

# *The* SEA GULL



**LUNENBURG ACADEMY YEAR BOOK**

*Animis Opibusque Parati*

1959



## **PROGRESS and EDUCATION**

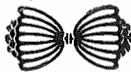
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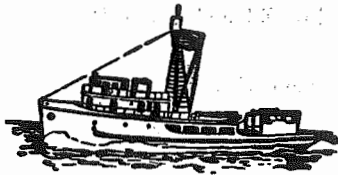
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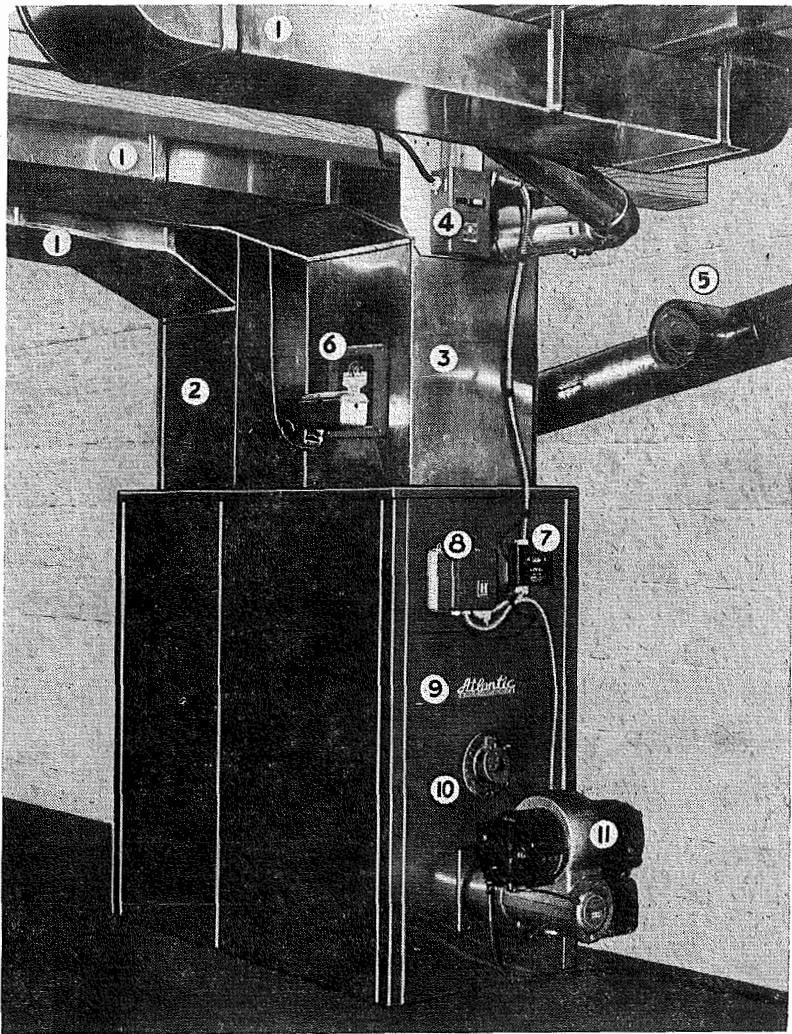
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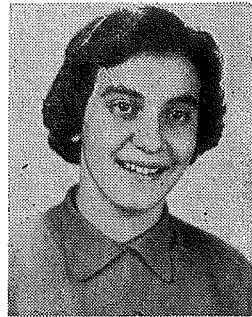


## Messages From Co-Editors

We were privileged this year to serve as co-editors of the Sea Gull. Although it required a great deal of time and energy we enjoyed every minute of it. Also, we would like to thank those who have helped in any way to make this issue of the Sea Gull a success.

**Roxanna Lohnes '59**

**Carolyn Tanner '59**



### MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT OF STUDENTS COUNCIL

I have appreciated and will appreciate later on in life, the experience I gained being President of the Students' Council this year. What the Council achieves depends largely on the ambition and co-operation of the executive. Therefore, I would like to thank all those who co-operated with me during the year. Also at this time, I would like to wish success to the members of the graduating class.

**Carolyn Tanner '59**

### MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year I have had the privilege to serve as President of the Junior Red Cross. I should like to express my gratitude to all those who have co-operated with me. Every good wish for success to my successor.

**Shirley Cook '59**



### MESSAGE FROM CO-MANAGERS

As co-managers of the Sea Gull, we feel the experience in working with others will be of great value to us when we go out into the world to make a living. We would like to thank all our assistants and advertisers, and to wish success to those who continue the work.

**David Wilkie '59**

**James Lohnes '60**

Another year has passed and a new group of students are leaving Lunenburg Academy for a change of living. Some will try to further their education - some will be content to carry on with the training and teaching already installed in them.

The aim of our institution of learning is to give students a living fund of knowledge from which ideas may be generated. At the present time young people may be educated to the utmost extent of their capability and their desire. Do not expect and do not desire that education shall be poured into you. You cannot profit by accepting facts without questioning, by accepting words instead of trying to understand things. You need to explore the many sides there may be to a question.

The earth worm has not only digging skill but a sense of principles involved in digging a good hole at the proper depth and in the right direction. We, on a higher stratum of the animal kingdom, need no less. It is principles, and not mere data, we need if we are to find our way through the mazes of tomorrow.

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

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# "The Sea Gull"

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VOL. 25 LUNENBURG, N. S. JUNE, 1959 NO. 25

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Photography—Mr. R. H. Campbell.

General Supervision—Mr. D. H. Collins.



**NOTE**—After this Editorial was written the Lunenburg Academy Hockey team succeeded in winning the Nova Scotia Headmasters' "B" Class Championship.

Our Sea Gull this year is dedicated to a man who is outstanding, because of his victories in schooner racing. As Master of the Bluenose, Captain Angus Walters became famous in the Western Hemisphere, and brought home trophies which symbolized his vessel's superiority over all others in her class.

During his active years, Captain Angus sat on the Town Council, and also displayed interest in political affairs. At one time he presented himself for election for the Progressive Conservative Party.

Following his retirement from a long career at sea, Captain Angus devoted his time to the establishment of a dairy— the first of its kind in Lunenburg. It was an immediate success.

He was active in community organizations serving in the various offices. Recently he joined the Lion's Club showing that he is not yet ready to sit in his rocker at home.

With his faithful dog, Patsy, Captain Angus is frequently seen heading for the wharf where his memories of bygone days are centered. We are therefore proud to dedicate the 1959 Sea Gull to a Captain who has focused the eyes of many people on the town of Lunenburg once famed for its fishing fleet, but now as the home of the Great Bluenose, "Queen of the Atlantic".

\* \* \*

We cannot determine the success of the 1959 Sea Gull, because it is not yet in print. We feel, however, that all parties concerned did a fine job. The Sea Gull depends on the combined efforts of the students, and particularly those who have had responsibility as heads of the various committees. Without their co-operation, this magazine would not have been possible.

"The Skywayman" was staged as our annual operetta and was a

tremendous success. It should be remembered that, although the cast constitutes a large share of the operetta, the Choral Club is a fundamental part of the presentation. Much credit must be given to Mrs. B. G. Oxner for her untiring efforts with the cast. We extend our thanks to Mrs. H. A. Creighton for her help with the dances, and to Melissa O'Connor who played the piano. In addition to these tangible items, the faculty and some students handled necessary work.

All sports activities took place at the New Community Centre Building this year with the exception of hockey and curling. Our soccer team came very close to winning the Western Nova Scotia Championship, but lost to Bridgetown. So far our hockey team has been successful in most of its games. We feel certain that they will do well in Headmasters' Playoffs. A curling team was sent to New Glasgow for competition in the Nova Scotia Headmasters' Bonspiel. Our basketball teams have seen more action this year than those of a few preceding years. This is a result of the membership in the six-team school league.

This year marks the end of education at Lunenburg Academy for the Grade XII class. We were small in number, but this enabled us to maintain a close and friendly relationship with each other throughout the year. Despite our size we feel that we were successful in upholding the reputation that former Grade XII classes have set for us to follow.

We now stand at the crossroads and must decide for ourselves our vocation. On behalf of our happy family we would like to wish all of our successors success in their education at old L. A., and hope that their years in school will be as happy and profitable as ours have been.

Roxanna Lohnes '59

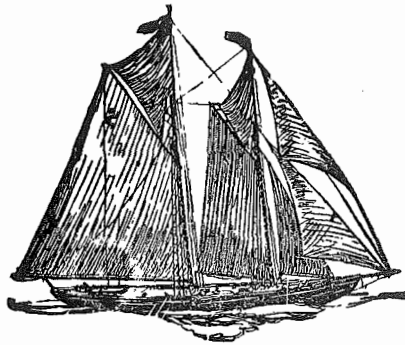
Carolyn Tanner '59

Co-editors.

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

*is dedicated to*

*Captain Angus J. Walters*



Whose life has been associated with the sea and the  
Schooner Bluenose.



## Captain Angus Walters

by Roxanna Lohnes, Carolyn Tanner '59

Angus Walters was born to Mr. and Mrs. Elias Walters on June 9, 1881. He was one of a family of twelve; there being seven girls and five boys. Three sisters and two brothers are still alive. Being brought up in the Lutheran faith, Captain Angus is a member of Zion Lutheran Church.

Since his father was a fisherman, Angus followed in his footsteps and started his sea-going career in 1905. At the age of twenty-three he obtained his Master's Certificate. In 1921 the *Bluenose* was launched, and Captain Angus became master of the schooner which was to make his name known the world over. From the time the *Bluenose* started competing in the International Races until her final race in 1938 with the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, the *Bluenose* was the undefeated champion of the Atlantic.

During his command of the *Bluenose*, Captain Angus enjoyed many thrilling experiences such as the time he took the *Bluenose* to the World's Fair, at Chicago. Probably his most impressive experience was in 1935, the year of the Jubilee, when he took the *Bluenose* to England and spent the summer there.

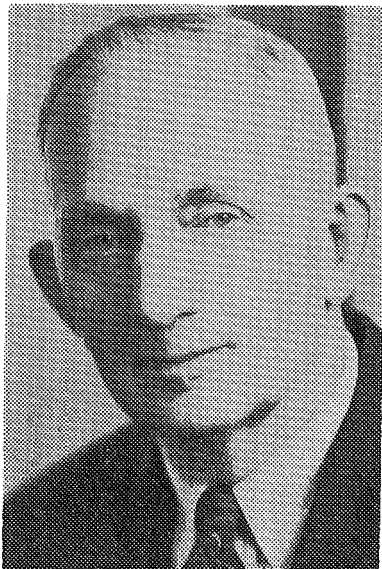
While there he met the late King George V, Edward, George VI and the Duke of Kent and also received an invitation to board the royal yacht — *Victoria Albert*. A special privilege which few people enjoy was the privilege of mooring the *Bluenose* at the King's own mooring.

On the way home from England, they ran into a hurricane and had to remain on drydock for thirty days. Captain Angus says that no other boat but the *Bluenose* could have pulled out of Sable Island in one piece.

The *Bluenose* was controlled by the *Bluenose Schooner Company Limited* with shares being sold at one hundred dollars each. Captain Angus owned the majority of shares and in 1940 he bought her outright.

A sad time in his life was the day he was practically compelled to sell the *Bluenose*. After a futile attempt to get the government to take her over and not being able to find a Master to sail her, he sold the *Bluenose* in 1942 to interests in Florida. Before selling the *Bluenose* he also attempted to interest the public in purchasing the vessel, but failed.

On January 6, 1946 the mighty *Bluenose* was lost on the coral reefs at



Captain Angus Walters

Haiti. Captain Angus says that if the Bluenose were now in town it would be the greatest attraction since the Bluenose's fame is universal. Attempts are being made to find the exact place of her burial in the hopes that some part of the boat may be salvaged. The original wheel of the Bluenose now rests at the Bleunose Lodge where many tourists view it and ask questions. This wheel was salvaged before the Bluenose sank, because during an American trip the steering gear snapped and it was replaced by an American one.

Following his retirement from the sea, Captain Angus was faced with the problem of what to do. As there was no dairy in town, he began the Lunenburg Dairy Ltd. as an experiment, in April 1940. As it proved successful he incorporated it and his three sons hold shares in the business.

At first milk was just sold to Blue Rocks, Mahone Bay, Riverport, Chester and Peninsulas. Due to the great demand he was forced to enlarge his establishment. Mostly all the milk used comes from local sources.

Captain Walters was a member of the Town Council for four years. In 1941, along with Hon. Clifford Levy, he ran in the provincial election for the Conservative Party against the Hon. Gordon Romkey and Dr. Davis of Bridgewater, but was defeated.

He has been active in the Masonic Order, Oddfellows, Orangemen, and is a Past Patron of the Eastern Star. He was also a member of the Board of Trade. When the Fishermen's Union was formed, he became President. He was also president of the Master Mariners' Association.

At present he is a member of the Lion's Club and still curls in Bonspiels. When not in the game, he is an interested watcher behind the glass.

Following his retirement from the sea, he still took an active part in sea life, taking the Nokomis to Port Arthur and being present at the christening of the M. V. Bluenose out of Yarmouth on June 9, 1947.

Captain Angus was married twice — first in 1908 to Maggie Tanner, daughter of David Tanner, Garden Lots. From this union he received three sons — Gilbert, Bernard and Stuart. Following his first wife's demise he married Mildred Butler of Pleasant Harbor in 1938. She died last year after a short illness.

Captain Angus is still very active at the dairy and is a familiar figure in Lunenburg, where he is seen with his dog Patsy, his constant companion. Although the Bluenose is gone, Captain Angus, like the Ancient Mariner, still enjoys telling her story, and we hope that he may long be around to relate the story of the Bluenose to the younger generations to whom she is just a memory.



## Designing The Bluenose

by Roxanna Lohnes, Carolyn Tanner '59

Mr. W. J. Roue was born in Halifax, the son of James Roue, one of the first bottlers of ginger ale in Canada. At a very early age, he showed great interest in sailboats. Between five and six years of age, he asked his father, who was mechanically inclined, to put lead on a small model he had made, so that it would be non-capsizable. As a boy he headed a group of young teenagers who made a yacht from an old life-boat, which was given to them, rebuilding it to make it sea-worthy. He re-rigged it with their help, and was unanimously chosen as skipper as he could sail it better than anyone else.

The first sailing yacht ever designed by Mr. Roue was done for Mr. F. H. Bell. It was built by the late Joshua Mader of Halifax at his yacht yard, situated about where the Nova Scotian Hotel now stands. This yacht was built in 1909, and is now owned by a captain in the U. S. Coastguard Service, who sails it out of one of the clubs in New York City.

Having been successful with the design of this yacht, he was entrusted by various members of the Squadron with designs for motor and sail boats. They were built, and were outstandingly successful. He followed the trends in naval architecture as published in various yachting magazines with great care. Lines of his, submitted to some of America's foremost architects, were highly commended.

When the question of an international schooner race came up, he was the only man in Canada qualified to design a fishing schooner from a scientific standpoint. He approached the task with confidence, feeling he could improve on the designs of the existing vessels.

From the moment he was approached, he had a problem on his hands. He had to produce a sea-boat and freighter as capable as any boat in the fleet, and at the same time, give it the speed needed to match a Gloucester boat.

Roue held the theory that a low centre of gravity, with a minimum of inside ballast, was ideal for what he had in mind. The Bluenose was entirely a new design, as she had to be somewhat smaller than the ordinary banker. She was a product of his life-long study of sailing craft and his experience in designing fast yachts.

The winter of 1921 was a busy one for the men of Smith and Rhuland shipyards as the construction of the Bluenose had begun. She was entirely Nova Scotian except for her masts of Oregon pine. She was framed with



Mr. W. J. Roue

Nova Scotian spruce and oak. Her bottom was planked with birch and her top of oak. Her decks were of Nova Scotia pine.

During the course of building, only one alteration was made to Bill Roue's plans — Captain Walters declared that the foc's'le was too low. Eighteen inches were added to the ship's bow freeboard — the wide space between the waterline and the main deck. This improvement did not interfere with her sailing qualities.

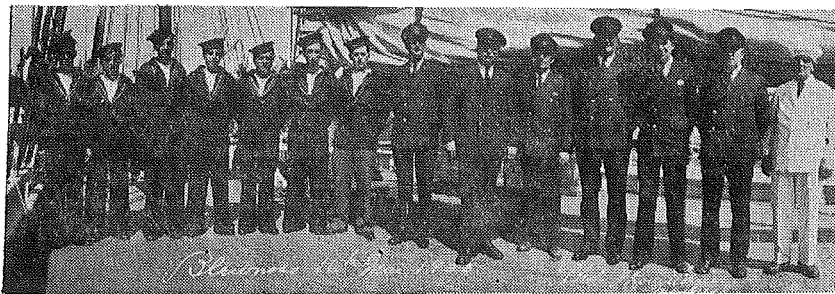
The lines of the Bluenose and the half model, are on display at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and have been acclaimed by the Dean of that faculty as a superlative adaptation of the well-known science of naval architecture.

The success of the Bluenose made Mr. Roue's reputation as an architect but his success in much more difficult tasks in designing yachts has gone on from year to year. They established him as Canada's outstanding naval architect of wooden vessels, of which he has designed over one hundred.

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## Voyages Of The Bluenose

by Rosalie Beck, Judith Crouse '60



Group at Chicago World's Fair

On the clear morning of May 11, 1935, the Bluenose, with sails raised to the wind, slipped out of Lunenburg harbour, bound for Plymouth, England. King George V was celebrating his Jubilee, and the Bluenose had been asked to represent Canada in the festivities.

With Captain Angus Walters at the wheel, the ship made very good time for the first eight days, even though icebergs were encountered at the Grand Banks. After completing two-thirds of the distance, however, they ran into contrary weather which greatly slowed their progress. Finally, one evening a light was sighted on Scilly's Isle, off the English coast. Fog then closed in over the ship and no land was seen until they reached Eddystone Rocks, about twenty miles off Plymouth, England.

When the Bluenose appeared a mile off Plymouth, a launch carrying officials came out to meet them. The Bluenose lowered her sails, and was towed by the launch into port where she was honored by being moored at the King's own buoy.

From Plymouth they proceeded down the Channel to the Isle of Wight, calling on several places en route. Southampton and Portsmouth were the next ports of call. In Portsmouth, they not only tied up at the King's buoy

but were granted the privilege of using his personal landing place. Here, Captain Walters had the opportunity to board the "Victory", Nelson's battleship.

On returning to the Isle of Wight, the Bluenose was asked to participate in the naval review, taking place off Spithead. Captain Walters gladly accepted the invitation.

In the review, the Bluenose was placed in the inner of three circles made up of the mightiest of Britain's battleships. As the King passed from the inner to the centre of the circles on review, he came within hailing distance of the Bluenose.

The rest of the summer was spent on the Isle of Wight. On September eleventh the famous ship said good-bye to England, and began the long journey home. Bad weather was encountered almost from the beginning. On the third morning, they ran into the worst hurricane the ship had ever experienced. About nine that evening, a heavy sea struck her, smashing the boats, deck houses, breaking the foreboom and foregaff in pieces, and causing bad leakage. Although the captain and crew had little hope of returning, the gallant ship weathered the storm and struggled back to Plymouth for repairs. It was a month before repairs were completed, and the ship once again left for home. Twenty-two days later, she dropped anchor in Lunenburg.

This voyage, although perhaps the most important, was not the first for the Bluenose. Two years before, in 1933, she travelled to Chicago where she was on display at the World's Fair. On the way there, almost every place of importance asked her to stop at least for an hour. As a result of these many stops, it took a month to complete the voyage. At Chicago, the Bluenose took out passengers two or three times every day to help pay her expenses. On one occasion the ship was becalmed and the unfortunate party on board arrived home at four o'clock that morning.

A yacht race was held annually at Chicago and, although the Bluenose was not allowed to compete for the trophy, she did enter the race. She came in first and was awarded a special prize — a three hundred pound barrel of cheese. The crew did not hunger for cheese any more on that voyage.

The people of Chicago wanted the Bluenose to remain there for another year, but the ship had been invited to Toronto for the Centennial Celebration. Thus, on the second of October, she left for that city. After spending a year there, the Bluenose set sail for home. The water in the river was very low, and many people thought she would not be able to make the trip. Due to skilfull handling, there were no serious mishaps. The only other voyages made were trips to the West Indies with loads of fish.

With the Second World War, both Masters and ships became very scarce. Captain Angus Walters, who now owned the ship, was busy in his new dairy; he could not sail the ship himself and no one else could be found. A party from Florida offered to charter the famous ship, and later bought her. Thus it was that in 1942, on one of the trips to Cuba with fish, the sale was completed. She now became a coaster, carrying goods between island ports.

On January 6, 1946, after dark, the Bluenose ran aground on a reef and broke in two. Thus, the proud ship went to share a grave with the famous ships of ages past. Who knows? Perhaps today the spar of the Bluenose is lying beside the gold of some ancient Spanish galleon.

# The Bluenose

by Graham Creighton '60

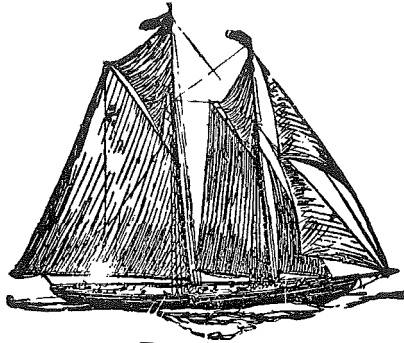
Now she feels it, as her lee rail dips and her bow lifts out over a crest of white which foams along her clean, uncluttered lines. Every inch of her billowing canvas is straining and pulling as the "Queen of the North Atlantic" reaches for the finish line in a typical race that means racing supremacy for the entire Eastern seaboard.

Just such a winner was being born on the drawing board of William J. Roue, Halifax naval architect, during the fall of 1920. Canadians felt at this time, that a ship capable of beating any American product had to be built. This ship would return to Canada the International Fishermen's Trophy, won by Captain Marty Welch in his American schooner "Esperanto."

Thus it was that the Duke of Devonshire arrived by special train from Ottawa on Saturday, December 15, 1920, and, after being greeted by the late Senator William Duff, proceeded that afternoon, to drive the first spike in the "Bluenose" keel. The builders at Smith and Rhuland labored throughout that winter. On Saturday, March 26, 1921 a nervous young lady standing before throngs of fisherfolk and visitors, crashed the traditional champagne bottle upon the glistening black bow, and the flag bedecked and newly christened "Bluenose" slid down the ways into the waters of Lunenburg Harbor.

After the usual job of rigging and fitting had been completed, she received her first trials. On Saturday the fifteenth day of April, she left Zwicker & Co. wharf for the Grand Banks on her maiden voyage.

She was entirely Nova Scotian with the exception of her Oregon Pine masts. The Bluenose had an overall length of one hundred forty-three feet, with a twenty-seven foot beam. Her water-line was 112 feet, but for racing Captain Walters trimmed her at 115.9. If you should have had the misfortune to fall from her main topmast, you would have had a drop of over one hundred twenty feet. She also boasted a ten thousand square foot spread of canvas.



The Bluenose

In her first race out of Halifax harbor, the Bluenose emerged the victor amongst a field of eight other schooners. Six of these entrants were from Lunenburg.

A new American representative had to be picked when the Esperanto, like so many of the international contenders, was wrecked. American hopes rested for awhile on the Mayflower, a fast schooner-yacht, designed primarily

for speed. This boat did not prove to be a true fisherman, and so the Elsie of Gloucester arrived in Halifax to defend the cup.

The Bluenose showed her heels to the Elsie in the first race, as she sped over a forty mile course at an average rate of eleven knots. The second race had the same result. Thus the Bluenose proved in her first International contest, that she was a worthy Canadian representative.

The 1922 series was contested between the Bluenose, with Captain Walters at the helm, and the Henry Ford, skippered by Clayton Morrissey. The Ford let most of the way in the first race, but the race had to be called, due to the fact that the leading boat did not finish within the time limit. Although the next race was won by the Ford, the kinks in the Bluenose were finally ironed out, and she went on to win the two deciding matches in strong breezes.

The next challenger was produced by the famed American designer, Stanley Burgess. He had designed the Mayflower and now his new creation, Columbia (predecessor of the ship of America's Cup fame), was eligible to pit her sailing qualities against the Bluenose.

The Bluenose was threatened with disaster twice during the first race. Captain Ben Pine of the Columbia almost luffed his opponent on to the Three Sisters, a dreaded shoal off Halifax harbor, and later on forced the Bluenose inside the Bell Rock Buoy Shoal Marker. The helmsman of the Bluenose, who at the time happened to be "Long Albert" Himmelman, had the choice of hitting the rocks or bearing off and striking the Columbia. He bore away and the main boom of the Bluenose struck the main shrouds, snapped the forestays, doubled the sheer rod, and finally came to rest in Columbia's jib-downhaul. In this state the challenger was towed for almost a minute. Finally the Bluenose cleared and raced for the line. There was great excitement after the race, as arguments sprouted and tempers flared. Although both boats had broken rules, the Bluenose was credited with the race. However, there was a rule made which stated that in future all navigating buoys be passed to seaward.

This ruling proved to be a most unfortunate one for Captain Walters, as he disregarded it in the next race. He was surprised to find a protest launched against him when he returned to his dock after crossing the line first. The crew of Lunenburg skippers were having none of this, and so returned home with their boat. The Sailing Committee finally decided there was no winner and gave half the five thousand dollar prize money to the Columbia. Captain Ben Pine demonstrated his sportsmanship, when he declined the opportunity of sailing around the course alone and claiming the Trophy.

It was not until eight years later, when the Gertrude L. Thebaud challenged, that the series was resumed. In the meantime, the Bluenose was busy staving off local competition. She licked the Haligonian which was produced by Bill Roue, with the thought that he could better his former effort.

Captain Paddy Mack crushed his famous "hard hat" in his rage after his proud Mahaska was beaten by the Bluenose.

The 1930 series for the Lipton Trophy got underway on the ninth of

October, after the tired Bluenose, which had been ashore for a week on the Newfoundland coast, arrived off Gloucester.

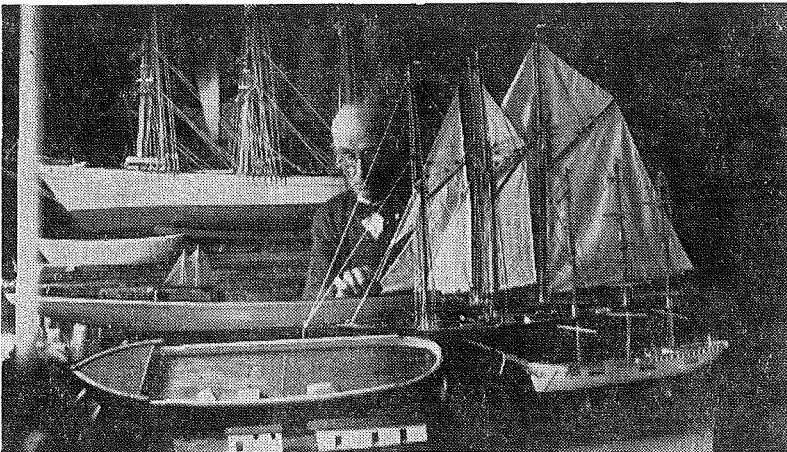
The Thebaud was almost "fresh from the yards" while all the Bluenose could boast about as being new, was a baggy suit of sails. Sailmakers went to work on these baggy sails after the Thebaud clinched the first race. The next race was called off because of the lack of wind, and also the following race, this time much to Captain Walters' disgust, the reason lay in the fact that there was too much of a breeze. A new trestle-tree was fixed on the spar of the Champion to replace the one lost during the windy day and the final race on the 18th began. The Bluenose quickly gained and maintained a substantial lead until Captain Walters pulled a boner by splitting tacks with his opponent. The Thebaud then received a favoring slant of wind, and forged ahead to win the race. Thus Gloucester won the Lipton Trophy.

When no Canadian challenge was made the following year, Gloucester decided to try for the cup with the Thebaud. She appeared a bit sluggish and was easily defeated by the Bluenose.

The International Races came to an end, after the Champion defeated the Thebaud, three races to two off Boston and Gloucester in 1938.

The Bluenose unquestionably proved herself superior to every schooner that challenged her claim to the championship of the North Atlantic. In calm and stormy weather, on reaching, running and pointing, she had out-classed the Elsie, Columbia, Haligonian, Henry Ford, Mahaska and the Gertrude L. Thebaud.

It will be a long, long time before Lunenburgers forget the Bluenose, and it is the purpose of this article to outline the achievements and recapture some of the memories of her famous racing career.



Ship Models made by Mr. Creighton Zinck



# Lobster Fishing

by Dianne Lohnes '62, Peter Winters '61

A great deal of lobster fishing is carried on along the shores of Nova Scotia. Early in the morning, the lobstermen go out in their small fishing craft to face the perils of the sea. Although they stay quite near shore, they are always in danger of storms.

The first day of the lobster season starts with a rush. The fishermen wait until the official time, and then they race off to the lobster-fishing grounds to set their traps, where they think they will be able to catch a good number of lobsters.

Their income depends mainly on the quantity of lobsters they catch. If the fisherman has a good catch, he will be able to buy the things he needs. If he has a poor catch, he will just have to hope for better luck the next day.

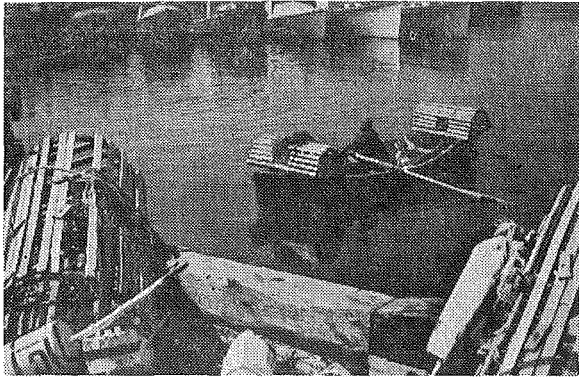
The lobster-fisherman's life is a rugged one. He

must get up early in the morning, and go out on the cold waters to set his traps. He leaves his traps out overnight, and comes back next morning to haul and re-set them. In addition to the lobsters that he catches, the lobsterman catch many crabs. If there were a market for the crabs caught in Nova Scotia, he would be able to make more money.

In the storms which occur now and then, he often loses much valuable equipment along with the lobsters that he would be catching. If he is sick or injured, he is not able to earn money, so he must, therefore, try to keep in good condition.

During the months when there is no lobster-fishing, the lobsterman must find other work. It is during this time, that he makes new traps and repairs his old equipment.

Few of the lobsters caught in Nova Scotia are sold here. Most of them are shipped to large hotels and restaurants in the United States.



## Scallop Dragging

by Mary Lee Naas, Grethe Kristiansen '61

Scalloping is fast becoming one of Lunenburg's better known types of fishing, and the popularity of the scallop dragger testifies to the momentary importance of the catch. Representative of the scalloping fleet is the Barbara Jo, captained by one of the younger skippers, Captain Douglas Mosher.

The Barbara Jo is 90 feet in length, with a 22 foot beam. A 10 knot top speed is obtained, and she has a fuel capacity of some 4300 gallons, giving a long cruising range. The favorite fishing grounds at present seem to be George's Bank. It is here that many of the fleet try their luck at the scallop beds.

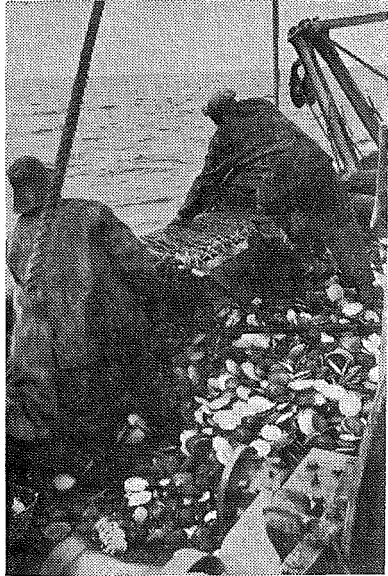
Rope nets, as employed by regular draggers, are not used, as they would only last a short time on the rough shellfish. The nets — or rakes as they are called — consist of steel links fastened together. Two such rakes are used, one on either side of the ship, thus doubling the capacity of each drag.

These heavy rakes are dropped overside, whereupon they sink to the bottom. As they are pulled along the ocean bed, they gather up the scallops. The catch is dumped on the deck for the men to handle. The shells are immediately opened, and the muscle is cut out for packing. A good man can clean a scallop in only seconds, but when fishing is good the deck is often knee-deep in scallops.

The edible muscle is put into cotton bags holding roughly 32 pounds each. As each bag is filled, it is fastened tightly, and put into the vessel's hold. Layers of ice preserve the fish until the home port is reached. The hold itself is divided into sections, and each section in turn, is filled with a layer of ice, then a layer of scallops, and then a layer of ice until filled. This freezes the scallops and retains their sea-fresh flavour.

Dragging is continued until a load is caught or until fuel runs short. An average trip consists of 12 days, including time coming and going to and from port. On returning, no time is wasted, and the catch is at once unloaded by the crew. Local firms are the largest buyers, and the scallops travel only a few feet before being processed.

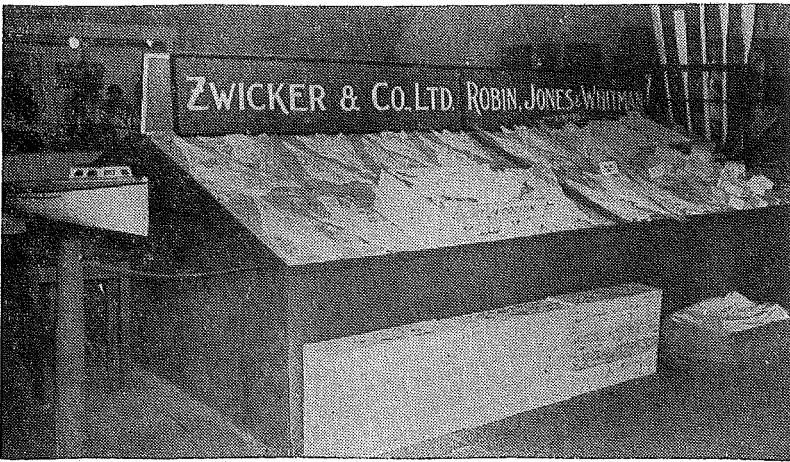
Occasionally the draggers dock at the government wharf, where waiting transport trucks take the ice packed bags of scallops to points farther away. Many firms specialize in offering these scallops quick-frozen, breaded and ready to eat — but they taste delicious in any form. Truly, the scallop fleet has increased in importance on the Lunenburg waterfront.



## Drying Fish Without The Sun

by Sheila Conrad '61, William Cook '59

There has been very little change in the manner of curing salt codfish in the various producing centres since the earliest days. Down through the centuries, fish have been caught, split, salted and placed on "flakes" outdoors for Mother Nature to finish the job. The sunshine, however, has its disadvantages as a drying agent. On dull or stormy days, at night and during the winter season, little is accomplished in the dry fish industry. These problems prompted the Zwicker and Company firm to develop a completely artificial apparatus.



This method of drying fish proves to be a very interesting one. As the green salt fish arrive from the vessels docking at Zwicker's wharves, they are inspected and then taken to the automatic washer, which removes any surface salt and blood. Next the fish are piled to permit excess water to drain from them. After this, they are elevated to the main driers. Any surplus fish are sent to the cold storage rooms until space is available in the driers. The temperature in the storage rooms, maintained by ammonia equipment, varies from forty to forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Relative humidity of these rooms is controlled between seventy to seventy-five percent. By these means, the fish can be kept in excellent condition for months at a time.

The drying installation is on two floors, each floor acting as a separate unit. Both portable and stationary drying racks are used in the Zwicker plant, although the portable type is the newer and more efficient of the two. In this drier, a central, uncased "turbo" fan takes heated conditioned air in at the centre and blows it through the fish, arranged on the metal racks in a circular fashion about the fan. Approximately four hundred pounds of cod can be placed on each of the twelve racks in the drier. These racks, when

arranged on a turntable, can be rotated about the fan as desired. In the drier containing the stationary racks, numerous small fans circulate the air through the racks instead of one large central fan.

As the racks of fish become dry, they are replaced by uncured fish. A close check is kept on the weights of the racks entering and leaving the driers, being recorded for future reference. The driers operate at a temperature of eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and at a constant relative humidity from thirty to forty percent. Since air (adequate in quality, quantity, and motion) is the principle of artificial drying, Zwicker's plant is designed accordingly, to provide everywhere, the most uniform drying conditions.

In the driers the air must always be kept at the same temperature, and must contain the same amount of water vapour. To do this the air returning from the driers is recirculated through a bank of spray contactors, which use a lithium chloride solution at a fixed temperature and concentration. The spray removes water vapour, and then the dried, deodorized air is circulated back to the driers.

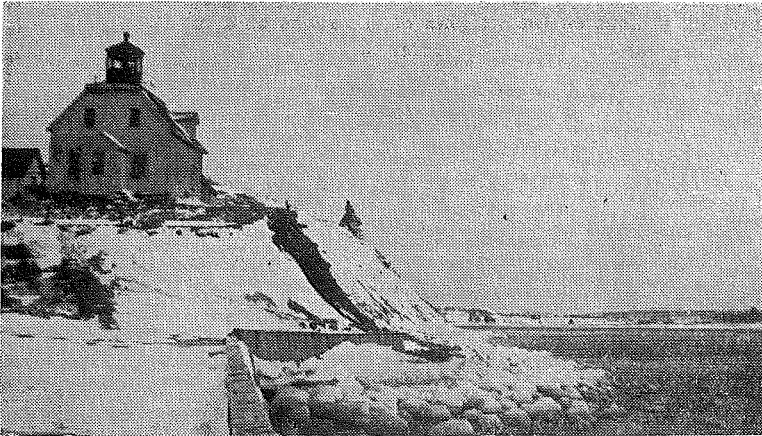


As the fish vary in size, some grading is necessary. The drying time depends upon the size and type of fish. Thus a certain amount of after-drying equalization takes care of unavoidable differences. After drying, the codfish must be kept in storage pending shipment.

Zwicker's drying plant has proved that it is possible to produce a quality product so improved in type and uniformity that the Canadian Salt Cod is now opening up export markets not previously available to Canadian producers.

## Battery Point Lighthouse

by Everett Mason '59, Leslie Mason '60



One of the many points of interest in Lunenburg is the lighthouse and Fog Alarm Station situated at the mouth of Lunenburg Harbour. This location is known as Battery Point, and originally received its name because of the battery that was once located near this site. Today many old cannon Balls are still being found as the high bank is washing away with the heavy tides and seas.

The old lighthouse, which was built by Dan Rudolf in 1860, was a dwelling suitable as living quarters with a square steel tower on top. The height of the light from sea level was approximately fifty feet and it could be seen for about eight miles. The light from the oil lamp was reflected in a parallel beam, by mirrors and was known as a catoptric light. The lighthouse had a hand horn and bell, which the lighthouse keeper used as a ship approached the entrance of the harbour on a foggy day. The ship would sound its horn continuously until the lightkeeper would answer. Then Station and Ship answered each other's horns until the ship was safely around the point and sailing up the harbour.

Mr. John Ernst is believed to have been the first lightkeeper, and later was followed by many prominent citizens including Mr. John Fritenburg, Captain King Knickle, Mr. Fred Lohnes and our present lightkeeper Captain Joseph Himmelman. Captain Himmelman filled this position in 1935, and with his wife and family, moved into the old lighthouse dwelling. This dwelling, being near the high bank, was weatherbeaten and, at times the seas smashed several of the windows. In 1948 a new five room bungalow with all modern conveniences, was erected there, thus bringing more comfortable accommodations to this station.

The present Battery Point Lighthouse is twenty feet high and is situated at the end of a long breakwater which was completed in 1935. It has a red light, which is electrically run, as is the present fog alarm. Mr. Himmelman and many sea captains agree that it is a very good light

and can be seen approximately twenty miles on a fine night.

The fog alarm, which is located on the lighthouse, gives a blast five seconds long followed by an interval of silence of fifteen seconds. An electric motor releases the compressed air thus causing the fog horn to blow. In the event of a power failure, Mr. Himmelman has an emergency gasoline motor which will compress the air for the horn, and an emergency lamp for the lighthouse.

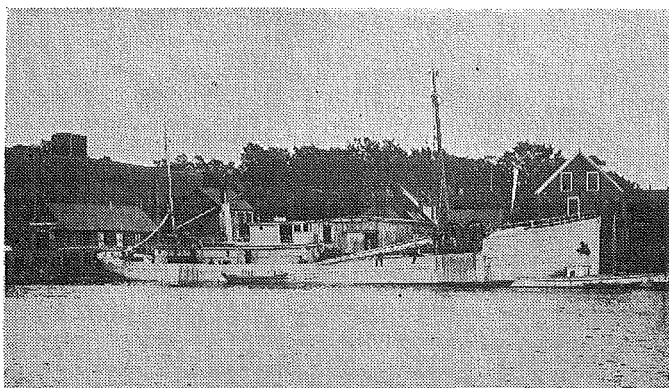
The old Breakwater was partly rebuilt in 1958 by the Acadia Construction Co. Ltd. It is five hundred and thirty-five feet long and twenty feet wide, the farther end being made of steel pile for durability.

The Battery Point Lighthouse station is of vital importance to the deep sea fisherman and to the individual fishing boats, which depends on both light and fog alarm to bring them to a safe harbouring.

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## A Voyage To Remember

by Dorothy Wentzell '61



The following sea experience was told to me by Captain Leo Corkum, retired skipper:

"My second and last trip as Master of the Beam-trawler, S. S. Promotion, began on August 27, 1919. The S. S. Promotion was launched in Shelburne, and was the second beam-trawler built for the Lunenburg, LaHave area. The crew of twenty-three were all residents of LaHave and vicinity.

"Fish were plentiful on the Western Banks. After dragging for two days and nights, our holds were almost full.

"The weather on September first was getting rough with dense fog and increasing wind but dragging continued. At 2:30 A. M. on Sunday, September second, the fog-horn of an approaching steamer was heard off the starboard quarter. The men dressing fish quickly called the ones below, and in minutes all were on deck.

"The steamer approached quickly out of the fog, and struck our ship on the starboard bow. Men and fish were thrown about, and water poured into

the engine-room. In a short time we were without lights. The signal to abandon ship saw all twenty-four of us scrambling into the four life-boats. So quickly did our ship sink, that when I stepped off the 'Promotion', the dory was higher than the rail of the trawler.

"The Steamer kept sounding its siren and horns. By rowing hard we were soon able to reach it. Rope ladders were lowered from the fifteen thousand ton liner, and the difficult task of climbing from the small dory to the deck of the liner began. With the roll of the steamer, the ladder would swing far out over the water; the next roll would bring it in close to its side. Sometimes the ladder would twist and for one of our older crew-members it was nearly a miss. I reached the deck last, and found the rails lined with passengers who had been disturbed by the sirens and stilled engines. They had appeared on deck in their night attire to watch. Bruised, wet and half dressed, we were a sorry-looking crew, but we were safe. I was taken to the Captain's cabin where I found out we had been run down by the S. S. La Lorraine, an ocean liner plying between La Havre, France, and New York. There were twelve hundred passengers on board and, since the Captain could not change course to Halifax, plans were made to have us transferred to the sister ship La France in mid-ocean. These plans did not materialize as the ships passed at night, and we continued on to France.

"The mate, engineers, steward and I were given first-class accommodation, and the remainder of the crew went second class. Our clothes certainly did not match our surroundings. Among the first class passengers were a French Princess, a French priest, and an English army officer. These three collected \$800. for the crew, and spared no efforts to make our unscheduled voyage a pleasant one.

"We arrived in France the following Sunday, and the British Consul arranged for our transfer to England. Before leaving us, the Princess took the whole crew to a large shop where all were fitted with shoes, coats and caps.

"The trip across the Channel to Southampton, thence to London and Liverpool was uneventful. In Liverpool we were all made very comfortable while awaiting passage to Montreal and home. Due to the troop movement after the war, twenty-five days passed before passage on the S. S. Canada was obtained.

"We arrived home forty days after leaving for the Western Banks on a fishing trip which was to have lasted a week. It was indeed A Voyage to Remember'."



# Adventure At Sea

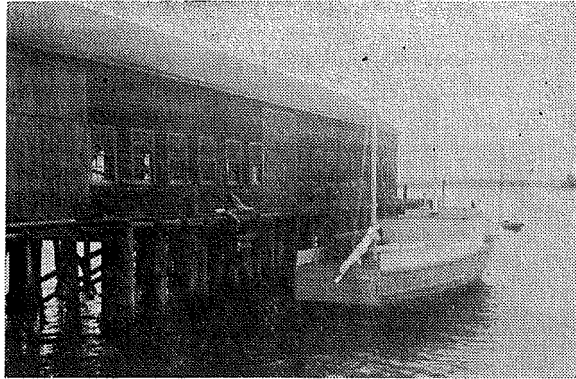
by Elward Crouse '60

When I was asked to get a story for the Sea Gull on the topic, "Adventures at Sea", I decided to see Captain Stewart DeMone of the once proud long liner, Robert and Brian. His story was a real experience, as you shall see.

"On Sunday afternoon, two-thirty, January fourth, 1959, we left Lunenburg harbour. We were bound for Emerald Bank off the southeast coast of Nova Scotia on a routine fishing trip. I had a weather forecast for fine weather on Sunday, but upon arriving at the bank Monday, we hit winds of thirty to thirty-five miles per hour with gusts to fifty-five. Instead of just lying there and waiting for the winds to subside, I decided to proceed to Canso, about eight-thirty Monday morning to pick up an extra man and some extra fishing gear. We were travelling about seven or eight miles an hour, on course, with both engines working like charms.

"However, disaster was not far off. I was steering a course of east-north-east, with visibility poor. The zero temperature, and thirty mile per hour northwest wind didn't help things either. I was on watch with Watson Knickle, when we heard a light rumble and almost immediately the boat went on the rocks with a light bump. It sounded like a high speed engine racing when she hit. I ordered all engines in reverse immediately, but the boat wouldn't move. My craft was anchored on the rocks. The boat started to break up almost as soon as it went ashore. I shouted for the men to get ready but all I heard was, 'We're goners.'

"I immediately radioed Canso for a helicopter, as I felt it was the only means of getting off the wreck alive. I was told to take my bearings and I did so. When I returned to report, my radio had gone dead. There was no way for us to get off our wrecked ship, as the only dory had been washed overboard by high seas. Part of the rail and the back of the gurdy room were also taken off by high seas.



"We took refuge in the wheelhouse, and waited for help. Then the water got to the batteries and the lights went out. We were left there in the dark. We stayed in the wheelhouse until it was battered in by heavy seas. We were then forced to the riggings. We weren't up there long when the



main mast literally "jumped overboard", and we were forced down. I then clung to a piece of pipe coming up from below, while the others clung to pieces of rigging that still remained. 'Hang on, don't give in,' I yelled to the men above the roar.

"Shortly after the boat broke completely in two, leaving us marooned on the bow. The stern floated around towards us, but then the wind caught it, and took it away from us about twenty or twenty-five feet. I told the men that if the stern part came back, we were going to board it because there was more to hold on to there. It came back in about fifteen or twenty minutes time. It came within four or five feet of us. I jumped first and made it; Eric Fanning came next and he made it; Watson Knickle leaped next but he fell into the sea. I pulled him out as quickly as I could. Carl Forward tried his luck next, but he missed and fell into the sea. I pulled him out as quickly as I could also.

"All of us were dressed in oil clothes and rubber boots. These immediately froze stiff in the zero temperatures. To keep warm I kept moving. By this time we had floated off in deep water.

"At about eight thirty I sighted the masts of a ship. Her hull was hidden by the vapour that covered the sea that morning. Then the miraculous part of the whole ordeal happened. At about the same time the rescue ship, St. Nicholas, was in a position to see the wrecked stern of the boat, the vapour lifted. The captain of the St. Nicholas saw us and came alongside. We were barely afloat, so a lifeline was needed to bring us aboard the St. Nicholas. I was the only one who could tie a knot as the other men's hands were so numb.

"The first to reach the warmth of the forecabin aboard the St. Nicholas was Watson Knickle. Carl Forward was next, followed by Eric Fanning. I left last, and I left the remains of a boat which only the days before was my proud long liner, Robert and Brian.

"The second miracle was realized when we were aboard the St. Nicholas. The captain said to me, 'I would like to know what kind of faith in God you men have. My radar is out of order, and I wasn't going to come into port unless I hit the buoy to port fairly. Well I hit the buoy as fair as could be and proceeded in. As if by magic, you were there in my path when the vapour lifted. You floated right in the path to Isaac's Harbour. It is a miracle.'

"That is what he said to us. We were given dry clothes, breakfast, and a good shot of hot rum.

"When we reached port we were rushed fifty miles to Antigonish, where we were put in hospital. Watson Knickle is still there, while Earl Forward is in Canso and Eric Fanning is at his home in Little Dover, Guysborough County. I was there only long enough to have my fingers bandaged. I spent the night at Port Bickerton with friends and then came home."

I then asked Captain DeMone if he planned to go back to sea.

He replied, "Yes, I'll be going back to sea, but I hope and pray that I shall never have to go through anything like that again."

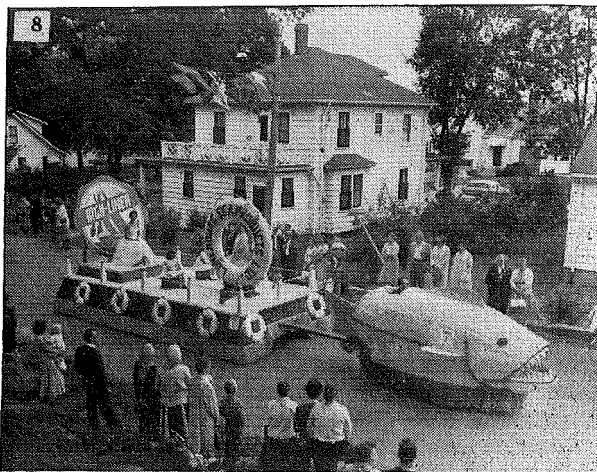
This was the story as it was told to me by Captain Stewart DeMone. Hard luck goes with the sea and Captain DeMone had his share, but they are other "Tales of the Sea."

# The 1958 Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition

by Carolyn Tanner '61, Parker Tanner '62

Tuesday, September 9, at 1:00 p.m., the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition once again got under way to the festive tune of whistles, bells and chimes. At 7:30 that evening the Exhibition was officially opened by the Federal Minister of Fisheries, Hon. Angus MacLean. Other noted dignitaries, including the Mayor of Gloucester, were also present at the opening to deliver their greetings.

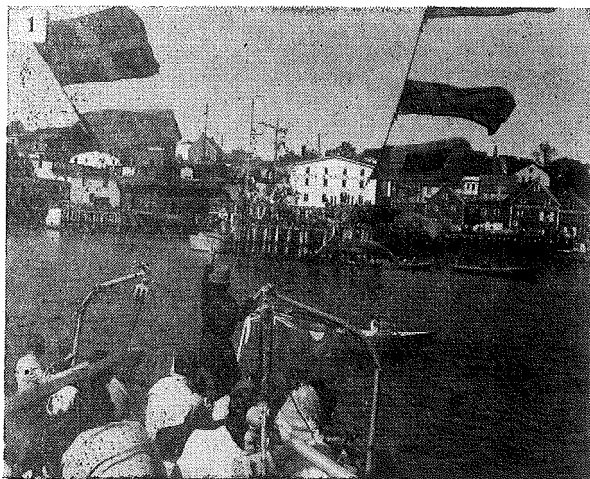
Following the official opening, a feature of great interest was the choosing of Miss Lunenburg. This year particularly, the committee in charge had worked hard to obtain a large number of candidates. Scanning those radiant young ladies, one could see that their work was well rewarded. A lovely young lady with a pleasing personality, Myrna Tanner, received the title of Miss Lunenburg.



Wednesday, the second day of the gala affair, was Parade Day. This day is the most popular of the entire Exhibition, and huge crowds gathered along the route to watch the Grand Parade, which proved to be much better than in previous years. Decorated cars, commercial floats, costumed school children, bands and various organizations gathered on the Academy grounds from whence they paraded through the town streets to the Exhibition grounds. Here, this colorful group of participants gathered in front of the grand stand so that people might have the chance to look at them more closely.

Throughout the day, various forms of entertainment were presented to entertain the enormous crowd. At 7 o'clock, Wednesday evening, the Band and Guard of H. M. C. S. Cornwallis put on their colorful Sunset Ceremonial Drill which has proved to be one of the favorite and popular features held

here. At 8 o'clock came the long-awaited event, the preliminary judging of Princesses in the Marine Building. That night they were to appear in their street clothes and the following night in evening dresses, to enable the judges to make a definite decision. Later on in the evening there was a band concert by the Royal Canadian Artillery Band, through permission of Major M. P. Eogart, G. O. C. Eastern Command, which was very entertaining to all.



The big and exciting event on Thursday was the Water Sports. As the day was bright and sunny, everything went off as planned. The events began at 9:00 a.m., when there was a parade of plywood boats, followed by races. Trawl baiting and hauling contests provided keen competition between the various fishermen. The annual Sea Cadet races, motor boat races, yacht races and swimming races were held.

Another event of particular interest was the Double Dory races, open to all Canadian fishermen, the winner being eligible to compete in the International Dory Race held on Friday afternoon. The team from Herring Cove, to the delight of the crowd, were successful in winning the privilege of competing against the American team.

At 2:30 p.m. the filleting contest was held, the winner to compete with last year's winner, Mr. Sam Savory, who again received the title. The highlight of the day was the selection of the Queen of the Sea. After deliberating for some time, the judges made their decision. A dark complected beauty, Miss Daryl Stewart, of Bridgewater, a student at Acadia University, was the judges' choice.

Friday, the highlight was the International Dory Race, when the title returned to Canada as two powerful Herring Cove oarsmen, Dick Nagle and Gerald Dempsey, rowed their way to a ten-length victory over the Gloucester team. Weight and experience told the story in this classic, as the dory-men had to buck a brisk 25 m.p.h. wind. At 8:30 p.m. Friday evening a gracious Queen was crowned, in a ceremony rich with color and pageantry. Thousands

had thronged the infield and outfield of the ball park to see seventeen year old Daryl Stewart of Bridgewater, accept the crown and sceptre of the Queen of the Sea. The Queen's court included Ladies-in-Waiting. Mary Elizabeth Fitz-Randolph, of Bridgetown, and Barbara Anne White, of Windsor, and thirteen charming Princesses.



Miss Daryl Stewart 1958 Queen of The Sea

Saturday, the closing day of the Exhibition dawned clear and sunny. At 2:30 p.m. the annual Children's Parade, in which the children love to participate, took place. Decked out in costumes of various types, the children paraded around the athletic field with decorated doll carriages, carts and bicycles. The prizes were presented by this year's Queen of the Sea. The 1958 Fisheries Exhibition was officially closed at 10:00 p.m. with a special program followed by a community sing-song heartily enjoyed by all.

Beside these outstanding events each day, other special entertainment was provided. Adding fun and variety to the exhibition were the Badictons and Edwards Brothers who held two shows daily in the Main Building. Dick Fry on the Hammond Organ, played his way into the hearts of the people throughout the busy week. As in previous years, the Bill Lynch show occupied the Midway and there were rides, games and fun for all. As the buildings were usually crowded with curious people, the best time to view the booths was in the morning or early afternoon. This year the displays were larger than usual the new Fisheries Building holding some of them.

As was customary in former years, the Fishermen's Memorial Service was held on Sunday at the Monument, in honour of those who were lost at sea the previous year. Following this a service was held at Zwicker's wharf where wreaths were laid, later to be taken out to sea by the first ship departing from the port. Thus a successful week of fun and excitement was brought solemnly to a close.



## An Opinion Changed

by Roxanna Lohnes '59

At the tender age of twenty-nine (much too young in my opinion), I felt arising in me the desire to affiliate with a member of the opposite sex. That wouldn't be too difficult for me, I thought, because I was a practical, well-balanced man, not prone to any great emotional out-bursts. To top that, I was handsome and well-read (indeed I had a whole collection of Zane Grey novels.)

My one main interest in life was my work. Nothing delighted me more than to set out early in the morning — ten o'clock, mind you — for my office where I would put in a hard day's work. As I owned seventy-five percent of the Hole-In-One Donut Company shares, I had to spend much time in my office in order to see that my Board of Directors ran things efficiently.

Now I realized that marriage was a serious step, so therefore I knew I shouldn't make my decision too hastily. Rather, I felt I should wait until a girl worthy of me should come along. Realizing that there were few girls qualified to become my wife, I went to the town library in order to check the references of the eligible young ladies of our town. Looking through the files, I came across a girl who seemed to have pretty good qualifications. Her name was Penelope Snodgrass, a respectable young lady, who, I am told, could cook and keep house as well as my late mother (God rest her soul), and who would be the ideal woman to fill the empty space in my cosy ten-room home. My idea of a home was a small house not cluttered with unnecessary furniture, and, for that reason, I did not waste my money on those modern conveniences such as electricity, indoor plumbing or radio. Yes, my motto was "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

With the best of intentions in mind, I set out one clear bright night (on a clear night I didn't have to use my flashlight, which is a great saver on batteries) for the purpose of escorting Miss Penelope to a show. Knowing how honored she'd be that I even spoke to her, I didn't bother to telephone (would just be a waste of money), but went right to her house. Imagine her surprise when she opened the door! There I stood as stunning as a knight in armour. I know she was thrilled to see me, because she could only utter these words: "So it's you!"

Knowing that emotion had gotten the best of her, I immediately stated my intention of escorting her to a movie. She hesitated, but accepted my offer. This came as no surprise to me for it was a well-known fact in our

town that I was irresistible to women. As I walked along the streets, people would say, "There goes God's gift to women!" and well I knew it.

Penelope kept looking at me, and I couldn't help but feel that she was admiring my good taste in dress. Well, she might do that for I had taken great pains in my dress and was, in fact, wearing my most striking outfit. It consisted of red striped pants, a purple shirt and a green polka-dot tie. With my excellent taste in clothes, it did not surprise me that people stopped to admire me as I walked down the street. I could imagine them saying, "How lucky Penelope is to have such a fine man as Mr. Graham, but what does he see in her? With his looks he could have his pick of the crop." Ah! I knew they were jealous of me and that's why many of them refused to speak to me.

Enjoying the finer things in life and knowing that I had a deeper sense of culture than most people, I took Penelope to see "Tarzan Finds Gold", a very thought-provoking picture. In order to see better, I took her right to the front row, and then made sure she had plenty of room by sitting four seats away. As I had seen the picture before, I left half-way through it and retired to the lobby where I bought some popcorn and spent the remainder of the evening telling the cashier about my great accomplishments in the business world. I reminded him that, although I had inherited my business from my father, I still realized the importance of hard work. Indeed I assured him that I followed this policy to the fullest with my employees. I even offered him a job, as one of my staff had quit just today, after I refused to raise his wages. Imagine the audacity of the man to demand more than fifteen dollars a week, when he only worked six days! Too lenient, that's what I was.

With a sigh, the cashier informed me that the show was over. To my great surprise, Penelope seemed to have disliked the movie, as she seemed mighty displeased as she came through the door. That sort of discouraged me, because if there's one thing I can't stand it is women who don't appreciate the finer things of life.

As Penelope only lived ten blocks away, I decided that we would walk since that would give us both an appetite. I disliked restaurant food, so I told Penelope that she could fix us a lunch, and thus I could decide whether or not she was fit to become my wife. I kept telling her how fortunate she was that I was interested in her; for girls were always hoping I'd marry them. Indeed, I was afraid that if I did marry Penelope, the other girls in town might do something drastic.

Penelope had on spike heels and for that reason I arrived at her home before she did. It was a cold night so I naturally rushed ahead (as any considerate male would do), and had the lights on for her when she entered the door. The movie really must have disagreed with her, because she seemed more vexed than ever. She really should have forgotten about that, and should have begun to realize how fortunate she was to have a considerate gentleman like me with her. Yes, consideration for others was one of my strong points. A firm believer in the Golden Rule — "self-last" — was my motto.

I urged Penelope to hurry, because after all, I was hungry and I did want to put forth my proposal before I lost my nerve. Nerve was one thing

I didn't possess much of — "Blessed are the meek" — was my motto.

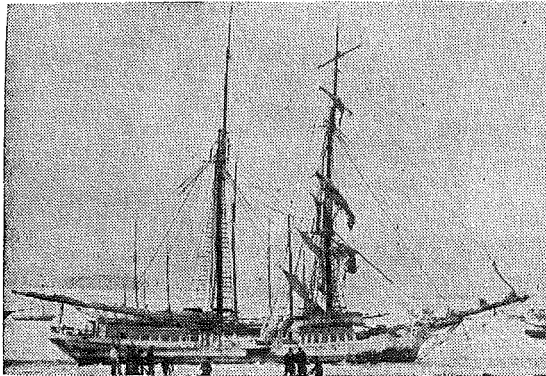
Penelope hustled around and finally came out with a lunch. I told her how good it was, but I said that I was sure there was something lacking in her cake. Why, just yesterday I had baked one similar to that which was much better. My, that show must have disagreed with her because her face got redder and redder.

Procrastination has never been one of my faults, so I put the question immediately to Penelope. I, of course, pointed out to her the great advantages she would have in marrying me. The whole ten-room house would be hers, and in it she would never get bored for she could clean it whenever she wished. As I possessed none of those foolish modern convenience, she would not have to worry about accidents. "Death-traps" was my opinion of those contraptions.

After deliberating carefully for five minutes on my good points (for indeed I had few, if any bad ones), I asked Penelope for her answer. Imagine my surprise when she rejected my proposal! It seems that she was in love with some fellow who only had love to offer her. Now what girl in her right mind would reject a fine man such as I for a man who only had love to offer? "Love is blind" — that's my motto.

I left Penelope's house with the opinion that women are hard to understand, and that they clearly don't know a good thing when they see it. "Always look to the future and take opportunity when it knocks" — that's my motto. Well, it seemed there would be more pebbles on the beach, and maybe I was a little too young to be considering such a serious step as marriage anyway. "It's better to be safe than sorry."

The more I thought about marriage, the more I began to feel that maybe I had had a narrow escape after all. Remembering how Eve tempted Adam, I began to feel that maybe Penelope might just have led me on to try to get my money. "Yield not to temptation." As I fell asleep, I thanked my lucky stars that I had gotten out of there when I did. I rather pitied Penelope though and as I drifted into slumber I could see her in future years crying over her loss. "There is a tide in the affairs of men" was my motto.



**The Sceptre Commanded in  
Capt. Henry Burke in 1902**

## The Mistake

by Judith Crouse '60

Alone, the brightly-clad hunter walked slowly along the brown winding path, his eyes and ears alert. The dry bushes rustled softly against his jacket, and somewhere waves lapped rhythmically against a lake shore. The crisp autumn air was as cold as the leaves which crackled under his feet, and his white clouds of breath vanished silently into the thin air.

Autumn had truly painted, here in this beautiful solitary world, a picture no artist could ever capture. The sleek, silvery-white birches, the wine-red and yellow leaves, the green pine made the hunter stand still in awe of that power much greater than insignificant man.

This world was so different from the busy, hum-drum world of noise and worries. What if he hadn't seen anything more than a chipmunk scampering over a tree root? A roast or steak can be bought at any corner grocery; such beauty can't.

Then, without warning, the quiet violently erupts into a piercing cry, "Help! Help!" Two small figures clad heavily in snow-suits bounded suddenly from the bushes and tumbled to a stop at the hunter's feet. In utter amazement he looked down into two pixie-like faces and two very sheepish grins.

Finally, one of the boys timidly stammered, "Gosh mister, we didn't think there was anyone around."

"Gee no," added the other, "Dad told us to stay in the cabin while he went hunting, but it got awful hot."

"And there was nothin' to do," continued the first little fellow, very apologetically, "so we came outdoors to play cops and robbers. We didn't mean to scarce you."

"It's quite all right." The man laughed with great relief and waved goodbye to the fleeing robber and pursuing cop. He rounded a bend and was soon out of sight of the two roly-poly playfellows. In the distance he heard the "Help! Help!", and chuckled at the joke on himself.

Even while the hunter laughed, the man out on the lake clinging desperately to his overturned boat gave up his wild cries for help. His hands slipped reluctantly from their final grasp on life and he disappeared beneath the cold black waves.

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## Amazon Firelight

by Linda Cantelope '61

As the men paddled swiftly downriver, the Amazon's banks closed in on them; high green cliffs on one side, and towering trees that overhung the jungle on the other. This gave a suffocating sensation. They felt compressed into the jungle itself. The muddy river curled through the steaming green silvas, land where the head-hunting Indians lived. On the banks were the river resorts of poisonous snakes and alligators, and high in the treetops the beautiful parrots carried on saucy conversations.

The coastal police wanted a good guide to help them locate the Dukon



village. Dr. Bob Grayson was chosen. He understood these people. His ruddy face, weathered by the tropical sun, was well known and his work was trusted.

The errand was to check the rumors of horror in the Dukon village. Uncivilized is the only word used to describe the tribe. They had sleek bodies of a blue-black hue. A Dukon's head was always held erect with a kind of pride. Their dark flashing eyes had a mysterious slant.

Sliding the dugouts on the mudflat in the river, the policemen crept through the soggy river ferns to the village. The moonlight cast long shadows across the weird backdrop of coconut trees and white sand.

"Look," said Dr. Grayson, "there in the centre of the village is the ju-ju man!"

The witch doctor was opening the religious ceremony for cleansing the village of evil spirits.

"You all hush up or we be speared," whispered the negro Chief of Police.

A fire was built on the altar and flickering torches were lighted. Several boys brought in a pig and some chickens for sacrifices. The men formed a circle around the altar, and began to chant and stamp their feet rhythmically.

Suddenly, the throbbing air rang with the animal-like scream of the witch doctor as he leapt over the altar. His voice grew louder and louder. Finally, he seized a chicken, put the entire head in his mouth, bit it off and spit it out. It was a horrible sight! While his mouth was dripping blood, he put his hand on the small of a little girl's back to lift her limp body above his head. Dr. Grayson saw her face; he believed she was in a trance.

Holding her thus, the witch doctor turned with the girl, and then whirled with increasing speed. He stopped and remained rigid for an instant. With a mighty thrust of his arm he heaved the girl bodily into the circle of men. Dr. Grayson saw a man standing with a flashing spear in the center. The girl's body flashed into the glow of firelight. It fell toward the man with the spear. A wild cry went up from the assembled natives. A loose frame was held in the arms of the spearman. The child disappeared and the man stepped forward brandishing the bloody spear.

This was the climax of the religious ceremony. The Gods had been pleased so now the future held good fortune for the village.

In a horrified whisper Dr. Grayson said, "The rumors are true!" There was bitterness in his eyes.

"We'll surroun' de village in da mornin' and take dat witch doc fo' murder," said the negro Chief of Police.

The first real evidence of the witch doctor's mastery of the black art was proved to them the next day. The little girl whom they had observed soaring toward the sharpened spear was now blissfully playing. Now what of their murder charge? The disturbed party of damp policemen paraded to the witch doctor's hut.

Dr. Grayson meekly asked, "Why did we believe the child was a ghastly sacrifice to a barbaric superstition?"

The Chief of Police stated, "There's not a scratch on her body!"

The witch doctor smiled broadly with his wrinkled emaciated mask of a face and said, "The spirits are powerful, so is mass hypnotism."

# The Search

by Rosalie Beck '61

Silence hung like a cloud over the large three storey house where Mrs. Dean lived. Miranda, the maid, moved swiftly and quietly from room to room, here dusting, there arranging furniture. Mrs. Dean herself sat motionless, looking out of the window over the wide blue expanse of lake fringed with dark drooping trees.

It was a beautiful scene but Mrs. Dean's eyes were blind to it. Seeing her as she sat there, one would have been struck by the faded and yet strangely beautiful face. Wrinkles had not hidden the fine features, nor eighty years dimmed the sharp blue of her eyes. Yet as she sat there bolt upright, there was a sadness about her face and a droop to her mouth. Young people of the town knew Mrs. Dean only as an old and peculiar person; older ones remembered her as a charming young girl and woman, who had gone into seclusion after her husband's death. Even they were forced to admit that of late she was becoming queer.

Mrs. Dean's reverie by the window was interrupted by Miranda, who entered the room just then. Slowly she got up and went towards her. "Miranda," she began in a strangely high voice, "did you ever find it?"

Only slightly disturbed by this new evidence of Mrs. Dean's peculiarity she replied, "What? Have you lost something?"

"No, I never found it," came the bewildering reply.

"Why?" asked Miranda.

"I never knew what I was looking for." With this Mrs. Dean went back to her chair, and Miranda, quite confused, continued her dusting.

Scenes passed jerkily through Mrs. Dean's mind as she stared unseeingly out of the window. She saw at first a young, gay girl going to parties, laughing. Next, came a woman, married, still laughing, but conscious of an emptiness in her life. Then came an older person with tears in her eyes, grief-stricken, because the only person she had to love was dead. Finally, she saw herself as she was now, an old woman totally absorbed in self.

There hasn't been anything extraordinarily tragic in my life," she thought, "but nothing supremely happy or satisfying either. All my life I have been searching for something, something I have never found, something I probably never will find. I wonder how many people have found what I am looking for."

The doorbell broke in sharply on her thoughts and soon her niece, a robust woman of forty, came bustling into the room. With a hearty greeting, she sank into a chair, and immediately began to string off a long list of questions concerning Mrs. Dean's health and general state of being, to which she expected few answers and received even fewer. All Mrs. Dean's relatives felt it their duty to drop in periodically to cheer her up, after which they gathered together to discuss her growing ill-health, and to speculate on how much each would receive when she died. Mrs. Dean knew all this and ordinarily detested niece Matilda's visits, but today she had brought her young daughter with her and Mrs. Dean watched the child, fascinated by the sight of something young.

"Is that what I am looking for?" she thought, but in disappointment she realized that it was not.

When at last her niece went away, Mrs. Dean again returned to her chair. It was night now, and all was dark and silent outside. Suddenly, the somber clouds parted and a full moon shone, softly illumining the lake and trees. Mrs. Dean looked up, and for the first time really saw what lay beyond the window. Everything, the moon, the shimmering lake, the silvered trees, seemed new and wonderful. It was a moment of pure magic.

Leaping up she cried, "I have found it, I have found it!"

Swiftly a cloud shot out and covered the moon. All had vanished.

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## Up A Tree

by William Cook '59

I am sure that everyone has had many interesting and threatening moments. After the experience was over, did you ever feel that you could kick yourself for acting like a ventriloquist's partner? Now you can see the light shining through the hands of fate that was temporarily eclipsed by fright. Let us now put ourselves in a strange and weird contest with nature.

It's Saturday morning, and you decide to take a healthy walk in the forest. It's a fine day, so you carry a shotgun along, in case you flush a partridge. After an hour of travelling, you come upon an open field. You jump over the fence and begin walking diagonally across the pasture from one corner.

Down on the other end of the field, there's a stand of scrubby bush and standing in the middle of this brush is a tall proud bull. He is a fierce looking animal, and he seems to think that you are trespassing on his pasture. Two long hooked horns get the message across that you are not welcome. The reddish-brown bull begins running toward you, who by now are in the centre of the ring.

Instinct tells you to start running for the next fence and safety. With about five yards to spare, you just make it over the fence and sigh in relief as the bull snorts back at you. Turning around and walking across the next pasture, you realize that a second animal faces you. The second bull begins running toward you as if you are wearing a red jacket — which you are.

The thought comes to the brain to run for the nearest fence and there you are; sitting up a thin birch tree, the shotgun in one hand, a branch in the other and two fierce bulls beneath the tree. If brush and scrub trees wouldn't grow along fences, well!

Fifteen minutes later or maybe six hours, you still are up a tree. The barnyard animals are restless and so are you. Those bulls just will not move away from the lower trunk of the tree. Remember you have a gun and you can wait as long as they can.

I haven't heard of any prize bulls being shot in pasture, and you are in good health, so tell me one thing. How did you outwit them?

# An Error

by Lee DeMone '61

Ray Masters was one of the Teachers at Jamestown High School. He was in his early twenties, and had extremely good features. He was a professor of English and he caught the subject very well. His pupils learned quickly, and his class seemed to be one of the best in the school. There was one problem though. The reason why his class did so well was because all the girls had a "crush" on him, and they were all intent on pleasing. This created a few minor problems. For instance, when Aggie Brown was given extra help on the Past Progressive Tense, Muriel Carters became jealous, and refused to do her English homework for a week.

When an incident like this caused arguments between the girls, you can imagine the ruckus when Professor Masters took Jean Ellis home from school. Jean was a comparatively new pupil and did not know, or at least, did not let on, she knew that she was doing anything wrong. This move made her rather unpopular with the girls, but she did not attempt to make amends. Muriel stopped doing her homework for another week, and sulked constantly whenever Professors Masters was watching her. At the end of the week, when Jean Ellis was still being escorted home by her teacher, Muriel gave up in disgust. Even Jean's best friend, Barb Ross, began to get suspicious and finally joined the other girls against her friend.

Instead of giving up the chase, Jean continued to drive home with Professor Masters, seemingly enjoying a joke all her own.

One by one, the girls stopped trying to please by studying hard, and the standards of the class fell rapidly. Soon, Professor Axie's pupils began to produce higher marks than Professor Master's students. It was then that Jean and her Teacher decided the "love affair" between the two had better be explained to the class. After school the following day, Jean took Barb aside, to clear up the situation.

"You see Barb," she began, "Professor Masters is my first cousin. We live outside town limits, and so it is more convenient to have Ray drive me home each day than to have Dad go out of his way to pick me up. When you and the others started to get jealous because of this, Cousin Ray decided you needed to be taught a lesson."

Barb looked thoroughly ashamed as she stepped inside the classroom, and began to explain what Jean had just told her, to the class. Standards picked up once again in Professor Master's class and soon Jean was accepted by the girls of Jamestown High School, many of them having decided to wait for their "crushes" until they graduated. A very wise decision, don't you think?

## Destination – Unknown

by Dianne Lohnes '62

Suddenly Mary was awake! The tune "Wake Up Little Susie" rang a bell in her mind. Where had she heard it before? Why it was back in 1958 when she attended Lunenburg Academy. But that was fifty years ago. Who could have remembered that rock 'n' roll? Well, the suspense was too great. She flipped the phone switch, and, not only heard, but saw in the viewing screen who was calling.

To her surprise, it was an old schoolmate, Jack Smith. He was still the same slim, dark boy with that adventurous look. "How could this be?" wondered Mary. Why, of course, it was because of the new vitamin diet plan which they had learned so well in these years.

Jack had a few days vacation away from the satellite station in outer space, so he had decided to drop in to Lunenburg.

"If you really want something exciting," said Jack, "how about taking a ride in my space ship?"

Mary was thrilled. She shouted an excited "yes!" while she picked out her plastic suit — ideal for flying.

A few minutes later Mary heard a plane land outside the house "helicopter fashion." It was the taxi Jack had sent for her. As quickly as possible, she selected a few lunch pills and away they went to the airfield.

There were many rockets standing idly, ready to take off for Mars, the moon, or satellite stations. Mary could not help remembering those years of 1957 and '58 when the Russians caused so much curiosity with their space spheres. How the world had changed! "Why, now cars are as scarce as horses and buggies in those days," thought Mary.

As everything was ready, she and Jack climbed up the winding steps into the ship. Jack introduced her to Lefty, who was in charge. He was a dark-skinned man with beady eyes, a hooked nose, and a black moustache. Not a likeable fellow, but an honest character nonetheless.

As they fastened their belts, all was silent. Tenseness gripped Mary. This was only her second space ride. "Suppose something would go wrong," she thought. Jack reassured her, gave the signal to Lefty and suddenly the silence was broken by a loud crash like a roll of thunder. They were on their way. Destination? — 240,000 miles up. How impossible this would have been fifty years ago.

Looking through the screen the "Winter Wonderland" of Canada disappeared quickly. Nothing could be seen. There was only the expectancy of landing. Suddenly, something happened to the ship. It was slowing down. They could feel themselves falling.

"Lefty!" exclaimed Jack. "What has happened?"

"I can't tell yet," cried Lefty from the controls. Then as he turned a switch they began riding. Mary was relieved, thinking that all was safe, but Jack and Lefty knew they were not heading in the right direction for the satellite. Where would they end up? Nobody knew. They decided they must tell Mary the situation. She tried to take it calmly, but, being over sixty and superstitious, she was sure they would never come out of it alive.

"What does the fuel gauge read?" shouted Jack.

Lefty stared at the arrow nearing the word Empty. "Surely they would come to a planet," was the hope and prayer of each one. Then on the screen ahead of them, like a ball getting larger and larger, they saw a planet. On it was the sign "Welcome to Mars." It seemed uncanny; but it was a place to refuel. Nobody questioned the odd little creatures busying themselves with their daily tasks. After refueling, Jack, Mary and Lefty filed silently into the ship and took off for good old Earth.

As you can imagine this was Mary's last space travel. She was satisfied to stay at home on earth.

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## Haunts Of A Spook

by Marilyn Lohnes '60

The Ghosts' Union is an ancient and well established "Spookery." It operates all over Europe, and even has a branch in Africa. It is called "The Union for the Betterment of African Witch Doctors." It has been found that there are not enough spooks in the New World to warrant unionization.

I am a fully qualified ghost, having passed my preliminary examinations in Ghost Craft and Black and White Magic. One day, Spook Number One (Our Chief) ordered me to Hammond Manor. Some silly humans had arranged tours of this ancient and sagging dwelling. I had been ordered to put a stop to it. It seems to me only reasonable not to have humans disturbing the dust. They might even uncover some of the family skeletons in the closets.

In due course I arrived at the old structure. I must say that the Chief picked an unseasonable day for my appointment. It was so clear and sunny, that I felt utterly miserable by the time I took up residence in the haunted chambers. I was replacing an old-fashioned ghost who was suffering from shock after seeing human beings. I wished him bon voyage, after which he departed to fresh haunts.

Next morning, I was not surprised when a crowd of excited humans arrived. I hid in the walls until evening, since the strong light hurt my eyes.

After the visitors were gone, I floated up to my room. Just as I was going through the wall, I heard strange voices inside. They belonged to two male humans and one muttered, "I hope that spectre turns up soon. I am getting cold from the mist." The other agreed and they settled down to wait.

I didn't want to disappoint them, so I straightened my sheet. Putting my head under my arm (standard equipment), I walked through the wall, chains and all.

They both turned around. One gave a wild shriek and dived through the window. I hope he did not damage the thorn hedge below. The other tumbled quickly through another window a split second later.

After that no human dared to set foot inside the gate after dark. Soon my timid spook friend recovered his nerves and returned to his former habitation, allowing me to go on another assignment. H-m-m I see this one is for Devil's Island. Interesting, what?

## A Second Chance

by Glenda Smith '61

The sun was rising in the east. The morning air was brisk and cool. Mountains, trees and small islands, surrounded by sparkling blue waters, made up the scenery. Yugo opened his eyes, blinking at the bright morning light. Not knowing where he was, he shot up in a start. Seeing his pretty mother brought his memory back. They had been forced to leave their home in Lunge. Now they were sailing in the little boat with a big red sail, to a new and different life.

Although she smiled, Yugo could see a sad look in his mother's eyes. She had not wanted to leave her homeland any more than he had. They had no idea of where they were going. Since her husband had died, Maria had had to bring up her son alone. Everything had gone smoothly until the factory closed down and bills piled up. Finally the owner took the house which resulted in their leaving Lunge to find a new home and begin a new life.

Day after day the boat with the big red sail kept on. They saved as much food as possible, because they did not know how much longer they would be sailing. The open sea came into view, and all Yugo could think of was his new homeland. Time after time, he dozed, until his mother reminded him that he was steering the tiny boat. One night he dozed off thinking of things only boys think of. Maria slept also. Yugo had not noticed any difference in the sky as there had been a glorious sunset and the air was as warm as could be. Had he watched the final glow of the sunset, Yugo would have seen intercepting black streaks interfering with the scarlets, yellows and purples.

As they slept, clouds gathered and the wind rose. The boat drifted away from a possible spot to spend the night. The first drops of rain brought Yugo to his senses and he at once realized the situation. There was a storm approaching and no land was in sight. What should he do? The boat twisted to and fro, waking Maria with its motion. A frown came across her face and she felt like scolding Yugo; but what was the use? She must do something but what? The rain came down in torrents and the wind howled around the red sail. She started bailing but found it in vain. It was no use steering as the wind hurled the boat in the direction it was going.

Without a warning the wind changed, pitching the boat sideways. Maria uttered a prayer. Would it do any good? She had heard about praying from a fellow employee at the factory but did not believe in it. Then why did she call on God now? Was it in desperation? She remembered her late husband's words, "The way to win is to keep up your chin." Would this help now? She must not give up courage. She huddled Yugo into the bottom where they stayed while the storm raged on.

Suddenly Maria looked up. What was that bright yellow streak in the darkened sky? It reminded her of an arm pointed in a certain direction. Yugo saw it too. Maria had also heard from her friends that strange things happen when you pray. Could this be one of them? As it seemed the only thing left to do, Maria and Yugo took the paddles and used their last bit of

strength in following the yellow hand. The distance revealed a stretch of land. Their hopes ran high.

An old fisherman had come down to the shore to secure his boat. He saw the red sail in the distance, and hung around to see what it was. He couldn't believe his eyes. A woman and a boy in this storm! He lent a helping hand and got the battered boat with the ripped sail to shore. Maria couldn't walk and Yugo was so exhausted that he fell into the fisherman's arms. Somehow he got them to his house where he and his wife doctored them. When well enough, Maria told the story. "It must have been a miracle," sighed the old man.

If you go to this little fishing town today you will be directed to a little inn. Yes, Maria and her son Yugo proved themselves to this little town and have successfully opened a small inn. This has a happy ending, but Maria and Yugo will always remember that God gave them a second chance.

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LUNENBURG ACADEMY



# Board Of Trade Speeches

by Rosalie Beck '60

Twenty-seven years ago, in 1932, the Lunenburg Board of Trade began to sponsor yearly speaking contests in our Academy to promote excellence in public speaking. The Board gave the school two wooden shields on which are many small silver shields around the edge. In the center of the wooden shield is a larger raised silver shield with this inscription:

Presented by  
The Lunenburg Board of Trade  
for  
Annual Competition  
in  
Public Speaking  
Grades IX and X  
Lunenburg Academy

There is a similar inscription on the other shield for Grades XI and XII. These shields are now hanging one on either side of the stage in the Assembly Hall.

Each year two competitions were held, one between Grades IX and X, the other between Grades XI and XII. Two to four students gave speeches representing each grade and were judged by prominent citizens of the town. The names of the students representing the winning grades were then engraved on one of the small silver shields. Looking over the names on the shields, one comes across the names of many of our prominent citizens of today, such as Lloyd Crouse, M.P., Dr. Douglas Cantelope, Ruth James, and Martin Eisenhauer. It is also interesting to note that the higher grade did not always win. Grade IX won several victories over Grade X as did Grade XI over Grade XII. However, after the 1938 the speaking contests were discontinued and were not held again until last year.

Since no speaking contests had been held for twenty years, it was a completely new experience for those who were chosen to compete in 1958. The first week at Assembly we heard the speeches from Grades IX and X. Gerald Randall and Sheila Conrad spoke for Grade IX, Graham Creighton and Rosalie Beck for Grade X. Jerry spoke on "Colonel Thomas Talbot", an early Canadian pioneer, and Sheila told us about "The Story of the Bells." "Espionage, the Most Dangerous Profession" was the topic of Graham's speech, while Rosalie spoke on "From the Sack to the Sack", a humorous commentary on style changes. Dr. Arthur James and Mr. Jack Powers were the judges. They said all the speeches were well prepared and delivered, but after much deliberation they declared Grade X the winners.

The next week Grades XI and XII had their turn. The representatives

of Grade XI were Roxanna Lohnes, Carolyn Tanner and Elaine Bachman. Rich Chenhall and Anthony Cook spoke for Grade XII. "Are Teenagers Being Ruined by Rock and Roll?" was the topic of Roxanna's speech while Carolyn spoke on "The Statue of Liberty." Elaine's speech on "Hats" told us many interesting things about these ever changing creations. Rick from Grade XII spoke on "The Founder of the Red Cross", and Anthony gave us many good reasons for not taking off for outer space in his speech, "Why Leave the Earth?" For this contest the judges were Dr. Arthur James and Mr. Andrew Eisenhower. They thought this contest also was very close but finally decided in favour of Grade XI.

Many of us will probably be called upon at some time in our lives to speak in public. We are sure that this valuable school training will then stand us in good stead.

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## Historical Findings At Kaulback's Head

by Paul Crouse, Derrill Hynick '61

A recent discovery of carved stone figures on Kaulback's head, revived interest in their relationship to the history of our town.

There are four such figures known to be in existence, two of which are at the Lunenburg Foundry Show Room, one at Centre Consolidated School, and another at the Golf Course.

Of the four figures, the one on the left of the above picture is the most valuable, because of its sharply detailed physical features. Being made of brittle greystone, great skill is shown in bringing out its resemblance to a human head. Closely observing the heads, chisel marks, large and small are quite noticeable. The heads each have an estimated weight of forty or fifty pounds.

Physical features indicate that they may have at one time represented an Indian God. They are also believed to be made by Frenchmen. After the final storming of Louisburg, they were supposedly used as ballast in ships which eventually came to Lunenburg. Before reaching port, they disposed of their ballast to make room for their cargo.

Two of the heads that were recovered were used for ornamental purposes at the huge stone gate of the former Kaulback residence located on the Golf Course.

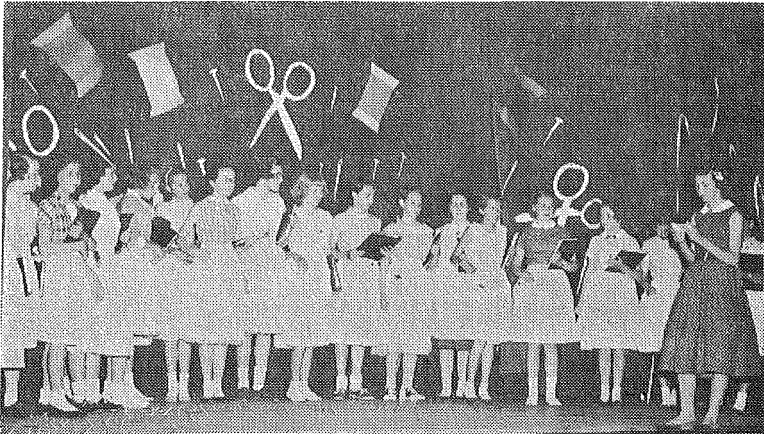
The carved figures have not been examined by an archaeologist, nor are there any future means being made for the excavation of more. Perhaps some day while you are touring the Golf Course hunting desperately for that lost ball, you may stumble upon one of these significant objects.

# 1958 Fashion Show

by Marilyn Lohnes '60

The Home Economics classes for the past several years, have been staging an annual Fashion Show in order to display for those interested, a sample of the year's work.

As the end of the school year drew near in 1958, there was feverish hurrying to finish the various projects in time for the big night. Usually everybody succeeded in accomplishing this, although a few hems or zippers were fastened with pins. The girls who had some spare time made giant scissors, thimbles and spools of thread from multi-colored sheets of cardboard. These decorations, along with many tape measures, festooned the backdrop and front curtains of the Assembly Hall stage.



The audience, although they knew this show was not a spectacular one, was pleasantly surprised with the clothes modelled.

In their first year of Home Economics lessons, Grade six made aprons and tea towels and these they proudly modelled. The more advanced Grade seven followed in pretty cotton skirts. The success achieved by all with this project was quite evident to the appreciative audience.

The advance made by the Grade eight girls was revealed in their smart cotton blouses.

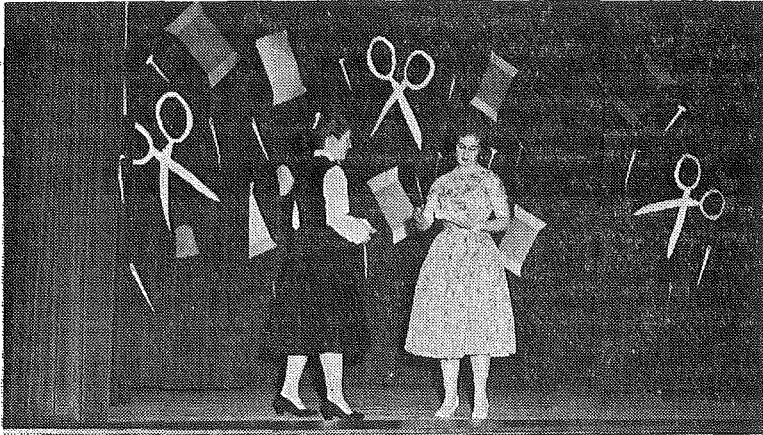
The Grade nine students emerged victorious, after having completed a whole dress. The varied styles and colors showed the girls' good taste admirably.

Last but not least came Grade ten. This was their final year for the course. All their skills were combined to produce these masterpieces. The dresses ranging from school to party clothes were cut from many different kinds of material. The work of this certainly gave proof that the Home Economics class was indeed, worthwhile.

After all the dresses had been modelled, the group sang several

short ditties, dealing with the various divisions of housekeeping. During the short intermission fudge was sold, and the audience had a chance to examine scrapbooks, pin cushions and aprons which were on display.

Following the intermission, a number of prizes were given to those who excelled in the different divisions of the Household Science classes. Those present agreed that the 1958 fashion show was one of the most outstanding to be staged in recent years.



## What A Canadianized Norwegian Thinks Of Canada

by Shirley Cook '59, Alan Rudolf '63

What do you think of Canada? This is a question asked those who come to Canada from Norway. Most reply with the same answer, that Canada is a great country in which to live.

The people from Norway think that religion in Canada is quite different from that of Norway, since there the state controls the church. In Canada there are many religious denominations, while in Norway the people are mostly Lutherans and a small percentage of them are Methodists or Roman Catholics.

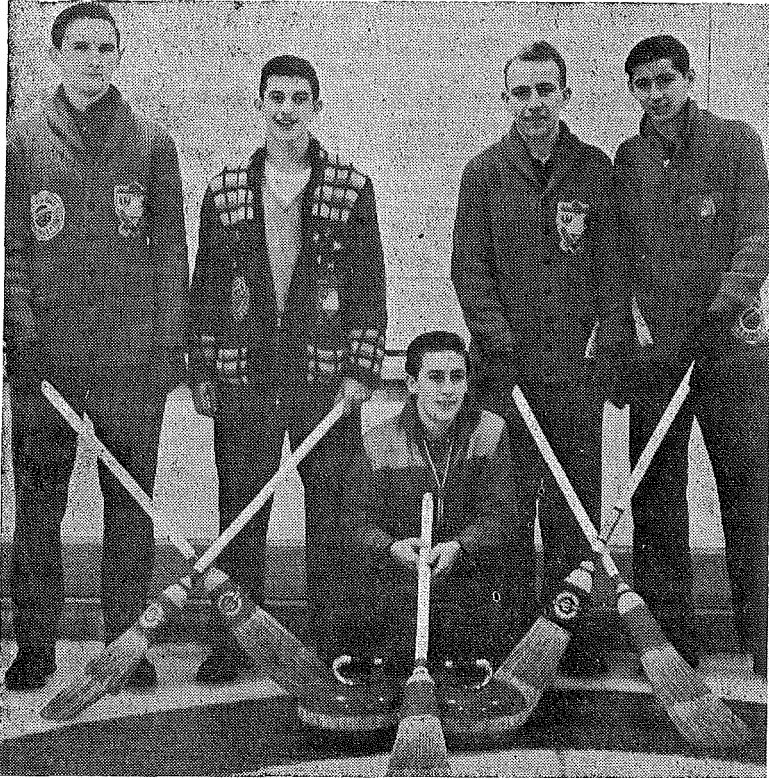
In Norway, as in Canada, there is not compulsory voting. The Norwegians find a great similarity in politics, since the Labour Party has had power in Norway for nearly twenty years, and in Canada the Liberal Party were in power for twenty-two years.

Norwegians say that the standard of living in both countries is about the same but Canada is a bit backward in having less social security. The people from Norway also say that Canada has a lower educational system.

Canadianized Norwegians think that Canada is a land of many opportunities with a great and prosperous future.

# 1958 Curling Team – Almost Champions

by Ronald Wentzell '61, David Wilkie '59



“Lunenburg Academy; watch those fellows” has been the thought of many a High School curler, for within the past three years Lunenburg has placed its name high in the standings of High School Curling in Nova Scotia.

Although past teams have done exceptionally well, the 1958 team must be recognized as “almost champions”. The secret of their success was the coaching, plenty of practice and hard work. They started in December, and practiced constantly from one to two hours every day for two months.

Each day after school, the five boys would rush to the rink; pick up the brooms; and begin their stiff workout, for curling is not the “soft” game some people think it is.

Sweeping, which makes up one third of the practice, contributed a great deal to their future success. The boys recognized the fact that

good sweeping is fifty percent of the game, so they specialized on this point.

The remaining practice consisted of a few ends of shots, and a game of scrimmage. Soon the day of judgement arrived, and the boys set off for Yarmouth with high hopes of bringing home the High School Championship.

When the Academy Team arrived at Yarmouth, they were informed that sixteen other teams had entered the Bonspiel. At ten-thirty Thursday morning, the teams assembled in the rink for the official draw in which they were matched against a strong Truro entry. When the brooms were stacked, however, at the end of the game, the score board indicated a nine-four victory for the Lunenburg team. Thus the boys had the first one under their belts, and anxiously spent the remainder of the day waiting for the nightcap contest with Dartmouth High School, posted as their opponents. Confident in themselves, the boys showed good curling and came out on top with another nine-four decision. Thus the end of the first day standings showed the Lunenburg five tied with two other teams for first place with a record of two wins.

Although the boys had two victories under their bonnets, they did not rest easily Thursday night, for the next morning they were matched against the defending champions, North Sydney. This was probably the stiffest competition they would run up against. Friday morning saw the boys nervously awaiting their match against the "champs".

At the end of the game, it was evident that Lunenburg had suffered its first defeat. The boys knowing that one more defeat would send them to the sidelines, decided to fight back and came up with two consecutive wins over two Valley teams. The standings at the end of the second day showed five teams in the running, with North Sydney on top with a four-nothing record. Lunenburg was a close second with a four-one showing.

On Saturday the boys, knowing that this was it, put their minds to curling, and came up with two decisive victories over Q.E.H.S. of Halifax, and Thompson High (North Sydney) respectively. Thus Lunenburg and North Sydney were left for the finals, the former with a six-one record and the latter with a five-one standing.

The experience of the North Sydney rink in playing under tension, however, left Lunenburg on the short end of an eleven-six decision, thus giving North Sydney the title for the second straight year. The boys with their fine show of sportsmanship and good curling won the respect of the Yarmouth people. Thus the 1958 curling team can be rated among the best produced from our Academy.

Returning from the bonspiel, the boys never gave up and practiced daily until the end of the season. The boys would like to give credit where credit is due. First to their fine coach and the key to their success in the person of Mr. Dougald, "Doug.", Burke. The team consisted of Anthony Cook, skip; Tommy Mason, mate; Rick Chenhall, second; David Wilkie, lead and Ronald Wentzell, spare, who would like to thank the Lunenburg Curling Club for donating facilities free of charge for their practices. There was nothing lacking in the support given them by the home fans. Thus passed into history the 1958 Curling Season.

# The I. G. A. Store

by Ann-Marie Gray '60

The Independent Grocers Association was started about twenty-nine years ago in Chicago by Frank Grimes. He was a chartered accountant, who used to audit the bookkeeping of both wholesale and retail grocers.

With his knowledge of the make-up and operating costs of both, he concluded that many thousands of dollars per year could be saved if the retail stores bought about ninety percent of their purchases through one wholesale house. By passing their savings on to the consumer, they could increase their volume and eventually bring a better gross and net operating profit to the shop. This better net profit would have to be put back into each business, so they could enlarge and modernize their retail stores and distribution centres to compete with other economically run chain stores.

Mr. Grimes started the I. G. A. by getting the retailers together to buy from one wholesaler, which became the distribution centre. As years went by, more shops joined this plan until now there are I. G. A. stores across Canada and the United States.

The I. G. A. store was brought to Lunenburg by Mr. Douglas Oxner, who had become interested in the I. G. A. through trade books. When the Nova Scotia group of I. G. A. started, he was one of the charter members of the organization. Before Mr. Oxner started the I. G. A. store in Lunenburg he went to Toronto and other parts of Ontario to study the I.G.A. business methods used there. Upon returning home he put the grocery store, Corkum and Oxner, into the I. G. A. of Lunenburg.

The I. G. A. store in Lunenburg started in November of 1955. At that time, the old I. G. A. store was situated across the street from the new building of today. In 1955 the store was remodeled and then again the next year. Also in 1956 the I. G. A. established a self service meat department, and it became evident that the shop would not be large enough to accommodate an increase in business, so a new store would be needed.

Negotiations were carried on with the Hirtle Estate, former owner of the lots of the present site, to purchase the land between Lincoln and Cumberland Streets. The new I. G. A. store was started in April 1958, and finished in November of the same year. The store was built and is owned by Rodney Contractors Limited of Yarmouth, but Mr. Oxner owns the business and fixtures therein and intends to purchase the building in future years. The store was planned by the I. G. A. engineers at the Toronto office, and altered slightly to conform with town regulations.

The dimensions of the store are forty-seven by one hundred eleven feet with about eighty-five percent shopping space. The building is made of concrete block with brick facing and flat fireproof roof. The front is constructed of glass and mirror wall.

An interesting feature is the precaution taken to prevent dampness from seeping up into the floor of the shop. First, rock and pipe drains were put down; then five inches of concrete and on top of that one quarter inch of pitch and then another three inches of concrete. This was followed by a coating

of pitch compound into which was set the newest type of vinyl tiles.

The store has nearly one hundred feet of open display refrigerators as well as two walk-in refrigerators in the back. One of the walk-in "fridges" is to keep meat dry at thirty-two degrees and the other is used to keep vegetables damp at forty-two degrees. There is also a compressor room where the engines to drive the refrigerators are set up. The meat department is entirely self-service where beef, pork, etc. are brought by the carcass and cut and cellophane wrapped to be displayed in a thirty-two foot long open meat "fridge." The dairy department sells cheese, milk, cream, butter and eggs. (Most of the eggs for Nova Scotia I. G. A. stores are packed by a large firm in the Valley.) A special feature of the dairy department is the wide assortment of cheeses, one to suit every taste.

The I. G. A. store employs seven full-time workers and seven part-time workers. Some of the employees have had specialized training in food merchandizing. On November 13, 1958 Oxner's I. G. A. Foodliner opened its doors to the public, serving over three thousand customers during its first week-end; a good start to a bright future.

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## When The Americans Came To Lunenburg

by Peter Comstock, Shirley Cook '59

On Monday morning, July 1, 1782, the town of Lunenburg was alarmed by the firing of small guns at the Blockhouse. Col. Creighton, after being warned by his servant that the Yankees were coming, hurried into the Blockhouse with five men. He fired on the enemy who had landed in the night from six privateers, outside Lunenburg at Red Heads.

Later, more privateers landed, took possession of the Blockhouse, and then split up into several parties. Some burned Col. Creighton's house and belongings. He was forced to surrender, and was taken prisoner.

Major Jessen, who had escaped just as the Americans were breaking open his house, assembled the County Militia on a hill at the back of town. The commander of the privateers demanded a ransom for preserving the town, and threatened to burn every house if the Militia attacked them. The inhabitants agreed to pay a thousand pounds for the ransom. After the terms were met, the privateers sailed out of the harbour heavily loaded with food, goods and ammunition.

Before their departure, they destroyed the guns, and dumped the guns and balls into the water. They took the powder, burned the Blockhouse, and looted the shops of their goods. Mr. Jessen suffered the most. They took away most of his belongings as well as his own and the public money.

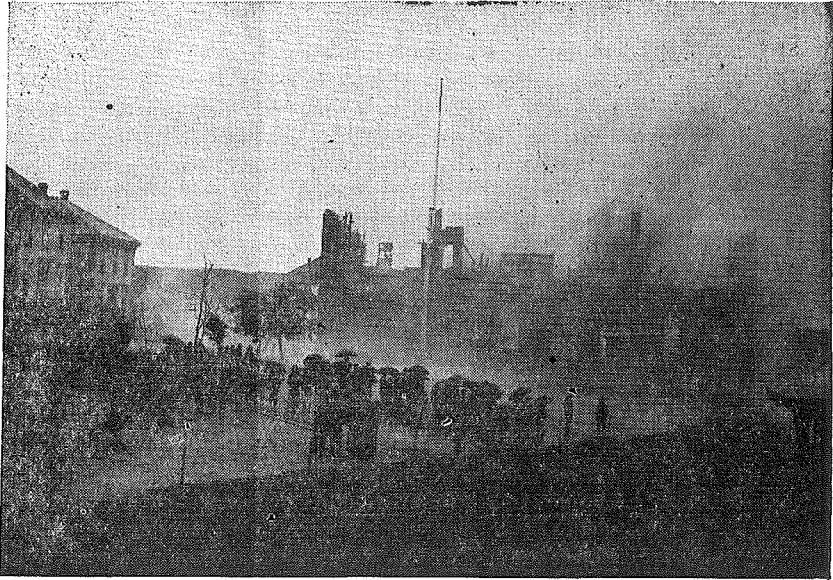
Those who escaped, while the enemy was raiding the town sought help from Halifax. A force was sent but it arrived too late.

After that day, the privateers still continued to visit the coast. A detachment of troops and several armed vessels were sent by Governor Hammond, for which he received the thanks of the Council, Assembly and inhabitants of Lunenburg. This defensive measure ended the American invasions.



# The Opening Of The Old Lunenburg County Academy - 1867

by Marilyn Lohnes '60, Frederick Wood '62



On Monday, the twenty-fifth of February 1867, the new Academy building in the town of Lunenburg was opened with the proper formalities. At nine a.m. the pupils joyfully took their places in their respective rooms, and brief devotional exercises were conducted. At ten o'clock, the hour of the formal opening, the building was opened for inspection by the public.

The Members of the Legislature, the Commissioners of Schools, and the Ministers of the various Churches took their places on the stage of the Academy room.

The Rev. H. L. Owen presided over the ceremony which followed. Mr. George, the principal, commended the Trustees on their ability, and excellent accomplishment of erecting and furnishing a building of which every inhabitant of the county could be justly proud. In his speech Mr. George showed clearly the indispensable role which the school played in the life of Lunenburg County.

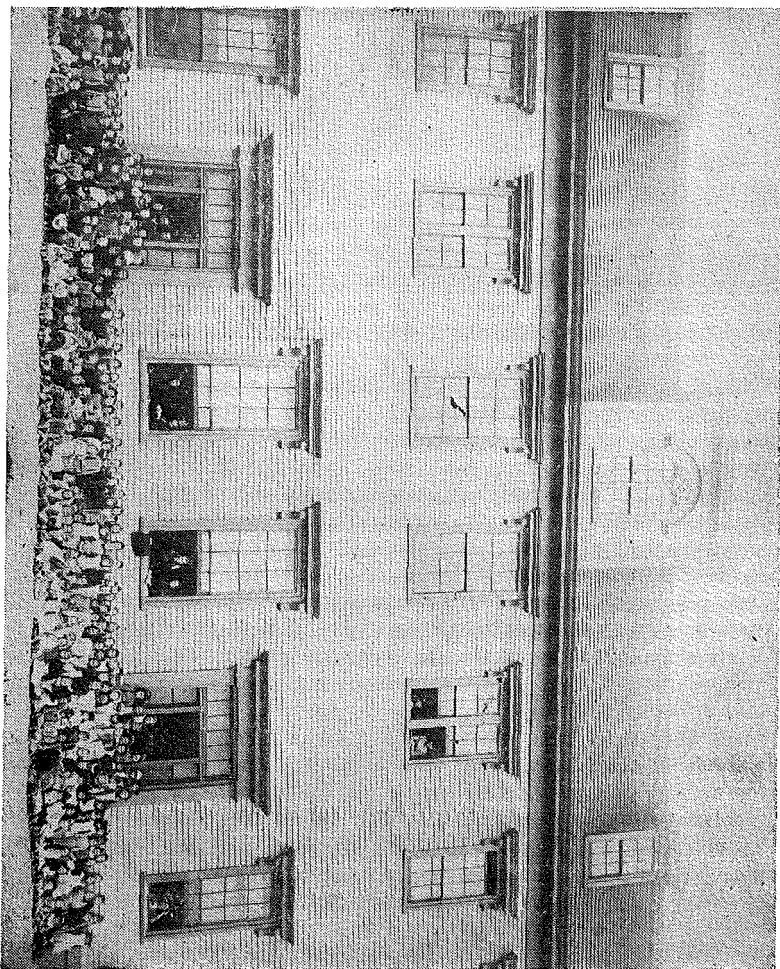
He expressed the hope that this new institution would be instrumental in the training, education, and happiness of the youth of this town and county. The various other speakers expressed their sincere interest in the school, and hoped that the pupils would make the best possible use of the privileges available.

After the visitors had inspected the departments, a few remarks were

made by the Rev. Mr. Owen and the Principal of the Academy. The children then joined in the singing of the National Anthem after which the visitors, pupils, and teachers withdrew, well pleased with the day's proceedings.

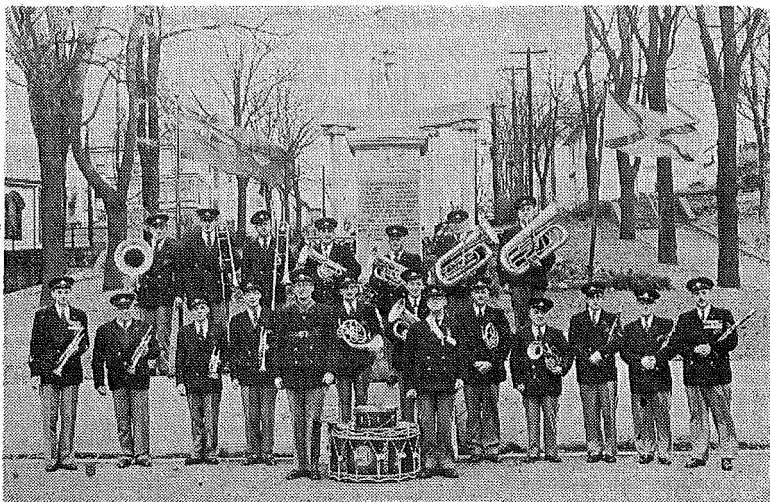
The Academy about which this article is written, stood near the site where the present day bandstand is situated. The building was ninety-one feet long by thirty-eight feet wide, with a wing in the rear, twenty-six by thirty-six. All rooms were situated on the ground floor.

The four principal rooms accommodated a total of two hundred and forty pupils, with extra space for forty or fifty more. The total cost of the building and furniture was approximately six thousand dollars.



# Lunenburg Citizens Band

by Roxanna Lohnes, Carolyn Tanner '59



The Lunenburg Citizens Band was recognized on January 29, 1948 from the remains of the Sea Cadet Band and the West Nova Scotia Band, following their return from active warfare. Their first instruments, which belonged to the West Nova Scotia Band, were returned to Aldershot in 1946 and were received by our bandsmen in 1947.

The first group meeting was held in the Legion Hall on January 29, 1948. Eighteen ex-bandsmen were present and these men decided to form a band. As there were no money, uniforms or new instruments available, the Town decided to finance the repair of the old instruments and to provide a few new ones.

The new band could not exist without a sponsor, so the Legion decided to finance the undertaking. It became known as the Canadian Legion Band, their uniforms corresponding with the name. The problem of a practice room was solved when the Legion permitted the Legion Hall to be used for this purpose.

In 1950 several new changes came about. Firstly, the Wessel was designated as a practice room, and secondly the organization became known as the Lunenburg Citizens Band. The Legion crests were removed, and replaced by the present crest which consists of a lyre.

The uniforms were changed in 1954 just in time for the Exhibition parade. At this time, the annual grant given by the Town was raised. This, along with donations from public-spirited people, enabled the members to finance the cost of new uniforms.

As the Community Centre required the Wessel, a new practice room had to be acquired. This was solved due to the kindness of the Adams

family, who donated the use of the sail loft. The sail loft had formerly been used as a storage room, and the responsibility of renovating it fell upon the Band. The Acadia Supply Company supplied material for furnishing the room; W. W. Smith provided the carpenters; Lunenburg Foundry—electrical fixtures and stove; L. L. Hebb, Winburne Haughn, Zwicker & Co. and Powers Bros. donated the necessary materials to complete the interior decoration. The only conveniences the band had to supply were electric lights, and heat as the room was given rent-free.

From its organization until the present, there have been a succession of bandmasters. Victor Hall was the first bandmaster after the war and served faithfully for approximately one year. As bandmasters are chosen annually, Rae Beck took over for the period of three years. Following his term, Merrill Ernst of Mader's Cove was elected, but due to ill-health he was compelled to resign prematurely in the summer of '54. Fred Rhodenhizer acted as bandmaster until exhibition when the present bandmaster, Victor Hall, again took up the reins of office.

The band's main engagements consist of Friday evening concerts during July and August, Garden Parties, Sunday School picnics and parades. There is a set rate for certain jobs but engagements for the town such as the Memorial Service, Armistice Day parade, etc. are performed free of charge.

The band is composed of approximately thirty members. The youngest member ever to play in the band was Anthony Cook, who joined at the age of thirteen. The oldest members are Mr. William Silver and Mr. George Smeltzer who are seventy-five.

The Executive is elected at the Annual Meeting which has been held at the Armouries for the past two years. The present Executive is as follows:

President—Bert McLeod

Vice President—Robert Parks

Secretary-Treasurer—David Beck

Bandmaster—Victor Hall

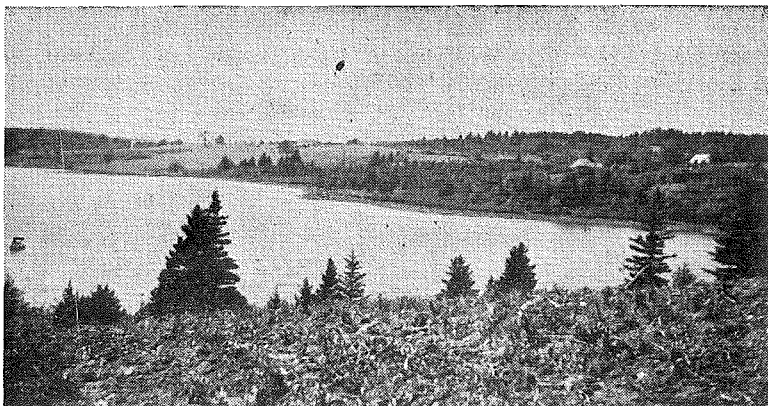
Executive Member—Gilbert Knickle

At the Annual Meeting the bandsmen received a small amount of money for their services. The bandmaster receives a small salary and the balance is split equally among the men. Sometimes the amount has been as low as ten dollars and the maximum has been thirty dollars.

Last year seventy-seven rehearsals and engagements were held. Practice is every Thursday evening except during the month of December. The main problem now facing the band is the shortage of interested men who can play instruments and who are willing to devote their time to this fine organization which has added a degree of refinement and enjoyment to our lives.

## The Peninsulas

by Julia Dauphinee '60



First Peninsula is a chunky neck of land, about a mile and a quarter long, separated from the town of Lunenburg by a placid arm of water called the "Back Harbour".

No doubt years ago, the Peninsulas were one common tract of land. Time, and the ceaseless effort of the waves, have gouged a gully between, and into this rises and falls the waters of the "Back Harbour" which now divides them.

The history of the Peninsulas follows closely the settling of the town of Lunenburg. Although later, many of the men of First Peninsula joined forces with their Lunenburg neighbours and followed the sea, their first occupation was clearing the land and tilling the soil. The district was divided early into thirty acre farms, and settled by energetic, home-loving people. The Rhodenhizer property is the only one still owned by a descendent of the original owner.

That modest structure called "The Kissing Bridge" came by its name honestly. When the people of First Peninsula returned home, after visiting their friends in Lunenburg, they kissed them good-bye before venturing upon the Indian-ridden path through the woods.

Because First Peninsula is very near to the town of Lunenburg, most of the men now make their living there. Despite this fact, however, some farming is still carried on and their produce is marketed in the town.

Second Peninsula is a long, rather narrow piece of land. The road follows the shoreline closely, and fewer homes and generally larger farms are the rule.

Although the population is very limited, several small but important businesses are located there such as sail making, boat building, dairy farming, hog raising, mixed farming and lobstering, which is followed on a small scale.

An old deed, belonging to the first settler, places the date of occupancy at 1773. A certain Mr. Shupe built a log cabin in the wilderness

and moved his family, by water, to their lonely home. For years their only visitors were the foxes that howled at night, and bears which peered through the small window by day.

Few people know that on the shore of the Acker property at the head of the cove, there stood a shipyard. From this sheltered port the vessels were towed out past the "Nose", and carried cargo to many distant shores. There were few logs large enough on Second Peninsula to build these ships, so wood had to be brought from Meisner's Island. The logs were hauled over a natural bridge of ice by twelve teams of oxen.

Separating the Peninsulas from Goreham's Point is the historic Backman's Beach. Rival Indian tribes fought each other from the seclusion of wooded headlands on opposite sides. Until a few years ago flint arrow heads could be found scattered over the sand. One beautiful white three-inch spear head still carries its dark stain, mute evidence of having found its mark. Today Backman's Beach is a favourite picnic ground, and little thought is given to the bloody battles fought there many years ago.

The scenic beauty of the Peninsulas is well known. Quiet farm lands, stately trees, and rocky shores make them well loved by the inhabitants and remembered by visitors.

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## Prominent Hills In Lunenburg County

by Elizabeth Pyke '61, Roberta Hynick '60

A hill is a natural elevation of considerable size on the earth's surface. In Lunenburg County there are several outstanding hills from which a splendid view of the surrounding territory can be seen.

The Aspotogan Mountain is the highest land on the South Shore of Nova Scotia. It rises to a height of four hundred and fifty feet on the peninsula of Blandford. Because of its height, it offers one of the most extensive views in the province. Climbing the Aspotogan Mountain, dark spruce trees and tangled bushes lie on either side of the steep path that leads to its summit. After a long struggle to reach the top, one finds a table-land overlooking a magnificent panorama. Mahone Bay can be seen dotted in all directions with hundreds of islands. Steam from the mill at Gold River rises into the air like a pillar of cloud. The beautiful hues at dawn or sunset add to the splendor of the view making it a scene one never forgets.

The roving and sweeping LaHave Hills lie on both sides of the LaHave River. On the wooded hills, church spires rise amid the trees, houses nestle in groves and spots of color indicate the growth of gardens. All this adds together to form a pretty and uncommon sight. Slayter's Hill, which is back of West LaHave Ferry, reaches three hundred and forty-three feet in height. This is one of the highest points of the LaHave Hills. From Slayter's Hill the town of Lunenburg is plainly in sight on a clear day.

Cossman's Hill is situated on the southwest side of the town of Lunenburg. The location was granted to the Reverend C. E. Cossman, better known to the people whom he served as "Father Cossman." On top of a barn which had been erected on Father Cossman's property, was a tower or observatory which gave a wonderful view of the surrounding country. An accidental fire destroyed the barn and thus the observatory also.

A second observatory, forty-seven feet high was built in 1901. From this point, one could see several miles out to sea. This tower has since been removed, because of the threat of fire. The hill still offers a magnificent view.

Blockhouse Hill takes its name from a blockhouse which was built on a hill in Lunenburg. The blockhouse was built as an outlook by the first settlers who came to Lunenburg from Germany. When the settlers first arrived in the year 1753, they fought many battles with the Indians. One of the first was fought on Blockhouse Hill. It was a dispute the settlers had with the Indians over the right to claim the land they were to inhabit.

In 1755 a windmill was built on the hill, to grind corn for the settlers. This gave the hill the name Windmill Hill. The name was used only for a short time.

After the American Revolution, the settlers hoped for peace, but in the year 1812, they again plunged into battle. As a result another blockhouse had to be erected, because the old one was completely demolished. This new structure had for defense, two nine pound cannons, two small guns, and two brass field pieces. Today, there stands only one old cannon to remind us of the past. One thing has not changed, however, since the settlers landed, that is the view one has of the town of Lunenburg.

A hill well known to the people of Lunenburg is "The Head." This hill guards the western side of the front harbour and shelters the Newtown area. On marine charts it is known as Moreau Point, but to most of the residents the name Kaulback's Head, or simply, The Head, is more familiar. It has belonged to the Kaulback family for generations. The land was developed as a park and was called Kaulback's Park or Cannon Gate Park. This name came from the fact that two cannons formed the gate-posts of the park. The property was improved by the erection of a summer cottage and bathing houses on the back shore. Today the property is owned by Edwin N. Kaulback. The Bluenose Golf Club has the land leased, and operate a nine hole Golf Course, one of the most picturesque courses in Nova Scotia.

One of the most scenic hills, or group of hills, is "The Ovens." It is situated on a peninsula separating Lunenburg Bay from Rose Bay. Beneath the cliffs, the sea rolls into the caves in the face of the rock with a booming sound that creates many echoes. There are five main caves, which because of their shape are called "The Ovens." The largest one, Indian Cave, is referred to in a legend, that tells of an Indian once entering the cave and coming out at Annapolis, which is about fifty miles away.

The Ovens is rich in history. Gold was discovered in the summer of 1861 on a hill called the Bluff. Later, gold was found on the shore. This news excited many people, and soon a small mining town sprang up. Due to the financial problems of building a town, the profits were not large enough to cover the cost. The mining operations therefore, soon ceased.

The Ovens is now "The Ovens Natural Park" under the ownership of Mr. Oscar Young. Mr. Young has erected many cabins on the grounds, and has a small museum, antique shop and canteen, located near the right of the entrance gate. The Ovens combines its air of marine ruggedness and its splendid accommodations, to provide enjoyment for visitors coming from near and far.

# The Old Legion Hall

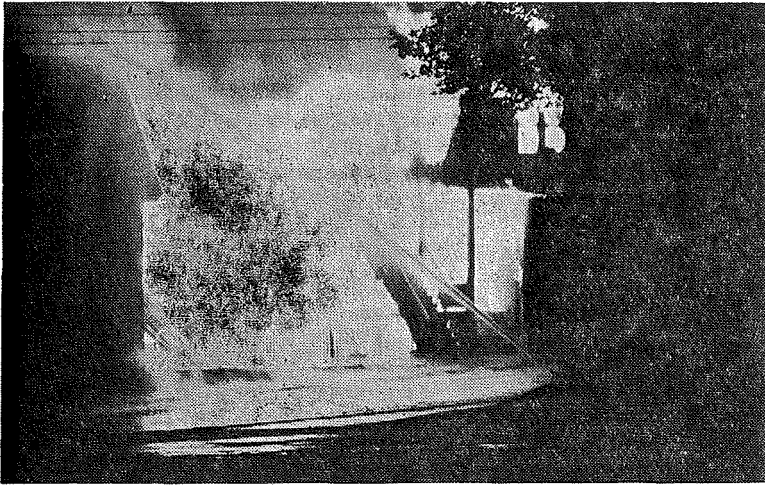
by Sheila Conrad '61, Samuel Walters '62

The old Legion Hall, a very familiar building to many people in Lunenburg, was the site of one of the oldest establishments in the town. This property consisted of a residence, a store building and a stable.

At the turn of the century, it was still known as the "Hunt Property", and was owned by one of the last survivors of that family. At that time, the store was rented by a German gentleman, Mr. W. A. Schmidt, for use as a grocery. Also, about the same time, the entire property was acquired by Dr. H. K. MacDonald.

About the year 1908, the store was lowered so that it was at street level, instead of one having to go up four steps to enter it. After Mr. Schmidt gave up his business, the store was used for various purposes for a few years.

About 1912, the store came into the hands of the "King boys", who had it extended, and changed into the building which we knew. One side of the building was so close to the R. A. Backman Livery Stable that it had to be built and then moved into its place, after being shingled.



This building had a varied history. The lower flat was a popular dancing club in the 1920's. The top flat was used as a theatre until the 1930's when the "Talking Pictures" put the silent ones out of business. Then, the dance hall was moved upstairs, and there were several unsuccessful attempts to run a store on the lower flat. At one time there was a bowling alley there.

During the early years of the Second World War, a few of the Legion members rented a small room on the lower flat, to make a club room for service personnel who were staying in the town. Stimulated by the enthusiasm of F. P. Bailly and the late W. M. Morrow, the members went in and scrubbed floors, washed walls and ceilings, and did countless



drudgeries to make this club room more attractive. Gradually the whole lower floor was acquired, a furnace was installed, a kitchen furnished, and coffee and other refreshments were served to hundreds once a week following a hearty sing song.

All labour was done by voluntary contribution, and money was collected from the citizens. The Legion members, looking back over those years, feel they did a good job.

At the close of the war, the older members of the Branch thought it a good idea to purchase the whole property. This was done, but was not approved by the returning veterans, who looked upon the old building with much disfavor. After a few repairs, the building took on a new look and all the members were proud of it.

In 1951 the Legion members made careful plans for renovating the interior of the building. As always, the initiative and hard work of the members made this project a successful one. The downstairs was converted into a lounge room for the members while the rooms upstairs were arranged for Bingo Games held by the Legion.

This building was the scene of many friendly gatherings, until it was destroyed by fire in 1957. To many, the fire brings back unpleasant memories, for with the building, the treasures of the past and the hopes for the future all went up in flames. Among the souvenirs lost in the blaze, were two large pictures of the Legion Hall before and after it was repaired on the outside. Also, there were souvenirs from both World Wars including rifles and helmets. Perhaps one of the most highly treasured articles lost in the blaze was a copper candy-box, a gift from Queen Victoria to one of the members. So all that is left today of "a good idea" is a stove, a cement wall and pieces of charred wood commemorating the existence of the building.

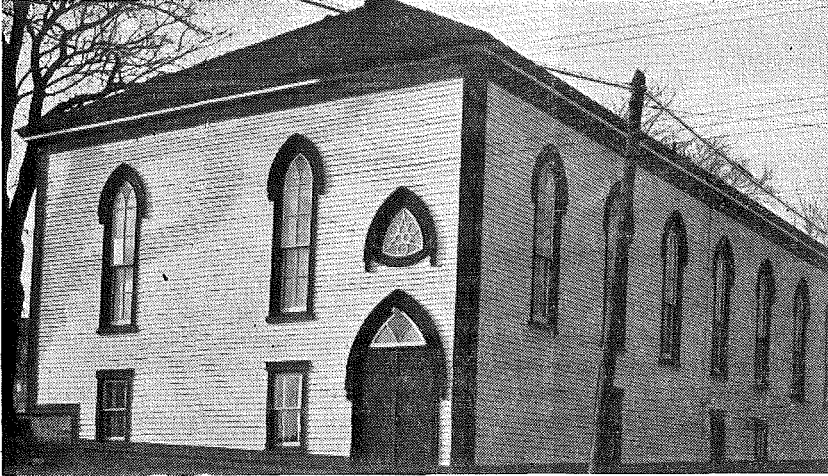
Before the fire of 1957, the Legion Hall had become a familiar landmark of the town. We sincerely hope that a new Legion Hall will be erected in the near future.



**A WINTER SCENE**

## Lunenburg's Court Houses

by Jeanine Tanner, 60, Vernon Dominix '62



The first Court House in Lunenburg County was built at Lunenburg in 1775. It stood where the Parish Hall now stands and looked much the same, except for the entrance which faced the Anglican Church. There were stone steps leading up to the entrance, and many important men made speeches from these steps.

The interior consisted of a main Court Room, Judges' room and Jurors' room. There were steps on either side leading to the gallery surrounding the main room. This gallery was the only place citizens were allowed to sit when attending court sessions. Only the court officials were allowed on the main floor. Opposite the entrance sat the Judge at a raised desk and facing him was a painting of a Coat of Arms which can still be seen in the present Parish Hall. Left of the Judge sat the Sheriff on a three decker platform and the Jurors' box was on either side of the Judge's bench. The prisoners' box was facing the Judge.

The Sheriff was a very important man, wearing the uniform of an officer, with a sword strapped to his waist. A typical Napoleonic three-cornered hat completed the ensemble.

Two families, the Kaulbacks and the Creightons, monopolized this job for some 140 years; the Kaulbacks for 60 years; the Creightons for 80 years. This court house was the only one in the County, but began to fall apart, and Chief Justice MacDonald claimed he would not hold court unless the building was repaired. Later, it was officially condemned, and it was decided to build a new Court House.

There was a quarrel between Lunenburg and Bridgewater as to its situation. The Municipal Council decided for Bridgewater and began to build, but the people of Lunenburg decided to build at Lunenburg, the Shire Town. There was much discontent about having two Court Houses. In 1893 an act

was passed in Halifax making both Court Houses legal. Now court sessions are held in both towns, and each town has its own court officers and deputies. There is one session a year held in Lunenburg and one in Bridgewater.

Thus an uneasy calm prevails for a few years, only to break out into a tempest, as it did last year, when one side or the other seeks an advantage. It would appear, the Court House Act of 1893 should ensure the Shire Town's rights in this respect.

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## Old German Bibles

by Judith Crouse '60

Of all the ancient German books in the town of Lunenburg, the old German Bible is perhaps, with the help of an interpreter, one of the most interesting to examine. The following article deals with one such Bible, a Martin Luther edition, in the possession of Dr. H. A. Creighton.

It is believed this Bible was brought from Germany by a Peter Knock. The huge book weighs seventeen pounds. It has a leather cover with brass mountings, and it had straps, though these are almost worn off. There are one thousand, six hundred and forty numbered pages in the Bible, not including a number of registers at the back. The book is printed in old German, and the first printing of it was made in 1765 at Nuremberg.

The book begins with a beautiful engraving of Luther and his family, after which there is a short preface by Preacher Andreas Rehberger, and a foreword of the whole scripture by Johann Michael Dilherr. There is an extensive story of the birth, life and death of Martin Luther, and his own foreword to the Old Testament. Following this are eleven detailed engravings of German dukes, a very beautiful addition to the Bible.

Now we find the beginning of the Bible, itself — the Old Testament, translated from Hebrew to German. There are several very fine engravings here — one of Adam, Eve, Noah and Abraham, together with their biographies; one of the prophets, also with a biography; and one of the Feast of the Passover. This Testament contains all the books of our own Old Testament, plus the apocryphal books.

The New Testament is separated from the Old by engravings and a foreword. This Testament has been translated from Greek to German. Here also are included some very fine engravings — the Last Supper, John the Baptist, the Evangelists with their biographies, and the Apostles and their histories. The New Testament seems to end with the Apostles.

In the back of the book, after the Apostles, we find a number of pages on Lutheran beliefs found in the Augsburg Confession. There is also an engraving of the drawing up of the Confession.

Following this are five registers — the first, where to find the teachings in the Bible; the next, a time register of important events; the third, a register of the meanings of people's names; the fourth, famous sayings of the Prophets and Apostles; and the last, a register of Church holidays.

So at last we reach the end of the great book and the heavy cover closes. It waits only for you to come and open it to discover the fascination in such a book of the past.

# The New Community Centre Building

by Lee DeMone '61, Diane Levy '60

It had long been the hope of some of our prominent citizens that a suitable building would be erected in the town, preferably on the Community Centre grounds, which would provide an auditorium and meeting rooms. Although a fund had been established for such a building many years ago, it was not adequate and no action was taken to further the project.

With the rapid growth of the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition in recent years, additional space, as well as a dining room and washroom facilities became essential. In the summer of 1957 a joint meeting of the Lunenburg Community Centre Committee and the Lunenburg War Memorial Community Centre Committee was held to consider the matter. They were assured of financial assistance from the Federal and Provincial Governments, and it was decided to proceed with the project.

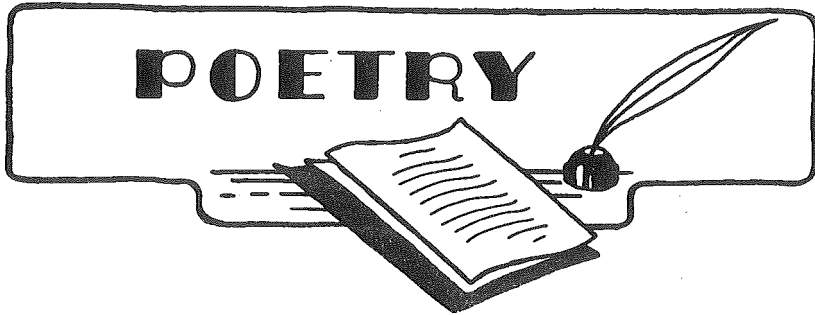
In due course a contract was awarded to the Acadia Construction Co. Limited, of Bridgewater and work was immediately started. The new Community Centre building was officially opened by the Hon. J. Angus MacLean, during the 1958 Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition, thus fulfilling a dream. This building, built of wood and stone, is situated on the south-west end of the new curling rink.

Its various rooms serve many useful purposes. One of the more important is the Memorial Room. This was built as a tribute to the many fishermen who lost their lives at sea. A list of names of all those who left this port, never to return, has been printed in their honor by Mrs. Joseph Purcell. Joseph Purcell, one of our local artists, has been commissioned to complete a mural, "Jesus Calming the Sea". The mural covers the entire length of one wall. Another feature is a large map covering a part of the opposite wall. This points out and names the approximate positions where the lost ships went down.

The main part of the building is an auditorium, fully equipped. It is used for many indoor sports, including basketball, volley ball and badminton and is presently being used by the school and many organizations. A large stage has been equipped with aqua and red stage curtains, and is capable of handling large productions. During the Exhibition, a portion of the auditorium is used as a dining room, while the remainder houses the exhibits of the Department of Fisheries. A piano, graciously donated by the Lion's Club, is also found on the stage. The auditorium can be rented at a reasonable price.

Also found in this new building is a modern, fully equipped kitchen, complete with built-in cupboards and electric ranges of stainless steel. The kitchen fills a great need for the Exhibition.

As a result of a vast amount of work, this beautiful building is now completed. Doubtlessly we all agree with the Minister of Fisheries, the Hon. J. Angus Maclean, when he said that it would serve as a monument to all the men who sailed from this port and never returned.



## The Wreck of The Robert and Brian

by Geraldine Levy '61

A schooner with crew and captain of forte  
Was headed for Canso, a strong wind to port,  
Though her top mast and decks ice-ladened be,  
She pushed on, resembling fish in the sea.

White Head to the west, and all tense, but well,  
When suddenly something hit like a spell,  
A reef! They were fast! With no way to move,  
The Robert and Brian the captain must lose.

The sea played havoc with the boat on the reef,  
Each giant wave lifted her, bringing more grief;  
A final and terrible bounce she befell,  
And the boat split in two, set adrift in the swell.

The men's lives were at stake; where would they end?  
But blessings from God to earth He did send;  
After hours of cold, adrift in the sea,  
Another long liner they happened to see.

The other boat's captain, alert as he be,  
Was courageously trying the trapped men to free.  
Successful he was, the men he had saved,  
But three of the men the hospital craved.

The captain was well, the weather he'd faced,  
From the numbness of cold he had been spared.  
Two of the crew were not seriously frozen,  
But for one poor soul bad fate had been chosen.

Now in the hospital he does lie,  
To God we all pray that he does not die.  
The Robert and Brian the sea has claimed,  
But God, for the crew, good fortune has named.

## Thoughts of Grade XII

by Roxanna Lohnes '59

The last year of school is the best of all,  
Or, so ran our thoughts when we were quite small.  
But, when we have reached our final year  
We stop and think and then a tear  
Comes to our eye, as the Teacher stands  
At the front of the room, and with her hands  
Outstretched and wide, she makes this speech —  
“The whole world’s treasures are within your reach  
If you only remember the lessons of school  
And never forget the Golden Rule;  
For to do unto others as you would have done  
Is the secret of living and also of fun.”  
So as she speaks we stop and pause  
And remember the trouble that we have caused  
Our Teachers and Parents; but, as we near  
The very last month of our final year,  
We know it’s too late to make amends  
To our Parents and Teachers and all our friends;  
And so we resolve as we leave this haven;  
Not to be known as a braggard or craven;  
To never desert our old home town;  
Nor ever to drag its honor down.  
For as we reach the end, forsooth,  
We remember again the lessons of youth.  
We awaken then with a mighty start  
For we realize that we’re not as smart  
As we thought we were when we were young.  
For our school’s praises will always be sung  
Throughout the country by the Grade Twelve class,  
Who have come to realize at long last —  
That the days spent in school are our very best,  
The days we’ll remember as we meet life’s test.

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## Homework

by Patsy Lohnes '62

Homework is a headache!  
It’s more than I can stand.  
When at night I bring it home  
I give my books a slam;  
And wish that I could quickly fly  
To some far distant land  
Where there would be no lessons.  
My, wouldn’t that be grand!

## Seven at A Blow

by Sheila Nøve '60

Hours of gloom and deepest depression  
Rob my mind of happy digression.  
Oh, that I were like that tailor of old  
Who in words so loud and in words so bold  
Proclaimed to the world, "Seven at a blow!"

On through the night, the long wearisome night,  
I push a pencil with all of my might.  
For seven hard lessons have we, seven a day,  
Seven lessons have we, seven lessons to slay.  
Oh, to be conquering seven at a blow!

Through English, Science and French I go  
With hand so numb and dull brain so slow.  
There's plenty to do and it's certainly no cinch —  
The labour is strenuous, slow inch by slow inch.  
It's only a dream — seven at a blow!

The long evening hours have slowly rolled past,  
After much mental strain, I'm finished at last!  
With rubbery legs and arms of lead  
I climb the steep stairway to my bed  
To dream of conquest — seven lessons at a blow!

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## A Poet's Prayer

by Rosalie Beck '60

Inspiration descend upon me,  
Fill my waiting pad!  
Inspiration, O come I pray thee,  
Else I will go quite mad!

The words won't rhyme,  
The thoughts sublime  
Escape my feeble brain.  
My hands are numb,  
My brain is dumb,  
All effort is in vain.

Inspiration descend upon me,  
Guide my eager pen!  
Inspiration, O come I pray thee,  
Make me known of men!

## Has Man Real Wisdom?

by Judith Crouse '60

Who can produce a baby's hand,  
A blade of grass, a piece of land?  
Who can replace one grain of sand?  
Just try it!

Can one restore a dream that's lost,  
Produce a smile at any cost?  
Can one explain the crystal frost  
Can you?

And yet we turn to worlds unknown,  
Those walked upon by God alone,  
When still we can't explain our own.  
How strange!

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## At School

by Susan Grandy '64

If you want an education  
Just come along to school;  
Be sure to pay attention  
And learn the Golden Rule.

Sometimes it is a problem  
To learn the things you should;  
But if you try very hard  
You really know you could.

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## My Lost Dollar

by Pat Hall '64

I think that I shall never see  
The dollar which I lent to thee;  
The dollar which I could have spent  
For varied forms of merriment.

The dollar which I lent so gladly,  
And now I find I need so badly,  
For dollars loaned to folks like thee  
Are not returned to 'ools like me!



## Day is Done

by Joanne Knickle '61

The sun sinks slowly in the west  
Topping the blue with a crimson crest;  
Streaking the sky with a golden scar  
And ushering in the evening star;  
As night comes.

Softly the evening shadows creep  
Bringing the peacefulness of sleep,  
Gently the evening breezes blow  
Soothing brows of men below;  
As night comes.

Now the world is dark and still  
Watched by lovers on the hill;  
Sleep has brought her sweet repose  
Lifting man from all his woes;  
And night is here.

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## The World

by Carolyn Tanner '64

The world is round, as round as can be,  
It has much land and it has much sea.  
It has some birds and many a tree  
And lots more people like you and me.

The world has rivers, the world has streams,  
The world has sorrows, the world has dreams,  
The world has love, and the world has hate.  
For every young girl the world has a mate.

The world is wonderful, the world is new.  
I'm taking advantage of it!  
How about you?

# 1958 Valedictory

by Thomas Mason

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Speaker, Ladies and Gentlemen, and fellow students —

All of you know that when you build a building, you start from the ground and build each storey as you come to it until the entire building is completed. In many respects, this is exactly what happens to us here in school. When we entered 13 years ago, all we had in the way of knowledge was what we had learned at home, and we had hardly any idea of what lay ahead of us. Now, through reading books and discussing our lessons, we have discovered the Binomial Theorem, Electron Theory, Shakespeare and Milton and other fascinating subjects. As a result, we have come to know a little about the vast outside world.

While we were thus learning about math, history and science, we were also shaping our characters and learning to understand ourselves. Through the mediums of sports and of community organizations, we discovered the value of such virtues as teamwork, honesty and co-operation. While we may have made many silly mistakes, these instances will serve to impress upon our minds the values of the lessons that we have learned.

Now the question arises — For what were we being prepared? No doubt you can think of several reasons, but probably the main one is to help us in choosing our career. In this highly specialized world of ours, it is possible for a person to select only one profession so that he may be able to devote most of his ability to doing it well. Over the past year we have come to learn of the great highways of life — the one entitled Business, another Industry, and another University. Tomorrow each of us in the graduating class will be walking down one of those roads.

Tonight is called Graduation Night but I wonder if you know what it means to us and what it means to you. Graduation is an ending, but more important, it is a beginning. The past 13 years mark the beginning of our preparation for the future. After tonight, some of us will be ending our formal education, but our learning goes on. Life is a continuous school, and our school years have just been the first step in our preparation as useful citizens. Others of us will be going on to higher education, and in these past years we have obtained the skills and knowledge to enable us to go on.

Graduation is a time of parting, for we must say good-bye to the many friends that we have made in the community and in the school. But this is a part of our development. New experiences bring new friends, and we will always enjoy remembering the friends that we had here in school.

Graduation is also a time of saying thanks — thanks to our parents who have brought us through the first years of our existence and to whom we still owe so much; and thanks to our teachers, who, although we may have

raised ungrateful voices over our homework, have given us the discipline and knowledge that we need.

In the future years, it will be up to us of the graduating class to provide the courage and initiative to carry on; but, we cannot do it alone. We are depending on you, the adults, to give us guidance, when we might need it, and to give us faith, if and when we might falter. With your help, we will be able to overcome the fear that we have of the outside world, and to go on, farther along, the highway of life.

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## Career Day

by Alice Conrad, Gerald Randall '61

From the beginning of High School and sometimes before, we start thinking of our life's vocation. What can we do? For what are we best suited? How can we prepare ourselves to take our places in the world of tomorrow?

Vocational Guidance has always been given serious thought by both Teachers and pupils at the Lunenburg Academy. For a number of years, the students have had the privilege of hearing talks on various occupations by residents of the community. As these talks proved profitable to the students, it was decided to set aside one special day for Vocational Guidance.

In 1956 Mr. B. Perry, Director of Guidance for the province of Nova Scotia, visited our school and spoke to the students. In 1957 we heard Mr. John Ross, Assistant Director of Guidance. At the conclusion of these talks, the students broke up into groups with their instructors, and held question-and-answer periods.

As these meetings proved so successful and informative, the students looked forward to the Vocational Guidance Day on April 25, 1958.

At this time Dr. R. G. A. Wood, Mayor of Lunenburg, presided at the meeting. The special speaker, Mr. B. Perry, was introduced by Mr. Boyd Barteaux, the Inspector of Schools for Lunenburg County. In his thought provoking address, Mr. Perry emphasized the fact that each student must choose the vocation which appeals most to him or her, and then work hard to make a success of it.

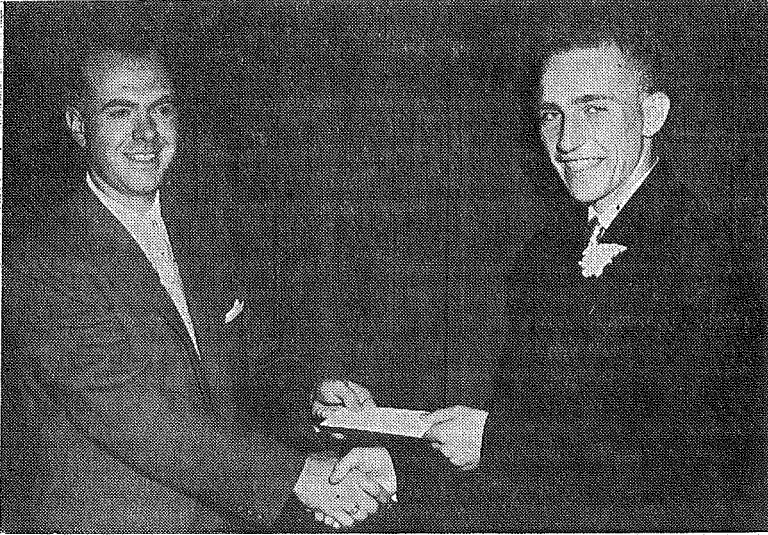
Instructors present at this Assembly were representatives from each of the Armed Services, the Army, Navy and Air Force. Special representatives came from Acadia and Dalhousie Universities. Other instructors were Dr. R. G. A. Wood—Medicine, Mr. A. Manuel—Engineering, Mr. L. J. Iversen—Banking and Business, Mr. Boyd Barteaux—Education, Miss Katie Heckman—Office Procedures, Miss E. Brown—Nursing, and Constable Kenneth Kerr—R.C.M.P. work.

After the discussion period, which lasted about an hour, the girls of the Household Science Department served refreshments in the library to the visitors. Vocational Guidance Day at Lunenburg Academy has assisted many perplexed students to choose their life-work in a sensible way.

## New Scholarships

by Roxanna Lohnes '59, Gerald Randall '61

Last year the Academy was pleased to accept two new scholarships in addition to the ones that are now available. These scholarships were presented by Mr. F. Homer Zwicker and the Hon. R. H. Winters. They are to be known as the F. Homer Zwicker Scholarship and the Richard Winters Memorial Scholarship.



The F. Homer Zwicker Scholarship is to be presented annually to a Grade XII student of the Lunenburg Academy who is planning to attend University, or, if no student comes under the terms of the scholarship or is termed unsuitable, the scholarship may then be awarded to a graduate of the Lunenburg Academy who is attending a University and has or has not yet won the Zwicker Scholarship, but who has come up to the standards in his work and is in need of financial help.

The scholarship is to be presented on the advice of a committee consisting of the Principal, the Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners, a member of the High School Staff—preferably the Vice-Principal—and the donor of the scholarships or his named representative.

If there are two students qualifying for the scholarship, the sum of \$150.00 may be divided between them if the Committee should so decide.

The following factors should be taken into account:

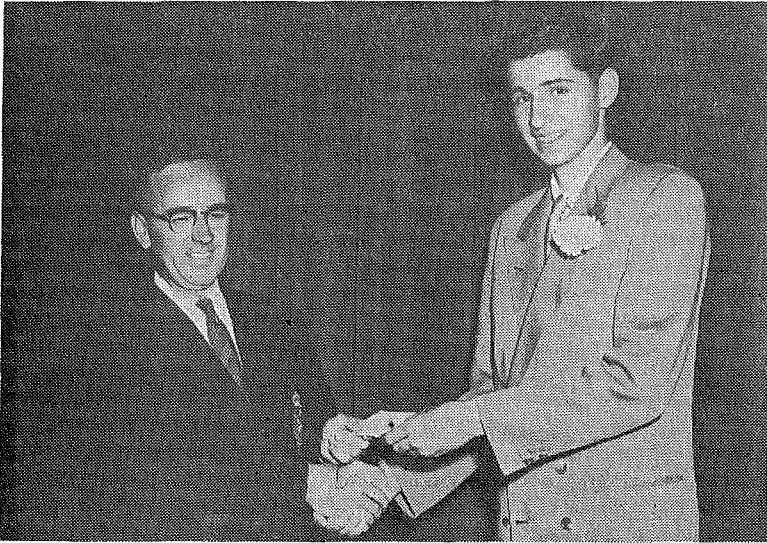
- 1st. Scholarship.
- 2nd. The need for assistance.
- 3rd. Citizenship in school and community.
- 4th. Leadership qualities.

This F. Homer Zwicker Scholarship was awarded last year to Thomas Mason who is now attending Dalhousie University.

The second, the Richard Winters Memorial Scholarship, was first awarded in 1957 to a male student of Lunenburg Academy, to serve as a memorial to the former student whose name it bears and also to assist a deserving student to advance his studies at an institution of higher learning, not necessarily a University.

In 1958, however, the Hon. R. H. Winters decided to extend this scholarship, and thus he announced that two scholarships of \$100.00 each would be awarded annually to a qualifying boy and girl of the graduating class who were planning to further their education. This is done with the hope that through the broader application of assistance, the original purpose of the scholarship will be served..

To qualify, the student must have a high standing in the class. Citizenship and leadership qualities are also taken into consideration. Last year this scholarship was awarded to Anthony Cook who is now attending Acadia University.



**Legion Scholarship Being Presented**

These scholarships are a wonderful asset to the school and show the interest of the graduates in the education of their youth. We wish to thank all those who have donated scholarships and we hope there will be many more donated in the future.

# How The Sea Gull Originated

by Roxanna Lohnes, Carolyn Tanner '59

In 1927 Mr. D. H. Collins conceived the idea of editing a school year-book. His dreams, because of unfavorable circumstances, did not materialize until May 1935, when the first edition of the Sea Gull was published. The original cover was designed by Mr. Philip Backman, an Academy graduate.

Mr. Collins' ideas on school magazines were expressed in the following statements:

- (1) They become a vehicle for student expression.
- (2) They have a salutary effect on school spirit and pride.
- (3) They demonstrate to the public that the school is doing something, getting somewhere.

Public-spirited businessmen provided advertisements for the magazine. The advertising was under the capable leadership of Fred Spindler and Douglas Cantelope. The editor-in-chief was Mary Simpson.

The first edition consisted of articles, short stories, poems scattered throughout the magazine, patches of humor and personals. The committees were arranged much as they are today — editors as heads of the different departments and committees chosen from the other classes.

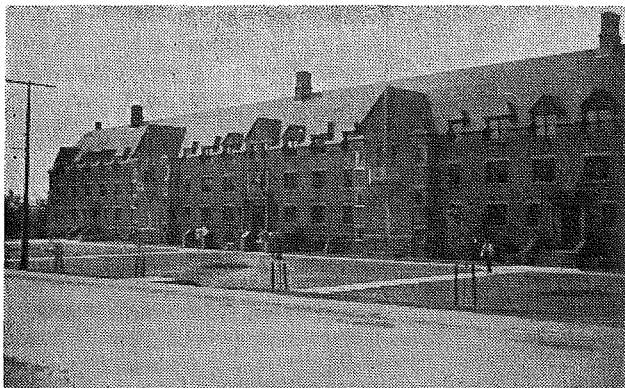
These students worked under the supervision of the members of the faculty — Messrs. D. H. Collins, G. H. Moore, W. M. Hilchie and Miss P. L. Westhaver. The printing of the magazine was looked after by Mr. Harry Arenburg, editor of the Progress-Enterprise.

Thus the Sea Gull originated from humble beginnings to become the widely known school magazine that it is today. The success of this year-book is due to the hard work and effort put forth by both Teachers and students — work which starts in September, and does not end until the Sea Gull is published in June. Therefore this present success is due to the foresight of Mr. D. H. Collins, and the ingenuity of the first executive who ventured into the new field of publishing a yearbook.



# United Nations Summer School

by Melissa O'Connor '59



The fifth annual session of the United Nations Summer School was held at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., from July 8-12, 1958. A record gathering of one hundred and nine students from the four Maritime Provinces and Quebec, were registered at this year's school.

There was an international flavor to the group. One of the students was from Hong Kong, and one from Holland; two members of the Staff, Mr. Robert Kennedy, Pictou, and Professor Gareth Greenslade, Sackville, came to Canada from Scotland and England, respectively. One of the special visitors, Mr. Orhan Barim, Technical Assistance Administration, U N. Secretariat, N. Y., was from Turkey.

The other staff members and special speakers were: Miss Kathleen Bowlby, National Secretary of the United Nations Association in Canada; Mr. Ernest Carter, Hudson, P. Q.; Professor W. Whiteland, Springfield, Mass.; Miss Violet King, Department of Citizenship and Immigration, Ottawa; and Mr. Heath MacQuarrie, M.P. from P.E.I. The school was directed by Professor W. B. Cunningham, of the Department of Economics, Mount Allison University.

On Tuesday afternoon, the address of welcome was given by Dr. Ross Flemington, President of Mount A. From that time on, the students began a rather definite schedule with lectures in the morning, followed by small discussion groups among the students. In these groups some of the main questions discussed were: When is the use of force by one state against another justified? Should the Chinese Communist Government represent China in the U. N.? Should we give millions of dollars to foreign aid when thousands are out of work at home?

The students were divided in their opinions. In attempting to answer these questions, the students became more aware of the complex problems facing the United Nations, and gained an appreciation of the accomplishments achieved so far. The aim of these groups was merely to help the students to increase their own awareness and understanding of the diffi-

culties of securing acceptable solutions. The staff members made no attempt to give final answers.

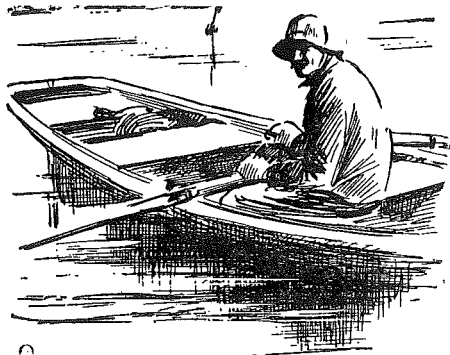
In the afternoons, the students were given time to relax or participate in some form of sport or amusement. Two of the afternoons were highlighted by trips to the "Voice of Canada—C.B.C. Radio Station" and to Fort Beausejour. On Friday afternoon, they were given a chance to sit back and relax while the staff members held a panel discussion on the "Strength and Weaknesses of the U. N." This proved to be quite interesting and informative to the students.

In the evenings, the students headed for the Chemistry auditorium where they saw some interesting films such as: The Atom Bomb, World War II (from the American viewpoint), Hydrogen Bomb, U.S.S.R., Middle East, The United Nations, and a very popular Danny Kaye film, which was greatly enjoyed. After the films each night, the students returned to Tweedie Hall for a summary of the day's work, at which time a member from each discussion group gave his report. This was followed by a general discussion, in which everyone was allowed to have his or her say.

The highlight of the week was the Model General Assembly of the United Nations, which was held on the last evening of the school. The students were appointed to represent the views of particular countries. A debate was held on the controversial resolution concerning aerial flights by the United States Air Force within the Arctic Circle, and the setting up of an inspection zone in the Arctic region. President of this year's Model Assembly was Wayne Larocque, from Glen Sutton, P. Q.

The school was not all work, however, for each evening the students held a dance. There was always plenty of free pop to quench the busy students' thirst, during the long discussion groups.

The United Nations Summer School was officially closed by Dr. D. G. G. Kerr, Director of Extension, Mount Allison. After lunch most of the students headed for the railroad station. They had just ended a rather busy week. Their heads were filled with knowledge of the United Nations. They were now prepared to return home and put this knowledge to work in campaigns such as the Hallowe'en "Shell Out" for U.N.I.C.E.F.





## Eric Levy – Scholarship Winner

by Catherine Mills '61, Creighton Myra '60

During his years at the Lunenburg Academy, Eric Levy was a bright young student. Graduating in 1954, with high honors, he also won two scholarships. The first was a hundred dollar bursary from the Boscawen Chapter I. O. D. E. The second was the First Keating Scholarship which was an entrance scholarship to the University of King's College.

He entered King's to take a four year honours course in Chemistry. In his second year, Eric won the Dr. M. A. B. Smith prize, which is awarded to the student making the highest marks in Chemistry during his Sophomore year.

In 1956, he continued his course at Dalhousie University, where he won the Belle Crowe Scholarship. This is a two hundred dollar scholarship awarded annually to the two most promising students entering the third and fourth years of the honours course. During the summer, he had the privilege of working at the National Research Council, Halifax, Physical Chemistry Division.

In 1958 he won the John Hamilton Barret Prize for Chemistry, which was awarded by the National Research Council. Then Eric received his Dalhousie Master's Degree, working under the leadership of Professors Keytone and Amien. If he studies for his Ph.D., he will continue for three more years. Eric is now President of the Dalhousie Chemical Institute. His favourite hobbies are photography, skating, bridge and duck hunting. He also likes to work at wood-carving, and make his own duck decoys.

When Eric graduates, he hopes to continue in chemical research. We wish him every success in his future undertakings as a distinguished graduate of the Lunenburg Academy.



Eric Levy

## Mrs. Charles Thurlow

by Rosalie Beck '60

Mrs. Charles Thurlow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Kinley, was born in Lunenburg, April 28, 1880. She is the eldest of a family of eight children.

During the first six years of her school career, she attended the New-town school. Then she went to the Old Academy until that building burned. From grades eight to ten, she attended school in the Old Temperance Hall and the Old Fire Hall, where temporary classes were held. When the present Academy was completed, she was among the first pupils to attend school there. She says, "It was indeed a pleasure to be a pupil for a time in this new building."

Her formal education ended before graduation, and she went on to study photography in the studio of Mr. L. A. Hirtle, beginning with tintype, then making photographs, retouching and finishing them.

In 1907 she was married to M. C. W. Thurlow, also of Lunenburg. They have seven children and fourteen grandchildren.

As her children grew up, Mrs. Thurlow found time to engage in outside activities. These covered a wide range from Red Cross and Fraternal societies to numerous Church organizations. Nearly all local causes for the betterment of humanity have her support. In many of these, she holds and has held important positions, proving her great capacity for leadership.

She is a Past Noble Grand of the Rebekah Lodge. In 1955 a fifty-five year jewel was presented to her for the length of time she was a member.

As a charter member of the Children's Aid Society, she was presented with an honorary certificate for twenty-five years of service. She

also had the honor of preparing a brochure of the history of the Children's Aid Society of Lunenburg County for those years.

Mrs. Thurlow was a member of the I. O. D. E. for several years, and was president of the Women's Institute for four years.

During the second World War, her every effort was bent to wartime service. She served as vice-president of the Red Cross Society, and attended the first convention of this organization in Halifax. Certificates were presented to her from St. John's Ambulance Society for first aid and home nursing. She was a member of the Women's Advisory Council of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board on the provincial level. As a member of the local Wartime



Mrs. Charles Thurlow

Prices and Trade Board she was in charge of the distribution of ration books during the last three years of rationing. She was a member of the Air Raid Prevention and Preparation for Housing Facilities, and for her work received a Civil Defense Certificate from the government.

Mrs. Thurlow is a member of Central United Church. Church work has always found first place in her efforts, "as from its influence all worthy causes emanate." For thirty years she has taught Sunday School, and she says enthusiastically that she enjoys it very much.

She was a member of the Women's Missionary Society, and its president for twelve years. This brought her into contact with the greater organizations of the church. She served as vice-president of the Presbyterial as representative of a pre-council church conference, and for nine years as President of the District Maritime Religious Education Council.

Her main interest, however, has always been in the Temperance Society. For nine years she was Provincial president of the Nova Scotia Women's Christian Temperance Union, and is now local president. She feels that the need to sponsor this cause is very great. It was her privilege to attend the World W. C. T. U. Conference in Astbury Park, New Jersey. She says that the co-operation of the teachers and Principal of our school in promoting the Temperance Study Course is deeply appreciated. As a charter member of the Nova Scotia Temperance Federation, she has been vice-president for the past three years.

To the young people of today Mrs. Thurlow says, "Life can be a wonderful adventure in the living and doing of our highest, noblest, and best endeavor." Her life, up to the present, certainly has been "a wonderful adventure."



**THE END OF EXAMINATIONS**

# Mr. Winburne Haughn

by Lillian Cluett '59

Winburne Haughn, a well-known and admired native of Lunenburg entered the world of working people when he said his good-byes to old Lunenburg Academy in 1912. He obtained a job as barber in Mr. Charles Oxner's Barber Shop. He remained as a faithful employee in this shop from 1912-1928.

In 1928 after much careful thought Mr. Haughn embarked on his lifetime career as a life insurance agent, selling numerous insurances such as: life, auto, fire and marine insurance.

In 1924 Mr. Haughn married the former Sadie Ellen Miller, a native of Lunenburg, and for many years a Teacher in Lunenburg Academy. During the years Mr. and Mrs. Haughn were blessed with three children: Betty, the present Mrs. George Stuart of Montreal; Carolyn, Mrs. Dennis Mills of Saskatoon and **Robert**, who works and resides in Halifax.

Mr. Haughn has both winter and summer hobbies. In the winter he curls regularly, and has been a faithful member of the Curling Club for twelve years. In the summer he makes good use of his yacht club membership, and participates frequently in the sport of motor-boating at Martin's Brook, where he owns a cosy summer home. He is a member of Central United Church and belongs to several Fraternal organizations.

The years have slipped by quickly for Winburne Haughn; hard-working years that have "paid-off" for he has now one of the largest insurance agencies in Nova Scotia.

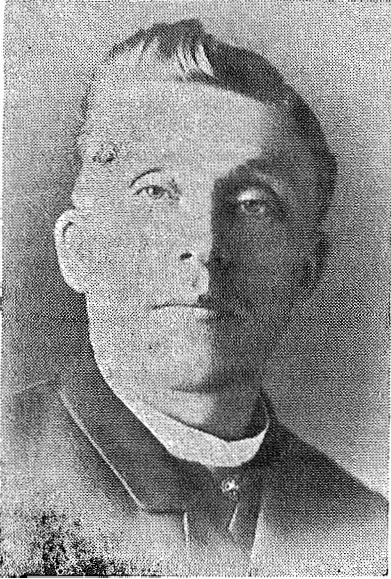


Mr. Winburne Haughn

# The Fiddling Mayor

by Joanne Knickle '61

The beginning of the musical history in the Morash family was made in 1753, when Michael Morash emigrated from Germany to this province, and brought with him his violin. From that day on all the family were very musical and excellent performers on many instruments.



Allan R. Morash

Allan R. Morash, the Fiddling Mayor, was born in Lunenburg on January 29, 1857. He attended the Lunenburg Academy and graduated at an early age, receiving from the Principal a present for excellence in his studies.

After graduation from High School, he was identified with the firm of James D. Eisenhauer & Co., Lunenburg West India shipping merchants, in which his father, Charles S. Morash, was a member of the firm. For many long years Mr. Allan R. Morash was their financial manager.

Mr. Morash was a prominent and influential citizen, having served on the Town Council from the years 1888-1901, in the Mayor's chair 1902-1911. He represented the County in the local legislature at Halifax as the Liberal member from 1893-1895.

For an avocation he was especially interested and proficient in music, and taught himself to play the many musical instruments through study from instruction books. He was very industrious in building up the musical associations, choirs, bands and orchestras in the town.

In 1883 he organized and led for many years, the Civilian Band, which organization was successful in receiving honorable mention in a band tournament with the military bands of Halifax, N. S.

He was a member of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, and directed its choir and music for forty years. He also directed for several years the choirs of the Lutheran and Methodist Churches.

Many of the local musicians received their musical training from him, and had their interest in music stimulated because of his sincere enthusiasm in his art.

He taught violin in his spare moments, and after many years of study and extensive reading on violin construction induced Mr. William

Godley in the town to make violins, many of which won prizes in exhibitions.

He acquired an expert knowledge of violin construction and corresponded with makers in New York, Boston, and London, and acquired a collection of instruments.

Mr. Morash passed away in May 1928. Mrs. Clara Morash, his wife, passed away in May 1941. Three children survive, Mrs. Miriam L. Craigie of Ottawa; Mrs. Jean I. Lane, Hanover, New Hampshire; and Stuart R. Morash, C.P.A. of Needham, Massachusetts. Harvey L. Morash, the youngest son died several years ago.

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## Elvin D. Bailly

by Sheila Nowe '60

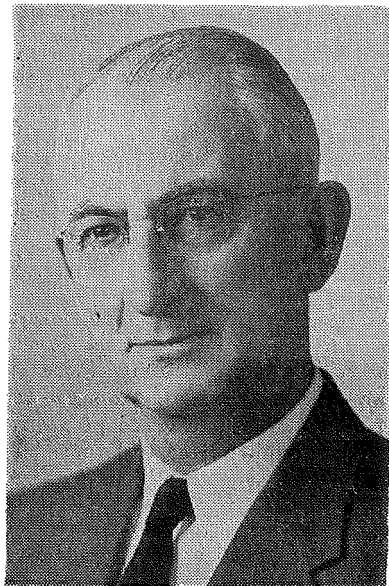
Mr. Elvin D. Bailly, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bailly, was born in Lunenburg on April 12, 1892. He received his academic training here at Lunenburg Academy.

Mr. Bailly started his business career with the late Mr. J. B. Young of the Lunenburg Coal and Supply Company in 1911. He is now president of Bailly's Limited (established in 1923) merchants in the coal, flour, feed and fuel oil business.

At one time he was a warden of St. John's Anglican Church. He has held various offices in the Unity Masonic Lodge at Lunenburg, and also in the Masonic Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia. At the present time Mr. Bailly is president of the Unity Masonic Building Company.

His one son, Robert is married and living in Lachute, Quebec, where he teaches mathematics and sports at Lachute High School.

In his spare moments, Mr. Bailly enjoys gardening. This hobby has proved to be most relaxing to one of Lunenburg's busiest and most prominent citizens.



Elvin D. Bailly

## One Of Lunenburg's Oldest Residents

by Nancy Morash '61, Frederick Wood '62

Leander Levy, at the age of ninety-four, is one of the oldest citizens of Lunenburg. Mr. Levy, born into a Baptist family at Little Tancook in 1864, is the son of the late Fred Levy and Mary Cross. He attended school at Little Tancook, and while still a boy, engaged in shore fishing, and also spent a few summers deep-sea fishing.

Fate brought Mr. Levy to Chester Ironbound, where he met Phoebe Baker whom he married shortly afterwards at the age of twenty-two. Owning his own boat by this time, he continued shore fishing for a few years at Chester Ironbound and later Cross Island.

When he was forty-four years of age, Mr. Levy and his family moved to Lunenburg where, after a few years, they purchased their own home, but he still continued fishing from Cross Island for many years. Retiring at the age of seventy, he made and mended nets as a hobby until two years ago.

Leander Levy and his wife had nine children of whom there are five living, three of whom reside in Lunenburg and are Mrs. Daniel Smith, Mrs. Reginald Anderson, and Mr. Aubrey Levy. The other two are Mrs. Matthew Mandell, who now resides in Worcester, Mass., and Mrs. Howard Lohnes living in Halifax, N. S. An interesting fact is that there are twelve grandchildren, twenty great-grand-children, and three great-great-grand-children, an outstanding record.

His mother lived to be one hundred, and Mr. Levy, at ninety-four, is in fairly good health, and has a very vivid recollection of his life. His wife died in 1940, and for the past twenty years he has been living with his son Aubrey and his wife Florence.



Leander Levy

## Loren Geldert – Posthumous

by Graham Creighton, Geraldine May '60

Loren Geldert, son of the late Capt. and Mrs. Archibald Geldert, was born at Lunenburg in 1904. He graduated from the Academy in 1920, and immediately entered the service of the Bank of Montreal in his home town, where he served for one and a half years in the capacity of a Junior Clerk. He thereby acquired a general knowledge of office routine.

In August 1922, he was transferred to Amherst as ledger keeper. The following year he was sent to Fredericton, N. B. as paying and receiving teller. Later he applied for a transfer to Western Canada, and was sent to Toronto. At that time, the Bank of Canada acquired the Merchants' Bank of Canada, and Mr. Geldert was transferred to Chesley, Ontario to install the Bank of Montreal system in the Merchants' Bank of Canada located there. When the branch was inspected, he received credit for having handled his assignment in a satisfactory manner. He continued to serve as Accountant Teller at Chesley for a period of eight months.

Reaching the age when the roving spirit surges strongly within one, he decided to leave the bank, and go to the United States which was then known as "The Land of Opportunity." He resigned his position with the Bank of Montreal on the twenty-sixth of June 1924.

He went to Boston, and worked for the Standard Grocery Company for a period of eight months, doing commercial bookkeeping. After this he decided to go to New York, believing that it offered more opportunities for a young man to permanently establish himself in business.

On his arrival in New York, he spent a few weeks familiarizing himself with the city. He obtained a position with the Fred F. French Investment Company as Accountant in charge of the Commission Department. He held that position until the company discontinued its selling activities.

W. L. Thomas Inc., a corporation dealing in Real Estate and other unlisted securities, employed Mr. Geldert as cashier, along with one hundred of the salesmen no longer required by the French Company.

He served for three years with the Thomas Company and was re-employ-



Loren Geldert



ed with the French Co. as manager of the Accounting Department for Knickerbocker Village, which was a self-contained real estate development, housing five thousand people. Mr. Geldert was to organize and install a modern mechanized bookkeeping system and supervise the finances for the entire organization. He served there until 1935 when the need for a new Town Clerk and Treasurer induced him to return to his home town and province.

On April the first, Mr. Geldert was sworn into office in the Town of Lunenburg. Immediately upon assuming charge of the office, he set about the task of completely re-organizing the office set-up and installed a modern accounting system.

Mr. Geldert continued to demonstrate his ability to analyze, to plan soundly and logically and to cope with the many problems which arose during the conduct of civic business until his untimely passing in February of 1958. Added to experience, stability, loyalty, initiative and ambition he had the qualities of character that his town needed to put its affairs in order. As one of his New York business associates so aptly put it, "There is no other man in my wide acquaintance in whom I have any greater confidence as to his integrity of character, worthiness of ideals and sincerity of purpose."

His many community activities included the following: Past Master of Unity Lodge No. 4, A.F. & A.M., President of Tourist and Publicity Committee of Lunenburg Board of Trade, Chairman of Lunenburg District in 1941 National Victory Loan Campaign, in which this district received an honor pennant for reaching a quota of thirty-five thousand dollars during the first five days of the campaign. He also served as auditor of both Lunenburg Curling Club and the Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition. He was Secretary to the Lunenburg Branch, Red Cross Society, Board of School Commissioners, Board of Health and Secretary-Treasurer of the Community Centre. He served faithfully for many years on the Official Board of the Central United Church.

In addition to his community efforts, he was extremely interested in sports. In his younger days, many of his contemporaries will remember, he was one of the better performers on the baseball diamond and in the hockey rink. In his later years he was interested in yachting and was a keen curler. He seldom passed up an opportunity to go fishing.

Mr. Geldert is survived by his wife, the former Dorothy Adams, and one son, Glen, who is a graduate of Lunenburg Academy and at present is in his third year of Engineering at Dalhousie University.

His death interrupted the writing of a book about old sailing vessels of Lunenburg and their masters. He had amassed an enormous amount of information. It is regrettable that he did not live to complete this project which with him was a labour of love. In our Bicentennial year he compiled the informative book "A Look at Lunenburg" which further exemplified his interest in his town and its people.

Mr. Geldert once wrote, "The countryside produces leaders as often as the most populous cities, but climb to prominence is never based on a single spectacular achievement. Steadiness of purpose, character, and outstanding talent are all required in the rural districts where men are measured by what they have done, not by what they say they are about to do." We feel that these words may very well be used to sum up Mr. Geldert's own character.

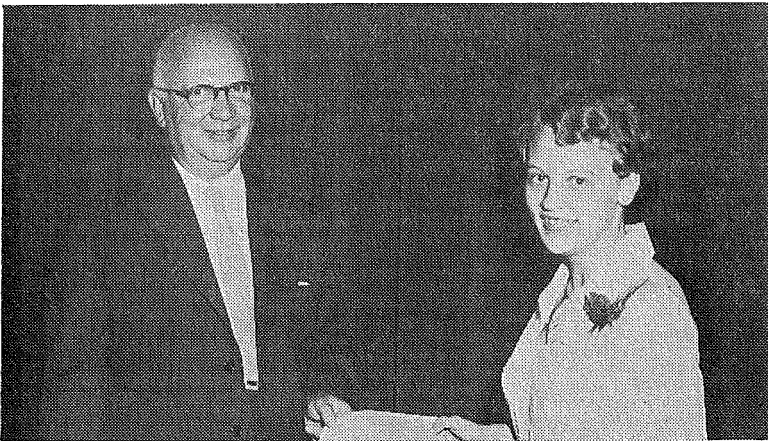
## Sharon Clarke – Perfect Attender

by Kathleen Conrad '60

Sharon Clarke, a pretty blonde five-footer set a new record for the Lunenburg Academy last year, when she graduated from Grade XII with eleven years of perfect attendance. In grade II, Sharon having come from Stellarton, joined the students at the Academy, and for the next eleven years was one of the most popular students in her class.

During her High School years, she was active in such school sports as track and curling. She took a keen interest in both Choral Club and Drama Club. Sharon could also be found representing her class on either the Athletic Association or the Students' Council.

For most of us in school today, it is considered quite a triumph if we are able to acquire perfect attendance for one year, but eleven years of perfect attendance is really spectacular.



On stormy days, when her classmates would peek out the window and decide it was too stormy to venture outside, Sharon would bundle up in her driest and warmest wraps, and trudge through thick and thin to reach the beloved Academy. Fortunately, she was always in good health, and those bothersome diseases of childhood such as mumps and measles always called either on week-ends or vacations.

Her hard effort was not in vain however, for at the school closing in June, Sharon was presented with two gifts of money, one from Mr. C. J. Morrow, and the other from the Students' Council.

Science seems to have been Sharon's favorite subject during her last years at the Academy. There is no doubt that this influenced her in choosing her career as a Laboratory Technician. She is now studying at the Pathological Institute in Halifax on a scholarship awarded by the government. She is sponsored by the Fishermen's Memorial Hospital of Lunenburg. Because

of this sponsorship, it is required that after her sixteen month training course, she work at Lunenburg Hospital for a period of two years and three months.

Sharon is keeping up her good record by attending classes regularly at the Institute and she enjoys her work very much. Lunenburg Academy wishes Sharon all the best for a successful career in Laboratory Technology.

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## Joseph Gaulton

by Linda Cantelope '61, Michael Van der Toorn '59

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gaulton on June 3, 1930 was a little son. This son was christened Joseph Gaulton, Jr.

He started school in Lunenburg and completed a very worthwhile education here. His outside activities included hockey and playing the trumpet in the school orchestra.

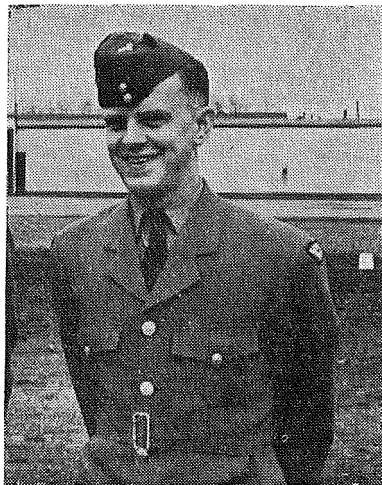
After working in the Royal Bank of Canada for two and a half years he decided to join the R. C. A. F. In 1956 he took his technical training at Camp Borden in Ontario and received a Diploma. He was completely absorbed in his work.

Wood carving supplied a useful hobby for the hours after work. He loved to fish and hunt most of all.

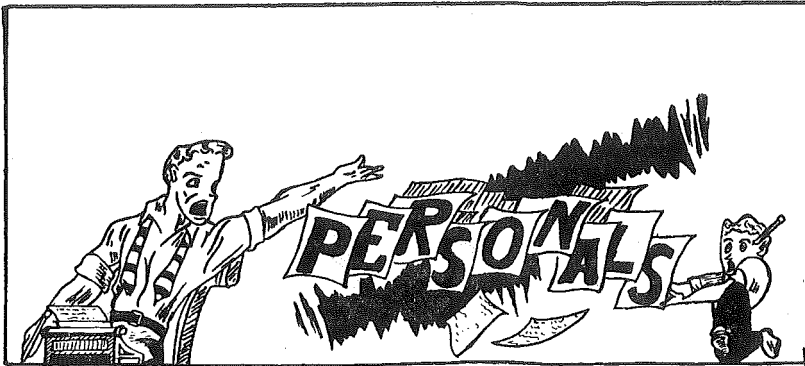
On September 28, 1957, the Air Force announced that L.A.C. Joseph Gaulton was missing. He and his friend L.A.C. J. R. Haley, of Calgary, were both stationed in Chatham. They had taken a hunting trip by kayak to an island situated on the Miramichi River. The kayak was found upended, and the paddles

at some distance from the scene. They had taken many trips because they were essentially outdoor types. This was the tragic one.

Three aircraft, a crash boat and a ground search party recovered the victims. Thus ended Joseph Gaulton's young life.



Joseph Gaulton

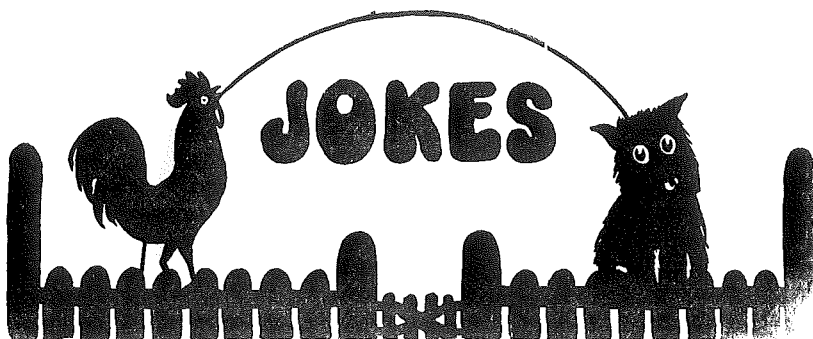


### Grade XI

Elaine Backman - attending Centre Consolidated School.  
 Janet Hannams - attending Centre Consolidated School.  
 Judith Iversen - attending Mount St. Vincent College.  
 Phyllis Levy - at home.  
 Myrna Tanner - Commercial School, Bridgewater.  
 Rosalie Dauphinee - Commercial School, Bridgewater.  
 Myrna Young - attending Bible College at Oshawa.  
 Helen Hebb - Nurses' Aid, Fishermen's Memorial Hospital.  
 Robert Mayo - fishing.  
 Bernard Meisner - attending Centre Consolidated School.  
 David Corkum - attending Centre Consolidated School.

### Grade XII

Annie May Backman - working at Bank of Commerce.  
 Graham Bailly - attending St. Francis Xavier University.  
 Kathleen Baker - Bank of Montreal.  
 David Byers - employed with his father in the plumbing business.  
 Joyce Buckmaster - attending Normal College.  
 Sylvia Buckmaster - teaching at Midville Branch.  
 Rick Chenhall - attending Acadia University.  
 Carolyn Corkum - Vocational School, Halifax.  
 Sharon Clarke - studying Laboratory Technician's Course, Halifax.  
 Edward Colp - Acadia University.  
 Ann Cook - studying X-Ray Technician's Course, Halifax.  
 Anthony Cook - Acadia University.  
 James Cook - working in the office, Lunenburg Sea Products.  
 Carolyn Dorey - Normal College.  
 Ellis Hirtle - Acadia University.  
 Loren Knickle - working at the Atlantic Bridge Co.  
 Thomas Mason - Dalhousie University.  
 Frances Nauss - Normal College.  
 Gaile Strum - Acadia University.  
 Benjamin Vaughn - working in the Bank.  
 Marilyn Young - Normal College.



### HUMOR

Mr. Campbell: Geraldine, give me two collective nouns.

Geraldine M.: A wastepaper basket and a vacuum cleaner.

Elward C.: I don't believe I deserve zero in this test, Mr. Mason.

Mr. Mason: I don't either, but that's the lowest mark I can give.

Mr. Campbell: Give a meaning for the word "classical".

Paul C.: It's a kind of comic book. They cost fifteen cents.

Miss Westhaver: Alan, must you keep your hat in the room?

Alan R.: People keep crushing them.

Miss Westhaver: Well, don't you know how to take care of them?

Alan R.: We would if we could but we don't know who they are.

Ronnie W. (who had bought two tickets for the Tunnel of Love at the Exhibition): Are you afraid?

Dorothy W.: Not if you take the cigar out of your mouth.

First dog: Do you have a family tree?

Second dog: No, we aren't particular.

Roxie: What are you looking for?

Melissa: A caramel candy.

Roxie: Oh! I thought it was something important.

Melissa: It is! My teeth are in it.

Chris Herman led for a heart, Cornu for a diamond played;

Puddles Crouse came down with a club, and the sexton used a spade.

May they rest in peace!

Here lies Les More

Shot twenty times with a forty-four,

No Les

No More.

Miss Calder: This salad tastes terrible. Are you sure you washed the lettuce?

Grade VI Student: Oh yes, I even used soap and hot water!

Mr. Andrews, in Grade X Biology Class: Here you see the skull of a chimpanzee, a very rare specimen. There are only two in the country, one is in the National Museum, and I have the other.

David W. was walking around the room looking for a spring for his ball point pen.

Shirley C.: Oh my, can he find a Second Spring?

Chemistry Class

Sing a song of sulphur, hydrogen  
and lime;

Four and twenty test-tubes break-  
ing all the time.

When you pull the cork out the  
fumes begin to reek,

Isn't this an awful mess to make  
once every week?

Ann-Marie G. (during free peri-  
od): Mr. Mason, may I run the  
school news down? (meaning down  
to the Progress-Enterprise office)

Mr. Mason: Why do you want to  
run it down? You should try to  
build it up.

Doctor: Your stomach is too fat,  
you will have to diet.

Patient: Dye it? What color is it  
now?

Mr. Collins (after a talk in Phy-  
sics): Any questions?

Anna S.: How do you calculate

the horse power in a donkey engine?

Uncle Bob: Where have you been  
all afternoon?

Elward: To the dentist.

Uncle Bob: Did you yell?

Elward: No, not a bit.

Uncle Bob: Well, for being such  
a big, brave boy, here is a quarter.

Elward: Thank you.

Uncle Bob: Now, let's see what  
the dentist did to you.

Elward: Oh! Nothing ... I was  
just waiting for Raymond.

Michael V.: They'll soon be hav-  
ing flying saucers in the sky.

Roxie L.: Oh good! Then we'll  
be able to have flying tea parties.

Mr. Mason: Roxanna, what is the  
French for "foolish"?

Roxanna L.: I can't recall it, but  
I'll bet the answer must be simple.

Mr. Mason: That's correct! Very  
good!



Fisheries Booth at N. S. Exhibition

## Can You Imagine

Winston Skinner not making periodic visits to the pencil sharpener?  
Billy Cook not looking sober and innocent?  
Shirley Cook and Carolyn Tanner not hatching plots?  
Lillian Cluett without Howard Keeping?  
Everett Mason not enjoying the beauty, scenic and otherwise, of Blue  
Rocks?  
Melissa O'Connor without her chewing gum?  
Ann-Marie Gray becoming serious?  
Alan Rudolf never being late?  
Grade IX quiet between periods?  
Mr. Mason not having his after school class?  
Dianne Lohnes not knowing her history?  
Gary Tanner not flashing his money around?  
Janet Knickle unable to talk?  
Peter Winters without his briefcase and earmuffs?  
Roxanna Lohnes voiceless?  
Mary Lee and Grethe becoming man-haters?  
Geraldine May without her blush?  
Everyone passing in Grade XI Geometry?  
Jamesie M. not biting her fingernails?  
AnnaBelle B. without her giggle?  
Peter Comstock weighing over 200 lbs?  
David Wilkie unable to boil potatoes?

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## Want Ads

### Wanted by:

Winston Skinner - A new set of teeth to replace the ones he lost while putting an end to Grade XII's mascot.  
Carolyn Tanner - A pair of binoculars to see who's playing pool.  
Billy Cook - A bodyguard for protection against Melissa and Lillian.  
Peter Comstock - A chauffeur to drive him from school to the pool-room.  
Shirley Cook - A house on Brook Street so she can admire the lovely view from the hill.  
Lillian Cluett - A private history tutor.  
Everett Mason - A certain "Miss" in Blue Rocks.  
Michael VanderToorn - A free life supply of his favourite brand of cigarettes.  
David Wilkie - A secretary to keep an up-to-date file of all his latest fans.  
Melissa O'Connor - A long playing record of Graham Creighton on drums and a rendition of "Twilight Time" accompanied by bongo drums and moroccas.  
Roxie Lohnes - A private telephone line so she can converse with her friends during school hours, and an invisible cloak so she can disappear during French periods.

## Last Will And Testament

We, the Grade XII class of the Lunenburg Academy, being of comparatively sound mind and body, wish to will to our successors the following choice items in the hope that they will appreciate them and profit by our experiences.

Carolyn and Roxie leave their close and constant affiliation with David Wilkie to Glenda Smith and her contemporaries.

David wills Joanne Knickle his ability to boil potatoes.

Lillian leaves the memory of her presence in Math. classes to Mr. Collins.

Peter, being a frugal person, leaves nothing because he wants to take everything with him.

Roxie wills Jerry Randall her ability to do Algebra, and to talk her way out of difficult situations.

Carolyn leaves Jeanine Tanner her black hair.

Melissa gladly deeds Graham Creighton her ability to play the piano in the hope that it will enrich the orchestra.

Shirley gives Julia Dauphinee her house on Montague Street, so she will be nearer the school.

Billy leaves his ability to make people laugh, while remaining sober himself, to Ann-Marie in hopes that she'll use it as much as he did.

David leaves his fan club to Jerry Randall, as he knows that he'd love to have one.

Winston gives Graham Creighton all his free periods, so he can practise on his drums.

Everett wills his trips to Blue Rocks to Jimmy Lohnes.

Michael wills his luck at cards to Puddles, and his ability to learn to Sheldon Mossman.

The Grade XII Class will to:

Grade XI — the hard work on the Sea Gull, and our reputation of being the most argumentative class in the building.

Grade X — our policy of sticking up for each other, and of remaining together through thick and thin. We hope they will be as happy as we have been.

Grade IX — our well-worn and dearly beloved Macbeth, and the parts we took in it.

Mr. Mason — a French class who will appreciate French more than we did.

Miss Westhaver — A class who won't drive her crazy by chewing gum, and who won't argue among themselves.

Mr. Campbell — people who have the same ability we have but who use it more than we did; also three girls who suit the parts of the Weird Sisters as the ones this year did.



## "A" Class Prophecy

by Roxanna Lohnes, Melissa O'Connor '59

The Teachers thought they'd heard the last,  
Of the '59 Grade XII class,  
But we have come again today  
To visit our beloved L. A.

The year is 1979, the place the Grade XII classroom of Lunenburg Academy. Two old classmates are talking about the bygone days when we occupied seats in this class. They have returned to hold a reunion, and as our scene opens we overhear this conversation.

"Well, Roxie dear, how does it feel to be back in this classroom where we spent so many enjoyable hours?"

"Not too bad Melissa, old girl, and how has the world treated you since we last set foot in this classroom."

Melissa replied, "Oh, I can't complain, I have risen in the entertainment world, since those days when I played in the High School orchestra. I am now featured weekly on the 'Have Piano — Will Play' T. V. show on U. R. N. U. T. S. Channel 502. When my contract expires, I am going to play at a Command Performance for His Highness, King Alfalfa of Outer Slobovia."

"Well, Melissa, I can see you have become a great success in your chosen field, for I have never missed a performance of the 'Have Piano — Will Play' show. Indeed I go around the house all day singing the theme song 'Your Teeth are like the Stars; They come out at Night'. I can't get over the fact that you composed that masterpiece yourself."

"By the way, how have the fates treated you, Roxie?"

"Not too bad at all. As you probably have read, I was elected the First Lady Prime Minister of Canada. When I decided to run for the Liberal Party in 1972, I had no idea they would bestow this great honor on me."

"You must have talked them into that Roxie. You always were a handy one with words. By the way, how are you getting along with the Rt. Hon. David Wilkie, Leader of the Loyal Opposition? You two always did have different outlooks on life."

"We still do have different outlooks, but David's chief fault is that he's on the other side of the fence. When he talks, Melissa, The House is in session after hours. Lately, however, he has been working on a thesis which will benefit womankind. It is entitled, 'The Art of Boiling Potatoes', and I understand that he has put much research into it."

"That sounds very interesting, Roxie, I can hardly wait to read it. As I live and breathe, here comes Carolyn Tanner; at least that was her name the last time I met her. She too had her differences with the 'Pro.' I believe Carolyn is head of the Department of Immigration and is specializing in helping young Dutchmen to adapt themselves to the Canadian way of life. She always did have a soft spot in her heart for the Dutch. Speaking of the Dutch, I understand that she is thinking of raising a few herself. All, of course, to help in her country's development."

"My heavens, Melissa, what is that fanfare I hear outside the window? Why two distinguished gentlemen have just landed in their private jet. They

look familiar and I declare — it's Peter Comstock and Michael Vandertoorn. What suave looking gentlemen! Knowing their desire to avoid any form of work, I wonder what they've done since they've left school."

"Why haven't you heard, Roxie, they own the only group of chain pool-rooms in the world. They call it the P and M and their slogan is:

Our felts are mothproof,  
Our tables the best,  
If you get tired  
You can lie down and rest.

They've certainly lived up to their promises."

"It's too bad our old humor-man, Billy Cook, couldn't make it. I'm told that he has fulfilled his life-long desire to ride an elephant. After spending fifteen years in darkest Africa, among the cannibals and savage animals, he finally conquered them with his sense of humor. Now he has returned to Canada and has started an entire circus featuring Wild Bill Hiccup and his African Dancing Hyenas."

"Say Roxie, who are those two characters who have just raced into the schoolyard in that unique mode of transportation? Why the one is Everett Mason, but who is the other?"

"Why, Melissa, surely you remember Winston Skinner. He was the boy who chewed our little rubber doll in that gloomy part of the school year."

"Of course, how could I forget him and the sadness that hung over Grade XII just before Christmas when our little doll's remains were carried into the room in a chalk box. What great feat have they accomplished since the hands of time separated us?"

"Well Roxie, it seems that Winston and Everett have revolutionized the transportation world with the boatmobile. This is the greatest invention since Billy Cook designed a chemical which will prevent false teeth from falling into the soup. This boatmobile features the latest trend in car design — one wheel in the middle, and adjustable sled runners, in case of a snowstorm. It can be converted into a boat, and has put the steamship companies out of business. It is also very handy for duck-hunting as it has a hidden gun in the radio aerial. Last but not least here come Shirley Cook and Lillian Cluett. To whom do all those children belong?"

"Why don't you know Roxie? Those two have always been great believers of the old slogan, 'cheaper by the dozen.'"

"I must say they certainly believe in proving their point. I thought that Shirley had a well-established music career as the composer of that great opera, 'Comstock's Poolroom Suite in P Minor.' And Lillian — the last time I heard, she was teaching Ancient History to first year college students. History always was her favorite subject in Grade XII."

"Yes, that was true, but love has won out and they have given up their careers to spend the rest of their lives as happily married homemakers."

"Well, Melissa, I suppose it's time for us to stop talking, and join the rest of the class in the Library. I hear that they have a great abundance of food. That should interest you for you always were a great one for stuffing yourself."

"I must say I am looking forward to renewing old acquaintances and see-

ing if the hands of time have made any great changes in the group. All too soon, however, we shall have to go our separate ways again. We shall never forget the happy days spent in old L. A. and especially the close relationship that existed among the members of the unique 1959 Grade XII class!!”

---



The Bluenose pattern was added to the dinner plate designs of famous Historical Canadian Sailing Vessels by Wedgwood in 1953, the year of our Bicentenary.

In the summer of that marvellous year, Captain Angus Walters made a broadcast that was heard in New York by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, New York president of the firm. Since he was planning a holiday in Nova Scotia, he decided to present the first four dinner plates of the series, the historic sailing vessels that played a dramatic part in Canadian history, personally to the Skipper.

The above picture shows the presentation being made at Lunenburg.

## BIOGRAPHIES - GRADE XII



**Roxanna Lohnes "Roxie"**  
 "With affection beaming in one eye and calculation in the other.

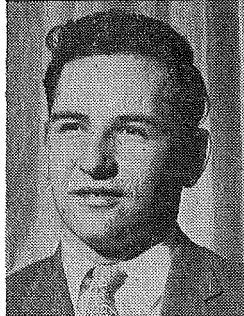
Roxie "flew" into our gay group in Grade II and has always been one of the top students. She has showed her ability this year especially, in her work as Co-editor of the magazine and Treasurer of the Athletic Association. Roxie plans to take up X-Ray Technology at the V. G.



**Everett Charles Allison  
 Mason**

"As silent as midnight in summer."

Everett has been in the class from the Primary days. A quiet fellow, he has been one of the dependable members as he has helped in various projects. While Everett is uncertain, he is thinking of banking as a career.



**Melissa Elizabeth O'Connor**  
 A kind heart and a friendly way

Will bring success to her someday.

Melissa has always had an active interest in basketball. Her talent with the piano was recognized in Junior High School. "Slim" plans to go to Kitchener, Ontario to study nursing.



**Winston George Skinner**

"Smile, with an intent to do mischief."

Winston joined us in 1953, when he came from Newfoundland. This year Winston is our Fire Marshal. He is the expert "teaser" of the class. His future is in accountancy.





Lillian Cluett "Lil"

"Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Snore and you sleep alone."

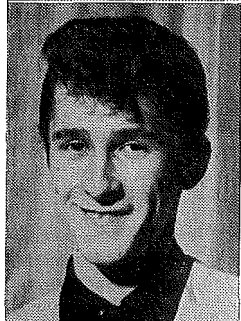
Lillian has come with us all the way. She has been a dependable student. "Lil" plans to enter the bank. With her ready smile, and pleasing personality, she is sure to be a success.



Peter Leslie Comstock "Pete"

Only stupid students die young so why worry.

Pete joined us in Grade IV from the Valley. He is the treasurer of the Junior Red Cross and participated in hockey, soccer and basketball. Pete plans to study optometry in Toronto.



Shirley Louise Cook "Shirl"

"Oh my gracious, oh my soul  
How I love to rock and roll."

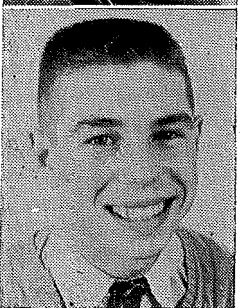
Shirl is probably the quietest member of our class. Always interested in music, she has taken part in the Operetta since Grade IX. This year she is President of the Junior Red Cross. Shirl's interest lies in X-Ray Technology.



William Douglas Cook "Billy"

"Laughter is the best medicine."

Billy has been with us a long time. This year he is the funny man of Grade XII. He was President of the Athletic Association. Billy's plans have not yet materialized but we know whatever he does, he will still be able to make people laugh.





**Carolyn Rebecca Ann Tanner**

"Gee, I wish so very much,  
That I could live among the  
Dutch."

Carolyn has always been one of our top students. As Co-Editor of the Sea Gull and President of the Students' Council, she has excelled. Carolyn's interest at present lies in the field of nursing.



**Michael Vandertoorn "Mike"**

"Like Tom Dooly I'll just  
hang around."

Mike joined us in Grade VI from Holland. He participated in soccer and basketball. He plans to go to college. As the first stage, he is going to attend Normal College next year.



**David Robert Wilkie "Pro"**

"It is good that we do not all  
think alike,  
It is differences of opinion  
that makes horseraces."

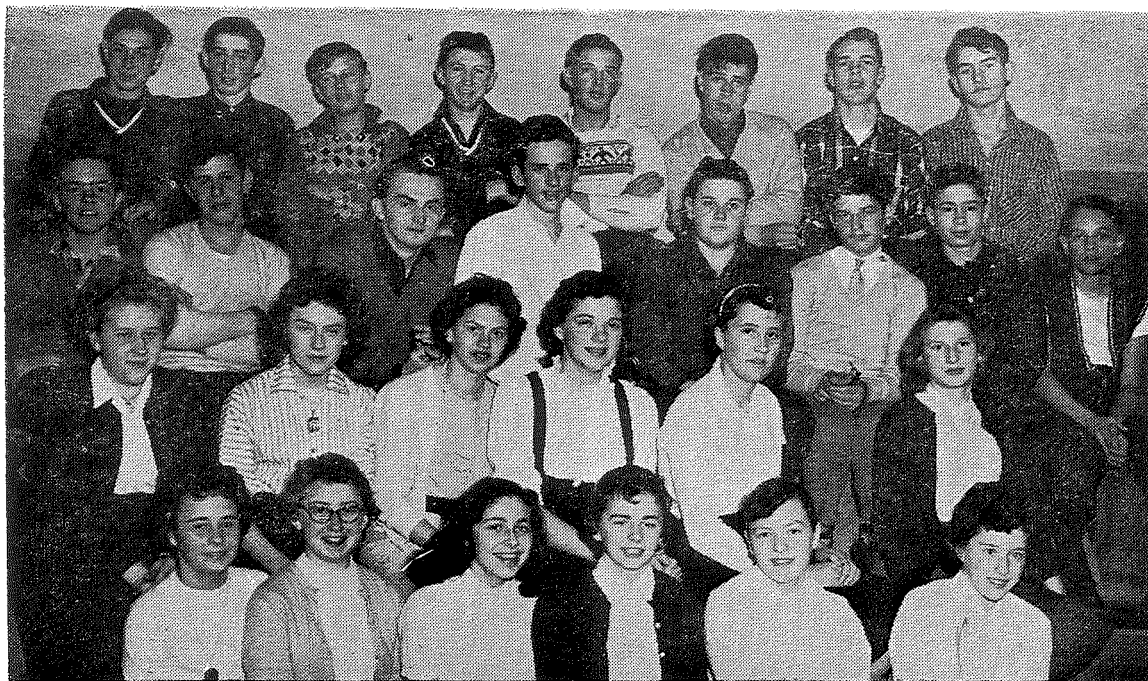
This year David is Treasurer of the Students' Council and Co-Manager of the Sea Gull. He plans to take a Physical Instructors course at U. N. B. As the first step, he is going to Normal College next year.





### GRADE VIII

1st Row—R. Black, J. Whynacht, S. Whynacht, M. Young, J. Corkum, D. Whynacht, D. Nowe,  
 2nd Row—R. Dauphinee, S. Keeping, M. Whynacht, H. Thompson, F. Beck, J. Hicking, J. Tanner, H.  
 Cornu,  
 3rd Row—W. Crouse, W. Thurlow, D. Afford, R. Young, D. Conrad, W. Cook, D. Fraser, B. Tanner.  
 4th Row—F. Folvick, R. Young, G. Nowe, R. Anderson, R. Strowbridge, S. De la Ronde, L. Tanner, E.  
 Young.



**GRADE IX**

1st Row—E. Hardiman, P. Lohnes, B. Levy, D. Lohnes, S. Naas, M. Whynacht.  
2nd Row—H. Bailly, P. Tanner, C. Tanner, M. Falkenham, A. Dares, J. Knickle.  
3rd Row—S. Walters, D. Winaut, P. Tanner, J. Whynacht, W. Woundy, F. Wood, J. Eagar W. Hillier.  
4th Row—R. Crouse, W. Demone, H. Black, V. Dominix, L. Corkum, A. Rudolf, J. Parks, R. Saunders.





### GRADE X

1st Row—M. Crouse, C. Tanner, L. Demone, C. Mills, J. Knickle, A. Conrad.

2nd Row—S. Haughn, P. Hall, S. Schnare, G. Smith, S. Conrad, D. Wentzell L. Cantelope.

3rd Row—P. Dober, D. Hynick, G. Levy, E. Pyke, M. Naas, G. Kristiansen, R. Wentzell, D. Tanner.

4th Row—P. Crouse, G. Black, C. Herman, C. Cantelope, P. Winters, J. Manual, G. Randall, G. Knickle,  
P. Cornu.



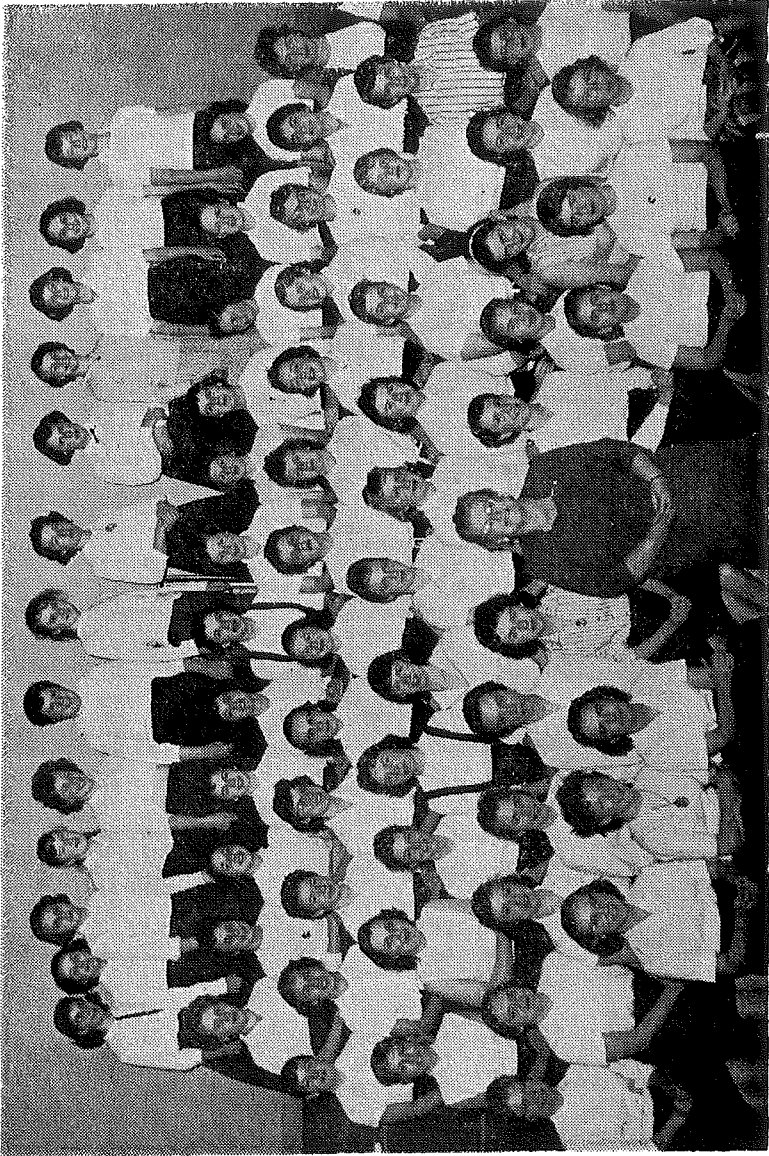
#### GRADE XI

1st Row—M. Dober, K. Conrad, A. Smith, Anne M. Gray, D. Levy, R. Hynick.

2nd Row—M. Lohnes, J. McDuff, J. Crouse, J. Dauphinee, D. Ling, R. Beck.

3rd Row—E. Crouse, S. Nowe, G. May, J. Tanner, A. Best, Robert Corkum, Ronald Corkum.

4th Row—L. Mason, R. Buffett, G. Creighton, J. Lohnes, L. Saunders, C. Myra, B. Bower.





**OPERETTA — THE HIGHWAY MAN**

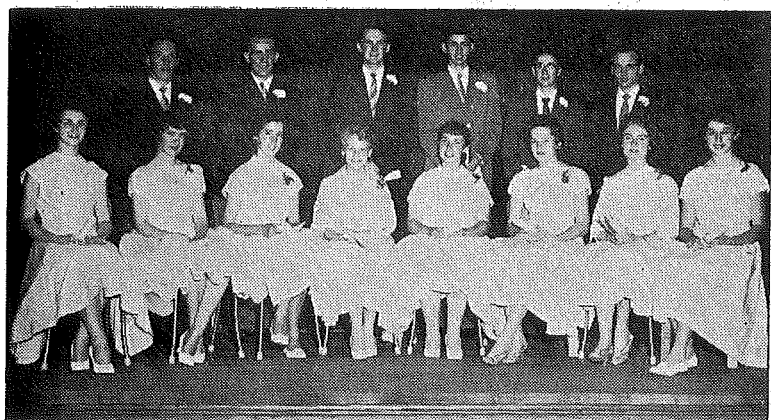
1st Row—A. Smith, D. Wentzell, L. Cantelope, J. Knickle, M. O'Connor, (Pianist); Mrs. B. G. Oxner J. Tanner, E. Hardiman, G. Kristiansen A Conrad.

2nd Row—E. Crouse, F. Wood, L. Saunders, L. Mason, J. Parks, C. Levy, P. Winters, J. Lohnes.

3rd Row—K. Conrad, C. Tanner, D. Wilkie, S. Conrad, G. Creighton, J. Knickle, G. Randall, R. Wentzell, S. Cook, P. Comstock, G. Tanner, J. Crouse, R. Beck.



**1959 — OPERETTA, THE HIGHWAYMAN**



1958 — A GRADUATING CLASS

1st Row—F. Naus, S. Buckmaster, A. Cook, S. Clarke, K. Baker, C. Dorey, G. Strum, M. Young.

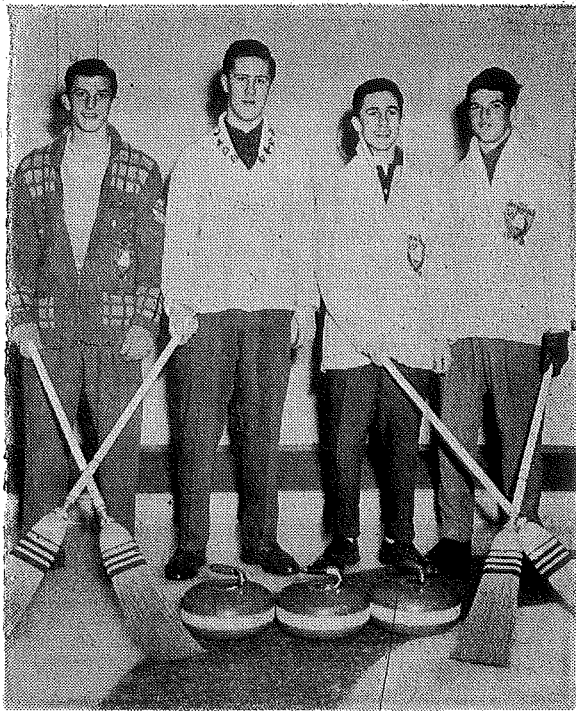
2nd Row—E. Colp, T. Mason, F. Chenhall, A. Cook, E. Hintle, J. Cook.



JUNIOR RED CROSS

1st Row—C. Myra, G. Kristiansen, G. May, S. Cook, (President); P. Comstock, G. Randall.

2nd Row—Betty Levy, J. Joudry, J. Hicking, C. Comstock, P. Rudolf.



**1959 CURLING TEAM**

**D. Wilkie, (skip); G. Creighton, R. Wentzell, C. Cantelope.**



**School Exhibit — N S. Fisheries Exhibition**



### HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

1st Row—G. Smith, J. Tanner, A. Best - C. Tanner, (Co-Captains);  
L. Cartelope, J. MacDuff.

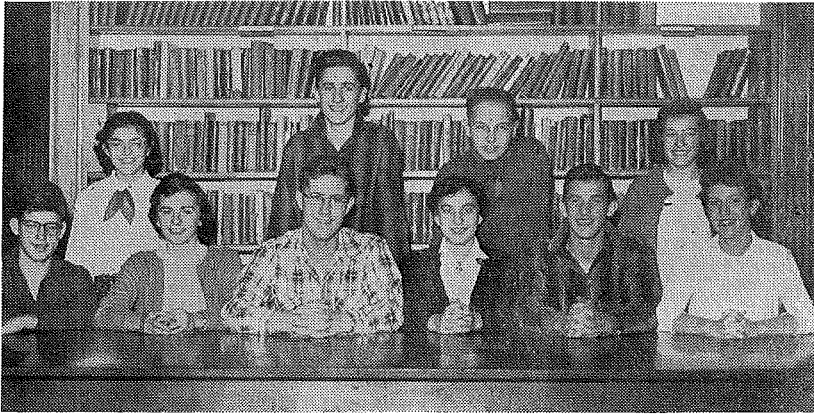
2nd Row—J. Skinner, (Assistant Coach); J. Knickle, G. Levy, D.  
Ling, E. Pyke A. Dares,, L. Demone, G. Vickers, (Coach)..



### JUNIOR H. S. BASKETBALL TEAM

1st Row—L. Zinck, C. Smith, M. Falkenham, A. Dares, S. Lohnes.

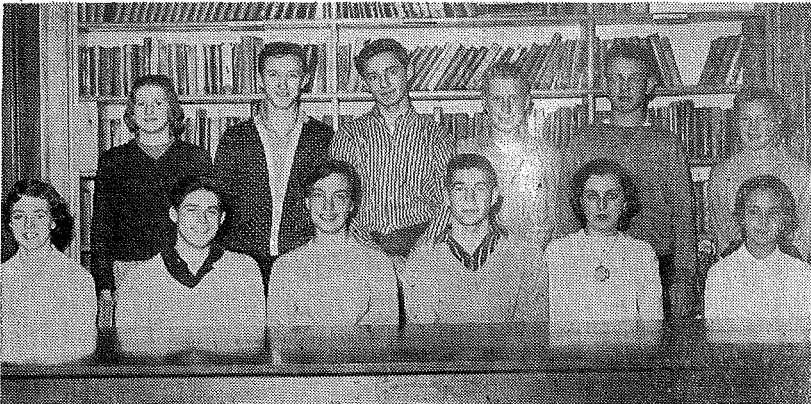
2nd Row—J. Skinner (Assistant Coach); J. Spindler, L. Falkenham,  
J. Manthorne, D. Lohnes, J. Knickle.



### STUDENT'S COUNCIL

1st Row—F. Wood, D. Lohnes, G. Creighton, C. Tanner, (President);  
D. Wilkie, (Treasurer); D. Wentzell.

2nd Row—L. Zinck, R. Wentzell, R. Young, M. Young.



### ACADEMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

1st Row—L Demone, E. Crouse, A. Best, Wm. Cook, (President);  
R. Lohnes, (Treasurer); S. Levy.

2nd Row—J. Knickle, V. Dominix, G. Knickle, W. Crouse, R. Conrad,  
D Whynacht.





1st Row—P. Comstock, M. Vandertoorn, B. Bower, H. Black.  
 2nd Row—D. Wilkie, R. Buffett, C. Herman, D. Morash, I. Campbell,  
 (Coach), (Captain).



### SOCCKER TEAM

1st Row—D. Tanner, D. Wilkie, E. Crouse, P. Crouse, W. Nodding,  
 P. Comstock, B. Cook.  
 2nd Row—L. Corkum, V. Dominix, B. Bower, M. Vandertoorn, D.  
 Morash, G. Knickle, H. Black, G. Vickers, (Coach).



### HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

1st Row—D. Wilkie, P. Comstock, (Captain); C. Myra, E. Crouse, P. Crouse.

2nd Row—G. Vickers, (Coach); D. Tanner, G. Knickle, D. Morash, V. Dominix, Wm. Cook, G. Mason, (Manager).



### J. H. SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM

1st Row—B. Tanner, W. Thurlow, C. Wood, G. Upham, W. Oxner, C. Vandertoorn.

2nd Row—G. Vickers, (Coach); W. Pyke, R. Crouse, L. Corkum, J. Eagar, (Captain); W. Demone, C. Thurlow, W. Crouse, Mr. E. Eisnor, (Manager).

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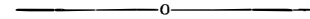
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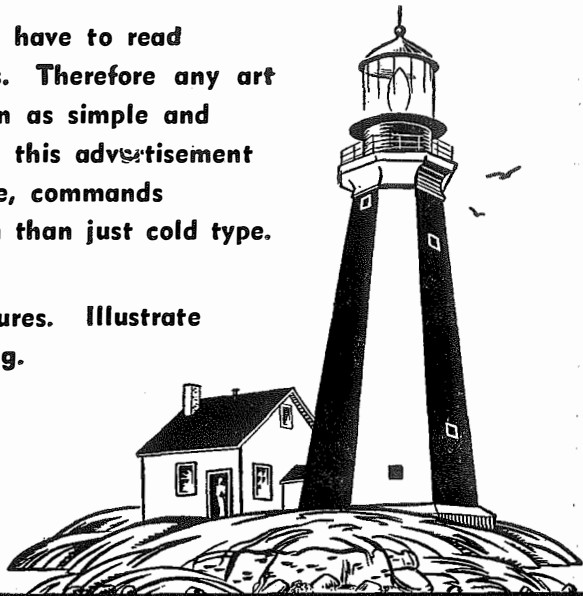


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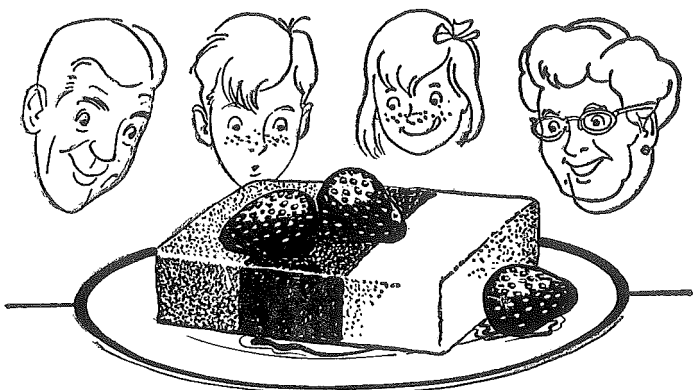
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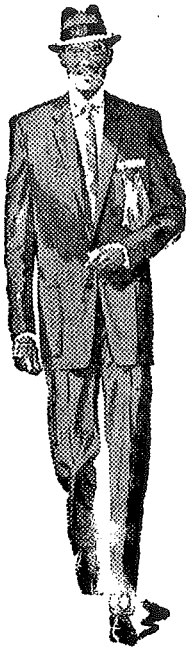
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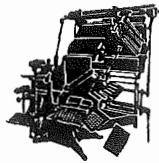
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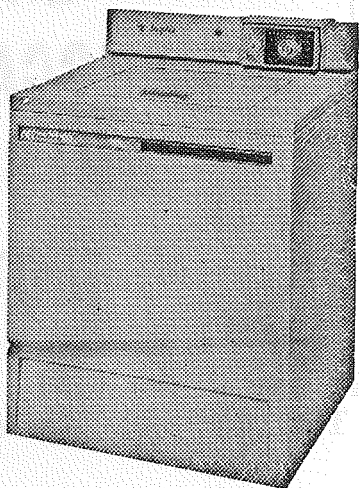
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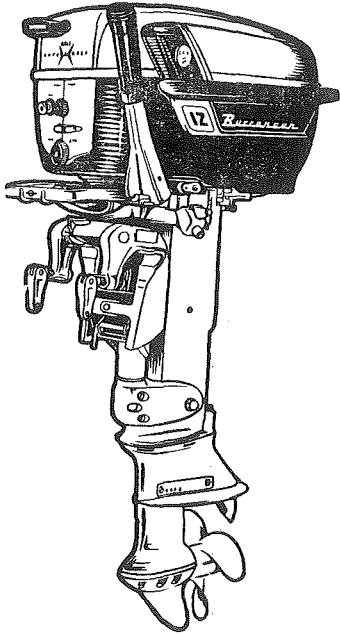
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