has joined the Air Force.
Lynn Ernst works at Lunenburg Branch of Bank of Montreal.
Robert Spindler works at the Bank of Montreal in Riverport.
Brenda Tanner is taking science at Dalhousie.
David Corkum works with the Imperial Oil Co.
Michael O'Connor is a crewman of the hydrographic ship "Vema".
Andrew Tanner works as a Postal Clerk in our Post Office.
Linda Ernst is at Acadia University.
Kevin Crouse is attending Waterloo College, Ontario.
Keith Crouse is taking a pre-theology course at Waterloo College.

GRADE XI — 1957

Harry Falkenham works at Canadian Tire Corp. in Bridgewater.
Dale Schwartz and Janice Knickle are at home.
Deanna McIsaac works at Comstock's optometrist's office.
Eldona Tanner at present is studying nursing at Dartmouth Mental Hospital.
Joanne Greek is working as a nurses' aid in Lunenburg Memorial Hospital.
Joan Levy is employed at the local Branch of Royal Bank of Canada.
Josephine O'Connor has married Albert Skinner and resides at Lunenburg.
Margaret Conrad is presently at home.
David Dauphinee is employed at W. C. Smith & Co., Ltd.



HUMOUR

Mrs. Veinot, in Biology period, was unwrapping a parcel in front of the Grade 10 Class. She explained that the parcel contained a fine specimen of a dissected frog. Upon opening the parcel, she was startled to find only two sandwiches and a banana. "But surely," she exclaimed, "I ate my lunch!?"

Bruce W.: How are you this morning?

Graham C.: Oh, I'm fine.

Bruce W.: Well then, why don't you notify your face?

George C.: What did the rabbit say when he ran out of the burning forest?

Christopher H.: Hooray, I've been deferred!

Hypnotist (to Pat. H.): Would you come up on the stage, please?

Pat H.: Certainly.

Hypnotist: Now I'm going to make this girl forget everything.

Dorothy G. (very excited): No, wait, she owes me fifty cents!

Jeanine T.: Do you enjoy Kipling?

Ann-Marie: I don't know, how do you kipple?

Miss Westhaver: That's five times this week you have come to class unprepared. Have you anything to say for yourself?

Ann-Marie G.: Yes, I'm sure glad it's Friday.

Trudy M.: Wasn't that Math test hard!

Gail W.: Yes, he even takes off marks for having decimal points upside down!

Mr. Campbell (to Glen K.): Who told you to talk?

Glen K.: My conscience.

Mr. Campbell: You must have a bad conscience.

Glen K.: No sir, just a noisy one!

Mr. Mason: Class, I'm dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go down quietly so as not to awaken the other grades.

Elward C.: Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?

Beverley B.: Sure, did you think it would go right through?

Rosalie B.: Robert Burns wrote "To a Field Mouse".

Creighton M.: Did he get an answer?

Jeanine: Gosh, my dates are just pouring in!

Jamesie: Yeah, I know, drip by drip.

Summer Camp Director: Did you sleep well last night? Ground beds are kind of hard.

Ronald C.: It was all right. I got up every now and then and rested.

Judy C.: We've been waiting a long time for that mother of mine.

Tubby Z.: Hours, I should say.

Judy C.: Oh, Clark, this is so sudden!

Mr. Collins (to sleepy Grade 10 student): It was disgraceful the way you snored in Assembly today.

Lamonte M.: Yes, you woke us all up.

George C. was singing in Grade IX Mechanical Science class.

Mr. Eisnor: George, are you in agony?

George C.: No, sir.

Mr. Eisnor: Well, we are.

Miss Westhaver: You missed algebra today, Jimmy.

James MacD.: Oh, not at all, Miss Westhaver!

Mr. Mason: Turn around in your seat, Anthony.

Anthony C.: I was just giving Gaile the time.

Mr. Mason: Time shouldn't exist when you're in class.

Anthony C.: It didn't, her watch was stopped!

Annie Mae B.: Jimmy, why do they call a ship a "she"?

James C.: Because it takes a man to handle her!

Winston E.: I flunked that History quiz.

Douglas D.: What was the matter, didn't you know the answers?

Winston E.: Yes, but I had vaseline on my hair and they slipped my mind.

In Social Problems class, discussing barter.

Mr. Campbell: If a person had two live cows to trade for a wagon, but if the wagon was worth only one cow and a half, what would happen? You couldn't cut a cow in half.

Graham B.: Give the person a cow and a calf.

Two students were looking over a row of books in the annex of the school library.

Bruce T.: I wonder if there's a book here called "Man, the Master of Woman."

Graham C.: Oh, come on now, you know the fiction department is outside.

Mr. Eisnor (to Dorothy G. in Science period): Dorothy, are you chewing gum?

Dorothy G.: Yes, sir.

Mr. Eisnor: Please walk it to the window then.

Dorothy G., I'm sorry, sir, I think that would be impossible.

Mr. Eisnor: Why?

Dorothy G.: Because, sir, my gum can't walk.

Mr. Mason (correcting Grade XII French): When writing the French for "you" here, it is better to use "en" instead of "vous".

Sylvia B.: I like "vous."

Mr. Mason: Thank you, but you don't have to tell the whole class about it.

Carolyn T. (to Sheldon M. in Grade X): Sheldon, what is the part of a space ship that causes the most trouble?

Sheldon M.: The nut holding the wheel.

Mr. Mason (reviewing for the third time a difficult French sentence): Pay careful attention to the board this time, while I go

through it!

The teachers in Grade XII, in order to save time, do not usually make much of a break in their lecturing in order to scold some unruly student. An illustration of this was seen in Chemistry class when Mr. Mason said, "A good example of the rapid oscillation of atoms is — David B-yers!!!"

CAN YOU IMAGINE

- Ann C. without excuses?
- Kathy B. without her pony-tail?
- Anthony C. with curly hair?
- Ann Marie G. half an hour early for school?
- Leslie M. not talking about Blue Rocks?
- Douglas D. satisfied with his marks?
- Julia D. not chewing gum?
- Miss Calder working in a dirty kitchen?
- Robert C. six feet tall?
- George L. without Mahone Bay to talk about?
- Hugh C. singing Rock 'n Roll?
- Bennie V. out-talking Sharon C.?
- Rosalie and Tommy M. failing?
- Sheldon M. with a brush-cut?
- Lawrence S. without his voice?
- Donna L. with black hair?
- Geraldine M. without her smile?
- David W. not arguing?
- Judy I. as a blonde?

"A" CLASS PROPHECY

by Carolyn Dorey '58, Annie Mae Backman '58

"The year is 1958, Carolyn, don't you know we are supposed to write a class prophecy. You haven't forgotten, have you?" murmured Annie Mae.

"Gosh! no, I haven't. The only trouble is, the class will not tell us what they want to be," replied Carolyn.

"Well, let's form the group in a body and take them to a hypnotist and give them the hypnotic treatment. Maybe then (and only then) will we find out what their plans are for the future."

"Hey! a wonderful idea! Let's get to work."

No sooner said than done; Annie Mae and Carolyn hired a hypnotist for a reasonable sum of money; formed the group in a body and visited the hypnotist. Imagine! A hypnotist who took them 25 years into the future as well as the past! Unbelievable, but true.

Ellis H. was the first to be hypnotized, as the rest stood back and watched in amazement.

"Ellis H.," says the hypnotist, "is just returning from the moon in his own spaceship to the spaceship base in Lunenburg. I see that Tommy M. and Edward C. are working on this base. Tommy is superintendent and Edward is his assistant."

Slowly one by one, each one takes his turn, as Carolyn and Annie Mae stand back and take notes, getting quite a kick out of it all.

"Sharon C. is head of Canadian Foreign Affairs in Russia. She has just succeeded in getting the Russians to sign a ninety-nine year peace treaty with Canada and inducing them to become a democracy. Carolyn C. is her secretary. Both of them are having a delightful time in Russia."

"Ann C. is playing basketball in the World Olympics and has just beaten a Russian girl in the thirty mile broad jump, sent off by her atomic-powered shoes, which, incidentally, she invented herself."

"Benny V. has set up a "Gum Factory" down in Western Shore. Funny, though he only produces Juicy Fruit Gum. He is successful in this line of business."

"Kathy B. is running a Lipstick Factory on Herman's Island. We all knew she liked lipstick, but not that much. Oh! The next time you buy lipstick, try some of Kathy's brand. It's the best for you."

"Marilyn Y. is successfully married to Louie, and they are the first family to live on the moon. Oh! Joyce B. is a private tutor for Marilyn and Louie on the moon. A wire has just been received from Marilyn and Louie Jr. saying they are getting along fine and wouldn't think of living any place else."

"Anthony C. is living at Blue Rocks, happily married, with twelve children. Cheaper by the dozen is his motto. While we are on this subject, Gaile S. is seated in a large room, quietly combing her hair. On her finger is a diamond and on her face is a smile. You've guessed the rest."

"Jimmy C. is actively engaged in the fishing business. Jimmy has devised a new device which gathers the fish up by magnetic rays and picks out the largest and best of them."

"Rick C. is campaigning for "Mayor" in the town of Lunenburg, while Loren K. is serving his second term as councilman. These two men are making quite a name for themselves in "Town Affairs'."

"Sylvia B. is a successful nurse and holds the highest position a nurse can hold. She couldn't be happier in her chosen profession."

"Graham B. has just discovered an oil well over on Second Peninsula and is busily engaged in his father's business. There's a worried look on Graham's face. Could he be worried by all the atomic power projects?"

"Frances N. is teaching school in Germany. The Canadian children in the army camp like her very much. Frances has discovered a new method on how to keep her pupils interested in their work."

"David B. is the first side-burned idol on the moon. He is now manufacturing moon-shaped guitars, which are a big success."

The entire group left the hypnotist in a state of hysterical laughter. It was agreed that the trip had certainly been worth the money. A small amount of grumbling was heard from a few, but on the whole, they had had a real, cool session.

JOKOGRAPHIES

NAME	BELIEVES IN	PRESENT LOVE	FUTURE OCCUPATION	WEAKNESS	FAVORITE SONG
Linda Cantelope "Susie"	The Divine Right of Kings	Strawberry Milkshakes	raising guppies	boys	Special Angel
Peter Cornu "Shark"	Divertissement	Money	gambler	girls	At the Hop
Ann-Marie Gray	Elvis	diesel engines	fire-eater	clothes	music by R.C.M.P. Band
Graham Creighton "Doc"	wine, women and song	Sea-Gull stew with banana sauce	Washing dishes in "Joe's Beanery"	women (?)	Too Old To Cut the Mustard
Rosalie Dauphinee "Rosa"	love	Blue Rocks	housewife	Creighton	Kisses Sweeter than Wine
Peter Comstock "Pete"	laughter as best medicine	pool-rooms	gambler	rock 'n roll	Black Slacks
Shirley Cook "Shirl"	singing	L'burg High School Hockey Team	Inhabitant of Pelham St.	Pete	Loving You

JOKOGRAPHIES

NAME	BELIEVES IN	PRESENT LOVE	FUTURE OCCUPATION	WEAKNESS	FAVORITE SONG
David Byers "Dave"	taking his time	Middleton	Chauffeur for the Everley Bros.	guitar	A Whole Lot of Shaking Going On
Gaile Strum "Strum"	letters coming steadily	Ontario	Spacewoman	her "crumb"	All Shook Up
James Cook "Jimmie"	Writing letters to Julie	Mader's Cove	Auctioneer	women!	Highway 101
Elward Crouse "Pudds"	girls	girls	judging beauty contests	girls!!	I Got a Woman
Alice Conrad "Cookie"	Eating cakes and cookies	clothes	Psychiatrist in teen-age love affairs	television	Autumn Leaves
Ronnie Wentzell "Hunker"	sleeping	money	marriage	girls	Enjoy Yourself
Marilyn Lohnes	Russia's School System	Zorro	chimney sweep	hurrying	Pop! Goes The Weasel
Rosalie Beck "Beck"	Lester B. Pearson	Lester B. Pearson	Secretary to Mr. Pearson	Politics	Liberal Campaign Song

JOKOGRAPHIES

NAME	BELIEVES IN	PRESENT LOVE	FUTURE OCCUPATION	WEAKNESS	FAVORITE SONG
Elaine Backman "Kitten"	Wasting time	Riverport	Spinster	D. U. Z.	I'm Available
Robert Mayo "Bobbie"	More the merrier	Middleton	playing pool	girls	This Little Girl of Mine
Roxanna Lohnes "Roxie"	Scheming	Paying peoples' bills	Matron of County Jail	flowers	I Wonder if I care as much
David Wilkie "Dave"	eating	curling	father of twelve	arguing	At the Hop
Kathleen Baker "Kathy"	Getting her beauty sleep	E. P.	running a ferris wheel	squealing	Jailhouse Rock
Joanne Knickle "Joey"	Wishes	The man in the black trench coat	Man-hunter in Africa	boys	Daddy Cool
Marilyn Young "Lovie"	sea-colored eyes	Blue Rocks	fisherwoman	a certain Pontiac	Over the Waves
Judith Iversen "Judy"	being good	teasing	painter	getting into devilment	Sweet Old- Fashioned Girl

DO YOU REMEMBER

Annabelle Best with her Italian haircut?
When Tommy M. got zero for his Trig. exercise?
The day Ellis H. didn't have his Physics problems done?
When Carolyn D. singed her leg on the radiator?
Mr. Mason's "short" Chemistry tests - one period long!
The time Gaile S. sat Anthony C. on the floor?
When Loren K. was caught playing with Ann C's toy dog?
The day Rosalie B. almost got the strap?
Carolyn D's wiggle?
Kathy B's righteous indication?
Helen H. versus Roxanna L.?
Melissa O'Cs giggle?

"A" - WANT ADS

Wanted by:

Anthony C.: car run on water.
Graham B.: New York closer to Lunenburg.
Carolyn D.: a longer Christmas vacation.
Edward C.: to dig "Rock 'n Roll" - a good teacher willing to lend her services.
Benny V.: a year's supply of "Juicy Fruit Gun."
Rick C.: an electric trumpet.
Kathy B.: to meet Elvis Presley in person.
Gaile S.: a secretary to write her love-letters.
Sylvia B.: to play like Liberace.
Tommy M.: to be the first to reach the moon.
Loren K.: ten easy lessons on "How to get along with Teachers."
Jimmy C.: a "Do it yourself" Toni.
Joyce B.: a friend who can help her with Algebra.
Ellis H.: a brain tape-recorder.
David B.: pocket-size electronic brain.
Annie Mae B.: a chauffeur to take her back and forth from school.
Ann C.: a walkie-talkie so she may talk with friends during class.
Sharon C.: pills to make her grow taller.
Frances N.: a secretary to take notes during Citizen Forum Discussion.
Carolyn C.: free bus tickets to Halifax.
Marilyn Y.: Blue Rocks closer to Martin's Brook.

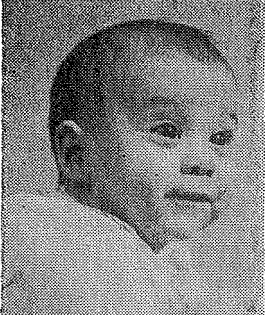
BIOGRAPHIES – GRADE XII



Annie Mae Backman
"Cookie"

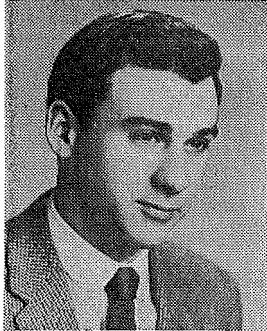
"Smile and the whole world smiles with you."

Annie Mae has gone through High School in both Pugwash and Lunenburg. Very active in basketball and in choral club, Cookie wants to attend Vocational School next year to take a commercial course.



Arthur Graham Bailly
"Why walk when you can drive?"

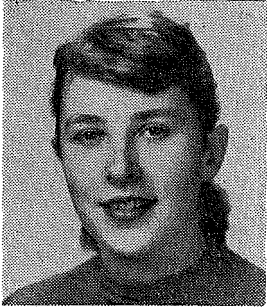
Graham has spent all his school days at the Academy. This year he is a Co-Business Manager of the year book. Graham will likely go into business or politics.



Kathleen Ann Baker
"Kathy"

"Whatever it is, I didn't do it"

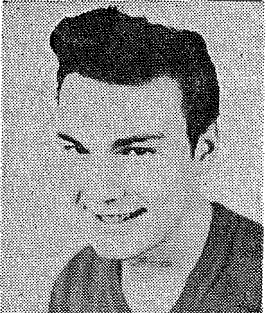
Kathy floated in from Hermans Island in Grade VIII to join the crew. She has climbed the ladder to her present level in spite of the many obstacles. With Kathy around, there is never a dull moment. Her future is somewhat hazy although the most likely bet is Vocational School.

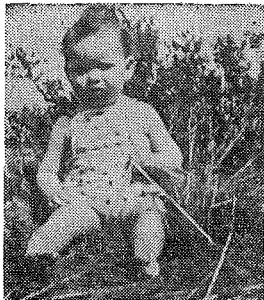


David Fredrick Byers
"Dave"

"Why study when you can watch television?"

Dave has been one of the numbers of our class since he started. He plays basketball, and is co-president of the Athletic Association. He is also a member of the School Orchestra. Dave plans to join the R. C. A. F.





Joyce Colene Buckmaster
"Joy"

"Though she is always in a haste, she is never in a hurry."

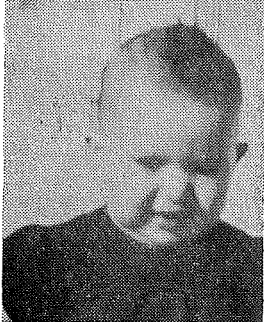
Joy returned to us this year after two years absence. She is an active member of the Choral Club. Next year she plans to attend Normal College. Students admire her for returning to school.



Sylvia Charlene Buckmaster

"Let a smile be your umbrella.
On a rainy, rainy day!"

Sylvia hailed from First Peninsula in Grade VIII. She has been an active member of the Choral Club. She plans to train at the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.



Frederick William Chenhall ("Rick")

"Have no fear, Rick is here."

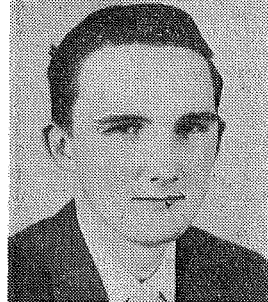
A former Haligonian, Rick has been active at L. C. A. This year he served as president of Red Cross, co-business manager of the Sea Gull, a member of the curling and basketball teams. Future - engineering.



Carolyn Patricia Corkum
"Twinkle, Twinkle, little star,

Who's that sitting in that car?"

Carolyn has been going to Lunenburg Academy since those carefree days in the primary. She has been a member of the Choral Club. In sports her main interest is curling. Her aim is a business course.





**Sharon Anne Clarke
(Shorty)**

"She is little but she's wise
She's a terror for her size."

Hailing from Stellarton "Shorty" joined our shipwrecked crew in grade 2. This year Sharon was Treasurer of the Students' Council. Sharon intends to be a Lab Technician.



**Edward Borden Colp
"Eddy"**

"Hard at work, hard at play,
Then he's idle the rest of the day."

Eddy came to L. A. in 1954 from Bayport. He is head of the short-story committee. Eddy's interest is in the field of electronics which he intends to study next year.



**Ann Elizabeth Cook
"Cooky"**

"If there is a giggle now and then,
You can be sure it belongs to Ann."

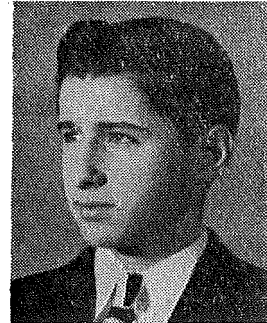
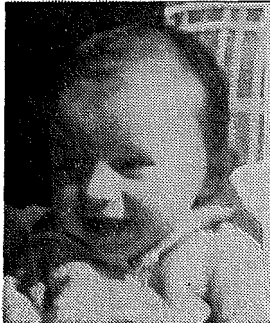
Ann is a member of our curling, basketball and track teams. She was copresident of the Athletic Association this year and a member of the Choral Club. Her goal - an airline stewardess.



**Anthony Robert Cook
"Tony"**

"Questions are his trait
And if not satisfied he'll ask again."

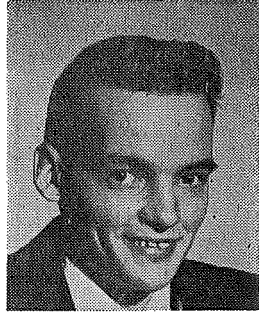
A staunch supporter of UNICEF. Tony attended a United Nations Seminar at Mount Allison University last summer. Tony skipped the curling team for two years and is Co-editor of the Sea Gull this year. He plans to attend Mount "A."





James Raeburne Cook
 "A mischievous thought
 now and then
 Is wished by the best of
 men."

Jimmy, a lover of out-
 door sports, was elected
 Fire Marshall this year.
 As yet we haven't had a
 fire, which shows he will
 probably succeed in the
 occupation he chooses.
 Good sailing Jim!



**Carolyn Anne Louise
 Dorey "Dorey"**

"Laugh and be merry,
 you're dead a long
 time."

Carolyn rowed to Lun-
 enburg in her dory from
 Mahone Bay this year.
 She is on the Special Fea-
 ture Committee of the
 Sea Gull. Her plans are
 to take up a Home Eco-
 nomics course at Nova
 Scotia Normal College.



Ellis George Hirtle
 "Laugh whenever possi-
 ble.

But, be serious when you
 must."

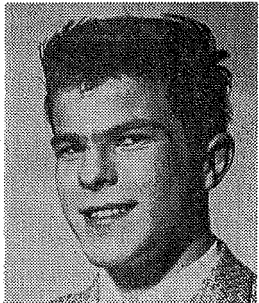
Ellis joined L. A. this
 year from Clearland. He
 has made many friends,
 and has headed the article
 committee for this book.
 Ellis' interests lie in the
 field of science, and he
 plans to further his stud-
 ies at Acadia.



Loren Roy Knickle
 "Nick"

"Don't do today, what you
 could have done yester-
 day."

Loren has been with us
 a long time. For the past
 three years, he has acted
 as an Assistant Business
 Manager of the Sea Gull.
 This year he excelled in
 Soccer. Nick's future is
 foggy as yet.





Thomas Ross Mason
 "Laziness is no good unless it is well followed up."

Tommy, always the leader of his class, served this year as President of the Students' Council; is Co-Editor of the Sea Gull; and is a member of the Academy curling team. His immediate objective is a B.Sc. at Dalhousie.



Frances Cornelia Nauss
 "Cheer up - the worst is yet to come."

"Frankie" hails from East River coming to us this year. She was secretary of the Grade XII Citizens Forum group and of the Junior Red Cross, also a member of the Choral Club. She plans to attend Provincial Normal College. Best of luck, School Marm!



Gail Mildred Strum
 (Gailee)

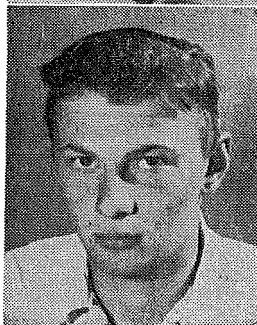
"I would if I could, but I can't"

Gailee blew in this year from Mahone Bay, and added a great deal of enjoyment to the Grade XII class. She was chairman of the Humor Committee for the Sea Gull. Her one desire is to be a secretary, and plans to attend Acadia next year.



Bennie James Vaughan
 "Education isn't second nature; it's second to nature!"

Ben came in on the tide this year from Western Shore. Quite a lively fellow to have around, Bennie is the "goalie" of the High School hockey team. His compass course has not included post-school plans.





Marilyn Audrey Young
 "She's natural and she's nice 'Cause she's naturally nice."

Marilyn steers from Martin's Brook, and joined us in Grade IX. She has been a member of the Choral Club. Her aim is to enter the Teaching Profession. She hopes to attend Normal College in the fall.

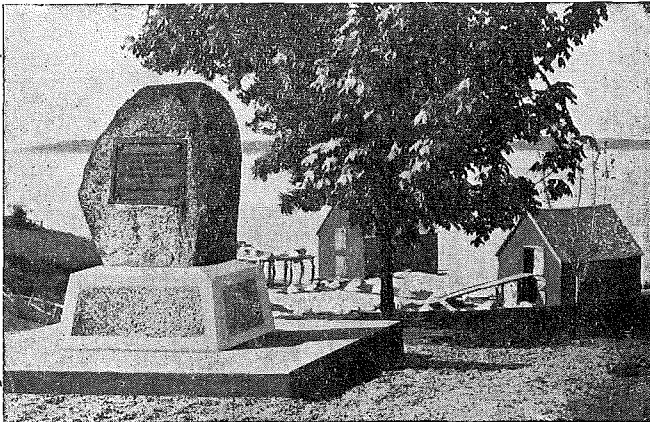


PERFECT GRADE XII – BOYS AND GIRLS

BOY

GIRL

Clothes:	Rick Chenhall	Carolyn Dorey
Teeth:	Loren Knickle	Sylvia Buckmaster
Hair:	Graham Bailly	Gaile Strum
Personality:	Anthony Cook	Annie Mae Backman
Character:	Edward Colp	Sharon Clarke
Eyes:	Graham Bailly	Marilyn Young
Smile:	Anthony Cook	Kathy Baker
Facial Features:	David Byers	My Land!
Complexion:	Gosh!	Carolyn Corkum
Build:	David Byers	"X" the unknown
Figure:	Eek!	Carolyn Corkum
Ambition:	Tommy Mason	Frances Nauss



MONUMENT AT ROUS' BROOK



GRADE VIII

Front R.—W. Hillier, S. Nauss, H. Bailly, J. Whynacht, E. Hardiman, D. Lohnes, B. Levy, F. Wood.

Second R.—J. Knickle, P. Tanner, J. Cook, C. Tanner, M. Falkenham, S. Mason, A. Dares, M. Whynacht.

Third R.—E. Young, D. Hebb, R. Greek, M. Corkum, O. Levy, S. Walters, D. Winaut, D. Fraser.

Fourth R.—G. Conrad, J. Gaulton, P. Tanner, L. Corkum, R. Levy, D. Morash, C. Hawley, J. Greighton,
V. Dominix, W. DeMone, R. Crouse.



GRADE IX

First R.—Wm. Woundy, P. Dober, L. DeMone, C. Heckman, N. Morash, J. Knickle, D. Wentzell, L. Cantelope, R. Saunders, J. Whynacht.

Second R.—P. Winters, G. Levy, C. Mills, C. Tanner, S. Conrad, M. Crouse, D. Greene, R. Selig, G. Whynacht, J. Manuel.

Third R.—M. Naas, G. Kristiansen, A. Conrad, S. Haughn, A. Rhodenizer, P. Hall, E. Pyke, T. MacDonald, S. Schnare, G. Smith, G. Cooper.

Fourth R.—C. Cantelope, A. Rudolph, G. Tanner, R. Wentzell, P. Cornu, G. Black, C. Herman, G. Randall, J. Parks, P. Crouse, D. Tanner, K. Tanner, D. Hynick.



GRADE X

Front R.—W. Ernst, E. Crouse, M. Dober, S. Nowe, R. Beck, P. Tanner, J. Zinck, R. Corkum, R. Corkum.

Second R.—C. Zinck, S. Palmer, R. Hynick, G. Cook, K. Conrad, C. Tanner, M. Lohnes, H. Smith
R. Langille.

Third R.—C. Myra, J. Dauphinee, A. Gray, D. Ling, A. Best, J. Tanner, J. MacDuff, J. Crouse, D. Levy,
H. Keeping.

Fourth R.—J. MacDonald, L. Mason, M. Bezanson, G. Knickle, G. Creighton, S. Mossman, H. Corkum,
L. Saunders, D. Dolimount, B. Walters, B. Bower, G. Lohnes.



GRADE XI

First R.—W. Skinner, M. Young, R. Mayo, P. Comstock, H. Hebb, W. Cook.

Second R.—P. Levy, R. Dauphinee, S. Cook, J. Hannams, L. Cluett, M. O'Connor.

Third R.—M. Tanner, E. Bachman, C. Tanner, G. May, J. Iversen, R. Lohnes.

Fourth R.—E. Mason, B. Meisner, D. Wilkie, D. Corkum, R. Buffett, M. Van Der Toorne.



BEETHOVEN CHORAL CLUB

- First R.—R. Beck, A. Gray, R. Lohnes, R. Black, F. Wood, G. Conrad, G. Randall, G. Creighton, A. Cook, B. Tauner, R. Wentzell, G. Tanner, G. Cooper.
- Second R.—A. Conrad, P. Tanner, J. Knickle, S. Cook, S. Nowe, A. Smith, S. Clarke, M. Dober, R. Hynick, A. Best, J. Iversen, J. Crouse, M. Young, D. Levy, H. Hebb, M. O'Connor, (Pianist); Mrs. B. G. Oxner, (Director).
- Third R.—G. Levy, C. Mills, J. Buckmaster, F. Naas, S. Buckmaster, C. Corkum, G. May, S. Conrad, C. Tanner, A. Cook, S. Schnare, J. MacDuff, A. Bachman, K. Conrad, M. Lohnes, C. Tanner.
- Fourth R.—D. Whynacht, E. Hardiman, S. Haughn, N. Morash, T. MacDonald, G. Winaut, H. Bailly, J. Knickle, S. Naas, J. Whynacht, P. Hall, L. DeMone, L. Cantelope, D. Wentzell, G. Smith, C. Tanner, G. Kristiansen, E. Pyke, M. Naas.
- Fifth R.—D. Lohnes, B. Levy, M. Whynacht, R. Dauphinee, J. Hicking, H. Thompson, P. Tanner, J. Tanner, M. Falkenham, A. Dares, F. Beck, S. Keeping, H. Cornu, M. Whynacht, R. Selig, D. Greene.



INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY TEAM

Front R.—I. Dahl, R. Corkum, E. Crouse, W. Cook, G. Black, C. Myra.

Second R.—Mr. Vickers, (Coach); B. Tanner, B. Meisner, P. Comstock, G. Knickle, D. Wilkie, Mr. Mason, (Manager).



J. H. S. HOCKEY TEAM

Front R.—W. DeMone, S. Mitchell, G. Conrad, I. Dahl, R. DeMone, D. Tanner

Second R.—G. Vickers, (coach); J. Manuel, V. Dominix, P. Crouse, F. Himmelman, W. Nodding, G. Black, J. Gaulton, E. Eisner



SOCCER TEAM

Front R.—D. Byers, G. Knickle, D. Wilkie, L. Knickle

Second R.—G. Vickers (coach); B. Tanner, P. Comstock, E. Crouse, M. VanDer Toorne



GIRLS' CURLING TEAM

Front R.—D. Levy, G. May, S. Clark, C. Tanner, C. Tanner, C. Corkum.

Second R.—A. Cook, M. Dober, M. Crouse, J. Iversen, A. Gray, R. Lohnes.



INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL — GIRLS

Front R.—J. Zinck, A. Cook, A. Best, N. Morash, G. Vickers, (Coach).

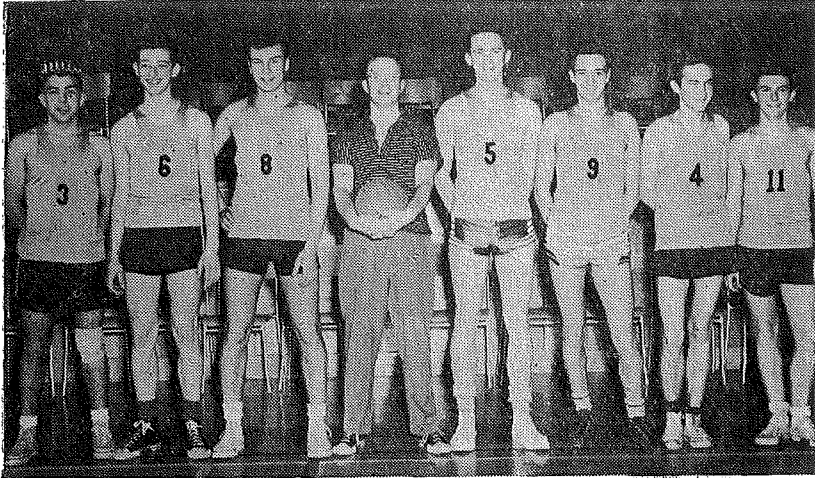
Second R.—C. Tanner, H. Hebb, J. Tanner, J. MacDuff, D. Ling.



J. H. S. BASKETBALL — GIRLS

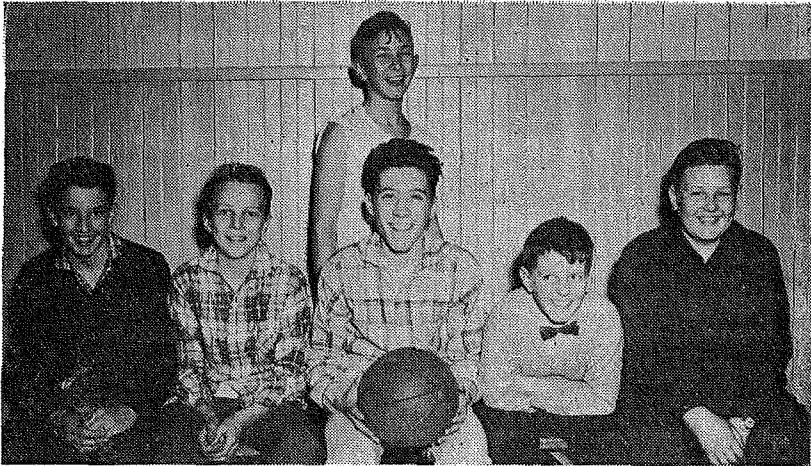
Front R.—M. Falkenham, N. Morash, E. Pyke, A. Conrad.

Back R.—Mr. Vickers, (Coach); D. Whynacht, R. Dauphinee, S. Keeping, J. Knickle, S. Nauss, B. Levy, Mrs. Veinot, (Manager).



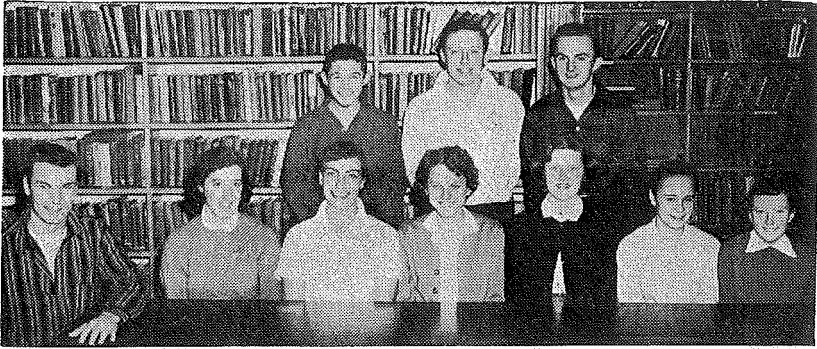
INTERMEDIATE BASKETBALL — BOYS

R. Mayo, C. Herman, D. Byers, I. Campbell, (Coach); R. Chenhall,
R. Buffett, M. Van Der Toorne, G. Zinck.



J. H. S. BASKETBALL — BOYS

First Row—D. Levy, L. Tanner, G. Oickle, T. O'Connor, R. Folvik.
Second R.—P. Bald.



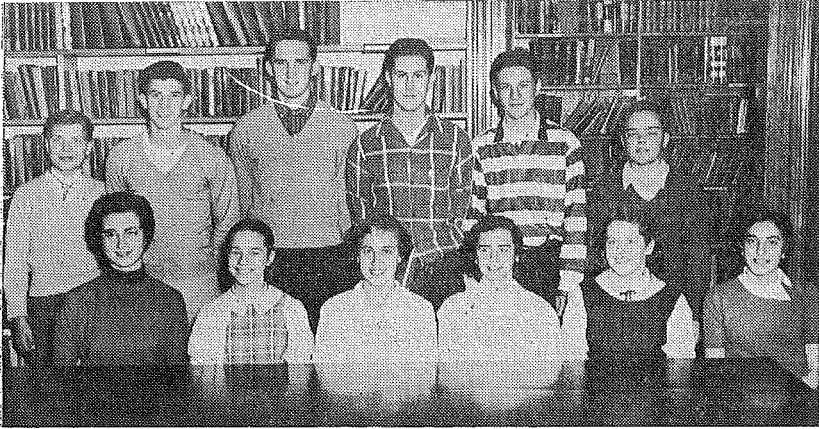
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Front R.—D. Byers, A. Cook, (Co-chairmen); A. Best, H. Hebb, (Secretary);
 A. Conrad, E. Harding, S. Keeping.
 Second R.—R. Demone, P. Crouse, P. Tanner.
 Absent—B. Mayo, (Treasurer); E. Crouse.



BOYS' CURLING TEAM

R. Chenhall, D. Wilkie, R. Wentzell, T. Mason, A. Cook.



JUNIOR RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Front R.—F. Nauss, (Secretary); M. Whynacht, S. Conrad, D. Lohnes, R. Beck, C. Tanner, (Treasurer).

Back R.—R. Black, D. Wilkie, (Vice-President); R. Chenhall, (President); G. Creighton, P. Cornu, S. Walters.



OPERETTA

Front R.—Mrs. Oxner, (Director); M. O'Connor, (Pianist); G. Lohnes, C. Corkum, G. Cooper, R. Lohnes, D. Byers, S. Conrad, R. Black, J. Buckmaster, D. Whynacht.

Back R.—F. Wood, L. Cantelope, G. Conrad, R. Wentzell, A. Cook, A. Smith, K. Conrad, G. Tanner, G. Creighton, D. Wentzell, B. Tanner, S. Cook, G. Randall, C. Tanner, R. Beck, A. Cook, G. Winaut.

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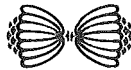
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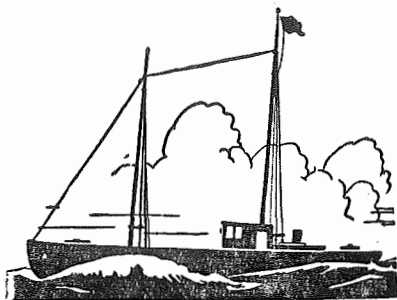
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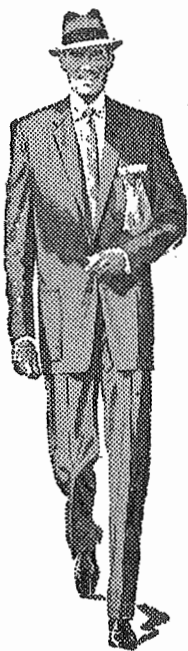
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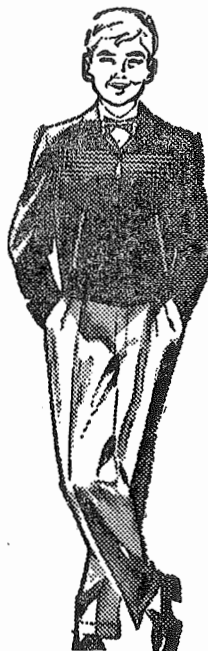
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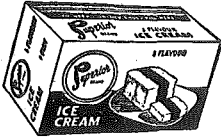
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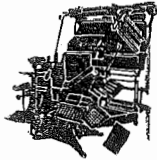
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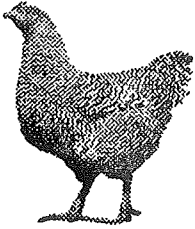
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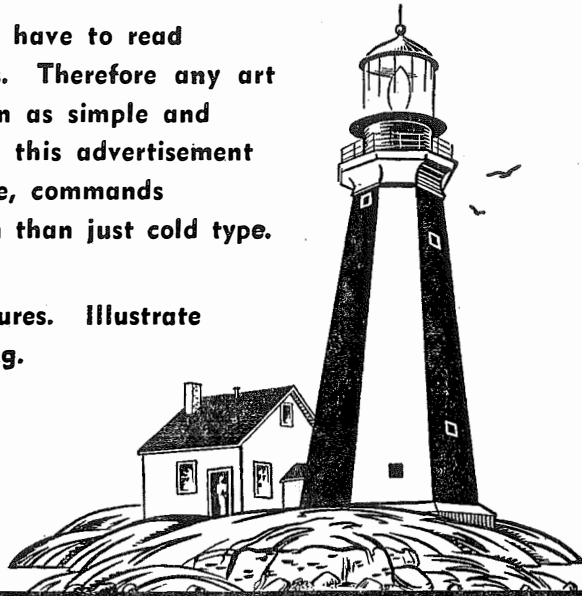


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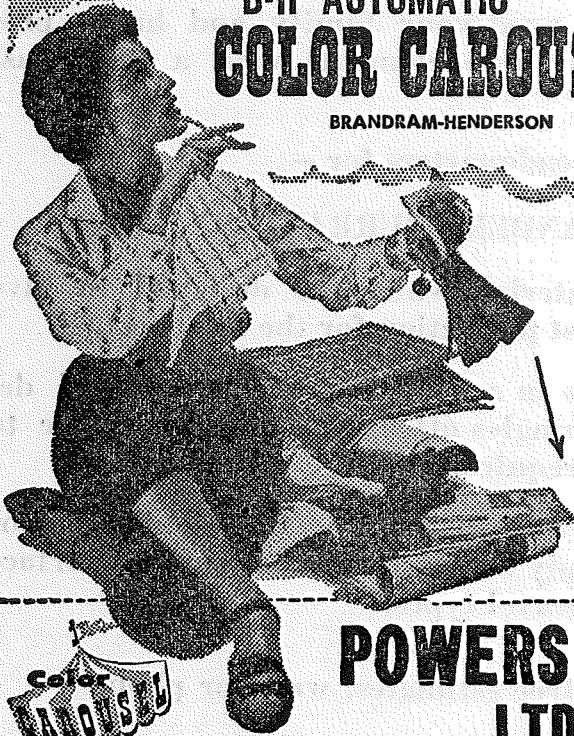
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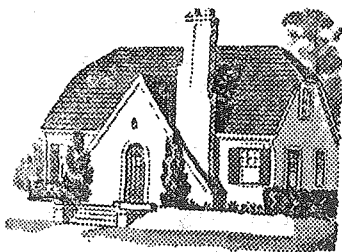
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